

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

FUCK OFF MALAK
MIKEY WEARS ADULT DIAPERS!
SCOTT STEVENS I LOVE YOU
SO TIRED OF 24K
MALAK IS A CUCK
TOO MUCH ARTHUR PLEASANT NOT ENOUGH DEX JOY
YO STEVIE! I'M ON TV!
DON'T IGNORE SCROWS PACKAGE
I ONLY DRINK TRES EQUIS NOW!!!
RECLAIMED WOOD MAKES MY EARS SMILE
IS THE PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP SPONSORED BY DUNDER-MIFFLIN?
YOU NEED AN ACE IN THE HOLE. MINE IS [JAY] HARVEY.
I BELIEVE
RECLAIMED WOOD MAKES MY EARS BLEED
I WANT TO BE MRS. BRONSON BOX

CAYLE MURRAY vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

DDK:

Hello everyone and welcome to Night 2! We are gonna get right to it!

Lance:

Yes we are!

DDK:

Make no mistake, folks, this is a big one. We all know the situation between 24K and this core contingent of DEFIANCE loyalists is hotter than the surface of the sun, that's a given, but Cayle Murray has particular disdain for Gage Blackwood. I'm not sure what it is, but the former FIST has gone out of his way to insult his countryman without provocation. It's been like that ever since he returned and tonight, they finally collide.

Lance:

I'm pretty sure I heard Cayle accuse Gage of buying his personality in a tartan gift shop once upon a time. Nonetheless, for all the reasons you've just mentioned, this is going to be combustible. And you know that wherever Murray goes, 24K is sure to follow...

♪ *"I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis* ♪

Synths that would feel otherworldly if not for the horrendous "rapping" over the top blare out the speakers with a generic snare-led beat in the background. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a fall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron, with Cayle Murray standing in the middle of it all. His ring attire is pure color vomit, with a deliberately obnoxious pattern of gold, green, and pink across his tights - and you know he's wearing a custom-made 24K jacket.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at two-hundred-twenty pounds, this is "THE MOST DEFIANT"... CAYLE MURRAY!

Swigging from a bottle of water, Cayle talks mad shit to a bunch of goobers in the crowd as he saunters down. He eventually rolls under the bottom rope and immediately taps the part of his wrist where a watch would be, mouthing for Gage Blackwood to "get a bloody move on."

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is "The Noble Raider"... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

There isn't a lot of wasted time, which is likely to keep Cayle happy. Blackwood marches down the rampway and slides into the ring, not dealing with any fanfare.

DING DING

Blackwood and Murray don't waste a second. As the bell rings, they charge each other. Blackwood gets a knee up but Murray sidesteps and drills Gage with a stiff shot across the jaw. Gage stumbles back as Cayle Irish whips the former SOHER Champion into the turnbuckle, bursting in after him with a low dropkick. Murray hip tosses Blackwood to the middle of the ring but Gage flips in midair and lands on his feet instead. Cayle fumes before racing into a drop toe hold and subsequent headlock by Blackwood.

DDK:

You can see the anger in Cayle's eyes. He's pissed he wasn't a part of the number one contendership match to the FIST those few weeks ago.

Lance:

Win and face his own teammate, Mikey Unlikely? 'Cause that makes sense.

DDK:

I don't think it has anything to do with that, although you make a good point. Cayle *is* an elite wrestler, so I can see him wanting to show-up Gage in this match.

Lance:

Hasn't worked out yet. He's in a headlock!

Murray fights to his feet and rifles elbows into Blackwood before the hold is broken.

DDK:

Hey! Cayle with an eye rake!

Useless referee Mark Shields misses the cheating as Gage takes a step back, swatting his hands forward to ensure Cayle doesn't come any closer. Once recovered, Murray has a shit-eating grin on his face and attempts to kick Blackwood square in the gut.

DDK:

Gage catches Cayle's leg...

And Blackwood proceeds to corkscrew the knee, tackling Murray to the ground while reigning down a fury of punches. Mark Shields continues to drift off and let the Scots go at it.

Lance:

Gage is ALSO known for his short temper...

Blackwood pulls himself upright and then drives a hard knee into Cayle's spleen. Murray shouts as Blackwood does this three more times before dragging the 24K member to his feet and hitting him with a snap suplex.

DDK:

Blackwood's off the ropes and tries for a dropkick to Murray's face but Cayle moves away just in the nick of time or it could've been over!

Lance:

Blackwood's missile dropkick has knocked a few wrestlers out before.

Blackwood is quick to collect himself and charge at Murray... although Murray moves aside and steers the Edinburgh native straight into the turnbuckle pad! Blackwood hits chest-first and Murray connects with a poison 'rana after!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

A snap German suplex by Murray but Blackwood is right back up. Gage blocks a right fist attempt by Cayle and lands a left open palm of his own. Murray stumbles back and Blackwood pushes Cayle into the ropes.

Blackwood races in with a high angle kick, catching the former FIST under the chin! Murray wobbles back but has enough wherewithal to find Blackwood and poke him in the eyes for a second time!

The Faithfull boo and, obviously, Mark Shields doesn't do shit.

Mark Shields:

Legal hold!

Murray smiles, bounces off the ropes...

And straight into a hard powerslam by Gage!

Blackwood stands but can't see a thing. He collapses back-first into the turnbuckle as a pissed off Murray rises from the canvas.

DDK:

Right now, Gage is outshining Cayle!

Murray finds his opponent resting in the corner and races in. Blackwood pushes off the turnbuckle pad at the last possible second, flips overtop of Murray and positions behind the man from Aberdeen.

DDK:

Snapdragon suplex by Blackwood!

Gage stands. So does Cayle.

DDK:

Another snapdragon suplex!

Blackwood transitions into The Scottish Trinity of suplexes. Snap, delayed and rolling release. The Faithful are eating it up.

DDK:

Gage is a house on fire!

Immediately, Kendrix races down the rampway to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

GET THIS IDIOT OUT OF HERE!

Lance:

What'd I tell you...

Kendrix arrives at the bottom of the ramp but Gage Blackwood only recognizes him for a millisecond before sneering and going back to work on Cayle Murray.

DDK:

I think Murray tried for a low blow but Blackwood blocked it with his arm. Gage hooks Cayle into position... and a Midlothian Hangover follows!

Kendrix paces back and forth outside the ring, trying to get Blackwood's attention but he's having none of it.

DDK:

Blackwood is waiting behind Murray... waiting for him to get up...

Kendrix says fuck it and jumps onto the apron. Mark Shields looks over.

Mark Shields:

Oh hey man, what the hell is up dude?

Kendrix scoffs. He wants Blackwood's attention, not the referee's!

DDK:

Gage takes hold of Murray and ANOTHER snapdragon suplex!

Lance:

Cayle is one of the masters of the snapdragon. You have to think Gage is doing this to prove himself to the former FIST of DEFIANCE!

Blackwood hits a fourth snapdragon and then stumbles to a corner.

Lance:

Perhaps we may see The Gaelic Storm!

Kendrix tries to enter the ring but Mark Shields stops him.

Mark Shields:

Na man, shit, don't worry I'll come to you.

And Shields exits the ring as Kendrix enters-

Suddenly, The Faithful pop.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is coming down the ramp!

Harvey, full steam, jumps onto the apron and hammers Kendrix in the side of the head, knocking him off. Blackwood bursts out of the corner as Murray gets to his feet...

DDK:

Gaelic Storm... MISSES! Roll up by Murray!

Shields sees this and slides into the ring!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The fans give an abrupt sigh as both legal wrestlers find a vertical base. Meanwhile, on the outside Jay Harvey and Kendrix are going shot-for-shot. Mark Shields is figuring out where he'd rather be.

DDK:

Murray slips out of The Midlothian Hangover and thumbs Blackwood in the eyes AGAIN! Now a face wash followed by an off the ropes sling blade has Blackwood down!

Lance:

Gage may have gone for the Gaelic Storm too early. Yes, he wasn't distracted by Kendrix but he was most certainly amped up to finish this contest.

Murray props Blackwood to his knees and begins pumping him with kicks to the chest. The former FIST takes three steps back and looks for a penalty kick...

SWOOSH.

Blackwood rolls outta the way!

DDK:

Gage crushes Cayle with a knee breaker, rolls to his feet and hits the ropes...

At this exact moment, Kendrix pushes Jay Harvey inadvertently into the apron. Harvey's hands fly back, clipping Blackwood's feet and ultimately, tripping him. Gage stumbles off the ropes and within a blink of an eye it gives Cayle enough time to recover and power forward.

The Incredibly Painful & Extremely Powerful Flaming Death From Outer Space... OF DOOM!

DDK:

NO!!!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, CAYLE MURRAY!!!

Kendrix jumps up and down and then slides into the ring. The Starbreaker leaps into Kendrix's arms, firing two middle fingers to The Noble Raider while laughing hysterically as Gage rolls to a knee and wonders what the hell just happened.

On the outside of the ring, Jay Harvey looks on, hands on his hips, clearly not happy.

Kendrix:

WE DID IT, WE DID IT!

Cayle Murray:

UP YOURS, COSPLAY WILLIAM WALLACE!

Lance:

The schoolboy pinfall gets Gage!

DDK:

Really tough one here... [the replay shows as DDK speaks] you can see Jay Harvey didn't mean to interfere!

Lance:

After all that work from Kendrix. He wasn't able to distract Blackwood. It was a job well done by Gage. Focus on the match... and in the end, The Noble Raider still lost!

Blackwood slides out of the ring and bumps shoulders with Jay Harvey, marching up the rampway while completely forgetting about JFKayle running wild in celebratory fashion.

DDK:

These morons are acting like they just won the Euros.

Murray grabs referee Mark Shields and smacks him as hard as possible on the ass. Mark jumps up like he thoroughly enjoyed it while DEFTv goes elsewhere.

STAY WOKE

After the chaotic opening, the scene switches to The Comments Section's locker room, where Malak Garland stands half-in, half-out of the entrance while Teresa Ames and Cyrus Bates maintain bench spots. Malak is all smiles, warm and fuzzies, wearing his propeller hat and MLB-inspired Keyboard Warrior t-shirt (get yours [HERE](#)).

Malak Garland:

I'm on top of the world because I know what's coming and everyone else doesn't!

Malak takes the opportunity to give himself a warm embrace, an anxiety depleting, extremely comforting self-hug. The Tag Team Champion wraps both arms around himself and holds on tightly, wiggling from left to right as he feels himself calming down already. Garland looks at Bates.

Malak Garland:

It is both exciting and also nerve-racking to know what's coming up later on tonight. Being on top of the world is very stressful.

Cyrus nods like he's been there before, many times over and lowers his head while Teresa Ames is on FaceTime with what looks like some dark entities from The Kabal. Malak takes this opportunity to close the locker room door behind him and venture on out.

Malak Garland:

I'll be back in a little bit. I'm going for a much needed airplane spin.

Malak flicks the propeller and starts zooming around the hallway. The Faithful have switched their attention from the aftermath inside the arena and are booing the sight of The Keyboard King to the moon.

WHACK.

Malak is suddenly pushed straight into the wall as a hand wraps itself tightly around Garland's throat. Malak tries to gasp for air but only a mere whimper comes out instead. The scene pans ever so slightly to see the person who has Garland by the neck and is slowly lifting him up as he does.

Reaper Red.

Garland shakes with fear, his propeller hat still twirling while barely hanging on the top of his crown. With his free right hand, Reaper Red pulls off the mask to reveal Tyler Fuse.

The elder Fuse's face gets up close and personal with Malak.

Tyler Fuse:

Enjoying your Tag Team Championships?

Malak, of course, wouldn't say a thing even if he could.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm here to remind you if you EVER fuck with me, I will end your career.

Garland nods with terror.

Tyler Fuse:

But you did me a favour, actually... so I'm not here to kill you. Not now, anyway.

There's a long, drawn out pause as Malak gulps.

Tyler Fuse:

You've helped me unlock something I could have only dreamed about before. So this AND ONLY THIS is the reason why I don't break your fucking neck right now. Put you in a hospital bed next to your *Safety* friend...

Tyler lifts Malak off the floor a little more.

Tyler Fuse:

But if you ever come near me, or my brother again...

Fuse smiles. With everything he has, he clubs the propeller hat off Garland's head as it flies out of view. Tyler drops Malak and walks away as the scene closes... Malak Garland trying to catch his breath while trembling in pure terror.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WELL?

Backstage Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns are conversing until a loud BANG is heard in the far off distance.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?

An irate Gage Blackwood, eyes bulging from his head, walks into the frame and stands right in front of Jay Harvey.

Gage Blackwood:

You two can win your match versus Murrfection but when it comes to helping me out SCREW GAGE BLACKWOOD, HUH?

Before Harvey can speak, Blackwood goes into a full rage, standing nose-to-nose with his sworn enemy.

Gage Blackwood:

A'm peely-wally 'n fauchelt o' yer bullshit, Jay! Git in mah wey again 'n ah will dae whit ah did lest time, ram mah pumpin' knees doon yer throat 'n mak' ye greet fur mommy! The lenth o' a'm concerned, whitevur happens atween us 'n 24K at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, ye'r oan yer ain pal!

Seeing that cooler heads are not about to prevail, Burns jumps in and then tries to break it off.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah! Enough of this shite, GCs. We're not gonna do this so close to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! This is EXACTLY what the Fools Gold Arseholes want. They want us at each other's throats and right now, it's looking like a piece of piss. So either cool your head or go bugger off. BOTH of you.

Gage shoves Burns back and Harvey isn't going to back down either, but Burns isn't having that either and shoves Gage right back.

Oscar Burns:

HEY! What the hell did I just say, Gage? I said... cool your shite. NOW.

Harvey, Gage and Burns all start to bow up on one another when a voice of reason finally intervenes...

Magdalena:

You wanted Deacon to come back for this?

Camera pans to Magdalena shaking her head, her white tresses flowing over her shoulders.

Magdalena:

He's seen where this leads, and it wasn't that long ago. Team DEF was different. Enemies were different. From what I'm seeing, results gonna be the same.

Blackwood places his hands on his hips.

Gage Blackwood:

What are you talking about?

Magdalena:

DEFIANCE Road. Lost to the Kabal. And that was with Deacon's mates, Troy and Keyes, not hating each other. If we couldn't get it together enough to stop the Kabal, you three with or without Deacon don't stand a chance against the K.

Jay Harvey:

I'm sorry. What do you know about this business, kid?

Chris Shepherd:

She's a good student.

Camera widens to include Chris Shepherd, Deacon's longtime manager, entering the shot dressed in slacks, polo and flip flops. His "used to be blonde" white hair rests around his collar.

Chris Shepherd:

And there's not one of you that truly believes what she's saying isn't true. You three better get this figured out, and fast.

Magdalena:

Because Deacon? He doesn't have time to play. There's more important things in his world than being the whipping boy for the K, and if Deacon doesn't have you three to trust, he's not going to be the K's next whipping boy/sacrificial lamb. If you are too busy with your egos, Big D'll go looking for those he can trust, because DEFIANCE NEEDS someone to stop the K's insanity. That's why Deacon came back last week. That's why you called him. And that's why the K fears *[she gestures to each as she says their name]* Harvey, Blackwood, Burns, especially now that you three have an awakened giant in the Deacon.

Chris Shepherd:

You have an angry, mute freak on your side. My thinking - all four of you together will leave the K more speechless than the Deacon. Now tell me gentleman - won't that be nice?

Oscar, Gage and Jay all exchange tense glances at one another... but they do all nod in agreement.

Oscar Burns:

That, I think, can be music to all of our ears, GC. We're happy to have Deacon in this fight and tonight ... everything those ponces have done to DEFIANCE in the name of themselves, needs to be done so us, the REAL wrestlers can go back to doing what we do best in that ring. And put back some honor and respect into the FIST.

The scene fades as all members of Team DEFIANCE are content... for now.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. BRONSON BOX

DDK:

Alright, folks! Now's the time where we can all get excited at the possibility of one of the most hated men in all of DEFIANCE getting his butt kicked!

Lance:

That's putting it mildly. Haha. But yes, tonight we have a Wargod versus a Provocateur. A DEFIANCE Wrestling LEGEND facing off against one of the hottest rising stars in all of DEFIANCE.

♪ "Danse-Macabre by Saint-Saens" ♪

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way down to the ring first... from Under The Midnight Sun in some weirdo town nobody can pronounce in Alaska... weighing in at 207lbs... he is THE PROVOCATEUR... ARTHUUUUUUUR...PLEASAAAAAAAANT!

The Provocateur saunters out from Guerilla with Aaron King and Jack Harmen on his flank. All three of them sport a new black t-shirt with white writing that reads **"the scourge."**

DDK:

Whoa. I... can't believe I'm saying this but I like that shirt. The simplicity is killer.

Lance:

Yeah, I think a lot of other people feel the same way because I saw a lot of those shirts being worn amongst the Faithful. Arthur may be the worst human alive, but his creativity in merch is pretty solid.

DDK:

Assuming it was even his idea.

Lance:

Very true.

As the Scourge make their way down to the ring, Pleasant stops in his tracks. Turning to both Harmen and King, he motions for them to go to the back. King and Harmen look at each other with fleeting skepticism but nod their heads in agreement, nonetheless. Patting both men on the shoulder, Pleasant turns back towards the ring and slithers inside of it like a snake. Coiled to strike like a viper, Pleasant waits for his opponent.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Next, making his way down to the ring... from Banff, Scotland... weighing in at 245lbs, he is... THE WAAAAARGOD... BRONSOOOOOON...BOOOOOOOOX!!

As Bronson Box emerges from the back, the Faithful commence with their adulation for the Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

This is definitely going to be an interesting match-up.

Lance:

Look at the intensity in the eyes of the former FIST. If I were Arthur Pleasant, I would be very worried. But... thank GOD I'm not Arthur Pleasant.

"BRONSON'S GONNNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUUU..."

"BRONSON'S GONNNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUUU..."

Bronson stops midway down the ramp to look out into the audience. Twirling his mustache, Boxer raises a fist to acknowledge their bloodlust for Arthur. Looking ahead, The Wargod makes his way down the rest of the ramp and hops up onto the ring apron. Climbing in between the ropes, Boxer motions for Carla Ferrari to ring it.

DING DING

Boxer comes right out of the gate with his fists up, but Arthur Pleasant drops and rolls right out of the ring, laughing to the pissed off crowd.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!"

Pleasant, living up to his moniker, provokes some fans in the front row. But while he turns his back to Box, the Wargod also rolls under the bottom rope. Box stalks Pleasant, who is still wasting time with the front row. Pleasant snatches an ice cream bar right from the hands of a little kid and throws it.

DDK:

Oh COME ON! That was uncalled for!!

Lance:

What a piece of garbage!

The nuclear heat targeted at Pleasant turns into raucous cheers as Box turns Pleasant around and nails him with an open hand chop that echoes throughout the DEFplex!

DDK:

More, please.

Lance:

That was just blistering!!

Arthur reels, crying out in agony from Box's stiff open handed slap. Pleasant tries to get away from Box as he clutches his chest, but Box pulls him towards him and delivers the same type of open hand chop, this time to the center of his upper back! Pleasant looks to crumble, but Box grabs him by his tights and tosses him back into the ring just as Ferrari makes it to a six-count.

Box follows Pleasant into the ring. Both competitors get up. Pleasant turns around and is again met with another hard open hand chop that cracks into the atmosphere like leftover fourth of July fireworks. Pleasant goes down, clutching his chest again, yelling out in agony as Box simply laughs at the sight before him.

"FUCK-HIME-UP, BRONSON, FUCK-HIM-UP!!"

Clap, clap, clap!

"FUCK-HIME-UP, BRONSON, FUCK-HIM-UP!!"

Clap, clap, clap!

DDK:

Good Lord! I'll tell you what, Lance. Arthur certainly brings out the worst in everybody! Listen to how obscene these fans are in their desire to see pain inflicted upon the Provocateur!

Lance:

Oh a hundred-and-ten percent, Keeps!

Pulling Pleasant back up to his feet by his arm, Box delivers another scintillating chop to Pleasant's chest. The impact even manages to buckle the knees of The Provocateur, but Box isn't allowing Pleasant to fall. Pulling him towards him again, Box uses his great strength to pull Pleasant up into his clutches and immediately slams down with a ripcord spinning backdrop driver!

Box goes for the cover and Ferrari is right there.

One...

Tw- Pleasant kicks out just before two!

DDK:

This has been ALL Bronson so far, and I'm absolutely loving it.

Lance:

Truer words never spoken, Darren. That's for damn sure.

With no motion wasted, Box pulls Pleasant up again by his arm and nails a SECOND ripcord spinning backdrop driver!

DDK:

I can't recall Bronson ever using that move before. At least in a DEFIANCE Wrestling ring. Nevermind TWICE!

Lance:

He may be switching his style up a bit considering his opponent. Say what you will about Arthur Pleasant, but the man is crafty and has a considerable amount of ways to beat you. Box is one of the wisest veterans of DEFIANCE there is so I'm not surprised Box would consider throwing a changeup or two.

Not bothering going for the second pinfall attempt, Box pulls Pleasant up by his arm again, but instead of going for another backdrop driver, he hoists him up into a Fireman's Carry. Looking out at the crowd, Box pushes up under Pleasant's frame and sends him down across an extended knee planted on the mat with a Gutbuster!

DDK:

Fireman's Carry Gutbuster! He may have him here!

Lance:

I can't believe how dominating Bronson has been in this match. I mean, I CAN, but I'm just surprised Pleasant hasn't been able to gain a foothold here.

Going for a lateral press, Box buries his forearm into Pleasant's cheek as Ferrari makes the count...

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant kicks out!

DDK:

WHOA.

Lance:

He actually got TWO on that one. Pleasant has to be hurting already! Incredible!

Pulling Pleasant up to his feet, he is met with a gouge to the eyes that breaks up his gaining momentum. With an admonishing from Carla Ferrari, Pleasant holds his hands up as if to say, "I didn't do anything!". The Wargod shakes away the pain from the gouging and as Pleasant turns around, Box lifts Pleasant up into an Argentine backbreaker and drops right to his knees for maximum impact. Still trying to shake away the stinging pain of his eyes being gouged; Box struggles to find Pleasant for a moment before eventually hooking a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- Pleasant kicks out!

Lance:

That was a close one, Keebs. Holy crap. I cannot BELIEVE Box is not only getting two's, but he nearly got a three-count right there!

DDK:

True, but that single eye gouge may be the difference maker. It looks like he is visually impaired as he is still rubbing his eyes. Might have a scratched cornea, Lance.

Box gets up to his feet and immediately heads to the outside. Pulling up the ring apron, he searches for something before eventually finding a bottle of water. Twisting open the cap, Box pours most of it into his eyes before dumping the rest of it on his bald head. Tossing the empty bottle to the side, Box rolls into the ring. But as soon as he is up...

...SMAAAACK!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

Arthur hit that from literally out of NOWHERE!

Box spills between the middle and top ropes, awkwardly falling to the outside in a heap from the impact of Pleasant's signature single-leg dropkick. Pleasant utilizes the separation between them to gain his bearings after the non-stop onslaught from the Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

Lucky break for Bronson there.

Lance:

Yeah, had he fallen onto the ring instead of the outside, Arthur may have been able to pull him from the ropes and get the pin there. I haven't seen anyone kick out of the Provocation yet in Pleasant's burgeoning DEFIANCE career.

Slow to get to his feet, Pleasant eventually does and looks for Box. The Wargod is nowhere to be found and Pleasant looks furious, knowing he might've had him dead to rights. Finally, a hand clutches onto the ring apron as Box pulls himself up from the outside mat. Sensing an opportunity, Pleasant hunches down and patiently waits for Box to pull himself the rest of the way up. Once he does, Pleasant runs into the ropes, rebounds off of them to gain speed and momentum. Hits the opposite ropes to gain even more speed and momentum, and just as Box sees it coming, Pleasant dives between the middle and top ropes like a missile, nailing Box with a suicide dive that sends Box HARD into the guard rail and Pleasant equally as hard flat onto his stomach on the outside mat.

DDK:

Dear God! Arthur went for broke there... and he may have got broken. At least a rib or two, I'd wager.

Lance:

That was an INSANE suicide dive from the Provocateur! Box hit that guard rail with incredible velocity... both guys could be hurt here.

Ferrari's count begins and neither men are stirring by the count of three.

FOUR!

Miraculously enough, Pleasant is the first one to start stirring.

FIVE!

Pleasant makes it up to his feet and staggers over towards the ring.

SIX!

DDK:

Arthur has just about pulled himself into the ring, but Bronson hasn't made it to his feet yet and we're already at the count of six!

SEVEN!

Arthur pulls himself into the ring, saving himself from being counted out. Box, on the other hand, is holding his lower back as he struggles to get to one knee.

EIGHT!

Box shakes his head and forces himself up to his feet the rest of the way and lunges forward towards the ring apron.

NINE!

Finally, Bronson pulls himself into the ring to break the count. The Faithful clap and cheer their man as he rescues himself from a countout loss. Pleasant, though, is right there with some stiff kicks to his lower back. Pulling Box out to the center of the ring, he drops an elbow right into the area Box looks to be hurting. Then another. And finally a third, before sitting him up. He runs into the ropes, and on the rebound just penalty kicks Box right in his upper back!

"BOOOOOOOO!"

Pleasant holds his arms out, and bows, accepting their hatred fully. As Box squirms around in pain, trying to clutch his aching upper back rather unsuccessfully, Pleasant delivers more kicks to his back. Realizing this was his opportunity, Pleasant sits Box up once again, measures him up and NAILS a precision buzzsaw kick that sends Box forward, planking right into the mat.

DDK:

He calls that Narcolepsy!

Lance:

He could have him!

Pleasant with the lateral press, shouting at Ferrari to get into position...

ONE!

TWO!

THR- Box kicks out!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Pleasant looks to be fuming as he gets right into Carla Ferrari's face.

Arthur Pleasant:

You're too fucking slow!! That was THREE, BITCH!!

Carla Ferrari:

Knock it off, Arthur! My call is TWO.

Arthur Pleasant:

How about I knock your fucking teeth out of your fucking head you dumb bitch!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Looking unsettled at Pleasant's words, Carla backs up from him but still points to the Fist logo on her referee shirt.

Carla Ferrari:

You DON'T threaten me, Arthur!! I WILL disqualify you!!

This distraction gives Box enough time to recuperate, and Box scoops Arthur up with a handful of tights!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! ARTHUR KICKS OUT!

The Faithful gasp as they thought this one was over. Box gets the rest of the way to his feet, but a pissed off Arthur Pleasant stops him dead in his tracks by delivering a lifting knee shot that is dangerously close to his netherberries.

DDK:

Was that a low blow?!

Lance:

I don't think so. It was CLOSE to being one but, ultimately, I don't believe it was.

Pleasant immediately sets him up for a suplex. Looking out at the audience, he smiles evilly before lifting up the Wargod's leg. Heaving him up, Pleasant crashes down to the mat with unbridled brutality in the form of a fisherman's buster. Pivoting his hips, Pleasant rolls a dead-on-his-feet Box up with himself and plants him AGAIN for another fisherman's buster. Rolling his hips one more time, Pleasant is up with Box, lifts him into the air, and SNAPS down to the canvas with a third and final fisherman's buster, completing the rolling set!

DDK:

Land of Make Believe!!! Dear GOD Box might be OUT!!

Lance:

What's he doing now? He's not going for the cover?!

Sure enough, as Box is seemingly out in the center of the ring, Pleasant heads towards the turnbuckles. Looking back at Box, Pleasant makes the ascension. Standing tall on the top rope, Pleasant measures up Box and jumps forward with a moonsault, soaring forward and landing a shooting star press where he connects with a head-butt on the landing!!!

DDK:

WHAT IN THE UNICORN SHIT WAS THAT?!

Lance:

OH MY GOD!!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

I've seen Pleasant perform a shooting star press before, but never have I seen him nail a HEAD-BUTT on the damn landing!!

Lance:

Talk about CTE, Keebs! Yeesh!

Nearly knocking himself out from the impact, Pleasant shakes away the pain from his head colliding with Box. Draping an arm over the Wargod, Ferrari is in position to make the count.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! BOX KICKS OUT JUST BEFORE CARLA'S HAND HITS THE MAT!!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!"

Pleasant is absolutely INCENSED that the death defying move he just performed on the DEFIANCE Original wasn't enough to put him away. Shaking his head, pounding the mat, and screaming, Pleasant is back on his feet.

But suddenly, Box is up and boots Pleasant in the gut! He lifts him up for a powerbomb, runs across the ring, and THROWS him against the turnbuckles for a buckle bomb!!

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB!!

Lance:

Where the HELL did he find the strength and resilience to pull that move off!!

Box screams with rage, pounds a fist into the mat, and rises to his feet. Looking at Arthur, he notices Pleasant... is actually getting to his as well.

DDK:

These two are gonna die in this ring. Jesus Mother Mary Steenberger.

Lance:

I think these men are cyborgs and neither have the "code" to quit. What the hell, man.

Pleasant woozily makes his way to Box, who boots him in the gut again, hoists him up for another powerbomb. He spins toward the other turnbuckle, charges forward, and about two-thirds of the way across the ring he launches Pleasant so hard into the turnbuckle that Pleasant actually spills over to the outside!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! ARTHUR IS DEAD!!

Lance:

I really don't think Bronson intended for that to happen. Wow.

Bronson Box:

I'll fookin' kill ye!

Box goes to the turnbuckle and rips it off with one hand. Throwing it out at the Faithful, Box rolls to the outside and grabs Pleasant by his hair, ripping him up to a standing position. Rolling him back inside the ring, Box follows him. Once back inside the ring, Box walks over to the turnbuckle opposite of the exposed one... and RIPS that one off too!

DDK:

Two exposed turnbuckles. This... this can't be good for The Provocateur.

Lance:

These fans are loving every bit of this. Pleasant is about to get MurderDeathKilled!

Lifting Pleasant to his feet, Box is met with a half-unconscious grin, followed by a wad of spit to the face! Box backs up for a second, wiping off the yellowish loogie. Shaking his head, Box boots Pleasant in the gut to double him over. He heaves Pleasant up for a powerbomb...

DDK:

No, no, no, no, NO!!!

... charges forward to the turnbuckle he most recently exposed...

Lance:

OHHHH MY GOOOOODDDDD!!

... and LAUNCHES PLEASANT WITH A BUCKLE BOMB INTO THE EXPOSED STEEL!!

DDK:

It's ov-

Lance:

WHAT?!!!!!!!

DDK:

No. You've gotta be KIDDING me.

Bronson Box, with murderous intentions, makes like he's stacking him up... but PULLS Pleasant up into a powerbomb from the ground. Using one arm to point towards the second exposed turnbuckle, Box runs forward and launches Pleasant into that one!!

Box drags Pleasant's inanimate body to the center of the ring where he mounts him, hooking his leg by reaching back with his right arm and placing his elbow deep into Pleasant's cheek.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The entire DEFplex comes unglued!

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via pinfall... THE WAAAAAARGOD... BRONSOOOOOOON...BOOOOOOOOOOX!!

DDK:

I cannot BELIEVE what we just witnessed here. FOUR Bombasto Bombs. TWO of which were done onto exposed steel!!

Lance:

Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, Darren.

DDK:

I mean, yeah. But... still. That was a scary display of fighting spirit from the Original DEFIANT. And, say what you will, but Arthur put up one hell of a fight against the Wargod. I hope these two go at it again in the future. Dear freakin' GOD.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



GREATEST TAG TEAM OF ALL TIME

DDK:

It's already been one heck of a night here, Lance. Still come we've got...

Keebler is interrupted by...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The crowd comes alive as the song kicks in!

DDK:

Wait... I didn't have The Saturday Night Specials on my runsheet... did you?

Lance:

I did not... I think they're freestyling here!

Per their style, The Saturday Night Specials - "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd - are in the stands among their people. They are dressed to wrestle as they high five and fist bump their fans as they make their way down the arena steps toward the ring. Brock carries a cooler over his back. Brock and Pat both stop their march for a moment to accept an offer for two beers from a nice young lady who was clearly prepared. SNS toast each other and toast the eager young woman before chugging the beers, high-fiving the fan, and continuing to make their way to the ring.

DDK:

We are only weeks away from The Saturday Night Specials getting their shot at the Unified DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship.

Lance:

Despite Malak Garland's best efforts, the team is still together.

The shot fades into the MAX DEF logo with pictures of both teams - The Saturday Night Specials and The Comments Section - and the DEFIANCE Tag Championship. When the graphic fades away, SNS are already in the ring and Pat Cassidy has a mic in hand.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW ORLEANS!

A cheer!

Pat Cassidy:

Newbludd and I are flipping the script here a bit... ya see, we're so close to our MAX Def showdown with The Comments Section... and we yet for some reason... we ain't booked tonight.

The people do not approve. Cassidy shakes his head along with the booing crowd. He leans forward on the top rope looking out into the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:

Right!? We don't get it either. For weeks, your Saturday Night Specials have been laying down the challenge to face teams we've never been in the ring with before. To really prove that we've earned this title shot, you know what I mean? And with all due respect to The Midcard Experiment and Customer Support... we have yet to really be challenged. God damn it, man - I'm looking for a fight! I NEED a good fight going into this tag team match. What about you, buddy?

Newbludd grabs a fresh beer out of the cooler and cracks it open. Taking a healthy gulp, Brock wipes his mouth off and raises his own microphone up.

Brock Newbludd:

You damn right we need a good fight. If I wanted to beat up dudes as quickly as we beat up those last two teams of "challengers" I'd just pick up a few bouncer shifts at the bar. Talk about a bunch of bullshit, we've been straight up BallyHOSED so far!

Brock sits down on the cooler and turns to face the stage.

Brock Newbludd:

Open challenge is still open, boys! But, let's spice things up a little bit! Let's add a little extra cheddar on this thing! Let's put our number one contendership on the line as well!

The crowd roars in approval and Cassidy gives Brock a thumbs up.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, we ain't leavin' until we get ourselves some real competition. We will literally sit right here in the middle of this ring and drink every last beer in this cooler. Shit, maybe we can get some karaoke going!?

The crowd lets out a cheer at the prospect of a karaoke session. The roaring quickly turns into a buzzing as all eyes focus on the stage to see if it'll be wrestling or karaoke on tap for the immediate future. Inside the ring, SNS sip on their beers and calmly wait.

DDK:

SNS raises the stakes on their open challenge by putting their title shot on the line! What's the point of that, Lance? Why the unnecessary risk?

Lance:

Clearly they want to send a message to The Comments Section before Maximum Defiance and remind them just how much of a threat they are to the titles. But to do that, they're gonna need to beat elite level competition, not teams like Customer Support of Midcard Experiment. By putting their shot on the line, they just put a lot more blood in the water. Let's see if any big sharks show up now.

A few uneventful moments pass and the boo birds begin to make their presence known in the crowd. Shaking his head, Newbludd stands up on top of the cooler and looks out to The Faithful with a disappointed look on his face.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, ain't that some shit. Since there isn't a single team in the back that wants a crack at us, I guess we'll put it to a vote. All those in favor of The Saturday Night Specials being named THE greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history, say BALLYHOOO!

The Faithful:

BALLYHOOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

It's settled then! Now, all those in favor of singing some karaoke, say BALLYHOO!

The Faithful:

BALLYHOOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

You bet! And finally... if you wanna party with the boys tonight, gimme one more! Get LOUD New Orleans!

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes" by Oasis ♪

DDK:

Woahhh...

Lance:

I said we'd need some big sharks to put their name on the map... they just got two of the biggest animals in the sea!

The fans boo loudly as the seemingly unforgotten tag team emerges from the curtain onto the stage.

In Jeans and 24K! T Shirts, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix and The FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely make their way into the spotlight. The music dies down. Each of the Bruvs has a microphone in hand. Inside the ring both Pat Cassidy and Newbludd now are on their feet.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah!?

The crowd boos at his signature line.

Kendrix:

Now, we don't know what ballyhoo means but Mikey and I were just sitting in the back, sippin some fraps, checkin our snaps, when we heard you two blabbing on and on about how good you are. How you're the number one contenders to the DEFIANCE tag team championships... and how you're looking for a REAL challenge... Well lads, look no further!

Lance:

WHAT!?! Are we going to see the Saturday Night Specials lock up with The Hollywood Bruvs!?

DDK:

I don't know if Kendrix and Mikey have teamed since the last time they lost the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships! That said prior to each winning the FIST OF DEFIANCE, they were known as Tag Team Wrestlers!

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, Just because I'm the big man on campus here, doesn't mean I don't know a good opportunity when I hear one. I've been in DEFIANCE for YEARS! YEEEEAAAAARSSSS! Title opportunities don't come around all that often... even less for dweebs like you two!

He looks down at the FIST in it's display case. Then at Kendrix who attempts to shine the case with his closed fist.

Mikey Unlikely:

I say we add to the 24K! Collection, bruv! Tag Team Champion AND FIST of DEFIANCE... That sounds pretty cool! I've already become the first Grand Slam Champion in DEFIANCE history... I've already broken the longest FIST reign on top of this company... I need some new records to break. So even though we'd have to face...

He scoffs looking back down at the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

Drunken dreck over here...

THERE IT IS! GLUEFIST!

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. We're not giving you a chance to back out either. Right here tonight, The Hollywood Bruvs vs Saturday Night Specials. #1 Contendership for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles. You got yourself a match!

The fans in the arena are jacked up. A smile crosses the face of the Specials. They nod in agreement and fist bump as The Bruv's theme music kicks back in.

DDK:

I... I can't believe what just transpired here. We've suddenly got a main event!

Lance:

So much on the line here, Keeps. The Specials tag title shot. The Bruv's reputation.

DDK:

I don't know if The Saturday Night Specials planned on coming to DEFtv 156 tonight for a match against a legendary tag team, but they're sure as heck getting one!

NATHANIEL EYE vs. KYLE SHIELDS

Lance:

We have a big match coming up for Nathaniel Eye Who is now asking us just to call him Nathan from this point so we'll do that. He'll be taking on Ned Reform at Maximum DEFIANCE. We have seen Ned Reform try and offer Nathan a chance to be his first follower in DEFIANCE Wrestling but he has turned him down cold on a few occasions.

DDK:

Ned Reform has critiqued Eye in his big victory over Ryan Batts, then when he lost to Minute for the Favoured Saints title and then Ned Reform fell as well. On Uncut last week his TA Holyoke gave Eye a chance to face him at Maximum DEFIANCE and he accepted it but got attacked and choked out. Eye will face him but first he has to get through Kyle Shields tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match up is one fall. From Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds this is KYLE SHIIIIIIIEEEEEELLLLDDSSSS!!!!

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. Busy dicking around on his phone and making Kyle Shields memes, the lazy and hapless star heads on down to the ring and then rolls inside. He puts his phone away because he wants to try and get a win tonight.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent ... he is from Baton Rouge, Louisiana and he weighs in at two-hundred thirty five pounds ... "THE HANDSOME FACE" NATHAN EYYYYYYYEEEEEE!!!!

Running out to cheers from the crowd the young Baton Rouge wrestler comes out with a lot more fire than usual. He heads to the ring where Kyle is already waiting. Eye quickly walks around the apron then jumps over the rope. He starts to climb the second turnbuckle. He can't celebrate with the crowd too long though because when he does, music plays ...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The music plays and grabs Nathan's attention. The Handsome Face is staring down the Ned Reform, who pauses for a moment in entrance smiling before turning to walk toward the announce table. While that happens ... Kyle takes advantage and then takes Eye off the apron and powerbombs him off the middle rope! Kyle is patting himself on the back like he already won but the official gets him to move out of the way!

DDK:

This match hasn't even started yet and Kyle Shields has attacked Nathan!

Lance:

You coming out here at this exact moment can't be an accident, Reform.

We hear a rustling sound as Reform places a headset on.

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR Reform to you, Announcer Number Two. I meant no ill will by being out here - I simply want to scout my future opponent. As is my right, last time I inquired.

The referee is checking up to see if Nathan wants to continue. Eye says "yes!" out loud and he gets cheered by the

DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

DING DING

Ned Reform:

You see? This belief in "heart" is incredibly misguided. This is what happens when people develop their moral philosophies from Rocky movies.

DDK:

Eye is a fighter!

Kyle tackles the Handsome Face in the corner and not only stomps at him but he walks it dry also as the saying goes. He stomps his ribs enough for the referee to warn him that he will get disqualified but Kyle is in his own little world as usual. He stops kicking the Handsome Face and then changes up his game to throw him over and then going right into the tightest chin lock he can apply.

DDK:

Kyle Shields not only has the advantage over Nathan Eye thanks to distraction here by Ned Reform ...

Ned Reform:

DOCTOR Reform, Announcer Number One. And don't blame Eye's misfortunes on me. That's weak.

Lance:

Kyle is working that chin lock now.

Ned Reform:

If Eye had any sense, he would have called for a moment to regain his composure before rushing into this. But he does not. That's one of the many things I hope to help him develop going forward.

The lock is tight on Eye but he has the support of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful behind him. The Handsome Face gets more cheers to fuel him up. Nathan tries to get back up on his feet and then slugs him using punches to his ribs until Shields has to let go. Nathan nails a few jabs and then he is heading to the ropes but comes back to a big running clothesline by Kyle!

DDK:

That was a great clothesline by Kyle Shields. Eye is down and has not been able to get any moves going.

Lance:

He hasn't! He needs to get his mind off of our guest here.

Ned Reform:

If my presence is enough to rattle him to this level, perhaps he doesn't deserve to be competing in the ring. When he's studying under my tutelage, riding his mind of needless distractions will be lesson number one.

DDK:

You really think he's still interested in your help?

Ned Reform:

After what I am forced to do to him as Maximum DEFIANCE... he will be.

Ned Reform continues his verbal dissertation of Nathan Eye's in-ring performance when Eye himself does not perform well. Kyle Shields now tries to pin Nathan with his shoulders on the mat.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The shoulder rises from the mat but he takes the arm and then rolls him over into a painful looking straight jacket crossface!

DDK:

Kyle Shields isn't really known for his in ring dedication but his submission knowledge is surprising.

Lance:

And that is a glaring weakness of Eye's. Something the Doctor here will look to exploit.

Ned Reform:

Eye, like all simpletons, relies on brute force alone. Shields is playing a thinking man's game. Thinking is not Mr. Eye's strong suit... clearly.

The Handsome Face manages to get cheers again and tries to roll his body over to get to the ropes. Both men are almost equal weight but Kyle has his weight placed almost perfectly on the back ... but it isn't perfect enough because Eye is able to turn and get a foot to the ropes!

Lance:

He did it! Kyle almost had it but he got greedy and Eye got the opening he needed.

Ned Reform:

Let's see if the blind squirrel can find his nut.

DDK:

Kyle Shields has to let go but he already goes after Nathan in the ropes!

Kyle boots him again and then he shoots him across. When Eye comes back off of the ropes, Kyle tries again with another clothesline but Eye ducks this time and then takes him off his feet with a massive spear that knocks the wind out of him.

DDK:

Eye makes a big comeback!

Ned Reform:

Sloppy. Stupid. "Running into the other man" is the best strategy Mr. Eye can muster? He needs to learn precision in the ring.

Lance:

That looked precise enough to me!

Eye fights for the ropes and then stands up again. Kyle is still hurt off of the spear but he charges and gets a kick for his trouble. Eye throws himself off the ropes and hits a big flying shoulder block that knocks Kyle down from the side. Eye gets back up and then hits a second flying shoulder block off the ropes again and then he is back up again. Eye takes Kyle and then he whips him off to the ropes. He throws a flying forearm smash in the corner and then takes him down using a double arm suplex.

Ned Reform does not look impressed with Eye's comeback but the fans continue to show their love. The self-proclaimed Lover and Fighter goes over the ropes. When he waits for Kyle to get up he leaps up and hits a slingshot shoulder tackle this time.

DDK:

I think he's got Kyle Shields beat!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Shields kicks out.

Ned Reform:

Pathetic.

Nathaniel locks around the neck of Kyle when he gets up and tries for Eye Popping but the reverse swinging STO punches his way out of the lock, then Kyle locks another submission called the tongan death grip! He locks his hands around Nathan's neck and then sweeps him down leaning the grip into a cover.

One ...

Two ...

Lance:

Eye gets his hand on the ropes to break the cover and the hold! That was a great move!

Ned Reform doesn't say anything but an unimpressed grunt on commentary. Kyle doesn't seem happy with that. Kyle grabs Eye by the wrist then tries to use Agent of Shields but the pump handle driver fails when Eye slips behind his back. Kyle tries an elbow from behind but Eye kicks him first. When he is bent over he nails the Starry Eyed Surprise!

DDK:

The flying knee strike turns him inside out! And now Eye is about ready to go to the top!

He gets to the top rope and then looks at the announce table where Ned Reform sits. He yells out "EYE'S! UP! HERE!" and then hits the top rope leg drop across the chest of Kyle! He goes to make the pin after that!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪"You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

Nathan is victorious! He smiles for the first time since the match began and is happy to be triumphant.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... is NATHAN EYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!

After he wins his match Eye goes over to ask for a microphone. He gets it and then catches his breath and his victory music stops playing.

DDK:

Looks like he's got something to say to you ... Doctor.

Ned Reform:

He should probably take this opportunity to relish his victory. It will likely be his last for some time.

In the ring, Eye waves.

Nathan Eye:

You up there taking notes Doctor Dick-head?

He catches his breath some more and the fans pop for the insult. Ned Reform removes the headset and stands, puffing up as if he's going to do something after that insult... but not moving toward the ring at all.

Nathan Eye:

You jumped me on Uncut and that was my fault. I let it happen. I make mistakes. I am human ... but I also *learn* from mistakes. At Maximum Defiance *you* are going to learn who I am Neddy! You are going to learn I don't quit ... you are going to learn that I don't back down ... and you are going to learn that you can't stop me!

Saying everything he needs to say, Nathan's music resumes. He gives the microphone back and locks eyes with Reform. Reform meets Eye's eye contact before sneering and pointing as he slowly makes his way, walking backwards the entire way and not breaking his gaze, back to the ramp and into the back.

YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE QUESTION

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

A raven appears on the DEFIATron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. Scrow and Hive come out in their street clothes, just blue jeans and Scrow's "Raven's Eye" T-Shirt with their respective leather coats from DEFCON.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at this time "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

DDK:

After Scrow blatantly interfered in the match last night against Dex Joy and Lindsay Troy, he has been obsessed with getting the "answer" from Lindsay. However, no one but himself really knows the question.

Lance:

Scrow's deranged mind thinks somehow that we all know what that question is. More importantly that Lindsay does. Unfortunately for him, that is not the case.

DDK:

As this mad scientist of The Kabal makes his way inside the ring, let's not forget how it looked like he may get some sort of response from Troy last night, but due to network commitments we had to go off the air. This infuriated The Unhinged to a degree, when the cameras cut Scrow was chased off by Matt LaCroix and Dex Joy. Not getting this "answer" he has been going on and on about.

Lance:

LT was not in a very good mood when they ran him off. Neither were The Faithful as security was having to protect Scrow as he went through the crowd.

DDK:

Well, this time he has all the time he requires to get whatever the hell he wants.

Scrow paces back and forth in the ring. He is in an absolute rage, almost like he has never cooled down from last night when he did not get his "answer." The jam packed DEFplex clearly seems to fuel his rage even further. Scrow may not have cooled down from last night, but the Faithful clearly have not either for him ruining an instant classic between Dex Joy and Lindsay Troy.

Scrow: *[breathing heavily]*

TROY! SCROW WANTS HIS ANSWER! NOW!

Scrow continues back and forth, while Hive remains in the corner just staring at the entranceway. LT does not show, and the longer she makes him wait the more pissed off Scrow becomes.

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Lindsay Troy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Dex Joy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Lindsay Troy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Dex Joy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Lindsay Troy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Dex Joy!!

Hive looks away from the entrance disgusted with The Faithful.

Scrow:

Shut up! Shut UP!.....SHUT UP!!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Lindsay Troy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Dex Joy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Lindsay Troy!!

The Faithful: *[One side of the arena]*

Dex Joy!!

Scrow: *[growling under his breath]*

Lindsay, come out here NOW!

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring is letting Scrow stew a bit.

Lance:

Yeah, she is gonna come out on her terms not his.

Scrow:

If you do not come out, Scrow is gonna come back there and grab you and drag you out here in front of all these idiots and you will give him his ANSWER!

Scrow paces some more and still LT does not appear. Scrow's blood has finally boiled over and steps through the ropes....

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

Scrow gets back in the ring, as LT's theme hits the PA. The Queen of the Ring emerges from behind the curtain, microphone in one hand and the manilla envelope that Scrow handed to her a few weeks ago in the other. She takes her sweet time walking to the ring, which only makes Scrow seethe even more.

Finally, Troy slips between the ropes and her music fades out. She looks first at Hive, then at a highly agitated Scrow.

Lindsay Troy:

You've got some fucking nerve.

She points at Scrow for emphasis, then flicks the manilla envelope at his chest, where it falls harmlessly to the mat.

Lindsay Troy:

You slithered into a private conversation weeks ago to drop my DEFIANCE roster picture off with nary a word like some creepy little voyeur, and now you want an answer to a question that exists only in your mind. What's the matter, do you not know how to use your words like a big boy? Because I'm a lot of things, bud, but a mind reader ain't one of

them.

Scrow continues to pace back and forth as Lindsay continues to talk.

Lindsay Troy:

I didn't give a damn about you before last night, Scrow. That picture is whatever. Didn't think you wanted an autograph, and the only Kabal member I owe a receipt to is Reeves, so whatever you were going for clearly didn't strike a chord. Until last night, when you went and stuck your nose into my match with Dex. You wrecked my chance to hold gold in this company again, all because you're big boo hoo mad you couldn't get the job done against him at DEFCON so now you don't want anyone else to either. What a bitter piece of shit you are.

Scrow:

That's enough! Scrow does not care about your sob story. Give Scrow his answer!

Lindsay Troy:

42. The answer to life, the universe, and everything. Is that what you want?

Scrow:

Oh, don't play games with Scrow! Give Scrow the answer!

Lindsay Troy:

TO WHAT? What the fuck is the question?

Scrow:

Stop stalling Troy....Answer NOW!

Hive walks up, and whispers something in Scrow's ear.

Scrow:

What do you mean she doesn't have a question. It's right here *[picking up the manilla envelope. Waving it around]*

Scrow:

She knows what he wants, she is just playing dumb.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, I promise you, I'm not the one who's dumb here...

Scrow:

Now answer him!

Scrow gets up in her face, the tension between the two is intense.

Scrow:

It's a simple answer: Yes? or No?

Hive:

Ok, enough of this. At this rate we are going to be here all night. *[She takes the manilla folder from Scrow and pulls out the photo. She puts the picture next to Scrow]* How is this?

Troy has had about enough of the cryptic messaging from the Kabal's mad scientist. She hits an exaggerated eye roll and turns to leave, but Scrow grabs her wrist.

Scrow:

Scrow would not advise you to do that. Don't ignore Scrow....DON'T!

Quick as a hiccup, her annoyance having boiled over, Troy decks Scrow with a hard right hand to the mouth. Scrow's head snaps back from the shot and Troy follows that up with a boot to the gut and a Thy Kingdom Come for good measure! The DEF Faithful explode into cheers as Hive drops the picture and backs away.

The Queen gets back to her feet and retrieves her mic, which she dropped after hoisting Scrow up for the small package driver.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm done playing games with you two, so here's something I'm sure your delusional asses can understand. MAX*DEF. I'm free. And Scrow, you're about to find out first hand what the consequences are for sticking your nose in where it doesn't belong.

Troy makes her way out of the ring and up the ramp. On the canvas, Scrow starts laughing while holding his head.

Scrow: *[laughing while in pain]*

That was the answer Scrow wanted.

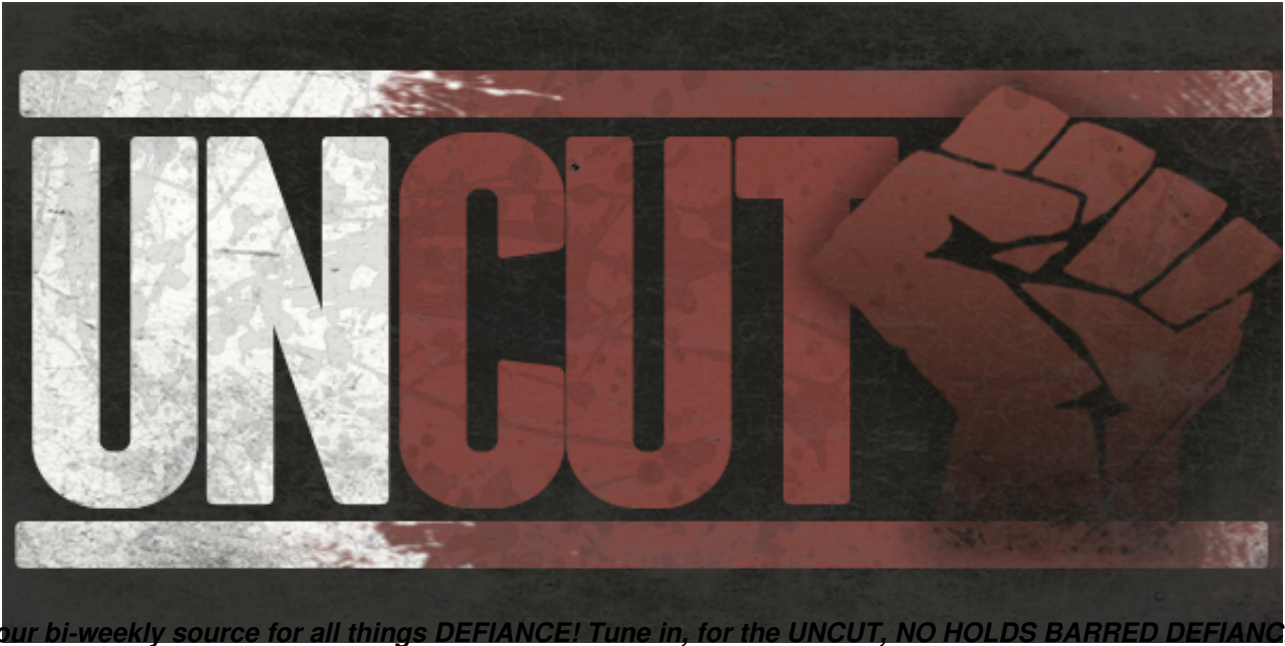
DDK:

Is that what he wanted all this time, a match with Lindsay Troy?

Lance:

Talk about beating around the bush.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

REGULARLY INTERRUPTED PROGRAMMING

“MOUTH IS MADE OF METAL, METAL METAL.... POCKET FULL OF YELLOW, YELLOW, YELLOW... “

The fans boo as the signature sounds of the 24K! Theme song ring out in the DEFplex.

Lance:

AGAIN!?!? We are seeing too much of these guys!

DDK:

Not enough, apparently.

24K! Comes marching through the curtain, they spread out on stage giving the audience the full effect. Perfection, Kendrix, Murray and Mikey make their way to the interview stage where Christy Zane stands ready and waiting. Unlikely takes his time to get to the stage, even jaw jacking with a fan in an Oscar Burns “I Like Graps” shirt.

Lance:

There’s head goon himself! The FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely! They appear to be in a good mood there Darren.

Indeed Mikey is smiling and waving to the fans who hurl threats and boos in his general direction. About 30 seconds later, Jack Hunter walks out on stage and finds the spot he was supposed to be in all along. He stands poised before he realizes the group has already moved to the interview stage. He clumsily heads over there.

Christie Zane:

24K! It’s been a rough few weeks for you guys. Two shows ago we saw Harvey, Blackwood, and Burns take turns on Mikey Unlikely in the middle of the ring, followed up by last week, when you Mikey and JFK tried to interfere in last weeks main event, you were cut off by a returning Deacon! What do you guys have to say about all this... it seems 24K! has been unprepared as of late.

Unlikely had a calm cool demeanor until the last words came out of Christy’s mouth. He snaps his sunglasses off quickly and stares at her like she just birthed a chicken in front of everyone.

Mikey Unlikely:

UNPREPARED CHRISTIE!? What are we, a Starbucks without caramel syrup? A strippee without dance moves? Jay Harvey in a title match!? That’s an egregious flex, but ok.

Christie Zane:

Well you have to admit...

Mikey Unlikely:

Christie, I’m the FIST OF DEFIANCE, I don’t have to do anything I don’t want to do. It’s beautiful! Look at these men! MANLY MEN! The manliest men to have ever manned. We’re here because we’re the PEAK physical specimens. We’re what wrestling is all about. Manly men grappling fairly. What Blackwood, Burns, and Harvey did a few weeks ago was unacceptable. What Deacon did last week is unacceptable. What DEFIANCE is doing is unacceptable. They’re trying to seize power from my hands, Christie. YOUR LONGEST REIGNING CHAMPION EVER! This month will mark day 500 of my reign, and I’m not letting anyone else get in the way of my “Sweet 500” Birthday Party Extravaganza!

Christie Zane:

Isn’t your birthday in....

Mikey Unlikely:

NOT MY BIRTHDAY CHRISTIE~! THE FISTS BIRTHDAY! Anyway, as I was saying... They’re trying to take my swag. Trying to take my position away as the top dog. Trying to keep me from calling my own shots! You hate to se....

He's cut off by the new group representing DEFIANCE as a whole. All four men walk out onto the stage. No music, no flash, just meaty substance. Jay Harvey, Deacon, Gage Blackwood and Oscar Burns mosey out onto the stage and the fans go wild.

DDK:

There they are! The men who closed out the last DEFtv on the same page! Putting down 24K!

Basking in the MASSIVE reception, all four of 24K's opposition head out and stare down the fans before it's Oscar Burns producing a microphone.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah, Mikey... sounds like the people love to see US, Christie!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Technical Spectacle continues after the large reaction nearly blows the roof off the DEFplex.

Oscar Burns:

Real cute what you shitbags did earlier tonight to Gage Blackwood trying to put the screws to us. Congrats to you, Murray... AND Kendrix... and 24K for your "well-earned" victory tonight. Cause now that the four of us are finally united against the likes of you... it'll be the last time you EVER do what you do.

Blackwood, Harvey and Deacon all stand at the side and nod in unison.

Oscar Burns:

Unlike you guys giving each other colonoscopies with each others' heads, we aren't sitting here with our heads up our asses. We're done with this shit. We're done with you. 500 days with YOU on top of this company is 500 days too many for our liking, but we don't need the FIST on the line for what the four of us are proposing...

He points at the collection of some of DEFIANCE's top talent amassed on the ramp alongside him.

Oscar Burns:

Jay Harvey ain't just a natural... he's DEFIANCE! Gage Blackwood, whether we get along or not... he's DEFIANCE! Deacon. This massive GC on the side of good. He's DEFIANCE! And you of all people know where I stand with this company, Mikey! So if you REALLY want to run this place, you're gonna have to reach down deep and PRAY that you can go hard out and beat us all. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, we are challenging the four of you! Eight man tag! We're gonna end this and end YOU.

The crowd goes bananas. On the stage 24K! Seem to look at one another if almost discussing it telepathically. Jack Hunter looks off into space. The champion moves the microphone in front of his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know what... WE ACCEPT!

DDK:

OH MY! 4 ON 4 AT MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Mikey Unlikely:

...And after some consideration, let's make this match even bigger ... You're talking about 24K! The group that shocked the world by taking over in the last year. Four of the best wrestlers, actors, and entertainers in the world today, and I'm so confident that I'm willing to up the stakes myself.

Jack Hunter stands by, ready to join the main event, instead Unlikely holds up the FIST case.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm putting the FIST on the line! If ANY of you can pin me, you win the Championship!

Lance:

WHAT!?

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm willing to bet that the four of you can coexist in one match against the four of us in the name of DEFIANCE, blah blah blah, but can you Gage Blackwood sit by and let Oscar Burns pin me? Do you want to see him as the FIST when you have the chance?...

He let's it linger.

Mikey Unlikely:

Jay Harvey! Wouldn't you like to get your grubby little hands on me again? Maybe take the FIST home to wifey? You'd hate to see that opportunity to be THE MAN, get taken by say maybe...Deacon...

The group on stage look at each other suspiciously. Mikey smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

Right after JFK and I take out the Saturday Night Specials tonight, we'll see you boys at MAXDEF. 24K! vs. DEFIANCE'S Last Stand. You love to see it Christie!

The 24K! Theme song hits once again as they go through the crowd, away from the stage that houses their soon to be opponents.

MAXBENCH

DDK:

We've got some late breaking news from the front office in regards to... well, I'll go ahead and let D.Q. explain... Darren?

The camera cuts to our intrepid DEFIANCE ring announcer Darren Quimbey standing center ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen. As you know Rick Dickulous and Bronson Box have been competing in what was supposed to be a best of seven series of various strength events to determine just who really is the strongest DEFIANT. As seen last night in the clip from Sports Bros with Greg and The Chud. Mr. Dickulous has decided to call an audible and put it AAAAALL on the line tonight... IN A MAXBENCH BENCHPRESS CHALLEEEEEENGINE! The competitors will make their way out to the ring...

He motions beside him where a bench press has been erected by the DEFstaff. We can see DEFsecurity drones in the background all around ringside both stage left and right. If we've learned anything from the last four times we've done this it's that you can never have enough security when these two massive sociopaths are in the same vicinity.

Darren Quimbey:

There was a coinflip earlier in the day that Rick Dickulous won. He will go first and set the bar, so to speak. Bronson Box will then attempt to beat that weight... if he can, he wins. If he can't, Rick wins. It's that simple. The winner will be declaaaaaaareed, officially... THE STRONGEEEEEEEEEST DEFIANT!

DDK:

Not sure how I feel about this, Lance. I mean, Rick Dickulous is directly responsible for the delay these last two weeks.

Lance:

It seems DEFIANCE Security said they weren't willing to risk the safety of their members after the last two altercations. Smart move on their behalf, but I think we're seeing a lot of exploitation of that here tonight by Rick Dick--

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

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Lance:

--ulous. Y'know what? From now on I'm not gonna say his name until I'm done making my point, Keebs.

DDK: *[chuckling]*

From now on our producers need to just zoom in on your face! I swear, it's the same face people make when they toss back tequila straight!

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the centre of the ring, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. His massive hands taped up to his wrists). His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Referee Brian Slater stands at the ready, directing Rick over to the bench as his music fades.

Brian Slater: *[off mic]*

How much are we putting on here?

DDK:

We must be having some technical issues, I know we have referee Brian Slater mic'd up, we should have it any sec--

***pop* Rick Dickulous:** *[through Slater's mic]*

What's the record?

Brian Slater:

Uhh...h-hold on a sec? Yeah, guys? What's the record? Rick wants to know.

DDK:

That's all you, partner.

Lance: *[papers shuffling]*

I've got it here somewh--a ha! Looks like the World Record is at four hundred one point five kilograms--

DDK:

What's that in American?

Lance:

Eight hundred eighty five pounds and two ounces, Keeps and Brian.

Brian Slater:

Eight eighty five and two ounces, so...I dunno what you wanna do.

Rick Dickulous:

Eight eighty five. And make it snappy, I got a few hits on Cougar Bait who're waiting backstage.

DefSec members cautiously enter the ring and start loading the bar with plates as Rick stands up and begins walking around the ring, limbering up, stretching, all the while the crowd murmurs with excitement.

DDK:

Rick's setting the bar WAY high here, but I can't figure out why he's not trying to set a new World Record.

Lance:

Unofficially. We talked about this, remember?

Rick finishes his warmup routine as the last plates are slid onto the bar. He sits down on the bench and looks over his shoulder at the stacked bar before holding up a finger.

DDK:

What's on his mind here, Lance? He's got the weight he wanted, what gives?

Rick points to Darren Quimbey before turning his palm up and calling the announcer over with a wiggling finger. With a gulp, he steps towards the lumberjant slowly. Rick quickly reaches into Quimbey's jacket and begins fishing around before withdrawing the promotional DEFIANCE's Strongest Man coin from his pocket before giving him a dismissive shove. He then turns his attention to Brian Slater, pointing at his breast pocket, then to the coin in his hand, and finally to either side of the bar before handing the coin over and laying down on the bench in preparation as the crowd bristles with...excitement?

Lance:

Wait a second, how heavy are those promotional coins, Keeps?

DDK:

About an ounce? I mean, they're really well made! I mean, they're....wait a minute...

Lance:

Eight hundred eighty five pounds....and two ounces.

Brian Slater rests the coins on top of the plates on either side of the bar as Rick takes a firm, secure grip and takes a few breaths before a loud grunt escapes his lips as he ever so slowly pushes the bar up and off of the rests before slowly lowering the bar to his chest. With a resounding roar, Rick pushes with all his might, his face turning violet red, veins protruding from his forehead like a road map, his eyes almost bulging out of his skull as he manages to push the bar back up, his arms shaking with the strain as they reach the top and the bar crashes back onto the rests.

DDK:

RICK JUST TIED A WORLD RECORD, LANCE!! I know, I know, unofficially.

The ropes shake from the force as Rick Dickulous jumps to his feet, arms raised in victory as the crowd gives a mixed reaction. But before the lumberjant can celebrate too hard...

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by the man in black. ♪

Lance:

Business is about to pick up, Keebs! The Wargod cometh!

From behind the curtain steps the ACE. The shoulder straps of his singlet already pulled down, read and sweaty from his victorious showing against Arthur Pleasant earlier in the evening. He signals for his music to be cut, a stagehand hustles a microphone over to his waiting hand because the Bombastic Bronson Box has something he'd like to get off his chest before we start. He waits a few beats until he's well down the ramp before starting... he lets the roar, the energy of the Faithful fill the silence before addressing the now VERY cocksure lumberjant.

Bronson Box:

I'll keep this short... see I've been called crazy several times this week. "Two matches, Boxer, why" well I'll tell you why. Because after nearly a decade I've finally learned actions speak so much louder than words. Whilst you haven't stopped runnin' your mouth and makin' life impossible fer' everyone around you I figured I'd make the best of my time and remind everyone just who Bronson Box is.

Rick Dickulous: *[shouting like a maniac]*

OH YEAH, WHAT'S THAT?!

The Original DEFIANT is up on the apron now, leaning over the top rope.

Bronson Box:

THE BEST FOOKIN' WRESTLER IN DEFIANCE, IS WHAT!

The Wargod hucks the microphone towards Quimbey in the corner and marches towards the bench press like it called his mother something ugly. He smacks the two coins aside and tells them to add just enough to beat Rick. With very little warmup and very little todo Boxer lays down to give it his best shot.

DDK:

There's no way... I mean, there's just no way.

Lance:

COME ON BOXER! SHUT THAT BIG DUMB JERKS MOUTH!

The visible strain that comes over The Original DEFIANT is hard to put into words. His face turns several shades of deep violet red before the bar even leaves its cradle, his arms shake from the strain from the second he heaves metal from metal. If this contest was judged on pure effort Boxer would be the runaway winner, hands down. But sadly it's not...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The bloodcurdling hollar that leaves The Wargod's lips as he puts every last bit of strength he has behind the bar to no effect. His attempt is cut short as the bar falls unceremoniously back down onto his chest. Even DEF staff rush to heave the bone crushing weight from the former FIST's sternum Rick is riiiiiiight there to begin his victory lap. He violently shoves the staff members out of the way and LEANS down on the bar still crushingly perched atop Bronson's chest. Rick Dickulous again just shouts at the top of his lungs... spittle flying from his lips into the helpless face of Bronson.

Rick Dickulous:

HOW BOUT THAT?! IT'S DONE! YOU'RE DONE YOU SAWED OFF OLD FART! BIGGER, YOUNGER AAAAAAAND FUCKIN' STRONGER! WOOWOOWOOWOOWOOWO!

The smile doesn't leave Rick's face even when Buffalo Brian Slater wraps his meaty arm around the lumbergiant's throat and hauls him off Boxer. With DEF security hanging off him like some sort of massive kaiju, Rick just laughs like the absolute egomaniac he is. We almost don't even notice Boxer being freed from the bench... just a grey and brown blur hammering through faceless DEFdrones to get his big meaty mitts around Rick Dickulous' throat.

Lance:

AAAAAAND HERE WE GO, KEEBS!

The sweaty, violent mass of humanity is difficult to parse out for a few moments. After a few struggle filled minutes and several waves of reinforcements DEF head of security Wyatt Bronson and referee Brian Slater manage to get the two men separated. Boxer pushes back and away from the men holding him back and screams for someone to bring him a microphone.

Bronson Box:

WRESTLER! WRESTLER! WRESTLER! WRESTLER! WRESTLER!

He screams it over and over and over until he's red in the face.

So many times at the top of his lungs that even Rick stops to listen. Breathless now, Bronson settles his now very bloodshot brown eyes back onto his victorious adversary.

Bronson Box:

Congratu- FOOKIN' -lations, boy'o! DEF'S STRONGEST! Since I've been told I'm an official white hat now I respectfully relent... you win, you big loud fookin' twat. But, see... I don't think you heard me when I came out here. Aye. I'm half yer' age and half yer' size but lad... I'm ten times the WRESTLER you are ...

The relatively mild comment seems to really crawl underneath Rick's unbelievably thin skin.

Bronson Box:

The Chud said it, even wee-little Lance said it... and I aim to agree with both of 'em. This THING between you and me was never gonna be settled in some cockamaimy strongman competition. This was always yours to walk away with, it's your world... a big stupid ox doin' the only things big stupid oxen are good for... pullin' and pushin' and liftin'. Now you get the chance to step into my fookin' world lad. You want to build a legacy around here? No better place to start than at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE against The Original DEFIANT himself...

The crowd and the boys over at the commentation station pop hard at the idea.

Lance:

OOOOOH BOY! ... *wait, why am I wee-little...*

DDK:

It was inevitable, partner!

Bronson Box:

THIS IS HOW IT GOES DOWN, BOY'O! The big angry twat Rick Dickulous versus this here sawed off old bastard in a *FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE IN THE WRESTLE-PLEX MATCH!* If'n ye' have the bollocks, boy'o... I'll give ye' the graaaaand tour of the house I FOOKIN' BUILT!

He spikes the microphone so hard the little DEF cube thing flies off into the first row.

The STARMAKER steps up atop the weight bench and eggs on Rick, the lumbergiant still pinned against the turnbuckle by seemingly half of DEFIANCE's security and referee detail. Dickulous doesn't take even a moment to deliberate. He again uses the natural PA system God gifted him at puberty to hollar back his answer...

Rick Dickulous:

OLD MAN, I'VE ALREADY BEEN DEEPER IN THE GUTS OF THIS BUILDING THAN I WAS IN YOUR FUCKING MOM LAST NIGHT! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE? YOU CAN BET I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR ASS OUT BACK AND MAKE A WOMAN OUTTA YA!

DDK:

Another MONSTER match for Maximum DEFIANCE, Lance!

Lance:

Bronson Box has finally had enough! The STARMAKER laying down the challenge to Rick Dickulous!

DDK:

Well, wasn't the whole deal with this that the loser picks the next event?

Lance:

I...guess that's right? At any rate, Keeps, Bronson Box versus Rick Dickulous in a falls count anywhere match at Maximum DEFIANCE?! YES PLEASE!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE**8-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE**

24K (Mikey Unlikely ©, Cayle Murray, Kendrix & Perfection) vs. Oscar Burns, Gage Blackwood, Jay Harvey & Deacon

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Comments Section © vs. SNS

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

Minute © vs. Rezin

10-Man Tag

FML (Conor Fuse, Elise Ares, The D, Klein & Henry Keyes) vs. BFTA (ADV, Jack Mace, The Lucky Sevens & Jestal)

Lindsay Troy vs. Scrow

Three Stages of Hell

Scott Stevens vs. Arthur Pleasant

Triple Threat

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse vs. Teresa Ames vs. Codename: Guardian

Bronson Box vs. Rick Dickulous

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez vs. "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio

Nate Eye vs. Dr. Ned Reform

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today to make sure you don't miss MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2021!

HOLLYWOOD BRUVS vs. SNS

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen this next match up is one I thought we'd never see here in DEFIANCE to be honest. It's one that people who do fantasy booking would likely salivate over. It's SNS the current #1 Contenders to the tag team championships here in DEFIANCE, and they're taking a team of our current FIST as well as a former one!

Lance:

It's a juicy matchup for sure Darren! I'm very eager to see these two teams lock up. It's quite the impromptu main event! The Saturday Night Specials are one show away from their tag team championship shot but they've run into a real speedbump: the return of The Hollywood Bruvs.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Here we go! The DEFIANCE Faithful are on their feet for the second entrance of the night of The Saturday Night Specials. Everyone's favorite Southie Hooligan "Black Out" Pat Cassidy appears in the stands alongside his tag team and business partner, the suplex-happy Innovator Brock Newbludd. Both men have their game faces on: they know this is a challenge. They make their way down the steps and past the sea of fans with outstretched arms, and while they don't totally ignore their fans - they are more focused on the ring than anything.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the number one contendership to the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship! Introducing first... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!

Brock and Pat are over the barricade and into the ring, taking point at different turnbuckles and raising their arms for The Faithful.

DDK:

You can feel it in the air, Lance. This match is going to have some big implications.

Lance:

Not only does SNS have a lot on the line here, but think about Mikey Unlikely: he's days away from putting the FIST up against many of his most hated rivals. Might any of them be lurking during this match?

DDK:

On the flip side... what about The Comments Section? You know they'll be watching this match carefully.

In the ring, Cassidy has a mic.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW ORLEANS!

They hear him.

Pat Cassidy:

Nah, nah, nah, nah... this is the biggest match of careers, kids. Ain't good enough. I said... NEEEEEEWWWWW
OOORRRLLLLLEEEAAAANSSS!!

Now they REALLY hear him.

Pat Cassidy:

What's on tap tonight? Tonight's specials are of the particularly bitchass variety... two non-alcoholic coffee based fraps. The Hollywood Bruvs spend their time looking down on you from their skybox... SNS plop down right next you to share a cold one... tonight, we show these movie stars what a couple of working class stiffs can really do. And as always...

He takes position. So does Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

I AM "BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY! HE IS... "THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEWBLUDD.... AND WE ARE...

YOUR

SATURDAY

NIGHT

SPECIALS!!

The crowd chants that last part along with Cassidy as he tosses the mic to Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

If you want to see SNS slap the pearly whites off of The Hollywood Bruvs lemme hear a BALLYHOOOOOOOOO.....

Crowd:

DAT!!!

Brock throws the mic as the two men begin to stretch and jog in place.

♪"Fucking in the Bushes" by Oasis ♪

The lights die down and the boo's come fast and furious. The signature red carpet rolls from behind the curtain, down the ramp.

Through the curtain comes everyone's favorite actor, and the current DEFIANCE FIST. He's got the title in his carrying case by his side. JFK looks at the ring and smirks at the fans reaction. The Bruvs being back has his confidence on high.

They walk to the edge of the ramp, look across the fans, and then give a gluefist! The pair confidently head to the ring, discussing various things back and forth.

Lance:

I don't know which way to go on this one Keebs, Saturday Night Specials are on a hot streak! The Hollywood Bruvs are a legendary tag team. This should be a terrific matchup!

Darren Quimbey:

At a total combined weight of four hundred and forty eight pounds. Representing 24K! This is the team of Mikey Unlikely, and Kendrix.... THE HOLLYWOOOOOOOD BRUUUUUUUVSSSS!

The pair take their time getting into the ring. JFK bickers with a fan at ringside about his stupid Oscar Burns tshirt. The Bruvs put the awards on the FIST in their corner. Mikey climbs the turnbuckle and yells out to the fans with his arms out. Taking in the boos.

DDK:

The Faithful are rabid for this one, Lance! This is a main event that no one was expecting!

Lance:

Impromptu matches are nothing new, partner. That being said, it's pretty rare to see a match of this magnitude thrown together on the fly. This is by far the biggest test that SNS has faced as a team thus far. The Hollywood Bruvs, like them or hate them, are a legendary tag team. Mikey is the current FIST, and JFK is a former FIST. Their accolades speak for themselves, though I'm sure they'd both be more than happy to tell you about everything they've

accomplished if you asked them.

DDK:

You can say that again.

Standing in the middle of the ring, Benny Doyle signals for each team to get ready for the bell. The Specials do a quick game of rock, paper, scissors that ends with Pat Cassidy crushing Brock's scissors with his rock. Newbludd takes the loss in stride and bumps fist with Cassidy before grabbing him by the back of the head. Pulling him in close so that they bump foreheads, the fired up Brock gives his friend some last second words of encouragement. The two separate and Newbludd steps out onto the apron while Cassidy turns to face the ring with a laser focus look in his eyes. Across the ring, Mikey dramatically yawns and volunteers himself to start out in the corner. Giving a nonchalant shoulder shrug to his partner, Kendrix looks across the ring at Cassidy and arrogantly snorts, clearly not impressed with the Boston native.

Lance:

Looks like it'll be Kendrix and Cassidy starting things out here. Between Mikey's apparent boredom and JFK's smug grin, it's safe to say The Hollywood Bruvs are thinking they're going to make quick work of SNS.

DDK:

We're about to find out, Lance!

With both teams situated and ready to go, Benny calls for the bell!

DING DING

The Faithful explode in cheers at the sound of the bell, while inside the ring, Kendrix and Cassidy circle each other in the middle of the ring. Cassidy plays off of the crowd's excitement and waves his arms in the air to intensify their roar. Slapping a shoulder, Cassidy engages first, looking to tie up with JFK. Kendrix instantly reacts by ducking low and doing a quick go behind to apply a rear waistlock on his larger opponent. Cassidy fires an elbow backwards but JFK narrowly avoids it. Cassidy tries a second elbow but misses again and a second later he's taken down to the mat with a well-executed back suplex.

Lance:

JFK showing his technical prowess right off the bat, and surprise, surprise, he's already grandstanding.

Vaulting himself up off the mat with a kip-up, JFK bows to the applauding Mikey while the crowd rains boos down on him. Behind him, an angry Cassidy scrambles up to his feet and grabs the gloating JFK by a shoulder to spin him around...

SMACK!

DDK:

OOF! What a knife edge from Pat Cassidy! You could hear that one all the way up in the nosebleed section!

Kendrix grabs at his aching chest as he stumbles backwards towards the ropes. Cassidy quickly closes the gap and grabs JFK by an arm to send him across the ring with an irish whip. Backpedaling, Cassidy bounces off the opposite set of ropes and meets the incoming JFK in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Back elbow from Black Out...ducked by Kendrix!

Having ducked the elbow, JFK grabs onto Cassidy's swinging arm and in one fluid motion brings him to the mat with a crucifix pin!

DDK:

Crucifix by Kendrix and Doyle's got the count!

ONE!

Cassidy kicks out!

Both men make it to their feet at the same time and JFK is the first to act by rearing back with an open hand...

SMACK!

The Faithful:

OOOOoooOOO!!

Lance:

Talk about disrespect! JFK put everything he had in that slap!

Holding his jaw, Cassidy stumbles backwards a few steps and JFK follows up the slap with a standing dropkick that puts Cassidy down. Popping up to a single knee, Kendrix flashes a cocky grin to Mikey and the reigning FIST shows his approval with a golf clap, drawing another round of boos. Seeing Cassidy rising back up, JFK pops up to his feet...

DDK:

JFK looking for the superkick...Cassidy ducks! Big forearm to the back and now Black Out's pouring it on with right hands!

Lance:

Probably shouldn't have slapped a guy who's gaining a reputation as one of the better brawlers in all of DEFIANCE.

The crowd's cheers begin to swell as the fired up Cassidy lays into JFK with a flurry of haymakers! To his credit, Kendrix does an admirable job of trying to defend against the barrage but he can't keep up with the wild strikes and a hard right slips through to crack him in the face. Knees wobbling from the blow, JFK stumbles backwards into the ropes and tries to escape through them from the outside but Cassidy grabs him by the back of the tights to yank him back into the ring. Still holding on to the struggling JFK, Cassidy picks him up and drops him groin first onto the top rope!

DDK:

Cassidy just dropped JFK nuts first onto the top rope and The Faithful love it!

Lance:

Seeing that made MY stomach hurt!

Eyes closed and jaw clenched, JFK stays straddled on the top rope as he processes the pain of having his balls smashed in. Cassidy looks in his partner's direction and flashes a grin at him. Newbludd eagerly grins back and grabs onto the top rope JFK finds himself on with both hands while Cassidy does the same at the opposite end. Both men glance out to the crowd and The Faithful give them a 'go ahead' roar while JFK vehemently shakes his head in protest. Ignoring Kendrix's pleas, both members of SNS begin to violently shake the top rope! The crowd cheers in delight and JFK cries out in pain as his groin is repeatedly slammed into the rope!

DDK:

Ouchouchouch! I'm almost feeling sorry for Kendrix!

Lance:

You might be the only one, other than Mikey!

Referee Doyle quickly interjects and issues a warning to Brock and The Innovator pulls on the rope one last time before throwing his hands up in innocence. Meanwhile, Cassidy grabs the still teetering JFK from behind and lifts him up.

Taking a step forward, Cassidy bounces JFK's legs off the top rope and sends him back into the ring with a slingshot back suplex!

DDK:

A beauty of a suplex by Pat Cassidy and now it's Newbludd who's giving his partner a round of applause!

Over in his corner, the suplex-centric Newbludd slaps the turnbuckle in excitement and gives Black Out a big thumbs up. Cassidy stalks towards JFK and picks him up off the mat. Grabbing him by the back of the head, Cassidy guides Kendrix to the nearest corner and proceeds to repeatedly smash his face into the top turnbuckle. The Faithful quickly catches on...

The Faithful:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

For the last one, Cassidy gives the crowd a 'cheers' and slams JFK's face into the turnbuckle!

The Faithful:

TEN!

Spinning the punch drunk Kendrix around in the corner, Cassidy quickly backpedals away before rushing back in with a full head of steam...

DDK:

SPLASH OF JAMESON....MISSED! Kendrix got out of the way at the last second!

Landing on the top turnbuckle chest first, Cassidy lets out an audible 'OOF' as the air gets violently evacuated from his chest. Falling backwards into the ring, Cassidy falls to the mat as he tries to regain his breath. Meanwhile, the still woozy Kendrix crawls to the ropes and pulls himself up.

Lance:

And just like that, all of Cassidy's momentum is stopped by that missed corner splash. Kendrix showed great veteran instincts by avoiding being the victim of one of Black Out's trademark moves. But, let's see if he can capitalize!

Now fully upright, JFK shakes the cobwebs out of his head and bounces off the ropes to charge in towards Cassidy. Grabbing Cassidy from behind just as the brawler gets to his feet, JFK hits him with a Double Knee Backbreaker!

DDK:

Big backbreaker from JFK and it looks like Mikey is calling for the tag!

JFK takes Cassidy by the head and moves him to The Bruvs corner. He locks him in a side headlock and tags in the FIST. Mikey Unlikely moves to the top rope and comes off with a double ax handle smash to the back of Cassidy. The move drives Pat to his knees. Kendrix steps through the ropes as Mikey confidently dances around a bit. He peppers Cassidy with a couple forearms before looking out to the crowd and smiling. He gets a collection of boos in return.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy in trouble as he makes his way back to his feet. The champion stalks him from behind. OH! Chop block to the back of that knee of Cassidy! That's going to take its toll.

Mikey grabs the leg and drops an elbow on the knee of Pat. He locks in a side leg lock, but Brock Newbludd is quick to get in and drop a stomp on the champion to break the hold. Mikey motions for the ref to get him out of the ring, only for JFK to come in behind the officials back and stomp away on Pat Cassidy. He ducks out at the last second before the official turns back around.

Picking up Pat Cassidy, the champion is in firm control. Now standing Mikey picks up one of the legs again and motions to the crowd how smart he is.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy reverses! Big enziguri kick to the back of the head of Mikey Unlikely there!

Mikey gets hit, drops the leg of Cassidy, he takes three steps forward and reaches out to JFK.. then he falls flat on his face in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Both men are down! Brock Newbludd on the apron is on fire! He's jumping up and down trying to get these fans behind Cassidy!

DDK:

I think it's working!

The fans come alive as Brock stomps in place, his hand on the tag rope.

Cassidy's leg starts moving up and down slowly at first, then with more vigor. The fans seem to get louder the more he moves. Back in the middle, Mikey is starting to stir as well. Pat Cassidy looks up and locates his partner, he starts pulling himself towards the corner. Mikey uses the ropes and slowly makes his way to his feet.

DDK:

Will Cassidy get the tag or will Unlikely see him first!?

Mikey's finally up, albeit on spaghetti legs. He turns and sees Cassidy army crawling to Newbludd, Kendrix is incensed and yelling at Mikey to stop him. Brock is reaching with everything he has, his head bobbing up and down wildly, willing on his tag team partner to get there.

Finally Mikey's stable enough to make a move... He moves towards Pat.

~TAG~

DDK:

Mikey didn't make it! HERE COMES NEWBLUDD!

Brock comes in and he's a ball of fire. Mikey immediately back peddles and holds his hands up begging Newbludd to slow down and just think this through.

Lance:

NO SUCH LUCK MIKEY! Newbludd takes him down with a huge clothesline! WAIT! Here comes Kendrix! Clothesline to him too! Mikey's back up! HUGE Body slam to Mikey! JFK is up! Newbludd Dropkicks him over the top rope and to the outside! These fans are going insane!

Mikey Unlikely gets back up and moves towards Newbludd, Brock grabs him and sends him careening into the corner turnbuckle. Mikey hits it while flipping due to the momentum. It carries him up and over the rope to the apron where he lands on his feet somehow. He shakes his head and walks confidently for a couple steps before falling back first on the apron.

DDK:

What a series from Brock Newbludd! Mikey is breathing heavy on that apron.

Kendrix moves over to where Unlikely is and pulls him off the apron to collect themselves. He slaps Mikey lightly in the face a few times trying to wake him back up. Inside the ring, Brock motions for the Bruvs to bring the fight back in. Much to the delight of the Faithful.

Lance:

Our official begins the count, but the Bruvs aren't going to get themselves counted out here tonight. Lest they lose the

opportunity to challenge for the biggest tag team prize in DEFIANCE. Keep in mind, this is more than an open challenge. SNS could lose everything here tonight! The Hollywood Bruvs have everything to gain, nothing to lose.

Mikey climbs back into the ring slowly. He motions for the official to make sure Newbludd gives him space. He moves back inside then the pair go to lock up. When they do, Mikey ducks under one arm of Newbludd and brings his knee up into his gut. Newbludd doubles over and Mikey uses a snapmare to take him to his back. Standing up right away the Champion drops a single knee across the eyebrow of Newbludd. Mikey then moves to the turnbuckle and begins to climb.

DDK:

Potential high risk move coming up here from Mikey, and for him to pull it off seems a bit.... Well...

Lance:

Say it Darren.

DDK:

Unlikely.

Indeed as Mikey finally reaches the top, Newbludd is up and moves towards the corner. Mikey tries to find his balance but cannot before Brock grabs ahold of him. Relentlessly shaking his head, it does Unlikely no good as Newbludd carries him up and over with a huge press, sending Mikey off the top turnbuckle crashing to the mat.

Lance:

Newbludd now smartly makes a cover! Trying to pull one over on the champion!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Kendrix makes a move and breaks up the pin just in time. Saving the Hollywood Bruvs chances in the process.

DDK:

Now Lance, I don't want to say it would be an upset because SNS has the recent experience, but if Newbludd or Cassidy pin the FIST of DEFIANCE what a surprise that would be!

Lance:

The question then becomes, did they just earn themselves a shot at the FIST itself!? That said, let's not get ahead of ourselves. We've got two of the longest tenured DEFIANCE wrestlers in Mikey and Kendrix. These guys have been through it all, and won it all, and right now, they have the chance to earn a shot at the titles they've held before!

DDK:

You HAVE to wonder, where are Perfection and Andy Murray right now? Lurking nearby? Furthermore, what about Oscar Burns, Jay Harvey, Deacon and Gage Blackwood?

Both men get back to their feet. Brock Newbludd tries to whip Mikey off the ropes, but Mikey reverses it and instead sends Brock. Mikey ducks when Brock comes back and Newbludd jumps over and tries a sunset flip! Mikey doesn't immediately fall over, he swings his arms trying to keep his balance. Newbludd pulls harder to no avail, finally Brock reaches up and grabs Mikey by the waist and pulls, Unlikely tights fall down a bit and butt is exposed to the camera. The Faithful laugh loudly as he continues to swing his arms. Finally Newbludd is able to pull him over!

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey kicks out!

Mikey scurries toward a neutral corner while Brock stalks him. Kendrix takes the chance to rush into the corner and tries to blindside the Innovator, but Brock is ready and blocks Kendrix's right hand and answers with a shot of his own! While Doyle yells at Kendrix to get back to his corner...

DDK:

Low blow by Unlikley! The FIST drops Brock to his knees!

Mikey laughs as Brock clutches at his little Saturday Night Specials in pain. Mike grabs Brock by the head and brings him violently into The Bruvs corner. Mikey distracts Benny Doyle while Kendrix chokes the life out of the dazed Brock Newbludd. Pat Cassidy tries to get into the ring to put a stop to this cheating, but Doyle cuts him off and demands he get back to his corner. With the ref's attention again turned, Mikey takes some cheap shots on Brock while Kendrix holds The Innovator's arms.

Lance:

We're seeing those tactics that brought The Bruvs so many years of success...

Suddenly, Mikey rushes The Saturday Night Specials corner and drops Pat Cassidy off the apron with an unexpected shot to the head! With Brock's partner now on the outside, the FIST of DEFIANCE motions to his fellow Bruv. Kendrix enters the ring and the Hollywood Bruvs lift Brock Newbludd up into the dominator position for Hollywood Boulevard.

DDK:

This could be it, Lance! If The Bruvs hit Hollywood Boulevard, they're stealing The Specials tag team title shot!!

With the crowd giving them absolute hell, Kendrix holds Brock over his shoulder. Mikey laughs before running at the ropes, getting a head of steam, and bouncing back to finish Brock off..

...but he runs into a Pat Cassidy spinebuster that PLANTS him into the mat!! The crowd pops as Cassidy makes the save! With Kendrix in shock, Brock slips off his shoulders and locks him from behind with a sleeper before bringing him down HARD with a Sleeperplex!! Kendrick collides with the mat and immediately rolls under the bottom rope to safety out of pure instinct.

DDK:

Mikey and Brock are the legal men here... and the FIST of DEFIANCE is left alone in the ring with both Saturday Night Specials!

Mikey, clearing away the cobwebs, looks first to Brock. Then to Pat. Then back to Brock. He throws up his hands as if to say, "fellas. We're cool, right?" before both SNS members attack! Unlikely bounces back and forth between a Cassidy right hand. A Brock right hand. A Cassidy right hand. A Brock right hand. A Cassidy right hand. Finally, a BIG Brock shot with lil' extra mustard causes Mikey to stumble backwards into the corner. Newbludd signals to his partner, and Cassidy comes flying...

Lance:

SPLASH OF JAMESON CONNECTS!

After Cassidy's frame drives the wind out of him, Mikey takes two steps out of the corner... and falls face first into the mat!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials are calling for the KEG STAND! OH MY GOD! THEY MIGHT DO THIS!

The fans are on their feet. Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbudd are pumping up the crowd and gesturing for their spike piledriver. They're stalking the dazed FIST of DEFIANCE. Mikey uses the ropes to prop himself up on one knee. He

shakes his head to clear the daze. He stands...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Mikey suddenly ducks out of the ring and to the outside. He grabs Kendrix, who has also just climbed to his feet, around the neck and makes a "let's get out of here motion." Kendrix does the "forget you" motion toward SNS in the ring and the duo begin to walk up the ramp and toward the back! Cassidy and Brock throw their arms open wide in disbelief.

DDK:

What an absolute joke, Lance. This has been a hell of a main event and for it to end this way?

Lance:

That's one way for the FIST to make sure nobody pins him...

Suddenly... there's a cheer that rises up from The Faithful and Mikey and Kendrix stop dead in their tracks!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood!! Blackwood has cut off The Bruv's exit!!

Gage Blackwood stands at the entrance way, arms folded, almost daring Mikey and Kendrix to move toward him. The crowd pops again as Jay Harvey appears and takes position next to Gage. Followed by a smiling Oscar Burns! Followed by the hulking Deacon!! All four men stare at Mikey and Kendrix menacingly. Nobody is getting past this wall.

Lance:

Where's the rest of 24K!?

DDK:

They're not here - you've got to imagine Blackwood and company have taken care of them. And that means Mikey and Kendrix are out of luck...

Mikey and Kendrix begin to yell toward their rivals standing in their way... when they're attacked from behind by The Saturday Night Specials! SNS are throwing right hands as they spin The Bruvs around and head back toward the ring. Brock whips Kendrix into the ring steps while Pat Cassidy rolls the FIST back into the ring.

DDK:

Blackwood, Harvey, Deacon, and Burns are making sure this match gets a finish - and SNS are looking for that right now as they have Mikey set up for the Keg Stand!!

Cassidy has Mikey hooked in the piledriver position. Brock climbs to the top rope. He takes a second to really soak in the moment, looking out to The Faithful, who are chanting with a fury...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Brock flies off...

DDK:

KEG STAND!!!! KEG STAND!!! SNS IS GOING TO PIN THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!!!

As if they can hear Keebler's suggestion, Brock and Pat BOTH roll on top of the FIST, each hooking a leg as Doyle drops down to make the count...

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

They did it!!! The Saturday Night Specials have defeated The Hollywood Bruvs heading into Maximum DEFIANCE!!!!

Lance:

This place is on its feet!! The Faithful have absolutely erupted!!

Both members of SNS roll off of Mikey and quickly scramble up to their feet. With adrenaline flowing through their veins and The Faithful roaring in the background, the two friends slap hands and pull each other in for an ultimate bro hug.

DDK:

What a win! The Bruvs had a chance to throw the match and they took it. Unfortunately for them, the coalition of Blackwood, Harvey, Burns, and Deacon showed up and made sure the main event had a proper finish! Unbelievable!

While The Specials make their way over to separate corners to celebrate, JFK quickly helps Mikey up to his feet and the discombobulated champion throws an arm over his partner's shoulder. Shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, the FIST glares at SNS and stands up straight as he yanks his arm off of JFK's shoulder. With both members of the victorious team backs turned to him as they celebrate in the corner, Mikey motions for JFK to take them out from behind. JFK dismisses his partner and points out the fact that Blackwood and company are now making their way down the ramp. Looking back up to the Specials, Mikey's eyes go wide when he sees both members now staring down at him from their respective corners.

Lance:

This might not be over yet, at least for Mikey and Kendrix! They might have just gone from the frying pan into the fire!

Both members of The Bruvs quickly realize that the numbers don't favor them at all and they are even quicker in exiting the ring. Backing towards the nearest guardrail, JFK and Mikey manage to get off a few choice insults at the six men watching them before jumping over the guardrail. The four men on the outside instantly give chase and make their way into the crowd as well. The crowd roars as The Hollywood Bruvs escape to the concession area, their four pursuers hot on their heels.

DDK:

Mikey and JFK better keep running! But they can't run forever, and those four men will chase them all the way to Maximum Defiance!

Back inside the ring, Newbludd and Cassidy each jump off their respective corners and meet in the middle of the ring to slap hands for a second time.

Lance:

Something tells me Ballyhoo Brew will be rockin' tonight, partner!

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALE

The Saturday Night Specials remain in the ring, panting and trying to compose themselves after the match. Cassidy and Brock lock eyes and slowly both break out into wide smiles - it's dawning on them that this has been their biggest victory in DEFIANCE thus far. They smile and nod at each other and then turn to raise their hands to the cheering fans.

DDK:

If there was ever a match that was going to solidify the momentum for SNS heading into their tag team championship match at Maximum DEFIANCE, this was it.

Lance:

No doubt this was the biggest win of Brock and Pat's careers. They couldn't have asked for a better night here.

DDK:

Hold on... it looks like Pat Cassidy is calling for a mic... we might not be through yet!

Cassidy takes the mic from a stage hand. He runs his hand through his sweaty hair and shakes his head a few times in disbelief. He seems a little emotional.

Pat Cassidy:

Dude... we did it.

Brock smiles and nods. Cassidy walks forward, leaning on the top rope with his forearms and pointing into the ringside camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Garland, I know you can hear us... there's no chance we're not coming for them belts, kid.

The crowd approves! Cassidy moves off the ropes and begins to pace around the ring as he speaks.

Pat Cassidy:

It's been a while since your boy here has been in the mood for this after a match... but hell, this is a big night. Newbludd... you and I... and all these people... are singing a victory song!

Brock slaps his hands together in a "fuck yeah!" motion. He runs up and puts his mouth over the mic.

Brock Newbludd:

If you want to sing a song with The Saturday Night Specials, lemme here ya BALLLYHOOOOOOO...

Crowd:

DAT!!!

DDK:

For those not in the know, it's Black Out's "go to" to end the night with some singing... when he's not getting the karaoke machine smashed over his head, that is.

Pat motions to the back and Brock walks up to take position beside him.

Pat Cassidy:

Alright boys in the back... I've got something ready to go. The lyrics will be on the screen so we can all join in. When you're ready...

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

Oh, come on!

As Malak Garland emerges on stage flanked by Cyrus Bates, The Saturday Night Specials break out into laughter. This guy again? Malak is holding a microphone in one hand and a VHS tape in the other for some reason. The Mouthpiece raises his mic to speak, but Brock Newbludd interrupts him.

Brock Newbludd:

Malak? Why even bother? You're gonna run your mouth to try to get us to turn on each other, we're gonna tell you to fuck off... can we just skip to the end so we can sing our song?

A tear glistens in Malak's eye at the hurtful comments yet he persists.

Malak Garland:

No one wants to hear you two sing and if they did, they would have to tune into CMT to listen.

DDK:

CMT?

Malak Garland:

Yeah that's right, you heard me. CMT. Cringe music television.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak smiles at his own joke.

Malak Garland:

Brock N Pat. Just put the old vocal pipes on the back burner for a moment because I have something to show you here.

Malak holds up the VHS tape.

Malak Garland:

Take a look at the footage found from this VHS contraption which is as old and archaic as you two nimrods!

Footage begins to roll on the DEFtron of one Siobhan Cassidy, younger sister of Pat, working the bar at Ballyhoo. The angle the footage is being recorded at is awkwardly low as if the camera is inside someone's jacket.

Malak Garland: *[voice only]*

Hey girl, hey. What's poppin? You keeping everything LiT and legit? What's hitting different these days? Hope the managers aren't riding you too hard. I'll take two shots of whiskey. One for me and one for my favorite pub hand.

A clattering of shot glasses fills the air.

Malak Garland:

Yeah, I want you to take a shot with me, Siobhan. C'mon, it'll be so cool. Oh my, lots to unpack between the two of us for sure.

The crowd in the arena watching the footage reacts with disdain as Malak sweet talks Siobhan. Pat leans forward on the ring ropes, squinting at the screen, starting to boil inside.

Malak Garland:

You know what? We can't have just one shot. Let's tie some off in honor of woke culture and never settling! Let's finish the bottle!

A jump cut in the footage shows Malak and Siobhan sitting amongst various boxes of beer in the bowels of Ballyhoo.

Malak is disturbingly brushing Siobhan's hair as Cyrus Bates menacingly lurks behind them, cracking his knuckles like a psychopath deprived of a punchable face.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I just... look, maybe it's the cocktails talking, but I feel like I can trust you guys. I've been trying to find a way to tell my brother that Brock and I are dating. He's got a temper and he's so stupidly protective and I know he's gonna flip and I just haven't found the right time. What do you think I should do? I feel so guilty... it's his tag team partner... what should I do?

Malak smirks as he rubs his chin and puts his arm around Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

You know, I can think of a thing or two you could do.

Allowing the innuendo to simmer, Malak caresses her flush cheek.

Malak Garland:

I wouldn't feel guilty if I were you, Siobhan. You're innocent. You're naïve. Heck, you're just Pat's defenseless little sister. Easily persuaded. Isn't that right?

Malak winks to the camera before the footage fades out, and we return to the arena where the entire crowd sits in stunned silence.

DDK:

Malak belongs behind bars.

Lance:

He wouldn't last two minutes in there.

Garland covers his mouth as he laughs like an evil villain.

DDK:

Malak better not have touched her.

Lance:

I agree - but what about that bombshell? Pat's sister is dating Brock Newbludd? And it sounds like Pat didn't know about it...

All eyes are on the ring. Pat Cassidy hasn't moved. He's staring at the screen where the footage just played. An unreadable expression is frozen on his face. Slightly behind him, Brock Newbludd has his hands on his head and his eyes have gone wide.

Brock Newbludd:

Well...shit.

Brock looks at Pat, waiting to see what he's going to do, but Pat doesn't move. Finally, Brock reaches out with a hand to tap Pat on the shoulder so they can talk about this...

DDK:

RIGHT HAND BY PAT CASSIDY! NEWBLUDD IS DOWN!!

Lance:

And Pat is right on top of him, throwing punches!!

DDK:

I can't believe this!!

Brock manages to roll over to the mounted position and begins firing back his own punches in defense while it's Pat's turn to cover up against the flurry. Cassidy takes a few shots to the head before switching positions and the two are locked in an all out brawl!!

DDK:

That son of a bitch... Malak Garland might have actually done it!

Lance:

I still can't believe this. We know how much family means to Pat Cassidy. Look at these two attack each other! They're challenging for the tag titles in two weeks!!!!

Finally, DEF security rushes the ring and with great effort manages to pry the two *former* tag team partners off each other. Brock is easier to subdue but Cassidy is enraged, pushing, shoving, and throwing right hands to try to get at Newbludd. He lets loose a string of words that the tv censors really wish hadn't been picked up by the mic.

The crowd sits in complete stunned silence as Cassidy manages to break free and DIVES over security on top of Brock Newbludd! The men again resume trading blows as security tries desperately to pull them apart.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, we're out of time... I can't believe what we've seen here... these two were like brothers five minutes ago...

Lance:

What does this mean for the tag team match at MAX DEF??

DDK:

What does this mean for the future of The Saturday Night Specials!? I'm not sure, partner. I'm just not sure. Oh man, here they go! I'd like some answers... but we're out of time!

Cassidy is literally pried off Brock Newbludd kicking and screaming and spitting and raging the whole way. On the ramp, Malak parades around, blowing kisses to the Faithful as they toss some garbage at him for being a shitty human. He finally pulled it off.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.