

SHOW OPEN

THREE.

TWO.

ONE.

MORE fireworks and cheers from The Faithful!

SIGNS, SIGNS, YOU SEE THE SIGNS!

**STALKER'S UBER SMELLS LIKE PUKE
BAGPIPES SAVE LIVES
PERFECTION SPELLED BACKWARDS IS ASSH*LE
SHIVER MY TIMBERS HENRY
HARDCORE TEDDY IS READY
I PICKED ON SCROW IN HIGH SCHOOL
JAY HARVEY = NEW FIST
WHAT'S A GUARDIAN?
CONOR FUSE WAS ROBBED
TRASHCAN TIM SHOULD CAMEO IN THE MANDALORIAN
MAKE SURFCORE A THING
SIGN MY BOSOM, RICK
PLZ SPRAY ARTHUR WITH RAID
AND NEW
WHERE'S EMILIO AT?!
!RANK !RANK !RANK
PERFECTION SITS WHEN HE PEES
LET'S GO HARVEY!
NATHANIEL EYE OF THE TIGER - HAS THIS BEEN DONE YET?
BURNS & STEVENS ARE A BETTER FUTURE
TOYBOX NEW CHAMPS**

DDK:

WELCOME TO NIGHT TWO! Let's run down the card...

MUSHIGIHARA vs. RICK DICKULOUS

SCROW vs. NATHANIEL EYE

HARDCORE MATCH: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. THEODORE CAIN

CONOR FUSE vs. PERFECTION

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS & SCOTT STEVENS vs. BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

(ALVARO DE VARGAS & ?)

LINDSAY TROY, THE DEACON & HENRY KEYES vs. THE KABAL (STALKER, REZIN & VICTOR VACIO)

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, WINTER WONDERLAND MATCH: THE COMMENTS SECTION © vs.

THE TOYBOX

FIST OF DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY © vs. JAY HARVEY

Lance:

If we didn't burn the house down in Night One we might in Night Two! No, literally, we might. The Kabal is here and Stalker's insane. Arthur Pleasant already burned a guy... what the hell's stopping him from trying to burn down a building-

DDK:

Are you okay? What's gotten into you?

Lance:

Hype, Keebs, hype. We got the !RANK MASTER, Conor Fuse. We have the odd couple of Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens. We have a mystery opponent! You always gotta like that. The FIST match. A HOSS fight! We have so much going on... I'm stoked!

DDK:

And we're going to start it off with the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP match! How's that?

Lance:

I don't like Malak Garland... but I like it.

DDK:

No one likes Malak Garland.

Lance:

I know.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, WINTER WONDERLAND MATCH: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE TOYBOX

The hard cam gets a shot of the ring. Mounds of cotton surround it, signifying fluffy snowbanks. There's toy chests, candy cane poles, and snow globes strewn about various locations.

DDK:

I can only imagine what this is going to bring.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this match is the Winter Wonderland match for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships and the Toybox Funhouse Deed!

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

The Faithful get on their feet as Dandelion and Jestal step from behind the curtain. Both dressed in red and green ring gear. Dandelion has a Santa hat on. The siblings make their way to the ring, slapping a few hands. And before they enter, the duo wink at Bruce Whistler sitting front row. Which brings a smile to the young man's face.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challengers, first, JESTAL AND DANDELION, THE TOYBOX!

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

Stomping out from the backstage area is none other than the Box Man. He waves cheerily to the camera, but as he does, he clutches his ribs, which are heavily tapped after recently losing the BRAZEN Championship. Ignoring the bulls-eye on his back, Klein lumbers to ringside before reaching his main squeeze.

Darren Quimbey:

And their tag team partner, the other challenger, KLEIN!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The arena lights dim as the current and defending tag champions walk out on stage. Malak hoards all five belts over his shoulder as he has both arms wrapped around them. Cyrus cracks his knuckles and Teresa smiles devilishly.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing last, they are the reigning DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates, and Malak Garland, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

The Faithful boo appropriately after Quimbey's introduction. Malak gazes evilly from under his brow, at his three nemesis in the ring. He rubs his fingers together because he can't wait to get his grubby little hands on that Funhouse deed, permanently. Jestal steps towards the middle of the ring and points skyward. Suddenly, fake snow begins to gently fall from the rafters.

DDK:

Malak looks none too pleased, Lance.

Lance:

Well, he should remember his team isn't the only ones putting something on the line, Darren. So he can take solace in that. Yes, The Comments Section defend their titles but Toybox have also put the deed to their Funhouse up for grabs.

Malak arrives at ringside and looks at the faint snow continuing to fall with no sign of it letting up. He allows himself to get captured in the moment, briefly. He extends his tongue and tries to catch a snowflake on it.

DDK:

It looks like Malak is *enjoying* the snow.

Malak lazily turns, tongue extended and is oblivious to little Bruce Whistler sitting in the front row. Bruce asserts himself and SLAPS The Source of Envy square on the chin!

Lance:

WHAT A SHOT BY BRUCE WHISTLER ON MALAK!

DDK:

That almost took Malak off his feet!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd goes nuts and if that isn't enough, Dandelion runs off the ropes and executes a Jestal-assisted springboard corkscrew splash on the champion trio!

DDK:

Toybox is already using the snow to their advantage!

The energy pulsates within the arena as Malak, Teresa and Cyrus try to collect themselves. Dandelion remains her silent self but she pumps up the crowd by waving her arms.

Lance:

Could this finally be the night Malak gets what's coming to him and we are rewarded with new tag team champions!? Great start by Toybox!

With instruction from Jestal, Dandelion plucks Malak by the hair and tosses him in the ring.

DING DING**DDK:**

And we are underway, folks!

Jestal UNLOADS left and rights on a stunned Malak while Dandelion and Klein relocate to the apron. Malak finally blocks one and returns a shot of his own. Desperate, Malak rolls to his corner and notices Cyrus and Teresa slowly crawling up the apron.

TAG!

In comes Cyrus who gets tripped up by Jestal and rolled into a Boston crab! The fans are frantic as Cyrus flails his arms and somehow manages to slither out of it quickly.

DDK:

Toybox looking sharp! Malak and Cyrus are out of sorts!

Jestal measures Cyrus and lays in a few chops before downing him with a cutter and a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Ames dives on top of Jestal at the last minute to break up the count. Cyrus rolls to the ropes as Teresa REMAINS on top of Jestal.

Teresa Ames:

GOTCHA! You're mine.

With a wink, the Cute N Qwerty Gurl pecks Jestal on the cheek, removing some of his white face paint in the process.

Lance:

For the love of...

Ames viciously SLAPS Jestal across his face as the ref tries to restore order to the match.

Teresa Ames:

HURT ME, JESTAL! MAKE IT PAINFUL! PLEASE!

She smiles. Jestal wriggles away and to his feet. The crowd cheers him on to whack her a good one but he hesitates and it ends up costing him.

DDK:

CYRUS BATES JUST SPEARED JESTAL! BATES HID BEHIND AMES SO JESTAL HAD NO IDEA IT WAS COMING!

Ames removes herself from the ring as Bates goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Bates breaks his own pin as he saw Klein coming and didn't want to get kicked!

Klein and Bates slug each other until Klein pushes the Bellicose Brawler back. Within reach, Malak tags in.

TAG!

Malak stares down Klein who reluctantly returns to his corner. Jestal crawls over and tags in Dandelion.

TAG!

Like a fury once more, Dandelion rushes in and flips Malak around with a running head scissors! The crowd marvels at the grace in which Dandelion flies through the air. Malak stumbles to his feet until he's met with a dropkick!

DDK:

Down goes Malak once more!

Garland cowers in his corner and gladly tags Ames in.

TAG!

Teresa walks right up to Dandelion and gets in her face. The crowd is rocking at the notion of a full on cat fight breaking out!

Lance:

Slap by Ames!

DDK:

Slap by Dandelion!

The crowd 'OHHHHS' and 'AWWWWS' at the two exchanging slaps. Ames seems to love it.

Teresa Ames:

YES! HURT ME MORE, DAMMIT!

Dandelion UNLEASHES a glass shattering slap which causes her foe to fall to her rear.

DDK:

Wow. What a slap fest!

Suddenly, Dandelion gets PELTED in the face with a snowball. Referee Benny Doyle looks puzzled. Doyle glances over and notices Malak with a shit eating grin and snow residue on his right hand.

Lance:

Darren, it seems there's been enough snow accumulation on the outside that Malak was actually able to construct a snowball and throw it at Dandelion!

DDK:

He didn't take too kindly to that last slap Ames got.

The ref barks some nonsense to Malak, who has his reply locked and loaded.

Malak Garland:

It's a Winter Wonderland match! That's within the rules! DON'T MAKE ME POUT!

Still shocked about the pieces of snow crumbling off her face, Dandelion stands there. Ames crawls in close and nails her with a low blow while Benny's back is still turned.

DDK:

Unfair! The Comments Section takes advantage again!

Klein has had enough as he leaves his post on the apron and runs around the ring to confront Malak. The two stare each other down as the ref shouts at both to return to their corners.

Malak Garland:

Hey, Klein. Listen. Join us. Become a Keyboard Warrior. Think outside the *box*. I mean, I am very gracious for the safe space box you gave me. Look...

Malak hastily dives under the ring and pulls out the safe space box that was given to him. He dons it.

Malak Garland:

You wouldn't hit a guy wearing a box on his head now would you--

WHACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The fans go ape shit as Klein cleans Malak's clock, denting the safe space box in the process.

DDK:

MALAK GOES DOWN! MALAK GOES DOWN!

Little Bruce Whistler jumps for joy, cheering Klein on!

Lance:

He's out, Darren! And it doesn't even look like he can do a snow angel anytime soon!

Cyrus Bates leaps off the apron and double axe handles Klein! The two brawl on the outside until Klein gets sent HARD into a toy chest! Toys go flying everywhere as the chest bursts into pieces! Bates visually takes in the damage he just caused. Meanwhile, inside the ring, Ames watches as Dandelion tags Jestal.

TAG!

Jestal doesn't storm in. Instead, he notices how the spotlight is entirely on him and Ames. Jestal touches the paintless spot on his cheek where Ames had stolen a kiss and seemingly reminisces. Ames remains seated and licks her lips like 'it's on.'

DDK:

What's going on here?

Lance:

I don't have a clue.

A spotlight shines atop the ramp as Gizmo, Toybox's beloved doggy, comes bouncing into view. It doesn't come alone, either. With a small boombox in its mouth, Gizmo sprints up the ring steps for Jestal to greet it.

Lance:

It's Gizmo! With a gift?

Jestal retrieves the boombox from its mouth before sending the dog to the back. Bruce Whistler cheers and waves at the disappearing sight of Gizmo. Cyrus decides to chase after the dog behind the curtain, too. Back in the ring, Jestal simply clicks one button on the boombox.

♪ "Lady in Red" by Chris de Burgh ♪

The arena speakers play the elegant song while Jestal extends a hand to the fallen vixen. A mixed reaction is given as some don't want Jestal to get hurt, while others are all in to see the two get it on in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

The house lights are changing to a soft tinge of red, Lance.

Lance:

This is mood lighting ripe for an ASMR session, Darren!

Ames naturally blushes at the hand extended towards her. She daintily places her fingers within Jestal's grasp. He quickly spins her upwards and the two begin to tango. Like, the dance version of tango. It's a sight to be seen as snow faintly falls and the two star crossed lovers dance in the ring.

DDK:

Ames with a twirl! Now Teresa twirls Jestal!

Lance:

Somehow, I think these two will have made a baby after this.

Everything is wonderful. The scene is picturesque. Jestal tosses Teresa who flies through the air like a butterfly. Referee Benny Doyle isn't sure what to do.

DDK:

This is a bit much.

Ames spins and spins and spins and spins. Jestal watches.

DDK:

Still going, I see.

Ames spins over to the boombox, quickly grabs it and smashes it over Jestal's unsuspecting head without hesitation!

CRACK!

Parts go flying EVERYWHERE as Jestal crumples down to the mat like a clown. The crowd reacts with shock and awe as Ames, still holding the handle of the boombox, shrugs her shoulders like the twisted hell spawn she is.

DDK:

What in the world!? Is Ames INSANE?

Jestal grimaces as he checks his face for blood. Ames floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dandelion breaks up a sure three count. The women engage once more as their momentum forces them to both stumble out of the ring. Things seem to settle for a mere moment before Cyrus Bates comes back out on stage, with Gizmo in hand!

Lance:

Look! At the ramp! It's Cyrus and Gizmo! It looks like he's trying to wrestle something away from the dog!?

Indeed, Bates tries to claw a remote-looking device from Gizmo's mouth but it's almost of no use until...

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Seemingly frying Gizmo and stinging the arm of Bates, the Bellicose Brawler releases Gizmo.

DDK:

Is that some sort of gag buzzer!?

Lance:

It went off and shocked them both!

Gizmo yaps annoyingly at Bates who continues checking his arm.

DDK:

Look out!

Back at ringside, Malak has come to and he tries to separate Dandelion and Ames, still with the dented safe space box on his head. He has a hard time seeing because it's not on straight and the ringside mats have become slippery due to the snow. Malak reaches towards Dandelion, slips and accidentally grabs a handful of caboose, much to the delight of the crowd.

Malak Garland:

I am so sorry! I didn't mean to touch that. I mean, it was supple! What am I saying? I have never touched a woman there before! It was nice though.

Dandelion rises from Ames but before she can do anything, Klein RAMPAGES on Malak once more!

DDK:

KLEIN FROM BEHIND! KLEIN FROM BEHIND!

Klein nearly obliterates the safe space box on Malak's head before tossing Garland into the snow globe set!

CRASH!

Glass goes everywhere as Klein seethes at the teeth with adrenaline. Malak is out cold.

Lance:

What aggression from Klein! Malak just entered a world of snow globe punishment!

Klein climbs the apron and graciously accepts a tag from a still woozy Jestal.

TAG!

Klein and Ames exchange a few blows, while Jestal is outside singing twinkle twinkle little star. Dandelion exits the ring and shakes Jestal. She then admonishes him for what Ames is doing to him.

Jestal:

Relax, sis. She just likes it ruff.

Dandelion rolls her eyes. Klein body slams Ames. Before he can cover her, Cyrus explodes in with another brutal spear. Klein yelps in pain, holding his ribs. Dandelion notices it and slides in the ring.

DDK:

Everything has just gotten out of control. I don't even know who is legal anymore!

Lance:

Klein and Ames are! Look out! Dandelion soars through the sky with a shooting star press across Cyrus! Another cat fight!

Jestal slides in the ring and grabs Ames from behind by her hair. She actually enjoys it. Jestal quickly puts Teresa over his knee and proceeds to, yeah you guessed it, spank her.

DDK:

What is this? A wrestling match or an adult flick? Come on, wrestle!

Dandelion notices Ames enjoying every slap she gets. However, she climbs the top rope and flies off with a leg drop forcing Ames to flip over Jestal's knee and to the mat. She pushes Jestal away from her and covers. The ref informs her she is not legal. While all this is happening, Cyrus has been assaulting the injured ribs of Klein outside. How, you ask? With a mallet he found in the Toy Wagon.

Lance:

Man, Klein is in some serious pain here.

DDK:

Malak seems to be moving again, barely.

The ref gets some order by finally getting everyone to their respective corners. Cyrus and Klein continue to fight.

BANG!

Klein slams against the steel steps rib first. Cyrus picks up Klein and throws him into the ring. The Bellicose Brawler runs over to his corner and gets tagged in by Ames.

TAG!

Bates circles around Klein who is favoring his ribs.

DDK:

He is like a vulture circling his prey.

Dandelion is slapping the turnbuckle pad trying to encourage Klein. Jestal is just staring in the ring.

Cyrus picks him up and delivers a backbreaker on the ribs and covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Jestal breaks the count!

Teresa rushes in and tackles Jestal with love. They tumble out of the ring doing who knows what. Cyrus notices Malak has managed to get back to their corner, but he looks like he is cocoo for coco puffs.

DDK:

Another backbreaker on the injured ribs of Klein!

Lance:

Dandelion is very concerned and where have Jestal and Teresa gone?

DDK:

I have no idea.

Cover by Bates!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-Dandelion breaks the count!

Malak gets in, only to stumble around and collide with Dandelion. He rolls out of the ring with her foot in his grasp. He drags her out of the ring, too. The two start to brawl outside. Well, Malak is trying but all he is getting is lefts, rights and kicks over and over. Cyrus whips Klein into the corner but it gets reversed. Cyrus hits the corner hard enough that he comes out of it.

DDK:

Klein has Cyrus up! He's looking for Think Outside!

Klein grunts in pain and crumbles down.

Lance:

Man, those ribs are not doing well.

Klein struggles to get up, holding his battered ribs.

DDK:

ROLL UP! CYRUS HAS THE TIGHTS!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

As the three strikes, Jestal notices it from the apron, his makeup all but gone. Dandelion clobbers Malak, dropping him! She slides into the ring. Klein continues to favor his ribs. It's too late.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match and STILL Unified Tag Team Champions, THE COMMENTS SECTION! The winners are also the new OWNERS of the deed to the Funhouse.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

A drowning of boos floods the arena. Cyrus exits the ring. He hastily picks up Malak who looks like he has absolutely no idea where he is. Teresa finally comes back into the broadcast's view with white, red, and green makeup all over her body.

Lance:

The Comments Section not only retain their championships but now they have The Toybox's Funhouse as well!

Cyrus and Teresa drag Malak over to the timekeepers station so their leader can drowsily collect all five belts and the deed to the Funhouse. On their way to the back, they stop in front of Bruce Whistler, arm-in-arm. Malak babbles something to Bruce.

Malak Garland:

You are not allowed into the Funhouse! Ever!

Of course, the kid starts to cry before The Comments Section heads to the back.

DDK:

Get out of here, Malak! You won your damn match and damn Funhouse deed! Unreal.

Back in the ring, Dandelion tends to Klein. She is very concerned about his well being. Jestal looks down at him, his expression has not changed. Dandi looks up at Jestal and makes some motions signalling to help her. Jestal just stares at Klein, and then steps through the ropes leaving his sister in the ring. No smiles, no concern, absolutely nothing as he walks up the ramp and disappears behind the curtain. Dandelion has no idea what to do, as she sits there with Klein in her arms.

HIGH ON LIFE

Backstage, a camera crew catches up with The Comments Section as they exit the gorilla position. Still dazed, Malak hangs his arms over the shoulders of his faithful followers, Cyrus and Teresa. The tag belts drag behind them as Malak is a sight for sore eyes.

Malak Garland:

My box. Klein dented my safe space box. I need it. I feel anxiety.

Teresa Ames:

Don't worry about it, my love. I have my people working on it as we speak.

Malak drops the belts one at a time as it proves difficult to maintain hold of so many belts at once. They head towards the hall.

Cyrus Bates:

Now that we won, you own the deed to the Funhouse! We can make preparations to move it to the warehouse, just like you had planned.

Malak Garland:

Did that already.

The trio meanders a few more feet before Conor Fuse's UNATTENDED FML registration station comes into view.

Malak Garland:

Stop. Stop.

Like a lightswitch going off, Malak immediately perks up.

Malak Garland:

Look at this nonsense. Can you believe Conor cheaped out and bought a cotton twine hammock? He never bought the hammock / wanted him to. My anxiety is turning into RAGE!

Malak stands under the power of his own two feet as Cyrus gets a closer look at the hammock.

Cyrus Bates:

This is not even environmentally friendly. Cotton twine? Who does that? Does Conor know the Facebook group I am a member of?

Malak Garland:

You know what? I am feeling invincible right now. Successful wrestler, tag champion, cuddle service CEO and now Funhouse owner? I didn't even have to go AVALANCHE on Toybox and Klein but this? Watch this.

Malak nods to Cyrus as the two immediately begin dismantling and destroying the FML registration area like a pair of hoodlums. Cyrus breaks the table with an axe kick and Malak messes up the hammock frame, permanently damaging it.

Malak Garland:

AVALANCHE!

Malak screams with unparalleled ferocity as Teresa watches them obliterate the booth with a smile.

Teresa Ames:

Heck yeah. Get it.

Malak finds a pair of scissors and easily cuts the cotton twine apart. Then he pulls out a can of black spray paint to graffiti up the walls.

Malak Garland:

FML SUX LOL.

Malak finishes spray painting just as some presumed DEFIANCE officials can be heard heading their way. The Comments Section hastily gathers themselves before ducking out of the scene of the crime.

CALAMITY'S DAWN

Moments before our next match, none other than Chris Trutt appears before our very eyes. Microphone in hand. Wearing a very nice grey and powder blue suit with his hair combed to perfection. You wouldn't know that Trutt was about to drop a log in his pants from the amount of nervousness running through him like Taco Bell Diablo sauce.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen... Arthur Pleasant.

None other than The Provocateur walks into the picture to a chorus of boos. His hair seems wet and greasy as usual. He wears a black DEFIANCE Wrestling t-shirt with the letters "C-O-M-P-L" glued over the "DEF" part with cut-out letters from various magazines in a ransom note style. Arthur Pleasant, at least momentarily, appears to be... normal?

Chris Trutt:

Arthur, you are mere moments away from making your Pay-Per-View debut in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Any thoughts on the pressures you might be feeling in living up to such an expectation?

Pleasant nods his head.

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. And the answer is no. I don't have a single thought running through my mind about the pressures I might be feeling in living up to such an expectation.

Trutt isn't sure how to take this answer. Did Arthur mean to come across so... snarky? Did he not know how to answer the question and instead repeated most of what he had said, only with a different answer for the close-ended question? Trutt had myriad questions running through his mind.

Chris Trutt:

I... see. O...kay. Fair enough. Moving along, what is your strategy in facing a clearly amped up, vengeful Theodore Cain?

Arthur ponders the question for a moment before answering.

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. My strategy in facing a clearly amped up, vengeful Theodore Cain... is to win.

Chris lowers the microphone, clearly a little frustrated that Arthur is not working with him on this interview.

Chris Trutt:

I'm sorry, have I done anything to offend you?

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. You have not done anything to offend me.

Chris Trutt:

Arthur, why are you being like this?

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. How am I being like what, exactly?

Chris Trutt:

Arthur, stop it.

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. Stop what, exactly?

Chris Trutt:

Quit it!!

Arthur Pleasant:

Excellent question, Chris. Quit what, exactly?

Chris Trutt:

I mean it, Arthur!

Clearly getting to Chris, Arthur chuckles. Chris is all red in the face, realizing he is being provoked by the Provocateur.

Arthur Pleasant: *[laughing]*

Excellent question, Chris. What do you mean exactly, Chris?

Chris Trutt:

Okay, this interview is-

Arthur Pleasant: *[interrupting]*

- just beginning?

Chris Trutt:

I was going to say-

Arthur Pleasant: *[interrupting again]*

- amazing?

Chris Trutt:

Grrrrrrr!!!!

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm sorry you're frustrated, Chris. Maybe you should watch what I'm about to do to Teddy. They say the smell of blood can really invigorate a person.

Chris Trutt:

Okay this is-

Arthur Pleasant: *[interrupting yet again]*

- alright. Give me that.

Arthur rips the microphone away from Chris, pushes him away so that he disappears out of view, and looks directly into the camera.

Arthur Pleasant:

To quote a great leader of peace and unity, "My calamity is my providence. Outwardly it is fire and vengeance.. but inwardly? It is light and mercy.". Mm. Does that resonate with you all, my dear, dear unFaithful? I can't help but think it does as I stare down into the barrel of a gun pointed at me by all of you.

He snickers.

Arthur Pleasant:

But that's okay. Maybe your calamity IS your providence. Maybe it IS your fire and vengeance as you aim it at all the bad in this world. Ultimately though, I'm afraid that I have some bad news: you will not find that light within yourselves. Nor will you find mercy. Instead, what you will find at the end of calamity's reach is pain, truth, and suffering. And as long as I am around? That is *all* the Scourge will allow you to know!

Arthur walks off, but pokes his head back into view so it looks like his head is floating to the side. His hair falls down, each strand invoking just a modicum of revulsion.

Arthur Pleasant:

A new dawn has risen here in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Enjoy the view!

He pulls out of view just as the camera switches to Darren and Lance.

HARDCORE MATCH: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

Well, it's time for the one match I haven't actually been looking forward to.

Lance:

I can't say that I'm too excited for this one either, but I am intrigued. Professionally, I want to see what Arthur Pleasant can do on a PPV against a pissed off opponent like Theodore Cain. Personally, though? After seeing the things he's already done in the last several weeks? I'll take a hard pass on having any desire to see this go down. That said, it is my duty to call the action alongside my broadcast partner Darren Keebler, and I will do that to the best of my ability here.

DDK:

Well said, Lance. But with that said? If your Grandma's are watching, I'd put some Ambien in their prune juice and put them to bed early because this is NOT going to be for the faint of heart!

Lance:

And if you have kids? For the love of everything sacred, take them into the other room and let them play Grand Theft Auto V. Their minds will be a little less corrupted playing that rather than watching this!

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Once Surf City hits, Theodore Cain comes out, carrying a surfboard wrapped in barbed wire. The same one we saw at DEFYtv a few weeks ago, in fact.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall... and it is a HAAAAAARDCOOOOOOOORE MATCH!!!

The Faithful cheer in all their bloodthirsty glory.

As Cain makes his way down the rampway, he looks out at the Faithful, pounding his chest for those who are cheering for him.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring first, from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in at 265lbs... he is the Port... City... Powerhouse... THEODOOOOOOOOOOOORE CAAAAAANAIN!!

The Faithful roar as Cain drops his modified surfboard on the right side of the ring coming from the ramp.

DDK:

You know, Teddy looks great here. In a predictions poll given to the Faithful, a remarkable one-hundred percent of the vote went to Arthur Pleasant for winning this match. But, I would not count out the Smash Surfer just yet!

♪ "It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

The lights go out and the Faithful IMMEDIATELY rain the boos down upon the man who has become synonymous with the ominous Nine Inch Nails instrumental. The DEFIAtron lights up with a lone yellow smiley face that has a gash in his head and blood flowing down his face. The right portion is burned to a blackened crisp as the words "THE SCOURGE" become visible to all in the WrestlePlex. Moments later, Arthur Pleasant wheels out the same Piggly Wiggly shopping cart full of weapons that we've seen in his video uploaded Propaganda piece, as well as backstage mere moments before Hector Navarro made his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiagvik, Alaska... weighing in at 207lbs... he is the Provocateur... ARTHUUUUUUUUUUUR PLEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!!

Wheeling the shopping cart down to the ring, Pleasant doesn't sway his eyes from Cain's. Wheeling the cart to the left side of the ring coming from the ramp, Pleasant chuckles to himself as he pulls out a large netting of hard candies -- Jolly Ranchers to be exact.. Leaving the cart near the steel steps, Pleasant erratically whips himself against the barricade, startling the front row with his behavior. He turns to face the Faithful and just cackles while raising his arms up. Turning back towards the ring, Pleasant slides under the bottom rope with startling speed.

Lance:

Looks like Hector Navarro is calling for the bell and this one is underway!

DING DING

Like a Greyhound that's off to the races immediately after hearing that starting bell, Theodore Cain charges forward from his corner. Arthur Pleasant ducks the wild swinging clothesline and as soon as the Smash Surfer turns around, The Provocateur brings the large netting of Jolly Ranchers down onto his opponent's head! Multi-colored sweetness spills across the mat as the flimsy netting explodes on impact.

DDK:

Cain is rocked after that one!

Lance:

Surprised he's not down. Cain showing some toughness right at the gate from Arthur's bizarre weapon of choice.

With his back against the turnbuckle, Cain holds his head for a moment. Luring Pleasant in, Cain ducks a wild corner clothesline. He grabs Pleasant for a school-boy roll-up but rolls him through. Just as Pleasant gets to his feet, Cain darts forward with a meteora that plants him down onto the canvas! Pleasant isn't down for long though as he rolls back to his feet and stands up fully. Not wasting any motion and wanting to put him on his back, Cain grabs a barbed wire kendo stick that was hidden in plain sight on the post!

DDK:

Whoa! Was that already out here?!

Lance:

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe it was taped to the side of the post! Interesting strategy by Cain in strategically placing that weapon when, presumably, the cameras were focused on Arthur's entrance!

Grabbing it with both hands, Cain swings for the fences... but Pleasant rolls out of the way and escapes to the outside!

DDK:

Pleasant rolling back onto his feet showed great agility for a guy who doesn't seem too interested in the wrestling aspect of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

This guy is such an enigma. Though I must say, each time we see him in the ring, layers of the onion known as Arthur Pleasant are being peeled away. Nevertheless, I truly believe there's more to this guy than meets the eye.

DDK:

It looks like Arthur is heading back to the Piggly Wiggly shopping cart, looking for more goodies!

Lance:

Think he's got some Tootsie Pops in there?

Rummaging through the bright red Piggly Wiggly shopping cart, Pleasant stops and simply looks out at the Faithful who are booing his stalling mercilessly.

Theodore Cain:

Enough of this shit!!

Cain slides under the bottom rope to the outside, still clutching onto the barbed wire kendo stick. Suddenly, he gives chase to Pleasant, who comes up with a titanium head golf club. Despite having his own weapon in hand, Pleasant runs around the perimeter of the ring with Cain hot on his trail. Sliding back into the ring, Pleasant turns around and waits for Cain to follow him. Once he does, Pleasant swings the golf club, striking Cain right in his upper back!

DDK:

Just like that, Arthur outsmarts Theodore! What a wicked shot to the back!

Lance:

I'd say "Fore!" but that's been done to death and I wouldn't want to come across as cliché.

Cain writhes in pain, dropping the barbed wire kendo stick. Pleasant immediately looks out at the Faithful with his arms outstretched, laughing at them. They let Pleasant have it as he kneels down across the ring. He eyes up Cain like he's looking across the green and about to putt it in at the eighteenth hole. Standing back up, Pleasant makes his way towards Cain. Turning the golf club upside down, he slams the rubber handle down into Cain's back!

DDK:

Jesus, he could paralyze him if he keeps that up!

Standing over Cain, Pleasant repeats this again, and again, and again. Over and over the butt end of the handle smashes in across the back and ribs of the Gulf Coast Connection member. The Faithful rain down the boos as Pleasant continues to thrust downwards with the golf club!

Lance:

My God! Arthur is really getting the most out of that golf club.

DDK:

I'm a little surprised Arthur hasn't gone for the "bloody" approach yet. With how he spoke to the Faithful and DEFIANTS in that piece of Propaganda, I expected him to go full savage by now.

Pleasant tosses the golf club outside of the ring and guides Cain to his feet. He lifts Cain up in a fireman's carry position, then walks him to the center of the ring.

Lance:

Is Arthur going for Calamity Pain already?!

DDK:

I think h- oh! Theodore slips out!

Cain lands on his feet behind Pleasant and wraps his arms around his waist. Pleasant tries to slip out, but Cain rushes forward, slamming him chest first into the top turnbuckle. Rolling backwards with Pleasant held in a waist lock, Cain releases him with a devastating release rolling suplex.

Lance:

He folded him in half!

DDK:

Pleasant could be out! What a move!

Cain looks at Pleasant. Then at the barbed wire kendo stick. Then at Pleasant. Then at the Faithful to an uproarious reaction!

Lance:

I think Cain should've gone for the cover there!

DDK:

I think Cain is more concerned with getting some retribution for his fallen Gulf Coast brothers than pinning Arthur this early!

Cain grabs the barbed wire kendo stick and with some space between himself and Pleasant. He runs, jumps, and lands square across Pleasant's chest with a barbed wire kendo stick assisted elbow drop. Pleasant cries out... then laughs at Cain!

DDK:

Arthur is just freakin' sick.

Lance:

No kiddin', Keebs. Maaaaan alive.

Cain rips upwards, causing the barbs to pluck out of Pleasant's skin. A scattering of open wounds materialize across his bare chest as the Faithful wince and cry out vicariously through Pleasant. Cain takes the kendo stick and smashes it down across Pleasant's chest! Pleasant rolls over in agony, still laughing, but now clutching at his chest and kicking his feet against the canvas. Cain then smashes the kendo stick down once more, this time across Pleasant's back!

Lance:

Oh crap. That's a nice slice that's opened up on the small of Arthur's back. Yikes.

DDK:

I have to say, I'm surprised Cain is getting in this sort of offense against the self-proclaimed Denizen of Decay. I thought this one was going to be a one-sided affair, through and through.

Cain rolls Pleasant over onto his back and hooks a leg!

ONE...

Navarro barely slaps the mat before Pleasant kicks out in emphatic fashion.

Cain looks flummoxed at Navarro as Pleasant sits up. The Provocateur cackles maniacally at Cain's thwarted attempt at a pinfall, which serves to only anger him further. With a handful of Pleasant's hair, Cain roughly brings him to his feet. Delivering a slap heard 'round the WrestlePlex, Cain nods his head at Pleasant.

Theodore Cain:

Alright, you son of a BITCH!! Let's get nasty!!

Pleasant just continues laughing at Cain, baiting him into coming at him. Pleasant is ready for the attack, however, and ducks down. Pleasant grabs the in-seam of Cain's waist and pulls him face first down onto the middle turnbuckle! Pleasant slides out of the ring. Pleasant runs with a foot extended and NAILS the Piggly Wiggly cart with a single-leg flying dropkick!

DDK:

PROVOCATION... to the shopping cart?!

Lance:

I... have no words.

Pleasant rolls back to his feet and sifts through the wreckage of the contents of the Piggly Wiggly cart. He grabs one of the panes of glass that had been on the bottom rack, lifts it up, then slides it into the ring. Pleasant goes back to the wreckage and grabs an old rotary telephone!

Lance:

Don't. Do. It.

DDK:

WHO YA GONNA CALL?!

Pleasant slides back into the ring with the big, boxy rotary phone. Cain shakes the cobwebs away after previously being dropped into the middle turnbuckle. Once Cain steadies himself, Pleasant flies towards him and BASHES him across the face, exploding the big rotary phone into a hundred pieces! Gears, bolts, and other metal pieces fly in every direction as Cain holds his face in pain from the impact of the antique telephonic bludgeoning. Standing back to his feet, Pleasant looks out to the Faithful and blows a kiss to the hard camera side of the WrestlePlex.

Pleasant turns his attention back towards Cain and points at him, laughing. Moments later, Pleasant slides back to the outside and once again sifts through the items that previously spilled out from the shopping cart. Grabbing a hold of a black garbage bag, Pleasant holds it up for the whole world to see.

DDK:

Ugh, this better not be a repeat from UNCUT 85. I don't think I have the stomach for MORE maggots.

Lance:

Yeah. Please, God, NO!

Bringing the garbage bag with him, Pleasant spreads apart the opening and measures up Cain, who has rolled over to his side after the massive rotary phone strike. Pleasant bounces in place with an excited demeanor about him.

Arthur Pleasant:

A gift for you, my busy little bee!

Pleasant opens the bag and dumps the white contents onto Cain's body!

DDK:

Mag- wait. Is that...?

Lance:

Packing peanuts?!

Sure enough, hundreds of little white biodegradable packing peanuts float out onto Cain's frame as Pleasant winks into the camera with a "Got yaaa!" type of look. Pleasant then brings Cain to his feet, but receives an elbow to the mid-section! Cain delivers another one and Pleasant is reeling into the ropes! Cain runs forward and clotheslines Pleasant up and over the top rope to the outside. Pleasant spills, and Cain seethes with rage!

Deciding to go for it, Cain runs into the opposite ropes. Arthur leans against the barricade. Cain picks up speed, dives... AND EATS A FOOT!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

OH MY GOD!!

A replay flashes across the screen in slow motion, showing Arthur Pleasant darting forward a few feet with his foot extended for a single-leg dropkick, nailing Cain's diving face with one of his trademark finishing maneuvers, Provocation!

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

Cain falls to the outside mat with a sickening thud as Pleasant laughs uncontrollably, making invisible snow angels on the mat. Sitting up after a moment or two, he wipes his sweaty, greasy hair away from his face. Where a smile was once glued, an ominous-looking scowl supplants it. His lip quivering, Pleasant gets up from the outside mat. Eyeing Theodore Cain's barbed wire wrapped surfboard, Pleasant moves towards it.

DDK:

Ill intentions abound, Lance.

Lance:

I don't think Teddy had any intentions of his own surfboard being used against him tonight!!

Picking the surfboard up by its point, Pleasant drags it to where Cain is laid out. Guiding Cain up to his feet, Pleasant scoops up Cain and drives him harshly into the barbed wire surfboard with a simple bodyslam! Cain screams out in agony as the barbs rip at his flesh. Pleasant raises his arms to his side and uses his fingers as conductor's batons to the chorus of Cain's screams.

DDK:

I will never tire of expressing my amazement over the core craziness of Arthur Pleasant. Jeebus.

Lance:

I'm with you there, Keeps. This guy is, for the lack of a better statement, something else!

After having some more fun with the Faithful at Cain's expense, Pleasant lets loose some stomps to Cain's chest and head, keeping him from rolling off of the surfboard. Pleasant then climbs to the ring apron and looks over at the ringpost. Making his ascension, one turnbuckle support at a time, he looks down at Theodore Cain's prone state on the barbed wire surfboard. Then, without hesitation, Pleasant launches upwards with a shooting star press... BUT NOBODY IS HOME AS HE CRASHES DOWN ONTO THE FULLY EXPOSED BARBED WIRE AFTER CAIN MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!!

DDK:

SON OF A HOLY HARDCORE JESUS, MARY MAGDALENE , MOTHER OF DRAGONS!!

Lance:

ARTHUR IS DEAD!! ARTHUR IS DEAD!!

Pleasant is a bloody mess as wounds now open up on his cheeks and forehead after entangling himself into the barbed wire from the vicious ! Ripping himself upwards, a tiny skin flap on the bottom of his cheek hangs after being sliced open from the barbed wire.

Once again, the Faithful are beside themselves in their excitable chants over the gruesome action unfolding before their very eyes!

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

DDK:

I agree!

Lance:

Arthur might've just ended his night with that! Hell, maybe his career!

Cain is holding his back as blood trickles down from a wound that opened up after scurrying out of the way from the shooting star press. Pleasant is beside the surfboard, unmoving. Cain is beating his boots against the outside mat, trying to fight through the unimaginable pain of barbed wire slicing through his skin like butter. Cain pulls himself towards the barricade, using it to steady his legs as he gets up. Cain looks down at Pleasant and grabs him by his hair... and starts bashing the back of his head repeatedly against the barbed wire!

Cain rips Pleasant up from the surfboard with his hands in a vice-like grip around Pleasant's face.

Theodore Cain:

This is for Kid!!

Head-butting him, Cain shows a viciousness not often (if ever) seen. Busting each of them open right underneath their scalps, Cain throws another headbutt! And another! And yet ANOTHER!! Pleasant goes down like a sack of stale churros and Cain yells this primal roar as the Faithful rally behind the Last of the Gulf Coast Connection! Cain throws Pleasant's crimson body back into the ring and he follows him inside. Pleasant tries to roll all the way to the other side like he has done before, but Pleasant stops in the middle of the ring, clutching just about every part of his own body in anguish.

DDK:

Looks like Arthur can't escape this time!

Lance:

Cain is on fire!!

Cain to his feet inside the ring now. He looks out at the Faithful, raises his arm, and makes a circular motion.

DDK:

Could Theodore Cain be signaling for the Bottom's Up?

Lance:

I think so!

Bringing Pleasant to his feet, Cain Irish whips him into the ropes. On the rebound, Cain catches him with a clothesline. On pure instinct alone, Pleasant pops back up. Cain delivers a scintillating dropkick that sends Pleasant back down, but he pops back up for a second time. Pleasant dizzily falls into Cain's clutches.

Theodore Cain:

THIS IS FOR AARON KING!!

Cain lifts Pleasant up for a Tilt-a-Whirl slam..

DDK:

Bottom's-

Lance:

No! Arthur lands on his feet! He got out of the Bottom's Up!!

Showing great agility by landing on his feet, Pleasant grabs a hold of Cain and drops him with a Russian leg sweep. Collecting himself, Pleasant wipes the blood from his forehead and gets back to his feet. Bringing Cain back up to his own feet, Pleasant pulls him in between his legs. In one fluid motion, Pleasant drives Cain down onto his head with a CRUSHING snap piledriver!

DDK:

What a piledriver! Pleasant could probably end it right here.

Lance:

Yeah, but considering we've only had one pin attempt so far in this match, I doubt he will try to end it right there.

Pleasant remains in a seated position, trying to catch his breath. Looking ahead, he sees the plate glass sitting in the corner that he brought into the ring towards the beginning of the match.

DDK:

I... was wondering when that was going to come into play.

Lance:

Yeah, this will not be good.

Wiping more of his own blood from his head, Pleasant looks down at Cain who has pooled some red in his own right from the series of headbutts he delivered to Pleasant on the outside. Lifting Cain to his feet, Pleasant whips him into the turnbuckles. Following him in, Pleasant nails a corner clothesline. Cain goes to fall down, but Pleasant keeps him on his feet. He drives a stiff elbow into Cain's head and follows it up with another. Then turning around, Pleasant gears up and swings with his leg, nailing Cain in the temple with a vicious roundhouse kick that drops him ass first to the canvas!

DDK:

I've heard that Arthur is very skilled with his kicks. Pretty clear, right there.

Lance:

All the more reason this guy is not one to be trifled with!

Looking at the plate glass across the ring, Pleasant smiles sickeningly and marches toward the opposite corner. In no time flat, he sets the piece of plate glass against the turnbuckle so that it rests long side up as if it were a wooden table. Checking on Cain's status by taking a gander back at Cain, Pleasant runs towards him and nails another corner clothesline. Grabbing Cain by the wrist, Pleasant whips him into the corner, sending Cain back first into the plate glass... but it doesn't break! A couple cracks spider outwards from the middle due to the force from which Cain hit it. The momentum carries Cain up and over, spilling awkwardly to the outside and causes him to half-land on the steel steps.

DDK:

Well that was ugly.

Lance:

Bowling shoe. Yeesh!

Pleasant slides to the outside and grabs the shopping cart itself. Lifting it up over his head, he tosses it over the top rope and to the inside of the ring. One of the wheels breaks off from landing on the mat so harshly and rolls towards the plate glass.

Pleasant picks Cain up, smacking him across the face with such disrespect. The Faithful boo this as Pleasant rolls Cain back into the ring. Following him inside, Pleasant grabs the piece of plate glass and tosses it to the ground. Scooping Cain up, he ties him up in a tree of woe. Grabbing the plate glass, he sets it up so that it is pressed against Cain's exposed position. Standing the shopping cart up, Pleasant reverses himself all the way back to the opposite corner. Then, with a sick grin, Pleasant runs full speed ahead with the shopping cart...

DDK:

NO, NO, NO, NO.....

SMAAAASH!!

Lance:

Good GOD!! What are we witnessing here?! Live murder?!

The shopping cart nails the glass directly in front of Cain's body, simultaneously shattering it into a million tiny pieces, as well as driving the cart and plate glass into Cain's upside down midsection and chest! The crowd reacts with a prolonged "OOOOOOH!", before cheering on the carnage before their bloodthirsty eyes.

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

"HO-LEE-SHIT!"

Cain, meanwhile, falls down from the tree of woe, seemingly lifeless. Pleasant skips towards him and grabs him by the arm. Going for only the second pinfall of the match, Pleasant leans back on him while wiping the blood from his own face.

DDK:

Dear Effing God this one's over.

Lance:

Mercifully..

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

Cain kicks out at the last possible second!! Pleasant looks spooked!!

Pleasant shakes his head and starts laughing at Cain's unforeseen levels of toughness. Getting back to his feet, Pleasant then looks out to the mess where the shopping cart used to be and then back at Cain. Pleasant shrugs and heads to the outside. Grabbing a sheet of paper with a crudely drawn picture of the DEFIANCE Wrestling "Fist", Pleasant holds it up for the Faithful to see. Then... he pulls a large, medical grade skin stapler gun.

DDK:

NO. STOP THIS!!

Lance:

I don't know how much MY heart can take from this!!

Cain tries to crawl to the ropes to help himself up to his feet, but Pleasant steps on Cain's hand.

Arthur Pleasant:

And this... is... FOR YOU!! HAHHAHA!!!

Grabbing the sketch with the same hand that holds the medical grade skin stapler, Pleasant pulls Cain to his feet with his free arm. Cain almost goes down, but wills himself to stand up. Pleasant takes the sketch and places it over Cain's forehead, covering his face with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Fist logo.

And then... he STAPLES IT TO HIS FOREHEAD!!!

DDK:
EWWW!!!

Lance:
Ahhhhh maaaaaaan... that's just wrong.

Cain screams out in agony, but before he can rip it off of him, Pleasant adds ANOTHER staple!! The fans scream in horror through all of this, and Pleasant adds a THIRD staple!! Blood oozes out from behind the paper sketch but Cain still remains on his feet. Pleasant grabs the shopping cart, lifts it up, and launches it like a lawn dart right into Theodore Cain's sketch stapled face!!!

DDK:
Jesus Christ! What the hell is WRONG with this guy?!

Lance:
Is it me or was that a metaphor for kicking DEFIANCE Wrestling right in the face with this match?!

Cain goes down. Unmoving. There's a near hush from the impact of the front of the cart colliding with Cain's face. Pleasant looks down at Cain's face, holding his back from the slices that opened up from the barbed wire. With Cain looking to be unconscious, Pleasant takes the skin stapler and starts putting the end of the staple gun to Pleasant's chest.

CLICK.

Cain cries out, seemingly regaining consciousness.

CLICK.

CLICK. CLICK.

CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!!

Pleasant cackles like a psychopath as he staples atop some of the wounds on Cain's chest. Over and over and over. Pleasant looks at Navarro after about the twelfth staple, who looks as if he wants to stop the match altogether. Pleasant stands up with the stapler and starts walking towards him.

Arthur Pleasant:
Don't do it, friend. This ends... WHEN I SAY IT FUCKING ENDS!!!

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

Pleasant raises the stapler up as if he's going to staple Navarro, but stops. Patting him on the cheek, Pleasant laughs and hands him the stapler. Cain's hands are shaking and twitching uncontrollably as his body deals with the multiple medical grade staples that Pleasant just planted in his chest and stomach. Disturbingly, the sketch is still stapled to his forehead. As Pleasant brings Cain to his feet, the Port City Powerhouse collapses back down to the mat. Pleasant's head cocks at an odd angle, clearly intrigued by the sight of someone being tortured.

DDK:
Is it me or does Arthur look... fascinated?

For the second time, Pleasant grabs Cain, but this time he sets him up on his knees.

Lance:

Oh hell. Didn't we see this when Arthur faces CAGE! Last week?!

Pleasant runs into the ropes behind Cain. He rebounds and continues off into the opposite ropes. Once gaining a scary amount of speed, Pleasant extends his foot once again and NAILS Cain right in the face/drawing. Cain goes down backwards on his awkwardly bent knees, and the sketch floats like a feather to the mat, separating from Cain's forehead due to the high impact of the single-leg dropkick.

DDK:

Provocation... for the second time in this match. This needs to end already. PLEASE!!

Lance:

Navarro should have stopped this far sooner than now, Keeps. But yes, I agree. This is beyond DISTURBING.

Looking out at the Faithful, Pleasant again wipes the blood from his own head and calls for something.

DDK:

Just pin him, Arthur!! You've made your damn point!! He's not even conscious!!

Pleasant military rolls forward, catching Cain's arms and legs as he rolls to his feet with great agility. With surprising strength, Pleasant slowly stands up with Cain across his shoulders. He holds Cain's lifeless carcass for what seems like an eternity.

Lance:

This is senseless. Just SENSELESS!

He holds him there... and holds him there... and CONTINUES holding there.

DDK:

Listen to this crowd. They're... I don't think they can believe what they're seeing here. We ALL knew this one was going to be an uncomfortable bloody mess, but I don't know if anyone was *quite* prepared for just *how* uncomfortable.

Finally, after what could've been anywhere from 30-60 seconds, Pleasant pushes up underneath Cain, pivots in mid-air, and SMAAAASHES his knees across Cain's already bloodied, stapled face with the double-knee facebreaker that completes the devastating finishing move.

DDK:

Calamity Pain. Uggggggh... those freakin' STAPLES, though.

Lance:

I hope the medical team is on standby because Cain's gonna need some SERIOUS help here.

Pleasant places a boot across the staples of Cain's chest, throwing salt into an incredible amount of wounds created by the Dagger of Damnation.

Navarro shakes his head as he gets in position for the count. Not a soul in the WrestlePlex is counting along as various members of the Faithful interlace their fingers behind their heads, shaking them with unparalleled disgust.

ONE.

TWO.

And the inevitable **THREE**.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match... ARTHUURRRRRRR PLEAAAAAASAAAAANT!

♪ "It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

A swarm of medical personnel empties from the back as Arthur Pleasant sits Indian style next to Theodore Cain's ravaged carcass, He then withdraws two quarter-size custom made tokens - each with the same X's etched onto the "heads" side - from inside his gear's waistband. Pleasant gently places them across Cain's eyes and then kisses Cain's forehead.

DDK:

We've seen this before.

Lance:

Indeed we have.

He grabs the sketch of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Fist logo and wipes the blood off of his forehead with it. Then, crumpling it up, he shoves it inside Cain's mouth before rolling out of the ring.

Once the medical team wheels the stretcher down to the ring, Pleasant slithers his way back outside like a snake satisfied after its feeding. The stunned capacity crowd all look on in horror as nurses, Doctors, and EMT's all tend to Cain's broken, beaten, bloodied body.

Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, stops halfway up the ramp.

And just... laughs at the ruin left in his own wake.

I JUST DID

Backstage once again. We find ourselves already in the middle of some action between the members of 24k and DEFIANCE CEO Daniel Davidson.

Kendrix:

So basically, Mr. Davidson... Danny...

Cayle Murray:

Dan, Danny Boy?

Kendrix:

I can call you Danny Boy right? That's the best name.

Cayle Murray:

I've always said that.

Try as he might, Daniel tries to get a word in edgeways...but it's too late.

Kendrix:

Yeah, but I said it first. Anyway, the point is Danny Dan, you need 24k at ringside tonight for two very important reasons.

Cayle rubs his thumb across his index finger.

Kendrix:

Money! The DEFIANCE Faithful have paid good money in the arena and at home to see 24K at ringside to make sure that Jay Harvey does not cheat this evening, like he did against JFK two weeks ago, in order to ensure a fair and even contest.

Mr. Davidson takes a deep breath as Perfection holds up two fingers.

Kendrix:

And secondly, less important than money, obvs..but still weirdly important is... errr...

Jesse looks over at Perfection and Cayle for inspiration but both seem out of options.

Kendrix:

Hmmm...uh...OH...ETHICS! It is genuinely unethical to bar 24K from ringside tonight! Do you want to be unethical, Daniel son? Think about the DEFIANCE Ethics policy!

Davidson puts his hands up to halt the supergroup.

Daniel Davidson:

Listen, I don't want to hear it. Jay Harvey beat you *[pointing at Kendrix]* to get a one on one shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Kendrix looks down, knowing that he's the reason Harvey is taking on Unlikely later tonight.

Daniel Davidson:

You ALL are banned from ringside!

The fans watching inside the arena can be heard cheering.

Mikey Unlikely:

BANNED! This is EGREGIOUS! You can't ban them! Do you know who I am! The FIST OF DEFIANCE DAMMIT!

Davidson cracks a smile.

Daniel Davidson:

Mikey, if any of your cronies even walk through that curtain, put their butt in a seat in the arena... YOU are forfeiting that title and I'm handing it over to Jay Harvey! ARE WE CLEAR?!

The fans can be heard once again roaring with cheers.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm a very powerful man... You can't do that!

Daniel's smile grows across his face before he lets out a chuckle. He leaves 24k with one last line.

Daniel Davidson:

I just did.

The CEO makes his exit and leaves 24k stewing.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. RICK DICKULOUS

DDK:

What are your thoughts on the FIST of DEFIANCE match?

Lance:

I'm gonna be honest, Darren, I'm not even focused on that match yet...you know why?

DDK:

You're about to ask me what time it is...

Lance:

What time is it, Keeps?

DDK:

Hossfite time, Lance?

Lance:

Look, I ordered us some popcorn from the concession stand because this match is gonna be worth it! IT'S HOSSFITE TIME, KEEBS!

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH for one fall! Making his way to the ring, standing six feet four inches tall and weighing two-hundred ninety-four pounds. MUUUUUSHIIIIIGIHAAARAAAAAAA!

BOOM.SNAP.BOOMBOOMBOOMSNAP.

BOOM.SNAP.BOOMBOOMBOOMSNAP.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

With little fanfare, the God-Beast storms out of the misty tunnel and stomps his way down to ringside, flanked by his manager Eddie Dante, and rolls into the ring, stampeding in the far corner so he can keep his eyes on his enemy.

DDK:

Mushigihara has come face to face with Rick Dickulous once before, Lance, and we didn't get a winner.

Lance:

What we got was Rick Dickulous using Chris Richards as a weapon, knocking Mushigihara off of the apron and drawing a double count out...and he was happy! Did you see the look in his eye after that, Keeps?

DDK:

It was an unorthodox, and most definitely underhanded way to rob Mushigihara of a win, Lance. In all honesty though, I have to give him credit, as much as I may not want to. I think people underestimate Rick Dickulous' ability to think on his feet, and I think that's exactly why he wanted this no disqualification match tonight with Mushigihara.

Lance:

What, you mean like this is some sort of a trap? A calculated ruse fro--

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 Quimbley:

Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds....RICK

DIICKULOOUUUSSS!

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

Carla Ferrari ushers Rick Dickulous to his corner, before walking back to the centre of the ring and calling for the bell.

DING DING

The two men stare across the ring at each other, sizing one another up. Rick Dickulous shrugs his shoulders after a few seconds with a look of confidence and a nod, leaning his axe behind him in his corner without taking his eyes off of Mushigihara.

Lance:

Wait a minute, Darren...you just might be onto something here. Look at Rick Dickulous' hands.

Rick Dickulous squares up and steps towards the centre of the ring, his normally clenched fists open and ready.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is trained in a few different martial arts, Lance. I don't think Mushigihara knew about this. We've seen Rick Dickulous' boxing and greco-roman wrestling abilities...I think tonight we'll see his Krav Maga training put to use.

Lance:

Wait...Krav Maga? How do you know these things?

DDK:

It's in his bio, Lance.

The two mammoths stare each other down for another moment, until the God-Beast beckons the lumberjack forth with a roar of...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSSUUU!"

Dickulous lunges forth and gets right into Mushi's face, jawing off at the former sumo, who responds with his own Japanese smack talk, before he snaps a meaty palm into Rick's chest! It knocks him back a little, but Dickulous rushes forth with a haymaker to the gut, and he follows up with a push into the ropes and an Irish whip! Rick prepares a clothesline, but Mushi ducks, and on the rebound nails him with a hard shoulder block, but neither man moves. They stare at each other momentarily before taking off opposite ways, rebounding off the ropes for another massive collision, but again neither man budes. Both men frustrated, they again run towards the ropes and back into the centre of the ring and as the two collide Mushigihara lands a stiff palm strike to Rick Dickulous' solar plexus, doubling the big man over. With a smile, Mushigihara smashes a forearm over Rick Dickulous' back, knocking him down to a knee.

DDK:

Mushigihara getting the advantage early in this encounter, and the look on his face tells me he does NOT have good intentions right now!

Keeps would be right, as Mushi would follow up with a kneelift right into Rick's jaw, knocking him back a bit, and in prime position for Mushi to pull him back up, and launch a NASTY chop right into the chest!

"WOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Rick clutches his chest in pain, but Mushi just smiles as he lets another one fly, knocking Rick Dickulous back towards a corner.

"WOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Mushi unleashes a third chop to Rick Dickulous' chest, finally knocking him back into the corner.

"WOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Mushigihara advances, a confident smile across his face, when suddenly Rick Dickulous grabs Mushi and swings him into the corner, unleashing a massive chop of his own.

"WOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Rick Dickulous follows it up with a stiff knee to the midsection and a hard right closed fist to the side of Mushi's head, knocking him down to a knee. Rick Dickulous backs off and chides the crowd to be quiet as he rushes into the corner at Mushi who manages to use his shoulder to lift and launch Rick over the top turnbuckle, crashing down onto the floor outside of the ring to a cheer from the Faithful.

In frustration, Rick slams his fists on the ringside mats before lifting the apron curtain and digging under the ring. He begins to pull out various weapons; a table, a steel chair, a trash can, and begins tossing them into the ring with a gleeful smile.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous taking full advantage of the no disqualification rules here in this matchup, but why is he tossing weapons into the ring where Mushigihara is?

DDK:

I'm willing to bet it's all part of a plan, Lance...

Rick Dickulous walks around the outside of the ring slowly, calling for Mushigihara to follow him, pointing at the various weapons at his disposal all around him on the canvas. Dickulous stops at his corner, eyeballing his axe with a sly grin before reaching for it and holding it in a single massive hand, his smile growing more warped and sadistic as he calls Mushi out.

Rick Dickulous:

Come on out to play, Kaiju...

With a snort, Mushi reaches down and picks up the steel chair exiting the ring opposite Rick Dickulous. As the two walk towards each other on the outside, they don't break eye contact, they both ready their weapons and each rounds a corner of the ring as the Faithful begin to go wild.

DDK:

Here we go, Lance...King Kong versus Godzilla...good thing we have extra paramedics on site tonight.

Lance:

With this being a no disqualification match, Keeps, we saved a bunch on security!

Rick raises his axe above his head.

Mushi nods, and raises the steel chair for a swing.

CRACK!

DDK:

RICK DICKULOUS JUST TRIED TO MURDER MUSHIGIHARA!!

Rick Dickulous did indeed swing his axe directly at Mushigihara's shoulder, blade exposed, however Mushigihara was faster, knocking the axe square out of the lumberjack's hand, bouncing harmlessly away and up the entrance ramp. Rick Dickulous let out a cry of pain, clutching his hand.

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!!!!!

"OSSUUUU!!"

CRACK!

Mushi swings the steel chair at Rick's head, connecting with a hard hit, warping the seat to another cheer from the crowd - a hit that would have downed most men right then and there, but Rick Dickulous was no normal man. Instead, in a rage, Rick grabs ahold of the chair, tears it from Mushi's grasp, and tosses it up the entrance ramp with a bellow.

Mushi and Rick Dickulous trade blows back and forth, Rick gaining the upper hand, sending Mushigihara hard into the ring steps with an irish whip. Mushi soars ass over teakettle, the ring steps coming to rest awkwardly on top of him. Rick doesn't give Mushi a chance to recover, he lunges forward, lifting the ring steps up and sending them crashing down again onto Mushi's back not once, not twice, but thrice before tossing them away and again reaching under the ring to bring out more weapons: another trash can, a stop sign, a ladder (which Rick unceremoniously lets crash onto Mushi), and a singapore cane which Rick holds onto as he climbs up onto the apron and back into the ring, showboating for the booing Faithful.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous is really bringing out the hardware, and this could get REAL bad, REAL fast!

DDK:

Indeed, Lance, we've already come close to seeing a man get maimed on live pay-per-view, so clearly Rick is trying to go all the way!

Mushi begins to stir, pushing the ladder off of him with a loud clatter before pulling himself up to his feet with the barricade. Taking a few breaths he makes eyes at Rick Dickulous, foaming at the mouth in pain and rage, before pulling the ladder up into his hands and pushing it into the ring under the bottom rope. Mushi slides into the ring quietly and retrieves the ladder as Rick turns around to face him with narrowed eyes.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSSUUUU!"

The God-Beast instinctively LAYS INTO Rick with a roundhouse palm strike that knocks him silly, giving Mushi a chance to pull the kendo stick from his hands and smite him right between the eyes!

CRACK!

Not satisfied, the Kaiju pulls back and swings again!

CRACK!

With a roaring laugh, the monster keeps swinging, at rapid fire!

CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!

The crowd roars, as Mushi gets hotter than the surface of the sun as blood begins to run down Rick Dickulous' face from a nasty forehead wound!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is busted open, Lance!

Lance:

It's worth pointing out that before entering sumo, Mushigihara actually had a background in the sport of kendo, which can be described essentially as Japanese fencing, and he clearly knows his way around one of those sticks!

After all those blows with the kendo stick, Rick Dickulous is staggered, clutching his face in pain. Seeing yet another opening, the King of the Monsters cracks a grin and bores another hole into Rick's face as he groans and winces...

...and jabs the end of the stick right into Rick's neck.

DDK:

Did Mushi just...?!

Lance:

It turns out that the thrusting the tip of that stick into the opponent's throat? Totally legal.

The lumberjack is retreating to the corner, trying to get his breathing back in order, while Mushi looks down at the kendo stick, now snapped from that throat thrust. The God-Beast nonchalantly discards the stick and reaches for the ladder he just brought in. Seeing his opponent still trying to recover, the monster contemplates how he will use this new toy...

...until he lays it flat on the mat...

DDK:

What could Mushigihara be thinking about doing with that ladder, already a dangerous weapon on its own?

...and clutching the top rail of it with his meaty hands...

...he hoists it overhead like a chair!

Lance:

LOOK OUT!!!

WHAP!!!!!!

"*HOLY SHIT!*
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!"

GOD-BEAST! ***STOMP STOMP***
GOD-BEAST! ***STOMP STOMP***

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

The picture-in-a-picture replay kicks in. With Rick Dickulous staggered in the corner, Mushigihara grabs the ladder by its highest rung, and lifts it overhead, before swinging it down like a pendulum, the bottom rung hitting Rick Dickulous square in the face. Even half a ring away, the God-Beast shows he is a threat to whoever dares face him.

DDK:

WHAT A DISPLAY OF STRENGTH AND LACK OF REGARD FOR HIS OPPONENT'S WELL-BEING BY THE SELF-PROCLAIMED KING OF THE MONSTERS!

Not even taking a moment to soak in the crowd's roars, Mushi flips the ladder back down to the mat as Rick Dickulous begins to stagger out of the corner, right into the God-Beast's loving arms...

CRUNCH!!!

Lance:

WHAT **ANOTHER** DISPLAY OF STRENGTH AND LACK OF REGARD FOR HIS OPPONENT'S WELL-BEING BY THE SELF-PROCLAIMED KING OF THE MONSTERS!

...and into the air, freshly scooped up, and body-slammed right down onto that folded ladder, smashing it into a twisted mess.

DDK:

Mushigihara is known throughout the wrestling world for his great strength, but even then, against a 425-pound man like Rick Dickulous, THAT TOOK STRENGTH I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD!

Strength that apparently Mushi didn't know he had either, because he now drops to a knee on his way to covering Rick, who is now clutching his back and yelling in pain and anger.

ONE

Rick Dickulous pushes Mushigihara off of him with a roar, launching the God-Beast a few feet back before rolling out of the ring under the bottom rope clutching his back and head, his face a mess of blood and sweat. Mushigihara plays to the Faithful in the ring, and they respond!

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

GOD-BEAST! *STOMP STOMP*

As Rick Dickulous recovers and catches his breath, he begins looking around quizzically, almost as if he's trying to figure things out.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is going to need to figure out what to do here, Lance.

Lance:

His best bet is to keep Mushigihara out of that ring, Darren...that's the God-Beast's domain!

Almost as if he heard Lance's words, Rick Dickulous walks over to the stop sign he pulled from under the ring earlier and picks it up in a hand, again calling Mushigihara to the outside.

Lance:

Don't take the bait, Mushi...

Mushigihara slides under the ropes again with confidence, picking up the trash can from the ground and rounding the ringpost ready for another clash with the big Canadian. Rick Dickulous lifts the stop sign over his head in both hands as Mushi launches the trash can at Rick's exposed midsection with a roar and charges after it into the fray. The trash can bounces off of Rick Dickulous harmlessly and Rick swings the stop sign down across the side of Mushigihara's head and shoulder.

CLANG

Mushigihara takes the shot and barrels into Rick Dickulous, knocking both to the ground, breathing heavily and sprawled on the floor.

DDK:

There's no countouts here, Lance, and both of these men are spent! I'm wondering which one will be able to recover first!

Lance:

My money's on Mushigihara...he's taken the fight to Rick Dickulous so far here.

Rick Dickulous and Mushigihara begin to stir simultaneously, although Mushi is a bit slower getting up, which allows Rick Dickulous to go on offense, kicking Mushi square in the gut as he's on all fours, lifting Mushi up before he crashes back down in a heap. Rick steps over Mushi, stopping to slap him across the face and point at him before walking off to lean the folding table against the barricade. After giving it a few slaps, Rick walks back over to a stirring Mushi and helps him to his feet forcefully before lifting the God-Beast up and over his shoulder. Rick takes a few liberties with kidney punches before running headlong into the table.

CCRRAASSHHH!!

DDK:

Rick Dickous just...

Lance:

Rick just threw himself and Mushigihara through the table AND THE BARRICADE! What is next?!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Again the two men lay sprawled on the floor, the Faithful being pushed back by ringside security. And again, Rick Dickulous somehow manages to recover first, his face now a full on crimson mask as he drags Mushigihara to his feet and back towards the ring. As they punch back and forth, Rick manages to catch Mushigihara with a stiff forearm before slamming his face into the ring apron and dragging it along the canvas.

Lance:

That's just dirty pool, Keeps...

DDK:

Again, Lance...dirty or not, there are no disqualifications, which also means no rules.

Rick Dickulous lifts Mushigihara up and slides him under the bottom rope in a heap before climbing back into the ring himself. Standing menacingly over Mushigihara, Rick reaches into his back pocket and holds aloft his wire saw, fashioned into a choke chain.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Rick Dickulous reaches down and lifts Mushigihara's head up violently before sliding the collar over his head and pulling it taught, lifting Mushi up to his feet, Mushigihara clutching at his throat, gasping for air, eyes wide with....fear?

Rick Dickulous:

Now be a good boy...and SIT DOWN!

Rick kicks Mushi's knee from the side, buckling it and forcing him to crash to the mat on his haunches. Again, Rick pulls Mushi up to his feet by the collar with a sickening smile before lifting Mushi onto Rick's shoulder and delivering a massive fireman's carry powerbomb, the ring shaking violently with the impact, sending Mushi into the corner pulling at the improvised collar around his throat to get a breath in.

As soon as the collar is loosened and he takes a few deep breaths, Mushigihara's eyes begin to burn with hatred. He and Rick Dickulous stood again across the ring from each other, Rick Dickulous wiping blood and sweat from his brow and arrogantly flinging it towards Mushi, which sets the sumo off!

Lance:

Oh, Mushi's not gonna stand for that disrespect from the big Canadian, Darren!

DDK:

No, Lance. He most certainly is not.

Mushigihara takes a run at Rick Dickulous, managing to avoid a wild haymaker with a last second duck. Mushi powers Rick Dickulous back into the corner with a flurry of palm strikes and climbs up onto the second turnbuckle, delivering punch after punch to Rick's face, the crowd chanting along with each one.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

WOOOOOOOO!

Rick, dazed, falls to a knee again as Mushi backs off and takes a run into the corner delivering a hard kick to Rick Dickulous' chest.

SMACK!

Again, Mushi backs off and takes another run at Rick Dickulous, this time connecting with a knee to his already bloodied face, sending the Canadian down to the canvas to a cheer from the crowd. Mushi backs off again, motioning for the lumberjack to stand back up and waiting as he slowly does so. Suddenly with Rick back to his feet,

Mushigihara takes a third run at Rick Dickulous who manages to dodge at the last second, sending Mushi crashing hard through the turnbuckles and into the ringpost shoulder first.

OOOOHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous was playing possum, Lance, and Mushigihara fell for it hook, line, and sinker!

Lance:

Come on, Mushi! Show us why you're the God-Beast!

Rick Dickulous quickly capitalizes, pulling Mushi back to his feet and pushing him back into the corner before irish whipping him into the opposite corner, running after Mushigihara and delivering a hard corner splash. Rick Dickulous spins Mushi around and lifts him up onto the top turnbuckle in a seated position, taking a few steps back before two large steps forward, Rick Dickulous' extended foot landing squarely in the middle of Mushigihara's chest and sending him sailing, sprawling to the floor in a heap.

Rick Dickulous rolls out of the ring and reaches underneath the apron again, coming out with a brown leather pouch secured with a drawstring.

Lance:

What is that, Keeps? What has Rick Dickulous pulled from under the ring?

DDK:

I think we're about to find out...

Rick holds the bag aloft and slowly unties the drawstring, playing to the crowd who are having none of it. With the drawstring untied, Rick upends the pouch, spilling hundreds of metal jacks onto the protective matting outside the ring and reaching into his pocket to reveal a small red rubber ball.

Lance:

This isn't the time for children's games!

Rick Dickulous steps through the pile of jacks, kicking some towards Mushigihara who is just beginning to stir. Rick delivers a stiff kick to Mushi's midsection, the Sumo falling onto his back, luckily not on the exposed jacks. Rick Dickulous again bends down and pulls the makeshift collar taught, lifting Mushi to his feet with a stiff jerk, right up onto Rick's shoulders for a second time. Rick reaches into his pocket and produces a small red rubber ball, bouncing it on the ground near the jacks before sending Mushi crashing back first into the pile of pointy metal toys with a death valley driver and a yelp of pain from Mushigihara.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous has a strange way of playing jacks, Lance.

Lance:

It must be a Canadian thing...

As Mushigihara writhes in pain, Rick Dickulous rolls to his feet slowly walking back over to Mushi and stomping his chest over and over again, his back being pressed into the jacks on the floor as the crowd erupts in a loud chorus of booing. After a full five stomps, Rick Dickulous lets up before confidently placing a foot on Mushi's chest and calling for Carla Ferrari to start the count. She yells back that the pinfall needs to take place in the ring.

With an aggravated yell, Rick reaches down and again hoists Mushigihara to his feet by the improvised collar, stuffing him violently under the bottom rope before climbing back inside the ring himself. Again he lifts a dazed Mushigihara up onto his shoulders in a crucifix position before tossing him up and over Rick's head, crashing down to the mat into a sitting powerbomb.

Lance:

Log Driver's Waltz, Darren...I think this might be over.

DDK:

Wait just a second...is that? I-is that?

Lance:

That's Chris Richards, Keeps!

Unbeknownst to Rick Dickulous, Chris Richards makes a beeline down the entrance ramp, stopping to pick up Rick's axe, as Rick Dickulous conceitedly places a single finger on Mushigihara's chest and the crowd begins to cheer.

ONE

Chris Richards slides into the ring stealthily, Rick still none the wiser, his back to Chris Richards.

TWO

Chris Richards turns the flat of the axe towards Rick Dickulous and swings it with everything he's got, the crowd growing louder.

*THR--***SMACK!!****DDK:**

Chris Richards just saved the God-Beast!

Lance:

I thought it was over, but this is a no disqualification match, Darren! I think Rick Dickulous' plan just blew up in his face!!

DDK:

I think you might be right, Lance.

The crowd roars as Rick Dickulous tumbles off of Mushigihara, trying in vain to clutch his back from the vicious strike of Chris Richards, rolling towards the ropes as Richards gives chase, kicking the big man out of the ring and to the floor before turning around to check on Mushigihara.

The crowd goes wild as Chris Richards leans into the monstrous God-Beast, who nods and rises to his feet, albeit slowly and in pain. Richards then rolls out of the ring, on the opposite side of Rick.

Lance:

Chris Richards may have saved Mushigihara's LIFE just now, but I don't think the lumberjack is about to beg off that easily!

Indeed, Rick Dickulous rises to his feet and slowly makes his way back in, grinning as he makes a grab for that collar around Mushi's neck, and yanks on it like he were wrangling a dog, making the God-Beast choke yet again, and dragging him to the ropes, only to get the flat of the axe driven back into his face by Chris Richards!

THWACK!!**DDK:**

And Rick Dickulous is stunned!

Indeed, having been freed of the lumberjack's grip, Mushigihara gets his fingers around that choke chain, and YANKS it off his neck!

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!!

OSSUUUU!!

Rick staggers backwards, and Mushi manages to tuck his head down and slowly, agonizingly, but SURELY, raises Rick up in the torture rack position! The King of the Monsters grits his teeth and stares wild-eyed into the audience, before letting out one last roar of...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

OSSUUUU!

THUD!!!

DDK:

ATLAS CUTTER! HE SOMEHOW GOT THE MASSIVE RICK DICKULOUS UP AND DROVE HIM TO THE MAT WITH THE ATLAS CUTTER!

Lance:

But will it be enough?!

The God-Beast just barely manages to reach across the mat, and plant a meaty hand on Rick's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Chris Richards rushes into the ring to congratulate Mushigihara, as the God-Beast is slowly lifted back to his feet, his hands raised by the referee. Eddie Dante pats his client on the back for a job well done, and looks down on the fallen Rick Dickulous before leading Mushigihara towards the ropes and out of the ring.

Chris Richards looks at the axe in his hand, then over to Rick Dickulous, almost as if he's considering another attack before shaking his head no and dropping it to the mat before rolling underneath the bottom rope, jogging up the entrance ramp to meet Eddie Dante and Mushigihara as they reach the entryway and disappear through the curtain as

a group.

DDK:

Mushigihara picking up the win here, Lance, although not without taking a hard beating from the lumberjack.

Lance:

Well, no complaints from me, Darren, although my money's on Rick Dickulous having something to say about this after tonight.

Carla Ferrari manages to help Rick Dickulous to his feet in the ring despite his objections. He slams his hands on the top rope in frustration before picking up his axe from the mat, stepping over the top rope and gingerly jumping down to the floor. Rick wipes blood and sweat from his face as he limps up the entrance ramp with a growl before stepping behind the curtain.

AN UNWELCOMED GUEST

The scene turns to outside of the arena by one of the side doors. This is one of the entrances that is usually used by the backstage workers and custodians. The door opens up and the cheery old custodian walks out pushing a large wheeled bin full of bagged up trash. The old man casually is whistling pushing the bin when out of nowhere Chris Ross runs into the picture grabbing the old man by his jumpsuit looking into his eyes snarling... The screwdriver in his hand just ready to attack...

Chris Ross:

OK POPS! IMMA ASK YA ONE SIMPLE QUESTION! WHERE IS GAGE BLACKWOOD?!

The bewildered man stammers completely taken by surprise.

Janitor:

I... I don't know! I'm just a janitor!

You can just see the amount of hatred Ross has even behind the skull bandana covering his face.

Chris Ross:

Oh... Ok... My bad....

The Keystone State Killa says when out of nowhere he stabs the old man right in the forehead with the screwdriver. He let out a blood curdling scream as blood trickled down his face. Ross suddenly reached down and ripped off the set of keys hanging off of the janitor's belt!

Chris Ross:

Nice doin business with ya! Now I got the keys to everythin in this joint!

Ross said as the old man fell to his knees.

Chris Ross:

Sorry bout' ya luck!

Ross said before he grabbed him and like a sack of trash thrown him off the loading dock where he crashed through several wooden pallets below.

Chris Ross:

Oh quit bein dramatic! Ya fine! Rub a lil dirt in it and walk it off!

Ross said twirling the keys around with his finger.

Chris Ross:

No runnin from me now Blackwood! One... two... Chris Ross is comin for you motha fucka!

Ross said as he casually unlocked the door and let himself in the arena.

Lance:

Oh my god.... That lunatic is in the arena!!!!

DDK:

What did old man Herbert do to deserve that?! That poor guy has worked with this arena since day one!

Lance:

He has the keys to the castle! Literally no one is safe now!

DDK:

He's looking for Gage Blackwood...

Lance:

Is Blackwood even still here!?

SCROW vs. NATHANIEL EYE

DDK:

We need a few minutes here folks. Utter nonsense with Chris Ross! Anyway, let's take ya back to how our next match all came about.

Narrator:

At DEFTV 146, Nathaniel Eye had just defeated Bobby Horrigan. As he cut his promo he was abruptly interrupted by four ravens standing on top of the turnbuckles. All say "DEX JOY" over and over, soon followed by a loud bang at the entranceway and the words "Turn Back" flashing on the DEFiatron.

Narrator:

The cryptic messages continued at DEFTV 147 when this time after a hard-fought loss to current Favoured Saints Champion Matt LaCroix. Eye was met with three girls all saying Dex Joy over and over and pointing at him. The trons across the Wrestlplex all read "Turn Back" Nathaniel quickly came up with an idea just who this was and was ready for a fight.

Narrator:

Eye's hunch was indeed true, as on Uncut 84 Scrow would surprise him with a chop across his chortic artery, dropping the heartthrob in a split second.

Narrator:

Nathaniel would return and attack Scrow after his hard-fought win over Kerry Kuryoama. Driving him down with the Eyes Up Here onto a chair. The image for DEFROAD of Scrow Vs Nathaniel Eye finishes the video package. To an excited crowd at DEFROAD.

Back in the arena.

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring facing the hard camera with a microphone in hand. The Faithful are electric and want to get this show started!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall.

♪ "Fix Up, Look Sharp" by Dizzee Rascal ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all-crushed-velvet-like attire. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. He struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron waving his BRAZEN star of the year trophy! He swirls around on the ring apron and bounces on the ropes in tune with his music then he gets inside. The trophy goes away and Eye hopes to add a title alongside it!

DDK:

Here comes the BFF of Dex Joy, Nathaniel Eye!

Lance:

Does Scrow know that though?

Eye stretches on the ropes pointing at a few fans.

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. The collage repeats after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen.

Backstage while this is all happening, Arthur is nearby. Scrow with his scarecrow hood on stops as the two stare at each other. Scrow removes the hood, staring at Arthur then down at his litter. Arthur and crew walk past him; they each exchange a smirk at one another. Scrow puts the hood back on and steps through the curtain.

The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, from the Fields of Torment... he weighs in at one-hundred and ninety-eight pounds... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror-like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DING DING**DDK:**

What was that look backstage about?

Lance:

Could just be recognition from Arthur and Scrow.

In the ring, Nathaniel has a headlock on Scrow.

DDK:

Perhaps, they seem to have a lot in common.

Lance:

Arthur seems a bit more brutal though, his match was a prime example of that.

Off the ropes, Scrow is met with a back elbow by Nathaniel! Followed by an elbow drop! Then quickly into a reverse chin lock on the mat.

DDK:

Eye is looking to keep Scrow grounded here. It's a sound strategy, you don't want him vertical where he can utilize those strikes of his.

Scrow rolls over and gets to his feet he drives a few elbow shots breaking the hold. Scrow tries a backhand and Eye ducks! Standing dropkick! Scrow caught off guard on his spin and is sent back down to the mat. Eye quickly locks in a crossface!

Lance:

Nathaniel continues to keep Scrow grounded and he has kept the strikes to only that of a spinning backhand.

Scrow gets to the ropes as Carla calls for the break. The Raven's Eye rolls out of the ring. Shaking his head and talking to himself.

Scrow:

How? Dex knows wrestling holds!

He continues to mumble to himself not noticing Nathaniel leaping over the top rope into a crossbody knocking Scrow to the floor. Eye pops up and gets a huge pop from the Faithful!

DDK:

It appears he has not cured himself. He still thinks he is wrestling Dex.

Nathaniel picks up Scrow and throws him back in the ring. He comes in as Scrow stumbles to his feet. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Clothesline over the top rope!

Lance:

Scrow is completely on the defensive here.

Eye hits the ropes as Scrow lifts himself up with help from the apron only to receive a baseball slide into the mush for his trouble! Nathaniel wastes no time and exits the ring. He picks up Scrow and throws him with all his strength right into the guardrail! Scrow continues to mumble to himself. Nathaniel rushes in and nails a flying back elbow smashing Scrow into the guardrail. The Unhinged falls to the floor.

DDK:

Eye continues to not let Scrow get any sort of offense. His game plan has been sound so far.

He picks up Scrow and slams his head into the steel steps. Scrow very groggy walks away still mumbling about Dex Joy. Eye walks around the ring in close pursuit. Scrow slides in the ring and is quickly followed by Eye. He grabs Scrow and lifts him up into a body slam. Suplex. DDT. and finally hitting his Starry Eyed Surprise! Cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Eye quickly locks in a reverse chin lock!

Lance:

Scrow doesn't seem to know what to do.

Once more Scrow gets to a vertical base. He tries to pry his hands in between Eye's to break the hold another way. As he is able to push his arms away from his head. Eye quickly pulls them back in. Scrow pushes Eye to the ropes and is able to break it that way with an Irish whip! Clothesline...missed. Turns around into a flying four-arm! COVER!

ONE

TWO

T..KICKOUT!

Scrow:

No Dex...He will not let you beat him!

Eye:

Shut up, you nutcase!

Nathaniel picks him up for the Full Nelson Slam! Leg Drop! Cover!

ONE

TWO

SHOULDER UP!

Nathaniel picks up Scrow and throws him off the ropes. Spinebuster! Cover!

ONE

TWO

T..SHOULDER UP!

Nathaniel looks out into the Faithful starting to question himself. He picks up Scrow and suplexes him over! Followed by a Powerslam! Cover!

ONE

TWO

TH...SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Scrow is not putting up any sort of challenge for Nathaniel here. I expected this to go somewhat differently. It hasn't been. It's been all Nathaniel here! Could Eye pull off a huge upset here?

Nathaniel picks up Scrow and throws him into the corner he rushes in with a clothesline quickly followed by a bulldog! Cover!

ONE

TWO

THR...SHOULDER UP!

Nathaniel slams his hands on the mat, while Scrow continues to mumble about Dex Joy.

Lance:

Nathaniel is trying to put this away, but Scrow is not letting him do it!

DDK:

This is not the Scrow we all came to expect here tonight. Eye is looking to finish this!

Nathaniel climbs the turnbuckles.

Lance:

Scrow is not moving.

DDK:

EYES UP HERE!!

Eye bounces off holding his ribs for a second before. He covers Scrow.

ONE

TWO

...

The lights flicker suddenly a methodical seductive dark theme plays over the arena.

Eye gets off the cover.

DDK:

I don't like this one bit.

Lance:

Nathaniel ignore it! Cover him!

Nathaniel looks toward Carla for a minute. Suddenly vocals are added to the seductive theme.

???:

Ahhhhhh...uhhhhhhh...ahhhhh...uhhhhh...ahhh

Lance:

HIVE! She is actually in the Wrestleplex!

DDK:

She is the one responsible for this melody.

Hive makes her way toward the ring still chanting with the seductive music. Eye has completely taken his eyes off the match standing at the ropes nearest to the rampway.

Hive:

Ahhhhhh...uhhhhhhh...ahhhhh...uhhhhh...ahhh

Nathaniel is baffled at what she is doing. She walks over to the steel steps and continues the song as she walks the apron. She stops right in front of Eye and stretches her arms.

DDK:

SCROW IS UP!

Lance:

Look at him, has she cured him finally?

Scrow stares coldly at Nathaniel as Hive continues to chant. Eye has had enough and grabs Hive by the back of the neck quickly stopping this demonic chant of hers. He rips the hood off her head!

DDK:

FINALLY, HIVE IS REVEALED!

Eye is quickly taken back. Hive has long black hair pulled behind her head. A silk top, showing a black bra underneath. With crimson leather pants and long black boots with gold chains wrapped around the shin section of the boots.

Lance:

She...wow I never expected her to be beautiful!

DDK:

I don't think Eye expected that either.

She grabs Eye by the cheeks and plants a kiss on his mouth.

DDK:

She is kissing him!!!

She releases her kiss and Eye still stunned, turns around.

Lance:
FEARFALL!!

Hive hops off the apron with a seductive sinister smile across her black cover lips.

DDK:
She was a diversion. Scrow knew Nathaniel could not resist a beautiful woman.

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

Hive grabs the second rope and hops on the apron and steps through the second ropes. Scrow sits on his knees laughing at Eye. Hive puts her hand next to Scrow's mouth. He grabs her hand and kisses the top of her hand. He stands up.

DDK:
After Scrow had absolutely no form of offense this match. One FearFall was enough to put Nathaniel down for the three count!

Hive demands a microphone and is given one. She walks over to Scrow and hands him the microphone.

Scrow: *[breathing heavily]*
Oh, Scrow is not done yet, Nathaniel.

DDK:
He knows who he is!

Lance:
Did she cure his madness, with a song?

Hive leans against the turnbuckle watching the entranceway. Scrow sits Eye up, reverse choke. Carla tries to get involved.

DDK:
Hive just tossed Carla out of the ring!

Lance:
Man, what could he possibly have planned?

Hive returns to the corner she once was in.

Hive:
It's time Scrow....his "Fall from Grace".

DDK:

We have heard that phrase before and it's always referred to...

Scrow: *[breathing heavily]*

DEX JOY! Either you come out here NOW or Scrow makes sure your best friend here, never returns to a wrestling ring again!

Lance:

Oh, I don't like this.

DDK:

This man knows how to use pressure points to seriously hurt someone now. I shudder to think what he has planned here.

Scrow waits with Hive. Eye desperately struggles to free himself, but his eyes are glazing over.

Scrow: *[breathing heavily]*

COME ON! Scrow knows you are here!

Scrow waits a few more seconds.

The Faithful:

DEX JOY, DEX JOY, DEX JOY!!

♪ Go Big or Go Home - Chuxx Morris ♪

Scrow: *[breathing slowly returning to normal]*

Look who it is finally decided to stop ignoring Scrow.

Scrow releases the hold and then C-Clamps the windpipe of Eye who is struggling in pain flailing around on the mat. Dex quickly makes a bee-line down the entranceway! Hive picks up the microphone.

Hive:

We suggest you stay right there Dex, or your best friend's career will end here tonight.

Joy stops and slowly backs away.

Dex Joy:

Alright, what do you want!

Hive holds the microphone while Scrow with a crazed look on his face applies more pressure.

Scrow:

Does Scrow have your attention NOW?

Dex Joy:

YES, Let him go!

Scrow:

DEFCON you and Scrow! We END this!

Dex Joy:

FINE WHATEVER! NOW RELEASE HIM!

Scrow looks down at Eye trying to find some sort of airflow. Scrow releases the hold. Nathaniel is coughing for air, with

saliva dripping from the corners of his mouth. While holding his throat. He steps back and Dex rushes into the ring to check on Eye. He waves for DEFMED to get to the ring. He looks up at Scrow and Hive both with sinister smiles on their faces. They back away Scrow holds the ropes open for Hive letting her exit first followed by him. They walk around the ring as Dex doesn't take his eyes off of them. They backtrack up the ramp as Dex tries to communicate with Eye.

Scrow: *[off microphone]*

DEFCON JOY your FALL FROM GRACE HAPPENS!

DDK:

Nathaniel was literally having his windpipe squeezed for a long time. He could be seriously injured here.

Lance:

Just the expression on Joy's face says it all about his best friend.

DDK:

Scrow gets his rematch with Dex Joy...at DEFCON!

Lance:

I have a feeling THAT will not be for the faint of heart either.

I'LL BE FINE

We find ourselves backstage at the WrestlePlex with a lot of commotion in the background. The camera bounces causing the picture to go up and down. The cameraman is running fast to where we don't know yet. Some distinct sound of pain is heard and we finally get to the source... and it's Jay Harvey. He's down on the ground, holding his left leg. He is surrounded by three different officials.

DEFIANCE Official One:

Did you see who did it?

Jay Harvey:

No! They came out of nowhere!

Harvey clutches his left leg and tries to extend it and the pain is all over his face.

DEFIANCE Official Two:

I don't think you're going to be able to compete tonight, Jay. We can't have you-

Harvey cuts him off before he can get another fucking word in.

Jay Harvey:

If you try to stop me from going out there, I'll put you in a fucking box!

Iris Davine the Head of Medical in DEFIANCE comes into the picture.

Iris Davine:

Okay, Jay... Can you put any weight on it?

Jay Harvey:

I'll be fine.

Iris Davine:

That's not what I asked.

Harvey looks off to the side. Angry to even be in this situation.

Jay Harvey:

I said... I'll be fine.

Davine starts rubbing Harvey's knee and he can't stop wincing in pain.

Iris Davine:

You are gonna have to get X-Rays and an MRI.

Harvey doesn't like the sound of that and neither do the fans who are watching inside the arena.

Jay Harvey:

After my match.

Iris Davine:

You know I can't do that.

Jay Harvey:

There's no way in hell I'm not going out there tonight! I might never get this opportunity again!

Davine keeps inspecting the left leg and suddenly stops.

Iris Davine:

X-rays and an MRI or you don't go out there tonight...

Harvey locks eyes with Davine and isn't pleased by the remark.

Jay Harvey:

I guess I don't have a choice, do I?

Iris shakes her head from side to side. Harvey is able to get up with the help of one of the DEFIANCE Officials. He walks with a limp but uses one of the officials as a human crutch as they walk off and out of the frame.

We go live to Lance Warner and "Downtown" Darren Keebler at their announce table. Both men look in shock.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman... you just saw a shocking development here on DEFIANCE ROAD. Jay Harvey was attacked in the back and Lance... Harvey might not be able to compete in the Main Event.

Lance:

Jay Harvey has what could be a once in a lifetime opportunity. He is set to go one on one with Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

You know, I'm not a betting man but I'd put money on Mikey Unlikely and 24k having something to do with that attack!

Lance:

24k as you know is banned from ringside during the championship match and... honestly, I wouldn't put it past them to have perpetrated something like that to give Mikey the early advantage.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

Lance:

Wait, what's going on?

DDK:

Oh no....

Lance:

Cut to backstage! We're getting an update on Chris Ross' whereabouts!

The camera turns to backstage where Ross is storming down a hall.

Chris Ross:

COME ON BLACKWOOD! DON'T BE SCARED!

The camera turns around to show the trail of random workers Ross has taken out in his path.

Lance:

Oh my god... This guy is nuts!

DDK:

For the love of god do not come out here!

Ross storms into the catering area.

Chris Ross:

COME OUT COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE!!!!

Anyone who was there scattered like ants... Ross storms over to the chef working the station grabbing him by his chef coat.

Chris Ross:

OK GORDON RAMSAY WHERE THE FUCK IS GAGE BLACKWOOD?!

Chef:

What the?! Get your hands off me!

Chris Ross:

WRONG ANSWA MUTTA FACKA!

Ross yelled before he drove the point of his screwdriver into the cook's head. Anyone watching screamed out in horror as Ross began punching the innocent cook before slamming him face first into the propane stove he was using.

Chris Ross:

Maybe ya shouldn't of ran outta pesto ya cannoli lovin bitch!

Ross said as he pulled the chef to his feet and hooked him up in his arms before throwing the bulbous man down with a Belly to back suplex through the table with a loud crash. The Keystone State Killa looks down at him almost like a soldier of war who just performed a kill. He squats down looking into the cook breathing heavily.

Chris Ross:

This is what you did to me Blackwood... THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!!!!!

You can just see Ross' level of sanity dropping lower and lower by the minute as he stands back up clutching his screwdriver. Ross turned and stormed out of the scene and down the hall out of the picture.

Lance:

Oh my god...

DDK:

Folks this is a very real situation right now... Chris Ross isn't even a contracted worker...

Lance:

This is bordering on domestic terrorism!

DDK:

Bordering!? He assaulted Herbert the janitor and the catering chef may now have 3rd degree burns on his face from that stove!

Lance:

Where the hell is security?!

CONOR FUSE vs. PERFECTION

DDK:

We better get security on that PRONTO! Back to business.

The DEFIANCE Road match graphic appears showing a confident James "Perfection" Witherhold and a rather subdued (by his standards) Conor Fuse.

DDK:

The RISE of Conor Fuse has been taking shape over these past six months. There's no denying he may be one of the most popular DEFIANTS right now.

Lance:

The !Rank Movement is here to stay, Keebler.

DDK:

But in his wake, I don't know if it's someone he or anyone else should mess with. 24K are out for blood and they're going to be as obnoxious as possible in the process.

Lance:

Well, look what they've done so far. Scott Stevens, Elise Ares, The D... the list goes on and on, let alone tonight. God speed, Jay.

DDK:

I don't think it was a smart call for Conor to tell his henchmen to take the night off, either. Noble, clearly. Smart? The jury's out.

Lance:

Jury's out, huh? I think Conor knows a lawyer...

DDK:

Stop. He does not work here. No one gets that comment, anyway. Let's go to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at an even two-hundred pounds... he is the MAN of HEEL... and The Character Formerly Known as Player Two. He is the #9 !RANK...

!RANK

Darren Quimbey:

...On TEFP. He is The Best Pout Machine...CONNNNNNNNNNNNOOOORRRR FUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSE!

[♪ "Dr. Wily Remix Theme" from Mega Man II ♪](#)

The lights dim to a shade of blue. A Mega Man remix theme (to Dr. Wily's Mega Man 2 castle level to be exact) plays on the PA. The camera doesn't switch to the top of the rampway, however. Instead, amongst The Faithful a smoke machine fills one of the concourse entrances. Conor Fuse emerges, dressed in an inspired Mega Man costume along with a Mega Man helmet, albeit the colour green. He starts pumping his fist to the base of the remix as The Gamers chant "!RANK" along with each pump, pointing at Conor in the entrance way.

Fuse isn't particularly as wild and wound up as he normally is. Instead, he's (trying to) show a confident look with his arms crossed while his Mega Man suit pumps green lights up and down his arms. For added effect, the arm cannon on his left hand glows multiple colours.

As Conor makes his way down the stairs and through the sea of fans, there are Mega Man inspired [Energy Tanks](#) (known as E-Tanks) on both sides of the stairway, lighting Conor's path. Except... they aren't "E" tanks. In this case

they are "C" tanks.

Fuse continues to pump his arm cannon to the beat of the song and The Gamers rejoice in a *!RANK, !RANK* along with it.

Upon reaching the barricade, the younger Fuse leaps over it and then jumps onto the apron, once more clearing the ring ropes with a leap and roll to the center of the ring.

DDK:

Another great entrance for Conor Fuse, who's becoming known for these grand, video game entrances on big shows!

Lance:

He's done Mortal Kombat... Metal Gear Solid... Mega Man a few times. He's got a whole genre to work with! It's endless! However, Keebs, I hate to spoil the party but no smoke and mirrors is going to get it done against Perfection. Conor will be the first one to tell you his game has dropped off until recently. He went through a solid six months where wrestling was on the backburner.

DDK:

You're absolutely right.

Conor begins to take off his Mega Man inspired uniform and helmet. The chants die down and turn to boos when...

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Hidden Hills, California... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-two pounds... PERFECTION!!

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

Perfection strolls out, exuding confidence... almost, in some way, showing Conor how it's *really* supposed to be done. Marching down the ramp without a care in the world, James Witherhold doesn't pay attention to the man in the ring.

DDK:

Video games and arcades aside, Perfection was first confronted by Conor to join his league, the Friendship Members League but Perfection scoffed. This led to some issues between the two of them... and, when Conor almost had the FIST of DEFIANCE won, Perfection made him pay, busting Conor open in a brutal beatdown!

Lance:

Mikey won clean, though. I hate to say it but it's important to remember that. Conor came close but close does not get you the FIST.

Perfection slowly walks up the steel stairs as Conor keeps ready.

Lance:

We're going to see how *perfect* Perfection will be tonight. Yes, Conor has to step up huge, there's no denying that. But the youngest Fuse HAS the ability...

Perfection's theme dies down as he waits in a corner for referee Mark Shields to call for the bell.

DING DING

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Conor goes right at Perfection with a leaping left forearm, clubbing him in the side of the head! Left, left, left, Perfection is reeling and Conor hurls him into the corner, charging in with an avalanche splash!

Spit flies from James' mouth as he wobbles to the center of the ring. Conor bounces off the ropes but Witherhold ducks the clothesline and Conor goes off the next set. Perfection hits Fuse with a chop and looks for a back breaker but Conor spins around him and hammers Perfection with a double arm DDT! Fuse mounts the 24K member and reigns down left hands of fury, working the crowd into a frenzy as he does! Fuse chucks Perfection into the ropes and lands a high knee, knocking Witherhold out of the ring! Conor stands tall, firing up The Gamers as he races around the canvas.

DDK:

Fuse with a corkscrew dive out of the ring and onto Perfection! Conor wastes little time, kips to his feet and looks for a superkick... no! Perfection drops to his knees!

Lance:

I'm not sure James meant to do that! He's been knocked for a loop already!

DDK:

Conor doesn't take no for an answer. He Irish whips Perfection into the ring post and rushes forth... another flying forearm! Fuse is a house on fire right now!

Lance:

Or a CONSOLE on fire! *Red ring of death!* My concern going into this match: would Conor be *too* amped up. He IS amped, Keeps, but he's making it work for now!

DDK:

Conor sends Perfection into the guardrail and then into the apron! Fuse hits a roundhouse kick and places James inside the ring.

Conor leaps onto the apron and slingshots himself over the ropes in one fluent motion, crashing down on his opponent with a leg drop on the neck! The Character Formerly Known as Player Two continues the assault. He tosses Perfection at the ropes and lands a superkick! This, however, hits Perfection square on the jaw and it props him up, instead of down. Witherhold stumbles backwards, and, ultimately... over the top rope and out of the ring for a second time!

An exuberant Conor dives out with an attempted crossbody.

DDK:

PERFECTION MOVES! Conor hits the floor!

Lance:

I'm not going to completely blame that on Conor being too fired up. It looks like Perfection was barely able to avoid Fuse... but he gets away nonetheless.

Fuse rubs his head as Perfection is resting against the guardrail. The 24K member shakes off the cobwebs.

DDK:

Conor's up. He sees Perfection but a drop toe hold by Witherhold hangs Conor on the guardrail!

Lance:

Another last-second counter.

The Gamers boo heavily as Perfection strolls away from his opponent, still trying to catch his own breath from the onslaught at the hands of Conor Fuse in the opening stages. Finally collecting himself, Perfection marches to the former tag team champion, who remains hung up on the guardrail.

DDK:

A rake of Conor's back! Perfection has him in a bearhug and runs Conor into the ring post!

Still holding Fuse in that bearhug, Perfection attempts it again but Conor breaks free and pushes Witherhold with everything he has...

Thump.

DDK:

Perfection goes face-first into the post!

Referee Mark Shields can't be bothered counting to ten. As proven before, Mark may not even *know* how to [count that high](#). Regardless, Fuse throws Perfection into the ring and races to the top rope!

DDK:

Fuse comes flying across with an elbow but Perfection moves! Another split second escape! Too many of these!

Witherhold rolls to the ropes and tries to pull himself up. Meanwhile, Conor gathers by getting on a knee and holding the side of his head. Fuse sees Perfection and sprints towards him. Witherhold ducks, takes two steps back and clotheslines both of them up and over the top! James keeps on Conor, firing right hands into Fuse's face and knocking him for a loop. Next, Perfection hurls Fuse into the guardrail, then the apron, then the guard rail and then the apron. Perfection looms over his opponent and tosses Conor's head to the ground. Looking under the ring, Witherhold drags out a table.

DDK:

This is NOT anything goes, James. Our "hardcore" match was earlier!

Lance:

Conor specifically asked for referee Mark Shields to officiate this contest. I don't know why and even more confusingly, I don't know why the Favoured Saints gave it to him... but you're asking Mark to enforce the rules to something he doesn't know a God damn thing about!

DDK: *[sigh]*

I'm aware. I ask myself every day why this guy is still employed here.

The table is set up. Perfection DRILLS shots into Fuse's skull, about to attempt a suplex through the table but Conor blocks it. Perfection tries again... but Conor blocks it. Perfection tries for a third time... it's reversed!

Smack, superkick by Conor when Perfection gets to his feet.

Smack, another one.

Smack, a hard roundhouse kick puts Perfection right beside the table.

Conor takes three steps back and races forward with a fourth, HARD boot to James' head. Witherhold stumbles back-first onto the table. Fuse walks over, placing him in a better position and, like clockwork, jumps onto the apron and then the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

OH MY GOD... LOOK OUT PERFECTION!

Lance:

I don't like this one bit...

DDK:

630 CORKSCREW!!!

CRRRRASSSSHHH!!

DDK:

...MISSES! I can't believe Perfection was able to dodge the reaper AGAIN.

Replays show the incredible 630 and force Conor goes through the table with. The Faithful's "awe" is replayed over and over, along with the move. Meanwhile, in the picture-in-picture, Perfection is trying to shake away the four hard kicks to the head he received. James stumbles around, unable to know exactly what's in front of him. Then he collapses on the apron.

DDK:

Oh no...

The camera switches to Conor Fuse who has rolled onto his back. He's gushing blood from his forehead.

G-U-S-H-I-N-G.

Lance:

Fuse was already in concussion protocol after Perfection beat him down post-FIST match vs. Mikey. I saw Conor holding his head earlier in THIS contest but I didn't make a comment. Now, however, "oh no", you're right...

The fans in the front row show their concern, shouting for Conor to move. By now, Perfection has pulled it together, seeing the state Conor is in...

And James Witherhold gives an opportunistic grin.

Perfection:

Bingo.

DDK:

Perfection with a STIFF kick to the side of Conor's head! One more for good measure! Now he pulls Fuse up... dear god, The Codebreaker can barely stand on his own two feet.

Indeed, Keebler's words are true. Conor falls back down on top of the broken table pieces. Witherhold rubs his hands together. He looks up at Mark Shields and smiles, telling the ref Conor told him he's still good to go. Shields nods, understanding the message as if it was genuine. Back on the floor, Perfection latches onto Conor and runs him into the apron. Then he rolls Fuse inside the ring and methodically walks up the steel steps, stalking his prey.

DDK:

The tides have turned very quickly. We can state the obvious... Conor *was* too fired up in the end. Sooner or later, if you stay with a problematic game plan for too long, it'll catch up to you. It didn't in the early stages of the match but now it has. Add to that, Conor may have been able to get away with a frog splash, or something not as extreme as a 630 corkscrew.

Lance:

He wanted the impact. Yes, it's a flip. Yes, it looks pretty... but the force of that move. I'd be hard-pressed to find another guy in this company that could pull off a move like *that* while also striking a forceful blow into his opponent.

Perfection stands over Conor, dead center in the squared circle.

DDK:

But in the end, Conor didn't "strike" the move. He struck the table.

Perfection drops to a knee and looks down at The Gamer. For all of the blood Conor is spilling from his forehead... there's still some life in his eyes as the younger Fuse opens them.

Perfection:

I told you, you're a loser.

Crack.

DDK:

Hard right fist by Perfection.

Crack.

DDK:

Another.

Witherhold helps Conor to his feet but puts him right back down with a back breaker. He drags Conor into the corner and drapes him across the top of it.

Chop.

There is no "woo" from The Faithful.

Chop.

Again, silence.

Chop. Chopchopchopchopchop.

Perfection:

I'll do it for you. WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Witherhold's troll job gets jeers. He Irish whips Conor into the other buckle and upon meeting it, Fuse falls to the canvas immediately. Perfection struts over, giving a wink to the ref.

DDK:

The air has been completely taken out of this arena.

Lance:

I think everyone has bigger concerns.

Conor's head lays rested on the bottom buckle. Suddenly, James sprints forward and DRILLS Conor's head with a knee!! Blood flies into the first row of Faithful!

DDK:

Is it too early to call for this thing?

Lance:

I think you could make the case for it to be called, ya.

Perfection drags Conor to the center of the ring, props him onto his feet and calls for a high angle, double underhook DDT.

It connects.

A pin could be heard dropping inside the WrestlePlex. Witherhold spins to a knee and shows off his pecs for the hard camera. This follows a number of boots into Conor's right temple. Referee Mark Shields rolls into position, asking Conor if he wants to quit. There looks to be no one home... but ya, Shields continues to ask him.

Boot, boot, boot. Perfection is certainly enjoying himself.

Lift Conor up... another high angle, double underhook DDT.

Shields asks Fuse if he wants to quit again. Perfection does his best Weekend at Bernie's impression, pulling Fuse up and muttering under his own breath like he's speaking for his opponent.

Perfection: *[as Conor Fuse]*

I'm doing great, Mark. Would you like to CoD with me after?

Shields nods.

DDK:

Man oh man. Shut up.

Perfection holds his hands in the air. The Faithful don't even boo loudly, they're simply concerned for the man in green. Witherhold drags Conor to his knees, although #9 can barely stay upright. Perfection leans down, looking right into Fuse's lifeless face.

Perfection:

Game Over. No Continues.

DDK:

Witherhold lifts Conor up... SITDOWN SPINBUSTER SLAM INTO A PIN! Thank god this is finished.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Lance:

Conor kicked out! He's got some Life Bar left!

!rank !rank !rank

DDK:

The seemingly unconscious Fuse threw up a leg at the last possible second!

Lance:

Last second escape, huh? Sounds familiar! A little bit of Perfection's own medicine!

Perfection, however, laughs it off. He pushes Conor away from him and kicks Fuse in the side of the head. Perfection hurls The Best Pout Machine into the ropes. Conor's clearly struggling to keep his legs but bounces off them nonetheless... right into a high elbow from James Witherhold!

A trail of blood is left in Conor's path. Perfection looms over his opponent, considering how to hurt him next. A swift kick to the back starts it, then a clubbing forearm. Perfection follows with a headlock, dragging Fuse to his feet and a number of right hands into the gamer's skull as he's still in the headlock. Perfection hits the ropes and throws a shoulder block, sending Fuse FLYING across the ring! Perfection nods to the nearby camera, snatches Conor and hooks him into a suplex...

Except Perfection doesn't drop Conor, he keeps him in mid-air.

Lance:

I hate to say it because this guy is an idiot but it's a hell of a call here, Keebler. Let all the blood continue to flow to Conor's head! Fuse has been losing so much of it, why not lose it all!

Perfection holds Conor up.

Up.

Up.

Up.

Up.

Up.

And then down into a brainbuster!

DDK:

PIN THE MAN!

But Perfection won't do it. Instead, James soaks in the mild jeers from the crowd. A heavy concern for Conor remains.

Lance:

Conor kicked up but it was right back to business for Perfection. Need I remind you, Keebler and the viewers watching at home... Conor doesn't have any friends in the arena tonight. There's no one to back him up. No Game Boy, no statistical guru Alex Pietrangelo, no !Rank BOT Martin Evans-Everett VI. None of them are here! Conor gave them the night off. It's Conor and Conor only.

Perfection goes for a second brainbuster, once again holding Conor in the air for a good minute before dropping him back to the canvas. A pool of blood forms below where the brainbuster was being delayed.

Witherhold props Fuse upwards and races into the ropes.

HARD knee to the face.

Into the ropes... HARD knee to the face.

Into the ropes...

SWOOOOSH!

DDK:

CONOR ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY! How in the hell did he do that!?

Witherhold races towards Conor but The Ultimate Gamer moves once again! Perfection kicks the bottom rope and spits into the crowd, finally showing frustration. The fans come ALIVE at the sight of this!

DDK:

Witherhold charges at Conor once more... Fuse trips him up and escapes harm's way for a third time!

Perfection is livid! Being shown up by a guy who continues to pour blood, *James* seems to be too amped up now. He screams in Conor's direction, witnessing The Character Formerly Known as Player Two trying hard to get on his feet with the use of the ropes...

Perfection bolts towards Conor.

DDK:

Conor drops the ropes on Perfection! James flies out of the ring... AND CONOR WITH A SLING SHOT CROSSBODY BLOCK!

Both men are laid out on the padded floor below.

Lance:

Intuition. It had to be! I'm not even sure Conor Fuse knows where he is right now but boy, what heart!

DDK:

Perfection had this match won. He got cocky. He waited too long. And then, after he missed one knee, a guy who claims he's "perfect" got more reckless than Conor did in the early stages of this match! Those knees were terribly delivered! And I would know, I'm not even the analytical colour commentator... you are!

The Faithful continue to reign support. However, it IS Perfection who's first to his feet. He takes Conor and tries to throw him into the steel steps but it's reversed!

Clang!

Perfection hits knees-first and flies over top!

!rank !rank !rank

Conor's stopped gushing blood but there's enough whereas his face and shoulders are covered heavily. There's also serious traces of blood on his green tights, turning some spots into an ugly shade of yellow. MAN of HEEL finds Perfection laying beside the steps. Fuse hammers a couple of left fists into the side of James' head and tosses the 24K member into the ring. Clearly groggy himself, Conor isn't able to perform his usual tricks, such as jumping onto the apron and then clearing the ropes in one jump. Instead, Fuse takes hold of the middle rope and pulls himself onto the apron, looking to step inside the ring when-

Crank!

DDK:

Knee to the head by Perfection!

Crank!

DDK:

Another one!

Perfection reels Conor in and lands an exploder suplex!

Lance:

James had enough time to recover and Conor was in no position to do what he does best, work the pace quickly!

Perfection hits a second exploder suplex on Conor! Then he lands a fisherman's suplex with the bridge for a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Perfection stomps Conor, working the younger Fuse all the way into a corner. Of course, referee Mark Shields lets it continue even though a five count should begin.

DDK:

Relentless stomps. You have to think Perfection is one move away from ending this.

Witherhold drags Conor and Irish whips him across the way. Conor hits chest-first into the buckle and stumbles out. Perfection tries for a chop block to the legs but in one fluent motion, even without seeing Witherhold coming for him, Fuse LEAPS in the air and flips around. Perfection doesn't hit a thing and has his back turned to Fuse! The fans give a cheer as Conor starts calling Witherhold to look behind him!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Fuse CLEARED Perfection with ease! Turn around, James. Get what's coming to you, you COCKY-ASS PRICK!

Witherhold is hesitant at first, assuming something *is* up...

DDK:

Conor clotheslines Perfection! James' right back up but eats another clothesline! Once again, Perfection recovers but Conor kicks him into the corner and is stomping a HAPPY mudhole right through the 24K BOT!

The (Happy) Stomps of DOOM begin. Fuse steps away only to scream, receiving BOOMING support from the fans and follows it up by racing in with a knee to Perfection's face, knocking him silly! Fuse hip tosses Perfection to the center of the ring and starts racing around, trying to clear the dried up blood in his eyes before grabbing the top rope and shaking it furiously, screaming into the rafters.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!!!

DDK:

Conor smacks Perfection across the shoulder blades... he's looking for James' own finishing move, the Photo Finish! Can he hit it...

At the last possible second, Perfection pushes Conor from behind and Fuse runs into Mark Shields! The bump isn't hard but it knocks Shields loopy nonetheless! Perfection comes forward with a rake to Conor's already blood-infested eyes!

DDK:

POKE TO THE EYES... Perfection's going to hit the Photo Finish himself... NO! Conor breaks free... spins Witherhold around and hits the TILT-A-WHIRL DDT, PWN'D! OH MY GOD... CONOR'S LOCKING IN A FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK!!!

Lance:

That's Witherhold's own move, the Picture Perfect!

The Wrestle Plex is slowly losing their minds!

DDK:

WEAPON GET, as Conor Fuse calls it, is in reference to the Mega Man X8 video game when Mega Man gains the ability of his opponent and uses it to his advantage! Unable to perform the Photo Finish, Conor went for the next best thing... and an attempt to humble Perfection... making him tap out to his own finishing move!

The Gamers are on their feet, shouting an audible !RANK chant as Conor screams with passion and Perfection cries in pain!

DDK:

THERE'S NO WAY PERFECTION CAN GET OUTTA THIS ONE... HE'S IN THE CENTER OF THE RING.

Witherhold shouts as tears of agony rush down his face! The bloodied and battered Conor Fuse shows merciless heart in this contest, battling back from a blood rush seldomly seen in a DEFIANCE Wrestling ring. The intensity on Conor's face is boundless, being driven by the roar of The Faithful. He has Perfection dead to rights, nowhere to go... in the center of the squared circle.

DDK:

OH MY GOD...

Tap, tap, tap.

DDK:

PERFECTION'S TAPPING OUT TO HIS OWN MURDER DEATH MOVE!!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The crowd wildly cheers and Conor drops the hold, thinking he's won. However, it doesn't take the younger Fuse brother too long to realize...

DDK:

Mark Shields is still trying to recover from the bump he took!

Shields seems fine, although he *is* leaned up against the turnbuckle, checking the back of his ear. Conor realizes he never heard the ring bell sound and goes right back to Perfection...

DDK:

Fuse sees Perfection trying to get on a knee... Conor hits the ropes... SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK!

The 24K member flies across the ring upon impact, shouting in pain as he does.

Lance:

I'm not sure Conor will be able to put the figure four back on Perfection... but I think he has other plans now!

Fuse races around the ring again. Pulling his hair, wiping off blood, shaking with intensity! Conor smacks himself as hard as possible in the chest and screams for all to hear!

Conor Fuse:

FINISH HIM~!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

Fuse is readying for- LOW BLOW BY WITHERHOLD AND AN INSIDE CRADLE!

Shields has recovered and sees the move RIGHT in the nick of time!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

James shoots to his feet faster than Conor and uses an off balance kick (to attempt) to keep Conor down. Perfection turns to Shields and pushes the referee, convinced that WAS a three. The !rank movement grows...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Conor kipped up!

Conor Fuse:

Hey ya stupid dumb NPC... SUPERKICK COM-BO!

Whack.

Whack.

Whack.

DDK:

TILT-A-WHIRL DDT by Conor! Could it be... can Conor make a MASSIVE statement tonight!?

Wobbly and unsure, Conor tries to make it to the top buckle. It takes longer than he intended but he's up there...

DDK:

SUPER SPLASH 450-

Witherhold's knees.

OOF.

DDK:

Dammit! James got his knees up!

Perfection's as dazed as Conor. It's likely intuition, as he pulls Fuse in for a brutal looking exploder suplex and subsequence pin.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPE.

DDK:

THERE ARE STILL HEARTS IN CONOR'S CHAMBER!

Perfection smacks the canvas. He smacks the side of his head. He's clearly pissed off things haven't ended yet and he knows he doesn't have much left, either.

DDK:

Witherhold throws Conor into the ropes... he's looking for a clothesline but Conor ducks around it, latches onto James' back and connects with a straight jacket suplex into a bridge and a PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT!

DDK:

I thought we might have had the winner there, Lance!

Lance:

SAME! Conor is beating Perfection at his own game... throwing out suplexes!

Fuse rises. Witherhold rises. They're both struggling mightily. Conor tries a left hand and it lands square in Perfection's face! Perfection tries a right hand... but Conor blocks it and replies with a left! Perfection a right- blocked! Conor a left, it connects! This goes on for about three more shots until Witherhold has a look on his face like "to hell with it" and hits Conor with a low blow!

DDK:

Did Mark Shields see that!?

Lance:

Of course he didn't!

The Faithful are HOT as Perfection quickly turns this into the PHOTO FINISH and hooks the leg... while putting both feet on the second rope for shits and giggles.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

GOD DAMMIT YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, Perfection!

Perfection immediately rolls out of the ring with a half-smile on his face. He's trying to find his way up the ramp as his

theme song plays but he's clearly having trouble, stumbling into the guardrail before he finds the right path.

DDK:

Perfection robbed us of a clean finish! Perfection robbed us of what was an excellent contest!

Lance:

These two tore the house down and James Witherhold takes the easy way out!

Fuse rolls to his side as referee Mark Shields lets him know the bad news. By now, the 24K member is halfway up the ramp, throwing both hands in Conor's direction and then turning around for good.

Lance:

Incredible heart on display by Conor. I hate to say it, though... he was outsmarted, out-slithered if you will, by one of the slimiest combatants in this organization. There's no doubt James Witherhold can perform at a high level. We saw that tonight. He was up against a fast opponent... he weathered the storm in the early stages, got a gift with Conor busting himself open and then, in the end, when Conor was actually too much for him... James resorted to cheap, underhanded tactics.

DDK:

Would you expect anything less from him or the rest of 24K?

Lance:

No. No, not at all.

The camera stays with Conor as he rolls to a knee, looking very disappointed in himself. The Gamers attempt to cheer him on but it's clear they aren't getting through.

DDK:

There's gonna be another day for Conor Fuse. But for now... a loss against Mikey... a loss against Perfection. These are some sobering pills to swallow.

DEFIANCE Road goes to commercial as Perfection vanishes behind the curtain, hands raised... and Conor Fuse is still on a knee in the middle of the ring, head down.

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS & SCOTT STEVENS vs. BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY (ALVARO DE VARGAS & ?)

DDK:

We're about done with DEFIANCE Road and we have a big one coming up! Two former champions who came up together in DEFIANCE, have put each other through physical and mental hell over their careers in DEFIANCE... now have to team up to take on a common enemy.

Lance:

It has been one of the more complex roads we've taken to get to DEFIANCE Road, but we are here. For weeks, Better Future has been trying to court Oscar Burns as he has fallen into something of a losing streak since his loss in that Match of the Year to Lindsay Troy. In the middle of all this, his rival Scott Stevens has run afoul of Better Future and taken shots at Burns. The two met up in a big singles match that saw Better Future help Oscar, but before he fully joined, he caught the interference. And since then, there has been a target on both men's backs.

DDK:

Burns took on Alvaro de Vargas and ADV won via DQ thanks to Scott Stevens coming in, assaulting de Vargas, then injuring Theo Baylor. Baylor has since been fired from the Better Future, but tonight Tom Morrow has promised a new member of the group.

Lance:

That is going to be something. Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens have NEVER seen eye to eye and in fact, Scott tried to end his career twice. And now they have to team up? If they can somehow get on the same page they'll have a fighting chance... but like you said, they don't. And we don't even know who Better Future has in their camp.

DDK:

With that, let's get to this massive tag team match!

The crowd buzzes for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds... **SCOTT STEVENS!**

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag with the words "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The jeers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into cheers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... SCOTT STEVENS as

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

...Plays. The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air. He storms to the ring.

DDK:

Better Future has been making enemies left and right, but Scott was probably one of the last ones they wanted to make. He took out Theo Baylor and attacked ADV during his own match with Oscar Burns.

Lance:

He just wants to end this. He's in the ring and he looks ready to snap.

Everyone's Favorite Texan enters the ring and surveys the crowd, then waits for his partner.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is "â€TWISTS AND TURNS"
OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out. Tonight, he wears a bright yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear. He heads down to the ring and slides inside, rising to his feet. He starts to rip his shirt off and starts pointing at either side of the ring, but as he does this, he observes Scott not even making eye contact with him. He stops playing to the crowd and casually throws the shirt aside, then he and Stevens stare down one another, looking like they're ready to come to blows.

DDK:

Oh, boy... You can FEEL the tension.

Lance:

These men are one wrong move from imploding.

The two men talk trash to one another off-mic and look like Scott is ready to take a swing. Burns looks like he wants to, but before they do...

Ken Ellis:

Ladies... gentlemen... the leader of Better Future Talent Agency... "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burns and Stevens both stop and watch on the ramp while Tom Morrow comes out. He points at his left ear and Ken Ellis puts the familiar Better Future-branded headset on his ear and switches it on so the audience can hear him.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you, Ken! Ladies and gentlemen... from the company that NOW OWNS the rights to the Sky High Titans name...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

By cheating... and he went and injured Thomas Keeling as well... his own father.

Lance:

That was disgusting.

Tom Morrow:

Oscar... Scott... you two messed up. You messed up BAD. Because tonight, Better Future becomes the HERE AND NOW of DEFIANCE! And Oscar, my new guy is gonna hit you right where it fucking HURTS. Pardon my language. I'm a professional and all.

Burns begs him to come to the ring and say it while Scott stands by, ready to lay out a bitch.

Tom Morrow:

Please welcome first... Standing six-foot eight! Weighing in at 272 pounds... He is EL SOL DORADO DE DEFIANCE!
Our Golden Son...**ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas! With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he shoots Oscar a grin and mimics a small explosion with his hands, then takes a position on the stage as Alvaro's music quickly cuts.

DDK:

Who do they have? Who is this mystery partner for de Vargas?

Lance:

I don't know. De Vargas looks confident and so does Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

And since Theo Baylor FAILED to do his job because Scott Stevens smashes his brains into silly putty...

Scott Stevens flashes a smirk while Burns rolls his eyes.

Tom Morrow:

And since Oscar Burns didn't want to bring his amazing technical skills to Better Future, we decided to find our own. And the man we have isn't just a good professional wrestler, Oscar. The man we have on our side isn't even just a GREAT professional wrestler... Oscar... Scott... and you, the Faithful... allow me to introduce to you... **A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER!**

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. Alvaro de Vargas looks at the hooded man and they bump fists, then the hooded man does the same with Tom Morrow before they head down to the ring to the newcomer's music.

DDK:

Well, here we go. He's calling himself A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler? Not much for modesty, is he?

Lance:

It's Tom Morrow. When the hell have we ever known him to express any sort of modesty?

Burns and Stevens can't quite make out the person, but he's clearly built like a brick house. The man appears to be white with some dirty blonde chest hair. Oscar looks at Morrow and then to the stranger who walks up the steps and then stands on the ring apron. Alvaro de Vargas stands alongside him and looks to Morrow to do the honors. When he gives him the nod of approval, ADV smiles and gestures. When he takes the hood off... the crowd releases a collective gasp as Morrow laughs.

Tom Morrow:

Let me introduce you to someone you know, Oscar. An ex-protege you let down and one you left to rot in BRAZEN while you favored Ryan Batts...

Scott Stevens stops being pissed-off enough to look a bit surprised, as he does know him well from his prior wars alongside Oscar Burns... but as for Burns himself, the color drains from his face.

DDK:

Oh, my God...

Lance:

That's... JACK MACE! JACK MACE HAS JOINED BETTER FUTURE?

DDK:

That's... that's unreal. This is the same man that fought alongside Burns AGAINST Scott Stevens and the Stevens Dynasty years ago! Burns was the one who got Batts and Mace their jobs in DEFIANCE and now he's with Better Future? How... why?

Oscar Burns is beyond taken aback as he looks on at the man in front of him while the crowd still can't believe it. The former wild man's beard has been shaved off completely and his once-long hair has been taken down to a simple buzzcut, but he greets Oscar with a scowl while Morrow and ADV both revel in the reveal. There is no doubt who he is.

Tom Morrow:

LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU... A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER... THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS... **JACK! MACE!**

Burns is still in shock while DDK and Lance give the rundown.

DDK:

I know quite a bit about him from both his prior main roster tenure and his BRAZEN tenure. 33 years old, hailing from England. He has always been pegged as a real diamond in the rough of the UK wrestling scene before coming to DEFIANCE. He and Ryan Batts were sent to BRAZEN last year by the Fuse Bros. Batts got pulled out by Burns, but... Mace? I don't know what's going on here.

Lance:

You're right! It was a long time ago, but my understanding was Mace opted to stay there when Batts got the call-up as a singles wrestler. But... what is this we're seeing?

The man now called A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler gets loud jeers from the crowd before he enters the ring. He's standing 6'4" and weighing in around 270 - possibly a bit more. But he's lost considerable weight from a year ago and much more muscular than his old bulky frame fans remember from his WrestleFriends days. Mace is ready and puts in a black mouthguard in his mouth as the bell rings.

DING DING

Burns clearly doesn't want to wrestle his (Former?) friend, shaking his head. But Scott yells at Burns.

Scott Stevens:

Go! Kick his ass or I will!

Oscar Burns:

SHUT UP!

Burns turns to Mace and pleads for an answer... but tonight, Mace looks more interested in fighting his former mentor.

Oscar Burns:

Why are you...

But before Burns can get the rest of his sentence out, Mace quickly shoots behind an unsuspecting Burns, hoists him then ragdolls him to the mat! He holds a front facelock on Burns, who now tries to quickly get away from the Brit. He tries to get him off his game, but Mace quickly goes behind a second time, then muscles him down with another takedown. Before Burns can even mount an offensive, he HURLS Burns up and over using a modified armbar takedown, then stands over, holding his arms out while Morrow claps and ADV grins.

DDK:

They've just completely thrown Oscar off his game here with this reveal!

Lance:

And true, Scott Stevens does NOT look happy.

He indeed looks like he's ready to cut a bitch. Meanwhile, Burns realizes that if he doesn't do something he's not going to have an arm, so he quickly uses his mat experience to try a forward roll out of the armbar. When Burns ends up on his back, Mace goes to grab him, but Burns fights him off with his free hand before getting back to his feet, but when he does that, Mace quickly SNAPS him over using a headlock takeover. Not satisfied with that, he actually ROLLS Burns over with a quick second headlock takeover, then a third one to wear him down before keeping him grounded, grinning the whole time.

DDK:

This is crazy. Oscar can't even get out of the starting blocks.

Lance:

That he can't. Maybe Morrow might have something with his moniker.

Scott Stevens starts yelling for Burns to fight back... in his own special way.

Scott Stevens:

KICK HIS FUCKING ASS OR I WILL!

DDK:

...That message could not be any clearer.

Burns ignores his own tag partner. ADV and Morrow both watch on as Burns tries to push back to his feet, but Mace won't let go. Burns tries to elevate Mace with a big belly to belly suplex, but Mace shakes his arms around his neck and holds him in place. The burly Brit is just too strong right now. Burns panics and goes back to the ropes, but when he tries to push Mace off...

Lance:

...No! Mace is just not going to give Burns the chance to break the hold.

With Burns brought to a grinding halt, he tries again and manages to fight back with elbow smashes to the big ribs of Mace to try to loosen his grip. He pushes Mace to the ropes and launches him off, but when he comes back, the man re-dubbed as A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler hangs onto the ropes as Burns tries a dropkick, missing the mark and crashing down. That allows Mace to get right back on him by now going for the arm and then bending it back!

Lance:

Mace is just taking Burns to task right now. Stevens wants in, but Benny Doyle won't let him.

DDK:

And now he's back to Burns!

Benny asks Burns if he wants to tap, but he yells out "no!" Morrow cheers on Mace as he pulls Burns up and then tries to work the arm over, but Burns does nothing more than FIGHTING his way out with a huge forearm! The blow rocks Mace, then Burns fires off a pair of anger-fueled uppercuts! The two shots have the burly Brit stunned momentarily, but when Burns runs off the ropes...

TAG BY STEVENS!

DDK:

Stevens has just been impatient. He wants in! But Burns is telling him no!

Oscar Burns yells at Stevens.

Oscar Burns:

What are you doing?!

Scott Stevens:

Finishing what you started, dumb-fuck.

But as the two argue, Mace walks over and ADV wants to play so he tags in the crown jewel of Better Future. Alvaro heads into the ring and smiles while Stevens and Burns finally notice their argument just possibly blew a chance to take control.

DDK:

Now Stevens is in and Benny is telling Oscar to get back to his corner.

Stevens waves bye-bye to Burns as he gets sent to the corner, but just a free second is all Alvaro needs to BLAST Scott with a boot to the gut. He pushes Everyone's Favorite Texan to the ropes and WALLOPS him with a big back elbow on the rebound. Scott goes down as Alvaro runs off the ropes then comes back with a big leg drop (brother!) Rather than go for a pin, Alvaro remains seated next to the former FIST and has the audacity to pat Stevens on the head while he's down.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Too slow, pendejo!

DDK:

After what Scott Stevens did to Theo Baylor and by attacking him two weeks ago, does Alvaro REALLY think poking at Scott Stevens is smart?

Lance:

I don't think he's getting it twisted - what happened to Theo Baylor was serious, but we'll see Alvaro talk trash and do all sorts of things to throw people off their game. Sometimes, we've seen it work.

Morrow tells the Better Future centerpiece to quit playing around. Alvaro nods, then picks up Stevens before letting him have it with a huge open-palmed chop to the chest. He throws Stevens into the corner and then lets him have it with a pair of big chops, each one louder than the last. Everyone's Favorite Texan grimaces like a forgotten McDonald's mascot while Alvaro goes to whip him across the ring. He hits the corner, but when Alvaro runs at him, he does not expect Scott to come right back and EXPLODE with a big clothesline that doesn't completely knock Alvaro over, but it does knock him silly!

DDK:

There we go! After a REALLY rocky start, Scott finally gets something big for his team.

Lance:

Rest assured, this time is the LAST thing he cares about. Especially with a man he tormented for years being his partner.

The crowd cheers when Scott lays into Alvaro with a boot, then grabs him by the back of his head before slamming him into the top turnbuckle. He then turns him around and lets HIM have it instead with a series of his own chops. As Alvaro winces in pain, he gets taken out of the corner, but Alvaro turns the tide back in his favor and reverses, sending Scott to the corner. He goes to charge in, but Scott gets a boot up. Alvaro stumbles...

DDK:

TOXIC STING COMING... NO!

Scott leaps up for the cutter, but the Faithful die down in reaction when Alvaro shoves him away. Scott turns around to catch his footing, but when he turns around he gets struck down HARD with a running big boot to the face by El Sol Dorado! After the kick, both ADV and Morrow look out into the crowd and Alvaro declares it a "GOAL!" as he laughs like an asshole.

DDK:

Better Future in control now! Scott just got dropped in one shot with that running kick that's become a deadly signature for Alvaro.

Lance:

Indeed. He's not just standing around with that boot. He really lays it in with extra force.

DDK:

And now the tag by Alvaro to Jack Mace!

Alvaro waves at Burns, who wants into the ring, but he can't do anything a world away as Mace enters the ring. ADV grabs Stevens and picks him up before throwing him into the grip of Mace who wows the crowd by not only hitting a double arm suplex on Stevens... but a BRIDGING double arm suplex!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Wow! Amazing move there by Jack Mace!

Lance:

And an equally impressive kickout by Stevens!

Scott kicks out, but Mace keeps the pressure on with Morrow shouting instructions from outside. He pulls Stevens up and drives a few forearms into the back of the former FIST, no doubt in an attempt to soften up the back following the big suplex he popped off. He throws Stevens into the ropes and he bounces back, drives another stiff forearm to the back that brings him to his knees. Alvaro watches on and holds an arm out for a tag as Mace hoists Stevens up. He makes the tag as he sits down, DRIVING Stevens across his shoulders with a modified backbreaker!

DDK:

Double-team incoming by Better Future!

After Mace hits the backbreaker, he leaves the ring as ADV measures up, then runs off the ropes and hits a HUGE leaping elbow drop to the back, finishing the work that Mace started! The Scorpion howls out in pain when ADV rolls him over and tries another cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Another kickout by Stevens! Better Future has just asserted some dominance based on this recent work.

Lance:

That they have! The revelation of Jack Mace as their new guy shook up Oscar Burns. You can tell he didn't really want to fight a person he called his friend for years, but Mace clearly does not feel the same way.

Burns watches the action continue with ADV going to town on Scott with a few rights. He sets him up over his shoulder...

DDK:

Uh-oh, I think the Cuban Missile might be coming up!

De Vargas tries to hit the lawn dart-like throw into the turnbuckle, but Scott slips out and attacks the leg with a big chop block! ADV's knee crumbles like paper beneath him and Scott finally finds a way out before he BATTERS El Sol

Dorado with a few good stomps to the leg!

DDK:

And there we go! Not only does Scott Stevens find a counter for the Cuban Missile, but he finds a way to stop ADV entirely by going after the leg!

Scott goes after the leg and drags Alvaro from the ropes before stomping down on his knee a few times like a carpenter nailing down a floorboard. ADV tries to protect the knee, but Scott yells for him to and I quote: "shut the duck up" (and I might have misquoted a bit) before he tries to put the leg of de Vargas in his Sharpshooter. But before he can do it, ADV boots him at the corner...

WHERE OSCAR BURNS TAGS IN!

DDK:

Oh, boy! Now Oscar tagging himself in!

Scott angrily looks at Oscar, but the opening just what Burns needs as he leaps over, hits a HUGE stomp on the left knee of de Vargas, then suddenly rushes over and CLOBBERS Jack Mace with a running European uppercut! The blow sends him to the floor as the crowd goes nuts with Burns enacting some revenge on his now ex-friend!

Lance:

Make no mistake, ADV is the legal man, but Burns is going right after Mace! Now that his betrayal has really set in, he's going nuts!

Scott yells at Oscar to get back in the ring, but he's doing no such thing. Instead, he heads back into the ring to deliver ANOTHER stomp to de Vargas' knee! ADV cries out in pain, then Burns slides out to the floor, runs full speed and CRACKS Mace with another huge running European uppercut on the floor! Burns looks at Morrow and the manager for Better Future hides behind Ken Ellis like a coward.

DDK:

It's been RARE we've seen Burns like this, more fired up by emotion than his normal cooler technical prowess taking charge.

Lance:

I can't blame anyone for this!

He then goes and sets up the 270-pound Mace and THROWS him down on the floor with a huge exploder suplex! Burns howls in pain after hitting the mat outside with a thud, but the impact is worse on Jack Mace!

Lance:

Burns taking risks, but ADV is still down in the ring!

Burns then heads back into the ring after disposing of Mace, then goes after de Vargas as he tries to stand up, only to grab the leg. ADV tries to swipe at him, but an angry Burns grabs the leg and then SNAPS it over using a huge dragon screw, sending ADV back to the mat! He then looks over the leg, then at Stevens, following up on the work he started...

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

Scott shakes his head at his long-time rival as Twists and Turns...well, twists and turns the leg of de Vargas over so he ends up in a half crab submission!

DDK:

Great work by Burns, but you can see the tension bubble over between these two and it's only going to be a matter of time before this powder keg explodes unless they get a handle on it.

Lance:

Absolutely. These last few weeks of fighting one another when Burns was almost a member of Better Future have done them no favors, either. Not to mention Scott attacking Burns and Better Future just a few weeks ago.

De Vargas howls in pain, but the Cocky Cuban's height allows him to make a crawl for the ropes! Morrow runs over and points at the ropes... until de Vargas makes it! The crowd boos while Morrow laughs.

DDK:

GREAT strategy by Morrow! He helps his guys make the ropes! Like him or hate him, he's done this for a long time and knows almost all the tricks.

Lance:

That is probably the ONLY thing he deserves to be complimented on.

Burns grabs the leg again but this time de Vargas is ready and then boots him away. It takes him an extra moment to get to his feet, allowing Burns to stay on him with another volley of elbow smashes! He has Alvaro backed into a corner for the moment, but Burns gets kicked in his own leg by de Vargas and THROWN through the ropes.

DDK:

And now ADV taking the fight to the outside, the last place he wants to be... but Stevens nails him with a huge right!

Lance:

Neither Burns or Stevens doing too well at sitting on the sidelines! And Doyle reprimanding Scott!

The former FIST gives two shits what DEFIANCE's head referee says and tries to take the fight to Alvaro on the outside, but Oscar gets in the way.

Oscar Burns:

No, you bloody shitbag! He's mine!

Scott Stevens:

The fuck he is!

Scott hauls off and SHOVES Burns, almost knocking him off his feet. An irate Burns catches his footing, then SHOVES right back! The Faithful watch on...

Lance:

NO! LOOK OUT!

The two have been so busy in their tiff, they didn't notice Alvaro getting onto the ring apron and it's far too late when he FLIES off the ring apron with a massive somersault dive to the outside that wipes out both Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens! Like him or hate him, the crowd goes crazy after he wipes out both former champions!

DDK:

That's one way to take control of the match!

Lance:

And we've seen de Vargas use that move against Trashcan Tim and Uriel Cortez on pay-per-view! I think he's

capable of more than he likes to let on between this brawling!

A pair of replays play for the audience as ADV shows off the massive dive, wiping out both Burns and Stevens in one fell swoop as they continue to fight amongst themselves.

Lance:

Uh-oh... and Mace is back up!

Morrow points at Mace, who is now finally back up after Burns took him out earlier. He rushes over to help out de Vargas when both men each grab an arm of Stevens, lift him up and SLAM him down on the ring apron to take him out! He crumbles to his knees and holds his back on the floor while Mace and ADV quickly take the action back to the legal man - Oscar Burns.

DDK:

And down goes Stevens! They've taken him out so they can single out Oscar.

Lance:

That is a great strategy for sure.

El Sol Dorado tosses Burns back inside the ring and then goes in after him before setting him up in the corner. He points before he rushes forward...

DDK:

CUBAN MISSILE! HE GETS IT THIS TIME ON BURNS!

With Stevens taken out after the double-team apron powerbomb, ADV and Mace have easy pickings. De Vargas drags Burns away from the ropes and lays across his chest for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder goes up, but Alvaro picks him up and then WHACKS him with a huge headbutt, sending Burns back down to the mat. Mace stands on the ring apron and wants another crack at Burns, which ADV is happy to give. He makes the tag and the Faithful get to see A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler use his Damn Fine Pro Wrestling prowess with a good old... Greco Roman Headbutt of his own!

DDK:

Wow... some Damn Fine Pro Wrestler, huh? We know Mace is capable of technical wrestling. He learned that from the same school that trained Burns - including training under Burns himself -- but he's also a big man that can throw weight around.

Lance:

I can't believe we're even seeing this.

Jack Mace grabs him by the back and then DRIVES a forearm into his back just like earlier he did to Scott Stevens. The camera catches a glimpse of Stevens still down on the ground at ringside, gritting his teeth in pain while inside, Mace picks up Burns and DRIVES him down with a big pendulum backbreaker. He doesn't stop there as he picks Burns right up and then goes into a sidewalk slam. He then hooks the leg and goes right into a tight cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns' shoulders go up, but Mace looks pretty confident as he sits over the body of the man that originally brought him to DEFIANCE. He reaches over and then tags Alvaro again as he throws him to the corner. He strikes Burns down with a NASTY double-handed cross-chop in the corner, doubling him over so Alvaro can come in. He lands a few jabs to the body of Burns for fun, then licks a hand extra slow...

THWACK!

A big chop of his own doubles Burns over and brings him to his knees. Alvaro looks out to the crowd and smiles.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS IS WHERE YOUR WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS BELONG, PENDEJOS! ON THEIR KNEES IN FRONT OF ME!

DDK:

There goes Alvaro de Vargas, keeping it classy.

Lance:

Indeed... this Alvaro is just something else... and not a compliment.

He picks Burns up and then grabs him by the arm, then sends him flying into the corner. ADV closes the gap with a HUGE corner clothesline! Burns convulses from the impact of the move, then rolls him out of the corner to climb the second rope. ADV holds a hand out and absorbs the jeers from the Faithful... then flies off and DRIVES both feet into the chest of Burns with a double foot stomp! ADV's knee seems to still be affected somewhat from the earlier punishment by Burns and Stevens, but it doesn't stop him from laughing over where Burns lays.

Tom Morrow:

Pin him! Pin him!

Scott Stevens is now starting to come around, but not fully on his feet yet as ADV pushes Burns away from the ropes again and tries to score the biggest win in his young DEFIANCE career.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The Technical Spectacle is left clutching his ribs in pain, but still gutting his way through the punishment being inflicted on him. ADV angrily gets back to his feet and then tries to shake the pain out of his knee, then takes Burns with...

DDK:

NO! INSIDE CRADLE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

ADV escapes and then both get back to their feet. Burns tries for a backslide next, but ADV is too big for him to go over, then turns him around and whips him VIOLENTLY back-first into the corner of Better Future! ADV wastes no more time crawling to the corner and then tags in Mace. The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler -- as Tom Morrow has dubbed him -- enters the ring and then picks up Burns slowly. Burns fires back with a big elbow! The blow rocks Mace momentarily, but Mace fights back with a front facelock, followed by a pair of knee lifts. He then hoists Burns up and

then DRIVES him down with his own version of Burns' Back-Crack-a-Ma-jig! The crowd boos the use of one of Burns' biggest signature moves and Morrow laughs as the camera gets near him.

Tom Morrow:

That's the Bigger, BETTER Backbreaker!

DDK:

Good Lord, you hear that on the monitor? Bigger Better Backbreaker?

Lance:

That was vicious! And I think Mace can take this one.

Mace covers Burns, hook of the leg and all.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... SAVED BY SCOTT STEVENS!

The crowd ROARS when Stevens FINALLY leaps into action and breaks up the cover! Scott unleashes right after right on the head of Jack Mace, rattling the Brit's brain with right hands until Benny Doyle threatens to disqualify him if he doesn't leave the ring! Scott shouts out and then stands over Burns.

Scott Stevens:

Wake the fuck up!

The crowd roars as he goes back to his corner while Morrow yells at the referee for showing favoritism to their opponents.

DDK:

That might have been one of the more spirited saves I've ever seen in a tag team match! Scott is chomping at the bit to get back in, but he might as well be a world away.

ADV watches with intent, ready to pounce as soon as he can get a tag, but Mace starts to get up. He shoots a scowl over at Scott Stevens, who looks ready to get back in. Mace then picks Burns up and hoists him into an Argentine Backbreaker Rack!

DDK:

Yet another submission to work over that back! Mace used to use a finish called the Bear Arms, which was a delayed bridging German suplex! Could he be softening up for that or something new.

Lance:

Burns DESPERATELY needs to get to his corner now. Between Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace picking him off... but after everything he and Scott have been through, can he put aside his pride long enough to do it?

While Mace tries to break Burns in half across his shoulders, Morrow continues hyping up Better Future's newest guy as he continues the submission. But before Mace gets too much further...

BURNS LOCKS ON A CHOKEHOLD ON MACE!

DDK:

Yes! Burns mounting a comeback! He's got that hold! If there's a hold with a counter, Twists and Turns is gonna find it!

Lance:

No! Mace trying to increase the pressure!

Burns STILL struggles while trying to hold Mace's neck as he applies the torture rack-type hold! Big Mace eventually relents... then Burns slips behind him...

DDK:

Cobra Twist! Burns has the cobra twist locked in on Mace now! He's cranking on that neck!

Burns continues holding the submission and PULLS on the giant neck and head of The Jack of All Holds. Mace fights back and now he tries to get to the ropes while a desperate Burns tries holding him back. When Mace is about to get to the ropes, Oscar pulls back and then goes in a roll-up out of the Cobra Twist position!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

No! So close! Now both men on their feet!

Burns unleashes a HARD roaring elbow to the jaw of Mace and it does rock him, but he snaps back.

Jack Mace:

Gonna have to do better than that, mate!

Burns then obliges...HARD OUT HEADBUTT TO THE FACE!

And now both men are down! The crowd is going crazy as Burns and Mace are both down and out, neither man moving!

Lance:

Mace shouldn't have provoked him like that!

DDK:

No! And now they have a chance to get to his corner.

Scott holds a hand out and he even tries to step in a bit, but Benny Doyle closes in and warns him. As that happens, ADV sneaks into the ring quickly and DRAGS Mace over to his corner with some effort, then goes back... then the tag!

DDK:

Alvaro takes advantage and tags in!

Burns tries to crawl to the corner, but ADV reaches in and CLOCKS Stevens with a forearm before he can get the tag!

Lance:

No! Cheap shot by Alvaro! This kid is wise, though. Morrow definitely taught him a thing or two.

DDK:

And now here he's about to end things.

He doesn't go completely off the ring apron, but he is reeling a bit as ADV turns back. He starts pummeling Burns with shots to the back and then has him primed for Ardiendo.

DDK:

Here comes the piledriver! This is it if he connects!

He tries to hoist Burns, but he kicks his legs frantically to get him to let go! He drops down, then slips out, then looks up, knowing he doesn't have a choice...

AND WILLINGLY TAGS SCOTT STEVENS!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDKL:

BURNS DOES IT! SCOTT IS IN! SCOTT IS IN! HE'S GOING AT DE VARGAS WITH RIGHTS!

The crowd is electric as Scott lays right into Alvaro and keeps booting him until he hits the ropes, then whips him across the ring. Scott measures him up and then charges toward him in the corner with a big flying splash! Scott turns around and sees Jack Mace coming, but Scott steps aside and sends him flying into ADV! Scott then measures them both up... flying splash in the corner to Mace!

Lance:

Scott has been itching to get in!

He measures Mace as he stumbles out of the corner, then boots him before delivering a HARD knee to the side of the head, sending him outside!

DDK:

Don't Mess With Texas! Bye, Mace!

He goes flying out of the ring, much to the dismay of Tom Morrow on the outside! Scott tries to grab Alvaro, but he reverses a whip, into a boot in the gut! He doubles him over and looks for a belly to back suplex on the former FIST, but Scott punches him in the head to free himself. He pushes him back to the ropes and then follows up, taking de Vargas off his feet with a big discus clothesline! Scott gets back on his feet and in what has to be a very rare opportunity... he grins and looks at de Vargas dizzy as shit in a corner.

DDK:

Scott's got him right where he wants him... big lariat in the corner!

Lance:

Now what?

He hooks him in a fireman's carry and then hoists him up...

DDK:

Houston, We Have a Problem! So does de Vargas after the Death Valley Driver! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The shoulder of ADV comes up and Stevens can't believe it!

Lance:

No! De Vargas kicks out! How the hell did he do that?

DDK:

I don't know, but I think de Vargas is about to get a taste of his own medicine!

Scott gets surprised, but he knows what needs to be done to end things as he gets ADV up slowly, kicks him low then starts looking for his own piledriver variant, The Scorpion Driver. He hoists him up, but de Vargas frantically kicks until he can slip behind him, then SLUGS him in the back with a big double sledge! Scott is rocked, then de Vargas spins him around into a HUGE Chokeslam!

DDK:

ABAJO VAS!

ADV hooks the leg and counts along with the referee using his free hand!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Now, it's ADV's turn to get pissed off at the cadence of Benny Doyle's count, but the head official of DEFIANCE doesn't bat an eye at El Sol Dorado. He goozles Stevens a second time, then tries for another Chokeslam, but when he goes for it, Stevens elbows him in the side of the head until he lets go. Scott lands a big headbutt of his own! Then ADV ounces back... and comes back with his OWN headbutt! Scott stumbles back... REMEMBER THE ALAMO! The superkick sends ADV into the ropes... but he comes back with one last burst and CLOBBERS Stevens with a running knee to the chest as both men go down hard! The Faithful are going NUTS as both have collapsed to the mat!

DDK:

Stevens and de Vargas are both down! We're back where we started and this match has become pure chaos!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace want to make their names off the expense of two former FISTS, but there's a reason both Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens held those championships!

The two men are out as Benny Doyle looks over both men!

DDK:

Oscar's back on the ring apron, but what does he have left? De Vargas and Mace had Burns on the edge for a while!

Lance:

I know! And Jack Mace is back in his corner, but my God... these two want in.

Leaping back into the ring apron, Burns wants back in a bad way and as Stevens rolls towards him out of sheer instinct while on the other side of the ring, his ex-protege Jack Mace has his hands ready and reaches out for a tag, yelling at Alvaro to get to his corner. Alvaro starts trying to get in...

Lance:

Stevens gets in there, he's crawling... BURNS TAGS HIMSELF IN!

Stevens slowly pulls himself up, but when he gets there, Burns slaps him on the shoulder and makes a beeline for Alvaro! Scott looks displeased, but when he sees Alvaro try and get to his corner, Burns boots him...

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH III! HE'S GOING FOR THE KNEE! THE SAME HEEL HOOK HE TAPPED OUT LINDSAY TROY AND CONOR FUSE WITH!

The crowd roars when Burns goes back for the bad knee and CRANKS back with the Rolling Heel Hook while Mace rushes in to try and break it up! But before he can, Stevens rushes in and tackles big Mace to the ground, then grabs the legs and turns him over into...

DDK:

ARACHNOPHOBIA! THAT'S IT! WE HAVE DOUBLE SUBMISSIONS!

Lance:

Burns and de Vargas are both legal! Is he gonna tap?!

De Vargas cries out in pain and has his hand up when Morrow tries to climb into the ring out of nothing less than sheer craze, but Doyle sees him and stops! But when he tries, ADV gets the free leg up and KICKS Oscar away, KNOCKING him into Scott Stevens and breaking the hold on Mace!

DDK:

ADV uses the distraction to free himself and break up Stevens' submission over Mace!

Lance:

And... oh, no! No! It was de Vargas!

Scott turns and sees Oscar, now SEETHING!

Scott Stevens:

What the fuck are you doing?! Stop saving your little buddy!

Burns screams back.

Oscar Burns:

IT WAS ADV, YOU BLOODY SHI-

Before he can finish, ADV SHOVES Burns into Stevens from behind, sending Stevens stumbling backwards... and into the grip of Jack Mace, who grabs him and catches him with a TIGHT Arm triangle choke! He violently shakes Stevens around and then grounds him!

DDK:

NO! NO! MACE HAS STEVENS LOCKED UP!

With no Scott Stevens around, ADV watches with a smile while he grabs Burns by the hair...

KICK.

WHAM.

DDK:

ARDIENDO! PILEDRIVER! BURNS GETS SPIKED!

The piledriver sends Burns into the mat and Alvaro quickly rolls his lifeless body over, then lays across his shoulders with a lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd goes INSANE as de Vargas pumps his fists in the air while on the outside, Tom Morrow almost can't believe it. He looks on with a huge, shit-eating grin on his face and HUGS Ken Ellis!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS AND JACK MACE... BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

DDK:

No way... No. Way. Morrow knew EXACTLY what he was doing... but this was an upset, plain and simple.

Lance:

I'd have to agree with you. Two former FISTS of DEFIANCE even if they can't get along... that's a tall order for anyone to overcome. But Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace, did just that.

In the ring, Jack Mace enters and coldly stares down at Burns. Meanwhile, ADV runs over and gives Mace a big hug of his own! Morrow runs into the ring and then jumps into the arms of the crown jewel of Better Future, roaring! ADV yells over the jeering crowd for the biggest win of his DEFIANCE career.

Alvaro de Vargas:

EL SOL DORADO DE DEFIANCE! THE GOLDEN SUN, PENDEJOS! EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND **ME!**

Scott Stevens is barely coming around when he slaps the outside floor in frustration, still reeling from Mace's choke. The foursome exit the ring as Morrow, Ellis, ADV and now Jack Mace raise their fists in celebration. Mace in particular betrays little emotion as he stares down the fallen Burns before the four depart and head up the ramp.

DDK:

When we look back, this is going to be the night that Better Future cemented themselves. They defeated The Sky High Titans on Night One and took their name and merchandising rights. And now tonight... they've just defeated two former FISTS.

Lance:

What a night and we still have two big matches left to go!

THE END OF THE "WORLD"

The cameras switch to the backstage area as a mentally and (partially) physically broken Conor Fuse comes through the curtain holding the back of his head. He spent the Oscar Burns match being evaluated in Gorilla for injuries.

Conor Fuse:

Damn.

He's really shaken up.

Conor Fuse:

I gave it my best... but damn. Maybe the Last Level Bosses aren't for me-

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two stops cold in his tracks. Tears immediately swell up in his eyes and his hands start to shake from the pure devastation in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

No.

The camera pans to where he's looking.

A destroyed Friendship Members League registration table. The giant, ten-foot high FML display board, the FML pamphlets, posters and campaign-like buttons... the pictures of Conor with others...

Batman comics. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle colouring books. Literally everything Conor had been using over these past two months and then some.

All ripped to shreds.

Including his hammock.

Conor Fuse:

No...

He races over and drops to his knees, trying to pick up the pieces of his pictures and put them back together. Conor finds one with Pat Cassidy and Trashcan Tim... a picture where they actually looked like friends, taken after the events of Conor's first WrestlePlex tour. However, Conor only has a part of the picture, his hands are shaking too much to find the missing parts...

If he even could.

Fuse's breakdown continues. By now, he's sobbing openly.

Head in his hands, Conor shakes his head profusely.

Conor Fuse:

I only wanted to have fun.

He tries to pull himself together but it's becoming more difficult by the second.

Conor Fuse:

I know I wasn't always the best guy. I was trying to change. I really, really was.

The announcers stay on radio silence, not sure what to say themselves. Conor reaches out for a damaged FML pamphlet but his left hand is shaking so much, he pulls it back.

Conor Fuse:

I just wanted a friend.

...

...

Smack.

Fuse isn't sure what happened. He looks around, to his left, to his right and then he sees a clipboard with an FML registration form attached to it... seemingly filled out.

A shadow looms over him as Conor looks up, finding someone in front of him but ultimately, off-camera.

Conor Fuse:

You...???

Conor asks in a confusing manner. He glances down at the FML application again and grabs it. His hands are still shaky, his eyes are still watery and his nose is now runny... but even with all of this, he's able to see the FML form has been completely filled out.

Conor Fuse:

You... want to join the Friendship Members League?

The response from the person standing over him is unknown, although Conor's eyes are fixed in that direction.

Conor Fuse:

I never thought of asking *you*. I didn't think you'd be interested.

Fuse's eyes glisten, like not all hope is lost for him just yet. There's a long, drawn out silence. Conor wipes away tears.

Conor Fuse:

Okay... thank you so much. I can't tell you what this means to me...

Fade.

LINDSAY TROY, THE DEACON & HENRY KEYES vs. THE KABAL (STALKER, REZIN & VICTOR VACIO)

Lance:

Up next we have what should be an explosive precursor to the Main Event here at DEFIANCE ROAD!

DDK:

For weeks now Stalker has been tormenting Lindsay Troy with either misguided anger or indirect threats.

A video package starts to roll: Stalker headbutts Lindsay Troy with a look of utter hatred in his eyes.

Lance:

After doing a lot of digging into Stalker's speeches, it seems that Lindsay Troy's prior appearances as a masked wrestler by the name of "DIS" has made her a primary target for him.

DDK:

And for the likes of Deacon, it unfortunately stems back even further...

The next clip shows Stalker and Victor Vacio's meetings during the whole briefcase "scandal". Stalker's reveal of Jack once again plays for the Faithful, and a loud chorus of boos reigns down from the audience. Noticeably higher than previous fan rater ratings.

Lance:

Without the return of Henry Keyes to DEFIANCE, Keebs, I don't think Deacon and Lindsay Troy would have stood a chance!

Transitioning from Deacon's video package, the DEFIatron showcases the Bell Clap heard 'round the world. Henry Keyes comes to the rescue of Lindsay Troy after the earlier headbutt by Stalker.

DDK:

The stakes are certainly high in this match up, and one person in particular may be a bit of a wildcard after what we witnessed on the most recent Uncut. Rezin and Stalker seem to be at odds over the latter's recent loss to Keyes, and his apparent lack of clear direction for The Kabal.

Finally, the DEFIatron goes to a reel Rezin's recent in-ring involvement, along with some lack of coordination in The Kabal's attacks.

Lance:

Rezin has not been pinned since arriving here in DEFIANCE. His only loss thus far coming from a disqualification by his own hand at Ascension. Regardless of the dysfunction in The Kabal as of late, Rezin is not a competitor to be taken lightly.

DDK:

The Kabal is certainly a force to be reckoned with "the Escape Artist" Rezin in their ranks. But undaunted, this new alliance of some of DEFIANCE's greatest heroes will stand together in unison tonight to fight back against one of the most vile groups the federation has seen in recent history!

The recent union of Deacon, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes is shown from the most recent Uncut, a close up of the complicated handshake between Keyes and Deacon is displayed again, this time in slow motion.

DDK:

The Kabal are not in for an easy night! Deacon is not going to let Stalker get away from, that's for certain! And Lindsay Troy isn't just going to walk away after what The Kabal attempted to do to her! Then there's Henry Keyes, looking poised for a big follow-up after shutting Stalker down in record time fashion at the last DEFtv!

into the audience raising his shirt sales by 1%.

♪ "Airship Pirate" - Abney Park ♪

It's a complete shift of energy from the fans in the arena as red spotlights swirl around and a propeller WHIRRRRRR fills the air. Fans come to their FEET as the Airship Pirate power-struts from the back and the propeller turns to steampunky rock jams. We're pretty sure his eyes catch sight of the maybe-flirtatious sign in the crowd reading "SHIVER MY TIMBERS, HENRY" and he gives a big ol' grin for a moment, before he turns his attention to The Kabal and all humor turns to steely resolve. He decides to hold his ground at the top of the ramp for the time being.

DDK:

Waiting for his partners - good move when you have three members of the Kabal waiting on you.

The monk chant hits, but only for long enough to let the Faithful know who was coming before segueing into...

♪ "Game On" - Disciple ♪

Within a single white beam of light, first Magdalena & then Deacon stand to take in the crowd. Or, more precisely, Magdalena to take in the Faithful - Deacon's eyes never scan anything beyond his focus on Stalker in the center of the ring. The white light fractures into a thousand crosses spinning around the arena while Deacon and Magdalena walk to meet Henry Keyes and await the arrival of the Queen...

Lance:

Much like The Kabal we see the heroes forming a unified approach, appearing together to take on Stalker, Victor Vacio and Rezin.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and joins Henry, the Deacon, and Magdalena. White and gold pyro explodes behind them as all four make their way down the aisle to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...being accompanied to the ring by Magdalena, weighing in at a combined weight of SEVEN-HUNDRED and SIXTY FOUR POUNDS.....Henry Keyes..... the Deacon..... and Lindsay Troy!!!!!!

The facey faces all hop into the ring and claim a turnbuckle while Hector Navarro instructs the Kabal to stay in their corner and keep back. Magdalena remains outside the ring, ready to support her squad.

DDK:

Looks like amongst the alliance of DEFIANCE heroes, Lindsay Troy has been elected to start this match! Meanwhile, across the ring, it appears the Kabal are still in discussion...

Lance:

A heated discussion, at that. But they better figure it out soon, because referee Hector Navarro looks ready to get this one started!

DING DING

Stalker and Vacio go to the apron, leaving Rezin high and dry.

Rezin:

Oh, so it's gonna be like THAT?! What the HELL, dudes!?

As he berates his partners in the Kabal for throwing him to the wolves, and hand grabs him by the shoulder and spins

him around...

BIFF!

DDK:

Here we go... Lindsay Troy with a MONSTROUS RIGHT HAND to the unsuspecting nasty face of Rezin to open this match up!

The Faithful EXPLODE as Rezin twirls off the haymaker and takes a bounce off the ropes, stumbling right into a knee to the mid-section that sets him up perfectly for a rolling DDT with a flip to her feet!

DDK:

Huge DDT DRILLS Rezin into the mat! This crowd is going WILD right now! There's a flare in Lindsay's eyes... she hits the ropes... and CONNECTS with a front flip LEG DROP!

Lance:

Perfectly executed by the Queen of the Ring! This is the quick start her team needs.

DDK:

Troy going for the early cover... is it over already!?

One!

Tw--NO it is not! Stalker and Vacio both got a leg in through the ropes before Lindsay broke up the pin on her own accord!

Stalker and Vacio freeze as Troy coldly stares them down, daring them to come in, before flipping them off. Rezin, wild-eyed and winded, is left to scramble to his corner for a clean tag to Vacio!

DDK:

Tag made to Vacio, as he storms the ring. Arm drag! Vacio down. Both DEFIANTS back to their feet, and another arm drag by Troy!

Lance:

Is the third time going to be the charm?

No! Rather than going for another arm drag, Troy hauls off and nearly spin kicks Victor Vacio's mask clean off his head. She doesn't try for another pin, though; instead, she muscles him off the mat and back towards her corner, reaching back with her arm for Deacon to make the tag. The cheering only rises in volume and pitch as the Mute Freak steps over the ropes.

DDK:

Listen to the crowd here tonight, Lance! These two have no shortage of history, and the Faithful are clearly anticipating the Deacon getting his hands on Victor Vacio once again!

Lance:

And they don't gotta wait long! Troy holds Vacio's arm out and-- (Deacon hoists Vacio straight in the air and holds Victor there) OUCH!

Deacon lets Vacio drop before catching the luchador and heaving him into the neutral corner with a release German Suplex. Deacon is up quickly, and as Vacio pulls himself up by the ropes, turning with wobbly legs, the Deacon charges forward with a leaping, old-school Greensboro HORNET splash in the corner. Deacon holds his body there, crushing Vacio. Deacon turns, putting his back to Vacio, and then releases a series of back elbows to the face before grabbing Vacio's masked face and slamming it repeatedly into the turnbuckle to see how high the crowd can count (at least 10 - who says wrestling isn't educational). With a European uppercut, Deacon drops Victor slumping in the

corner.

DDK:

Deacon not done however. Navarro trying to clear him - good luck moving the Mute Freak!

Lance:

And good luck, Victor Vacio, moving the size 20 boot over his throat.

Hector counting now. He gets to 4 and Deacon moves the boot, turning to glare at Navarro who explains that he's only doing his job.

DDK:

Deacon needs to watch it. He doesn't want to get his team disqualified here.

Lance:

The Kabal better watch it, they got an angry giant monk in there.

Deacon yanks Vacio to his feet.

Lance:

I can't believe I just said that.

With an irish whip into the far neutral corner, Vacio collides with the turnbuckles. Deacon charges in for a clothesline. The stealthy Vacio rolls beneath it as Deacon crashes into the buckle. With a dive, Vacio connects with the back of Deacon's legs, dropping the Mute Freak to the ground.

DDK:

And of course, Stalker calling Victor to the corner. He wants some of this now. And Vacio delivers it with the tag in Stalker to a chorus of boos.

Tag.

DDK:

Now, the Hardcore menace steps through the ropes looking to capitalize on his prey!

Lance:

For months, the man that tormented Deacon was controlled by none other than Jason "Stalker" Reeves, ringmaster of The Kabal. Deacon is no doubt an imposing force in that ring, but in the vulnerable state he's in now, he could be at a complete disadvantage at the hands of this madman.

A brutal kick to the chest sends the tall man flat on his back as Stalker follows it up with a venomous taunt to the other heroes standing on the apron.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

NONE... NONE OF YOU know what's to come! This man will be my ULTIMATE EXAMPLE!

While screaming at Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy, Stalker works Deacon's large frame toward the center of the ring by putting the boots to him from every angle, kicking the big man around the mat until he is rolled flat on his stomach.

Lance:

Stalker is clearly looking to send a message here as he is looking very methodical in his approach right now.

DDK:

This is just sickening to watch! He's absolutely punishing him!

Stalker directs his trash talk and insane ramblings to the vulnerable Deacon as he straddles the big man's back and locks the chin...

DDK:

Stalker with the Cobra Clutch submission to Deacon!

Lance:

After getting hit with that chop block by Victor Vacio and brutally kicked around by Stalker, Deacon looks in terrible shape here.

Navarro asks Deacon if he's giving in, but the Mute Freak sternly shakes his head in refusal. Then a sound cuts through the din of the WrestlePlex...

CLAP... CLAP... CLAP... CLAP...

Henry Keyes is clapping his hands overhead. Lindsay Troy follows suit. Soon, the entire WrestlePlex joins in...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

DDK:

Keyes and Troy are getting the Faithful into this one, and now they're letting themselves be heard!

Deacon's body trembles with rage. Stalker's sneering smile suddenly wanes into fright as he finds himself being lifted up as the Mute Freak slowly pushes himself up from the canvas. The clapping gets faster and louder as the crowd continues to cheer him on!

CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!

DDK:

And Deacon has RISEN!

Deacon now rises to his full height, Stalker still clinging around his shoulders and jawline, but to no avail. The Mute Freak reaches up and grabs Stalker around the head...

DDK:

REZIN CLIPS THAT SAME KNEE!! THE BASTARD!!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

The arena combusts into nuclear heat as Deacon collapses in pain. Rezin celebrates his blindside play by mocking the crowd with a cackling piroquet. Angry, Navarro tells him to get out of the ring, but someone from the opposite corner steps in to do a bit more than "tell"...

Rezin:

Heh-heh-heh--*BLGHK!!*

DDK:

KEYES CHARGES IN WITH A LARIAT that nearly turns him inside out!

The reaction does a complete one-eighty as Rezin wildly sprawls across the ring and falls through the ropes. Stalker runs in to intercept, but receives a lariat of his own for his troubles. Vacio gets one foot into the ring before a roaring elbow sends him dropping to ringside!

Lance:

Great save by the Airship Pirate! The Kabal can't be expected to listen to authority in this match, so when they start

fighting dirty, someone needs to step up and keep them in check.

DDK:

Meanwhile, Deacon finally finds himself at equal footing with Stalker!

Stalker slowly comes to, shaking off the effects of the clothesline... but as he rises up on his knees, he finds the glaring eyes of Deacon boring into his own, and he is frozen in shock! One hand grasps his throat while the other makes a fist...

DDK:

Deacon with his chance for payback, giving Stalker some CLUBBING punches right to the head!

Lance:

And the Faithful couldn't be happier! After all the torment Stalker has brought upon him, this revenge has been a long time coming for Deacon!

Stalker desperately rakes the eyes to buy himself time, and the tag is frantically made to Rezin. The Escape Artist immediately pounces to the top rope as Deacon rubs his eyes...

DDK:

Tag made to Rezin, who immediately goes up top! Here he comes with the REZINRA-NOOO, Deacon drops him right into a POWERBOMB that spikes him off the canvas! Holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP by Vacio!

Vacio climbs in the ring, elbow drops the pinfall attempt and immediately clears the ring upon Navarro's request, classic heel work on the part of the masked Villain.

Lance:

That was a perfect counter by Deacon, but to no avail. But how are these guys supposed to succeed when the Kabal continue to run in like this?

Deacon pulls the lifeless Rezin off the mat by the neck and practically drags him to the corner, where he makes the welcome tag to Henry Keyes. Eager to finally join in the action, Keyes steps through the ropes as Deacon sends Rezin into motion...

DDK:

Deacon makes the tag and sends Rezin off the ropes... Keyes in the ring, and catches Rezin with a TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER off the assist!

Lance:

Nice bit of teamwork we're seeing from these unlikely allies!

In agony, Rezin scrambles around the ring on his knees while clutching the small of his back. He reaches for his corner, but gets headed off by Keyes with an elbow that knocks him senseless. Keyes promptly gets him to his feet, hooks him by the waist from behind...

DDK:

BACKDROP DRIVER by Keyes, and Rezin just got folded up like an accordion! Keyes goes right into the jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--OH NO, Rezin got a shoulder up!

Lance:

Thought that could have been it right there, but Rezin can apparently hang in there like a cockroach.

Brimming from head to toe with momentum and with the crowd cheering him on, Keyes tucks Rezin's perfectly positioned legs under his arms and drags him over to a neutral corner. He drops back, pulling the Goat Bastard with him...

Lance:

I don't think the so-called "Escape Artist" is getting away from this beating any time soon.

Rezin:

AAAAHHH!!

DDK:

SLINGSHOT by Keyes, and Rezin's face just BURIED itself into that top turnbuckle! Keyes is absolutely on FIRE right now!

The Goat Bastard gets blown back by the impact and rolls around the mat clutching his face as if it had been blown off by an old-fashioned stick of dynamite. Keyes savors the moment by confidently snapping his suspenders while the Faithful cheer around him.

DDK:

The Faithful couldn't be happier to see the famed Airship Pirate back in DEFIANCE, Lance!

Lance:

And in right-proper form, to boot!

DDK:

Keyes moving in now with an inside cradle, putting Rezin's shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Barely aware of what's going around him, Rezin frantically flops and rolls on the canvas until he spots two figures in a corner and reaches for a tag... except it's the WRONG corner. Deacon and Troy exchange confused expressions, when Keyes pulls Rezin off the mat and sets him onto his shoulders...

Lance:

Henry Keyes could be going BIG here with Rezin up in the Fireman's Carry!

DDK:

NO!! Rezin spins out, and a BULLDOG to counter puts Keyes to the mat instead!

Rezin sits up and shakes his head to regain his senses. Keyes slowly recovers himself, and tries to make a dive for his corner, but Rezin grasps onto his leg like a symbiote. A snarling grin forms on his face as he gets up to his feet with Keyes caught in his grip...

DDK:

Rezin with the leg... and Dragon Screw whips Henry to the mat!

Lance:

But now that shark Rezin smells blood in the water!

Seeing his opening, Rezin keeps Keyes stunned after a pair of knee strikes to the side of the head, and takes a bump off the ropes to give himself some momentum for a flipping neckbreaker! Cackling, Rezin gets to his feet and puts himself into position as he points tauntingly into the Faithful...

DDK:

Neckbreaker has Keyes on his back... and Rezin, with his trademark STANDING MOONSAULT, goes right into a lateral press pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

But Rezin won't let him get far, as he walks him over to his corner!

DDK:

Stalker and The Kabal have Henry Keyes completely trapped in their corner!

Stalker looks to have plans as he reaches down by the ring steps as Rezin tosses Keyes into the corner and blatantly chokes him over the top rope. Navarro immediately breaks it up and pushes Rezin out of the corner, berating the smirking Goat Bastard for his illegal tactics. He unfortunately turns his back to Keyes, who Vacio grabs into a clinch. Stalker sees an opening and...

THWACK!!

DDK:

A sign of revenge from Stalker's loss to Keyes, he just pulled out a black kendo stick similar to the ones Reapers used during their entrance and assaulted Keyes with it!

Navarro didn't see Stalker use that black stick to knock out Keyes, but Deacon and Lindsay Troy sure did! They immediately storm into the ring but Hector Navarro is there to head them off at the pass. He tries to restore order, pointing to both teams' corners as now five wrestlers have entered the ring.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

Don't worry you Mute Freak! We are just going to break this 'Hero' and then pay Jack a visit to rip that Guardian soul right out of him!

Lance:

Jason Reeves is clearly antagonizing Deacon here, Navarro is shaking his head as it appears control of this match is about to be lost!

Deacon has heard enough of Stalker's taunts, bypassing the referee he storms the opposing corner, BIG BOOT to Stalker which causes him to fall off the apron!! Rezin and Vacio were nearly taken out by the mammoth of a man but by happenstance, ducked the incoming behemoth.

DDK:

Vacio spins Deacon around and launches a closed fist... CAUGHT BY DEACON!

The Masked Hero glares down at Vacio as in the background Lindsay Troy is now playing devil's advocate to Navarro for her tag team partner's reckless attack.

Lance:

Deacon sends Vacio over the top rope to the floor with a MONSTER like clothesline!

Standing on their feet The Faithful feel it coming.

DDK:

Rezin is the last man standing in the ring and he's the legal man in for The Kabal, Navarro is now being occupied with checking on Keyes while Rezin sizes up Deacon!

The Escape Artist lines up Deacon from across the ring, after watching Stalker and Vacio bite the dust, Rezin knows his chances are slim but the punk rocker shoots his shot! And.. MISSES! Rezin attempts a crossbody plancha but Deacon simply catches him - FIREMAN'S CARRY TOSS OUT OF THE RING! Rezin lands in the arms of both a standing Stalker and Victor Vacio. They look at each other and then to the ring but it's too late!

DDK:

Wait a minute, DEACON OFF THE ROPES! THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET--MY WORD, HE JUST CRUSHED THE ENTIRE KABAL! "MY DEATH IS GAIN!"

"I-BE-LIEVE!! I-BE-LIEVE!! I-BE-LIEVE!! I-BE-LIEVE!!"

Like a comic book page written to perfection, Deacon launches himself over the DEFIANCE ring ropes, hurdling forward he propels forward over the top rope like a dead weight! When he flies into the air a recognizable bright white light appears from where he jumps. The camera replays the moment Stalker and Vacio literally catch Rezin from the fireman's carry toss, only to see the big man Deacon come toppling downwards on to them all!

DDK:

The Kabal are knocked out into dreamland outside and Navarro finally gets back to business and starts a 10 count on Rezin!

Lance:

The Faithful are besides themselves! After seeing Deacon hit 'My Death is Gain' - Keeps did you notice that white light shine when Deacon flew through the air?

DDK:

No. You are getting way too invested in the lights these days, Lance.

Rezin rolls into the ring to break the count out as Navarro attempts to restore order in this chaos. Keyes picks up Rezin and whips him into his corner.

Lance:

Henry Keyes looks to capitalize on Deacon's sacrificial attack against The Kabal, and tags Lindsay Troy back into the match!

The crowd goes WILD as Troy steps through the ropes. Keyes holds Rezin in place with a full nelson, giving her an open KNIFE-EDGE CHOP that nearly splits the Goat Bastard's tattooed chest wide open. Rezin flails around the ring in agony until the Queen catches him with a toe kick to the abdomen, transitioning smoothly into underhooking both arms...

DDK:

FINAL JUDGMENT by Lindsay Troy, just DROPPING Rezin on his face! Rezin has practically become a STAIN in the canvas by this point! She hooks the leg! Could it BE OVER!?

ONE!

TWO!!

BROKEN UP BY STALKER!!

Lance:

Back from the dead!

Off a lunging axe-handle smash to the back of Troy's head, Stalker continues to reign down on the Queen with furious punches. The hardcore icon, clearly unhinged by this point, blatantly ignores Navarro's commands to clear the ring.

DDK:

Stalker's going CRAZY on Lindsay Troy... but wait, Troy spins around and STARTS THROWING FISTS OF HER OWN!! SHE'S FIGHTING BACK!!

Lance:

Payback is finally catching up to Stalker! This is the very fight he picked with the Queen, and now she's going to give him something to forever remind him of just what happens to those who try to come after her!

The Faithful are roaring as Troy gains the upper hand in the exchange, backing Stalker to the edge of the ring with fists and knees. She quickly throws him into a facelock before springing off the middle rope...

DDK:

And a SOMERSAULT DDT drills Stalker head-first into the canvas! But I don't think she's finished...

Lance:

She surely isn't, Keeps, she's going UP TOP!

The cheers fill the WrestlePlex as Lindsay scales the ropes to the top turnbuckle. Rezin, looking like his brains may leak out of his ears at any point, is hardly a factor as he bumbles around the bottom rope in the far corner. Troy POINTS directly to Stalker as he groggily gets to his feet and turns around to see the angry gaze of the Queen bearing down on him. Then she leaps off...

DDK:

SINGLE-LEGGED MISSILE DROPKICK, nailing Stalker square in the CHEST and knocking him to next Tuesday!

Lance:

I think she was trying to send a message to Stalker with that one, and I'd say the message was effectively sent! If you swing at the Queen, you best not miss!

Stalker skids to a halt against the bottom turnbuckle, clutching his chest in pain and glaring at Troy in terror and fury. From her corner, Keyes continues pumping up the crowd. Outside the ring, Deacon keeps Victor Vacio busy by introducing him to the guardrail. Then Troy turns back to the legal man Rezin, who seems to come to, just as her shadow falls over him.

Rezin:

...oof.

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!! Right down on the back of Rezin's HEAD and pancaking his face into the canvas! The heroes of DEFIANCE look to have the Kabal right where they want them!

Lance:

Hang on, how is Stalker still MOVING?

Driven by some deep-seated hatred for his enemies and all of mankind, Stalker ignores the pain as his convulsing body drags itself up and bears down on Troy, preoccupied with peeling Rezin off the canvas like a piece of roadkill.

DDK:

Troy hooking the leg, lifting him up... THIS IS IT... THY KINGDOM CO--OOH WAIT NO, STALKER FROM BEHIND--

"THWOCK!"

DDK:

GOOD GOD, WHAT A HEADBUTT!!

"THWOCK! THWOCK! THWOCK!"

DDK:

AGAIN!! AGAIN!! AND AGAIN!! STOP IT, YOU INSANE FREAK!!

Lindsay drops Rezin to the mat and stumbles forward, head barely missing the bottom turnbuckle of her own corner. Concern suddenly washes over the face of Henry Keyes, looking down at the dire state of his friend, and seeing the chance to finish things slip away. Without a second thought, he acts...

DDK:

BLIND TAG made by Henry Keyes, saving Troy from the punishment!

Troy looks up in surprise, holding the back of her head but not as hurt as originally believed. Still, Keyes roars into the ring and BLASTS Stalker with a clothesline that sends him over the ropes to the outside! Immediately, he locates Rezin, having pulled his way back to his feet in the corner. Rezin blinks as his vision clears up, and makes out Keyes charging at him like an out-of-control locomotive.

Rezin:

...OOF.

DDK:

BIG CORNER SPLASH by Henry Keyes!

Lance:

He may have it here!

DDK:

Keyes outstretches both arms and ROARS as he prepares the BELLCLAP~!

...but Rezin DUCKS out of the way at the last second, and Henry's hands collide HARD on the ringpost!

DDK:

NO!! Rezin ducks on nothing but MUSCLE MEMORY!

As the Airship Pirate reels from the self-inflicted damage to his palms, Rezin slips around, locks on a three-quarter facelock, and springboards off the near turnbuckle...

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! NO, IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!

Deacon notices what is happening, but finds his brawl with Vacio has taken him to the far side of the ring. Troy gets her bearings and tries to stop the inevitable but Stalker suddenly springs up from the floor like a slasher-film psychopath. He grasps her leg, pulling her underneath the bottom rope to the ground, where he starts stomping on her.

Lance:

Deacon and Troy are CUT OFF! Rezin with the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "She's Gone Away" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

The WrestlePlex ERUPTS in boos and jeers as Rezin flops off of Keyes and has a look of bewilderment on his face as his arm is raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match... THE KABAL!!

DDK:

Ugh, ugh, ugh, I can't believe it. This is a travesty.

Lance:

Henry Keyes very nearly dealt Rezin a death blow with that BELLCLAP~! and he *just* just missed.

DDK:

There will be no dealing with Reeves and his pack of hyenas now. I think I'm going to be sick.

Rezin's goatish smirk returns to his face as he revels in the hatred rained down by the Faithful... then massive HANDS enclose his face, and his eyes pop as wide as golf balls. Deacon has made his way back to the ring, finally, and he yanks the Escape Artist to his feet, hurling him over the ropes like a FRISBEE! Rezin crashes into a heap at the foot of the ramp, and Stalker and Vacio quickly pull him up and begin their retreat.

In the ring, Deacon glares down at Stalker, his thirst for revenge unquenched, then offers a helping hand to Henry Keyes. Troy has managed to pull herself up to the apron while Magdalena checks on her, and she glares up at Stalker with contempt. For his part, the leader of the Kabal crows victoriously and talks trash as he and Vacio backpedal their way up the ramp with a barely conscious Rezin draped over their shoulders.

OH HI, ADLER

Lance:

What?! Ross is where?!

DDK:

Cut to backstage now!

The camera cuts to a back hallway where Ross is being confronted by security.

Security Officer:

You have no business here, Chris! Turn and leave now!

Chris Ross lets out an amusing chuckle, jingling the set of keys.

Chris Ross:

Sorry chucklenuts! This set of keys says otherwise!

He says before he rears back and punts the security officer right in the balls. The man lets out a high pitched scream before Ross grabs him by the back of the neck and hurls him through a door with a loud crash!

Chris Ross:

Heh... That's it? One stinkin security officer? I'm insulted!

Ross said walking further down the hall before he stops in front of a door. The camera turns to reveal the words "Gage Blackwood" on it.

Chris Ross:

Bingo!

Ross takes a few steps back and kicks the door right off its hinges. Standing in the room isn't Gage Blackwood, however. None other than Gunther Adler is there, completely taken by surprise.

Lance:

That's Gage's old partner!

Gunther Adler:

Chris Ross?! What the hell...

Ross looks at Adler and smirks.

Chris Ross:

Oh hi Adler! Rememba me chucklenuts! I know good ole Screwy Louie does!

Ross said laughing like a complete maniac.

Gunther Adler:

If you're looking for Blackwood, he's not here! In fact, he was here yesterday!!! He's probably at his hotel now.

You can just see Ross' eye twitch.

Chris Ross:

At... his.... hotel...

Adler nods his head slowly. Suddenly Chris Ross starts laughing.

Chris Ross:

Ohhhh man isn't this a fuckin peach?! I come out this way to beat the livin fuck outta Gage Blackwood and he's not even here!!! Bahahahahahaha!!!! Ohhhh man I beat up the chef in catering and old man Herbert even!!!! Ohhhhh my god this too funny!!!! I STOLEN THE JANITOR'S KEYS!!! HAHAHAHHA!!!!!!

Adler looks at Ross, who is clearly having a complete meltdown in front of him.

Gunther Adler:

What the hell is wrong with you?! I remember you being a violent person but this is a whole other level, even for you!

Ross looked at Adler with his head tilted to the side.

Chris Ross:

Wrong with me?! Ohhhh nooo! Nothin is wrong wit me motha fucka! I only lost everythin in my fuckin life thanks to Gage Blackwood!!! But ya know what Blackwood has taken from me? He has taken my life from me! I'm not stoppin until I get back what is rightfully mine!

At this point even the big man Adler looks scared. Ross gently places a hand on his shoulder.

Chris Ross:

Do me a favor Adler ole buddy ole pal. The next time you see Gage Blackwood... could you send him a message for me? I mean you guys are all buddy buddy right?! I'm sure he's had your back and you've had his... MEANWHILE I SPENT MY LIFE IN A RUNDOWN APARTMENT..... Oops sorry my bad... I tend to have these outbursts now ya see?

Gunther Adler:

Wh.... What is the message?

Chris Ross:

THIS!

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Ross stabs Adler right in the forehead with his screwdriver, driving the sharpened point as deep as it'll go!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!? GUNTHER DID NOTHING TO YOU.

Chris Ross:

YA SEE THIS?! THIS IS FOR TAKIN EVERYTHIN FROM ME!!!

Ross screams as blood begins to go everywhere. The Keystone State Killa grabbed Adler and slammed him face first into the standing mirror in the room.

Chris Ross:

THAT IS FOR THE THREE SURGERIES I HAD TO GO THROUGH!

Ross grabbed Adler's blood covered face slamming him face first into the mirror again.

Chris Ross:

THAT IS FOR LEAVING ME IN THIS ENDLESS STATE OF POVERTY WHILE YOU'RE LIVIN THIS HAPPY FUCKIN LIFE THAT IS ALL SUNSHINE AND PARADISE!

Ross stands there breathing heavily almost to the point you think the man is about to have a heart attack at any moment.

Chris Ross:

But most of all... What I'm about to do is for bringin me to the lowest point I eva been in my life... You did this to me Gage and I almost let ya kill me...

The eerie calmness in Ross' tone is quickly overshadowed by Adler's terrifying screams as Ross suddenly drags Adler's face across the broken mirror... The pieces of broken glass slicing into his skin. The fans in attendance can be heard screaming in horror. Blood is now everywhere as Ross let go of Adler.

Chris Ross:

One last thing... Welcome To Harrisburg ya dumb bastard!

Ross suddenly rear backed and slammed his foot into the back of Adler's head, smashing his face into the mirror one last time.

Chris Ross:

The blood is on your hands Blackwood.... This is only the beginning....

Ross said calmly turning and walking out of the room leaving behind what may be one of the most horrific scenes in DEFIANCE history.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. JAY HARVEY

The camera cuts back to ringside as the commentary team paints the picture.

DDK:

That is utter nonsense what we just witnessed between Chris Ross and Gunther Adler! There's no easy transition but we gotta do it! It's time for our main event of DEFIANCE Road! What a matchup this is poised to be, two men with long histories with one another. Mikey Unlikely the FIST of DEFIANCE and the man he BROUGHT INTO DEF from WrestleUTA just a few short years ago. Since then Jay Harvey has broken off for himself and built up a hell of a DEFIANCE Resume! Tonight he gets his shot at his former boss and the current FIST of DEFIANCE!.

Lance:

What a match up indeed! The physical attributes of both wrestlers are strikingly similar, however Harvey is a ring technician. He knows a hundred different ways to hurt you. Meanwhile on the other side of the ring, the Champion is the master manipulator. Playing mind games on a daily basis with his opponents to psych them out. It's time for Darren Quimbey and the introductions!

We cut to the ring where we see Darren Quimbey, mic in hand, and Referee Hector Navarro behind him. It's Main Event time, bitch.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen the next matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE Championship!

The crowd erupts as the lights die down. A golden spotlight hits the stage and bathes it in luxurious tones.

*"Mouth is made of Metal, metal, metal!
Pocket full of Yellow Yellow!
Pocket full of Gold, and I hope you find...
I hope you find your dream! "*

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

The crowd goes into Boo mode as the now gold carpet rolls down the ramp. From behind the curtain comes our champion to a chorus of resentment. He smiles wide.

BOOO

The FIST of DEFIANCE rests in its glass display case at his side. He looks at it longingly before heading down the ramp towards the ring. He waltzes very slowly, all the while a very knowing smile slips across his face. He looks almost too relaxed.

DDK:

As always we have quite the confident champion!

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, currently residing in The City Of Angels, California... he weighs in at Two Hundred-Thirty Five pounds... He is the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer....IN THE WORLD! This is MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIKELLLLLYYYYYYY!

He makes it to ringside and slowly places the FIST on the ring stairs. Mikey goes to attach it to the ring post as he always does, but the official shakes his head and asks Mikey for the championship. Slowly he hands it over, side eyeing the official all the way.

After wiping off his feet he steps in the ring and rests in his corner. Smiling, waiting, he waits for Darren Quimbey to get the show on the road.

Lance:

What's he know that we don't? He seems unusually confident!

Mikey Unlikely chuckles as he rolls his arms. The fans wait with great anticipation for Harvey's music which doesn't come right away.

Lance:

We haven't heard any new reports on Jay Harvey's condition.

DDK:

You never want to see an athlete further injure themselves, even for a shot at the biggest prize in our industry. You feel for Harvey, and no one wants to see him possibly jeopardize his career or not be able to compete.

Lance:

Some things are more important, Darren. Live to fight another day.

♪ "Bullet Holes" by 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 crowd is on their feet, excited to see Jay Harvey.

DDK:

Jay Harvey... not making his way to the ring?

Lance:

I hope this doesn't mean what I think it does...

The song continues to play and the lights keep moving all around the crowd. The chorus kicks in and finally Jay Harvey emerges from the curtain! The crowd is going wild! Harvey slowly makes his way down the entrance ramp, limping as he walks.

Darren Quimbey:

Now the challenger... Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... Weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty-Three pounds... He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeeeyyyy!

Mikey Unlikely looks shocked to see Harvey make his way through the curtain.

Lance:

He must have had Iris Davine clear him for competition! Jay Harvey wants the FIST of DEFIANCE! He wants Mikey Unlikely, one on one!

DDK:

Iris is no push over either. She's as tough as they come and she must have not seen anything to stop Harvey from competing. I agree, Lance. Title shots don't come everyday. Jay Harvey might never get an opportunity like this again!

Harvey gets within a few feet of the ring and stares daggers at Mikey Unlikely. Unlikely slow claps Harvey, definitely not at all pleased to see him come to the ring. Harvey walks up the ring steps, not doing his usual ring entrance which is understandable.

Harvey labors through the pain and enters the ring, taking his time as he paces his side of the ring. Hector Navarro comes into the frame and holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE title into the air. Harvey's music comes to an end and the

crowd takes over.

HAARVEY!
HAARVEY!
HAARVEY!

He raises his hand into the air and shakes it around, keeping his eyes locked on the man standing across from him. The crowd is on Harvey's side and Mikey hates every bit of it! Harvey doesn't look one hundred percent but fuck it, this is for all the marbles. Got to be in it to win it, am I right?

Navarro hands the title over to Darren Quimbey. A graphic of the FIST of DEFIANCE hits your screen with a side by side of the champion and the contender respectively. We go back to the ring where Navarro asks both men if they are ready and they are. He calls for the bell and here we go!

DING DING

Mikey wastes absolutely no time after the bell to go right after Harvey and that left leg. Kick and boot and boot and kick on that injured leg of Harvey. Harvey tries to fight off the pain and turns that into aggression with forearm shots to Mikey's face.

Mikey doesn't let up and ultimately drops Harvey to the ground. He grabs Harvey's left leg and slams a vicious Elbow Drop dead square on that knee. Mikey kicks his legs back and lands a right knee on Harvey's knee cap. Mikey looks to be racing to end this match early as he locks on a Kneebar.

Harvey slaps the ring and grabs at Harvey's hair getting Referee Hector Navarro involved. He calls for Harvey to release Mikey's hair and is forced to. Mikey is really wrenching back on Harvey's left knee. Harvey tries grabbing for the ropes but reality is they are too far for him to get.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely just trying to decimate that injured leg of Jay Harvey.

Lance:

You know we talked about it before, 24k had to behind that backstage attack, there's no doubt in my mind.

DDK:

As I said earlier, 24k can't come down here during this match and what we saw backstage reeked of 24k!

Mikey keeps pulling back on the knee and now adds in punches to the mix. Harvey can't take anymore and swings wildly at Mikey's head, connecting with his wrist! The crowd is showing some life! Unlikely can only deal with so much before he is forced to let the hold go.

Mikey acts quick and grabs at Harvey's legs. Before Harvey can even react, The Champion pulls Harvey to the nearest corner and rolls out of the ring. He gets Harvey's legs and splits them via the ring post. Mikey grabs Harvey's left leg and slams it against the ring post!

Lance:

Mikey just going to town on Harvey's injured leg!

DDK:

This could get ugly fast Lance.

Unlikely slams Harvey's leg into the ring post once again, getting a lot of hate from the Faithful. Mikey keeps the assault going, landing a few more fists into Harvey's knee. Mikey soon wraps one leg over the other and has Harvey in a Figure-Four Leglock around the ring post!

The crowd is booing like crazy as Mikey leans back, rocking at the same time to put more pressure on Harvey's left knee. Referee Hector Navarro starts a Five Count on Unlikely's illegal move. Jay Harvey is in agony and has nowhere to go! Cameras get great shots of Mikey's joy and Harvey's suffering!

ONE!

Mikey is putting more and more pressure by leaning back keeping the hold locked on.

TWO!

Harvey is turning red, trying to break Mikey's grip off his legs!

THREE!

Hector Navarro is in the frame right next to Harvey.

FOUR!

Mikey lets go of Harvey's legs and drops back first against the padded floor. Harvey clutches at his knee just writhing in pain! Mikey is back to his feet just egging on the sold-out crowd! Mikey catches a fan at ringside with a "MIKEY WEARS A HAIR PIECE" sign, and is not at all amused.

Unlikely:

Alllllllll meeeeee, paaaaa!

Mikey yanks on his hair and tosses whatever he had in his hand at the fan, getting a huge boo from The Faithful.

Lance:

If that's a piece, it's one of the best I've ever seen.

DDK:

Anyway... Mikey Unlikely just brutalizing that left knee of Jay Harvey! Mikey taking the Five Count to the max before letting go.

Lance:

Mikey is smart and knows how to push the limits. He has had the FIST of DEFIANCE for over three hundred days for a reason.

Unlikely slides back into the ring and stares down at Harvey who is crawling around the ring unable to reach the ropes to pull himself up to his feet. Mikey Unlikely once again grabs both of Harvey's legs, flipping him onto his back in the process.

Mikey is going for a Cloverleaf but Harvey is fighting him off! The crowd once again is picking up in Harvey's favor. Harvey breaks Unlikely's hands so he can't lock them together. Harvey is able to get his right leg out enough to get a solid kick in that hits Mikey in the side of the face! Mikey is rocked and turns stumbling away from his opponent.

Unlikely turns back and heads for Harvey but get's his foot pulled out from underneath him! Harvey is able to mount Unlikely and is raining down blows! The crowd is cheering loud as Mikey tries his best to cover up!

DDK:

Jay Harvey with a flurry of right hands!

Lance:

Get 'em, Jay!

Referee Hector Navarro is being more lenient with Harvey compared to Unlikely. Mikey cracks Harvey in the left knee repeatedly! The Harvey offense is stopped and the crowd has the air sucked out of it. Mikey continues to wail on the injured left knee of his opponent.

Mikey gets back to his feet and lands several stomps on Harvey's knee. Harvey is in agony but Mikey stops out of nowhere and has an idea. He drops to the mat and rolls to the outside. Unlikely swats at a cameraman so he gets the fuck out of his way.

He lifts up the ring apron and looks under it, seeing what goodies are underneath the ring.

DDK:

What's Mikey looking for?!

Lance:

It could be anything!

Unlikely yanks a table from under the ring and it comes a cheap cheer from the fans who love hardcore matches.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely bringing a table into this match!

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely won't lose the title if he gets disqualified right here!

Mikey begins setting up the table and we cut to Harvey who is stirring, close to the ring ropes just behind Mikey on the outside. Unlikely pats at the table and puts some weight on it to make sure it is set and won't prematurely fall.

He walks over and grabs Harvey, bringing him to the outside. Referee Hector Navarro calls for both men to get back into the ring before starting his Ten Count.

ONE!

Mikey Unlikely goes to slam Harvey face first into the table AND HARVEY PUTS HIS HANDS ON THE TABLE! Harvey slams a fist into Unlikely's chest knocking the wind out of him! Harvey ducks under a swinging right hand from Unlikely- BACK SUPLEX BY HARVEY!

The crowd is going wild as both men are down on the padding! Referee Hector Navarro is taking his time with his count.

TWO!

Lance:

What strength by Harvey!

DDK:

I don't know how he was even able to do that, Lance!

Lance:

Hate and rage can make people do a lot, Darren!

Unlikely holds at the back of his head as Harvey just looks dead on the padded floor. Navarro is really stretching out the gaps between counts, giving both men time to get back into the action.

THREE!

Harvey is finally showing signs of life by rolling to his side. The fans are cheering, trying their best to get Harvey back to his feet and back into this match. Unlikely is on all fours, still feeling the effects of the Back Suplex. Harvey is still on the floor and not looking good.

Unlikely is the first to his feet, still holding the back of his head. Mikey sneers at Harvey and goes back after him. Mikey pulls Harvey back to a vertical position. Mikey goes for an Irish Whip that is gonna send Harvey into the table- HARVEY REVERSES IT!

BOOM!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely just hit back first into the barricade!

FOUR!

Lance:

Jay Harvey showing life!

Unlikely grabs at his back and is in pain. Harvey is back down on the floor unable to stay on his feet after the reversal. Referee Hector Navarro is really giving these guys a lot of time on his Ten Count. You can't end a title match at a big Pay Per View by a fucking Count Out... can you?

Unlikely again goes for Harvey and he's even more pissed! Mikey kicks Harvey while he's down, getting a massive boo from The Faithful. The fans along ringside can be seen and they ain't happy!

FIVE!

Mikey rolls in and out of the ring to restart the Ten Count, which pisses off the thousands in attendance. Mikey goes to Harvey who is still down. Unlikely yells at Harvey but we aren't able to hear exactly what he says. He picks Harvey up and gets him up on the ring apron still outside of the ropes.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely doesn't need to break counts. He just wants to send a message and destroy Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Mikey said he was gonna teach Harvey respect and that's what he's trying to do right now!

ONE!

Mikey grabs the middle rope and gets along the apron with his opponent. Mikey jaws with the fans along ringside getting a rise out of them. Unlikely gets Harvey up and in the process tosses Harvey's arm behind his head and has him in a Vertical Suplex position.

Mikey milks the situation and finally goes for a Suplex but Harvey blocks it! Mikey tries a second time but Harvey blocks it again! Unlikely's eyes go wide as Harvey swings him up into the air and Brainbusters Mikey Unlikely onto the ring apron! The crowd is going ape shit!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY JUST DROPPED MIKEY UNLIKELY ON HIS HEAD!

Lance:

Jay Harvey with a Brainbuster on the ring apron! This crowd is going ballistic!

TWO!

The crowd starts a chant and it is very fitting.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Harvey lays on the ring apron and Mikey Unlikely crumbles to the floor once again! Harvey is taking big breaths as cameras get a nice shot of both men. Hector Navarro shares some words with Harvey, making sure he is ok. Harvey rolls into the ring and rolls back out to restart the count. Unlikely holds the back of his head with his hands. Agonizing over the blow.

Harvey puts his feet on the floor and slowly makes his way over to his opponent. He hobbles, putting more weight on his right leg to get around in less pain. Harvey goes to pick up Mikey Unlikely but labors in the process. Mikey is brought to his feet and slid under the bottom rope.

The fans cheer Harvey, who turns to look around the crowd. Unlikely is seen crawling toward the middle of the ring before cutting back to Harvey, who makes his way back inside.

Lance:

Let's take another look at that devastating Brainbuster on the hardest part of the ring!

A replay hits your screen, split with live action.

DDK:

Jay Harvey giving everything he has! He has no quit!

Harvey hobbles across the ring to go after Unlikely. Mikey is on his back, crawling backward away from Harvey. Mikey holds his hand up, pleading with Harvey. Harvey and Unlikely go back and forth with remarks not picked up by the live microphones.

Unlikely kicks at Harvey and hits him in that injured knee again. Harvey drops to the mat, clutching his knee. Mikey keeps crawling backward toward the ropes. He grabs at them and pulls himself back to a vertical position. Mikey has a golden opportunity and takes full advantage.

Unlikely unloads a kick to the chest of Jay Harvey! Harvey winces in pain as Mikey unloads another kick! Mikey just goes wild and lands kick after kick after kick to Harvey's chest!

Lance:

Brutal kicks from the champion!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely just chopping Harvey like a tree with those kicks!

Harvey is a beaten and broken man right now. Mikey backs up toward the ropes and puts everything into another- HARVEY DUCKS THE KICK! SCHOOL BOY! HARVEY WITH THE SCHOOL BOY!

ONE!

TWO!

MIKEY KICKS OUT!

The fans are on their feet! Mikey was just able to kick out before three! He gets to his feet before Harvey and sends a knee right to the side of Harvey's head! Mikey stumbles around the ring, yelling at Harvey. Mikey pushes Harvey's head and he can't help but fall down to the canvas.

Mikey puts his hand through his hair and basks in the boos from The Faithful. The crowd reaction makes Unlikely smile and soon gives the fans the bird, getting exactly the reaction he wants. Unlikely doesn't waste much more time before moving to the nearest corner and heading up high.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely is heading up to the top rope!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is up!

Harvey is indeed up and he crotches Unlikely on the top turnbuckle! The crowd is going wild! Mikey holds his little Unlikely's as Harvey rests his head on the top rope just next to Mikey. Harvey raises his head and in a smooth as Skippy motion leaps into the air and Dropkicks Unlikely to the outside of the ring!

Hector Navarro drops to the mat and checks on the status of Jay Harvey. Navarro then goes to the outside to check on the FIST of DEFIANCE. The crowd is on their feet going just absolutely nuts!

Lance:

What a dropkick!

DDK:

I don't know how he was even able to do that!

Lance:

I said it before... Hate and rage can make people do a lot, Keeps!

Navarro slides back into the ring and starts another Ten Count.

ONE!

Cameras catch Harvey's face, his eyes are open and the sweat is pouring down his face. We cut to Mikey on the outside and he's not moving much, if at all. Harvey rolls toward the ropes and gets to the outside of the ring.

He pauses, catching his breath, trying to fight off the pain he has endured tonight. Harvey continues to hobble and limp as he makes his way toward his opponent. Mikey hasn't moved since being Dropkicked over the top rope and to the floor.

Harvey struggles to pick Unlikely up but keeps trying.

TWO!

DDK:

Jay Harvey might have used whatever was left in the tank on that Dropkick!

Lance:

I don't even know how Jay Harvey is even able to stand! He was attacked backstage and Mikey has been focused on that injured leg this entire match!

DDK:

Fans don't forget, this match is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Jay Harvey earned his shot and if you want my two cents, 24k can't get involved so they had to attack Harvey before this match!

Lance:

It's safe to say you are probably right, Darren.

Harvey is finally able to get Mikey to his feet and sends him face first into the edge of the ring! Harvey picks Mikey's head up and slams him down again on the edge of the ring! Harvey is seething and takes the two over and slams Mikey into the ring post!

THREE!

Unlikely rests on the post, eyes closed. The fans around ringside are cheering Harvey as he continues to stalk Mikey. Harvey grabs Mikey by the hand and Irish Whips him up and over the barricade! The fans get close to Mikey and give him the finger, classy.

Harvey exhales and knows he can't win this match on the outside. He reaches over the barricade and pulls Mikey Unlikely by the hair and brings him up and over. Harvey pulls Unlikely's body over keeping his legs on the barricade while hooking Mikey's head under his arm.

FOUR!

DDK:

What's Harvey gonna do here?!

Lance:

I think Harvey is gonna-

Before Lance can even finish his sentence Harvey hits an Elevated DDT that sends Mikey's head right into the floor! The crowd is loving what they are seeing! Harvey sits on his backside as Mikey lays knocked out on the padded floor.

Lance:

HARVEY SPIKED MIKEY UNLIKELY!

DDK:

Mikey deserves everything he's getting here tonight! For months Mikey Unlikely and 24k have tormented Jay Harvey! This is Mikey's just deserts!

Hector Navarro continues lengthening the gaps between his count so these DEFIANTS can settle this. Harvey soaks it all in for a moment and slowly gets to his feet. He continues to keep his weight more so on his right leg to alleviate the pain when moving around.

He grabs at Mikey and gets him to his knees and struggles to get him back to his feet. Harvey grabs a handful of Mikey's hair and brings him close to the ring. Mikey is rolled under the bottom rope and Harvey rests his head on the ring apron.

FIVE!

DDK:

Jay Harvey just having his way with Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

I commend Referee Hector Navarro for letting these two settle this.

Mikey is seen on all fours moving toward the middle of the ring. Harvey is still on the outside, taking deep breaths. Harvey grabs at the middle rope and gets up to the apron. We go to the hard cam view and Mikey is on his feet.

Mikey rushes Harvey and pushes shoulder blocks Harvey off the apron...

CRUNCH!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY JUST WENT THROUGH THE TABLE!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! HE'S BEEN BROKEN IN HALF!

A replay flies past your screen of Harvey just sailing ten or so feet and smashing through the table Mikey had set up earlier in the match. The crowd is on fire and no one is sitting down!

*HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT!*

We are live once again to see Mikey Unlikely drop down to the mat and raise his arms up in the air. Exhausted and beaten, the champion can smell the end. We cut to the carnage on the outside. Harvey is in a pile of rubble and Hector Navarro comes into the picture to check on him.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely doing whatever he has to to make sure he walks out of DEFIANCE ROAD with the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is out! There's no way Jay Harvey can continue!

Lance:

I'm gonna have to agree with you, Darren. This match is over!

Navarro goes back into the ring and restarts his Ten Count.

ONE!

Unlikely is still on his back in the middle of the ring, just waiting for Navarro to call Ten. Harvey hasn't moved as he resides in the middle of the broken table. The crowd is stirring but they know this match is over.

TWO!

Mikey checks the watch that isn't on his wrist and then puts his hands behind his head, just playing the waiting game. We go back to Harvey and see the fans behind him are slamming the barricade in effort to get Harvey back into this match.

THREE!

Harvey is finally showing signs of life. He pushes away a big chunk of the table, that has propped him up. The fans watch intently as Harvey is trying to get up and back to the ring.

FOUR!

Harvey swings his upper half over and away from the splinters and broken pieces of the table. The crowd is picking up.

FIVE!

He is on all fours, shaking the cobwebs loose. The crowd is getting louder.

SIX!

Unlikely is still lounging on the mat, not knowing that Harvey has come to.

SEVEN!

Harvey slowly makes his way closer and closer to the ring.

EIGHT!

Harvey grabs at the bottom rope, trying to get himself back into the ring.

NINE!

Harvey uses everything he has left to slide back into the ring!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY ISN'T DONE!

Lance:

THAT MOXY, DARREN!

Mikey Unlikely sits right up and looks like he's seen a ghost! He shoots to his feet and rushes Harvey! Unlikely lands several punches to Harvey's head and back. Harvey gets to his knees and pushes Mikey away and he stumbles down to the mat.

Mikey gets back up and lands more blows to only get pushed away once again! Harvey gets to his feet, his leg buckles which makes him pause for a moment. He swings a wide right that Mikey ducks- LUNGBLOWER! MIKEY HITS A LUNGBLOWER AND HE GOES FOR THE LATERAL PRESS!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is going nuts and Mikey isn't pleased. Mikey acts quick and heads to the turnbuckles. He climbs to the middle rope and comes off with a Fist Drop! He goes for the cover and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY KICKS OUT!

DDK:

Jay Harvey somehow was able to kick out!

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely back to the drawing board!

Unlikely is pissed that Harvey keeps kicking out and he has it written all over his face! He grabs at Harvey and tries to get him to his feet but Harvey just crumbles down to the mat. This gets a chuckle out of Mikey. Mikey looks into the hard cam and turns to look out into the crowd.

BOO!

The fans are livid and Mikey is eating it up. He gets Harvey up and sets him up for his classic Roll Credits! Finisher. Mikey milks the move, making a slitting gesture against his own throat. He slams his forearm into Harvey's chest and simultaneously sends Harvey's back right into his knee!

Lance:

ROLL CREDITS!

Unlikely goes for the cover and hooks the leg!

DDK:

Mikey is going to retain!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO!

DDK:

What does Mikey have to do to put away Jay Harvey?!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is doing his best Michael Myers impression, you just can't stop Jay Harvey!

Mikey is beside himself. He is in the face of Hector Navarro holding up three fingers. Navarro isn't backing down and says it was only a two count. The two go back and forth but Mikey ultimately backs down. Unlikely rips at his hair showing his frustration before slapping the turnbuckle pad.

Mikey steps through the nearby ring ropes and drops down to the floor. He makes his way over to the Time Keeper's table and orders Darren Quimbey up so he can take his chair to the ring. The crowd is letting Mikey have it but he must be tuning them out.

Mikey slides the chair into the ring and soon follows. He picks the chair up once he's back inside the ring and Hector Navarro gets right in his way.

DDK:

Hector Navarro telling Mikey to get rid of the chair!

Lance:

Mikey has done everything to Jay Harvey, he doesn't care if this match ends with a disqualification. Anything for him to keep the FIST around his waist!

DDK:

Navarro doesn't want this match to end like that! The fans don't want this match to end like this!

Jay Harvey is on a knee and trying to get back to a vertical base. Mikey sees this and pushes Navarro out of the way.

WIFF!

Mikey misses with the chair shot! Harvey slips out of the way, when Unlikely turns back around Harvey is able to knock the chair from his hands. Mikey stops and thinks about picking the chair up but swings a fist that Harvey ducks! SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! Mikey is rocked but gets back to his feet at the same time as Jay Harvey!

Harvey hits a second Snap Dragon Suplex and the crowd is flipping out! Harvey is able to get to his feet, his eyes never leave Mikey Unlikely. The crowd is pumped and so is Harvey! Harvey lies in wait by the ropes!

DDK:

This is it! Jay Harvey is looking for the Wake Up Call!

Lance:

What a turn of events! Jay Harvey now in the driver's seat!

Mikey Unlikely is still down on the mat but is stirring. The crowd can feel it and so can Harvey! The crowd is getting louder and louder as Harvey is bouncing around in excitement.

Mikey has his hands on the mat and slowly makes his way to be on his hands and knees. Harvey squares up Unlikely and finally has him where he wants him! Harvey takes off, putting everything into the vicious knee strike known as the Wake Up Call!

DDK:

IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

Lance:

HARVEY GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

Hector Navarro stops his count and notices Mikey's foot is outside of the bottom rope. The crowd boos and Harvey thinks the match is over!

DDK:

MIKEY'S FOOT IS UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Lance:

Mikey's ring awareness is second to none!

Harvey is now wise to the situation and realizes he has more to do in order to become the new FIST of DEFIANCE. The crowd is still cheering, they can sense this match is coming to an end. Harvey grabs Mikey's right arm and pulls him away from the ropes and closer to the turnbuckles.

The crowd is roaring and Harvey is feeling it! Harvey makes his way over to the corner and slowly starts climbing the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is going to the top rope!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is gonna put Mikey Unlikely away for good!

Harvey is now on the top rope, he tries his best to keep his balance, fighting off the pain from his leg that has been brutalized all match long. As he flies off the top rope dozens of flashes go off.

Lance:

THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

DDK:

HE MISSED! MIKEY UNLIKELY MOVED!

Harvey slams into the mat chest first. The momentum of the blow brings him quickly back to his feet, as he stumbles

around holding his chest. Unlikely gets up and grabs Harvey as he's still trying to catch his breath. Unlikely rolls him up from behind. Hector Navarro slides into position to see Harvey's shoulders.

ONE!

DDK:

WAIT! MIKEY HAS THE TIGHTS! NAVARRO LOOK!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd loses their shit as the Champion falls off of Harvey into the center of the ring.

DING DING DING

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

DDK:

DAMMIT! Dammit!

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely has done it again, once again by questionable means but the results stay the same...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! MIKEEEEEYYYY UNLIKEELLYYYYYYYY!

The Fans in attendance boo loudly as the rest of 24K comes piling out from behind the curtain and running down to the ring to celebrate with their guy! Harvey slowly gets up breathing heavily and tries to tell Navarro that Unlikely had the tights pulled.

DDK:

There's nothing the official can do now, he didn't see it, he can't enforce it! Harvey has to be beside himself! He was so close!

Lance:

24K! Here to celebrate the champion. An unprecedented run the champion is on right now. With that win Mikey Unlikely will officially become the second longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE HISTORY! Quite the accomplishment!

The lads hoist up a tired Mikey Unlikely who now has control of the FIST briefcase once again. He holds it to his chest as the crowd boos and begins to file out of the building. A few pieces of trash fly towards the ring and bounce off the mat.

DDK:

Just who will be the person to finally peel the championship from the grasp of Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

Or will we ever find out? Mikey is on top of his game, he's on top of the business, successfully holding onto his championship time and time again. Harvey meanwhile has come SO CLOSE to winning the championship, you have got to feel for the man. You know he's not going to give up that easy on this.

DDK:

Well folks that's all the time we have this evening, Thank you so much for tuning in to DEFIANCE ROAD 2021! Make sure to join us in two weeks when we're back on DEFtv! Im sure there will be a ton of fallout to contend with and some exciting action!

The scene fades on Harvey sitting outside the ring looking up at the faction in the ring with the title.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.