

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

***PENIS IS ON THE RISE, MIKEY MONEY IS A SCAM
SNOWFLAKES NO MORE
GARBAGE WRESTLING IS NOT PLEASANT TO WATCH
NO MORE TWISTS OR TURNS FOR OSCAR BURNS
SNS FTW
ARTHUR UNPLEASANT, PROBABLY
!RANK TO THE FUTURE
CHRIS RICHARDS IS AWESOME
JAY HARVEY HAS TWO FIRST NAMES
LINDSAY TROY HAS TWO FIRST NAMES
GAGE BLACKWOOD HAS TWO LAST NAMES
CAYLE MURRAY HAS TWO MIDDLE NAMES
I ONLY SEE HENRY KEYES' LAST NAME IN PRINT AND I'M NOT 100% ON THE PRONUNCIATION
WHO IS THE ONE?
KERRY ON MY WAYWARD WRESTLER***

To the announce team once again.

DDK:

Hello everyone. I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and this is my partner, Lance Warner.

Lance:

Hello!

DDK:

We've got another great show tonight. Only three confirmed matches so far but there's bound to be more. After last night's CRAZY main event, a Bronson Box return and so many other things... I can only imagine what'll transpire tonight, on the road to DEFCON!

The DEFtv match graphic appears...

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS & SCOTT STEVENS vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN & RHYS COLLINS**DDK:**

Burns and Stevens look to get back on track. I'm not sure the war is over with Tom Morrow!

Lance:

I most certainly hope not. Not after what happened at DEFIANCE Road!

Another match graphic...

THE D vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS**DDK:**

Two men on losing ends at DEFIANCE Road as well but not for a lack of trying! Batts gave it his all for the SOHER and The D, alongside Elise Ares, showed so much heart vs. JFKayle!

Lance:

I'm not sure Elise Ares is here, either. I don't have much to report regarding her status.

DDK:

Either way, The D and Ryan Batts should be a good one! And in our main event...

**UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS:
THE COMMENTS SECTION © vs. THE ONE****DDK:**

The wait is over!

Lance:

I don't understand this. So it's one guy? Or girl?

DDK:

Look, all I know is this match was SUPPOSED to happen on DEFtv 150 but Malak Garland wouldn't shut up about it. So the Favored Saints moved it. If this match was supposed to go on a night numbered 150, it has to be big, right?

Lance:

You'd think...

DDK:

We're going to find out one way or another.

THE RICK DICKULOUS CHALLENGE

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

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

DDK:

Wait a second, Lance, what is this?

Lance:

It would appear to be Rick Dickulous, Keebs. I'm assuming this is fallout from Defiance Road.

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the ring, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring, motioning to a ringside tech for a microphone. As the crowd jeers, Rick takes the microphone, then motions for the crowd to quiet, his deep, bellowing voice overtaking the din.

Rick Dickulous:

I'm sure many of you are asking yourselves why I'm out here. Maybe you're asking yourself why I think I'm important enough to take up your time.

DDK:

I won't lie, Lance. I know I'm asking myself both things right now.

Lance:

I think he's gonna tell us.

Rick waits as the crowd reacts.

Rick Dickulous:

Well, it's simple. A month ago at Defiance Road I had a match with Mushigihara...

OOOSSUUUUU!!

Rick Dickulous:

Well, your "hero" wasn't able to beat me alone, as you all saw clear as day. No, he needed Chris Richards to come out an' save the day. Your God-Beast really isn't much more than a panda in a singlet...but, that's not why I'm here, no.

DDK:

I don't know, I think Rick's just mad his plan blew up in his face!

Rick Dickulous:

Chris Richards? You barked up the wrong tree, little man, and I intend to make an example outta you. You like sticking your nose in my business? Well, now you have my attention - and sadly for you, that's not a good thing.

Rick gestures up the ramp.

Rick Dickulous:

You keep hiding back there, Richards, that's fine, but here's the deal: I want your ass right now...and I'm not leaving this ring until you have the balls to come out here like a man, face to face, and tell me you accept.

The crowd starts booing as Rick gestures to a ring tech to get him a chair.

Rick Dickulous:

And just to show you how absolutely fucking serious I am?

Lance:

Oh dear God no...

Rick opens the chair and sets it in the middle of the ring, facing up the ramp before sitting down, arms crossed across his chest.

DDK:

There it is, folks. Rick Dickulous has just taken over the ring here at the WrestlePlex.

Rick Dickulous:

Tick, tock, Chris Richards...YOU are making these people wait. YOU are the reason they feel cheated out of their hard-earn--ok, let's be realistic here, government handouts. I swear to Chr--

The screen interrupts Rick mid sentence as Richards' face appears and takes up most of the screen.

Chris Richards:

Listen up you big dumb brute, I'm not walking down to that ring to fight you... on your own fucking terms. Sure, I haven't been exactly the brightest tool in the shed so far but I'm not even that stupid.

Rick motions at the screen for Richards to come down to the ring, but Richards continues talking.

Chris Richards:

Rick, I'm done playing by your rules. I'm done getting attacked and beaten, I'm done looking at your big Paul Bunyan look alike ass wave an axe around like a fucking psychopath. What are you going to do with that thing anyway? Actually kill someone with it? Get arrested for murder?

Rick Dickulous:

Richards I swear t...

Richards holds up a finger to his mouth and loudly shushes the giant in the middle of the ring.

Chris Richards:

See Rick, I don't think that maple syrup powered pea brain of yours really understands it yet. I'm not going to come down there and fight you. I'm not going to come down to that ring. What do you have to get me down there? You're going to threaten me? Yell and scream? Stomp around the ring like a spoiled brat?

Richards' face contorts as he continues in a different, more mocking tone.

Chris Richards:

Oh Momma, it's about that Richards boy, eh. He's not doing what I want and I'm mad about it. I'm sorry it upset me.

Richards switches back to his normal voice as Rick stands up quickly, pointing at the screen and talking unintelligibly.

Chris Richards:

You're a giant cartoon character Rick. A living breathing real life caricature. They might as well call you Captain Canuck, The Moosekateer, or whatever bullshit you morons watch. We'll do this on my terms instead, but I'll make a concession to ya. I'll let you pretend like you're the Canadian version of Pop-eye, drink your maple syrup, swing your dumb fucking axe around, and come find me.

Rick Dickulous, furious now, turns around and kicks the steel chair with a clatter before stepping over the top rope and

jumping to the floor as the crowd begins to cheer Richards on. The crowd grows louder as Rick hightails it up the ramp and through the curtain.

DDK:

I don't know about you, Lance, but I am thankful that's over.

Lance:

Chris Richards just saved DEFtv, Darren! Now maybe we can actually get on with the program that these fine people paid their hard earned money to see!

INSATIABLE THIRST

The broadcast arrives at the watercooler which has its usual foot traffic. Teresa Ames perches herself by the racks of water jugs because she feels that's a fitting place for her. She pretends to act casual with her eyes to her phone.

Teresa Ames:

I hope my chances of another random encounter in the wild are better than one in four thousand.

Desperation covers her like a sticky residue as she's all but alone for a few moments. Low and behold, Gage Blackwood finally walks by with a tight shirt on, looking like he has somewhere else to be until Ames trips into his walking path, seemingly out of nowhere.

Teresa Ames:

Oops! Woopsy! My bad. Excuse me, sir.

Her hands linger a bit too long on his biceps before letting go.

Gage Blackwood:

Okay?

Teresa's natural reaction is to twirl her hair innocently.

Teresa Ames:

Hey listen, what are you doing Friday night? I heard about this special movie screening taking place and I was wondering if you wanted to go with me?

A pause settles in and little does either Gage or Teresa notice but sales manager Kristie Bellis (who has been seen before on DEFtv) lingers in the background.

Teresa Ames:

Yeah, so, I hear it's a big production being put on by Screen 7 and I'm all about supporting local talent, so maybe you would like to go with me?

Her nervousness is overly apparent to point where Gage is dumbfounded.

Gage Blackwood:

Uh, what? Listen, I have to go address The Faithful.

It's like Ames isn't even listening to The Noble Raider.

Teresa Ames:

Who knows... it could be fun?

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I really need to address The Faithful, regarding my loss to Scott Douglas. Besides, sounds like a rubbish idea.

The Gaelic Grappler goes to leave but this time Ames puts her hands on his biceps with purpose.

Teresa Ames:

I don't think you heard me.

The tone of her voice changes.

Teresa Ames:

There's a special movie screening. It's tailor made for a special date. You and me. We should go.

The initial rejection only makes Teresa fixated on Gage more.

Gage Blackwood:

What's going on here?

Blackwood gently takes back control of his arms. Shook but not deterred, Teresa tries one last time.

Teresa Ames:

I don't know what else to say or do. It's a free event. I already got the tickets. Front row.

It's hard for her to ease back but she eventually finds a way.

Teresa Ames:

I guess we could just go as friends. Please?

Seeing Teresa is sort of holding Gage hostage, The Edinburgh native decides to fix himself a cup of water.

Teresa Ames:

Is the back of your throat dry? That happens to me sometimes too. Gotta stay liquified. So can we please go to this movie screening? PLEASE?

She asks so nicely and with such sincerity.

Gage Blackwood:

Uhhh, sure?

Her heart flutters along with her spider-like eyelashes. Kristie can be seen with a sour look on her face.

Teresa Ames:

YOU WILL!? Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! You won't regret it!

Gage takes a swig from his cup of water.

Gage Blackwood:

Can I go now, lass?

Ames smiles and nods.

Teresa Ames:

Yes, of course you can. This makes me so happy! OUR FIRST DATE! I can't wait to show you how good of a baw juggler I am!

With that, Gage nearly spits out the water in his mouth.

Gage Blackwood:

Excuse me!? That... that's not what that saying means.

An aura of discomfort ruins the conversation as Gage immediately departs. However, Teresa's day is made. She can't stop smiling...

**"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS & SCOTT STEVENS vs.
REINHARDT HOFFMAN & RHYS COLLINS**

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on *Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!*

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT**FIST of DEFIANCE**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

THE BETTER FUTURE IS NOW

After the Burns/Stevens match and a commercial break plugging some merch you should go and get right now, we end up at the Commentation Station with Lance and Darren Keebler.

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to DEFTv and just moments ago, we heard Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens issue a challenge for a DEFIANCE Road rematch with Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace from Better Future Talent Agency! It looks like Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens are now on the same page at least long enough to deal with the threat on their own careers.

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace did get the drop on Stevens and Burns at DEFIANCE Road and REALLY cemented a place for themselves... but after hearing that challenge, we understand that ADV, Jack Mace and Tom Morrow have a response. Let's take it backstage now.

The camera heads back to the backstage area where Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace stand on either side of the brainchild of Better Future, Tom Morrow. The human piece of excrement shines a smile and beams behind his brand new white horn-rimmed glasses.

Tom Morrow:

Oscar Burns... Scott Stevens... Better Future Talent Agency changed the game. These two young, strong blue chipper main event-level talents BEAT the two of you on Pay-Per-View no less! One of the toughest men to ever hold the FIST and Mister Two-Time FIST arguably at the top of your game right now when it comes to in-ring performances....and they BEAT YOU.

He slaps Jack Mace on the shoulder.

Tom Morrow:

Burns, I heard you say that you didn't care about an explanation as to why your former pupil turned on you back at DEFIANCE Road. But this isn't about YOU and your bullshit ego. This is about HIM. This man next to me. The truth is YOU turned on HIM by spurning me and my group.

Jack Mace smiles.

Jack Mace:

Oi... Burnsie... you're a dipshit, that's as simple as I can put it, mate. You were SO CLOSE to joinin' Better Future and we would have been partners again! We would have rode together again, tearin' up these rings, tearin' up people's limbs and doing it all with smiles on your faces... but unlike me, you just couldn't shut your conscience up for more than two second. I couldn't turn mine off for a long, long time when I got into this business cause of you. And that's why I spent an extra year in BRAZEN. I wasn't mad that ya chose Ryan over me to bring to the main roster. But over time, I knew the truth...

The Jack of All Holds sneers.

Jack Mace:

Oscar, I waited... waited.. Waited... waited for you to call me back up while I put in the work. Lost FIFTY pounds! Gained muscle! Worked on me mat skills. But that call never came. You left my big ass to ROT because ya knew the second I got back on the roster, I'd surpass you. Well, mate, I'm glad in the long run, I proved myself right... outside DEFIANCE, I became a World Heavyweight Champion and I did that without you. I NEVER needed you and at DEFIANCE Road, I proved myself right again! I am a Damn Fine Pro Wrestler and I stood over you as the winner at DEFROAD! And I won't stop until I'VE replaced you as the top man of that mat in DEFIANCE!

He smiles as Alvaro continues.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Scott Stevens... you old-ass pendejo... Tu tiempo se acabó y aún no lo sabes. Your time is up already and you just don't know it yet. Like Senor Morrow just said... we beat you not just because we are aligned with Better Future... we beat you two whiny little pendejos because that FUTURE IS NOW!

He inches closer to the camera and pulls it towards him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

No star has risen out of BRAZEN faster than I! No man has defeated literally the BIGGEST man on this roster in that pendejo, Uriel Cortez, and no man has defeated literally one of this organization's BIGGEST stars in Oscar Burns on back to back pay-per-views... but ME! And now you two come barking up this tree again wanting another shot? Against Jack Mace, this organization's best pure wrestler! And against ME? El Sol Dorado? It's brightest star?

He grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Beating you both once is not enough. I told you, Burns, that since you didn't join Better Future that you'd be part of its past... Well, now, all you've done is jeopardize Scott Stevens career, too, you stupid pendejo. I am El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE. Everything revolves around ME!

He throws the camera back to Tom Morrow, who only has one more thing to add.

Tom Morrow:

We accept.

Black.

PUNK WARS

The lights in the WrestlePlex slowly dim out. Simple light blue text appears on the DEFIATron...

A short while ago, at a wrestling Pay Per View event far, far away...

DDK:

Oh boy, this should be rich...

Then eight MASSIVE letters fill the screen as musical fanfare blasts through the PA system...

♪ "Star Wars Main Theme" by John Williams ♪

PUNK WARS

Familiar looking text slowly crawls up from the bottom, eventually fading into the void of space...

EPISODE CDXX (lol): THE KABAL STRIKES BACK

It is a dark time for DEFIANCE. Although DEFIANCE Road was a momentous event, THE KABAL have driven the heroes of the Faithful to the brink of defeat and obscurity, further proving themselves to be the craziest, most unhinged badasses the federation has ever seen.

Evading the dreaded Kaballian Reapfleet, a group of freedom fighters made up of DEACON, LINDSAY TROY, and HENRY KEYES totally got their asses handed to them when they courageously and stupidly went against the combined forces of the Kabal.

The nefarious Escape Artist REZIN, obsessed with his mission of destroying DEFIANCE and rebuilding it into his own punk rock image, has blazed through thousands of dank spliffs, as he sets his dark plans into the far reaches of professional wrestling....

Lance:

Hopefully we aren't getting sued by Disney for this.

As the theme fades out and the last bits of text fade out, the music is replaced by a swell of feedback, soon joined by a drum and bass line so heavy it hits you right in the ol' Kaballs.

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

Accompanying this thumping rhythm is a raspy voice scatting along to the riff.

"DOOB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DOOB-DUMB!"

"DOOB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DOOB-DUMB!"

"DOOB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DOOB-DUMB!"

"DOOB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DUMB-DOOB-DOOB-DUMB!"

The voice reveals itself as REZIN steps through the curtain, mic in hand and clad in his freshly made battle vest covered in studs, spikes, patches, and pins. The Faithful coldly greet him with a LOUD chorus of jeers, and he openly welcomes the reaction by going right into a Christ-pose once the guitar kicks in and the stage lights up.

DDK:

Ugh... well, it appears we are all unwillingly being graced by the presence of one of the most odious characters to ever taint the sacred halls of the WrestlePlex, the so-called "Escape Artist" Rezin.

Lance:

Don't you mean "odiferous"?

DDK:

You aren't far off there, Lance... I can smell that rotten punk from all the way up here. And if I had to guess, I'd say he's here tonight to gloat about the Kabal's victory at DEFIANCE Road over the alliance of Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, and Deacon.

Rezin swaggers and dances down the rampway in time to the music like Jeff Bridges playing the Dude from the Gutterballs scene in the Big Lebowski. He is absolutely brimming with smug satisfaction and cockiness, taking a moment to turn around and stick his thumbs over both shoulders to direct attention to the large patch on the back of his vest. It looks like the "Circle A" symbol of anarchy, only one line has been crooked in the way to make it form the letter "R".

The Goat Bastard takes to the ring, and the music cuts. With his jackyl's grin wider than ever, he turns his attention to the Faithful in attendance...

Rezin:

Arright arright arrrrrRRRRRIGHT, LISTEN UP, ya scum!

"Boooooo!"

Rezin's face melts into a frown. He turns to the other side of the WrestlePlex...

Rezin:

I said LIZTEN UP, YA SCUM!!

"Booooooooo!"

He scoffs, unimpressed by this apparently lukewarm reaction. He turns back to the other side of the arena.

Rezin:

I dunno, you losers over here on the West side are sounding like the more pathetic half of the Plex, know'm sayin'?

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

Rezin:

Oof, that was weak... okay how about it, Eastside? You ugly bums gonna let them get away with that, or are ya half asleep from all the "action" you've been forced to sit through?

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Smirking, he points the mic back to the west...

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Points it east...

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Is he goading the fans into a booing match?

Lance:

It would appear that way...

Rezin cackles, taking delight in his control over the Faithful's hatred for him.

Rezin:

HAHAHAHHA, you stupid normies couldn't make yourselves heard if you were on fire! Now let's cut the crap and try it again, and try to put some effort into it this time: *LISTEN! UP! YOU! SCUM!!*

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

The reaction is DEAFENING. Rezin mockingly falls over and takes a roll as if knocked over by the blast

DDK:

Geiger counters must be clicking like crazy right now, because this heat is absolutely NUCLEAR!

Back on his feet, scoffs as he raises his mic.

Rezin:

So ya know, I've been here in DEFIANCE for a few months now, and I finally feel settled in... but to be honest, I have yet to see what's "DEFIANT" about this company.

DDK:

Ugh... as if I haven't THAT line a million times before.

The Faithful jeer angrily. The Bastard shrugs innocently.

Rezin:

I mean, it's supposed to be right there in the name. But when I think of the word "DEFIANCE", I think of the spirit of rebellion. Going against the grain. Giving the middle finger to the authority and the powers that be. Bein' fuckin' PUNK ROCK and all that! And yet, since day one, all I've been dealing with is *RULES*, RULES, rules, rules, rules...

With a heavy sigh and a solemn shake of his head, he droops over by the waist as if it were all too exhausting to bear.

Rezin:

I feel I can't go a day in this place without someone tryna bust my balls. I'm here in the match doin' my thing, and they go, "Break it up before the four count, Rezin! Get back in the ring, Rezin! Stop gouging the eyes and pulling the hair, Rezin! Put that chair down, Rezin! Stop setting things on fire, Rezin!"

Straightening up, his eyes begin to bulge wide and his entire body convulses in escalating anger. All these rules and regulations are clearly pushing him to the brink of his sanity. What little he has left, anyway..

Rezin:

Even backstage, it never ends... "GIVE TRUTT HIS WALLET BACK, REZIN! STOP SHOWERING IN THE MOP SINK, REZIN! STOP SELLING WEED TO SHIELDS, REZIN! *STOP TELLING EVERYONE YOU SET FIRE TO THE NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, REZIN!! STOP TRYING TO UNIONIZE THE RING CREW, REZIN!!*"

A whoop from a grip can be heard from ringside, and Rezin briefly acknowledges the only person in the building who doesn't immediately hate his guts by holding up a fist to show solidarity.

Rezin:

You call this "DEFIANCE"? Gimme a break. You take that word and see it as something you can slap onto a t-shirt. "Come on, kids! Be DEFIANT and fight the power, for only twenty-nine ninety-nine, plus tax!" That's not "DEFIANT", if you ask me; that's Disneyland bullshit.

DDK:

Now I KNOW we're going to get sued...

The crowd is getting further riled up. Rezin paces the ring, holding a hand over his eyes to shield out the arena lights as he looks into the furthest reaches of the WrestlePlex.

Rezin:

Right now, all I see out there are foam fists, Deacon masks, and JEE HOORVEY t-shirts. A fine ocean of materialist crap... printed and sold to stupid bums like you, who pointlessly toil and labour your lives away at your shitty day jobs, just so you can come HERE once a week and blow all of your capital on false hopes and empty dreams!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

If he keeps this up, this crowd is liable to riot!

DDK:

I'm about to lose control myself!

The Escape Artist cackles in triumph.

Rezin:

Oh, haven't you HEARD by now? All your heroes are DEAD! Their legacies were claimed by the combined might of THE KABAL! Your QUEEN was beheaded! Your MUTE SAVIOR shrieked in terror! And that damn AIRSHIP PILOT flew the coop! And unfortunately for you, DEFIANCE Road was only the beginning!

Rezin scales the turnbuckle, leering over the crowd like a hungry vulture.

Rezin:

The Kabal are here on a mission... and that mission is to *remind you* what being "DEFIANT" is all about. Because that's what WE are! WE'RE THE ONES fighting the system! WE'RE THE ONES stoking the fires of revolution! WE'RE THE ONES ushering in the NEW AGE of CHAOS!

~~WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~

Rezin:

WHOOOAA, GEEZ!!

The sudden blast of sound over the PA causes Rezin to tumble from the turnbuckle in surprise. His expression does a complete one-eighty as his wild eyes look to the curtain...

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Lance:

HANG ON A MINUTE!

DDK:

Thank GOD someone's here to shut Rezin up!

"RAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It's the Steampunkiest Pirate You Know. Henry Keyes power-struts through a burst of steam and pauses at the top of the ramp, surveying the crowd who may be cheering out of relief more than anything else at this point. After a nod of acknowledgement to The Faithful, he sets his gaze hard on Rezin in the middle of the ring, who Nic Cage-style glares back at him with a mix of bewilderment and anger. Keyes's look isn't angry in return, though - it's something else, like he's THIS close to solving Final Jeopardy but can't quite pull the answer from the back of his mind. He makes his way to the ring and motions ring staff for a mic.

Henry Keyes:

You know, I -

(one loud dude first, then growing) "fuck him up! Fuck him up! Fuck Him UP! FUCK HIM UP! FUCK HIM UP!! FUCK HIM UP!!!"

Keyes is forced to lower the mic and let this shit happen. He almost seems surprised at how bloodthirsty the crowd has become in its desire to eat Rezin alive. Once taking delight in their rage, Rezin now seems positively fearful of the chanting fans. Keyes nearly breaks for a second before refocusing.

Henry Keyes:

...I can't believe, YOU'RE the one that bested me. After all that. After securing a tiger and a literal treasure trove. After returning to DEFIANCE from a four-year hiatus because of the garbage that you and your Kabal did to my One Friend. After thumping your comrade Stalker at his own game - it was YOU.

Keyes's face still hunts for that goddamned Final Jeopardy question.

Henry Keyes:

And I've been thinking SO VERY HARD, Rezin, about your..."technical prowess", and your...THIS -

Keyes gestures broadly at Rezin's slight and super-grungy maybe-hasn't-slept-in-48-hours frame.

Henry Keyes:

...and over time it occurred to me to look inward. I got so very sucked into the mindset of heroism, that I just MUST save my One Friend and My New Giant Acquaintance Who Knows The Handshake, come hell or high water - and I overreached. I zealous'd myself to an untoward end, and you bested me in that moment.

Some booooooooo's and the like emanate from the crowd, though not the nuclear rage-boners from before - more the kind of "nahhhhhh that can't be it" type that you might've given Luke Skywalker in the theater after he couldn't lift his X-Wing out of Yoda's swamp the first time.

Henry Keyes:

You owe me nothing, Rezin. You and your Kabal have every right to scamper away, raise the ire of the world, and gloat for all eternity that you defeated Those Damn Heroes...but I have a Compulsion. I'm hard-wired to need to KNOW if things would be different if the distractions were gone - if the friendships weren't involved, if I didn't play hero ball, and if it was you and me, one on one, man to man. I MUST know, and the pirate code requires that I DEMAND satisfaction.

The Faithful roar their approval as Keyes steps closer and closer to Rezin, until Rezin is backed into a ring corner and Keyes is inches from his face.

Henry Keyes:

What say you?

Keyes extends an arm, clearly hoping for a handshake. Tense moments pass as both men lock gazes, Keyes determined and Rezin outlandish. The Escape Artist looks down at the hand of the Airship Pirate, open and honest. He raises his hand...

DDK:

I have a bad feeling about this...

Then he suddenly waves him off instead.

"BOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

Can't say I'm at all surprised by that. There isn't a shred of respect in a cad like Rezin.

Moving out of the corner and past the Airship Pirate, the Goat Bastard paces around the ring like a man unhinged, fretfully running his hands through his hair and beard while muttering incoherently to himself. Finally, he raises his own mic.

Rezin:

HENRY KEYES... I gotta say, you comin' out here, all by yourself, after I straight *humiliated* you at DEFIANCE Road... it's pretty damn courageous of you. Gutsy even. Dare I call it...

He slowly turns around with a single skeptical eyebrow raised.

Rezin:

...punk rock?

He suddenly points to Keyes accusingly, eyes narrowing into slits.

Rezin:

Almost *TOO PUNK ROCK*, if you ask me!

A snarling grin finds its way back on his face.

Rezin:

HA! You may think yourself clever with your steampunk ways, HEN'RY KEYES, but I'm onto you! This ain't about your satisfaction! This is about trying to prove yourself to be the most PUNK ROCK sum'bish in all of DEFIANCE!!

DDK:

...WHAT?! Is he serious right now? What is he even talking about!?

Slowly, Rezin shakes his head in firm denial. The Faithful brim with confusion. If a single arched eyebrow could convey a deadpanned "Yep, you got me", it just showed up on Keyes's face.

Rezin:

But I won't LET YOU, HEN'RY KEYES!! **EYE** AM THE MASTER OF PUNK ROCK here in DEFIANCE! I am the ESCAPE ARTIST!! My palette is PAIN and CHAOS! My brush is my LEGS and my SAVAGERY! And my canvas is... uhh... ya know, THE CANVAS!

Keyes's second eyebrow is now fully vertical. He gives a side-eyed glance to the announce table and we pick up a slight chortle from Lance who quickly contains himself.

Rezin:

That's why you're not challenging ME, HENNERY KEYYESS... but EYE am challenging YOU!! LET'S MAKE IT HAPPEN!!

Henry Keyes:

My man!

Keyes tosses his mic and puts his pinky fingers inside his cheeks, letting out a sharp whistle followed by a beckoning wave to the timekeeper's table. Immediately, Darren Quimbey springs to his feet and pulls notes from his jacket pocket. The crowd electrifies, getting to their feet as it grows more and more apparent that their CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE is about to expand. Rezin seems caught off guard by everything happening all at once.

Rezin:

...wait, wait, you mean we're doing this RIGHT NOW?!

Keyes points up the ramp, nodding, and beckoning once again towards the ring. Lip-readers clearly pick up "Whichever ref is free, tell them I was right."

Rezin continues to look around with frantic uncertainty as Keyes moves to the corner and delivers some instructions to Darren Quimbey outside the ring. The ring announcer then nods, and raises his mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Keyes concerns himself with removing his goggles and other accessories, but an evil grin spreads across the nefarious Rezin's face as he suddenly sees an opening. Without warning, he sprints toward the unsuspecting Airship Pirate...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first--

DDK:

Wait a second, Rezin with the SNEAK ATTACK--

Lance:

No!

Keyes DUCKS to the side at the last second as the audience yelps in surprise! Rezin bounces off the turnbuckle and turns around to see Henry with his arms out wide!

Lance:

Keyes with the BELLCLAP~!

DDK:

NO, so close!

The CLAP of Keyes' hands rings through the WrestlePlex like a gunshot, but Henry immediately winces in pain as he hits nothing but air. True to his name, the Escape Artist falls backwards in a panic and clumsily tumbles through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

Damn it, that weasel Rezin got away at the last second!

Lance:

But at least his plan failed, and he'll likely think twice about trying anything like that again.

Rezin scrambles back to his feet, looking visibly shaken at his near miss. He raises the mic again as he backpedals up the rampway.

Rezin:

Ya know on second thought, tonight's actually a bad night for me. I got some other business to attend to. Yeah, super top secret Kabal business! The kind of business that gives me absolutely no time to wrestle in a match, conveniently enough.

"BOOOOOOOO!!"

The Faithful jeer loudly at this empty excuse. Rezin nevertheless points threateningly to Keyes in the ring.

Rezin:

But don't think for one second that you can rest easy, HEN'RY KEYES! You and I will meet in that ring and settle this

matter, and we will do it in the most PUNK ROCK match imaginable! It just won't be tonight!

Halfway up the ramp, he crosses paths with Mark Shields, who was in the process of making his way to the ring at the laziest pace possible.

Mark Shields:

Ah geez, really? So they made me get up and come out here for nothing?

Rezin throws an arm across the official's shoulder and pulls him in close.

Rezin: *[whispering]*

(pipe down, shieldsy, and there's a bag in it for ya!)

Mark Shields: *[whispering]*

(oh good! I was about out anyway--)

Rezin:

MARK MY WORDS, HEN'RY KEYES... the WAR to prove who is most PUNK ROCK in all of DEFIANCE has only just begun! And next week, I will formally deliver my challenge to you! And I assure you, it will be a challenge of absolutely PUNK ROCK proportions!

In the ring, Keyes can only roll his eyes and shake his head while Rezin pulls the official back to the top of the ramp.

Rezin:

Just you wait, Keyes! You may think yourself master of the skies or some shit with that ANNOYING LOUD airship... but don't be too proud of that technological terror you've constructed! The ability to fly around a planet, or even a whole *system*, is INSIGNIFICANT next to the power of the PUNK ROCK!

"BOOOOOO!!!"

The Goat Bastard sneers at the crowd in disgust.

Rezin:

I find your lack of faith disturbing...

Rezin and Mark Shields disappear through the curtain. Henry Keyes continues working up the crowd while "Airship Pirate" plays triumphantly again over the PA system.

DDK:

Well I was hoping we'd finally see someone give that scumbag the beating that's been coming to him, but be as it may, we'll just have to see what becomes of this confrontation between Henry Keyes and Rezin at a later date!

Lance:

It should be an interesting face-off, should we ever see it happen. Henry Keyes may have what it takes to be the first wrestler in DEFIANCE to score a proper win over the Escape Artist, but Rezin has proven to be a particularly slippery and crafty bastard in his short time here.

DDK:

In any case, let's get to a match that we KNOW is happening tonight!

THE D vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

This next match coming up is going to grant a HUGE opportunity when it comes to DEFtv 150 in just two weeks! After an exciting super heavyweight fight between Dex Joy and Deacon, Dex Joy has opted to put the Southern Heritage Championship on the line at 150 and out of the roster, "Bantam" Ryan Batts and The D have been chosen for this major opportunity!

Lance:

Even though he and Elise Ares came up short during an INCREDIBLE main event at DEF Road Night One, The D still has amassed two major singles victories over two former FISTs of DEFIANCE in Oscar Burns and Cayle Murray in recent singles outings. Meanwhile, Ryan Batts wasn't pinned in that triple threat match, and he did manage to defeat Tyler Fuse in singles action on this most recent UNCUT. Due to these circumstances, Batts and The D will battle for the shot!

DDK:

Who gets the biggest opportunity of their careers against The Biggest Boy on 150? We'll find out shortly!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! The winner of the match will earn a Southern Heritage Championship opportunity on DEFtv 150! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his newer thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd!

DDK:

Batts has been hungry for another shot at the Southern Heritage Title! Can he get it tonight?

Lance:

Ryan Batts has really come into his own the last few months, but so has The D, especially in singles competition. Take nothing away from either man. They'll be an absolute challenge to Dex Joy and the Southern Heritage Title out of whoever wins.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Hollywood, California, weighing in at 176 pounds... **THE D!**

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

As the opening lyric crescendos, the D steps out from the backstage area, arms out stretched. He then pops his collar and smiles, then does a quick 360 pivot. When the chorus hits, The D reaches up, tears off the suit like he's a stripper and stands there in his traditional PCP outfit, this time with a bit of gold trim added. Flex is there wearing his finest three piece, looking imposing, while holding a cardboard sign that says "Elise, call us!" The D stomps his way to the ring while even Ryan Batts looks impressed for the fancy entrance! He can't help but clap cause it's a banger of a theme also.

DDK:

Two vastly different athletes as far as in-ring skills and discipline, but The D's star has really skyrocketed after these battles with 24K. Batts has become more driven, so the winner will have no doubt earned this one.

Lance:

Did you see Flex's sign? It looks like PCP haven't heard from Elise since DEF Road. She may be seriously hurt Darren.

DDK:

Our medical staff checked out Elise Ares, and she'll definitely need time to heal. DEFIANCE and the Favored Sons do wish her well, and hope that she found her medical care adequate.

Batts offers a hand to The D and the PCP member takes it as the bell rings.

DING DING

The two men lock up quickly with The D actually taking a bit of control and quickly trying to ground Batts with a snapmare into a seated chinlock... but Batts grabs the arm and then twists it around to now ground The D with a Hammerlock. The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad then leads The D to his feet to twist his arm with a quick arm wringer. He tries to get The D into some sort of arm lock, but The D grabs the nearby rope, does a backflip, then reverses the momentum so now he has the hammerlock!

Lance:

Didn't expect to see The D go with any sort of mat wrestling in this one, but he's holding his own against Batts who has those years of mat experience.

The D keeps him in place, but Batts leaps up and grabs The D's head (tee hee) then **THROWS** him over with a big flying snapmare. The D rolls through and gets back to his feet, but when he rushes at Batts, the stronger man of the two side-steps then **SNAPS** him up and over with a deadlift German suplex!

ONE.... TWO... NO!

The crowd gasps when Batts doesn't get the fall, but hitting one of his biggest high-impact moves so early in the bout means he's going for the kill. When The D tries to get up, Batts **BLASTS** him with a shoot kick to the chest, doubling over The D and sending him to the ropes. The D hooks the top rope and slips out, just narrowly avoiding Batts' telegraphed Standing diving headbutt.

DDK:

Oooh, good scouting by the D there, slipping out just in time.

Lance:

He pulled out.

DDK:

Batts... Lance! Batts flies with the Flipside to wild cheers!

Having sacrificed a large part of himself to do damage to the D, Batts gingerly gets up, and rolls the D inside. He follows suit at four. As D gets on all fours, Batts stomps on his hand and then starts trying to spread his fingers. The D with a spinning backfist from a seated position, Batts leaps over it, landing on the D's chest on the way down with a double foot stomp. Batts off the far side, soccer punts the recovering D in the jaw into a quick pin.

ONE.

TWO.

Batts gets up from the pin and leaps, senton on the D. He gets up and does it again. And again. And the fourth time, he throws both arms out as he lands. He then forward somersaults to the corner, hops onto the second turnbuckle, and then climbs to the top, before diving.

DDK:

A quartet of sentons... into Let Gravity Do the Rest!

Lance:

The D moves! Batts lands with a thud!

With the wind knocked out, the D stalks Batts, kicking him in the thigh, then the side, then the head, just circling around Batts and kicking him every so often until Batts catches one of his kicks. Bantam stands as the D begs off, no, enzeugri ducked by Batts, D lands on his feet, and comes back with a flying crescent kick variation that just clips Batts. He stumbles, dropping the leg, as the D scrambles to the far corner. The D hops to the second rope, and then leaps, catching Batts in the jaw with a diving missile drop kick.

As Batts slowly recovers, pushing himself up to his feet, the D applauds him across the ring.

DDK:

A show of showmanship from the D here.

Lance:

Batts is hesitant, I mean, it's only a few months ago when the PCP forced him to wear a Tiger Suit.

DDK:

The D seems to be asking Batts to teach him how he put pressure on his finger joints like he did earlier, as the two circle and lock back up!

Collar and elbow tie up, into an arm wringer by the D, who grabs the fingers with his free hand and tries to pry them apart. With the D focused on the fingers, Batts slips out and goes behind into a hammerlock. The D tries to reach back and gently yanks at Batts' hair before being admonished by Brian Slater. The D winces as Batts shows him how to properly focus on a joint while in a hammerlock. Back elbow by the D, breaks the hold long enough for the D to do a split jawbreaker combination.

DDK:

The D climbs to the top rope, he's show boating up there.

Lance:

No... I... I think... is he asking Elise to call him?

DDK:

During this match. Yes. Elise Ares. Please call the D.

The D takes flight with the B-Movie, a pretty good frogsplash.

Too bad Ryan Batts rolled out of the way. The D rolls completely through into a corner, clutching his chest in pain.

DDK:

The D took a big risk and it did NOT pay off! Batts, he's sizing him up.

Lance:

Bottom of the ninth... BATTER UH-!

DDK:

A last second split! Batts whiffs and hits the middle turnbuckle! The D hooks him from behind... NETFLIX MONEY!

The D's version of the Destino hits in the corner. The D drags Batts a little bit away from the ropes, and dives on top while hooking the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

Batts reaches out for the bottom rope... he's just an inch away.

THREE!

The D climbs off of Batts and pumps his fists in the air after pulling a great veteran maneuver!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **THE D!**

DDK:

That's a HUGE win for The D! He's been on a roll in singles action and with this win, he'll earn a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship against "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Lance:

And that was such a GREAT veteran move! Batts was near the ropes and The D kept him from getting there!

After The D has his arm raised, an upset Batts finally starts to come around after being dropped by Netflix Money. Holding the back of his head in pain, he slaps the mat with his free hand.

DDK:

Tough luck by Batts. Down the line, he most definitely deserves another shot, but The D has been on top of his game.

Batts looks up at his opponent and while he still isn't fully upright, he reaches his free hand out and shakes the hand of The D.

The D:

More than three shakes is playing with me.

Ryan Batts:

Noted.... Ow.

The D:

Me too.

The D nods to Batts, and then goes to celebrate among the Faithful. He climbs to the turnbuckles and makes a motion around his waist.

DDK:

The D has earned his opportunity at making the SoHer, So His.

Lance:

That is gonna be one heck of a match, isn't it? Talk about divergent styles! Dex Joy vs. the D in two weeks time at DEFtv 150!

DDK:

It'll be a milestone show Lance. No doubt about it!

The scene fades to commercial break as the D makes one last motion for a belt around his waist, while Flex Kruger continues to hold up the "Call us Elise!" sign.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

NO VER EL MAL

Victor Vacio stands behind a table in catering loaded with what appears to be a taco making spread; shells (hard and soft), ground meat, lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, sour cream...all under a cheerfully (and quite obviously hand made) sign claiming it to be the "Cinco de Marcho" table. Clearly someone in catering has either a bad sense of humor, or is overly excited and/or confused by Latin American holidays. Vacio sighs as he looks at the sign, shaking his head and reluctantly picking up a hard shell.

Victor Vacio:

¡Esta mierda tiene que terminar!

From the distance and closing fast can be heard the heavy footsteps of what sounds like a herd of elephants as Rick Dickulous suddenly appears, slightly out of breath. He looks across the table at Victor Vacio and points, his deep voice rumbling from his chest.

Rick Dickulous:

Look, I don't know who you are, and I really don't give a rat's ass...where the fuck is Chris Richards? I know that little shit is somewhere in the building.

Victor Vacio cocks his head to the side slowly, his annoyance showing clearly.

Victor Vacio:

Escucha, maldito idiota, número uno, no lo he visto, y número dos, ¡no me importa!

Rick jabs a finger into the table to accentuate his words, louder now and slower.

Rick Dickulous:

No speak-o Spanish-o...have you seen Chris Richards? He is here somewhere...Chris-o Richards-o....

Victor Vacio:

¡En venta, déjame con esta terrible comida, idiota tremendamente grade! ¡Que te jodan a ti y a quien estés buscando.Nada de esto significa nada!

Rick Dickulous and Victor Vacio look at each other across the table for a moment before Rick grabs the Cinco de Marcho sign and rips it in half, dropping it on the floor.

Rick Dickulous:

I don't have time for this shit. Clearly you don't get that you're in America, and you should speak English...also...the holiday is Cinco de Mayo...idiot. Thanks for not helping...go back to eating those tacos, you clearly need them to grow up big and strong.

As suddenly as he appeared, Rick Dickulous runs out the door and down the hallway, leaving Victor Vacio confused as to what just happened.

Victor Vacio:

What an asshole...

THE PEANUT GALLERY CHIMES IN

DDK:

We know that DEFIANCE Road was full of memorable moments, but... what a moment it was, I hate to say, for Tom Morrow and Better Future. Alvaro de Vargas and their newest member Jack Mace defeated two former World Champions in Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens, but also The Lucky Sevens defeating The Sky High Titans and winning the rights to their name and merchandise.

Lance:

That was completely awful. Just awful. The twins pulled the old switcheroo behind the referee's back when Tom Morrow got involved. Then to top it off, Mason Luck attacked Thomas Keeling and because of those injuries, he will retire.

DDK:

We'll hear from Thomas Keeling in a final farewell address next week on UNCUT, but right now... ugh... we have Tom Morrow already in the ring, with his Executive Assistant, Ken Ellis.

And to the ring we go with Ellis fastening the familiar Better Future-branded headset into Tom Morrow's ear amidst the sea of jeers from The Faithful. He switches it on and then laughs.

Tom Morrow:

What did I say, DEFIANCE? WHAT DID I SAY?! CLEAN! SWEEP!

More jeers as Morrow smiles.

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro de Vargas and "A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace! They've been out celebrating for weeks after they beat not one... but TWO World Champions in this very ring! And they've been hitting the town so hard, they need time to recuperate from those celebrations! They gotta rehydrate but you'll see them in competition at DEFtv 150 when they put the final nails in the career coffins of Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns! But right now, I want to direct your attention to the stage!

He points at the stage and on the tron, shows the former bio of the Sky High Titans - now simply Uriel Cortez and Minute.

Tom Morrow:

The Lucky Sevens defeated The Sky High Titans and I went right to work! I took their name off their own damn bios on the defiancewrestling.com website! I took it all! Nicknames, likenesses! That stupid t-shirt cannon! Now... it's mine. It's ALL! MINE!

Morrow frowns when the chorus of jeers grows higher, but he turns it upside down.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, don't be like that. I despise them for turning my own father against me and me having to put him down...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Classless monster...

Lance:

He really is.

Tom Morrow:

But I don't disappoint. I am not only a genius, but I'm a genius businessman. And when I want to give the people something, you best believe I know what to give. I have a finger on the pulse of what's popular in DEFIANCE. That's

why I wanted Oscar Burns! That's why I wanted The Sky High Titans! And that's why I have a special gift for you people! You want the Sky High Titans! Here they are! BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY PROUDLY PRESENTS... THE SKY! HIGH TITANS!

DDK:

What... what?

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

As the theme blasts over the PA, two new spotlights shine on stage.

Lance:

Oh, lord...

One spotlight - Mason Luck, rocking a massive business suit and making generic-looking mean faces into the camera.

The other spotlight - Max Luck... in a mock-up of Minute's black mask. And he's on his knees cause short jokes.

BOOO!

DDK:

What is this garbage?

Lance:

His Sky High Titans. He took everything Uriel Cortez and Minute worked to build for the last year and a half and just threw it on the ground.

The two slowly head to the ring until they climb inside. Mason gets in and continues posing like a robot while Max Luck has the mask on and yells "arriba!" over and over again cause assholes gonna asshole. When they get into the ring, Morrow high-fives them both as the music cuts!

Tom Morrow:

I give you people what you want! The Sky! High! Titans! Presented by Better Future Talent Agency! "The NEW Titan of Industry" Mason Luck! "Big Money Minute" Max Luck! The Lucky Sevens!

Boos get louder when Mason has a microphone.

Mason Luck:

Look at me, look at me, look at me! I am *better* than that giant whiny douche-waffle Uriel Cortez! I look good! I speak well! I'm more of a good looking titan than the NOT-Titan of Industry ever was! Minute, what do you think?

"Big Money Minute" now has the microphone and is down to his knees.

Max Luck:

I ... I don't have an impression. That little piece of shit doesn't talk does he? Arriba I guess? Whatever! I'm Minute now! Big Money Minute! Max Luck! The *BIGGEST* Flippy-Do! The Las Vegas Tornado! And whatever other nicknames we took from them! Cause we are *money*!!!!

Jeering has filled the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex by this point but the Lucks are still keen on having their fun.

Mason Luck:

I want you to look at us people. You could have been on our side and for a long time we wanted people to like us but when we stopped giving two shits ... *that* is when we hit our stride! Those belts that Comments Section defend once a year should belong to us. Want to run down the resume Big Money Minute?

Max Luck:

I sure do, New Titan of Industry! We beat Team Hoss who were considered to be one of the toughest teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling until we came along and sent them back to obscurity! We've defeated the Pop Culture Phenoms *twice*! And we did it the first time on PPV when it was cooler to do it and it just wasn't as cool when J-F-Kayle did it. We defeated the former TWO time TWO time DEFIANCE Wrestling Unified tag champs ... you know those *old* Sky High Titans *twice*. And the only reason the Comments Section have those titles now is because it took the little Stage Five Clinger to help save Malak Garland from when we put him in the hospital in that steel cage match!

Morrow looks like the proud papa of bullying children when Mason has the microphone back.

Mason Luck:

And with that resume how can you look past us? That is why we are *demanding* that DEFIANCE Wrestling management name us the rightful number one contenders to the tag titles. We will be taking our shot with the big one-hundred fiftieth episode of DEF TV coming up! Do you hear us? Do you ...

Suddenly, Mason's angry rant is interrupted by the loud sound of someone... snoring?

SNOOOOOOOOOORRRREEEE!!

Confused, Mason looks to Max and Morrow. All three men start to look around for the source of the snoring sound. At this point, a loud cheer rises up from The Faithful, and the DEFIANCE cameras shift from focusing on the ring to the stands. In a section of the DEFarena where we see several fans have risen to their feet... in the center of the fans, sitting casually in two arena seats, are Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy... the Saturday Night Specials!

Cassidy has a cold one in one hand and a box of popcorn in the other. He puts the popcorn down to wave for the camera now focused on him. Brock, meanwhile, also has a beer in his hand... but in the other is a microphone. Brock has the microphone held up to his mouth, but instead of looking at the ring, his eyes are closed and he is pretending to snore loudly into the mic!

Brock Newbludd:

SNOOOOOOOOOORRRREEEEEE!!

DDK:

How long have they been up there!?

Mason Luck, the man in the ring still holding the mic, stares up at the Saturday Night Specials in anger.

Mason Luck:

HEY!

In the stands, Cassidy points to himself as if to say, "who... me?" Cassidy then looks over to Brock, seeing his tag partner's "sleeping" state, and raises a single finger toward the ring as if to say, "hold on I've got it." Cassidy smacks Brock on the shoulder, and Brock pretends to be startled awake.

Brock Newbludd:

... woah. Woah. What? What's going on?

Cassidy takes the mic from Brock and points to the ring.

Pat Cassidy:

You fell asleep. The two interchangeable big guys started cutting a promo.

Brock makes a show of wiping the sleepiness from his eyes before taking the mic back.

Brock Newbludd:

Can you blame me? Every time they open their mouths... yikes. What did I miss?

Pat Cassidy:

They stole the names from The Sky High Titans and now they're asking for a... (chuckle) ... GET THIS! Tag championship shot at DEFtv 150! Isn't that a riot?

Newbludd makes a show of being shocked.

Brock Newbludd:

Woah, woah, woah, boys. I know you're riding high after your big DEF Road win, but let's pump the brakes a bit here. You're not the only tag team who won at the Pay Per View, are you? Seems I recall The Saturday Night Specials kicking The Stevens Dynasty's asses in a Street Fight. You remember The Stevens Dynasty... don't you, Morrow?

Lance:

The Stevens Dynasty likely wouldn't have targeted SNS if not for Morrow.

The crowd begins to boo as Brock addresses the leader of the Better Future Talent Agency. In the ring, Morrow folds his arms and purses his lips, looking unimpressed.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't think we've forgotten that *you* were the one who hired them to come after us in the first place. Real smart use of your money, by the way. Really worked out great for you, huh? You just can't seem to hang on to money, can you?

Cassidy laughs, briefly taking the mic from Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

Remember when we threw all his money into the crowd? Good times, man. Good times.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, you bet, it WAS good times. And I'm thinking we might be on the cusp of some more good times. Cause here we've got Tom Morrow, the little weasel that we have unfinished business with, managing a pair of dickheads asking for a tag title shot in two weeks. You picking up what I'm putting down here, buddy?

Cassidy smiles, taking the mic from his partner.

Pat Cassidy:

I think I do, Newbludd... I think I do. Tom Morrow! Listen up. Now, I know you're a lot of things. You're a clown.

Laughter from the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:

You're a loser. You're a weenie. You're a fool. You're an idiot. You're a jackass.

As Cassidy continues to list various insults, Morrow's face grows angrier and angrier. Mason Luck is pacing around the ring in anger while Max goes up behind Morrow to tell him that he doesn't have to take this shit.

Pat Cassidy:

You're a jackoff. You're a little boy playing a big man's game. You're disloyal. You're a backstabber. You're...

Cassidy stops talking, looking up and blinking several times. Then he shrugs.

Pat Cassidy:

You know, I was going somewhere with this... but I've got to be honest... I think I lost the plot here.

More laughter from the crowd. Neither Morrow nor The Sevens are amused. Cassidy and Brock Newbludd suddenly

stand up out of their seats... and we can see clearly for the first time that they're both wearing their red SNS ring gear!

Pat Cassidy:

But it seems to me that when you've got two teams coming off recent big wins looking for a shot at the gold... that it's no longer a time for talking, but a time for fighting!

Crowd pops! Brock takes the mic back.

Brock Newbludd:

In case it isn't clear, boys, we're proposing The Lucky Sevens vs. The Saturday Night Specials... RIGHT NOW! You listed all the teams in DEFIANCE you've beaten... but we were not on it. Winners of this match go on to get the title shot at DEFtv 150. What'd ya say?

Tom Morrow takes the mic from Mason, pointing up into the stands at Cassidy and Newbludd.

Tom Morrow:

I hope you two had fun amusing yourselves... because my men here are about to do what The Stevens couldn't and take you out of the game permanently.

Max has the microphone.

Max Luck:

I know a couple of generic brawling drunks aren't coming out here and thinking they're hot shit cause it took them all night to beat our hired help! You two don't deserve ANYTHING! You've been a team for five minutes and Mase and I have been a team all our lives! We've won more than you and we've got the streak to prove it!

Mason Luck:

But we'd be more than happy to kick your asses before we win those Unified tag titles and putting us where we rightfully belong ... at the top. Morrow ... We accept!

Brock Newbludd:

Now that's what I'm talkin' about! Let's get a zebra down here and make this thing official! Let's go, Cass!

A second later, Referee Hector Navarro appears on the stage and jogs down to the ring, causing The Faithful to cheer loudly for the impromptu match up! Cassidy and Brock chug down the rest of their beers and knuckle bump each other before walking down the stairs, smacking the hands of the fans, as their theme music kicks in!

"Drink" by Alestorm ↪

The Saturday Night Specials hop the barricade and into the ring, and immediately The Sevens are right in their faces as Morrow makes a quick exit from the ring!

SNS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

Not wanting things to spiral out of control before the bell, Referee Hector Navarro is quick to maneuver his way in between the two fired-up teams. Navarro sticks both of his arms out and orders both duos to make their way to their respective corners. SNS and the Sevens both back away from the center of the ring as they continue to trash talk each other.

DDK:

Tensions are high and the air is electric inside the Wrestle-Plex right now. This number one contender's match wasn't on the initial card, but it's happening, right here and right now!

Lance:

This is a HUGE opportunity for both of these teams, DDK. The Sevens have Better Future and Tom Morrow behind them, while SNS has The Faithful on their side. But at the end of the day, the only thing that matters is what happens inside that ring. This should be a good one.

As The Lucky Sevens get some final words of encouragement from Tom Morrow, SNS perform the time-honored tradition of Rock, Paper, Scissors to decide which one will be starting the match for them. Tonight, Newbludd earns the nod by deftly playing rock against Cassidy's scissors. Giving his friend a fist bump, Cassidy steps out onto the apron.

DDK:

Looks like it'll be Newbludd starting things for SNS, while over on the other side it'll be Max leading things off for The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

Brock's got the experience, but Mason has the size. This is going to be a literal tall order for Newbludd.

With the table set, Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Before the sound of the third strike of the bell can even finish echoing throughout the arena the two men charge at each other and collide in the middle of the ring for a collar and elbow tie-up. Using his height to his advantage, Max begins to drive Brock backward towards the ropes. Lowering his base, Newbludd suddenly breaks the tie-up and latches onto the side of Max's head to hit him with a surprise Jawbreaker!

DDK:

Newbludd showing some veteran instincts right off the bat by using Max's size against him with that Jawbreaker.

Lance:

Big Money Max was not expecting that at all. Now, Brock needs to capitalize.

Max puts a hand up to his aching jaw and stumbles backward a couple of steps. Still down on both knees, Brock takes a second to shake the self-inflicted cobwebs out of his head before popping up to his feet and charging towards Max. Staying low, Brock rams a shoulder into Max's stomach and wraps his arms around the seven-footer. Letting out an audible grunt, Newbludd picks Max up and dumps him down to the mat courtesy of an impressive Belly to Belly Suplex!

DDK:

And capitalize he did! Tom Morrow is already losing it on the outside!

The Faithful let out a roar of approval and Morrow slams a fist into the mat in frustration as he glares at Newbludd. Brock flashes a smirk at Morrow as he grabs Max's head and begins to pull him up off the mat. That smirk is instantly

erased when Max suddenly breaks free of Brock's grip and turns him inside out with a thunderous clothesline!

Lance:

Brock took his eyes off the prize and Max made him pay for it with that huge lariat!

Face red in anger, Max drops a knee on Brock's lower back to stop him from rising back up to his feet.

DDK:

Newbludd's tried to crawl away to create some space, but Max is already on top of him. The younger of the Luck twins is not happy at all about getting sent down to the mat so easily by his smaller opponent!

With his boss cheering him on, Max smashes his knee into Brock's back for a second time before deadlifting him off the mat to deliver a ring shaking Gutwrench Suplex!

Lance:

There was nothing pretty about that gutwrench, DDK. Newbludd may have shown perfect technique with his suplex, but Max just showed why technique doesn't matter when you're seven feet tall.

DDK:

No, it does not, partner. Power is Max's game and he has it in spades.

Lance:

I see what you did there.

Getting back up off the mat, and bringing the dazed Newbludd with him, Max lifts Brock up onto a shoulder. Spinning on a heel to face one of the neutral corners, Max lumbers towards it and drops his opponent face-first onto the top turnbuckle. Having face-planted into the hard turnbuckle, Brock stumbles backward right into Max, who promptly rams his head into the turnbuckle for a second time. Spinning Brock around to face him, Max drives a big knee into Brock's stomach that sends him back into the corner.

Lance:

Snake Eyes by Max and now he's got Newbludd trapped in no-man's land. I believe it's clobberin' time, DDK.

Having Newbludd dazed and pinned in the corner, Max unloads on him with a barrage of hard forearms before taking a step back and connecting with a brain scrambling back elbow. Max takes a step back out of the corner and watches in delight as Brock struggles to regain his bearings after being pummeled.

DDK:

Max has Newbludd on dream street as he pulls him out of the corner now. Another big knee doubles over Brock.

Max stuffs Brock's head between his legs and grins menacingly while Morrow applauds on the outside.

Lance:

I smell a Buckle Bomb coming...

Lance is proven correct as Max reaches down and lifts Brock up for the corner powerbomb. Survival instincts kicking in, Brock begins to wildly rain down with fists, causing Max to stumble.

DDK:

Newbludd's fighting back, but Max still has him up!

Brock brings both of his fists down with a double axe-handle and Max's grip loosens. Having bought himself an opening, Newbludd drops down to the mat behind Max. Before Big Money can react, Brock superkicks him in the back of the head! Max stumbles forward and bounces chest first off the turnbuckles. Now stumbling backwards, Max is struck in the back again, this time by a standing dropkick. Bouncing off the turnbuckles for a second time, Max once

again staggers back towards Brock. Not having enough time to get fully upright after hitting the dropkick, Newbludd takes the off balance giant down to the ground and rolls him up for a pin!

Lance:

Newbludd with the first pin attempt after escaping certain doom! Navarro's there for the count!

ONE!

Violently pumping his tree trunk sized legs upward, Max kicks out with enough force to send Brock flying forward. Unable to get his legs underneath him, Newbludd performs a forward roll towards his corner. Popping up to his feet, Brock tags in an eager Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

Max's power was used against him and Brock was able to tag in! Here comes Cassidy!

Cassidy is looking fresh and fired up while Max reaches in and tags Mason Luck. Cassidy comes in firing from both barrels and throws right hands to try and catch the giant wrestler off guard. Mason takes a few hits but he quickly changes the game with his strength, grabbing Pat with both hands by the throat and tossing him into a neutral corner. Mason tries a running move but Cassidy is already out and Mason fails to hit anything but the corner itself.

DDK:

Look at Cassidy go! He comes at Mason with the Splash of Jameson in the corner!

Cassidy hits a fast splash on Mason but once isn't enough to keep the giant down so he runs from one side of the ropes and back to the corner with a second Splash of Jameson and then follows that using a kick to the knee and then a swinging neck breaker. He is getting cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as he tries to pin Mason.

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!!!

Lance:

That was a good volley by Cassidy! And I think he wants to end this so they can win a title shot!

DDK:

Mason back up ... and now he tries the Irish Good-bye ... but Mason is too tall! He elbows his way out.

Mason tries the Winning Hand but he misses with the iron claw when Cassidy side-steps it. He throws more right hands to stun Mason. Spinning on a heel, Cassidy hits the ropes but he's tripped up by Morrow on the outside! Using his superior weasel skills, Morrow moves out of the way before the official can see it. Newbludd is pissed but Morrow runs over to the Lucky Sevens's corner to protect himself from his wrath.

DDK:

Morrow is a snake plain and simple! Now the Lucks are in control.

Mason takes Cassidy and rattles his jaw using an uppercut to put him back in the corner. He tags in his twin brother and they work over Pat with a double shoulder that completely knocks him over. Max rolls his arms and then points at the ropes before leaping in the air to hit his patented running jumping elbow drop, Box Cars!

Lance:

Big Box Cars elbow! Will that be enough?

ONE!

TWO!!

Kick out by Black Out!

Cassidy surprises Max Luck with a kick out and he rewards his opponent's defiant attitude by stomping him. Max hooks the head and neck of Pat then goes to the corner to tag Mason. Both brothers hoist Pat in a double suplex and then throw him across the ring!!!

DDK:

These greedy so-and-sos call that move the Coin Toss!

Lance:

Cute ... but will it get them the win? Mason Luck is going to try and get that tag title shot both teams want!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cassidy gets a shoulder up!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy showing some great resilience, but how much more can he take?

Mason is upset with the official's count and Tom Morrow is too. And in fact he yells at Ken Ellis to yell with him so he does that. Mason then takes Cassidy back up and then squeezes him with a bear hug. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful try and cheer him on to fight his way out. He tries to break his grip but Mason is too powerful. He squeezes even tighter so Cassidy decides to box his ears. That is enough to stun Mason and Cassidy follows it up using a snap headbutt!

DDK:

Cassidy is free! Brock Newbludd is ready to tag in! Can he turn the tide for his team?

Mason is still disoriented from having his ears boxed and his face headbutted by Cassidy. Max yells at his brother to stop Pat from making the tag but too little too late!!! The crowd shows love to Newbludd when he goes for the top rope and then flies off with a big meteora to take down the massive Mason Luck and then gets up to hit Max off the apron with a forearm!!!

DDK:

Newbludd is on fire right now! Both teams want this title match on the big DEF TV 150 show!

Lance:

He has Mason Luck measured up ... and the Face Melter!

The shining wizard might have dimmed Big Money Mason's lights and Brock makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Max is back in the ring and he breaks it up by grabbing Newbludd with the Winning Hand! Newbludd immediately begins to hit Max in the arm to try and fight out of the dreaded iron claw but he can't break the big man's grip!

DDK:

There's that trademark iron claw hold! That's one way to break up a pinfall!

Max Luck pulls Newbludd by his waist and tries to nail the Winning Hand Slam but he does not see Pat Cassidy coming back in and running off of the ropes to get the speed to knock him down with a big spear!

Lance:

And that's one way to save your partner!

The crowd cheers for Pat coming to his partner's aid but Mason Luck gets back up and clubs them both from behind with clotheslines! He roars and celebrates like he has already won the match but Morrow tells him to hurry and finish the job!

DDK:

Morrow's telling him to focus now that that title match they want is in tight! He's going to finish off Brock with that Rack City Bomb he beat Minute with!

He has Brock up on his shoulders and tries to spin before sticking the move. Instead, Brock has different ideas and slips out the back way. He is in the corner when Mason tries a boot, but he moves and hangs Mason up on the ropes!

Lance:

No way! The big boot misses! And now Brock tries the roll-up!!!

Brock stacks Mason up using a school boy to put all the weight down on his shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Mason kicks out but just a second too late! Tom Morrow cannot believe what just happened and the SNS don't want to stick around in case the giants try anything! Max goes back in the ring to check on his brother while Brock and Pat celebrate on their way up the ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match by way of pinfall...the SATURDAY NIGHT SSSSSPPPEEEEECIIIIALLLLSSSS!!!!

DDK:

One mistake was all it took for Brock to get the win for his team! Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy will have a Unified tag title shot on DEF TV 150!

Lance:

Both teams wrestled a great match, but those veteran instincts of Brock combined with that youthful fire of Pat Cassidy have made them such a formidable team for anyone!

Mason Luck points at Brock and Pat and then to the official suggesting Brock hooked the tights but did no such thing. Newbludd frowns and responds to the allegation by making a quick hand shaking motion near his crotch. Tom Morrow is about to lose his mind and yells at Ken Ellis as to how this could have happened and then Max chimes in, yelling at Ellis even more as to how this could have happened! Ken tries defending himself while the Saturday Night Specials celebrate on the top of the stage!!!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

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VIEW ATOP SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS

Jamie Sawyers stands backstage alongside The Comments Section. Cyrus wrings his hands together in a classic wrestling pose. Teresa proudly displays her duck face and Malak holds all five tag belts tightly.

Jamie Sawyers:

Malak, later on tonight, Cyrus and yourself will face off against a new team simply known as The One. Can we get your thoughts?

Malak Garland:

The view is mighty from up here. It's cold but it's mighty for I stand atop the snow capped mountains as DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions!

Teresa allows herself to smirk at his comments.

Malak Garland:

Me. I'm champion. Not only am I champion, not only am I perched up on these snowy mountains by myself, but I'm also RIDICULOUSLY confident in my skills going into this title defense.

He looks over at Cyrus and they exchange an intimate glance before he continues with his rant.

Malak Garland:

Picture me atop this snowy mountain, standing on it like it's my very own soapbox, making this proclamation to the world that everything I've done, all my core vision and values has led me to this moment of truth.

Malak winks at Jamie.

Malak Garland:

I know for a fact I can beat anyone. I know I can certainly beat a team I don't even know. Heck, by the sounds of it, it's not even a team. The One sounds like it's one wrestler! Easy! Cakewalk! Am I right?

Teresa claps as Malak snidely smiles.

Malak Garland:

Let me get crystal clear for everyone right now. I AM THE BEST. I AM THE BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST, SNOWIEST FLAKE OF ARRANGED ICE PELLETS THAT HAS EVER GRACED THIS PLANET!

He composes himself for a moment.

Malak Garland:

Lookout because there's about to be an AVALANCHE.

The Comments Section walks away, leaving Jamie Sawyers left in contemplation.

KLEIN WANTS PEANUTS

There's a loud CLANG that resonates throughout the halls of the WrestlePlex. Standing in the hall near what looks to be a rocking Vending Machine is everyone's favorite Box Man, Klein. Klein however, grunts in annoyance and frustration. He is clearly not here to wrestle tonight, instead wearing a towel around his waist and dripping wet. It looks like he's rehabilitating his injured ribs, which still remain bandaged, and had just emerged from a quick soak or spa treatment.

Annoyed, Klein grunts, smacking the side of the vending machine once. He looks at E4, the dangling peanuts, and then starts violently shaking the machine in place, rocking it back and forth.

Until it's too much. He pauses, wincing and clutching at his ribs.

"Kasumu mamireta ki wo nuketeeeeeeee... hmmm?"

Klein looks off-screen, and lo, what enters is a hulking God-Beast, looking like he just got off a big workout.

Mushigiara:

Ahhhhhhhhh, soo da ne?

With a knowing sigh, Mushigihara looks to the machine of Klein's present grief, before walking up to it and gently addressing his host with a...

Mushigiara:

Osu?

Almost instinctively, Klein steps aside as the monster grabs the very top of the vending machine and pushes it up and back; enough to lift the machine off its front legs, but not enough to topple it. With little to no effort, the God-Beast then lets the machine drop back into its usual position...

THUD!!!

swish

Klein can only stare in surprise as Mushi reaches into the pickup slot and pulls out the newly freed bag of peanuts, handing it to him with a smile and a casual nod.

Mushi goes immediately back to his business, going to the next machine over and casually purchasing and grabbing his preferred post-workout drink before walking away. Klein still looks at him in shock, before looking down at his own arms. He flexes once, grips tightly, and wonders...

Is the God Beast the Strongest Beast?

MURIEL PUDDINGS vs. ALAN GOLDSTEIN

Lance:

Well, our next match coming up ought to be...what's the word I'm looking for? Interesting?

DDK:

To say the least. Many of the DEFIANCE faithful have been eagerly anticipating the debut of this next lovely lady. If not because they simply enjoy her antics, there is certainly a buzz around what exactly to expect from her in ring performance.

Lance:

Well, if it's anything like her prison fights, we might be in for a real treat. Or a real nightmare. Take your pick.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Lethbridge, Alberta. Weighing in at a whopping one-hundred twenty pounds, he is the SLENDER MAN...ALAN GOLDSTEIN!

♪ The Original SAW Theme ♪

Despite the usual pageantry that accompanies an entrance, a frail blur blasts from the backstage area in a dead sprint toward the ring, occasionally turning his back as if he were finally living his ultimate fantasy: becoming the victim in one of the horror films that he loves so much.

DDK:

Looks like someone is in a hurry!

Lance:

And here comes the reason why.

Although it is her wrestling debut, Muriel Puddings should not be a stranger to pre-match etiquette. However, she has thrown all manners out the window: not even waiting for her own entrance music to give chase to a horrified Alan Goldstein. Her purple fuzzy pajama pants tucked inside a pair of Uggs does not seem to limit her pursuit, despite trailing the much quicker Goldstein by about ten yards. The crowd roars in approval as Alan scampers underneath the apron to attempt to hide from the self-proclaimed Insurance General and Attorney-at-Law.

Lance:

You would think that being a scary movie buff, Alan would have learned by now to not go to the most obvious place that he would be killed.

DDK:

You're right about that. Something tells me many men and women have suffered unspeakable pain being trapped in a dark enclosed space with Muriel Puddings.

Muriel, clad in a black size XXL T-shirt that reads the words "STIMULUS PACKAGE" with an arrow pointing down, lifts the veil of the apron and peeks under. She notices her prey and seductively waves at him, which leads to Alan appearing on the other side in a panic. Both Darren Quimbey and Carla Ferrari are barely able to contain themselves with laughter, but both are consummate professionals as they continue to uphold their duties.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at one-hundred eighty pounds, she is the President of the State of Idaho...MURIEL PUDDINGS!

Muriel climbs onto the apron and steps in between the top and middle rope, giving a seductive rump shake much to the delight/horror of the audience. Meanwhile, Alan Goldstein absolutely refuses to enter the lion's den, firmly planting his feet on the concrete floor below. Noticing his hesitance, Muriel politely asks for Darren's house microphone. Once he graciously relinquishes it, she proceeds to smell the microphone handle before addressing her opponent on the

floor.

Muriel Puddings:

Dang Darren, smells like someone's wearing the new Brut lotion on those big strong hands. Maybe you can rub some on my inner thighs sometime?

Darren smiles back, playing along with the pass and rubbing his mustache inquisitively.

Muriel Puddings:

Because they chafe a lot. Seriously, those beauties feel like second degree burns just from walking up a flight of stairs. Anyway, I'll find out what you're doing later. But right now, Alaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnn! C'mon up here, you lil' Slim Jim. Let me snack on you.

Alan denies the invitation to be eaten by the woman, crossing his arms repeatedly from outside of the ring.

Muriel Puddings:

Look, bae, I don't really care that much about winning the match. I'm just here to shine. So what I'm going to do for you here is lie down and let you pin me, just as a gesture of good will. You've paid your dues here, and I think it's about time you got your three count. Whaddya say?

Muriel raises her arms in the air to encourage the crowd to make a little noise in support of her proposal. The audience builds some cheering steam. She fulfills her end of the bargain and sits down on the canvas, slowly lowering her back against the mat. Goldstein seems to be a bit taken by the moment of the cheers and urging by the fans, and while he is cautious, he eventually scales the apron and makes his way into the ring.

Lance:

Big opportunity here for the Jebediah Jigsaw, as an opponent laying down and offering a free pinfall has absolutely never backfired on anyone, ever.

DING DING**DDK:**

He is still going to give it a shot, though. Goldstein makes the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

Lance:

Hump out! She humped out!

Unsure if it were intentional or not to break the pin, Goldstein was taken aback to be on the receiving end of gyration and pelvic thrusting from Muriel Puddings, immediately scurrying to his feet. She is surprisingly quick to leap up to meet him at eye level.

DDK:

Alan seems to be legitimately terrified here as he retreats to the corner and cowers in fear. But he's not going to be lonely for long!

Muriel runs full speed and sandwiches Goldstein into the corner, causing him to drop down to a seated position. A gleam fills her eye as she grabs hold of the ropes with both hands and proceeds to jump directly on top of the bird chest of Alan, bouncing up and down on him as if he were a human trampoline.

Lance:

She calls that one the Custard Buster, and I think I am starting to see why! The impact from those ratty old sheepskin

boots might just squeeze the guts out of Alan Goldstein!

DDK:

He does seem to have a little of his wits about him! It looks like he is trying to maneuver his hand to tap out!

Goldstein is unsuccessful in calling it a night, though. Muriel, who isn't necessarily a ring veteran but an expert on prolonged suffering, comes down hard and stamps down on both of Alan's hands.

Lance:

So much for that! Or any activity that might require fingers for the next month.

DDK:

Puddings seems to be looking to make a statement here tonight. She's not just here to laugh and joke. She means business.

Goldstein instinctively grabs his right hand with his left to try to ease the pain, but this only further hurts his left hand. He then reaches for his left hand with his right to try and ease the pain, but this only further hurts his right hand. He repeats the same action twice, which causes Muriel puddings to snort.

DDK:

Okay, maybe she is here to laugh and joke.

Puddings bends over and double-underhooks Goldstein's legs, dragging him into the center of the ring. She then turns him over onto his stomach and positions his broken frame into an unorthodox position.

Lance:

Muriel now setting Alan up into a well-known yoga position.

DDK:

The most athletic thing Goldstein's done all night. That's a picture perfect lying tuck!

Lance:

And there it is! That DEADLY finishing hold we all heard the rumors about! The Snack Pack!

Muriel crosses Alan's arms and grips his wrists as if she were forcing him to give himself a hug, then proceeds to just plop her ass down right on the back of his head. This squishes his face firm into the canvas. Puddings grins with self-satisfaction and the audience roars with approval.

DDK:

Goldstein seems to have gotten the attention of Carla Ferrari, who is leaning down next to him.

Alan Goldstein:

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMM MMMMMMMPH!

The referee places her hand next to her ear and sports a confused look on her face, unable to comprehend what Alan Goldstein is attempting to scream.

Lance:

Well, my best guess is that if his hands aren't freed up to tap out, he may be trying to tell Carla that he wants to quit! But his mouth isn't able to move to properly communicate the words!

Alan Goldstein:

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMMPH!!!

DDK:

And there is no way he's going to be able to lodge her off of him! She could sit there all night!

Puddings begins to rock from side to side and dance to the delight of the fans. Goldstein is not amused by this at all. As the microphone still remained inside the ring, Muriel stretched her foot out to knock it closer to her while still remaining perched on Alan's skull. She wraps her legs in a scissor hold around his midsection to keep him in place, then taps the mic until the sound crew cranks the volume.

Muriel Puddings:

I'm gonna let you go, Alan. But I'm going to need you to say the words first!

Puddings puts the mic up next to Goldstein's face and rocks forward, allowing him to turn his head. Immediately, his squeaky voice reverberates throughout the arena.

Alan Goldstein:

I QUIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTT!

Muriel grins, nodding her head.

Muriel Puddings:

Now tell me I'm pretty!

Alan Goldstein:

What? HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPH! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPH!

Puddings puts the weight back on as she raises up her arm in victory.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by submission and repulsion...MURIEL PUDDINGS!

♪ "Candy Rain" by Soul For Real ♪

Lance:

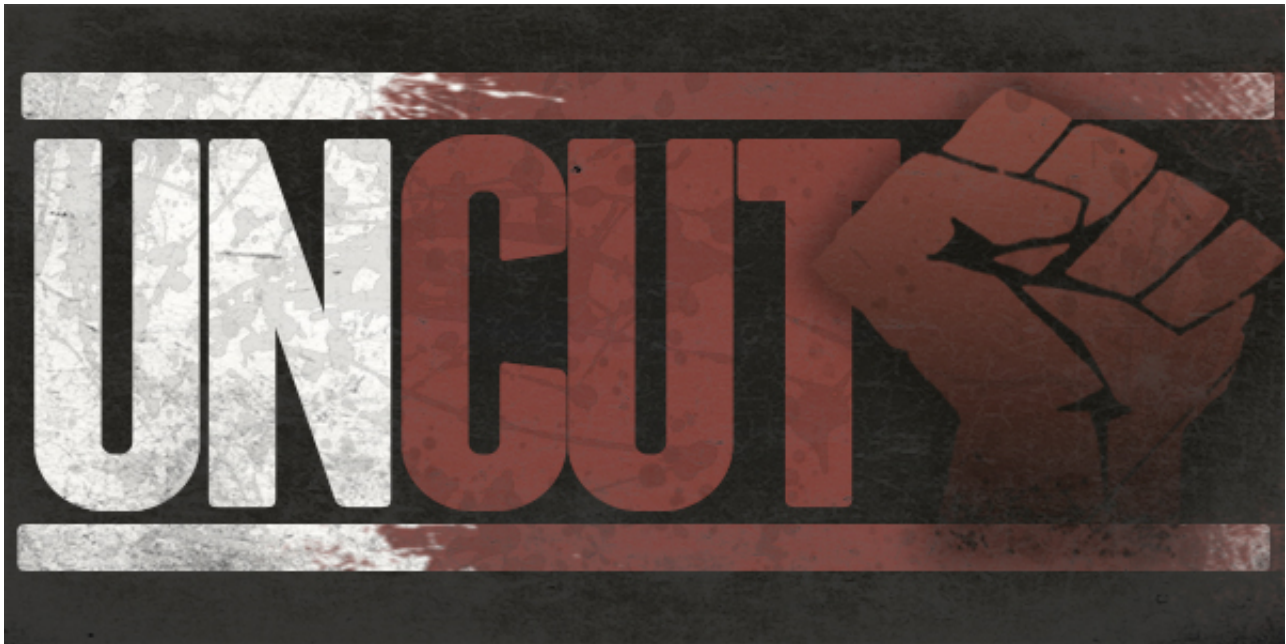
Impressive. But she didn't really give Alan that much time to tell her she's pretty.

DDK:

You gonna be the one to tell her that, Lance? That could be you in there.

Lance:

Not a fate I'd wish on my worst enemy.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

HEAR NO EVIL

Scott Douglas sits alone on the loading docks of the Wrestleplex enjoying a cigarette when suddenly the door to the building swings open with a crash. Rick Dickulous' giant frame squeezes through the doorway with a growl and looks around, spotting Douglas.

Rick Dickulous: *[exasperated]*

Hey! You! You work here, right? I'm looking for that little turd Chris Richards....got any idea where he is?

The crash of the door having drawn Douglas' attention to the huffing Rick, Douglas narrows his eyes and uncertainty comes over his face. He responds, simply, as he exhales his cigarette.

Scott Douglas:

... who?

Rick steps towards Douglas as he talks, using his hand as a measuring stick.

Rick Dickulous:

Chris Richards. About this tall, weasely fuckin' little prick who likes to touch things that don't fuckin' belong to him? You DO work here, right?

Scott Douglas: *[dragging his cigarette]*

Something like that.

Rick begins to walk across the loading dock, his frustration showing as he slaps the back of one hand into the palm of the other, the door slowly beginning to swing closed.

Rick Dickulous:

So if you fucking work here, you should know who the fuck I'm talking about. Like, fuck, guy...isn't it your job to keep up on the talent around here?

Scott Douglas:

...don't let the --

THUD, click

Rick turns back and looks at the now firmly closed door. He reaches his massive hand back and grasps the door handle, but alas...the door is locked. Rick turns back to Scott Douglas with another growl.

Rick Dickulous:

FUCKING GREAT!! Now I have to walk ALL THE FUCK WAY BACK TO THE FRONT THE LONG WAY!

Rick huffs as he walks across the docks towards the open trailer doors and hops down before turning back to Scott Douglas.

Rick Dickulous:

I'm sure someone will come find you...at least you've got time for another dart...

He mutters to himself as he walks away. Scott Douglas shrugs and takes another drag off his cigarette as he watches Rick leave.

NO DEFCON SIGN TO POINT TO

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

DDK:

Hearing what this man will say is gonna be very interesting. You know Gage Blackwood hasn't taken losses well in the past.

Lance:

After a hard fought battle against Scott Douglas at DEFIANCE Road, Gage Blackwood was unsuccessful. The main event at DEFCON goes to "Sub Pop".

DDK:

It ended with a sign of respect between the two of them.

The former SOHER walks out from behind the curtain. Wearing black jeans and his trademark "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt, Gage receives a strong reaction from The Faithful but doesn't directly acknowledge them. Instead, he marches down the ramp and rolls into the ring. The Noble Raiders music cuts immediately and he's given a mic.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, it is what it is.

DDK:

A very subdued Gage, here folks.

Gage Blackwood:

In the end, I didn't get it done. Nobody has kicked out of the Gaelic Storm before, not like Scotty did and for that reason alone... he deserves it.

*YOU DESERVE IT
YOU DESERVE IT
YOU DESERVE IT*

Gage Blackwood:

No, I don't. Not right now. I said HE deserves it.

The Faithful play along.

*HE DESERVES IT
HE DESERVES IT
HE DESERVES IT*

Blackwood nods.

Gage Blackwood:

Much better. So with that in mind, I will not revert back to my old, bitter ways. Okay, I *am* bitter but I will give the spotlight to where it's deserved. Scott Douglas vs. Mikey Unlikely in the main event of DEFCON for the FIST of DEFIANCE. I will respect DEFIANCE's Favorite Son in his attempt to take the FIST, the most prestigious wrestling prize in this wrestling industry away from one of the worst champions DEFIANCE has ever had. A true entertainer. A true worthless wrestler.

*MIKEY SUCKS
MIKEY SUCKS
MIKEY SUCKS*

Blackwood smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

You guys have all the good jabs today, don't ya. *[Turning to the camera on the apron]* Listen, I will stepback. I'm not going to DEFCON. There's no main event, no FIST for me. But that doesn't mean... I don't have a direction.

The Faithful slowly rumble amongst themselves on what this could mean.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, not a chance. You see, I will respect Scott Douglas. And unfortunately that means I will also sidestep Mikey. But I have long term, bitter issues. I'm still bitter about how I was treated in this company during the start of its run. I was cast aside for Oscar Burns and Impulse to play the heroes. And you can say what you want about them but in the end it's my problem. Because Oscar has been nothing but a gentleman and a scholar here. Impulse has moved on to other things. However, there's one man who thinks he can come and go as he pleases and do whatever he wants. He loses ONE match and gets his bitchpants on. Then he's all "tough guy", taking cheap jabs at a couple of F-list celebrities who have hearts ten times their size. Ya, I'm speaking to you, "Starbreaker". Someone who hasn't had the decency to introduce himself to me yet...

Blackwood pauses, walks to the apron camera and looks directly into the lens.

Gage Blackwood:

Cayle Murray.

Blackwood puts a finger up as The Faithful go "ooooohhhh".

Gage Blackwood:

Doesn't stop there. How about you, Kendrix. "Listen, yeah!?" NO. NO I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR FUCKING VOICEBOX.

Blackwood tries to calm himself down.

Gage Blackwood:

And another one. Perfection. The three of you. You can add your Paper Money Champion to that list as well but Scotty's got that deal. I want the three of you... and I will do something I have never done before.

Blackwood walks away from the camera and stands in the center of the ring.

Gage Blackwood:

I will find my own army to stop you.

DDK:

THAT'S INCREDIBLE! Gage Blackwood... working alongside DEFIANCE!?

Gage Blackwood:

Because 24K don't get to run around here like they own this joint. *[Pointing to The Faithful]* YOU all own this joint. It's 2016 UTA invasion all over again, just on a smaller scale, with a bunch of wannabe baw jugglers who think they can come in here and do as they please. Be that as-

A man walks out on the apron.

???:

HELLO!

DDK:

What's this?

Lance:

That's one of DEFIANCE's newest call-ups, Thomas Slaine!

Slaine stands at the rampway, mic in hand.

Thomas Slaine:

HEY GAGE MOTHABITCHSHITFACE. I'm Thomas Slaine and I'm craaaaaazy! I got tired hearing ya' shit, boy.

Slaine continues talking as he walks down the rampway.

Thomas Slaine:

So how 'bout it? Shut up, don't worry on 24K. Worry about me, beating ya up and down this ring, huh? 'Cause I'm motherfucking craaaaaazy!

Blackwood rolls his eyes as Slaine gets into the ring.

Gage Blackwood:

You already said that.

Slaine reaches into his pocket and pulls out... "a loaded right hand".

Thomas Slaine:

Oh did I? Bang bang bang I'm motherfucking crazy!

Blackwood shakes his head. He turns to ringside, seeing Mark Shields sitting behind the time keeper's table, trying to hit on a girl in the front row. Blackwood calls him over and asks Slaine if he's sure he wants to do this. Slaine nods.

Gage Blackwood:

Okay but seriously, put the "gun" down.

Thomas Slaine:

I can't bitch, I'm fucking craaaaaazy-

WHAM.

Blackwood punts Slaine in the balls. He "drops" the "loaded gun" and The Noble Raider turns to the incoming referee, Mark Shields.

Gage Blackwood:

Ring the bell.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. THOMAS SLAINE***DING DING*****DDK:**

I guess we have a match here. Blackwood is waiting for Slaine to get to his feet.

Lance:

That was as STIFF a kick as you could get.

The Faithful are behind Blackwood as The Noble Raider stays true to his moniker. Slaine is finally on his feet and Blackwood hits the ropes. Slaine ducks another kick and rolls through, as Blackwood goes off the next step of ropes but this time sends The Crazy One flying into a corner with a shoulder block!

Blackwood hip tosses Slaine to the center of the ring. He races in...

SMACK.**DDK:**

Gaelic Storm!

Blackwood hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Blackwood rolls to a knee, looking down at Slaine with a shake of his head.

Gage Blackwood:

Serious I-

Suddenly, Teresa Ames walks out unannounced to the top of the rampway. She's giggling and waving to Blackwood like some sort of school girl. It's clear he's feeling uncomfortable.

DDK:

I have no idea what this is all about.

Lance:

I think she's moved on from Jay...

DEFTv goes to commercial as Ames skips behind the curtain again and Blackwood remains on one knee, looking over... confused.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT**FIST of DEFIANCE**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

THE MAD PRINCE OF DEF-AIR

As we return from the commercial we see Jestal standing in what used to be the Funhouse. Malak wasted no time moving all the fun gizmos and gadgets out of the room. All that's left is a cardboard box with a picture frame sticking out. Jestal sighs as he looks around the room. His eyes focus on the cardboard box.

He walks over to the box and picks it up. He pulls out the picture frame. Drops the box and moves his hand over a picture of himself and his sister with the Blondies they once had. He slams his fist into the glass! He pulls out the photo and gently puts it in his suit coat.

He looks down at the cardboard box. A world of emotions brood inside the jester. None you would classify as "Fun Loving."

Suddenly Jestal kicks the box. As it falls a few feet from him he charges at the box. Who says there is no joy left in the jester. He is literally wrestling a cardboard box. A certain outdoorsman would be proud at the beating, he is not only doing to himself dropping that elbow on top of the box but that knee drop as well.

As the box is now flattened like a pancake, and the overweight jester is puffing for air. He gives the box one more look before leaving the empty room for the last time.

SPEAK NO EVIL

Klein sits comfortably on the side of an indoor pool, his feet submerged in the water. His ribs are bandaged, but he seems relaxed, the silence feels refreshing. As Klein draws a careful deep breath and exhales he's suddenly shocked by the near deafening crash of a door being flung open and Rick Dickulous stepping through and looking around.

Noticing Klein, he narrows his eyes and looks across the room.

Rick Dickulous:

Hey! You!

Klein points at himself with what can only be described as a confused stare. Rick begins to walk towards Klein with his hands raised to show he's not looking for trouble.

Rick Dickulous:

Look, I'm going through a lot of shit right now, I'm not trying to start anything...I'm just looking for Chris Richards. You know who I'm talking about?

Klein nods and breathes in, getting ready to speak as Rick stops out of arm's length for either of them.

Rick Dickulous:

So, you know him? Thank fucking GOD! Ok, this is further than I've got all night...next question: have you seen him?

Klein raises a finger, again trying to get in a word.

Rick Dickulous:

Tonight? Because if you have, you need to tell me where that little shit went...I swear, I have looked everywhere, and that douche canoe is gonna get what's comin'.

Klein wonders how a douche can canoe before he clears his throat, again being rudely interrupted.

Rick Dickulous:

And y'know another thing? All night all I've wanted to do is put my hands around his stringy little fucking neck and squeeze it like a tube of fucking toothpaste...so, which way did you say he went? That way *pointing left*? That way *pointing right*? Come on, bud, spit it out, fer fuck's sakes!

Suddenly Rick stops and stares hard at Klein, seeming to suddenly come to a realization.

Rick Dickulous:

I don't think Taco Boy saw him. That fucking ring tech on the loading docks hadn't heard of him...a-are...can you? Tell me this isn't what I...

Klein looks up at Rick puzzled.

Rick Dickulous:

AAAUUUGHHHH!! THIS FUCKING DAY CAN'T GET ANY FUCKING WORSE!! YOU HAVE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!!

Rick Dickulous growls as he walks back out the door he entered from as Klein watches him leave with a shrug.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE ONE

The scene goes to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen it's the MAIN EVENT of the evening!

There's a loud pop in anticipation for what The Faithful think may come.

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! Introducing first...

Suddenly, the lights cut.

Silence... silence... silence...

DDK:

Could this be The One!?

A clock displays on the DEFlatron reading:

COUNTDOWN TO THE **MILLENNIAL!**

DDK:

What is this!?

0:10... 0:09... 0:08... and so forth. The Faithful get into it and count along... 0:04... 0:03... 0:02... 0:01... BUZZ!

Pyro.

More darkness.

...music.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Lance:

Have we been fooled!?

The Faithful chime in on exactly how being duped makes them feel as Cyrus Bates carries Malak Garland on stage in his arms as if they were a newlywed couple. Malak has the biggest grin on his punchable face.

DDK:

Oh, this is rich.

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, they are the current DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Cyrus Bates and Malak Garland, The Comments Section!

Lance:

How does deception align with their core values and principles, Darren?

DDK:

Don't.

Malak basks in the boos as Cyrus carries him literally all the way to ringside.

DDK:

I bet you Cyrus carried Malak so he could conserve his energy for the big fight. What a joke.

Malak clutches all five belts as the twosome filter into the ring and wait for their opponents. The Shinedown theme fades to a close. Tension fills the air.

DDK:

Up next is the debut of The One!

A clock reappears on the DEFlatron reading:

COUNTDOWN TO THE **MILLENNIAL!**

Lance:

This looks eerily similar.

This time, instead of a numeric countdown, a bunch of weird symbols dance on screen until all the lights go out.

DDK:

What's happening?

A lone spotlight brightens the entranceway. A chipper orchestral score of percussion drums and trumpets plays throughout the arena.

Suddenly, none other than **Sgt. Safety** comes parading on stage! He's garbed in a male cheerleading outfit, tassels and all!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Lance:

That's Sgt. Safety! He's The One!?

It quickly becomes apparent Malak is pulling yet another *One* over everyOne as he slaps his knee with enjoyment.

DDK:

This is a joke. Two jokes! Did Malak book all of this pointlessly?

Lance:

He's trolled us all! What the hell!?

Sgt. Safety marches down to the ring, pretending to play the trombone as Cyrus slides out of the ring and decimates him with a stiff clothesline to the back of the neck!

Lance:

Oh! Safety didn't even see it coming.

Bates attaches Safety to his shoulders and lifts him high enough for Malak to superkick him between the ropes!

DDK:

Safety is flattened! We need to get some help out here!

Cyrus rejoins Malak in the ring as they frolic and laugh at the proverbial wool they've pulled over everyOne's eyes.

DDK:

So none of this was true? Bullshit! We've been strung along for more than three and a half weeks now!

Lance:

Months. Literally, months! Since the summer this One stuff has been going off and on UNCUTS!

DDK:

In all my years here, Malak is one of the worst! Suckered us in! I HATE TROLLS!

Lance:

Me and you both, Keebs. Me and you both.

Keebler fumes as the show comes to an early close.

THIS.

IS.

Lights out.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE ONE

THE ONE.

ðŸŽµâ™ŸAMAZING REMIX THEME SONGâ™ŸðŸŽµ

([click, listen and follow along](#))

DDK:

A third troll job by The Comments Section!?

Lance:

I don't know about that, Keebs...

The Faithful stand in anticipation while Malak Garland nudges Cyrus Bates, as if none of *this* was supposed to happen.

The DEFlatron flicks on. It simply reads...

THE ONE.

And glitches in-between the letters X and Z.

The crowd starts to talk amongst themselves. They may have an idea...

But right now, it remains only that.

THE ONE

X

THE ONE

Z

THE ONE

THE ONE

THE ONE

X

Z

X

Z

The DEFlatron continues to run through this wording...

Until the **0:44** mark of the theme song, when it kicks into full gear and the words change to...

FUSEBROS. **ONE**

The WrestlePlex loses cabin pressure.

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

No...

The words glitch across the screen, alternating between

FUSEBROS. ONE

THE ONE AND ONLY

Lance:

THE FUSE BROS. ARE BACK TOGETHER!?!?

The Faithful work themselves into pandemonium as the scene switches to Malak Garland standing in the middle of the ring, very confused as to what's taking place. Malak looks over at Cyrus Bates and starts shaking from anxiety. Cyrus isn't sure what's going on, either. Bates is trying to speak out what's on the DEFlatron. He can't. It's like an unsolvable math problem.

At the **1:49** mark (if you're following along), The Game Boy and Princess appear from behind the entrance curtain. Desire's all smiles and The Game Boy... his usual self. Malak once again doesn't know what's happening but his anxiety is getting worse and worse. Garland's entire body trembles.

2:33 - the song quiets down... but The Faithful are riled up and still on their feet. The anticipation builds.

3:16 - two clear Mario-like pipe pods are revealed by spotlights off to the right-hand side of the entrance way, replacing the interview stage. Conor Fuse is in one of them, Tyler Fuse in the other. Conor is dressed in a MEGA MAN X inspired outfit, ditching the colour green for blue and Tyler Fuse is dressed in a ZERO inspired outfit, using the colour red with a glowing sabre attached to his back. Conor seems like his playful self while sporting a mischievous grin. Tyler, stoic, breathing slowly... simply stares ahead.

3:38 - at the crescendo of the song, the lift in the pipe pods raise Tyler and Conor to ground level. Conor throws jabs and kicks as his lift goes upwards while Tyler screams into the rafters. Upon reaching the top, Conor points to Malak Garland in the ring and the two of them walk across the rampway, meeting The Princess and Game Boy at the center of it.

Conor "X" Fuse: *[pointing directly at Malak Garland as they walk]*

That's the guy.

The scene once again switches to Malak Garland. He takes a deeeep gulp, realizing he's being discussed.

Tyler and Conor march towards the ring, with Conor continuing to point in Malak's direction.

Conor "X" Fuse:

He wrecked my shit. That's the guy.

Tyler hasn't taken his eyes off Malak, either.

The Bros. make their way to the end of the ramp.

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING!

Lance:

It looks like THE ONE was FUSE BROS... ONE!! FUSE BROS. ONE! Of course, it's the next logical upgrade from Fuse Bros. 360!

Tyler walks up the steel steps as Conor leaps onto the apron and then leaps over the ring ropes. Once Tyler meets him there, they are standing directly across from Malak and Cyrus. Referee Mark Shields has no clue what to do.

The theme music dies down...

The Faithful do not.

LETS GO FUSES
!RANK !RANK !RANK
LETS GO FUSES
!RANK !RANK !RANK
LETS GO FUSES
!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF THINK... BUT I'M PRETTY SURE WE'RE STILL GETTING A TITLE MATCH!

Mark Shields has taken the Unified Tag Team Championship belts and handed them to the time keeper. He hops back into the squared circle and asks Conor and Cyrus to head to their corners. Bates quickly scurries over to his, scared out of his mind at the sight of Tyler Fuse, even though Bates is twice Tyler's size. Meanwhile, Malak Garland is just as terrified... if not more.

But he's frozen in fear.

Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING

Tyler takes two steps forward and stands nose-to-nose with The Ultimate Snowflake.

“ZERO” Tyler Fuse:

Did you pick on my brother?

Tyler points back to Conor when he gets no answer from Malak.

“ZERO” Tyler Fuse:

I SAID DID YOU PICK ON MY BROTHER?

Tyler shoves Malak, hard.

“ZERO” Tyler Fuse:

DID YOU MAKE HIM CRY?

Another hard shove. Malak starts crying himself.

“ZERO” Tyler Fuse:

I'm speaking to you... you stupid fucking snowflake. Did you make my brother cry?

Another shove.

DDK:

Dear god. Malak's gonna get murdered here if he doesn't speak up.

Lance:

I think he's getting murdered either way, Keebs.

More tears flow from Garland's face as The Faithful or Gamers, if you will, start to pile on The Keyboard Warrior.

YOU'RE A SNOWFLAKE, *clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.*

YOU'RE A SNOWFLAKE, *clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.*

YOU'RE A SNOWFLAKE, *clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.*

Malak Garland:

He... he... he didn't choose my hammo-

Tyler, once more, shoves Malak with force.

"ZERO" Tyler Fuse:

Shut up, bitch. My brother thought you were his friend. You're just a PATHETIC internet troll who hides behind his screen and gets his jollies off. Well now it's time to step up.

Shove.

"ZERO" Tyler Fuse:

Hit me.

Shove.

"ZERO" Tyler Fuse:

I SAID HIT ME.

Shove.

Tyler starts laughing.

"ZERO" Tyler Fuse:

Oh ya, I forgot. You *can't* wrestle...

Garland quivers. The Keyboard King turns away, tears flowing down his face and he tags in Cyrus Bates. Malak doesn't even stay on the apron... he simply drops off it. Teresa Ames has made her way down to ringside and Malak goes right into her open arms, bawling his eyes out hysterically.

Lance:

Bates is rattled as well but he looks like he's gonna give it a try...

DDK:

Bates runs at Tyler- the elder Fuse with a BOOMING dropkick to the chest sends him down!

KICK HIS ASS

KICK HIS ASS

KICK HIS ASS

DDK:

Tyler's off the ropes and a MASSIVE superkick to Cyrus!

SMACK.

DDK:

Another superkick sends Bates down!

Conor is bouncing up and down in his corner.

Conor Fuse:

TAG ME, BRO! TAG ME!! I wanna play!! I want some revennnnnnnge!!

Tag!

DDK:

Bates is back to his feet but CONOR COMES FLYING IN WITH A FOREARM SMASH! ANOTHER! ANOTHER! He's working this crowd into a FRENZY!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

With Bates on a knee, Conor smacks Cyrus across his shoulders and then sprints around the ring, stopping only to shake the top rope, tilt his head back and scream...

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!!!!

DDK:

CONOR WITH THE KEYBOARD KICK TO BATES!

The younger Fuse races to Tyler and pushes him with everything he has.

Conor Fuse:

FINISH HIM~!!!!

DDK:

Tyler is... OH MY GOD... TYLER FUSE HAS CYRUS BATES OF ALL PEOPLE UP ON HIS SHOULDERS... CONOR'S GOING TO THE TOP ROPE!

The DOOMsday Device aka FINISH HIM connects!!

DDK:

CONOR HAS THE PIN... AND MALAK GARLAND ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE NEAR IT!

The Gamers count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!

DING DING DING

♪[SUPER FETCH MEGA MAN X REMIX THEME SONG](#)♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match...

AND NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

Darren Quimbey:

...UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, TYLER AND CONOR FUSE... "THE ONE AND ONLY"... FUSE BROS. ONE!!!!

DDK:

NEW CHAMPIONS! FUSE BROS. ONE ARE THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!!

The WrestlePlex is wild as the Fuse's new theme song starts up and Princess Desire, along with The Game Boy, enter the ring. BLUE and RED confetti fall from the rafters while the arena works through pandemonium!

Lance:

THE SNOWFLAKE REIGN IS OVERRRRRR! GAME OVER, NO CONTINUES!!!

By now, Malak Garland is at the bottom of the rampway, still in Ames' arms as she tries to comfort him by caressing his back. It doesn't look like it's much use, though. Malak rattles with anxiety as tears fall from his face. Meanwhile, Bates stumbles towards his partners, holding the back of his head, also visibly upset.

The celebration grows in the ring as Tyler is awarded all five championship belts and starts handing them off. One for The Princess, one for The Game Boy... and two for his younger brother. Pyro explodes on the far apron and turnbuckle posts as Conor hits a corner and Tyler hits another. Desire claps on and we all assume The Game Boy is thrilled on the inside.

DDK:

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE NIGHT! MALAK GARLAND IS TRAUMATISED FOR LIFE! FUSE BROS. ONE ARE ONCE AGAIN THE PINNACLE OF TAG TEAM WRESTLING!

Lance:

THE ONE WAS THE FUSE BROS. ONE, MALAK. THE ONE WAS THE FUSE BROS. ONE ALL ALONG, MALAK.

The camera switches to Malak Garland softly reaching towards the ring, as tears continue to roll down his face.

Malak Garland:

My titles.

The DEFtv signature appears in the bottom right hand corner as Conor "X" Fuse smacks both *Achievements* together on his turnbuckle and "ZERO" Tyler Fuse smirks across the way at Malak Garland, giving a sarcastic smile while saying "thanks for coming out".

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

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