

HE'S HERE

As the screen opens up to the parking lot, flashing blue lights floods the area bouncing off of the varying reflective surfaces. The source of the light; two of New Orleans' finest pull in followed by a lengthy, stretch Cadillac Escalade with a license plate that reads "H2CHIEF." Two additional NOPD cars follow closely behind.

The camera tries to get a glimpse of who's inside but the windows privacy tint prevents identification of anyone or anything.

Cut to the show open.

RUNDOWN



Bright flashes, rolling cameras, and all the action in the world. The live crowd sees the intro video being played over the DEFiatron, as classic moments of DEF's current roster is played on screen. Footage of ACTS of DEFIANCE is briefly shown, clipping through the events line up like flipping pages of a comic book and ending on Oscar Burns holding his newly won FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air.

The heavily produced and graphically enhanced video fades out. A sky jib crane shot of the cheering Faithful screaming their lungs out, holding all of your favorite signs while pyro goes off around them. And to the Commentation Station, we go with those two lovely rascals who will introduce themselves right...

DDK:

Hello, everyone and welcome to the 129th edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is our surly color commentator "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Angus.

Angus:

I'm ready to own it. Surly ... whatever.

DDK:

We've got a massive show for you here tonight, folks ... Several debuts here tonight! Scrow, who've we've been anticipating for months now!

Angus:

Speak for yourself!

DDK:

Carny Sinclair, the young yet grizzled ..

Angus:

And dirty.

DDK:

debuts as well, taking on yet another debuting BRAZEN talent, Nathaniel Eye.

Angus:

Closest he'll ever come to a debutant.

DDK:

... what does that -- nevermind. Redebuting tonight ...

Angus:

That's not a thing!

DDK:

Desire is taking on The Crescent City Kid right here in the ...

Angus:

Don't you do it!

DDK:

Also tonight, the BRAZEN Champion; "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio goes one on one against "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas! Non-title, obviously.

Angus:

Obviously!?! Doug-E-Doug hasn't secured an important victory since before Crimson Lord bowled him threw rows A thru G! And hold the phone .. the RED phone! HOW have you NOT addressed the highest elected position in the United States of 'MERICA!?!

DDK:

Well ...

Angus:

Well, NOTHING! Folks ... President Trump is here! TONIGHT Don Trumpito will grace the DEFIANCE arena!

DDK:

That has yet to be seen... although as we saw a moment ago, a motorcade pulling up to the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex ... but we have no seen anyone just yet! That being said folks, this show is jam packed and we are short on time already ...

OPEN CHALLENGE MY ASS!

DDK:

We've got a massive show for you here tonight, folks ...

Angus:

You said that already.

DDK:

... but first, we'll be hearing from our FIST of DEFIANCE fresh off retaining his championship against perhaps his toughest test to date, the former #1 Contender, Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

And let's talk about how I'm right, Keebs. It was only gonna be a matter of time before he well Full-On McFuckass again and that's exactly what happened. Burnsie beat him fair and square. Mikey shook his hand and walked away. But when Burns celebrated on the stage, he got chucked off!

DDK:

He did. Doctors have since cleared Oscar Burns for competition and I've heard he may issue another open challenge for the FIST, but we'll have to let him touch on that momentarily. Coming up right now... our FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

The camera then pans to the stage...

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

DDK:

And here he comes!

Angus:

And Burnsie doesn't look happy right now.

The Team Graps Cap looks out to the Faithful AKA Team Graps and then raises a finger in the air. Wearing a bright red "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt with the lettering sticking out in gold, the Guru of the Graps storms toward the interview stage and walks over to the set.

DDK:

No Lance Warner for this part tonight. It looks like Oscar is gonna do this one solo tonight. He definitely looks like he has a lot on his mind.

Angus:

Seeing as how Mikey McFuckass decided to go all mega-asshole on him and shoved him off the stage for getting beat clean as a sheet, I wonder why.

The music dies down and the crowd goes nuts as Burns looks out to the thunderous cheer of fans.

"WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!
WE LIKE GRAPS!"

The chant forces Burns to point at his t-shirt and while he still appears to have recent events on his mind, he can't help but lead the chants.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you, GCs, that means a lot to me. Thank you.

Another cheer from the FIST of DEFIANCE as he continues.

Oscar Burns:

GCs, we did it again. We fought hard. We took everything that that wanker Mikey Unlikely threw at us. DDTs on the ring apron. Slams on the floor. What I'm sure was a roll of quarters or something. That was suss. He hit his Roll Credits. He threw everything at us because he was hungry. He was hungrier than anybody else we've ever fought for this. He beat us to the wop wops and back...

Burns smiles and brings the title up.

Oscar Burns:

And we STILL won!

A raucous cheer erupts again among The Faithful as he continues.

Oscar Burns:

He shook my hand like a man, at least I THOUGHT he was a man... he left the ring to me. I was on the stage, celebrating, then BUGGER!

He slams his fist into his palm.

Oscar Burns:

Nope. Had us all fooled. I was actually hoping Mikey would prove me wrong and that he'd just go to the back and live to fight another day. He fought so damn hard that I might have wanted to do it again... but instead he packed a sad and jumped me from behind, then threw me off the stage. And all he did was prove me right. That he's still the same bloody shitbag that he always was.

The crowd jeers him as he continues.

Oscar Burns:

And so, GCs, we've come to a bit of an impasse as to what happens next. Now, thankfully the good news... doctors have cleared me to compete tonight should I choose to do so. And thankfully... I do have an open challenge, but I have that with a caveat...

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The crowd boos at the song they haven't heard for some time.

Angus:

Here he comes, he's not even pretending anymore.

Unlikely comes through the curtain. He's wearing his ring gear and a Hollywood Bruvs T-Shirt. Microphone in hand the former #1 Contender is ready to talk. In the ring Oscar Burns looks unsurprised and unimpressed. The music cuts out quickly.

Mikey Unlikely:

I ACCEPT! I ACCEPT THE OPEN CHALLENGE! Ring the bell!

Mikey starts down the ramp towards the ring. The crowd is half booing Mikey, half cheering for the potential match.

The FIST of DEFIANCE steps towards Mikey with a handout.

Oscar Burns:

Whoa now, Mikey... see... Now you're gonna make me to be as big an asshole as you... okay, almost...

Unlikely stops on the ramp surprised by the objection. Fans laugh at him.

Oscar Burns:

I'm sure that you're expecting me to go all stroppy and take you up on your challenge, yeah? And when I was going to come out here and make this announcement, a big part of me knew you'd try to be the first one out here. See that caveat, Mikey... is that I'm challenging ANYBODY in that locker room to a FIST of DEFIANCE title match...

He pauses. Mikey points to himself and smiles.

Oscar Burns:

Anyone except YOU.

Taking a step back, Mikey shakes his head like he didn't hear correctly. Once more the fans laugh at Mikey. Burns presses on.

Oscar Burns:

You had people going for a while, GC, me included. You had people thinking you changed your ways and that you were wearing a white hat... but the only hat you have on is the one that... pardon my English... is the one where Angus Skaaland calls you "Full On McFuckass!"

Angus:

He's right! I say that!!!

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! Everyone know you can #MikeyMoney hats at MikeyUnlikely.com RIGHT THIS MOMENT! Even from your cell phone!

He points to a random fan in the front row.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey! Your phone too! You better get it!

He turns his attention back to the champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm here to finish the job I started at DEFIANCE ROAD! That Championship was THIS CLOSE.... TO being mine! I can taste it Oscar. I'm going to save you the spiel.

He gets dramatic.

Mikey Unlikely:

Why Mikey Why!? You were doing so good! Newsflash! Mikey does what it takes... Always has, always will! I can taste that championship and I want it NOW! You're laying out an open challenge, I'm here to accept. Mikey vs Oscar: THE SEQUEL! I'm ready, you're ready, the people are ready...

The people cheer as Oscar Burns looks around the arena.

Mikey Unlikely

That is what you want isn't it Oscar? You want to make the people proud! You want to be the greatest fighting champion DEFIANCE has ever seen! You want to be a man who backs down from no challenge, no matter how big or small. Nay nay! Not Oscar Burns Australian Sensation!

Mikey points to The FIST of DEFIANCE.

Oscar Burns:

For the absolute last bloody damn time... I'm Kiwi you DICK!

The crowd goes nuts, laughing at Mikey.

HE'S A DICK!

HE'S A DICK!

HE'S A DICK!

Angus::

HE'S A DICK! HE'S A DICK!

DDK:

Wow, that's quite a shift from the Oscar Burns we know. That's a man who won't turn down any challenge.

Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

And before you try and spin this as me ducking you or some bugger rubbish I know that you're gonna try and do... you were close, that we can agree on. You almost had me beat, but to bottom line this... you HAD your shot, GC. You LOST.

Burns presses on, now more full of piss and vinegar than before.

Oscar Burns:

You didn't like it that you lost, so you showed the world your true colors and shoved me off that damn stage. The same Mikey Unlikely who made life a living hell for DEFIANCE. The same Mikey Unlikely that helped the UTA try... and FAIL, I might add... to bring DEFIANCE to the ground and put us all out of a job. Let me ask you, Team Graps... is THAT the piece of garbage that you want with the FIST of DEFIANCE? Is that who you want representing the company? Yes or no, GCs?

And without missing a beat...

"NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

The loud chorus of "NO!" continues loudly as Mikey covers his ears trying to block out the noise.

Oscar Burns:

And after all that, you think that you're gonna be rewarded another title opportunity? If I'm the one that even gives you the chance at being the top man in this company, knowing what we all know now and knowing what you've done before when you've tried to get to the top... I might as well help kill DEFIANCE myself. I do what the people want... and they don't want YOU.

"Raise Your Flag" plays as Burns holds up the championship and waves "bye-bye" to the former #1 Contender.

Mikey backs up the ramp angrily. Stomping his feet a bit. Swearing to get to Oscar. Meanwhile, the champion raises the title and then leaves the ring, heading to the back.

DESIRE vs. THE CRESCENT CITY KID

With The Crescent City Kid already in the ring...

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

The lights flicker on and off and then a ray of dark blue and gold shine through as Desire walks out. Seen once before on DEFtv some time ago, she's 5'7" with long blonde hair, brown eyes and mild freckles. Her ring attire is gold and dark blue, as she wears a wrestling bra and long tights down to her gold boots. The Faithful give a cheer as some recognize her.

Darren Quimbey:

This opening match is for one fall. Already in the ring, The Crescent City Kid. Coming to the ring at this time, The Inclination of... DESIRE!

DDK:

This is Desire's re-debut here on DEFtv. She had a match at DEFtv 113 but then suffered an injury in training. Anyway, it's great to see her back and it sounds like The Faithful are supportive.

Angus:

I'm not really a fan here but The Crescent City Kid is a moron and Gulf Coast, well that entire time can rot in hell.

DDK:

So harsh.

Desire greets some people in the front row and then makes her way into the ring. Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Crescent City Kid sticks out his hand and Desire shakes it.

DDK:

These two are off! The Crescent City Kid flips over top of Desire and goes into the ropes. He hammers Desire with a shoulder tackle and to the mat, she goes!

The Crescent City Kid keeps the fast-pace action going. He jumps on the second buckle and comes at Desire with a knee strike. This puts the new female star back on the mat. The Kid leaps to his feet and bounces off the ropes as Desire gets up. He hits a hurricanrana and then a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Angus:

Not the start she wanted, that's for sure!

The Crescent City Kid runs into the second rope again and jumps. He changes his path in mid-air because Desire gets her leg up but CCK lands on his feet instead as the boot misses his neck by about one millimeter.

The masked wrestler spins Desire up and Irish whips her into the ropes. However, this time it's Desire who jumps over The Kid as he looked for a spinning heel kick. Desire goes off the next set of ropes and then The Crescent City Kid is met with a missile dropkick!

The member of Gulf Coast lands hard on the ropes and bounces off them. This surprises Desire and she's clobbered with a clothesline, flipping her inside-out. Both wrestlers fall to the mat.

DDK:

Fast and furious here but it's time to re-group. I wonder how The Crescent City Kid will do after that brutal beating he took from No Justice, No Peace on last DEFtv and then of course DEFIANCE ROAD...

The fans clap the two wrestlers to their feet. Desire ducks a roundhouse kick. She bounces off the ropes and slides through The Kid's legs. She takes her opponent's right arm and tucks it behind his back. CCK tries to break free but he's having a difficult time. He tries to hit Desire with his free arm but can't. He tries to turn around and get in Desire's face but he's also unsuccessful. Finally, he runs up the ropes and flips over top of her to a good pop! Yet... Desire is not to be outdone. She runs back up the ropes too, still holding on to The Crescent City Kid's arm and re-flips over him to keep the same hold applied! This gets an even better response!

DDK:

Very nice by Desire!

Again, The Kid tries all the same moves. He attempts to wiggle out and it fails. He attempts to hit her with his free arm and that fails. Out of options he runs up the ropes again...

BACKSTABBER by Desire!

Desire rolls to her side. The crowd sees The Crescent City Kid grabbing his back and rolling around in pain. She shouts to The Faithful and goes to the top rope. Looking for a big splash...

But CCK rolls out of the way! Desire gets up and right into a high knee from The Kid! Desire collapses to the mat. It looks to be over as the masked wrestler calls for a devastating move. He leans over to pull Desire up but he's met with a surprisingly strong forearm! A second forearm knocks him into the corner...

Desire rushes in at The Crescent City Kid, looking for a running splash in the corner but The Kid moves! Desire hits the ring post instead! CCK gets to his feet, he lifts Desire over his head and press slams her to the middle of the canvas!

DDK:

He's calling for his finisher, the Hurricane Press.

The Kid goes to the top rope. He flies off with an impressive looking 450 splash...

Into nothing!!

The Faithful cheer as Desire hits the ropes and drops the leg across her opponent's chest. Taking a deep breath she jumps on the top buckle and turns herself around. Without even measuring The Kid, she goes for it.

Phoenix Splash!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

DDK:

Wow, that was amazing!!

Angus:

Meh. I've seen better.

The fans give a great ovation to the female wrestler who seems overwhelmed by the kind response. She waves as she rolls to her corner and is announced as the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... DESIRE!!!

Desire gets to her feet and thanks everyone once more. By now, The Crescent City Kid has gotten to one knee. Desire walks over to him, her theme music closes for a moment.

Desire pats The Kid on the back. The Kid nods in return.

Angus:

Yuck, what garbage. Everyone is happy.

DDK:

A great show of sportsmanship, or sportswomanship in this case. Hopefully, injuries will not slow her down this time. Welcome to DEFIANCE, Desire!

DEFtv goes elsewhere as Desire's theme plays again and she celebrates walking up the ramp by simply thanking the fans.

QUESTIONS?

Cut to backstage.

Elise Ares, tapping away at her phone, stands next to the much larger Klien sitting atop an equipment case in the back halls of the DEFIANCE Wrestle Plex. Elise looks up from her mobile device briefly, glancing at Klien, who's eyes light up anticipating some interaction ...

Instead, Elise just sighs and turns back to her phone.

Klien shrugs and tucks his chin like a sad puppy as "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" walks into frame.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Elise.

Elise doesn't look up from her phone but responds, very unenthusiastically.

Elise Ares:

K...

She hesitates for a moment, as if she forgot what she was going to say after the name original escaped from her lips.

Elise Ares:

...erry? Yes. That's it! I do remember you!

Kuroyama: [encouraging]

... tough break with Blackwood. Strong run though. No one can ever take that away!

Elise suddenly looks up from her phone.

Elise Ares:

Who is trying to take it away!?! Tell me!! I'll call my lawyers, I'm not even playing around! I'll give you five dollars RIGHT NOW if you give me a name.

Klein perks up, hearing action may be about to go down. He looks around to make sure he has all of his things before being prepared to take off.

Kuroyama:

With the past few weeks being what they were, I wouldn't even know if someone was. After the suspension and then problems with your former tag team partner, I'm not really sure what gets you suspended and what gets you reinstated around here. I just wanted to let you know how impressed I was with your championship reign. It takes a lot to be here tonight after DEFIANCE Road.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE side eyes off camera then glances over her shoulder at Klein before looking the Pacific Blitzkrieg back in the eyes.

Elise Ares:

You're joking... right?

At a loss for words, Kerry simply lifts his arms and shrugs.

Elise Ares:

That was TOTES the greatest thing that has happened to me in MONTHS! Oh, you don't even understand!

Elise's excitement is infectious, she has so many thoughts coming to her mind, the fly by before she can focus on them long enough to say them out loud... leaving her standing there awkwardly hand gesturing with her mouth open for a few

seconds.

Elise Ares:

Okay, okay, okay. Look. You saw DEFIANCE Road, right? I DEFINITELY have a FIST of DEFIANCE shot against Oscar Burns. He said he would give me a title shot! I don't have to worry about people coming after me for the SoHer anymore, I'm a made woman! I walk down to the ring, I beat Oscar Burns, I leave here tonight with a new championship! I don't need that one anymore!

Kuroyama:

Well, more power to you... I suppose. Glad to hear you are moving on and you aren't being dragged down by the comparisons.

Elise Ares:

... the compar-a-what?

Kerry realizes he has said too much and rather exit the situation than expound.

Kuroyama:

Nothing. Forget it.

Kerry attempts to walk off but Elise isn't having it.

Elise Ares:

No no no no, you don't just drop a four-syllable word and walk away from the Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of ALLLLL time! To who? To what? YOU COME BACK HERE KERRY, I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!

Kerry stops and turns back.

Elise Ares:

I remember'd your name, Kerry. You have NO clue how big of a deal that is. You owe me. I almost called you Klein.

Klein shoots Elise a glare before she hand motions that they're always around each other. Reluctantly, Kuroyama attempts to explain himself without ramping this up anymore than he already has.

Kuroyama:

Ughh, sure ... I suppose. I mean, some people ... not myself ... some people, you know how the internet is - have suggested ... [sighs deeply] that although you beat his time ... you still aren't the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time.

Kerry lowers his head, deeply saddened that he ever decided to speak to Elise tonight.

Elise Ares:

Whuuuuut?!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style's jaw hits the concrete floor and Klein faints in the background. Elise quickly finds a half empty water bottle nearby so that she can drop it out of shock.

Elise Ares:

EXCUSE you? Did I bust MY ASS for over a year just for some fat, basement dwelling poors on the internet to say that I'm NOT the best of all time? I... a... surely those are just trolls, right Klein? Those internet jerks who go online just to say that Lake Placid VI wasn't a realistic portrayal of crocodile violence.

Klein doesn't respond, because he's unconscious.

Elise Ares:

No one in the world could POSSIBLY think that.

Kuroyama:

I've ... [sighs] I've said too much.

Kerry adjusts his bag over his shoulder and heads off to the locker room as Elise insists her point to herself more so than to the guy who brought it up.

Elise Ares:

Look, look... we'll go ask someone! KLEIN, WAKE UP. They'll look at me and say "You, of course! Also I love your shoes." and I'll show you that this is all just some elaborate ploy to try and make ME feel bad about how amazing I am today. Camera guy, follow me... I NEED VIDEO EVIDENCE and I'm a damn good looking shot.

As Elise rants toward the slowly disappearing Kerry Kuroyama, the incredibly unfortunate Christie Zane walks by on her way to the Interview Stage.

Elise Ares:

HEY, YOU THERE! I NEED YOU TO STOP IMMEDIATELY!

Christie double takes, assuming the former SoHer isn't talking to her but ... just to check.

Elise Ares:

You! Girl with the department store clearance section dress and twelve... actually those heels are really nice. Ew, but they're knockoffs. You really need to do better. Let me ask YOU a question for once!

Elise steps toward Christie Zane, nearly going chest to chest.

Elise Ares:

WHO ..

Elise cocks her head, bugs out her eyes, and speaks very slowly but emphatically.

Elise Ares:

... who is the GREATEST Southern Heritage Champion ... of ALL time!?

Christie parts her lips to answer but she is interrupted.

Elise Ares:

Wait, wait, wait. I know what you're thinking, it's me? But I don't want you to be swayed just because I'm standing in front of you. I know, I know... you're probably a big fan. Everyone is. Just try your best to be impartial.

The interviewer waits for Elise to finish speaking and opens her mouth a second time.

Elise Ares:

AND... bearing in mind, WHO ... is the LONGEST reigning Southern Champion of ALL TIME!

Christie Zane:

Well ...

Elise Ares:

Choose your next words ... WISELY! Think REAL hard.

Zane: [cringing]

Scott Douglas.

Elise Ares:

WHUUUUT!?!

Christie scurries off to avoid Elise's wrath. Klein holds the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE back to give Zane some space to getaway. The former Southern Heritage Champion is caught inside of both Klein's arms and her own emotion before she looks into the heavens for answers. After a couple of seconds, Elise regains her composure.

Klein:

Are we good now?

He releases her and she takes a step back and a deep breath.

Elise Ares:

I will not allow one... wrong opinion to deter us from what we know to be true. We just asked the wrong person, that's all. She's obviously just a mark for Scott Douglas. I heard that as... "You, but I think Scott Douglas is hot." or something. Why? I have no idea... but we've got a big night ahead of us, Klein! We've got A LOT of questions to ask.

Klein tries to talk some sense into the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style but ends up just dropping his arms and following as she swaggers off into the arena.

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THE EVIL WITHIN

With Lance Warner in the ring, the house lights dim and the camera focuses on the squared-circle.

Back from commercial, Lance Warner is already in the ring.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm hopeful to get some answers. Here to explain their actions at DEFIANCE ROAD, Tyler and Conor Fuse... The Fuse Bros.

Soft jeers start to fill the arena as an unfamiliar theme song begins over the PA.

[*♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge ♪*](#)

Angus:

Answers? I've got answers for you. The Fuse Bros. are amazing!

DDK:

I can't believe you've changed your opinion of them- *[stopping himself]*, wait, no, actually... I can.

The Gamers wait at least one minute before Tyler emerges from behind the apron and then Conor follows. Both are dressed in their wrestling gear while Conor wears The Bros. famous "SAVE THE DAY" t-shirt, only with the word "SAVE" crossed out in red printing and the word "CHEAT" otopop of it. Tyler, on the other hand, wears a new Fuse Bros. t-shirt reading "OBEY THE CODE" on the front and on the back are what seems to be a long list of cheat codes, with explanations about what each one represents. For example, "Left, Up, A, B, F, F, S = get title shot", "Right, Down, Down, S, T, F, U = win match", etc.

The Fuse Bros. march down the ramp and they don't seem interested in anyone. While Tyler is typically stoic, he would still take the time to smack a hand or two. Conor, while typically cheerful, would always say hi to everyone. Now, however, Tyler simply stares ahead at Lance Warner with a cold blooded look and Conor jumps up and down frantically, laughing and shouting rather hysterically while following his older brother.

Angus:

How did this guy ever annoy me? He's great!

The Fuse Bros. get into the ring. Tyler turns to Lance as the theme song closes but before he speaks Conor leaps into the middle of the canvas and tells Tyler to hold on.

Lance is puzzled as Player Two rolls out of the ring. He looks underneath the apron and pulls it back, digging deep inside and revealing the over-sized piñata Game Shark, the one he used on The WrestleFriends just a few weeks ago.

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Conor slides it into the ring and dusts off his hands. With a grin the size of the world, he enters back in as well and dances around obnoxiously. Still confused, Lance clears his throat and goes for it.

Lance Warner:

Tyler, Conor, thank you for joining me.

The Gamers boo in reply.

Lance Warner:

So I'll get right to the point. After over two years here in DEFIANCE and the incredible run you've been on... I've got to ask, why did you turn your back on The WrestleFriends like that and cheat to victory at DEFIANCE ROAD? That is so unlike what the both of you stand for!

Conor starts jumping around the ring celebrating the victory while Tyler walks up to Lance and leans in.

Tyler Fuse:

Stand for? What we *stand for*? Let me tell you something, Lance. My brother and I stand for the **exact** same things as we did before. And we did what anyone would have done given the same situation, we took things to the next level.

More boos follow. Conor stops celebrating and begins telling the people to shut up.

Tyler doesn't seem rattled. He looks at Conor and tells him to come over.

Tyler Fuse:

[To Conor] It's okay, man. We knew they wouldn't understand. See Lance, the past year hasn't been kind to us. We've had our battles and we've lost many in very underhanded ways. Enough was enough and my brother and I have seen the light, or should I say... the **darkness**.

DDK:

The darkness?

Tyler Fuse:

Remember those hooded guys? The descendants from The Reapers? We called them Resident Evils? Well, now it all comes full circle. They appeared because they wanted to show us the way, the way to survive around the NEW version of DEFIANCE. But my brother and I, we didn't listen. At least not until we ended them.

Angus:

I remember those guys!

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

Bravo, Angus. Bravo.

Tyler Fuse:

It took time. It took about a year. After we lost the tag team championsh- *[stopping himself]*, excuse me, *Achievements*, The Evils appeared and they tried to show us the new way. We had beaten this system once but we weren't going to do it again by the same methods.

Tyler takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother and I, we came in HOT. We won things we weren't supposed to way too fast. We carried the *Achievements* for over a year! And then it was taken away from us. Taken away by real stupid things. By a loaded rubber chicken. By a ring bell. And various other cheating methods.

Tyler looks coldly into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, meet our loaded rubber chicken.

He motions to The Game Shark.

There is a pause as Conor walks over to Player One and begins to mouth the last few words out of every sentence Tyler says.

Tyler Fuse:

After our loss to The WrestleFriends at Ascension we knew things needed to change. [Conor: to change!] We were sick and tired of being passed over. [Conor: passed over!] There were tag teams who didn't defined this division, like me and my brother, who got treated better than the two of us. [Conor: the two of us!] But we primarily had enough of

those two morons, Ryan Batts and Jack Mace, who call themselves "*WrestleFriends*". [*WrestleFriends*.] Goodie-two-shoes idiots who tried to make everyone reason with each other. [each other.] Did they think we'd be friends with No Justice, No Peace and the Gulf Coast Connection after talking to them? [talking to them?] This is DEFIANCE *Wrestling*. [DEFIANCE *Wrestling*!] Not DEFIANCE Friendships. [yeah!]

Lance Warner:

I think you misunderstood them. I don't think they were trying to make everyone friends. I think they were just trying to resolve-

Tyler cuts Lance off.

Tyler Fuse:

We didn't misunderstand anything. Just because DEFIANCE has been good to them and they haven't been screwed over yet- [*laughs*] well, until now.

Conor holds his hands in the air. He then picks up The Game Shark and swings it like a baseball bat.

Tyler Fuse:

We needed the victory and we took it by any means possible. And I've got a surprise for you, Lance. You think it was NJNP that attacked everyone during DEFtv 128? It wasn't.

Conor walks right up to Tyler, putting his head on his big brother's shoulder and giving a ear-to-ear smile.

Tyler Fuse:

It was us.

The Gamers boo even louder, although Lance seems confused.

Lance Warner:

But then who attacked you two?

Tyler Fuse:

You're an idiot too, Lance. Just like all these people. Did the cameras *catch* anyone attacking us? We faked it. And we assumed No Justice, No Peace wouldn't confirm or deny they were the attackers... setting things up perfectly for our victory at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Conor pipes in.

Conor Fuse:

And we would've taken The *WrestleFriends* out for good but they were lucky they got away...

Tyler Fuse:

Well, they didn't get away from that.

Tyler points at The Game Shark. Conor jumps up and down again, waving his hands in every direction. He kisses and hugs the shark.

Conor Fuse:

Oh you mean this.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, I do.

Lance interjects.

Lance Warner:

Tyler, if I may... I recall you seemed to hate these, uh, gaming things your brother gets into.

Tyler Fuse:

Lance, I don't give a damn anymore. If it comes at the cost of getting what we *deserve*, I'm all for it. Make no mistake... some of you thought my brother and I weren't on the same page. But we could never be more aligned. While I haven't always bought into Conor's... uh... "upbeat" nature, I fully support his decision to use that thing, or anything. The rules don't apply to us anymore.

Conor pushes Lance to the side.

Conor Fuse:

That's right. We've upgraded our system. The Fuse Bros. are no more. From now on we are to be known as Fuse Bros. 360.

Angus:

Fuse Bros. 360, that has a great ring to it!

DDK:

I can't believe you support this nonsense. Three weeks ago you were calling for The Fuse Bros. to be off television once and for all.

Angus:

That's Fuse Bros. 360 now.

Tyler Fuse:

And Lance, after our big victory, we're next in line. We're getting that title shot at DEFCON and we're taking the *Achievements* home, right brother?

Conor nods frantically.

Tyler Fuse:

One last thing--

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. ♪

The pop is enormous for The WrestleFriends as Batts and Mace make their way from the back. Mic in hand, their theme music closes quickly.

Ryan Batts:

You know what guys, we thought a lot more highly of the two of you.

Mace crosses his arms and nods behind his partner.

Ryan Batts:

What you did to us at DEFIANCE ROAD... and then admitting it was you who attacked Gulf Coast and attempted to take us out too, well, Jack and I just couldn't stand for it anymore.

The crowd cheers and begins a "WrestleFriends! WrestleFriends!" chant.

Ryan Batts:

So we've got a proposition for the two of you... tonight, we want our payback. You two didn't beat us clean and we're right there for the number one contendership, too. So tonight: The Fuse Bros. vs. The WrestleFriends!

The crowd is supportive of this, although Tyler and Conor don't seem to care.

Ryan Batts:

And if you win, well then myself and Jack Mace will go to BRAZEN and never get in your way again. That's how confident we are!

Conor whispers something into Tyler's ear. It doesn't take long for Tyler to nod in agreement.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, you've got a deal. Tonight The WrestleFriends can get their "revenge" on my brother and I.

The WrestleFriends look to head to the back before Tyler stops them.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh and you'll see how much "revenge" you truly get. From now on, my brother and I are two steps ahead of all of you!

Tyler drops the mic as Conor jumps up and down behind him, shouting at Batts and Mace it will be over soon enough.

DDK:

Big match made for the main event tonight... The WrestleFriends against The Fuse Bros.!

Angus:

That's Fuse Bros. 360! I love the Fuse Bros. 360!

DDK:

Seriously, I am so sick of you changing your mind the second anyone does something, uh... stupid.

Angus:

Stupid? As far as I'm concerned Tyler and Conor have totally won me over! That Conor used to drive me crazy but what can I say, I think I've done a 360 on him!

DDK:

You mean 180...

Angus:

Nope. 360!

The segment ends as The WrestleFriends continue to stare down their upcoming opponents for later tonight.

JACK HARMEN vs. MINUTE

DDK:

Ringin in our new year in DEFIANCE, we've got quite a match in store for you. If you saw UNCUT earlier this week on DEFonDEMAND...

Angus:

I'ma key your cars if you didn't....

DDK:

Not only did we see The Stevens Dynasty become combined World Tag Team and Trios Champs, but we also saw former BRAZEN star Minute recently graduated to the main DEFIANCE roster as of January 1st and he did that with a very impressive victory over the first-ever BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman! Minute now looks to make a HUGE mark on the roster, but the luchador now has a big test ahead of him when he goes on one against one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars in Jack Harmen!

Angus:

That's right! The Littlest Flippy-Doo is about to take on The Oldest and Craziest Flippy-Doo we have. I may key his car like all the time because I can't stop holding a grudge, but if there's anybody that can battle against any new age flippy-doo, it's the original one.

DDK:

And speaking of Jack! It is at this time, that I would like to welcome our newest member to the Defiance roster! Jack "Mad Dog" Valentine! Jack you weren't on our program here, but what the hell, make yourself at home.

Jack Valentine emerges from behind the curtain, receiving no pop or reaction at all. He looks around the arena confused as Keebler rambles through the introduction. He's dressed in his wrestling attire, albeit wearing a "Pooch is on the Loose" t-shirt. He motions for someone to move as he puts on a headset and sits down.

Valentine:

Wow. Uh. Thanks for having boys. I gotta say, I haven't been this underwhelmed in quite some time.

Angus:

Really? And why's that Mr. Mad Dog?

Valentine:

Jack Valentine is used to a much larger capacity crowd. This is a sickening reminder of my fall from grace. I've sold out stadiums. Madison Square Garden, Michigan Stadium, The Rose Bowl, The Cotton Bowl. Just to name a few.

DDK:

Uh huh. Right Jack. Well either way, it a pleasure to have you join us. Let's take it down to ringside with Darren Quimbey for our first match of the year. Minute goes one on one with Jack Harmen!

And to the non-DDK Darren we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall and is your opening contest of the evening! From Los Angeles, California. He weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventeen pounds... he is your Friendly Neighborhood Lunatic...

JACK, HAARRMEN!

A steam engine rumbles toward the screen on the DEFiatron.

"ALLLL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA..."

♪"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne♪

A light cloud of steam and fog surrounds the entrance ramp as Jack Harmen parts the smoke. He throws up his devil horn taunt, while wearing his new "CRISIS ON INFINITE HARMEN'S" t-shirt

Harmen takes a moment to soak in the cheers, before storming his way to ringside.

DDK:

"The Wildcard" Jack Harmen was almost our first ACE of DEFIANCE at one point, had it not been for Scott Stevens winning the match. Tonight, Harmen is looking to rebound with a win tonight, perhaps putting himself in contention for that or another championship.

Valentine:

Jesus. How old is this guy?

Angus:

I'm gonna key every mode of transportation this bastard takes. How dare he let a Stevens win a title here?

DDK:

The dominant Uriel Cortez mowing down both he and Scott Douglas through the barricade didn't help matters, either.

Harmen reaches ringside and climbs to the top turnbuckle, before throwing his devil horn taunt high above his head. With the cheers of the fans, he leaps into the ring and waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

â€œAnd his opponent... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 155 pounds, please welcome... **MINUTE!**

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

The music hits and out comes the twenty-one year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute, dressed radically different from six months ago when he made his last appearance in the States. Clad in a black get-up with a new spiked silver mask, he flashes a smile to the crowd. He takes off at turbo speed down the ramp. He jets up the steps, climbs the ropes, and then leaps from one rope, to the adjacent corner, then backflips into the ring!

Harmen himself looks a little impressed by the speed on display and mouths "eight out of ten" to his future opponent.

DDK:

As noted earlier, Minute looked amazing upon his return. He was offered a full-time roster spot back in June of last year after wowing BRAZEN fans in a short amount of time, but he opted to spend six months in Japan honing his skills. Now he's managed to blend some great striking into an already amazing aerial game and that's going to serve him well.

Valentine:

You call that silly backflip, "honing his skills"? He's just wasting energy, rookie mistake.

Angus:

I'm always happy when one of my kids in BRAZEN gets the call-up but The Littlest Flippy-Doo is being thrown in the deep end. And seriously, all that black and silver is unsettling.

Minute raises his hands and receives cheers from the fans while Harmen watches him. The TJ Tornado approaches Harmen with a handshake. The veteran takes the handshake and the crowd shows cheers as the bell rings.

DING DING!

As expected, the match starts rapidly, but it's Minute who goes on the attack with a boot to the gut of Harmen! He tries a whip, but the bigger Harmen shoots him into the ropes. What Harmen doesn't expect is Minute running to side and then running to the adjacent ropes. When Harmen swings and misses with a right, Minute keeps going, then runs to

the side to catch the ropes again. He slides through Harmen's legs on the return and goes for a waistlock when The Wildcard hits the ropes and clutches onto the top rope.

Minute rolls backwards where Harmen tries a big move...

DDK:

LOCOMOT... NO! Minute saw it coming! And look at that escape!

Harmen goes for his signature Yakuza Kick when Minute ducks underneath, does a pair of front roll-ups across the ring and then slings into the middle rope where Harmen charges. Minute slips between the ropes and then rolls to the floor and as The Wildcard turns... BAM! He gets caught with a Running Penalty Kick to the chest, courtesy of the TJ Tornado! Harmen doesn't go down, but he clutches his chest in pain and when he turns back to face the ring, Minute goes FLYING with a top rope Asai Moonsault all the way to the floor! The Faithful start going crazy!

Angus:

WHOA! Not even gonna front, that was pretty dope.

DDK:

And the crowd loves it! Minute is young. He's twenty-one years old, but he's polished. He's been practicing lucha libre since the age of nine!

Valentine:

Seems to me like this crowd and maybe even you fellas don't get out much.

DDK:

Do you say anything positive?

The replay on the DEFIATron shows a few replays of the amazing dive as Minute catches his breath. He helps Harmen to his feet and then throws him back into the ring before leaping onto the top rope, landing on his knees, then rolling forward into a modified Slingshot Senton across the chest! He goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Minute almost with the upset right there, but Harmen kicks out... now he goes to the floor!

Angus:

Harmen getting out-flipped is pretty amazing!

Valentine:

I don't think so. Harman's AARP Carr just fell outta his drawers!

Minute watches Harmen roll to the floor, but doesn't look deterred as he feeds the fans with a wave of his arms, getting them to cheer. He speeds off one set of ropes and looks for a Suicide Dive through the bottom and middle rope... but Harmen catches him! He almost stumbles back from sheer speed, but catches Minute and spikes him on the floor with his patented Corkscrew Suplex!

Angus:

Minute has experience, but he was too caught up and Harmen made the Littlest Flippy-Doo pay for it!

DDK:

That nickname's gonna stick, huh?

Angus:

Oh yeah.

Harmen takes a couple seconds himself since both men hit the mat, but Minute got the worst of it. He then takes Minute and throws him back into the ring. Harmen gets some cheers from the crowd as a groggy Minute tries to stand, only to get caught with the Springboard into the Lou Thesz Press! Harmen goes wild on Minute with a volley of right hands to wear him down and then stands up, taking The Sky High Kid with him. With another hook, he DRIVES Minute down with a vicious Neckbreaker and then finally goes for a cover on the minute Minute.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Minute gets the shoulder up, but now he's where he doesn't need to be... Harmen in control!

Angus:

Now what's he going for?

Harmen takes Minute with him and then whips him to the corner, following him in with a Running Forearm to the face that rattles the former BRAZEN turned DEFIANCE star. Minute slumps over as Harmen takes his time before whipping him across the ring again. He's right behind Minute, but The TJ Tornado wakes up and goes THROUGH the middle rope! Harmen puts on the brakes and then tries to catch Minute with a shoulder, only for Minute to once again slip through his legs. Harmen tries to sit down and catch him with a cradle pin, but Minute just manages to roll, then catch Harmen with a solid kick!

DDK:

Real fancy footwork from Minute there!

With Harmen stunned, he grabs the head of the veteran and tries for an Asai DDT, but Harmen hangs onto the ropes, sending Minute behind him. He boots Minute and looks like he's gonna try for his signature Sliced Bread #3, but Minute shoves him off and sends Harmen crashing into the ropes before Minute leaps up against the ropes and DRIVES him down with a modified Springboard Tornado DDT!

DDK:

Interceptor! He just dumped Harmen on his head with that modified DDT reversal! Minute now going for the win!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Angus:

Harmen had him going for a bit, but Minute is just coming right back!

DDK:

Minute now trying something...

Valentine:

Just give him a minute.....really nothing?

Minute throws a couple of sharp kicks to Harmen's chest to make sure he stays down, and then heads out to the ring apron. He leaps up to the top cable, jumps over to the adjacent one and tries a Springboard Triple Jump Moonsault, but Harmen moves! Minute lands on his feet, but when he comes back, Harmen sidesteps Minute, shoves him into the ropes and then snaps him back in one full go with a Briding German Suplex!

DDK:

What a series of moves? Is that it?

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out and rolls off to the side, but Harmen still has hold of The TJ Tornado by the waist. He clubs Minute in the back of the head and then tries to hook both arms for the likes of his Hypothermia... and CONNECTS!

DDK:

Harmen lands Hypothermia!

Valentine:

He lands what!?

Angus:

I don't WANT him to freeze to death, I just want to key his belongings. Is that too much to ask?

Harmen goes for another cover on Minute.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Two big maneuvers right there by Harmen, but Minute is fighting back! Can he bounce back?

Harmen shakes his head and holds up three fingers at Benny Doyle, but he still can't believe he's out. Harmen then decides he's going to go for broke and then picks up Minute before dropping him with a slam.

DDK:

Harmen going up top now, what does he have planned?

Valentine:

A plan at his age, probably don't die.

Angus:

Well, when Flippy-Doos start to Flippy-Doo, what the hell do you think they're gonna Flippy Do? See what I did there?

The crowd starts to take pictures in preparation for Harmen's next move... He takes flight with the *****/2 Star Frog Splash...

DDK:

No! Minute just barely out of the way! Harmen catches himself and rolls!

Angus:

Minute's back up!

Minute catches the returning Harmen with a Jumping Knee right under the chin! The blow stuns Harmen and leads to him jumping again, catching Harmen with a Neckbreaker of his own! Harmen goes down and after Minute leaps back up with a kip-up, he rushes off the ropes to connect with a Running Shooting Star Press! He covers after the series of big moves!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

The crowd deflates once again, but Minute now has the chance to look at Benny Doyle and under his mask, there's no doubt he's in shock as well.

DDK:

The first show of the New Year is an exciting one!

Angus:

Now Minute's gonna try and do the Ultimate Flippy something and trust me, he knows lot of that crap.

Valentine:

You're killing me, really.

Minute goes to the middle of the ring apron and leaps to the top, but his signature Springboard 450 called the Minute Detail misses as Harmen now moves! He watches quickly as Minute rolls out of the move and lands back on his feet, but when he does, Harmen catches him with a sharp Thrust Kick sending Minute stumbling to the ropes! He has him locked in his sights...

DDK:

Locomotive pulling into the station!

Angus:

Oh, gag me...

He rushes forward again, but Minute sidesteps it, then rolls Harmen up into a modified Schoolboy, then shifts all his weight so it's all across both of Harmen's legs when stacked!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Harmen finally powers out...

But it's too late! He looks at Benny Doyle, while Minute sits up, his visible mouth showing disbelief... then elation when he has his arm raised!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MINUTE!**

DDK:

He did it, he did it! Harmen had him all but beat with the Locomotive, but Minute shifted that into that modified Schoolboy-type pin and stacked him up for the win! What a HUGE upset!

Valentine:

I wouldn't call it that much of an upset. It's not that Harman isn't talented. It's that he's an old fart!

Angus:

The Littlest Flippy-Doo out-WRESTLED the Original Flippy-Doo, that's what happened?!

Minute can't believe it, but he smiles and pumps a fist before leaping into the sky. He then crawls to where Harmen still

sits in disbelief and holds out a hand, grateful for the opportunity. Harmen takes a second to take in the situation and then offers up a fist bump instead to the former BRAZEN star. The crowd reacts as the two show a sign of respect and Minute leaves the ring, allowing Harmen the space so he can go to the back and celebrate a massive start to his DEFIANCE career.

Valentine:

Listen to these people. Cheering for this guy like he took down a legend. This was nothing but an assault on the elderly! Come on Angus, Keeps, someone help this old timer up the ramp!

Harman reaches the top of the ramp and glances over at the announce team. Valentine is now standing during his rant and Harman clearly hears everything. Valentine and Harman make eye contact.

Valentine:

What's wrong grandpa!? You hurt your hip?

Harman goes back at Valentine, but it's inaudible. Valentine swiftly takes off his headset and walks over to Harman. You can see the two exchanging words as the attention is now off of Minute and onto this confrontation! Valentine suddenly shoves Harman and he stumbles back, but keeps his footing.

DDK:

Oh come on Valentine! He just had a match!

Harman rushes Valentine and nearly flips him over the announce table as the two tussle and fight each other to the ground. Officials from the back come out and try to separate the two. Harman backs off immediately but Valentine is wild. He can be seen swinging wildly as several officials restrain him. Harman shouts something, but it's told to go to the back and he does so, keeping an eye on Valentine. Eventually Valentine relents and exits the stage off to the side and disappears through the crowd and the exit.

DDK:

Well a true class act there by newcomer Jack Valentine. A feeble attempt to make his presence known, as he does nothing but make an ass of himself.

Angus:

Nothing worse than a new guy coming in and shitting in everything he sees. I hope he can at least back up his outrageous disrespecting mouth... then again, he's bagging on Harmen, so...

CHARACTERS UNLOCKED: THE COMMENTS SECTION

The scene is Tyler and Conor's locker room. Conor's sitting on the bench, phone in hand, looking it over while Tyler stands focusing on the upcoming match.

Conor Fuse:

Wow, this is amazing!

Tyler Fuse:

What?

The camera focuses in on what Conor's viewing. It's a YouTube video of himself hitting Jack Mace with The Game Shark from DEFIANCE Road. Tyler wanders over to have a look. What would normally be a face of frustration turns into a slight, cocky smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

That prick had it coming.

Conor agrees.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sick of these *NPC* teams coming in, thinking they are better and getting support from The Gamers. We're the original tag team. OG. Tonight we will finish these clown shoes off once and for all.

Tyler pats his brother on the back. He begins to move away but he's stopped as Conor becomes even more amused.

Conor Fuse:

Ohhh look at these idiots...

Conor says, clearly going through the comments section of the video.

Conor Fuse:

It's like they all hate us now.

Tyler Fuse:

They *do* hate us. You heard those boos earlier. They're all a lost cause. We are doing what everyone else would have done...

Conor nods rambunctiously and points to the screen.

Conor Fuse:

I guess it's not all bad. Look at this. Some guy named MagnumG keeps defending us. He's all over everyone! This guy loves it!

Tyler can't help but allow his gaze to loom over his brother's shoulder once more. All Tyler sees is the comments section riddled with MagnumG remarks, all derogatory to varying degrees and all with unlikes. Conor slides his hand down his phone and taps the *like* button beside the most crude comment, upping the count from zero to one. Like magic, the door to their locker room swings open and a rather unique fellow saunters in.

Malak Garland:

Ahhhhh, after ten thousand years, I'm free! Hey, what's going on guys?

The Fuse Bros.' eyes widen at the sight of this character who randomly appeared.

Conor Fuse:

What?

Malak Garland:

Nevermind. Inside joke.

Tyler snaps his fingers.

Tyler Fuse:

What are you doing here?

The man replies.

Malak Garland:

I'm Malak Garland. Snowflake generation representative extraordinaire and I see you're watching a video of you both becoming major bosses! Thanks for liking my comment! About time someone noticed! You see, I pride myself on my online presence. Too many people think they're so righteous on the internet posting positivity and whatnot but I take it upon myself to put everyone in their places, knock them down a peg and make their business, mine.

Malak certainly has a unique look with his silver floppy hair, tattered tank top, tribal themed wrestling tights and shiny black boots.

Malak Garland:

I plan on recruiting all the Keyboard Warriors as possible to join my cause. So, if you don't mind...

Malak leans over Conor and scrolls through more comments on the phone.

Malak Garland:

Could you just like this comment and that one there, please?

Without much hesitation, Conor shrugs his shoulders and likes the pair of comments as requested. Suddenly, a large, intimidating man and a rather snide looking woman join Malak at his sides.

Malak Garland:

May I introduce to you Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames. Together, we're The Comments Section and we're about to take DEFIANCE by storm. Thanks for unlocking us.

The trio begin to exit the room but not before Malak leans back towards The Fuse Bros. one last time.

Malak Garland:

And don't forget... There's always something to be said in the comments section!

The new trio leave but not before Malak gets a wink in. Conor looks up to his elder brother.

Conor Fuse:

What the hell was that?

Tyler Fuse:

I don't know.

Conor grins sadistically.

Conor Fuse:

I kinda like them.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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SIMPLY THE GREATEST

As we cut back from commercial we see Lance Warner standing at the interview stage.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time. The Stevens Dynasty

The crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

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

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Cary along with The Stevens Dynasty as they show their identity the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

Whether you love them or hate them, The Stevens Dynasty continued to prove that they are the top tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling as they retained their tag titles and regained the trios championships at DEFIANCE Road.

Angus:

I despise these inbred fucks Keeps.

Cary leads the charge as his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

Angus:

And that fucker, I wish he would die already.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George hold up the hardware as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty showing why they are the best team.

Angus:

If you bring a couple of pigs and goats I'm sure we would have new champions Keeps..

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up towards the interview stage. They climb up the stairs to a waiting Lance Warner and Cary is quick to the draw as he starts speaking.

Cary Stevens:

Oooooweeeee!!!!

Cary shouts loudly with a huge grin on his face.

Cary Stevens:

Can you feel that Lance?

Cary asks the interviewer as the crowd tries to drown Cary out.

Lance Warner:

Feel what sir?

Lance politely asks as Cary shoots him a look of confusion.

Cary Stevens:

Greatness Lance. Greatness.

Cary replies as Lance now looks confused.

Lance Warner:
Greatness?

Lance asks and Cary nods.

Cary Stevens:
That's right Lance because standing before you is the greatest tag team not only in the world, but my boys are the greatest tag team DEFIANCE has ever had!

Cary says with confidence and the Faithful boo at the mention of Stevens and greatness in the same sentence.

Lance Warner:
That's a pretty big bold statement.....

Lance begins to say but Cary cuts him off.

Cary Stevens:
Bold?

Cary says with a sigh.

Cary Stevens:
Lance, Lance, Lance. You're still not seeing the truth when it's staring straight in your face. My boys have dominated the tag scene in DEFIANCE since day one. Lance, tell me.....who is the team who unified the DEFIANCE and UTA tag titles?

Cary asks Lance who sighs before giving his answer.

Lance Warner:
The Stevens Dynasty.

Cary cups his ear with his hand.

Cary Stevens:
Can you repeat that? I didn't hear you.

Lance Warner:
The Stevens Dynasty.

Lance repeats his answer and Cary nods.

Cary Stevens:
What team also unified the tag and trios titles not once, but twice!

Cary says emphatically as he holds up two fingers and Lance sighs once more.

Lance Warner:
The Stevens Dynasty.

Lance replies and Cary's smirk grows wide.

Cary Stevens:
After all that, wouldn't you say we are the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history?

Cary asks and Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

It's hard to argue because you make valid points.

Lance replies and Cary nods.

Cary Stevens:

Exactly because The Stevens Dynasty is the absolute best! We are simply too good for everyone and it doesn't matter if you're a team we've beaten on the main roster, the BRAZEN roster or if you're an outsider feeling a little froggy. Because if you decide to jump in the water won't be fine and you will swim in the agony of defeat just like everyone else.

Cary boasts with a nod.

Cary Stevens:

We are not going anywhere and neither is our titles so you filth and every other piss poor team around the world better get used to The Stevens Dynasty continued dominance into the year 2020.

Cary says as he tosses the microphone towards Lance before exiting the stage.

Lance Warner:

The Stevens Dynasty.

The Faithful shower the Stevens Dynasty with hatred, but they only smile and respond by holding up their championships as we cut to ringside.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. ELIJAH CROSS

Back at the announcer booth we see Angus and DDK as expected.

DDK:

Well Mikey Unlikely wanted a match earlier with Oscar Burns.. He didn't get it, but he does get a match with BRAZEN Superstar Elijah Cross tonight.

♪"Blunt Blowin" - Lil Wayne ♪

A red carpet flows down from the entrance way as the crowds begin their negativity. It isn't long before Mikey Unlikely makes his way through the curtain onto the ramp.

DDK:

At DEFIANCE ROAD we saw this man come VERY close to walking out with the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Close isn't good enough Keeps! This isn't Horseshits or hand grenades.

Mikey soaks in the boos before making his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following matchup is set for one fall! Making his way to the ring from Hollywood, California. Weighing in at 235 Lbs. He is the self proclaimed "World's Greatest Sports Entertainer!" MIKEEEEEYYYYYYY UNLIIIIIIIKEEEEEELLYYYYYYYY

The former FIST #1 Contender wipes his feet on the ring Apron and steps through the ropes.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...already in the ring... From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 225 Lbs. ELIJAHHHHHH CROOOOSSSSSSSSSSSS

The bell rings and Mikey and Elijah begin to circle one another. Mikey steps forward first and the pair lock up. Mikey forces Elijah into the corner and official Carla Ferrari asks for a clean break. Cross puts his arms up but Mikey slaps him hard in the chest before backing away. He shakes his hand from the pain as Cross holds his chest. Charging from the corner Elijah catches Mikey off guard and takes control with a series of chain wrestling moves.

DDK:

Size wise this is about as good of a matchup as you'll get in DEFIANCE. Both guys evenly matched.

Angus:

Except only one of them went to wrestling school, which is evident by what we're seeing in the ring right now.

Cross takes Mikey to the mat and begins to work the arm. Clearly outmatched the Hollywood star inches his way to the ropes with his free arm. Carla is forced to break the hold giving Unlikely the opportunity to go outside for a breather.

Cross gives chase but Mikey was ready for him, lying in wait around the corner post. He comes up with a vicious clothesline before rolling into the ring to break the count. Mikey then moves to the ring apron and as Cross begins to get to his feet, Unlikely dives with the double ax handle smash. Collapsing Elijah on the outside. After arguing with some fans and dropping a couple of boots on his foe, Mikey pushes him back into the ring.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely looking for the cover here...

One...

Two...

Kickout!

DDK:

Doesn't get him!

Mikey locks in a sweet headlock on his opponent to try to take whatever life was left in him. As Official Carla Ferrari gets into position Mikey puts his feet on the ropes for extra leverage. As his grip tightens the additional flailing of Elijah gives pause to Ferrari. She looks back but Mikey has pulled his feet off the ropes. The whole cycle happens another two times before he's caught, admonished, and forced to break the hold or be disqualified.

DDK:

You don't wanna get on the wrong side of Referee Ferrari!

Angus:

McFuckass hasn't been on anyone's good side since he was kissing Kendrix's ass.

Unlikely takes a breather in the corner as Cross makes it to his feet. Cross comes across the ring looking to surprise Mikey but he can't quite pull it off.

DDK:

Mikey moves! Elijah Cross eats turnbuckle. Mikey now running off the ropes, he catches Cross with a running neckbreaker. He's softening him up for the Roll Credits!

The fans boo as Mikey has the advantage. Mikey walks over to Cross and grabs a leg. He reaches down to grab the other leg as well but Elijah grabs him just in time to take him off balance and roll him up. The referee slides into position.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Angus:

AHH, Almost got him!

DDK:

Both men get up now and Unlikely is livid! Forearms, lefts and rights. Mikey sends Cross of the ropes and on the return.... He picks him up...Manhattan Drop! Inverted Atomic Drop! Whatever you wanna call it.

Angus:

The Guatemalan Goozle Buster!

Elijah Cross is rocked but not dropped. Mikey reaches up grabs his hair, and pulls his head back.

DDK:

He's got him set up!

Mikey Unlikely lands the Roll Credits in the middle of the ring. He then goes for the cover and hooks both legs.

One...

Two..

Three!

The Bell Rings and Mikey hops up and demands his hand raised.

DDK:

That's going to do it for that match! Mikey Unlikely picks up the victory!

Darren Quimbey gives the formal reading to the fans, by then Mikey is celebrating on the second rope, motioning that the title should be around his waste. The fans boo in response to his win and even more when the theme song plays again

♪"Blunt Blowin" - Lil Wayne ♪

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely looking possibly more focused than ever before, since his last FIST OF DEFIANCE Match.

Mikey gets out of the ring and makes his way to the back. He looks angry but accomplished. He looks at the camera before he heads through the curtain one last time and says:

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm coming for the FIST!

We cut to the next segment as Mikey walks through the curtain.

MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN!

As we cut to the stage we see numerous men wearing black suits, black sunglasses and flesh colored ear pieces come from the back and align themselves along the entrance ramp.

Angus:

The hell is this, Keebs?

DDK:

I have no idea, Angus.

As Angus and Keebs try to figure out what is going on the DEFIATRON comes to life as the Seal of the President of the United States appears on the screen.

♪ "Hail to the Chief" by James Sanderson ♪

Angus:

HE'S HERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

Lance Mikes?!?!? I didn't know he signed with DEFIANCE.

Angus:

No, you idiot! The man who made America great again!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Mr. and Mrs. Trump.

The reaction is mixed from the Faithful as an exotic beauty wearing a stunning red dress that puts Salma Hayek at the Golden Globes to shame steps onto the stage.

DDK:

Wait a minute...

Angus:

That's not Melania Trump.

DDK:

That's...

However, before the identity of the woman can be revealed the reaction from the Faithful turn to utter hatred as Scott Stevens steps from the back.

Angus:

That son of a bitch! He had to ruin this.

Stevens looking presidential in his custom tailored, navy colored suit and red tie stops near the woman and looks among the Faithful and waves while mouthing, "thank you." Stevens turns his head and kisses the woman and a golden waterfall of pyro flows downward behind them. Scott Stevens and his lady head down the ramp before stopping midway as fireworks and confetti shoot off all around the Wrestle-Plex. His security detail tense up and turn toward the sound of pyro only to realize there is no threat.

Scott reaches the end of the ramp and turns left and heads towards the interview stage where Lance Warner is waiting for him. As Stevens and his lady are climbing up the steps Lance introduces him.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, the ACE of DEFIANCE Champion, Scott.....

Stevens stop him before he can finish and says something to him.

Lance Warner:

Correction, the TRUMP of DEFIANCE Champion, Scott Stevens.

Stevens mouths thank you while the Faithful let the Texan hear it.

Scott Stevens:

How you doing, Lance?.

Stevens asks as the interviewer looks puzzled.

Scott Stevens:

You look a bit confused. Were you expecting someone else?

Lance Warner:

Actually, yes.

Scott Stevens:

And who exactly were you expecting?

Stevens asks and Warner raises his microphone to reply.

Lance Warner:

The Trumps.

Scott Stevens:

They're here.

Stevens says as he points to himself and his lady and Warner smirks.

Lance Warner:

No, the President of the United States and the First Lady.

Warner replies and Stevens and his lady start laughing. The Texan continues to laugh until he can compose himself.

Scott Stevens:

That's a good one, Lance, because why would the President want to come to this shithole?

The Faithful get rabid and begin to chant Stevens' favorite chant.

Scott Stevens:

I mean if he wanted to play fooseball with the Waterboy and have sex with his sister then you come to the Big Sleazy.

The Faithful get more rabid as they let the Texan here it even more.

Scott Stevens:

I told everyone that when I win the ACE of DEFIANCE championship I was renaming it to the TRUMP of DEFIANCE because I *TRUMPED* everyone to win it.

Stevens says with a nod as the fans boo louder.

Scott Stevens:

I proved that the most powerful card in the deck wasn't the ACE, but the TRUMP card.

Stevens says with a smirk and a wink.

Scott Stevens:

Standing before you Lance is Mr. and Mrs. Trump of DEFIANCE.

Stevens says before leaning over and kissing the lady.

Scott Stevens:

My wife and I are here tonight for one thing and one thing only.

Lance Warner:

Which is?

Lance asks before the Texan shouts aloud.

Scott Stevens:

TO MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN!

Angus:

Good grief.

The Faithful boo as Stevens looks around stunned.

Scott Stevens:

I guess you filth like mediocrity, but I don't! I have a higher standard.

Stevens nods as his wife smiles and claps loudly.

Scott Stevens:

You see, since my time as the FIST I have gone on and done other things like win the tag titles, trios titles, the Trump of DEFIANCE championship. You know, dominate DEFIANCE Wrestling since I've come here and let others have their shot at the big top and while I was letting others play in the sandbox I was not liking what I was seeing when I returned to my castle.

Stevens says with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

The FIST of DEFIANCE championship hasn't been great for a long time now and you've had people hold it that aren't worthy.....that aren't great enough to call themselves the FIST.

Stevens says as the Faithful continue to drown out the Texan.

Scott Stevens:

You can boo all you want, but the last great FIST was Dan Ryan and you all know it.

The Faithful cheer at the mention of Dan Ryan.

Scott Stevens:

When I got here your pathetic little champion was Cayle Murray.

The crowd cheers loudly.

Scott Stevens:

That's the same Cayle Murray who barely survived two matches with me and that was enough for another cliffnote champion, Oscar Burns, to win it from him.

The Faithful cheer and chant Burns' name.

Scott Stevens:

You cheer for a man that I made famous.

Stevens says as the Faithful boo.

Scott Stevens:

I made him somebody when I beat the shit out of him and said, "Fuck DEFIANCE." I made him his biggest payday ever when I carried him to relevancy to Maximum DEFIANCE and do what I've always do and that's whoop Oscar Burns' ass.

The Faithful boo and chant the Stevens chant.

Scott Stevens:

You see Oscar Burns became the FIST before me, but it wasn't until I took it from him that I proved who was the TOP GUY in the company. I continued to prove this defeating everyone that challenged me, and he couldn't stand it and had to get in my business and if it wasn't for him being pinned by Kendrix I would still be your FIST of DEFIANCE champion!

Stevens shouts before calming himself.

Scott Stevens:

However, in my absence as the FIST it has proven that you truly need me as your champion because Kendrix's reign was obviously a snooze fest, totally obvs. Oscar Burns' won it again, did you know that? Yeah, the majority of people have forgotten who the FIST is because Oscar hasn't done anything to capture and maintain their interest. This is the ADHD generation and their attention changes every five seconds and you been the champion for over six months, but you still aren't THE TOP GUY around here because I am.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

And I have taken it upon myself to re-elevate that championship you've been dragging through the abyss of already forgotten reigns and shine a light upon it so it can be worn proudly on a true champion again.

Stevens says with a short pause before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar. Lance. Filth. Keebs. Angus. Slutty Evans. DEFIANCE. I'm here to make the FIST great again!

Stevens shouts as he gives the President Nixon salute as the Faith rain down boos.

DDK:

Well, it looks like Stevens is making it clear he wants to be the FIST again.

Angus:

Good grief.

Stevens and his wife share a final kiss as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

MORE QUESTIONS?

In the back Mikey Unlikely is hunched over a drinking fountain. He takes a drink and spits it everywhere.

Mikey Unlikely:

This isn't Fiji water! This tastes like Katrina water!

A voice pierces through the relative silence like a knife.

Elise Ares:

Ugh, tell me about it, I've been telling them to keep the locker room stocked with only Fiji Water for MONTHS. If that bitch tells me it's not in their budget one more time... I'm just going to buy my own and bring it with me like a poor or something.

Klein:

Which one is "that bitch" again?

Elise Ares:

Ugh, I don't know Klein... you know how I am with names. Oh, Mikey, I know you're busy trying to "prove your worth" and all that "super important stuff" but...

Klein:

Elise, you're doing air quotes with everything you say again.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stops her thought, and purposely puts her arms behind her back to prevent further slip ups.

Elise Ares:

Anyway, like I was saying, I'm s... sorry that I interrupted you, but I REALLY need to know. You've been around here for a long time, yeah? Think about ALL the Southern Heritage Champions you've ever seen, okay, and TOTES keep in mind things like... attractiveness, and... length of reign. Who is the GREATEST SoHER of all time?

Mikey:

MIKEY UNLIKELY! I'm glad you asked!

Elise Ares:

YOU?! But you're not even a HER!

Elise's reaction isn't exactly as negative as one might expect, even making Klein look a little confused over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Meh, whatever... I'll take it. If one more person tells me Scott I'm going to fire my agent.

Mikey:

Scott!? Stevens!? HA! No way, Mikey Unlikely is the greatest champion of every champion because after I win the FIST OF DEFIANCE from Oscar Burns I will be the greatest Grand Champion of them all!

Elise Ares:

...Right. Who in the hell is Scott Stevens? Is he some kind of pre-record keeping bear wrestler or something? I'm not great with names. The answer is me. It always has been me. It always will be me... I just don't get it. Am I on Impractical Jokers or something, Klein? C'mon big guy, I have an idea that'll GUARANTEE that I'm not going to get Punk'd by these tricksters! I'm WAAAAY too smart to fall for this prank.

Elise Ares pats Klein on the arm and they begin to walk away from their former SEGmate. Mikey takes a moment to shake his head before raising a cupped hand over his mouth, grabbing the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style's

attention before she gets too far away.

Mikey:

OH! you mean Scott Douglas? Well since I was the greatest Hollywood Heritage champion ever, I guess that COULD make him the best SOHER.....I don't know!

Elise Ares:

Are you fucking KIDDING me?!

The sound of equipment scattering onto the floor erupts in the distance as a huge grin comes across Mikey Unlikely's face. An object smashes into a wall repeatedly as Mikey turns his back and walks away, and the scene fades to the next.

SCROW vs. AARON KING

Already in the ring is Aaron King is stretching waiting for the newest Defiant to arrive.

♪ *Death Angel by The Enigma TNG* ♪

The DEFIatron shows a field of yellow grass as it pans out, the camera pulls away from the tron showing Scrow standing in a scarecrow pose, on the stage below the tron. The stage floor area is engulfed in yellow smoke. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, the shot is able to catch the tron behind him.

On the tron the back of Scrow's head is on the tron, and he quickly turns his head in the mask he is currently wearing to the ring with a sadistic smile with his name in jagged lettering next to him appearing on the tron.

Darren Quimbly:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ...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 and then climbs the turnbuckles. He stands on the top turnbuckle and does another scarecrow pose this time a spotlight from behind him shows a shadow on top of King of a scarecrow.

The lights return and he hops down from the turnbuckle staring across the ring at King. He slowly removes the mask revealing his deformed left side of his face, and on the right side is all painted like an actual scarecrow.

DING DING

Scrow and King circle the ring, they lock up and Scrow quickly transitions into an armbar, King quickly reverse it and elevates Scrows arm. Scrow struggles a bit before reversing it and quickly putting his back foot behind King's knee and bringing him down to a knee. Scrow quickly drops his weight. He transitions it into a chicken wing. King struggles to reverse it, he manages to swing his legs in front of him from the mat. He arches up putting his weight on Scrow to get to a vertical. He quickly drives his free arm into an elbow to the skull a few times on Scrow.

DDK:

King looking for an escape here.

Angus:

Eww elbows into that ugly mug of Scrow.

The pressure lightens and he is able to take Scrow to the ropes and twist sending Scrow through the second ropes to the floor. Scrow gets up, and notices the Faithful applaud by the sight of him. He turns around and King is airborne as he dives through the second ropes into a suicide dive colliding with Scrow on the floor. Aaron gets to his feet getting the Faithful behind him. He picks up the prone Scrow and slides him in the ring. Scrow staggers to his feet as King slaps a few Faithful hands he hopes on the apron and enters the ring through the second rope as he moves to Scrow...

POP!

DDK:

What a kick!

Angus:

Someone come down to the ring and bring back Aarons head.

Scrow with a very loud sound roundhouse kick the drops King quickly.

Scrow takes a moment to recover and King looks to be out of it. He looks out into the crowd for some sort of approval

and gets no response whatsoever. Scrow starts shouting out into the Faithful.

Scrow:

Not even a response for Scrow, sure you cheered for him!

DDK:

It appears Scrow is wanting some sort of validation from the Faithful here tonight and he is not getting the response he wanted.

Angus:

Why would he want such a thing, these people are not worth the trouble.

He continues to repeat himself until he gets worked up into a frenzy, King has gotten to his knees and Scrow quickly grabs him. He slaps King's face across his knee and quickly follows on the ricochet upward with a vicious lariat he hooks the leg and covers.

DDK:

He calls that The FearFall!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Angus:

The freak makes quick work of Aaron but not to the response I guess this walking disease wants.

♪ *Death Angel by The Enigma TNG* ♪

Darren Quimbly:

The winner of the match....SCROW!

The Faithful send out the boo birds toward the seething Scrow, who continues to repeat what he said earlier. He exits the ring before his hand could be raised. The camera catches more audible from him.

Scrow:

Scrow will show you all!

DDK:

Scrow clearly not even happy with his win here tonight.

WRECKED I

The camera heads backstage just outside of the locker room where one of the newest stars of the DEFIANCE roster has himself a Snickers bar, treating himself to a job well done tonight by scoring no doubt the biggest win of his career over Jack Harmen.

That man is Minute.

The black and silver-masked luchador comes fresh out of the locker room wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans, fresh off a shower. Unpeeling his candy bar, the young daredevil has himself a rest against the wall.

Christie Zane:

Oh hello! Minute, right?

The luchador looks up to see Christie Zane talking to him and smiles her way. He waves.

Christie Zane:

I was hoping that I could get a word with you regarding that HUGE win tonight over Jack Harmen.

He nods in agreement.

Christie Zane:

So... you've beaten the former BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman on UNCUT. Then you beat Jack Harmen tonight! You've been doing well for yourself...

WHAM!

Christie Zane nearly gets bowled over and the camera catches a glimpse of Minute going FLYING across the hall and crashing hard on the floor! Zane scrambles against the wall and rushes over to check on Minute when the camera catches a glimpse of somebody towering over the fallen luchador...

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez.

The seven-foot one (AND A HALF!) giant looks down at the body of the former BRAZEN star, who now struggles to get up. Another set of footsteps follows behind him.

Junior Keeling.

Junior Keeling:

This just in, Christie. URIEL CORTEZ is who you need to be talking about now. You want a scoop? Here it is?

He grabs her microphone and pulls the camera up close, focusing on the fallen body of Minute, still struggling to stand.

Junior Keeling:

We don't care if you're new or if you've been here since day one... The Titan of Industry was ROBBED at DEFIANCE Road. He did ALL the work in that Ace of DEFIANCE match and was without question, the most dominant force in that match. DEFCON is looming and before long, Uriel Cortez... AS PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY KEELING... will be wearing gold.

Uriel grunts at Minute while Junior reaches down to pick up the Snickers bar and puts it in his breast pocket.

Junior Keeling:

When The Family Keeling is hungry, we don't wait, we eat when WE want to.

Uriel casts one last glance at the luchador, holding his chest as he and Junior leave. Christie Zane looks over at Minute.

Christie Zane:

Minute... are you okay?

He nods, but not before gritting his teeth after having been bounced across the floor. He stares in the direction The Family Keeling walked off and suddenly, a voice clears behind him.

Elise Ares:

Tough break there, but you... you appear to be one of my people.

The camera pans to see Elise Ares now standing between Minute and Christie Zane. She looks over at Zane with a look of disdain.

Elise Ares:

I have nothing to say to you. But my masked friend here, I have a question for. As a fellow incredibly famous masked competitor myself I feel obligated to get your opinion on a subject. WHO do you think is the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of ALLLL time?

Minute looks both confused and seething in pain.

Elise Ares:

Me? That means me, right?

The silver-masked luchador grabs the back of his head and walks away, as Elise Ares shoots a glare back at Christie Zane.

Elise Ares:

This is all YOUR fault, isn't it? I've got my eye on you, cheapskate.

Elise makes a motion to her eyes and then points back at the interviewer as she storms off in the opposite direction, leaving Christie alone with just a microphone.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

PREP WORK

In the locker room we see one of the rising stars of DEFIANCE Wrestling, Dex Joy, fresh off a win of his own over Shooter Landell at DEFIANCE Road 2019. Starting the new year, he wasn't in action tonight however he was there for his friend who started in BRAZEN during the last episode of Uncut.

Dex Joy:

Hey, Nate, you ready?

The blue chipper called Nathaniel Eye was taping up each of his wrists for what was to come.

Nathaniel Eye:

Piece of cake Dex. I beat Thomas Slaine and I think I can beat this guy they got. Carny Sinclair? That name can't mean anything good, right?

Dex Joy:

Considering this business used to be built on carnies trying to dupe stupid people, that pretty much tells you enough about this guy. But still my friend, be on your guard tonight. I want you to win and maybe they'll get you a shot up here at the big time.

Nathaniel Eye:

Well thanks for your help broseph. I'm sorry that you weren't scheduled tonight.

Dex Joy replies with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

Dex Joy:

No worries it is okay. I was kept off the show tonight to rehab my elbow. Between Shooter Landell taking a chair to my elbow and then what he did during DEFIANCE Road I won, but he took a bit out of my elbow.

Nathaniel Eye:

Yeah but you busted your ass and then kicked his up and down the arena. Him and that Adler guy so that's awesome.

Joy smiles brightly.

Dex Joy:

Damn right I did! The good news is I should be cleared in the next few days. You seriously take care of yourself tonight though. I've only heard a little of this Carny Sinclair guy ... rumor is he works in a pretty gritty wrestling style. He can hurt you so don't give him an inch.

Nathaniel Eye:

Oh, don't you worry about little old me, Dex. He won't get an inch ... but he'll get a whole size thirteen up his ass if he tries anything with me.

The two men bump fists and then Eye stands up.

Dex Joy:

I'll be watching closely my friend. Good luck!

Nathaniel Eye:

Thanks Dex ... thanks for having my back and thanks for helping me get here.

Eye leaves and Dex nods and looks happy for his friend's massive opportunity to impress against a DEFIANCE Wrestling newcomer.

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

Cut to the ring in a large sweeping shot. Darren Quimbey stands at the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO!

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCTOR VAAAAAACCIIIIOOO!

In the smoky distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. The reigning BRAZEN Champion makes his way down the ramp dragging the BRAZEN title, gripped by the strap at waist level, with zero fanfare or even the simplest acknowledgment of the event surrounding him.

DDK:

Victor Vacio, the extremely deviant and dangerous BRAZEN Champion ... we have seen nothing from this man short of an extremely destructive lack of respect for anything and everything...

Vacio takes the steps up and into the ring as the camera cuts back to the stage as the piano music fades out.

Angus:

It's great isn't it.

DDK:

Before you get too excited ...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite at the sound of grunge once again playing over the Wrestle-Plex PA system.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSS!

Douglas takes the stage.

DDK:

This Wrestle-Plex audience is on their feet for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Douglas looks out to the crowd for a second from atop the stage. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, same cut off jeans and

the same scuffed boots.

Angus:

I can't discount Scotty, even if he is a discount Kurt Cobain, but Victor Vacio gives *ZERO GORRAM* fu --

DDK:

Angus!

Douglas reaches the ring and enters as Vacio lingers in the corner. Scott plays it up for the Faithful for a moment before the music fades out and it's go time.

DING DING**DDK:**

Benny Doyle calls for the bell and we are in for ONE hell of a match!

Vacio and Douglas lock up in the middle of the ring, each struggling for the advantage over the other. Vacio breaks the tie up, shoving Douglas back when he can't seem to gain an advantage. The pair repeat the process and this time it's Scott Douglas shoving off Vacio. They each take a second and reaccess.

DDK:

Vacio and Douglas are measuring each other up here. Neither man wants to make the first mistake and loose the, yet to be obtained, advantage.

Lock up. Douglas spins around Vacio grabbing a waist lock. Victor stretches up and over Scott's head and senches in a standing side headlock, bringing Douglas around to his side. Scott spins out with a top wrist lock but Vacio is able to rotate duck under and get the arm wringer. Vacio spins once more doubling down on the pain before backing Scott into the ropes and sending him for the ride.

DDK:

Douglas of the ropes!

Vacio leaps and Douglas ducks and follows through. On the return, Vacio eats a shoulder tackle and crashes to the matt. Scott hits the perpendicular set of ropes as Victor flips to his stomach. Douglas steps over and is into the ropes again. Victor hops to his feet and catches Scott off the ropes with a hip toss. Vacio stays on Douglas laying in a few boots as Scott attempts to roll away. Vacio pulls him back to his feet and and quickly sets up and executes a crisp snap suplex. He floats over, maintaining his grip and pulling Douglas back up.

DDK:

Another suplex!

Rinse, repeat.

DDK:

And another!

Angus:

Killer play by play, Keebs. Next level...

Darren ignores Angus. Likely for the best.

DDK:

Victor Vacio making no attempt at a pin here.

Angus:

Oh, he isn't done yet. Scotty better buckle up ...

Victor pulls Douglas up once more and sends him into the corner with force. Douglas barrels into the turnbuckle chest first as "The Lost Cause" follows closely behind; driving a sharp elbow to the back of the head. Scott slumps face first in the corner, arms draped over the top ropes.

DDK:

Scott Douglas ... might be out cold here!

Angus:

V for Vendetta here doesn't play around, Keebs!

He doesn't and he isn't done... though he does take a moment to admire his handy work before spinning Douglas around. With Scott's back now against the turnbuckle, Vacio launches him toward the opposite corner. Victor once again takes off full speed behind him but Scott Douglas has a sudden wherewithal to make a move.

Scott drops down and baseball slides under the bottom rope before careening into the turnbuckle but Victor doesn't have time to react. He meets the padded steel buckle chest first and is send stumbling backward.

As soon as Douglas' feet hit the floor he turns about, hops to the apron and springboards back into the ring delivering a missile dropkick to the wobbly-legged Vacio. It's all pretty impressive.

DDK:

OH MY! Scott Douglas still has some gas in the tank!

Angus:

Of course, he does, Keebs! Scotty doesn't know the word quit. Even when he should ... that and you don't get hair that greasy without working at a full-service gas station in 1954.

DDK:

Can you ... wait, what!?

Douglas makes a quick pin attempt but it doesn't even register as one count.

DDK:

Looks like Victor Vacio has ...

Angus:

Yeah, we get it. Gas. Tanks. Cliches.

Both men return to their feet, Vacio with vitriol but Douglas has the lead on him and Vacio walks directly into a stiff clothesline. This isn't enough to stop "The Lost Cause," though and he is back up as soon as he hits the canvas. He swings a lariat of his own but Douglas is on his A-game now, he ducks under turns and leaps ...

DDK:

Standing dropkick by Douglas and Victor Vacio finds himself right back where he started.

Scott pulls Vacio up by the back of his jet black mask and pulls him into a front chancery.

DDK:

Scott Douglas may be looking to put this one away!? Could this be the Sub Pop Suplex!?

Angus:

Would you look at this shit ...?

The Faithful have noticed what Angus' is commenting on and turned their attention away from the match. The camera is slow to catch up but do so to surprisingly show Elise Ares and Klein amongst the Faithful.

Angus:

Don't tell me she has a mic!

DDK:

Well ...

Before Darren can confirm, Elise handles it.

Elise Ares:

Obviously, we just weren't asking the *RIGHT* people, Klein!

Klien nods in agreement while in Elise's eye line but the second she turns away he shrugs with uncertainty.

In the ring, Scott Douglas has obviously noticed this distraction and let loose of Victor Vacio. Douglas takes to the closest set of ropes to Elise's crowdsourcing with an inquisitive look.

Elise Ares:

So, with no other choice, here we are amongst the Aresites. Our adoring fans! You ...

Elise addresses a male fan, who is too concerned with getting some camera time to notice right away.

In the ring, Benny Doyle urges Scott Douglas to continue the match as Victor Vacio has retreated to the corner, recovering. Douglas motions toward the nonsense going on in the audience, questioning Doyle's demand.

Elise Ares:

HEY! Hey ... this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, pay attention!

He does. A bit confused but still ...

Elise Ares:

Now, give me your honest opinion; *WHO* is the *GREATEST* Southern Heritage Champion ... of ALL TIME?

Without hesitation.

Male Fan:

"SUB POP" SCOTT! YEAAAAH!! HEY ASHLEY! MOM! ROB!

Elise's face shows signs of a quiet rage ready to boil over but she tamps it down and snatches the microphone away from her first public attempt and tries again. This time with a female fan. Girl power, after all.

Elise Ares:

Miss ... would you please be as kind to tell everyone here in attendance and watching on ELISEonDEMAND ... *WHO* is the *GREATEST* Southern Heritage Champion ... of ALL TIME?

The female fan thinks for a moment.

Angus: *[gitty]*

Say Scott. Say Scott ... pleeeeeease.

Elise Ares:

What are you waiting for!?!

The female fan is obviously taken aback at Elise's outburst. Over the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE's shoulder; so is Klein. This is not lost on the former SoHer and she quickly walks it back.

Elise Ares:

I just mean ... we don't want to hold up the show or the *ammazzzing [sighs]* Scott Douglas' match against black face. So, miss ... Goddess. Queen. One of my own, the most beautiful people on the planet ... *WHO* is the --

The fan gets it. She's heard the question. At this point it's uncertain if she is answering honestly or if Elise's frustrated outburst has simply drawn a line in the sand.

Female Fan:

SCOTT! DOUGLAS!!

Elise Ares:

You STUPID BIIIIIT --

Klein softly places his hand on Elise's arm and lowers the mic from her mouth. The Faithful pop and attention is quickly turned back to the ring.

DDK:

Victor Vacio with the ROLL UP!

ONE!

TWO!

...

NO!

DDK:

Douglas kicks out!

Douglas' kick out sends Vacio backpedaling into the ropes.

Elise out in the audience is furious that the attention has been taken away from her, on top of the fact that once again she did not get the answer she was after from anyone. The production features a quick shot of her storming off with Klein before turning around and going back towards the Faithful. Klein grabs her and pulls her towards the exit before focus returns to the ring.

Scott kips up as Vacio uses the momentum to his advantage and charges full speed ahead. Douglas swings a while lariat but Victor ducks. Vacio turns on a dime, rather than continuing through to the ropes.

As Scott turns around he is blindsided by a vicious Super Kick.

Angus:

Holy shit!

Scott's head cocks back and his body goes limp, collapsing to the canvas. It's all academic from here.

DDK:

Vacio makes the cover!

Scott's well within range to grab the ropes and break the pin.

ONE!

Douglas' hand twitches slightly.

TWO!

...

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

You winner ... by way of pinfall, the reigning BRAZEN Champion ... "THE LOST CAUSE!!" VICTOR ...
VAAACCCCIIOOOOO!

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Scott Douglas is lifeless as Vacio gets back to his feet. Benny Doyle attempts to raise his hand in victory but he snatches his hand away and intimidates Doyle causing him to bail out of the ring. The timekeeper returns the BRAZEN title to Vacio as Doyle attempts to check on Douglas leaning in from ringside.

DDK:

What was shaping up to be one hell of a match ... seems to have been tainted by Elise Ares' misguided mission for popular opinion to land on her side.

Angus:

Normally, I would disagree, Keeps ...

DDK:

And ... ?

Angus:

And what?

DDK:

Normally, you would disagree ...

Angus:

Correct.

DDK:

And ... !!?

Angus:

And what!!?

DDK:

For the love of God ... Let's go to the interview stage!

he's trying not to.

Gage Blackwood:

Don't get me angry...

DDK:

You're going about this all wrong, Gage. It's not that The Faithful don't respect you. We all know you're good. Hell, you're great! It's that they don't like you... they don't like who you've become-

Angus:

Careful, I think he heard you...

And indeed, Blackwood did. He marches over to the edge of the rampway, across from the announcers table and looks straight at DDK.

Gage Blackwood:

You got something to say to me, huh?

DDK turns around to look at the champion. Before he can say anything though, the Scot continues.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm sick and tired of you mouthing off to me. You haven't spent a *minute* in my boots. This is what's wrong with society... it's what's wrong with all of you. You sit there on your soap boxes and you point the finger. You don't look at yourself first and wonder if there's something *you* could have done better. Darren, these people used to boo me *before* I got injured. They started to turn on me before I backstabbed The God-Beast. They said I was boring. They don't remember a god damn thing I did for them! How I defended them when UTA invaded us! Instead, they flocked to idiots like Oscar Burns. Elise Ares. Scott Douglas. AND I HAVE PROVEN I AM BETTER THAN ALL OF THEM!!

Blackwood hops down the ramp and marches over to the announce table in his full rage mode.

Gage Blackwood:

A'M BETTER THAN ILKA SINGLE BODY IN TH' BACK!!! AH WULL CONTINUE TAE RAMMY TH' RIGHT WEY!
HOWFER DARE YE SAY ANYTHIN' TAE ME!! YE DINNAE KEN ME!! YE HAE NA BLOODY WANKER!!

Angus:

You tell him, Gage!

Blackwood is about to grab DDK's neck but he's stopped in his tracks by Angus' comment.

Gage Blackwood:

And you... you. You used to call me *The Walking Band-Aid*, I haven't forgotten about you...

♪ "Born in the U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

Blackwood instantly turns around to the entrance. The fans cheer as BRAZEN wrestler Levi Cole appears on the rampway beside Adler and Landell. Mic in hand, Cole speaks.

Levi Cole:

Real easy for you to pick on the announce team, big man.

Blackwood shouts off Scottish slang towards Cole.

Levi Cole:

Well, I'm here for your challenge. You say you want to be a fighting champion, right? I'll take you on later tonight for that title.

The fans cheer as Blackwood heads towards Cole's direction.

DDK:

Thattaboy Levi!

Levi Cole:

The door is open for BRAZEN wrestlers to come in here and make an impact right now and I can't think of a better way than taking that title away from such an undeserving champion.

Cole gets a big pop for those comments.

Gage Blackwood:

Oh, I don't back down from anything. You're on... and I'll do the exact same thing I did to Mushigihara, I'll banish you back to BRAZEN after tonight.

Blackwood grins as he walks over to Adler and Landell. Cole's music plays again as he poses for the crowd while the scene goes to the announce table.

Angus: *[trying not to laugh at DDK's expense]*

Wow, you really wimped out there with Blackwood in your face.

DDK:

I wimped out? He was yelling at you too...

Angus:

Oh, please. You're the one who called him The Walking Band-Aid...

DDK:

[sigh]

Angus:

Well, we have a title match later tonight! Can't wait for Levi to get his too! Ha ha!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

CARNY SINCLAIR vs. NATHANIEL EYE

DDK:

Coming up next is a double debut pitting a new member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster against a member of the BRAZEN roster. It'll be DEFIANCE star Carny Sinclair against the blue chip Nathaniel Eye. What can you tell us about these two, Angus?

Angus:

I've heard Carny Sinclair has a bad reputation in other wrestling circles while Nathaniel Eye just defeated Thomas Slaine on Uncut last week. Eye looks good, he can work the microphone and he just needs experience, but this Carny dude ... I am not so sure.

DDK:

We're going to entrances now for Nathaniel Eye and Carny Sinclair with that match up next!

♪"Drive It Like You Stole It" by Glitch Mob♪

The first of the two stars emerges to a polite cheer from the crowd. After a big win on Uncut against Thomas Slaine and a pep talk from his friend, Dex Joy, the pretty boy called Nathaniel Eye heads to the ring and throws his t-shirt into the crowd to reveal a chiseled eight pack.

♪Beat the Devil's Tattoo by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club♪

Next comes Carny Sinclair who looks out to an unsure crowd before he smiles and focuses on his opponent. Eye doesn't look impressed by the somewhat lanky opponent now entering the ring.

The two newcomers stand in opposite corners of the ring, with Nathaniel Eye bouncing athletically from side to side, clearly eager to start the match. Contrastingly, Carny Sinclair leans back against the turnbuckles looking at Eye with a small smirk and a calm disposition.

DING DING!!

Eye bursts out to the center of the ring immediately at the sound of the bell. Carny cranks his neck and slowly cracks a few fingers as he walks to meet him. The two lock up and Carny is immediately thrown backward by the much more physically impressive Eye! Carny hits hard and rolls back over his shoulder to a knee. Eye flexes and rallies the crowd while Carny nods slowly and rubs the back of his neck.

DDK:

Nathaniel Eye just launched Carny Sinclair halfway across the ring!

Angus:

He sure did! Eye is a blue chipper and that's like high praise coming from me considering I can usually find something wrong with somebody pretty quickly.

Carny is back to his feet now. Eye is standing in the center of the ring gesturing for Carny to lock up again. Eye snatches a side headlock immediately after the second lock up and wrenches away on Carny's head. Carny tries to reverse, but is wrenched back down. Eye takes two elbows to the gut! Carny rears back for a third but Eye cranks the headlock tighter and Carny's hands go to pry the larger man's arms from around his head. Having no luck prying the hold loose, Carny reaches up and puts a fist into Eye's throat, pushing him back toward the rope. He attempts to launch Eye off to the far ropes, but Eye puts the brakes on hard and wrenches once more. Eye's confidence is building, evident by his big smile and yells to the crowd. As he is playing to the crowd, however, Carny lifts up his right foot and comes crashing down with the heel into Eye's toes! Eye yells out in pain and releases the hold, hobbling on one foot momentarily. Carny grips the back of Eye's head with both hands, yanks his head down, and connects with a vicious series of knees to his chest and face, dropping him to a knee. Carny launches himself against the near ropes and comes charging back with a thrusting boot to the side of Eye's face!

DDK:

Well that turned around quickly!

Angus:

He stomped the man's toes! I like this guy already.

Carny places some calculated boots to the downed Eye, stomping at his legs, arms, body, and face as Eye moves along the mat. Eye makes his way to the ropes for assistance, but Carny puts his knee in the middle of Eye's upper back, pressing his neck against the middle rope. He grabs the rope on either side of Eye and yanks up hard, choking him! The referee begins the count for Carny to break.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Carny breaks the choke just before the five count and gets an ear beating from the referee. Carny flashes a wide smile and mockingly nods his apologies. He goes for Eye as he pulls himself up by the top rope, but Eye meets him with a stiff kick to the gut that drops Carny to knee. As Eye moves toward him, Carny launches his head into Eye's stomach and doubles him over! Carny makes his way to his feet slowly as Eye gasps for air. He grabs him by the head and runs his eye across the top rope! He follows up by grabbing Eye by the head and connecting with two crisp headbutts that stagger him to the corner. Carny grabs the top rope and starts laying heavy boots into Eye's gut, breaking just before the referee's five count once more! Eye is standing but slumped in the corner. Carny makes his way to the corner and lifts both of Eye's legs so that the shins are tucked on the middle rope, trapping his legs. He pulls Eye's left arm behind the top rope and drives his elbow into Eye's head repeatedly, again ignoring the referee's count until just before the five count. Eye tumbles face first out of the corner, crashing to the mat!

DDK:

Sinclair is showing some very unorthodox offense here in his debut. Nathaniel Eye is in a lot of trouble!

Angus:

That's Nathaniel's real weakness is experience. And this weird scrappy style that this Carny guy has apparently!

Eye makes it to his hands and knees, but Carny grabs him by an arm and yanks it out straight. On that exposed side, he alternates kicks to the chest and boots to the face, straightening the arm after each few strikes to lift Eye's torso up for more. He releases Eye's arm and moves down towards his legs, grapevining one and applying an STF! Eye yells out in pain and reaches for the ropes, but is too far away. Carny's wrenches away on the hold, but Eye refuses to tap. Carny's eyes narrow menacingly before he switches tactics.

DDK:

He's fish hooking him! Come on, referee! Do your job!

Angus:

He's got 'til FIVE!

Carny cranks hard on the fish hook, wrenching Eye's head violently to the side. The referee yells for Carny to release the hook and administering the five count yet again. Carny, per usual, let's go at 4.5 and goes back to the traditional hold. He alternates between the hook and the hold, much to the agitation of the referee. Throughout this, Eye has slowly pulled himself toward the rope and manages to grab the bottom, forcing the break, again after a dangerously close five count. Eye clutches at his mouth, checking for blood and the referee backs Carny off to check on him.

Eye pulls himself to his feet and Carny prowls toward him. As Carny is about to reach him, Eye forcefully pushes him

back, sending Carny several staggering steps back. Eye walks toward the center and Carny charges at him, but Eye deftly side steps. As Carny turns around, Eye scoops him up and slams him down to the mat hard! Eye then picks him up again and slams him a second time! Carny rolls back back to his feet and throws a punch that Eye blocks, returning with one of his own that sends Carny back down to the mat! Carny scrambles to his feet, but Eye launches him with an irish whip to the far side.

DDK:

Look at that dropkick!

Eye leaps into the air with impressive agility and connects with a solid dropkick to Carny's face, sending him crashing to the mat. Eye is fired up now, yelling to the crowd and receiving some love back. He shakes the cobwebs for a few seconds and checks his mouth once more. As he approaches Carny, he is met with a few shots to the stomach, but he largely shrugs them off, slamming a double axe handle down across Carny's upper back. He yanks Carny back up to his feet and then throws him off the ropes into a spine buster!

DDK:

That spine buster could finish him!

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Angus:

That was a close one!

Seeing another opportunity for himself, he locks in a full nelson! He goes to lift Carny for the slam, but Carny wraps his leg inside on of Eye's! That buys Carny just enough to time to drive his heel into Eye's toes three swift times and break free. Carny charges the far ropes, ducks a clothesline on the return, and come bounding back with a flying headbutt that connects squarely with Eye's jaw!

DDK:

Suicide Headbutt! Eye is out cold!

Angus:

DAMN I THINK HE'S OUT!!!!

Eye crumbles to the mat, clearly unconscious. Carny clutches at his head and bangs his feet against the mat briefly before rolling over and hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!!!

With Eye still clearly unconscious on the mat, Carny stands over him, grabs both his arms and starts driving boots into his chest! He drops to a knee and connects with vicious punches and elbows.

DDK:

Hey! What's he doing?! He won the match!

Angus:

Pretty sure it's called "making a statement" Keebler!

DDK:

Wait, wait ... here comes Dex Joy!

Dex Joy comes running down the aisle! Carny sees him coming and quickly runs just as the power house from Los Angeles hits the ring. Eye is clearly hurt but Dex Joy keeps one eye on his friend while he watches Carny Sinclair head back up the ramp looking pretty happy with himself winning in his debut.

DDK:

One night in and Carny is already making enemies. No doubt we'll be seeing more of this as this unfolds.

SCROW LIKES A SINCLAIR MATCH

As Carny steps through the curtain, a voice in the darkness quickly grabs his attention.

Voice:

They refuse to accept us.

Carny looks around and spots a man half clouded in darkness, it looks to be Scrow judging by the still fresh scarecrow style face paint from earlier in the night.

Carny:

...

Scrow:

Scrow offers you an offer to rid DEFIANCE of its newest sparrow.

Carny stares into the darkness for a moment. Not even responding to him, Carny walks off leaving Scrow to sulk in the darkness.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH OF THE BRAZEN



This YEAR ... DEFCON Night ONE IS CLASH of the BRAZEN - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!

WRECKED II

“We’ve done all we can tonight, son.”

“I guess... but don’t you think Uriel can wreck a few more people for fun?”

The scene opens to voices heading out one of the back entrances towards the parking lot.

The Family Keeling - both Thomas and Junior to be precise - along with “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez, taking one last look at the building behind him while wheeling his massive luggage across the pavement.

Thomas Keeling:

I already spoke with Ms. Evans earlier tonight, son. I understand that DEFIANCE will be hosting a match of some sort with possible title implications for DEFCON, but right now we need to wait. Trust me, we’ll be watching closely and we’ll get a title opportunity, just you wait..

Junior Keeling:

I guess. I was really hoping Uriel could bounce somebody’s skull off the pavement for my amusement.

Behind them, Uriel snaps his fingers as if to say “yeah, darn!” as they approach the limo. The Family Keeling’s personal driver opens the back door.

Driver:

Mr. Keeling... Mr. Keeling... Mr. Cortez.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, James. Anybody feel like dinner? I read up on a great steakhouse with some nice wine earlier today we could try...

Uriel nods behind him. Before Junior can answer...

Junior Keeling:

OW! THE HELL?!

The younger Keeling gets knocked on his ass by an unknown assailant! Uriel and Thomas turn around...

And standing behind the limo now is Minute!

Junior growls and starts to pick himself up when Minute holds out the Snickers bar from earlier.

Junior Keeling:

You son of a...

He starts to approach Minute when Uriel stops him with a hand. Thomas and Junior watch the towering figure meet Minute, growling under his mask with a tire iron in his free hand as a weapon. Uriel starts to adjust the tie on his collar and starts to undo it as he speaks.

Uriel Cortez:

My friend... you want a fight, huh? Well, I like this particular tie so give me a second...

The tie comes off calmly. The Titan of Industry then starts to slide his jacket off and hands the massive coat to Junior Keeling. Then he slowly unbuttons his cuffs and then the shirt sleeves start to get rolled up, revealing a tattoo sleeve underneath on his right arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Okay, little man...Minute, right? You still want to do this?

Minute clutches the tire iron closer and smiles under his mask, nodding. Uriel chuckles.

Uriel Cortez:

You know... The Keelings taught me the art of the deal... You want to do something about earlier and show you won't be pushed around. I get it. How about a counteroffer?

Minute says nothing as Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

UNCUT... you and me, one on one in the ring. What do you say?

He holds his massive hand out to the young luchador, who looks at both a grimacing Junior and a curious Thomas. Then back to the giant.

He offers a hand back and shakes on it. Minute goes to pull away and Uriel lets him without any sort of aggression.

Uriel Cortez:

You have guts, little man. I'll see you on UNCUT.

Minute looks back to the Keelings, then right at Junior as he smirks with the recovered Snickers bar from earlier and leaves. Thomas watches Minute head back into the building.

Thomas Keeling:

That was diplomatic of you, Mr. Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

Like I said, Mr. Keeling, he has guts... and I'm gonna smear the canvas with 'em.

Thomas softly taps a fist on his arm.

Thomas Keeling:

That's our guy. We make an example out of him and anybody else that thinks this won't be your year, Mr. Cortez. All right, gents. Let's get some steaks.

One by one, The Family Keeling and their giant get into the limo and the camera watches it drive off into the night as the scene heads elsewhere.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. LEVI COLE

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen this match is for one fall and it's for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first, the challenger! From Omaha, Nebraska... BRAZEN star, LEVI COLE!

♪ "Born in the U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

Cole comes out in his regular BRAZEN attire. He is polite to the fans and smacks a few hands before making his way down, rolling into the ring and raising his arms with a friendly smile.

DDK:

Without question, Cole's biggest match in years!

Angus:

Too bad it'll be so short!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell, from Edinburgh, Scotland, he is the NEW Southern Heritage Champion... GAGE BLACKWOOD!!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

Blackwood walks out, title around his waist. He sports his normal wrestling tights with the same t-shirt on during his promo. Halfway down the ramp he tosses the shirt to the floor and then reaches the apron and slides into the ring, giving the referee his title and looking at Levi Cole with nothing but disdain.

DDK:

Whatever he said to me earlier will not take away from my broadcasting. I said it before and I'll say it again, Gage **is** a star. He's just adopted this piss-poor attitude and I don't care for it at all.

Angus:

Well, I do! And it isn't piss-poor. It's brilliant!! He wrestles WITH a chip on his shoulder. Can't everyone see that!? God!

The ref gives the title to the time keeper and the bell sounds.

DING DING

Blackwood ties up with Cole. Cole is able to work Blackwood into an arm lock and then a double leg takedown, into a headlock. Blackwood slams the mat with a free hand and tries to get to one knee. Once he makes it to one leg, he hammers a few elbows into Cole's stomach and breaks free. Blackwood bounces off the ropes but he's met with a great looking overhead belly to bell suplex! The fans cheer loudly as Cole stands up and goes right back to it. He measures Blackwood and hits him with an arm drag. Then with another arm drag. Finally, he throws the champion to the mat again with a second double leg takedown and turns it into a waistlock.

Blackwood struggles to get up this time. Clearly, he's a little more frustrated as he looks at Adler and Landell on the outside. Blackwood rolls underneath Cole and Irish whips him to the ropes. He sticks his knee out and catches Cole, as the challenger tumbles head-over-heels to the canvas. Blackwood smacks his hands clean.

Angus:

There we go, get back in this thing!

Blackwood rushes towards Cole but Cole moves. Instead The SOHER goes into the corner but he's able to stop his momentum at the very last moment. He turns around and right into a high knee from Levi and then a belly to belly side suplex! The fans cheer as they can sense Blackwood is either overmatched by Cole or underestimated him... or both. Blackwood gets up and rushes at Cole, this time being whipped into the ropes and met with a hip toss! Then another arm drag... and finally a third belly to belly suplex, into a pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Blackwood rolls out of the ring but Cole goes right after him. He hammers three forearms into Blackwood's back and then hurls him into the ring. Cole looks at Adler and Landell, who did inch closer to the BRAZEN talent but now move away, far away when they realize Cole noticed them.

However, that gives Blackwood just enough time to hit a baseball slide on Cole! The Faithful boo and Blackwood takes Cole by his tights and throws him into the ring. Blackwood slingshots himself over the top rope and hits a splash on Cole. Gage peels his head up, only to shout into the crowd and goes right back to work. Applying the boots to the challenger, Blackwood takes a moment and walks back three steps.

OOOF~!

DDK:

A solid kick to the head by the champion!

Angus:

I love it! Let's banish this guy back to BRAZEN, RIGHT NOW!

Blackwood pulls Cole to his feet. Trying to one-up the challenger, he attempts a belly to belly suplex too... but this one is blocked.

He tries it a second time... but it's blocked.

A third time?

Blocked.

DDK:

Cole with a massive belly to belly overhead suplex on Blackwood! That is impressive!!

Blackwood bounces up and down on the mat. The sheer force makes him get to one knee. He sees Cole coming in but it's too late... WHAM! He's met with a dropkick! Next, Cole performs a release German suplex. Then a verticle suplex! Finally looking for a northern lights suplex... Blackwood escapes but he's met with another double leg takedown!

The Faithful get louder and the camera shows Adler and Landell growing more concerned. Cole calls for his finisher, the gutwrench powerbomb. As he goes to lift Blackwood, the champion kicks him in the back of the head. The staggered Scot wobbles to his feet and then performs a codebreaker on Cole! As the challenger falls backwards, Blackwood shoots to the second rope and hits an elbow drop.

Angus:

Can't keep him down!

Blackwood signals for the end with a cocky grin on his face. This time he bends down to pick up Cole but he's met with a kick to the head. The champion falls back, Cole shakes the pain away from his body and rushes towards him...

DDK:

Shoulder block by Cole! Blackwood is right back up... but another shoulder block! Blackwood is up again and a third shoulder block!

Cole shouts to The Faithful. They support him.

DDK:

LIBERTY LOCK!!!

Levi Cole bellows into the rafters as he has the kneeling reverse figure four leg lock applied to Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Oh my god... we could have a new champion here!

Blackwood is screaming for all its worth. He's trapped in the middle of the ring as the camera pans to Adler and Landell, growing extremely concerned now.

DDK:

This is it! Blackwood's going to tap!

Angus:

No he's not... *[trying to convince himself]* no he's not!

The Faithful rise as Blackwood is struggling to move forward. Cole has the move locked in and there is little ability to do so... but...

Gage starts to move towards the ropes.

The cheering gets louder and louder as Blackwood's hand is raised high in the air, perhaps looking to slam it on the mat numerous times and give up his newly won crown. However, he does not tap. Not yet, anyway. He tries to get closer to the ropes and although he is doing so, the fans can see he is in a great deal of pain. He may be nearing the end...

DDK:

I will say this, Blackwood is battling!

Angus:

He does have that fighting spirit!

The arena is near deafening as Blackwood is very close to the ropes... but also very close to tapping out.

DDK:

LEVI IS HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE. CAN HE... CAN HE!?!?

TAAAPPP---

DDK:

NO!! DAMMIT! GAGE BLACKWOOD GRABBED THE ROPES!! DAMMIT!

Angus:

So much for your bias analysis...

Cole is right back to his feet, however. He takes Blackwood and wastes no time, whipping him into the middle of the ring and looking for a pumphandle suplex...

But Blackwood slips out! In a last-ditch effort, The SOHER elbows Cole in the side of the head, falls to both knees and takes a breather.

DDK:

Blackwood doesn't have much time to recover. That shot only stunned Levi Cole...

Cole turns around and rubs the side of his head. Then he goes right back to Gage and attempts the gutwrench powerbomb...

The fans boo! Blackwood slips out! He hits the ropes and leaps towards Cole, catching him with his head down just a tiny little bit but it was enough for the champion to hit the BRAZEN athlete with both knees, aka THE GAELIC STORM.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The bell sounds as Blackwood's theme plays on the PA. The champion is slow to raise his head from Levi Cole's chest but when he does it's filled with a cocky, "go fuck yourself" grin, like he thought this was easy all the way.

Adler and Landell enter. Blackwood is handed the title from referee Benny Doyle and gets to his feet. In a daze he smiles and raises the belt above his head. Adler leans in as Blackwood whispers something to him. Adler nods, exits and then re-enters with a microphone. He hands Blackwood the mic. The champion's theme song comes to a close.

Gage Blackwood:

Hey Levi, how was that? Huh? You little bitch!

Blackwood gives Cole a kick to the side of the head. The Faithful jeer loudly.

Gage Blackwood:

You thought that'd be easy, huh? Piece of cake?

Another kick to the side of the head.

DDK:

Stop that right now, Gage! He never said those things!

Gage Blackwood:

Thought you could walk right in here and take my championship title away... AFTER EVERYONE I'VE BEATEN???

Blackwood kicks Cole a third time and then leans forward, getting into his dazed face.

Gage Blackwood:

I want you to listen to me. I am no pushover. And I am deeply offended you even thought you had a shot against me!

DDK:

He almost won you idiot!

Angus:

No he didn't!

DDK:

Yes, *he did!*

Gage Blackwood:

Teach him a lesson, boys.

Suddenly, Gunther Adler and Shooter Landell start putting the boots to Levi Cole as furiously as possible. Blackwood simply stands there, seemingly in a trance. He watches as the guys continue to beat on Cole with punches. Then Adler pulls Cole up to his knees and holds his hands behind his back while Shooter unloads some more.

DDK:

This is disgusting! Cole just wanted to make a name for himself and... can you blame him!?

Angus:

Well, yeah.

DDK:

Of course you can.

Blackwood continues to watch and then decides he's seen enough as he exits the ring and walks up the ramp. Meanwhile, Adler and Landell don't stop their beating.

DDK:

Is this just going to continue?

Finally, some extra referees and EMT's run down the ramp and are able to separate Blackwood's henchmen from Cole. After a moment, Adler and Landell join Blackwood on the top of the ramp as his theme song plays again and Blackwood raises the SOHER Championship. He looks right into the camera before the scene fades.

Gage Blackwood:

I told you I'd be a fighting champion. I told you. You're welcome. All hail me!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2020



Don't miss the BIGGEST event of the year! DEFCON on DEFonDemand!

WRESTLEFRIENDS vs. FUSE BROS. 360

DDK:

Well, for what might be the final time... here we go.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match. Introducing first, Tyler and Conor Fuse... The FUUUUSE BROS.!

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge ♪

Their new theme song plays and the jeers come in. While the boos aren't extremely loud, it's more disappointment from The Gamers as a team they once loved has turned to the darkside.

Tyler walks out first and then Conor follows, carrying the newly minted Game Shark. It's light blue and about three times Conor's size but he's still able to move it without a problem.

Tyler is stoic as ever before but also looking like he's holding in a lot of bad intentions. Conor, meanwhile, is more obnoxious than normal (if that's even possible). He's sticking out his tongue at some of the people in the front row. He's pretending to yawn at times, "bored" from The Gamers shouting at him and then at other times he's gently stroking the top of The Game Shark's head and asking if it's still hungry and needs to be fed.

DDK:

Now I'm the one who's annoyed by Conor Fuse.

Angus:

Pft. Love him.

Tyler gets into the ring while Conor puts The Game Shark down by their corner. Tyler suddenly snatches the mic from Quimbey's hands. He starts screaming at Quimbey and backs him into their corner.

Tyler Fuse:

SAY IT RIGHT, DAMMIT! SAY IT RIGHT!

Conor Fuse:

YEAH, YOU NPC! SAY IT RIGHT!!

Quimbey is confused.

Tyler Fuse:

360! FUSE BROS. 360!

Conor starts picking at Quimbey's hairs on the side of his head.

Tyler and Conor play with the announcer a little more until Tyler hands him back the microphone, rubs to top of his bald head and then pushes him to the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

I'm sorry, everyone, my mistake. In the ring right now are Tyler and Conor Fuse... THE FUSE BROS. **360!!**

Conor shakes his head in disgust. Tyler looks angry.

Conor Fuse:

No *THE*, stupid NPC. It's Fuse Bros. 360 not *The* Fuse Bros. 360. Learn your gaming terminology.

However, they let Darren carry on as their new theme music comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents... "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace... THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!!

The cheers are so loud they begin before Quimbey even says either of their names. The WF theme song plays and out they come. While The WrestleFriends would typically seem happy, they look all business tonight and don't take much time to acknowledge the fans in the best seats. The Faithful cheer them on anyway.

DDK:

This is a big, big match for The WrestleFriends tonight, with everything they've put on the line. A win makes them the new #1 contenders for the World Tag Team Titles... and a loss moves them out of the main roster and to BRAZEN!

Angus:

I will agree with you there. More on the line for them than Tyler and Conor, that's for sure.

Batts slides into the ring and Mace walks up the steel stairs. They lock eyes with The Bros. as tension grows in the middle of the squared circle.

Angus:

Goodbye, WrestleDorks!

The music finishes over the PA, as Batts gets right into the center of the canvas and stares down Tyler Fuse. Mace enters the middle of the squared circle as well and stares down Conor.

The four men stand, face-to-face and face-to-face. The Faithful are creating a commotion.

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

DDK:

It's very loud here, folks! We've got a good one!

Batts stares into a stoic and motionless Tyler Fuse. Meanwhile, Mace looks at Conor, who can't stop jumping up and down while pointing and laughing at him.

Batts pipes up.

Ryan Batts: *[to Tyler Fuse]*

Why? Why would you do that too us, after all our recent battles? Why?

Tyler takes his time to reply. For a while, he doesn't move.

Tyler Fuse:

Well...

Tyler looks to the ground and then he HAMMERS Batts with a left hand!

Conor follows hitting Mace with a left but it doesn't budge Manpower so Mace is able to get retribution right away!

DDK:

Chaos ensuing!!

The two teams are going at it, back and forth, back and forth, with no one backing down. Finally, Batts tosses Tyler into the ropes and hits him with a missile dropkick! Additionally, Mace hurls Conor into the ropes and dummies him with a powerslam! Both Batts and Mace take Conor and chuck him out of the ring and then Irish whip Tyler into a

roundhouse kick by Batts and a splash by Mace!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!
WRESTLEFRIENDS!
WRESTLEFRIENDS!

DDK:

I can't hear myself speak, huh Angus!

Mace goes to his corner and Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Batts and Tyler will officially start it off. Batts throws Tyler into one of the free corners and comes charging in but he's popped in the mouth by Tyler's left boot! Tyler perches himself on the second rope and jumps off... right into a powerslam by Batts! Batts to ropes and a dropkick to Tyler's face while he was getting up! Batts to the ropes again and a second dropkick!

Ryan throws his shirt into the crowd, something he forgot to do until now and it gets a deafening reaction!

DDK:

Batts back at it! He chops Tyler hard in the chest!

WOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

An exploder suplex follows! Batts rises, shaking about as he keeps the fans engaged... another chop!

WOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Batts goes to the second turnbuckle pad.

Bantam jumps off it though when he sees Tyler get to his feet. Batts knocks the elder Fuse in the chest with another chop!

WOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

A backdrop suplex follows and a tag to Jack Mace!

Mace runs over to Tyler whom is trying to rise but hits him with a shoulder block. Tyler tries to get up again but he's met with one more shoulder block. Third time is a charm? Nope. Shoulder block!

Mace fires up the crowd by turning and putting his fist in the air!

DDK:

I haven't seen The WrestleFriend's THIS hyper intense before...

Mace waits on Tyler. Jack can hear Conor screaming from behind him but Manpower tunes him out. Calling on Tyler to rise, Fuse finally does and Mace takes charge with a spear! Player One falls out of the ring!

Mace tags Batts back in and then goes outside the ring to pick Tyler up. He's about to throw the older Fuse back in until Conor comes running around the corner on the outside. Player Two is mere inches away from catching Mace too

until Jack sees Conor at the last second and stops the young Fuse cold in his tracks!

Jack Mace:

What you doing, boy?

Conor's at a loss for words...

Conor Fuse:

I... I...

Trying to back away slowly, The Gamers are awaiting for Manpower to tear him apart.

Conor Fuse:

I... I was...

DDK:

OH, A LOW BLOW BY TYLER FUSE!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Benny didn't see it!

WHAM!

DDK:

And a superkick by Conor!! Mace is down-- AIM COMING!!

SUMMERSAULT SUICIDE DIVE VIA THE BANTAM.

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

WRESTLEFRIENDS!

Angus:

Dammit, they had Mace good, too!

Batts screams into the crowd and rolls Tyler Fuse into the ring. Ryan jumps on the apron and decides it's time to go to the top rope. Measuring Tyler, Batts looks to end things once and for all...

DDK:

NO!! TYLER MOVES... BUT RYAN LANDS ON HIS FEET!! He picks up Tyler and hurls him into the corner... running in with a big leaping elbow! Now a tiger suplex puts Tyler in the middle of the mat!

Manpower has fully recovered and enters his corner. He's asking Batts for the tag, wanting to get some revenge for the low blow.

Ryan Batts:

Sure thing, friend.

Angus:

Jesus, I'm gonna be sick.

DDK:

Batts tags Mace and here we go!!! Mace with a splash on Tyler! Now he throws him into the ropes and hits a big boot!

Tyler's back up... but another big boot!!

Mace feeds off The Faithful's energy. He pulls Player One to his feet and connects with a few soft body shots to the chest. Then, chops.

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Hard chops.

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

SUPER HARD chops!

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tyler wobbles around, still on his feet, chest red as a rose... waiting to be put out of his misery.

PICCADILLY PRESS.

MOUNTAIN BOMB.

Manpower signals for the end.

DDK:

He's calling for The Bear Trap...

Angus:

I can't look... dammit they were so close...

But then...

DDK:

Look out!! Conor Fuse is on the top rope and he JUMPS on top of Jack Mace... but Jack Mace CATCHES Conor instead!!

Player Two is screaming for his life.

THE BEAR TRAP!

Conor's body bounces off the mat as the crowd erupts! Batts runs in, attempting to toss Conor out of the ring but Benny Doyle tries to restore order! At this time, Mace turns his attention to Tyler, whom is spread overtop of the second and bottom rope, trying to catch a breather.

Mace runs at him-

WHAM!!

DDK:

JACK MACE JUST DESTROYED TYLER FUSE ON THE BOTTOM ROPE WITH A SPLASH!!! MY GOD!!! FUSE BROS. 360 WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER...

Manpower drags Tyler to the middle of the ring.

And then.

He points.

TO THE TOP.

DDK:

Dear God... the big man is going up. All the way up!!

Angus:

The ring is shaking, Keebs!! I'm scared!!

DDK:

Jack Mace is on the top rope! I don't believe what I'm about to see.

Angus:

I'll write Tyler's obituary! It's what he would want!

Mace measures Tyler. He takes one deep breath.

OOOF~~!

DDK:

NO!!! THAT DREADED CONOR FUSE AGAIN!

Conor hits the ropes and obviously, having very little balance, Jack Mace crotches himself at the top!

Batts tries to get at Conor but Benny Doyle cuts him off! This leaves Conor to slither into the ring and awake Big Bro.

Conor Fuse:

Hey bro. Hey Bro.! Wake up wake up wake up or that big man is going to... uh...

Tyler starts coming to. He's helped to his feet by Conor and Conor makes a fake tag, by hitting his own hands together just so Benny Doyle could hear (since Doyle is trying to bring Batts to the WF corner). Conor goes to the buckle where Mace is but instead of retreating himself, Tyler gets a last second rush and dazily joins his brother!

Fuse Bros. 360 start reigning the punches down on Manpower as he sits helplessly on the top rope!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Referee! Hey, referee!!!

Batts is trying to get Doyle to turn around but The Bantam is too rattled to get back to his corner and stay there, given everything that's on the line for them!

Meanwhile, The Bros. are going to town!! They fire as many punches as they can into Mace's head. They also rake Jack's eyes a few times! Then, Tyler stops and pushes Conor with an evil twisted look in his eyes!

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM~!!!

Conor nods frantically.

Angus:

What are they doing- oh no! I mean... oh yes babay!!

DDK:

Tyler and Conor are MEETING Mace on the top rope... and they are going ALL THE WAY UP.

The arena is concerned and silent. Batts realizes he can do no more and walks to his corner! There, at the very top of the turnbuckle, Tyler and Conor are attempting a double SUPERPLEX on Manpower Jack Mace!

Even Benny Doyle doesn't dare to break this up!

Angus:

Do you think the ring will break? / think the ring will break!

DDK:

Here we go!!! Can they... !?!?

Tyler and Conor try...

BUT THEY CAN'T MOVE MACE.

Tyler and Conor try again...

YET THEY CAN'T MOVE MACE.

One more time...

NO. STILL CAN'T MOVE MACE!!!

And then there are cheers!

DDK:

Mace DOUBLE SUPERPLEXES TYLER AND CONOR OFF THE TOP ROPE... WHILE REMAINING UP THERE...
OH MY GOD... HE'S MEASURING TYLER...

BIIIIIIGGGGGG SPLASH!!!

BOOM!!

DDK:

MACE SPLASHES TYLER!!! HOLY SHIT, IT'S OVER!!!

Mace goes for the cover but there's no count!

Mace looks up at the referee.

Jack Mace:

What???

Benny tries to explain.

Benny Doyle:

Tag! He's not the legal man! There was a tag; I heard it!

Ryan Batts is becoming frustrated and nervous in his corner, shouting to Benny Doyle there was no tag made to Conor Fuse!

Angus:

So, you're saying Tyler's not the legal man?

DDK:

That's right, according to Benny Doyle!

By now, Conor Fuse has already rolled out of the ring from the sheer force of the superplex he took!

Angus:

So you're saying there's a chance!

The Faithful are growing restless. Batts is beginning to plead with referee Benny Doyle while Jack Mace gets to his feet and walks over to calm his partner down.

The three of them talk for another moment before Manpower turns towards the middle of the ring, looking for Conor Fuse.

KA-BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM~::~~!!!!

...

...

DDK:

NO. CONOR FUSE GOT JACK MACE WITH THE GAME SHARK!!! I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE HAD THE WHEREWITHAL TO DO THIS... BUT CONOR GOT JACK MACE FOR A SECOND TIME!!!

Orange and green confetti linger in the air from the explosion, sprinkling the ring as The Game Shark once again blows into a million little pieces. Conor Fuse, on the other hand, is dancing around the squared circle like he just won the lottery.

Seeing this, Batts immediately leaps ovetop of Benny Doyle and right into Conor Fuse with a clothesline! The two fall into the ropes but Batts slips out of the ring and lands on his ankle! Bantam screams in pain as he falls to the floor, clutching it for all its worth.

Meanwhile...

DDK:

Oh no, Angus. Conor Fuse is trying to make it to Mace for the pin!

Benny Doyle is very confused as to why there is confetti all over the place. Since no pieces of The Game Shark remain, he's unable to put two-and-two together.

Angus:

C'mon, Conor... c'mon let's do this!! I love you man!! End it. END. IT.

Conor is ----- close to Jack Mace.

DDK:

This can't end... like this.

Angus:

Yes it can.

Now ---- close to Jack Mace.

DDK:

Conor was hit pretty good by Batts but I guess not good enough!

And --- close.

Angus:

SO SO CLOSE...

-- close.

DDK:

Batts needs some EMTs out here. I think he's broken his ankle.

- close.

Angus:

DRAPE THE ARM. THE ARM. THE ARM!!!

close.

Conor drapes the arm!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**DDK:** *[depressed]*

I don't believe this. Goodbye WrestleFriends.

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge ♪

Conor rolls onto his back and smiles from ear-to-ear as the energy is sucked out of the arena. Tyler, on the other hand, recovers on a knee.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... Tyler and Conor Fuse, Fuse Bros. 360!!

Their new evil theme song plays as Conor moves towards his brother. It takes time but soon, Tyler and Conor get to their feet and hug it out. Conor is obnoxiously smiling through and through while Tyler is full of rage.

Angus:

DREAMS DO COME TRUE IN DEFIANCE!! WRESTLEDORKS ARE DONE! FINITO!! THANK YOU THANK YOU
THANK YOU BROS.!!!

DDK:

This is a dark day in DEFtv history... I don't believe it. I never thought The Fuse Br-

Their theme music comes to an end, as Ryan Batts has limped his way into the middle of the ring, hopping on one leg, trying to get the attention of Tyler or Conor or both.

DDK:

He's in a lot of pain. Jesus, can we get someone out here to look at him!?! That has got to be broken!

Batts continues fighting to stay on one foot, as Jack Mace is laid out. Batts looks down with redness forming in his eyes. He looks at his fallen partner and then back at Fuse Bros. 360. All he can say is...

Ryan Batts:

Why?

Some time passes.

Ryan Batts:

Why?

Emotionlessly, Tyler walks up to The Bantam.

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

Game over.

And kicks Batts square in the balls!

The boos are louder than they've been all match! The Bros.' theme song cues up once more.

DDK:

I have no words to say for this. There's no turning back for Fuse Bros. 360 or whatever you are.

Angus:

I don't think they intend to turn back.

As the theme song plays, Tyler kicks Batts in the head for good measure and then walks to the nearest camera, getting right in its lens. The DEFIANCE logo appears in the bottom right hand corner while Conor Fuse joins behind his brother's left shoulder with the brattiest look in his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

Game over.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.