

SHOW OPEN

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 CELEBRATES FESTIVUS
I HATE PERFECTION'S HAIR
KENDRIX LIKES TRAINS
JAY HARVEY IS THE BEST
SCOTT DOUGLAS IS MY HERO
PAT CASSIDY DRANK MY BEER
DEX JOY ATE MY FOOTLONG HOTDOG IN 1 BITE
LINDSAY TROY IS GRADE A TOP CHOICE
I MESSED UP MY OTHER SIGN
I GOT PULLED OVER ON MY WAY HERE
I. LIKE. FOOD.
24k = CLOWN SHOES
THIS IS LIT
I BROUGHT SIX SIGNS
MAKE UP YOUR MIND, OSCAR! (BUT SERIOUSLY, SAY NO)
BATTS-ER UP!
BETTER FUTURE? MORE LIKE WORSE FUTURE AMIRITE?!?!
OSCAR THE GROUCH
BURNS... When I pee.
BOOOO-URNS
FUSE IS LIT
WAL-MART > AMES
NO MO SCROW
GVP BREAKS TOYS
WORDS ON SOME CARDBOARD!!

"BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to another exciting night of DEFtv! We have an incredible amount of action here for you tonight and we are going to get RIGHT into it! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and alongside me, my broadcast partner, Lance Warner!

Lance:

What a night we have ahead of us Darren!

DDK:

First up, we have a match that was announced on Uncut... the two owners of Ballyhoo Brew collide to celebrate their grand opening!

Lance:

And we want to say a special "hello" to all the patrons down at The Brew right now enjoying their DEFonDRAFT specials that run only during DEFtv!

DDK:

If you're looking for a good time, DEFIANCE Faithful, look no further than New Orleans' hottest spot.

Darren Quimbey stands at the ready in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit!

♪ "Back in the Game" by Airbourne ♪

The Faithful let out a roar of approval as Newbludd walks out onto the stage with both fists raised high above his head. Stopping at the top of the ramp, Newbludd drops to a knee and cups both hands around his mouth just as his music cuts out.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAALLYHOOOOO!?

Crowd:

DAT!?

Fired up from the Wrestle-Plex's response, Brock pumps his fist in the air and hops back up to his feet. Newbludd heads down the ramp as his music kicks back in.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at 240lbs...this is "THE INNOVATOR" BROOOOCK NEEEEEWBLUUUDD!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope, Brock turns his attention back to the stage.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

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

The crowd again erupts for Brock Newbludd's partner... "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! Cassidy emerges from the back, grinning from ear-to-ear. He's dressed in his usual ring attire with one minor exception - in the spirit of Christmas Eve, a red santa hat rests on his head! Cassidy adjusts his taped wrists, looking eagerly toward Newbludd in the ring. He makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands with the outstretched hands of The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 244 lbs... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Cassidy climbs up to the top left turnbuckle, throwing his hands up to a roar of approval from the crowd. Cassidy's music stops playing throughout the arena and he jumps down from the turnbuckle, tosses his Santa hat to a ringside aid, and makes his way to the center of the ring to stand toe to toe with Newbludd. The two friends take a brief second to size each other up as the Wrestle-Plex buzzes in anticipation around them.

DDK:

The crowd is absolutely electric right now, Lance.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. Both men received tremendous ovations from The Faithful when they came out, so I don't think crowd advantage is going to come into play during this matchup. One thing is for sure though, they are just as anxious as I am to see how this match is going to shake out between Ballyhoo Brew's owners.

DDK:

No championships on the line, no scores to settle, and no bad blood to be spilled in this one. I expect this to be a highly competitive match between two friends looking to give the crowd their money's worth.

Clearly enjoying the moment, the two partners engage in some trash talking before bumping fists and going to opposite corners of the ring. The referee for this match, Brian Slater positions himself in the middle of the ring and glances at each of the competitors to make sure they are ready to lock horns. Receiving the go-ahead from both men, Slater calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

A cheer erupts from the crowd at the sound of the bell. That cheer suddenly turns into a roar when the Ballyhoo brothers explode out of their corners and start trading blows in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Woah! The match is underway and this friendly competition has started off being anything but! Newbludd and Cassidy are going shot for shot in the middle of the ring!

Brock nails Pat with a wild left hook that puts the Boston native on his heels. Shaking off the haymaker, Cassidy dodges a follow up right hand and cracks Brock in the side of the head with a stiff forearm! The blow causes Brock to drop to a knee and Cassidy raises both arms above his head for a double axe-handle. Seeing an opening, Newbludd pops up to his feet and cracks Cassidy in the chest with a stinging knife-edge chop!

SMACK!

Brock takes a step back and winds up for a second knife-edge only to be hit with a return chop by Cassidy!

SMACK!

Newbludd fires back with another one!

SMACK!

Gritting his teeth, Cassidy returns the favor!

MACK!

Lance:

They're throwing bombs at each other, DDK! There is nothing friendly about those chops!

DDK:

Normally I would agree with you, Lance, but the smiles on both of their faces is telling me that they're enjoying themselves in there.

Looking to put a stop to the chop train, Cassidy syncs in a headlock. Brock, looking to muscle out of the headlock, bounces off the nearby ring ropes to gain momentum and send Cassidy springboarding off the opposite ropes. With Cassidy running back toward him, Brock connects with a shoulder block... but it has no effect! Cassidy grins from ear to ear as Brock looks on in surprise. Cassidy himself bounds off the ropes, and heads towards Brock with a shoulder block of his own... but Brock *also* stands tall! A stalemate reached, Brock taps his shoulder and puts his arms out in a grappler stance. Cassidy nods, and returns the favor... and the two lock up!

DDK:

The two men jockeying for position...

In a span of about a minute, the two men exchange a variety of holds: the lock-up becomes a hammerlock becomes a headlock. Brock off the ropes, Cassidy leapfrogs his return. Cassidy tries to catch Brock with an armdrag on the way back, but Brock plants his feet firmly and won't go over. Brock tries to armdrag Cassidy instead, but this time Cassidy stands firm. Instead, Brock fires off with a quick boot to the gut, and hooks Cassidy for a suplex... but Cassidy floats over mid-move, hooking Newbludd from behind. Thinking quickly, Brock runs face-first into the ring ropes, causing Cassidy to tumble backwards off him. Brock aims for a clothesline, but Cassidy ducks. Cassidy looks for a backbody drop on the rebound, but Brock is able to plant himself and stop that effort. Instead, Brock hooks Cassidy's arms and drags him down into a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy powers out! The two men are back to their feet in a flash and at each other... and this time, it's Cassidy who slips behind and rolls Brock up with a school-boy!

ONE!

TWO!

Newbludd kicks out, and the two men are again back to their feet and ready to lock horns, but they each keep a healthy distance while looking each other in the eye. The crowd, knowing what to do in these types of situations, breaks out in a round of applause.

Lance:

I don't think I expected these two to be putting on such a clinic!

DDK:

They both enjoy having fun, Lance, but they're as serious as it comes in the ring.

Joining in the crowd, Cassidy offers Brock a polite golf clap. Brock grin and returns the favor... and then the two grapplers are right back in it, circling each other and looking for an advantage. Finally, they look at each other... and shrug... and forego any semblance of wrestling and start wailing on each other again! Right hands fly back and forth as the crowd comes alive for the brawl! Finally, it appears Cassidy is landing more shots than Brock! With Cassidy's right hands flying and with Newbludd reeling, Cassidy clotheslines him right over the top rope and to the outside!

Lance:

Newbludd's sent for the ride on the outside! Perfectly executed clothesline by Cassidy!

DDK:

You can say that again, partner. No amount of veteran instinct could have saved Brock on that one.

Overjoyed at having a clear advantage for the first time in the match, Cassidy slaps his chest and plays to the crowd, who reward him with a pop. Newbludd, meanwhile, offers Cassidy a friendly "tip of the hat" as he takes a quick breather outside after losing the last exchange. Grinning, Cassidy pretends to hold the ring ropes open for Brock, making a "come on in" motion.

Lance:

Cassidy's inviting Brock to come back in for more!

Brock Newbludd rolls his eyes at Cassidy's gesture and slides back in the ring, again coming face to face with his partner in pub. Collar-and-elbow tie up... Brock immediately takes Cassidy off his feet with an amateur takedown, using Cassidy's arm to apply pressure and control the Scrapper from Southie. Cassidy tries to power out, but Brock maintains control of the arm. Cassidy slaps the mat in frustration, finally able to get to his feet, but Newbludd still maintains his hold on his arm... and once they're both vertical, Brock sends Cassidy flying with a crisp-belly-to-belly! Once Cassidy hits the ring, he immediately rolls out to the floor to lick his wounds. Now it's Brock's turn to pump up the crowd!

Lance:

Not surprising here - Cassidy seems to have the advantage in the brawl, but Newbludd has more amateur credentials!

DDK:

That's right, partner. Don't forget also that Brock has many years of experience on Mr. Cassidy - the fiery Boston-native can be prone to frustration.

And frustrated Cassidy seems to be as he props himself up using the barricade, breathing heavily. He rubs his jaw a few times, looking back into the ring, where his partner is mimicking his earlier action of holding open the ropes.

Lance:

This reminds me of two brothers wrestling in the basement, DDK. They ain't holding back on each other because they respect each other.

DDK:

That doesn't mean they aren't enjoying beating the tar out of each other, either.

Cassidy smiles, as if to say "touche," and rolls back into the ring to meet Newbludd head on!

Lance:

And here comes Cassidy!

Not waiting for another standoff, Brock charges Cassidy with a clothesline attempt, but Cassidy ducks and catches Brock on the rebound with a back elbow to the face! With Brock stunned, Cassidy drops him with a sharply executed Russian Leg Sweep. Cassidy drops several elbows onto Brock, attempting to keep him down. Cassidy drapes Newbludd over the second rope, and after gaining a head of steam, drops a leg across Brock's exposed back. Brock flies backwards onto the mat, and without taking a breather, Cassidy lifts him back up and picks him up in a bodyslam position. Instead of going for the slam... Cassidy carries Brock over the corner and locks him upside down in a tree-of-woe position!

DDK:

Cassidy letting it all hang out here! You know he's taking Brock seriously...

With Brock trapped in the tree-of-woe, "Black Out" takes position in the opposite corner... before sprinting across the ring and nailing Brock square in the head with a dropkick! The crowd lets out an audible "ooooohh!"

Brock crumbles to the mat, and Cassidy gets back to his feet, looking around to the crowd and signaling and he's looking to end it.

Lance:

I wouldn't say this match has become a bitter rivalry or anything... but it's clear that both men do want to win this.

Cassidy stands in the corner opposite Brock, his hands on his knees like a predator waiting. "The Innovator" slowly climbs to his feet, still trying to shake the cobwebs from the dropkick. Cassidy waits... and waits... and waits... as just as Brock uses the corner to pull himself up and turn around...

DDK:

Cassidy heading toward Brock with a Stinger Splash...

Lance:

But no! Brock moves out of the way! Cassidy is just able to stop himself before he collides with the turnbuckle...

Having avoided knocking the wind out of himself by landing chest first on the top turnbuckle, Cassidy spins around and catches a well-timed superkick to the jaw. Cassidy stumbles back into the corner!

DDK:

Brock's turned the tables and he has Cassidy in the corner! He's signaling to the crowd now! Looks like he has something special planned for his buddy!

Newbludd nails Cassidy with a hard forearm to the head and quickly backpedals away from the corner.

Lance:

Brock's headed back towards Cassidy with a full head of steam and...sends him flying out of the corner with a Monkey Flip! Now that's a throwback move!

Cassidy lands back first in the middle of the ring and Brock scrambles back up to his feet. Still close to the corner that he just sent Pat flying head over heels out of, The Innovator wastes no time in climbing the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Newbludd's on the top rope and he's calling for that signature flying elbow! Can he hit it?

Brock zeroes in on Cassidy and leaps off the top rope! Soaring through the air, Brock flexes an arm...and connects with the elbow!

Lance:

Big elbow by Brock and he's got the leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! Cassidy gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

Close but no cigar for Brock! Pat Cassidy showing great resiliency with that kick-out!

Newbludd sits up onto his knees and smiles approvingly as he watches the groggy Cassidy slowly begin to push himself up to his feet. Crouching low, The Innovator begins to circle behind his opponent.

Lance:

Newbludd's gearing up for something big here, DDK.

Cassidy gets back upright and Brock rushes in from behind, locking in a full nelson!

DDK:

Brock's going for the Shock and Awe dragon suplex!

Sensing immediate danger, Cassidy slips free of the hold and hits Brock with a well placed back elbow.

Lance:

Excellent escape by Cassidy! Newbludd's stunned by that elbow!

Moving like he was shot out of a cannon, Cassidy sprints ahead and bounces off the ropes to charge back in towards Brock. Still reeling from the elbow shot, Brock turns around just in time to get leveled by a Yakuza kick!

DDK:

Cassidy with the boot to the face and now he's picking back up off the mat. Just like that, the momentum has flipped back in his favor!

Cassidy maintains control of the woozy Brock and the crowd begins to stir when they see him setting his opponent up for The Irish Goodbye...

Lance:

If Cassidy hits that flatliner variation it's going to be night-night for Newbludd!

Newbludd begins to struggle against Cassidy's grip and manages to slip free at the last second! Brock sends a knee up into Pat's midsection and out of nowhere rolls him up in a small package!

DDK:

Newbludd turns the tables with the small package!

ONE!

Cassidy fights back and starts kicking his legs!

TWO!

Brock can't keep the advantage and Cassidy rolls over, pinning Newbludd's shoulders on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!!

Now it's Newbludd who begins to squirm as the ref raises his hand up for the three count! Brock keeps kicking and he reverses the pin back in his favor!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cassidy can't flip the pin for a second time!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Newbludd gets the win by the skin of his teeth! That could have gone either way, Lance!

Lance:

You got that right, partner! Another half second and Cassidy would have flipped that small package again. That was about as close as it gets!

Darren Quimby:

You winner.... BROCK NEWWWWBLUDD!!

♪ "Back in the Game" by Airbourne ♪

Both men start to climb to their feet, with Cassidy stopping on his knees to give a regretful head shake at not winning this one. Brock walks over to Cassidy, extending his hand to his fellow Ballyhoo brawler. Cassidy looks at it for a second, and then accepts. Brock helps Cassidy to his feet, and Pat raises Newbludd's hand in victory, pointing to him and encouraging the fans to give it up for the winner.

Lance:

Looks like no hard feelings between two total pros.

DDK:

They went all out tonight... both for the Faithful in attendance and for the patrons back at Ballyhoo Brew watching us live!

Lance:

It looks like they're not done, partner. Newbludd's calling for a mic.

Leaning over the top rope, Brock snatches a microphone from Darren Quimbley. Brock calls for his theme music to stop playing through the arena's loudspeakers. A couple seconds pass and the music cuts out. After giving a thumbs up in the direction of the arena's production room, Brock turns his attention to Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

Cassidy, brother, I've been doing this gig for a long time. Long enough to know when I've had the pleasure to share the ring with a wrestler that has all the tools to make it to the top of this industry. Dude, I'm gonna tell you with one-hundred percent 'no bullshit' that you have those tools. Now, I'm not tellin' ya this because you're my business partner or because you're my friend. I'm tellin' ya this because you earned my respect tonight as a professional wrestler.

Brock sticks a hand out to Cassidy and smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

Now put her in the old vince, buddy, and thank you for the match.

DDK:

Brock giving credit where credit is due.

Smiling, Cassidy accepts Newbludd's handshake with vigor. Cassidy asks for the mic, and Brock obliges.

Cassidy:

Newbludd... there's few things in this world I enjoy more than a good fight. You brought it, and the better man won tonight. That's not to say if we did this again things wouldn't be different...

Brock shakes his head as one would at an obnoxious younger brother. The crowd chuckles. Grinning, Cassidy continues.

Cassidy:

...but there's no better way I'd rather spend Christmas Eve. Now, let's drop our gift on 'em, buddy.

The Faithful cheer in appreciation at the showing of mutual respect between the two friends and Brock looks out to them with a wry smile spread across his face as he takes the mic back from Pat.

Brock Newbludd:

Being that tonight is Christmas Eve, we thought we'd give all you Ballyhooligans in the crowd a little gift to say thank you for all the support you've given us in starting up Ballyhoo Brew. We couldn't have done it without ya, so tonight...drinks are on the house! Let it snow, baby!

Newbludd points a finger up towards the rafters and a second later the crowd lets out a surprised cheer when small, white, pieces of paper begin to fall from the rafters down towards them.

Lance:

What's this!? The Wrestle-Plex has suddenly turned into a snow globe!

DDK:

I just had one of the pieces of paper fall on the desk, Lance. And it reads, "Good for One Free Drink at Ballyhoo Brew. Happy Holidays and Drive Safe." Not too shabby at all!

Cassidy and Newbludd share a laugh together as the crowd starts to cheer even louder as they all receive their drink tickets. With a decent amount of tickets hitting the ring, Cassidy drops down and begins to make snow angels out of the tickets.

While Brock has a laugh at Pat's antics, two individuals wearing hoodies hop over the security railing and slide into the ring and attack Cassidy and Newbludd from behind.

DDK:

What the hell!?!? Who is this?

Lance:

You got me Keebs, and we need security out here now!

The hooded individuals put the boots to Cassidy and Newbludd before mounting both and deliver rights to the side of their face.

DDK:

Where the hell is security?!?!?!?!?

The two hooded individuals stops their assault and lift Cassidy and Newbludd to a seated position and the shorter of the two delivers a vicious superkick to Cassidy.

Lance:

What a sickening sound.

Cassidy hits the mat face first as the shorter of the two hooded individuals picks up Newbludd and whips him towards the taller hooded figure and delivers a ring shaking powerslam.

DDK:

Cassidy and Newbludd are being decimated right before our eyes and no one is stopping these two.

Lance:

I know Keebs, this isn't right.

The shorter of the two hooded figures slides out of the ring and looks under it.

DDK:

This doesn't look good.

The individual brings out two tables from under the ring and slides them in under the bottom rope and the larger hooded figure begins to step them up inside.

Lance:

Thank you for the astute reporting Captain Obvious.

The larger of the two goes to pick up Cassidy, but he begins to fight, but the attempt is snuffed out as the shorter hooded figure lays him out with a double axehandle shot to the back of the head before he's choke out with a dragon sleeper. The larger figure picks up Cassidy with ease like he's a baby and places him onto the table and climbs to the middle rope.

DDK:

OH MY!

The larger hooded figure bounces a few times off of the ropes before jumping off and landing on Cassidy sending him through the table.

Lance:

Cassidy is hurt! His ribs have to be broken with all that weight crashing on him!

DDK:

Don't forget... Cassidy injured his ribs just a short few weeks ago in a match against Stalker! This can't be good.

As Newbludd is up to all fours he's sent back to the canvas from a running punt kick.

DDK:

Come on!

Lance:

Whoever these two individuals are they are trying to take out Cassidy and Newbludd.

The shorter hooded figure places Newbludd on the table and the larger figure begins to climb the ropes.

Lance:

Looks like we are about to experience deja vu Keebs.

Lance Warner is correct as Newbludd is put through a table in the same manner as Cassidy was.

The two hood individuals stand over the two fallen friends and we here a familiar voice over the arena speakers.

Voice:

How sweet it is to see a beating like that!

The voice's identity is revealed as Cary Stevens appears on the stage drawing immediate jeers from the Faithful.

Cary Stevens:

And attitudes like that is why no one likes you, you Filth.

Cary degrades the fans as he marches towards the ring.

Cary Stevens:

Gentlemen, please identify yourself so the world can see who easily decimated these two heroes of the Filth.

The two hooded individuals look at one another and slowly unmask themselves.

DDK:

THAT'S BO AND GEORGE! THAT'S BO AND GEORGE!

The Faithful's boos grow even louder.

Cary Stevens:

You see, it doesn't matter if it's backstage, in the ring, sitting buying a ticket like a bunch of big sleezy filth.....

The Faithful didn't like that and begin to chant the Stevens' favorite chant and throw stuff towards the ring.

Cary Stevens:

We are here to prove to Cassidy and Newbludd they don't belong in our division.

Cary says as he steals an ice chest from a beer vendor.

Lance:

First assault and now theft being added to the skills of the Stevens Dynasty here tonight.

Cary slides the ice chest into the ring before rolling inside.

Cary Stevens:

All that ass kicking sure does make us thirsty.

Cary says as he tosses a couple of cold ones to his boys.

Cary Stevens:

However, this is Christmas Eve afterall and we are still in the spirit of giving.

DDK:

What? The ass kicking wasn't enough?

Lance:

Guess not.

Cary orders his team to pick up Cassidy and Newbludd. The Stevens patriarch picks up a few of the tickets off of the mat and a couple of brews from the cooler.

Cary Stevens

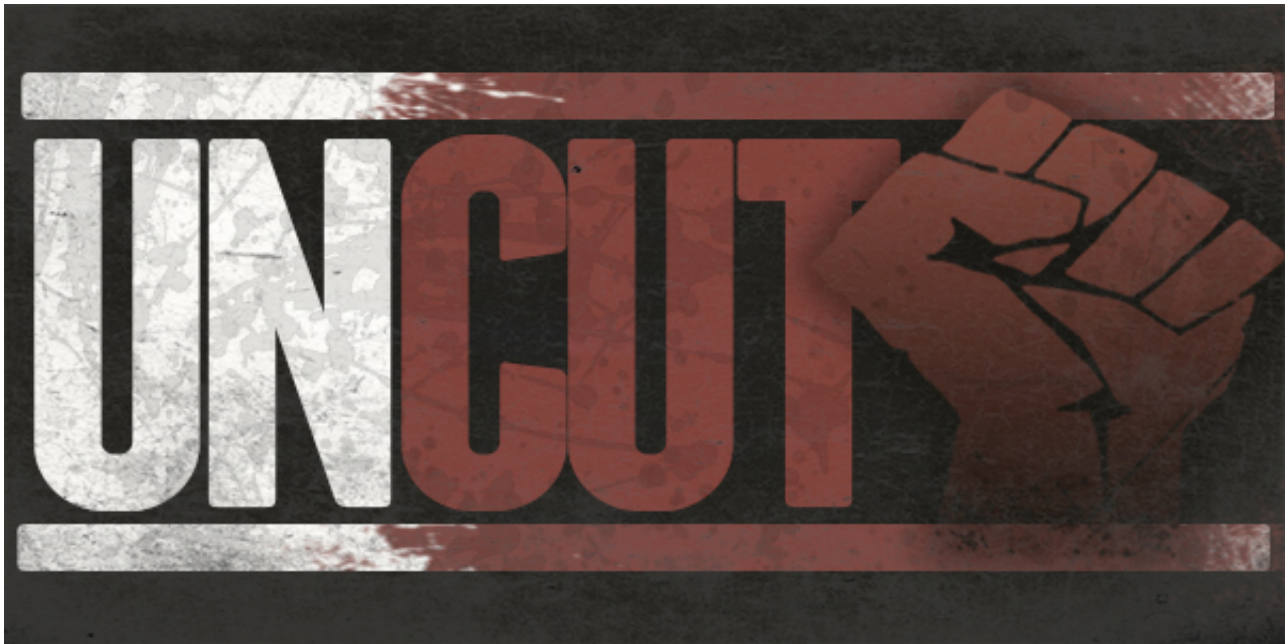
Have a free drink on us.

Cary says as he shoves the free drink tickets into each of their mouths before smashing a bottle onto each of their heads. Cary laughs hysterically as he and his boys place a boot on Cassidy and Newbludd before taking a sip of alcohol before pouring the rest out on the fallen.

Cary Stevens:

Merry Christmas you filthy animals!

Cary shouts as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

HIGH SCORE

The bottom of the screen reads “earlier today” as a camera catches up with Conor Fuse in his hammock, behind the FML registration table, rocking back and forth... reading a TMNT comic book.

Conor Fuse: *[giggling to himself]*

My goodness Raphael, you're so angry all the time. Why aren't you more like Mikey... uhhh, Michelangelo that is.

Fuse realizes there's someone in DEFIANCE named Mikey so he didn't want to get his signals crossed. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two laughs again, shakes his head and closes the comic. He struggles to get out of the hammock but ultimately does and then notices a cameraman is filming him.

Conor Fuse: *[snapping his fingers in a circle]*

Oh right! Forgot about you. We were going to shoot that FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE promo, right?

The cameraman nods and along with it, the camera nods, too.

Conor Fuse:

Okay you just tell me when you're ready to go.

Conor waits for the signal and receives it. Fuse begins...

Conor Fuse:

Hello my BOTS, Bosses and Gamers! This is the amazing opportunity you've been waiting for! The pop'n'fresh rage, FML is taking applications! Thinking of making some new friends? Thinking of joining an awesome league? Well, Friendship Members League is about to ASSEMBLE the most awesomest characters in the entire world! Plus, IF you join now... you get to hang with Martin Evans-Everett VI! This bad-ass BOT is equipped to give you IMMEDIATE feedback that's also fun! Check him out!

A guy in a blue suit walks out from... somewhere. Fuse takes a moment to giggle and then points at the guy.

Conor Fuse:

!Rank

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#1.

Conor Fuse:

!RankTEFPtop100

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#9.

Conor Fuse:

!Level

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

69!

Conor giggles again.

Conor Fuse:

This is too much fun! We're going to have a blast together! And YOU can get your own MEE6! I will pay for him directly, all charges covered by FML! All you gotta do is-

Some kind of siren is heard in the distance but it's loud, very loud. Conor's taken aback at first but tries to continue his pitch nonetheless.

Conor Fuse:

At FML, we put you first. Monday night is Smash Bros., Tuesday we play Halo, Wednesday we watch DEFtv Night 1 --unless I'm not on it LOL, then we play video game of choice-- and...

Fuse trails off. The siren is driving him crazy! It also sounds like someone is munching on things... and then running from things... and then dying.

Someone yellow.

Very yellow.

Conor puts a finger to his chin.

Conor Fuse:

What's PAC-MAN doing here? I thought I left him in my rec room!

Looking at the cameraman, Conor mouths "sshhhhh" and then directs the camera to follow him. MEE6 stays behind. They find the nearby staircase and head up to the suite level. Meanwhile, the sounds of a PAC MAN video game are getting closer and closer.

Upon arrival, Conor looks over to see a nameplate beside the door read "24K".

The Best Pout Machine nods, mouths the word "Bosses" and then knocks on the door. However, the PAC MAN noises are far too loud for the hardest of knocks to be heard from inside, so The Codebreaker decides it's best for him to stroll in anyway and the camera follows. There, Perfection stands in front of a PAC MAN arcade cabinet... and seems to be dying. A lot.

Perfection:

That's trash! How the hell do they come back to life as ghosts?! Every! Goddamn! TIME! They're dead for Pete's sake! Unbelievable!

Conor gingerly walks over to Perfection and taps him on the shoulder. Perfection has a look of disdain.

Conor Fuse:

Hey there stranger! Boy you sure are struggling, aren't you? That's an awesome retro-style arcade though, I have one myself... [noticing it's hooked up to the audio system within the arena] but not one all ghettoed out like this!

Perfection:

Who the hell let you in here?!

Connor Fuse:

Mind if I give it a try? I can give ya some tips and tricks. I'm the ultimate PAC MAN dude! In fact, I was thinking of making Friday nights PAC MAN nights!

Fuse turns to the camera, giving a wink and a nod.

Perfection:

I don't need any tips, buddy. What I need is for you to get the hell out of this suite. It's clear as day I have a high score that's untouchable.

Connor Fuse:

Oh no. That's very beatable.

Perfection walks towards the door to show Connor out.

Perfection:

Bullshit. Go on now, *beat it*.

But Conor gives it a go while Perfection stares on, highly annoyed.

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP... eat the power pellet, turn the ghosts blue, eat the ghosts... CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP.

Perfection stands there, arms crossed. Nothing Conor could do would be able to impress him.

...Even though Fuse has already made it past the first two "levels" and into the PAC MAN **cut scene**.

Conor Fuse: *[while playing]*

So the four ghosts have names, if you didn't know. There's Pinky, Blinky, Inky and... Clyde. That's right, the fourth one doesn't rhyme. There's many thoughts on why this is but I like to think it's because of my friend, Clyde F-

Perfection cuts Conor off and then unplugs the machine angrily.

Perfection:

I said *beat it* as in get the hell out of here, you fucking dope!

Security has finally entered the suite.

Security:

Here's your Slurpee..

James snatches it out of his hand as the two security guards start to usher Conor out of the suite.

Perfection:

What is with that guy?!

Back on the outside looking in, Conor stands beside his cameraman.

Conor Fuse:

Hupfh. Well, back downstairs I go. Hey Martin Evans-Everett VI, I need a !rank!!!

The scene fades.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. PERFECTION

DDK:

Let's get back into the action, ladies and gentlemen, for what promises to be a hot contest between two of DEFIANCE's top athletes!

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The fans pop LOUD as they welcome back into the WrestlePlex "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA. Kerry is all smiles and hand-slaps as he strides to the ring, looking confident and ready.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-nine pounds and hailing from Seattle, Washington... please welcome, KERRY KUUROOYAAMAAAA!!

DDK:

Listen to this ovation for Kerry Kuroyama, returning to action for the first time since his battle with Tyler Fuse at Ascension! He's no doubt ready to restart his climb up the ladder with a win here tonight!

Upon entering the ring, Kerry climbs a turnbuckle and pumps his fist into the air to get the crowd charged up.

♪ "Perfect Gentlemen" by Helloween ♪

The crowd noise makes a complete one-eighty upon the entrance of James Witherhold, better known to the wrestling world as PERFECTION. In each hand he holds two wrapped gifts and makes his way over to the announcing table dropping one to each of the guys there.

Lance:

Oh wow! Unexpected but a pleasantly wrapped gift from the men of 24K

DDK:

What did you get?

Lance:

A signed 24K group photo. You?

DDK:

Freakin' coal!

Lance:

Want to trade?

DDK:

Nah! Coal is valuable!

Perfection continues his strut to the ring in his typical vain and pompous splendor, soaking in the hate with an arrogant sense of glee.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-two pounds and hailing from Hidden Hills, California... representing 24K, here is... PEERRFEECCTTIIIIIOONNNN!!

Lance:

Looks like Perfection has thankfully come without the rest of 24K backing him up, but at the same time, it's unsettling not knowing where they could be or what James Witherhold has up his sleeve coming into this match!

Once in the ring, he walks to his corner and elevates to the second rope to give the “adoring” fans a final pose. Across the ring, Kerry shakes his head

DING!-DING!

Perfection jumps down from the middle turnbuckle and does his patented slicking back of the hair before taking a few steps forward and extending his hand in a measure of good contest and a handshake. Kerry begrudgingly accepts.

Lance:

Perfection swinging that hand back looking to smack Kerry!

Kerry quickly slips past the face slap, pulls his hand back, and begins lighting up Perfection with a bombardment of fists and chops that backs him into the ropes. An Irish whip sends Witherhold across the ring, and he quickly scrambles to lay down the Seattle superstar with a clothesline on his return.

DDK:

Kuroyama ducking under and throwing a hard kick to the back of Pefection’s knee!

Witherhold drops to one knee and Kerry takes off to the ropes and returns back with a thundering enziguri to the head of Perfection! A quick cover to try and end it early.

One!

Tw-

Kickout!

Kerry rolls to his feet and goes to work up Perfection and receives a shot to the jewels for his effort.

DDK:

Perfection with a LOW BLOW, now rolling up Kerry with the schoolboy--and he’s got his FEET on the ropes for leverage!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Kerry had to put in the extra effort to get out of that one! Shields didn’t even see it!

Perfection looks up at Mark Shields and smiles before throwing an elbow to the back of Kuroyama’s head. Perfection pulls him up quickly, secures the head under his arm, and snaps back for a hard DDT that connects! James sits up and then smiles to the front row before standing up, pointing at a single audience member, and exchanging some words.

DDK:

I wish one day, one of the Faithful would just hop that barricade and slug him right in the mouth. One day!

James returns to the action with a boot to Kerry’s head before lifting him up slightly by the hair and yelling about the earlier handshake. Perfection throws a few slaps between his words but as he does so Kuroyama grabs the ankle of Witherhold and sweeps him, causing the crowd to pop as Perfection lands on his ass.

Lance:

Smart reversal from Kerry Kuroyama!

Both men scramble to their feet but Witherhold, just slightly faster, gets in a forearm. Perfection makes good measure and tosses a second before shooting Kuroyama to the ropes. On the bounce back, Perfection drops down...

Lance:

Gapers' Delay!

Realizing the setup Kerry jumps over and goes to rebound off the ropes again.

DDK:

No! He avoided that like a traffic jam!

Perfection scrambles to his feet as Kuroyama returns...

Lance:

BIG POWERSLAM FROM PERFECTION!

Perfection quickly goes for the lateral press and Shields begins the count...

One!

...but then stops when he spots Perfection's feet are yet again on the ropes.

Lance:

Shields caught him that time! Witherhold's attempts at an easy win may be in vain!

Witherhold isn't happy at all with Shields, but lets it slide this time. He pulls Kerry back up to his feet, but is met with a stiff shot to the liver that has Perfection gasp for air. Kerry throws another hard shot to the same spot and a third as the crowd begins to clap and rally behind each punch. This makes James cover-up and backpedal into a corner with Kuroyama pursuing him

DDK:

Don't let that little weasel get away, Kerry!

In the corner a desperate Perfection rakes the eye of Kerry before grabbing him by the head and coming down with a STO that has Kerry's head hit and snap back from the second turnbuckle. The thud is hard enough that it has the crowd lets out a little appreciation for the quick thinking.

"Oooooooooo"

Lance:

What a maneuver! Glimpse of Fame by Perfection! A move very rarely seen.

DDK:

And only achieved by cheating. Much like everything he accomplishes in life.

Perfection again goes for the pin, and brazenly does so with his feet propped on the bottom rope for leverage and a shit-eating grin on his face. Shields doesn't even waste the effort to get down there to make a count.

Mark Shields:

C'mon, dude...

DDK:

Why does he keep doing this? Is he just goofing around?

Lance:

I dunno, but I can tell you Kerry isn't interested in these games as he pushes Perfection off of him!

Perfection yells at Shields, telling him he will walk right out of this match. DEFIANCE's most apathetic official responds back that he really doesn't care.

Lance:

A bit of tension between senior referee Mark Shields and Perfection.

This has given Kerry enough time to recover in the corner and Perfection has noticed. He goes to get him, but Kerry suddenly pounces forward and catches him off guard with a boot to the gut. The Pacific Blitzkrieg quickly hooks the arms...

DDK:

Double Underhook Suplex by Kuroyama! That impact was UNREAL!

Witherhold looks dazed as he struggles to get back to his feet and falls into the corner, barely standing on his own without the use of the ropes. Kerry sees his opening and charges in, absolutely crushing him into the turnbuckles with a lariat and following it up with a Tornado DDT out of the corner that puts Perfection to the canvas on his back! Kuroyama kips up to his feet, earning himself a righteous pop!

Lance:

Kerry is riling up the crowd here! And he has Perfection right where he wants him!

As Kuroyama walks back to Perfection he pumps his arm in the air to rally the Faithful behind him, which is working. Kerry then reaches down and pump-handles Perfection off the mat and over his shoulder...

DDK:

Could be over right here with the KUROYAMA DRIVER--but NO! Perfection desperately RAKES the eyes AGAIN to slip free!

Landing behind him, Perfection hooks the waist and rolls up Kuroyama into a double-leg cradle pin. There's a smirk on his face as Shields this time checks and confirms that his feet aren't propped on the ropes. Unfortunately he doesn't take notice of where his hands are...

DDK:

Perfection has TWO HANDFULS of Kerry's WAISTBAND!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

Kerry pushes out of the pin, but doesn't beat the hand hitting the mat for the three. The Faithful react with shock and outrage as Shields gives the signal to the timekeeper.

DING!-DING!-DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match... PERRRFECTTIIOOONNNN!!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama was robbed of a victory here! We speculated at the beginning of this match what sort of tricks Perfection had up his sleeve, and now we know!

Lance:

No doubt, his plan took advantage of Mark Shields' somewhat lackluster sense of ring awareness, and because of that, Perfection has picked up a win here tonight over an established star of DEFIANCE.

In the ring, a visibly disappointed Kuroyama is glaring down Mark Shields, while the official is making sheepish attempts at apologizing in a very "hey, gimme a break here" kind of way. Meanwhile, Perfection enjoys his victory march up the ramp, one arm raised overhead while the other is pointing to his temple. He is all smiles as the Faithful along the aisle jeer his passage.

DDK:

24K will surely be pleased with this result... as for Kerry, it's an unfortunate first step in his comeback. Regardless, ladies and gentlemen, we still have a title match and the main event ahead of us, so don't go anywhere as this second night of DEFtv continues!

Fade into an impromptu backstage segment.

PUSH

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RICK DICKULOUS vs. CHRIS RICHARDS

DDK:

Welcome back, everyone! Time to keep things rolling right along here.

Lance:

Oh, I am NOT looking forward to this matchup, Darren. Chris Richards asked Mushigihara earlier for help, only to be denied....again!

Darren Quimbey's voice echoes through the stadium speakers as he stands in the centre of the ring, Chris Richards can be seen behind him stretching out, cracking his neck, and getting ready for the upcoming match.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall. Currently in the ring, CHRIIIIISSS RIIIIHARRDDSSSS!!

DDK:

Yes, Lance, but I think Mushigihara has his eye on this matchup too. Rick Dickulous called him out on Uncut last week after destroying Earl Lee Roberts...

Lance:

I still can't believe the powers that be did nothing about Rick Dickulous' actions AFTER the match.

Suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Darren Quimbey: Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds....RICK DIICKULOOUUUUUSSS!

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers through Chris Richards' chest, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing towards Richards. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Benny Doyle, quick to take control, ushers Rick to his corner and hands Rick's axe off to ringside staff before returning to the centre of the ring and calling for the bell.

DING! DING!!

Chris Richards bounces a few times in his corner before cautiously strolling towards the centre of the ring, keeping his eyes on Rick Dickulous, still standing in his corner, studying the smaller man. Chris Richards motions for Rick to come forward and then extends a hand skyward, calling the big man on for...a test of strength?

Rick Dickulous steps towards Chris Richards and looks down at him, left eye narrowing slightly. As he mutters to Chris Richards, Rick Dickulous locks hands with him. Richards extends his other hand upwards, again Rick locks hands with him. Suddenly Chris Richards begins trying to move Rick Dickulous' arms, struggling to barely move the big man. In retaliation, Rick simply pushes with all his might and a giant bellow escapes his mouth as Chris Richards is thrown backwards, almost to the corner, landing awkwardly.

DDK:

That definitely did not go as Chris Richards planned.

Lance:

Definitely not, Darren...what was he thinking? A valiant effort, but he's not gonna overpower a giant like Rick

Dickulous.

As he picks himself up and dusts himself off, Chris Richards again heads back to the centre of the ring, and again offers up his hands for a second test of strength, which Rick Dickulous again obliges. This time they wrestle back and forth, although it seems more that Rick Dickulous is letting Chris Richards gain the upper hand, only to snatch it back, landing a headbutt square into Richards' face. Holding Chris Richards up, Rick delivers another crushing headbutt, and another before tossing Chris Richards back into the corner, following up with a running body splash into the turnbuckles.

As Rick Dickulous backs off again to the centre of the ring, he watches Chris Richards intently while he pulls himself back to his feet clutching his head and checking for blood. Finding none, Chris Richards shakes the cobwebs clear and takes a run at Rick Dickulous, ducking and sidestepping at the last second as Rick's massive arms miss their target looking for a grapple. Chris Richards instead delivers a stiff right kick to Rick Dickulous' midsection, followed by a hard left kick to the back of Rick's right knee, causing it to buckle enough to allow a hard right to connect with the side of Rick Dickulous' face to a cheer from the crowd.

Lance:

THAT'S what I'm talkin about! Amazing offense against the odds from Chris Richards.

Chris Richards takes advantage of the situation slipping behind Rick Dickulous and shooting an arm around his throat and another around the back of his neck while kicking the back of his right knee. The big man, locked in a rear naked choke, struggles for a moment before standing back up, lifting Chris Richards off his feet with a shocked look on his face. With a roar, Rick Dickulous quickly backs towards the corner and squashes Chris Richards against the turnbuckles, forcing him to release his grip around Rick Dickulous' throat and slide down the turnbuckles, sitting in a heap in the corner.

Rick Dickulous turns to face Chris Richards and backs up, adjusting the tape on his wrists and motioning for Richards to stand up. As Chris Richards begins to comply, Rick again charges into the corner, throwing a hard knee into Richards' gut, doubling him over. Wrapping his massive arms around Chris Richards' torso, Rick Dickulous delivers a hard reverse powerbomb, throwing Chris Richards nearly completely across the ring in a heap.

DDK:

Did you SEE the height on that reverse powerbomb, Lance...sweet mother of...

Lance:

Rick Dickulous nearly launched Chris Richards into the statosphere.

Again, Rick Dickulous motions for Chris Richards to get up, that sickeningly sly grin spreading across his face - he was most definitely enjoying this fight. As Chris Richards again dragged himself to his feet, Rick charged in, this time with a big boot aimed squarely at Richards' head....that somehow managed to sail by as Chris Richards quickly rolled out of the ring to safety, sending Rick Dickulous crashing precariously into the corner with a crotch full of turnbuckle to a large cheer from the crowd.

Chris Richards plays to the crowd outside the ring while Rick Dickulous regains his composure and makes sure everything's where it should be before stepping over the ropes and out to the floor, eyes locked on Chris Richards, scowl back across his face.

Lance:

Chris Richards needs to be careful here, Rick Dickulous is dangerous outside of the ring.

DDK:

He's just as dangerous inside the ring, Lance...this can't end well.

ONE....

As Chris Richards continues to gladhand, Rick Dickulous closes the distance and slams Chris Richards' face into the barricade. Rick Dickulous then grabs onto Chris Richards' hand and violently Irish whips him into the ring steps with a loud crash.

TWO....

Not giving Chris Richards time to recover, Rick Dickulous stalks after his crawling body and lifts him up by his hair, tossing him against the barricade and locking a massive left hand around his throat, raining closed-handed punches across Chris Richards' face with a repeated, sickening thud. Suddenly Rick Dickulous clutched his eyes and let go of Chris Richards who managed to get a quick thumb into Rick's eye out of desperation, scrambling around the corner of the ring.

THREE....

As Rick Dickulous recovered, Chris Richards made his way around to the opposite side of the ring, still on the outside.

FOUR....

With a growl, Rick Dickulous scanned around the ring, locking on to his target before beginning to give chase with a steady, methodical walk around the ring corner. Chris Richards waits, calling the big man on.

FIVE....

As Rick Dickulous again rounded the corner, Chris Richards delivered a perfectly timed and executed standing dropkick, connecting with Rick's chest and sending the big man stumbling backwards and crashing into the ring post.

DDK:

Chris Richards managing to stun Rick Dickulous. I don't think that's going to bode well.

Lance:

Probably not, I don't see the big man taking this with a grain of salt.

SIX....

Taking advantage of the situation, Chris Richards slides into the ring and moves to the far side, keeping an eye on Rick Dickulous while playing to the crowd. As Rick Dickulous shakes the cobwebs out and regains his composure, he begins scaling the ropes.

SEVEN....

Chris Richards takes off running towards Rick Dickulous, arm outstretched for a lariat, but the big man simply hopped back down, pulling the ropes with him at the last moment, sending Chris Richards awkwardly flying to the floor outside, inadvertently restarting the count.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous thinking quick, forcing Chris Richards to the outside to restart the count.

DDK:

For cryin' out loud! Get back in the ring!!

ONE....

Rick Dickulous chuckles audibly before turning towards the ring and lifting the apron skirt, digging underneath, meanwhile Benny Doyle yells at Rick to get out from under the ring.

TWO....

Rick Dickulous emerges with a trashcan, tossing it towards Chris Richards with a metallic clang, then reaches back underneath the ring for a steel chair, again tossing it towards Chris Richards' crumpled body. Rick Dickulous smiles as he turns away, making a beeline for his axe just as Chris Richards begins to stir.

FOUR....

Benny Doyle hops out of the ring, getting right in the face of Rick Dickulous, axe now in hand, the sick smile again across his lips. Chris Richards drags himself to his feet and picks up the steel chair after contemplating the best weapon choice.

FOUR....

Benny Doyle jumps to try to grab the axe from Rick's hands, yelling at him to drop the weapon or he'll call for the bell, suddenly Benny is swept out of the way by Chris Richards, who stands facing Rick Dickulous, steel chair in a defensive ready position.

FIVE....

Benny Doyle orders the two men back into the ring as they stare one another down, each waiting for the other to make a move. Surprisingly, Rick Dickulous is the first to act, dropping his axe and pulling himself up onto the ring apron by the top ropes in a single step, then over the top rope, eyes fixated on Chris Richards the whole time.

SIX....

Chris Richards drops the steel chair as Benny Doyle begins to re-enter the ring, followed closely by Richards. Regaining control, Benny Doyle motions for the two to resume the match.

Lance:

Finally back into the ring, Benny Doyle doing his job and getting both men reset.

DDK:

Benny Doyle SHOULD be disqualifying Rick Dickulous right now, Lance. This is a travesty!

Lance:

As much as I don't wanna say it, DDK, Rick Dickulous didn't USE a weapon, he just got them out and ready to go.

DDK:

That's not the point...

As the two men lock up in the middle of the ring Rick Dickulous overpowers Chris Richards, forcing him back towards the ropes and into an irish whip across the ring. As he rebounds off the ropes, Rick Dickulous launches himself off the ropes behind him and crashes into Chris Richards with a hard diving clothesline, sending him to the mat in a heap. As Rick Dickulous rises to his feet, the crowd begins to boo, which Rick Dickulous basks in, wafting it to his face, breathing it in.

Chris Richards slowly rises to his feet again, as the crowd begins cheering, Richards drawing strength from their support. As Chris Richards props himself up against the ropes, Rick Dickulous turns his attention back towards his battered opponent.

Rick Dickulous:

You should have just stayed down, boy...

Chris Richards weakly calls Rick Dickulous on for more. Rick shakes his head, almost in disbelief before again

closing the distance between them, hooking Chris Richards' arms and delivering a double arm suplex into the middle of the ring before bouncing back up, pointing down at his crumpled opponent and shaking his head. As Chris Richards crawls towards the ropes, the fans begin chanting.

"LET'S GO RICHARDS! *clap, clap, clapclapclap*

"LET'S GO RICHARDS! *clap, clap, clapclapclap*

"LET'S GO RICHARDS! *clap, clap, clapclapclap*

Lance:

The crowd getting behind Chris Richards here. I think they want to see an upset.

DDK:

They're not alone, Lance. I'm sure you'd love to see it too.

The crowd continues, getting louder as Rick Dickulous motions for them to quiet down before letting out an aggravated yell, stalking over to Chris Richards and forcefully jerking him to his feet. Rick Dickous pulls Chris Richards' body towards his and delivers a hard short-arm clothesline and dropping for the cover.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous with that short arm clothesline finisher called the Misery Whip.

Lance:

Chris Richards will be in misery later on tonight, that's for sure. I'm amazed he's still conscious....IS HE conscious?

ONE....

TWO....

KICKOUT!!

Rick Dickulous immediately chides Benny Doyle for his count speed to a boo from the crowd before standing up and pulling Chris Richards to his feet again. Maintaining control of his opponent, Rick Dickulous again pulls Chris Richards towards him forcefully and delivers a second Misery Whip.

Lance:

Oh my god, a SECOND Misery Whip?! That's gotta be it...

DDK:

Benny Doyle down to count.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, in eight minutes, fifty-four seconds....RICK DIICKULOOOOOUUSSS!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous picking up another win here against Chris Richards, Lance. I don't think Chris Richards is going to be able to get out of here under his own power.

Lance:

I'm more worried Rick Dickulous is gonna make an example out of Chris Richards like he did Earl Lee Roberts last week.

As Benny Doyle checks on Chris Richards, Rick Dickulous reaches into his back pocket, pulling out his wire saw garotte with a twisted grin. As he steps towards Chris Richards, Benny Doyle stops Rick in his tracks, motioning for him to leave. Rick tries to test Benny Doyle, who stands firm, pushing back against Rick Dickulous, who eventually relents, stepping over the top ropes and crashing to the floor. He retrieves his axe and begins walking up the ramp.

Suddenly the crowd begins to stir, as Chris Richards comes to, pushing Benny Doyle away and slowly standing back up to a rousing cheer. This causes Rick Dickulous to stop and turn around to face the ring again. Chris Richards locks his weary eyes on to Rick Dickulous, calling him back for more?!

DDK:

What is Chris Richards doing, Lance? Rick Dickulous almost dismantled him here, and he wants more?

Lance:

You gotta give it to him, he's definitely got heart! The crowd are behind him too...

Rick Dickulous takes a deep breath and begins walking towards the ring when suddenly the crowd goes crazy as Mushigihara emerges from behind the curtain, unbeknownst to Rick, making a beeline for him. Just as Rick Dickulous hits the end of the ramp, Mushigihara slams a massive hand down on Rick's shoulder, spinning him around.

DDK:

IT'S MUSHIGIHARA! MUSHIGIHARA FINALLY COMING FACE TO FACE WITH RICK DICKLULOUS!!

Mushigihara:

OOSUUUU!!

This causes Rick Dickulous to retaliate with a loud yell, taking a quick step back, dropping his axe and bringing his hands quickly to the ready. Seeing what's developing, Chris Richards slides out of the ring stalking towards the two big men staring each other down.

Lance:

What the heck is Chris Richards doing? He needs to get out of there and let these two go at it!

Chris Richards begins pointing at Mushigihara, then back to the curtain shaking his head.

Chris Richards:

No way, nuh uh....you're not fighting my battles...you didn't wanna help before....

DDK:

I'm not sure what's going on here, Lance...is he dismissing his idol? Is Chris Richards insane?

Lance:

I think this is stemming from Mushigihara giving Chris Richards the cold shoulder.

DDK:

It seems that's the case...is he? Is he getting in between the two of them?

Verily, Chris Richards stepped between Mushigihara and Rick Dickulous, trying to push the two apart. Both men look at Chris Richards, then at each other, then back to Chris Richards before they simultaneously push Chris Richards away and begin trading massive punches back and forth as the crowd is on their feet!

Lance:

Oh man, this is what I was afraid of happening! These two aren't gonna be stopped!

DDK:

SOMEONE CALL SECURITY!!

Mushigihara and Rick Dickulous trade blows all the way up the entrance ramp as Chris Richards continues to break it up, Security swarming the ramp and prying the two apart. Through the sea of bodies, Rick Dickulous manages one last parting shot, striking Mushigihara square in the jaw with a closed fist before turning and walking towards the back. Mushigihara tries to get at Rick Dickulous, but Security manages to maintain control.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous getting his wish from last week, Darren...he and Mushigihara have finally met face to face...now the question becomes how long until we get a SCHEDULED matchup between these two?

DDK:

I don't know, Lance, but it sounds to me like these fans are ready to see these big men go at it...

As security regains control of Mushigihara, they begin funneling back through the curtain, finally Chris Richards and Mushigihara give each other a sideways glance before Richards motions for Mushi to go ahead, waiting his turn.

Lance:

Dear GOD, is this gonna happen EVERY time we see Rick Dickulous out here? We need to hire more security if that's the case!

DDK:

Absolutely, Lance. I'm just getting word we have Conor Fuse on standby...time to send it on over to the back!

PAPER CHAMPION

The end of the match cuts to backstage. The crowd gives a cheer seeing “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy recovered and in full force after the vicious attack at the hands of Tyler Fuse two weeks ago. Joy, however, does not look too thrilled. He is titleless, due to Tyler breaking the Southern Heritage Championship into tiny pieces after their contest. In addition, Dex looks to be raging... from being smashed in the head with that belt four times at the hands of Tyler Fuse.

Dex marches through the hallway, heading towards the ring for the rematch. Anyone who happens to be near Joy steers clear upon seeing the monster pass by. Suddenly, a voice is heard shouting in Dex’s direction from waaay down the hall.

A Fuse voice.

...But not *that* Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

DEX! DEX! DEX WAIT UP... hey, Dex!!!

Conor races down the hall, seeing the champion’s back in the far off distance and trying to catch him in time. The Best Pout Machine finally does and runs out in front of Dex with both arms up.

Conor Fuse: *[trying to catch his breath]*

Dex! Hey man, hey... whoa, whoa, I’m not here to fight you. It’s me, the *other* brother!

Fuse takes a step back just for good measure. Dex looks Conor over.

Conor Fuse:

I love my big bro Tyler but I also love... you! I love everyone! I thought that was a pretty mean trick Tyler played on you two weeks ago. I don’t really want to get into things but I did want to say... hey man, heeeey.

Conor presses his luck. He slowly moves towards Dex and gives The Big Boy a playful “tap” on the arm.

Conor Fuse:

Heeeey there. I like your style; I like your moves. You’re so pop’n’fresh these days, allllll the kiddies are talking about you. In fact it’s me, you and... uh, Tyler... *[shifty eyes]* up for the BREAKOUT DEFIANT Award! Goodness me, goodness indeed! What an honor it is to be a finalist with you! WHOA, WHOA, I know you’ve got to be raging inside like an MF’er... but at times like this it’s good to know that you, young man, yes YOU... **have friends**.

The younger Fuse pauses. It’s tough to tell if he’s being genuine or playing possum. Either way, it’s usually the same demeanor he displays and in this case, it doesn’t look like it will vote well for him.

Conor Fuse:

...And you have members.

Another pause, look into the camera and a wink.

Conor Fuse:

And you have friendship members. SO...

Conor snaps his hands and immediately Alex Pietrangelo, Conor’s statistic and sabermetrics guru appears out of nowhere with a large leather case held out in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

I just want to say, on behalf of the Fuse household, let’s have bygones be bygones. I made you a little something.

Pietrangelo pops the top of the case open revealing a new Southern Heritage Championship Belt.

Made out of **construction paper**.

The belt is very long. The straps have been taped on, showing Conor has attached numerous pieces together to make it an actual paper championship title... one that could potentially fit around the waist of The Biggest Boy, too.

Conor Fuse:

That's right, Dex. It's your new placeholder championship! I don't want to use the term "Paper Champion" because apparently that has a negative connotation but to me, you're a Paper Champion now and that means a POSITIVE connotation, YAY!!! Oh goodie, goodie gumdrops my nifty *pally*! Paper Dex in a Paper RPG! What mystical adventures will you get up to? I know management didn't anticipate a championship being smashed to bits and as a result, a NEW title belt *is* going to take many cycles to be fully developed. However, this one is your new Paper Title! Complete with EXTRA strap length. Made in mind for a Big Boy like you!

Conor stands there, eyes glistening. Alex continues to hold the leather case open.

Everyone waits for Dex's response...

DDK:

Does Conor have a death wish!

Joy continues to process a response...

Lance:

Conor is definitely not a smart one.

Dex Joy, for once in his DEFIANCE Wrestling career, doesn't seem like he has anything to say ...

But then he reaches out and takes the paper made title belt and thrusts it over his shoulder.

Dex Joy:

I know who you are, pally. You're the Fuse brother I kind of sort of like in a 'look what this five year old can do' kind of way.

It is probably not a compliment but Conor smiles like it is one.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, 5-bit. Believe it or not I turned 28-bit last week-

Dex doesn't hear Conor, he was in the middle of replying himself.

Dex Joy:

I accept this gift until Favored Saints makes a new belt because as the Southern Heritage champion it is my duty to defend the championship whether I physically have the title or not!!! Whether it's Ryan Batts, the Good Fuse, the Bad Fuse or any damn Fuse! I'll go down to the basement with Sgt. Safety and I'll defend this title against the faulty Fuses in the basement. I'll even put an IOU on this puppy and I will prove my worth as the champion!

Conor looks very happy with himself until Dex grabs him by the shirt!

Dex Joy:

But know this pally! After tonight you're gonna be able to tell people something new.

Conor Fuse:

Oh boy! I like new stuff! What is it?

Dex Joy:

You're about to be an only child!

Joy lets go of Conor and walks off, although he seems to be admiring the fine craftsmanship of the paper SoHer championship. Meanwhile, Fuse stands there all wide-eyed. Then he looks at Alex with anticipation.

Conor Fuse:

Only child? Humpfh. Does that mean I get better odds to win the BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the year? Where's my BOT? I need a *!rank!!*

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:

It's been two weeks since we last saw this match and I still cannot get over what Tyler Fuse did to the Southern Heritage Championship all because he tried to cheat and got caught. The title was destroyed and we have no word on when a new version of the title will be created just yet. Not only did this cheat Dex, it cheated Ryan Batts who won the right two weeks ago to challenge the winner of this match. And most importantly he cheated the fans!

Lance:

It was disgusting! Not only did Dex Joy win that title fair and square but he was robbed by Fuse before the original official of the match made the right call to disqualify him. This might be a first in DEFIANCE Wrestling, Darren ... a title being defended without having a physical title to defend!

DDK:

That's how bad Dex Joy wants to hurt Tyler Fuse for what he did ... he was given the blessing of DEFIANCE Wrestling match-makers to put up the title or at least the recognition of being champ. If Tyler Fuse wins he'll not only be recognized as the new champion but he'll get the new title as soon as one is available. Let's get to this big match!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship!!!! Introducing first, the challenger, being accompanied by Princess Desire... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred-ten pounds, TYLER FUUUUUUUSSSE!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

The lights dim and orange spotlights fly around the rampway. Tyler and The Princess emerge at the top of the stage before they methodically march down. Upon arrival, Tyler 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:

Tyler Fuse looks ready for this match ... but is he really ready to fight an angry Dex Joy?

Lance:

I think Tyler knows what he's getting into. He's not one to back down. That being said, Tyler laid Dex OUT and put him in concussion protocol!

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 the defending Southern Heritage champion ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex is heading to the ring and looks like a hungry lion ready to eat ... and he has a special paper championship title marked "IOU" in the middle - gifted by none other than Tyler's own brother Conor Fuse. Dex is heading to the ring with the title belt that Tyler can't help but laugh at. When Dex gets there Tyler makes a crack with a smirk look on his face.

Tyler Fuse:

A paper champ for a paper champ. That's cute.

Dex fires back.

Dex Joy:

That's still one more title than *you* got pally!

Dex gives over the IOU title over to the referee who looks confused at what he is seeing. Once this temporary title is tucked away Tyler Fuse and Dex Joy exchange more words when the bell rings.

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Both Dex Joy and Tyler Fuse look surprised by the appearance of the winner of the Next Challenger Battle Royale from the last DEFtv, "Bantam" Ryan Batts! The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad steps out and then heads over to the announce table. He puts on a headset and shakes the hands of Darren and Lance.

DDK:

Looks like we're gonna be joined by Ryan Batts on commentary here.

Ryan Batts:

Yeah... I want to get an up close and personal look at whoever I'm fighting. My shot at the Southern Heritage Title is going to be on DEFtv 147!

Lance:

WOW! That's big news for you, Ryan!

DING DING

Right away Dex gets surprised by Tyler Fuse on the offensive. Fuse runs at Dex and hits him with shots from every which way trying to perhaps overwhelm his larger opponent. He has Dex backed into a corner with a running elbow to the head and then sends more punches to his face. Dex is trying to block them but the majority still land until it is Dex who finds himself laid up in the corner. Tyler goes to town with a lot of stomping now and then even leaps up to press both feet into Dex's chest, trying to take precious air away.

When Tyler is sure he has Dex winded in his corner, Fuse is ordered to back up by the official, Hector Navarro. Pissed at the situation between he and Navarro two weeks ago, Fuse doesn't listen. He jumps on top of Dex again and puts both boots into Joy's chest. Tyler wants to take some more oxygen away from the bigger man that needs it. When he has Dex down laying in the corner, Tyler decides to take a page from Dex's book and hits a dropkick right to the champion's face! Dex is left laying while Tyler stands up and looks into the crowd stoically.

DDK:

Tyler needs to get off this mean-streak of being pissed at everyone and focus on the match at hand. Not a smart move.

Ryan Batts:

He's absolutely tough but has a bad habit of thinking he's beaten someone and left them for dead... me for example. And now Dex.

Tyler turns to focus back on Dex but when he does, Tyler is left in complete shock by the sight of The Biggest Boy standing upright again and ready to follow up on his promise to make Conor Fuse an only child. He charges at Tyler, who moves and Dex goes towards the turnbuckle. What happens next catches everybody off guard. When Dex gets to the corner he *leaps* up and backwards over Tyler Fuse who stops himself short of catching the buckle ... then Fuse gets tossed with a released German suplex!

Ryan Batts:

Damn! He has a decent German suplex, doesn't he?

DDK:

That he does!

Lance:

How the hell does he do these things?

Princess Desire cannot believe her husband was just thrown around with ease. Tyler doesn't have any idea where he is when Dex charges and nearly decapitates him using one heck of a clothesline. Joy runs off the ropes and crushes Tyler using a seated senton to the chest! Tyler's left with almost no wind in his lungs when the angry and fired up Dex folds his arms and sits on his chest for a cover.

*One ...**Two ... No!!!***DDK:**

Close on there by Dex!

Lance:

So, Ryan... do you have a preference as to who you want to win this match?

Ryan Batts:

Admittedly... Tyler. He split up my tag team with WrestleFriends at the start of the year and what he did to the Southern Heritage Title? That was classless. But if Dex wins, then I'll fight him, too.

Tyler's shoulder rises underneath the massive big man from Los Angeles. Dex picks up Tyler and then doubles him over with a punch. A knee strike to the head follows, putting the elder Fuse in the corner. Dex gets ready to launch for the Jump for Joy but Tyler is already one step ahead of him and escapes the corner, getting out to the floor. Dex dares him to come back but Tyler is still hurt. Dex is looking to the crowd for a reaction as Tyler is trying to regain some footing. Dex starts feeding off the crowd and Big Dex Energy gets ready to fly!

"WHOOOOOOOOOO--"

The WHOA-PE does not land because Desire leaps in the way of her husband to protect him from the fate of a three-hundred fifty-pound man flying at him.

Lance:

Oh, come on, get her out of there! How many times have we seen Princess Desire try and help her husband?

DDK:

She's a cunning woman, that's for sure.

Ryan Batts:

Yeah, she is. I know that first-hand.

Dex gets on the mat and rolls out to the floor. Desire tries shielding her husband from Dex Joy but he doesn't play that game and physically picks her up, then puts her down to the side. He turns but all Tyler Fuse needs is a second to go after the eyes of Dex with a thumb! Dex gets his left eye struck and then with all the strength that Tyler can use, he shoves Big Dex Energy forward and pushes him into the steel steps outside!

Ryan Batts:

Damn. I don't want to give him any credit whatsoever, but that was a smart move by Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Things like that are how he's got to where he is now. Those wars with Scott Douglas, Kerry Kuroyama and now this.

Lance:

Indeed, he's on a whole new level these days, especially how the match between these two ended last time!

After Tyler Fuse rattles Dex with the big impact of being shoved into the steps, he starts trying to get the Biggest Boy back inside the ring. It takes him a few seconds but it is enough to avoid being counted out. Fuse starts climbing up the ropes quickly while keeping an eye on Joy. He leaps off the top rope and hits the LANline!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Tyler doesn't argue with the official and goes right for a running forearm. That stuns Dex and so does the second running forearm he hits the champion with. When Dex still manages to get up, Tyler continues the strategy that he used the last time they were in the ring together when he goes low using a dropkick on the knee of The Biggest Boy.

The defending Southern Heritage IOU Champion looks weakened for the first time in this match and that gives Tyler Fuse the opening necessary to go to the middle rope. Dex is grabbing the knee when Tyler flies off and lands the flying DDT! Dex is dropped on his head and spiked by Tyler Fuse.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

The diving DDT almost gives him the Southern Heritage Title!

DDK:

He has Dex on the ropes now. He's gotta close the deal.

Batts adds nothing, but pensively watches the match ahead. Tyler goes right to stomping on Dex's leg three different times. Dex's leg hurt but he tries blocking a fourth one. Joy grabs the leg and throws Tyler down before standing up but Tyler is a hair faster than Dex and goes right back to grabbing the leg. A dropkick to that very knee gets Dex on his knee and then an enziguri kick stuns the champ. Joy doesn't go down but a second enziguri by Tyler finally puts Big Dex Energy on the mat. Tyler urgently tries pinning him and making good on becoming the Southern Heritage for a second ... okay first time in the record books.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Princess Desire and Tyler Fuse are both showing no love for how Navarro is counting. Tyler Fuse kicks Joy's leg again and then he grabs the leg and goes into a figure four on The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Figure four! This is how he beat Gunther Adler on UNCUT and how he ultimately did in Kerry Kuroyama at Ascension in that incredible match!

Lance:

Yeah! He has just channeled this newfound intensity to great success.

Batts:

He has... that's why I was saying earlier I wanted Tyler in that ring. He ran his mouth about me, but he's not the only one that's spent this last year getting better.

The same hold that Tyler Fuse has used to tap out others is now applied on Big Dex Energy. He has it on perfectly and

Dex tries to break it quickly but Tyler cranks back on it and puts more pressure on Dex's knee.

Tyler Fuse:

YOU WON'T KEEP THAT TITLE AWAY FROM ME AGAIN!!!

Tyler frustratingly tries cranking back but Dex listens to the cheers of the people. He feeds off the energy again and slowly crawls to the ropes ... and he even drags Tyler with him ... until he makes it there and grabs the ropes with his right hand.

DDK:

Joy makes it to the ropes... ugh, of course Tyler is holding on!

Lance:

Dex made that look easy! He moved Tyler across the ring, showing size really matters. I hate saying cliches but in this case, it's true!

DDK:

Dex IS in pain, though. He moved Tyler quick but he still was in the hold!

Tyler breaks the submission after using a few extra seconds with the official. Even though Joy did move Tyler quickly, the after affects show damage might be done. With Dex left stunned, he tries to get up but Dex is drilled by a shot to the throat. Tyler grabs the neck and then runs for the Close Quarters Canvas but Dex manages to keep hold of him after the turnbuckle run and drives Fuse down using a spinning belly to back release suplex!

Dex waits on Tyler to stand up. Joy runs the challenger over with a clothesline but grabs the arm. Tyler is forced up, then hit with a second clothesline. Dex pulls him up again and throws Tyler into the ropes, hitting the Dex Bomb! Once he hits the pop up power bomb Dex gets ready to unleash a big jumping senton!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

How did he kickout of that combination?

Lance:

I don't know! That had to be pure instinct.

Ryan Batts:

Like I said, he's tough. There is no doubt about that.

Dex wants to complain about the count but he's a better man than that ... before the champion can follow with anything more, Princess Desire yells at Tyler to move. Fuse hears her and gets to the floor, making a hasty retreat. Dex tries grabbing him but Tyler is already outside. The referee's count begins.

Hector Navarro:

One ... two ... three ...

Dex follows the elder Fuse to the ring apron and tries to fight the pain in his knee. Joy goes to the outside and then goes after Tyler but Tyler kicks his leg again and starts bringing the fight back to the Southern Heritage Champion. Dex goes right back to hitting Tyler across the head and then then back.

Hector Navarro:

Four ... five ...

DDK:

The official is counting but these two are trying to rip into one another.

Lance:

They better get back in!!!

Tyler throws a super kick and the blow catches Dex on the jaw and that sends him stumbling backwards several feet, but surprisingly he does not go down.

Hector Navarro:

Six ... Seven ...

Princess Desire is trying to warn Tyler to get inside the ring so he doesn't get counted out. Tyler sees her and starts heading that way but what happens next ...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER INTO THE CROWD!!!!

DDK:

WHAT IN THE HELL!!!

Ryan Batts:

HOLY SHOULDER BLOCKS, BANTAM! THAT WAS THE SHIT!

Dex Joy unleashes perhaps his mightiest version ever of his powerful shoulder tackle move and the blow sends Tyler *flying* clear over the barricade and into a pocket of fans! The crowd pops so hard that everyone around them almost misses the referee's count!

Hector Navarro:

Eight ... nine ... ten!!!!

DING DING DING

Dex Joy finally looks up but he's not fixated on the bell. He is more fixed on giving Tyler Fuse what he deserves. Princess Desire goes over to check on her husband as the decision is announced by Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match has resulted in a double count out and as a result ... still your DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Lance:

I'm pretty sure that a double count out is not how Dex Joy wanted to retain the Southern Heritage Title but tonight I think that he's more interested in seeing red!

DDK:

After what has happened can you blame him for what he's done though?

Ryan Batts stands up.

DDK:

Hey... where are you going?

Ryan Batts:

I'm about to do something really, really unpopular... I said that I wanted Tyler Fuse...

Batts throws down the headset and then starts to run down the aisle himself. He looks at where Tyler lands... then turns

to Dex... and CRACKS Joy down the ramp with what looks like a flying headbutt right on the jaw, dropping the big man on the aisle! The crowd is in shock as Ryan Batts stands up and gets a reaction of mostly shock from the crowd! Meanwhile, Tyler is struggling to pull himself off The Faithful and Princess Desire goes into the crowd to help him. Tyler locks eyes real quick as Ryan holds his head, staring Fuse down.

DDK:

What... what did Ryan Batts just do? What was the meaning of THAT?!

Lance:

I don't know! Look at him, though...

Ryan Batts does look remorseful but he heads back up the ramp and stares down Dex Joy.

DDK:

That had to have been a message to Dex, plain and simple. Dex technically retains the Southern Heritage Champoinship...even without the physical belt... and we heard Ryan tells on commentary he gets the next shot! This situation over the Southern Heritage Title has just gotten even crazier now with Ryan Batts now involved.

Bantam stares down Dex, who is holding his face in pain and staring up angrily at The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad who has now called his shot.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

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BRUCE WHISTLER

DDK:

We like to take a moment to honor a special young man.

The show's main camera focuses on a nine-year-old boy with a bald head, brown eyes, and freckles. He has a Queen of the Ring shirt on. As the bumper displays...

Bruce Whistler

Lance:

After battling cancer for the last couple of years. This young man BEAT IT!

The Faithful clap as they watch clips of Bruce in the hospital on the DEFiatron.

DDK:

We here at DEFIANCE were pulling for you Bruce, and are glad you are here with your mother Janet Whistler, and your father Horace Whistler.

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

The Faithful jump to their feet, as Jestal and Dandelion appear from behind the curtain.

DDK:

What is the Toybox doing out here?

Lance:

Looks like he has a gift, and his sister is right behind him.

The siblings walk toward the ringside area and walk around and greet little Bruce.

Jestal:

Ya cut that music guys. This little man...kicked cancer's DOTS!

The Faithful give a standing ovation for the young man. Dandelion quickly covers Jestal's mouth, with her other hand and signs an apology to the boy's parents for the swearing. Bruce just laughs at the sibling's act.

Jestal:

Can I talk again?

Bruce nods repeatedly with a big smile on his face.

Jestal:

So now where was I...oh yes this.

Jestal reaches down for a present he set on the floor.

Jestal:

This for you my young ducky.

Bruce's eyes widen in joy. Horace and Janet are all smiles. Dani jumps up and down in excitement. Bruce rips open the box and reaches in and pulls out two rectangle shape pieces of paper.

Jestal:

THAT my young ducky is two FRONT ROW tickets to DEFIANCE ROAD!

Bruce shows them to his mom and thanks Jestal. Dani reaches over and gives the young man a hug. Jestal fist bumps the child.

Jestal:

Oh and trust me, my young ducky, you are going to LOVE what we have in store for The Comments Section.

He winks at Bruce who smiles with excitement. The siblings wave at Bruce as they head back up the ramp.

DDK:

Now that's was a heart-touching feel-good moment there Lance.

Lance:

Indeed, what a great gift for him.

The Faithful show their appreciation to Toybox but that's not all! If they weren't cheering loud enough, the Faithful erupt when they see a sleigh full of wrapped presents being pulled out on stage by ring crew members! The show goes on as The Toybox gratefully hands out presents to numerous fans.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. CYRUS BATES

The broadcast returns to ringside with DDK and Lance standing by.

DDK:

Faithful, up next we have a clash that is certain to be a close one as Cyrus Bates challenges Matt LaCroix for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

Remember, Darren, LaCroix has been overly vocal about his plans with the title. He wants to rack up the appropriate number of wins before cashing in the belt for a shot at the Southern Heritage title... or what's left of it.

DDK:

If that's the case, then LaCroix might have more than he bargained for tonight, as he faces Cyrus Bates, who is coming off a strong win over Titus Campbell from the last UNCUT.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The crowd pisses on the entrance of the Unified Tag Team Champions. Malak Garland strolls out first, holding all five tag belts stacked on top of each other, over his shoulder. He's sporting oversized sunglasses, a peppy attitude and his patented Thirst Trap t-shirt now available over at efedtees.com. Cyrus walks out next, followed by Teresa. They congregate on the stage for a moment before Ames and Bates walk to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This contest is set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit and it is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing the challenger, from Fort Worth, Texas, CYRUS BATES!

DDK:

Imagine if Bates brings home even more gold to The Comments Section!

Lance:

Imagine Malak isn't on his way over here to guest commentate, Darren.

Lance tries to lighten the mood as The Source of Envy nestles into a free chair, sandwiching DDK in the middle. Malak plunks his many titles on the commentary desk.

Malak Garland:

Hey there, commentary team! Hi Darren! Wow, look! I acknowledged Darren for once! Swerve! Thought I'd come and join you guys on commentary for this match, since my verbose nature got such rave reviews the last time. Oh, hi to you too, Lance.

Lance grumbles as Cyrus gets in the ring and Teresa circles it like a shark smelling blood.

Malak Garland:

What's the matter with Lance, Keebs? I thought our roster already met the quota for one mute freak.

DDK:

Well, I don't want to start anything but I think Lance is still sour about the time you made him drive across town for nothing.

Malak Garland:

Listen, Lance. Are you going to hold feelings forever? In 100 years, none of this will matter anyways so loosen up a bit, okay?

Lights Out.

The Faithful cheer as the beginning chords echo through the arena. Smoke begins to rise from the entrance, highlighted by red flood lights. Inside the smoke, a silhouette of a man rises from a kneeling position and holds what appears to be a championship belt over his head.

It begins with them, but it ends... with me.
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

As the "HEY!" chants kick in, Matt LaCroix steps out from the smoke holding the Favoured Saints Championship over his head. From under his hooded black denim vest, he glares down at the ring back at Cyrus Bates before throwing the championship over his shoulder. He begins his march down to the ring, but first his icy blue eyes shift to Malak Garland on commentary and he points at the Comments Section member.

Malak Garland:

What a menacing glare! Why would he give me such a look! You don't think he wants my coveted championships, do you? DO YOU!?

With a tremble in his voice, Malak caresses his titles in a panic. Meanwhile the Orleans Outsider finds Bruce Whistler cheering in the front row. The champ teases him about his Queen of the Ring shirt before they go forehead to forehead. LaCroix rubs his hand over Bruce's head before sliding into the ring. Passing Rex Knox, Matt poses on the corner with the Favoured Saints Championship high into the air. After jumping down, he walks to the middle of the ring and puts his title down on the mat in front of Cyrus. Referee Rex Knox picks it up.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, he is the REIGNING and DEFENDING DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion, from New Orleans, Louisiana! MATT LAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIX!

The bell rings as the buzz of the crowd for their hometown talent subsides.

DING! DING!

DDK:

Here we go, folks! DEFIANCE is the gift that just keeps on giving! First, Toybox comes out here and showers the crowd with presents and now we're promised a good old fashioned fight!

Malak Garland:

Don't even mention their name, Darren. Your mouth just became dirty. Look at all these saplings. Look at all the kids in the front row with presents! That little girl with her mom is pathetic!

LaCroix immediately offers Bates with a test of strength. Reluctant at first, Cyrus eventually clenches fists with the champ and is brought to his knees! LaCroix disengages one set of hands and begins to deliver thunderous shin kicks to the broad chest of Bates!

Lance:

Huge kicks to Cyrus!

Malak Garland:

They're not that huge.

Matt steps over the clenched fists and rolls his opponent into an arm bar! Bates flails his free hand to get to the ropes.

Malak Garland:

He's at the ropes! Break the hold!

LaCroix finally releases the hold, sits up and is met with a bop to the mouth by Bates! Cyrus hurries to his feet and slams his boot across the champions face! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

LaCroix manages to kick out of that vicious boot to the face!

Bates mounts LaCroix and hammers away with Teresa jumping and clapping for joy on the outside. Bates picks his similarly sized opponent up and nails a brain buster! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Malak Garland:

Three! New champion! New champion!

DDK:

Umm, no. He clearly kicked out at two and a half.

The crowd begins to rally behind LaCroix who finds himself in the corner, receiving some chops. After the fifth chop, LaCroix grabs Bates in a headlock and the two combatants exchange positions. LaCroix PEPPERS Bates with strong shots to pressure points. Teresa pouts on the outside as Matt and Cyrus climb up to the second rope.

Lance:

Vertical suplex from the middle rope! Both men are down!

Ames sees this as an opening to show some climbing skills of her own as she gets on the apron and begins arguing with the referee about her nails or something.

Malak Garland:

BRB, AFH! That stands for be right back, away from headset.

The audible sound of a headset dropping muffles over the broadcast but before Malak can make it a step down the ramp...

RAHHHHHH!

The Faithful erupt at the sight of Trashcan Tim! Malak doesn't dare to step another inch as Tim lazily jogs down the ramp. The mere putrid smell of garbage is enough to force Malak into submission.

DDK:

It's Trashcan Tim! But what is he doing here!?

Everyone watches as Tim makes no bones about going right after Teresa Ames! He swiftly sweeps her legs from under her with a clothesline as the entire place rejoices!

Lance:

I don't think Trashcan is a fan of interference, DDK!

If Ames didn't have a nail problem beforehand, she definitely has one now as she stumbles to the mat below. The

referee turns his attention back to the competitors as they both begin to stir. Trashcan Tim continues doing protective circles around the ring, slapping as many willing hands as possible.

DDK:

Malak dare not go down there now, what with Trashcan Tim [and his stink] wafting around the ring!

Seizing the momentum and opportunity, Matt LaCroix propels himself off the ropes and delivers a shining wizard to the back of Cyrus' exposed skull!

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

But that's not all. LaCroix QUICKLY laces in the dragon sleeper!

FTW!**DDK:**

FTW! FTW! LACROIX HAS IT LOCKED IN WITH NOWHERE TO GO!

Bates flings his arms around until his body finally goes limp. Referee Rex Knox has no choice but to call for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The Faithful are elated as Matt LaCroix receives his title belt back.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and STILL DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion, MATT LACROIX!

A camera shot cuts back to Malak for a brief moment, who is still standing atop the ramp, holding his nostrils closed in disgust.

Lance:

What a showing by Matt LaCroix tonight! A tiny assist given by Trashcan Tim too.

LaCroix looks over at Tim, who finally stops jogging around the ring. The two share a nod as the champ throws his title on his shoulder, and leaves through the crowd. Teresa can't believe it, so she starts to cry. Tim hands her some heavily used tissues before he scatters too. The ref checks on Bates who is finally coming back to life.

HOW THE SNOWFLAKES STOLE CHRISTMAS

The crowd is still settling down from seeing Matt LaCroix retain his title as the three members of The Comments Section pout in their respective spots. Cyrus is in the ring. Teresa is on the ground by the apron. Malak is STILL atop the ramp, clutching his nose shut. Having enough of the goading from the crowd, Malak grabs a microphone and finally releases hold of his nose.

Malak Garland:

THAT'S IT! I'M PISSED! LIKE, MEGA PISSED!

The Faithful actually laugh at Garland.

Malak Garland:

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU PEOPLE! THIS IS UNREAL! CYRUS WAS GOING TO WIN ME THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP IN A WATERSHED MOMENT BEFORE THAT DISGUSTING GREASEBALL GUS HAD TO COME DOWN AND RUIN EVERYTHING!

Tears begin to fall from Malak's eyes.

Malak Garland:

And all you people do is laugh at me. You sit there, with your gifts and your little presents like today is a special day. Why is it so special? Because Toybox handed out some meaningless gifts to you nimrods!?

That gets heat.

Malak Garland:

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

Cyrus and Teresa begin the trek towards Malak who directs them with a simple head nod.

Malak Garland:

CHRISTMAS IS CANCELLED!

The Keyboard Master immediately jumps into the crowd. His followers follow as they parade through the masses, snatching the odd gifts from people.

Malak Garland:

What do we have here?

Teresa rips a nicely wrapped present away from a middle aged woman and holds it up high before opening it.

Malak Garland:

Is that a Midnight Air EXECUTIVE hair dryer? Matte black finish, no less!? Teresa will take that. NEXT!

Lance:

I thought Malak called these useless gifts?

The middle aged woman simply can't believe she had her present taken from her as The Comments Section moves on. Cyrus is next as he wrestles away a long tube-like box from an old man in a wheelchair.

Malak Garland:

OPEN IT, CYRUS! OPEN IT! PRETEND IT'S YOUR DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

DDK:

Uhhh folks, this definitely isn't right. Malak Garland and his goonies are taking out their loss on the crowd and this looks like it could get ugly at any second.

Bates rips open the present and shows a highly articulated walking stick to the crowd, which the man in the wheelchair could definitely make use of.

Malak Garland:

DISCARD IT! GET RID OF IT!

Bates promptly snaps the cane in half, over his thigh. The man in the wheelchair cries out. By this time, people are moving away from Malak, as tensions run high. Malak suddenly stops and notices a little girl in the first row, proudly holding her present up to her mother. She sits right beside Bruce Whistler.

DDK:

Oh no. No, Malak. Just no!

Malak Garland:

Like taking candy from a baby.

The Comments Section marches to the front row and barges between the little girl and her mother.

Malak Garland:

I'll be taking this.

With the odd threat from the crowd being picked up by the camera microphone, Malak grins evilly. He pulls the present from the girl's clutches, who immediately begins to wail.

Malak Garland:

Shut up, junior. It will all be over soon.

Malak notices Bruce Whistler sitting near the little girl, DEFRoad tickets in hand.

Malak Garland:

I'd sell those on the secondary market for big money if I were you.

Malak leads his troops to a safer space, back atop the ramp as he holds the small present high. Lucky for Malak, he knew everyone that entered the arena had already gone through a metal detector upon entering so there was little to no chance of someone shooting him from the crowd.

Malak Garland:

And lastly, what do we have here?

DDK:

It's Christmas, for crying out loud! Stop trying to take it away!

Malak hands off the microphone for Cyrus to hold. The Keyboard King slowly tears the candy cane wrapping off the present, revealing a fully sealed DEFIANCE action figure. Malak's jaw drops. The crowd regains their vigor and laughs.

DDK:

Is that... ?

The crane cam zooms in on Malak's now trembling hands as he holds the action figure but it isn't just any action figure. It's one of Klein, with an accessory removable box included! Ages 6+ of course.

Malak Garland:

What the...

DDK:

It is! Would you look at that! It's a Klein action figure! Now available for the holiday season! I've heard it's one of our hottest sellers right now.

Malak mutters something off mic to the effect of 'what the hell is this' and 'who the expletive would want this action figure,' to which Cyrus and Teresa shrug their shoulders. In a fit, Malak immediately slams the boxed figure down. He stomps on it a few times before ordering his compatriots to the back.

DDK:

What a child! The damn nerve of Malak Garland pulling this stunt tonight. Folks, I promise we're going to make this right as I'm just being told that fans who had their presents stolen or destroyed will be given signed Toybox and Klein eight by tens.

The crane camera focuses on the demolished Klein action figure before the broadcast transitions elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2020

Don't miss the DEFIANCE ROAD, only on DEFonDemand!

"QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY vs. THE DEACON

Darren Quimby:

Ladies & Gentleman, it is time for your MAIN EVENT for DEF146! Introducing first--

The Gregorian chant begins, but it doesn't last long, the monk chant being overtaken by the raucous guitars of "Game On" by Disciple. The crowd pops as the curtain parts to reveal Magdalena, looking from one side of the arena to the other before the giant shadow of the Deacon overtakes her demure frame. In no short order, they make their way to the ring.

Or most of the way to the ring. This time, the Deacon isn't stopped by a rampaging wrestler but Bruce Whistler, the 9 year old cancer survivor, wearing a Lindsay Troy t-shirt.

Standing over the boy, staring down, the Deacon touches his head, stomach, then both shoulders before pointing to the sky.

Deacon:

T'anks for t'e hope.

Then points to the child.

Deacon:

But you need better shirt.

The Deacon takes off his own "I Believe" t-shirt & tosses it to Bruce with a wink then enters the ring.

Lance:

Guess Deacon would prefer if the kid isn't rooting for the High Queen DEFIANT!

DDK:

No doubt. As hard as it is to believe, this main event match-up has only happened once in the storied careers of these two combatants.

Lance:

That's true. What else is true is that both of these two have already been in Match of the Year contenders - Deacon versus Vacio in the ladder match at Ascension and Lindsay Troy versus Oscar Burns in not one but TWO matches in their series of insta-classics.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path down the aisle and she climbs the stairs, slipping between the middle and top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op, pointing specifically to Bruce in the front row, before leaping off as she's done thousands of times before.

Lance:

Lindsay's looking in rare form tonight. She knows this is a big one.

DDK:

I would say "rare form." Notice her movements as she enters the ring. You can tell she slept wrong last night.

Lance:

Or fell outta the top bunk.

DDK:

...Yeah, something like that.

Lance:

And notice the Deacon - almost seething in his corner. Magdalena's there like a cage holding back a bull.

Lindsay Troy gestures to Deacon.

Lindsay Troy:

Tell the whelp to find a seat in the front row. Or better yet, the nosebleeds so I don't gotta see her.

Deacon charges through Magdalena. Quimbey leaps out of Deacon's way. Lindsay throws a kick to Deacon's ribs that staggers him toward his right, but just for a moment, as he continues his bullrush driving Lindsay into the corner.

DDK:

Doyle getting in between them.

Lance:

He's the smallest guy in the ring.

DDK:

But the one that can end this match before it even begins.

The referee sends Deacon back to his corner, and the Mute Freak complies... barely. Lindsay takes a moment to gather herself again, a small smirk growing across her face. While the kick didn't do what she wanted, the comment did. Magdalena does find a seat at ringside, choosing to not stand near the apron but to sit next to the Main Event of the Main Event - young Bruce Whistler.

Benny Doyle:

Meet in the middle.

Deacon wastes no time, and to no surprise, Troy is quick to meet him. A staredown commences as Benny gives his instructions then calls for the bell. As its ringing echoes throughout the arena, neither competitor moves.

Lance:

Deacon is a full head taller and over a buck twenty-five with legendary power. This isn't going to look anything like her classics with Burns.

DDK:

But she knows what she needs to do. You had to see that look on her face. She has a gameplan and she's already started it.

Lance:

The Deacon's been in a different headspace, though, since his return. He's a different competitor.

DDK:

And Lindsay Troy is the ultimate adaptor.

Lance:

You're making her sound like a wall charger.

Troy into the ropes.

DDK:

Apropos call, Lance. Lindsay back. She ducks the Deacon's clothesline. Back into the ropes.

Deacon steps toward LT and throws a hard back elbow. Troy ducks again and goes into the ropes for a 3rd time, rebounding before she crashes into Deacon's full body, Vader-style (and not the Sith lord). Lindsay collapses to the ground. The Deacon grabs for her hair but the Queen rolls out of the ring to regain her composure. Inside the ring, the Deacon might have smiled. Maybe. But he definitely gets out of the ring and catches Lindsay with a forearm that drops her once again, repeating the strikes several more times before rolling her back in the ring, climbing over the top rope, and dashing into the ropes before throwing a hellacious kick to her face.

Or at least that was the plan.

Instead, Lindsay grabs the extended foot and rolls, twisting Deacon's knee and then proceeding to tie his two long legs together, but his power is too much, the Deacon pushing her away before rolling back to his knees.

Lance:

While these two don't know one another as competitors, they are both veterans in the ring.

DDK:

Meaning - they both study film, like any professional.

Lindsay in one corner, Deacon in the other, Lindsay takes off running. Deacon puts a big boot up that hits Troy, staggering her back to the middle and giving the Deacon the opportunity to do his own charge, which gives the Queen of the Ring the chance to leap up and catch the Deacon, flipping backwards with a hurricanrana that sends Deacon back to the ground.

DDK:

She's tender there, Lance. You can see Lindsay Troy clutching at her back.

Lance:

Good thing Deacon isn't able to capitalize.

DDK:

But he can repeat what Lindsay did and take a powder to the outside of the ring.

Lance:

I don't think Lindsay's going to give Deacon any more of a reprieve than he gave her!

Troy grabs the top rope and slingshots to the floor, but she only lands on her feet, not the Mute Freak, who slips back into the ring and, like an echo, grabs the top rope to do to her what she'd planned for him. But just like Deacon, Troy thinks the better of being a landing pad for a 320 pounder and gets out of the way, moving closer to the corner. Unlike Troy, Deacon doesn't land on the mat, he lands on the apron, and upon seeing Troy at the other corner of the ring, charges forward. The Queen turns just in time to see a cannonball-styled Senton crash into her chest.

DDK:

Pretty sure she's gonna be tender there as well.

Lance:

It's truly hard to prepare for a guy of Deacon's size who can move like that.

DDK:

Neither is moving right now, but they may just be soaking in the cheers of the Faithful here.

Deacon pulls Troy back to her feet before sending her into the barricades, the ringpost, and (yes), the camera when Deacon holds the camera by the lens and bounces the Queen's royal face against it. With the count of 10 nearing, Deacon rolls Lindsay back into the ring, climbs onto the apron, over the top rope, and reaches down for her hair.

Troy catches him with a stiff right. Another. Another. She gets to her feet and Deacon pops her with an overhand clubbing forearm that drops her once again. Standing over her, that legendary glare cuts a hole through the Lady of the Hour, and the Deacon sends a few hard kicks to the side that causes her to wince. This only motivates her as she gets back to her feet, throws a chop, two, three, four. And with a scream, she pulls back for another fiery chop. The fast offensive flurry doesn't last, however, as another clubbing forearm drops her.

DDK:

Troy right back up!

It fells her only briefly. She throws a knee to Deacon's midsection, another, and another before following with a coordinated series of strikes that staggers the Deacon, giving her an opening to hit the ropes and--

Lance:

Troy right back down!

The Deacon catches her with a sidewalk slam that takes the breath out of her. He makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Deacon gets in Benny Doyle's face with that stare that has frozen many people, then turns and grabs Lindsay Troy again. With relative ease, he heaves her onto his shoulders before swinging her around to land with a tilted slam to the canvas. Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Shoulder up by Troy!

After another glare at Doyle, the Deacon pulls Lindsay into the corner. Stone-faced, the Mute Freak sends a chop straight at Troy's chest. She spins and grabs the arm, using a judo-styled throw to send Deacon to the mat before grappling his arm in a vine - getting a huge pop from the crowd.

DDK:

That came outta nowhere. Lindsay's got that lock sewn shut on the Deacon. Only one problem - his seven foot frame gives him quite a wingspan to work with, and he's working it for all its worth to grab that bottom rope.

Benny Doyle checks for the submission but the Mute Freak gives no indication of anything other than his intention to use his range to grab the bottom rope.

Lance:

He's nearing that rope, and you can see on Lindsay's face, she's doing all she can to hold him back.

The Queen knows the ring well, and so releases her lock to bound over the Deacon's prone form and grab his outstretched arm. Rotating her body, she flips the Deacon from the rope and after another smooth transition--

Lance:

She's got the Mute Freak in the Divine Right!

This Koji Clutch submission is locked in tight. The Deacon can reach, but he's having to move her weight while being locked in it.

DDK:

I don't know how long the Deacon can last in this!

The Deacon pushes up, gaining an inch. Lindsay Troy pulls on his arm. Benny Doyle checks, but the Deacon's not ready to submit. He pushes up again, gaining another inch, which just makes Troy wrench the hold tighter. Benny asks a second time, but the Deacon keeps crawling his way toward the ropes, refusing to give in.

Lance:

He's almost done it. This crowd is screaming. Deacon with a push and--

DDK:

The High Queen DEFIANT is ready, releasing and rolling and--

The Deacon nails her in the head with a back elbow that staggers her and gives him a moment.

Lance:

The Deacon was ready. That shot would pin most people, but the ever-DEFIANT Queen is working her way back to her feet.

Troy and Deacon both get to a vertical base. Lindsay sends a stiff kick to Deacon that drops him back to one knee. She swings behind, taking a waistlock. The Deacon drops his weight as Troy tries to heft him, causing her to grab her back once again. Two more short elbows, Deacon gets her loose before sending her into the corner with an Irish whip. Just as she starts to hit the buckle, she leaps over the top rope and lands on the apron only to turn with a springboard to fly back into the ring.

DDK:

Deacon caught her by the neck!

Lance:

Chokeslam!

Lindsay didn't want to take that back bump and went with the momentum, adding a backflip to land on her feet. Leaping on Deacon's back, she grabs for a rear naked choke.

DDK:

Deacon drops to the mat!

The jarring impact releases the hold, Lindsay yelling as she arches her back until.

DDK:

She gets her legs up....could it be--

Lance:

It is! SACER ESTO!

With the Death Star/Pentagram choke locked in, Lindsay Troy tightens her grip as Deacon tries to work his way out.

But a pentagram is often used in summoning, and what's being summoned, is not what either of these DEFIANTS want...

FEAR THE KABAL

Without a hint of a warning, the DEFplex is plunged into darkness...

Lance:

Uh oh... I was wondering if we would see him or not...

Lance's mic is cut off into a brief burst of static before silence falls on the announcer's feeds, the crowd's camera phones flash throughout Wrestle-Plex as the DEFtv live cameras try to capture what's taking place in the ring. Deacon and Lindsay Troy are not able to be made out in the thickness of the shadows, but movements indicate that Troy has released Deacon from the Death Star choke and both DEFIANTS have gotten slowly to their feet. Magdalena rises from her seat at ringside and hops the guardrail, then slides under the bottom rope as attention is quickly drawn to the DEFIAtron while it lights up to life.

Voiceover:

The Heroes before you, these 'weak' ones - who portray themselves as the 'righteous' or 'valiant' of DEFIANCE.. THESE are the ones who will face JUDGMENT!

Booming thunder shakes the arena alive as five pyros shoot down the rampway like a firing line in quick succession in a variety of colors - Orange, Yellow, Purple, Green followed finally by the Crimson Red, once worn proudly in the eyes of Codename: Reaper. With the shadows parted for a moment, the viewers rise to their feet and strain their eyes to see what just as quickly disappears in the darkness again.

Voiceover:

For all the good in which they sow - for all the right that they stand for - we all know that deep down they have DARKNESS buried within... deep down all it takes is FEAR to strike them where they stand and EXPOSE THEM! FEAR us like you feared them... FEAR THE KABAL!

Once more the color show appears, this time on the corners of each of the ring posts, quickly in succession: Orange, Yellow, Purple, Green - a pause happens before the last Crimson Red Pyro flares off in the middle of the ring, revealing Lindsay Troy, Magdalena and Deacon at opposing corners!

DDK:

And next thing you know the.. Wait, we.. we are back! I still can't see... WOW!

The live feeds of DEFIANCE's announcers flare back to life just as the DEFarena lights beam into existence.

Lance:

Deacon, Magdalena, and Lindsay Troy are surrounded... by...

DDK:

Is that... FIVE REAPERS?!?

The fans break their silence with a gasp before returning back to their previous mute state. Deacon and Lindsay Troy back towards the middle of the ring, standing almost back to back. Surrounding them in a circle are five black clad 'Reapers', fully costumed out with glowing eyes representative of the colors in the matching pyros. Each of them stands motionless as they stare at the two 'Heroes' cornered.

Each of them but one.

Red Reaper: [pointing to Lindsay Troy]

YOU! Will SEE the MONSTER your DARKNESS CREATED!!

DDK:

That's gotta be The Uber Driver...

Quick as a flash, the Red Reaper reaches out and snatches Magdalena by the arm. She has no time to defend herself, not even to throw a punch or a kick to the masked man, before he delivers a crushing overhead fist to her temple. Deacon's red and white haired confidant crumples to the mat on impact, and the Mute Freak has seen enough.

Lance:

Deacon's had enough of waiting as he finally charges forward at three of the Reapers!

Reaper Red and a winded Lindsay Troy stare each other down as Reaper Green joins the scuffle in bringing down the seven footer.

Lance:

The rage in Deacon's eyes as the people behind Vacio's agenda are within striking distance is unbelievable! They simply cannot bring him down!

Troy has her head on a swivel as she remains unapproached by the masked assailants who finally chop low at Deacon's leg, forcing him to the mat.

DDK:

Numbers on the side of The Kabal and precise timing put Deacon in a tough spot and... OH! NO! Deacon just took a hard blow to the back of the head from one of the Reaper's closed fists. The Orange one... look at him he's like a maniac the way he's wailing on Deacon!

Flares of Orange drip from the voiceless Reapers as they surround and beat Deacon into a motionless pile on the corner of the mat. Troy's seen enough of the outnumbering odds and turns away from Reaper Red's motionless stare down.

Reaper Red: [screaming]

GO ON DIS!! RESCUE HIM FROM THE FEAR YOU CREATED!!

The Crimson glowing eyes of Codename: Reaper continues unmoving as Lindsay Troy dons her proverbial cape in an attempt to rescue Deacon from the assault.

DDK:

Dropkick to the Purple Reaper, and now Lindsay Troy just clotheslines Yellow Reaper clear out of the ring!

Lance:

The odds are not in her favor and Deacon is knocked out cold - here comes Green and Orange Reaper... oh... !

Trying their luck with a grapple, Orange Reaper yanks Lindsay Troy up in the air from the back but she kicks forward, knocking Green Reaper's mask flat off, showing it to be none other than Rezin!

DDK:

There's one face of the Goon Squad!

Unphased by losing his mask, Rezin screams at her to stop as Reaper Red steps forward. Soon, the rest of 'The Kabal' enter the ring, Rezin unmasked standing next to Reaper Red while Orange, Purple and Yellow Reapers stand over the fallen Deacon.

Reaper Red: [pointing to Deacon]

YOU TRIED TO SAVE HIM!?! FOR WHAT, FALSE HERO? He's nothing but a tainted 'role model'... like you....

Once again the ring exits are cornered off, preventing Lindsay Troy from a clear exit as she stands defensively in the center of the ring. Reaper Red approaches her with a mic in his hand as he rips the mask off his face.

Lance:

There he is...

A sinister grin on the part time uber driver, Stalker, who stares like a maniac into the soul of Lindsay Troy.

Stalker:

Why the Reaper masks, right? Troy.. Why the show..? I bet that little head of yours is just spinning at what in the world did you do to have me creep up in your life? Well.. guess what..? Just like that 'sinner' you tried to defend... secrets that you hold... and actions that you take have FAR greater consequences than you will EVER know!

Kneeling to grab the Deacon by the hair and pull his face up, Stalker continues.

Stalker:

Ask this ... Mute Freak about keeping secrets. The whole world knows his now because of HIS actions.

The Faithful don't take kindly to Stalker's tirade as the chorus of boos slowly creeps up to the nine out of ten jeer meter.

Lindsay Troy: [off mic]

Quit monologuing, you cheap-ass Kurt Kunkle rip-off, and *do something already*.

DDK:

And the gauntlet has been thrown!

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves takes a step back, accompanied by his fellow Reapers. They look on with anticipation, especially 'Orange' Reaper, who seems to almost vibrate with the desire to get his hands back on Lindsay Troy. Purple Reaper finally removes his own mask, revealing yet another mask.

DDK:

Victor VACIO!

Lance:

The Kabal's clearly wanting to make a statement here and Troy may have just pushed this man over the edge.

Stalker's eyes narrow as he stares with intensity towards Lindsay Troy who looks ready to fight for her life.

Stalker:

I told Jessica that you were nothing but a False Idol and NO ONE to EVER LOOK UP TO! GET HER AND RING HER UP!

In a fit of rage, Stalker throws the mic out of the ring then points at Lindsay Troy as the remaining 'masked' Reapers approach first. Yellow and Orange grab her on each side, and she starts to fight them off, but as soon as Vacio and Rezin join in, the numbers game becomes too overwhelming for the Queen of the Ring. They get her subdued as Stalker approaches, grabbing her by the hair, forcing her to stare at him.

Stalker: [screaming]

WELCOME TO HELL!

Lance:

HE JUST HEADBUTTED Lindsay Troy! As she stood there surrounded!

DDK:

What a coward! I can't believe...

Lance:

Looks like Stalker isn't through yet...

Orange Reaper yanks Lindsay's hair backwards making her look up to Stalker. He pulls back his fist.

Lance:

Troy with a BOOT to Stalker's FACE!

Lindsay Troy reels back against her captors, swinging her legs up to kick Stalker in the face. Yellow Reaper punches her in the gut while Vacio and Rezin kick her down to her knee.

Lance:

This can't be good! Stalker is walking towards Lindsay Troy. She's helpless now. Deacon is knocked out cold and...

A whirring sound - maybe a helicopter, maybe something else? - echoes throughout the arena. The beatdown pauses in the ring as the whirring transitions into an Abney Park tune, the music of a man not seen in these parts for a long time.

Lance:

Wait a minute, I know this - nooooo, it's not HIM, is it?!

It is.

DDK:

THAT'S HENRY KEYES!! We haven't seen him since...what, since he flew away in that airship a few years ago?!

It's hard to "briefly" encapsulate the Airship Pirate if you've never seen him before - fans of his from years past will notice new gray streaks in his shock of bright red hair and stache. He has a steampunky leather brace on his left arm, and looks like wherever the hell he's been for the last four years, it's included an Iron Church.

Stalker barks orders to his Kabal, which include continuing to restrain Lindsay Troy while he figures out who the hell this interloper is. Keyes enters the ring and first comes face to face with Stalker, who gives a quizzical look as the two men study each other. "OHHHH"s and "YEAHHHHHHH"s grow in waves from the crowd; several fans in the front row frantically tap the shoulders of their nearby friends and point at Keyes. Stalker points to the entrance ramp yelling for him to exit the ring, but Keyes shakes his head no.

DDK:

Keyes is walking headfirst into a hornet's nest here, folks. It's great that he's back, but by god, I hope he knows what he's doing - he could be sent packing longer than four years if he's not careful!

Keyes gives a knowing glance and a nod to Troy - who looks like she's seen a ghost - that draws more cheers. Before Stalker or the rest of the Kabal can approach this would-be John McClane, Keyes shakes out his leather-braced arm, takes two impactful strides forward, and swings out both his arms nailing Stalker with a BELL CLAP~! that causes his eyes to shoot wide open before he crumples to the mat! Keyes follows up with elbow strikes to the prone Stalker!

Lance:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP TO STALKER! Henry Keyes is UNLOADING on the leader of the Kabal! Rezin and Vacio are unsure what to do as they thought the situation was under control, but clearly now they see that's not the case!

Vacio tries to pull Keyes off of Stalker but the fired-up Keyes pushes back and tosses him out of the ring!

DDK:

Two down, three to go!

Rezin makes a sharp whistle to Reaper Orange and Yellow who throw Troy to the mat. She falls next to Deacon and Magdalena, and the three standing Kabal members approach the middle of the ring to stare down the rudely interrupting Airship Pirate.

Lance:

Keyes seems to be 'challenging' them to come at him - do you think he realizes he's still on the wrong side of a 3-on-1??

DDK:

Fans at home may remember that this tracks for Keyes - did you see that nod he gave to his old pal Lindsay Troy?? As long as he's got any fight in him, he's going to give it, and he hasn't even broken a sweat!

Rezin charges first, followed by Orange Reaper. Keyes ducks a clothesline from Rezin and a shoulder ram from Orange Reaper. Without a missed step, he charges forward and LARIATS Yellow Reaper clear out of the ring!

Lance:

THREE DOWN!

Orange Reaper screams through his mask as he overshoots a grapple attempt of Keyes and gets back body dropped over the top rope for his trouble!!

DDK:

He... he just cleared four of them on his own! And Rezin is NOT HAPPY!

Fans are hopping up and down with joy at this point. The two remaining men lock eyes. This draws many "ohhhhhhs" from The Faithful, and the audio picks up a stray "KICK HIS ASS, KEYES!" that doesn't get bleeped.

DDK:

WHERE IS SECURITY AT THIS POINT!?!?

Within a second of Keebler's mention, DEFSec is seen running down the ramp, The Faithful let out a mix of cheers and boos at their appearance as they clearly look to get between the two parties in play; Keyes, Troy, and Deacon, and the Kabal.

Lance:

With no one to stand between Stalker's Kabal against Lindsay Troy and Deacon, Henry Keyes has returned to DEFIANCE! What a way to end the night! Folks we are out of time, good night!

Henry Keyes taunts Rezin to come at him just as Security swarms the ring and separates the foray. There is a dark gleam in Rezin's eye as he just smiles back at the returning Keyes.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.