

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!

I FIND THIS LACK OF SIGNS DISTURBING

WELCOME TO DEBFIANCE

TL;DR THE ROOM

I FORGOT MY SIGN SO I WROTE THIS ONE IN THE PARKING LOT

PAT AND SYKES SITTING IN A TREE

TROY KILLS BITCHES

FAVORED SINNER? MORE LIKE FAVORED JACKASS AM I RIGHT?

ADV ALSO STOLE MY PET

ELISE + MINUTE = SHUT UP AND TAKE MY MONEY

ADV + TOM MORROW = JUST SHUT UP

I'M HERE TO WIN THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE THIS WEEK FROM REZIN

HENRY KEYES HAS THE EYE OF THE TIGER

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. BO STEVENS

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv 160! Our first match slated for this evening is sure to be a hot contest: the rising storm Kerry Kuroyama goes head-to-head with Bo Stevens of the infamous Stevens Dynasty! It will be interesting to see how this unfolds, given Kuroyama's ongoing cold war with the estranged Scott Stevens!

Lance:

Kerry had a hell of a match against Oscar Burns in the main event of the last DEFtv, where he just barely came up short. Tonight, I'm told his hand is close to healed, so he can be expected to come out swinging for the fences.

♪ "My Name is Bocephus" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing the first competitor, being accompanied to the ring by Cary and George Stevens of the Stevens Dynasty, he weighs in at two-hundred and thirty-four pounds and hails from Waco, Texas... here is BOOOO STEEEVEEEENNNSS!!

The Stevens Dynasty walk together out of the curtain and down the ramp to the ring, led always by the foul-mouthed patriarch Cary Stevens while the larger George keeps behind his cousin Bo, rubbing down his shoulders and giving him some words of encouragement. They take to the ring together, with Bo taking the center and posing confidently while Cary berates the jeering fans for not giving him enough credit.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, weighing in at two-hundred and forty four pounds, and hailing from Seattle, Washington, he is the Pacific Blitzkrieg... KERRYYYY KUUUUROOOYAAAMAAA!!!

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA bursts forth from the curtain in a brisk powerwalk, descending the ramp, climbing the steps, and stepping through the ropes in a matter of moments. Sticking to his corner, he tosses his silver robe out of the ring and stretches himself out against the ropes, his eyes never leaving the trio of Stevens standing across from him in the ring. After a few moments, official Benny Doyle clears Cary and George from the ring, leaving only the two competitors.

DING DING

Off the bell, Kerry and Bo go right into the lock-up. Kerry quickly overpowers and slaps Bo's left arm into an armbar, with a few stiff forearms from his free arm across the head and neck for good measure. The pummeling brings Bo down to a knee, and Kuroyama capitalizes by dragging the Stevens cousin across his body to the mat and putting his own knee against his face as he pins him to the canvas.

DDK:

Kerry right out of the gates, wrangling Bo Stevens down to the mat and looking for a quick pinfall... One... Two... and Bo shoves him off!

Bo tries to rise, but Kerry is immediately on him with a headlock and again wrangles him to the mat. Stevens stays on his belly for a beat before forcing himself back to his feet. He grabs Kerry by the waist and attempts to free himself with a rear back suplex, but Kuroyama sticks the landing and instead shoves Bo into the ropes.

DDK:

Here comes Bo, off the ropes... Japanese Arm Drag by Kuroyama puts him to the mat! Bo right back up... ANOTHER Arm Drag puts him down!

Lance:

Kerry is definitely firing on all cylinders tonight.

Bo clutches his back as he crawls backward into the corner, holding out his hand to ward off any further punishment. A slapping on the mat from the other end of the ring by the Stevens patriarch Cary only briefly catches Kerry's attention, but it succeeds in buying Bo the moment he needs to slip out of the ring and regain his bearings. Kuroyama doesn't follow, standing tall in the ring while Bo regroups with George and Cary to talk strategy.

Lance:

Kuroyama is hot out of the gate from the onset of this match, and I think Bo is a bit caught off guard by his intensity.

DDK:

It's certainly not the same Kerry Kuroyama they may remember from Seattle's Best. This is a man who is dead set on winning matches!

Kerry drops out of the ring and breaks up the family pow-wow by charging in and connecting with a running elbow to Bo's brow. Cary and George protest angrily, but Kuroyama ignores them as he quickly dispenses Bo back into the rings and slides under the ropes to follow. Desperately, Bo rakes the eyes as Kerry tries to get him off the mat, but the official doesn't see it while they're warding Cary off the apron of the ring.

DDK:

Cheap shot to the eyes by Bo Stevens, quickly taking Kerry by the head... SWINGING NECKBREAKER!! Quick cover... One... Two... Kickout by Kuroyama!

Kerry quickly rolls himself over and pushes himself off the mat, catching Bo Stevens off guard with a shoulder tackle to the midsection as he bulls him into the corner. Bo attempts to counter with some elbows brought down on the back, but a few shoulder blocks delivered by Kuroyama keep him stunned and struggling to breathe.

Lance:

Good reaction by Kerry to keep Bo Stevens from taking any further advantage.

DDK:

Kerry is trying to wrangle control of this match, and now he's got Bo out of the corner... BEAUTIFUL released NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX throws him across the ring!

Bo rolls through and ends up on his knee, clutching his back in pain, which leaves him open to a well-timed running knee strike to the head from Kuroyama. Bo sprawls into the corner, completely dazed. On muscle memory, he uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet and lean into the turnbuckle, but shakes the cobwebs out in time to see Kerry sprinting after him.

DDK:

Kuroyama charging to the turnbuckle... NO!! The running shoulder tackle MISSES as Bo dives to the side! Bo from behind with the SHOOLBOY PIN out of the corner! One! Two! NO!! Kerry got the shoulder up!

Lance:

In any case, Bo suddenly has the chance to turn this around!

DDK:

Bo Stevens has Kerry hooked... and BO KNOWS SUPLEXES!!

Bo begins his chain of suplexes beginning with a SNAP suplex, rolling through into a GERMAN suplex, and rolling back to his feet with the arms hooked for a TIGER suplex... but Kerry suddenly BLOCKS it at the last second, twists free, and reverses with a snapmare! Bo scrambles to his feet, but not before Kerry slaps on his own underhooks...

DDK:

And Kerry reverses with a TIGER SUPLEX of his own... rolls through, INTO ANOTHER... rolls through again, AND PLANTS HIM WITH THE THIRD TIGER SUPLEX!!

Lance:

Looks like Kerry knows suplexes too!

DDK:

Kuroyama bridges for a pin... but CARY STEVENS is back on the apron!

Doyle immediately goes to the ropes to shoo Cary back to ringside. Kerry is visibly annoyed as he rolls his eyes, but nevertheless begins to pull Bo back off the mat. With the referee's back turned, Bo seizes the opportunity to go for a low blow, but it's reflexively BLOCKED by Kerry. Kuroyama shakes his head and counters with a blatant THUMB to Bo's eye. Cary finally drops off the apron and Doyle turns back to the action in time to see Kerry lift Bo off the mat with the pumphandle.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

Lance:

That plan may have backfired for Cary!

DDK:

Kerry makes the cover...

One!

Two!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... **KEERRY Y KUUYUROOOYAAAMMAA!!!**

Kerry Kuroyama slips out of the ring and is about to make his way to the back when he sees the big George Stevens charging around the ring and coming after him, steel chair in hand. Thinking quickly, Kerry stoops low to catch him in the midsection, lifts the big man up, and drops him face-first on the steel steps.

Kuroyama picks up the chair and spins around just in time to catch Cary Stevens in the act of sneaking up behind him, eyes fixated on clipping his right knee. Cary immediately throws his hands up pleadingly and backs away as he apologizes profusely. But then Kerry slowly continues walking toward him, chair gripped in his hands.

Lance:

The tables have suddenly turned for Cary Stevens, and Kuroyama's got a vengeful look in his eye!

DDK:

Wait a second... HERE COMES SCOTT STEVENS!!

The crowd reacts as Scott races down the aisle and puts himself between both men before a Kerry-on-Cary brawl breaks out. A tense staredown between Scott and Kuroyama ensues before Kerry comes to the conclusion he has better things to do, drops the chair, and walks back up the rampway with his hands up. After receiving some thanks from his father, Scott quickly goes to check on the condition of his cousins.

DDK:

Scott Stevens came to the rescue of his father and cousins! Could this be a Stevens Dynasty reunion?!

Lance:

It's possible, Keebs, but a part of me thinks that Scott was simply not going to stand back and watch anyone assault his kin. Family is family, after all.

DDK:

The animosity between Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Stevens has only continued to escalate in the weeks since their backstage fracas! Scott is still slated for action later in the show, but right now, Kerry kicks off the evening with a hard-fought win over his cousin! Plenty of action still to come, so let's keep the show moving!

I BELIEVE

The scene switches from ringside to backstage as Magdalena rests against a wall of the WrestlePlex. She looks calm and focused, eyes straight ahead before the crowd gives a huge pop and subsequent !RANK chant when Conor Fuse walks into the picture.

Upon seeing the gamer, Magdalena takes a slight step backwards, reluctant to engage. Conor, however, puts his hands up, quickly on the defensive given their history from over a year ago.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, no, no, I'm good, we're good.

DDK:

Folks, if you're new to DEFIANCE over a year ago Conor manipulated Magdalena, cornering her in the ring to bring The Deacon out as a blind attack on The Mute Freak. Clearly, she hasn't forgotten.

Conor pauses to awkwardly rub the side of his head while Magdalena stands there, staring at him.

Conor Fuse:

What I did to you and Deacon was inexcusable and I greatly apologize. I'm not that guy anymore, I promise. I'd like to think some of this showed when I came to your aid against Dr. Ned and TA Cole two weeks ago, but to be honest with you... I wouldn't trust me, either.

Fuse begins kicking the ground lightly as he continues to find the words.

Conor Fuse:

It's been a real wake up call for me over this past year, Mag. I've realized true friends are hard to come by. [Quietly laughing] Can't even befriend my own brother...

The "Locker Room Leader" looks directly at Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

It's funny... I had my Game Boy debut against you and Deacon. Got him to take Deacon out, too. Even the odds, I thought. I'll have a giant by my side FOREVER. Conor Fuse and The Game Boy... the unstoppable force!

Conor looks to his left and then his right as if insinuating he has no one beside him.

Conor Fuse:

And the guy left me for a fucking snowflake. Haha, now that's irony for you, Mag. Boy how the tides have turned, huh? Now I am the one who finds myself up against a loud mouth, know-it-all dumbass who's only out to make a name for himself at the expense of others and has his own muscle by his side. Dr. Ned reminds me of myself, just more annoying, stupider and a hell of a lot less talented. Plus, the name doctor clearly indicates mediocre villain status on a platformer video game.

Magdalena's head tilts. She bites her bottom lip.

Conor Fuse:

I want you to know that I always respected you and I always respected The Deacon. I always believed. That's why I did all the mischievous shit to begin with because Deacon is a legend. Deacon is THE reason why I climbed the !RANKS. No one believed in "single player Conor Fuse" until he went up against The Deacon. Who can say their true singles career started against a MEGA STAR? Not many, Mags. Not many at all...

Magdalena looks like she's warming up a little. Conor continues.

Conor Fuse:

And while I DID cheat to defeat Deacon, people watched and changed their opinions on Conor Fuse. I realized I COULD be something on my own. It took some time but I also realized I didn't need to cheat to win, I didn't need a henchman. I had heart and that's something very few people have in this business... in this game. Everyone is selfish and out for themselves. Well, not Conor Fuse. I am the exception. I am something special! And I never, EVER would have gotten to this !Level if it wasn't for The Deacon and if it wasn't for... you.

There's a pause as Conor tries to collect himself.

Conor Fuse:

It took me six months to understand this. Now, I didn't save you two weeks ago because I was looking for help. Honestly, I didn't save you two weeks ago because I wanted to make amends. I didn't even save you because it was at the hands of Dr. Ned. Hell, it could've been the spOOky Kabal. FFS, it could've been another 24K reunion. The fact of the matter is, Magdalena, I saved you because it was the right thing to do. Period.

There's another pause. Magdalena's studious look changes but she does not speak.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, I would never expect Deacon to join forces with me but if, on the odd chance The Mute Freak would be willing to... I promise I can make things right. I know he's lurking and looking for a return. I can feel it. They don't call me The Ultimate Gamer for nothing. I KNOW when someone wants to be unleashed... unLOCKED.

Fuse smiles genuinely at Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

And wouldn't it be a hell of a story, huh? Because at last year's ACTS of DEFIANCE, I fought Deacon and now, at this year's ACTS of DEFIANCE, my plea is I'm a changed man and I want to team **with** him. Take down the "next version of myself" in Dr. Ned Reform and HIS muscle, TA Cole. Put them in their place. Let them know the sinister path is not the campaign to take in DEFIANCE.

Conor nods, contemplating the racing thoughts in his head.

Conor Fuse:

Obviously, it should go without saying... Deacon is better than a Game Boy could ever be. Deacon is a legend. The best. The man I looked up to when I watched fWo. But if Deacon isn't out there tonight when I confront Dr. Ned and TA Cole, that's okay. Because I will ALWAYS believe, no matter what. And tonight Conor Fuse is gonna go out there and get what's coming to him.

Conor begins to collect himself, readying to leave.

Conor Fuse:

But IF Deacon shows up and we team to battle Dr. Ned and TA Cole tonight and at ACTS of DEFIANCE... wouldn't that be something?

Fuse walks away but can still be heard.

Conor Fuse:

Wouldn't that be something, indeed...

The scene closes as it opened, Magdalena resting against a wall in the backstage area.

Magdalena:

Well, at least he didn't interrupt me talking.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ELISE ARES vs. MINUTE

DDK:

We've seen constant one-upping between The Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes in the last several weeks since they set a course for a future Unified Tag Team Title shot and tonight, the action is back to the ring in what could possibly steal the show. Two of the premier flyers of DEFIANCE! Elise Ares of PCP takes on The Titan of the Skies, Minute!

Lance:

I'm ready for this one and I think you're gonna see something special. Which team goes into the big two out of three falls match between these teams with momentum on their side? We'll find out... next! Darren Quimbey is now in the ring for the intros!

A voice echoes loudly over the PA as two spotlights swirl on stage.

*HE ONCE HIT A SENTON AND LANDED IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS... THE ISLANDS THEN CHANGED THEIR
NAME AFTER THAT... TO THE ISLANDS...
HE PERFECTS HIS 630 SPLASH SIMPLY BY LEAPING OUT OF BED EVERY MORNING
HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD
HE IS...*

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

And where the two spotlights meet, Minute raises a hand out, then takes in a nice applause from The Faithful as he holds up a fist in the air! He's now wearing a gold and diamond-themed t-shirt with the word "¡Mírame!" on the front!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Accompanied to the ring by Titaness and Uriel Cortez... From Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 164 pounds... he is representing Los Tres Titanes... He is **THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD... MINUTE!**

Minute bumps fists with Titaness and Uriel on the stage and then takes off like a rocket toward the ring. He leaps from the apron to the top rope, then does a front flip in, then does several more in a circle before stopping on his feet, saluting The Faithful! He gets ready for his opponent.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The trademark pink and cyan lights kick in with the vocal. Immediately the Faithful go to their feet as the PCP Star logo forms on the tron. Then, on cue, The D, Elise Ares, and Flex Kruger swag their way out from the backstage area playing up the crowd desperately trying to get a bigger reaction than LTT!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by The D and Flex Kruger... from Beverly Hills, California, weighing in at 135 pounds... she is a member of The Pop Culture Phenoms... **"THE QUEEN OF SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT STYLE" ELISE ARES!**

Ares drops her high fashion jacket to the floor, revealing her always attention-grabbing ring gear as The D and Flex Kruger flank her with... t-shirt guns? Firing them into the crowd, the PCPs gain favor from the Faithful on their way to the ring. In the crowd a lucky fan unrolls their shirt that says "The D came and all I got was this t-shirt." As they approach the ring, Flex and The D drop their t-shirt cannons and hold the ropes for Elise on the apron as she suggestively enters the ring. Once inside, she stares down Minute and gets ready for what might be the fastest match to go on tonight's card! Once the two practitioners of Lucha Libre are mask to mask, Elise and Minute get ready as the bell rings.

DING DING

At the same time, both Elise and Minute go for stereo dropkicks at the same time! Both get whiffed, but Elise rolls to her back as Minute is on his stomach. Elise kips to her feet while Minute does a front flip with his hands back to his!

DDK:

Wow! Both thinking the same move... no, here they go!

Elise attacks first and kicks Minute in the stomach before whipping him across the ropes, but the stronger luchador reverses and sends her to the ropes instead! He tries a hip toss, but Elise leaps, bounces off the top cable and tries a springboard arm drag on Minute... but he does another front flip to his feet! He turns around, but Elise ducks down as he runs across. Minute launches right back and does a cartwheel right over her body, then tries a handspring enzuigir... DUCKED!

Elise ducks, but The Littlest Flippy-Doo lands over on his feet yet again! He tries a running headscissors, but Elise spins out, rolls over on her hands and lands on her feet. She runs again at the luchador, but Minute hits a back body drop... but Elise lands on the ropes! When Minute turns, she leaps up with a jumping kick from the ropes, and then leaps into a big springboard missile dropkick, knocking The TJ Tornado over!

DDK:

What a series of counters, but Elise takes control with that big kick!

Lance:

And she's not done!

Elise is on her feet as both groups watch from the ringside area. The D and Flex Kruger cheer on The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style as she runs off the ropes and takes flight with a HUGE tornillo over the ropes, wiping out Minute on the floor! Cortez and Titaness watch as Elise takes out their partner.

DDK:

Big Tornillo dive over the ropes! I bet between Elise Ares and Minute, these two know every single high-flying move in the book!

Lance:

And Elise knew what she was doing with those moves!

With Elise in control, she picks up Minute and throws him back inside the ring. After being set near the ropes, Elise leaps to the apron, jumps onto the top cable knees-first and rolls off into a modified slingshot senton across the chest of Minute! She rolls over for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out, but Elise comes right back with a sliding dropkick to the side of the head of The TJ Tornado, sending him scrambling back to the mat!

DDK:

Big counter there by Elise! What's she got planned next?

She stands on top of Minute's chest and lets out a "QUE TAL ESO?" for The Faithful! The D and Flex cheer her on as he goes back to work on Minute, delivering some more kicks to the chest. The South Beach Starlet throws him to the ropes, but the TJ Tornado turns the tables. Elise tries a handspring of her own off the ropes, but doesn't expect Minute to come rushing at her and CRASHING into her with a huge dropkick to the chest!

DDK:

NO WAY! WHAT A COUNTER BY MINUTE!

Elise goes crumbling through the ropes and out to the floor where The D and Flex both look on in shock while Uriel and

Titanness cheer on the Most Interesting High Flyer In The World! Minute is back on his feet while The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is hurt on the floor.

Lance:

And now where's Minute going?

Minute rushes off the ropes, does a cartwheel, then DIVES over the top rope and crashes onto Elise Ares with a Space Flying Tiger Drop!

DDK:

MIRAME! All eyes are definitely on Minute now after that incredible move!

The Faithful go CRAZY as Minute slowly gets back to his feet and then runs over to bump fists with both Uriel and Titanness. He picks up Elise and throws her back into the ring before he slides in behind her (shut up). Minute picks up Elise and sends her into the ropes then hits hip toss, followed by a cartwheel into a dropkick to the chest of Elise! She falls back in pain while Minute rolls up into a standing shooting star press, right into the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Another kickout by Elise now! Minute turning things up on Elise and showing what he can do with his aerial skills!

Lance:

What else does he have up his sleeve?

He waits for Elise to try and make it back to her feet and when she does, he tries for a tilt-a-whirl DDT, only for Elise to push him away! Minute rolls away and gets to his feet, but Elise surprises him with a huge pele kick to the side of the head, sending him stumbling back to the corner!

DDK:

What a counter by Elise! Minute is back in the corner now!

Lance:

And now she's got Minute where she wants him!

Elise is up in the corner and launches herself across the ring, nailing a huge running dropkick in the corner! Minute is left rocked for Elise to run and grab him in a headlock before running and leaping over the near rope for the Cuban Necktie! Minute gets snapped over the ropes and falls when Elise heads up top. She goes up and then gazes out into the sea of The Faithful cheering her on before she takes flight and nails a picture-perfect Shooting Star Press off the top rope!

DDK:

Shooting Star Press! Does Elise have this match won?

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The shoulder of Minute comes up and surprises Elise, as well as the rest of PCP at ringside! Uriel and Titanness cheer on the Littlest Flippy-Doo!

Lance:

Great combination there, but Minute still very much alive!

Elise leaps up and then nails a double stomp to the chest of Minute before heading up to the top rope again. She leaps up top and then tries a moonsault, but Minute rolls out of the way at the last moment! Elise sees it happening and then adjusts her landing, then nails Minute with a big superkick as he rises! He bounces back to the ropes... but before

Elise can do anything to follow up, Minute lunges back and CRACKS Elise with a huge 540 kick, putting both wrestlers down on the mat again!

DDK:

What a back and forth battle this has been! Two of perhaps the top level high flyers in DEFIANCE today, laying it all out for the chance to gain some momentum heading into Acts of DEFIANCE!

It takes a few moments for either Elise or Minute to head up again, but it's The Littlest Flippy-Doo that makes it first! When The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style tries to rise, Minute nails another big superkick and then sends her to the ropes, leaving her wide open for a big tiger feint kick to the back against the ropes! She cries out as Minute gets ready to launch an attack!

DDK:

Is he looking for Salto de Fe? He's pinned Elise Ares with this move when the Sky High Titans beat PCP for their second Unified Tag Title reign!

Minute leaps and does the flip... but Elise boots, scoots and boogies out of the way! Minute lands on his feet, but gets WALLOPED with a big Amethystation from Elise! The Littlest Flippy-Doo gets rocked by the super(wo)man punch, then staggers right into a standing Spanish Fly by Elise! The Faithful go apeshit as she hurriedly tries to pin Minute!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

No way! No way! Minute kicks out of Amethystation and the Spanish Fly! How?

Lance:

I don't know!

Elise argues with the referee and holds up three fingers while Uriel and Titaness watch the match intently. But Titaness does look over to see The D watching the match and Flex staring her down.

Lance:

What's it going to take? They've thrown a lot at one another! But Elise going up top again for the Extreme Makeover!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style decides to go for broke and then head up top, hoping Minute stays down... but he does not as he hurriedly rushes up and trips her on the top rope! When she gets stopped, Minute looks up and then LEAPS to the adjacent rope and then leaps again to SNAP Elise from the top rope back to the mat with an amazing springboard top rope frankensteiner!

DDK:

No! Minute takes her down! He beat Nathan Eye once with this same move!

Minute crashes to the canvas and at this point of the match, there's almost nobody seated as The Faithful watch the aerial spectacle. He heads to the ring apron...

DDK:

MINUTE DETAIL! SPRINGBOARD 450 SPLASH!

Lance:

That HAS to be it! HAS to be!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Just BARELY, The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style escapes defeat and kicks out to the surprise of all in the Wrestle-plex!

Lance:

What now for Minute? What now for Elise? Moves are being countered and countered right back!

Elise is crawling on the canvas while Minute also gets on the official about the count. He goes over to try and grab Elise...

DDK:

INSIDE CRADLE BY ELISE! COVER!

ONE... TWO...

Lance:

No! Minute moves it the other way!

ONE... TWO...

But then both shift their weight over!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Minute moves a hair quicker after the kickout with a low spinning kick then goes over into a La Majistral!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Minute tries again... NO! ELISE WITH THE BACKSLIDE!

She uses the backslide, then ROLLS over that into a TIGHT bridge!

DDK:

BACKSLIDE INTO A BRIDGE! THAT'S AMAZING!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Minute kicks out, but one second too late as the bell rings!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ELISE ARES!**

Elise looks over and sees The D and Flex both celebrating huge on the outside while Uriel and Titaness both argue with the official, but Elise got the three-count with the flashy pin combination!

DDK:

It came down to mere seconds between two of the premier high-flyers in DEFIANCE today, but Elise Ares takes this one as we head into Acts of DEFIANCE! Two out of Three Falls between The Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

And both of these teams are so different, but that match can absolutely come down to one mistake! And if THIS match is a preview of things to come, we're looking at a sleeper match for the night!

Elise celebrates the win with The D and Flex Kruger in the ring. Flex shoots his rival, Titaness, a smug smirk while Titaness gives him the old fangul gesture in return. Uriel pats an upset Minute on the back and motions that they'll get

theirs soon. The crowd gives a huge ovation for the incredible match as the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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THEODORE CAIN vs. KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to DEFtv 160! Up next we've got two up-and-comers in competition. Kyle Shields -- and yes, he is the brother of perhaps DEFIANCE's most, er... lenient official Mark Shields -- about to take on Theodore Cain of the Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

The Gulf Coast Connection - win, lose or draw - have been part of some impressive performances on both UNCUT as well as DEFtv but now Theodore Cain looks for a singles win. Can the Smash Surfer get it tonight? We'll find out up next!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring with intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

♪ "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, still attached to his phone. He expects to see his brother, but gets Rex Knox instead.

Kyle Shields:

DAMN IT, NOT AGAIN! WHERE'S MARK?

Rex Knox shrugs.

Rex Knox:

Ballyhoo.

Kyle shrugs, then starts sending a string of angry texts to Mark Shields for not officiating his match, which just MIGHT be a conflict of interest. He waves for a microphone, then steals one as his music cuts out.

Kyle Shields:

All right, all right... I don't know if my brother not being my referee is some kind of joke by my opponent, Theodore Cain, but I'm not laughing. Those three Mardi Gras numbruts, the Gulf Coast Connection? From RIGHT HERE IN NAWLINS...

LOUD hometown pop while Kyle laughs.

Kyle Shields:

I could beat any one of those morons all on my own... but I will say this is unfair and REEKS of favoritism! Booking me against one of these hometown guys? That's unfair! It's not like I use my brother to help me win matches as the ref! Come on!

DDK:

Uh... we're BASED in New Orleans, genius. And that's EXACTLY what you do!

Kyle Shields:

I don't care! All your stupid little masks and beads don't mean shit. None of these uggos in New Orleans are hot enough for beads anymore anyway! Get out here and take this L, Theo.

The Faithful jeer as Kyle goes back to angrily texting his brother on his phone as his opponent arrives.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid... from right here in NOLA! (hometown pop!) Representing the Gulf Coast Connection, n weighing 265 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young boy in the audience with his parents before he steps through the ropes. The hometown favorite gets cheers as he looks across from Kyle. Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Kyle comes up, still texting on his phone while Theodore Cain tells him to put it down and fight. Titus and Crescent City Kid watch from the outside while Kyle keeps clicking.

Kyle Shields:

Hey, I got this cropped porn meme I wann-SNEAK ATTACK!

Kyle yells "SNEAK ATTACK!" but by doing so, in fact, it isn't sneaky when he tries to throw a punch that is caught by the bigger Cain. Cain hurls him into the ropes and then knocks Shields on his backside with a big shoulder block on the return!

Lance:

Shock of all shocks, that didn't work.

Kyle rolls to the floor and then tries to get away, but Titus is there to twirl a row of beads on his arm blocking his path. On the other side, Crescent City Kid points at the ring. Kyle turns and catches a low boot from Theodore Cain through the ropes, knocking him on the floor!

DDK:

Theodore Cain showing some intensity tonight! What a kick there!

Cain goes to the floor and then grabs Kyle before throwing him back inside the ring. Theodore follows, then picks him up. Another big whip to the ropes leads to a high-elevation back body drop, sending Shields crashing down to the canvas again! Theodore keeps things basic but keeps on laughing and having fun as he goes over to dap fists with the other GCC members at ringside!

He waits for Shields to get to his feet before he charges full speed ahead. However, before he can get any further, Kyle gets his boot up and then stuns the bigger Cain! The Smash Surfer stumbles back and that allows Shields to head to the middle rope. He takes flight with a diving clothesline from the second rope, knocking Cain off his feet!

DDK:

Shields finally gets Cain down! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The shoulder of Cain comes up and the hometown crowd pops for the GCC member!

Lance:

Close one, but now Shields going for a front facelock!

He tries to keep Cain down and is kneeled over in front of the Smash Surfer. Both Titus Campbell and Crescent City

Kid both slap their hands on the ring apron, getting the Faithful behind Theodore. He tries to surge to his feet and almost shakes Shields off of him, but Kyle doubles him over with a kick to the leg! He stumbles over and then Kyle comes off the ropes with a running bulldog behind him. Kyle shuts the cheers of the crowd down and then waits for Cain to try and stand. When he does, Kyle turns him around by the neck and nails a hangman's neckbreaker.

DDK:

I'm actually impressed so far at Shields! Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Cain powers out again, leading Shields to freak out. The Faithful cheer again as Shields tries to go for Agent of Shields, but he can't fully lock in the pumphandle and Cain elbows him away before he can hit it!

DDK:

His pumphandle driver fails... but that HUGE flying shoulder from Cain does not!

The Faithful NOLA crowd vocalize their support for the GCC member as he holds his neck in pain before getting back up, then going over to Shields. He throws Kyle to one side of the ring and then hits a big splash in the corner that rocks him! Cain then heads out of the corner and then drops Shields with a big slam before looking out to the crowd. He holds out both arms then runs off both sets of ropes before CRUSHING the ribs of Kyle Shields with a massive splash!

DDK:

The Smash Surfer splash connects! Is that going to be all?

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Kyle kicks out in the last possible second, but Cain doesn't look deterred. He gets back up and then tries for his finisher, Bottoms Up, but before he can get back out, he slips out and then lands behind him. He tries to hook him for an inverted DDT, but Cain turns around and then pitches him over with a huge release Northern lights suplex! Kyle is looking up at the lights while Cain feeds off the crowd.

DDK:

I think this might be it! Cain coming in hot!

As Kyle gets up in the corner, Cain charges forward and hits a massive running shoulder in the corner, gut checking the mouthy Shields sibling! He then hoists him up on the shoulder then hits the running sitout side powerslam!

DDK:

Bottoms Up! The GCC may get drinks after this, but the party is over for Kyle Shields!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Cain climbs off of Kyle's prone body and then sits up, literally patting himself on the back with a big smile on his face for a big win in singles action!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THEODORE CAIN!**

The Smash Surfer leaves the ring and then celebrates with Titus and CCK like it's Mardi Gras all over again!

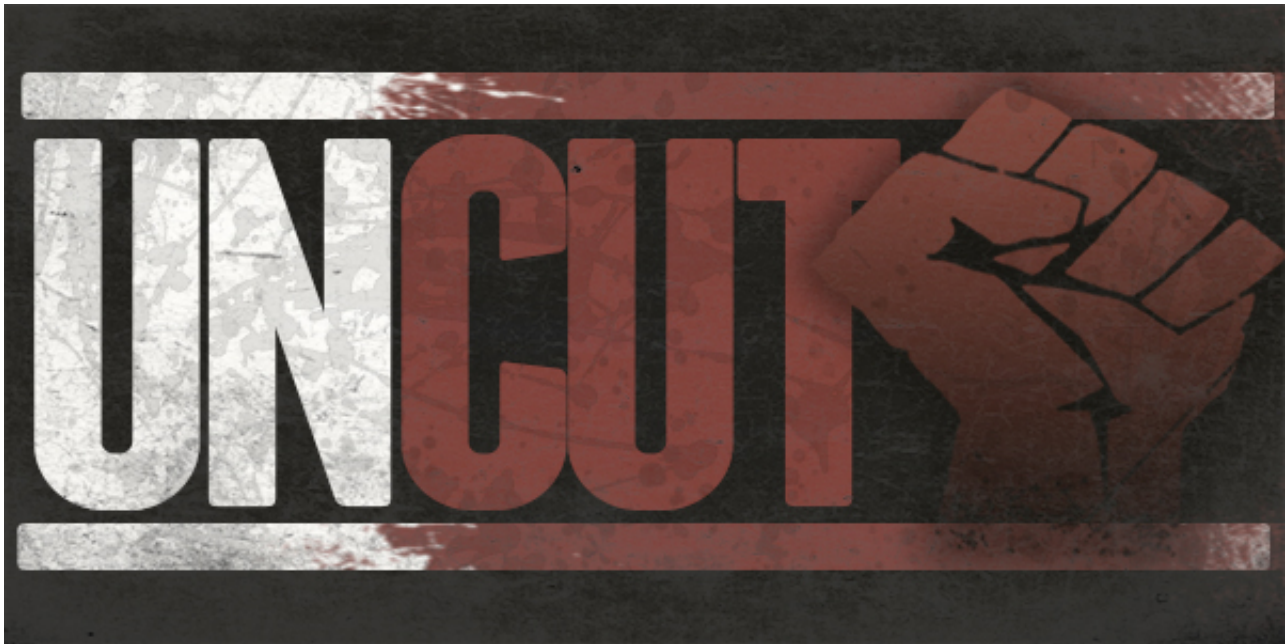
DDK:

Theodore Cain takes it! Kyle had his number for a little bit, but tonight this win belongs to big Cain!

Lance:

The Gulf Coast Connection have been looking for opportunities and have looked pretty good in the ring overall!
Hopefully their upward swing continues!

The party continues well into the night as the show heads to break.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

THE REIGN OF THE FAVOURED SINNER JUST KEEPS GOING, SOMEHOW

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen! It's been a wild first night thus far in this go-home installment of DEFtv leading up to ACTS OF DEFIANCE, and next up, we've got--

♪ "Sweet Leaf" by Black Sabbath ♪

DDK:

What in the--?! ...oh, geez, what is all this now?

The shot goes to the interview stage, where we're treated to something of an unconventional scene. Seated lazily upon an old, soiled sofa and surrounded by his familiar entourage of Reapers is none other than the now three-time Favoured Saints Champion, REZIN!

DDK:

How in the hell did that get on the stage?!

The Reapers are hard at work tending to their champion upon his throne of filth: Cyan stands near the back with an old school boombox held in both hands, from which the music is currently coming out of. Magenta is fanning off the champ with an oversized palm-leaf punkah. Chartreuse is seated at the foot of the couch, separating Skittles by color into a small group of bowls. Rezin himself is slouched deep into the sofa, looking completely relaxed as he bobs his head and waves a finger to the beat of Sabbath riffs. Draped over his shoulder is the Favoured Saints Title. Draped across his lap are the **thicccc** fishnet stocking-adorned legs of the seldom seen Reaper Rose, the Kabal's resident BTGG. Clenched in his teeth and smoking at the end is the fattest spliff you've ever seen.

He looks like the shit king of trash mountain.

Lance:

Well... unorthodox as this may be, considering who it is, I can't say I'm completely surprised. After all, this is the same lunatic who took up residence in our boiler room, set the merch booth on fire, and kidnapped a tiger.

DDK:

For crying out loud, we've got a show to continue! Somebody send Trutt out there to deal with this...

A beat later, junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT seems to be unwillingly shoved through the curtain. After a moment of protest, he readjusts his tie and courageously makes his way over to the interview stage to address the now three-time Favoured Saints Champ.

Chris Trutt:

Ummmm, Rezin?

Though he seems lost in his own world, Rezin sheepishly smiles wide as soon as he notices his favorite backstage interviewer. For some reason, he has a mic of his own.

Rezin:

Truuuuuuuhhtt! Whuzzup, my man? Welcome to the party!

Chris Trutt:

What, uh... what's the occasion?

Rezin chuckles before slapping the Fleur de lis face of the belt.

Rezin:

Tonight, *mi amigo*, we are celebrating the return of this precious Favoured Sinners Championship to its rightful owner: ME! The FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE! Champion once again for the third time... and the LAST time!

He snaps his fingers toward the Skittle sorting Reaper Chartreuse at the foot of the sofa.

Rezin:

CHARCOAL! Hit me with a double-lemon GRAPE to help me es-CAPE!

Reaper Chartreuse fishes out two yellow and one purple and uses a spoon to catapult the flavor trio into Rezin's agape mouth. The Goat Bastard chews it with all the delight of a possum eating shit. Trutt still looks a bit puzzled.

Chris Trutt:

Okayyyyyy but... wait a tick, what do you mean by the "LAST" time?

Rezin:

Ain't it obvious, Trutt? I'll never have to retake this title if I never lose it again. And I can never lose it if I never defend it, catch my drift? Charcoal! Toss me an orange-lemon-lime to get myself lost in TIME!

Reaper Chartreuse picks out an orange, yellow, and green trio and sends it aloft into Rezin's gaping maw. The Goat Bastard smirks and taps the side of the head to indicate how "S-M-R-T" smart he is, as rainbow-colored spittle dribbles out of the corner of his mouth into his beard.

Chris Trutt:

Hold the cheese, if you'd please... are you telling me you're NEVER defending the Favoured Saints Championship AGAIN!? Are you... even allowed to make that decision? I mean, there's gotta be a rule against that. Is that in the rules...?

He looks appealingly over to the "commentation station", spotting Keebler and Warner frantically signalling to him to hurry it up. Rezin, meanwhile, didn't hear the question; his gaze is lost somewhere in Reaper Rose's deep-set cleavage protruding from her corset blouse.

Chris Trutt:

I mean, then again, I doubt there's anyone who would expect you to follow the rules by this point. But I guess to me, and probably to a few others, it's a bit of an odd position to take. Certainly not one that many would consider to be "DEFIANT", by any means.

The Escape Artist scoffs so hard he nearly chokes on his blunt. He looks flabbergasted at the reporter, apparently having expected more from him at this point.

Rezin:

Whaddya *mean* it ain't DEFIANT?! Bitch, I'm the *EPITOME* of DEFIANCE! I've said many times now that I live to DEFY expectations, and if the expectation is that I'm supposed to go out and defend that belt every week of my life, then bro, NOT wrestling is the most DEFIANT act I can possibly think of!

BOOOOOO!!

The Faithful jeer loudly at this statement as Rezin brazenly takes another drag and smirks like the bastard he is.

Rezin:

HEY!! Fuck you people and your simple-minded notion of what a "champion" should be; I am the ANTI-CHAMPION! The living and breathing polar opposite to everything you want and expect in a great professional wrestler! Just as good and just as strong as your generic, factory-made champion-of-the-week, only minus the bullshit image, and a whole lot more HONEST, REAL, RAW, and PUNK ROCK!

Trutt is left scratching his head.

Chris Trutt:

I feel like this question keeps coming up, but, I mean... is that *really* "punk rock?"

Slowly, Rezin turns his head to stare at the reporter through slitted eyes.

Rezin:

...whaddya tryna say, Trutt? That I ain't bein' very punk rock right now? Cause I'll have you know, sitting around doing nothing is one the most punk rock anyone could ever do!

Chris Trutt:

No, yes, I mean, but, well, what I mean to say is... look, Rezin, a month ago at DEFtv 157, you came out and announced that the "Reign of the Favoured Sinner" had begun.

The Favoured Sinner draws his hand out to the scene around him and smirks once again.

Rezin:

HA-HA! And still going, if you haven't noticed.

Chris Trutt:

Sure, but, you led many of us to believe that after becoming the Favoured Saints Champion, you had turned a new leaf. It seemed you were determined to prove your doubters and naysayers wrong, by fearlessly and ferociously redefining what it meant to be "DEFIANT" in the ring. The last part of that statement were your very words: "in the ring".

The smirk leaves Rezin's face.

Chris Trutt:

And yet, here you are, boldly claiming you'll NEVER step into the ring again to defend that title. A title that many would say you only carry now thanks to Alvaro de Vargas and Arthur Pleasant getting involved in the action. And maybe it has been a topsy-turvy few weeks for you, but what *really* happened between now and then to suddenly cause everything to change?

The Escape Artist remains quiet and brooding for a beat. Just like that, he's suddenly gone from stupid to scary looking. He snaps his finger to Cyan to kill the tunes and pats Reaper Rose on the thigh.

Rezin:

'Ey babe, be a doll and go and get me some animal crackers, eh? The boys need a minute to chat.

Reaper Rose rises off of the Favoured Saints Champion's lap and makes her way to the back, while Rezin admires her departure. Then he snaps to Reaper Chartreuse...

Rezin:

Charcoal... gimme a double cherry-orange so I can... uhm... FUCK, nothing rhymes with "orange"! Whatever, just give it here!

Reaper Chartreuse launches the Skittles, and they bounce unceremoniously off of Rezin's forehead. The Goat Bastard let's out a tired groan and waves it off..

Rezin:

Fucking rejects. Whatever... pop a squat, Trutt-stuff.

Trutt reluctantly shuffs the pile of empty pizza boxes and takes up the couch cushion next to the three-time Favoured Saints Champ. Rezin lights up a spliff and leans in close for some real talk, much to the junior interviewer's revulsion.

Rezin:

Here's the thing, Trutt... it's been a crazy roller coaster of a month for the ol' Goat Bastard. Whole lotta highs and lows, trials and triumphs, that kind of thing. And through it all, you know what I've come to realize?

He unslings the Favoured Saints Title from his shoulder and holds it out so both men can see it.

Rezin:

Being a champion is... *hard*. I mean, like, really, really, *REALLY* hard! You have to be, like, *REALLY GOOD* at wrestling to carry one of these things!

Trutt's slowly turns his deadpan face to look into the camera. His pinched eyebrows, squinting eyes, and pursed lips tell us all we need to know: Is this fucking idiot being serious right now? Rezin continues, his eyes never leaving the belt in his hand...

Rezin:

I mean, through my whole career, I always saw championships as mere hot potatoes. Material things, passed around from one lucky jock douche-nozzle to the next. Meaningless little tokens, meant to give someone a validation of their overall "worth" in this sport. All my career, I've rejected the notion of being a champion, because I could see the bullshit for what it was.

The Escape Artist squints his eyes, focusing intensely on the belt. It's a rare moment where he actually looks to be taking something seriously.

Rezin:

And then suddenly one day, through the fury of my own momentum and the tenacity of my uncompromising punk rock ways, I wrangle this strap around my waist, and *SUDDENLY*... I have that one golden opportunity I never had in my entire life. I finally find myself in a position where I really have a real chance to make a *statement* in this sport. To use this belt to show this world just who I am, and what I'm about! I'm on the edge of a career-defining moment, and to take that next big step, I really have to *commit* to being my very best, week in, week out!

Chris is nodding as if this was already obvious to anyone whoever laced up the boots, but then Rezin suddenly twirls around and yanks the reporter in close by the collar of his jacket, shaking him frantically.

Rezin:

And HOLY SHIT, dude! I didn't realize it would be *SO... MUCH... WORK!!*

Trutt rolls his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose while Rezin continues holding the title out, staring at it in disbelief

Rezin:

I mean, having to survive the aerial assault of that bite-sized bombardier *MINUTE* to take this strap was hard enough... but then that good-for-nuthin' *HENNERY KEYES?* I had to steal a fuckin' whole *TIGER* to get it back from him! That unimaginable man-mountain *DEX JOY?* Hell, I dunno *HOW* I would have got all of that dude to the mat on my own!

He turns back to Trutt, this time yanking him by his tie. Trutt is recoiling like a man with his head being forced into a latrine.

Rezin:

Minute, Keyes, Joy... those three dudes wrestle like champions, Trutt! *REAL* champions! I mean, they fuckin' *BRING IT* every time! Any one of those dudes could carry this title, and for once, I would actually *BELIEVE IT*. But *ME?* Do I believe *EYE* can be at that level?

He shakes his head in defeat as he drops the belt to his side and seems to slump deeper into the sofa, completely dejected.

Rezin:

Fuck, dude... I'm just another *KA-BALL* joker! Am I just *LUCKY* to be holding this title right now? Am I a *FRAUD?* Or am I just a man *CURSED* by dark cosmic powers to forever lose this belt after I've won it? I don't know, Trutt... and I dunno if I want to find out the hard way.

He holds out his hands before him, looking pleadingly for an answer, but seeing only pitch-stained palms of void staring back.

Rezin:

Life's tough enough being a zero. To find out that I'm less than zero... I'm not sure I can handle that level of reality. So if it's all the same to you, Trutt, I think I'd just like to be left to my own devices. Not every day a lowlife like me gets to be the king, and I think I'd rather just enjoy every fleeting moment I can get out of it before this delusion comes crashing down around me.

He snaps his fingers, and Cyan hits play on the boombox.

♪ "Dopesmoker" by Sleep ♪

Rezin lights up yet another ridiculous Rick Dickulous-sized spliff, and seems to get lost in his regular daze. Trutt groans, looking again to the boys on commentary trying to get him to finish this up. Painfully, the interviewer keeps pressing...

Chris Trutt:

...Rezin.

Rezin:

Uggghhhhh, Trutt... you're still here?

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, we've got this show we need to keep going, and--

Rezin:

Yeah-yeah-yeah, just gimme this one song. I'm trynna meditate right now.

Trutt waits a beat. The opening riff, glacial as it is heavy, hasn't even finished its first repetition.

Chris Trutt:

Umm... how long is this song?

Rezin:

...sixty-three minutes?

Trutt snaps. At once, he bursts back onto his feet and moves around to the other side of the couch, snapping off Cyan's boombox. Rezin perks up again when the tunes are cut and looks up to find the interviewer glaring down at him, accusingly shaking a finger.

Chris Trutt:

Listen here, Rezin! Now, I normally wouldn't care about how you spend your reign as Favoured Saints Champion, but in choosing to sit here and do absolutely NOTHING, you're doing a great disservice to those great competitors you defeated in order to call yourself champion! You may be a lowlife and a rascal and a cad, but even I know you're not giving respect where it's due!

Rezin blinks, slightly surprised by this rarely seen ardor in the junior reporter.

Chris Trutt:

You owe it to all those who came and went to represent that championship as one of the crown jewels of this company! And if being "punk rock" or whatever the heck you call it means just sitting around and throwing yourself a pity party like a little... a little... b-b-BITCH... then I think it's safe to say that DEFIANCE has no need for punk rock!

Angry simply for the sake that he has to get himself this angry, Chris kicks the corner of the sofa, and does his best to

hide his pained reaction.

Chris Trutt:

Now if you don't mind, get this filthy thing off the stage, and let us get on with the show, or I'll get security!

In a huff, Trutt turns to leave.

Rezin:

Hey...

Chris stops and turns to face Rezin again. The Escape Artist sits up, staring daggers back at the interviewer.

Rezin:

...you seriously gonna call security on me?

Chris Trutt:

If you don't clear this crap off the stage, then yes, I will have no choice to.

The Goat Bastard rubs out his spliff into the couch and rises to his feet, standing aggressively.

Rezin:

...you think you can suppress my REIGN?!

Trutt grimaces. He just wants to be out of there.

Chris Trutt:

If this is how you choose to continue your reign, then YES! We will call DEFSEC any time you create a distraction like this!

Rezin points him down, suddenly grinning maniacally.

Rezin:

...do you PROMISE??

Trutt's irritation begins to melt into confusion, and a hint of fear.

Chris Trutt:

Umm... yes?

The Favoured Sinner of DEFIANCE throws off his bathrobe and cackles like a lunatic into the godless heavens above.

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHA!! CYANIDE!! Turn off that boring stoner doom shit and give us something to REALLY light it up!!

♪ "Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing" by Discharge ♪

Rezin:

Aa-AA-AAH-FFUCK YEAH, NOW WE'RE TALKIN'!!

Like a man possessed, Rezin grasps the Favoured Saints Championship and furiously KICKS the bowls of color-assorted Skittles into the air, showering the Faithful with a rainbow of candy and undoing all of Reaper Chartreuse's hard work in the blink of an eye.

Rezin:

Order-was-never-meant-to-be-made-of-chaos-anyway--FUCK-YEAH!! PUNK ROCK!! FIGHT THE POWER!!

Rezin holds out his hand to Reaper Magenta, who hands him a tin with a nozzle at the end. The Escape Artist promptly leaps onto the couch and begins dousing it in a fluid squeezed out of the tin. Chris Trutt, though a certified greenhorn to the wrestling world, has seen enough of it to know what this implies.

Chris Trutt:

Cheesy Louisie, Rezin, don't do that--!!

He hurries back to the stage to stop him, but he's too late. Using his favored Zippo lighter, Rezin takes a few last puffs of an ugly stub of a roach and grins like a devil before dropping it down hard into the couch cushions. Within the blink of an eye, the couch is engulfed in flames, and Rezin stands upon it triumphantly, cackling like a fire-soaked demon of chaos and disaster.

Rezin:

YOU'LL NEVER SUPPRESS ME, DEFIANCE!! YOU CAN'T SUPPRESS PUNK ROCK!! HA HA!!
HAHAHA--AAHH!! AAHH!! OW!! OW!! FUCK!! FUCK!!

He springs off the still-on-fire couch and frantically kicks the flames off the cuffs of his pants to put them out. Thinking quickly, he stoops down and tries to pick the sofa up from the side and push it off the stage. He gets it vertical, when the flaming furniture suddenly tilts back the other way and nearly crushes him.

Chris Trutt:

For crying out... UGH!!

Heroically, Trutt rushes in at the last moment and catches the flaming sofa before it can crush the Goat Bastard beneath a flaming mess.

Chris Trutt:

DAMNIT, REZIN!!

Rezin:

GODDAMB, I'm SORRY, Trutt! Clearly, I didn't think this through!

Chris Trutt:

You never think ANYTHING THROUGH!! If anything, couldn't you leave this for UNCUT?!

Rezin:

NOW who's being meta?!

The Reapers pounce into action, and the combined effort of five men successfully yeet the flaming sofa off of the stage and crashing into a flaming ruin on the empty concrete floor below. DEFSEC swarm in with extinguishers and douse the fire within seconds into a white cloud. Trutt looks down on the smoldering mess, huffing and puffing and flushed with disbelief.

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, you f--

Trutt nearly falls off the stage as the mic is savagely yanked out of his hand. Mic in hand, Rezin runs up to the edge of the stage to address the Faithful with enough speed that he nearly sends himself over the edge, requiring his Reapers to reel him in by the shoulders and pants.

Rezin:

AA-AA-AW-RR-RR-RR-RIGHT!! YOU!! SCUM!! LISTEN UP!!

The Faithful react, and this time it's a straight fifty-fifty. Some are overjoyed to see the return of the Escape Artist. Others just want this asshole off the stage so some actual wrestling can happen.

Rezin:

It's become CLEAR TO ME in the wake of all this OPPRESSION and RESTRAINT being wrongfully thrust upon my unstoppable and uncompromising REIGN as the FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE, that you pitiful, pampered, Disney-watching NORMIES are still living in the dark, eating the lies that THEY feed you! Well allow me then to ENLIGHTEN YOU!!

He hoists the Favoured Saints Championship high over his head, wildly pacing the edge of the stage while his Reapers frantically keep up, attempting to prevent him from tumbling over.

Rezin:

One year ago, the legacy of this title began in the first ever Favoured Fourway match! I was in that match... and at ACTS of DEFIANCE, EYE, the ANTI-CHAMPION, will be the one to BRING IT BACK!!

He finally stops in place to strap the Favoured Saints Title around his waist, once again sacrilegiously upside down.

Rezin:

And I'm bringin' it back MY WAY!! Four isn't PUNK ROCK enough, in my opinion! A pentagram? A Circle A? They all have FIVE points! Therefore, at ACTS of DEFIANCE... the FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE will put this title on the line in the first ever FAVOURED **FIVE**-WAY MATCH!!

The crowd reacts loudly once again, somewhere between sheer excitement and oh-god-will-you-just-please-leave-already energy.

Rezin:

So long as you continue to try to hold me down, DEFIANCE... so long as you try to chain me down to your norms and your ways... so long as you try to confine me to your CAGE... the ESCAPE ARTIST will NEVER REST!! I WILL DEFY... DEFIANCE!! NO REST UNTIL THE CHAOS BURNS IT ALL DOWN!!

Rezin chucks the mic and stage-dives into the crowd beneath the stage.

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

He eats the concrete when everyone in that spot instinctively moves out of the way. He lies there motionless as the beleaguered DEFSEC move in to peel his dumbass off the floor and throw him out.

DDK:

Well that was... that, I guess.

Lance:

...back to the action?

DDK:

YES!! PLEASE!! Back to the action!

LINDSAY TROY & HENRY KEYES vs. MALAK GARLAND & ADV

DDK:

What a tag team match we have next! Lindsay Troy has spent weeks hunting Malak Garland after DEFIANCE's Keyboard Warrior has been verbally trashing her at every opportunity. All the while, Alvaro de Vargas and BFTA bought possession of Henry Keyes' own tiger, Helen, out from him... wow, you know it's wrestling when you try to make that sentence sound normal.

Lance:

Very true, very true. Henry Keyes was saved from another two-on-one assault from Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace by Lindsay Troy two weeks ago, which brings us to now! Keyes and Troy versus de Vargas and Garland, right now!

Quick cut to DQ in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

WHIRRRRRRRR~~~~~

♪ "Airship Pirate" - Abney Park ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful leap to their feet with a deafening cheer as "The Airship Pirate" and "The Queen of the Ring" walk out to the stage together. They exchange THE HANDSHAKE™ to another loud pop before storming down the ramp to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...from San Francisco, California and Tampa, Florida...at a combined weight of 444 pounds...they are "THE AIRSHIP PIRATE" HENRY KEYES and "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The Faithful turn on a dime and rain BOOOOOs down from the rafters as Malak Garland makes his way through the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming... weighing in at 210 pounds... MALAK GARLAND!

Malak wants ZERO to do with Troy so he stands anxiously on the stage waiting for his tag partner, fidgeting with his fidget spinner... but first... Tom Morrow. Lindsay Troy is in the ring already giving him the double bird as he walks out while Keyes is ready for a throwdown of epic proportions.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

Ladies, gentlemen... presenting Malak Garland's tag team partner! El Tigre Cubano and El Sol Dorado himself! Standing six-foot eight! Two hundred and seventy-pounds! And Helen's newer, better owner than the trash-ass airship pirate that owned her last... ALVARO DE VARGAS!

But we don't get his normal music. Instead, we get...

♪ "Eye of the Tiger" by Survivor ♪

DDK:

Oh, lord...

Lance:

I can already feel my ears bleeding.

Out comes Alvaro de Vargas wearing what can only be described as jackass-like attire in tiger form! Malak claps in approval as ADV rocks the tiger-striped coat, wrestling gear with tiger stripes and a hat... and a microphone. And by God, he's about to assault everyone's eardrums with his own musical stylings.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Owning tigers! Owning the ring! Did my time, banged some pendejas!

Owned Keyes' tiger, just like I own Keyes! He's just a man with the hag in the ring!

More jeers as he keeps going! Troy and Keyes look nonplussed as ADV, Morrow and Garland start heading to the ring

Alvaro de Vargas:

Gilipollas! Beat them so fast! La victoria y la Gloria!

Troy's failed marriages! Keyes lost his huevos! Now both are just trying to survive!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro de Vargas:

It's the Eye of the Helen! It's the thrill of the fight! Rising up to the challenge of these pendejos...

But before the crowd can be assaulted with one more off-key note, Lindsay Troy FLIES through the ropes, suicide dive-style and knocks de Vargas off his feet before laying into El Tigre Cubano with stiff forearms! Malak lets out a shriek and runs while Morrow runs up the ramp. Keyes wants to join in as Troy gets up and then chases after Malak while Keyes picks up ADV and wails on him with uppercuts!

DDK:

Oh, thank the Lord that's over!

Lance:

But can we get order going?

ADV is thrown back inside after Henry Keyes pounds him with a series of clubbing blows, then follows him in as Hector Navarro starts the match!

DING DING!

DDK:

Malak is nowhere to be found after Troy chased him away from ringside! She's returning to ringside now while ADV and Keyes are slugging it out in the ring as the legal men!

ADV fires back with a few open-handed chops! They sting Keyes, but the Airship Pirate lands a huge headbutt! Keyes has him in the corner of he and Troy and she tags herself in.

DDK:

Mentioning Troy's personal life as a joke? Yeah, ADV's asking for trouble. She's been on a warpath!

Keyes lands a chop and Troy SMASHES into ADV's chest with a huge kick! They take turns throughout Navarro's five-count laying into him before Keyes leaves the ring for Troy to ROCK ADV with a big spinning back elbow from one side, then a rolling elbow from the other! ADV's lip gets busted open now and Troy is seeing red as she continues to kick away. Navarro tries to give her the five-count while Morrow yells from the outside to do his job. Troy sees him and he IMMEDIATELY scatters!

Lance:

And absolutely NO sign of Malak Garland anywhere! He doesn't want any part of Troy especially with that Fans Bring

the Weapons match looming at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Troy doesn't want to hear any of Hector's count, but the distraction is all that ADV needs to jab her with a thumb to the eye and then hurl her back to her corner to go save himself!

DDK:

ADV needed to get out of there or Troy and Keyes might make quick work of him.

ADV goes to his corner, but when he sees Malak isn't there, he curses under his breath. He turns and charges at Troy with a clothesline to the corner, but she manages to get a high foot up and catch ADV in the chest. Keyes gets the tag from Troy and both of them send ADV to the ropes. The Queen of the Ring doubles over ADV on the return with a low sole kick, followed by a HUGE running knee from Keyes, then a spinning back elbow that knocks him off his feet! Troy finishes off the combo with a front flip leg drop, then leaves the ring as Keyes makes the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout. It's practically all Troy and Keyes so far! And STILL no sign of Malak Garland!

Keyes hurries ADV to a knee, then another uppercut catches him across the jaw. He hoists ADV up and LEVELS him with more Propeller-Edge Chops! ADV still fights back with another chop, but The Airship Pirate rocks the big man with a big uppercut again, followed by hoisting him up...

DDK:

Here we go... AIRSHIP SPIN! And there goes Alvaro!

The crowd starts going bonkers when he spins... but only gets a few rotations when out of nowhere, Malak Garland hits a dropkick to the knee! Keyes crumbles and a dizzy, but able, Alvaro stumbles back to the ropes. He takes a second while Troy tries to get in to chase Malak out, but Navarro gets in her way. That gives ADV an opening to WRECK Keyes with an Abajo Vas knee strike to the chest!

DDK:

Of course he's back! Malak is a coward, but to give him some credit, he knows where to hit when he needs to. Where was he hiding!? Under the ring!?

Lance:

And NOW Malak wants in after ADV has been doing the work and taking the punishment from Troy and Keyes!

He gets the tag from Alvaro, who barks at him something threatening in Spanish before he leaves. Malak looks a bit nervous, but when he sees Keyes down, he heads into the ring and rocks him with a huge spinning heel kick! The Airship Pirate is down while Malak stands up to get in Troy's face.

Malak Garland:

HEY, KAREN! CALL YOUR MANAGER ON THA... EEEEEK!

Malak bails the second that Troy starts to even inch her way into the ring! Keyes is still down when ADV yells at Malak to bring him to their corner. Malak nods under the pretense of the big Cuban looking angry with him, then grabs Keyes in a front facelock. He tries to fight back with a few right hands, but Malak throws a double knee upward to stop him before tagging ADV. El Tigre Cubano heads in and delivers a STIFF headbutt, rocking Keyes to the mat!

DDK:

ADV and Malak Garland are now in control! They seem to know they're in a fight!

Lance:

ADV setting up Keyes in the corner and fires off a few chops... then a running corner clothesline!

He then muscles Keyes out of the corner and hits a picture-perfect belly to back suplex before going for the cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Troy yells at Keyes to stay in the fight and The Airship Pirate does just that with a shoulder off the mat! ADV stands up with his back to his corner and yells at Navarro... then suddenly shifts and CRACKS Lindsay with a nasty big boot, knocking the former FIST of DEFIANCE off the ring apron! Morrow laughs while ADV gets JEERED out of the building for his actions!

Lance:

Cheap shot by ADV! Troy never saw it coming!

She crashes to the floor hurt when ADV laughs and turns around. He goes to pick up Keyes, but the Airship Pirate is full of fight and throws a few rights into the stomach of Alvaro. He buries a pair of knees to the chest in return, then throws him to Malak who wants a tag. ADV hits a knee, then throws him into a big superkick from Malak! Keyes falls to the mat then Malak jumps on top of Keyes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes up again and Malak looks angry at Hector. Meanwhile, Troy starts to finally sit up.

DDK:

Malak almost had it there, but he's got the I Trigger lined up!

Keyes is slumped over the ropes with Malak ready to go for the kill. He runs... but when he comes back, The Airship Pirate hurls him in the air and nails a last-ditch Tossing European Uppercut, ROCKING the Thirst Trapper! Malak falls to his knees, then slumps back on the mat! Keyes is down on the mat after the desperation shot while Malak is looking up at the lights.

Lance:

What a counter by Keyes! He just knocked out Malak Garland clean with that tossing European Uppercut!

DDK:

Uh-oh... and Troy is getting back up, too.

Slowly, but surely (and even more angry), the Queen of the Ring rises back to the ring apron and sees Malak while ADV yells at the Keyboard Warrior to roll towards him. Keyes rolls over and sees Troy out of the corner of his eye and heads towards her. Malak tags ADV and he rushes in, grabbing the leg of Keyes. He drags the Airship Pirate back, only for him to turn and kick him away with his right leg... then...

DDK:

Tag to Lindsay Troy! And she hits a big springboard forearm to rock de Vargas! Payback for the cheap shot earlier!

ADV stumbles around while Troy measures him up and then fires off a vicious volley of kicks to his chest before hitting a leaping back kick that sends the Cocky Cuban back into a corner. Troy rolls back while The Faithful cheer on the newer, more aggressive Queen of the Ring. She rushes and then nails ADV with a running enzuigiri in the corner! She steps to the ring apron and then climbs to the top rope before taking out the massive de Vargas with a huge overhead somersault neckbreaker off the top! The Faithful are fully behind her as she goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... THR-NO!

Lance:

What a flurry there from Troy, but ADV is still in this! Morrow looks like he's sweating bullets, though!

Troy rolls back and then tries for the Queen's Gambit... but when she leaps, ADV surprises her by grabbing her mid-

move, then using his strength to throw her on his shoulders before wiping her out with a big Cuban Missile! The crowd is shocked when he follows up with a big running big boot! Then the cover as Morrow counts along on the outside!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

ADV almost had it, but Troy kicks out again! We all know how tough she is, but it's been out on display especially in the last few months!

De Vargas curses under his breath and then tries to get up and set up The Lady of the Hour for Ardiendo, but she goes for the leg and hits a chop block! Stunning ADV, she wipes him out with a flatliner... right into The Divine Right!

Lance:

Divine Right! The Koji clutch has been locked in! She's won matches with this before!

She keeps the hold locked on with de Vargas frantically trying to fight it! She clasps on tighter... when Malak runs in and breaks it up with an elbow to the back! She lets go and he saves his partner, but when he realizes what he's done, Troy and Malak lock eyes...

DDK:

Ohhhhhh, no.

Malak, looking like he's seen a ghost, SPEEDS out of the ring! Troy sees Henry Keyes in the corner, who nods his blessing. She tags him in so she can chase Malak into the crowd, leaving just Keyes and ADV in the ring!

Lance:

Here we go! It's just Henry Keyes and ADV with nowhere to go!

El Sol Dorado is hurt when Keyes wails away on him with a series of forearms followed by taking him up... this time, getting The Airship Spin on ADV! He spins him around multiple times before he lets him drop to the mat with a huge slam! The crowd is all fired up as he readies the BELL CLAP~

DDK:

He's ready for it!

But before he can, Morrow tries to grab his foot! Keyes uses his other foot to deliver a HUGE kick to the chest, knocking Morrow to the floor! But before the crowd can celebrate, ADV sneaks up behind Keyes and then rolls him up with a tight pin, stacking him up with his feet on the ropes!

DDK:

NO! Navarro not seeing the feet!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Frantically, ADV heads out of the ring and then goes to quickly grab a hurt Tom Morrow before the two hightail it out from the ring and head to the back!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **MALAK GARLAND AND ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

ADV and Morrow both look like happy thieves in the night as ADV helps Morrow up the ramp. ADV flashes a cocky

smirk, bloodied lip and all from Troy earlier, and then raises a fist before he heads to the back, leaving a disappointed Keyes in the ring!

Lance:

ADV and Malak Garland steal one tonight! But he's got an angry Troy still after him! Is that really a winner in the books?

DDK:

I don't know... but this issue between Keyes and ADV has not been settled at all. Keyes will get his hands on de Vargas and when he does, it may be a whole different story!

ADV laughs and collects his tiger hat before he and Morrow depart, leaving a pissed-off Keyes to also give chase! The broadcast fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2021***FIST of DEFIANCE*****Gage Blackwood © vs. Oscar Burns****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****SNS © vs. Lucky Sevens****Fans Bring the Weapons Match****Lindsay Troy vs. Malak Garland****UNIFIED Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Los Tres Titanes****New Orleans Street Fight****The Kabal vs. The Guardians****Klein vs. Jestal**

BACKSTAGE CHEEKINESS

The broadcast cuts quickly backstage as cameras catch up to the middle of a backstage scuffle!

DDK:

What's going on here!?

The yelling and shouting eventually subsides as Lindsay Troy is seen prone, on the concourse floor as referees and DEFsec staff pull and pry the likes of Cyrus Bates, The Game Boy and Thurston Hunter off the Queen of the Ring. The referees wave their arms and implore The Comments Section members to depart.

Lance:

Although sheepish, Malak won the damn match mere moments ago and now his team attacks Troy backstage!?

DDK:

When it rains, it pours, Lance. Malak probably saw the chance to seize the upper hand, so he took it.

Like a sea parting ways, the crowd of staff and wrestlers divide in order for the one and only Malak Garland to walk into view. The Keyboard King taps Thurston on the chest with satisfaction.

Thurston Hunter:

I bruised her, Mal! I did it all by myself cuz I am a street fighter.

Malak nods with appreciation.

DDK:

Yeah, now Malak acts like the big man on campus with LT down on the floor!

Malak snuggles up nice and close to LT as the shot zooms into their faces.

Malak Garland:

Oh, I attacked you backstage! How cheeky of me! I beat you in heroic fashion out there tonight. I didn't show any timidity at all either.

Malak turns to Cyrus and rubs his glorious bald head as LT writhes in pain.

Malak Garland:

You also put Cyrus in the hospital after that debacle of a match on UNCUT, so I had to repay the favor tonight. It's okay though because my Bellicose Brawler recovers quickly. Isn't that right?

Bates screeches like a Wookiee for some reason.

Malak Garland:

And at ACTS of DEFIANCE, I will not only put disgrace on your name, Karen, but I will embarrass all the nimrods in the crowd too. We'll be unpacking all night long. See you there.

Malak stands, taps his entourage on the shoulders before they depart. Wyatt Bronson offers Troy a hand up, but she waves him off and pulls herself vertical.

DEFtv lingers on the enraged Queen before cutting to commercial.

REFORM'S REVIEW

We shift to the ring, where the unruly Faithful crowd is ready for one final segment of the action-packed show. In the center of the ring stands the lead announcer of DEFIANCE, "Downtown" Darren Keebler.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've had one heck of a night... but we're not done yet. My next guest personally requested this interview time... and in fact he also personally requested that I conduct the interview. I have agreed to this for one reason and one reason only: this man needs to understand, once and for all, that nobody is attempting to silence him. Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... NED REFORM!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

And here come the boos as Ned Reform appears in the entranceway - and as always is flanked by TA Cole. Both men are dressed in suits as they make their way to the ring. The usually jovial Reform is all business tonight, wearing a stern expression and walking briskly.

Lance:

My colleague, Darren Keebler, is faced with a rather angry Ned Reform. Two weeks ago he nearly got physical with Magdalena. I hope Keebs is careful here.

The Good Doctor ignores the jeers of the people as he swiftly marches up the ring steps and gets into the ring. He signals for the music to cut out as TA Cole stands rather ominously off in the corner. Reform puts his hand on DDK's mic and moves it toward his own mouth.

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform.

DDK:

Of course. Doctor. Dr. Reform, for weeks you have been on a personal crusade to convince the DEFIANCE brass that you are the best candidate to take the reigns of the promotion as its General Manager. It sounded two weeks ago that you were growing a bit frustrated at the lack of progress on that front. Last week, you would have struck Magdalena had Conor Fuse not gotten involved. I have agreed to this interview, sir, in order to prove to you that you have as much of a platform as any other DEFIANCE performer, regardless of what you might think of as a "bias" against you. Your anger is misplaced. In fact, I...

Keebler doesn't get to finish as Reform yanks the mic out of the announcer's hand.

Ned Reform:

Yes, a good company man to the end, eh Mr. Keebler? You are correct in one thing: your assertion that I am growing frustrated. I *am* growing frustrated. Frustrated with DEFIANCE leadership... or lack thereof. Frustrated with my colleagues who continue to ignore the growing problems. And frustrated...

Reform turns to sneer at the crowd.

Ned Reform:

Frustrated with each and every one of you.

BOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

I have been in DEFIANCE for six months. Six months! In that time, what have we accomplished? An angry, irrational Scottish fool as the figurehead. Two drunks represent us as tag team champions. People who aren't fit to work at the local Starbucks, nevermind function as role models, rule the top of the card. I don't know what the hell a "Dex Joy" is but I also don't want to know. The Kabal raises monsters from the dead - nobody bats an eye. People argue over

ownership of... a tiger. A TIGER! A man...

Reform needs to compose himself for a moment before getting the next part out.

Ned Reform:

A man who thinks he's a vampire.

BOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

And here I was, absolutely foolish enough to believe that if I remained steadfast in my resolve, that if I stayed committed to my message... some of you would begin to see beyond the veil. Some of you... slowly, but surely... would begin to see that DEFIANCE doesn't have to be this way. My plan was to slowly chip away. Wear you all down! Let it dawn on you, bit by bit, that Doctor Ned Reform is the only person in this entire promotion that even remotely makes any sense. I was going to work my pedagogical magic. And did you people begin to realize the truth? Did you start to come around?

Reform can't hide the disgust on his face.

Ned Reform:

No. No. You. Did. Not.

At this point, Keebler leans in and helps himself again to the mic.

DDK:

With all due respect, you have yet to even tell us what sort of changes you're hoping to make. This is all very vague and...

Keebler is again interrupted... this time by TA Cole who grabs him roughly in a full nelson!! Keebler's face turns slightly panicked as he tries to resist, but he's no match for the much bigger Cole.

Lance:

Wait... what? Get your hands off him! You can't do this!

Reform has picked up the dropped mic. He points toward the back.

Ned Reform:

Lest our crack security force be getting any ideas back there: if I see even the faintest hint of a security shirt, or in fact any wrestler appearing to be the hero, I will instruct TA Cole here to remove Mr. Keebler's head from his body. And rest assured, he will do it before you can reach the ring. Consequences be damned... we are now desperate men.

The crowd isn't even booing anymore... they now seem genuinely concerned. Reform's demeanor is more crazed than we've ever seen him. Ned moves in close, looking the worried Keebler directly in the eye.

Ned Reform:

The voice of DEFIANCE. The guide for the viewers at home, yes? One of the people who sings the praises of this mediocre show. Who tells the people that clapping like trained seals for this nonsense is okay. You paint the picture. You make this acceptable in the people's eyes. You validate this all, don't you? You're... you're simply part of the problem, Mr. Keebler.

Keebler has stopped struggling. He now is staring back at Reform with... well, believe it or not... a hint of defiance.

Lance:

I... I don't know what to say here. We need to find a way to get some help.

Ned Reform:

The good news for you, Mr. Keebler, is that I have bigger fish to fry. There is a much, much worse offender than yourself. There is one particular DEFIANCE wrestler who has done far more damage than you could ever do. There is one man...

Reform moves away from Keebler and starts pacing around the ring, his face growing redder and his gestations more aggressive.

Ned Reform:

One man who makes it "okay" to be subpar. One man who, despite being a DEFIANCE contracted athlete, is as big a fan of all this tripe as any fool in the audience.

Reform looks to the crowd.

Ned Reform:

He's the star around which all you fools orbit. He's one of you. He makes it okay to be a loser, doesn't he? It's okay to be sophomoric. He makes it okay to enjoy DEFIANCE. And as long as he exists... someone like me has no chance to make any headway with you people.

Reform turns toward the entrance and points.

Ned Reform:

Conor Fuse!

A POP! Followed by...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Ned Reform:

I defeated you at DEFtv 158. I thought that was sufficient. I was wrong. As long as you are standing, as long as you continue to hand out awards to the champions of this promotion, as long as you continue to be DEFIANCE's biggest fan; you will send the message to these simpletons that everything is okay. That this is all worth celebrating. You're not a part of the problem... you ARE the problem. And I now realize what I have to do.

Reform turns to Cole, who adjusts his grip on Keebler. He now has him locked in what appears to be a choke, although he hasn't synced it in yet. He simply holds Keebler in place.

Lance:

C'mon, guys! This is uncalled for!

Ned Reform:

Conor... it's time to show the world how heroic you are. You've lost your brother, you've lost your friends... and yet you can't help but continue to spew that obnoxious optimism. So come let it shine now. You're a man of the people, right? Well the people want Mr. Keebler here to be safe. Come enact their will. You, and you alone, can enter the ring without causing any bodily harm to Keebler. In fact, when you step into this ring, I will instruct Mr. Cole to let the good announcer go. Because it's you I want, Conor. It's time to take you out of the equation once... and for all. To remove the head of the snake. For everyone's good.

Reform turns to look toward the entrance as the fan's cheering for Conor Fuse only intensifies.

Ned Reform:

I'd hurry, boy. You do not want to see what Mr. Cole here can...

Ned is cut off mid thought by...

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The place ERUPTS as Conor Fuse sprints down the rampway, sliding into the ring. He immediately points to TA Cole and then shouts at Dr. Ned Reform. Conor doesn't have a mic in his hand but the apron camera picks up the comments.

Conor Fuse:

Enough! Put him down, Ned.

Reform runs an angry hand through his beard.

Ned Reform:

It's DOCTOR.

Before Conor can reply, The Good Doctor turns to TA Cole with a nod. Cole lets go of Keebler but instantly rushes The Ultimate Gamer. Conor ducks a clothesline attempt, hits the ropes and leaps in the air...

Lance:

HEAD STOMP!!!

The crowd is worked into a frenzy as Fuse snaps to his feet, looking for Dr. Reform-

POP!

Reform clocks Conor Fuse with the same large, gold ring he used to defeat the gamer four weeks ago! The Faithful turn their cheers to boos as Reform puts the boots to Fuse and shouts on TA Cole to get his ass up and join him.

Lance:

Sadly, you knew this was going to happen...

It takes a while but TA Cole has recovered and the two of them stomp the hell out of Conor. Meanwhile, the fans have changed their tune from booing...

To believing.

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

Lance:

It's LOUD in this arena, folks but I'm not sure any help is coming!

We hear the static tussle of a headset being put on. DDK has returned to the booth.

Lance:

Are you alright?

DDK:

I'm going make it. We can deal with my situation later - right now, we need to get Conor some help against that blowhard!

In the ring, Reform tells Cole to drag Conor to his feet. Cole restrains Conor's hands as Ned grabs the gaming star by his cheeks, as if telling Fuse the worst is yet to come. Ned turns to the crowd, smirks and then looks back at Conor all wide-eyed.

Reform smacks Conor in the side of the face.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Fuse's eyes are shooting darts into Ned Reform but he can't do anything. He can only stand there and take it.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

TA Cole pushes Fuse into his partner and the doctor locks in The Aid Hominem!

The crowd, however, continues their chant.

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELI--

Magdalena:

Now, I get to do the interrupting.

Magdalena's off the stage and down the rampway before sliding into the ring. She bounds back to her feet just as the not so good doctor turns his attention with a quizzical look. Magdalena hits the ropes, leaping off the middle one before turning in the air to catch Ned Reform by the head with her legs. She spins with a hurricarana that tosses Reform into the corner!

Lance:

HOLY SHIT!!! IS IT TRUE!?!?

The crowd goes ballistic in shock. TA Cole releases Conor and heads toward Magdalena, who may be realizing she took up more than she could handle, especially when the now angry doctor joins his protege. Magdalena backs away, glancing around the ring for her way out.

DDK:

I don't think she knows just how dangerous these two can be.

Lance:

By the look of her, I think she knows EXACTLY how dangerous they are!

Magdalena glances another direction, like a cat caught in a corner and then stares both TA and Ned down with that cocky grin she's worn so many times.

DDK:

She's gonna d--

Lights out.

Lance:

Wha!?!?

Lights on. Seven foot Deacon's behind Ned Reform and TA Cole. Magdalena scrunches her nose with a shrug and then suggests the two turn around.

Lance:

IT'S THE DEACON!!!

When Ned and TA do, they discover why.

Double clothesline.

Ned bounces to the mat, TA rolls toward the corner... the same corner a believing Conor Fuse has been recovering in. !RANK !RANK !RANK echoes with "I BELIEVE" as the WrestlePlex is bedlam. Deacon grabs Ned Reform by the head, lifting him up only to double him over with a big kick to the gut. Conor Fuse mounts TA Cole with a series of rights and left. !RANK !RANK !RANK Deacon grabs Reform's head and puts it between his knees.

Lance:

ALTAR CALL INCOMING!

Deacon lifts Ned in the air, but the wiley, slippery doctor wiggles free and leaves the ring. Deacon doesn't give chase, however, choosing instead to turn toward Conor Fuse who quickly realizes the Deacon is staring down at him. Startled, Conor gets off TA Cole and backs into his corner. Deacon holds his stare for a moment, then reaches down, grabbing TA by the head, quickly cinching Cole up into the air and turning back toward Dr. Reform, who is just getting to his feet in time to--

DDK:

Same song. Different verse!

Catch the plummeting TA Cole from the Altar Call to the floor below!

Lance:

FLYING ALTAR CALL!

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

With Dr. Ned and TA Cole laid out, Deacon brings his attention back to Conor Fuse. The Gamer stands at the other end of the ring, unsure of what to do, although the crowd eats it up. The Mute Break breathes heavily and Magdalena gives a coy look before she exits the ring.

Lance:

Do we have an agreement!? Conor Fuse and Deacon working together!?

The Gregorian chants inside the WrestlePlex grow as the DEFtv signature appears in the bottom right-hand corner of the broadcast feed to signal the end of the night. Meanwhile, the right side of Conor's face smirks ever-so-slightly as The Deacon turns back to the carnage he's left on the floor.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.