

PLAY HAS NO LIMITS

The DEFtv feed immediately starts with an opening shot of the parking lot during the afternoon, where the text “EARLIER TODAY” appears in the bottom left-hand corner. A green Chevy Sonic pulls up, parks and out hops Conor Fuse from the driver seat to a surprising cheer from The Faithful. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is by himself, *not* being accompanied by his hulking henchman, The Game Boy. Conor pops the trunk, takes out a neon green duffle bag and strolls towards the entrance way. Right before pulling back the arena doors, Conor notices a figure in the corner of his right eye. He smiles and sauntered over to where this person is.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man...

The camera pans to see Tyler Fuse leaned against the side of a loading dock garage. He gives a slight nod to Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

What's up?

Conor Fuse: *[pressing his thumbs together]*

Nothing really, what about you?

Conor's standing there calmly, eyeing his older brother while Tyler gives a shrug.

Tyler Fuse:

Nothing.

Silence passes. Conor's (actually) at a loss for words and doesn't know what to say. Meanwhile, Tyler seems comfortable leaning against the garage and not interacting any further.

This continues for some time. If you'd ask Conor, he'd probably say it felt like hours. Realistically, it was more like 30 seconds. However, the younger Fuse eventually snaps his head up and his eyes go wide with delight.

Conor Fuse:

Oooh, did I tell you I got all the Jet Moto games for PSOne recently?

Tyler pulls his head up slightly, still speaking with disinterest.

Tyler Fuse:

No but that's cool.

Conor Fuse: *[smiling and nodding frantically]*

Yeah. I didn't even know there was a Jet Moto 3. Of course, I knew there was a 2, that's the most popular one. So clearly there's a Jet Moto 1, unless they pull some psychedelic shit or something! *[Laughs]* Well, they're all fun to play! I also bought the Cool Boarders games off eBay. The second Cool Boarders is the best, just like Jet Moto but they're all awesome! Man, I've been having a blast! You should come over and play sometime!

Silence sweeps past The Bros. Conor's eyes are darting back and forth, trying to find something else to speak about. You can tell he's completely invested in this conversation and it means a lot to him.

Conor Fuse:

Oh! I have a FIST title shot tonight! Did you hear?

Tyler Fuse: *[nodding and showing a little more interest]*

Yeah, I did. Hope you win.

Conor Fuse:

I know, it's crazy! Mikey Unlikely is the ultimate 8-4 Boss! I'm not sure I can do it but goodness me, I guess this shows how far I've come over the years!

...

...

Conor Fuse:

Well... I heard about your suspension. That Dex Joy deserved it! What a statement you made! You'll get him at DEFIANCE Road. #PaperChamp, #PaperChamp!!

...

...

Conor Fuse:

Okay big bro, I'mma head inside! Hit me up on that Jet Moto sometime! Love ya! See ya!

The Armlock Aristocrat skips towards the entrance door feeling blissful but stops before entering. Conor looks back at Tyler, who's staring off in the distance. The youngest Fuse gives another pleasant smile, considering his interaction ended well.

Conor Fuse:

Amazing talk. Game on!

The upcoming FIST challenger pulls the WrestlePlex doors as far back as possible and heads inside, while his voice is still heard walking down the hallway and the doors slowly close behind him.

Conor Fuse:

Mikey Unlikely, you aren't welcome to join *my* Jet Moto party... CAUSE I'MMA POUND YOU INTO A 16-BIT CONSOLE!!

The entrance doors slam shut.

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!

#CONOR4FIST

!RANK !RANK !RANK

IM WEARING THIS DEX JOY MASK TO MESS WITH SCROW

MEE6 FEARS RATINGS

SIGNS SIGNS EVERYWHERE AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK

I DISAGREE WITH THE SIGN NEXT TO ME

LINZSEE TROY LUVS 2 C IT

LYN-C TEEROY FAN CLUBB

REAPERS! TASTE THE RAINBOW!

I CAME TO THE WRESTLEPLEX, AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS PIECE OF CARDBOARD AND A MARKER. HI MOM!

HENRY, TAKE ME ABOARD YOUR AIRSHIP!

AND THEN I WAS LIKE, EMILIOOOOOOOO

THIS SIGN IS CREATIVE!

SO IS THIS ONE!

DEACON, I BELIEVE

To the announce table.

DDK:

Boy do we have a show for all of you!

Lance:

Scott Douglas in action! Troy vs. Harvey. Ballyhoo in the house! Deacon is here! Henry Keyes is back! So much more!

The camera switches off the announcers to the DEFtv graphic of MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. CONOR FUSE for the FIST. The fans give a surprising cheer!

DDK:

And the main event, the FIST of DEFIANCE is on the line. Can you believe this, Lance, can you believe Conor Fuse could cap off the night with the FIST of DEFIANCE. Conor. Fuse!

Lance:

Never thought I'd say those words. Over these last few weeks, I think some of The Faithful have taken to him again. Then again, Mikey HAS NOT lost in a long time. Mikey is the Main Boss, as Conor would say. 24K have got to be lurking too and Conor has no friends! It is going to be a very, very interesting night indeed!

DDK:

Well, let's get to it!

UNPREPARED

The FIST of DEFIANCE Championship is seen covering the entire screen. Slowly the camera pulls back to reveal the champion holding the title in front of him. Proudly putting it on display for the entire viewership. Behind him stands the rest of 24K! To his right however is DEF's objectively best looking interviewer...Christie Zane.

They stand in front of a DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM backdrop.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined at this time by the FIST of DEFIANCE... Mikey Unlikely!

The crowd in the DEFplex loudly objects and Mikey puts on his boo boo face mockingly.

Christie Zane:

First things first Mikey, what's been going on with this sudden obsession with Jay Harvey?

Mikey looks perturbed.

Mikey Unlikely:

Obsession!? Obsessed? Christie... I'm obsessed with the sugary goodness that is Frapps. I'm obsessed with being the best actor that has ever graced your silver screen. I'm obsessed with being the FIST of DEFIANCE and holding onto this championship for as long as possible... I'm hardly obsessed with anyone else on the DEFIANCE roster. Next question please...

Now Christie looks perturbed.

Christie Zane:

Why have you gone out of your way to....

Mikey Unlikely:

Great question Christie! As your DEFIANT of the year... Grand Slam Champion....FIST OF DEFIANCE...Reigning Man of 2020... and all around swell person... I've deemed it within my best interest to not only scout some of the up and coming competitors...but to make sure none of them get ahead of themselves.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean by that?

Mikey Unlikely:

Every once in a while you'll see someone coming up in the business Christie, and they hit stardom too soon. They don't know how to handle all the things that come with being a major name in this business. You know what happens then? ...BAM!

Christie jumps.

Mikey Unlikely:

They crash and burn! They reach their highest high before they are mature enough to realize their full potential. Spending the rest of their career chasing something they'll never get again. Something they're weren't quite ready for. Crumbling under the pressure, we lose them forever! You hate to see it Christie!

24K nod along. They hate to see it too.

Mikey Unlikely:

Luckily for the unfaithful, Mikey Unlikely NEVER ever cookie crumbles under pressure. We don't want DEFIANCE to lose Jay Harvey forever! We just don't feel he's ready for the spotlight, and quite frankly as the FIST OF DEFIANCE

it's my place, nay.... My DUTY to make sure we preserve the very best future for the company we love so much. What Jay doesn't realize is that we're helping him. He's going to learn a lesson from all of this in due time Christie. A lesson in maturity and respect.

Christie shifts gears.

Christie Zane:

Tonight, you will defend the FIST against someone you've never met in the ring before. Conor Fuse. Your thoughts on the match?

Mikey Unlikely:

A terrific athlete in his own right, a guy I've had my eye on for one reason or another since he split from his brother. If there's one thing JFK and I love it's a tag team success story. Two brothers come in together and each break off to forge their own path. I commend them for sure. That's tried and true, and both have been successful since becoming singles...That said... Conor is going to prove my entire Jay Harvey theory is correct tonight.

The Champion looks directly into the camera now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Here's a guy who's going to get there. His talent is undeniable. He's already achieved success in the tag team division here in DEFIANCE. Is he a future FIST OF DEFIANCE? I can't say for certain. What I can say for certain is that night is not tonight. I'm going to walk in the FIST and walk out with this Championship still in my possession. Conor Fuse? He's. Just. Not. Ready.

24K walk off set together, leaving Christie on set.

DDK:

Strong words from our champion.

Lance:

I'm just going to say what we're both thinking Darren, that was flat out rude! To suggest Jay Harvey and Conor Fuse aren't ready... I think the Champ is going to find out otherwise!

DDK:

Stay tuned for that matchup later tonight as Mikey Unlikely defends the FIST against Conor Fuse in a HUGE Main Event, but right now we're headed back to the-

A PLEAD

Backstage. An backdoor entrance swings open and to the surprise of The Faithful, Gage Blackwood bursts in!

DDK:

That's... Blackwood!

Lance:

I don't believe it!

DDK:

Why we're so shocked, folks... well, last week he was viciously attacked at the hands of Chris Ross!

Lance:

There are SO many unanswered questions! I'm stunned Gage is here!

Blackwood paces down the hallway, duffle bag in his right hand and a sheet of paper in his left. He wears black jeans and a black shirt, his forehead is bandaged up and likely, from the way he's walking, so is the rest of his body. Blackwood has a purpose, although he's struggling to keep moving down the hallway.

Upon entering a crossroads between locker rooms and another (large) part of the hallway, Blackwood stops in his tracks. There are numerous staffers walking around. The former SOHER clears his throat. He holds the paper up in his left hand.

Gage Blackwood:

This is medical clearance that I'm fit to wrestle tonight. Any takers!?

Blackwood starts breathing heavily. His eyes are fuming... they dart around the room, from person to person... perhaps looking for a fellow co-worker to wrestle him.

Or seeing if Chris Ross happened to be there.

Lance:

Gage has always been known to heal... quickly, but this is madness!

Blackwood takes a step back... and right into The Deacon's chest. He turns around to see Magdalena alongside The Mute Freak, with both standing next to Christie Zane, seemingly in preparation for an interview.

Magdalena:

Quite miraculous there, Blackwood - you sure you're good tonight?

Blackwood shoves the paper right in her face.

Gage Blackwood:

That pathetic bloke Chris Ross with a Huey Dewey Louie Screwdriver... whatever he wants to call it. He can't keep me down.

Magdalena looks over the note. The Deacon stays quiet, mask over his mouth.

Magdalena:

Don't see Iris' signature, but fair enough. Go get him, Tiger.

Christie Zane:

Chris Ross does NOT have a DEFIANCE Wrestling contract so he is NOT here tonight!

Magdalena looks up at Deacon. They both exchange a glance and then put their gaze on Blackwood, seeing the

desperation in his eyes. The Noble Raider needs to fight.

Magdalena:

Better luck next time.

Magdalena turns to Christie, but the camera pans from them to Gage. Still breathing heavily, he looks up at the Deacon. The camera pans back to Christie & Magdalena.

Christie Zane:

Last week was insane, with the return of Henry Keyes and--

Gage Blackwood:

No *[puts his hand on Christie's shoulder and turns her]*. I didn't get cleared to sit on the sidelines this week. *[Glares at Deacon]* You think Stalker's world is breaking things around here? I'm gonna break this big Mute Freak's soul.

Christie Zane:

That a challenge for tonight?

Gage: *[Shakes head]*

It's what's gonna happen, aye.

The masked Mute Freak, Deacon, stares at Gage for a long moment and then nods. Blackwood returns it as if to say "thank you". The scene fades as Deacon and Magdalena walk away... leaving Blackwood panting.

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GUNTHER ADLER

Cut back to the ring. Darren Quimbey the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall ...

ONE FALL!

Lance: *[to Darren]*

Never understood why that caught on...

DDK: *[to the watching audience]*

Speaking of: ON ... we are, Lance!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two hundred at twenty six pounds ...

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful are up to their feet and the pop is a big one. They know who and they know what is coming ... and they chant along.

Darren Quimbey:

... DEFIANCE'S ...

... *DEFIANCE'S* ...

Darren Quimbey:

... FAVORITE ...

... *FAVORITE* ...

Darren Quimbey:

... SON!

...*SON!*

Darren Quimbey:

... "SUB POP" ... SCOTTTTTT DOUGGGGLASSSS!

Scott appears from behind the curtain and the pop hits it's highest. The former Southern Heritage Champion heads down to the ring, slapping a few hands and adjusting his standard garp along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

And ... his opponent!

♪ "Preliator" by Globus ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bremen, Germany, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... GUNTHHHHHHHHHHER ADDDDDDDDDDDLER!

As the music plays, Gunther Adler walks out to a mostly mixed reaction. He stares down Scott Douglas intensely as he makes his way to the ring. Once inside, Douglas is ready and Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The pair lock up and Douglas takes an early advantage with a hammerlock. Gunther reverses though and the duel of chain wrestling begins.

DDK:

Scott Douglas, though relative in height, gives up a bit of weight here.

Lance:

Not to mention strength! I imagine Gunther Adler is going to be using that to his advantage!

Amidst the technical exchange, Scott turns around into a heavy forearm to the face. The blow rocks DEFIANCE's Favorite Son as he stumbles back toward the ropes. Off the bounce, he fires back with a big forearm of his own but the German stands ... unfazed. Douglas looks around a bit, surprised, before dropping back to the ropes once again and coming full steam with a flying forearm. Once again, nothing from Adler.

Lance:

Neither Scott Douglas nor Gunther Adler are unfamiliar with one another ... OR Gage Blackwood... for that matter! Which begs the question; Why would Scott Douglas attempt to power versus power at such a strength and weight advantage!?

Douglas rears back once more, assisted by the ropes.

DDK:

Fair question, Lance! Though one could surmise ... with Gage on the horizon and a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE up for grabs - Douglas may be looking to test himself here!

Charging toward Adler, Douglas leaps for a flying forearm, going nearly horizontal just as Adler snatches the Sub Pop Superstar from the sky and drills him into the mat with a powerslam.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TW - NO!

Douglas gets the shoulder up and referee Benny Doyle halts the count. Gunther shoots the official a look but stays on it, rather than bicker. Adler pulls Douglas' back to his feet by his hair as Benny warns him off. Gunther ignores and snatches Scott into a front chancery before hoisting him up for a stalling vertical suplex.

DDK:

What power!

Adler falls back and slams Douglas down on the canvas with the big vertical suplex. Douglas instinctively grabs his lower back as his face details the pain. Adler pops up, glancing the ropes before turning swiftly and driving an elbow into Douglas' sternum. Adler hops back to his feet once again as Scott rolls toward the corner and Benny Doyle scurries out of the way. Adler stalks the rising Douglas, who barely makes it to his feet with his back against the turnbuckles before Adler lays in another elbow. This time to the jaw.

Lance:

Not to mention ring awareness! Gunther Adler is not wasting one step!

The former Southern Heritage Champion falls limp in the turnbuckle, held aloft by nothing other than his arms draped

over the top topos. Adler guides him up by his chin only to drive another elbow into his jaw and returns Douglas' to his previous posture.

DDK:

I can't argue with that, Lance. Though, as it has been said *many* times on this program -- Gunther Adler is going to have to bring more than that to the table to put away Scott Douglas!

One more elbow causes Douglas to fall forward and to a knee. Gunther follows up with yet another elbow; this time to the back of the head. Douglas would likely have collapsed if not for Adler snatching him by the head and pulling him toward the middle of the ring.

DDK:

If Adler intends on capitalizing, this is not the time to let up!

Almost on cue, Douglas, in desperation, reaches up and grabs Gunther's head before falling to his knees and racking the larger man's chin on the top of his own head. Gunther stumbles back to the corner as Scott hits the mat, hand on the top of his head.

Scott Douglas struggles to his feet with an attempt to follow it up but its too late.

DDK:

Gunther Adler is SEEING RED!

The German charges with a lariat, striking Douglas mid way to his feet.

Lance:

Adler may have Scott Douglas' number here!

Adler pulls Douglas back to his feet and hoists him to his shoulder.

DDK:

You may be right, Lance! This looks like it could be the Renaissance Facade!

Almost. Douglas slips, wriggles his way free and slips down Adler's back. He grabs a rear wasit lock and drives the big man into the corner, with a good push right at the end to gain some separation. Adler bounces, chest first off the turnbuckle and stumbles back into ...

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX on THE GERMAN!

Scott can't hold the bridge and instead scrambles to his feet. Adler more enraged than ever isn't far behind him.

DDK:

Douglas ducks the clubbing blow!

Lance:

Kick to the midsection!

Scott grabs the front chancery, positions Adler's arm over his shoulder ...

DDK:

Adler fighting back!

Scott lays in the knee to maintain control.

Hooks the leg.

Lance:

SUB POP SUPLEX!!

DDK:

COVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by way of pinfall ... "Sub Pop" SCOTT DOUUUUGGLASSS!!!

Scott rises once again, this time from atop of Gunther Adler's prone body and has his hand raised by Benny Doyle. Scott, still feeling the effects of the beating, finds his way to the ropes to hold himself up before celebrating. Doyle checks on Adler as the Faithful rejoice in Scott Douglas' victory.

DDK:

Well, Lance ... Scott Douglas shows us once more tonight - why he is a Faithful Favorite here in DEFIANCE with a strong win over the power Gunther Adler ... but we have to wonder; does he have enough in the tank to outlast Gage Blackwood!

Lance:

Any other time, Darren ... I would say: without a doubt... but Scott Douglas has been through hell and back since returning from injury, and lets not forget ... one of those personal hells was, in fact, a loss against Gage Blackwood leading to an epic Southern Heritage Championship run for Gage.

DDK:

We'll see at DEFIANCE Road! As two former Southern Heritage Champions go one *ON* to see *WHO* gets the next shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE!!

Scott Douglas makes his way up the entrance, and in this case exit, ramp - victorious but weathered.

A BALLYHOO ARRIVAL...

The camera fades over to the announce table, where our dynamic duo of an announce team sits as always. Keebler and Lance both look into the camera with serious expressions.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, on Christmas Eve two weeks ago we saw the two owners of Ballyhoo Brew, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, square off one-on-one. The two men who recently dubbed themselves an official tag team - The Saturday Night Specials - went one-on-one in a match that was competitive and friendly.

Lance:

That's right. The two men ended the match trying to give an early Christmas present to the fans in the form of some free drink tickets... only to be blindsided by an angry Stevens Dynasty who laid The Saturday Night Specials out cold.

DDK:

Now, both men are playing their cards tight to the chest in how injured that attack really left them... but we can confirm that neither man is here tonight and neither man has been cleared by DEF doctors. to compete in the ring.

Lance:

Even though Cassidy and Brock are both conspicuous by their absence, we are being told that we're going to head over to our colleague Chris Trutt... just a few blocks away at Ballyhoo Brew to check in with the members of the Faithful watching us on the big screen! Chris?

The camera cuts to the outside of Ballyhoo Brew, where Chris Trutt stands with a mic in hand. He smiles into the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Thanks, guys. I'm here outside Ballyhoo Brew... and inside, the party is rocking with legions of DEFIANCE Faithful. Let's...

Trutt is cut off by the screeching of tires against a rocky road is heard as a truck pulls up to the Ballyhoo Brew. The engine kills and the door slowly opens as a pair of gold colored ostrich boots steps out of the drivers side. As the camera pans up we see that it is none other than the patriarch of the Stevens family, Cary Stevens, standing next to his truck with a disgusted look on his face.

Cary Stevens:

What a shit hole.

Cary says to Bo and George as they step out of the truck as well.

Cary Stevens:

Lets go get our free drinks.

Cary says as he shuts the door and heads towards the bar. In his hand, he brandishes wildly dozens of the very free drink tickets that fell from the rafters on the last DEFTv.

Chris Trutt:

Oh wow... The Stevens have arrived! Guys... can I get a word...?

The Steven Dynasty rudely shove Trutt on his ass as they head into The Brew the camera cuts to commercial...

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

UNWANTED GUESTS

Back from commercial, and we're treated to the sight of Lance Warner and Dareen Keebler looking concerned.

DDK:

Folks, just as we cut to commercial we saw The Stevens heading into The Saturday Night Special's business. Considering the recent history between these two teams, that can't be good... if we can, let's get our cameras back over there...

We cut to the inside of Ballyhoo Brew, and we can tell the Stevens have already overstayed their welcome: Bo is talking to some hottie right in front of her boyfriend, George is making a fortune on arm wrestling contests, and Cary..... well.....

Cary Stevens:

What the hell is this?

Cary asks the bartender as he places the beer in front of him.

Rob the Bartender:

Your drink.

Cary Stevens:

That can't be my drink.

Rob the Bartender:

I'm pretty sure it is pops.

Cary, not too pleased with being called "pops" grabs the beer and throws the liquid into the bartender's face causing the patrons to stop what they are doing and turning towards Cary.

Cary Stevens:

What is everyone looking at?!?!?!?

Cary shouts as he looks around the bar before hopping off of his stool.

Cary Stevens:

Oh I forgot, you filth aren't used to seeing celebrities such as us before.

Cary informs the patrons as he walks and stops next to a young man who's liquid courage is getting the best of him.

Cary Stevens:

I'd stop right there if I was you son because if you get too much closer I'm going to smack this glass over your head and take your girl there back to the hotel and show her what she's been lacking being with you.

Cary informs the young man who backs away.

Cary Stevens:

Fuck it.

Cary smashes the glass on the man's head knocking him out!

Cary Stevens:

That's room 69 at the Balls Deep Inn dollface.

Cary says to the guy's girlfriend with a wink.

Cary Stevens:

Now, before I was rudely interrupted.

Cary clears his throat before continuing.

Cary Stevens:

Let me remind you that I, Cary Stevens, a fragile and helpless old man, just took that piece of shit down like it was nothing.

Cary points to the unconscious man.

Cary Stevens:

Let me also remind you that I will be showing his girl that this old dog knows a few new tricks later tonight.

Cary says as the girl blushes.

Cary Stevens:

Let me also remind you that it only took two of my boys to cripple those nobodies, Kletus Cassidy and Brock Oldblood, and put them on the shelf for good!

Cary shouts as he points to Bo and George who have joined Cary in the center of the bar.

Cary Stevens:

It wasn't Scott or Ricky Stevens, but these two mean sons of bitches right here!

Cary slaps the chest of his nephew and son with great enthusiasm.

Cary Stevens:

Now if any more heroes want to step up and get bitch slapped back down please be my guest because you'll end up like the punk on the floor and I got plenty of Viagra to satisfy your girls all not long.

Cary informs as he looks around the room.

Cary Stevens:

And what girls I don't get to, my boys will be happy enough to take my leftovers

Cary says with a cackle.

Cary Stevens:

So if you don't want to be dickheads the next round is on me!

Cary shouts as he tosses the free drink tickets into the air.

Cary Stevens:

Enjoy!

The camera fades.

DDK:

What a disgusting display.

Lance:

You've got to imagine Cassidy and Newbludd are going to have something to say about this... for them to pull up to their own home and act like they run the place.

DDK:

I would imagine so... I'm hoping Brock and Pat can get back in the game and shut those guys up sooner rather than later.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. RICK

Lance:

Oh, my goodness...do you know what time it is, Darren?

DDK: *[checking his watch]*

I've got about nine fifteen, Lance...

Lance:

It's hossfite time!

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 DIICKULO OOOOUUUSSS!

DDK:

Hossfite indeed, Lance. Here's Rick Dickulous, of late he's been poking at Mushigihara, calling him out, trying to get under the God-Beast's skin.

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. This guy's brought nothing but mayhem to the DEFplex in his...hunt? However you look at it, I kinda hope Mushigihara stops this giant in his tracks....for good.

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the centre of the ring, 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. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful erupt in cheers for their one and only God-Beast. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

DDK:

And here comes the God-Beast, set to prove by he is called DEFIANCE's King of the Monsters!

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT, accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds, he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Lance:

This all started on our last episode of DEFtv, when Mushigihara stepped in between Chris Richards and Rick Dickulous, and challenged Big Rick one-on-one! This promises to be a real battle of the giants!

Dante saunters to the ring with a grin flanked by the God-Beast, who slowly makes his way down the aisle and raises his arms and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

“OSU!”

The Faithful respond to their hero, leading the big man to nod and smile back as Dante reaches the ring and climbs onto the apron before opening the ropes. Mushi follows suit, stepping between the ropes and raises his arms one last time before going into his corner and assuming the traditional sumo crouch... BEFORE RUSHING TOWARDS THE BIG LUMBERJACK... WHO SEES IT COMING AND RUNS RIGHT INTO HIM!

DING DING

The two behemoths clash into each other, in the middle of the ring!

SMACK!

DDK:

OH MY!

Lance:

The impact!

The occurrence of what a wise man once described as “big meaty men slapping meat” echoes through the DEFplex as the big men bounce off each other and steel themselves, staring and shouting at each other to try and intimidate the other. Without much hesitation, the two rush into each other again, but this time Big Rick tries to get his arms around the God-Beast, who goes low and unleashes a barrage of palm strikes to the chest and abdomen!

Lance:

Mushi is going back to his sumo days, trying to bowl over the lumberjack! Will that work for the smaller God-Beast?

To answer Lance's question; kiiiiiiiiiiinda?

Rick sees an opening and awkwardly rolls between the ropes and lands on his feet on the arena floor, clutching his ribs from Mushi's piston palms, but still grinning and beckoning the God-Beast to step outside. After a long, silent stare, Mushi bellows out “OSU!” before storming outside the ring and launching another salvo of palms, only for Big Rick to stick a thumb in the God-Beast's eye, and following up with a thunderous right!

DDK:

The God-Beast is reeling!

The lumberjack advances and gets Mushi in a bearhug before ramming him into the ringpost, making him yelp in pain, but still stare with his teeth clenched as he favors his back. The referee, meanwhile, is counting both men out, as the fight rages on!

Lance:

Whoa, who's coming into the arena?!

Chris Richards walks down the aisle towards the ring, catching the attention of Big Rick, who grins and waits for him to get in his face! Meanwhile, Mushigihara is trying to climb up onto the apron to avoid being counted out!

DDK:

Chris Richards is trying to stick his nose in and get his own two cents into this feud! As you'll recall, on our last

episode, he and Big Rick Dickulous had a match that did NOT go well for him!

Lance:

Indeed, he is showing some serious emotion as he yells at Rick!

With a chuckle, Big Rick shoves Chris heavily, which makes him bump into Mushi, who was JUST about to get to his feet on the apron, making him stumble back onto the ground! The referee has seen enough and called for the bell!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And it's looking like a double countout?!

The lumberjack defiantly stomps away from Richards and Mushi, laughing his way up the aisle as the wounded God-Beast staggers to his feet, making eyes at his would-be protoge, growling as Richards fires back with a growl of his own, leading Eddie Dante to scramble to break the two apart before THEY come to blows!

Lance:

Goodness, this situation that started a few weeks ago could very well explode!

COMMERCIAL: DEFys AWARDS 2020

Check out the winners on DEFonDemand!

NOT ONE BIT

The words “Earlier today” fade onto the screen to show “the Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy leaning up against a turnbuckle post inside the DEFIANCE ring. She’s dressed in jeans, boots, a leather jacket, and her brand new “Defend the Throne” T-shirt, on sale now at DEFIANCEwrestling.com and EWTees.com. While her posture says nonchalance, her expression is one of focus and determination.

Lindsay Troy:

I can hear the enemies on the move: their war drums beating, battle cries roaring. It’s been that way for over twenty years; the faces and the motives change, but the target on my back remains. It doesn’t bother me, not one bit...whether it’s 24K with their shitty little sideswipes or Jason Reeves and his gaggle of goons blindly following him on a path to nowhere, I always, **always** persevere.

A slow, steady, confident smile forms on Troy’s lips.

Lindsay Troy:

And that brings me to you, Jay Harvey. Seems like this encounter was inevitable at some point, and while I’m looking forward to the clinic that you and I are sure to put on, and while I may think highly of your talents, rest assured that I’ve got a point to prove coming into this match. You’re getting the next crack at Mikey for the FIST, and it’s no secret that the belt is something that I very much want back in my possession. This could be a preview of a championship match down the line, and I know that you’re going to take this as seriously as I am. I’m not worried about Reeves, Rezin and Co. tonight, and you’d do well to not worry about 24K.

Lindsay Troy:

The only thing you need to be worried about...is whether or not I’m going to let you get to DEFROAD in one piece...

The scene fades out from The Queen, and fades back into “The Natural One.” Jay Harvey stands in the middle of your screen with a DEFIANCE background behind him. Harvey is all business.

Jay Harvey:

Lindsay... Troy. How have our paths never crossed before today?

Harvey smirks and lets out a chuckle.

Jay Harvey:

A legend... a goddamn legend in this business. Lindsay, I want you to know that I’ve been looking forward to this for years. The “Lady of the Hour”... The “Queen of the Ring”. One on one with “The Natural One” Jay Harvey.

Harvey paces slightly.

Jay Harvey:

That’s a match the fans fantasize about. ‘What ifs’ that soon will be a reality. I’m not intimidated... not one bit. I live for these moments, Lindsay. I breathe for these moments. The big stage, the bright lights, the roaring crowd...

Harvey stops and looks right into the camera. The light above him puts a shine on the baldest of bald heads in DEFIANCE.

Jay Harvey:

I’m going to show you in a few short minutes, why I’m “The Natural One”. Why my pedigree is second to none. I’m going to push you, but you know not to sleep on Jay Harvey. We are going to give these people a show... and keep them on their feet! I know you are physically ready for tonight but mentally... that’s a different story.

Harvey lets out another laugh. He flips the script and is getting more serious.

Jay Harvey:

We both have other things on our minds though, right Lindsay? I saw what happened to you at the hands of Stalker and his lackeys. I no doubt know you saw what happened to me at the hands of... Mikey's lackeys.

The intensity is growing with Harvey. He darts his finger through the air as he speaks.

Jay Harvey:

Mikey... I don't care how many times you send those ass kissers after me. It's not gonna stop me. You have a problem with me and it's obvious. We both know you aren't man enough to face me one on one. No, send your monkeys to attack me... I got your message Mikey.

Harvey looks back at the DEFIANCE logo.

Jay Harvey:

You said I didn't have what it takes to hold the big belt here... You said I didn't have what it took to be the FIST, the best in DEFIANCE. Basically telling me that my family keeps me from being what I need to be... see that's where you're wrong.

Harvey cracks that classic Jay Harvey smile.

Jay Harvey:

It's something you can't understand. It's something you will never understand. My family is what drives me. They are my everything... not the money, the cars, the suits. My family makes me the **best** I can be, Mikey. They give me **strength** when I don't think I can keep going. They are the force that makes me keep getting up, to keep **fighting**!

Harvey pauses for a second.

Jay Harvey:

I just want you to know this, Mikey...

Harvey gets right into the lens.

Jay Harvey:

I promise you... I'll make you **eat** those words.

We cut the feed.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. DEACON

The lights cut and the Gregorian chant begins. The Faithful know who's coming and respond as expected - a solid list of cheers, increasing as Magdalena steps through the curtain. She takes in The Faithful for a moment just as those cheers are blown up by...

"When the lights go up and the game is on... are you ready for me cause I'm ready for yoooooooo!"

"Game on" by Disciple crashes through the speakers. Deacon busts through the curtain, wearing the mask across his mask and still taping his hands before ripping off the tape, throwing it into the crowd.

Lance:

Deacon looks as ready as ever. Last time he entered the ring, the Kabal stole what was seeming a classic.

DDK:

Or Deacon's lost to the Queen of the Ring.

Lance:

Pretty sure they weren't doing the Deacon any favors.

DDK:

True enough. And now, we get a first, not just in DEFIANCE but ever. The Deacon has never faced Gage Blackwood in the squared circle.

Led by Magdalena, The Mute Freak gets to the ring as quickly as possible, stepping over the top rope and turning back to the curtain.

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

Blackwood comes out, still wearing his black jeans but no shirt. His ribs are heavily taped, his forehead is bandaged up so his trademark scar isn't seen and he is walking with a heavy limp. Either way, The Faithful are cheering in his direction.

DDK:

I still can't believe they cleared Gage after that beating at the hands of Chris Ross.

Lance:

Hands. Feet. Screwdriver. All unified by their target - Gage's face.

Blackwood slides into the ring.

DDK:

And as has been commonplace for many of Deacon's matches, we got Buffalo Brian Slater as the official.

Lance:

Who else you got that can handle the Mute Freak's size?

DDK:

Abso-lute-ly no one.

DING DING

Magdalena steps out of the ring. Slater calls for the bell and the Deacon doesn't move from his corner, his eyes locked on Gage from across the ring, the half mask on Deacon's face giving less of an indication as normal. Gage takes a step to the middle of the ring. Slater calls for Deacon to start the match in earnest, but all Deacon does is hold

Blackwood's eyes with his dark stare.

Gage Blackwood:

Let's go!

In true Mute Freak fashion, Deacon responds with silence, breaking the stare to scan the crowd, first those in front and then those in the upper deck. With a shake of his head, Gage Blackwood surges forward & unloads with a stiff right that gets Deacon's attention right back on the smaller Scot who picks up the pace of strikes.

DDK:

Gage not slowing down tonight - he's bringing it right to--

With a sharp front elbow strike, Deacon drops Blackwood to the mat. Deacon looks into the crowd one more time then turns his attention back to Gage, the Scotsman shaking his head and touching his still bandaged forehead. Deacon yanks Blackwood up by the head & tosses him in the corner. The Deacon places his back against Gage, trapping the former Southern Heritage champ in the corner. Back elbow strike to the head. Back elbow strike. Back elbow strike. Back elbow strike. Back elbow strike. Back elbow strike.

Brian Slater:

Come on, D. You gotta let him out of there.

And Deacon does so, with a hard whip to the far turnbuckle, the force so much that Blackwood bounces forward & straight into Deacon's clutches for a--

Lance:

Good Lord! What a spinebuster! Blackwood's head just rebounded off the mat. Deacon going for the cover.

Brian makes the count and gets to a TWO. This, of course, gets a pop from the crowd. And that gives Deacon an idea - with another whip, this time into the ropes, Gage returns and the 7 foot Deacon launches the Scotsman into the air before catching him...

DDK:

Pop up powerbomb! What height! What impact! He's going for another cover. One! Two! Th--no!

Lance:

Gage is showing such heart.

DDK:

And you can see it on Deacon's face as well.

Lance:

Well, at least the parts of Deacon's face you can see. Deacon with another cover, pulling that leg in tight and...
ANOTHER TWO COUNT!

Deacon turns to Magdalena, both shaking their head in disbelief as the crowds cheer grow ever louder. With her arms outstretched in confusion, Magdalena says to "Finish it" and Deacon does, grabbing Gage Blackwood by the head one more time, placing Gage's head between Deacon's legs, and giving the cross signal for the end.

DDK:

I hope Gage stays down after this Altar Call.

Lance:

I hope he's alive after this Altar Call!

And everyone in the arena's hope for a clean match just went away.

The lights go dark, all but a single spotlight just above & behind the interview stage - a smiling Stalker, arms outstretched, soaks in the crowd's jeers.

DDK:

Not this again!

When the lights turn on, a reaper, garbed in pristine yellow, slides into the ring. The crowd's boos intensify. When the reaper gets to its feet, it meets a foot of its own - the Deacon's size 20 boot crashing into the hidden face, sending the reaper cascading back over the top rope & to the floor below.

Lance:

Deacon was ready for it this time!

Deacon gives chase, grabbing the staggering yellow-eyed Reaper and not seeing another reaper, this one adorned with orange eyes, coming from behind the Mute Freak.

DDK:

But Deacon's not ready for tha--

And the orange reaper wasn't ready for Gage Blackwood soaring like a Scottish missile between the middle and top rope before crashing into not one, but both reapers & the Deacon to the crowd's delight!

Lance:

This crowd is rocking now!

DDK:

But look at Gage Blackwood - that impact seems to have taken more out of him than he anticipated.

Lance:

Or cared.

Deacon gets to his feet moments before the yellow reaper. Chair in hand, Magdalena dashes to The Mute Freak and hands the steel chair over just as the Orange Reaper staggers to his. The Reaper sees a seven foot monster with a steel bludgeon charging forward. Orange grabs the Yellow Reaper and both take a sprint toward Stalker's high position. The Deacon gives chase before taking the chair and throwing it over the crowd, the interview stage and clanging against the pyrotechnics area.

Deacon looks down at Blackwood, kneeling next to his combatant. The giant checks on Gage before a certain Scotsman's hand knocks Deacon's hand away. The Mute Freak steps back. Gage pulls himself up using the security railing, then staggers toward Deacon like he's spent a bit too much time at Ballyhoos. And when Gage gets close enough to the Deacon... Blackwood walks right into his face (well, chest).

DDK:

Oh, that's a bad idea

Lance:

Hoping for a turning of the cheek?

Deacon grabs Gage and tosses him against the ring post, before racing in...

DDK:

Gage got out of the way!

Indeed, Deacon crashes against the steel, sending The Mute Freak to the mat. Blackwood leaps off the apron with his patented knee drop and recognizing the urgency of the moment, tosses the Deacon back into the ring as the crowd's

cheers grow ever louder.

Lance:

Blackwood's taking advantage of that mistake! He tosses the Deacon back into the ring! Gage back in... he's measuring the Deacon for the Gaelic Storm! You can see the worry on Magdalena's face!

DDK:

See it? I can hear it in the screams for Deacon to watch for the Storm.

Gage charges forward for his running double knees to the head finisher. When he launches himself, Deacon catches Gage and pops him into the air again, this time stepping forward and catching Gage by the arms and in position for...

DDK:

ALTAR CALL!

Deacon doesn't hold the crucifix powerbomb for any time, launching Gage Blackwood back down to the mat followed by the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

A solid win by Deacon and Gage... he showed a lot of fight... but...

Lance:

This wasn't the place for him.

Deacon stands in the center of the ring as his arm is raised. Blackwood is struggling to move to the side, faintly able to look in the direction of The Deacon and... nod.

The scene goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD

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

KEYES TO VICTORY

We cut to a location that's clearly not the DEFplex...

It's a bit of a confusing sight at first. Black robed figures briskly pass in front of the camera, a few of them far enough away to fully display their Plague Doctor masks. Viewers are pretty sure the shortest one is carrying a silver platter with a stack of raw steaks piled on top, but he's gone too quickly for the image to fully register. After the hubbub finally comes to a halt, we see a lone figure in front of a wood-planked wall leaning forward in a large oak chair. It's Henry Keyes, wearing what can only be described as a *Cool Jacket*, navy leather with some ornate black and white stitching. It somehow makes his bright salt-and-paprika hair and mustache even more striking.

Henry Keyes:

Four years...four years, really found a way to sneak up on me. Miss Troy - I understand why you weren't ready to hear me out before. I still feel an obligation to help the Faithful...how do I put it?... 'catch up'.

Keyes leans back in his chair and runs a hand through his hair with a deep breath and a sigh.

Henry Keyes:

When I flew away from DEFIANCE in 2016, I got sucked into a world that's completely different from professional wrestling. People have known me as 'The Airship Pirate' for years now, and there are those out there who have looked at me and said, 'well THERE'S a gimmick of a man if I ever saw one'. It's led to more than one scrap, and scraps that I didn't always win (how are yeh, Bronson?). Those kinds of cracks always stung me, because what are they at their root? It's people trying to tell me who I *should* be. That what I am, doesn't *belong* here.

A beak of a plague mask pops in from the left side of the frame, below it, hands holding what appears to be a gold-plated box. Keyes quickly mutters "put it with the others" as the beak nods and leaves the frame with the box.

Henry Keyes:

The point is, I left for a different kind of opportunity in a world where I am VERY successful. And, success came easy, over and over again - to the point where it was easier for me to stay out there than it was to take a closer look at what was going on -here-.

Keyes taps his chest with his index finger a few times.

Henry Keyes:

It took me four years to realize, I was coasting in a world where I easily became a king, a shark in a koi pond, but the one thing in the world that drove my passion and made me feel the most alive? It was wrestling. It was always wrestling. And fans at home, sometimes you need to be reminded - wrestling is *hard*. For four years, I had abandoned the thing I truly loved for something that yes, I am great at - but something that was easy.

Keyes shifts his weight and leans forward in his seat, almost bouncing on his butt a bit. His eyes are a little wild, like a guy who's just said "OK, so..." before launching into a passionate 30-minute fan theory about their favorite movie.

Henry Keyes:

So I trained myself back up - harder than before. My associates, they begin running new tests to help me out with this bad boy-

Keyes taps on his left elbow and we hear resonant knocks from the brace beneath *Cool Jacket*.

Henry Keyes:

And I wait. Some parts of wrestling are like tying your shoes, some things are a little harder, but it was almost more of the same traps I fell into before - I was waiting for 'that' moment, something to tell me 'Henry, get your ass in there'. And lo, it presented itself, and the beacons were fully lit beneath my cheeks. Mr. Reeves, I imagine you've crossed many lines with many people in your time, and I don't give a damn about any of that...you gang up on my friend Miss Troy, you and your cronies assault truest friend I ever had in this wrestling world, and you've crossed a line with ME.

Keyes pauses a few ticks and stares hard into the camera.

Henry Keyes:

So you think you want to fight me, Mr. Reeves? You want to try to convince me, like so many before, that I shouldn't be here?

Keyes's mouth twitches into an almost grin before returning, almost like he remembered an old joke.

Henry Keyes:

Yeah, I think I can rustle up another Bell Clap for you.

We cut to the next hotness

[YES] x [NO]

We open to the visual of three men walking in tandem down one of the many corridors inside the massive WrestlePlex. Slowly, the camera pans upwards and outwards on its metal dolly, revealing all three members of the Gulf Coast Connection. Their dialogue with each other is inaudible to the Faithful as they each make their way to the unspecified terminus of their path.

Theodore Cain holds what looks to be a large beverage with the “Superkicks™” logo on it. With his lips pursed around the straw, he sucks up whatever he can from the contents inside before Aaron King swipes it away from him with lightning quick speed.

Theodore Cain:

HEY you son of a- NOT cool, bro!

Aaron King:

Easy, you big glutt! I want some!

Making a left past the lounge, and before King can even take a sip, Crescent City Kid swipes the drink from him in the same manner King did to Cain.

CCK:

...

He jiggles the cup, allowing the ice to rattle around the liquid contents within. Shrugging at them both, CCK shakes his head.

CCK:

...

King and Cain share a brotherly laugh as they continue ambling along the premises, all vying for that tasty, refreshing sip of an XL Superkicks unsweetened tea.

That’s when CCK’s eyes betray his indelible silence, signifying that he hears something.

Crying. Coming from inside the empty, unlit conference room. The door to the room is ajar just enough to see something moving inside.

Theodore Cain:

You good, man?

Aaron King:

Yeah... you okay, bro?

CCK:

...

CCK motions for his Gulf Coast brethren to continue on without him, to which they both nod their heads and continue on. CC approaches the room from where he heard the sobs coming from. His hand cautiously presses against the door, slowly opening it like one of those anxiety-filled load screens that popped up every time you entered a room in the original Resident Evil. Once the door opens the rest of the way, a figure is revealed to be sitting Indian style on top of the large, oblong shaped, oak-finished conference table. It is here that Eric Dane, Jeff Andrews, and the rest of the immediate top echelon of DEFIANCE personnel made their various decisions and did their due diligence by taking the pulse of the promotion. The well-oiled machine turned and churned its inner workings right here multiple times a month — sometimes multiple times a week during a DEFCON stretch.

But not this evening. Nope. It was empty... save for the figure of an unknown person.

With his back facing the approaching Gulf Coast Connection member, there is just enough light seeping in from the corridor behind them to identify the man crying as Arthur Pleasant. His back faced the approaching Aaron King, but his identity is unmistakable.

Arthur Pleasant: *[Sobbing]*

I-I j-just don't know what to do. I-it's j-just not f-fair! I-I c-c-can't keep going on like this.

CCK looks around to see if anybody else is noticing this. With Aaron King and Theodore Cain both out of the picture, CCK quickly realizes he is all alone. "Would curiosity kill the cat this time?" he wondered silently to himself.

CCK:

...?

Arthur stops rocking. He wipes his nose with the sleeve of his black suit jacket and, in one swift motion, pushes off of the conference table with both legs. Because of the slippery nature of the surface, and that Arthur is wearing smooth soled Oxfords, he loses his balance for a split second. It's just enough to warrant CCK reaching forward and grabbing Arthur by his belt loops to prevent him from falling.

CCK::

...!

Arthur turns around slowly... revealing a twisted smile as he looks down at Crescent City Kid.

Arthur Pleasant: *[Laughing]*

Oh! That was easier than I thought it would be! Will you... be my friend?!

CCK seems to be taken aback by this as Arthur adjusts his tie, stepping closer to the edge of the table towards the man who just helped prevent him from falling.

CCK: *[Scratching his head]*

.....

Arthur cocks his head, allowing his stringy black hair to fall down. The absence of light on the right half of his body dissipates as Arthur jumps down from the table altogether. A large scar on the right side of his head, in the shape of an "X", reveals itself from the clean-shaven surface of his skull and the light that highlights it. Again, Aaron is taken aback by Arthur's sudden change in demeanor and the crocodile tears he inevitably fell for.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm sorry, is that a yes or no? Please be clear! I wouldn't want to mistake your answer for something other than what it really is!

Aaron King:

...???

Arthur quickly interrupts CCK's telepathic train of thought.

Arthur Pleasant: *[Cupping a hand to his ear]*

I'm sorry, is that a yes... or a no?

CCK slowly backs away from Arthur, unintentionally revealing his "answer". Arthur dramatically keels over with his hands free-falling limply to his knees in faux-exasperation. He lifts his head back up at an angle, smirking at his counterpart insidiously.

Arthur Pleasant:

Well, that's... disappointing.

Arthur lunges forward at CCK with a Thesz Press, knocking him down to the carpeted floor below! The Superkicks™ cup spills to the floor beside them, causing ice cubes to slide into the smooth, waxed, marble floor of the corridor beyond the conference room. His hands squeeze CCK's throat with reckless abandon. An intensity in his eyes shines through the darkness behind them in a breathy, seething inferno.

Arthur Pleasant: *[breathing heavy through gritted teeth]*

Look at you. How. Fucking. WEAK, you are.

Arthur simply starts bashing his head down atop CCK's forehead in rapid succession.

Smash. Smash. SMASH.

Repeatedly. In a machine-gun like sequence. Each one succeeds the last one with equal parts impact and horror. It isn't long before a wound opens directly below the scalp on CCK's forehead. Crimson flows between them as Arthur continues the skull-to-skull bludgeoning.

Finally, after countless headbutts, Arthur stops and closes his eyes. Holding his own head, he grimaces in pain.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ooooof. That's gonna hurt in the morning! Hahaha...

Arthur wipes the blood off of his forehead and smears three knuckles across the white button-up he's wearing underneath the black suit jacket. Aaron King, meanwhile, appears to be unconscious as Arthur Pleasant slithers off of him like a serpent having finished eating another of its own kind.

Arthur Pleasant:

So fragile. So vulnerable. Let this be our communiqué to the rest of you... *[growling and chuckling]* ...COMPLIANTS. We... are... the balance within professional wrestling. We are the pestilence that history dictates shall descend upon this righteous institution. We are the angels of mercy offering death to all those who embrace us, and the demons of devastation imposing torture and other such cruelties upon those who ignore us.

Arthur pauses and looks up very alertly in case someone were to pass by the conference room. King stirs a bit, but Arthur nips his consciousness in the bud by delivering another vicious headbutt. He places his thumbs over his eyelids and rolls them down like a fictile protective awning.

Arthur Pleasant:

You can't hear me now, Mr. King, but when you look back at this moment along with the rest of the world? You will not only hear it, but you will feel it all the same. Deeply. *[caressing King's mouth]* From your hole... to your god-be-damned soul.

Arthur falls forward on top of King and shakily traces the man's lips with his index and middle fingers.

Arthur Pleasant:

In time, your flesh will heal. In time, your mind will recover from the trauma I've caused. Your spirit, too, will convalesce! As the unFaithful play this moment back repeatedly on their phones and in their minds behind their pills and drink, everyone will come to terms with the fact that you... are NOT a victim, Mr. King! Instead, despite what others will ultimately believe and regurgitate, you are but a mere vessel for the altruistic missive we have given you all to consider.

The Provocateur places a gentle kiss on the left cheek of Aaron King. He follows it up with another on the right cheek, and one more on his forehead. Arthur then leans forward, whispering into King's ear, knowing full well the body-mic attached to his lapel would pick up his next carefully chosen words.

Arthur Pleasant:

We are... the necessary evils. We are... the great nemesis of rot who shall cut OUT this great blight that has corrupted the heart of DEFIANCE with its ever-spreading COMPLIANCE! *[screaming now]* YES!! OH JOYOUS FUCKING GODS!!!

Standing up, he smiles down at his own work like a proud Father who just helped his own son with a school project.

Arthur Pleasant:

We are... The Scourge.

Arthur bends down and pulls out the pocket square of his now sullied suit. Unfolding it, he catches two items in the palm of his hand; handcrafted coin tokens with smiley faces that have X's etched onto them. Without hesitation, he places one on each eyelid of CCK. At this precise moment, Cain and King nearly pass by the room, but pivot against their own momentum and stop in their tracks.

Aaron King:

What the hell?!

Without hesitation, Cain rushes forward with a clothesline, but Arthur ducks and speeds forward with a Yakuza kick that absolutely flattens Aaron King in the corridor! Turning around towards Cain, Arthur rolls his hand twice while bowing, bidding him adieu and taking off out of the camera's sight. Not before scooping up a half-melted ice cube and placing it in his own mouth to the delight of only himself, though.

Cain kneels down beside CCK, shocked at the sight before him. Looking at the two coins placed on King's eyelids, he removes one of them and inspects it warily. Looking at King, who is recovering from the stiff and unexpected Yakuza kick, Cain seethes and closes his fist.

The last shot we see before the impending commercial break is Theodore Cain's fist quaking with rage and the edge of the coin peeking out from the whitening slits of his finger's joints.

"QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY vs. JAY HARVEY

Shots of the sold-out crowd fly past your screen. The signs, the smiles, the screams of The Faithful. Darren and Lance's voices speak over each cut across the arena.

DDK:

We're down to our final two matches of the evening, folks, and this one has instant classic written all over it.

Lance:

Absolutely, Darren. For the first time ever, "The Natural One" Jay Harvey will be taking on the "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. They share common enemies in 24K, a common desire to be the FIST of DEFIANCE, and we've heard from them both earlier tonight. Any predictions?

DDK:

Harvey has been absolutely electric on his road to face Mikey Unlikely for the FIST, but with Lindsay Troy putting in stellar performances of her own against Deacon and Oscar Burns in our 2020 Match of the Year, this one is really too close to call.

Darren Quimbey is now dead center of your screen with Referee Hector Navarro to his left.

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL with a Fifteen minute time limit.

♪ "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 One Hundred and Ninety-Five pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!

Lance:

And here she is, walking into the new year looking as confident as ever.

DDK:

It's a rare time when we see her looking rattled, no question about that.

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and, once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and waiting for Jay Harvey to arrive.

♪ Bullet Holes - Bush ♪

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

Lance:

This is a big match, it has that feel to it. This is Pay Per View quality, Darren!

DDK:

One Hundred percent, Lance! DEFIANCE has some of the best talent in the world... and these are two of the top DEFIANTS!

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... Weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty-Three pounds...

The crowd cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle, holding his hands out to slap the fans along the sides of the ramp. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out getting a great reaction from The Faithful.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is a no-doubt Hall of Famer and Jay Harvey... could be when all is said and done.

DDK:

Harvey has got to feel the target on his back, Lance.

Lance:

You know in the back of his mind, Jay Harvey knows 24k isn't far away.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner. He tosses off his leather jacket. Navarro comes into the picture and checks on both Troy and Harvey.

DDK:

Troy is ready... Harvey is ready... THIS. IS. DEFIANCE!

DING DING

Troy and Harvey circle each other and the electricity continues to build inside the sold-out arena. The two DEFIANTS go to meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up but Troy ducks under Harvey's extended arms and takes his back. She tries to lift him up but he quickly stops it. He grabs at her hands and breaks her grip, then transitions to her back.

Harvey goes to lift her up but Troy is able to drop to the mat and slide back between his legs. Jay turns and is met with a vicious Enziguri! The Natural One is seeing stars and turns his back to Troy, who leaps into the air and hits a beautiful Reverse Hurricanrana! Harvey is rocked as he tries to make his way back to his feet.

The Queen grabs Harvey by the back of the head and Snapmares him to the mat, immediately locking on a Reverse Chinlock. She keeps the hold tight as Harvey tries to break her hands free. He reaches out for the ropes as Hector Navarro is right there to see if he wants to throw in the towel.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy bringing the heat here tonight!

DDK:

Harvey is nowhere near the ropes, Lance! How long can he suffer in that Chinlock?!

Harvey continues to try and break Troy's grip and make his way to his feet. The crowd is unsure about how to react with both DEFIANTS being fan favorites and all. Harvey keeps hold of her waist and executes a nasty looking Back

Suplex!

Harvey wastes no time and goes for an Armbar but Troy still has her wits. She starts fighting it every step of the way but Harvey continues trying to extend her arm to a perfect position. Lindsay's able to push Harvey onto his shoulders, getting him into a pinning predicament. Before Referee Hector Navarro can count the pin, Harvey continues to roll and now has Troy cinched in with that Armbar!

DDK:

Lots of action in the early going here! Harvey looked to be on the rocks and now he can end this with that Armbar!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy has nowhere to go, Darren!

Troy, growling in pain, uses everything she has to power herself up and get Harvey into another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

But The Natural One is able to use his powerful legs to swing the Queen's body over and regains control with that Armbar submission! Hector Navarro interjects once he sees Troy's leg on the bottom rope to break the hold.

Harvey lets go and gives his opponent some distance. The crowd is cheering loud for both DEFIANTS. Troy smirks and nods her head, which gets a smile from Harvey. The two get back to it and Troy goes for a Legsweep that Harvey defends. He's able to Snapmare her to the ground and without giving him a moment to think, Troy has Harvey's head in a Headscissor hold!

Harvey kicks his legs out and gets loose. He gets to his feet first and sends Troy down to the mat hard via a Superkick! Harvey hits the ropes and springboards off the middle rope and OOOOH!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy saw that coming!

Lance:

She had that move scouted, Keebs!

Troy throws her knees up at the right time and puts a stop to Harvey's patented Springboard Moonsault! Harvey rolls around the mat and clutches his left knee. He could be injured and Troy can smell the blood in the water! She gets to her feet and goes at Harvey.

In a smooth as Skippy transition, she is able to get Harvey into a Rolling Kneebars submission. Troy, being the ring veteran she is, saw her opportunity for damage and took it! She extends her body, keeping hold of Harvey's left leg. The North Carolina native tries to break her grip but can't! Harvey is in pain and it's not looking good for "The Natural One" right now!

Hector Navarro checks on Harvey who appears to be in agony! He's trying to use his free leg to break Troy's legs loose to escape the hold but to no avail! Troy is hyperextending Harvey's left leg, putting more and more pressure on the submission!

Lance:

A clinic here tonight, Darren! Both DEFIANTS showing their wrestling ability!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy, a submission master is looking to put an end to the white-hot Jay Harvey!

Harvey is in no man's land! The crowd is enjoying the action and the Harvey fans are cheering louder to show their support, but he just can't seem to break the hold. Troy is doing all she can to put enough pressure to send her home with a submission victory.

Harvey has no other choice and is powering the two of them closer to the ropes. The crowd is roaring as he inches closer and closer. Troy isn't letting go and is going along for the ride. Harvey is using any energy he has left in the tank to inch himself to those ropes to have the hold broken.

DDK:

HARVEY GOT TO THE ROPES!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd, Darren!

Troy is hesitant to break the hold but is forced to by Navarro. She doesn't give Harvey much room to breathe before going back on the attack. She bends at the hip to go back after the brutalized left leg of Harvey- HARVEY WITH THE SMALL PACKAGE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

TROY KICKS OUT!

The crowd is on fire! Troy is back to her feet but Harvey is at a knee. She rushes at him and cracks him in the jaw with a Roaring Elbow! Harvey is out cold!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy just knocked Jay Harvey out!

Lance:

This is over, Darren!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY JUST... JUST GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

Troy confirms with Referee Navarro about the two count. This crowd is going ape shit! We cut to an overhead shot of the ring, seeing Troy sitting on her heels as Harvey stares up at the top of the arena. We go back to the hard cam angle as Lindsay puts some strands of hair out of her face.

Harvey is moving but not much and the crowd is still going bat shit crazy over what they have been watching!

DDK:

No quit! There's no quit in Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy unloaded on that Roaring Elbow!

DDK:

Let's show a replay of that!

Lance:

That's one way to forget about that leg!

The replay hits and finishes with Harvey just getting his shoulder up. We go back to live-action where Troy is still kind of beside herself that Harvey is still kicking. Troy should be capitalizing on the beaten and broken Harvey but isn't.

Jay is slowly moving around crawling toward the middle of the ring. Lindsay is breathing heavy and looks to be going back to the drawing board. Harvey is now on all fours, probably not even sure where he is. He muscles his way to his feet, favoring that left leg that buckles slightly as he stands tall.

Lindsay Troy bolts past Harvey and springboards off the middle rope! Backflip DDT- TROY GETS NOTHING! HARVEY DUCKED! SNAP DRAGON! SNAP DRAGON! HARVEY IN A BLINK OF AN EYE PUT TROY DOWN WITH A SNAP RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX! The crowd is on their feet!

DDK:
HOW?!

Lance:
It's that moxy, Darren!

Both DEFIANTS are down! The once cheering crowd turns into a massive boo. Cameras cut to the entrance ramp and catch Kendrix and Cayle Murray coming down to the ring.

DDK:
What are these guys doing out here?! Not like this! Jay Harvey can't fight back!

Lance:
If there was ever a time to go after Jay Harvey this would be a perfect time, Darren!

Kendrix and Murray are now in the ring and go after both Troy and Harvey. Referee Navarro calls for the bell and ends the match.

DING DING DING

Kendrix tosses Hector Navarro to the mat, knocking him out! Kendrix refocuses his attention on Jay Harvey who is just out. Kendrix lays some boots to Harvey before dropping to the mat and hammering away at Harvey's skull with his fists!

Meanwhile, Cayle Murray has Lindsay Troy up, and OHHH! SUPERNOVA ELBOW FROM CAYLE MURRAY! Lindsay Troy crumples to the mat! Murray rolls her out of the ring and both 24k members target Jay Harvey!

We cut backstage to see The D and Elise Ares both laid out on the concrete floor! We go back to live-action where Cayle Murray is muscling Harvey to his knees. Kendrix shares some words with Cayle who nods his head, knowing exactly what to do. Kendrix is beckoning Harvey with his hand. Murray nudges Harvey forward and...

BOOM!

DOUBLE SUPERKICK BY KENDRIX AND CAYLE MURRAY! Harvey drops down to the mat like a sack of potatoes! JFKayle looks down at the fallen DEFIANT almost admiring their work... and if you thought the crowd couldn't get any louder with boos, think again!

DDK:
And here he comes...

Lance:
Mikey Unlikely... who defends the FIST later tonight.

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Mikey is in his ring gear with the FIST over his shoulder as fans are seen screaming at him while he makes his way down to the ring. Murray and Kendrix move the dead weight that is Jay Harvey over to the ropes. Mikey enters the ring just as Kendrix and Murray hook Harvey's arms in the ropes.

DDK:

Someone needs to stop this! He's defenseless!

Mikey is all smiles as he walks toward Harvey who is seeing stars, no pun intended. Mikey with the FIST in hand looks at it and then Harvey several times. Mikey gets right in Harvey's face, holding the FIST close.

Mikey Unlikely:

You.. will NEVER... have this. HEAR ME?! I MADE YOU! HOW DARE YOU DISRESPECT-

Harvey spats at Mikey, consciously or not. Mikey's eyes go wide as the crowd cheers. Mikey bites his lip and slams the FIST of DEFIANCE title right into Harvey's face! Harvey begins dripping some blood from his forehead.

Mikey takes the FIST and scrapes it into the cut, causing more blood to be shed!

DDK:

What the hell is wrong with that man?!

Lance:

Mikey has been toying with Jay Harvey for weeks! He's sending a message first hand to Jay Harvey!

Mikey signals for Kendrix and Murray to release the ropes, causing Harvey to drop down to the mat. Mikey looks at his FIST of DEFIANCE title that is covered in Harvey's blood.

DDK:

Sickening! Absolutely sickening!

Kendrix, Murray, and Unlikely all look down on the beaten DEFIANT as the boos rain down on them. Mikey holds the FIST tight in his hands. We stay on 24k for a few seconds longer before moving along with the show.

COMMERCIAL: CONOR'S SCREAM LAND

YOU CHOOSE AT CONOR'S SCREAMLAND! Only on DEFonDemand!

IT'S DANGEROUS TO GO ALONE

Off the commercial break, the scene goes outside gorilla and the Friendship Members League (FML) registration table. Conor Fuse stands in front of his crew, who's lined up one by one.

The challenger to the FIST walks towards his statistical and analytical guru, Alex Pietrangelo, who is first in line.

Conor Fuse:

Alex, I know we've only been together for a month but I've appreciated all the work you've put into FML. Our numbers should be growing soon and that's thanks to you.

Conor playfully jabs Alex in the arm. He moves to the second person in line, Martin Evans-Everett VI.

Conor Fuse:

MEE6, we've had an even shorter time together but you've been just as helpful. You consistently remind me of where I stand in this wrestling world. Regardless of the outcome tonight... can I get a TEPF !rank?

The man in the powder blue spandex suit nods.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#9!

Conor smiles as The Faithful create a mild "!rank !rank !rank" chant inside the arena.

Fuse puts the smile away. He moves to the last person in line... the hulking Game Boy. Conor lets out a huff.

Conor Fuse:

My bestest friend. My ultimate little buddy. How can I ever thank you for this past year? You've helped me get to this moment. You're the reason I've made it this far.

The Game Boy stands, idly.

Conor Fuse:

I need you to stay at the registration table tonight, my Mini Boss. No matter what happens out there, you HAVE TO stay here. You have to! Getting new friends is more important than any shenanigans that take place inside that ring. I'm sure 24K will be lurking and... let's be honest... I deserve any beating I have coming.

Conor looks down at the ground, trying to hold back emotions. He smirks, nods and then tussles the Game Boy's head.

Conor Fuse:

My pal.

Taking a step back from the trio, Conor goes into "speech mode".

Conor Fuse:

Crew... I bid you farewell. If I can pull off this miracle and come back with the greatest *Achievement* in the game of wrestling, we will celebrate like no other! I will take the three of you with me tonight, in here [*pounds on chest*] and I will make you proud. Something tells me I'm in for the fight of my life. Something tells me things are going to get all *glitchy*...

Conor stops to hear the "!rank !rank !rank" chant growing louder from inside the arena. He's taken back.

Conor Fuse:

If they could see me now... all the doubters... all the naysayers. Well, let's be honest, they'd still not like me. [*Goofy*

smile] But alas, it doesn't matter. Conor Fuse don't quit! Conor Fuse keeps going! Conor Fuse has BOUNDLESS energy!

Pause.

Conor Fuse:

Conor Fuse is here to play.

He turns towards gorilla.

Conor Fuse: *[deep breath]*

GAME. ON.

FIST of DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY © vs. CONOR FUSE

Shots of the sold out DEFArena fill your screen. The fans are on their feet and wanting more action. We cut to Darren and Lance at their commentary table.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen before we go to our main event of the night, we have been told that Jay Harvey's received four stitches to close up the wound on his forehead. There's no news on the severity of his leg injury.

Lance:

It was a scene just a few minutes ago, Darren. Jay Harvey has been a marked man as of late. 24k has made him the center of their attention.

DDK:

To the FIST!

The lights dim.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is the MAIN EVENT and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first...

The lights shut off completely. After a thirty second wait, the house lights come on to the colour blue and there's a line of "cheerleaders" running up and down the rampway. They are dressed as construction workers with yellow hard hats on (and Sgt. Safety is there too, being the only male cheerleader). Meant to emulate the Mega Man villain robots [Metall](#) (or MET for short), they patiently wait for their hero to arrive...

[♪ "MEGA MAN 3 SELECT SCREEN REMIX" ♪](#)

The DEFlatron switches on. There, a title select screen representing the original Mega Man games is displayed. The 8 villains include MUTY MAN (Deacon), BLACK OUT MAN (Patrick Cassidy), HOMELESS MAN (Trashcan Tim), GRUNGE MAN (Scott Douglas), BATS MAN (Ryan Batts), LUNATIC MAN (Jack Harmen), JESTER MAN (Jestal) and STOOVINS MAN (George Stevens). Conor's uncertain face is in the middle... his eyes move as the screen randomly jumps around selecting each character. Suddenly...

The screen flashes and all 8 villains disappear. The 8 villain Bosses have been defeated! Conor's head vanishes, too. In his place is a golden box with the writing...

"DR. UNLIKELY."

The box is selected. The theme music plays...

[♪ "MEGA MAN 3 BOSS THEME REMIX" ♪](#)

As The Gamers (Faithful) rise while Conor Fuse emerges from a lift underneath the rampway. Sporting a Mega Man inspired outfit, blue tights, blue armour gear along with a blue "helmet", he stands in the middle of the entranceway, head down, eyes intense.

Darren Quimbey:

...THE CHALLENGER, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-ten pounds... he says he has no more time for long entrances... he's ready to take down the ULTIMATE Boss! He is THE BEST POUT MACHINE and the MAN of HEEL... he is **MEGA CONOR FUUUUSSSSSSSEEEE!**

A "life bar" emanates on the top left hand side of the broadcast. Conor lifts his head and marches his way down to the ring.

DDK:

WHAT AN ENTRANCE!

Lance:

I can't believe what I'm hearing... it sounds like these people are getting behind him. I hear a "*Mega Conor, Mega Conor*" chant. It's faint but I hear it...

Fuse does not stop to pander to the crowd or the dancers around him. He reaches the apron, takes a deep breath in and a big huff out. Conor leaps onto the apron and then leaps again, clearing the ropes. Standing in the middle of the ring, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two raises both arms and blue sparkler pyro goes off behind him.

DDK:

No Game Boy, no FML. Conor said he wants to do this alone!

Lance:

It's the biggest opportunity of his life!

Fuse takes off his excess gear as his theme song dies and The Faithful fill the arena with boos.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, hailing this week from the Silver Lake section of LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER. He is THE **FIST of DEFIANCE**... he is... **MIKEY UNLIKELY!!!**

♪ "*Impious Pyre*" by *Savage Souls* ♪

The champion strolls out, a confident look across his face. Similar to Conor's entrance, a "Mega Man life bar" materializes on the right hand side of the broadcast screen. Even though Mikey would have no idea himself what's going on, he looks over to his left (your right) and raises an eyebrow. Shrugging it off, The FIST makes his way down, only to stop halfway, look at the "life bar" again and nod.

The life bar doubles in size. He smirks.

Conor starts pacing back and forth in the middle of the ring like that wasn't a cool move.

Conor Fuse: *[to referee Mark Shields]*

He can't do that! He doesn't have the right cheat codes!

Gone are the cheerleaders as Mikey holds the championship in its glass case while sporting his Mikey Money t-shirt. Most of the time Mikey isn't even paying attention to his opponent who's inside the ring. Instead, the champ continues to gaze into the glass and his precious title belt. Mikey walks over to the time keeper's table and places the championship down before rolling into the ring and taking off his shirt.

Referee Mark Shields is about to ring the bell but Conor points outside the ring to the time keeper's table.

Conor Fuse:

I want to see that! I want to see the FIST, what I'm fighting for!

Because Shields is such an incompetent referee, he likely forgot the tradition of showing the title to the challenger and then holding it up in the air.

Conor Fuse:

I want to-

It doesn't matter,

DDK:

Mikey comes right at Conor with a knee block takedown!

Some Faithful boo as others watch on. Mark Shields calls for the bell...

DING DING

Conor falls into the turnbuckle pads as Unlikely stays on him. Mikey starts reigning rights down on the challenger. It's not long before Mark Shields is between the two trying to get Mikey to give Fuse a clean break. Unlikely takes two steps backwards and as soon as Shields moves Mikey dives right back in.

DDK:

The Champion is not even giving Conor Fuse an opportunity to breathe here! He's right back on him with this assault.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely is someone I would consider a cool cucumber, until the Championship is on the line. Then his anxiousness seems to take over and we see the unbridled side of the Champion.

Mark Shields once again pushes Mikey back, away from the corner. However, this time when Mikey moves Conor is ready! Using the top ropes, Fuse pulls himself to his feet and runs at Mikey, taking him down with a clothesline. The DEFplex comes alive for the challenger!

Fuse turns around and pulls The FIST to his feet. He shoots him off the ropes but Mikey Unlikely is able to reverse it and send Conor instead. On the return, Conor jumps and spins!

DDK:

Spinning back elbow strike! That took the champion down and Mikey can't believe it! He checks his lip for blood.

Lance:

You can't take anyone in DEFIANCE lightly, Darren. We have some of the best athletes in wrestling!

The two slowly get back to their feet. Conor sizes up the champion and grabs him around the waist from behind. He attempts a German suplex but Unlikely is able to flip out of it and land on his feet. When Conor turns back around Mikey comes hard with a forearm strike to the face. Mikey hits the ropes again, Conor rolls onto his stomach and Unlikely jumps over him before coming back. Fuse gets up quickly but Mikey once again lands a devastating forearm strike, knocking him back to the mat!

The champion locks in a reverse chin lock on the Fuse Bro, right away asking Mark Shields to see if the challenger is ready to quit.

DDK:

It's going to take more than that! This is the dream of most DEFIANTS! To have a match against the champion and overcome everything they throw at them. Fuse won't give up if he can help it!

Mikey releases the hold and waits for Conor to make it to his feet. Mikey hip tosses Fuse to the center of the ring. Unlikely perches himself on the second rope and comes off with a FIST drop!

Lance:

Square to the head of Conor!

Snap suplex by Mikey. He holds on.

A second snap suplex. He holds on.

A third snap suplex. Mikey lets go and stands up... taking a bow.

DDK:

Spare me.

Meanwhile, The Faithful start to cheer... Mikey hasn't realized why.

DDK:

Conor's kipped up!

The challenger is standing behind Mikey, physically shaking with energy! Once The FIST of DEFIANCE realizes...

DDK:

Fuse rushes Unlikely... NO! Mikey sidesteps him and sweeps the leg! Oh no...

Lance:

CLOVERLEAF! Mikey has a cloverleaf locked in!!

The younger Fuse screams at the top of his lungs! Seeing the ropes are close enough, Conor pulls at his hair, waves his arms forward and then finally refocuses his energy in the appropriate manner. Conor places his hands underneath him and starts pushing off...

Pushing... pushing... pushing...

DDK:

Fuse has the ropes! Mark Shields asks for the break!

Mikey pretends like he doesn't hear the ref and Mark actually buys it, not counting to five! However, Conor has used this time to take hold of the middle rope... and then the top rope... escaping the move all by himself. Fuse spins Mikey around...

DDK:

TILT-A-WHIRL DDT BY CONOR FUSE! PWN'D!! HE HIT PWN'D!!!

The crowd comes alive with **SHOCK**. Never in their wildest dreams could they see this being a possibility! Conor starts racing around the ring, hitting the top turnbuckle in one corner, shaking the top rope in another... screaming at the top of his lungs! It's a surreal moment... where Keebler and Warner don't even know how to chime in!

Conor Fuse: *[screaming into the rafters]*

FINISH HIM!!!!

But Mikey is back on his feet...

DDK:

Another tilt-a-whirl DDT! DEAR GOD, CONOR FUSE IS GOING TO WIN THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!?!?

Instantaneously Conor LEAPS onto the top turnbuckle, measures Mikey and connects with...

DDK:

SUPER SPLASH 450!! HOLY SHIT... CONOR FUSE HIT THE 450 SPLASH!! HE'S GOT A LEG HOOKED!
CONOR IS GOING TO WIN THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!!

Perfection comes **SPRINTING** out from Gorilla!!!

ONE!

TWO!!

DDK:

THREE!?!? WHERE THE HELL IS THREE!?!?

Lance:

MIKEY'S FOOT, KEEBS! MIKEY'S FOOT IN ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

The air is let out of the arena as Conor glances up at Mark Shields! Somehow, the incompetent referee saw Mikey placed his foot on the bottom rope!

DDK:

DID PERFECTION DO THAT!?

Lance:

I don't think so! I don't think James got there in time!

A replay shows Conor hit the splash and Perfection BURSTS out from behind the apron! But exactly as Keebler said, the 24K member did *not* get there in time! Mikey found the bottom rope RIGHT before the THREE count was recorded, without any help!

Conor can't believe it! He stands, pulling his hair! Tears slowly form in his eyes... but with the fans behind him... Fuse shakes it off! The "Locker Room Leader" nods to himself and JUMPS BACK ON THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

ANOTHER SUPER SPLASH 450!?!?

Perfection tries to grab Conor by the leg but *MISSES*!

SLAM!

DDK:

NOOOO!! MIKEY ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!! DAMMIT, MIKEY ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!! I... I can't believe I'm cheering for CONOR FUSE OF ALL PEOPLE!

Lance:

ME TOO!!

DDK:

Mikey crawls to the center of the ring while Conor tries to recover on the canvas. It's truly anyone's GAME now...

Perfection paces back and forth, back and forth, hands on his head, growing furious as he watches... helplessly...

DDK:

MIKEY'S UP. CONOR'S UP.

They charge each other... and then the wily champion pulls out an eye poke, rolls through Conor's suplex and elbows Fuse in the back of the head! He's in perfect position.

DDK:

THE STAND IN!

Lance:

He's got the sleeper hold locked in! Now he grapevines Conors torso and the pair fall to the mat.

Relief crosses Perfection's face.

Official Mark Shields raises the arm of Conors to see what life he still has.

The arm drops....ONE.

It drops again.... TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

DAMN. I THOUGHT-

Darren can't even finish his sentence. Perfection immediately slides into the ring and starts unloading on Conor! The Faithful jeer in disapproval!

DDK:

GET OUT OF THERE, PERFECTION! Mikey won his match!

There's no quit. Perfection goes ballistic on Conor, ramming Fuse's head off the mat with right and left hands, right and left forearms and a hardout headbutt or two. It's relentless.

DDK:

I AM SICK AND TIRED OF 24K AND THEIR ANTICS! NEWS FLASH: YOU DO **NOT** OWN THIS COMPANY!!!

Lance:

I don't think this will stop. Conor isn't exactly the most popular guy in the locker room right now... and he TOLD The Game Boy under no circumstances should he come down! You have to think The Game Boy is going to honor that!

Perfection is possessed as Mikey rolls to the outside, completely disinterested in what's happening inside the ring. It's like Mikey doesn't even remember he had wrestled someone moments ago. All Mikey wants is his glass cased FIST. Meanwhile...

Conor Fuse is out cold in the middle of the canvas, covered in blood.

DDK:

What is this clown doing now!?

Perfection exits the ring, pulls back the apron and takes out a glass blue PAC-Man Ghost display unit, about the size of Perfection himself.

DDK:

This was premeditated! Conor's dead to rights in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

So the guy lost to Conor playing PAC Man? Big deal! Get over it James... it's A VIDEO GAME.

Witherhold slides in and wastes no time... he runs at the fallen Fuse Bro and crashes down on Conor, putting the glass display ghost in-between them.

CRACK.

The glass breaks apart and the arena continues booing. Perfection pulls Conor's unconscious head off the canvas.

Perfection:

FUCKING LONER.

Witherhold positions the broken glass display on the canvas beside his feet. He slowly pulls Conor up...

Perfection:

Video games are for LOSERS.

DDK:

WE. GET. THE. POINT.

Photo Finish.

Blood is everywhere. Perfection looks proud of himself. And as Mikey Unlikely makes his way up the rampway...

DDK:

IT'S JAY HARVEY!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE FAITHFUL!

The sold out crowd is roaring as Mikey is stumbling backward up the ramp and Jay Harvey emerges from the curtain. Harvey is bandaged, bruised, and fucking pissed! Harvey stops just a few feet from Unlikely who has a large smile on his face, raising up the FIST title in the air.

Mikey can sense something is off and his smile turns upside down as he now faces Harvey! Mikey's jaw hits the ground and before he can go back down the entrance ramp Harvey grabs him by the hand and swings him back around.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL! WAKE UP CALL!

Lance:

TAKE THAT MIKEY!

The crowd rejoices as Mikey is sent crashing down to the floor via that brutal knee from Harvey. Perfection sees what's happening and exits the ring, although he doesn't make his way up there. Harvey gets down to the floor and is yelling at the concussed Unlikely. Harvey gets back to his feet and looks out into the sea of screaming fans.

DDK:

The Faithful are loving what they are seeing!

Harvey notices the FIST of DEFIANCE title next to the fallen Unlikely. Harvey picks it up and stares at it for a few seconds. He turns his head down to look at Unlikely and then raises the title in the air getting a huge reaction from the fans.

DDK:

Mikey can't hide from Jay Harvey forever! Are we looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE?!

Lance:

Finally... FINALLY Jay Harvey gets some justice for what Mikey and 24k has put him through!

Harvey drapes the FIST across Mikey's face. He continues to stare as the fans continue to show their love. The DEFIANCE logo appears at the bottom of the screen.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.