

EARLIER TODAY: FAVOURED SAINTS PRESSER

Earlier today appears in the corner of the screen.

A small stage has been erected out front of the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex, where a podium bearing the Favoured Saints logo is attached; front and center. A moderate group of press has assembled for the forthcoming announcement as well as a larger group of the Faithful.

David Danielson, who was named interim CEO of DEFIANCE Wrestling, LLC upon the purchase of DEFIANCE by Favoured Nations Financial, takes the stage. He settles in behind the podium, shuffles his notes, anxiously adjusts his tie and gets this show started.

David Danielson:

Ladies and gentlemen of the press and the ...

He glances at his notes.

Danielson:

Faithful ...

Nailed it.

Danielson:

... I'd like to thank you all for coming here today and joining us for this truly monumental announcement. Favoured Saints Financial acquired DEFIANCE Wrestling earlier this year and leading up to that decision, when we discussed what we saw in DEFIANCE ... we saw New Orleans!

He holds for a pop but the press silently takes notes and the Faithful still aren't too sure about DEFIANCE's new ownership.

Danielson:

The fabric of this great city is woven in and around the long and diverse history of DEFIANCE!

He gets a "woo" by some moron in the crowd but the rest are still waiting for the announcement. It's September in Louisiana, it's too hot for this.

The clips fades quickly to note a passing of time and returns further into Danielson's speech.

Danielson:

Favoured Saints Financial has a long and proud history of giving back to The Crescent City. Now in conjunction with its newest acquisition, DEFIANCE, we would like to continue to do just that. If I can, at this time, I would like to introduce the chairmen of the board for Favoured Saints Financial, Thomas Brown!

Too zero fanfare, the chairmen takes the stage with a velvet bag, that to any wrestling fan is obviously a championship belt.

Thomas and David shake hands before Danielson steps back and gives way to the podium and microphone. Brown begins speaking into the microphone but looking back toward David.

Thomas Brown:

Thank you, David. You've done a great job overseeing DEFIANCE since the acquisition and I am incredibly grateful to be able to be here today to share this with you all.

He turns his attention toward the press and smattering of fans who are now more interested than ever.

We again jump forward in the tape.

Brown:

Favoured Saints Financial has partnered with several local charities, including the Louisiana Food Bank, The Ninth Ward Revitalization Project and Crescent City Career Training to bring you DEFIANCE's newest Championship!

Brown shifts the velvet covered belt from one hand to the other. Big reveal? ... Nope, more talking.

Brown:

A Championship, that much like our charitable efforts here in NOLA ... focuses on the future! Both the future of DEFIANCE and the future of New Orleans! On behalf of Favoured Saints and the aforementioned charities ... I present to you...

He finally starts to pull the velvet bag from the title but he struggles. Danielson steps in to help and now they both look stupid. That withstanding the eventually clear the belt from the bag and hold it at chest level for pictures.

Brown:

The Favoured Saints Championship!

The moderate grouping of press snap a few pictures as they two obvious outsiders to the wrestling business awkwardly pose and display the new belt. The Faithful in attendance are obviously intrigued.

Brown:

Starting tonight on DEFIANCEtv, a four man tournament will begin to qualify the entrants in a ...

Brown looks to Danielson. He steps up to the mic.

Danielson:

A Favoured Fourway to crown the inaugural Favoured Saint Champion!

The press conference goes on for quite some time but in the name of TV time, we fade down on that big announcement and give way to the DEFtv show open.

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!

**PANDA WILL CURE US
NOBODYS PERFECT
TROY KNOWS
#CHATKILLERS
POBODY NERFECT
InFaNt AnNiHiLaToR!
BURN!
MATT LACROIX IS NOLA
5 BELTS, NO CLASS
BIGGEST BEST BOYS!!!!!!
TYLER FUSE NEEDS A HUG
STALKER TOOK MY PAPER BOAT, TOO
BURNS VS TROY! BURNS IT DOWN AGAIN!
HI, I LIKE GRAPES
TERRY ANDERSON, P.I.!
MALAK 5 BELTS COMMENTS SECTION 3 SNOWFLAKES
MY UBER DRIVE FOLLOWED ME IN HERE!
IM BALD LIKE JAY HARVEY
STALKER CAB CONFESSIONS
DEACON I BELIEVE TOO!
PCP FOR ALL!
REZIN-DENT EVIL!**

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

DDK:

WOW! What an announcement to kick off the show! Folks, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me is Lance Warner! Tonight, as you just heard we will be kicking off a four-person tournament to crown the new Favoured Saints Championship tonight!

Lance:

That's amazing! And we absolutely have our fair share of big matches! Fresh off what happened at the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE, the now-former Ace of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens has payback on his mind. To do that, he's taking on the man that cost him the FIST of DEFIANCE, Perfection!

DDK:

That's not all! We have new Unified Tag Team Champions in The Comments Section and we've heard we'll hear from the new champions... sadly... but with that, we'll be seeing a #1 Contender's match for those titles! The now-former champions, the Sky High Titans, will take on the team that scored the biggest victory of their careers, albeit in a first-of-its-kind match, The Lucky Sevens! They're fresh off defeating the PCPs at Acts of DEFIANCE and they're one win away from going after the gold they have been hunting for a while.

Lance:

And if you joined us last week, it was "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and his best friend, former BRAZEN Champion Nathaniel Eye won the TAG PARTY II competition last week, outlasting Lindsay Troy and Declan Alexander, as well as the FIST himself, Mikey Unlikely and David Hightower. Now we'll have Dex in action and there are strong rumors he's being considered by management for a title opportunity in his own right. What that is ... remains to be seen.

DDK:

And speaking of David Hightower, he's in action next!

DAVID HIGHTOWER vs. ???

DDK:

Welcome back folks - and look who's in the ring, ready for a fight!

David Hightower - that hulking, unpleasant brute - is stomping around the ring when the cameras return to it.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, he hails from West Memphis, Arkansas and weighs in at 275lbs... DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Lance:

Hightower is as nasty as they come, Keebs, and certainly capable of giving anyone on this roster a bad night if he's able to turn it into a dirty, knockdown brawl... but who's he gonna be facing tonight?

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mine, though I--... oh.

The lights die. Seconds pass, but they feel like minutes as the buzzing crowd rises to its feet in the darkness, the anticipation building.

A flash of industrial static bursts through the speakers.

♪ "Red In Tooth & Claw" by Rosetta ♪

A burst of pure, aural intensity ignites a building that hasn't heard this particular entrance theme in years. Accompanying it is a perfect wall of white light illuminating the ramp, a familiar silhouette stood in the middle of it.

Cayle Murray's silhouette.

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

IT'S CAYLE MURRAY! CAYLE MURRAY IS BACK IN DEFIANCE!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE is visibly struggling to hold back his emotions as he stands in the Wrestle-Plex for the first time since May 2018. The crowd's jubilation is so loud it almost drowns out his music and he walks down, overwhelmed and overawed, before bursting to life, slapping hands, letting loose, and expending 28 months' of built-up energy, all at once.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Scotland, weighing in at 220lbs... the former FIST OF DEFIANCE... 'STARRRRRBREAKERRRR' CAAAYYYLLLEEE MURRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Just listen to the noise in here! I can barely hear myself think! The Faithful are fired up for a man we haven't seen in well over two years, and look at what it means to Murray as well!

Lance:

Out of the blue, one of the most successful - and popular - FISTs of DEFIANCE is back! This is already a blockbuster night... and we're barely getting started!

Murray eventually gets inside the ring. Chants of "WELCOME BACK!" fill the building and he looks around, beaming from ear to ear, before bowing to the Faithful. As soon as getting upright he walks over to David Hightower and extends his hand. A few seconds pass before Hightower takes it, grips it hard... then leathers Murray in the face,

knocking him down immediately!

Jeers rain as the big redneck spits on the mat. He leans down, spewing bile at the returnee, but eats a sudden upkick! Cayle kips up, drilling David's tree-trunk legs with stiff kicks. He hits the ropes at great speed and ducks a slow Hightower clothesline on the rebound, hits the next set of ropes, nailing a running high knee. The big man wobbles but doesn't go down, so Murray goes behind, leaps on his shoulders, and drives his head and neck into the mat with a poison 'rana.

DDK:

Into the mat goes Hightower's skull, and folks, remember - David Hightower was actually one of Cayle's last successful title defences as FIST!

Lance:

He's on fire, Keebs! It's like he hasn't missed a beat!

Cayle's rolling now, taking control with a signature cloudburst of offense. He hits the ropes again, coming back with a standing Shooting Star Press, before hitting the top rope, wasting no time whatsoever, and flying down with a snappy, low-arc-ing Moonsault!

Hopping to his feet and tapping at his wrist as if a watch was there, then hauls Hightower's dead weight up, putting his head under his arm. David may already be three-quarters of the way to the Shadow Realm as he is lifted off the ground with the front facelock applied, then driven down, his neck compressed with the spike brainbuster.

DDK:

A Spot of Bother! And the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Cayle leaps back up, his arm held aloft by Carla Ferrari.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... WELCOME BACK CAAAAYYLLLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYY!

DDK:

What a moment, what a comeback! Did that even take two minutes?!

Lance:

I'd be surprised, Keebs!

DDK:

This is huge! Cayle Murray walked down, handled his business, and finished Hightower with minimal fuss! He's back in the fold and as full of life as ever, with the crowd's cheers as the wind in his sails. Things just got very, very interesting, Lance!

Lance:

Honestly, I'm stunned. What Cayle's DEFIANCE contract expired in 2018 I got the impression he planned on playing out the rest of his career in Japan, and yet here he is! This could have major ramifications all the way to the top of the card!

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

The victorious Cayle Murray leaves the ring after doing another round of bows for The Faithful, making his way up one side of the ramp for fistbumps, high fives, hugs, and even a selfie. A fired-up crowd chants “WELCOME BACK!” for him again as he flips to the opposite side of the ramp, giving those audience members the same treatment.

Lance:

I almost forgot how much our audience loved this guy! It took a while for Cayle to connect all those years ago, particularly as he was butting heads with the father of DEFIANCE, Eric Dane, when he walked in. But when he connected, he connected BIG!

DDK:

You're dead right, Lance. Make no mistake: we're looking at a returning hero right now.

Murray finally gets to the top of the ramp and turns to face the rest of the building. He holds his arms out by his sides, beaming with joy, so lost in the moment that he barely notices Christie Zane beckoning him over to the interview stage.

DDK:

Looks like we're gonna hear from the returning 'Starbreaker'!

Cayle feigns immense surprise when he finally catches Zane. He quickly dashes across the stage and hops over to the interview area, greeting Christie.

Christie Zane:

Cayle Murray, welcome home!

A huge, cheeseball pop reverberates around the building. The chants, of course, turn to “WELCOME HOME!”, and Cayle accepts them by holding both hands to his heart. He barely broke a sweat in defeating David Hightower.

Christie Zane:

What a special night for you, and what a great night for DEFIANCE! Cayle, how does it feel to be back?

Murray takes a moment to catch his breath. Then he turns, looking out to the crowd.

Cayle Murray:

What's up FAITHFUUUULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL?!

The pop is almost too easy.

Lance:

Now there's a man who knows his audience.

Cayle waits for the noise to die down before leaning back towards the microphone.

Cayle Murray:

There are a thousand things I could say tonight but I'm gonna keep this short and sweet. We've got a packed show, I don't wanna hog the airwaves... just let me tell you this. Friends, from the bottom of my heart, I can tell you that I have NEVER felt as good as I do standing before you right now!

Hope you ain't lactose intolerant, brother, because here comes another cheesy pop!

Cayle Murray:

From 2016 to 2018 it was an honour and a privilege to stand in this very building and fight for YOU, the most important people in the world. I cannot tell you how ecstatic I am to have the opportunity to do it again in this new, exciting

DEFIANCE. But you know, I look up and down this roster and I see a few familiar faces. I see my old pal, Lindsay Troy, still kicking against the pricks...

Big pop for 'The Queen of the Ring.'

Cayle Murray:

Oscar Burns, the man who got the better of me on my last night here, still curling people up like spaghetti around a fork...

Another pop for 'Twists and Turns.'

DDK:

Don't forget it was Burns who beat Cayle for his first FIST of DEFIANCE!

Cayle Murray:

But one name stands out above all the others, Christie, and I'll leave you with this.

Murray turns towards the camera, looking straight down the lens for the first time.

Cayle Murray:

Mikey Unlikely! You and I have got unfinished business!

DDK:

Wow! Cayle just called out the FIST!

Lance:

Talk about planting your flag! Five minutes into his comeback run and Murray is already setting his sights on the man at the very top of the pile. Wow!

DDK:

Never forget what these two put each other through during the UTA invasion! Or, more specifically, what Mikey put Cayle through...

Cayle Murray:

Christie, you've been a gem. Faithful... let's go!

Murray suddenly scampers down from the interview stage. He heads towards the first row of fans and climbs onto the top of the barricade before allowing himself to fall backwards into the Faithful's awaiting hands...

DDK:

... is he?!

Lance:

Yup, he's crowd-surfing!

DDK:

What a way to make an exit!

On the stage, Christie Zane looks like she doesn't have a clue how to wrap this up. She shrugs, still smiling.

Christie Zane:

The returning Cayle Murray, everybody!

The cameras struggle to keep up with Cayle as he rides a jubilant audience across the arena floor.

DDK:

A totally breathless series of events! If you'd told me that Cayle Murray would be back in DEFIANCE at any point over the next couple of years, let alone tonight, I'd have called you a madman, but here we are!

Lance:

He's back, he's already made one statement in cruising past David Hightower, and he's out to make another against Mikey Unlikely, it seems! Keebs, I'm already exhausted! Let's head elsewhere so we can catch a breather...

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



*Next up! ASCENSION 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

AGE OF CALAMITY

Directly off the commercial break we go to the announce table with DDK and Lance Warner. The commentators and The Faithful are still wound up because of Calye Murray's return to DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Unreal! I never thought I'd see the day CALYE MURRAY returns to the WrestlePlex!

Lance:

Unbelievable, Keebs! My god, this crowd hasn't stopped chanting his name!

DDK:

Cayle comes in, SCHOOLS David Hightower and hasn't missed a beat! This is incredible!

Lance:

Listen to The Faithful, they want more! The complexion of DEFIANCE has changed forever! It's an amazing mome-

Lance is snatched right out of his chair and pulled across the announce table by the collar. It's tough to see what's exactly taking place since it's happening in a flash but as a camera gets a better close up, Tyler Fuse has hold the color commentator and is dragging him towards the ring!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse has just come out here and taken my colleague!! I don't know if Lance is in trouble or not but it seems like Tyler has a use for him regardless!

Fuse drags Warner down the pathway beside the descending rampway and towards the ring. Once arriving at the apron, The Original Player One pushes Warner into it and tells him to get in the squared circle. Lance raises his hands, as if wanting to make no trouble and says he will. Tyler walks to the time keeper's table and takes a mic from Darren Quimbey. Then he rolls into the ring to a chorus of boos.

Warner is on one knee. Tyler demands Lance pulls himself up and tosses him the mic when he does.

Tyler Fuse: *[to Lance Warner]*

You're going to interview me.

Lance Warner: *[pleading]*

Okay. Whatever you want.

Fuse walks over and latches onto Warner's collared shirt for a second time, tugging Lance and the microphone to Tyler's own face.

Tyler Fuse:

You think this is over!?

Lance: *[confused]*

What is over? I think what's over?

Tyler Fuse: *[addressing the crowd]*

ENOUGH!

"BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Tyler Fuse:

I lose *one* little match and The Faithful think the Tyler Fuse experiment is finished. No. WRONG. There is a much bigger plan in play here. It's beyond you, Lance, it's beyond any of these people... it's beyond Darren Keebler, Darren

Quimbey, every single wrestler in the back and specifically, SCOTT DOUGLAS.

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

"SUB POP SCOTT!"

Tyler Fuse:

We live in such a simple world. All of your minds, they're so simple. A guy loses ONE match and you think that's it? Trust me, the L at ACTS of DEFIANCE will do more for my career than a W ever could.

DDK:

How does that make sense? Then again, Tyler's been acting out of his mind recently.

Tyler Fuse:

I took DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to the limit. I had all of you shaking in your boots.

Tyler looks straight into the camera on the apron. His face goes red with anger.

Tyler Fuse:

I BROUGHT Stalker into DEFIANCE. /scouted *him*. And he and I have a much stronger connection than to have one dispute cost us --cost myself-- everything we've planned for regarding the future of this league.

DDK:

I have no idea what he's talking about but boy is Tyler convinced.

While Tyler keeps ranting into the camera on the apron, a part of the crowd gives off a small cheer.

Tyler Fuse:

I've read the comments. They say "where does Tyler go from here"!? If that's not obvious, I'll make it obvious...

The Faithful are getting much louder!

Tyler Fuse:

Lance, I want you to ask me what's next for Tyler Fuse. I WANT YOU TO-

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

By now, the cheering is so loud Tyler has to stop speaking. A man slides underneath the bottom rope. And the man does not look happy.

Tyler drops Warner in order to see what the fuss is about.

DDK:

KERRY KUROYAMA!!!

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

Once Tyler notices Kerry, it's off to the races! Kuroyama tackles Fuse to the canvas and unloads a fury of punches! Meanwhile, Lance Warner rolls out of the ring and jogs away from the scene.

DDK:

KUROYAMA IS A HOUSE ON FIRE!!! HE'S DESTROYING TYLER WITH STIFF FISTS!

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

The Faithful are deafening as The Pacific Blitzkrieg shows no sign of holding up. He is crushing Tyler's skull in with as many right hands and forearms as possible!

DDK:

We all know Kerry was taken out by Tyler many months ago and then it was Tyler who summoned Jason "Stalker" Reeves to find Kerry and take him out again - in his home!

Kuroyama continues to pummel Fuse as the former tag champion tries to cover up. Referees make their way down in an attempt to break it up but Kerry pushes them off to a huge pop! Then he takes Tyler by the legs and drags him to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Is he... is he going to apply the figure four against the ring post!? That's the same move Tyler did to Kuroyama, giving Kerry all of his recent knee problems!

Kerry is seeing red. He continues to shove the referees as he drags Tyler to the post. Then he slips out of the ring, grabs Tyler's left knee and hurls it against the post! Fuse screams in pain as Kerry looks to do it again but this time it's referee Brian Slater who puts a waist lock on Kerry and drags him backwards!

The Princess is making her way down the ramp. She slides into the ring and checks on Tyler, who's shouting profusely. The Game-Changer slams the canvas and then struggles to pull himself out of the ring. He pushes Desire away and leaps directly at The Pacific Blitzkrieg! The two exchange a fury of fists!

DDK:

Here we go again!

The Faithful don't stop cheering for Kuroyama, even though there are six referees/crew members to break the two of them apart by now.

Lance has made it to the announce table. He's struggling to put on his headset while he speaks.

Lance:

This is insane! What a start to DEFtv!

The crew have split Kerry and Tyler far apart, although the two wrestlers continue to mouth at each other.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to end your career! I swear to you, I'm going to END. YOUR. CAREER.

The camera jumps to Kuroyama, who is way more wound up than he's ever shown in his DEFIANCE history.

Kerry Kuroyama:

GO BACK TO YOUR DUMBASS BROTHER AND PLAY VIDEO GAMES IN YOUR MOM'S BASEMENT. You're useless. USELESS!

Lance:

I have never seen Kerry like this.

DDK:

I agree. This is crazy! Folks, we've got things settled for the most part! After this quick ad, The ToyBox are next!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

THE TOYBOX vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match scheduled for one fall currently in the ring at this time. The team of Roosevelt Owens and Bobby Horrigan....HEAVY ARTILLERY!

♪ "Revenge of The Freaks" by Mr. Strange ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents from The Funhouse!..."The Mad Prince" Jestal, "The Suicidal Doll" Dandelion....THE TOYBOX!

DDK:

Well, it has been a while since we have seen The Toybox in the ring. No doubt these two are gonna make this entertaining like they always seem to do.

Jestal and Dandelion are dressed in their ring attire with an orange/blue color scheme. They both look confused as they look around. Jestal waves his hands and digs in the gag chest Dandelion has pushed out with them. He pulls out a headset with a microphone.

Jestal:

CUT!!! CUT!!! That is not our music!?

Dandelion smiles and shakes her hips dancing to the beat in her head.

Jestal:

What else has changed....Son of a Butterfinger!

Lance:

Uh, Darren, he is heading this way.

Lance quickly puts on a huge smile. Jestal points at Lance.

Jestal:

What is he doing here?

DDK:

He has been doing commentary since DEFCON Jestal.

Jestal:

NO...where is Angus?

DDK:

He left DEFIANCE.

Jestal:

DEFIANCE replaced him with Lancey!?

Dandelion pokes Jestal, he looks over his shoulder and sighs.

Jestal:

Sigh fine play the music.

Dandelion has a big smile and dances as the theme returns to the PA the two head to the ring where Heavy Artillery clearly is not amused and ready for a fight. The moment they enter the ring Bobby knocks Jestal out. And Dandelion is isolated from Jestal. The bell has rung as Bobby bodyslams Dandelion and quickly drops a leg on her. She quickly holds her throat in pain. Bobby tags Roosevelt in and he picks her up and throws her into his corner. He runs out then

back in and splashes Dandelion in the corner she quickly falls. He goes for a cover!

ONE

TWO

Foot on the rope!

Jestal hops on the ropes wanting a tag. Roosevelt tags Bobby back in and he stomps on the Suicidal Doll. He picks her up and with ease tosses her on his shoulder and runs to the center of the ring in a running power slam. She wiggles out and falls behind him and shoves him right into her corner. Jestal pulls out a bull horn and blows it. Bobby grabs his ears in pain. Dani dives in between Bobby's legs and tags Jestal, who hops off the apron and rummages through their gag box. He pulls out the microphone he had earlier and some maracas!?

DDK:

What in the world is Jestal doing...are those maracas?

Jestal:

Narrator guy...HIT IT!

♪ Cuban Pete Instrumental ♪

Jestal:

#They call me Cuban Pete. I'm the king of the Rumba beat. When I play the maracas I go. Chic-chic-ky-boom, Chic-chic-ky-boom! Yes, sir, I'm Cuban Pete. I'm the craze of my native street. When I start to dance everything goes Chic-chic-ky-boom, Chic-chic-ky-boom!#

Horrigan who has shaken off the effects of the bull horn looks around the Wrestle-Plex the Toybox actually has The Faithful dancing. Heavy Artillery is literally dumbfounded!

Jestal:

#The senioritas they sing. And they swing with "terampero!" It's very nice! So full of spice! And when they dance in they bring A happy ring that "era keros." Are singing a song. All the day long. So if you like the beat. Take a lesson from Cuban Pete. And I'll teach you to Chic-chic-ky-boom, Chic-chic-ky-boom, Chic-chic-ky-boom!#

Jestal shakes the maracas at Carla Ferrari, suddenly she breaks out in song!?

Carla Ferrari:

#He's a really modest guy. Although he's the hottest guy. In Havana, in Havana.#

Horrigan looks even more stunned by how Carla is now involved in this song and dance. Jestal dances around Horrigan, who follows Jestal still singing and now Owens has his back turned looking out into the Faithful just as stunned as his tag team partner.

Jestal:

#Si, senorita I know. That you would like a Chic-ky-boom-chick. It's very nice - so full of spice. I'll place my hand on your hip. And if you will just give me your hand. Then we shall try. Just you and I "ly-yi-yi!"#

Booby looks around the Wrestle-Plex as he turns around and is in shock Dandelion is leaping off the top rope and Jestal is on his back with his knees up! Dandelion nails a blockbuster on Bobby driving his back into the knees of Jestal!

DDK:

#Its the Brok...can....Arrowhoa!#

Both DDK and Lance snap out of it as the music quickly cuts.

Lance:

What just happened!? Dandelion knocks Owens off the apron. Carla is snapping out of whatever The Toybox just did to her as Jestal has the cover on Horrigan!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING!

♪ Standing Ovation echos through the PA ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match...THE TOYBOX!

Jestal takes a knee with his arms outstretched in front of Bobby and Dandelion is bowing to everyone. DefStaff heads to the ring and starts tossing roses in the ring. The instrumental hits again and Jestal and Dandelion have invited a little girl and little boy to the ring and are now dancing with them. While the camera zooms out and back to DDK and Lance at the commentary area.

♪ Cuban Pete Instrumental ♪

DDK:

Bizarre only way to describe what just happened. I couldn't even control myself.

Lance:

Neither could Carla or The Faithful. Well, later in the night the NEW Unified Tag Team Champions will address The Faithful. We shall see just what Malak and his band of keyboard warriors have to say.

THE FALLEN ARE THE FAVOURED!

The shot cuts from the arena to backstage near the go-rilla position and we are greeted with Christie Zane standing with Jason "Stalker" Reeves. The unsettling image of the hardcore icon staring menacingly into the camera is enough to unnerve anyone, including that of Christie Zane. This was her first experience in dealing with the likes of Stalker, and as he looked at her with a glare she swallowed hard.

Christie:

We are here with Stalker who has a few words to share about the recently announced "Favoured Saints" Title Tournament.

Stalker:

Honestly Christie... I drive you home more times than you'll ever realize. You should be careful about who you select as your Uber driver.

Christie gasps as the madman yanks the mouthpiece from her grasp, his finger waving dangerously into the camera.

Stalker:

I warned DEFIANCE and I warned that punk False Hero Scott Douglas. The world of Stalker is a RECKONING of pain and discomfort for those who refuse to respect The Fallen!

Taking a breather, he shoots a glance to Christie and then one backwards to the man who's actually participating in the tournament, who has been leaning against the wall in the background this entire time. The vile Rezin looks like an ugly black stain smeared against the white brick surface, wearing his normal black pants along with a Black Sabbath "Master of Reality" tee modified into a muscle shirt, accessorized with a cap to cover his skull and aviators to cover his killer's stare. There almost seems to be a mantle of gray mist rolling off his shoulders. In his hands he has a chrome-plated butane lighter that he's compulsively flicking it on and off.

Stalker:

REZIN, the custom DLC that is the "BURN" version of Scott Douglas, will RIP through the other FAVOURED SAINTS and show EVERYONE that everything I have said--everything I have THREATENED--is all true! The Fallen are going to rise... we are going to rise and shatter this filthy DEFIANCE of ALL OF IT'S FALSE HEROES!

Christie Zane tries to compose herself a bit as Jason Reeves hands her the mic back, seemingly a bit more calm as the veteran wrestler, now manager, places his hands on his waist.

Stalker:

Hardcore Hellions... The Fallen... the future of what DEFIANCE is... that is what Rezin represents. And I... I will be there EVERY step of the way to make sure he keeps his EYE on the prize and to keep his tendency to BURN the competition under control!

Shooting the camera a manic laugh, Stalker's eyes settle back to look once more at Rezin before bringing those glaring brown eyes back to Christie.

Stalker:

But even I CAN'T make the promise of keeping this beast caged...

With a heavy breath, Jason "Stalker" Reeves walks back away from the camera, leaving Christie there attempting to collect herself as she looks over to the recently debuted firebug.

Christie:

Uh, and as for you, Rezin?

At the mention of his name, the Escape Artist's head perks up and he marches up to the interviewer.

Christie:

How do you feel about the opportunity you've been given tonight to--

Rezin:

Alright ALRIGHT ARRRRIGHT, before I say anything, let's just clear the air before any rumors begin to spread. YES, I got kicked out of ANTIFA for being too PUNK ROCK!

Christie:

...excuse me?

Rezin:

Yeah, they kept whining about how I "didn't understand their purpose" or that I was apparently "only in it to set things on fire". Buncha weak-ass normies... I mean, what's the point of being in a terrorist organization if you can't start a fire?! YOU tell ME, Sheila!!

Christie:

It's Christie. And um, I don't believe they are--

Once again, the mic disappears from her hand and appears in his before she has a chance to respond. Rezin drops the shades and takes a couple steps toward the camera to fill up more of the frame.

Rezin:

So now that you've seen the "beast" in action, I'm sure you're just dying to know more, so real quick, let's just bust through all the boring questions first, eh? The Boss already explained WHY I'm here, but just WHO am I? I'm pure anarchy, stacked into a couple hundred pounds of bone, blood, and smoke. WHERE have I been? Doesn't matter, I'm here now. WHAT have I done over my career? You don't care and honestly, I don't remember. HOW did I get here?

He tosses a thumb over his shoulder to the scarred madman standing behind him, and Stalker gives the camera a wave.

Rezin:

Uber, obviously. But none of that matters, 'cause the most important question is WHEN... WHEN does it ALL END for the false heroes of DEFIANCE? WHEN do I BREAK the FAITH of the so-called "Faithful"?

Even backstage, he can hear the jeers coming from the arena, and Rezin grins with dark satisfaction.

Rezin:

Heh heh... well, as it just so happens, it all begins TONIGHT! It begins with that shiny new belt, the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP! It begins with the RUIN and DESTRUCTION of your "hometown hero", MATT LACROIX!!

The fans cheer in response to the name drop! Unphased, Rezin tilts his head down as his eyes pierce the camera, creating a bone-chilling Stanley Kubrick stare.

Rezin:

No doubt, he's got the love and support of "the Faithful"... and that's exactly what I WANT from those normies out there. I want them to cheer for him... BELIEVE in him! I want them to be inspired by his courage and his try-hard attitude. I want them to indulge themselves in that nice, warm feeling of satisfaction he brings, because as soon as he gets their hopes up...

His head tilts back now to draw his sickle-tattooed arm across his neck. The whites of his eyes change position, giving his stare that wild and unhinged Nick Cage "YOU DON'T SAY?!" look.

Rezin:

...that's when I CUT HIM DOWN without mercy, and all that HOPE with him!

The goat-faced bastard draws in a loud, long breath of air through his nostrils while he flicks on his lighter and diverts his gaze into the fire.

Rezin:

Heh heh... and there ain't nothing they can do but watch helplessly as I BREAK that "hero", and prove that even the one they call "Southern Strong Style" isn't STRONG ENOUGH to be a champion. TONIGHT, they'll see--YOU'LL ALL SEE... that the END is here, and there's nowhere left to go but INTO THE VOID!

He caps the lighter, extinguishing the fire and giving the camera that creepy smile once more.

Rezin:

LaCroix... TONIGHT... I'm gonna turn you UPSIDE DOWN! HA-HA!! HAHAAAAHA!!!

Cackling madly, Rezin pitches the mic over his shoulder and walks out of the frame. Christie bobbles the mic in her hands but succeeds in catching it, flashing "the Escape Artist" an annoyed look as he heads to the go-rilla position. Stalker steps up and leans in for a final word.

Stalker: [grinning]

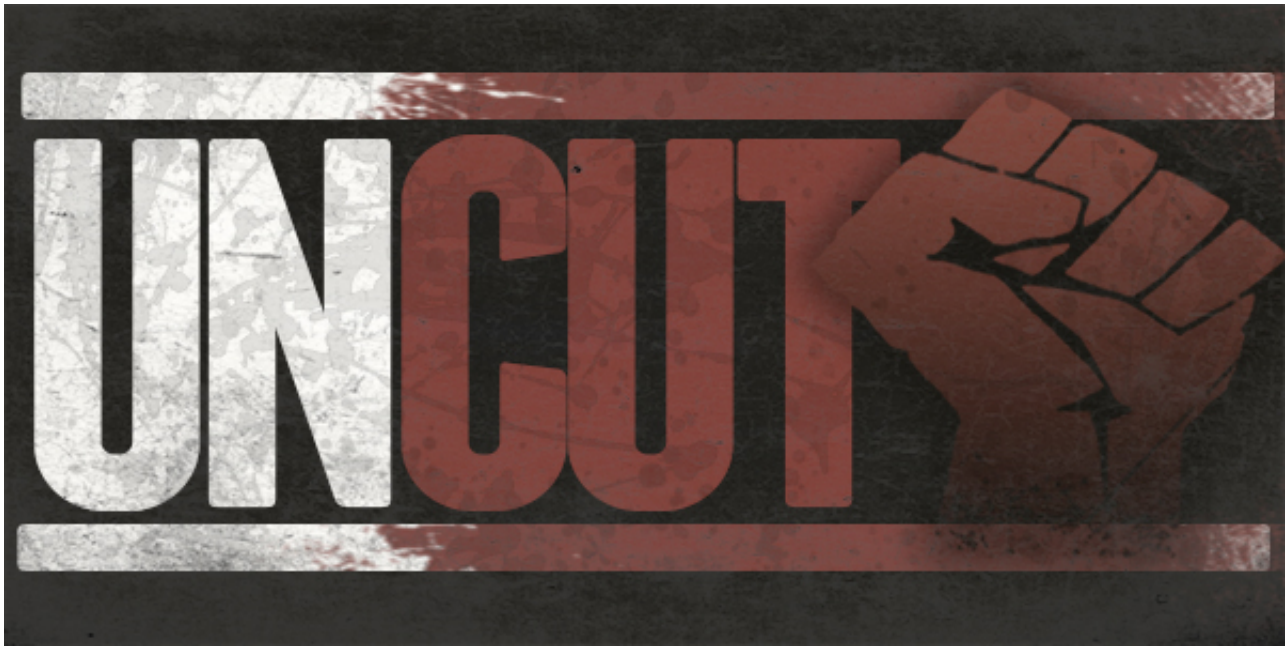
I'll do what I can... to control him...

With a chuckling maniac-style laugh, Stalker pushes the microphone into Christie's chest before glaring once more into the camera.

Stalker:

Welcome to HIS WORLD! You'll learn to say HIS NAME!

Camera fades to Christie watching Stalker, walking with a brief limp as follows Rezin on his way to the ring. The feed goes to commercials.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

MATT LACROIX vs. REZIN

♪ "I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

As the feed returns from commercial, Rezin has already made his entrance and stands ready in the ring, shedding his "Master of Reality" muscle shirt while grinning into the Faithful like a bloodthirsty jackal. The maniacal Stalker is pacing at ringside, goading the fans with a yell in the direction of the closest first row Faithful, "The FALLEN are the FAVOURED!!". With that shout he rips off his 'No More False Heroes' T-Shirt and tosses it into the crowd. A tradition of sorts for the maniac since his arrival in DEFIANCE.

Lights Out.

Guitars greet the Faithful, who cheer as smoke begins to rise from the staging area, masking the entrance with a fog of crimson lights. Pulsating with the synth. The silhouette of a man rises in the smoke stepping forward.

It begins with them... but it ends with me.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

Matthew LaCroix steps through the fog, wearing his black denim vest and pulls back his hood. Still getting used to a new entrance theme, you can hear small pockets of the Faithful chanting along to the "HEY!" portion of the epic as LaCroix winces just a bit. Rolling his neck and marching forward, he peers into the ring with ocean blue eyes. Locked in.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds, SOUTHERN STRONG STYLE, MATT LAAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

If there is someone in DEFIANCE you could argue would be destined for the Favoured Saint moniker, it's certainly Matt LaCroix. Born and raised right here in New Orleans, he's had some struggles with addiction, but the Faithful seem to be accepting him more and more every match.

Lance:

What's not to love? You can't deny the man. He sounds like them. He is one of them. He might be one of the most technically sound wrestlers I've seen in my life. It's hard to watch Matt LaCroix strike somebody and not get excited on impact.

DDK:

Well, his own desire to out-strike the NextGen Kaiju, Black Panda may have been his undoing. I've been told that he's still struggling with a ruptured eardrum courtesy of the Black Bastard Prince, and will continue to do so for several months.

Forgoing his typical top rope ascent to greet the Faithful, Matt LaCroix instead decides to drop his vest from his shoulders at ringside and slide into the ring. In the center of the canvas he drops to a knee and salutes the crowd from there. Throughout LaCroix's entrance, Stalker has been coaching Rezin outside of the ring, particularly pointing to the ear. The lights return to normal. The music stops. LaCroix retreats to his corner as Rezin slides back into the ring with a menacing glare on his face.

DING! DING!

The bell rings and Rezin goes full throttle into Matt LaCroix. The shorter Rezin gains a quick advantage on LaCroix with a flurry of kick combinations, forcing Southern Strong Style to retreat into the corner. Rezin slams LaCroix into the turnbuckle with a knee strike to fully gain the upper hand, and a one-handed bulldog out of the corner sends the Orleans Outsider into the mat! Meanwhile, Stalker's distractions are already on display as he begins screaming to the ringside fans.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

SAY HIS NAME! R-E-Z-I-N!! HE WILL BE THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! SAY HIS NAME!!!

The Faithful are clearly having nothing to do with Stalker's shenanigans. Rezin is nevertheless galvanized by these efforts as he hits the ropes to get some speed and goes HIGH into the air with a jumping leg drop, which hits nothing but canvas as LaCroix rolls out of the way! Both men scramble to their feet, but Southern Strong Style gets in the first shot with a knife edge chop that leaves Rezin reeling in both laughter and agony.

Lance:

LaCroix with a HUGE reversal! He's getting the Faithful back into the match.

Back in the ring, Matt LaCroix is sending Rezin stumbling back with a barrage of European uppercuts! Even with Rezin chuckling between every blow, LaCroix gets into a rhythm, yanking Rezin around before grabbing him under his arm. Now in firm control, the Orleans Outsider gives a quick shout to Stalker to gain his attention.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix doing what he claims to do best here, letting his in-ring work do the talking. He wants to make sure Stalker sees what'll happen to him if he keeps getting involved here.

Suddenly, Rezin is sent head first into the mat and bouncing wildly across the ring with a perfectly executed half nelson suplex LaCroix calls High Tide! Before Matt can go for a pinfall attempt, Stalker jumps up onto the apron distracting Hector Navarro from counting the fall. As Stalker gives Hector some resistance, LaCroix hits him with a running forearm strike, knocking him off the apron and hard onto the floor.

Lance:

Stalker gets TAKEN OUT... but while this action continues, there are a couple of guys in the back who have a particular interest in this match, the first round of a tournament to crown DEFIANCE's first ever Favoured Saint. Let's take a quick look backstage and see!

The shot goes backstage where a monitor has been set up. Black Panda is standing nearby, arms folded, watching the action unfold from behind his black panda skull mask, eyes focused on the contest.

DDK:

You can be sure that the NextGen Kaiju is closely watching how Matt LaCroix performs tonight! Those two went to HELL and back at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

LaCroix goes back to pick Rezin off the mat, but the precious few seconds putting Stalker were enough to all the Escape Artist to catch the Orleans Outsider off guard with a forearm to the midsection. Rezin springs to his feet with another forearm, this time targeting Matt's ruptured ear! LaCroix gets his arm up in time to block the shot, but leaves his middle open again to take a swift boot. The Goat Bastard quickly follows through with a Facebuster DDT, and the air is sucked out of the WrestlePlex! Rezin cackles triumphantly as he hooks the leg for a cover!

One... Two... KICKOUT by Matt LaCroix!

Rezin pops back to his feet and flips over with a standing moonsault across LaCroix's ribs before the Orleans Outsider can recover, and hooks the leg again for only a two count. Rezin grunts in frustration as he gets back to his feet and climbs the near turnbuckle. Taking only a moment to point into the sea of jeering fans and laugh maniacally, Rezin dismounts from the top ropes with a second moonsault...

DDK:

LaCroix gets the knees up! The Faithful are behind him! Now is his chance to turn things around!

As both men fight to get to their feet, the shot cuts backstage where Scrow is now watching the monitor with his arms crossed and a cigarette in his right hand. Curiosity is written all over his face while he watches. He takes a puff of the cigarette slowly and then lowers it at the same speed.

Lance:

Now we see Scrow taking an interest in this contest! Could the Raven's Eye be set on the Favoured Saints Championship?

Both men reach their feet and Rezin misses with a strike, but LaCroix lands a stiff kick that causes the Escape Artist's eyes to bulge. A series of stiff strikes from LaCroix echo across the WrestlePlex igniting the Faithful. As the Escape Artist doubles over in pain, the Orleans Outsider lifts him off the mat and sprints towards the turnbuckle hitting a Bourbon Street Bomb on his opponent. Rezin is no longer laughing as he impacts then stumbles forward into a Fisherman's Suplex!

ONE... TWO... THR--KICK OUT!

Lance:

An escape from the Escape Artist. Matt LaCroix needs to stay on the attack here if he wants to win!

DDK:

Is Matt going for it...? YES! F - T - W!!

The Escape Artist attempts to live up to his namesake by desperately thrashing his legs, but LaCroix has the facelock portion of the dragon sleeper clinched in tight. The Faithful roar and LaCroix's about to force Rezin onto his knees when he hesitates. The camera shifts to an object that has been thrown into the ring, landing at his feet. From ringside, Stalker laughs.

Lance:

What?! That's the GREEN REAPER MASK that used to belong to LaCroix! Stalker, with more of his mind games, just threw that--WAIT A SEC, Rezin with the LOW BLOW!

The moment the referee turns his attention away from the action to toss the Green Reaper mask from the ring, Rezin takes advantage with a lightning-fast trio of strikes: a back kick to the groin to free himself from the hold, a spinning heel kick to the exposed bad ear to leave LaCroix staggered, and an immediate Asai DDT to put him onto the mat

DDK:

INTO THE VOID off of that deadly spinning heel kick! LaCroix couldn't block it thanks to that blatant kick to the jewels! Rezin wastes no time hooking the legs and making the pin...

ONE... TWO... THREE!!

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

The sounds of angry jeers and equally angry noise rock fill the Wrestle-Plex as Rezin rolls off of LaCroix's chest and basks in his victory with a sick grin. Matt rolls the other way, clutching both head and ear. Outside the ring, Stalker cackles with glee.

DDK:

Well the Faithful clearly aren't happy, but be as it may, Rezin ekes out his second victory in DEFIANCE, thanks largely in part to some interference from Stalker and a fair bit of dirty tactics...

Lance:

You also have to consider the injuries Matt LaCroix sustained at ACTS of DEFIANCE in his match against Black Panda. They definitely came back to haunt the Renaissance in this match, and it could have been the deciding factor in those final moments.

DDK:

In any case, the disreputable duo of Stalker and Rezin claim another victory here tonight, and with that win, Rezin now guarantees that he'll have at least a ten minute grace period before entering the Favoured Fourway at ASCENSION. Matt LaCroix on the other hand...

Lance:

He just booked his spot as one of the first two to begin the battle for the Favoured Saints Championship. And with the likes of Black Panda and Scrow in the mix, it's clear now that the odds will be stacked against the Southern Strong Style come ASCENSION!

We get a final shot of Rezin and Stalker laughing together like lunatics and taunting the fans as they make their way back up the ramp, while the defeated LaCroix glares at them from in the ring, still clutching his ear.

Then the feed switches over to backstage. We see Scrow from behind, snuffing out his cigarette on top of the monitor before slinking off, out of frame. On the tiny monitor, an understandably frustrated Matt LaCroix can be seen in the middle of the ring. The camera view zooms out to reveal another interested party, who has been watching along from a distance.

DDK:

Is that? Scott Douglas?

Lance:

It appears so! I think it goes without saying... he still has a bone to pick with Jason Reeves!

Darren and Lance hit the nail on the head. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas turns to leave the area and acknowledges the camera briefly as he passes by. He seems nearly as frustrated as LaCroix.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THE SOURCE OF ENVY

The lights go out in the arena.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Verbal hate reigns down on The Comments Section as they walk out on stage after the lights come back to life. They stand DEFIANTLY, all sporting brand new t-shirts. The graphic on the shirt mocks a professional baseball league logo with a samurai warrior in place of the batter and a computer mouse in place of the baseball.

DDK:

Well, this should be good. I don't usually do this folks, but maybe now would be a good time for a bathroom break.

Malak Garland is flanked by Cyrus Bates to his right and Teresa Ames to his left. Five glorious championship belts are plastered to Malak in various ways. The Keyboard King STRUGGLES to carry all five belts but he obviously insists, he just hasn't found the most conducive way to carry five belts yet.

DDK:

What a load of egotism. Get a look at that.

The emotion from Keeblers voice is sucked completely dry. Malak holds a belt in each hand, one is around his waist, one is around a shoulder, and one hangs around his neck, obviously impairing his vision but to him, it doesn't matter because he is covered in gold. He steadily makes it to the ring, looking more like a robot moving than a human walking.

Lance:

This is a sight to see, that's for sure.

Once in the ring, Teresa is kind enough to gather a microphone and hold it up to Malak's belt-covered face.

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

Can everyone see me!? Everyone needs to be able to see me because this is a watershed moment!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

Faithful, faithful! If you can't see me, please make some noise!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

Cyrus, Cyrus. They can't see me! Move whatever is in front of me out of the way!

Cyrus is dumbfounded by the request because there is literally nothing blocking Malak from view. Except, maybe the title belt is blocking HIS view. It takes Cyrus a second before he clears any imaginary blockages in front of Malak. In other words, he just sort of waves his hands in the air before whispering to Malak he's in the clear.

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

Thank you! Thank you!

Malak finally removes the belt that was covering his face.

Malak Garland:

People of DEFIANCE, I would like to officially introduce myself as Malak Five Belts!

BOOOOOOO!

DDK:

This is ridiculous.

Malak smiles annoyingly.

Malak Garland:

Yes, yes, yes. Feed me your boos. Feed me your glorious sour tears. You're all a bunch of bruised bananas.

DDK:

I'd say that's the pot calling the kettle black.

Malak soaks it in.

Malak Garland:

You know, as I stand here, finally at the pinnacle, finally in the place where destiny saw me to be, all I really have to say is that I understand now. I understand that all you people carry out such pitiful, meaningless existences. Whereas I am the golden boy.

Malak peers over at the tag belt wrapped around his shoulder.

Malak Garland:

You see, when I saw these golden arches for the first time, I just knew I had to have them and I would stop at nothing until they were mine! It took PLENTY of hard work.

YOU SUCK!

YOU SUCK!

YOU SUCK!

The crowd lays into Malak for his chauvinistic approach. He waits for them to quell until continuing his coronation address.

Malak Garland: *[Turning to Cyrus]*

You know, I can't hear them as much anymore because the sound bounces off these gold plates rather nicely!

Cyrus nods and smiles as he simply points to Malak like he's the man or something.

Malak Garland: *[Enraged]*

MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, I AM THE SOURCE OF ENVY! I AM MALAK FIVE BELTS! I HAVE ALL THE GOLD! AND...

He pauses, collects himself and then talks very deliberate and slow.

Malak Garland:

Mark my words. Now that we are champions, we are going to cut a schedule UNLIKE. ANYTHING. EVER. SEEN. BEFORE.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Teresa drops the microphone as Malak can't help but chuckle. Teresa brushes her hair back all snooty-like and Cyrus continues to just point at the Keyboard King.

Lance:

I don't know what to make of Malak most of the time, but one has to wonder just exactly what he means by cutting a

schedule never seen before? Are they going to be fighting champions?

DDK:

I can't even begin to think he intends to defend those belts.

The Comments Section leaves just as they came... Or do they?

♪ "Revenge of The Freaks" by Mr. Strange ♪

DDK:

Malak's party is about to be cut short. It appears The Toybox has arrived!

Lance:

It looks like Jestal still has not gotten used to their new theme song. Dandelion seems like in heavenly bliss *[laughs]*.

The siblings have not changed attire since their match. Jestal is in an orange/blue straight jacket hanging over his one orange glove and one blue. He has his dreads in colors of orange and blue. With blue baggy pants with orange expressions over them To finish is ensemble one blue and one orange strap up boots. His typical face paint is the same color scheme as his attire. The lips are blue and the designs around his eyes are orange. Dandelion is dressed in the same color scheme as her brother. Her vest is orange. The two large buttons on the vest are blue. The dry fit long sleeve shirt she wears under the vest is striped from orange to blue. She has half orange and half blue leather shorts. Opposite color elbow pads and knee pads with a toybox on each pad. The top of her lips is orange and the bottom is blue with a jester symbol in orange and blue underneath her bottom lip. She has a blue stripe going down from under her left eye and orange from her right. Malak looks over at the ruckus with disdain. Jestal leads Dandelion, as they reach the ring, The Faithful are waving their arms side to side. Jestal slaps the stairs and jogs up them. He stops by the apron and holds his hand out trying to catch his breath. Dandelion climbs the stairs and climbs the turnbuckle from the apron and waves her arms side to side with The Faithful. Jestal coughs a bit before stepping through the ropes. With a painted big smile on his face looking at The Comments Section, Dani hops off the turnbuckle as their music cuts. Jestal stares blankly at the championships all over Malak. Jestal unbuckles the top strap of his jacket and pulls out a microphone.

Jestal:

Hmmmm... Dani, there is more than we thought now?

Dandelion nods her head. Jestal breaks his trance at the championships and stares at the trio.

Jestal:

Well... we're here to collect!

TCS looks at each other, visibly upset they've been interrupted.

Jestal:

They seem confused, Dandy?

She nods.

Jestal:

Let me give you guys a quick history lesson. We left those titles for the Stevens Dynasty and since Bo and George are utterly incompetent and could not hold onto those titles until we returned to DEFIANCE, we are out here to take back what we left with them... AND... since now you two and your lovely sugar baby...

Winks at Teresa.

Jestal:

...have them. We are out here for you to give back what belongs to US!

Dandelion holds out her arms like a child on Christmas morning.

Malak Garland:

THESE ARE MY BELTS!

Jestal:

No, you see that's where you are wrong. Those are OUR BLONDIES and we want them BACK!

The stare-off is cut short when...

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

Jestal rolls his eyes as he looks towards the entranceway with his sister rather annoyed. The Faithful shower the arena in boos as The Stevens Dynasty come out onto the stage.

Malak Garland: *[Off Microphone]*

How did they get into the DEFarena? I specifically told DEFsec no visitors. This is ridiculous.

DDK:

The Stevens Family don't seem too thrilled by the ToyBox demanding a title shot.

Lance:

Of course not Keebs, when are the Stevens Dynasty happy about other people getting title opportunities before them?

Cary leads his men down the ramp and into the ring. Once inside, Cary and the boys push Jestal and Dandelion aside and get face to face with the champions.

DDK:

You can cut the tension with a knife, Lance.

Cary snatches the microphone from Teresa's hand, drawing a mixed reaction from the fans and Malak goes to say something but Cary cuts him off.

Cary Stevens:

Shut the fuck up.

Cary sternly says to Malak before continuing. Malak looks like he's about to cry as his moment in the sun is clearly ruined.

Cary Stevens:

First off, if you two clowns... *[Cary turns towards Jestal and Dandelion]* keep eyeballing me, I'll snap my fingers and George here will stomp the midget into composite and Bo will take your sister backstage and make a woman out of her.

Jestal doesn't like the comment about his sister and has words with Cary.

Cary Stevens:

Don't blame us that she does strange things for pieces of change.

Jestal gets fired up and Dandelion can barely hold him back.

Cary Stevens:

Don't worry toots, Bo will teach you the horizontal limbo later.

Cary says with a smirk before turning back to Malak.

Cary Stevens:

Hi there. We haven't been properly introduced, my name is Cary Stevens and the two tough looking bastards behind me are Bo and George. We are The Stevens Dynasty!

Cary shouts as the crowd boos mercilessly.

Cary Stevens:

You are in possession of our property and we want it back.

Malak tries to respond, clutching the titles tightly, but Cary doesn't let him.

Cary Stevens:

I'm not done.

Malak has no choice but to listen.

Cary Stevens:

You may have the titles, but we are still the best tag team in the world.

Cary boasts proudly.

Cary Stevens:

We've never received our proper rematch and we want a shot at our titles once again.

Cary says and the Faithful begin to chant the famous Stevens chant.

Cary Stevens:

You Filth can boo all you want, but you know that when we get these chumps in the ring with us it will be easy pickings.

The Comments Section don't like Cary's **comments**. They withdraw into a corner of the ring with hurt feelings as each team eyes each other down. Toybox and Stevens Dynasty begin chirping at each other off mic. With them rambling on, Malak, Cyrus and Teresa slink off camera, unseen before the segment ends.

THE GAME SPOT

The scene goes to the ring and The Game Spot segment set-up The Faithful have been shown once before. There is a black and white carpet spread across the canvas. Two dull-green bean bag chairs sit side-by-side. There's a small coffee table beside both of the chairs, with a few glass cups of red Kool-Aid in them. Scattered around the bottom of the ring ropes, all the way across all four sides of the squared circle are different collections of Funko Pops! There's Disney Pops (Mickey Mouse, Buzz LightYear, Snow White), horror movie Pops (Pennywise the Dancing Clown, Jason, Freddy, Chucky), comic-book pops (Adam West's Batman, The Riddler, gotta have a Heath Ledger Joker in there, Green Arrow) and of course video game Pops (mannnnny Fortnite, Ratchet & Clank, Sly Cooper, Legend of Zelda, Nes from EarthBound), etc. The final piece of the set is an old tube television screen, complete with an NES hooked up to it and numerous games laying beside it. There's just one problem... the tube television screen is still smashed apart, a reminder of when The Game Boy made his debut and took Deacon out by powerslamming him through it a few months ago.

DDK:

Well, I guess a new TV wasn't in the budget.

Lance:

Dare I say, I'm actually anticipating this bit. I wonder who Conor's guest will be!

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

Immediately after Lance's comments, Conor's theme song blares over the PA and out he comes, jumping wildly up and down to the beat of the music while pointing to the big man who protects him.

DDK:

No segue, I see?

Lance:

Actually, I was told by Conor himself segues are only for special occasions.

DDK:

You think he can get The Game Boy on one of them?

As Keebler asks that question, Conor continues to dance (and skip and spin) his way to the front of the apron. The Game Boy, however, marches slowly behind, not expressing an emotion through his body language or moving a muscle whatsoever.

Lance:

Ahhhh... not so sure about that one.

Fuse leaps onto the apron and then leaps over the ropes, clearing them easily and landing on his feet. Conor sports neon green Adidas track pants and an "8-BIT BADASS" t-shirt. He pulls a mic out from his back pocket and his theme music comes to a close. The Game Boy, meanwhile, enters the ring and stands at the top-left hand corner to the hard camera. Arms crossed, he is simply there for one reason... to watch over the situation.

Conor Fuse:

Welcome back Gamers and Gamettes to my special segment... THE GAME SPOT! Oh boy, have these past few weeks been a world-wind for yours truly! Ha!

DDK:

Isn't it whirlwind?

Lance:

Yeah, it is.

Conor Fuse:

But hey, I don't need to remind you fabulous guys and gals what's going on for me. Not tonight! Tonight is about someone else... or someone *elses*!

DDK:

Can we send Conor to grammar school?

Lance:

I'll look into it for him...

Conor Fuse:

Tonight I may have the greatest guests of all time! Guests of the highest profile!! Without further a-doe...

DDK:

Ado...

Conor Fuse:

I'd like everyone to give a warm welcome to...

Fuse pauses, smiles and looks into the camera on the apron.

Conor Fuse:

THE NNNNEEEEEEEEEWWW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames... THE COMMENTS SECTIONS!!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!? They were **JUST** out here!!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

And how come he got *their* names right!? Conor never gets anyone's names right!

A lot of confusion and annoyance overtakes the crowd as they literally just saw The Comments Section. Cyrus and Teresa walk out first, followed by Malak who carries all five tag belts stacked on top of each other, over a shoulder.

DDK:

I can't believe this! We have a growing roster, TV time is scarce for talent and these a-clowns think they can come out here again on back-to-back segments!?

The camera switches to Conor Fuse who is clapping his hands in a circle for the newly minted tag team.

Cyrus hops onto the apron and holds the ring ropes open for Teresa first and Malak second. The Comments Section theme comes to an end as The Faithful fill the arena with jeers. There, Conor stands across from Cyrus Bates, Teresa Ames and directly in front of him... the ultimate keyboard warrior, Malak Garland. Ames collects a microphone and holds it to Malak's mouth.

Malak Garland:

Now, before we get started, I just want to say shame on those who interrupted us earlier. I'm definitely going to let management know about that.

The championship trio looks around the vintage set-up. The Kool-Aid on the coffee table catches Malak's eye.

Malak Garland:

No Kool-Aid Jammers? Just red? I like blue. The Funko Pops are cool, though.

Like a kid with an attention span of five-seconds, Conor instantly forgets what he was going to ask Malak and walks directly to his Funko Pop display.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, they are awesome, eh! I am such a huge fan!

Fuse leans down and picks up a Jack Skellington.

Conor Fuse:

Jack Skellington original. A personal fav.

He carefully places The Nightmare Before Christmas Funko Pop back where he found it and marches to another side of the ring to lift up one more.

Conor Fuse:

Speed Racer.

Carefully placing it down again, Conor moves to another location. He leans down and picks up a third Funko Pop which has been perfectly placed underneath the ring ropes.

Conor Fuse:

Speed Racer with Helmet.

Same thing. Mindfully place back down, walk over to another spot and pick one up. It's a Funko Pop of Bill Nye.

Conor Fuse:

Bill Nye is here to tell you that science rules! You may remember him from his hit television show Bill Nye the Science Guy which aired from 1993 to 1998, or from publicly advocating for improvements regarding education and science! Decorate your desk with your own Pop of Bill Nye!

DDK:

Uhhhh...

And another one, Bob Ross.

Conor Fuse:

Bring home the life advice, wisdom and painting lessons with Pop Bob Ross! He will be a soothing and friendly presence to any collection! Collectible stands approximately 3.75-inches tall.

And ANOTHER. Faithful start booing.

Conor Fuse:

Draft Lamar Jackson, *running back* for the Baltimore Ravens into your NFL Pop collection! Vinyl figure is approximately 4.15-inches tall!

Is there an end? Conor shows off more...

Conor Fuse:

Celebrate one of DC Comics' most recognizable superheroes, Batman! Collect this Pop of 1997 Batman for your DC Comics collection. Collectible stands 3.75-inches tall.

The Codebreaker takes a moment to pull his eyes towards this particular toy. Suddenly, his forehead crinkles and he

looks confused.

Conor Fuse:

Oh. This is the *Batman & Robin* George Clooney version. [Conor shutters] I don't know how that one got here. I guess I'll be speaking to management, too!

In disgust, Conor places this Funko Pop down in a much rougher manner than his other ones, hoping it will somehow slip off the apron and never be seen again. Having the mood killed (thanks Geroge Clooney), it takes Fuse another ten-seconds or so to shake off the horror from the toy he just looked at. Then he swipes a hand across his face as if to Men in Black his frustration away and Conor's demeanor changes back to that of a playful child. The Codebreaker strolls towards the champions.

Conor Fuse:

Yep. That's my collection! What you see here is only about 1% of it, though. Most of it's still in my mom's basement.

DDK:

Sometimes I seriously worry about that man.

Lance:

Which one?

DDK:

Good point.

The Faithful might be booing but Malak remains locked in on what Conor shows him the entire time.

Malak Garland:

Do you have any Lara Croft? I like Lara Croft.

Malak's eyes scan the rows of Funko Pops like an Amazon staff member needing a washroom break, HURRYING to locate the desired ordered item in time. His visual perusing comes up empty.

Malak Garland:

I don't see Lara Croft at all. How sad.

DDK:

Of course he fixates on the ONE forsaken Funko Pop Conor doesn't seem to own.

Malak Garland:

You know what I do have though!? THESE!

It takes all his might but Malak raises the five stacked belts in the air for the world to see.

Malak Garland:

I like this set-up but I wouldn't be willing to trade these for any of your stuff.

Conor giggles and pats Malak on the back.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, no offense taken. Those are some really nifty neat title *Achievements* you got there, Malak. I have to say, as a former tag *Achievement* master myself, alongside my brother- hey, do you have a brother, Malak?

Malak is quick to reply.

Malak Garland:

No, but I have a sister and let's be honest, who likes those!?

Conor giggles again.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, I hear ya. Wow! You like Funko Pops, too! You are a Tag Team *Achievement* master, too! And you don't like sisters, too! Too too too cool! Did we just become friends!?

Malak nods with approval, much to the fans chagrin.

Malak Garland:

We are totally friends. In fact, I think we'll stay a while.

It takes Cyrus a moment, as he looks behind him to realize The Game Boy is still standing there, not moving an inch, his eyes locked on The Comments Section this entire time. There's a very brief stand-off between Bates and The "Mini" Boss (or it could just be a sense of Cyrus becoming more at ease). Following this pause, Cyrus and Teresa make themselves comfortable by nestling into the unoccupied bean bag chairs. Teresa hands Malak the microphone as the Keyboard Queen watches the Bellicose Brawler lazily shuffle through the collection of NES cartridges on the canvas.

Malak Garland:

Anything good? Does he have ExciteVehicle? Paper Lad? Mega Person?

Conor smiles from ear-to-ear.

Conor Fuse:

Of course I do. I also have Tecmo Bowl, Bubble Bobble and Blades of Steel!

Conor says this like these games are somehow linked to Paper Lad, Mega Person and ExciteVehicle, just confusing DDK and Lance either further to maintain radio silence.

Conor Fuse:

So, hey, listen Malak. I think it's incredibly awesome that you are Malak Five *Achievements*! They only had TWO *Achievements* for my brother and I when we won them, can you believe that poppycock!? I sure can't! Anyway, I am so happy for you and your friends...

Conor looks down at Bates and Ames, who are now fully immersed in the rummage of NES games.

Conor Fuse: *[to Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames]*

Please, help yourself to some Kool-Aid if you'd like.

By now, Bates and Ames don't even hear Conor. They are fully captivated by the cartridges. Fuse looks back up at Malak.

Conor Fuse:

So, Five *Achievement* Star, why don't you start from the beginning. How did you get here?

Lance:

Please spare us... again.

Malak takes a gulp of fresh air and starts his story as if no one has ever heard it before.

Malak Garland:

Well, Conor, my fellow Keyboard Warriors and I were dumbstruck at the sight of these glorious, glistening, gold-plated belts that I just *had* to have them. Once I saw them, I knew I had to stop at nothing to get what was surely mine. It

wasn't easy and it took lots of hard work hacking into emails and text chains but rest assured--

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

Malak gets cut off as the crowd goes wild for the appearance of Lucky Sevens! Mason and Max Luck both step out and the twin seven-foot monsters take in the crowd's big response to ending the madness that is Conor and The Comments Section!

DDK:

Oh thank goodness! FINALLY!

Conor's smile drops from his face. He immediately walks towards The Game Boy and points him towards the entrance way. The Game Boy ensures he stands between the men in the ring and the rampway. The NPC Nightmare won't go over the ropes, not yet anyway. There are too many Funko Pops around. However, one thing is clear, no one will be getting into that ring unless they go through him. Mason and Max Luck are staying on the ramp but they both wave their hands for the music to cut. Mason notices Conor first.

Mason Luck:

You can un-wad your panties, Conor. If Max and I wanted to come down there and kick the hell out of everyone in that ring we could.

Max Luck:

We *literally* fought five different people at Acts of DEFIANCE and we still won!!!

The crowd is showing big love for the twins! The Lucky Sevens defeated the legendary PCP and now Mason himself is now looking at Malak Garland in the ring.

Mason Luck:

Since you idiots have used all the airtime we have for tonight blowing each other, we just came to tell you two things real quick then we'll be on our way. We wanted to tell The Comments Section congratulations on winning the Unified tag team titles! Sure you leaked texts like schoolyard girls and played them against each other because none of you are good enough to beat the Titans head on... but you were right on The Insider. You have five belts now!

Malak is ignoring all the digs and focusing on the congratulations. He takes a bow. Max is looking at his brother.

Max Luck:

Oooh bro, can I tell him the other thing?

Mason Luck:

Go ahead!

Max Luck:

We've beaten two legendary teams on our last two big pay per views! We beat Team HOSS! And we beat PCP who were one of the most recent Unified tag champs! That's why tonight, we're fighting the Sky High Titans for the number one spot to challenge next for the Unified tag team titles! And when Big Mase and I win... we'll be coming to punch you in your lousy dip-shit face to take those titles, Malak!

Malak looks a little panicked because face punching from a giant is not good for your health. Max and Mason Luck both look ready for tonight.

Max Luck:

You have five title belts and that's five reasons we're more than happy to do DEFIANCE Wrestling a public service and beat the entitlement out of you!

The fans cheer even louder and Mason decides to greet the fans.

Mason Luck:

If these guys haven't driven you out of the building by now we'll see you all later tonight and we'll show you what real hard work gets you when we face the Sky High Titans!

While Garland and his team congregate in order to bring up a response, Conor seems happy enough there are even more people to add to his "terrific" interview segment, completely ignoring the shots Max and Mason took towards him. Fuse pats The "Mini" Boss on the chest as if he can stand down and then addresses The Lucky Sevens.

Conor Fuse:

Awesome! More friends! This is just what I need for growing the prestige of The Game Spot segment! Hey, why don't you two tell us more about yourselves! What makes you tick? How cool is it to join the DEFIANCE roster? I know you're brand new here...

Max and Mason look at each other dumbfounded from the comment.

Conor Fuse:

...but never a bad time to give us your verbal biography! Say, Malak and I were just talking about family earlier. He has a sister but no brother. I have a brother but no sister. Do either of you guys have a brother?

Clearly being twins, Max and Mason once again exchange a dumbfounded look, wondering what the hell Conor might be on.

Mason Luck:

...Yeah we're out. Last time we were around idiots we fought in an abandoned zoo.

Max Luck:

Technically it was an abandoned tiger encampment? Anyway, if they haven't driven The Faithful away, we'll see you folks later!

Max and Mason both leave to the back and salute the fans before they head backstage. The hard cam focuses on the ring and Malak Garland specifically who looks visibly upset. He can't believe the audacity of being interrupted by so many teams in a row that he's simply overwhelmed. Who knew being a champion was so much work? Cyrus rises from the bean bag, still with an NES cartridge in hand as he tries to calm the Grammar Grappler down.

DDK:

Malak looks like he's about to cry.

Lance:

I think he just mouthed the words "I can't go on" to Conor!

Bates and Ames start rubbing Malak's back as he nods in their attempt at comforting him. Meanwhile, Conor tries to hush the crowd and tells the cameramen the segment is over.

DDK:

We aren't even halfway through this show, ONE show and my blood boils at Malak Garland. You came out here for a second time, what did you think was going to happen!?

Lance:

Keebs, you can't say stuff like that around a guy like Garland.

DDK:

This world is doomed.

COMMERCIAL: TAG PARTY II

Don't miss TAG PARTY II! Availble now on DEFonDEMAND!

DEX JOY vs. GUNTHER ADLER

DDK:

What a great last few weeks it has been for "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! Despite Scrow actively working against him he defeats Team Hoss! He and his best friend, the former BRAZEN champion Nathaniel Eye teamed up last week and they won the massive Tag Party II tournament!

Lance:

We have heard rumors that Dex Joy could be up for a title shot of some kind by brass but we'll have to see how he does tonight. He'll have to refocus to take on a hungry young man named Gunther Adler. He has been without a leader since Gage Blackwood stopped working with him. It's match time!

♪ "Preliator" by Globus ♪

Adler's theme plays and man it belongs to comes out to the ring. Gunther slides under the lowest rope and remains unintimidated by the situation he is in.

Quimbey:

The following match is for one fall. Introducing the man now in the ring weighing in at two-hundred sixty five pounds ... He is Gunther Adler!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and sixty-seven pounds and with his fellow Tag Party II 2inne ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and he is carrying his Tag Party II trophy with him! By his side he has Nathaniel Eye and the two look really happy with themselves!

DDK:

These two men won out in a field of twelve tag teams to win the Tag Party III! What momentum it will carry for both their DEFIANCE and Brazen careers!

Lance:

Dex and Eye with the now popular what they call the Biggest Boys Bump!

Eye and Joy slowly bump their fists in a Mega Powers type of fashion and then bump for the crowd! Eye stays at ringside and cheers on his best friend. He guards the Tag Party II trophies when the match begins.

DING DING!!!

Adler goes right on the attack! It is big knees to the Biggest Boy and then clubs Dexy Baby across his back.

DDK:

Adler does not look impressed with any of Dex Joy's recent achievements! He wants this win!

Lance:

Many people have been calling Dex a true rising star especially after his recent performances while Nathaniel Eye has possibly been the biggest star in BRAZEN at the moment!

Adler is now pushing Dex in the nearest empty corner. Chops follow and Dex is left winded. Adler is pleased with himself and then rams into Dex with more knees. The Biggest Boy continues getting rocked but when he pulls Dex out of the corner he gets surprised with chops and punches from Joy. Adler is sent for the ride and then Joy knocks him down using a big cross body!

DDK:

Dex is taking flight! He's so good at doing things a guy his size should not be able to do!

Dex rolls over Adler and then he gets up. Adler is still seeing stars and things get worse for the German wrestler when he gets taken down with a back drop suplex. The big ball of energy is now up on his feet and balling up a fist to raise to each side of the crowd!

Lance:

Dex is looking good right now!

Nathaniel Eye is clapping and cheering his friend on from outside. Dex picks up Adler and then tries a german suplex but the german does not work on the German because he switches spots. He tries to pick up Dex, but Dex doesn't go anywhere and sticks his posterior out to gut check Adler. Dex runs off the ropes but when is back Adler does land a stiff lariat and tries to pin Big Dex Energy.

One ...

Two ... no!!!

Dex kicks out from the pin attempt but Adler does not give up. He has Dex up slow and then looks like he is going to piledrive him but Dex fight his way out and sends Adler flying over him. Dex gets back up and then poses for the crowd. Adler gets pulled into the fireman's carry flap jack!

DDK:

Dex is right on the comeback trail. Can he finish this one?

Dex launches himself into a big senton splash but Adler is able to move! The ring almost shakes from Dex missing his target but unfortunately, Adler has more success when he throws himself into Dex with a spear! Nate is starting to look worried at ringside.

DDK:

Adler trying to get this one!

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Dex is up but Adler doesn't let that stop him from trying to win. Adler is about to try and pick up Dex again but this time Dex is able to switch behind him and then throw Adler across the ring with a release german suplex!

Lance:

He finally gets the suplex! Oh wow he gets the shot gun drop kick too!

Dex lands one of his biggest moves right after that but he is not done. He has Adler up and then he runs from the ropes next to him. The two big men are on a collision course and Dex launches Adler through the air using the same move that launched Mikey Unlikely and David Hightower during the finals of the Tag Party II show!

DDK:

That's Dexy's Midnight Runner! Did you see Adler *fly*?

Lance:

I did! And now he's in that corner!

Gunther Adler is not moving in the corner and that's just where Dex wants him to be. He plays to the crowd and Nathaniel Eye joins in by waving his hands. He runs full steam ahead and then crushes Adler in the corner with Jump for Joy!

DDK:

And he hits Jump for Joy! I think Dex Joy has this one in the bag!

Dex pulls Gunther Adler from the corner and pins him after he nails the cannon ball.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING!

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

The Biggest Boy is up and he looks incredibly happy to follow up with another win under his belt.

DDK:

Dex Joy with another win! He's been growing in popularity by the week and I think after his recent shows he is absolutely in line for some sort of title shot soon! Especially when he won that match that involved a former and the current FIST of DEFIANCE! But what title will he be going for?

Dex Joy and Nathaniel Eye both have their Tag Party II trophies raised and play to the fans supporting the Biggest Best Boys! That party does not seem to last long though.

THE BADDEST SOHER

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

DDK:

Whoa, here we go!

The theme is unfamiliar to The Faithful but the DEFiatron shows the name "GAGE BLACKWOOD" across it soon after to a chorus of boos. Then the Southern Heritage Champion strolls out, the SOHER belt around his waist while sporting black jeans and his "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, with all the names of the wrestlers he's recently beaten crossed out on the back.

Blackwood stands on the rampway, mic in hand as his theme quiets down.

Gage Blackwood:

Greetings, Dex Joy.

The fans give a cheer at Dex's name but Gage does not seem too thrilled. Nathaniel Eye and Dex Joy both enjoy the cheers from the crowd and raise their Tag Party II trophies again.

Gage Blackwood:

[Sarcastic] Nice trophies. *[Changing topics]* So management has told me you're next in line for a title shot.

The Faithful cheer loudly at the thought of this but Blackwood waits it out. Dex Joy looks at Nathaniel and the Biggest Best Boys start to bump their fists together for the announcement.

DDK:

Huge news! Dex Joy for the SOHER! I could see it!

Lance:

Oh me too! Dex has been on a roll lately!

Gage Blackwood:

Yeah. Yay. Whatever...

Blackwood paces up and down the top of the stage.

Gage Blackwood:

Okay, great. Good for you, Dex! You've certainly made an impression here... to *some* people anyway.

Blackwood gives a sarcastic clap.

Gage Blackwood:

What I see is completely different. I see lazy. Out of shape. Not a hard worker. Just able to get by on this... *charisma* nonsense you've got going on. *[Yawn]* Real thrilling stuff.

Blackwood points to his title as the camera switches to Dex, who has already started walking around the ring and listening to the champion's insults with stride. Nathaniel shakes his head and he looks like he wants to say something back but Dex grabs his best friend by the arm.

Gage Blackwood:

"The Biggest Boy", what a stupid tagline. I mean, really. The BIGGEST Boy? What makes *you* the biggest? What an arrogant thing to say. Have you even seen Uriel Cortez? He's pretty damn big. What about The Deacon? He's huge! Conor's Game Boy... that guy is a walking steroid. I swear to god, test his urine, it's pure-PED. Biggest boy? I think not. Maybe A *Big* Boy, sure but not the biggest. That's the kind of arrogance I can't stand around here. That's the kind of arrogance that SHOULD get you booed by these Faithful but doesn't. If there's one thing I hate, it's blatant arrogance.

I am the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all-time. I am undefeated on DEFIANCE pay-per-views for THREE-PLUS years in singles matches. Nobody can touch me! I have defeated the likes of Scott Douglas, Mushigihara, Elise Ares, Jay Harvey and gutter trash like Lisil Jackson, Chris Ross and David Hightower.

Blackwood points to the ring while Dex has stopped marching back and forth and is staring a hole through the champion.

Gage Blackwood:

You. You're just another name to cross off on my t-shirt. That's all.

Blackwood pulls out what looks to be another "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt from his jean pocket.

Gage Blackwood:

Here, I made you one. 5XL is it? Pathetic.

Blackwood displays the shirt and turns it around, revealing he's already put Dex Joy's name on the back of the tee and crossed it off, too.

Gage Blackwood:

They didn't make 8XL on The Fed-Tees store, so you're SOL on that.

Blackwood lays the t-shirt down on the rampway, ensuring he stays far away from the men in the ring. Dex waves his hand and Nathaniel Eye holds the ropes open while daring Blackwood to come say this to Dex's face but Gage doesn't appear to bite.

Gage Blackwood:

Make sure you pick it up when you head to Gorilla. You're welcome. I'll haste ye back, Dex Joy, A Big Boy.

Before Joy can even request a mic to get a reply in, Blackwood turns around and vanishes behind the curtain. Nathaniel Eye looks at his friend and points up the stage while the words "what a dick" can be heard by the camera. Dex is seen rolling his eyes and looks as annoyed as the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful sound.

DDK:

Well, what the hell was that? Just leave? That's classless.

Lance:

Dex doesn't look too bothered. It seems like he will let this thing roll off his back, for now.

DDK:

He's a bigger man than me!

Lance:

The biggest man!

DDK:

Oh, I see what you did there.

Dex and Nathaniel leave the ring shaking their heads but decide to cheer the fans up a little by raising the Tag Party II trophies they won and get the crowd hyped again. They raise the trophies and slap some hands while heading to the back. The scene fades out.

OPEN CHALLENGE

Christie Zane stands at the DEFIANCE interview stage, mic in hand.

“GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!”

♪ “Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight” by Dropkick Murphys ♪

A good portion of the crowd rises to its feet as “Black Out” Pat Cassidy emerges from the back dressed in street clothes: jeans and black DEFIANCE t-shirt. In his right hand he has small duffle bag. He stops in front of the entranceway and pans his head around, taking in all 4,000 fans in attendance.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentleman, my guest at this time: “Black Out” Pat Cassidy!

Cassidy makes his way over to the stage as his music fades out. He drops the duffle bag to the ground and smiles at Christie.

Christie Zane:

Mr. Cassidy, you requested this interview time. So I guess the only question I really have is: what’s on your mind?

Cassidy spreads his arms wide in a “it’s good to see you” motion.

Cassidy:

Chris. Tee. Zane. We meet again.

Cassidy turns to the camera and points at Christie.

Cassidy:

Ladies and gentleman, while Ms. Zane here is extremely professional on camera, I now have it on very good authority that behind that calm demeanor is a real wild child. This lady here knows how to party.

Christie Zane: *(not necessarily annoyed, but clearly looking to move on from THIS line of thought)*

This can’t be the reason you wanted this time.

Cassidy looks back to her.

Cassidy:

No no no - you’re right of course. We do have business to attend to. But before we get to the real stuff, I do have a bit of good news.

Cassidy picks up the duffle bag, and takes out a koozie. Not one of them cheap ones, either. A YETI quality 12oz. It’s dark blue, and it reads: “Black. Out. Bottoms. Up.” There’s a shamrock in the center, separating the “Black. Out” from the “Bottoms. Up.” Seems like someone has a new piece of merchandise. Cassidy holds the koozie up so the camera can get a good look.

Cassidy:

For the very low, low price of 9.99, you can now own an official piece of Pat Cassidy memorabilia. These babies keep your drink cold, they keep your drink warm, and they keep your drink delicious. Every single koozie is hand crafted by the finest koozie craftsmen to ensure maximum quality and thrust quenching...ness. And every koozie purchased means you’ve made a charitable donation to the Cassidy Fund, a humanitarian organization that is dedicated to the mission of keeping professional wrestlers well hydrated.

Cassidy takes a step toward the crowd and frisbees the koozie into the legions of fans. While many lunge for it, only one lucky guy catches it and holds it up to a smattering of boos.

Cassidy:

No worries, folks. There's plenty more where that came from.

Cassidy turns to look directly into the camera. His amused smile melts into a look of determination. His tone shifts from lighthearted to serious and thoughtful.

Cassidy:

But now... to business. Christie, I'm not known in many circles as a man with a plan. I'm really not that organized. I like to ride the wave that is life. See where the night takes me. I'll leave the planning to the empty suits and the paper champions. But that said, it's becoming clear to me that I need to become master of my own destiny here in DEFIANCE.

At "my own destiny," Cassidy slaps his chest twice.

Cassidy:

Don't get me wrong, they could keep lining up lower card guys and I could keep kicking the ever-loving crap out of them. I mean, all things considered, that doesn't sound like such a bad gig, you know? Would be fun, that's for sure. But I'm realizing now that if I'm expecting someone to open the door of superstardom and politely invite me in, I'll be sitting on the sidelines forever.

Cassidy gently takes the mic from Christie, raising it up to his mouth as he stares into the camera. With his other hand, he points toward the entranceway.

Cassidy:

I've heard the rumblings: "Pat Cassidy is great to party with, but he's not a serious contender. Nice guy, but doesn't have what it takes." You're half right - I am a hell of a guy to party with and that's not going to change. When I'm off the clock, I'm still gonna be me because that's all I know how to be. But it seems like I need to start earning some more respect in the ring. So with that in mind...

Cassidy moves his hand from pointing toward the back to pointing toward the ring area.

Cassidy:

I am officially issuing an open challenge to anyone on the DEFIANCE roster. You. Me. Two weeks: DEFtv 142.

Crowd reacts to the promise of a future match!

Cassidy:

I don't care who answers the call, because this isn't just a match. This is a message. A message to the DEFIANCE locker room that Pat Cassidy can hang. A message to The Faithful that Pat Cassidy came here to be more than a one-note joke. A message to my opponent that stepping into the ring with me means a hell of a fight. And, most of all, a message to myself...

Cassidy pauses briefly, choosing his next words carefully.

Cassidy:

...a message that I *belong* here swimming with the biggest sharks in the business.

Cassidy is getting worked up now, becoming more animated and speaking directly into the camera with some fire.

Cassidy:

So let's do this, boys! And yeah... I'm still the same Pat Cassidy. Happy to head down for a pint and a song after I drop you with an Irish Goodbye. But you can be damn sure of one thing: while you're sipping that beer, you'll have a newfound respect for this scrapper from South Boston. And maybe a black eye or two.

The Faithful seem to dig this fired up Cassidy. Christie Zane gently re-claims her mic, looking a little surprised by the

tone of this promo.

Christine Zane:

Well there you have it, ladies and gentlemen. A more straightforward message from Pat Cassidy then we are used to, and an open challenge for our next DEFTv! Who will step up to answer? I guess, considering the serious nature of this interview, we won't be doing any singing tonight, huh?

Cassidy turns to her.

Cassidy:

No, I'm not sure a hearty song would work here. I'm a little amped up, you know?

Cassidy shakes his head regretfully.

Cassidy:

Gotta say Christie, I really hate to have to show you the ol' Irish temper. I'm not proud of it, but it's something I was born with. It's in my DNA. I guess you have to... blame it all on my roots.

Cassidy gives the camera a quick side-eye, but quickly looks back at Christie.

Cassidy:

I mean - think about it. I showed up in boots! I ruined your black tie affair.

Christie seems confused. What the hell is he talking about? There's now a visible twinkle in Cassidy's eye. He continues to speak conversationally, as if what he's saying makes total sense.

Cassidy:

The last one to know... the last one to show. I was the last one you thought you'd see there.

Country music begins playing faintly in the background. Christie looks around, wondering why the music is playing and where it's coming from. Cassidy's speech patterns subtly change from speaking plainly to melodic, until finally he's full blown signing.

Cassidy:

And I saw the surprise...

And the fear in his eyesssss.

When I took his glass of champaaaaagne.

♪ "Friends in Low Places" by Garth Brooks ♪

The music picks up in volume, and Cassidy bumps shoulders with and points at Christie as his singing intensifies.

Cassidy:

And I toasted YOU.

Said, "honey, we may be through..."

Cassidy takes the mic from Christie, and now motions to the Faithful, many of who have figured out the tune by now.

Cassidy & some of the fans:

But you'll never hear me complaaaaaaaain!"

As the chorus hits, Cassidy leaps down from the interview stage. He walks toward the front row, strutting in tune with the song and singing along with all his heart. He's joined in by a large chunk of the fans.

Cassidy & The Faithful:

Cause I got friends in loooooooow places...
Where the whisky drowns...
And the beer chasesssss
my bluesssssss away....
And I'll be okay.

A generous fan in the front row hands Cassidy a cold beverage to hold as they finish up the chorus.

Cassidy & The Faithful:

Now I'm not biiiiiig on social gracesssss
Think I'll slip on down to the (everybody!) ooooooooooasssssisssssss
OH I'VE GOT FRIENDS... IN LOW PLAAAAAAACES!

With the song still playing, Cassidy leaps up onto the barricade in front of the fans, turns his back to them, throws Christie a little goodbye salute... and falls backwards into The Faithful! Last we see of him, he's downing his beer (much of which spilled during his trust fall anyway) and generally having a good time among the people.

Christie Zane no longer has her microphone, so she can only shrug with an amused smile on her face as "Friends in Low Places" fades out.

DDK:

Stick with us, folks. We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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I TASTED DEFEAT...

We come back from commercial to find we are back, once again, with Christie Zane. This time standing in front of that classic DEFIANCE logo backdrop. Christie is all smiles as her next guest is standing just out of view.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... joining me at this time is none other than "The Natural One" Jay Harvey.

The camera zooms out to put Harvey into the frame. Harvey looks to be all business and focused on his match later on in the show. He's all dressed for action, rocking his leather jacket and trunks.

Zane:

Jay... we are a few weeks removed from ACTS of DEFIANCE where we saw you go one on one with Gage Blackwood.

Before Christie can go any further, Harvey interjects. He is obviously still sore about the subject.

Jay Harvey:

Where I lost. I let myself down and more importantly (Harvey looks right into the camera lens) ... I let The Faithful down. I'm not one to make excuses, and facts are facts. I told the world I was going to defeat Gage Blackwood and become a two time Southern Heritage Champion... and I didn't make good on my word.

We cut to the DEFarena where fans are intently watching the big screen. We stay on them for a moment or two before going back to Zane and Harvey live.

Harvey:

I want you all to know that I don't plan on licking my wounds long. I'm not going to tuck my tail and forget about Gage Blackwood... more importantly, the Southern Heritage title. I'm going to right that wrong, you can bet on that.

Zane:

Tonight you take on "Bantam" Ryan Batts who is no stranger to the bright lights of DEFIANCE.

Harvey puts a big smile on his face.

Harvey:

Tonight, I right the ship and it starts with you, Ryan.

We zoom in close on Harvey's upper half.

Harvey:

Ryan Batts you are someone who has all the talent in the world. You are someone who shows each and every crowd you perform in front of just why you are in DEFIANCE. Someone who dominated in BRAZEN. You might be the most underrated wrestler in the business today.

Harvey takes a step toward the camera. We zoom in closer on him.

Harvey:

I know we are going to blow the roof off this place tonight, Ryan. I know for a goddamn fact you are going to throw everything you have at me. You know I have the height advantage, the weight advantage but you are used to battling bigger and stronger guys.

Harvey chuckles and again locks eyes with the lens in front of him.

Harvey:

But Ryan... you stand in my way. You stand in my way from getting to where I need to be. I said before tonight I right the ship... and you aren't going to stop me. I'm more focused than I ever have been. I tasted defeat... and I don't plan

on tasting it again.

Harvey gives Christie a look before making his exit. Christie puts the microphone to her mouth.

Zane:

An ultra-focused Jay Harvey... takes on Ryan Batts later tonight. Guys, back to you.

We cut and Christie takes her earpiece out and the camera is still rolling. The cameraman turns to the side and catches what appears to be a feminine figure in the distance. The dark figure stands there for a second before walking away.

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

DDK:

What a match we're going to have next! First time ever, Sky High Titans vs. The Lucky Sevens! We saw multiple teams try and stake a claim at the Tag Team Titles, but management has arranged this match between the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champs, The Sky High Titans, against the undefeated Mason and Max Luck, The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The twin brothers have been dominant as a team, most recently knocking off the arguably greatest tag team in DEFIANCE, The PCPs. Meanwhile, The Sky High Titans have been strained by The Comments Section leaking texts and setting off major disagreements between Minute and Uriel Cortez that cost them the titles.

DDK:

All true, but The Titans are already two time former champs and get back there with a win tonight. We'll go to Darren Quimbey for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest a #1 Contenders match for the Unified Tag Team Championships! First, making their way to the ring at a combined weight of 532 pounds... accompanied by Thomas and Junior Keeling... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... "The Sky High Kid" Minute... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

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

As the theme blasts over the PA, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, looking 100% business. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute. Thomas Keeling looks unhappy while Junior's body language is clear... he's keeping his distance.

Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez rips off his replica luchador mask and throws it into the crowd, then Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! Cortez and Minute nod and then await their opponents.

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, standing back to back arms folded. The two appear to be identical twins that both have brown hair and matching goatees. One twin wears red thigh length trunks and gold boots, the other wearing green and gold boots and both with "777" across a pair of weight belts. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" to the fans that cheer them now.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponents ... from Las Vegas Nevada, they weigh in at a combined weight of six hundred and five pounds ... THE LLLLLLUUUUCCCCCKKYYYYYY SSSSSSEEEVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!!

Mason and Max both step over the ropes at the same time and wow the fans by their size alone. They look ready for the first chance they can get at gold! The Sevens hit the ring and both sides look ready. Instead of Minute starting the match, Uriel asks to start against Mason Luck. Minute glares at Junior Keeling, then looks back to Uriel with a nod. Junior growls under his breath while Thomas tries to calm his son down.

DING DING!

DDK:

This unpleasantness between Junior and Minute has reached a boiling point. I hope The Sky High Titans can put this behind them somehow.

Lance:

Despite whatever has been thrown at them by Team HOSS and the PCPs, The Lucky Sevens have been on top of their game so the Titans better be ready!

Uriel and Mason lock up! There isn't many in DEFIANCE that can do so with the largest man in DEFIANCE in Cortez, but Mason is holding his own! The two charge like bulls around the ring and circle up with neither man giving an inch. Mason takes over a bit and actually backs Cortez into the ropes. Referee Brian Slater tells him to break it up and Mason does just that without incident.

The two lock up again and the two giants fight again for control. This time, Uriel pushes Mason off the ropes, who comes at him with a shoulder... but Uriel doesn't go down. He motions for Mason to try his luck again. Mason gives him a run for his money with another shoulder. Uriel goes back a bit, then Mason goes for another charge, then knocks Uriel into the corner of the Lucky Sevens! Mason makes the tag to Max...

DDK:

And here we go... DOUBLE Shoulder Tackles finally knock Uriel off his feet! And now look at Max!

Lance:

Here we go!

Max Luck runs off the ropes and hits the Box Cars Elbow right into Uriel's chest! The Titan of Industry gasps for air and then Max tries pinning the giant.

ONE... TW... NO!

Lance:

Wow! I don't see many people kicking out of the Box Cars Elbow before two!

Max pulls Uriel up while Junior is getting more aggressive than normal, yelling at Uriel to get up and fight! Max tries to keep Uriel grounded using a Cobra Clutch, but Uriel fights out before he can get the hold fully applied. Max clubs Uriel, but he smiles and SMASHES him back to the corner of the Titans with a Headbutt! Minute is in the corner while Uriel decides to use a signature of his own...

DDK:

Uriel with a move of his own... OOOHH! CHOP OF AGES!

The devastating Double Handed Chop has left Max Luck winded. But not once.... But TWICE! Max is left breathless as the second Chop of Ages is worse than the first. Mason looks on in shock as Uriel then makes the tag to Minute. Minute runs to one corner... then RUNS the ropes incredibly to hit his Rope Running Corner Dropkick called Estrella Fugaz! The crowd goes INSANE! Junior yells at Minute and makes sure he tries to pin him.

DDK:

They call that the Joint Venture! Now Uriel dumps Max for a slam! And Minute follows up with the Springboard Senton!

Minute tries to cover the big man.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Max Luck kicks out!

Max is now trying to fight off Minute who circles around him using kicks and then uses two basement drop kicks to keep him down. The T.J. Tornado is now trying to hit a spring board but he does not expect for Max to catch him!

Lance:

Oh boy not where he wants to be.

DDK:

Max has Minute in that suplex ... and now he tags in Mason! And wow! Did you just see Minute get thrown across the ring with that double release suplex?

Minute bounces off the canvas and the crowd is left in awe of how far he is thrown. Junior looks like he is about to blow his stack while Mason is on him now. Minute is picked up and then slammed across a knee using a rib breaker and then he is put on Mason's shoulder. Mason hits him with a move he calls the Deck Cutter!

DDK:

Deck Cutter! Is that rolling cutter off the shoulder going to end it?

One ...

Two ... NO!!!

Mason doesn't hook a leg which might have cost the team a bit. Junior Keeling is walking around like a madman and Thomas is trying to get him to calm down. Mason puts his knee into Minute's gut then tags in Max. He throws Minute into Max and then he puts The T.J. Tornado down using a rib breaker of his own and then hits a standing power slam!

Lance:

Mason and Max both working well together. I think this might do it!

One ...

Two No!!!

DDK:

Maybe not! Max now has Minute up. And I think he's thinking the Winning Hand!

Max has the Winning Hand taunt up for the crowd and most of the crowd start flashing it as well. He starts to grab Minute and Junior can't watch, but Thomas tells him to look. Minute gets a leg up and kicks Max between the eyes. Max stumbles a second, and then tries to drop another Box Cars Elbow, but Minute rolls out of its path and Max gets nothing! Minute now has a chance to get to the corner but he quickly runs and hits a hand spring tornado DDT on Max!

DDK:

Minute manages to show him what for with that flipping kick that he calls Eso Es Todo.

Lance:

And look at Uriel! He's ready for Minute's tag! And Junior is making sure he does it!

Junior and Thomas both tell him to make the tag and he gives it to Uriel Cortez! One of the very few men that is actually bigger than either twin now runs and he hits Max using body shots. He throws Max Luck into a corner and hits a elbow. The elbow smashes him but Max Luck's own luck gets worse when The Titan of Industry hits a flying shoulder to knock Max off his own feet.

Uriel is up and Mason tries to make the save for his brother. A few right hands strike Uriel in the head but when Mason tries a whip, Uriel reverses that. Uriel misses a clothesline on Mason, but he keeps running and then he does catch Mason using his only move that sees him leave his feet in the form of the biggest drop kick in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

DDK:

Wow! I never thought I would see anybody just rip right through The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

And now he gets Max ... and he hits Big Business!

One ...

Two ... NO!!

DDK:

How did Max kick out of that?! I'm not sure myself ... but it looks like he is going for the Industry Standard! I don't think he's kicking out of *that* if he does!

The big monster is trying to use his finish but Max throws two elbows to the back of his skull to get free. He slips back to the ropes and when Uriel tries to stop him, Max gets his boot up. Mason Luck is still looking bad from when Uriel bossed him around, but Mason gets the tag. Both brothers go in, but Minute tries to come to the rescue! Junior yells out to Minute when he leaps for a spring board hurricanrana on Mason, but he holds him for a power bomb. He tries to drive him, but Uriel boots Mason in the gut! He gets Minute out of harm's way.

Lance:

Minute tries to make the save, but Uriel saves him ... no, oh no! Walking the Strip by Max!

Uriel saving Minute from the power bomb leaves him wide open for Max Luck's discus big boot. Minute tries to make the save but Mason powers him out of the ring. Both brothers focus on The Titan of Industry and then Mason has the back suplex while Max hits the Winning Hand...

DDK:

NO LUCK AT ALL!!!! THEY JUST SPIKED THE ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED POUND URIEL CORTEZ!

The crowd cannot believe that! Mason hooks both legs of Cortez and Max makes sure Minute can't save him. Junior is looking like he is about to be ill!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Ding ding ding!!!

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

Quimbey:

Your winners and the new Number One Contenders for the Unified Tag team titles ... The Lucky Sevens!!!!

Mason looks incredibly happy along with Max! The seven foot twins are already on their feet and celebrating. Minute cannot believe it and Junior Keeling throws his glasses down. Thomas tries calming his son down but it isn't to any avail.

DDK:

I cannot believe this! We have new Number One Contenders! The Lucky Sevens just beat the Sky High Titans!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens promised earlier they would come after Comments Section and the titles ... now they just earned that shot!

This setback appears to be all that the Keelings can take. Meanwhile the celebration is focused in ring. Uriel Cortez leaves the ring and limps out but inside, Mason and Max are celebrating with the crowd by flashing the Winning Hands! Malak Garland may be somewhere trying to not let his brain explode because the twin giants have made good on one promise tonight and now are trying to make good on another to win gold.

ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING!

Following the end of the Sky High Titans and Lucky Sevens tag match, the camera cuts away from the ring and over to Christie Zane at the interview stage.

Christie Zane:

DEFIANTS! Please welcome my guest at this time...Lindsay Troy!

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful greet her Royal Highness with raucous cheers. Troy makes her way over to where Christie stands, acknowledging the crowd with a hand held high.

Christie Zane:

Lindsay, thank you for joining me here tonight. First off, congrats on a very strong showing during the BRAZEN TAG PARTY II tournament alongside Declan Alexander.

Lindsay Troy: (smiling)

Yeah, that was a lot of fun, wasn't it?

Big pop from the fans!

Lindsay Troy:

Can't complain about a trip to the finals, especially considering who Declan and I beat to get there. The kid's got a bright, bright future in professional wrestling, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him holding the BRAZEN Championship sooner rather than later.

Christie Zane:

Speaking of your TAG PARTY opposition, you faced off against your Acts of DEFIANCE opponent, Oscar Burns, and his partner George Othello in the first round of Block A and emerged victorious. You called for a rematch against Burns after that hard fought PPV match which saw Burns take the W. Tell me, was that tag match enough for you?

The High Queen DEFIANT looks out to the sea of Faithful before she answers.

Lindsay Troy:

Absolutely not.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lindsay Troy:

Don't get me wrong, Christie, I couldn't have been happier that Declan and I picked up the win there. But you know as well as I do that a tag team victory isn't as sweet as a singles victory. So let me make this perfectly clear in case there's any doubt: when I told Burns after he pinned me at Acts of DEFIANCE that I wanted one more match, I wanted one more go at him one-on-one. And I don't think there's any better time than the next DEFTv, do you?

Christie blinks in surprise. The crowd cheers louder at LT calling her shot, again.

Christie Zane:

Well I ... no? Probably not?

Oscar Burns:

Well, then, Queenie...

With impeccable timing, "Twists and Turns" strides across the stage, microphone in hand as the crowd ROARS in

approval for The Technical Spectacle. Now face to face with the Queen of the Ring, Burnsie smiles.

Oscar Burns:

First things first. You and Declan did a WONDERFUL job at TAG PARTY III! I made it to the finals of the first one, then ya bumped Georgie and I from the first round in this one... yeah nah, that sucked. But you earned the victory and I'm not here to pack a sad about that. You two worked hard and you deserved that.

The crowd applauds in agreement. Burns then turns back to Christie.

Oscar Burns:

Christie, she's right, though. She wanted another match with me and I agree that there needs to be nobody else. Just one on one, nothing else other than to see who the better ma... (he looks at Troy, remembering mixed company) ...wrestler is! The two of us had never faced before Acts of DEFIANCE and though it was me who walked away with the win, I'm not arrogant enough to think that match couldn't have gone either way. So to you, Queenie... for your challenge in two weeks... I accept!

RRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! BURNS VS. TROY III! IN TWO WEEKS?

Lance:

That's what I heard, too!

Burns grins and turns to Troy to put a hand out that she takes. The crowd starts to cheer, but as Troy goes to pull away... Burns stops and hangs on.

DDK:

Wait... what's this?

The Technical Spectacle shoots her a look.

Oscar Burns:

Queenie... something that just came to mind. Remember when we first met? You came out during my own interview and you told me going through you to get to Mikey was... I think your words were... "a ride back to the top I wasn't prepared for" if my noggin is working right?

Troy's eyes narrow as she pulls her hand away. Burns mouths an apology off-mic. But he doesn't stop from spitting out a light chuckle.

Oscar Burns:

Well, I think at Acts, I showed that I'M ready to get back to the top, Queenie. I don't expect any match with you to be easy and it would be rubbish to think otherwise... but I want you to think about this in two weeks. I'm sure right now, you're standing there thinking that you can beat me... but I'm going into this rematch and I KNOW that I can beat you.

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

The Faithful show their collective thoughts on what was just said as Burns passes the microphone off to Christie and then waves as his music plays him out. Troy watches him go and shoots Christie a look before she heads off the stage and to the back.

DDK:

Wow! Strong words by Burnsie.

Lance:

Indeed! But like he said, that match at Acts of DEFIANCE was absolutely not a walk in the park and I'd expect more of the same from that rematch in two weeks!

With the rematch set and on the horizon, DEFtv fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: GAGE BLACKWOOD: A BITTER RISE



Take a look back at the bitter rise of Gage Blackwood to Southern Heritage Champion! Only on DEFonDEMAND

WRESTLEPLEX TOUR PT1

DEFTv cuts to the backstage area where Conor Fuse has his arm around Trashcan Tim, while The Game Boy lags behind. Fuse appears to be following up on his UNCUT promise, showing one of the newest members of the DEFIANCE roster the backstage area... even if Tim has already been here for over two months. As Conor speaks, Tim smiles awkwardly and looks for escape routes.

Conor Fuse:

So that was the entrance to the arena. Like I said, you just pull the handle and turn it up, or down, your choice really and then you drag the door back and enter the building. Again, the door *will* close on its own. I've never had a problem. You just hear it slam shut behind you and go do your thing.

DDK:

I gotta feel for Trashcan right now. Has Tim even told him he's a part of this roster?

Lance:

You saw UNCUT. Your guess is as good as mine. I doubt Trashcan's even got a word in!

Fuse strolls down the hallway as they approach a very prestigious location.

Conor Fuse:

Ah, yes. Behold... the WATER COOLER!

The camera pans as the water cooler is shown. Conor is ear-to-ear in a smile while Trashcan looks to politely part ways with Conor's arm around him in order to get a drink.

Trashcan Tim:

That's great, buddy. I sure appreciate you taking the time and all, but I really need to be go-

Conor starts speaking again, seemingly not hearing Trashcan.

Conor Fuse:

This is where it all happens. People get mad at each other and start long-winded rivalries. People share stories about their weekends, pictures of their kids... but what's BEST about The Water Cooler, my homeless friend, is that it's the only location where it's okay to gossip about current employees! Yep, you know it! You won't get fired... you won't even get reprimanded for talking about someone else's personal life here. It's a bloody free-for-all. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Say, let's give it a try, shall we!?

Trashcan Tim:

I'm not big on talking about people behind they backs, you know? My mama used to say-

Conor giggles, again oblivious to the fact that Trashcan has opened his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, so did you hear about Kristie and Aaron's current *relationship* problems?

If there was a sitcom audience, you could enter an "ooooohhhh" from the crowd.

Trashcan Tim:

Conor, it's really none of my bus-

Fuse cuts him off by holding up a hand and shaking his head.

Conor Fuse:

Say no more, my Down On His Luck Dude. You're in for a treat because I know *everything* about their personal lives!

Tim smiles politely but hopes to move on from this part of the conversation. It doesn't seem very nice to talk about people like this.

Trashcan Tim:

Well, maybe you can let me know later on. Uhh, don't you have more of the backstage area to show me?

Even though Trashcan's voice doesn't sound too thrilled, the thought of changing the topic, even if it means more of the WrestlePlex tour, sounds like a better scenario than learning about two stranger's personal lives he has no interest in.

Conor snaps his fingers in a circle like "damn, girl".

Conor Fuse:

Your wish, my command! Let's take a look over here. This is the extra storage room.

Conor swings a door open. Both he and Trashcan go inside along with the cameraman while The Game Boy waits outside.

Conor Fuse:

Not much in here but extra storage and- HEY! Did I even show you how to work one of these yet?

Fuse holds up his hands towards the light switch like he's showing off a Price is Right showcase. Trashcan seems surprised.

Trashcan Tim:

Um, the light switch? *[Laughs]* Yeah it's pretty basic you just-

Conor Fuse:

SO, when you flip the little switch up, the light goes on. When you flip it down, the light goes off! It's very crafty technology. Most of the lights respond quickly to the signal but there are a few times it will flicker on-off before fully lighting the room. It's best not to become frustrated. The light **will** go on. Well... unless the lightbulb is dead but we will get to that in Tour #69.

Trashcan looks to say something but Conor puts his arm over Tim's shoulders again and walks them out of the room.

Conor Fuse:

I know, I know. You're wondering DAMN, when are we gonna get to that aspect of the tour but patience, my homeless budd-ay, patience. When you're with me, we cut no corners.

Tim smiles uncomfortably at the thought of this tour going on... forever. At that moment, a woman walks into the scene.

Backstage Crew Member:

Oh, hey Conor...

She says in passing as Fuse turns to Trashcan with the biggest grin on his face.

Conor Fuse: *[mouthing the words to Trashcan Tim]*

That's Kristie.

Fuse snaps back to the direction Kristie was walking.

Conor Fuse:

Oh hey girl, hope you're well!

And then he spins around to Trashcan, puts his arm around Tim once more and continues down the hall, with a brief glance back at The Game Boy, looking for approval from Conor's "Mini" Boss that he's giving a good, life-altering tour.

Obviously, The Game Boy's reply is emotionless.

Conor Fuse:

Great! So, next up, let's go to the elevator. Then we can circle back to the water cool and practice our gossip. I have so much dirt on Kristie, she's a **mess**...

Fade.

JAY HARVEY vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

Cameras hit the crowd from all angles. We settle in on Darren Quimbey in the ring with Referee Benny Doyle in the background.

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ *The Last Garrison - Enter Shikari* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at Two Hundred-Five pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

The dynamo slides into the ring and does a front flip forward, landing on his feet before throwing the WrestleFriends rally towel into the crowd. He waits for Harvey to arrive.

DDK:

Good to see Ryan Batts, a fan favorite here in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

I'm sure he's looking forward to putting on a show in front of The Faithful.

♪ *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:

"Bantam" is in for a real test. Jay Harvey did not look pleased earlier today.

DDK:

Jay Harvey spoke earlier in the day about being disappointed in letting the fans and himself down. He said Ryan Batts stood in his way of righting the ship.

Lance:

Harvey was on a roll before ACTS of DEFIANCE. I'm sure he wants to go back to his winning ways and he said it would start with Mr. Batts.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

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.

DING DING

The bell hasn't even finished ringing out through the DEFarena and Ryan Batts is already shooting for the legs of Jay Harvey. Batts is able to snatch up one of Harvey's legs but isn't able to bring the bigger man down to the ground. Batts is able to bring Harvey to the corner where Benny Doyle is right there to start a Five Count.

Batts puts his hands up and begins backing away from his opponent. Harvey jukes out and the two begin circling each other. The two meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up which the larger Harvey gains immediate control. Batts is brought down to a knee and Harvey quickly transitions into a Side Headlock. Harvey moves quickly and is able to spin around Batts and hooks in an Ankle Lock type submission.

Batts is nowhere near the ropes and looks to be in pain from the hold. Batts is able to spin himself around and wiggle out of the submission. Batts is down to a knee, holding his ankle. Harvey is down on his rear and the two share a look, a gesture of respect.

DDK:

Pretty even here in the early stages of this contest.

Lance:

Harvey as we said during the entrances, has the height and weight advantage over Batts.

DDK:

That's nothing new for Ryan Batts.

Both men are back to their feet and are soon on the move. Batts makes a break toward Harvey, just missing a Jay Harvey Clothesline. Batts bounces off the ropes and comes back toward his opponent only to get dropped to the mat via a beautiful Double Leg Dropkick! Batts is back up to his feet and this time gets sent to the mat by an Arm Drag Takedown. We cut backstage to see Teresa Ames twirling her hair as she watches the match on a screen in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop.

DDK:

What was that?

Lance:

Was that... Teresa Ames from The Comments Section? What's her interest with this match?

Harvey is still in control and holding Batts' arm with a submission. Batts smacks at his arm in an attempt to alleviate the pain. Batts tries to break the hands of Harvey loose but Harvey soon swings his leg over Batts' arm and begins wrenching that arm back. Harvey keeps control before being hooked and brought down to the mat for a pinfall attempt. Harvey is able to kick out before Benny Doyle can even begin to count.

They are back up and Batts is on the offensive, slamming forearms right into Harvey's mush. Harvey swings but Batts ducks under and hits an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex on Harvey. Harvey is knocked a little loopy after the power move and then Batts lands a Dropkick of his own, sending Harvey to the outside. Batts starts clapping and getting the crowd behind him before he goes to the outside...

DDK:

The Flight of Fancy! That Somersault Dive through the ropes just caught Harvey! I don't think he was expecting that at all!

Lance:

He was not! And now look at Batts! He tosses Harvey back into the ring...

DDK:

Ryan Batts, what's he gonna do here, folks?

Lance:

Missile Dropkick! He's going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is roaring as Batts nods his head and goes back to the drawing board, but he doesn't let up on the former SoHer Champion. Batts picks up Harvey while he's on the mat and DEADLIFTS him up, popping the crowd as he lands another big suplex in the form of a Bridging German!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY KICKS OUT!

Batts has him in his sights and he's off to the races, but Harvey jolts up to his feet. Harvey ducks and Back Body Drops Batts- Batts is still on his feet! Harvey realizes this and is able to hit a Snap Neckbreaker that puts Batts down! Harvey sees his opportunity to put Batts away!

Harvey hits the ropes and springboards himself with a Moonsault that- BATTES GETS HIS KNEES UP! Batts works quick and brings Harvey to his feet and goes for a Tiger Suplex- HARVEY REVERSES IT INTO A SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! The crowd is on their feet! Harvey lies in wait as Ryan Batts is coming to, down on the mat.

Batts is holding his neck as Harvey waits for Batts to be right where he wants him. Harvey rushes Batts and BOOM! Wake Up Call!

DDK:

Vicious knee by Jay Harvey!

Lance:

This is over, Keebs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by pinfall... "THE NATURAL ONE" JAAAAAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEEYYYYY!

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey gets his hand raised in victory. Again we head into the back where Ames is still watching but now giddy as Jay Harvey stands tall in the squared circle. She turns and is all smiles as she exits. We go back to the ring where Ryan Batts is up and the two share words.

DDK:

Hard fought victory by Jay Harvey

Lance:

Ryan Batts put in a good effort but Harvey was too much.

Harvey and Batts continue to converse and then Harvey extends his hand to Batts. Batts isn't sure what to do and looks out to The Faithful. He puts his hand out there and the two shake. Harvey nods his head and the two continue to speak.

We stay on the two for a moment or two longer before moving on with the scheduled programming.

HIM OR ME

As Harvey leaves to the back and a defeated Batts the camera is now back on the commentary team.

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told that we have an impromptu interview with Junior Keeling! We saw The Sky High Titans fall earlier tonight in their bid to become the #1 Contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles when they lost to The Lucky Sevens. And now... Junior wants to have a word?

Lance:

I don't know, but right before the Harvey/Batts match concluded, Junior hit the interview stage with Jamie Sawyers. Junior is looking mighty impatient, so let's get right to it, shall we?

The camera does just that, going to Jamie Sawyers and Junior Keeling nearby on the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE Faithful! I'm Jamie Sawyers and...

Junior Keeling gets in his face and cuts him right off.

Junior Keeling:

No, Jamie, no... look, skip all this crap. I have something to get off my chest, so please be a good mic stand and stay put. I got this.

The crowd fully jeers the younger of the father-son management duo for the first time in a good while while Junior ignores the crowd.

Junior Keeling:

I'm done. I am DONE with the Sky High Titans! As far as I'm concerned, this little experiment is over!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

WHAT?!

Junior presses on through the jeering and continues.

Junior Keeling:

Let me be clear... I'm done specifically with YOU, Minute. I'm done. I took a beating for YOU from The Comments Section and you still couldn't put your ego aside, little man. I have kept up my end of the bargain by guiding you and Uriel to those titles! But you wouldn't tag out and it cost you and Uriel the Unified Tag Team Titles a second time! It cost you the first time when you let yourself fall into the trap of The Pop Culture Phenoms and you clearly didn't learn from that! Myself, my father, and Uriel Cortez had a good thing going when we first came back to DEFIANCE. We DESTROYED everything in our path! Uriel CRUSHED whoever stood in his way... but then you came into the picture, Minute.

He continues.

Junior Keeling:

Look... I'll call a spade a spade. You are talented. You have physical gifts and you can do things in this ring that nobody else can do. All that and you're only twenty-two... but you're soft. You're a goody-good. I didn't get into this business to be a goody-good or manage goody-goods. I got into this business because I'm GOOD at cashing checks while my clients are breaking necks. I got into this business to make money and that is what The Family Keeling has done. My father and I have managed world champions, tag champions, any kind of belt you think you can manage somebody to, we've done it. But then YOU wanted to insert yourself in our business. Don't get me wrong... people love your team. You're HUGE stars now because of The Family Keeling! But I'm not content sitting in a corner, wearing

your bomber jackets and your goggles and your shirts. I'm done being YOUR cheerleader when you won't even listen, you stubborn little SHIT.

The crowd BOOS now even harder as Junior eyes Jamie Sawyers to make sure he's still holding the microphone in place.

Junior Keeling:

Uriel... Dad... I'm inviting you out here because you have a decision to make. Right here, right now, your choice is this: either Minute goes... or I go.

The crowd is still jeering the hell out of Junior Keeling for his comments, but he isn't paying attention.

DDK:

I can't believe this... Junior is LITERALLY making Thomas Keeling and Uriel Cortez choose between him and Minute? Right now?

Lance:

That's a bit unprofessional for an agent, in my opinion. I would think this is something to be done behind closed doors, don't you?

Junior still waits for a few moments... then out comes Thomas Keeling and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez in rare street clothes (Titan of Industry t-shirt, blue jeans) and not one of his fancy suits. Behind them... Minute stands and marches past Uriel and Thomas, right up to Junior in a Sky High Titans tracksuit. He stares up at the manager while Junior continues sticking his nose down on him.

Junior Keeling:

Ugh...

He now looks PAST Minute and back to Uriel and Thomas, showing complete disrespect to the luchador.

Junior Keeling:

Come on. Tick tock, Dad. who's it going to be? Me or him?

Thomas Keeling:

SON! DON'T DO THIS! COME ON! TWENTY YEARS! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW AWAY TWENTY YEARS OVER THIS!

Uriel stomps toward the stage and takes an extra microphone handed to him by Jamie. Uriel looks down at Junior.

Uriel Cortez:

Junior, don't do this crap. This is a stunt. This...

Junior Keeling:

NO, URIEL, THIS IS A STATEMENT!

Uriel growls while Junior realizes his error in front of the giant. He tries to calm himself down and takes a deep breath.

Junior Keeling:

Look, look, look... I'm sorry, I'm sorry. [takes a deep breath] Uriel, you aren't the problem. Dad and I found you when you were some big-ass schlub bouncing for clubs and working in factories in your town of Industry while getting high and eating Dorito's. We go back three, four years. You've been like a best friend to me and dad. We've bonded. But Minute? Minute is a little hanger-on. He's not us. This should be an easy decision.

Minute looks up at Uriel, who looks back at his partner. Uriel nods and then looks back to Junior.

Uriel Cortez:

You're right... I owe you and Thomas everything. Without you, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez is what you said... I was nothing. A big, directionless piece of garbage barely making ends meet. Barely passable high school education. But I became something because of you and because of Thomas. For that, I do owe you.

Junior smiles, then smirks at Minute like he's won.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute... He and I didn't like each other at first, but we worked together because we found a bond that you can't teach. Those were your words once. And the man you don't see behind this mask when the cameras are off? His own real family disowned him for something his father did in Mexico... but you don't toss that aside. This is a brother. This is MY family.

Uriel shakes his head.

Uriel Cortez:

And you don't turn your back on family... EVER. He's not going anywhere, Junior. Neither am I.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

WOW! URIEL HAS MADE HIS CHOICE! HE'S STICKING BY HIS TAG PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND!

Junior's jaw drops as Uriel pats Minute on the shoulder and the crowd is ROARING to see the popular tag team stay together. Junior shakes his head in disbelief, but Thomas grabs him by the arm.

Thomas Keeling:

Uriel is right! There's something between them! But... let's talk about this somewhere else! In private! We don't need to do this now. We can solve this.

Junior takes a second to gather his thoughts, still visibly thrown by this turn of events. He takes another moment... then shakes his head.

Junior Keeling:

Fine. Whatever. Go be losers together.

He turns to his father.

Junior Keeling:

Dad, you'll be happy to know that I've been working on something new in my spare time. I've been finding new clients. Ones that will LISTEN and ones that are more interested in winning titles and making money instead of being besties. What do you say, Dad? Want in?

Junior grabs his dad by the arm and starts to lead him away, presuming he's going to budge... but he doesn't. Junior looks up at his dad and Thomas shakes his head, telling him no.

Lance:

Wow...

The crowd cheers when Thomas stands his ground. Junior looks at his dad, then he pulls his arm away! The crowd is going even more crazy and Junior shakes his head in disbelief, looking wide-eyed while Thomas goes to stand by Uriel and Minute.

DDK:

My God! Thomas is standing by The Sky High Titans?! What are we seeing here?

Lance:

I don't know! Is this the end of The Family Keeling Talent Agency?

Junior grits his teeth. He looks at The Sky High Titans, then looks at his dad... then back to Minute...

Junior Keeling:

You're turning my own FATHER against me? YOU'RE TURNING MY OWN FATHER AGAINST ME?!

Junior points up at his dad.

Junior Keeling:

DAD! THEY ARE BRAINWASHING YOU! THEY ARE IN YOUR HEAD! I'M YOUR ONLY SON! DON'T LET THEM DO THIS TO US!

Thomas shakes his head and tries to plead with his son to listen to reason but Junior slumps over, looking defeated. He starts to leave, but before...

Junior Keeling:

Well, then... if you're drawing your line in the sand, then allow me to draw mine...

Junior has clearly snapped. He points at Uriel.

Junior Keeling:

Uriel... I wanted to introduce this man as your new tag team partner and was hoping you'd dump Minute... but you blew it and you blew it big. Now... I want you to meet your worst goddamn enemy. NOBODY says no to me.

He snaps his fingers and the lights go out...

Moments pass...

UNTIL THE DARKNESS IS LIT UP WITH A FIREBALL!

The crowd gasps and when the lights go on, Uriel Cortez has stumbled over the stage, holding his face!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

Thomas and Minute clear the giant as he collapses on stage! The crowd can't believe what just happened, nor can they believe it by the man standing on stage...

BRAZEN STAR ALVARO DE VARGAS!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL?! ALVARO DE VARGAS?! WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!

Indeed, the BRAZEN star is now standing on stage, laughing like a shithhead at what he's just done! Before Thomas and Minute can even piece together what's happening, Alvaro de Vargas has already left the stage and joins Junior Keeling on the aisle and GLOATS about his fireball attack.

Alvaro de Vargas:

YOU CHOSE THE WRONG TEAM, PENDEJO! TE QUEMASTE!

The DefPlex is THUNDERING with jeers as Junior motions to ADV that they have to leave. Thomas is yelling for

somebody to help now as Uriel is down, covering his face. He stands by to help the fallen giant any way he can. The show quickly cuts to one last commercial break before the main event.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



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SCOTT STEVENS vs. PERFECTION

DDK:

Folks, we'll definitely try and get an update on the health of Uriel Cortez following that completely cowardly attack by Alvaro de Vargas with a fireball! But Lance, let's switch gears to our main event.

Lance:

It's been a beautiful one hundred ninety two weeks since the last time we saw one James 'Perfection' Witherhold...

DDK:

Not long enough. He should go for the longest non-appearance streak. Break a record, Jim.

Lance:

...Compete in the DEFIANCE ring and tonight we'll see him once again as he takes on Scott Stevens in our main event.

DDK:

Undeserving. This punk doesn't deserve to sit in the spotlight let alone be in DEFIANCE or for that sake wrestle Scott Stevens. I can't believe I'm still siding with Scott Stevens.

Lance:

2020 has been odd to say the least. For those who may not know, it was one Scott Stevens that demanded this match shortly after the events at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Would you expect a coward like Perfection to demand a match?

Lance:

Absolutely not. I also didn't expect the former Ace to just walk away. Especially after Perfection screwed him out of winning The FIST. Mikey Unlikely was literally carried to victory, Keeps!

DDK:

It's called cheating!

Lance:

In any event, Scott Stevens has the opportunity to extract revenge here tonight. I don't think you're the only one who's excited at the prospect of Perfection getting his ass kicked, Keeps!

DDK:

Every single one of these Faithful want to see it happen! Can you blame them?

♪"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween♪

The crowd immediately responds with jeers as the one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall and has a time limit of twenty minutes!

Normally he'd raise his arms out and take in the crowd but not tonight. James makes his slow approach to the ring angered and hollering at fans closest to the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring weighing in at two hundred and twenty-two pounds and hailing from Hidden Hills, California- PERFECTION!

*There is no doubt about it
I'm one of kind, baby*

*I am le d'Artagnan de coeur
As you may see, candy.*

Lance:

Perfection is certainly wound-up tight tonight.

DDK:

Oh. You didn't hear? Apparently Scott Stevens trashed Perf's suit earlier when they bumped into each other in the back.

Lance:

Really?

DDK:

Yup! It's probably one of the few times I can honestly say Scott Stevens did the world a service.

James is taking his sweet little time walking his way to the ring. At one point he even stops to chat up two females in the front row which causes a shift on his attitude.

DDK:

Hey, asshole! This is DEFIANCE not The Love Connection. Go do your job!

Lance:

He can't hear you, nor would he care if he could.

DDK:

I just want Stevens to slap him in his stupid smug face already.

It's taken some time but Witherhold has finally made his way up the steps and into the ring. His mood has shifted back to ridiculously pissed over the incident backstage.

*I can't resist my own reflection
How would possible anyone (perfect)
'cause I am (perfect)
Yes I am (perfect)*

Perfection stands and leans against the ropes facing towards the ramp. His ankles crossed over like he could give a damn. Carla Ferrari hesitantly goes over to pat down James who slides her a wink during the process.

Lance:

Perfection looks overly relaxed given the situation.

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

Stevens walks out onto the ramp and is again met with a good amount of cheering behind him from The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at two hundred and fifty-four pounds. Hailing! From Houston, Texas! Scott! Steveennnnss!

Scott pumps his arm in the air a few times before using it to point right at Perfection.

DDK:

Crowd is definitely rallied behind Stevens. Especially when it has to do with Perfection or Mikey Unlikely.

Lance:

And unlike Perfection, Stevens isn't wasting time to get to the ring. He's coming down that ramp with a purpose!

Stevens slaps the hand of a fan close to the ramp before picking up pace and sliding into the ring. That slide is enough time for James to ditch his relaxed pose on the far ropes and make a mad dash at Stevens.

DDK:

He's a damn vulture!

James is already swarming the side of Scott's head with boots. Stevens rolls to the corner but Perfection keeps laying in and now to the chest.

Lance:

A flurry of boots to Stevens right off the bat while referee Carla Ferrari is trying to pull Witherhold off. Perfection not laying off with... oh no. What is *he* doing here?

With the call out the camera cuts to Mikey Unlikely making his way casually to the ring and down the ramp.

DING DING

ONE!

Ferrari begins to count Perfection for the boots in the corner. Mikey takes off his FIST briefcase and latches it to the ring post opposite of where Perfection is. He's whistling as he makes his way to the side of the ring.

TWO!

Carla turns to yell at Perfection her finger right in his face.

Ferrari:

Break it up already or I will disqualify you!

Perfection:

Fuck off, cunt.

DDK:

Wow. Classy, James.

Lance:

What's Mikey doing under the ring?

Three!

DDK:

Trying to find his... hey- no!

Four!

DDK:

No!

Fi-

CRACK!

The crowd erupts with boo's as Ferrari goes down like a sack of potatoes. Mikey Unlikely stands over Carla smiling with a chair in hand. The sound boomed through the Wrestleplex so loud even Faithful closest are concerned about Ferrari's condition.

Lance:

JEEEEZUS! Mikey Unlikely has flattened Carla Ferrari!

DDK:

Hitting a female referee with a chair is low. Lower than low, Mikey! Disgusting.

With no hesitation Perfection spins out of the corner...

CRACK!

Another shot this time to a sitting Stevens whose head causes the seat portion to buckle in. The chair is useless now so Mikey tosses it to the outside. Perfection grabs the top rope and pushes the limp Ferrari out of the ring with the same boot. Her body makes a *plop* sound as she hits the floor.

Lance:

We need a medic!

DDK:

These two aren't going to stop unless someone helps- someone that isn't me!

Keeps is right. They have no intention of stopping. Perfection grabs Scott by the hair pulling him up but he's met by a good wad of spit to the face. The few Faithful in the front pop for the effort from Scott. It also makes James reel back a bit to wipe himself. A quick boot to the side of Stevens' head from Mikey quickly corrects that decision.

Lance:

Security? Anyone?

In that last request the crowd erupts in cheers. The boom is loud enough to make both Mikey and Perfection's heads swing around to see what the hell is going on.

DDK:

HOLD ON!

Lance:

CAYLE MURRAY IS HERE!

Cayle is making haste with referee Benny Doyle and an EMT behind him. Benny is calling for the bell.

DDK:

You heard what Cayle said earlier this evening - he's got unfinished business with Mikey Unlikely... and here he is!

Lance:

The cavalry has arrived!

The timekeeper quickly takes notice of Benny's call.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey: *[from ringside]*

Referee Benny Doyle has called a stop to this match. Your winner by disqualification- Scott Stevens!

DDK:

Get 'em, Cayle!

Cayle slides into the ring. The EMT is catering to Ferrari that is almost starting to come back around. It's now Perfection who moves to one corner, Mikey Unlikely in the other begins to duck his head in between the ropes in case he needs to make a quick exit, and Cayle about to square up with both.

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle now sliding in the ring and going over to check on Scott Stevens.

Lance:

And Murray looks like he's jonesing for a fight!

Cayle allows the referee through to help Stevens on the mat. He eyes the two boys in the ring, balling his fists. The building pulses with bellicose energy.

DDK:

Mikey and Perfection look like they're about to bail! Remember, Mikey tried to end Murray's career during the old UTA invasion!

The former FIST screams for both evildoers to come at him. His eyes dart between both of them, mindful of an ambush, and he drags the toe of his boot across the canvas, drawing a metaphorical line in the sand.

Then just keeps looking down at it rather than at Mikey and Perfection.

A smile slowly creeps across his face. He shrugs.

And kicks Benny Doyle *HARD* between the legs.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

CAYLE JUST BOOTED BENNY!

DDK:

THE HELL IS GOING ON?!

Now grinning from ear-to-ear, showing at least \$10,000 worth of pristine dental work, Murray turns to Mikey and Perfection, his arms held out by his sides.

Lance:

... wait... is he?!

DDK:

No... NO NO NO NO!

And there it is.

The patented Manly Hug™.

The crowd is as shocked as the announcers and it has sucked the air right out of the Wrestleplex. Perfection breaks away, clapping obnoxiously, while Mikey directs Cayle towards Stevens. Murray smiles, pushing a finger in his own chest, mouthing what looks like "for me?!"

DDK:

This is repulsive, Lance! Has Cayle Murray - *CAYLE MURRAY* of all people - just... aligned... with Mikey and Perfection?!

Lance:

We haven't even seen this guy since 2018, and now look at this!

As the arena turns to poison, Cayle pulls Stevens' corpse up, slaps him across the face, then kicks him in the dick as well.

DDK:

Appalling! Absolutely appalling!

Lance:

I-- I can't get my head around this, Keebs! Cayle Murray... with Mikey Unlikely and Perfection?!

♪"Live For The Night" by Krewella♪

Lance:

Pop Culture Phenoms have arrived and I hope it's not to join in on the current activities!

DDK:

Why wouldn't it be, Lance? What have the PCPs shown you to make you think things would be any different? This is getting out of control. We need someone to come step up to all of these deplorables!

Elise Ares leads The D, Klein, Flex Kruger, and O-Face into a march down towards the ring. This time Mikey and friends aren't looking to make a quick exit from the ring like before, they look legitimately confused. As the music cuts off Elise Ares spins a microphone around between her fingers with the word "STAR" flashing on her LED sunglasses resting on her head.

Elise Ares:

Oh, hey BBY!

She waves with a big smirk on her face. Inside the ring, Cayle Murray looks back to Mikey Unlikely as if he's looking for some sort've direction. Perfection and Mikey begin shaking their heads. The chaos allows Scott Stevens, Carla Ferrari, and Benny Doyle to escape with help from the medical team to the outside of the ring. Without a mic, the FIST of DEFIANCE screams "What do you want?!" over the hushed, confused crowd.

Elise Ares:

The boys and I... and I guess O-Face, kinda, were backstage like LITERALLY just now talking and we were like "Oh wow, wouldn't it be totes awesome to get the Sports Entertainment Guild back together again?" Then, what did you say again, D?

The D:

I was like "Oh, remember the time that Mikey totally took advantage of our title opportunities?"

Elise Ares:

That was it. I remember now, then I was TOTES like "And those times that Mikey sent us to go get our ass beat so that he'd save himself?"

The D:

Remember when they built a wall to keep us out of the locker room?

Elise and The D share an incredibly fake laugh with each other, reminiscing about the good times they've all had.

Elise Ares:

Those were the days, right Mikey? I've saved all this Mikey Money and then look what happens... you come out to the ring. You hit Carla Ferrari with a chair. I've ALWAYS wanted to do that. And you guys kicked Benny Doyle in the balls. Again, HUGE FAN, soooo a bucket list item for me. Then share a "Manly Hug" with Cayle Murray? These all look like such special moments meant to be shared with us... your "friends."

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE begins walking down the ramp with her arms open as if she's coming home.

Elise Ares:

That's it! I've seen enough, D! We're getting the team back together! The PCPs are coming home!

The D:

Uhhhh, Elise. I don't think we were invited.

Mikey Unlikely confirms that by stepping towards them in the ring and directing them to go backstage. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style stops. Heartbroken. She looks back at The D, questioning his grasp on the situation.

Elise Ares:

Are you sure? I thought... OH, that's right. DUH.

Elise facepalms and twists her finger around in her hair before her "silly me" expression turns very serious.

Elise Ares:

You BLEW your chance.

Elise points back to the DEFIATron with a fierce glare. The lights drop, static hits the arena as the DEFIATron blurs dimly as if fighting against the static attempting to burst through the screen which gives way to a bright white light accompanied by high pitched feedback.

Lance:

What? This again? What the hell is happening here tonight?

The flare drum plays over but there's no violent coughing this time, just the same old visible shot of a bloodied Mikey Unlikely slumped uncomfortably against the ropes. This time it's not a glimpse, though it's a full on black and white shot interrupted by the crimson dripping from Mikey's forehead.

Due to the amount of lit up cell phones in the building, the camera crew manage to get a shot of Mikey staring up at the DEFIATron.

The flare drum continues louder, Mikey's image is replaced by the dark screen which is illuminated by the same gentle specs of one or two minute red lights on the right hand side of the screen which slowly fade in and out on repeat, but they start to pick up the pace...rapidly...so much so that the entire screen is lit up by flashing red, white and blue. The crowd positively to their Nation's colours as the following appear one after the other;

Breakthrough

Capitalize

Synchronize

The three words appear on screen together but they begin to rotate quickly, some letters are highlighted while others disappear completely until the remaining highlighted letters centralize and form together in the middle of the screen

Listen, Yeah?!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The crowd reacts and the camera turns to a hoodie wearing man coming out from the crowd and hopping the barricade. As if on queue, Elise Ares leads a mad sprint of the Pop Culture Phenoms down the aisle and sliding into the ring.

Lance:

That's Kendrix! Kendrix is here tonight as well!

DDK:

He was the mysterious man sending messages to Mikey?! This is just madness!

The first person Kendrix goes to take out is Perfection who isn't paying attention as he's trying to stop The D from coming into the ring. He spins Perfection around and hits him with a Snap DDT. That leads to The D being freed up to take the boots back to Perfection who rolls out the ring.

Lance:

KENDRIX IS CLEANING HOUSE!

A quick clothesline to Mikey Unlikely from the returning Kendrix that sends him over the top rope. The FIST is partially caught by Perfection but both go down. This leaves Murrar all alone in the ring with JFK and The Phenoms who circle the former DEFIANCE flag bearer. Kendrix charges in with a quick swing but Cayle drops to his side and rolls out realizing the odds. This makes the Wrestleplex fire up with a chorus of cheers while Kendrix walks the inside of the ring yelling at Cayle.

DDK:

They always run when the tides turn.

The three regroup by Mikey's briefcase as he unlocks it before heading back up the ramp. They make it about halfway up when Kendrix gets his hands on a microphone. Trying to catch his breath, he starts to slowly bring the mic up towards his mouth but it only reaches the bottom of his chest as his attention is caught. He looks over to his right and then to his left as sections of the crowd begin to roll their tongues, building up the inevitable words that will come out of JFK's mouth.

Lance:

It doesn't look like Kendrix is used to this kind of reaction during his previous stints in DEFIANCE!

In an instant, Jesse switches his attention back to the three men on the ramp. The camera crew pick up Mikey looking on in disbelief at his long time Hollywood Bruv staring right back at him as Cayle and Perfection can be heard reassuring the FIST.

DDK:

It doesn't look like Mikey had any idea Kendrix was going to be here tonight!

Jesse raises the mic, slowly but defiantly, sections of the crowd raise their anticipation following the mic to his lips until...

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

DDK:

It's certainly a mixed reaction, but that is the loudest "Listen, Yeah?!" that I've ever heard.

Cayle and Perfection are covering Mikey's ears in a terrible attempt to help Mikey ignore Jesse's instructions.

Kendrix:

Mikey, you know I love you but I've got some bad news for you, Bruv.

Elise and The D flank either side of Kendrix as they stare down upon Cayle, Perfection and a distraught looking FIST of DEFIANCE.

Kendrix:

Next week at DEFtv 142 you three lads are gonna participate in a six man Tag Team match against the Netflix A Lister, The D...

Jesse points his free hand to his right at The D, who points at himself in surprise as if he just won a very prestigious award.

Kendrix:

Against the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares...

He points over at Elise who bows with grace before waving around to the Faithful.

Kendrix:

And against, the Sports Entertainment Guild's LEADING MAN...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX!

♪ "Fucking in the Bushes" by Oasis ♪

Jessie's mic drop and linking of his stable partners' hands raised in the air in the middle of the ring is met on the ramp by disapproving pointing by Perfection and Cayle alongside vigorous shaking of the head from the FIST, the ramp side mics picking up a very upset Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's Bruvs Music, BRUVS!

Lance:

What a night! Cayle Murray's back? Kendrix is back? But Cayle's not Cayle and Kendrix isn't a Bruv?!

DDK:

Everything is backwards but next week hopefully we will get some answers and some action with a six man tag match!

Lance:

I can't wait! From New Orleans- goodnight!

Cue Wilson Phillips...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.