

COLD OPEN: I'M A (EMPTY) SOUL MAN

DEFtv opens, coldly, on the rear parking lot of the Wrestle-Plex as a black Dodge Royal Monaco screeches to a halt. The driver side door flies open and a black hard-soled dress shoe stomps down on the dampened asphalt.

DDK:

What is this now?

The shoe belongs to "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio, who stands up out of the vehicle in a black suit, black shirt, black tie ... black mask.

He reaches behind him and shoves the heavy door shut while checking his surroundings. The door slams and latches with a metallic thud as Vacio's eyes dart from side to side, his paranoia on high alert.

DDK:

Looks like Victor Vacio is obviously aware that his actions against Deacon, this past DEFtv, will not go unanswered.

Lance:

Mask on a swivel, Darren.

The coast seems clear.

Vacio signals.

DDK:

Speaking of those who have it coming ...

Terry Anderson steps out of the passenger side with some sweet new duds.

Lance:

Terry Anderson is looking like a new man, Darren!

Terry is quite dapper in his matching all-black suit, fedora, and Wayfarer Raybans. A far cry from his normal liquor stained Hiawian shirt originally purchased at a truck stop gas station. The fresh threads aren't the only new addition to Terry's look, as he clutches a black Halliburton briefcase.

DDK:

We've seen that case before.

Terry rounds the hood of the car and approaches Victor.

Lance:

The documents that have plagued the Deacon since ACTS of DEFIANCE must be held in that case ...

Victor holds his wrist out, pulling back his sleeve slightly. Terry slaps a shackle on Vacios wrist and tightens it, before ratcheting it tightly in the locked position.

Lance:

... and with the advanced security efforts this ... odd pair are now going to ... I have to wonder, Darren ... are these the originals?

With the case secured to Vacio's wrist and a quick adjustment of his suit, Victor heads toward the Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

It could very well be and I'm sure we'll find out but right now, its time to start another action-packed episode of DEFtv,

only on DEFonDemand!

Cut to the show graphic.

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!

MIKEY SITS WHEN HE PEES
CONOR FUSE PREFERENCES BATHS
GAGE BLACKWOOD HAS A MODEST HOME
TRUCKASAURUS DYNASTY
I DRIVE A DODGE STRATUS!
COLIN HAS NO PLACE IN THIS HOBBY
MIKEY HAS ONE MARBLE
ONE-ON-ONE-WIT-DA-UBADRIVER!
SGT. SAFETY WAS MY DANCE INSTRUCTOR
MIMOSA. DOUBLE. NEAT. HOLD THE ALCOHOL.
CONOR CANT HIT THE HIGH NOTES
BIGGEST BEST BRAZEN BOYS!!!
GVP = NIL8
CONOR ISN'T FRESHLY SQUEEZED
SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA GO WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME
HEY BURNS, TRY TROY'S HEEL
I AM PERFECTION! I AM PERFECTION! - I'VE HEARD THAT SOMEWHERE
SGT. SAFETY IS MY HERO
DEACON IS SCARY
THIS IS ALSO A SIGN!
LADIES, STAY AWAY FROM ADV! HE BURNS!
REZIN STOLE MY SWITCH
WE NEED MORE FACE PUNCHING, SKY HIGH TITANS!
THE SUN'LL COME OUT, TOM MORROW
TERESA HERE'S MY NUMBER: 555-3168

FML**MORE MEMES FROM SHIELDS**

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

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to another edition of DEFtv! Streaming live on DEFonDemand! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me, my incredibly professional co-host ... Lance Waner!

Lance:

Thanks, Darren! I am excited to be here tonight, from what I hear we have an amazing show tonight!

DDK:

Indeed, we do, Lance. We've already started the night out with quite a few questions and just as much intrigue!

A graphic featuring the competitors takes over the screen as Darren and Lance continue on.

DEACON vs. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO**DDK:**

That masked man we just watched arrive here at the Wrestle-Plex will have to face the music tonight, against the Patron Saint of The Squared Circle, Deacon!

JAY HARVEY vs. TYLER FUSE**Lance:**

And "The Natural One" Jay Harvey goes one on on with Tyler Fuse, who recently have seen back in league with Stalker, of all people!

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO**DDK:**

And DEFIAANCE newcomer, Brock Newbludd squares off with Christiano Caballero! Will Newbludd stake an early claim in DEFIAANCE or will Christiano turn around his recent losing streak!?

DEX JOY vs. CHARLIE GALT**Lance:**

I can't wait for this one, Darren! DEFIAANCE's BIGGEST Boy DEX JOY goes head to head with the Cheyenne native, Charlie Galt! Can Dex live up to the hype that set him up as the next challenger for the Southern Heritage title!?

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH: THE COMMENTS SECTION (C) vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS**DDK:**

Speaking of Championships ... the Unified Tag Team titles are on the line against the seven-footers ... The Lucky Sevens! Tonight, The Comments Section may finally be left speechless!

ELISE ARES vs. "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS**Lance:**

And just added before we went on air tonight; Elise Ares marches toward Mikey Unlikely's glass-encased FIST but before she gets there can she finally overcome "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas?

MIKEY UNLIKELY (C) vs. MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

And speaking of Mikey Unlikely and the firm grip he has maintained on the FIST of DEFIANCE... It could be all over tonight!

Lance:

The GOD BEAST!

DDK:

Can Mikey Unlikley fend off the otherworldly Mushigarhara or will the 5th Longest Reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history fall like Toyko under the heel of Godzilla!?

Lance:

Well put, Darren!

DDK:

Thanks, Lance ... but THAT is not it. Tonight to kick off all this fantastic DEFIANT action...

FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION**DDK:**

The Friendship Members Leauge against the Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

The watercooler crew against the surfer collective!

DDK:

Hold on, I'm being told we aren't going directly to that match up, just yet. I'm being told we are going backstage ...

KNIGHTS OF THE FAVOURED

The feed cuts into the boiler room of the WrestlePlex, where we find a man clad in black seated on a stool in front of the building's massive boiler. With pipes hissing around him, the man raises his head to reveal the sinister grin of DEFIANE's resident psychopath and the highest-rated Uber driver in the NOLA greater metropolitan area for three straight weeks, JASON "STALKER" REEVES.

Stalker: *[creepy stare]*

Welcome to the inaugural edition... of Stalker's Den. Streamed in simulcast with the recently released 'Stalk-Me' app, download now.

There is a pause as his eyes stare menacingly into the camera. Shadows forming in the background of the boiler room's cemented walls.

Stalker:

Shadows, demons, and anyone with a dark side... strong enough to withstand my gravitation are welcome to 'The Den'. Where topics range from 'Why did my mother not love me as a child?', to 'Whose career should I seek out and destroy next?' To 'What does it take to be a successful Uber Driver and Professional Wrestler?'. We cover it all here in the Den - but tonight is a very special FIRST edition. That's right.

Cocking his bald head to the side, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves rises off the stool and begins walking, the camera following his movements. A few paces away is the pedestal and display case bearing the newly minted FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Stalker:

For our first show, we have a very exciting topic to cover, with this highly sought after new championship. The belt guaranteed to be strapped by my BEAST - REZIN!

Stalker's excitement rises in his voice as he looks towards the belt before his glare returns to the camera once more.

Stalker:

Favoritism is a part of human nature if you are on my side... or you are a good tipper - you'll be treated as you treat 'The Fallen' - with the respect that we deserve.

Stalker holds out his hands, and the camera pulls back to reveal more of the room. Appearing now is a plain Formica round table encircled by four chairs. One of those chairs happens to be occupied by his partner in insanity, REZIN.

Stalker:

Tonight's guests are the four competitors seeking to strap that gold around their waists and be declared DEFIANE's first EVER - EVER Favoured Saints Champion!

He gestures to Rezin, looking rather casual with his arms folded across his chest, and his feet propped up on the table. Today's muscle shirt is a Sleep "Dragonaut" design. Once again, the butane lighter is in his hand, and he is compulsively flicking it on and off.

Stalker:

Our first and MOST important GUEST. Is none other than DEFIANE's 'DARKSIDE' - the CUSTOM Downloadable CONTENT - I promised ALL of DEFIANE I would bring in. The man - the MONSTER - the flame that will bring DEFIANE to its knees, REZIN!

Rezin:

Heyo. But before we begin, Boss, there's something I need to get off my chest... I kinda-sorta caused the earthquake in Puerto Rico earlier this year when I tried to summon Cthulhu while reading from my copy of the Necronomicon. Sorry... my bad.

Jason "Stalker" Reeves' evil grin seems to widen as he gestures to the boiler room's open doorway.

Stalker:

Next, up - the first man eliminated - a former 'FAKE REAPER!' - and don't worry FAITHFUL this Hero couldn't even hear me if he wanted to... Matt LaCroix!!

Wearing his black denim hooded vest, covered in buttons from around the globe, Matt LaCroix walks in with the hood up, covering his patched ear. He looks in and shares a glare with Rezin, and then Stalker, and then back to Rezin. As he pulls a chair back, he sits down quickly, never taking his eyes off of Rezin.

LaCroix:

Don'tcha worry, Stalka. I'll make sure ya hear by the time it's all ova.

A smirk crosses the face of Southern Strong Style as he stares down Rezin on the other side of the table.

Stalker:

With a win against Scrow last week, securing his place in DEFEAT against my MAN REZIN - next up, we have the destructive force KNOWN as BLACK PANDA!

The man who went through hell and back with Matt LaCroix walks into the room next. He passes by the Orleans Outsider and bumps his chair. A glare crosses the ocean blue eyes of LaCroix as Black Panda lingers for just a second longer than he should before pulling the chair away from the table and taking a seat.

Stalker:

We all know him - I feel he is an unVALUED Fallen -

Jason Reeves pauses as he looks into the camera, currently seated around the round table are Rezin, Black Panda, and Matt LaCroix.

Stalker:

Dex Joy's Personal nightmare - the last member to join the round table for the FIRST EVER edition of 'Stalker's Den'! SCROWWWWW!!!!!!

There is an emphasis on Stalker's introduction of Scrow, perhaps a little more effort put into his arrival compared to LaCroix and Black Panda - a certain glint in Stalker's eye as Scrow makes his way into the dimly lit Boiler Room - turned 'Stalker's Den'.

Scrow walks in, with his street clothes on, black jeans and boots, and a "Raven's Eye" T-Shirt...found only on The Defiant! His glare quickly catches Matt. It never leaves the sight of Southern Strong style. He sits down almost like a man eyeing a prime slab of ribs across the table from him.

All four competitors for the Favoured Saints Championship settle into their chairs. For a long moment, nobody says anything, and the only sound is the hissing and rumbling of the boiler and other equipment. The tension is palpable. Stalker's devilish chuckle finally breaks the silence.

Stalker:

Alright - we all know that each of you can't stand one another and I can only stand a portion of you...

His eyes linger on LaCroix.

Stalker:

First opportunity of the night is a brief and simple question 'What makes you the BEST fit as DEFIAANCE's FIRST EVER Favoured Saints Champion'?

Rezin snorts as he snaps his lighter shut, effectively taking the floor.

Rezin:

C'maawn, Boss, the "best fit"? Ain't the answer obvious? All one has to do is look around this table and they'd see these Spirit of Halloween store rejects aren't even fit enough to be C-listers in this company, let alone carry a championship!

The other three men respond with scoffs and grunts. Rezin pushes himself to his feet and leans over the table, grinning hungrily as he looks among his opponents.

Rezin:

Let's not kid ourselves here, fellas... it doesn't matter who here is the "best fit" to be "champion". Any ol' normie can look, talk, and act the part, but at the end of the night, the man walking out of ASCENSION with that shiny new strap will be the one who can successfully SURVIVE the CHAOS of the Favoured Fourway...

He lets out his trademark dry and raspy chuckle.

Rezin:

Heh heh... and as you should all well know by now, CHAOS is my playground! It's the place where crazy sumbitches like me truly thrive! And no offense to the rest you dudes, but none of ya are crazy enough to hang with this BEAST in that sort of environment.

While the rest of the table rumbles disparagingly, Rezin takes a glance over his shoulder in the direction of the Favoured Saints Championship displayed behind him, and he scoffs.

Rezin:

Mind you, I have absolutely no interest in becoming a walking billboard for Favoured Saints Financial. But I'll take that belt just the same, because ruining whatever hopes and ambitions any of you have for that title is all the motivation I need. I'll become "champion" not because I care to be, but because I'm rockin' a lifestyle of bein' nuts and kickin' butts, and I'm too PUNK ROCK to be stopped!

The self-proclaimed Escape Artist falls back into his seat, looking pleased with himself.

Rezin:

So don't get too attached to that belt, my dudes, cause the alluring sparkle of the Favoured Saints Championship is gonna be engulfed in the shadow that the FAVOURED SINNER casts over DEFIAANCE!

Black Panda:

Hmpf.

With no more words than that, Black Panda gets up from his seat and looks at everyone around the room before bumping into Matt LaCroix's chair once more. The Orleans Outsider goes to push his chair out and confront the Black Bastard Prince, but he simply leaves the room. The rest of the eyes continue to fall on LaCroix, waiting for him to stand up for himself. Waiting for him to stake his claim.

LaCroix:

Look, y'all keep putin' sticks in front of me and askin' me ta speak. I ain't much for words, I'm more of a man of action. I was born at New Orleans East Hospital on the Pontchartrain. I became a man an learned ta pass a good time at tha quarter. Maybe a little too much, I reckin'. I bleed this town, and you can take the cajun outta New Orleans... but I learned more and more that you can't take the New Orleans outta the cajun. I went through hell ta be here today. Just ta sit at tha table.

Matt LaCroix shares a glance with the others around the table.

LaCroix:

Y'all don't scare me. I'll run through all of ya.

The Renaissance's final glance lands on Scrow, but Scrow completely ignores the question, still staring daggers toward Matt LaCroix.

Stalker:

No matter who lost to whom or at what point during this Inaugural Favoured Saints tournament - you will ALL get a moment to square off at Ascension once again - that leads into my next question. 'With a fourway match up coming at the Pay Per View, with time delayed participation - 'What is the best way to prepare for that type of match?' - The way I see it, it's a perfect opportunity for Rezin to show you and the REST of DEFIANCE...

The interviewees' specifically Matt LaCroix shows a bit of frustration as Stalker's one sided favoritism shows once again.

LaCroix:

Enough talkin'. I've seen everythin' I need ta see from Rezin. If we gonna start crownin' folks, I reckon' we start now and laissez les bons temps rouler. Wanna just head to tha ring?

Stalker:

Your thoughts Scrow?

Scrow still has not moved an inch while the three men have their little meeting. He only cares about one thing it would seem and that is Matt LaCroix. With that evil smile, he eventually breaks his silence.

Scrow:

Can we just skip to the table flipping part?

Without hesitation, Scrow flips the table up and over on top Matt! Matt shoves the table off of him and sees Scrow in the air leaping toward him. His eyes widen in a slow-motion sequence. Scrow lands on top of Matt and unloads on him! Rezin takes in this sudden outbreak of violence with mild surprise.

Rezin:

Whoa... that escalated quickly.

Scrow has Matt head bent to the side and driving lethal elbow shots to the injured ear of LaCroix!

Shot in the halls of the Wrestleplex as DefSec is rushing to the brawl. The camera screen intermittently interrupted by bursts of static.

Back at the brawl, Scrow has Matt's head leaning against the table, blood is seen dripping from his injured ear. The expression on Scrow's head is tilted upward staring down at Matt with a clenched-teeth sadistic expression. In another slow-motion sequence...Scrow pulls his foot up in mid-air...time resumes and Scrow slams his foot...AND MISSES! Matt rolls out of the way just in time and Scrow's foot is stuck in the table. A bemused and raspy chuckle can be heard off-screen, and the camera pans back over to Rezin.

Rezin:

Whelp, guess this was inevitable anyway. Still, when in Rome...

Rezin rises to his feet, rolling his neck and stretching out his shoulders as he prepares to join in on the fun. He flashes a devious grin across the way to Black Panda, who stoically marches back into the room after hearing all the commotion. This appears to be a little bit more his speed than a roundtable interview.

Rezin:

How about you, Panda-chan? Want any of this?

The Next Gen Kaiju steps to the challenge, and both men begin exchanging blows.

As DefSec approaches the entrance to the Wrestleplex's boiler room, they realize the door is jammed shut, the camera shows them attempting to open the door as they pry on what looks like some weird chain lock with different colored links.

Back at the brawl, Matt is unloading with devastating blows to Scrow!

Stalker:

ENOUGH!!!!!!

The thunderous scream from Stalker echoes into the cemented walls of the boiler room before the lights flicker and then go completely out. Seconds tick by as the screen films nothing but shuffling darkness. Orbs of light appear, three different sets, red, blue and green. The camera shows a burst of static, the different orb colored balls disappear and the door to the boiler room slams open, a burst of light hits and reveals the now separated brawl. Matt LaCroix, is being dragged away by the arriving security while Scrow and Stalker look on.

Matt LaCroix:

Y'all can keep playin' games wit'cha Reapers, throwin' heads in tha ring and hidin' in tha shadows. I'm gonna do what I do best. Wrestle. I ain't gonna jump ya and throw a table on ya. I'm gonna beat ya between tha ropes. Scrow, you betta be as ready ta fight for that belt as ya are tonight. I ain't lights and effects anymore. I'm tha REAL reaper... and I'll be collectin'.

The scene develops quickly as DefSec makes their way into 'Stalker's Den' and pulls Matt away, the odd distraction allowing enough time for some separation between the tournament competitors before any real damage is done.

Scrow:

What? Scrow can not hear you?

Scrow shoves DefSec off him. He looks over his shoulder. DefSec keeps very close to this deranged man. He turns to Panda who has his own detail surrounding him and Rezin as well. Stalker has a smirk on his face. Scrow has that same sinister smile to the two men.

Scrow: *[softly but in a creepy tone]*

See you soon.

He twitches his fingers at the three men in a waving fashion and allows the security to take him away from the scene.

FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DDK:

The competition for the Favoured Saints Championship is really heating up!

Lance:

This brand new championship recently announced by DEFIADE's parent company is already proving to be an amazing way to really stake a claim here in DEFIADE!

Cut to the rampway.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

The crowd gives a cheer as the trio arrives to shake some babies and kiss some hands :). However, Gulf Coast is rather beaten up from their previous encounter at the hands of GVP two weeks ago (hands that were not kissed, clearly).

DDK:

I've been told King, Cain and The Kid were all cleared earlier in the week but I'm doubtful they are anywhere near one-hundred percent.

The Crescent City Kid starts slapping hands (he ended up figuring out it was shake hands and kiss babies after all) as he makes his way to the ring, with Aaron behind him and Theodore in front.

DDK:

We've got a great opening bout. Gulf Coast against this new and unlikely alliance of Conor Fuse, Trashcan Tim and "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy...

Lance:

Unlikely for sure. Very *Mikey* Unlikely...

DDK:

Nicely played. Anyway, this Friendship Alliance is interesting...

Lance:

I think you mean league. Friendship Members League.

The camera cuts to Gorilla as GCC's music is still playing inside the stands while they are entertaining the crowd. There, right in front of the entranceway is Patrick Cassidy. Seconds after, Trashcan Tim walks into the picture, a little unsure of what's going on. Cassidy runs his hand through his hair.

"Black Out" Patrick Cassidy:

Still no sign of Conor. Hasn't returned any of my calls since he stormed out of the bar. Any luck with you?

Trashcan shakes his head no.

Trashcan Tim:

Nothing. Looks like it might be you and me-

Trashcan is interrupted as The Character Formerly Known as Player Two strolls into the picture with The Game Boy behind him.

Conor Fuse:

Guys, guys, guys!

Showing no signs of bitterness or hostility whatsoever, it's like the [incident at the pub](#) never happened. Instead,

Fuse hugs Trashcan and Cassidy once... and then a second time even harder!

Conor Fuse:

SO excited to have our first match together! Oh boy, what joy!

Conor turns to the mixing table and the man who sits behind it. Fuse's demeanor changes instantly. It's a look of dire importance, like the outcome of this interaction hinges on Conor's mood moving forward.

Conor Fuse:

You got that VHS tape I gave you, right?

Sound Guy (name is Johnny Ball):

Uhhh, yeah but-

Conor Fuse:

Great. Just great. Hit that music!

What Johnny was *going* to tell Conor was he didn't need the VHS tape. There's a thing called the internet and he was able to download the song Conor gave him. It doesn't matter, though. Conor's right back to feeling happy and all excited for the match! Lots of warm fuzzies!! The Codebreaker puts his left arm around Cassidy and his right arm around Trashcan.

Conor Fuse:

FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE... **ASSEMBLE!!**

[♪ "Ken's Theme" from Street Fighter II ♪](#)

And out they come with The Game Boy lagging behind, all of them receiving a surprisingly big pop from the fans! Conor keeps his arms around his partners, only allowing his palms to turn upwards and wave to the crowd. In a baffling response, they wave back to Conor! (And to Trashcan... AND to Cassidy! Maybe even The Game Boy if he was paying attention!!)

DDK:

Well, there's no denying these three have been entertaining, even if it's Conor dominating most of the conversation.

Lance:

Yes but the fallout from the bar... that was intense. I heard it *all* at the watercooler.

DDK:

Perhaps another time, then.

As the three FML patrons reach the end of the ramp, Conor removes his arms from both of them (in fairness it's definitely mutual, Trashcan and Cassidy were trying to find a way to break free this entire time). Referee Mark Shields asks both teams to hit their respective corners and the match is off.

DING DING

DDK:

Conor is going to be starting against Aaron King...

Lance:

Fuse and Gulf Coast, all of Gulf Coast, are no strangers whatsoever. When our roster was thin The Fuse Bros. and GCC went through a WAR at DEFCON. Although The Bros. were successful, The Bruah's held their own in a hellacious Red Ring of Death Match!

Conor circles King and rushes at him with a high knee but King ducks, rolls into the ropes and flies at Conor with a crossbody.

DDK:

Fuse moves and King hits the canvas! Conor takes King by his hair and Irish whips him into the ropes... tilt-a-whirl DDT by King!

The fans give a cheer, seemingly wanting both teams to do well and put on a show. King keeps the fast-pace action going. He connects with a snap suplex and then a snap powerslam after he throws the youngest Fuse into the ropes. Conor pulls himself to a knee and looks at his teammates with an expression like "sorry, this won't last long guys" ... before Conor kicks it into full gear.

DDK:

King is looking for a pendulum backbreaker but Conor spins it into a DDT!

Lance:

One of Tyler's main moves, the pendulum backbreaker. Can't help but think Conor has it well scouted.

Fuse runs King into the ropes but follows him there, so right after King bounces off them, Conor connects with a double knee smash to the gut! As Aaron hunches over for air, Conor hits a Russian leg sweep just like his older brother would.

DDK:

Conor gets to the Friendship Members League corner and tags Trashcan!

Trashcan Tim comes through the middle rope and meets King as he rises to his feet. He grabs him in a sloppy side headlock and digs his knuckles into his head with a big smile - the classic noogie. King struggles for a few moments but plants a couple hard elbows into Trashcan's stomach and manages to back him up to the ropes where referee Mark Shields surprisingly calls for a clean break. Tim obliges, hands held high to show compliance. King moves back toward the center of the ring, rubbing the top of his head.

DDK:

Mark Shields is actually doing his job.

Lance:

First time for everything, Keebs.

A jovial Trashcan Tim moves toward King and scoops him up for a body slam but King kicks his feet and ends up behind the big man. With a hard push, he sends Tim off the far ropes, but Tim connects with a thudding shoulder tackle that sends King to the mat! Tim drops an elbow that is narrowly avoided by King. As Tim rises to his feet, King rocks him straight up with a European uppercut, quickly followed by an athletic dropkick! Tim staggers back against the ropes and back toward King. Tim ducks a big right hand, catching King and lifting him into the air and crashing down with an atomic drop! Tim follows King as he staggers to the ropes and sends him off with an Irish whip. King ducks a clothesline! And a back elbow! On the third rebound, Tim hoists him up and sends him crashing with a big sidewalk slam, shaking the ropes!

DDK:

Trashcan can certainly go!

From the apron, Conor and Cassidy both extend their hands for the tag. Tim lifts King up and plants him with a slam near the FML corner, slapping Cassidy's outstretched hand.

As Conor does a double take at his "protegee" Trashcan Tim not tagging him in, Cassidy enters the squared circle and begins peppering King with some kicks.

DDK:

Aaron King scrambles to his feet and Cassidy whips him into a neutral corner. Cassidy takes position in the opposite corner, gets a running start and then leaps into King with a big splash!

After Cassidy's frame drives King into turnbuckle, King stumbles out of the corner in a daze - right into a Pat Cassidy small package!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! The pin is broken up by Theodore Cain, who sprints into the ring and interrupts with a stiff kick!

Mark Shields ushers Cain back to the GCC corner as the Crescent City Kid tries to rile up his partner in peril. King makes an effort to reach his teammates but since Cassidy is still very fresh, he pulls King back toward the FML side of the ring.

The Black Out lays a prone King over the second rope. Springboarding off the opposite side of the ring with a head of steam, Cassidy collides with King, draping his leg over King's back and causing King's head and neck to snap into the rope. King rolls back into the center of the ring, and Cassidy looks to his two teammates, both of whom again have their arms outstretched for the tag. Cassidy looks at both - Tim with a look of determination and Conor with a big, wide "pick me" smile... and Cassidy slaps the hand of Trashcan Tim.

DDK:

Tag to Trashcan!

Lance:

Uh...

With Conor's mouth agape in disgust/shock at again being snubbed for the tag, Tim enters the ring once more and blocks a punch from King, who has climbed to his feet.

DDK:

Tim connects with a jab! Another! Another!

Trashcan does a 300 lb. merigold two-step and connects with a big elbow that sends King to the mat! Cassidy and Tim are all smiles but Conor is looking progressively more angry. King gets to his feet and is immediately scooped up onto Tim's shoulders, ready to be driven down to the mat with the Trash Compactor!

Just as Tim is about to lock his hands, Conor leans over the top rope and slaps Tim hard on the back, tagging himself in! Tim looks perplexed and the momentary delay allows King the chance to drive an elbow into Tim's jaw and get free.

DDK:

Aaron King FINALLY tags out to Theodore Cain!

Conor hops over the ropes but as he does, he takes a deep gulp.

Conor Fuse: [looking back at his teammates]

I don't like this guy...

DDK:

And Cain with a head full of steam takes out Conor with a clothesline!

Lance:

A clear lack of communication and partnership between the Friendship Members League. They had the ring cut in half, just like any good tag team and Aaron King dead-to-rights until Conor made that blind tag.

Theodore Cain hits Fuse with a rocking powerslam!

DDK:

And you'd think Conor would know better, being a former tag team champion here and fighting alongside his brother for over five years in DEFIANCE and fWo!

Cain throws Conor into the ropes and hits a sidewalk slam!

Lance:

Absolutely, agreed. Arguably the most decorated tag team wrestler in all of DEFIANCE, alongside his brother, Tyler. But now, Fuse is in a battle to get out of this fury from Cain!

Cain continues his successful attack on the youngest Fuse. He hurls Conor into the turnbuckle and as The Character Formerly Known as Player Two stumbles out backwards, he's met with a big boot to the back of the head! This time, however, Conor shows how smooth he can be, even after taking such a beating. Theodore Cain lifts Conor on his shoulders but the former tag champion slips away. He trips up Cain, just giving him enough time to dive towards Black Out Patrick Cassidy and give him the tag.

Conor Fuse: *[pulling himself off the mat]*

Man, be careful with *that* guy...

Cassidy, ignoring Conor, enters the ring with a fury. He and Cain trade right hands, and then Cassidy whips Cain into the ropes with an irish whip. Cassidy catches Cain on the rebound with a Kitchen Sink knee to the gut, and Cain flips forward, landing on his ass. Cassidy quickly drills Cain with a stiff kick to the back, and Cain doubles over in pain.

Lance:

Cassidy's coming in fast and furious, looking to potentially end it all right here.

Cassidy has Cain set up and hooked for a belly-to-back suplex, but when he lifts Cain into the air, Theodore manages an impressive reversal and lands on his own feet instead! Not wasting a second, Cain lunges toward his corner, tagging in Crescent City Kid and stopping Cassidy's building momentum.

The Kid springboards out of his corner, wrapping his legs around a surprised Cassidy's head and catching him off guard with a hurricanrana! Cassidy is back up, but when he turns around again, this time he's met with a tornado DDT for his troubles.

DDK:

The kid is a house of fire! GCC in firm control for really the first time in this match!

Looking to build momentum for his team, Crescent City Kid plants Cassidy in a neutral corner. He takes off toward Cassidy for what is sure to be another impressive maneuver...

...but we'll never know because Cassidy explodes out of the corner and catches him with a clothesline! The Kid is dazed, and Cassidy stands poised to strike, holding his hand up and making a "bye bye" motion.

Lance:

You've got to imagine that Cassidy is signaling for his signature move, The Irish Goodbye...

But Cassidy is standing a little too close to his own teammates. As he calls for the finish, he feels a quick SLAP against his back...

DDK:

And ANOTHER blind tag by Conor!

Fuse hops over the ropes, with a smile ear to ear.

Conor Fuse: *[to Patrick Cassidy]*

It's cool, I hate this guy.

DDK:

And Conor immediately charges the Gulf Coast corner, dropkicking Aaron King off the apron!

This brings Theodore Cain into the ring but since Patrick Cassidy hasn't left yet, he eats a clothesline for his troubles. The Black Out gets back to his feet and pushes into Cain... and by now, all hell is about to break loose.

Aaron King rushes around the ring, past The Game Boy (who does nothing) and grabs Trashcan by the leg, taking him off the apron. With King and Trashcan squaring off on the outside and Cassidy and Cain going shot for shot in the corner, it's just Conor Fuse and the Crescent City Kid left to pick up the pieces.

Fuse grabs referee Mark Shields and drags him into a free corner.

Conor Fuse:

I WANNA SEE MORE MEMES!

Mark Shields: *[confused]*

What?

Conor Fuse:

I WANNA SEE MORE MEMES. THE ONES YOU SHOWED ME AT THE BAR. I LOVE MEMES!! ALL OF THE INAPPROPRIATE MEMES!!

Well, you didn't have to ask Mark Shields twice! He digs into his pocket, pulls out his phone and goes straight into his meme folder.

Mark Shield:

Shit, man, yeah! Check out this one... it's sooooo funny.

It really isn't but Conor clearly has another motive. At times, he keeps taking his eyes off the phone and looking past Shields, ensuring the others are all fighting while the Crescent City Kid is standing there in the center of the ring... waiting for Conor to engage him.

DDK:

Uhh... THE GAME BOY!

The Game Boy has worked his way into the ring by stepping over the top ropes and imposingly looking down at The Kid from behind.

Lance:

Crescent City Kid is about to-

The Game Boy taps CCK on the shoulder. He turns around...

THUMP.

Straight into a hard left hand! Crescent City collapses to the mat, unconscious.

Conor goes back to humoring Mark Shields as The Game Boy exits the ring.

Conor Fuse:

What about that meme with the girl?

Shields stops, looks up at Conor with a facial expression like he may be on to what Conor is doing.

Mark Shields:

Dude, what girl? I have LOTS of memes with girls! *WOOOOOOOOOO!!*

...Clearly, Mark didn't get the memo. Just memes, lots of memes.

But with The Game Boy out of the ring now and the other four members still fighting, Conor playfully tussles Mark Shields hair and saunters over to the fallen CCK. He hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... TRASHCAN TIM, BLACK OUT PATRICK CASSIDY AND CONOR FUSE... THE FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGGGGGGUE!!

[!\[\]\(6b8ddf5a301e60c23c01bc9ae5a64dc3_img.jpg\) "Ken's Theme" from Street Fighter II !\[\]\(2411a9141c979a01f7c8418d0e5467f3_img.jpg\)](#)

DDK:

Well, that sure was something...

King and Cain have respectfully stopped brawling with their counterparts. Unbeknownst to them on how this match ended, they enter the ring and roll The Kid out, assuming he was beaten by one of Conor's many high flying maneuvers.

KARAOKE 64

Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim are next to enter the ring, as Mark Shields raises Patrick and Conor's hands and Cassidy raises Tim's hand.

DDK:

Do they... do they know what happened?

Lance:

Honestly, I'm not sure. Trashcan and Cassidy seemed pretty preoccupied with Cain and King. I think they would have objected to this, if they saw the cheating.

Conor Fuse takes a mic.

Conor Fuse:

Stop the music! Johnny, stop the VHS feed, thank you very much!

Conor glances at The Game Boy who stands guard outside the ring, watching Gulf Coast like they are the types of NPCs to try something stupid...

Conor Fuse:

My Mini Boss... gimmie gimmie!

Cassidy and Trashcan look at each other with confusion. Meanwhile, The Game Boy pulls back the apron and is looking for an item. It takes a few seconds as Conor dances and pantomimes inside the ring to kill time. Then he points at himself and asks Patrick Cassidy if his mime work was good. Cassidy has this uncomfortable smile but ultimately gives a thumbs up.

Conor Fuse:

AH! There it is!

The Game Boy has taken out a karaoke machine! It's matte finished, neon green, complete with a speaker, two microphones and an LCD screen. The hulking henchman brings the machine into the ring and places it on the canvas. Trashcan nudges Cassidy, wondering what this thing is. Cassidy informs him.

DDK:

A karaoke machine?

Lance:

Looks customized for Conor, too! Pretty nice, I gotta say.

Conor pauses for a moment and then pulls together the most genuine sounding speech to accompany his mannerisms.

Conor Fuse:

Guys, I'm sorry. I was way out of line at the pub. You two were simply trying to show me a good time and I... well, I don't drink. I drink *The Kool-Aid*, O.J. and chocolate milk, which are super solid choices but it didn't help my situation. So, maybe I wasn't having a good time because of that. But HEY, HEY... we are all sober now, am I right?

Conor turns to The Faithful for support and even though they may not agree with Fuse's drinking choices (or the way he just won the match), the crowd has seemingly come to the realization that Conor's just too entertaining to ignore. Ultimately, they give in with a cheer.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah... **YEAH!!!** So, Timmy and Patty, LET'S DO THIS! I have a brand new karaoke machine, wifi comtable with

the PA system in the back! I already figured it out with that Johnny Ball guy! So... WHAT DO YA SAY!?!? LEMME ASK YA AGAIN... WHAT DO YA SAY!?!?

Cassidy breaks out into a wide smile. Now Conor's talking! He gives Fuse a thumbs up and a little round of applause. Additionally, Trashcan seems pretty comfortable with everything going on, as well!

Conor shuffles over to the front of the device without picking up his boots from the canvas. Fuse begins clicking away at the LCD screen until he finds what he's looking for.

Conor Fuse:

Got it! Oh baby, are you ready!?

Suddenly, the theme music to ["Flying Battery Zone" in Sonic & Knuckles](#) is blasting on the PA!

DDK:

Umm...

Conor's head is flying back and forth like a rockstar as he holds a karaoke mic to his face.

DDK:

Classic tune but there are no... uh...

Lance:

Lyrics?

DDK:

Yes.

Fuse is still nodding his head to the music over and over. However, even he can see Trashcan and Cassidy are becoming perplexed. This makes Conor go back to the LCD screen and flip through it until he finds something else.

["Metal Man Theme" from Mega Man 2](#)

Conor is once more giving it with some weird kind of head popping dance and yet, this song evokes the same reaction from the other FML members (not Game Boy, he does nothing) and the crowd! Sensing things are not right, Conor offers Cassidy a second microphone but Black Out politely declines.

Conor Fuse: *[turning to The Game Boy and Mark Shields, who's still there for some reason]*

This stuff is SOOO good, huh!?

DDK:

Shields seems to be enjoying it. Maybe he doesn't get the point of karaoke, either.

Lance:

There's a lot of people that don't right now.

Fuse looks as Cassidy and Trashcan, stunned they STILL aren't enjoying themselves. Back to the LCD screen and back to picking another video game song.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay. Darker music... you got it!

["Super Mario Bros. Underground Theme" from Super Mario Bros.](#)

At this point, Cassidy gently takes the mic from Conor.

Cassidy:

Uh... guys? Can we cut it please? Guys?

The music cuts out much to Conor's surprise. Cassidy walks up to Conor and puts his arm around him.

Cassidy:

Buddy. I love the enthusiasm. I do! This is great stuff, man.

Cassidy is clearly searching for some... delicate language here.

Cassidy:

But... you know. Generally, the idea of karaoke is to... sing? Like, with words? It's sort of... it's really the most important piece of the puzzle.

Conor is fumbling Cassidy's words around in his head... trying to make sense of things as he presses his thumbs together.

Conor Fuse:

Most important... puzzle... piece???

Cassidy:

But no worries! We've got this. We can do this thing right. Am I right, everybody?

The Faithful give a mixed reaction. Some people are on board, some people seem to think this is a lost cause. Cassidy tries to get them fired up and then walks over to the LCD screen and thumbs through the choices. Finally, he settles on one. He walks back over to Conor Fuse.

Cassidy:

Alright! You ready to do this for real?

Conor takes another second to contemplate. Then, his eyes dart to The Game Boy and he slowly exits the ring and walks to the back, underneath the rampway. The Game Boy follows and The Faithful boo.

DDK:

What the!?!?

Lance:

I guess Conor is upset. Again.

Pat Cassidy and Trashcan Tim stand in the ring, staring at the entrance way in bewilderment. Did he really just bail for a second time? The two men look at each other and then Cassidy shrugs.

Cassidy:

Looks like it's just us again.

With that, the song Cassidy selected ([“Don’t Stop Believing” by Journey](#)) fires up, and the two DEFIANTS in the ring prepare to belt one out as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



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

PARTY TIME

Cut back from commercial.

Backstage...seems to be a pattern with The Toybox huh? A karaoke stage is set up and Pat Cassidy has just finished his number and The Toybox takes the stage. Many Brazen are drinking and enjoying the downtime from in-ring action. Others in attendance are Dex Joy and Nathaniel Eye sitting at a table with a couple of glasses of beer. Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts are leaning against the bar with respective drinks in their hands as well. Also socializing is George Othello and Jack Mace.

Jestal taps the microphone.

Jestal:

I have a very special song for you all tonight. It goes out to someone who has the greatest job you could possibly have in this business.

Jestal looks over at Dandelion on the drums she gets a beat going. It would appear Jestal is going to skip your typical karaoke sing along and sing a song he wrote himself?

Jestal:

#Racing behind...He is always on the run...To be where he is would be a dream for me...For now, I will just have to make sure...That he is happy...For I ama BAAAAGGGGMMMAAAANN, yea a Bagman!#

Jestal points at Batts, who has his teeth clenched in utter anger while Gizmo howls.

Jestal:

#Whooooaaaa whoooaaaa....a BAGMAN!!#

Oscar stops him from walking to the stage, Dex and Nathaniel head out of the backstage area.

Jestal:

#Cause...its...

Before he can finish his line, Bo and George jump out of nowhere and attack The ToyBox! Cary is on the bottom of the stage with a stun baton stopping anyone from jumping in. Gizmo is barking like crazy and Dandelion is pulled from the drums and Bo unloads on her, while Jestal is being squeezed in a massive bear hug by George. Oscar now wants to get involved but this time Batts is holding him back with a big smile on his face.

Ryan Batts:

...Look, I don't like the Stevens, but I like The ToyBox less.

DDK:

The Stevens just continue to interrupt anything associated with The ToyBox.

Back at the stage Jestal has a look on his face like he was walking through a city dump.

Jestal:

..gah...what have you been eating...Razzles (shit)?

Gizmo starts biting on Bo's leg, he kicks the dog out of the way. He tumbles into some equipment! Dandelion, enraged, starts to attack Bo for kicking Gizmo! Bo seems to be having a hard time stopping this fierce little lady! ...

DDK:

Bo, you are an absolute prick!

Lance:

Nevermind that look at this!

Until he has had enough and grabs her by the back of the head and tosses her off the stage! Burns and Batts both step back shocked, as the Faithful gasp.

Luckily for Dandelion, she landed into the waiting arms of the handsome Man in the Box, Klein. Klein nodded silently to Dandelion, who began to kick and scream. Klein set her down and she tried to make a bee-line back to Jestal, only to be wrapped around her waist by Klein. In a very gentle "Come with me if you want to live" sort of way, Klein extends his hand, and Dandelion and him quickly depart backstage.

DDK:

Thank God Klein was there, that could have gone bad for Dandelion.

Lance:

Klein clearly does not want Dandelion to get involved in that melee. Is there something going on with him?

Meanwhile, on the stage, Bo holds his cheek for a minute, before directing his attention to Jestal being tossed into the mic stand and then smacked in the back with the cymbal. Gizmo is back on his feet and barking at Stevens Dynasty once more. Bo jumps at the dog in an attempt to scare him and succeeds as Gizmo falls back and trips on the equipment behind him once more.

Jestal:

Ouch! Real tough guy, torment a puppy!

Bo Stevens:

Shut up jingles!

Bo directs George to the drums. Jestal is spun around and thrown into the drum! His head pokes out the other end. Bo and George take a knee on the sides of the drums.

Bo and George:

That's all folks!

They both laugh as Jestal's head is down, clearly unconscious now. They hop off the stage and join Cary who threatens anyone that dare make a move as The Dynasty leave the scene of this crime scene. Gizmo pulls himself out of the rubble again and looks around and notices Jestal unconscious.

He whimpers at the jester with no response, He then looks around and notices Dandelion is gone!? He begins to sniff the ground trying to get her scent. His legs bend inward and create a hovering effect under him. He floats off the stage and lands on his feet on the ground below. He follows where Dandelion and Klein left. The scene cuts with Jestal finally coming too with a distort expression on his face.

WHY?!

Back in the arena, the weirdest, dumbest DEFIANCE entrance theme hits the PA system.

♪ “I’m Better Than Everybody” by Lakutis ♪

Synths that would feel otherworldly if not for the horrendous “rapping” over the top blare out the speakers with a generic snare-led beat in the background. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a fall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron, with Cayle Murray stood in the middle of it all.

Lance:

Uhh, Keebs...

DDK:

Yes Lance?

Lance:

This is the worst thing I have ever heard. Truly.

DDK:

I think that’s supposed to be the point.

The jeers are instantaneous as soon as who is coming out becomes clear. Murray swaggers loosely down to the ring, big Cheshire Cat grin across his face, talking mad shit to anyone he can lay his eyes on. He’s clad in a pair of black jeans and a white track jacket with gold trim, a perfect 24K emblem on the right chest with the text “WE ARE MEN!” across the back.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his way to the ring... the former FIST of DEFIANCE... CAYLE MURRAY!

DDK:

Cayle Murray left us short of answers last time, Lance. The Faithful still want to know why he chose not only to turn his back on them upon returning, but align with one of the most hated men in DEFIANCE history, Mikey Unlikely.

Lance:

Cayle will argue that the fans didn’t let him get a word out but I don’t know, that seems like a convenient excuse. Let’s see if he has anything more to say tonight.

‘Starbreaker’ reaches the bottom of the ramp and climbs up the steps. He takes a moment to wipe his feet on the apron before getting inside the ring, scaling a couple of turnbuckles, and sitting atop one of the corners. Cayle calls for Quimbey’s microphone.

DDK:

No messing around, huh?

The ring announcer throws it gently towards Murray but doesn’t put enough power into it, so the mic lands with a thud on the apron. Cayle rolls his eyes, then scowls, barking at Quimbey to fetch it for him.

Lance:

Just hop down and get it! It’s right at your feet. Jesus...

Quimbey obliges, not wanting to get on Cayle’s bad side. He leans down, picks up the microphone, and places it in Murray’s hands. DQ gets a wild, overexaggerated clap in response as the music finally fades.

Cayle Murray:

Right then, fannies...

“BOOOOOOOO!”

Cayle Murray:

No, no. Not this again. You goobers are going to have to shut your dribble holes this time...

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

DDK:

It doesn't sound like they are!

This time, Murray does what he was unwilling to do on DEFtv 142: he raises his voice.

Cayle Murray:

Be quiet and show some respect for the longest-reigning FIST of DEFIAANCE EVER, please!

Lance:

Longest reigning?! Did he figure that one out?!

The boos are replaced by something else this time, as a chant breaks out throughout the building...

“EU-GENE DEW-EY!” CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

“EU-GENE DEW-EY!” CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

“EU-GENE DEW-EY!” CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Murray shakes his head, taking his audience for fools.

Cayle Murray:

Quick question you absolute melts... was the FIST of the DEFIAANCE the recognised top title in the territory for the entire duration of Cheeto Boy's reign? No. The answer you are looking for, is 'no, it wasn't.' Thank you very much. Also, he was out of shape. And a nerd. And ginger!

DDK:

Technically he's not wrong - the DEFIAANCE World Championship was active at the start of Dewey's reign - but come on.

Cayle Murray:

Right, so now that we have established that I am, indeed, the longest-reigning FIST of DEFIAANCE ever, and therefore somebody worthy of respect, let's see if we can finally answer the golden question, shall we?

Dramatic pause.

Cayle Murray:

... why?

‘Starkbreaker’ hops down from the top turnbuckle and starts slowly pacing the ring.

Cayle Murray:

It's the brain-teaser that has been keeping the clickbait sites in business for weeks. The query that has spawned a thousand nerdy wrestling theories. The big question, the only question that matters... why?

He pauses. Finally, something resembling “silence” has fallen on the building. Cayle slowly runs his hands through his hair, an expression adjacent to regret coming across his face...

Lance:

I think he's gonna do it...

Cayle Murray:

So let's go. Let's answer the question...

Murray looks up.

Cayle Murray:

Why DID Perfection allow himself to get brained by Scott Stevens and cost us the match last week?!

Insta-heat. Weapons-grade shit.

Lance:

Awwww c'mawn!

Cayle Murray:

Withering Jimmy! Get out here bef--

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

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

DDK:

Folks, I can only apologise on behalf of DEFIANCE here. What an absolute farce. For the second week in a row, Cayle Murray has refused to give an answer...

Lance:

But on the plus side, here comes Perfection! 24K might be about to explode in its, what, fourth week of operations?!

James Witherhold barely takes his eyes off Cayle Murray as he comes down the ramp with his own microphone, pulling it to his lips halfway.

Perfection:

Cut the music!

The music, it cuts. Witherhold talks as he walks.

Perfection:

I don't know where you get off thinking that you can just roll down here by your lonesome. Not even giving your buddies a little jingle or a heads up and then proceed to call ME out?!

Perfection points at Cayle stopping at the ring steps before putting his finger straight up stopping Cayle from talking.

Perfection:

Shhh-hhhhhh! You interrupted my Epsom salt foot bath for this!? Unbelievable. Unacceptable! So, fine, Cayle. You want to know why my head got banged in and why I needed to have tens of thousands in cosmetic surgery?

James now has made his way up the steps and walks across the ring apron. He takes one step in the ring before stopping.

Perfection:

Because you can't get the ladies, mate! I had to scoop them up for you! For us! And if Stevens didn't interrupt, you wouldn't be looking at me like I'm a total douche right now yet praising me. Thanking me that some floozies showed you the meaning of fun.

Perfection shrugs as he's in the ring and leaning against the ropes.

Perfection:

But if you want to be a Debbie-downer and place everything that went wrong on 'Yours Truly'... that's not being a man, Cayle, that's just being a giant dick and sure as hell isn't gonna fly, bruv.

Cayle Murray:

Oh cut it out, Perfo. We both know you've always been a dickhead...

Perfection:

Cayle, I am a dickhead, it's true. I have never denied that.

Witherhold pauses.

Perfection:

But at least I'm not the biggest dickhead in DEFIANCE.

Cayle Murray:

Oh yeah?

Murray takes a step forward, balling his free hand into a fist.

Cayle Murray:

We both know who the biggest dickhead in DEFIANCE is, and it sure isn't me!

Perfection:

It isn't me either!

Cayle Murray:

Who is it then?!

Perfection:

Why don't you tell me!

The duo are almost nose-to-nose now.

Lance:

This is about to explode!

Cayle Murray:

No, you tell me!

Perfection:

Tell me, Cayle! Who is the biggest dickhead in DEFIANCE?

Cayle Murray:

Just say it! SAY IT!

Perfection:

No, you say it!

Cayle Murray:

You, dickhead!

Perfection:

Alright, alright, alright...

The duo both take a step back, turning their backs on each other.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Perfection:

The biggest dickhead in DEFIANCE is...

Pause.

They turn around.

Cayle Murray & Perfection:

SCOTT STEVENS!

Lance:

OF FOR THE LOVE OF...

A crowd that thought they were about to see Murray and Perfection go at it launches their fury towards the ring, while the 24K members come together in the original, patented, never-bettered, impossible-to-recreate... Manly Hug™.

DDK:

This is an absolute sham, Lance! And a colossal waste of time! Jesus Christ...

Lance:

I'm every bit as angry as the Faithful are here, Keebs. These two just made a mockery of everyone in the building and everyone watching at home...

DDK:

24K gonna 24K...

The classic Manly Hug™ stays locked in for a good for seconds before both guys double over laughing. Cayle straightens up, rubbing his eyes to fake crying, mocking the audience, who suddenly spark into life...

DDK:

Hold on now!

Someone's charging down the ramp, steel chair in hand.

Lance:

It's Scott Stevens! Stevens is coming to crash the party!

Murray and Perfect catching Stevens in their peripheral vision. Witherhold quickly bails out of the ring though Cayle is a little slower, almost catching the big Texan's chair shot as he wildly swings the weapon. Fortunately for the Scot, he escapes, and the chair bounces back against the top rope. 24K regroup on the outside.

DDK:

Scott Stevens almost got his hands on Perfection again. If only he'd gotten his hands on him...

Lance:

And if only he'd come down earlier! He could have saved us from sitting through a big pile of crap...

DDK:

I suspect this is far from over, Lance. Let's head elsewhere.

NO COUNT OUT, UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

The broadcast returns to ringside.

Lance:

We've got ourselves a big match coming up next for DEFIALE Wrestling's Unified Tag Teams Titles! Only this time, The Comments Section can't get themselves counted out like they did last week.

DDK:

You're right! Because of what went down two weeks ago, management stepped in and immediately booked this rematch with a no count out stipulation so Malak Garland can't just run away like a coward. Tonight, the undefeated Lucky Sevens are on the path to get the Unified Tag Team Titles! Can they make good on their big win over the Sky High Titans a few weeks ago?

The hard cam focuses on Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This tag match is set for one fall and it is for the Unified Tag Team Titles and will be contested with no count-outs as the stipulation! Introducing their challengers... they hail from Las Vegas, Nevada! They both stand at seven feet tall and weigh in combined at six-hundred five pounds! They are the Lucky Sevens!!!!!!

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. Both brothers turn and raise the signature “Winning Hand” for the Faithful! They look ready to fight. With an arena full of fans ready to see them pull off the victory tonight. Max and Mason both step over the ropes with ease and they climb inside. Their music goes quiet which brings the arrival of the champions.

The lights dim.

♪ “ATTENTION ATTENTION” by Shinedown ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the DEFIALE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, Cyrus Bates and Malak Garland, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

The lights return to normal as Malak and Cyrus walk down to the ring. The Faithful notice the champs are without their Keyboard Queen once again. Malak clutches all five belts over his shoulder as he looks overly worried. Cyrus gives Malak a confidence boosting fist bump, which changes the Keyboard King's demand instantly.

DDK:

I wonder if that training with Sensei Safety on Uncut is giving Malak a sense of confidence?

Lance:

Maybe...

The Comments Section finds the ring corner opposite to Lucky Sevens. Malak hands the belts over to the referee who hands them to the ring crew near the apron. Malak wants to start with Max Luck and the more agile of the two twins is going to indulge him.

DING DING!!!

The bell rings but neither competitor flinches. Malak holds out a finger to Max before reaching into his tights and pulling out a crisp one dollar bill. He offers it to Max and gestures that he should take a walk and get the dollar.

DDK:

He is... yes, I am not seeing things. Malak Garland is trying to bribe his way out of the match with a one dollar bill.

Lance:

That's a new one.

Max shakes his head no. Malak frowns and then offers it to the official to call the match off.

Malak Garland:

Mr. Referee, sir, please accept this gracious offer to cancel this match. I'm not prepared for it yet.

The official also tells him no since the bell has rung. When Malak gets disgusted, he gets an uppercut to the face from Max that makes the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go nuts. The lone dollar bill flutters out of the champs hand and into the first row of the Faithful. Malak scrambles out of the ring after the hit and starts to look for the money he lost. Mason tells Max not to let him get away this time. Garland notices this and cuts his losses with the money and goes to grab his titles to run away but before he can get anywhere, Max is already on top of him.

DDK:

Max knows this is no countout but he isn't going to give Malak a chance to try something sketchy anyway!

Malak tries getting away, but Max has a handful of his tank top. He picks him up and presses him over his head before he throws him back through the rope into the ring!

Lance:

Not this time Malak!

Max is back in the ring but he leaves himself open for a cheap shot by Cyrus Bates to the back. Max turns and misses a punch but Malak does not miss hitting Max from behind using a chop block to the back of his leg.

DDK:

Smart thinking on Malak's part!

That shot has big Max hobbling with Mason on the apron verbally supporting his brother. Malak throws kicks at the legs to get Max off his feet but he only gets him to a knee. Malak looks proud that he has managed to get him down. Malak tries a superkick but Max grabs his leg. Malak's smile gets wiped off his face right before Max pulls him by the leg into a big clothesline. The faithful get behind the Lucky Sevens when Max throws Malak into the corner to tag his brother Mason.

Lance:

Ohhhh boy! Malak had a good plan going there for a second but Max and Mason aren't going to be denied.

Max throws Malak right into Mason's knee and the shot doubles him over, followed by Malak getting thrown back to Max who takes him out with a slam and then the Box Cars elbow drop! Both Lucks put the Winning Hand taunt up for the crowd!

DDK:

That was an impressive combo from the Lucks! Mason now has a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The fans are disappointed when Malak kicks out. Mason grabs Malak and gets tossed over with a gut wrench suplex throw. Garland bounces off the mat and Big Mase is ready to throw a leg drop of his own. He tries but he gets a surprise when it is Cyrus pulling the ropes down and that sends Mason flying over the ropes and onto the floor below.

DDK:

Cheap move by Cyrus! But look, Malak is seeing stars. Malak is lucky to have such a big man on his side, looking after him.

Garland desperately makes a tag to Cyrus and the crowd gives them the business. The booing does not affect Cyrus when he runs from the apron to the floor to knock Mason down using a jumping knee off the apron.

Lance:

Wow! Just when we thought the Lucks were in control, The Comments Section comes right back with an effective tactic!

Garland and Bates are now feeling the match go in their favor by the look on Malak's face - now smiling instead of fear. It takes both men to get Mason back inside but they have to since they can't count on a count-out loss there. Cyrus makes a cover on Mason when they both get back into the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh no! Cyrus is a strong man but Mason just pushed him off and now he's sitting up.

Mason growls at Cyrus but the powerhouse of The Comments Section throws punches at him to keep him grounded. Cyrus walks over and makes another tag so that the weasley Malak can get in there. Garland finally gets the superkick he wanted earlier and hits Mason and then Bates hits a big leg drop into his chest. Malak now wants a cover and tells the official to get there quickly.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Mason powers Garland off him and now Malak's face goes white. He runs off the ropes and tries to hit a spinning heel kick but he doesn't get it! Mason picks him up on the shoulder and then hits the Deck Cutter!

DDK:

Mason counters! Max wants the tag but can he get it?

Lance:

I think he can! Mason is back up.

Mason tags Max and it becomes a free for all! Max gets up and picks up Malak then splashes him in a corner. Max runs to Cyrus' corner and clocks him with a big elbow. It is back to Malak again and he picks him up and holds him high - so much that the crowd counts along for the count of ten until Max drops him with a slam. Max goes to the corner with a degree of urgency with the titles on the line. He climbs up and waits for The Comments Section ringleader to sit up. Malak turns and has the scare of a lifetime!

DDK:

Check-Raise! I think Malak's head just came off his shoulders with that flying clothesline!

Lance:

That was some real hang time there!

Max rolls up and stands with the Winning Hand out. He has the iron claw ready and Malak gets it put on! Garland's life might be flashing before his eyes as the Luck's fabled submission hold over two wrestling generations gets put on. He has Malak up for what might be the Winning Hand Slam until...

CRACK

DDK:

What the?

The hard cam zooms in on Cyrus Bates standing behind Max, with chair in hand, in full view of the official. The ref calls for the bell!

Lance:

Cyrus just clobbered Max in the back with that chair! Lucky Sevens was primed to win and Bates came in to protect the belts!

DING DING DING!!!

Max does not go down, but he's reeling from the shot. Garland gasps for air and rolls out of the ring looking like he's fearing for his life while Cyrus tries to fight Max with chair in hand! The faithful boo over the slimy tactics, as it's now two shows in a row they've been robbed of a genuine championship contest. It is about to get worse though, with Darren Quimbey's announcement and Mason yells out in a fit of rage.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of this match as a result of a disqualification... The Lucky Sevens!!! However as the belts cannot change hands on a count out or a disqualification... still your Unified Tag Team Champions, The Comments Section!!!

The boos get even louder when Cyrus tries to swing the chair again, but Max *kicks* the chair out of his hand with a big boot. The shock makes Bates fly back and fall through the ropes! Mason pleads with the official to reconsider his ruling, but he tells him the ruling is final!

DDK:

No way! No way! Comments Section are still your champs and they looked like they were making an honest go of fighting for those belts but then they do this!

Malak helps Bates outside of the ring. Bates is seeing stars but he and Malak are both limping away from the ring with the belts. Malak can't help but notice a little girl in the front row, holding up a dollar bill like it's the greatest thing ever.

Enraged, the Grammar Grappler snatches the money back on his way by. A few adult fans want to throw their beer bottles at Garland but know better.

DDK:

Despicable. Malak got his dollar back too.

Mason takes the chair and throws it halfway up the ramp and it just *barely* misses Garland! He cries out and he and Bates head out faster and then go to the back. Max and Mason are clearly frustrated with these tactics by the champions but nothing they can do about it tonight.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens have been cheated out of the belts twice now and look! We know they are fun and charismatic but Malak is doing what he does best and just getting under their skin.

Lance:

He is! I have to think that management may step in a second time the way these matches have gone but I don't know. That will definitely be for them to decide.

The broadcast fades on Malak's evil smile. Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD!

Cut back from commercial.

DDK:

We've got one half of the NEW BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in action, but before we get there, we're going to hear from "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! We have been treated to not one, but TWO incredible matches between him and the "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

I'll say! We saw at ACTS of DEFIANCE, "Twists and Turns" lived up to his legendary mat game and out-wrestled the Lady of the Hour. Things took a much more up-tempo speed in the return match on the last DEFtv and that time, it was Lindsay Troy that took the duke. I understand that Oscar Burns has something to say about this ongoing rivalry with the Queen.

DDK:

That he does, so let's get to it!

It doesn't take very long...

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

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

DDK:

We've been seeing both Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy trying to make it back to the top as far as fighting for another chance at the FIST of DEFIANCE but in the process, both of these stars have produced some much-talked about wrestling!

After slapping hands with the legions of front row fans, Burns heads up the steps, wipes his feet on the apron and then heads into the ring. With a microphone in hand, his music fades as he gets right to the point.

Oscar Burns:

So... it's been an unreal few weeks in DEFIANCE, hasn't it, GCs? Cayle Murray came back only to spit in the face of DEFIANCE and turn into a giant, whiny ponce with the rest of 24K... Kendrix came back from the last time HE spit in the face of DEFIANCE, only to not be nearly as big a ponce as before... Scott Stevens is being a bloody shitbag to that other bloody shitbag Perfection, black is gold, up is east! It's crazy! But... as long as I can come out here and win, lose, or draw give to YOU, the Faithful... great professional wrestling then at the end of the day, that's all I need to get me through the worst.

A HUGE ovation as the crowd starts a chant...

*WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!*

The chant brings a smile to the face of the Team Graps Cap.

Oscar Burns:

This ring and all the things we do in it, night in, night out... this is my home and I pride myself on being the best pure wrestler here in DEFIANCE, bar none. Until a certain Queenie came along...

Burns turns to the entrance ramp.

Oscar Burns:

Both Lindsay and I have been fighting tooth and nail to get back to the top of the mountain. I've won one. She's won one. So with that being said... yeah nah. We gotta do something about that, Queenie, so if you got a minute and you're feeling stroppy... I say that we do something about this tie we got going on.

The light bulb goes off.

Oscar Burns:

Let me put this out there now. One final match! Burnsie vs. Queenie!!!! All the Graps, all the marbles! Ascension!

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

DDK:

I can get in on one more match, sounds like the Faithful are thinking the same!

Lance:

I couldn't agree more!

The Team Graps Cap leans against the ropes and basks in the reaction to his proposal, awaiting a response.

Thankfully... y'all ain't gotta wait.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as Lindsay Troy doesn't let Oscar savor the moment too long. The fawning of the Faithful is now turned to her as she flings the curtain aside and strides out from the back.

Lance:

That didn't take long at all, Darren! Here comes the Queen with a mic of her own!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy's never seen a challenge she couldn't answer, or a match she didn't want to take. And I think that's what Oscar Burns is counting on.

Troy wastes no time walking down the aisle and climbing into the ring. She signals for her music to be cut and stares at Burns, who has since left his position against the ropes to meet her in the middle of the ring.

Lindsay Troy:

So. You want one more, do you?

The Faithful obviously do, because they cheer their heads off! Burns nods as he raises his mic up to his mouth.

Oscar Burns:

That's what I said, Queenie. One more, winner take all. You feeling like a bit of a dag making us all wait for an answer?

Troy nods and a little smile plays at the corner of her mouth.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know, I was gonna come out here and play coy, just a little. Maybe throw your words to me at DEFtv 141 back in your face, how you were so confident that you were going to beat me last week ... and you didn't.

There's an *OOOOOH!* from the audience at the reminder, but Lindsay holds up her hand to ask for quiet.

Oscar Burns:

Hey, YOU started that game, lady. I only did it to you cause you did it to me first.

Troy nods in agreement cause she did. Sly smirk. Guilty.

Lindsay Troy:

Touché, salesman. But I think you'd agree that we're beyond talking at this point. We've jostled and sparred and it's about time to end this. So at Ascension, not only do I accept, but I think a best two out of three matches calls for a best two out of three falls!

ZOMGPOPSPLOSION~!

DDK:

Holy...you gotta be freakin' kidding me!?

Lance:

Troy and Burns two out of three falls?! This is going to be a match for the ages!

At first, there's no reaction from the Guru of the Graps, but slowly a mile-wide grin breaks out across his face.

Oscar Burns:

You're on, Queenie!

Lance:

There it is! Challenge accepted!

The hand goes out and she takes it. The two then square up.

DDK:

What a match that has the potential to be! Burns and Troy in two out of three falls!

The two shake on it but don't break eye contact with such a massive match looming for the two. Twists and Turns then leaves the ring and he waves to Troy before departing. She stares down the proud Kiwi as the scene heads elsewhere.

DEX JOY vs. CHARLIE GALT

DDK:

Tonight for his third consecutive show we have “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy in action and what a whirlwind of success he’s had. He and his best friend, former BRAZEN champion won the Tag Party 2 competition, then the pair became only the second team ever to win the Brazen tag titles and beating Les Enfant Terribles!

Lance:

And on top of all that we have seen Dex Joy getting ready for a collision course with the Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood ... but Blackwood has spent the last two weeks insulting Dex and his credentials. Dex has been on fire and if he doesn’t qualify for a shot right now I don’t know who does.

DDK:

Will Gage be lurking for the third week in a row while Dex Joy is in action? I don’t know but I wouldn’t bet against it. Young BRAZEN star Charlie Galt can put himself in line for a possible tag title shot if he beats Dex Joy and pulls off the upset. He’s already in the ring now.

Darren Quimbey is doing the introductions. Charlie Galt, the teacher/wrestler, is in the ring now and he looks ready to try his luck.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a singles contest! He is already in the ring from Cheyenne, Wyoming and he weighs in at two-hundred thirty pounds! He is Charlie Galt!!!

Galt looks pretty intense and he does some leg stretches in the corner.

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 slowly come back in the arena, 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-fifty-five pounds ... he is one half of the new Brazen Tag Team champions ... he is “The Biggest Boy” and “Dexy Baby” ... DEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex is heading to the ring with some extra pep in his step proudly wearing his half of the BRAZEN Tag Team championships. Nathaniel Eye doesn’t appear to be with him right now but Dex looks proud of his first taste of DEFIADE Wrestling gold no matter what championship it is. Dex is in the ring and the big guy is ready. He gives the belt to the official but when he starts warming up he gets greeted by a surprise right after the bell rings.

DING DING

♪ “The King of the Highlands” by Antti Martikainen ♪

Blackwood strolls out from the back and waves at Dex Joy. The SOHER smiles and walks to the commentary table. Meanwhile, the match *has* begun when Dex turns to his opponent and gets struck down with a dropkick from Charlie Galt! The history teacher is getting boos from The Faithful but he doesn’t care because this means he can pull off the upset of the year!

The camera switches to the SOHER taking a seat beside the announce team.

DDK:

Gage, what are you doing?

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, great to be here. Let me get settled in because I can't wait to lay into this dobber, Dex Joy. If there's one thing I hate... it's guys who think they're entitled to do whatever the hell they want, whenever the hell they want. *[Spotting Lance's drink on the table]* Hey, is that an [Irn-Bru](#)? I didn't think they sold those here...

Lance:

Uhhh...

Blackwood takes a swig as the scene goes back to the match where Galt has his boot lined up and Dex literally takes one on the chin in the form of a superkick!

DDK:

That's a move Galt calls the Hard Hit! Is this history teacher going to be on the right side of history?

One ...

Two ... NO!!!

Gage Blackwood:

So, where to begin? I assume we've got some time here...

Galt does not let the moment pass him by. He sits up and grabs the legs of Dex to quickly apply his sharpshooter finisher. However, before he can get his version (called a Straight Shooter) on Dex, the upcoming SOHER challenger swings his legs and kicks Galt off to the side!

DDK:

Dex is back up! Galt tries to line up another superkick!

Galt does but this time Dex catches his foot and then spins him around so Dex can grab him by the waist. Dex tosses Galt backwards using a release version of a German suplex!

Gage Blackwood:

So, Dex Joy. How is this man the number one contender? He's done nothing of true importance here. He has no major victories under his belt-

Dex waits for Galt to get up but that turns out to be a big mistake for the wrestling teacher because Dex throws himself full force into a Dexy's Midnight Runner!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner lands! The shoulder block puts him into the corner and we all know what's next ...

Lance:

Yes we do! Jump for Joy!

And Dex hits the cannon ball in record time! Galt is crushed under the weight of a three-hundred-fifty-five pound man. The count appears academic when Dex pulls Galt out of the corner and pins him.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Gage Blackwood:

I- I-

DDK:

Sorry, Gage! The match is over!

Gage Blackwood goes silent on commentary when he sees how fast Galt has gone down. Dex rises, watching Gage looking up at him from the announce table on the stage. The SOHER is starting to come to a boil because his time at the announce table has suddenly ended. However, not to be outdone, Blackwood takes a mic from the announce desk and walks towards the ring.

MY TURN

DDK:

Oh no, what strand of garbage is Gage Blackwood going to weave tonight?

Lance:

I believe he calls it rubbish but... hey, wait!

Gage is about to drop some more verbal bombs but he gets stopped in his tracks when the other half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, Nathaniel Eye runs out and steals the microphone! Eye holds it out and grins at Gage before he throws it towards the ring in a really good football type of throw... and into Dex's hands! Dex cackles and Gage looks ready to go insane.

DDK:

Not *this* time Blackwood! Did Dex just have Nathaniel Eye on standby in case Gage came out here to run his mouth again?

Lance:

I'm thinking so! They knew he couldn't resist running his mouth.

Dex Joy:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh I got the mic now, Gage! So pally how about for once in your miserable, bitter, whiny, grouchy-ass life you ... pardon the French and all languages everywhere ... three, two, one last warning to the kiddies at home ... but shut the *fuck up* Gage!

Gage wants to do something about it but Eye has his belt up like a weapon just in case Blackwood tries anything. The Southern Heritage champion is silent but looks enraged.

Dex Joy:

Since you can't resist coming out here and grossing everybody out by performing verbal oral sex on yourself every week I decided to ask Nate here - my fellow BRAZEN tag team title holder --- To do us all a favor and take this from you before you blow out your voice box!

The Number One Contender to the southern heritage belt is looking right at Blackwood.

Dex Joy:

You want to make fun of my weight? You go right ahead. Where my weight is concerned you haven't said one original thing that I haven't heard in my life from people *better* than you who wanted to bring me down. To you I'm nothing more than a sideshow that gets by on a little Big Dex Energy right? You're right. Nobody is ever gonna confuse Dexy Baby for being a top ten mat maestro! Do you have more stamina than me? Pally I *watched* both of those matches with Oscar Burns and Jay Harvey. There's no doubt you got a lotta stank in the tank! I've lost thirty pounds this year and I honestly don't know if I could keep up with you even then! You outlasted two of the very best performers in DEFIAANCE Wrestling. Meanwhile, I tried to beat Mikey Unlikely for the FIST once and I came up short because I let Carny Sinclair get into my head and pally, that is no one's fault by my own.

Gage looks like he agrees with everything Dex has to say, so far.

Dex Joy:

But you know *why* I'm confident in what I can do, Gage? Because as good as you are at coming out here and talking us off the air ... I am that much *better* at the grind. I don't ask who the company puts in front of me and that's DEFIAANCE, BRAZEN, Uncut, DEF TV, your local flea market wrestling, bingo hall or whatever. If you put an opponent in front of me you will damn sure get every bit of fight out of me that I can give! That is what Big Dex Energy is all about pally! It's all or nothing! Zero to a hundred real quick! It's giving *everything* that you can give to the people every single night and that's worth more to me than anything else in this business!

The words are making Gage grow angrier and Eye is right behind him clapping and cheering for his best friend along

with all of the fans!

Dex Joy:

Hard work pays off! That's why Nate and I have the BRAZEN tag titles! That's why we won Tag Party 2 over four other teams including one that had Mikey Unlikely fighting for it! And that's why at Ascension I'm going to be taking the Southern Heritage title from around your waist, adding a nice belt extender and then putting that around mine!

More people are laughing and having a great time but Gage isn't among them.

Dex Joy:

You see a fat clown that likes to come out here and make people laugh. I bet that you also don't see a guy that's been biding his time, watching your matches and taking notes on everything that you can do and waiting for his moment to come. You come out here and try to run me down and get in my head because you want me to slip up, but each time you do that, you're showing the world who *you* really are! Not the guy that has beaten Oscar Burns and Jay Harvey and who has almost broken the record for the longest reign with the Southern Heritage title! Not even the guy that has done whatever he can to stay champion just one night longer, Gage!

Dex is now pointing his finger right at Blackwood.

Dex Joy:

They see a guy who knows his time is up.

The champion looks completely flummoxed with Dex's unshakeable confidence on display!

Dex Joy:

Go on Gage. Put another fat joke on a t-shirt and throw it in the ring to try and humiliate me. Do it! Tell the people that I'm another name to cross off your list! Call me a baw juggler! Do it!!! You want to shut me up right now? I'll even hold these ropes open for you and I'll give you a free shot right here on one of these chins! Gaelic Storm! Right here, Gage!

He taps his chin a bunch of times but Gage doesn't take the bait. The SOHER fumes while Dex finishes his thoughts.

Dex Joy:

There's nothing you can say and there's nothing you can do that's going to change what's going to happen at Ascension. You can show up and keep being the iron man of DEFIANE Wrestling. That's your style. But I'm gonna show up and be the same big-ass ball of energy that *never* burns out cause that's what I do! And if I catch you ... and I *will* catch you ... I'm going to make you choke on every last word you have ever said about me or anybody else.

Dex performs a mic drop and Eye passes the irate Gage Blackwood to join his buddy down in the ring. The BRAZEN tag champions look proud at getting the last word in on the angry Southern Heritage champion.

DDK:

Blackwood has been beaten at his own game! I love it!

Lance:

How patient is Dex? Guy had to be sitting on that promo for a month to get his rebuttal!

The Faithfull are rallying behind the challenger as his theme song plays and he celebrates in the ring. Meanwhile, Blackwood looks like he's going to explode! Gage's face is red, his hands are clenched into fists and he's shaking profusely.

DDK:

What a reply from Dex! Put Gage right in his place! It's about time someone told Blackwood to not only shut up but get the last word, as well!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

DEACON vs. VICTOR VACIO

Cut to commentary.

DDK:

Switching gears, Lance ... we are heading back to the ring!

Lance:

After last DEFtv's sneak attack on Deacon by Victor Vacio and the invasion of his privacy ... I have to imagine this won't be a match classic, Darren. Deacon's out for retribution, here.

DDK:

I'd tend to agree, Lance. Earlier tonight, we saw Victor Vacio and Terry Anderson arriving at the WrestlePlex with a new accessory. As we speculated before, we have to imagine that is where Vacio is keeping these sensitive documents for safekeeping!

Lance:

I don't see Deacon or Magdalena pulling any punches when it comes to recovering the documents!

DDK:

Neither do I, Lance. Let's go to the ring!

Cut to ringside, where Darren Quimbey is at the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ Funeral March by Chopin ♪

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... accompanied to the ring by Terry ... "THE IDOL" Anderson ... PI?

Darren trails off unsure of what he has just said but quickly recovers.

Darren Quimbey:

... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCCTOR VAAAAAAACCCIIOOO!

The previously black-suited Victor Vacio steps through the curtain; bare-chested under his suit jacket. In his standard wrestling gear, he steps into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage. As the smoke bends and contorts around his intrusion into its otherwise natural rise; Victor Vacio holds up the black Halliburton briefcase. The slack in the chain gives Victor enough room to rotate his wrist inside the shackle.

As the smoke begins to clear, a sheepish, if not obviously coerced, Terry Anderson is seen behind Vacio. Victor heads toward the ring and Anderson reluctantly follows.

DDK:

Well, Lance ... we saw these two at the top of the show tonight and as we speculated before ... that briefcase shackled to Victor Vacio's wrist ... must contain those documents. The ...

Darren pauses to find the words. He doesn't.

DDK:

... well - something very personal to the Deacon.

Lance:

Based on what we have seen on Uncut over the past few months ... we can only draw the conclusion that the two must be connected ... and here we have Terry Anderson; who'd like you believe he is nothing more than a hired investigator doing his job ... walking in lockstep with Victor Vacio!

The pair make it to the ring and take up center positioning as Terry waves Darren Quimbey back.

DDK:

What is this now ... ?

Keebler doesn't have to wait long to find out. Terry Anderson reaches into his suit jacket's inside breast pocket and, in grand fashion, pulls out a key for everyone to see. Chopin's darkest composition plays on in the background as Vacio presents his cuffed wrist out to Terry Anderson.

Lance:

It looks like the opening of a bad magic trick, Darren.

DDK:

With Vacio, if it's magic ... it's the Dark Arts, Lance!

Terry inserts the key into the cuff and unlatches it from Vacio's wrist as he takes hold of the case. As it is passed off, Terry places the key in Vacio's open palm. Vacio closes his hand over the key as Terry moves the metal cuff around his own wrist. The derelict PI latches the cuff around his wrist and presents it to Vacio, who in turn locks it. Terry tugs against the chain slightly to show the shackle is secure to his wrist.

Lance:

This is the worst Teller and Teller show I've ever seen.

DDK:

Lance.. ! ... well .. I'll give you that one, for sure.

Lights drop.

The Gregorian chant begins.

I ... BELIEVE
I ... BELIEVE
I ... BELIEVE

In the ring, Vacio's masked face snatches toward the entrance on cue with the music. He quickly turns back toward Terry Anderson and inspects the shackle cuff to be sure it is properly locked around "The Idol's" wrist. Happy with his findings or just anxiously frazzled, Victor pulls his suit jacket off and throws it aside, preparing for Deacon.

Terry Anderson exits the ring as the camera cuts to the stage where Magdalena stands alone, her white mane of hair pulled slickly back into a ponytail, the tipped ends curling across her left leather-laden shoulder. She has a mic.

Magdalena:

This isn't going to go well for you.

As the Gregorian chant fades, she takes a couple of steps down the ramp then points to Terry.

Magdalena:

Either of you. What you've done is not a knavish heist to get one over on an impish dragon, like something out of one of Fuse's video games. What you've done is a willful act against that which this dragon, the patron saint of the squared circle, the Deacon, holds more dear than you can possibly imagine.

Continuing her walk, Magdalena stops about ten feet from Terry Anderson, her dark eyes locking on him. Though not as imposing as Deacon's, her gaze holds as a firm, as strong, and as serious as the Deacon's ever could.

Magdalena:

Most people are smart enough to attack what Deacon holds most dear - his savior. They relegate their attacks against One who does not bend, does not break, and will not relinquish his firm grasp on the Deacon's soul. They attack the one who made the dragon, and so the dragon does not concern himself with it. And because most people go there, they're safer. Any defense Deacon may give is a result of his desire to prove that faith he's held for decades in indisputable ways.

She takes another step forward.

Magdalena:

But you, Terry, are not smart. And you, Victor?

She turns to Vacio in the ring.

Lance:

Where the--

Deacon blasts Victor with a clothesline from behind.

Magdalena:

Should've looked behind you.

DDK:

The Deacon is on top of Vacio pounding away. Referee, Brian Slater, is trying to get in between there to give this match a chance to start.

Lance:

The office knew they needed the big guy to have any hope of containing these two wrestlers, but Slater has his work cut out for him.

But he is able to get between Deacon and Vacio, allowing the match to hopefully start in a moment, once Victor can get to a standing posi--

DDK:

What in the world?

Lance:

Vacio just slashed Deacon's face!

Vacio's strike causes the Mute Freak to cry out and stagger away. Deacon's hand covers his forehead. Slater notices and goes to check on Deacon, pulling the arm away.

DDK:

He's cut. Whatever Vacio did, it cut Deacon from temple to temple.

Lance:

I don't think you have to ask what Vacio did - he'd kept the key! If we could see his face, I'd dare say we would see a broad smile.

DDK:

Trust me, Lance... Vacio never smiles.

With a growl by the Mute Freak, and a shrug by Slater, the referee calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

The Deacon charges forward. Vacio sidesteps, sending another jab into Deacon's abdomen.

Lance:

He's still using that damn key!

Getting his two shots in and a double draw of blood, Victor puts the key into his trunks a split second before Slater notices the cut across Deacon's stomach and questions "The Lost Cause." Slater does a check, but of course, doesn't find what he's looking for.

All of this gives Deacon a moment to recover and--

DDK:

Deacon charging!

Again, Vacio drops and sweeps Deacon's legs. The Mute Freak tumbles back to the mat, wiping at his eyes.

Lance:

He's got blood flowing into his eyes. Vacio may have gotten an initial surprise, but he definitely came to this match with a gameplan and it's working perfectly.

Vacio stares down at the Deacon. The Mute Freak wipes at his eyes. With a heavy knee drop, Vacio drops down on his opponent's neck, grabbing his face, tearing at the cut. In the process, covering his own hands with the Deacon's blood. Slater pulls Victor back.

DDK:

He bloody likes it!

Lance:

The Lost Cause is causing Downtown to go to Trafalgar Square. This match may be even more dangerous than even we expected.

DDK:

You're bloody right!

Outside the ring, Magdalena pounds on the canvas, shouting instructions to the Deacon. On the other side, Terry Anderson, the briefcase clasped in his handcuffed arms, scans the area, turning around as if someone's about to pop out from under the ring... again.

Lance:

Vacio's viciousness is on clear display tonight - he continues to unload on the Deacon with a series of strikes.

DDK:

If you can't see - you can't block.

Lance:

Truer words never spoken. Deacon is almost defenseless. I'd say that Brian Slater should call the match, but I doubt the Deacon would be okay with that.

DDK:

Better to take the beating and get a chance to get off that one big--

Lance:

GOOD LORD! Deacon with a devastating back elbow!

DDK:

Vacio through the ropes and out to the floor! But I'm not sure the Saint of the Squared Circle is capable of following up. Deacon hit the move and then collapsed to one knee, still trying to get the blood out of his eyes.

Magdalena rushes over and takes a substance, wiping it on Deacon's face. Vacio sees her, stalking over. She backs away, a step, another, then sees that she's backing into Terry Anderson's area. Frozen for a moment, her eyes darting from Terry to Vic then back again, she jumps and rolls beneath the bottom rope into the ring.

DDK:

I know that sadistic SOB is smiling!

Lance:

Magdalena's made the mistake of entering The Lost Cause's world.

DDK:

Which probably ain't much safer than Stalker's world. (Deacon hits Vacio from behind with another clothesline.) BUT IT IS IF YOU GOT A SEVEN FOOT PROTECTOR!

Magdalena slides back out of the ring, not landing gracefully with a heavy thud, as Deacon grabs Vacio by the mask and hauls him to his feet. Thumb to the eye!

Lance:

You've gotta be kidding me?!!

DDK:

Vacio has had a gameplan all night, and though the official is chastising him, it's not changing the reality - he's held the upper hand for most of this match, regardless of how big, strong, or whatever tricks Magdalena has pulled.

Lance:

Maybe she should try some slight of hand? Worked for Chris Shepherd when he managed the Deacon for all those years.

DDK:

She's no Chris Shepherd - she brings her own charm to the Deacon's presentation.

Now outside the ring again, Magdalena starts to get to her feet, then pauses, squinting a moment until she realizes.

Lance:

It's the key!

With a smirk, Magdalena snatches the key then turns to Terry Anderson. Inside the ring, Vacio mounts the top rope, coming off with a flying back elbow that sends Deacon crashing to the mat. With one hand, he wipes at the substance on Deacon's face, tearing back at the wound while Magdalena, as cocky as if she were Deacon's size, marches over to "The Idol" turned PI turned guy who just realized that Magdalena has the key to unlock the handcuffs.

DDK:

AND WE'VE GOT A FIGHT OUTSIDE THE RING TOO!

Magdalena wrestles with Terry, trying to get enough control of the box to allow her to--

Inside the ring, Vacio notices the skirmish, moves off Deacon and heads to the ropes.

Vacio:

Anderson! Qué estás haciendo, Anderson?!

The fight outside continues, Magdalena getting a lock on the briefcase, working the key into the hole to unlock the handcuffs.

DDK:

He really needs to look behind him!

That's because Deacon, incensed and able to see for the moment, stands there a moment before spinning straight into his boot to the gut.

Lance:

He's got him locked in!

Outside the ring, Magdalena yanks at the briefcase.

DDK:

ALTAR CALL!

Deacon gets Vacio into the air for the Crucifix Powerbomb.

Lance:

No, the slippery Lost Cause slides out of the hold

DDK:

And out of the ring!

Vacio inserts himself in the tussle and snatches the briefcase and starts up the ramp, clutching the briefcase.

Vacio:

¡Se acabó!

Lance:

Referee Brian Slater isn't playing - he's going right to the count.

DDK:

But Deacon isn't concerned with the match either! He's out for Vacio's blood.

Lance:

And that briefcase.

Vacio:

¡Se acabó! ¡Todos lo sabrán todo!

Vacio staggers backward up the ramp screaming back toward Deacon and Magdalena. Leaving Terry Anderson all on his own.

Vacio:

¡Serás aplastado! ¡Sentirás el vacío!

Deacon, stained crimson, lumbers toward Vacio undeterred ... though slowed by the pain and blood loss.

DDK:

Deacon is a man possessed! Stay with us folks! We'll be right back!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: **DEFIANCE** LIVE



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BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Coming up next, Lance, we have the much anticipated in-ring debut of "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd as he faces off against Cristiano Caballero!

Lance:

Much anticipated indeed, partner. Not only by the fans but I'm sure by one Tom Morrow, who had offered Newbludd a lucrative contract to join his ever-growing Better Future Talent Agency.

DDK:

An offer that Brock turned down not once, but twice, and last week on Uncut we saw what Morrow thought of being rejected by "The Innovator" when his muscle Theo Baylor attacked Brock in the locker room.

Lance:

An attack that was unprovoked and left Newbludd laid out cold. Now, we're going to find out if that attack had awoken a sleeping dragon. I'm betting that Brock will be looking to send a message to the entire Better Future Talent Agency in just a few moments. Needless to say, I think young Cristiano better be ready for a fight.

Lance:

Agreed, Darren, agreed. But, one man's loss can be another's gain and if Cristiano can upset Brock's debut tonight, you gotta think that maybe Tom Morrow will transfer that offer onto the young BRAZEN star.

DDK:

And something tells me that Caballero wouldn't hesitate for a second to join Morrow's ranks if given the chance.

Lance:

First, he's going to have to play spoiler and beat Newbludd. With that, let's send it down to Darren Quimbey!

The camera switches views to show DEFIANE's ring announcer standing in the middle of the squared circle, microphone at the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit!

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

Strutting his way out onto the entrance ramp with a look of pure confidence, the Barcelona Boy-Toy soaks in the boos raining down on him with a smile.

DDK:

Here comes Caballero, not receiving a warm welcome at all from the faithful. Despite that, I'd have to say he looks primed and ready for action.

Lance:

If there's one thing this kid has never lacked, it's confidence.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From Barcelona, Spain...weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-eight pounds...**Cristiano Caballero!**

Wielding his signature rose, the young Spainard circles the ring side area in hopes of finding a lucky lady to give it to. Not finding one up to his standards, he simply tosses the rose over his shoulder with a pompous frown before sliding underneath the bottom rope and into the ring.

♪ "Mouth for War" by Pantera ♪

The crowd lets out an audible cheer at the sound of the heavy guitar riff and that roar picks up when Brock Newbludd makes his way onto the stage with a fist raised above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin...weighing in at two-hundred and forty pounds...“**The Innovator**”...**Brock Newbludd!**

Lance:

And here he is! Listen to the crowd, Darren. They've certainly taken a liking to Newbludd in his short time here in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

He's a well traveled veteran, Lance. No doubt, some of the faithful are familiar with his resume coming into DEFIANCE. That being said, I'm sure him giving Morrow the cold shoulder has helped him garner this type of response as well!

Lance:

That, and the fact that a new face always brings a bit of excitement. Let's see if he can live up to the hype.

Newbludd heads down the ramp, sticking a single arm out to slap hands with fans as he does so. Stopping at the bottom, Brock takes a second to hop from one foot to another as he eyes up his opponent before sliding into the ring and popping up to his feet. Raising one final fist to the crowd, Brock makes his way to a neutral corner while Caballero does the same.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari will be calling this one, and it looks like she's ready to kick this match off.

With both men situated in their respective corners, Carla signals to the timekeeper.

DING! DING! DING!

At the sound of the bell, both men leave their respective corners. While Brock certainly has some pep in his step, Cristiano sprints ahead like he's shot out of a cannon.

Lance:

And we're off! Cristiano is looking to utilize his speed right off the bat with a baseball slide between Newbludd's legs!

Caballero smoothly pops up behind Brock and taunts the newcomer by slapping him in the back of the head. Newbludd's eyes widen in fury, but before he can respond, Cristiano sends him stumbling forward with a nicely done standing dropkick!

DDK:

Cristiano flashing his speed right off the get go, hitting a nice dropkick!

Lance:

The dropkick was well done, though I'm not sure if the dirty slap before it was wise.

With Brock's back still turned, the grinning Caballero blows a kiss to no one in particular before quickly back pedaling and bouncing off the ropes.

DDK:

Cristiano's coming in fast...

Lance:

Not fast enough!

Cristiano leaps into the air and attempts to deliver his trademark Pretty Sight sidekick to the back of Brock's head, but Newbludd senses the attack coming and makes a quick sidestep at the last second to avoid it!

DDK:

Swing and a miss by Cristiano, and Brock grabs onto an arm!

Stopping Caballero's forward momentum with a sudden jerk, Brock yanks his opponent towards him and turns him inside out with a vicious Short-Arm Clothesline!

Lance:

Wow! What a clothesline by Newbludd! He looks downright pissed!

DDK:

You were right about that slap, partner, and now I think the youngster is going to pay for disrespecting his opponent.

With his bell thoroughly rung from the impact of the clothesline, Cristiano tries to scramble away on his hand and knees away from Brock.

Lance:

Cristiano trying to create space, but Newbludd grabs a leg and applies an ankle lock!

Panic in his eyes, Cristiano performs a quick forward roll to escape the hold.

DDK:

Nicely done escape by Cristiano and he's back up on his feet. Here comes Newbludd though with a hard running knee to the gut.

Doubling over his opponent with the knee, Brock unloads with a barrage of forearms to Caballero's back.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Lance:

Newbludd is literally driving Cristiano into the mat, and the Wrestle-Plex is enjoying every second of it!

DDK:

Caballero's trying to crawl away again, but Newbludd isn't having any of it.

Newbludd kicks the crawling Cristiano squarely in the ass to effectively stop him. Moving quickly, Brock stands over him and reaches down to peel him off the mat.

Lance:

It looks like Newbludd's going for another submission, this time a sleeper.

Yanking Cristiano upwards, Brock proves Lance right by locking in a sleeper hold. Carla moves in to check on Caballero but quickly backs away when Newbludd violently pops his hips.

DDK:

Oh my! Newbludd with a Sleeperplex!

Lance:

Things are not looking great for the young Brazen star right now. Brock was already in a bad mood because of Theo Baylor and that arrogant slap by Cristiano to start the match has clearly set him off.

Moving like a man possessed, Brock scrapes Cristiano off the mat and fires him into the closest turnbuckle with a hard Irish whip. Crashing into the turnbuckles, Caballero stumbles out of the corner but is sent right back into them courtesy

of a running shoulder charge by Brock!

DDK:

Newbludd has a reputation of being a fiery competitor and right now we're getting to see firsthand how he built that standing. Cristiano's worst nightmare has come true, Lance!

Having Cristiano pinned in the corner, Brock begins to pummel the pretty boy in the face with piston-like punches!

Lance:

Indeed it has, Darren, Cristiano does everything he can to protect his mug and Newbludd has thoroughly broken through those defenses!

Brock finishes off his salvo with a LOUD knife edge chop that causes Cristiano to stomp his feet and cry out in pain. Yanking his shell shocked opponent upright, Brock takes a step back and raises a fist up to the crowd. Then, he opens that fist and delivers an epic SLAP that causes spit to visibly fly out of Cristiano's mouth.

DDK:

Return to sender for Cristiano!

Lance:

An eye for an eye and a slap for a slap!

Pulling the punch-drunk Caballero out of the corner, Newbludd wraps his arms around him and sends him flying back to the center of the ring with a perfectly executed Overhead Belly to Belly!

DDK:

Another awesome suplex by Newbludd! Caballero is on dream street!

Lance:

Look at this, Newbludd's heading up top!

Quickly ascending the corner that he just tossed Cristiano out of, Brock raises one more fist to the crowd as he zeros in on his target. Lowering his arm, Newbludd leaps off!

DDK:

Newbludd with the flying elbow right into the heart of Cristiano!

Lance:

I believe that's a wrap partner, and as far as debuts go, I think Brock couldn't have done much better.

DDK:

It looks like Brock thinks that he can...

Dragging Cristiano's limp body up, Newbludd does a quick go behind and locks in a full nelson.

Lance:

He calls this the "Shock and Awe"!

Throwing himself backwards, Brock nails Cristiano with his signature bridging Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

Look at that bridge! Ferrari with the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match by way of pinfall... **“The Innovator” Broooock Neeeewbluuuudd!!**

Victorious, Brock breaks the bridge on the suplex to leave Caballero lying in a heap on the mat.

Lance:

An impressive debut by the man they call “The Innovator”, and if the roar of the faithful is any indication, I’d say they approve as well.

DDK:

I hate to say it, but Tom Morrow might be right about having an eye for talent.

Rolling underneath the bottom rope, a grinning Brock starts to make his way back up the ramp, slapping hands with fans as he goes.

FINAL OFFER

DDK:

Oh, no...

Brock stops at the foot of the ramp because at the top is a man he's already none-too-pleased to see...

Lance:

Tom Morrow... And of course, his minions.

His gofer, Ken Ellis, and of course, Better Future's security Theo Baylor... and the crown jewel, Alvaro de Vargas. Morrow has an incredible look of disappointment on his face. Theo looks pretty proud of himself, shooting a smirk at a seething Newbludd.

DDK:

We saw that attack by Theo Baylor on UNCUT, assaulting Brock Newbludd in the locker room.

Tom Morrow:

Brock, Brock, Brock... you're such an idiot. Twice, Better Future has reached out to you to join our new business venture and twice, you've told us no.

He shoots a smirk at Theo Baylor, who waves sarcastically at Brock. Brock has his fists balled up but doesn't make a move just yet since Better Future hasn't yet.

Tom Morrow:

You have the nerve to say no, but you take money out of my pocket so you and Pat Cassidy can get sauced on my dime? Well... now, we're at an impasse.

Newbludd rolls his eyes and motions for Morrow to get on with it and Tom holds out a finger.

Tom Morrow:

But I'm a forgiving man. The Better Future is all about second chances so now, I'm willing to give you a one-time opportunity... a THIRD chance. And I want you to think hard... and I mean REALLY think hard about your next moves here because there will be no more chances after this. I like you. You have a boatload of talent. I have made no secret that we want you to be represented by Better Future... but take this into consideration. You've already had Theo Baylor go up against you first-hand and that ended up with you on the floor gasping for air.

He looks over to Alvaro de Vargas.

Tom Morrow:

And this man... Alvaro de Vargas, the Crown Jewel of Better Future! The Golden Sun of DEFIANCE! EVERYTHING revolves around him. That dumb piece of shit, Uriel Cortez, said not and well... this man took out BOTH members of The Sky High Titans!

ADV takes the microphone and has a grin while hiding his eyes behind his sunglasses.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Brock, it's nice to formally meet you! Excuse my language... both of them...

Booing for what has become his awful tag line...

Alvaro de Vargas:

But like Mr. Morrow said! El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE! And it would be my pleasure to have you as part of the group. Imagine having us WITH you and not against you! Don't be a pendejo! Sé un ganador! Be a winner, Brock! Otherwise, the closer you stand to me...

His grin disappears entirely.

Alvaro de Vargas:

The worse you're going to burn.

Taking the briefest of moments to digest ADV's words, Brock locks eyes with the imposing Cuban and smirks before turning his back on the four men.

Lance:

Probably not a smart move for Brock to turn his back on these four men.

Newbludd takes a few steps down the ramp and back towards the ring, signaling for Darren Quimbey to toss him a microphone as he does so. Still in the ring, Quimbey obliges and gently tosses his microphone to Brock, who snatches it out of the air with one hand. Turning back around to face the Better Future Talent Agency, Newbludd focuses his attention back on ADV.

Brock Newbludd:

Ya know, for being such a big man who talks such a big game, I'm surprised you've decided to become that idiot's...

Newbludd points a finger at Morrow.

Brock Newbludd:

...little bitch, or as you say it, la perra. The fact is, you and that sonuvabitch right there...

Brock's finger moves to Theo Baylor.

Brock Newbludd:

...couldn't lace my boots on the best day of your life. So, no, I can't imagine being a part of your little gang of losers, ADV. You wanna threaten me? You wanna burn me, big man? Well, come on down and I'll show you what it really means to light someone's ass up. Excuse MY language, but I'm sick of your piece of shit boss, I'm sick of your piece of shit buddy Theo, and even though we just met, I'm thoroughly sick of you...you piece of shit.

Giving the four men a mocking smirk, Brock surprises everyone by chucking his microphone at Ken Ellis. The diminutive gofer has no time to react as the microphone tomahawks towards him.

THUD!

The crowd roars in approval as the mic hits Ken directly in the forehead, causing him to stumble backwards!

Brock Newbludd:

And fuck you too, Ken, piece of shit!

DDK:

That's not the answer they wanted. And now look...

Lance:

Yeah, I don't like this...

Morrow shakes his head as the rest of the men glare angrily at Brock.

Tom Morrow:

YOU MESSED UP AND YOU MESSED UP BIG! LIGHT HIM UP AND STOMP HIM OUT!

ADV nods and Theo looks ready to fight. Brock gets ready fo a fight, but the reaction of the crowd changes BIG...

DDK:

What's going... oh, my God... OH, MY GOD!

Morrow stops when he notices the crowd reaction. He's been doing this long enough to know it can't amount to any good...

Especially when there is a seven foot one (AND A HALF!) giant now standing on the stage in street clothes, a bandage wrapped just over his left eye and part of his face, and taped-up knuckles. The crowd is going insane!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez is back! But... but he hasn't been cleared to wrestle...

DDK:

He doesn't look dressed to wrestle!

Morrow starts freaking out! He points at Alvaro de Vargas to deal with the giant, but while he does that, Brock is already running toward them from the other direction, getting into a scrap of his own with big Theo Baylor! And up at the top, Uriel Cortez is SLUGGING Alvaro de Vargas with right hands!

DDK:

Good lord! Nobody was expecting Uriel Cortez! He wasn't supposed to be here tonight!

Lance:

And they're fighting everywhere now! Look at Baylor and Newbludd go!

The two men are duking it out near the ring which ends up spilling out over the barricade into the Faithful when Theo grabs Brock and THROWS him over the barricade! Ken Ellis is hiding behind Morrow now, panicking and not sure what to do as both of their guys are involved.

DDK:

Theo just tossed over that barricade... but, wait, no!

When Theo goes to climb over, he gets CLOCKED with a big right followed by Brock then tosses HIM over! With the crowd cheering him on, Newbludd steps up the barricade, and then takes flight knocking down Baylor with a big Clothesline, then goes right into a barrage of fists in the crowd! The two continue trading rapid-fire blows among the crowd and keep on going until they're out of sight in the crowd.

DDK:

Look at what's going down! And I'm... OH, LORD!

Keebler is referring to de Vargas exchanging blows with the Titan of Industry and the two monsters get too close for comfort to the announce table! Uriel tries a right, but de Vargas stops him cold with a cheap shot to the bandaged part of his face, followed by a NASTY right hand right to the jaw, stunning Uriel on his feet! Keebler and Lance Warner keep watching until ADV turns their way. He's holding a sore fist, but still screams at Keebler and Warner.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lárgate, pendejos!

Both men leave as ADV starts clearing the table and kicking monitors and other equipment every which way. He grins but when he turns... HEADBUTT BY URIEL!

The Faithful are going crazy now as Uriel grits his teeth, ready to take out a month's worth of aggression on de Vargas while Morrow and Ken Ellis are frozen with fear. Morrow shakes his head while Cortez grabs de Vargas by the side...

INDUSTRY STANDARD THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!

The Commentation Station EXPLODES into pieces! The crowd is on their feet as Uriel now stands over the unconscious ADV, sprawled out in the wreckage where the announce table once stood. Uriel then takes notice of Tom Morrow on the aisleway, then looks through the wreckage until he finds a spare microphone in it. He flicks it on and taps it to make sure it works while Morrow his shaking his head frantically, like he's seen a ghost. With a pained whisper in his voice, Cortez looks down at ADV.

Uriel Cortez:

You hurt me... then you hurt Mateo... and Mr. Keeling...

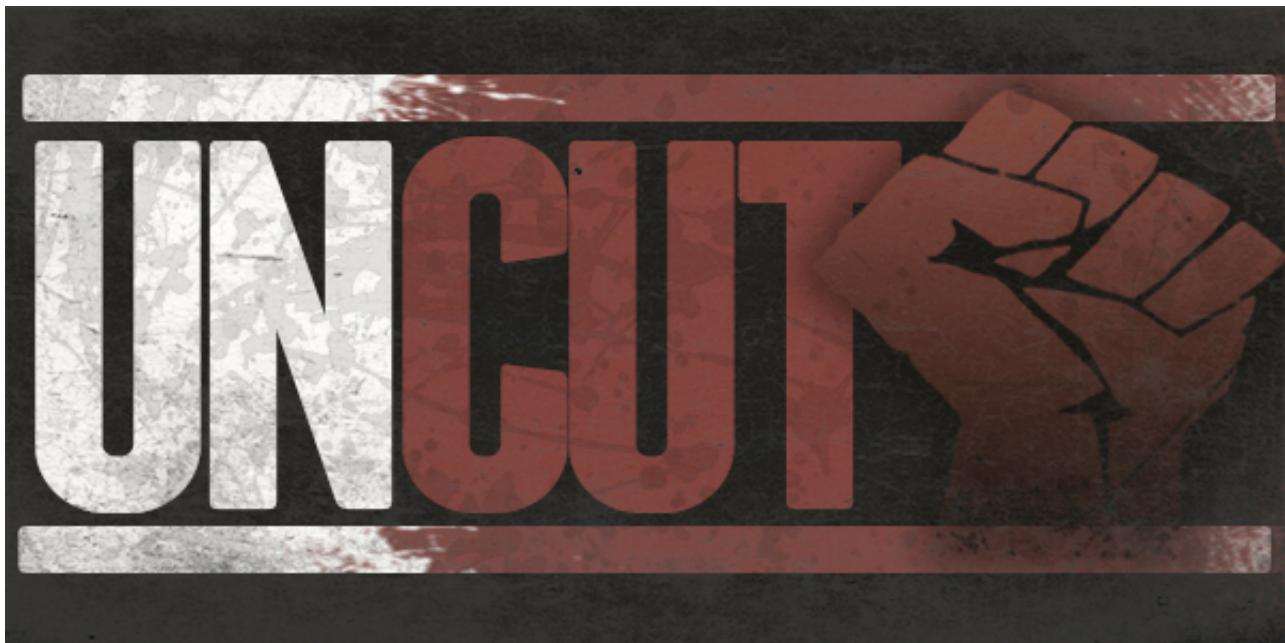
He turns his head up at Tom Morrow to make sure he's watching. He lowers down to grab Alvaro by a head of his wild hair.

Uriel Cortez:

At Ascension... I'M GONNA HURT **YOU**.

Cortez flips the microphone and watches it bounce off of Alvaro's body while he looks over at a frightened Morrow and Ellis. The Titan of Industry is getting a roaring ovation from the crowd but doesn't stick around to enjoy the reception. There's no Keebler or Warner to play them out as the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

JAY HARVEY vs. TYLER FUSE

The camera returns from commercial to a brand new, hastily thrown-together regular fold-out table to function as the announce table for the remainder of the night. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are back in their seats.

DDK:

I can't believe what we just saw here moments ago! A fight broke out between Better Future Talent Agency and Brock Newbludd, ending with a returning Uriel Cortez putting Alvaro de Vargas through our announce table and laying a challenge out for Ascension against the man that burned him!

Lance:

Yeah! We'll try to get a word in later this week to see that challenge accepted, but right now, we're heading to the ring as Jay Harvey goes one-on-one with Tyler Fuse!

We get shots of the sold out crowd before landing on Darren Quimbey in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Tyler Fuse walks out, wearing his new ring gear, black and orange swirl underwear tights, black knee pads and black boots, along with orange wrist tape.

DDK:

No Princess tonight?

Lance:

I guess not.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring hailing from Toronto, Ontario, Canada weighing in at two hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUUUUUUUSE!

Tyler methodically marches down the ramp, eyes locked on the ring. He gets onto the apron facing the hard camera and during the middle-8 of his theme song, Tyler tilts his head back and screams into the rafters before entering through the top and middle rope.

DDK:

This is gonna be a good one, Lance!

Lance:

Oh, for sure... Tyler Fuse who has been on a mean streak as of late going up against one of the best in DEFIAANCE... Jay Harvey.

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

DDK:

The battle of the BUSHES! See what I did there? With Tyler's new theme song, which is ultimately an old song and Jay's current theme, they are both performed by Bush!

Lance:

Well, come DEFCON we can save half the cost and get two live band entrances!

DDK:

Oh, the higher ups are gonna love that! They can spend more on pyro.

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

DDK:

Jay Harvey has been in the middle of some rather interesting events lately, wouldn't ya say?

Lance:

Teresa Ames has taken a liking to "The Natural One" and you can tell Harvey isn't liking it one bit. He knows something is fishy.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... weighing two-hundred-thirty-three pounds, he is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaaarrveeeeeyyyyy!

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:

We reached out to Jay Harvey earlier in the day and here's what the former Southern Heritage Champion had to say about his matchup with Tyler Fuse...

We cut to a split screen shot with Harvey on the ring apron and his interview from earlier down in the bottom right of your screen, DEFIANCE logos on all four sides of the mini box.

Jay Harvey:

Tyler Fuse... I know you are out to punish all who come before you. I know you are pissed off right now... but remember this, Tyler. You are going one on one with one of the best in the business. You might be able to push others around... but you aren't going to push Jay Harvey around. I'm not gonna back down and if you want punishment... I'll give it to you.

We go back to full screen on Harvey.

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.

Lance:

He's ready, Tyler Fuse is ready, let's go.

DING DING**DDK:**

And right away Tyler rushes Harvey with a head full of steam... but Harvey sidesteps and Tyler eats the turnbuckle!

Harvey walks over to Fuse and looks for a belly-to-back suplex but Tyler spins through it and works himself behind Harvey. Instead, it's Tyler who hits the belly-to-back suplex and sends Harvey flying across the ring!

However, the match has just begun and both men display a ton of energy. Jay gets up, with a glance towards Tyler like things haven't even started. The two lock into a grapple in the middle of the ring, with Tyler getting the advantage but twisting Jay's arm around so much that "The Natural One" goes with the flow and spins out of it, bounces off the ropes and crashes into Tyler's neck with a clothesline!

Lance:

This is going to be hard-hitting, that's for sure!

DDK:

Harvey lifts Tyler and scoop slams him to the center of the ring. Harvey kicks Tyler in the left shoulder, which might be a good area to work considering Tyler does a lot with that left arm in his matches...

Lance:

Yes, Tyler is a southpaw, just like his brother. He will frequently look for forearm shots, punches, DDT's and of course his finisher, the running bulldog, all using that left arm of his.

Harvey tries to apply an arm bar but Tyler is slippery and immediately leaps to the ropes. Having to break a hold he barely put on, Jay takes three steps back and then charges at Tyler again...

DDK:

Fuse opens the bottom and middle rope and Jay goes right through them and to the floor below!

Tyler leaps on the top rope and looks for an axe handle smash on Harvey as he gets to his feet...

DDK:

Oh Harvey caught Tyler and hit a POWERSLAM on the floor padding! What an incredible reversal of fortunes there!

Lance:

I didn't even think Jay was in a position to see Tyler Fuse flying out of the ring like that!

The scene switches to the cameraman on the outside, as he gets a closeup view of Jay Harvey pulling himself into the ring and Tyler Fuse rolling onto his knees. The Original Player One has a look on his face like he enjoyed the punishment.

DDK:

Harvey kicks Tyler and drags him through the bottom rope... right into a snapmare suplex! Jay holds on... another snapmare! He holds on again... NO! This time Tyler locks his right foot underneath Jay so he can't get the move in. Tyler tries for a snapmare of his own and... connects!

Fuse works to his feet in a hurry. He Irish whips Harvey into the ropes and rushes him with a sling blade. Seething, Tyler waits for his opponent to rise and then rushes again, this time even faster than before. He hits a dropkick right into Jay's left knee!

Lance:

I said it may be a good idea for Jay Harvey to target Tyler Fuse's left shoulder and arm, it also may be a good idea for Tyler to target Jay's right knee, since he can do a lot of damage with that thing!

Like a hunter stalking its prey, Tyler slithers on the canvas as he waits for Harvey to get to his feet. Recklessly, Tyler sprints towards him again, this time looking for a chop block to the leg but Jay pulls out a powerslam!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

DDK:

Back to work Jay goes. He's definitely in tough with all these matches Teresa has, uh, *booked* for him... so it would be best if he puts each man down quickly...

Snap release dragon suplex.

Snap release dragon suplex.

Snap release-

DDK:

This time Tyler hits Harvey with a back elbow to the face. Into the ropes Fuse goes and he gets the chop block on Jay's right knee! Harvey is down! The Natural One is grabbing at his knee and Tyler's still showing the effects from the many drops on his head.

Fuse flies into the ropes and looks for a dropkick but Harvey moves! Struggling to get to his feet, Jay shoots off the ropes this time and leaps at Tyler with a crossbody block... turned into a fall away slam!

Tyler grabs Harvey's right knee and slams it against the mat. Then he puts it on the bottom rope and crashes his entire body into it as Jay shouts out. Pulling the former SOHER to his feet, Tyler tries for a Northern lights suplex but Harvey blocks it by putting his arm on the ropes. Tyler kicks the arm away and performs a snapmare suplex instead! Tyler immediately grabs Harvey's leg and throws it on the bottom rope for a second time but before he can throw his weight through the knee again... Jay kicks him with his other foot and sends Tyler through the ropes and to the outside!

The Original Player One is furious. He kicks the guardrail and races back into the ring. Fuse hits the ropes, looking for a shoulder block but he's met with a spinebuster!

Lance:

It's almost as if the game plan went right out the window for Tyler!

DDK:

Definitely. He had the momentum. A shoulder block was not the right call...

Harvey's fired up and hoping to end the match quickly. He connects with that illusive third and final snap release dragon suplex and calls for his finish. However, Tyler trips Harvey, shoots to his feet and looks for-

DDK:

Superkick by Harvey- no! Ducked by Fuse. Instead, Tyler follows with a kick to the knee and a DDT!

Fuse doesn't even think about working the possibly injured knee anymore and is heading to the top rope, hoping to go straight through Harvey with everything he has.

Meanwhile, Harvey's clutching at his knee as Tyler Fuse on his way to the top. He's perched on the buckle, waiting for Harvey to get to his feet. Harvey muscles himself up and has no clue where Fuse is.

Tyler is going for the LANline and- HARVEY HIT THE SHOT OF REALITY!

DDK:

Jay Harvey sent his knee into Tyler Fuse's nose!

Lance:

I don't know how Jay Harvey was able to hit that move so quick!

Tyler Fuse is down on the mat and Jay Harvey, still in pain, slowly makes his way over to make the pin attempt. The crowd all chants as the referee counts the pin fall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by pinfall... "THEEEEEEE NATURALLL ONEEE" JAAAAAAAY HAAAARVEEEYYY!

DDK:

Harvey gets the W in an impressive comeback.

Lance:

Jay was rather resilient in this one. Tyler, at times, had things under control. He was working the knee but then, twice, quit focusing on it and it did not pay off. Also, a solid victory for Harvey to find the finish and survive another booked match by Teresa Ames!

Harvey celebrates his victory up the rampway.

RUBBER SOUL

Normally, a commercial break would replace the end to this match but for some reason the camera refocuses from Jay Harvey's exit to Tyler Fuse, who is now on one knee and sitting in the corner of the ring. The Faithful boo as they notice the camera is on Tyler, who appears on the DEFIAtron. The Original Player One slowly pulls himself off the mat, now with more fans chiming in. There's even a small "Kerry! Kerry!" chant building but The Faithful were informed before the start of the show from Darren Quimbey that Kerry's still being kept out of the arena for one more week. He hasn't been cleared to wrestle yet and DEFIA management does not want to jeopardize the upcoming contest at Ascension and the need for closure between these two combatants.

DDK:

A hard loss for Tyler. He had his openings but ultimately didn't follow through...

Tyler's standing, leaned forward and resting his arms on the top rope, taking in the boos. Stone faced, the older Fuse brother is surely taking his time to collect his thoughts and eventually leave the ring. However, as the groundswell of jeers builds and builds, Tyler walks to the corner of the ring and asks for a microphone.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry.

A mere one word creates a huge pop and the following "KERRY! KERRY!" chant by nearly every member in the stands.

Tyler Fuse:

I've been told by management you're not yet cleared but you should be in two weeks. I was also told by management on DEFtv 144, I'm the one not allowed in the arena. They plan to keep us *apart* until the pay-per-view. That's fine. As you can see, tonight didn't work out very well for me. Until I can finally END you, I won't be able to focus on anything else. Congratulations to Jay Harvey... I'll see you again...

DDK:

Odd. He seems genuine.

Suddenly the lights flicker off... it takes about twenty seconds and then they're back on. Surrounding the outside of the ring are an army of Reapers. Some red, some green, some orange and so forth. They seem to be there with Tyler's permission because he isn't phased at all.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry, I will give you this stage on DEFtv 144. I'd love to get my hands on you beforehand but I will wait for our official battle... because knocking you down and taking you out, ONCE AND FOR ALL is going to do more for my career than some misguided attack in anger. Seems like a little bit of me has recently rubbed off on you.

DDK:

Kerry has been overly reckless, I will give Tyler that.

Fuse looks into the camera on the apron and gets in front of its lens.

Tyler Fuse:

At first, I wanted our match at Ascension to be anything goes. I wanted to crush your spirit, your body and your soul all at the same time. I wanted to leave you a wreck, unable to walk, covered in your own blood, after throwing your body through a table, a chair, or worse.

Tyler pauses and rubs the side of his head.

Tyler Fuse:

But then I thought... why don't I take another path? A path where I can STILL accomplish all of this but in a different way? Why don't I *1 Up* you, for lack of a better term and beat you with a statement NOBODY will see coming. I beat you clean, in the middle of this ring. No cheating. No run-ins. No Reapers. Tyler Fuse vs. Kerry Kuroyama... man-to-man, protege-to-protege.

DDK:

What does he mean by that?

Tyler Fuse:

When I beat you -and I will- there will be no excuses. Tuck your tail between your legs because your story is over and mine is...

The lights go out again. After another twenty seconds they turn back on. Not only have all of The Reapers disappeared, Tyler Fuse has, too.

A sense of uneasiness flows throughout the arena. Although Tyler's last words can be implied, he never ended up saying them.

Lance:

This stuff creeps me out more and more. Stalker, The Original Reaper, has made Tyler more dangerous and unpredictable as ever before...

And now, DEFtv gets to that commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: GAGE BLACKWOOD: A BITTER RISE



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

ELISE ARES vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

Next up looks like a last minute addition to tonight's card. The presumed new number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares, looks to get back on track where things went wrong against "Sub-Pop" Scott Douglas.

Lance:

Wow, I didn't get that memo, Darren. That's a huge match! Last time we saw Elise Ares in singles action, she was coming off the longest Southern Heritage Championship reign in DEFIANCE history against Douglas himself.

DDK:

It was that loss to Scott Douglas that drove Ares to reform the Pop Culture Phenoms, in part, to 'prove' that she was the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time. It drove her away from the Faithful and back into tag team action.

Lance:

She did end up getting that pinfall on Douglas, but it was in tag team action against Seattle's Best. She never got that singles win. If she wants to get her singles career back on track, she's got a huge monkey to get off of her back.

♪ "Heads Will Roll" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs ♪

Pink and cyan lights dance around the arena to the beat of the Yeah Yeah Yeah's party anthem as Elise Ares marches out in matching wrestling attire. Behind her, the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild come in solidarity. JFK, The D, Klein, and Flex Kruger follow her before she stops. She turns around and says something to "The Better Bruv" Jesse Kendrix. The two do a fist bump before she shares similar gestures with the rest of the team and heads to the ring alone.

DDK:

Here with the Sports Entertainment Guild, Elise Ar... wait, Elise is coming alone?

Lance:

Now THAT'S a turn of events!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 lbs, she is the LEADING LADY OF DEFIANCE, ELIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSSSS!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE finishes her swagger down to the ring, where she suggestively enters and marches directly to Quimbey. Ares points to the palm of her hand, and Darren reluctantly hands the microphone over and Elise answers with a small bow. The music cuts as she pops the mic against her hand to make sure it's live.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBYs, it's storytime with the starlett. Settle in. Get your drinky drinks and get on your little carpet squares... we good? Alright. Let's begin. As the Leading Lady of the Sports Entertainment Guild, I have requested that my fellow sports entertainers remain in the back for tonight's contest. Why would you do that, Elise? What if 24K totes takes advantage of the situation and tries to interfere in your match tonight?

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style boops the mic against her chin in a thinking motion, before looking directly into the hard camera with a fierce expression.

Elise Ares:

Because I have full faith that Scott Douglas will help me beat their ass.

The Faithful cheer at the mention of Sub Pop's name.

Elise Ares:

Also, because a few months ago after I lost the Southern Heritage Championship... I might've taken a wrong turn. You

see, it was Mikey Unlikely that had the major part in making everyone believe I was second fiddle to Scott Douglas. Obvs. He's just sitting up there in his little sweet suite, thinking he's pulling all the little strings without having to face the consequences. If he comes down to this ring tonight, AND HE WON'T, he'll have to put himself in a situation to look into the faces of those who he's manipulated... and he won't like what he sees.

DDK:

She's got a point, this might not be an ideal situation for the FIST of DEFIANCE! He could be walking into a tiger cage, pun not intended, and be even more out-numbered if the rest of SEG show up afterwards.

Lance:

Wait that's... logical? Can she do that?

Elise Ares:

If he sends anyone it'll be Perfection. Look bby, I know you're up in the sweet suite. Having a great time right now, but it's only a matter of time until you've outlived your usefulness. I would know, I was you once... as was The D and Klein. We were around to do the dirty work. Get involved in the things Mikey couldn't dirty his hands with. If you ever get too close to the things he wants...

Elise makes a cut throat motion and begins to gag like she's dying and drops down to a knee.

Elise Ares:

He'll get rid of you. Just like he did us. I know you're not going to take my word for it and that's fine, it is what it is, but I'll do you a favor. I'll take him out for you. I'll take that beautiful cased FIST of DEFIANCE home and hang it in my palatial Hollywood Estate and THEN you'll see the real Mikey Unlikely. Even better yet, I'll give you a shot. We'll see how he acts then. As for Scott Douglas...

The Faithful cheer again in appreciation of DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Elise Ares:

I still need to know where I stand, and I TOTES won't even try to cheat this time I PROMISE.

Lance:

Are we really going to get Elise Ares vs Scott Douglas fair and square tonight?

DDK:

Ehhh, I'll believe it when I see it, Lance. Bringing in Kendrix and reuniting SEG to rise against Mikey and this 24K nonsense is a step in the right direction, but a Tiger Queen can't change her stripes.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Big pop for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

DDK:

The packed house, here at the Wrestle-Plex, always ready for Scott Douglas!

Darren Quimbey:

...from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two hundred and twenty six pounds... "Sub Pop" Scottttttt
DOOOOOOOOOUGGGGLASSS!!!

Scott emerges from the curtain; same jeans shorts, same sleeveless black t-shirt. He takes a moment at the top of the stage and looks out to the Faithful before making his way to the ring.

DDK:

Now we'll see if Elise is going to hold true to her promise!

Lance:

Yes, Darren but moreover ... Elise feels confident that Scott will help her back down 24K if needed ... After what we saw last week, while Douglas faced off against Pat Cassidy if Rezin and Stalker were to get involved ... WILL she return the favor?

DDK:

I wouldn't bet on it, Lance!

Scott, now in the ring, exchanges a pleasant enough nod with Elise as Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING! DING!**DDK:**

You can see it in her eyes, Lance. Elise Ares NEEDS this win. It's been eating away at her for months and months.

Lance:

Agreed, Darren but after that surprising loss to Pat Cassidy last week, this is a chance for Scott Douglas to course correct. There is a woman standing across the ring from him that he KNOWS he can beat. He's done it more than once. He's beaten her handily and often enough that her inability to do so became a thing.

DDK:

Both of these things can't happen simultaneously. One of these two powerhouses of DEFIANCE will show that they need it more than the other.

Douglas locks up with Elise Ares before tossing her with a hip toss, but Ares lands on her feet. She flips backward and catches Douglas' head between her legs and rolls forward, flipping Sub-Pop over but he also lands on his feet. Ares kips up to find Douglas on his feet who quickly uses his size advantage to shoulder block her back down, but she kips up again and lays a series of quick chops across the chest of DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son. She backs him into the ropes where a rope break is called by Benny Doyle. Ares backs away before landing one huge chop across the chest of Douglas, dusting off her hands after Sub-Pop falls to a knee.

DDK:

Ares showing some resiliency and is off to an early advantage.

Lance:

She gets such a loud pop off those chops, Darren. She's what, a buck twenty-five? Where does the power come from?

DDK:

She grew up in a family of luchadores, Lance. Her bloodline has been doing just that for generations!

Ares goes to kick Scott's head off of his shoulders but he ducks and sends Ares into the ropes. She blocks the rebound with her fists where Douglas hits her with a hard running knee right between her shoulders. Arching her back, Ares turns around where Douglas pushes her back against the ropes and lands a huge chop of his own. The Faithful are eating this up! Off the shot Douglas turns the match into a technical showcase, working the limbs of Elise Ares in various holds and twists, but the luchadora finds creative and gymnastic ways to escape to the delight of the fans in attendance. One such escape attempt ends with Ares trying to get a hurricanrana in to assume control, but Scott Douglas drops her with a sick angled powerbomb followed by a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO. Not enough to put the SEG member away.

DDK:

People may undersell Elise's skill as a luchadora based on the beginning of her DEFIANCE career, but Scott Douglas is putting on a clinic here tonight, Lance. He's throwing Elise through the ring, and even when she has answers, he has answers to her answers.

Lance:

There is a reason that "Sub-Pop" Scott Douglas is the backbone of DEFIANCE, Darren. There is a reason that people like Elise Ares have to go THROUGH Douglas if they want to stake claim to being the best.

DDK:

One could make the argument though ... he's not the one with the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

He doesn't need the FIST of DEFIANCE, Darren. Listen to the Faithful!

Douglas begins working on the limbs of Ares again, while often escaping she's not finding the ease and fluidity of before. Sub-Pop has successfully slowed the pace of the match, wearing down the acrobatic speedster and forcing her to find more technical (and sometimes not so technical) escape routes from submission. A short-arm clothesline turns Ares inside out, and a follow-up side Russian leg sweep is blocked from Elise, who turns the counter into a pin attempt.

ONE! That's all she gets.

Not enough to put Douglas away, but enough to take him off cruise control. Her attempt at a strike is countered into an overhead belly to belly, but Ares lands on her feet. As Douglas turns around he's stumbled with a pele kick. Elise goes back on the offensive, hitting a series of hip tosses and arm drags with speeds that Douglas' technical mind can't keep up with. It ended with a step-up enziguri before catching DEFIANCE's Favorite Son with a single-knee face breaker.

DDK:

Elise Ares is right back in this match with that facebreaker!

Lance:

She's not done yet!

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

As Scott Douglas reaches his feet, Elise Ares goes soaring through the air with a beautiful superwoman punch. Scrambling to take advantage of the sundering shot, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style leaps onto the fallen Scott Douglas and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO. Still not enough to put Sub-Pop away.

Lance:

Not enough.

DDK:

That was a brutal shot, Lance, but Elise Ares knows more than most it'll take a lot more than to take out Douglas. He's in rough shape though. She's quickened the pace of this match back up and he's not adjusting as quickly as before.

Lance:

Elise just needs to keep doing what she's doing and she'll win this match, Darren. However, she needs to be perfect. One mistake could lead to the big move Scott Douglas needs to take control.

Ares grabs Scott on his way back to his feet and he hits her with an echoing overhand chop. Elise stumbles back on impact, but unexpectedly sprints towards Douglas grabbing him in a bulldog-like hold and going for her Cuban Necktie! However, Scott breaks free at the last second leaving Ares to land on the apron on her feet. Scott kicks the legs out from Elise, grounding her hard on the apron. He goes for a baseball slide but Elise manages to kip up at the last second and Douglas slides outside of the ring on his feet. Ares then leaps and lands on the shoulders of Douglas and hurricanrana him right into the barricade.

DDK:

Up close and personal with the Faithful!

Lance:

Look at the way Scott Douglas landed! That was catastrophic!

DDK:

Elise Ares doesn't know what to do now! She can't do much about that huge move outside of the ring!

Elise struggles to move the deadweight much larger Favorite Son. She manages to get him up to his feet as the count from Benny Doyle continues on. Ares tries to heave Douglas onto the apron, but he blocks it and elbows Ares before whipping her into the steel steps. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style flips over the step with a crash and Douglas slides into the ring. Outside Ares is struggling to get back up to her feet while Scott catches his breath and tries to assess his own wounds. She does finally manage to get to her feet and is quickly met by a baseball slide from Scott on the chin! Douglas picks Elise up and whips her into the barricade and then throws her under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

DDK:

Scott Douglas coming in clutch, Lance! He needs to end this before Ares gets back in control!

Lance:

I'm not so sure she still has it in her. She took some hard shots outside of the ring. She's grabbing her back and ribs. She might be having a lot of trouble getting air in right now.

Sub-Pop feels as if the match is nearing its end and signals for the Sub Pop Suplex. He pulls Elise up off the ground and puts her in position, lifting her up before she breaks free and counters in mid-air! Landing in a bulldog position, Ares manages to turn it into the Cuban Necktie! On the apron she jumps up to the top rope, going for Amethystation once more as the Faithful go wild. She leaps into the air and is met with a dropkick right to the shoulder making both combatants fall awkwardly to the mat and the Faithful jump to their feet!

DDK:

MY GOD!

HO-LY SHIT!
HO-LY SHIT!
HO-LY SHIT!

Lance:

Look at the car crash in the ring. If they don't answer the count they could BOTH lose this match!

TEN!

DDK:

They're giving it their all, Lance! They both can't afford to lose. They NEED this win. Their courses could very well

depend on a victory RIGHT HERE tonight. They NEED to dig deep.

NINE!

DDK:

They NEED to answer this count!

EIGHT!

As the Faithful chant on, Scott Douglas is the first to stir. He begins to crawl towards the ropes, in hopes of using it as a brace to reach his feet.

SEVEN!

Pulling his body along, his hand reaches out and grabs the bottom rope.

SIX!

DDK:

What the hell ... ?

A hand from the blind side of the ring reaches up and grabs Douglas' hand and his eyes go wide. He snatches his hand back and attempts to come to his feet without the help of the ropes. Instead, he stumbles and crab walks back toward the middle of the ring. The commotion causes Doyle to end the count just before just Elise pulls herself up the turnbuckles.

DDK:

That's Rezin!

Darren is an astute observer. Rezin rises into full view as Douglas finally finds his feet beneath him.

DDK:

Not this nonsense again!

Lance:

Two weeks in a row a fantastic match is ruined by these two ... two ... terrorists!

DDK:

Well, currently it is just Rezin but one can only imagine Stalker is behind this.

The DEFiatron comes to life in a burst of static.

DDK:

Spoke too soon.

Voiceover:

Scotty - it's over, I tried... I really did. Everything is over... This Link is dead... Scott.

DDK:

IS that a WOMAN's voice? Is she crying?

The commotion in the ring doesn't stop as Rezin's appearance now has the attention of both competitors. Elise, now on her feet, see's an opening.

Lance:

What does she mean by 'This link is dead?'

Voiceover:

I thought I could stop them all... I thought by leaving, this would end but they won't ever stop, Scott. Especially not him...

Stalker:

NOT ME!!!!!!

Stalker's voice is a shattering scream that causes The Faithful to erupt further into a chorus of boos. Stalker's face appears on the DEFiatron, his eyes are wide with excitement as Rezin is now once again on the ringside apron, Benny Doyle is telling The Favoured Saints top competitor to vacate the ring immediately and he just smirks while Stalker stares wild eyed from the protection of the DEFIAtron.

Stalker:

She was right Scott. No matter how far you run from Fate. No matter how long you try and avoid me, I will always be here to ruin you!

Elise leans back in the corner, a familiar look comes across her face before she takes off.

DDK:

Not again!

Elise sprints toward a distracted Scott Douglas. Stalker's appearance on the DEFiatron disappears into another burst of distracting static as Elise flies passed Douglas...

DDK:

OH!

Lance:

Elise just nailed Rezin!

Elise comes in hot and hits the middle rope. She strikes Rezin with a forearm and sends Stalker's goon flying off and into the guard rail. She's not done ... she springboards off the middle rope, turns in mid air ...

DDK:

AMETHSYSTATION!!!

Lance:

Springboard at THAT!

Douglas crumbles.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kick ... NO!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Heads Will Roll" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...and your winner by way of pinfall is "The Queen of Sports Entertainment" ... ELISE ... ARRRRRREESSSS!!!

Elise stands from the cover and Doyle raises her hand in victory. She seems a bit surprised but elated nonetheless. On the outside, Rezin is back on his feet and seems more pleased with his effect on the match than the little bump he took. Obviously his mission was a success. He heads up the ramp, rubbing his jaw, but with a pleased look across his face.

Doyle turns Elise around with her hand raised and she catches a glimpse of Rezin.

Elise Ares:

BUH BYE CREEPY GUY!

DDK:

Elise has finally triumphed over Scott Douglas! Could this be the rise of the phoenix!?

Elise turns back toward Douglas as Rezin slips through the curtain. She approaches the stirring Douglas and looks down on him.

Lance:

The Faithful have been pleasantly surprised by this victory here ... regardless of Rezin and Stalkers interference ... don't ruin it now, Elise!

DDK:

This could be bad...

With the entire arena held in baited breath ... Elise extends her hand to the downed Douglas. It takes him a moment to put it together and hesitates.

DDK:

Or... maybe not.

Elise asserts her already outstretched hand to reiterate her intention.

Lance:

This is ... I ... I don't have words.

Douglas decides to put his trust in Elise and her gesture and he reaches up from the mat, accepting her hand. Elise leans back, helping Douglas back to his feet. The two look on at one another for a moment before...

The Faithful POP HUGE as Douglas takes Elise's wrist and raises it high in victory.

DDK:

Well, I have to say Lance ... I would have never seen this coming. Never.

Lance:

I have to agree, Darren ... this ... well ... this ... I still do not have the words.

Elise's music continues on as she and Douglas do the rounds on the sides of the ring.

DDK:

Stay with us, folks! We'll be right back!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



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

FIST OF DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. MUSHIGIHARA

As we come back from commercial we see Lance and Keebs ready to go for our next highly anticipated match up.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is a matchup you won't want to miss. This match was made by DEFiance management, as they feel the Champions of DEFiance should defend on a regular basis. Next up, the biggest prize of them all!

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely is going to defend his FIST of DEFiance against a man who's been here longer than even he has. Unlikely may be facing his BIGGEST challenge yet. The Monster known simply as Mushigahara!

Lance is cut off by the sound of the challenger making his way to the ring.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

The crowd ROARS with anticipation as the WrestlePlex is washed in golden light, heralding the arrival of the menacing God-Beast.

Eddie Dante is the first man out, grinning ear to ear as he saunters forward, his familiar walking stick tapping the ground in rhythm to the pounding drums. With a wave back towards the arena entrance, Mushigahara stomps out, arms raised to the masses.

DDK:

What an imposing figure! Our champion better have his game face on tonight, one slip up and we could easily have a new champion here Lance.

Lance:

You're not kidding! I'd have to say the challenger may even have the advantage!

Knowing the opportunity before him, the monster storms to the ring, ready for battle.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls♪

The fans come alive with hatred as the single spotlight hits the center of the stage. The signature red carpet unravels down the ramp, now adorned with gold trim on either side of it. Mikey Unlikely walks through with a large smile and aviators on his face. The reaction is less than flattering.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing this week from Glendale, California ... Weighing in at 225 lbs. He is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer....He is your reigning and defending FIST OF DEFiance CHAMPION!... This is Mikey Unlikelyyyyyyyyy!!!

Mikey walks around on the stage, and looks out across the fanbase who jeer him. He makes his way down and takes the steps into the ring. As per usual he has the FIST in its glass display case, he locks the handle of it to the ring post using his handcuffs.

Lance:

He may be all smiles right now, but you know deep down that Mikey has to be a little worried about this match.

DDK:

I think the question in the back of everyone's head is, where is the rest of 24K!? We haven't seen Mikey Unlikely alone in weeks. Suddenly he's out here by himself? Something seems amiss.

Once in the ring, Benny Doyle separates the two men into their respective corners and points to the locked

championship sans being able to hold it up on display. A graphic crosses the screen showing us that this is in fact a title match.

Lance:

After months of Mikey Unlikely walking through some less than deserving opponents, I must admit it's nice to see the Favored Saints ownership, forcing him into more of these dream matchups! I mean who thought we would see Mikey Unlikely vs Mushigahara for the FIST!?

The bell rings, and surprisingly Mikey fires off some words in the directions of Mushi. Showing some rare courage from the much smaller opponent. The two walk towards the middle of the ring and Mikey begins to verbally dress down the Japanese trained warrior. Mushi can't believe his eyes and just takes it for a moment before he simply reels back and punches the champion in the mush.

Unlikely goes flying towards the corner trying to keep his balance. Mushi follows him in and begins hammering away on the FIST. Each blow knocking Mikey further back into the corner. After peppering in some kicks as well. Mushi backs away at Benny Doyle's request to allow Mikey a chance to come out of the corner. Mikey has enough room to grab a breather but it's short-lived as Mushi grabs him and sends him running off the ropes.

DDK:

Mikey ducks the clothesline from Mushi, turns around and now he's hammering away on the much larger wrestler! Mikey kicks Mushigahara in the gut and now takes off to the ropes. Coming back he goes for a huge dropkick but Mushi moves out of the way!

Lance:

Mikey's going to have to use that fast offense to put away this beast. I wouldn't want to be him!

Mushi grabs Mikey by the hair and begins to peel him off the mat. Unlikely swings his arms upwards breaking the hold the challenger has on the champion. Mikey runs off the ropes....no he runs THROUGH the ropes and lands on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

I don't know if I've ever seen anyone run through the ropes like that. Almost one fluid motion and he's on the floor! Lookout here comes the Japenese Beast!

Mushi bounds towards the ropes and motions like he's going to dive. The front row clears out of the way. Mikey ducks flat onto the ground, hoping Mushi's momentum carries him past him without hitting.

Lance:

Mushigahara just hit the ropes, and faked Mikey out! Now he's taunting the champion who's lying on the ground in the fetal position!

Slapping the floor of the arena, Unlikely is not pleased. He gets up and gets back into the ring, telling Benny Doyle to keep Mushi back. Once he's ready the two circle each other once again. Mushi blocks Mikey's strike and counters with a mean headbut that rocks the champion and crosses his eyes. Unlikely stumbles back to the ropes, dazed but still standing, allowing the God-Beast to whip him into the ropes, and rebound with a THUNDEROUS clothesline!

Musigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

The crowd reacts to Mushi's proclamation, as he rushes back to the ropes, and lands on the prone FIST with a crushing senton! Mushi lays on Mikey for a pin...

ONE

TWO!

But Mikey barely manages to pull a shoulder up! Clinging for dear life, the champion rushes out from under the God-Beast's back, scrambling for any kind of safe haven; something the massive Mushigihara does not provide, as he sends a mighty stomp down onto Mikey's knee!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Mikey screams in pain, a scream only intensified when Mushi circles him and drops another stomp onto his back!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Lance:

Mushi's on the warpath, and he is not letting up!

"OSU!"

Mushi does not relent, and drops a boot down onto Mikey's elbow! His neck! His other elbow!

DDK:

Mushigihara has been showing killer instinct this entire match, and it looks like he may be ready to send Mikey Unlikely home without that belt!

Surely enough, Mushi runs a thumb across his mammoth neck while Mikey struggles to his feet... and into the waiting arms of the God-Beast, who raises him up like a barbell! Mushigahara hits the OSU! Press. After benching Mikey five times he tosses him high into the air and he comes crashing down on his stomach. The crowd comes alive as Mushi is suddenly a house of fire!

DDK:

He just slammed the FIST face first on the mat. Unlikely holding his gut gets right back up but it looks like the God Beast is waiting on him!

Lance:

He's setting up the Atlas Cutter! We've seen this move put away so many former DEFIANTS before. The fans are on their feet here.

Suddenly the cheers turn to Boos. Although Mushigahara pays it no mind. The camera soon cuts to the entranceway.

DDK:

Oh of course!

Lance:

Here comes Perfection and Cayle Murray! Both men running down the ramp.

They slide into the ring behind Mushi who doesn't see them coming. The two attack the God Beast with a flurry of fists and kicks. Benny Doyle has no choice but to call for the bell.

The fans in attendance boo loudly once more.

DDK:

Just when we thought Mushigahara had a chance to CHANGE DEFIANCE! Here comes 24K!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen as a result of a disqualification, your winner of this matchup is Mushigahaaaaaraaaaaaaa!

Lance:

But the championship does not change hands on a disqualification!

Both members of 24K are able to overpower Mushi and drive him down to the mat. Meanwhile Mikey still lies in the ring trying to catch his breath. He's half loopy at this point.

DDK:

Mushigahara is fighting back!

As his Music begins and quickly fades out again Mushi can be seen pushing through the barrage of fists from 24K and moving upward. Finally he stands up and pushes both Perfection and Cayle Murray off of him. The both bounce off the ropes and come right back at him. The three men become entangled and quickly fall out of the ring. The brawl continues on the outside...

DDK:

HOSS! HOSS!

As Mushi gets to his feet and begins to stalk 24K, he's blindsided by Aleczander and Angel Trinidad! They knock him down, before dropping a shower of boots that 24K joins in administering! DEFsec is on the scene!

Back in the ring Mikey Unlikely watches on, covered in sweat, sitting on his knees. He smiles knowing he's once again held onto his championship for another day.

Somewhere commentary is talking about the injustice that took place. Somewhere outside the ring Murray, Perfection and the God Beast are all battling it out. Inside the ring however is the FIST OF DEFIAНCE. Resting, watching, not realizing what's happening behind him.

The crowd grows slowly louder as someone jumps out of the crowd and onto the apron behind Mikey. The woman stands straight up before leaping up to the top rope, Facing the unaware FIST as he senses something amiss and turns around. She leaps, catches him on the chin and the whole arena becomes unglued as Elise Ares drops Mikey Unlikely...

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

24K DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

She rolls through and leaps onto the nearest turnbuckle. The Leading Lady of DEFIAНCE makes a picture box out of her fingers before soaring through the air before crashing on the downed champion.

DDK:

YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION!!!! OH MY GOD! TWO WEEKS IN A ROW, ELISE ARES HAS PLANTED MIKEY WITH THAT MOVE THIS TIME WITH EVEN MORE IMPACT!

Elise jumps up in the air in excitement as the crowd drives her adrenaline.

Lance:

Elise Ares is making it clear... she wants a shot at Mikey and based on these last few weeks, she might just have his number!

Unlikely is out cold in the ring. Cayle Murray looks up and makes eye contact with Elise. She slides out of the opposite side of the ring, as Cayle enters to check on Mikey. Elise tugs at the FIST display case a few times before she realizes

it's not coming off. She points to it and the fans in the arena cheer loudly.

DDK:

Elise Ares makes a hell of a statement here tonight. She wants the FIST and she's proven capable of putting Mikey down!

Perfection and Mushi are finally separated by DEFSEC. Perfection backs away and enters the ring where the rest of 24K are. As they wake Mikey they look up the ramp to see Elise Ares walking up it backwards, smiling at the group. Through the curtain comes the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild to celebrate with her.

Elise Ares, The D, Kendrix, Klein and more hug on stage and look down at the ring with delight in what they see. The FIST down and out.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.