

SHOW OPEN

[*~♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ~♪*](#)

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 WANT A COOL PAMPHLET, CONOR!
THAT'S GOTTA BE CORVO
ALPHA HAS ARRIVED
CYRUS FOUND AN ASS WHOOPIN'
CONOR WASN'T READY FOR OSCARS SECOND BOSS PHASE
WHY COULDN'T WE GET HORNET?
SCROW STILL KNOWS
THE HOUSE BOUGHT THE FARM
MASOCHIST MALAK MARK
PAT CASSIDY MUST BE SCARED OF REZIN. BC HE IS ALWAYS HIGH. OK, SORRY ABOUT THAT ONE.
I RESPECT TOM MORROW
RIP HENRY KEYES
ON THE PATH TO DEFCON
I AM AT DEFTV AND CORVO IS COMING AND I AM SCARED
I CAME TO SEE THE TAG CHAMPS
IVE BEEN DAY DRINKING AT BALLYHOO ALL DAY
DEX CAN WRECK ME
THIS IS A SIX STAR SIGN
MAJORA'S MASK > OCARINA OF TIME
IM PISSED - I BOUGHT THESE TICKET WHEN I LIKED OSCAR BURNS
#1 FUSIE
WHO SEARCHES FOR THE SEARCH PARTY?
MA'AM, I'M IN MY FORTIES.***

***IF NIGEL TRICKLEBUSH IS A LORD THEN I'M THE KING OF SWEDEN
REZIN IS FROM MOONSHINE
I GOT YOU, YOU FOUR-ARMED BASTARD
MALAK GARLAND = GARBAGE PAIL KID
CORVO IS HERE AND NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT
I'VE COOLED OFF ON BURNS
I DINED AND DASHED AT BALLYHOO***

The cameras switch to the announce table with "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

GUESS WHO'S COMING FOR DINNER

DDK:

If you joined us for both nights of DEFIANCE Road then you were along for one of the wildest rides I've ever experienced! A lot of dangerous curves on that Road, Lance!

Lance:

Without question, DEF Road brought us some emotionally charged moments. One of those moments came with a dramatic, horrific, and shocking post-match attack on Henry Keyes. Keyes had somehow survived an already brutal Falls Count Anywhere contest against Alvaro de Vargas where ADV had been named the victor—

DDK:

Don't forget! ADV blasted Keyes with a blazing fireball to the face and spiked him through a table—

Lance:

—and, moments later, Henry Keyes was viciously assaulted by none other than the mysterious and malignant Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

If you've watched an episode of UNCUT in the last seven or eight months — which of course you have -- you're no doubt already familiar with Corvo Alpha and what he is capable of.

Lance:

Keebs, I don't know, even seeing him in action on UNCUT, if we have seen the full violent potential of Alpha but one thing is for sure... Henry Keyes knows better than any of us how far Corvo Alpha is willing to go. Let's take a look...

We cut to a video package highlighting Corvo's blitz on Keyes, all quick-cut and with the heightened drama of a string quartet serving as it's soundtrack. The blur of his charging boot. The anguish etched across Henry Keyes face. The film is all in black and white, save for the swath of red paint smeared across Corvo's torso which stands out starkly along with the wild whites of his eyes.

Corvo swinging Keyes headfirst into a vending machine. His brief but brutal clash with DEFsec. The strings rise with the tension. A splatter of red smears Keyes face. We want to believe it's just smatters of Alpha's chest-paint.

If you'd seen night two then you knew how the clip ends. The dramatic charging bulldog up and over the balcony, almost fifteen feet below to a stack of production equipment. A motionless Keyes. A child in the crowd in tears, inconsolable. The mindless sadist responsible clawing his way out of the rubble, standing indignant against the sea of angry Faithful. His handler smiling slyly in the background. It all ends with the echoing boom of Lance's voice.

Lance: *(video clip)*

Corvo Alpha has come for DEFIANCE Road... and Henry Keyes has paid the ultimate price! Who could be NEXT?!?

Cutting back to the live announce booth, the faces of our announce team are tight, dour and serious.

DDK:

For months on end, we have been told that "Corvo Alpha is coming for DEFtv"...

♪ *"Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath* ♪

DDK:

...Lance, I'm afraid that he has finally, well and truly arrived.

The announcers go quiet as the lights in the arena dim to allow a strobe of bright red lights throughout the 'Plex. The Faithful erupt in a chorus of boos as the curtain slowly parts. They grow somehow louder at the appearance of Alpha's enigmatic "handler," Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

Dressed in a dapper all black suit with matching gloves and bowler cap, a strange almost-forced smile finds itself on Nigel's taut, unblemished face. The so-called Lord pauses atop the ramp to take in the vocal, overwhelmingly negative reception of the audience. His facial expression remains unchanged as he glides down the aisle, umbrella in hand.

Something's off. The announcers pick up on it a moment after the viewers do...

Lance:

No Corvo?

DDK:

No Corvo.

The unease in the announcer's voices is noticeable as Nigel slowly climbs the ring steps. Again, he pauses to regard the audience, the smile still on his face – but his eyes are filled with a quiet, seething resentment. Stepping between the ropes with a hand holding his precious cap in place, he produces a microphone from inside his jacket then raises that gloved hand to quiet the angry crowd. It almost works. Lance has to nearly yell to be heard over the racket.

Lance:

These fans are *not having* Lord Nigel tonight...

A ringside camera sweeps the WrestlePlex, the faithful united in their dislike for the good Lord. Nigel hangs his ever-present umbrella on the top rope and turns to take in the riotous crowd.

DDK:

Much like Henry Keyes with Corvo Alpha at DEFIANCE Road... I don't think anyone in this building has a choice, Lance!

Another moment is taken to appreciate the volume being directed at Trickelbush. He slowly removes his cap with his left hand and places it against his chest with reverence. This prompts a break in the angry crowd noise.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Please... I beg for just a word with you–

BOOO!!!

Trickelbush's smile disappears and in its place, the man's melodramatic, over-the-top, theatrical heart breaks. Mouth contorted into a frown, eyes doleful and pleading. He mechanically fans his face with his bowler cap.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–just a moment–

BOOO!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Don't you want to hear? Don't you want to know?

This quiets a large segment of the fans.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Don't you want me to tell you what's coming? What's next?

BOOO!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You're going to want to hear this... HUSH, children–

This elicits an angry cacophony that surprises even Lord Nigel. Now the odd, eerie smile returns.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Maybe if HENRY KEYES had listened–

Somehow, even louder. Oh shit.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Maybe, if HENRY KEYES had heeded my word, he would be here today. But HEAR ME NOW, Ye Faithful, none of you – not a ONE – will ever see hide nor hair of your beloved Henry Keyes EVER AGAIN.

Fists raised, spit flying, voices tearing apart, the DEFplex Faithful have lost it. The cameras sweep the crowd once more, showing angry faces, sad faces, annoyed faces.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Wait! Wait! I can tell there are some of you who don't believe me. I want to be sure you all hear me... HENRY KEYES IS GONE!! THAT WRETCH OF A MAN IS GONE AND HE IS GONE *FOR GOOD!!!*

As he screams, the good Lord's face becomes a twisted mask of red, veins bulging in forehead and neck. Lord Nigel realizes he has lost himself for a moment and recomposes himself as quickly as he'd lost it as the fans unleash once more. He clears his throat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And he should have KNOWN. You all should have known! I've been telling you. I've been warning you: Corvo Alpha is coming for dinner, my friends!

At the mention of the primal perpetrators name, another round of anger from the fans. Placing the bowler cap back atop his head, Lord Nigel cranes his neck to take-in the Faithful up in the nosebleeds. He finds a way to eye them with the same malice as those in the front row.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Like Keyes, you've known my boy has been coming for MONTHS. And yet no one took the time to greet him at the door. No one thought to properly set a place for him at the table. No one cared to make him feel welcome. And so... when no one answered, he had to kick in the door. With no other recourse, you forced him to take someone ELSE'S seat. All of you, every one of you, pushed Corvo Alpha to make himself at home. So sorry about the drapes.

He offers a wry smile towards the floor camera before dramatically sweeping back to the hardcam. More boos rain down.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Corvo Alpha is coming for DEFtv, it's true. That is your FINAL warning. And when he comes, I trust he will be treated with the respect and reverence that he has earned.

By now, Nigel is all but ignoring the crowd. His gray eyes locked on the hard camera.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

DEFIANCE... You've got two weeks to get your affairs in order. Two weeks to prepare. But I wonder... I wonder if any of you have even heard me. I wonder if, once again, all of this has fallen on deaf, dumb ears...

♪ "Put 'Em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

Those ominous, opening chords can only mean one thing, and the DEFIANCE Faithful couldn't be happier to hear them. Stomping through the curtain to a cacophony of cheers is the Master of the WARCHAMBER, and Henry Keyes' best friend, Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Thank God someone came out here to shut Lord Nigel up, and it's no surprise that the person to do it is Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

She and Henry are thick as thieves, Darren. Their friendship goes all the way back to 2015, and Keyes himself has said that he returned to DEFIANCE to help his friend out. To think she wouldn't return the favor would be shocking.

Troy storms down the ramp, face hardened in anger, keeping her eyes locked on Lord Nigel. She hops onto the apron, slips between the ropes, and immediately gets right into Trickelbush's personal space as her theme music dies down.

You can cut the tension with a knife.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[chuckling]*

Ms. Troy, how lovely of you to—

Lindsay reaches for Lord Nigel's microphone hand, wrapping her fingers around his fist and digging her nails in. She brings the mic, and Nigel's arm, up to her mouth, her grip iron-clad.

Lindsay Troy:

Shut the fuck up. You're done talking.

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring is having absolutely *none* of this, Lance.

Lance:

I can't blame her after what these two did to Henry Keyes.

Lord Nigel decides that struggling is futile when Troy is both taller and stronger than him, so he merely sneers as she continues.

Lindsay Troy:

You really think you did something at DEFRoad, didn't you? You and that feral meatsack. I didn't think you were brand new to DEFIANCE, Nigel, but apparently I'm mistaken. So allow me to educate you and your little pet.

She tightens her grip just a little bit more.

Lindsay Troy:

It's gonna take a lot more than a post-match scuffle and a tumble through a table to rid this place of Henry Keyes.

The Faithful pop LOUD at this! Nigel raises an eyebrow, eyes darting from Troy, to their "shared" microphone, and back again.

Lindsay Troy:

You can come out here with all the bravado in the world, but it's a poor mask for stupidity. Henry'll be back in action before you know it, and if you're as confident as you like to think you are, you'll accept a DEFCON match with him on Corvo Alpha's behalf right here, right now.

DDK:

Holy smokes, Keyes vs. Corvo at the big show! Can...can Lindsay Troy demand that match for Henry? Will he even be in fighting shape to take it?

Lance:

I have no idea, partner, but are you gonna tell Lindsay Troy what she can and can't do around here given what she's

done the past few months?

DDK:

Point taken.

Nigel's smile melts into a darker smirk. His eyes narrow at the woman towering over him. He tries to pull his hand and arm away from the microphone and her vice grip, but she doesn't budge. The fans are loving it. Nigel clears his throat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Henry Keyes, if he can even hear me, knows what *I* know. He knows that Corvo Alpha has broken and shattered him. I told you and the world that you, AND the world, have seen the very last of your friend, Henry Keyes. You mislead these... "faithful"... by even implying Keyes is *WHOLE* enough to appear anywhere, let alone at DEFCON. However...

His smirk somehow widens. He adjusts his footing awkwardly, and leans into Troy's grip, doing his best version of "imposing".

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes. I accept.

The roof comes off.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Just know that Henry Keyes will let you down, let you all down, once more when he fails to appear. When he forfeits a match on the largest stage of them all. You can promote "Keyes versus Corvo" all you like... but it won't be Henry Keyes who will be defeated and disappointed at DEFCON... It will be all of *you*.

Lindsay smirks at that.

Lindsay Troy:

Uh huh. One more thing...

Troy leans her body forward. It's somehow even more menacing than this entire exchange has been thus far.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm fully confident Henry will "retake his seat" and claim his pound of flesh from Corvo Alpha. But when he's done...I'll be the one throwing you both out of *my house*.

She shoves Lord Nigel and the microphone, hard, and Nigel awkwardly spills into the ropes, just able to keep his footing. His bowler cap has tumbled off of him and out of the ring. His face is red, his smile is gone and is replaced by bitterness.

DDK:

Unbelievable! I think we can make that official-

Lance:

Can we though?

DDK:

Henry Keyes and Corvo Alpha at DEFCON!?!

Lance:

Has anybody actually seen Henry Keyes since DEF Road? Will he be in any condition? Surely not, right?

Troy slides out of the ring to a massive ovation as her music hits once more. The camera briefly cuts back to Lord Nigel Trickelbush, who has had his hat returned to him. Working hard to regain his composure, he places the bowler

cap back atop his tousled white hair.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy seems to believe Keyes will be there. A week ago, Iris Davine listed the litany of injuries Henry Keyes suffered at the hands of Corvo Alpha, so frankly I have MANY doubts! Regardless, it sounds like we have a match signed for DEFCON and it's a HUGE one... if Henry Keyes is in any condition to compete.

EARTHBOUND

The scene opens backstage with a tremendous pop from The Faithful when Conor Fuse enters the arena. He sports a throwback customized SNES EarthBound track jacket and lime green Adidas track pants. Fuse has a black SEGA duffle bag in his hands and looks more chipper than another might be after losing to Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road. Fuse, who showed he can hang with the elite level talent of DEFIANCE, almost pulled off the victory but fell inches short (literally fell inches short from the ropes, carrying Burns on his back before passing out in the guillotine choke, where the match was stopped). Recently on UNCUT, Conor came to the aid of friend Darin Zion from elseworlds, who battled Malak Garland for the Paper Championship but was cheated out of victory thanks to The Game Boy.

Fuse strolls down the hallways, coming to a stop when he initially walks past a locker room door. There's some light music and other sounds coming from inside. The door is opened a crack but not far enough to reveal who's inside when Conor turns around and walks back to the front of it.

Fuse moves his arm forward, his hand now resting on the door but he doesn't push it. Instead, he thinks long and hard... gives a shrug and then opens the door further...

Revealing Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy. The two appear to be going over strategy, no doubt for their non-title match later in the evening. Cassidy notices Conor looking at them and breaks off from the conversation, clearing his throat loudly and nudging Brock with his elbow.

Pat Cassidy:

Looks like we got company.

Newbludd glances over his shoulder at Conor and he can't help but grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Conor, my man! I don't know what deserves higher praise, that sweet ass jacket you're wearing or the fact that you took Oscar Burns to the limit. Either way, you're killin' it right now, bro.

The Ultimate Gamer seems stunned by Brock's words.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, thanks man. I was, uh, well, I was just passing by...

Fuse's voice trails. Despite hearing Newbludd's kind words, it looks like he has second thoughts about entering the locker room.

Pat Cassidy: *[begrudgingly]*

That was a hell of a contest against Oscar Burns.

Even though the words aren't as genuine as Brock's, Conor takes a small step into the locker room and gives a head nod to Cassidy.

Conor Fuse:

Thanks. Really.

Conor is clearly feeling awkward but wants to power through.

Conor Fuse:

I just wanted to say... you guys are likely the best tag team in DEFIANCE history. I enjoy what you're doing out there, day in and day out. You guys really watch each other's backs. In a world where everyone is out for themselves, you two seem pretty selfless. You stick to solid fundamentals in the ring and you have fun outside the ring. Even if...

amen ... karaoke and drinking isn't really my thing.

Feeling a little more comfortable, Fuse gives a wink in Pat Cassidy's direction. Brock is all smiles, Pat's still apprehensive but seems to receive the comments as genuine.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, I'll leave you guys be. Brock, you have a good teammate in Pat. I teamed with him once, way back, lol. Hope you guys have a good night, I'm off to call out Malak Garland. Get this shit over with. He's even more annoying than...uh, me.

Brock nods his head in appreciation of Conor's words.

Brock Newbludd:

You're half right there, bud. While you're correct about the big guy here being a damn fine partner, you're wrong about Malak. He's light years ahead of you in the annoying department, brother. Are you maybe a little overbearing? Fuck yes. Did you maybe double cross my best friend back in the day? Absolutely. But, the past is the past, am I right?

Conor laughs awkwardly while Cassidy simply grunts in agreement. Shaking his head in amusement at the situation, Brock stands up and gives Conor a friendly slap on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

At the end of the day, Conor, any man who wears a jacket like that is good in my book. EarthBound...man...what an RPG. I tell you what, dude. Next time you're in Ballyhoo, find me. If you think the arcade we have in the bar is impressive, just wait 'til you see the collection of vids I'm rockin' up in my apartment. Shit, I even have a copy of Earthbound...still in the packaging...

The Power-Up King looks impressed.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah man, sounds good. I have this friend Ben, he swears by EarthBound, too, nonstop on my discord channel. It's a pretty sick game. I'll stop by for sure... might even order a virgin mimosa, or something.

Conor nods with excitement. He turns to leave but Pat pipes up.

Pat Cassidy:

Conor, I've been known to hold a grudge or two in my life. People who stab me in the back tend to stay on the shitlist forever. And that's true for you... but I think one thing we can all agree on is that Malak Garland is the biggest piece of slime walking the hallways of DEFIANCE. I got to knock some sense into him when we took these bad boys [pats championship] and I've been itching for another shot. So do me a favor and if you do happen to cross paths, give him a right hook for me.

Fuse grins widely.

Conor Fuse:

How do you think I feel? All the online games I play are filled with Malak Garland wannabe trolls. I appreciate it, Pat. Hope you guys take down Mushi tonight and continue to roll. Don't get me wrong, Mushi's cool, I'd just rather see you dudes win... break the longest reigning tag team record.

Conor eyes both members of SNS again and says his goodbyes while leaving for the locker room door.

Conor Fuse:

Game hard, game often, Brock. Friend me anytime on Xbox, Playstation or Switch. Peace!

With Fuse gone, Brock keeps nodding as if he had an awesome interaction. Moments later, Pat raises a hand slowly.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, yeah... videogames are great. Super swell. But I'm warning ya, buddy... don't get close. Next thing you know he'll be breaking a X-Box over your head...

Fade.

RYAN BATTS vs. ARCHER SILVER

DDK:

We are now officially kicking off the road to DEFCON... but first, before we get to that, we want to remind folks to join us at the end of the month! On February 27th, DEFIANCE in conjunction with our BRAZEN brand presents CLASH of the BRAZEN! Former DEFIANT "Bantam" Ryan Batts has been working with our talented stars in BRAZEN and has been riding high as the BRAZEN Champion since ending the 300-day reign of Killjoy!

Lance:

As a preview for our upcoming CLASH of the BRAZEN Special, the former DEFIANT and pupil of Oscar Burns defends his title tonight against a former two-time and first-ever co-holder of the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles, Archer Silver! Archer is a third-generation star with a massive pedigree. His uncle is BRAZEN trainer and Hall of Famer Sonny Silver, son of a legend in Japan, Steven Silver and grandson of Richard Silver. All Hall of Famers in their own right!

DDK:

Very impressive pedigree. Les Enfants Terrible member Archer Silver takes on "Bantam" Ryan Batts for the BRAZEN Championship here in our opener... RIGHT NOW!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring with special referee of BRAZEN, the masked anonymous referee known as... The Referee.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is your opening contest and it is for the BRAZEN Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... weighing in at 229 pounds, he is a member of Les Enfants Terribles... he wants you all to know that he is made from not one, not two, but THREE GENERATIONS OF GREATNESS... **ARCHER SILVER!**

♪ "Sorry, You're Not A Winner" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights buzz and flash rapidly in shades of green as out comes Archer Silver, sauntering onto the stage and dusting off his kickpads.

DDK:

VERY impressive youngster. Les Enfants Terrible is a stable that boasts not one, but THREE prodigies of Hall of Fame caliber wrestler. Archer Silver, High Flyer IV, son of Jack Harmen, and Kazuhiro Troy, the son of Lindsay Troy who you may remember from our Tag Party 3 Special last year!

Lance:

Indeed! Archer boasts a kickboxing background from a young age, but he's put together like he's made of granite, too.

Archer poses on the top turnbuckle and gestures "NEXT BRAZEN CHAMP!" before leaping into the ring to be ready for this massive opportunity.

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... he is the reigning and defending BRAZEN Champion... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side! He unhooks the BRAZEN Championship from around his waist and slings it over his shoulder before heading to the ring. Archer looks ready as Batts climbs up the steps, then steps up the ropes to pose with the belt!

DDK:

Batts has been a fighting champion, defending this title rigorously since holding it. He'll have his work cut out for him tonight.

Batts hands the title over to The Referee and he holds it up high as Archer looks down at Ryan, telling him to kiss the title goodbye. After the belt is taken away, The Referee calls for the bell as Archer whips his LET shirt off.

DING DING

...And then chucks it at Batts right at the bell! He knocks it aside but the one second is enough for Archer to find the bulls-eye in the form of a stiff running dropkick!

DDK:

That's LET for you! A bunch of cheaters and delinquents, but VERY successful in BRAZEN nonetheless!

Archer goes right to Batts as he tries to get up and WALLOPS him in the back with a stiff kick! The crowd winces from the impact and it gets worse when Archer measures his target. He runs off the ropes and strikes Batts again with a running penalty kick while he's on the ground! The Faithful look on as Archer goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Batts kicks out, but barely after the surprise first assault of the man dubbed "Kicking and Screaming."

Archer Silver:

That belt's mine, you little dwarf!

Archer KICKS him in the back, then the chest with two sets of alternating kicks! Batts is reeling from each shot and Archer ends the combo with a straight stiff elbow strike to the top of Batts' dome! He knocks him flat on his back and right into another cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Those clearly appear to be his two favorite things to do. Kicking and Screaming, all right.

DDK:

Archer takes Batts to his feet. Irish whip to the corner.

Archer follows, but Batts is able to adjust his footing and then run up the buckles to backflip ove the incoming Silver... INTO A BIG GERMAN SUPLEX OUT OF THE CORNER!

DDK:

Deadlift german out of the corner by Batts! Right into a bridge!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Silver barely kicks out and then rolls to the outside to get away from the veteran BRAZEN Champion!

Lance:

The leverage and technique Batts has on some of those suplexes is scary! Trademark calling card of his... and I think we're gonna see another coming up!

The Scrappy Young Wrestlelad waits for Archer on the floor and then measures him up... then leaps THROUGH the ropes with his signature cannonball-style suicide dive onto the floor!

DDK:

Archer just got hit with The Flipside! Batts is all over the place with his wrestling style. He's been wrestling since he was sixteen and spend fourteen years traveling the globe to better himself. Always learning, always improving!

Batts gets up and then whips Archer into the ring, then leans onto the Faithful for their support. They start to cheer and clap louder as he ascends the buckles then comes off with a picture-perfect front dropkick off the top! Right into a cover of his own by pinning his shoulders down.

DDK:

Ryan Batts trying to retain the BRAZEN Championship! Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Archer gets the shoulder up, but Batts grabs onto the arm and goes right into The Fastest Armbar in the West!

DDK:

Cross armbreaker by Batts! He almost has it locked... but no! Archer makes the ropes! Great ring awareness by the rookie!

Batts lets go and rolls to his feet as Archer tries to recover. He runs forward and nails a soccer kick of his own to the arm of Archer! He's chosen his target and then nails a double knee armbreaker next, winding the challenger for the title! As Silver tries to protect his arm, Batts kicks away at the arm once again. However, before he is able to do anything with it, he kicks the arm again!

Lance:

Batts going to town on that arm! We've seen him rack up submission wins with that hold as part of the main roster.

DDK:

Indeed... wait!

Batts tries another running kick, but Archer moves. When Batts turns around, he gets doubled over by a knee strike, a low thrust kick to the chest and then **BLASTED** with a thrust kick on the jaw! Batts crumbles as Archer tries to shake the pain out of his left arm.

Lance:

And that quickly, Archer takes control! What's he planning next?

He grabs Batts by the neck and then holds him with his good arm before he drops the BRAZEN Champion against the top rope with a big front suplex! Batts hangs there as Archer measures him up from the nearby middle rope, then takes flight with flying knee drop to the side of Batts' head, sending him flipping back into the ring!

DDK:

Nice combination by Archer Silver! He calls that the Pivot Point and we might be seeing a new BRAZEN Champion!

He cockily covers Batts with a hook of the leg!

ONE... TWO... TH-KICKOUT!

Batts throws a quick shoulder up and Silver can't believe his luck.

Lance:

Archer not done, though!

He grabs Batts by the neck one more time and shakes the arm again. He hooks him by the side...

DDK:

WHOA! Bridging fallaway slam by Archer! What a move!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Once again, the champion kicks out of much punishment by the challenger, but he's feeling the hurt with Archer now looking ready to end this. As Batts tries to sit up, Archer gives himself some distance by quickly heading to the corner and measuring up the defending BRAZEN Champion.

Archer Silver:

GOALS! HASH! TAG! GOALS!

Hwaits for Batts to get into position for whatever move he has planned.

DDK:

Archer's finishing move is a DEADLY punt-style kick he... obnoxiously... calls #GOALS and we'll have a new champion if he hits. No one has kicked out if they've been hit.

Archer readies himself... but he whiffs when Batts ducks out of the way! Silver almost falls and slips, but recovers himself... only to get caught with an overhead belly to belly from Batts on the way back! The crowd cheers Batts as he holds his back, but looks fired up and poised for a big comeback!

Lance:

This has been Batts' MO since we've first seen him as one-half of the WrestleFriends... fight like hell! That's where his Bantam nickname comes from. He knows his size, but he'll fight like hell.

Batts gets back up and then ROCKS Archer in the arm with another kick! Archer is hurt and tries to swing out of instinct with his other hand, but Batts grabs the arm and hits an arm wringer. He then goes back to the other arm and then grabs it before hitting the worked-over left arm with a pele kick! Archer howls in pain as Batts gets back up and hooks both arms...

DDK:

Bridging Tiger Suplex by Batts for the win!

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

Archer tries to kick out, but Batts rolls over and adjusts himself to go after the arm...

DDK:

There it is! There it is! Fastest Armbar in the West! He's got it fully locked, center of the ring!

He hyperextends the arm of Archer... and realizing there's nowhere for him to go...

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

Archer taps right away to save his arm! After the bell is called for..Batts lets go of the hold right away and then gets to his knees as his theme plays!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILL the BRAZEN Champion... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

Ryan Batts takes a moment to acknowledge the work Archer has done before getting back to his feet. Batts tries to offer a handshake to the LET member in spite of his more antagonistic instincts, but instead angrily gives Batts the finger and then rolls out of the ring while nursing his sore arm. Archer charges out of the ring while Batts celebrates.

DDK:

A great showing for Ryan Batts! On February 27th, Ryan Batts defends the BRAZEN Championship against the inaugural winner of the BRAZEN Star Cup and current #1 Contender, "One Shot" Jack Halcyon!

Lance:

Great showing tonight by Batts! I can't wait for that show... but now, we're gonna switch gears right back to where all eyes are set in April... We begin the final stretch of shows... to DEFCON!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



SELF HELP IS GOOD HELP

DEFtv comes back from commercials as crowd hype-up girls, all armed with t-shirt cannons, smile and wave to the endless sea of fans. Some of the cheerleaders shoot their cannons off into the upper sections of the pLeX, pleasing many rabid Faithful. So much, the lucky fans who manage to score themselves a fReE t-sHiRt, unfurl their prize and hold it up for the cameras to see.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks and it looks to me we've got ourselves a little bit of a t-shirt cannon bonanza happening right now!

Keebs and Lance watch on their desk monitors as the free t-shirts being distributed are Conor Fuse's brand new "Gamer Gotcha Style" bitmoji crossover collab. The fans explicitly go batshit over the t-shirts until...

Malak Garland:

Excuse me, everyone.

That high-pitched shrill of a voice is all too familiar and equal parts a bummer. Fans immediately lose interest and gain distaste at the sight of the Snowflake Superstar, Malak Garland who is accompanied by henchman/bodyguard The Game Boy, sports therapist Percy Collins, bad-ass wannabe (but realistic jobber) Thurston Hunter, statistic internet trolling expert ALEX and social support BOT, Martin Evans-Everett VI. Teresa Ames is not present, nor is Search Party Cyrus, who is said to have been missing after the events of DEFIANCE Road and the uranage-gate incident.

DDK:

Well this party got hijacked rather quickly.

Malak is grinning from ear to ear. He's got an open book in hand and a Matthew Stafford LA Rams jersey on.

Malak Garland:

What is it, what is it? You people are so sad to lay eyes on me? Shame on you. I just happened to be in the back when I heard that assclown Darren Keebler say on the broadcast a nice, quaint, dEIEcTaBIE little t-shirt cannon BONANZA was taking place out here, so I gathered up my peeps and thought I'd come see what was going on first hand.

The Faithful boo in reaction.

DDK:

He did all this mighty fast if you ask me. Surely, he wasn't waiting around on standby just to interrupt this t-shirt promotion.

Malak lazily pussyfoots around on the ramp as Thurston and Percy conduct their usual antics, riling up the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Let me make a few things clear. FIRST, there can never be a bonanza happening on DEFtv without my presence. My FOMO won't allow it. I adore a good bonanza. SECOND, I had to come out here to inform everyone of this great book I happen to be reading!

Malak holds the book up. The spine reads "How To Not Be Such A Loser" by Benedict Reform.

Lance:

Is that?

Malak's smile grows wider just when you think it couldn't.

Malak Garland:

I found this self-help book at the local depository and let me tell you just how helpful it is! I can't get enough of this great read but I know what you're all thinking and no, I didn't get a self-help book for me. I got it for *someone else*.

Garland begins walking down the ramp, continuing to speak. His cronies follow.

Lance:

I'm not so sure Malak knows the author of that book is currently on the DEFIANCE roster.

Malak Garland:

In fact, I got it for the wrestler you're praising right now. You there, holding up that terribly designed shirt, yeah you, I got this self-help book to better improve cOnOr Fuse. You know what they say? sEIF hEIP iS gOoD hEIP! Let's face it, cOnOr needs it. He clings to these video games like an ignorant kid. It's about time he grows up.

The Social Media Savant hands the book off to Percy before raising a finger to the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Look at this lunacy. T-shirt cannon girls? Please. That's so sexist. I would never objectify women like cOnOr has.

DDK:

But it's okay to have women gussied up in bikinis, bouncing basketballs during his pay-per-view entrance!?

Garland enters the ring while the rest of The Comments Section wait at the apron.

Malak Garland:

Come on ladies, get your heads screwed on straight. At least, if you're going to be shooting free shirts out into the crowd...

Malak begins rubbing the number nine on the front of his blue Rams jersey.

Malak Garland:

Make sure it's a winner's shirt like this one. I'm a huge Matthew Stafford fan. Heck, I'm a hardcore Rams fan. I've been a fan of them for a long time now. A lot longer than any sorry ass team from this prejudiced state of New Orleans.

The fans are hot all over the comment.

DDK:

Is Malak looking to get stabbed?

Lance:

You mean again?

Malak struts about a bit before raising the microphone to his lips once more.

Malak Garland:

Yeah, I said it. The LA Rams are where it's at. I should probably buy a house and move out there so I can be amongst respectable people who know how to use social media in progressive and innovative ways. Not one Los Angeles citizen is as opinionated online as New Orleans and that's a fact! I know it!

Percy nods his head obnoxiously as Malak stares down the cannon girls who look at him like he's being a dick.

Malak Garland:

Ladies, GET OUT OF HERE! AND MAYBE LOSE SOME WEIGHT WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! YOU'RE ALL AS FAT AS DARIN ZION ON CUPCAKE DAY!

The Faithful boo as Malak literally chases the women off. Percy giggles with excitement as Thurston tries to look edgy

and dangerous.

Malak Garland:

Bahahahahahaha! I am like Matthew Stafford. I am the star of the show! Except, I need someone to be my Cooper Kupp. You know, someone who is still inferior to me skill-wise but someone who I need in my ploy to get me over.

DDK:

The crew he's amassed isn't enough? Even at this point!? I've truly lost track over who is all in The Comments Section. It's just an overfilled, junked up mess of a tabloid if you ask me.

Malak Garland:

Which brings me full circle back to you, cOnOr.

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

The arena responds in !RANK chants as Conor Fuse emerges from the rampway, looking more serious than normal. Conor sports the same attire as seen earlier backstage with Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. He marches down the rampway, not paying much attention to fan cheers or heckling from the rest of The Comments Section at the bottom of the ramp. However, once beside the faction, he looks past Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins and over to Martin Evans-Everett VI and ALEX, two of Conor's former "advisors" from over a year ago. MEE6 and ALEX kindly wave to Conor as he nods. Conor walks up to The Game Boy. All 6'6" of Game Boy does absolutely nothing as The Ultimate Gamer shakes his head and slides into the ring. Meanwhile, Malak Garland has gone from happy-go-lucky to a face conveying a sense of disinterest. Fuse receives a microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, yeah, Malak, I've heard it all before. Do you not, like, have anything better to do with your time than come out here and rip on free t-shirts and pretend you know football?

Fuse shakes his head in disappointment.

Conor Fuse:

Sports team insults. Cheap trolling heat, bud.

Conor pauses and looks Malak Garland over.

Conor Fuse:

Then again look who I'm talking to.

Before The Power-Up King allows the crowd or Malak to respond, he gets to the point.

Conor Fuse:

We hate each other, clearly. We're gonna be at each other's throats forever, definitely. You're sick of me, I'm sick of you. But I'm not the only one who's sick of you...

Fuse stops and turns to the outside of the ring, where The Comments Section collective stands. Conor points to MEE6 and ALEX.

Conor Fuse:

Some of your own members are sick of you, too.

Malak's facial expression turns to convey something along the lines of "that isn't true".

Conor Fuse:

I don't like how you [kidnapped MEE6](#) and tricked my guys into signing exclusive Comments Section contracts, so now they work for you. They don't love doing it, trust me.

MEE6 and ALEX try to remain diplomatic.

Conor Fuse:

I also don't like how you've brainwashed my Game Boy to work for you-

Garland cuts Fuse off.

Malak Garland:

Tricked MEE6 and ALEX, sure, maybe. They're idiots. They provide minimal assets to my team. Your "Game Boy" on the other hand wanted off the *shelf*. He wanted someone to use him to his full potential. Tell me, since you became such a "good guy", cOnOr, how many times did Game Boy accompany you to a match? You told your friend to sit on the sidelines so you could have all the headline glory. That's being selfish, cOnOr. That's using people for your advantage!

DDK:

Just like Malak is using MEE6 and ALEX for his advantage? Or Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter?

Malak Garland:

My gosh, lots to unpack. Lots to unpack, indeed.

Conor shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

You've got it all wrong. Yes, I told Game Boy I didn't need his help... as in CHEAT for me to WIN help. Something totally foreign to a troll like you, I get it. I never said I didn't love the guy or I don't want him around. And then I see you walked into my locker room, while I'm out here wrestling and convince my friend to turn his back on me?

Garland smirks. Fuse finds where The Game Boy's standing and looks in his direction.

Conor Fuse:

Whatever man, enjoy your comments board. Enjoy these trolls. Enjoy all of this shit because I'm going to the top without you, bro. Main Event Conor is here to Play!

Malak rolls his eyes and begins sarcastically clapping.

Malak Garland:

Because mAiN eVeNt cOnOr is such a thing when you lost to your DEFIANCE Road opponent. Maybe you have a championship title in hashtag 69 red or somewhere but we *play* in the big leagues, cOnOr.

Fuse smirks back at his bitter rival, beginning to laugh like Malak just doesn't get it.

Conor Fuse:

You know what I want? A match. Against you. And I am unwilling to wait until DEFCON, like how last year you were unwilling to wait until the DEFtv 150 special to defend your UNIFIED Tag Team Championships against "The One", demanding you know who the mystery opponents were two weeks earlier. So Tyler and I returned, kicked your ass and took your "shiny shinies" from you on DEFtv 149, instead.

The heated words continue, now Malak Garland seems triggered.

Malak Garland:

Yeah but who won the war, cOnOr!?

Fuse ignores it.

Conor Fuse:

Whatever. I want Conor Fuse vs. Malak Garland and I want it tonight.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The Faithful are eating it up.

Typically, Garland would likely decline but the look on his face... he *has* been triggered. He may not be thinking clearly.

Malak Garland:

You know what you drooling simp, you're on.

The crowd is in shock. They reply with cheers.

DDK:

He said yes!?

Garland takes a step back and places his free hand on his chin.

Malak Garland:

So I will wrestle you tonight and I'll do you one better. I will put ALEX and MEE6's exclusive Comments Section contracts on the line. If you win, cOnOr, they are free to go back to you.

The Faithful continue cheering but the video game kid in the middle of the ring knows there's more to this than Malak lets on.

Malak Garland:

BUT...

Lance:

Of course there's a catch.

Garland's face morphs into a very mischievous look, something out of The Grinch realizing he could steal Christmas.

Malak Garland:

If I win, then cOnOr Fuse joins... ..

Even more of a sadistic looking smile.

Malak Garland:

Me.

Fuse and The Faithful take this in.

Malak Garland:

That's right, you heard me. cOnOr Fuse loses and he becomes property of The Comments Section FOREVER.

The tone in the arena has changed significantly. It's almost as if the crowd is willing Conor to say no, or, at least, provide a counter proposal. The Ultimate Gamer gets right into Malak's face.

Conor Fuse:

You're on.

The arena responds in shock and cheers.

DDK:

Well things have heated up significantly.

Lance:

I don't like this, Keebs...

Garland steps away from Fuse. He merely walks over to the ring ropes and exits to his cronies.

Malak Garland:

Oh yeah... if you win I'd put Game Boy's exclusive contract on the line too but he kinda hates you so he'll be staying with me regardless. Go fuck yourself cOnOr, see you in your "main event".

Garland's theme song plays as The Comments Section walk up the rampway. Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins are just going batshit crazy at how well Malak handled himself out there.

DDK:

What did Conor Fuse just agree to...

Lance:

It could pay off. It could pay off huge. Nothing would gut Malak more than having social support taken away.

DDK:

But at what cost?

The scene ends with Conor standing in the middle of the ring, watching The Comments Section retreat.

LEYENDA DE OCHO vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Coming up next, folks, a big DEFTv opportunity for one of BRAZEN's hottest stars over the last year, the high flying luchador Leyenda de Ocho!

Lance:

He's been impressive, no two ways around it - his star is on the rise, a spot has opened up on the roster and LDO's looking to make a statement!

DDK:

It's unfortunate to say that the "spot" that has "opened up" is Ocho's friend, his Tag Party 3 partner, and the helmsman of the Airship, Henry Keyes. Let's take it to the ring now!

♪ "Hold Back The Night" by The Protomen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing THE AIRSHIP! Weighing in at 188 pounds... LEYENDA deeeeeeee OCHOOOOOO!

A diminutive (though not quite Minute-petite) luchador pops through the curtain, arms raised and full of fire! His brass-colored lucha mask includes the top half of a plague doctor beak and his long tights are covered with metallic gears on one leg and a stylized portrait of Solid Snake on the other. He claps and waves to the crowd as he hustles to the ring, sliding beneath the bottom rope and turning to the curtain to eagerly await his opponent.

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

Boos rain down as the obnoxious tune pops off (or maybe it's the wrestler who turned the tune obnoxious). Butcher Victorious is summoned out from the back, adorned in purple as usual, and unfortunately with an implement in hand.

Lance:

Oh no.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

BOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

I was CHEATED once again by the god dang Crescent City Kid on UNCUT, and the Butch Doctor ain't putting up with it!

BOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

No sir! And now, they're sending some BRAZEN wannabe up here to try to make a name at my expense! I am RAGEFUL BEYOND BELIEF!

LDO is part bewildered, part taken aback at the hostility, but holds his ground in the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

And guess what, Toyota del Taco?? I'm gonna do to YOU what CORVO ALPHA did to your pal, Henry Key-BLEHHHH!

DING DING

Referee Jonny Fastcountini, predictably, wastes no time starting the match!

DDK:

LDO has heard ENOUGH and he came flying in with that big elbow to the face! Another, and another!

LDO continues throwing strikes until Butcher is backed into the corner! Butcher shoves LDO hard to his back, but he's quickly back to his feet and dropkicks Butcher into the turnbuckle once again. He controls the arm and goes for an Irish Whip that gets reversed - LDO uses his agility to hop to the second rope, spring off, and hit an elbow smash to Butcher!

Lance:

It's quickness like that which has led to Ocho racking up win after win in BRAZEN, where he's a title contender!

DDK:

No doubt that LDO is going to have the speed advantage, but you've gotta - OH! Yep, that's what I was about to say...

Ocho attempts a standing Moonsault Press, only for Butcher to raise his knees and catch him in the ribs! Victorious scrambles to his feet, leaps, and connects with what would politely be described as an "unorthodox" elbow drop, covering for a fast, yet tidy, 1.5 count from Jonny Fastcountini.

Butcher Victorious:

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FLY, LITTLE MAN!

Butcher climbs to the top turnbuckle and with a maniacal grin begins turning one index finger over another in circular motions.

Lance:

Surely he's not going for a 450??

LDO shakes the cobwebs out as Butcher continues to drum up the theatrics. At the moment of climax, HE - hops off the top rope, takes two steps towards Ocho, and slaps him hard in the face.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher cackles and flips off the crowd, only for Ocho to surprise him with a roundhouse kick to the gut!

YEAHHHHHH!

With Butcher doubled over from the kick, Ocho runs to the ropes, rebounds, and flies over him for a sunset flip!

DDK:

One TWO, no! Butcher gets the shoulder up!

Both men hurry to their feet, and Butcher takes first advantage with a quick knee to the gut. He drapes LDO's arm over his neck and sets up for a vertical suplex, lifts, and STALLS! LDO's feet are pointing to the ceiling as Butcher holds him up! LDO begins wriggling and shaking until Butcher finally loses control and drops him. LDO delivers his own knee to the gut before running back to the ropes and rebounding, only for Butcher to catch him and use his momentum against him for a vicious Flatliner!

Lance:

Big move from Butch Vic there, can he finish it?

ONE TW-AWWWW!

Butcher with a release German suplex that sends LDO FLYING across the ring! He hurries and covers again!

ONE TWO-AWWWW!

Butcher scrambles to his feet and climbs to the top rope, no hand motions this time. He leaps...

DDK:

FROG SPLASH! Here's another cover!

ONE TWO THR-AWWWW!

Butcher slaps the mat in MAJOR frustration.

Butcher Victorious

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FAST COUNTER! COUNT FASTER!!

Fastcounti looks at his own hands and tests his speed by slapping his hands together quickly, his eyes seeking insight into how he can improve his technique.

Lance:

You're doing great, Jonny, don't worry about Butcher Victorious's opinions, please...

Butcher returns his attention to LDO and grabs him by his head, setting him up for another suplex attempt. This time, he doesn't delay the hold and plants LDO with surprising smoothness. He goes to lift him again, but this time LDO blocks with his legs! And again! They struggle in their entanglement until they get close to the ropes, which LDO climbs up, now holding Butcher in a headlock!

DDK:

TORNADO BULLDOG!

LDO gets some distance between himself and Butcher, and as Butcher gets to a knee...

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD!! Go for the cover, kid!

Lance:

This might be a mistake, but LDO is looking for more offense here!

LDO slaps his own chest a few times and power stomps a couple times in excitement for the cheering crowd! He bounds to the ropes, springboards, SPINS-

DDK:

CORKSCREW QUEBRADAAAAAAA! Here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Hold Back The Night" by The Protomen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...LEYENDAAAA de OCHOOOOOO!

Fastcountini quickly raises LDO's hand in victory, and the luchador is beaming with pride.

Lance:

He calls that BEAUTIFUL maneuver the "Actualizer", and he gets his first-ever win on DEFtv! Talk about turning your dreams into reality!

LDO points to his mask, his heart, and then points to the sky.

DDK:

Ocho looks like he may be giving some love to his friend, Henry Keyes...he certainly carried on the Airship Pirate tradition by picking up a win here tonight! Let's take a quick commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022



THE BAD, THE BADDER, AND THE UGLY

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

DDK:

Well, here comes the man that managed to defeat Rezin at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Scrow steps from behind the curtain, in a black suit, with the Southern Heritage Championship around his waist. For some odd reason he has a monocle on, with his hair slicked back and tied behind his head. Overall just looking like a super villain, I guess was the vibe he was going for who knows anymore. Minerva Hive walks out beside him in high heel black boots with leather jeans, and a yellow vest, with her traditional black Kabal leather jacket with the venom style consuming hornets and bees. Her hair also is slicked back with a pair of shades on herself.

Lance:

Sometimes it's hard to take this man seriously, with as many mental health issues as he has, what is with the monocle? What does he think this is some Sherlock Holmes setting?

Jamie Sawyers waits for the champion on the interview stage, The Raven's Eye just soaks in the jeers from the jam packed DEFplex. Before making his way to the stage, with a big grin on his face.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, welcome Minerva and Scrow. I guess congratulations are in order for your successful title defense at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Scrow nods and just looks out into the crowd, who are disgusted by that outcome.

Jamie Sawyers:

Did it bother you though that Rezin could have beat you in the fifteen minutes allocated before the championship was put on the line?

Scrow:

First off Scrow would like to send a very special message to a man that HE created and when his creation was set loose he DESTROYED Gage Blackwood and became THE FIST! Crimson Stalker! You're welcome Jason!

Loud jeers continue as his words strike deep as the cold hard truth, as The Kabal now possess two championships now.

DDK:

So let me get this straight he is claiming it was because of HIM that Crimson Stalker was able to defeat Gage Blackwood? Give me a break!

Scrow:

So what does that make..[he counts on his hand ONE....TWO, then slowly looks up at the camera] All that is left is you two party delinquents, the Saturday Night Specials! Which in a matter of time Mr. Lord's Cerberus will take what you have and complete the collection for The Kabal!

Lance:

Time will tell, Scrow. It is not gonna be as easy as you think it will be.

Scrow:

Now, that brings Scrow to his next payday. Regardless of what those suits in the back want, Scrow refuses to give it to them! Your Southern Heritage Champion only works on Pay Per Views!

DDK:

There have been quite a few in the back that have an issue with that, mainly upper management.

Jamie Sawyers:

Just to get in here, Kerry Kuroyama is close to his fourth defense of the Favoured Saints Championship. I doubt he is gonna want to wait til DEFCON for his match should he be successful.

Scrow looks at Jamie, and is suddenly taken away from Jamie by the chants of.

KERRY IS GONNA KILL YOU *[on repeat]*

Scrow:

Kerry will wait just like everyone else. Scrow has already beaten him once, why would he want a second blemish to his record already. Enjoy your time as champion, savor it because if you do manage to reach that brass ring and grab it and cash in. Scrow has a Raven's Call just waiting to put your ass back down to the bottom of the ladder with the rest of the garbage like Rezin.

Jamie Sawyers:

Speaking of Rezin...

Jamie is now interrupted by chants of 15...01 *[on repeat]* This gets under the champs skin.

DDK:

This capacity crowd is giving it to Scrow, who failed to defeat The Escape Artist, Rezin, in less than the fifteen minutes he claimed he could.

Scrow: *[softly]*

Shut up.

Chants continue of 15...01 *[on repeat]*

Scrow:

Shut up.

Chants continue of 15...01 *[on repeat]*

Scrow: *[screaming]*

Shut up! SHUT UP!

Chants continue of 15...01 *[on repeat]* even with a bit of laughter from a few.

Lance:

Scrow knows it too!

Hive tries to calm Scrow down who has shoved Jamie to the side and is acting like a raving maniac as the crowd continues to not make him forget his fifteen minute claim was a failure. Hive manages to calm him a bit.

Scrow:

[laughing in a delusion type way] Ok...ok....Scrow sees how this is gonna be. So let Scrow let you people in on a little secret. That fifteen minute stipulation was to prove without a shadow of a doubt, that your new *[sarcastically]* HERO is nothing more than a HYPOCRITE!

DDK:

So now you're making an excuse: this was all part of your plan? Get over it Scrow you couldn't get the job done!

Scrow:

Scrow proved that your new friend Rezin truly does care about possessions...mainly championship titles! Jaime was right, he had me dead to rights! For a second there Scrow had no idea where he was, all he had to do was cover him!

BUT what did he do? He waited for the clock to hit the fifteen minute mark! There you go, a rookie mistake, and Scrow dropped him for it! He can come out here and talk about how he does not care about championships, but his true colors came forward at DEFIANCE ROAD! So that's the fifteen minutes of fame Rezin got, now he can go live in a cardboard box in an alley way again. Scrow is moving on!

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

The Faithful POP HARD as Scrow and Hive spin around to face the curtain, their faces full of shock and rage. A moment later, REZIN strides through the curtain. There's no delirium or goofy smiles on the Goat Bastard's face tonight; just sheer, murderous rage as he stares down the Southern Heritage Champion.

DDK:

The Escape Artist REZIN is here! He may have suffered defeat at DEFIANCE Road, but he still looks hungry for revenge!

There's no mic in his hand to respond to the Kabal leader's words; just a black baseball bat. Scrow and Hive panic, suddenly finding themselves trapped between the drop at the end of the interview stage and the curtain. Rezin steadily advances, raising the bat and readying it to swing.

Lance:

I don't think he came out here to partake in a nice and civil chat! Scrow better make tracks!

Thinking quickly, the SOHER champ snags Jamie and shoves him into the Escape Artist's path. Rezin stops himself right before inadvertently hitting the reporter.

DDK:

Look out, Jamie! Rezin about hit a home run with that head of yours!

As Rezin pushes past Sawyers, Scrow and Hive back up to the edge of the stage. It's a good ten foot drop to the concrete below. They argue over who helps the other down first, but the squabbling ends when they look over and see Rezin reeling back for another swing...

Whiff.

The bat takes a wild swing a HAIR away from Scrow's nose as both he and Minerva Hive sprawl off the edge of the stage and land awkwardly on the concrete. They quickly pick themselves up and move as far from the stage as possible, while Rezin stands at the edge and scowls down at them.

Lance:

Looks like Scrow gets away to fight another day.

DDK:

And much like his victory at DEFIANCE Road, it comes by the skin of his teeth! But Rezin's actions here tonight show that he's not quite finished in his business with the Raven's Eye!

Scrow and Minerva Hive quickly make their exit through the crowd, littering by jeers and trash as they make flight. On the stage, Rezin continues pacing around like a wild animal out for blood.

Lance:

Wait a second. What the...? What in the HELL?! Is that...?!

Before Keebler can even get the words out to follow up Lance, Arthur Pleasant emerges behind the rabid Rezin like a phantom.

With a billhook machete.

Grabbing Rezin by surprise with a hand under his chin, Pleasant pulls his target back towards him in a choking position with one hand. His free hand has the billhook machete and, with the curved end, he slices a wound right across the edge of Rezin's scalp, opening him up badly.

DDK:

NO!

Lance:

Why?! Why in GOD's name would Arthur do this?!

The Faithful scream in horror as Rezin starts to fade from the one-armed chokehold. Blood begins POURING out of his face like a faucet onto the stage. Pleasant gingerly lets him down as if he were protecting the back of a child's head.

DDK:

I... I... I don't even know what to say.

There's a hushed silence. With a microphone in the back pocket of a pair of black slacks that match a black and red suit, Pleasant speaks without hesitation, allowing the billhook machete to point down towards Rezin, where a few drops of his own blood drip into his eyes.

Pleasant pauses and kneels beside the fallen Rezin. A sinister glare on his face as he pie faces Rezin's bleeding face, wiping the blood onto his own. He takes the billhook to his forehead again and sticks the point of it in the open wound. Rezin screams in agony before Pleasant pulls it off of him.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm done, you fucking hypocrites. *DONE* sitting back and playing *nice* here in DEFIANCE. I'm *DONE* relying on others to do what I've always known I was capable of. And what I *can* do? What I can do... is *carve* my goddamn name into the annals of history here. You want the *essence* of DEFIANCE? The very DEFINITION of what that word *means*? You're looking at him.

He stands up and kicks Rezin in the ribs. *Hard*.

Arthur Pleasant:

Like it or not?! I... am... *DEFIANCE*. I am its very nature. When the world craves a seven-star wrestling match? I give them seven-gallons of blood. When the world wants suplexes and arm-bars? I give them piledrivers onto tacks and DDTs onto broken glass. I am everything you should *LOVE* about DEFIANCE... everything you should *CRAVE* about DEFIANCE... and yet? My God. You all sit there in your seats like the sheep you are, cheering on your cookie cutter heroes with blind *HATRED*. Why? Because no matter what anyone says about revolution and chaos, you all prefer to be apart of the status quo and go about your days in the comfort of harmony. Well YOU, out there, in those seats you take for granted, on Twitter as part of the arm-chair booking committee, behind your devices reporting bullshit like the phony fucking journalists you are... I have a truth bomb to lob at you all. You ready for this? I... AM. *DEFIANT*. By fucking *DEFINITION*!

Pleasant kicks Rezin one more time in the ribs as Scrow looks on the unforeseen sight with a look of both quandary and concern.

Arthur Pleasant:

The Provocateur is *DEAD*. I've "provoked" enough people over the last year here in DEFIANCE to get the point across that I am not a man to be fucked with. Provocations no longer hold any meaning for me. They are as meaningless to me as a stillborn gazelle to its desperate Mother who is striving to survive in the fierce and unyielding wilderness. So, I tell all of you right here, right now... the Devil's Servant has finally surfaced. For I am His messenger. All cower before the *Plaguebeast*.

Pleasant drops the microphone and adds one final kick to the ribs of Rezin. The Plaguebeast points across the arena to Scrow, who seems dumbfounded at what he just witnessed.

Snarling, Pleasant calmly walks to the back, billhook machete in hand, leaving the Faithful to their own thoughts throughout the sickened DEFplex.

TYLER FUSE vs. THEODORE CAIN

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for, you guessed it, **ONE FALL!**

The arena loves it!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from here in New Orleans... weighing two-hundred-sixty-five pounds... THEODORE CAIN!

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Cain walks out, his larger 6'5" frame sporting the colorful ring gear he usually wears. Cain makes his way to ringside as his theme ends and Quimbey continues.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

The elder Fuse appears from behind the curtain, in black trunks, black boots and black arm/knee pads. A simplistic look for the former Fuse Bros. as he stoically walks down the rampway and slides into the ring. Referee Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Starting quick here, folks. I like it.

Tyler circles the ring. Cain waits for them to lock up.

DDK:

Both men know each other well. Years ago, Gulf Coast and the Fuse Bros. were in an absolute war at DEFCON.

Tyler locks into a grapple with Theodore. Obviously, Cain is much stronger but Tyler holds his own. Fuse is not pushed to the ground easily, although, eventually, he is on the mat. The OG Player is back up, though. He pops Cain across the chest with a knife edge chop. Cain returns the favour but Tyler stays on his feet. The two men go back and forth, knife edge chopping...

Lance:

Tyler's much smaller than Theodore but Fuse packs a punch. It's astonishing to see Tyler absorb the blows.

In fact, it's the elder Fuse who works Theodore Cain into a corner, although when The Game-Changer tries to whip Cain into the buckle across the way, it's easily reversed by the member of Gulf Coast. Tyler hits the buckle, bouncing off and into a big boot from Cain.

DDK:

Tyler holds onto Cain's leg! Wow!

Fuse hooks an ankle lock into Theodore Cain, sending the bigger man down to the canvas mat. Replays show that in one fluent motion, Tyler moved his head to the side, missing Cain's big boot and then latching onto the surfer's leg, dragging him down to the mat in an ankle lock.

Lance:

Cain might tap...

No. Theodore's able to use his other leg and kick Tyler away. The former Tag Team Champion, however, bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow across Cain's back before he's able to stand.

Fuse stomps Cain with anger. He drags Cain to his feet and performs a pendulum backbreaker.

Lance:

All two-hundred pounds of Tyler, showing he's pound-for-pound able to deadlift.

Fuse shoots off the ropes and leaps across the canvas, catching Cain with a running shoulder block. It knocks Cain down and Tyler goes back to the ankle lock!

Lance:

Smart call, again. You've already established the ankle lock in this match and since Theodore Cain is much bigger than Tyler, even if Cain doesn't tap, it's not like he'll be standing up with as much force as before.

Once again, Cain eventually kicks Tyler away but the damage may have been done. As Cain stands on his feet, Tyler shoots across the ropes for momentum and like a merciless pitbull, he dives halfway across the ring and chops the bag leg/foot right out from under Theodore.

Fuse follows with a solid looking suplex.

Tyler stands, cracks his arms and goes to the ankle.

Lance:

Tyler is a very serious wrestler. Though over the past year, he's really taken a step back in The Kabal. This onslaught on Cain's ankle shows, when motivated, he has the potential.

Cain isn't able to kick Tyler away this time. Fuse is in a good position, far from Cain's other foot. Instead, the big man uses his 6'5" frame to reach out and get into the ropes. Mark Shields counts to five.

Only Tyler doesn't drop the hold until AFTER five.

Fuse stands, with a smirk, likely knowing Mark Shields would've been too stupid to call for the bell.

Lance:

The man knows his referees, I'll give him that.

Tyler takes hold of Theodore Cain and lifts him into a pop-up powerbomb before dropping him to the amazement of the crowd.

DDK:

Tyler has to have gained some muscle mass. He clocks in at two-hundred-eight pounds but we have to put a scale under this guy again.

Fuse bounces off the ropes and explodes across the ring with a clothesline as Cain sits up. Tyler slithers into position and has the bad right ankle of Theodore. This time, however, it's not an ankle lock. Instead, Tyler grips and rips at the wrestling boot of Cain, eventually removing the boot altogether.

Fuse throws it out of the ring. Mark Shields really doesn't care.

Tyler stomps the ankle of Cain as the big man tries to use the ropes to pull himself up but every time he's hit with a boot, he sinks back to the canvas mat.

Finally, Tyler takes both of his feet and twists them around the leg of Cain's before snapping down to the canvas. Cain screams out, reaching for his ankle as his face floods in limitless agony.

Theodore looks up at Mark Shields.

Theodore Cain:

I heard a snap-

He can barely get the words out. Tyler jumps on the ankle, drops to his knees and applies the ankle lock.

Tap, tap, tap.

DING DING DING

The fans boo as Tyler discards the leg and rolls to the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by submission... TYLER FUSE.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Mark Shields raises Tyler Fuse's hand but the dubbed Intensity Personified star doesn't allow his arm to be pulled upwards for more than a second. Tyler snaps his arm back and exits the ring.

DDK:

An impressive showing for Fuse. Maybe this is the start of something here.

Lance:

As for Theodore Cain, I hope he's okay.

Tyler vanishes from behind the curtain as referee Benny Doyle comes down to check on Theodore, since Mark Shields is already talking to a cute girl in the front row.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

YOU DON'T SAY

The scene jumps to outside gorilla where Jamie Sawyers is there to interview Tyler Fuse.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, hi. Great match out there. You really took it to Theodore, very impressive.

Sawyers holds a mic towards The OG Player. Fuse simply breathes heavily from the match.

Realizing he's getting nothing from Tyler, Jamie nods and brings the mic back to his own face.

Jamie Sawyers:

Right, I should ask a question here. Tyler, you were not a part of DEFIANCE Road. A victory over Theodore is a good first statement. What's next for you?

Sawyers points the mic in Tyler's direction again. Fuse simply eyes the interviewer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Okay, well sorry to bother you Ty-

Princess Desire enters the picture. She stands beside her husband.

Jamie Sawyers:

Princess, hi. I wasn't getting much from Tyler but I was wondering...

He stops. He sees Desire is looking at him with the same deadpan stare as Tyler.

Jamie nods to himself, lowers the mic and walks off. Desire looks over at Tyler. Fuse simply walks straight ahead and she follows. The scene closes.

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS vs. DANGEROUS MIX

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following non-title contest is a TAG TEAM match, set for one fall!

The lights of the DEFplex slowly fade out, leaving the arena in darkness for a brief moment, before the house lights begin to flicker in line with a cacophony of beeps, boops, and static that seems to animate the DEFtron, almost like white noise. The noise gradually builds up, before reaching a climax that has the arena entrance almost blindingly lit, before cutting to black once again.

As a muffled, yet rhythmic salvo of white noise hums fills the arena, the entrance and the DEFtron are now tinted a dim red, gradually brightening as a beat accompanies the hums and Eddie Dante casually saunters to the ring to a burst of cheers. With a sly grin, the longtime DEFIANCE manager simply points his cane back at the entrance, where two familiar faces emerge.

♪ "Death Threat" by Death in Vegas ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number one! At a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-one pounds! Accompanied by Eddie Dante, they are "The Soul Survivor" David Fox! And the GOD-BEAST, Mushigihara! They are... THE DANGEROUS... MIX!

DDK:

As we saw on UNCUT last week, fans, the Dangerous Mix was given this opportunity to face the reigning unified tag team champions as a reward for Mushigihara's hard work as the new lead bouncer at the nearby Ballyhoo Brew, and both he and David Fox look as game as ever for this chance.

Fox leads the way, tagging hands along his path before casually strolling into the ring. Mushigihara follows suit, standing on the apron, but beckoning to the crowd with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

And out comes the champions to a tremendous ovation!

SNS walks out onto the stage with the title belts strapped around their waists and fists held high in the air. Their new official manager, Davey LaRue, trails close behind them with Mojo the alligator tucked under one arm.

Lance:

Don't forget about their new manager, Davey LaRue. I guess that makes Mojo assistant manager?

With his slicked back hair, combed beard, and snazzy snakeskin blazer, Davey is certainly dressed the part. Making his way to stand between the champions, he raises Mojo high above his head and the crowd's cheering swells at the sight of the beloved reptile.

DDK:

SNS asked Davey to be their equalizer on the outside. After having to deal with the likes of Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens, the champions are smart to hire a manager and LaRue is a perfect fit.

The trio reach the bottom of the ramp and SNS slides into the ring while Davey stays on the outside. Dropping Mojo to the ground, the burly Cajun and his pet gator make their way over to The Specialists corner. Inside of the ring, the

champions give their opponents a couple nods of respect as they each climb a corner to raise the belts up to the crowd.

Lance:

No titles on the line tonight, folks. This match is about respect and opportunity. SNS respects Dangerous Mix so they offered them an opportunity to take them on. It's that simple, and I love it.

Brock and Pat both drop down from their corners and unstrap the belts from their waists. Newbludd makes his way over to their corner and hands the belts down to Davey, while Cassidy borrows a microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW AAAAAHLLLLLEANS!

POP!

Pat Cassidy:

Not gonna lie, boys and girls. Your boys here are beaten up. Banged up, even. That ladder match was friggin brutal. Loads of respect to Cortez, Minute, The D, and Elise. You gave us a hell of a fight.

Pause for respect cheer.

Pat Cassidy:

But there's no rest for the wicked, and the party never stops...so here we are. Tonight, we put the belts aside of a good ol' fashion exhibition match against Dangerous Mix. If anybody knows a thing or two about a dangerous mix, it's The Saturday Night Specials. Our boy Davey here loves to poor with the heavy hand. And Mushi has been a hell of a bouncer down at the Brew, so much love to our opponents tonight for sure. But that love stops when the bell rings... cause ON TAP FOR TONIGHT...

Cassidy pauses to let the fans catch up before smiling and launching in the crowd-pleasing part.

Pat Cassidy:

"BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY! "THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEWBLUDD!

YOUR!

SATURDAY!

NIGHT!

SPECIALS!

Cassidy tosses the mic to his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLLYYYWHOOOOOOOOO!!?

The Faithful:

DAT!

The champs smile at the crowd response before handing the mic off. Pat makes a wave of derence, signaling that Brock has the go-ahead to start the match off.

DING DING

Newbludd and Fox share a quick nod of respect before moving in for the lock up. Grabbing Fox's wrist, Brock twists

his arm to a quick hammerlock, but Fox is able to counter just as quickly into a headlock in response. Newbludd sweeps the leg and maintains control of Fox's arm as he falls. Brock again goes back to the wrist lock, wrenching Fox's arm to bring him painfully to his feet. When David is vertical, he is able to counter with a standing switch into a headlock takedown. Fox bares down on the hold for a few seconds until Newbludd is able to swing his legs around and wrap them around Fox's head, breaking free of the headlock. Both men spring back to their feet, poised for action but both being cautious. The Faithful break into a round of applause at the wrestling clinic.

DDK:

Two guys who undoubtedly know their way around the squared circle, and The Faithful in attendance like what they see!

On the apron, Pat Cassidy also makes a "very impressed" face and offers a golf clap. Mushigahara is less expressive.

Both men circling now, perhaps with a newfound respect for each other's wrestling ability. They lock up again, and again David Fox goes right to the headlock takedown. He's learned from last time, however, synching in the hold tight and making sure he's in a position that doesn't allow Brock to use his legs to escape.

Lance:

And there we see the veteran wherewithal from David Fox.

Hector Nevarro checks on Brock as David continues to cut off the air to his brain. With a burst of energy, Brock is able to power forward, pinning David Fox's shoulders to the mat! Fox releases the hold before Nevarro can even get off a one count, and when he jumps to his feet he's met with a crisp Brock Newbludd arm drag! The Milwaukee Made Man goes for another, but instead of rolling forward, David Fox manages to land on his feet! Fox looks for a clothesline, but Brock ducks. The Saturday Night Special bounces off the ropes, heading for Fox - but runs right into a roundhouse kick to the face!

DDK:

That is exactly the type of move that can change the momentum of a match.

Lance:

Fox bringing Brock into the corner and unloading with some sharp knife edge chops.

Chop! Chop! Chop! With one half of the tag champs reeling, Fox brings Brock out of the corner. He sends the stunned Ballyhoo Brawler off the ropes, looking to catch him on the rebound with another roundhouse kick - but this time, it's Brock who turns the tables when he sneaks behind Fox and catches him with a snap German suplex! Brock with the cover!

ONE!

NO!

Fox kicks out, but Brock is unfettered. He brings him into the Saturday Night Special corner and fires off a quick tag to his partner in crime's eager hand. Brock drops David Fox with a quick suplex, allowing Cassidy to enter the ring via the second rope - with a pointed elbow dropped like a guided missile right on Fox's head!

DDK:

This is not where David Fox wants to be right now, Lance. Don't let the champs gain the momentum.

The Saturday Night Specials proceed to show us all why they ARE the tag champs as they work in tandem: Cassidy immediately tags back out, and when Brock enters the ring they both send Fox off the ropes and catch him with a double shoulderblock! As Cassidy leaves the ring, Brock drops David Fox with a Hangman's Neckbreaker and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mushighara growls and stomps his foot, urging his tag partner to get back in this. Meanwhile, Brock maintains control of Fox and again tags Cassidy in. Brock lays Fox over the top rope and extends him outward, allowing Pat to score with the punt kick right to his midsection! Fox in the corner, and Cassidy mounts for the punches...

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

Before the tenth, Cassidy looks out to the crowd and mimes taking a shot. The Faithful respond with a "CHEERS!" before he hits the final punch. Believing himself to be firmly in control, The Scrapper from Southie hooks David Fox for his patented Pumphandle Slam... but the cagy vet has the wherewithal to slip out down Cassidy's back and lung forward to hit Mushighara's outstretched hand!

Lance:

The mood in this arena has palpably changed as The God Beast enters the ring.

DDK:

SNS will have to switch up their game plan if they want to stay on top here.

Mushi lunges to grab Pat Cassidy, the legal man. Cassidy ducks and weaves, dodging The God Beast's advances as best he can. He tries to come off the second rope with a forearm, but Mushi catches him by the throat with both hands! BIG HEADBUTT! Cassidy stumps around like a... well, a drunk man... before Mushi grabs him and sends him like a lawn dart into the turnbuckle. Pat is in a bad way as he then gets whipped into the opposite corner where he crashes sternum first. With Cassidy down, Mushi hits a running senton! Lateral press...

ONE!

TWO!

THR - NO!

Pat Cassidy is given no time to get his bearings. Biel throw! Another! As Black Out attempts to pull himself up in the corner, Mushi measures the smaller man from the opposite corner. The God Beast charges... but at the absolute last second, Pat Cassidy leaps out of the way! Mushi meets turnbuckle.

DDK:

There hasn't been a tag, but Brock Newbludd is in - I think he knows his partner is in trouble!

Lance:

Mushi has made a mistake and they need to capitalize - he likely won't make another.

The Saturday Night Specials off the ropes with a double clothesline... but The God Beast doesn't go down. The owners of Ballyhoo Brew look at each other and nod before bouncing off the ropes and attempting another... but this time they run into a double clothesline by Mushighara! With the champs down, Mushi tags out to David Fox. The God Beast tosses Pat Cassidy into the corner before turning his attention to Brock Newbludd. Fox measures Pat before getting a running start...

DDK:

RUNNING BOOT!! Cassidy just got ROCKED!

Pat stumbles out of the corner and drops to a knee, which leaves him in prime position for Fox to twist his body and unleash a brutal back kick that hits Pat flush in the jaw!

Lance:

The Flashbang!! They could pin the champs here!!

Mushighara tosses Brock Newbludd over the top rope as Hector Nevarro moves in for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Dangerous Mix has done it! They just pinned the tag team champions!

DDK:

They're former champs themselves, Lance. They just proved they're still contenders on any day of the week.

As Hector Navarro raises Fox's hand in victory, Mushi and Dante swarm him and embrace him like he just scored the game-winning goal, eventually pinning him down and yelling jubilantly in his face like supportive teammates!

Brock Newbludd and Davey LaRue head over to check on a dazed Pat Cassidy. Cassidy rises into a sitting position, holding his head. He looks to Brock and Davey and although there's no mic nearby, we can read his lips: "shit."

DDK:

You've got to believe that Dangerous Mix just put themselves in line for a Unified Tag Title shot.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

MALAK GARLAND vs. CONOR FUSE

Coming off the commercial break, the scene opens to DDK and Lance at their announce table.

DDK:

A lot on the line right now as Conor Fuse takes on Malak Garland.

The DEFtv match graphic airs.

Lance:

I think it speaks volumes about how Conor cares for MEE6 and ALEX. After all, they were attached to Conor's hip for a while.

DDK:

They were. While MEE6 and ALEX have "worked for" The Comments Section, they weren't exactly thrilled to do it, either.

The scene switches to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event! If Conor Fuse wins, the contracts of Martin Evans-Everett VI and ALEX are terminated by The Comments Section. If Malak Garland wins, Conor Fuse becomes property of The Comments Section and Malak Garland, specifically. Introducing first... from Cheyenne, Wyoming... weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... The Snowflake Superstar... MALAK GARLAND!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Garland struts out to the beat of his theme song, Comments crew behind him. There's gangster Thurston Hunter, sports psychologist Percy Collins, Teresa Ames, MEE6 and ALEX. The Game Boy isn't present and as mentioned earlier, Search Party Cyrus is MIA from the events of DEFIANCE Road.

DDK:

Has *anyone* seen Cyrus?

Lance:

I don't believe so.

Garland leads the way to ringside, wearing his typical tribal looking tights and white tank top. Malak shows more confidence than usual, perhaps out of the hArDcOrE element now vs. Kerry Kuroyama and the plethora of social support by his side can't hurt. Ames provides calming ASMR down the rampway, as well. Once at the ring, Garland rolls under the bottom rope and pops up in the middle of the canvas to a small pyro sparkler of... snowflakes.

Malak Garland: *[excited and jittery]*

My FOMO meter feels so good right now! My FOMO... my FOMO...

Lance:

Garland has a lot less to lose in this match. It surprises me Conor agreed to it.

DDK:

I still wouldn't underestimate how losing two members of The Comments Section in MEE6 and ALEX, -who really didn't want to be there to begin with,- would affect Malak. It's sure to land a significant blow. Add on how Cyrus IS missing, it would leave Malak much more exposed.

Garland's theme ends.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is THE ULTIMATE GAMER...
Conor Fuse!!

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

The fans go berserk as Conor appears from the curtain. Fuse immediately power walks his way down, not up to his typical theatrics. The Video Game Kid is ready to go and it shows... as the camera switches to Malak Garland inside the ring. Reality starts hitting The Keyboard King. Suddenly, he's showing concern.

Fuse hops onto the apron and then leaps over the top ropes. The gamer looks at referee Jonny Fastcountini and asks him to call for the bell. Fastcountini, who is refereeing his first high profile match does what he's told and is quick on the call, of course.

DING DING

The crowd is ready but Conor Fuse takes a step back instead of forward.

Conor Fuse:

Excuse me for a second.

Fuse winks at Garland... however, Garland doesn't know what's up. In a flash and quicker than a Jonny Fastcountini count, Conor races towards the ropes, clears them and performs a suicide corkscrew plancha onto all of The Comments Section (except MEE6 and ALEX, they cleared away in time).

The arena is unglued! Fuse stands overtop of Collins, Hunter and Ames with a smile. He slides back into the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, ready.

DDK:

He had a plan! Conor Fuse knew he was outnumbered and took everyone out!

Lance:

Like I said, he has a lot on the line, in fact TOO much on the line... but Conor knew going in he had to even the odds! Pretty sure he just did for a short period of time.

Garland's initial FOMO FUN expression has significantly changed to a face of fear.

Fuse charges Garland. Malak moves but Conor is too fast on the rebound. The Power-Up King bounces off the ropes and smacks Garland under the jaw with a spinning heel kick. Fuse kips to his feet, Garland's back on his and Conor drills superkick after superkick under the chin of his bitter rival.

Malak's worked into a corner. Conor Irish whips Malak as hard as he possibly can and Garland connects chest-first into the buckle on the other end. He hits and sticks, the impact is so hard. Fuse races in with a rolling thunder splash followed by a sit-down hip toss into an arm bar!

DDK:

Fuse has an arm bar locked in!

Lance:

Going for a submission... trying to make Malak Garland feel pain. A different strategy than Conor usually goes for but in this case, it makes all the sense in the world.

Garland's in the center of the ring, screaming his head off trying to get away. Soon, The Snowflake Superstar begins kicking at Conor in an attempt to break free. Eventually, Malak does. He races away from Conor Fuse, in an attempt to

slide out of the ring...

Fuse catches Garland and drops MagnumG straight on his head with a German suplex.

DDK:

Solid move!

Fuse kip-ups again... he sees Ames, Collins and Hunter stirring on the outside.

Conor Fuse: *[looking down at Malak Garland]*

Hey buddy, excuse me one more time...

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

Fuse with a WILD senton bomb plancha over the top rope onto The Comments Section again!!

Fuse jumps to his feet and screams into the rafters. The Faithful are fired TF up as Conor slides into the ring and spears the living shit out of Malak Garland.

DDK:

PIN!!! PIN!!! CONOR FUSE IS GONNA DO IT!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The scene switches to MEE6 and ALEX, who clearly thought the match was over there for a moment as relief crosses their faces and then comes back to reality with a more concerned expression.

The Ultimate Gamer, however, doesn't care. He's right back to work. A snap suplex here, a float over and release suplex there, Conor's in full control of the match, taking his friend's contracts and his own career as seriously as possible.

Lance:

Fuse is wrestling a perfect match. He's resorted to flips... but serious flips to take out a pack of wolves on the outside. Inside the ring, he's hitting Garland with strong moves.

Fuse props Garland to his feet and starts hitting Malak with Tyler Fuse impact-like maneuvers. A Russian leg sweep, followed by a pendulum backbreaker... followed by a scissored armbar (Rings of Saturn) submission!

Garland cries like the little snowflake internet community bitch he is.

DDK:

Another submission, center of the ring. Perhaps Oscar Burns rubbed off on Conor. It's clear Fuse has learned some new moves!

Garland is kicking his feet like a kid in a water pool but it's not doing him anything. The younger Fuse keeps the move locked in...

On the outside, everyone is still down except Teresa Ames who comes to. She carefully slides into the ring, her ASMR

quiet stealth skills on display. She finds a spot behind Jonny Fastcountini and pokes the right arm of Conor Fuse for a brief second.

The Ultimate Gamer refuses to be roped into anything by the dubbed "drama" TV star. Instead, Conor shouts at Fastcountini to look behind him so Jonny can kick Ames out of the ring. The ref is green around the edges. He doesn't want to miss Malak Garland tapping so he ignores Conor.

This time, Ames elbows Conor in the head. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is forced to break the hold.

By the time Fuse is on his feet... Ames is already out of the ring. The Power-Up King latches onto Malak Garland's waist and drags The Keyboard Warrior upright.

Running release German suplex. Conor doesn't stop there. In one fluent motion he clears the ring ropes again and CRUSHES Teresa Ames with a suicide crossbody block. While there IS tension inside the arena (given the stakes and the odds against Fuse), The Faithful once again blow up in cheers.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor Fuse: *[directed at Teresa Ames]*

Cosplaying hoe.

Fuse slides into the ring but Malak Garland knees Fuse in the side of the head before the former tag champion gets up!

Lance:

Did that brief moment, where Conor talked smack to Teresa, end up costing him?

Garland continues kneeing Fuse over and over and over. It's really all Malak can do since he's wobbly on his own feet. The Snowflake's intensity has changed, too. He's fuming and knows he has to step it up.

Fury punches follow. It's not pretty and Garland's arms are killing him from the armbar submission... but he's seeing red. He hates cOnOr fUsE.

Malak hurls Conor into the ropes and connects with a sling blade. Garland screams at Fuse to meet him in the center of the ring but drives a hard right knee into Conor's temple instead. The fans boo as Malak attempts a pile driver...

It's reversed. Malak hits the mat, Conor hits the ropes and then The Video Game Kid levels his rival with a flying forearm smash, knocking the spit right out of Malak's mouth in the process.

MagnumG flops around on both feet, looking to be taken out of his misery. Conor hits the ropes...

DDK:

Powerslam by Malak! Wow!

Lance:

Gotta hand it to Garland there... great counter!

DDK:

PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

And a hard kickout, one which awakes The Gamers in more !RANK chants. Garland looks up at Jonny Fastcountini, as if wondering why the ref didn't count fast enough.

DDK:

ARMBAR SUBMISSION BY FUSE!!!

Which is turned into a guillotine choke!

DDK:

Conor is using the same hold Oscar Burns BEAT HIM WITH.

Lance:

He didn't Weapon Get, either. He didn't do anything silly or something which would take time away from the match!

A tear rolls down Garland's face, knowing he's dead to rights in the center of the ring. MEE6 and ALEX look on with significant hope.

BBBBBB00000000000000000000000000000000!!

DDK:

There he is!

No, it's not Cyrus Bates. It's The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse's former mini boss marches down the rampway, his massive 6'6", 350+ pound frame, Comment-styled luchador mask on, looking something right out of a Batman comic book. The imposing figure is in no rush...

DDK:

Fuse won't let this distract him. You can tell he's trying to choke the ever living trolling hell out of Malak Garland!

The Game Boy reaches the edge of the ring. He takes hold of the top rope and pulls himself onto the apron. With one vigilant motion, The D-Pad Destroyer steps over the top rope and into the center of the ring. Jonny immediately runs over to him.

Jonny Fastcountini:

HEY, YOU CAN'T BE HERE!

Jonny didn't realize how big The Game Boy is.

...Or how angry he looks.

Jonny Fastcountini:

Leave... *[gulp]* now.

Percy Collins is up and slides into the ring. However, Conor drops the choke, hits the ropes and plants Collins with a Head Stomp before ejecting him out. Thurston Hunter is in the ring next, with a kendo stick. He looks to hit Conor in the back but Fuse ducks. Jonny Fastcountini turns around just in time, too and moves out of the way.

CRRRAAAACCCCKKKKKK!

The kendo stick hits The Game Boy instead and breaks apart in two! The second-half of the stick FLIES out of the ring and into the crowd.

The Game Boy didn't flinch.

Fuse dropkicks Hunter out of the ring. Malak Garland slides behind The Ultimate Gamer while TGB exits the ring...

DDK:

HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!! GARLAND HAS THE TIGHTS!

Jonny Fastcountini counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Conor gets to his feet, hits the ropes and crushes The Snowflake Superstar's skull with a Head Stomp! The arena bursts into cheers and celebration!

DDK:

FUSE HAS DONE IT!! THIS MATCH IS OVERRRR!!

ONE.

TWO.

GAME BOY PULLS FASTCOUNTINI OUT OF THE RING!

...*THUMP*.

And pounds the referee with a left fist.

Conor screams for The Game Boy to get back into the ring and settle the score once and for all.

DDK:

You knew this was coming.

Game Boy climbs back onto the apron and steps over the top rope.

Conor Fuse:

What is wrong with you, man!? We were friends. I would've done ANYTHING for you! I didn't kick you to the side! You needed to work on your wrestling before the Favored Saints would put you in big matches. I was ALWAYS there for you. You were my friend, my training partner...

Fuse stands as upright as possible, waiting for the end to come.

Conor Fuse:

Go ahead, take me out.

The Game Boy does nothing.

Conor Fuse:

I SAID TAKE ME OUT! END ME! FINISH MY CAREER! MAKE ME ONE OF YO-UUUUUUUUU...

Silence. The crowd is in shock.

MEE6 walks into the ring, kneels down and low blows Conor Fuse.

DDK:

What?

Game Boy cracks his neck. He snatches Conor by the waist and connects with a wicked, ring-shaking powerbomb. This is followed by hoisting Fuse in the air, in a gorilla press slam as The Mini Boss runs around the ring a number of times with Conor held up there... then drops Fuse onto his shoulder and annihilates the gamer with a powerslam.

The WrestlePlex simply watches.

MEE6 and Game Boy exit the ring. When MEE6 gets back to ALEX, ALEX nods ever-so-slightly like it's a job well done, but a job they weren't exactly comfortable with, either.

Jonny Fastcountini isn't getting up from The Game Boy's left hand (he may never get up). As Garland and Fuse lay out cold beside each other... after a good twenty seconds, Malak places his palm overtop of Conor Fuse's chest.

Lance:

I'd say the numbers game caught up to Conor but he was managing them all. Who would've expected MEE6 or ALEX to play a role?

Referee Carla Ferarri comes racing down and slides into the ring.

DDK:

Not this way.

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

Please.

THREE.

DING DING DING

A pin could be heard dropping inside the DEFplex.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, Malak Garland.

Even Quimbey's voice is somber.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Ames, Collins and Hunter are hurting but they enter the ring. MEE6, ALEX and Game Boy follow. Collins and Hunter pull a semi-conscious Malak Garland to his feet, screaming and shouting like they just won the Super Bowl at him which is especially poetic as Percy drapes a vaunted Matthew Stafford jersey over his leader's shoulder. The announcers ultimately maintain radio silence as Garland starts coming to... a shit-eating smile creeps across his face.

Malak Garland:

I own you, cOnOr. I own you!

MEE6 and ALEX stand in the corner, looking concerned for their fallen friend in Conor Fuse. The motivations aren't clear at this time on why Martin Evans-Everett VI did what he did. He and ALEX look sad, yet content.

Finally, The Thirst Trapper is feeling better. Although Garland's head spins, he allows Percy and Thurston to raise The Snowflake Superstar onto their shoulders while Teresa Ames skips around ASMRing the ring ropes whenever possible.

Malak Garland:

Put me down.

Collins and Hunter lower Malak to the canvas. The Keyboard King turns to see the fallen Conor Fuse in the center of the ring.

Malak Garland:

FINISH HIM. Make him hurt.

Game Boy methodically scoops Conor from the mat and destroys the gamer with a chokeslam, followed by another powerbomb... and then a ring-shaking leg drop.

Malak Garland:

Bring me his trademark bandana! BRING IT TO ME!!!

Thurston Hunter drops to his knees and pulls the lime green trademark Fuse Bros. bandana off The Ultimate Gamer's head. He hands it to Malak Garland, as if knighting him with a sword.

Even though Malak is significantly beaten, he's feeling euphoric! Garland holds the headband in his hands and raises it. Everyone inside the ring cheers! Malak parades around with the green bandana held high, like he's slayed the dragon, beheaded the monster and holds it in all of its glory. The peasants around Malak continue to celebrate as The Social Media Savant stops in the middle of the ring and places it on his own forehead.

Malak Garland: *[impersonating cOnOr fUsE]*

Look at meeeeeeeee!! *[Malak smacks Hunter's shoulders]* Weapon Get, Weapon Get! I love video games! Nintendo cuddles me with warm and fuzzies!

Garland dances around the ring to the laughter of his group.

Malak Garland: *[impersonating cOnOr fUsE]*

Legend of Zelda is awesome! Raiden was the worst character ever in Metal Gear Solid!

Percy, Thurston and Teresa clap Malak on.

Malak Garland: *[said in the tone of starting the Sega Genesis system]*

SEGA AAAA!!

Fuse is out, chest-up on the canvas while The Game Boy hovers over him. Garland rips the bandana off and throws it to the ground. He walks to the ring ropes and leans on them, screaming into the stands.

Malak Garland:

YOU DON'T HAVE HIM ANYMORE! He's mine! I have your newest, biggest star!

The Comments Section clap, even ALEX and MEE6 smack their hands together lightly.

MagnumG gets down on his knees and screams into Fuse's unconscious face.

Malak Garland:

YOU BELONG TO ME!!!

The leader of The Comments Section discards Conor's head by throwing it back on the mat. The DEF Plex is still reeling, watching The Snowflake Superstar parade around the ring, the rest of his crew there in support, while one of their favourites lays helplessly in the middle of the squared circle.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the television feed as Malak finds the hard camera and speaks into the bleachers, this time much more calculating.

Malak Garland:

You're mine, cOnOr...

Garland can't help but smirk.

Malak Garland:

Forever.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

â[?],ï[?]