

SHOW OPEN

Bright colorful lights roll across the entire arena, the fans go wild as the DEFtv opening video is played on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

And of course, those *all*-important fan signs:

FIRST SIGN LONG SIGN
SO MANY DONNIES
JERSEY MICK ASKS THE HARD QUESTIONS #DEFradio
NO COMEUPPANCE FOR ALL!
TOO MANY DONNIES
LETS HAVE A DONNIEBROOK
ONE. MORE. DONNIE.
MOVE ON OVER, GRANDPA JOE! SCOTTY FLASH FOR PRESIDENT!
I SURVIVED DONNIEPALOOZA
SIR, THIS IS A DEFPLEX
KEYES4FIST
DONNIE IS MY FAVORITE TURTLE
ITS NOT THE SIZE OF THE MIC ITS THE LEVEL OF COMPRESSION
MIC-Y UNLIKELY
AMES IS CRAY
DOUGLAS END THE NIGHTMARE
DEFRADIO!? WHAT YEAR IS THIS?

The scene lands on DDK and Lance.

DDK:

Final MAJOR show before DEFCON!

Lance:

Let's get started!

MALAK GARLAND vs. SGT. SAFETY

The rocking arena awaits whatever action is scheduled to open.

DDK:

Let's not wait another moment! Let's get right into what DEFIANCE is known for and that's great wrestling!

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ Productions ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This contest is a singles match! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by one half of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Conor Fuse and The Game Boy, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds, SGT. SAFETY!

Sgt. Safety walks out on stage looking all business. He raises his safety clipboard high into the air and shouts loudly.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety will go one on one with Malak Garland in mere moments, Lance.

Lance:

My sources have it that this match was moved around by Favoured Saints because Malak complained to them, just like he did in regard to the tag title match at DEFtv 149.

DDK:

Except this match got moved back, not up.

Sgt. Safety wipes his boots on the apron before twirling into the ring.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. Apparently Malak wasn't "physically" ready for this singles match and needed more time to prepare.

Conor and The Game Boy find a ringpost to hang out by as Safety keeps warm in the squared circle.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, being accompanied to the ring by Cyrus Bates, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, weighing in at 210 pounds, MALAK GARLAND!

A meek and mild Malak Garland wheels himself on stage to a smattering of contention.

DDK:

Still in the wheelchair, I see. What's it been now? Eight? Nine weeks? When will he regain the will to walk again?

Malak's big muscle monster of his own lurks not too far behind.

Lance:

I don't know, Darren but if he doesn't get out of his wheelchair and fight Sgt. Safety tonight then he's clearly going to have to forfeit. Look, he's got Bates with him too and let's not forget how The Game Boy WHOOPED him last Uncut!

A taped inlay interview of Malak appears while The Keyboard King gently rolls his wheelchair down to the ring with a sour look on his face.

Malak Garland:

So tonight, I finally go one-on-one, face-to-face with Sgt. Safety, the person responsible for all of this. After weeks of

him apparently feigning injury to get this match moved back, it's finally time he step up and face the music and take responsibility for everything damaging he's ever done to me. Safety, we used to be friends but once I'm done with you, they won't even be able to find your body because it will be buried. By an AVALANCHE.

The interview box vanishes as Malak looks up at the ring from his wheelchair. Bates circles his partner like a shark protecting its young.

DDK:

It's sink or swim time.

Malak points at Darren Quimbey. He promptly rolls himself over to the timekeeper and ring bell area.

Lance:

Looks like Malak is giving Quimbey a piece of his mind for some reason.

Malak incoherently babbles at the ring announcer as Conor and The Game Boy get closer just in case something goes down.

Malak Garland:

YOUDIDNOTAANOUNCEMEASATAGTEAMCHAMPION! UNREAL! YOUARESTRESSINGMEOUT!

Quimbey isn't sure how to react. Finally, Cyrus wheels Malak away before things get too heated.

DDK:

Are we going to do this match or what? People tune into DEFIANCE for the hard hitting action, not to see some snowflake bellyaching from a wheelchair he doesn't actually need to be in.

Malak reaches up and pats the pecks of Cyrus, indicating he's calmed down. Benny Doyle speaks to Garland from inside the ring, asking if he's going to join them in the ring.

DDK:

Malak is putting up the one finger wait sign. Could this be the moment we've all been waiting for?

The Source of Envy attempts to rise out of his wheelchair. Arms and legs wobbling, he promptly falls back in his seat akin to a toddler failing to stand on its own two feet.

Malak Garland:

I don't know if I can.

Lance:

Come on.

It's clear Safety and the crowd grows impatient over the antics on display.

Malak Garland:

Let me try again. I'll probably do better if you two in the ring look away.

Begrudgingly following instructions, both Doyle and Safety turn their backs to Malak.

Like magic, Malak spryly jumps out of his wheelchair, slides into the ring and launches an all out attack on Sgt. Safety just before Conor can shout any kind of warning.

DDK:

Oh what a load of BS!

DING DING

Benny Doyle calls for the start of the match as Malak looms over Safety.

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

I HAVE REGAINED THE WILL TO WALK AGAIN!

Lance:

What a miraculous recovery.

Malak wails on Safety in the corner before Doyle pulls him away. Instead of coming up with more offense, Malak decides it's a good idea to antagonize the crowd.

Malak Garland:

I CAN WALK AGAIN! LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME!

He's too intertwined with the crowd to notice Safety crawling out of the corner. Benny Doyle watches with bated breath.

DDK:

ROLL UP!

Safety school boys Garland as Cyrus jumps on the apron but immediately jumps down when he sees The Game Boy coming for him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

What!?

DDK:

Unbelievable!

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ Productions ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, SGT. SAFETY!

Benny Doyle raises the arm of a very surprised Sgt. Safety but the theme of the victor does not last long.

WHACK!

DDK:

DOWN GOES SAFETY!

The crack of a steel chair across Safety's back rings loudly as the culprit and ultimate online troll, Malak seethes at the teeth.

DDK:

Get out of there, Benny!

The ref ducks out of the ring as Conor and The Game Boy ensure Benny's safe exit. As they do, that's all the time Malak needs to continue his assault.

CRUNCH!

Blood sprays from Sgt. Safety's jaw into the front row as his body crumples into a heap! There stands Malak Garland with a pair of snowflake encrusted brass knuckles adorning his left hand.

Malak Garland:

AVALANCHE!

Garland pounds Safety as many times as he can before Conor and The Game Boy finally slide into the ring. The Comments Section hightails it to the back as Sgt. Safety is left out cold in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Get some damn EMTs out here! This does not look good!!

Lance:

Malak has snapped. What the hell was that?

Ambulance personnel and medical staff storm the ring as the telecast breaks for commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

*losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

LADDER MATCH

Matt LaCroix © vs. Arthur Pleasant

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Kendrix vs. Jay Harvey

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace

*if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become property of Better Future

Casket Match

Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian

CROSSING THE LINE

Off the commercial break, the scene is outside the WrestlePlex where Sgt. Safety is being loaded into the back of the ambulance.

Tyler and Conor Fuse are there and neither one of them looks happy.

DDK:

Disgusting act by a child moments ago.

Lance:

Yeah, it does not look good for Sgt. Safety.

DDK:

We know he's had close ties with Malak for a number of months. Hell, Sgt. Safety became Sensei Safety for a week and taught Malak how to fight better.

Lance:

Conor, too, has been close with Sgt. Safety.

The younger Fuse gets into the ambulance with the EMTs and Safety. The Power-Up King looks to his brother.

Conor Fuse:

No fun tonight, bro.

Tyler nods as the doors close behind Conor and the ambulance drives off. Meanwhile, Jamie Sawyers races towards Tyler Fuse with a microphone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, Tyler... is Safety going to be okay?

The elder Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

They don't know. Might have a broken jaw.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler is there anything-

Fuse puts his hand up, politely.

Tyler Fuse:

Sorry, Jamie. Not tonight. Malak did what he did...

Tyler stops and sees Malak Garland off in the far distance of the parking lot garage.

Fidget spinner in hand.

Cold dead stare into Tyler Fuse's eyes.

The OG Player One shouts towards him.

Tyler Fuse:

The ONLY thing stopping me from putting YOU in the hospital this very second is DEFCON. My brother and I are going to do that to you on the biggest stage possible.

Malak doesn't move. Doesn't even fidget. Simply stands there.

Until he turns away.

Tyler addresses Jamie.

Tyler Fuse:

Thank you, Jamie but we're done.

Scene fade.

THE GREATER GOOD

The scene switches to Gage Blackwood entering the DEFplex. As he makes his way down the hall, he passes all four members of Screen 7. Manager "Horror" Hector Harris turns towards Berry Chernobyl. Berry bends down to hear Harris speak.

"Horror" Hector Harris:

That's the scumbag Gage Blackwood. Broke Teresa's heart.

Harris obviously says this loud enough for Blackwood to hear. Chernobyl and the other two members of Screen 7 know who Blackwood is.

The Scot pays no attention and continues. Next, Blackwood passes all five members of the DEFcepticons, the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions.

Starscream looks at their leader, Septimus Tyne.

Starscream:

Gage is a homewrecker.

Tyne smacks Starscream on the back of the head.

Septimus Tyne:

No you moron. *Kristie Bellis* is the homewrecker. Gage is something else entirely.

Ryan Knox nods, arms crossed.

Ryan Knox:

Gage Blackwood is heartless.

The other members agree.

The next group Blackwood passes...

Are making out with each other.

It's only when the former SOHER brushes by do they stop to take notice. It's The Hallmarks, Jonathan-Christopher Hall and Vickie Hall, as seen on UNCUTS.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Baby, I love you so much.

He says to his wife. She blushes.

Vickie Hall:

Awww, butterflies and goosebumps when you say that to me, baby.

However, Vickie frowns.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

What is it my little scrumskin?

Vickie isn't sure she's comfortable saying. Not with... Gage Blackwood standing right there looking at them.

Vickie Hall:

You have to feel for Teresa.

Vickie's almost in tears thinking about it. J-C, too.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Thank god I have you, baby.

They go back to making out as Gage Blackwood looks like he's going to blow. The Noble Raider turns directly into Thomas Slaine, scissors in hand.

Thomas Slaine:

Snip, snip, Gage. I'm motherfucking crazy!

Blackwood pushes Slaine out of the way. He continues down the hall.

Gage Blackwood:

Not worth my time. *[Turning around while walking]* NONE OF YOU are worth my time.

Blackwood faces forward again and finds Kyle Shields sitting on an electrical box.

Kyle Shields:

Oh, hey Gage, ya fucking diddler. Good match last week, huh? Anyway, if you're done with Teresa jump on my new dating app. It's called SLAMazon. Like Amazon but for bitches. Yumma!

There's no way Gage can reply to this so he keeps walking.

Kyle Shields: *[shouting]*

Even if you're NOT done with Teresa, hit up my app. It's all for the greater good, bro!

"The Greater Good."

Blackwood hears what he thinks is a collection of voices at once. He stops in his tracks as the camera spins to face him...

Showing every single one of the DEFIANTS he crossed collectively huddled together, eyes locked on Gage.

But once Gage turns to see what the ruckus is, they go on their merry little way as if nothing even happened.

Gage Blackwood:

Baw jugglers.

Blackwood fumes as he walks off-camera.

NEGOTIATIONS

DDK:

Folks, welcome back and in just a moment, we're about ready to go to ringside for what we have been told.... Is an open negotiation between two sides! At DEFCON, Tom Morrow's Lucky Sevens will join forces with Cary Stevens' Stevens Dynasty to take on The Saturday Night Specials, Uriel Cortez and Minute! A MASSIVE eight-man tag with so many grudges to settle between them!

Lance:

That one is gonna be huge and what a road it has been to get here. At the end of DEFtv 151, The Lucky Sevens defeated The Saturday Night Specials with the revelation that Tom Morrow and Better Future worked together with Cary Stevens and The Stevens Dynasty in order to make that happen! They attacked Davey LaRue and ended the show laying out SNS, as well as Uriel Cortez and Minute.

DDK:

Indeed... The former Sky High Titans, Uriel Cortez and Minute have wanted payback on Morrow for months since turning on them, costing them the Unified Tag Titles and then taking their name. Morrow had been trying to recruit Brock since he set foot in DEFIANCE. The Stevens Dynasty have an extensive history with the Titans and SNS while The Lucky Sevens have had issues with both teams for some time. They'll all have the chance to settle it, but from what we know both teams want something out of this match. We'll see what they want right now...

In the ring already, Tom Morrow (sans Ken Ellis, from UNCUT beatdown) and Mason and Max Luck stand on one end. The twin seven-footers look mean as hell as they always do with Cary Stevens standing by with Bo and George Stevens behind him.

Tom Morrow:

Look what we have here, Cary! The four men that stacked BODIES at the end of the last DEFtv! It was pretty damn sweet!

Cary Stevens:

Tom, that's just an everyday thing when you're the Stevens Dynasty. We cash checks and stack bodies everytime we grace these filth with our presence.

Tom Morrow:

That's right! Now... a little birdie told me earlier this week that SNS and Sky High Titans want payback...

Mason Luck:

No, we don't. We're right here. I'm "The New Titan of Industry" Mason Luck remember?

Max Luck:

Yeah, boss. Standing right here! I'm Minute ... something something something catch phrase! I don't remember what it was, but it was probably arriba right?

Morrow snaps a finger. Mason and Max Luck high five like the dicks that they are!

Tom Morrow:

Sorry... slip of the tongue. Those OLD OUTDATED PAST THEIR EXPIRATION DATE former Sky High Titans, Minute and Uriel Cortez want something for our match at DEFCON. So you can...

Uriel Cortez:

OH, GOD, SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Without further delay, all of the opposition is on the stage to BIG cheers from the crowd! Uriel Cortez. Minute. Titaness. And of course, The Saturday Night Specials! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd all stand on stage, ready to throw down. The Titan of Industry stands front and center with microphone in hand.

Uriel Cortez:

As much as I'm sure you want people to hear you jerk yourself off over what you pulled off two weeks ago... not gonna happen. We told DEFIANCE management that we'd play nice, but I'm BEGGING you, Tom... give us one reason. Any reason. And I will come down there and end this right now.

Morrow smirks.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, Uriel... look, pat yourselves on the back cause you, Minute and your Amazon girlfriend for taking out Ken Ellis on UNCUT. You're a colossus. You are a badass... but your weakest muscle (pointing at his head) ...is this one. You and your little friends can win battles, but Better Future wins WARS. And DEFCON won't be any different. Look... tonight, we'll play nice, too. My guys know better than to fight for free when they don't want to and I'm sure Cary here thinks the same. So... let's negotiate. I'll go first...

Morrow inches closer to the ropes.

Tom Morrow:

Professional wrestling is a business where time literally does equal money. You get a little bit of it, you make a little. You get a lot... well, the five of you can do basic math. And I can't make money if all my time is spent indulging YOUR petty little vendettas. So if the four of us win... then NONE of you get involved in any of my affairs ever again. You get no more matches with my guys, you get no more opportunities. We do what we please and you're out of our way. The Stevens Dynasty get back to their business, we get back to ours. Now what the hell do you idiots possibly want for this match?

On the stage, Pat Cassidy motions for the mic from Uriel. He holds up his hand with a single finger pointing into the air as if he were asking a question at a press conference.

Pat Cassidy:

Hi there, Mr. Morrow. Pat Cassidy here of The Saturday Night Specials. Now, it seems to me that you're a man of many talents.

The crowd boos at that statement, but Cassidy silences them with a hand in the air.

Pat Cassidy:

Now now now my friends... we must sometimes give the devil his due. Tom Morrow has a lot going for him. For example, he's a Grade A jackass.

Cassidy looks to Brock Newbludd, who nods in agreement. Cassidy then looks to Cortez and Minute. Cortez flashes him a thumbs up. Titaness flashes a half-smile.

Pat Cassidy:

He's a special kind of dickwad. He's extremely well-versed in being an asshole. He...

Tom Morrow:

Is there a point here!?

Pat Cassidy:

The point. Right. Brock, I had a point... right?

Brock moves over to share the mic with his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

I think you were gearing up to point out that Morrow's biggest achievement in DEFIANCE seems to be his ability to avoid the ass kicking he so rightly deserves.

Cassidy snaps his fingers and bumps his palm against his own head. Of course.

Brock Newbludd:

Morrow, Cortez and Minute should've had you dead to rights at DEF Road. But like the little unkillable cockroach that you are, you slipped away again. We're looking for a chance to right that wrong. So here's what we're proposing: when we win the match at DEFCON, we get one more shot at five minutes in the ring with you. Except this time... it's all of us.

A cheer rises up from The Faithful at the prospect of seeing Morrow at the mercy of the five people on the stage. Morrow growls and the mic picks it up. He looks over at Cary Stevens.

Cary Stevens:

Not my pig. Not my farm.

Then Morrow turns back to The Lucky Sevens, who both nod.

Tom Morrow:

So... you have all this time to pick the stipulation and Uriel and Minute convince you beat THAT drum again. Well... fine. If that's all you want, then we accept. You can have that little stipulation, but WHEN we beat you YET AGAIN... we are done. You get no more matches with my men, you stay out of our affairs for good. That's it. Done.

The crowd roars in approval!

DDK:

Folks, there you have it! If SNS, Uriel and Minute win, they ALL get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow! I'd...

Uriel Cortez:

No...

The giant isn't done and eyes the ring, staring straight at Morrow with a look that could quite possibly make his former manager drop dead if looks could indeed do that. Pat and Brock look confused, but Uriel holds a hand out.

Uriel Cortez:

I got this... Morrow. Junior... you've taken EVERYTHING from Minute and I. Like Pat said, we had that match at DEF ROAD WON had it not been for your scrawny ass getting involved yet again. Since then, every week we've had to watch you come out here with Mason and Max, mocking the Sky High Titans name that Minute and I built with OUR blood! OUR sweat! OUR work! You're right... you were the brainchild of the Sky High Titans. But it was US and Thomas Keeling putting in the work! NOT YOU! You never wanted this and despite what you wanted, it's happened. This bond is stronger than ANYTHING you can do to it, you greedy piece of shit.

Cheers erupt once again, agreeing with everything being said.

Minute:

¡Este vínculo es más fuerte que la sangre, Morrow! Bond! Stronger than blood! Uriel is right, you CANNOT break!

Minute and Uriel bump fists.

Uriel Cortez:

And after you INJURED Thomas... your father... and forced him to retire, we deserve the chance to get back the Sky High Titans name back! We want it back so we can retire it and NEVER have to watch you piss on it ever again! We owe Thomas that much. So if we win, we want the five minutes AND we want the Sky High Titans name back!

Lance:

Wow... what's it gonna be Morrow?

Tom Morrow takes in all that Uriel has had to say...

Tom Morrow:

No.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mason and Max Luck add in through the booing.

Max Luck:

Let me add to that, Tom. Hell to the naw naw. We beat you fair and square just like we beat Saturday Night Specials fair and square!

Mason Luck:

Yeah ... sorry, Urinal Cortez. I am the Titan of Industry now!

Morrow is laughing at Mason's very bad joke.

Tom Morrow:

I already agreed to your stupid little stipulation of five minutes alone because we KNOW we can beat the four of you... but if you think I'm letting go of that name without something else in return, then I haven't taught you the first thing about business. You can either sweeten the pot or you can leave and stop wasting our time right now.

Pat Cassidy:

Okay! Fair enough. Let me lay this one on ya, Morrow. You strike me as a man of business. As a fellow successful entrepreneur...

On this line, Cassidy turns to the camera and shots a quick finger gun and a wink.

Pat Cassidy:

...I think we can work something out here. Speak the same lingo, as it were. I may have only been half paying attention when Siobhan was reading out of Running A Business For Dummies, but I do remember something called a "calculated risk." That's where you put a lot on the line for a potential bigger reward, right? As a big shot business type I'm sure you're familiar with the term. Well buddy, have we got a deal for you.

Morrow's eyes squint in curiosity. Brock Newbludd takes the mic and picks up where his partner left off.

Brock Newbludd:

If we win at DEFCON, we get five minutes in the ring with your ass and Uriel and Minute get the rights to their team name back. If you guys win at DEFCON, you don't have to worry about any of us ever again... and...

A slight sigh. Brock looks at Cassidy, who nods in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

...Cass and I will sign Ballyhoo Brew over to you.

An audible gasp from the fans in attendance followed by jeers. Uriel and Minute both look at Brock, completely flummoxed and/or bumfuzzled, but Pat silently nods their way.

Brock Newbludd:

Think about it, Morrow: that place has become the damn hub of activity in DEFIANCE. Think of the big names in and out. The secrets shared. The money coming in. The influence and power you'd have with your name on the deed. You'd become the most powerful man in DEFIANCE overnight. Now, in normal situation, I'd say we make this sucker a ladder match. Buuuut, I did just watch big George navigate the ring steps like he was climbing Everest so, we'll just make this a straight up wrestling match. That work for you, Tommy Salami?

Morrow, the Sevens and even The Stevens Dynasty all congregate in a huddle and discuss off-mic. Bo peeks his head

up from the huddle then back in. Then Max Luck. They go back in. And when it breaks, Morrow smirks.

Tom Morrow:

See, Uriel... THAT is a businessman. On behalf our new alliance... The SEVENS DYNASTY... We accept those terms! Cary and I become 50/50 Co-Owners of your little bar when we win and kick you both the hell out!

The pop is even larger now as both sides have exactly what they want!

DDK:

My God... that's some UNREAL stipulations! If the Stevens... er, Sevens Dynasty win? SNS and the former Titans are not only out of Morrow's hair for good, but they get The Ballyhoo Brew!

Lance:

You're right, Lance, THAT is a gamble! All in the name of getting the Sky High Titans name and five minutes alone!

Brock, Pat, Uriel, Minute and Titaness all exchange high-fives on the stage while in the ring, Morrow and company look proud.

DDK:

WHAT STAKES FOR THAT MATCH!

Lance:

And don't go away, folks! Coming up next before we get to DEFCON between these eight men... we've got something of a rematch from DEFCON 2020 between The Stevens Dynasty against Uriel Cortez and Minute! We've heard that Saturday Night Specials, The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow will all be barred from ringside for this! Action will be underway after the break!

Cortez, Minute and Titaness all say their farewells to Brock and Pat as the show heads to break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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CORTEZ & MINUTE (w/ TITANESS) vs. STEVENS DYNASTY (w/ CARY STEVENS)

Back from break, the fired-up Faithful are getting ready for a big match as most of the parties from the big negotiations have been cleared out. Inside the ring, Uriel Cortez and Minute in street clothes with Titaness on the outside. On the other side, Bo and George Stevens have their manager and Stevens Dynasty patriarch, Cary Stevens on the outside, dispensing advice.

DDK:

Fans, if you just missed it, there are MASSIVE stakes on the line when The Stevens Dynasty join forces with The Lucky Sevens to take on The Saturday Night Specials, Uriel Cortez and Minute! If Morrow and Stevens' new alliance wins, they not only ensure that their opponents stay out of their business... but also they will get OWNERSHIP of Ballyhoo Brew! But if SNS and the former Sky High Titans win, not only will Uriel and Minute get the name and rights back... but ALL FOUR men will get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow!

Lance:

That is downright NUTS! But right now, we're about to see two sets of former two-time Unified Tag Team champions in action to gain some last-minute momentum for their sides. As a reminder, the SNS, Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens are banned from ringside!

Minute and Bo Stevens look to start for their respective teams as the fans get ready for action!

DING DING!

The cocky Bo Stevens gets ready to lock up with Minute, but the fiery dynamo kicks the leg of Bo and tries to get at him. When Minute tries to go in again for kick, Bo grabs his foot. He smirks at Minute and throws up in the air, but Minute BACKFLIPS and lands on his feet. The Faithful cheer loudly for the luchador as he waves at Bo, which angers him. A boot catches Minute in the chest and then Bo whips him off the ropes. Bo tries a big boot, but Minute ducks then does not one, but TWO front flips forward on the mat and then lands on his feet!

DDK:

Minute just takes your breath away with insane athleticism like that! Bo is NOT happy!

Lance:

He charges at Minute... NO!

Bo tries another clothesline and Minute ducks, then he comes back out like he was launched out of a cannon with a HUGE springboard dropkick to the chest of Bo! The blow knocks Bo clear through the ropes and then tries to get back inside, but when he does, Minute is right there to crack him with a second front dropkick sending Bo out of the floor! Minute is back on his feet with Uriel and Titaness cheering him on as he runs towards the corner. He leaps to the middle rope, then the middle rope on the outside before LEAPING onto Bo on the floor with an incredible springboard moonsault!

Lance:

HUGE moonsault by Minute! He may be one of the smallest competitors we have in DEFIANCE, but he can literally attack anyone from anywhere in that ring!

DDK:

Minute throws Bo back inside the ring... then the tag gets made to Uriel! Oh, I don't like Bo Stevens' chances right now...

Uriel and Minute both launch Bo across the ring. When he comes back, Uriel hoists him up into an upward dropkick from Minute! Bo stumbles on his feet as Uriel hits the ropes and then SMASHES into him with a huge running shoulder tackle!

Lance:

I would agree with you... especially now!

The Titan of Industry gets cheers from the crowd and Titaness looks on, liking what she sees in the ring. Minute has barely been in the corner when he gets tagged in again by Uriel. Cortez holds out both hands... then NAILS Bo with the Chop of Ages! The double-handed chop brings Bo to a seated position in the corner when Uriel helps with an assisted corner double knee strike!

DDK:

Another big double-team! Uriel and Minute were barely a team, having won the Unified Tag Team Titles from the Stevens Dynasty at DEFCON 2020! That was their third match together, but what a match it was!

Lance:

And Minute is gonna try and make history repeat itself tonight!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Bo's shoulder comes up, but Minute lets him have it with another flurry of kicks to Bo's chest. He reels back, but when Minute tries another head kick, Bo ducks underneath the kick and then runs over to big George to make the tag! Minute backs up a step or two as the massive heavy of the Stevens Dynasty now climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Oh, boy... Minute pinned George Stevens to win those belts when they fought at DEFCON and from the looks of it, George has not forgotten.

Lance:

And not to mention, a win here is going to carry massive momentum into what has turned out to be one of the BIGGEST wagers for a tag match in DEFIANCE history!

Minute goes right for the leg with a dropkick and that stuns George. The TJ Tornado gets back up and then fights again with another kick, but George shoves him on his back. Minute rolls through as Uriel and Titaness watch on. He tries again, but this time, George stops him with one hand by grabbing his neck! He goozles him and then throws him in the air before SMACKING him down with a massive open-palmed slap to the chest! The arena lets out a collective groan from the sound of the chop as Minute rolls around in a tizzy.

DDK:

GOD! That shot just turned the tide for the Stevens Dynasty!

Lance:

That it did... oh, lord, of course now Bo wants in!

The crowd jeers a very giddy Bo as he holds a hand out. George picks up Minute with two hands and presses him over his head... then ONE hand. Minute tries to scurry out, but George then lets him drop in a big snake eyes-like fashion in the corner! The tag is made to Bo Stevens, who climbs into the ring and kisses his arm. Minute heads into the ring, only to get a big running back elbow. The blow rocks him but it gets worse when he throws Minute out of the corner, only to follow up with a big lariat to the back of the head!

DDK:

And what a combo that was! Both teams showing on full display right now why they are top of the food chain in the tag team division!

Lance:

Very true! Cortez, Minute and Titaness knocked off The Dunson Clan as well as The Lucky Sevens and Ken Ellis on recent matches on UNCUT, but The Stevens Dynasty are a perennial threat to the Unified Tag Titles!

Bo doesn't pin Minute, simply running over to get in Uriel's face. Uriel tries to take a swipe at him, but he backs up and measures up Minute. The TJ Tornado tries to get up, only to catch Remember The Alamo to the face!

DDK:

Remember The Alamo by Bo! Will that superkick be enough?

ONE... TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out, but Bo stays on him and rains down right hands! The blows keep on coming until the official gets on Bo. He backs up without incident especially since they are still in control as he tags George. Both men get into the ring and Bo takes over Minute with a snapmare... then BOTH men lock in simultaneous iron claw holds into the shoulders of Minute!

Lance:

Deadly combo there! The Lucky Sevens aren't the only men that can work claw holds, it seems!

DDK:

Bo better get back to the corner!

Bo lets go, but George continues to squeeze just for fun, eliciting anguish from the young 23-year-old luchador. George lets go, only to pick Minute up again. Uriel and Titaness keep on watching and Cortez wants in but George is beating on Minute in the corner. A big welt from George's earlier chop is now on Minute's chest and the crowd sees it too as Bo Stevens gets a tag. George buries his shoulders into the chest of Minute and then holds him there before getting tagged by Bo. George DRILLS The TJ Tornado with a huge backbreaker, then lets Bo follow up with a jumping elbow drop to the chest! Now he tries a cover again!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Another great combo by The Stevens Dynasty, but Minute kicks out again!

Lance:

He's a gutsy one, that's for sure... but Bo Stevens now hits the neckbreaker!

After he drops Minute with another neckbreaker, he holds on, driving Minute's neck down on his knee! Minute tries to fight his way out and his body is aching from the beatdowns he has taken, but Bo has the hold locked in tightly.

DDK:

Great tag wrestling by The Stevens Dynasty! They've isolated Minute and it's just gone sideways for the former Titans since!

Lance:

Listen to the crowd, though! They want Minute to get that tag to Uriel!

Uriel stomps on the ring steps and gets the crowd to clap along for support with Titaness joining in on the outside. Cary Stevens growls and then yells at Bo to finish off the luchador. Bo nods then releases the hold to try and set up a big move. He tries for the Game Changer, but Minute leaps up and then hits a knee square between Bo's eyes! Bo lets go and then swats at Minute with a knee then launches him to the ropes. He tries the Bo-Dazzled discus lariat, but Minute ducks and then comes off the ropes with a handspring enzuigiri, NAILING Bo in the face!

DDK:

Minute counters with the handspring enzuigiri kick! Now he's gotta get to Uriel!

Lance:

I don't think it was wise for him to let him go, but Minute just capitalized!

He crawls at the corner where Uriel is waiting for the tag just as a dazed and confused Bo rolls at his corner. George and Cary both yell at Bo to get his attention as he finally realizes where he is. But when Bo hears Minute on his side of the ring make the tag...

DDK:

Oh, boy, here comes trouble for the Stevens Dynasty!

The Faithful go nuts as Uriel tags into the match! He looks out to the crowd and then steps over the ropes. When Bo sees what's coming, he gets MOWED with a big running shoulder tackle, followed by Uriel heading to the corner and blasting George Stevens off the apron with a massive big boot! Uriel holds his arms out to a rowdy crowd and then pulls Bo up from the ring mat. He whips Bo across the ring and then CRUSHES him using a big corner splash, followed by picking him up and then throwing him across the ring with a big fallaway slam!

DDK:

WOW! Bo knows how to get tossed like a lawn dart!

Lance:

Cute, Darren, haha. But you're right! And now here comes Uriel again as Bo tries to stand... another big splash in the corner!

Uriel then grabs Bo and scoops him up before dropping him back to an inverted DDT position, then hits Big Business! The inverted facelock elbow drop connects and Uriel lays across Bo's shoulders for the cover...

ONE... TWO...

But George Stevens reaches in to grab Uriel's leg and pulls him off!

DDK:

What a save by George! He's big, but he didn't have to reach far to save his cousin!

Bo Stevens is still hurt, but Uriel boots him away! Bo is still out so Uriel steps over him and then makes the tag to Minute! The luchador is still in pain from the earlier work by the Stevens Dynasty, but he heads up top... but Cary Stevens climbs on the apron to try and stop it before they can set up the 30 Story Splash!

Lance:

Oh, come on! Cary needs to...

DDK:

Titaness has seen enough!

Titaness grabs the leg of Cary and pulls him away from the apron! The former wrestler tries to take a swing, but Cary misses... And Titaness doesn't when she comes back and nails a big boot!

Lance:

OW! Titaness just took Cary Stevens off his feet with that big boot!

She gets up and talks some trash to the former wrestler, but George Stevens goes after her. That gets Uriel into action and soon, they brawl on the floor! Back in the ring, Minute hits a springboard dropkick on Bo Stevens and sends him to the corner! Minute then leaps into action and hits a running double knee strike to the chest, then throws Bo down. Minute heads up to the ring apron and tries to leap... but he's grabbed by a pair of hands... KEN ELLIS' HANDS!

DDK:

What the hell...? That weasel wasn't supposed to be here tonight!

Lance:

Damn it, leave it to Morrow to skirt the rules. Remember, Morrow, The Lucky Sevens and The SNS were banned from ringside... didn't say anything about Ellis!

Ken gets SUPERKICKED by Minute for his troubles and gets flattened! The crowd cheers, but when Minute tries to leap for the Minute Detail, Bo trips him up on the ropes! Minute crashes and burns hard, then Bo desperately measures him up into... the Game Changer! The rolling cutter dumps Minute on his head and the crowd jeers as Bo hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Uriel is a second too late to break it up and Bo panics when he sees the giant. But it's too late as they've stolen the win!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **THE STEVENS DYNASTY!**

DDK:

This one belonged to Cortez and Minute, but Morrow finds a way around the rules to get them the win!

Lance:

And if that happens at DEFCON, not only are Uriel and Minute out of chances for any retribution against Better Future and Tom Morrow... but the Ballyhoo Brew will belong to them also.

Bo Stevens and George help Cary to his feet and they leave Ken Ellis to rot! Bo and George celebrate up the ramp! Meanwhile, Uriel sees the Executive Assistant of Better Future and then decides enough is enough! He grabs Ellis and the toadie gets HURLED into the ring where Titaness is waiting.

DDK:

Oh boy... third time WON'T be a charm for Ellis, will it?

He's referring to Titaness getting her hands on Ellis yet again when he tries to stand... only to get SPEARED by the six-foot one powerhouse!

Lance:

The former Sky High Titans have had more than enough of Ellis and Morrow after all they've bene put through and I can't blame them for this!

Uriel gets Ellis up high in the air and pauses as a punch-drunk Ken shakes his head frantically knowing the landing is gonna be bad! Lots of camera phones then DRILLS him into the canvas with the Industry Standard! The Faithful go crazy as Uriel Ellis convulses in pain as Uriel lets go and he and Titaness go to check on Minute. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs and Uriel and Titaness help him up before making their own exit from the ring.

Lance:

The Stevens Dynasty walk away with the victory, but after tonight, Ken Ellis most definitely won't be walking to DEFCON at all!

400 SHOTS!

The scene moves backstage as we see Christie Zane poised to present a backstage interview. She's got the FIST of DEFIANCE champion and fellow 24K Compatriot, Perfection standing by her side.

Both men in their ring gear appear to be ready for tonight's big main event tag team match.

Christie Zane:

Mikey Unlikely and Perfection, tonight both you face your respective DEFCON opponents in a huge tag team main event, we're two weeks from the big show, and you get the opportunity to get your hands on them a little early. Your thoughts?

The FIST holds up the championship in it's glass display case to the camera. Once he makes his point he turns and looks at Christie, finally acknowledging her existence.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're skipping ahead a bit don't you think Christie!? I know we totally blew you off last week for an interview but that doesn't give you the right to disrespect the best damn champion this company has ever had. Aren't you going to congratulate me?

Christie looks confused, Perfection awaits the congratulations but when it doesn't come he gets a little flustered himself.

Christie Zane:

Congrats for wh...

James Witherhold cuts her off.

Perfection:

Aren't you a journalist? Have you done ANY research? Today marks the 400th daily anniversary since Mikey Unlikely became the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Unlikely soaks in the accolades.

Perfection:

400 Days! That's incredible. Imagine being the best at anything in the world, for over an entire calendar year!? Tonight after we win this HOAX of a matchup we were goaded into... 24K is taking 400 shots to celebrate! You should join us Christie!

She looks aghast at the idea.

Christie Zane:

Thank you for that invite, and congratulations Mikey Unlikely, 400 days is quite the accomplishment. No one can take that from you.

Mikey Unlikely:

You got that right Christie, and ooooooooooh how they have tried to take it from me! Every week I come out here with a new record and all everyone does is try to diminish that. All they do is put an asterisk on my name! NOT TODAY! Day 400 of this glorious reign is meant to be one of celebration. Instead we're stuck wrestling in a tag team match against Captain Defiance and The little engine that could!

Perfection:

Two wrestlers who shouldn't even be in the same sentence as us, get to go up against two of the biggest stars in DEFIANCE today. Can you believe it? What an opportunity for them! Unbelievable!

Mikey Unlikely:

Opportunity... it's very fleeting Christie. Now don't misinterpret when I say this, but aside from the BIGGEST news that I've reached day 400 as YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE... there's more! We're only two weeks from DEFCON, the biggest DEFNight of the year... and Scott Douglas is yet to accept my challenge. Yes he has the FIST match locked up contractually. Yes I have to face him regardless of his acceptance or not. The fact of the matter is Scott Douglas is terrified to put his career on the line against mine.

Perfection:

And why wouldn't he be? You've toppled superstar after superstar after Oscar Burns.

Mikey Unlikely:

At the end of the day Scott Douglas knows what I know as well. Every single FAITHFUL fan in DEFIANCE is going to know how big of a coward he is when he doesn't accept. Everyone is going to know that the man they put their faith in, doesn't have faith in himself! You hate to see it Christie.

He pauses for dramatic effect.

Mikey Unlikely:

So what we're going to do tonight is beat a lesson into the pair of try hards. No one tops 24K! No one has even come close. As individuals, we're incredibly strong. As a group we're fortified beyond belief. There's nothing DEFIANCE can do. This is Day 400 and counting... this time next year we're both going to be standing right here Christie... This championship is going to still be with me, and we'll be talking about someone else I'm about to teach the same lesson.

Perfection:

That's why we're taking 400 shots!

Unlikely lifts an arm to propose a toast.

Mikey Unlikely:

To record breaking title reigns. To DEFIANCE domination. To 24K!

Perfection:

Long may they reign!

The champion smirks and the pair leave together laughing. Ready for tonight's main event.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

THE PUNK AWAKENS

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we--

Blaring NOISE ROCK pouring out of the PA cuts Darren off before he can get another word out.

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

The song edit skips the intro and goes right into the riff as the Escape Artist REZIN promptly bursts through the curtain. No smoke, no strobes... just a very irate, frazzled-looking Goat Bastard. The Faithful in attendance give him the proper greeting he deserves...

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

Rezin sneers into the crowd as he stomps over to the interview stage. Something has him vexed as he approaches the podium and snatches the mic before kicking the podium over.

Lance:

Looks like we're getting words from the so-called Escape Artist before we continue with this show...

DDK:

I loathe to think of what we're about to be put through, although tonight, I can't help but notice that Rezin isn't looking his regular smug and snarky attitude.

Rezin walks to the very edge of the stage and waits a beat, furious eyes gazing out into the far reaches of the jeering WrestlePlex. Then the music cuts and he begins to speak...

Rezin:

ARRRIGHT, ya Faithless normies... rumors are already spreadin', so let's just get this out of the way: NO, I did NOT cause the death of Prince Philip! I simply sent him a spam e-mail with a link that Rick-roll'd him into listening to the new Napalm Death album! Have you seriously not heard it yet? It's BRUTAL AS FUCK! Half of you would drop dead after the first song melts your faces off! Now don't get me wrong, I would GLADLY tap dance on that royal scum's grave, but if I had legit offed a member of the bourgeoisie through death by grindcore, I would've gone with Carcass, and you'd damn well better believe you'd be hearing about it from ME first! Now let's get on to more important matters...

His glare finds the camera, and he goes straight into the famous Nick Cage stare as he points into the viewer...

Rezin:

HEN'RY KEYYES... I want you OUT HERE! NOW!! FACE to FACE, PUNK to PUNK! I don't care if I have to wait ALL NIGHT for you to--

~~WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~

Rezin:

WHOOAAH GEEZ!!

Rezin nearly gets blown off balance and flails to keep from falling off the stage, while the Faithful cheer loudly to the familiar music cue.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Without even a tiny hint of delay, the Airship Pirate HENRY KEYES steps through the curtain, greeted by a MASSIVE pop which he acknowledges with a wink and a nod. Keyes promptly haunch-strut-walks onto the stage with all of the poise and posterity of a man on a mission, while Rezin frets and fritters around like a confused dog, unsure if he

should fight or flee.

DDK:

This rivalry began back at DEFIANCE Road when Rezin scored the unlikely pinfall over Henry Keyes on behalf of the Kabal, and ever since then, the Airship Pirate has been determined to redeem himself!

Lance:

If only Rezin would give him that chance... but for weeks, he's been issuing challenges to bizarre matches and slipping away every time.

DDK:

There's a lot of people in DEFIANCE who can't wait to see Keyes get his hands on the nefarious Rezin... but what's going to happen NOW when these two stand face to face?

The music cuts as Henry takes the stage and comes to a standstill, arms crossed stoically across his chest. A long, tension-filled silence between the two rivals ensues...

"HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!!"

Keyes is standing as still as a statue, eyes fixated on the Escape Artist. Rezin, restlessly pacing back and forth, glares back like a deranged maniac, loudly huffing through his nose into the mic.

Rezin:

Now YOU listen HERE, HENR'RY KEEYYEESS! You and me? We're gonna HAVE our one-on-one match!

Keys smiles wide with a glimmer in his eyes and immediately takes a few determined steps to the ring, which pops the crowd once again! Rezin, now more irate than ever, facepalms.

Rezin:

NO, I didn't mean RIGHT NOW, dambit!!

Rezin marches up to Keyes... and gets INCHES from his face. Henry doesn't even blink, and his unflinching dapper smile of beaming confidence doesn't falter; if anything, his eye-glimmer turns into eye-manic at the very idea of beating the holy hell out of the man before him. The Escape Artist throws out a shaky finger, pointing to the elaborately lit up "DEFCON" sign hanging in the corner of the WrestlePlex...

Rezin:

DEFFKHAWWWNN!!

"RRRAAAAAHHHHH!!"

DDK:

Looks like it's finally been made official! The Airship Pirate HENRY KEYES against the Escape Artist REZIN at DEFCON, in the ultimate battle between steam-punk and crust-punk!

Rezin now redirects his furiously trembling finger to being held up around his face to show he's being super, super serial right now.

Rezin:

Y'see, HEN'RY KEEYYESS... over the course of these past few weeks, despite the fact that you're an absolute POSER, you've come out here and HUMILIATED ME... always OUT-PUNK ROCKING ME at every turn!

The finger points down. Rezin's eyes bulge even wider. Keyes's right eyebrow elevates.

Rezin:

And I'm telling you right here and now, HEN'RY KEEYYESS... that at DEFF-KHAN, that humiliation comes to an END! And EYE will end it... in the most PUNK ROCK fashion possible...

Rezin's face transcends Nick Cage and goes full on Arnold from the end of Total Recall.

Rezin:

...in the most PUNK ROCK MATCH EVER CONCEIVED!!

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go...

Rezin's finger goes to the DEFIatron.

Rezin:

BEHOLD... the KABAL'S LATEST CHAOTIC CREATION...

The screen lights up...

♪ "Backlash Just Because" by Napalm Death ♪

...and what plays is a CGI-made "video presentation" circling around an elaborate cage set-up surrounding the ring. Stock gif images of pillars of fire take up the corners of the shot. The graphics are the-screen-at-the-bowling-alley-when-you-get-a-strike levels of bad.

Rezin:

A HARDCORE HELLPOCALYPSE MATCH!!!

GRRROOOOAANNNN...

The sheer volume of pixel density and rampant bullshittery renders Keyes visibly disappointed.

DDK:

...you gotta be kidding me.

Keyes turns to Rezin with the same look in his eye that your nephew has when the mean man tells him they're all out of chocolate ice cream. Rezin, still completely unhinged, now wears a snarling grin as he points frantically to the screen.

Rezin:

Yeess... YEEEESSSS... not one--NOT TWO--but THREE CAGES, lined with all manner of HAZARDS and WEAPONS! The SHARP kinds! The BLUNT kinds! Even the EXPLOSIVE kinds! EVERYTHING and ANYTHING that doesn't go well with the human body IS IN THIS MATCH!

Lance:

It's like a garbage truck exploded over the ring... I seriously feel myself losing brain cells trying to process whatever it is I'm looking at.

Rezin:

The FIRST CAGE will be made of cold, unforgiving STEEL! The ring will be LITTERED with tables, ladders, and chairs! And cheese graters! And pizza cutters! Everything but the... nah, fuck it, we got KITCHEN SINKS in there too! And the turnbuckles will be replaced with...

Rezin points to the screen. Cue the stock gif image of an explosion. We're not sure that the color mapping really worked as intended.

Rezin:

CLAYMORE MINES!!

GRRROOOOAANNNN...

Keyes wearily puts both his hands to his eyes, looking to rub away whatever the hell this fever dream is trying to tell him. Several attempts are made. The Windows 98-ass images are still ever-present and hang over the entire arena like a low-level muggy steam over a Florida swamp.

Bonk... Bonk... Bonk... Bonk...

Quick cutaway to the commentary station, where we see "Downtown" Darren Keebler banging his head into the desk, a red mark clearly visible on his forehead. Lance is lost in a thousand-yard stare.

Rezin:

The only escape is through the ROOF, into the upper tier... into the SECOND CAGE... made out of FLESH-RENDING BARBED WIRE!! Which will be ELECTRIFIED! And also MAGNETIZED!! ELECTRO-MAGNETIZED!!

DDK:

Where do we... how do they... just... WHAT!? WHY, even?!

Keyes is just done at this point. He looks at Rezin the way a parent looks at a child 20 minutes into a loosely-detailed explanation of how they're going to conquer the moon. Rezin notices, and looks rather nonplussed. This presentation isn't getting quite the reaction he expected.

Rezin:

But none of that compares to the HELL that awaits OUTSIDE the second cage... where the THIRD layer of this HARDCORE ONION, a ring encompassing CELL, will be made from...

He cues to the next slide. The wireframe cell lights up the very cheapest computer animation. It may have been stolen from Apple II technology.

Rezin:

FIRE!!!

GRRROOOOAANNNN...

Keyes leaves the stage apparently hunting for a microphone, his displeasure-turned-sadness-turned-impatience now turning to a very real anger in a classic representation of the stages of grief, if possibly misordered. Rezin is getting furious again.

Rezin:

And every five minutes, THUMBTRACKS will rain down from the rafters! And instead of padding, the ringside floor will be covered in... COBRAS!! Yes, LIVE COBRAS!! And the only way to ESCAPE this inferno cage will be to unlock the door... but it has THREE LOCKS, made of emerald, ruby, and sapphire! The first key will be kept by a giant cyclops who... who...

The Escape Artist trails off when he notices that the Airship Pirate isn't even looking at the screen, completely tuned out of the presentation, and in fact is no longer on the entrance ramp at all. Rezin's anger finally boils over as he explodes into spastic rage.

Rezin:

HEY, MAN!! Where the HELL do you think you're going!? WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?! Ya know, Magenta Reaper worked real hard on this, and you're not even paying attention here! This is a HARDCORE HELLPOCALYPSE match... don't you GET THAT?! Don't you understand the EPIC LEVELS of extreme at stake here!?

Keyes is just so goddamn happy to finally find an extra mic from ringside and stomps with spirit back up towards the entrance stage. Rezin gets up in his face once again, though the Airship Pirate remains unflinching.

Rezin:

OH, so NOW you got something to say! Afters WEEKS with all the silent treatment! What, were you trynna say something, but like, without saying it, or something?! Some "actions speak louder than words" kinda bullshit?!

Keyes's eyes have that great-for-wrestling, problematic-for-health thing where you can see all the blood vessels due to the sheer hate-bulge. The microphone is lowered; as it slowly climbs up a couple inches, the crowd begins to rahhhHH~.

Rezin:

Like... you just let me go on and on and talk myself into a hole, while you just stand there like a completely silent badass, just patiently waiting for all the antics to end and the bell rings and you can finally make your statement in a completely non-verbal way, specifically putting your hard-workin' fists to my ugly mug?

Keyes's microphone continues to climb, inch by inch, approaching chest-level. The rahhhHH~s are now RAHHHHHHHHHH~s, and the mic is almost chin-level....

Rezin:

LIKE... LIKE... ALL OF THIS is really nothing but a distraction? The WEAPONS MATCH? The GANG WAR?! It's all just clown-show FLUFF?! Like, NONE OF IT is really PUNK ROCK?!? That I'M not PUNK ROCK!? Is THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN', WITHOUT SAYIN' IT, HHEENNEERRY KEEYYEESSS?!?

As Keyes's microphone approaches his face, the crowd is at a FEVER PITCH!! Several fans shhh~ SHHHHH!! it out as it looks like Keyes is about to finally fucking say something...

...

Henry Keyes:

YES.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH~!!

Rezin recoils in shock and rage, as though a single word could have that much effect on him. He tears off his battle vest and feverishly runs his hands through his skullet, making himself look even more crazy. Then he sneers wickedly toward the Airship Pirate.

Rezin:

Are you trynna say that **EYE**--the ESCAPE ARTIST... the GOAT BASTARD... HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER... ARE YOU SAYING THAT I'M NOT... I'm not... being...

Rezin trails off as a hard truth enters his eyes.

Rezin:

I'm... not being... punk rock...?

Rezin turns away from everything and walks a few paces across the stage, head down and nodding as he processes this sudden revelation.

DDK:

...what is happening right now, Lance?

Lance:

I believe he's having a moment of self-reflection, Keebs.

Rezin turns back around, and his expression is now completely different. A calm and matured peace has overtaken him. He looks out over the Faithful for several moments, before redirecting his attention back to the Airship Pirate.

Rezin:

Forgive me, Henry Keyes, but... I had a bit of a revelation just now.

He gestures to the DEFIAtron.

Rezin:

This... isn't really punk rock, is it?

Keyes lowers his mic and blinks. His child has finally learned why it's bad to draw with markers on the wall, and his face shows it. Rezin, looking up to his creation, likewise shakes his head.

Rezin:

Nah... it's too contrived. Too intentional. In fact, all these crazy matches I've been proposing... none of it has been punk rock. This isn't Discharge, it's... ugh... DreamTheater. Calling something like that "punk rock" is doing the term a disservice.

He looks out into the crowd again, somewhat sad and pensive.

Rezin:

Funny, now that I think about it. I've been throwing stones at DEFIANCE for taking a word and turning it into a product to be sold, but now I'm realizing that I'm not all that different... taking a slogan and trying to turn it into a label, an image, a brand...

He looks straight into the camera.

Rezin:

But calling yourself "punk rock" is literally the least punk rock thing a person can do. Being "punk rock"... being DEFIANT... it's more than just calling yourself something. It's about just doing your thing, following your own path, and not giving a fuck who thinks what.

He looks back to Keyes.

Rezin:

And that's been all you, Henry Keyes. You haven't even tried to be punk rock this entire time... haven't even cared. And that's exactly what being punk rock is all about. I forgot this, and it took you and all your silent, straightforward badassery to remind me.

Uncomfortably, he clears his throat.

Rezin:

I, uhhh... ahem... I thank you for that, Henry Keyes.

Everyone in the WrestlePlex is overwhelmed with confusion. We've not seen this side of Rezin before. He looks absolutely humbled right now.

Rezin:

I was wrong about you, Henry Keyes. You are pretty punk rock, at your core. Probably the most punk rock wrestler I've seen in years. It took me until now to see it. Perhaps I denied it because deep down, I could see it, and I was jealous... but I'm not denying it anymore.

He approaches Keyes again. There's a fire in his eyes now... could it actually be determination?

Rezin:

So how about this, Keyes? Why don't you and I finally hash this out in the way we KNOW how to hash it out? Just you and me, and our fists! Let's agree to no gimmicks... no weapons... no distractions... no Star Wars references... and fuck it, why don't we just go with NO HOLDS BARRED?!

Keyes has a peace in his expression, finally transitioning into the classic Acceptance phase of processing grief. He raises the mic to his face one more time.

Henry Keyes:

I thought you'd never ask.

Mic drop.

"RRRAAAAAHHHHH!!"

DDK:

Well there's ONE way to up the ante! Keyes versus Rezin at DEFCON in a No Holds Barred match!

Lance:

Surprisingly, but somewhat thankfully, Rezin has opted to stop goofing off and get serious in this rivalry with Henry Keyes! And I can't help but think this is exactly the kind of match that Henry wants!

On the interview stage, Keyes and Rezin continue to lock eyes. Rezin points threateningly as he backs away to the curtain. There's a renewed sense of focus and commitment in his expression.

Rezin:

I'll see you at DEFCON then, Henry Keyes...

He turns to leave, when Henry's sharp whistle stops him in his tracks. He twirls around to see the Airship Pirate... extending his hand.

Rezin looks at the hand in disbelief.

Rezin:

What... what is this? You wanna shake on it?

Keyes nods. That one deep-analyzing geek in the crowd who remembers that whole backstage thing with Keyes and Deacon many weeks ago is FREAKING OUT but not telling anyone why.

Rezin:

After all that I put you through these past couple months... after EVERYTHING... you're STILL humble and willing enough to offer a lowly, scummy, smelly Goat Bastard like ME... the ultimate sign of respect, in a handshake?

Keyes just keeps his arm earnestly extended. Rezin quietly chuckles, impressed.

Rezin:

Heh... once again, Henry Keyes... that's pretty punk rock of ya.

Both men nod at each other with newfound respect. Then Rezin shrugs and approaches with his own hand outstretched...

Rezin:

Fuck it, bro, let's do this...

...and of course, he instead kicks LOW.

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

NOOOO, THAT BASTARD!!

With the WrestlePlex roaring in fury, Rezin HAMMERS down relentlessly on the back of Henry's neck before grabbing by the sides of the head and leading him into a run toward the edge of the stage...

Rezin:

You wanna FLY, AIRSHIP PIRATE!? LET'S FLY!!

DDK:

NO! NOOO!!

Rezin viciously TOSSES Keyes off the edge, and the Airship Pirate crashes into a nearby stack of power amplifiers! The DEFIAtron suddenly cuts to static!

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHA!!! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, HENNERRYY KKEEEYYYESS!! AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

While DEFSEC pull Keyes off of the ruined electrical equipment, the Escape Artist leers down at him from his elevated position on the stage.

Rezin:

At DEFCON... I'm going to REMIND YOU exactly WHY you failed your friends! AT DEFF-CONN... I'm going to REMIND YOU WHY you FAILED DEFIANCE!! AAT DEFF-KHAANN... **EYE** AM GONNA REE-MIND-YOO... what it MEANS to be PUNK ROCK...

Cut to the crane cam, dramatically ascending from the stage as Rezin looks up and defiantly (wink) shakes his fist to the heavens above and bellows with all the force and energy his black lungs can muster...

Rezin:

HHEENNNEERRRRYYYY KKKEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEESSSSSS!!!

Both arms draped over members of DEFSEC, Keyes glares back up at the fiend on stage. He's hurt, but his determination is only further tempered by his fury.

DDK:

What an absolute mess... but thankfully, this will all come to a head between these two at DEFCON! I hope Keyes crushes his head like a rotten melon!

Lance:

You're not alone there, Keeps... but we can't forget, Rezin has escaped defeat by pinfall or submission at every turn. Henry Keyes is determined to win, but Rezin always has something up his sleeve.

DDK:

We'll have to see what comes at the granddaddy's of DEFIANCE Pay Per View events... but until then, let's get on with our go-home episode of DEFTv!

THE ULTIMATE ASMR WITH AMES

The entire arena is focused on the middle of the ring as crew members hurry to set up boom microphones, teleprompters and sensory stations.

DDK:

Are you ready for the ultimate ASMR session, Lance?

Lance:

I'm rather... skeptical to say the least. This whole thing with Ames and Blackwood has me uneasy. However, this does mark the first time Teresa Ames will be conducting one of her patented ASMR sessions right here in the ring. So I suppose that's cool with me!

The lights soften to a dull glow. A soothing blend of ukulele chords and rain sounds flood the arena. Teresa Ames makes the slow walk to the ring.

Darren Quimbey: *[Whispering]*

Faithful, please welcome Teresa Ames.

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl assembles in front of the microphone stand in the middle of the ring.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hello, hello, hello and welcome to the ultimate ASMR experience.

Teresa does a few casual finger flutters into the microphone.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Isn't this exciting?

DDK:

We're in for a treat, aren't we?

Lance: *[Whispering]*

Shhhhhhh, Darren! You're supposed to be whispering.

DDK: *[Whispering]*

Oh shoot, sorry.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Now let me tell everyone here a little story through ASMR.

Teresa departs from the microphone momentarily. She walks over to a bin full of ASMR triggers. She pulls out a pair of hand knitted dolls before walking back.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

This is a sinful story about boy meets girl and how they fell in love.

The crowd jeers at where this is going.

Lance: *[Whispering]*

I knew it!

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

You see, there was a spiteful man by the name of Gage Blackwood who does not reciprocate love very well.

The crowd hates it.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

And then there was this wonderful, strong, proud, delightful, energetic, insightful, stunning, brave, lovely, sexy, vixen of a woman named Teresa and all she wanted was to be loved.

The crowds chants begin to louden as Teresa visually fixates on the dolls in her hands.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

But she couldn't get what she wanted. Then she sought out emotional guidance from her support team but they turned out to be fucking useless, too.

She bites her lip as she mashes the dolls together.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

DEFcepticons? Useless. Screen 7? Useless. Kristie Bellis? ULTRA USELESS. Gage Blackwood?

She promptly takes the male doll and bops its head on the microphone, sending dull feedback throughout the arena.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Do you like that? Should have killed you when I had the chance. I mean, wait. After all we've been through, I still want to be with you. I still want to show just how good of a baw juggler I am.

Lance: *[Whispering]*

Disgusting!

Ames tosses the male doll to the canvas as the fans continue to disrespect the 'SHHHH!', 'QUIET', 'INDOOR VOICES ONLY' and 'WHISPER IF YOU MUST TALK' signs posted around.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Gage Blackwood. I make fucking men! Look at Jay Harvey. Where is he now? The main event. I did that!

Lance: *[Whispering]*

I don't know if I'd say that's true.

DDK:

I don't think we have to whisper anymore, Lance.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

BLACKWOOD! YOU TRITE SHRIMP DICKED POOR MAN'S DANIEL CRAIG!

How she whisper-screams amazes everyone.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I need you. I want you. DEFCON. Be there because I'm challenging you to a match. I know you want the FIST so badly but guess what, facing me will only elevate you. Trust me. So settle for that, b-

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

The Faithful give a BOOMING cheer!

DDK:

Business is picking up!

Blackwood bursts from the curtain and marches down the rampway! He's fuming at the seams while the camera

switches to Teresa Ames, unphased inside the ring.

The Noble Raider slides into the squared circle and demands a microphone.

Gage Blackwood:

ENOUGH OF THIS.

Ames doesn't bat an eye.

Gage Blackwood:

Because of YOU, some innocent girl who is NOT employed as a *wrestler* has spent the past two weeks in the hospital. Concussion, orbital fracture... and for WHAT REASON? Because you think her and I are together? You think she pulled me apart... *[Blackwood looks Ames over from head-to-toe]* from YOU?

Gage tries to calm himself down by pacing back and forth. It's not working.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I get it. There's one thing I didn't understand this entire time until now. THIS *[gesturing between them]* IS NEVER GOING TO HAPPE-

SLAP.

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

DDK:

Ames slapped Blackwood!

The Scot takes a deep breath before pulling the mic back to his face. The ASMRtist doesn't back away, either.

Gage Blackwood:

DEFCON? Aye. I've got nothing else going on and it's time for this nightmare to end, lass. And that's not the nightmare YOU'VE imposed on ME. It's this downward spiral I find myself in after losing the Southern Heritage Championship. It's-

DDK:

What's going on?

Lance:

That's Screen 7!

"Horror" Hector Harris is leading his boys, Berry Chernobyl, Alan Goldstein and Gilbert Rogers down to ringside.

Lance:

And the DEFcepticons!

The BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, all five members, follow Screen 7.

It doesn't stop there.

Lance:

There's Jonathan-Christopher Hall alongside his wife, Vickie Hall! The Hallmark Journey!

Thomas Slaine is the final one out with a pair of scissors in his hands.

By now, the groups surround the ring from all angles. Blackwood scoffs.

Gage Blackwood:

Cute. Got your little entourage here. Told them your lies and they believed you?

Ames doesn't understand.

Teresa Ames:

I don't know what you're talking about. This is my support group!

Blackwood scoffs, again.

Gage Blackwood:

Same thing.

The members on the outside make their move. They all get onto the apron. The Noble Raider grows increasingly frustrated.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm done.

Teresa curls her hair with her free hand and raises the mic to her mouth with the other.

Teresa Ames:

I am doing this for us, Gage. I love you. We are meant to be together. Forever. You are my soulmate; you are my everything. Be with me, Gage, bewithme bewithme bewithme. These people around US... I know you are scared of them but they are here to support our journey, together, forever, because you have my heart. Here is my heart Gage, myheart, myheart, myheart... *[whispering to herself]* my everything, everything, everything.

Blackwood hasn't backed down. He's huffing and puffing with anger.

Gage Blackwood:

HOW MANY TIMES DO I-

Ames cuts him off.

Teresa Ames:

You don't get it. We HAVE TO be together. Your accent, your hair... your trademark scar above your left eye. I want you, I need you, I LOVE YOU.

However, Teresa frowns.

Teresa Ames:

But if I can't have you, Gage... NO ONE CAN!

DDK:

And here they come!

Screen 7, The DEFcepticons, Hallmark Journey and Thomas Slaine quickly enter the ring and rush Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

It's a TWELVE-ON-ONE!

Lance:

This is insanity!

Blackwood fights off Starscream from the DEFcepticons but he can barely get any more shots in, as the collection of

social support brings The Scot to his knees rather easily. Ames shouts on from the corner.

Teresa Ames:

Yeah, c'mon, yeah! Get it! Get it!

The Faithful are HOT with jeers as Septimus Tyne and Megan Kron of the DEFcepticons pull Blackwood to his feet so Berry Chernobyl of Screen 7 can bounce off the ropes and deliver a devastating pump kick to Gage's head! Ames has a nails-on-a-chalkboard scream of excitement as she watches this unfold.

Teresa Ames:

WE HAD IT ALL!!! WE WERE GOING TO BE THE POWER COUPLE OF DEFIANCE BUT YOU TOOK ME FOR GRANTED, GAGE!!! YOU FUCKING VANILLA SLUT! STUPID-ASS DIPSHIT!

Meanwhile, The Hallmark Journey stop to hug and give one another a kiss on the cheek before performing a lifting cutter (3D) to Blackwood, laying him face-down on the mat.

DDK:

I don't get why these people are HELPING Teresa when she went off on them moments ago!?

Lance:

Guess it was a set-up?

Teresa Ames: *[Looking at Thomas Slaine]*

Again. Make him hurt.

Thomas Slaine pulls Blackwood off the mat. Blackwood's trademark scar is busted open, providing a crimson mask for all to see. When Teresa sees this, it looks like she's put on her best O-Face.

DDK:

Slaine hits The Bipolar Affect!

The double arm DDT lays Blackwood out again. Slaine reaches down and pulls out his scissors. He takes a snippet of Blackwood's hair and hands it to Teresa.

Teresa Ames:

Joy. I'll be adding this to the collection.

Teresa places the locks in her pocket and tells the crew to drag the unconscious Blackwood to his knees.

Teresa Ames:

Oh ya, one last thing.

Ames points to the back and Kyle Shields emerges.

Lance:

What the hell is this all about?

DDK:

That's Mark Shields' brother, folks. Yes, he's an active wrestler here. He lost to Gage Blackwood last week on UNCUT 90.

Lance:

Thomas Slaine lost to Gage Blackwood a few weeks ago, too. All these people in the ring have ties to Gage one way or another.

Kyle enters "DEFCON 1" and Ames gives him a big hug.

Teresa Ames:

This is my last social supporter, Kyle. Kyle does a lot of things... on the side. One of those things is, he's ordained! *[Ames turns to the audience]* Everyone, it's my dream come true because Gage and I are going to get married RIGHT HERE AND NOW AND YOU'RE ALL WITNESSES!

DDK:

Get. Out.

Lance:

Gage is unconscious! How can this happen!?

Teresa Ames:

I looked into the Louisiana state laws. Kyle, I'd be honored!

Al Sparks and Ryan Knox of the DEFcepticons hold the unconscious Gage Blackwood on his knees and in the correct position as Kyle Shields is given the mic Gage had initially been using.

Kyle Shields:

Gage, do you, uh, take Teresa to be your wife there bud?

Nothing, other than The Faithful booing wildly. Berry Chernobyl of Screen 7 looks over to Kyle with a smile.

Berry Chernobyl:

Pretty sure he does.

Kyle nods, before snorting and spitting down on the canvas to clear his throat. Kyle turns to Teresa.

Kyle Shields:

And you, uh, *Teresa*, do you, uh, wanna get hitched to this guy, too?

Ames blushes.

Teresa Ames:

I do.

Kyle's work here is done.

Kyle Shields:

Oh yeah, fuck. Then by the power invested in me, you two are fucking husband and wife. You may kiss-

Ames screams at the DEFcepticons to lift Blackwood onto HIS FEET. She hurries to French kiss her new husband.

CTRL ALT ASLEEP.**DDK:**

What the hell!?! Ames delivers that vicious back elbow to Blackwood right after kissing him!

Kyle exits the ring while everyone else inside it starts congratulating Teresa.

DDK:

Unreal. Absolutely unreal.

Lance:

So this is official? They're actually MARRIED!?

DDK:

I hope not.

Lance:

And they're going to face EACH OTHER at DEFCON!? How does that work!?

Ames continues to bask in pleasantries as Blackwood lays motionless, face-down on the canvas.

DDK:

This is disgusting. Twisted. We need help out here for Gage. We're going to be right back, folks. What just happened?

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

*losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

LADDER MATCH

Matt LaCroix © vs. Arthur Pleasant

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Kendrix vs. Jay Harvey

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace

*if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become property of Better Future

Casket Match

Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian

Gage Blackwood vs. Teresa Ames w/ SOCIAL SUPPORT: Screen 7, DEFcepticons, The Hallmark Journey, Thomas Slaine & Kyle Shields



"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. ALVARO de VARGAS (w/ JACK MACE & TOM MORROW)

DDK:

Ready for the next match, Keebs? And it's going to be a hard-hitting one without a doubt. Before the two former FISTs of DEFIANCE, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens team up to take on Better Future's Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace, tonight Burns goes one-on-one with "El Sol Dorado" himself.

Lance:

Indeed! Burns agreed to Tom Morrow's terms... they get the tornado tag team match they wanted against ADV and Mace, but if they lose, they'll be forced to join Better Future Talent Agency. They'd BOTH be under Morrow's thumb.

DDK:

It's true. Burns tried to take on Jack Mace two weeks ago and we saw Mace defeat his former teacher one-on-one. Tonight, Burns has to try his luck against Alvaro de Vargas, the man who burned Scott Stevens with that fireball and took him out of action. Scott Stevens is supposed to be cleared by DEFCON... but that's DEFCON. This is tonight and Burns is all alone. Let's go to the ring with Darren Quimbey now.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds...

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

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

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THE OVATION FOR BURNS!

Lance:

I KNOW! AND HE LOOKS READY FOR DE VARGAS!

Wearing his brand new gold and white "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt and matching colored gear, Burns heads down. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. As he paces, he waits for the arrival of El Sol Dorado.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opp...

Tom Morrow:

Close your noise-hole, Quimbey.

Quimbey stops and the crowd JEERS the hell out of Morrow when he appears on stage without Ken Ellis, still beaten to holy hell after what happened on UNCUT. Oscar Burns is fuming in the ring with Morrow about to speak. Behind him, "A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace steps out onto the stage.

Tom Morrow:

Oscar... I want you to savor this moment, you dumb Kiwi. Cause this will be your LAST DEFTv as a free man! You AND Scott Stevens! Because Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace are going to DESTROY the both of you and what's left is going to be under contract to me. ME, BURNS! Mace beat your sorry ass two weeks ago and tonight, ADV is gonna pick up where he left off.

Oscar doesn't want to listen and yells off-mic for ADV to come on down.

Tom Morrow:

Tonight, El Sol Dorado himself, BEATS YOU within an inch of your life! Then when we get to DEFCON, Mace and ADV will finish the job. Then you'll have no choice BUT to listen to me. Sure...maybe you get tired of me after that cause you aren't a team player, Burns. You proved that to Jack Mace when you left him to rot in BRAZEN cause you knew he could outshine you and you didn't want him in the picture. Sure... you and Stevens could just quit if you don't like how I do things... but would you really want to? You're worth a lot of money to this company, Burnsie. And if you tried to quit, I'd get you and Stevens in court for Breach of Contract and I'd bleed you both DRY just to make you broke, penniless AND jobless. See... I think of EVERYTHING? You don't outsmart me.

Oscar Burns finally grabs the microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Oscar Burns:

No. You DON'T win, asshole!

Morrow's eyes burn and he kicks the ground while The Faithful roar at Burns' comeback.

Oscar Burns:

Here's what YOU don't understand, Morrow... I almost joined you, but I thank every damn day that I woke up since then. Maybe I was in a funk for a few months. Being at the top and falling from the top... that hurts. It hurts a lot, GC. But... because of everything you, Alvaro and even that big bastard, Jackie, have done to push me and Scotty... I told you. I KNOW who I am! I am the BEST wrestler in DEFIANCE between these ropes, win, lose or draw! I BLEED DEFIANCE! Not Better Future! You won't win at DEFCON. Long as I can fight... then you'll lose, Morrow. You'll always lose.

Seething with rage, Morrow comes close to grabbing his earpiece out of his ear... but simply opts to step aside.

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas! With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he gestures to his new t-shirt with ADV's shit-eating grin plastered in a golden sun reading "¡EL SOL DORADO!" He comes out and for once, no microphone but he does have wicked intentions etched on his face now as he storms toward the ring. Burns waits for him to head towards him. He does back up a step to allow ADV to get into the ring, but when he does...

DDK:

You heard Burns! He's confident right now, but no way is he going to overlook how dangerous de Vargas has been...

Lance:

The official calls for the bell!

DING DING!

And it starts with Burns throwing a HUGE elbow smash to the jaw of the larger ADV! He throws two more big shots, but ADV returns fire with a huge knee to the gut! The crowd jeers at the actions of the giant Cuban-American, then he rips off his shirt and throws it at Burns. The Technical Spectacle shoos it aside, but that small slip allows ADV to SURGE right into him using a huge running clothesline!

DDK:

Whatever Alvaro needs to do to get the upper hand in a fight, he's not afraid to do it!

Lance:

I know Burns lately can barely contain his emotions with everything Morrow and Better Future have put him through, but ADV is not the kind of opponent to make that kind of mistake against.

ADV paces around the ring to bask in the jeers of the crowd as a clothesline-drunk Burns tries getting up to a knee.

ADV waits for him to stand, only to knock him back into the corner using a big kick to the chest. When Burns hits the corner, ADV starts burying more knees into his gut, taking his time with each shot! Morrow yells out to the crown jewel of Better Future as ADV starts throwing a series of slow, but measured knee strikes to double over the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. He pushes Burns back into the corner...

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

He unleashes a series of stiff knife-edge chops to Burns and doubles him over again, now taking his time and enjoying what he's doing.

DDK:

Yikes! Alvaro can hit you so hard! Punches, chops, headbutts.

Lance:

I think for sure, one of DEFIANCE's leading brawlers, that's for sure.

ADV pushes Burns near the ropes and then whips him across the ring. When he comes back off the rebound, ADV misses a clothesline again, but when he comes back, Burns does NOT miss the big flying European uppercut that knocks ADV off his feet! The Faithful come alive as Morrow blows his stack on the outside. Burnsie is the first to get up between the two men and when ADV tries to stand, Burns grabs him by the knee and throws an elbow down into the leg. ADV howls out in pain, but it gets even worse when Burns SNAPS him down using a huge dragon screw legwhip!

DDK:

OUCH! Great move by Burns! Take away ADV's height advantage and get him down to where you want him!

Lance:

That's right! ADV can out-brawl Burns, but Burns runs the mat when he can chop his opponents down!

The crowd cheers on the flashy technician as he waits for Alvaro behind him to try and stand. Burns rushes off the ropes and then goes to the leg behind, hitting Alvaro with a chop block! Alvaro crumbles to the mat a second time and while he's grounded, Burns goes to work and slaps on a grounded Cobra Twist submission on the big man!

DDK:

Nicely done by Burns! He worked the legs to get Alvaro down and has his mind on this Cobra Twist! He's working the neck of de Vargas now!

Lance:

De Vargas trying to fight out, but Burns has it locked in tight!

ADV tries his best to get away from Burns and tries to scoot towards the ropes, but with some effort, Burns is able to turn him back the other way into a Cobra Twist pin!

ONE... TWO-- NO!

DDK:

Nice move by Burns! ADV favoring his neck... and Burns with a European uppercut!

Lance:

And we could hear that up here, Darren!

Burns fires a trifecta of stiff European uppercuts to the chin of El Sol Dorado and the last one rattles the big man so bad that he falls to a knee. Burns grabs the neck again and tries for the Cobra Twist again, but this time, Alvaro keeps moving until he can shake Burns off of him. Morrow tells him to look out and when Burns comes along, Alvaro NAILS him with a big kitchen sink kneelift! The blow sends Burns doubling over to the mat and gives The Cocky Cuban a few extra seconds in order to catch his breath.

DDK:

But ADV turns the tide just as quickly! When he stays on his opponent, he's a force. His own attitude ends up being his worst enemy.

Lance:

But we do have to give credit to Tom Morrow for keeping him on task. He warned him that Burns was coming and he made him pay for it.

Rather than go for a cover, ADV grabs the shirt that he threw at Burns earlier, then goes over to try and choke him. Instead, Brian Slater takes the shirt from him and tosses it out of the ring.

Lance:

Why would ADV try and use that in full view of the official? That was... Oh...

ADV smirks, then grabs the turnbuckle so that way he can undo the top turnbuckle padding without Slater knowing. He undoes it and then tosses it away before grabbing Burns by the back of his head.

DDK:

THAT'S why, Lance.

El So Dorado tries to drill Burns' face into the steel corner, but Burns blocks it! ADV tries to bury his face in the corner again, but catches an elbow from Burns, then he turns to fire off another big elbow smash to the grill of ADV before getting behind him... then THROWING him over with a huge German suplex! Morrow and Mace can't believe it as Burns slowly starts to rise with de Vargas in his grip. De Vargas tries to fight from being pitched again, but Burns pulls it off and hits suplex number two! The crowd cheers when Burns rolls him over and then goes for the trifecta... and lands it!

DDK:

Three rolling German suplexes! And I think I know what Burns wants next!

Burns points to the corner and then climbs out of the ring while Alvaro is down. He starts to ascend to the top turnbuckle for, really, the only top-rope move in his arsenal. The Faithful shout in unison with him as he hits the line...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

But before he can take flight for the diving knee drop, the crowd jeers when ADV rolls out of the ring and the big Cuban heads to the floor. Burns angrily climbs off slowly and then steps to the ring ropes where ADV thinks that he's outsmarted the former two-time FIST...

DDK:

Smart escape by ADV... but Burns doesn't care!

The Kiwi RUNS off the ring apron and drops ADV on the floor with a huge flying elbow smash! Both men hit the floor, but Burns is slowly the first one to his feet.

Lance:

Oscar Burns takes out Alvaro on the floor after he tries to get away!

When Burns makes eye contact with the manager of Better Future, Tom Morrow eyes him and shakes his head and wants as far away from Burns as possible. Mace stands between the two. He starts running around to the other side of the ring to get the hell away from the angry former two-time champion.

Lance:

How many enemies does one man need? Scott Stevens, Oscar Burns, Uriel Cortez and Minute, the Saturday Night

Specials...

DDK:

I don't know! But Burns back on Alvaro!

He grabs Alvaro by the back of the head and tries to get the big man back in the ring... but ADV SMASHES him in the chest with a surprise headbutt! The blow rocks Oscar and he drops to a knee against the ring apron, then ADV grabs him by side... then CRACKS Burns with a chairshot to the gut! Then one to the back!

DING DING DING!

Alvaro stops swinging the chair and then smirks to The Faithful as they start jeering. Slater yells at him that he's been disqualified... but El Sol Dorado shrugs his shoulders, then brings the chair up and BASHES Oscar across the back with it a fifth time!

DDK:

What the... Alvaro PLANNED to do this?

Lance:

I... think so!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match as a result of disqualification... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Mace and Tom Morrow bump fists, then ADV grabs Burns and throws him back into the ring. Morrow turns his headset back on so everyone can hear him and he points Mace toward the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Hahaha! The dipshit fell into the trap! Mace! Mace! Make sure he goes into DEFCON with a limp and some broken bones!

The crowd boos when Jack Mace nods and then grabs himself a chair as well from underneath the ring. Burns can barely pull himself up off the mat when he now has ADV and Mace standing over him with chairs in hand.

DDK:

Of COURSE it's a damn trap! Alvaro never cared about winning the match... he didn't go for a single cover when he had the advantage, he just wanted to hurt Burns before they even got to DEFCON!

Lance:

g Make no mistake, Morrow WANTS Burns and Stevens under his thumb as part of Better Future, but he'll do whatever it takes to make sure that happens, including breaking him down first!

ADV pulls Burns up with a free hand by his chin and gnashes his teeth together.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pendejo... I'm gonna enjoy this!

He drops Burns to the mat and then gets ready to strike... but then Alvaro gets tripped up and YANKED out from under the bottom rope! The crowd is going CRAZY when the tall man in the hooded coat unloads on Alvaro with rights! ADV fights back and blocks one before hitting a right on the man that just attacked him!

DDK:

SOMEBODY OUT TO SAVE BURNS! IT'S... IT'S SCOTT STEVENS! STEVENS IS BACK!

The hood comes off and sure enough, the crowd goes WILD as the former FIST of DEFIANCE - wearing a bandage

partially covering the left side of his face where Alvaro hit him with the fireball!

Lance:

He's definitely not cleared to compete... but ask Scott Stevens if he needs a doctor's note for a FIGHT!

ADV growls, then grabs his chair and tries to swing... but Scott has an equalizer of his own when he lets a small lead pipe slide out from the sleeve of the hoodie and CRACKS ADV in the rib cage! ADV doubles over!

DDK:

And this isn't the first fight that Everybody's Favorite Texan has been in!

Mace is so stunned by what's going on when he finally comes around to attacking Burns, he swings, but Burns rolls out of the way and slides to the floor. Scott Stevens continues bringing the fight to Alvaro and wails on him on the floor with right hands while Tom Morrow looks afraid for what may happen to him!

DDK:

Oscar Burns now turning the tide! He's going after Mace!

When Mace tries to get through the ropes, Burns comes back at him from the outside and CRACKS him in the jaw between the ropes with a flying European Uppercut! Burns then climbs on the ring apron and slams a huge running knee into the face of his former protege, then their fight spills back into the ring! The two are fighting on the mat, exchanging forearms while ADV and Scott continue to batter one another on the outside!

DDK:

Things are breaking down badly! Scott Stevens just saved his DEFCON tag team partner from this sneak attack that ADV and company tried to orchestrate and... wow! Mace goes over the top rope by Burns!

Twists and Turns sends Mace flying over the ropes to the floor. He holds his back while ADV kicks away from Scott Stevens and tries to regroup... but Burns isn't letting them get away so easily. In a rare change of pace for the normally grounded grappler, Burns looks out to the crowd as DEFSec rains down and tries to break things up between ADV and a heated Stevens!

Lance:

DEFSec out here! Wyatt Bronson trying to break this fight up... but what is Oscar Burns doing?

He runs off the ropes and then FLIES through the middle rope with a HUGE elbow suicida, wiping out Jack Mace, Alvaro de Vargas and several members of DEFSec trying to break things up on the outside!

DDK:

BURNS WIPES OUT THE MEMBERS OF BETTER FUTURE! BURNS AND STEVENS FINALLY HAVE THEM ON THE BACK FOOT!

Burns is the first to get up and in the pile of bodies nearby, Morrow yells at his guys to take a powder. Mace's mouth looks busted open from taking the brunt of Oscar's elbow and when he notices, the Damn Fine Pro Wrestler of Better Future tries to get at him, but Morrow grabs an arm and DEFSec continue to swarm while Scott Stevens STILL goes after ADV with more blows!

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told we need to cut elsewhere but hopefully we are going to get this settled down! Burns and Stevens have a lot of issues between them, but they'll need to stay on this united front if they want to keep their contracts from falling into the hands of Tom Morrow and Better Future!

Morrow and Mace fight through the members of DEFsec while Burns tries to get at his former protege. Stevens is finally dragged off Alvaro, but when he gets up, Alvaro SWIPES at his bandaged face with a hard right! Scott lets out a pained groan and ADV finally beats a hasty retreat into the sea of security and to Morrow and Mace before they make

their retreat.

Lance:

Cheap shot by Alvaro! Scott is gonna be cleared for DEFCON, but will his face be healed by then?

Morrow and his guys head up the ramp with Burns and Stevens still being blocked by more DEFSec crew members as the scene heads elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

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MIKEY UNLIKELY & PERFECTION vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS & ELISE ARES

DDK:

A much anticipated main event tonight for Night Two and I can guarantee the Faithful in attendance and those watching live are going to be in for a treat.

Lance:

On the week-eve before what is a very anticipated DEFCON, we have four wrestlers duking it out that will take a spotlight in that event.

DDK:

Something definitely feels right about this match. Elise Ares confusing and punking Perfection under the masked Amethysia was a great ploy. And tonight teaming up with Scott Douglas? After both successfully purged Perfection & Mikey Unlikely from the ring? Can't get any better than this!

Lance:

Well, all we can hope for is that this match goes as smooth as...

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest ... is a tag team match!

ǒǝǝǝ "Gold" by Sir Sly ǒǝǝǝ

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, they are one half of Twenty-Four-Kay.... Perfection and The FIST of DEFIANCE.... MIKEY! UNLLLLLLIKELLLLLY!

The WrestlePlex sounds off with a roaring sea of boos that drown out the signature 24K theme. Perfection exits from behind the curtain first and holds it open for Mikey Unlikely who gets even a high peak of hate if you can believe it. Both make their way down to the ring in tandem with Perfection seemingly laying out a game plan for them on their way to the ring.

DDK:

This is actually the first time Mikey and Perfection have teamed in a tag team match, Lance.

Lance:

Which should add an element of surprise to see how these two operate with one another. What are you doing?

DDK:

Praying that there's no Gapers' Delay. PLEASE GOD NO!

Perfection begins to lift the second rope for Mikey and FIST ducks under. Before Perfection can even enter the ring the music shifts to:

♪ "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... Beverly Hills, California and Seattle, Washington *respectively*... ELISSSSEEEEE AREEEEESSSS and "SUB POP" SCOTT ... DOUUUUUUGGGGLAAAAASSS!

Lance:

I mean, what *CAN'T* you say about these two, Douglas and Elise Ares? Legends, both in their own right.

DDK:

Going against men, strong within their own right but ... two who have no respect for DEFIANCE or what it represents.

Lance:

Well, Darren... tonight may be the first of many where they can't run. They can't hide!

Both make their way together down the ramp, more focused on their individual opponents they will face at the pay-per-view. Perfection finally gets in the ring only to yell at Darren about the interruption and that The FIST couldn't stand on the top rope to appease the fans. Quimb's just waves off Perfection as Douglas enters the ring up the stairs while Ares slides under the bottom rope.

Lance:

You would think DEFCON is tonight by the way the Faithful are acting right now!

DDK:

Every single one of these loyal fans are foaming at the mouth to see Mikey Unlikely get what is coming to him! I'm sure they feel the same about bootlicker Perfection.

Benny Doyle puts his arms up and directs 24K to their corner while Ares hypes the crowd from the turnbuckle on the other side, before taking to the apron. Scott Douglas stares a hole into Mikey as he surprisingly stays in the ring. Witherhold moves to the outside and grabs his tag rope. Perfection massages The FISTS shoulders, hyping him up while the music fades and the WrestlePlex gets set for action.

DDK:

In a strange series of events, we're getting the main event of DEFCON RIGHT NOW!

Lance:

Tentatively, Darren! Scott Douglas has yet to accept Mikey's stipulation!

DDK:

Well, Career vs Career is nothing to take lightly as Scott Douglas, a man with a stellar reputation and career here in DEFIANCE, knows very well!

Lance:

Very true, though some have speculated ... based on Scott Douglas' comments, much less his track record, that it's obvious ... He won't back down.

DDK:

We can only assume at this point! But ... It appears Mikey Unlikely and Scott Douglas are going to start the match for their respective teams!

The champion gets a few last words of advice from Perfection, both men overly confident. The two share a laugh before Benny Doyle calls the match to begin.

DING! DING!

The bell sounds and the match is underway. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Douglas circle each other in the ring. Douglas is careful to watch where Mikey's hands are at all times. The crowd is abuzz with anticipation. As Douglas moves towards the champion, Unlikely backs up and ducks through the ropes. The official, Benny Doyle, gets between the pair and breaks it up before it can start. The Faithful lets their collective disapproval be known.

Lance:

Clearly, he's not too enthused about tangling it up with Douglas.

As Douglas backs up, Unlikely comes back in and once again they circle in the middle of the ring. On the way around Mikey stops and tags in Perfection with a snicker on his face. The hard camera shows a frustrated Elise Ares on the apron. Douglas remains calm but his slightly furrowed brow tips his hand.

DDK:

Oh come on! The mind games continue here ... as Mikey Unlikely steps out and Perfection steps in!

Lance:

24K!, clearly trying to get under the skin of the DEFCO challenger and Elise Ares.

Douglas looks back to reposed Elise, she's keeping a close eye on the pair of opponents as well. She signals to Douglas to brush it off and fight. Perfection wants to lock up with Douglas but Scott has other plans.

DDK:

Scott Douglas! Launching into a fury of forearms!

Douglas strikes, with fury, the chest and chin of Perfection.

Lance:

He's firing off those right hands and they are finding their mark!

Perfection moves backwards with each blow until he's against the ropes. Benny Doyle is quick to break it up, and Douglas, to his credit, stops as soon as the referee begins to count. The FAITHFUL in the arena are eating it up. Perfection moves away from the ropes holding his jaw. As he does, Douglas comes back trying the same thing again. This time, Perfection ducks under and takes the fight to Douglas. Perfection backs Douglas into their own corner and tags Mikey Unlikely back in.

Mikey comes in and immediately they team up on Douglas. The two on one in the corner is viscous before we see Elise Ares come from behind and dive on the two 24K! Members. This pushes them into Scott Douglas and then they both fall onto the mat.

DDK:

Elise put her own partner in jeopardy with that one, but she needed to get them off.

Mikey and Perfection both get right back up but now Douglas and Elise are ready for them. They both start firing shots at 24K! Doyle is barking trying to get the illegal team members from the ring. Quickly however Elise and Scott have pushed Mikey and Perf into the ropes. They both take a few steps back, clasp hands and together they clothesline the FIST and his stablemate over the top rope to the floor. The faithful in the arena lose it.

Lance:

What a tag team move by Elise Ares and Scott Douglas. Usually not partners, the two are finding a rhythm here!

On the outside of the ring Mikey and Perfection huddle up with their back to the ring for privacy. They begin to go over a strategy. It's not long before Douglas is on his hands and knees. Elise hits the ropes. Hops off of Douglas' back, onto the ring rope and does a springboard crossbody onto the back of 24K! Once again driving them down to the floor.

DDK:

What a move by Elise Ares! Taking to the skies!

Elise is quick to get up, stomp on Perfection before rolling Mikey Unlikely into the ring where a waiting Scott Douglas is excited to get his hands on him.

Lance:

Uh oh, Mikey doesn't know where he is!

Mikey slowly uses the ropes to get to his feet, but he's on spaghetti legs. He stumbles around the ring and turns around to find Scott Douglas rearing back for a strike. Both hands in front of him, the champion falls backwards begging off. He pleads with Scott Douglas not to attack him. Let him stand back up and fight like a man.

Douglas looks to the crowd who cheer loudly. He looks back to Mikey who's trying to get back up once more. No dice.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS GRABS MIKEY AND PULLS HIM TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RING. WE HAVE PANDEMONIUM IN HERE FOLKS!

The Faithful lose their shit as Scott Douglas creams Mikey over and over again with big shots. Left, right, left, right, then a huge kick that sends Mikey flying into the turnbuckle. Douglas is not done there, he runs up and drives a knee into the gut of the FIST that doubles him over. Douglas dips lower and grabs Mikey around the waist.

Lance:

Northern Lights Suplex, with authority! Douglas not wasting time here with a pin attempt, he pulls Mikey back up. What's he gunn.... COBRA CLUTCH on the champion! He's got him in the middle of the ring.

Unlikely's arms and legs flail wildly as he tries to break free, to no avail. Douglas then pushes forward, taking Unlikely with him.

DDK:

Oh My! He just turned that cobra clutch into a bulldog! The champion is down! Douglas is not backing off.

Douglas pulls Mikey back up again. This time pulling him to his own corner where Elise Ares is back holding the tag rope. Douglas with the quick tag to Elise, they both take Mikey and give him a double suplex in the center of the ring. Perfection is trying to get back in but Benny Doyle cuts him off. Perf complains loudly that they were allowed to double team, but Benny just claps back at Perf signaling the tag.

Douglas dips back outside as Elise takes it to the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

And don't think these two don't have unfinished business, just a few months ago Elise Ares had her own shot at the FIST, and it was nearly sowed up before Mikey Unlikely used some questionable methods to pull past her. I'm sure Elise has been fired up about getting her hands on Mikey again as well.

DDK:

I'm sure most of the roster wants to at this point. 400 Days is a long time Lance, it's a hell of an achievement, but the way that Mikey has retained over and over have caused many to have an asterisk-like view of his reign.

Elise gets Mikey back up and fires him off the ropes. On the return she snaps him to the mat with a beautiful armdrag takedown. Mikey is quick to try to roll to his feet. Elise is ready and takes him down with another armdrag. Same thing happens again when Mikey gets back and sent back to the mat. From the corner Perfection yells to him. "STAY DOWN!"

He doesn't listen. Unlikely back up to his feet and this time Elise comes with the headscissors takedown that sends Mikey flying onto his back. She quickly goes for the cover as Benny Doyle slides into position to make the count.

One...

Two...

Perfection breaks up the pin and saves his tag team partner. He also takes the time to stomp on the back of Elise's head while she's down. He then Drags Mikey over to himself before stepping out of the ring and reaching over to make the tag.

Slap.

Benny Doyle signals the tag is made but Mikey just lays there trying to recover. Perfection comes in and grabs Elise

who's just getting up by the waist and using his upper body strength he slowly picks her up over his head and brings her down with a hard bridging german suplex.

DDK:

What a move by Perfection! Did you see Elise's head snap off the mat?

Lance:

Devastating, Darren!

Perfection picks her up again, lifts one of her legs into a bent position and then picks her up before dropping her back down with a shin breaker that leaves Elise holding her ankle on the mat. Mikey meanwhile finally rolls to the ring apron where he now lies exhausted.

Perfection has taken control back in the middle of the ring, where he's pulled Elise and now has one of her legs in the air. He falls into it with an elbow on the same shin he just dropped her on. He stands back up and puts some stomps on the bad shin before locking in a side leg lock on her. Elise cries out in pain as Perfection rears back on the hold.

Lance:

He's got it cinched in!

Benny Doyle is asking Elise if she gives up but she refuses. She pumps up and down trying to get some traction on the mat before slowly pulling herself towards the ropes.

DDK:

That's a long journey from where she is, and she has to pull the body weight of Perfection with her. Elise Ares is one of the strongest females we've ever encountered in DEFIANCE but even I don't know if she has the upper body strength to get there!

The Faithful come alive with a slow clap that has Elise feeling the adrenaline. She slowly pulls herself closer with each effort. As she's nearing the ropes, the fans get louder and louder as Perfection shakes his head, trying to put all his weight on it.

Elise is finally near the ropes and reaches out and just misses it as her fingertips graze the bottom rope. She pulls closer one more time, and with all her strength she reaches out to get free...

...and on the outside Mikey Unlikely grabs the bottom rope with both hands, places both feet on the ring apron and pulls it as far as he can to the outside of the ring where Elise can't reach it. She misses it once again. The fans in the DEFplex boo as Mikey bridges himself between the bottom rope and the ring apron to keep the rope from her. What he doesn't realize is Scott Douglas has seen this now and it's left Mikey in a precarious position.

Lance:

Don't look now Darren, but Scott Douglas is climbing to the top rope in his corner! I don't think Perfection sees him!

DDK:

Could he be going for Perfection to break the hold?

That wasn't the plan. Scott Douglas dives off the top rope and does a double stomp to Mikey Unlikely which forces him to drop the rope and land nearly headfirst on the outside with all of Scott Douglas's weight on top of him. Both men crash into the floor HARD as the Faithful come unglued.

HOLY SHIT
HOLY SHIT
HOLY SHIT!

Elise is finally able to grab the rope and Benny Doyle begins to break the hold. Perfection cannot believe it. He lets her

get up, he wills her to turn around as he's ready to lay her out once and for all.

DDK:

Elise ducks under Perfection! James turns around... SUPERKICK FROM ELISE! She grabs Perfection by the head now... She takes him to the corner!

Lance:

CUBAN NECKTIE! SHE HIT IT! THE STEP UP STUNNER VARIATION!

Perfection is down inside the ring. Elise is moving toward him slowly. The Faithful come alive with boos as Kendrix and Jack Hunter come running down the aisle unannounced and slide into the ring. Immediately they start to attack Elise Ares and stop her from pinning Perfection.

Benny Doyle turns around and calls for the bell. Kendrix gets in Benny DoYLES face before he leaves the ring.

DDK:

What the hell! This was nearly over and 24K! Comes out here to make sure their guys don't get beat, which also means they lose by disqualification.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners by Disqualification, the team of "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and Elise Ares!

There's no time for cheering on the winning team.

Jack picks up Elise Ares and puts her in a full nelson position. Kendrix smiles and lines up the shot. From behind Scott Douglas grabs JFK and tosses him outside of the ring. The Superbest is surprised and throws Elise back down to the mat and runs at Scott Douglas. Douglas grabs him by the back of the head and using Hunter's own momentum throws him over the top rope onto Kendrix. It looks like Perfection is up next, as Scott Douglas sets his sights on him.

Lance:

Watch out! Mikey's got the briefcase!

Behind Scott Douglas, Mikey gets back in the ring and levels Douglas with the briefcase sending him forward onto the mat. He then turns and waits for Elise to get back up before dropping her the same way. The FIST of DEFIANCE holds his championship up high as the other 24K! Members get back in the ring to join him.

DDK:

24K! Standing tall despite losing the matchup. What's going to happen at DEFCON when both Mikey Unlikely and Scott Douglas have their careers on the line!?

Lance:

Will they even face off? WILL this match EVEN happen!?!?

At the top of the ramp, a frustrated Scott Douglas and Elise Ares pause before the curtain as 24K! continue to celebrate.

DDK:

This is simply ... egregious!

Cut back to the ramp and Elise has a microphone, rather than speaking into it... she holds it out to Scott Douglas. He hesitates... but takes it. Scott holds it firmly, but at the waist ... as the Faithful wait in bated breath.

Lance:

Looks like Scotty has something to say!

He must, he raises the microphone to his mouth.

A quick cut to the ring shows us 24K! all in on their celebration. Back to the stage ...

Scott Douglas:

UNLIKELY!!

Back in the ring, Mikey with his back turned snaps his head, eyes glared, toward the stage over his shoulder. Like the FIST would fully commit, right?

Scott Douglas:

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Back in the ring, Mikey's uncertain look turns to one of intrigue as he turns about.

DDK:

Don't do it!

Scott Douglas:

I ACCEPT!

The Faithful explode, in a mix of emotion. Mostly ... one of Faith. Scott Douglas is, finally, pot committed ... and so are they. He will dethrone the most Unlikely reign and run Mikey out of DEFIANCE once more.

Lance:

Douglas accepts! Douglas accepts!

Mikey stares on from the ring, his smiling growing from ear to ear.

DDK:

One of these men won't be here for the next DEFtv... One will be retired!!!

Lance:

Please join us for DEFCON ladies and gentlemen, one thing we can promise you, it's going to change the landscape of DEFIANCE Moving forward. Who's career is going to end? Mikey Unlikely, or Scott Douglas? Will Douglas finally get the championship he's coveted, and take it off one of the most dominant champions we've ever seen? Or will he have to leave DEFIANCE forever? FIND OUT AT DEFCON!

The scene closes on 24K! standing over Elise and Scott Douglas. Mikey holds the FIST case high into the air.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.