

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!

**THE WARGOD COMETH
IS CRISTIANO CABALLERO OKAY? HOLY SHIT.
I COMPARE YOU TO A KISS FROM A ROSE ON THE BOX
PLEASE COME BACK, KERRY
I SAW THE LIGHT
IT OPENED UP MY EYES I SAW THE LIGHT
HENRY KEYES WHEN AM I GOING ON YOUR AIRSHIP MF?
I WANTED MY SIGN ON 149
JFK TOOK OUT TONYA HARDING
SQUIDBOY FEARS BRONSON
STARMAKER > STARBREAKER
SKYPE NEEDS TO GET IN THE BIN
DON'T DO IT SCOTTY!
EGG BANDITS TO DEFIANCE???
WHY MATT WHY
SHUT UP ARTHUR
LOST: ELISE ARES. IF FOUND CALL THE D AT (504) 867-5309
I TRIED CALLING. DAMN YOU, TOMMY TUTONE!
DECISONS, DECISONS TO MAKE!
MY MAKE A WISH: BOX V TROY - WARCHAMBER "SPIKES ARE LEGAL" MATCH PLZ
IF ARTHUR IS A PURE WRESTLER THEN ILL EAT A BUG**

... and now 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. We have an amazing amount of action here for you tonight and I am certain you'll be glad you tuned in! DEFIANCE is moving at full swing and things are heating up as we approach ... DEFCON 2021!

Lance:

Truer words have never been spoken, Darren! Last week, Mikey Unlikely ... the FIST of DEFIANCE proposed a Loser LEAVES DEFIANCE stipulation ... if he is to grant Scott Douglas the title shot promised to him!

DDK:

We'll get there ... Back to the action, we have a real kick start to the show tonight with two ...

Lance:

Two?

DDK:

Count them, Lance. TWO Former FISTS of DEFIANCE teaming up in Tag Team action to face off with the Better Future contingent of ADV and Jack Mace!

Lance:

Eugene Duey and ...

DDK:

STOP THAT! No, it's a two-time champion, Oscar Burns and former FIST ... and ACE of DEFIANCE winner ... Scott Stevens!

Lance:

One can only hope, Darren. Jokes and jest aside ... this should be an amazing match to start off DEFtv 150, Night One! ... these shows are getting long but at least the titles are as well ... continuity, Darren!

Lance has a chuckle. Darren plays off it but keeps it moving.

DDK:

Tons of action, sure ... that *IS* the continual promise to the Faithful! Speaking of which ... the recently returned Henry Keyes goes one on one with The Kabal's resident crazy person --

Lance:

That's saying a lot!

DDK:

-- REZIN! If the Kabal can keep their dirty tactic out of it ... this should be one heck of a match, Lance!

Lance:

Agreed! And it doesn't stop there! The Queen of DEFIANCE ... "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy goes one on one with that maniac Arthur Pleasant!

DDK:

That man ... is unhinged.

Lance:

AND speaking of Arthur Pleasant, a man who played a part in the most recent title change here in DEFIANCE ... The Favoured Saints Championship is on the line as Matt Lacroix, in the part of Sisyphus ... begins rolling that boulder up this hill ONCE more!

DDK:

This will be Matt LaCroix's FIRST defense since regaining the Favoured Saints Championship, two weeks ago, where some would argue if it were not for Arthur Pleasant ... Trashcan Tim would, himself, be working toward those coveted four title defenses.

Lance:

Indeed, as most of our Faithful already know ... the "Fourtune Rule" states after four successful defenses, a Favoured Saints champion can challenge for the SoHer, forfeiting the title win or lose because ...

DDK:

Fortune Favours the bold!

Lance:

There it is!

DDK:

While we are on the subject of *gold*, the Unified Tag Team Championships are on the line tonight as the returning --

Lance:

-- reunited ...

DDK:

FUSE BROS. ONE defend against the fun-loving, beer drinking ... SNS! In our main event!

Lance:

Saturday Night Specials have become fast friends and even quicker contenders in the tag team division! They are a Faithful favorite and stand a great chance at staking their claim as an elite tag team in DEFIANCE here tonight!

DDK:

Anything is possible but the Fuse Bros. were never one to underestimate and from what we've seen, in the brief time since they have returned ... they are not a team to be taken lightly!

Lance:

They certainly are not! ... but as you mentioned earlier, Darren ... "we'll get there" ... We are here! The big question!

"Downtown" Darren Keebler looks toward Lance Warner, to engage him in faux conversation, before turning back toward the camera.

DDK:

Lance, as you know ... two weeks ago, the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE made it known that he did not intend to honor the number one contenders rightful shot at the title, unless the match up be contested under his stipulation...

Cut to video.

DEFTv 149

Two Weeks Ago

♪ *Impious Pyre - Savage Souls* ♪

Mikey Unlikely:

So here it is Scott...

Cut forward

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm willing to LAY IT ALL ON THE LINE.

Cut forward

Mikey Unlikely:

Winner gets The FIST OF DEFIANCE.

"DEFIANCE" echos off.

Mikey Unlikely:

... the loser? THEY LEAVE DEFIANCE!

Cut to Scott Douglas on the interview stage, close up. His facial expression says it all. Lance Warner can be heard in heavily echoed reverb.

Lance:

Scott Douglas lives and breathes DEFIANCE, Darren! This obviously will not be an easy call to make!

Cut to an amused 24K exiting the rampway.

Cut to Scott Douglas sulking off from the interview stage while an unanswered Christie Zane stands by.

Cut back to the commentary station a sullen, very serious, Lance and Darren stand by.

DDK:

Scott Douglas has yet to answer the FIST, Mikey Unlikely's proposal... We will keep everyone updated. This obviously is *not* a decision to be made in haste!

Lance:

It certainly isn't ... but I think now it's time to go to the ring!

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS & SCOTT STEVENS vs. BETTER FUTURE (ADV & JACK MACE)

DDK:

Are you ready to kick things off, Lance? A HUGE DEFtv and we can't think of a better way to kick off Night One than a HUGE rematch from DEFIANCE Road! The two former World Champions, former FIST Scott Stevens and his heated rival, two-time FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns team up to take on the two men that beat them... two huge rising stars, Better Future Talent Agency's own "El Sol Dorado" Alvaro de Vargas and "A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace!

Lance:

Yeah, we aren't going to waste any time! We're getting right to this! It was de Vargas and Mace that picked up the win when ADV pinned Oscar Burns to score the biggest win of his career. But this time, Burns and Stevens have reached a common understanding to get back at their enemies which brings us to tonight We're gonna get right to the action for this one, so Darren Quimbey, take it away.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! First, from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

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

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS! Wearing his brand new gold and white "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt and matching colored gear, Burns heads down. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters to a THUNDEROUS ovation! He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. His music fades out as his tag partner arrives.

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag with the words "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The jeers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into cheers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... SCOTT STEVENS as...

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is....**SCOTT!**
STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air. He heads to the ring, stares down Burns briefly, then steps into the squared circle. The long-time rivals stand side-by-side as their opponents arrive...

With Tom Morrow and Ken Ellis taking all the jeers. Ellis takes out Morrow's prized earpiece, fastens it, then switches it on.

Tom Morrow:

Scott Stevens... Oscar Burns... the fact that you want this rematch isn't that surprising. EVERYONE wants a piece of Better Future Talent Agency! And since the two of you decided to ass for this repeat ass-beating so nicely... Better Future will indulge you! Please welcome first! Standing at six-four and two-hundred seventy-eight pounds! He is A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler! He is the Jack of All Holds! He is YOUR BETTER, Oscar! And the man that's going to wax

that canvas with your sorry ass! HE IS JACK... MACE!

♪ *"The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica* ♪

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. Morrow and Ellis looks at the hooded man and they bump fists, then the hooded man does the same with Tom Morrow before they head down to the ring. Othello does look angry -- opposed to his more normally aloof self -- and watches Mace step up to the ring. He throws his hood back and takes off his coat, handing it over to Ken Ellis. Before Mace enters the ring, Morrow isn't done.

Tom Morrow:

And of course, we can't forget... Better Future's Crown Jewel... he is EL SOL DORADO! He is Futuro Leyenda de DEFIANCE! The man that's HOTTER than the sun itself! Please welcome the man that's going to BURN the both of you for entering HIS ring! Standing 6'8" and weighing 270 pounds! He is A! D! V! ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!

♪ *"Living Legend" by Ankla* ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas! With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he shoots the crowd a corny-ass grin. He comes out and for once, no microphone but he does have wicked intentions etched on his face now as he approaches. Stevens and Burns watch them as referee Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go to kick off the first of two HUGE nights from DEFtv's one-hundred fiftieth episode! And... oh, Lord...

Oscar starts for his team and he points at Jack Mace, wanting the powerful former protege. Mace obliges and paces into the ring... then walks over and tags himself out. ADV smiles at his partner and then the agile tall Cuban LEAPS over the ropes into the ring to come face to face with an irate Burns. The crowd JEERS as ADV gets ready to fight.

Lance:

ADV wants to grapple? With Burns? Is he insane?

ADV dares Burns to take his best shot for a grapple and holds a hand up. The Technical Spectacle obliges... but ADV tries to get a boot up! But The Faithful cheer when Burns doesn't fall for ADV's shit and in fact, strikes ADV's knee with a downward elbow! The Faithful roar with approval for the two-time FIST of DEFIANCE now going low with a dropkick on ADV's knee!

DDK:

De Vargas tried getting cute and now Burns making him pay for it!

Lance:

And a HUGE dragon screw takes down Alvaro! And what's this? Stevens wants the tag!

Burns obliges and holds onto ADV's leg before pulling him to his feet with Scott's help. Both men whip the larger ADV to the ropes and then Burns trips him up with a drop toe hold as Stevens comes off the ropes with a huge leaping leg drop to the back of ADV's head!

DDK:

This is a FAR cry from how the last match went between these four! Oscar and Scott were at each other's throats for most of that match, allowing ADV and Mace to pick the bones, but tonight, they are on the same page!

Lance:

Which is bad news for Better Future!

Tom Morrow is having a cow on the outside with Ken Ellis trying to calm him down while Stevens opens up on ADV with right hand after right hand! He keeps going until Slater tells him to back up, but Everyone's Favorite Texan tells Brian Slater to go fuck himself to cheers from the crowd! He gets up and then leaps off the ropes with a HUGE leaping stomp to the knee! De Vargas howls in pain, but can't do much as Scott grabs the leg and slaps on a huge figure four leg lock!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! Scott Stevens! Oscar Burns! Fighting together and they love it!

Lance:

One would call this Cats and dogs and mass hysteria, but we're here calling it! Stevens following up on the knee!

Scott has the leg all locked up, but with Mace yelling out to Alvaro to follow the sound of his voice, ADV manages to crawl towards the sanctuary of the ropes, using his tall frame to get to the bottom rope with his hands! Brain Slater orders Stevens to break it off, but the former FIST, World Tag Team Title holder and only ACE of DEFIANCE title holder keeps the hold locked in until the count reaches four, then lets go!

DDK:

Nice!

Lance:

Stevens now dragging him back! And Burns with the tag!

The Technical Spectacle gets into the ring with an irate Morrow yelling at his men to fight back, but Burns grabs the leg and then DROPS down suddenly, hurting the leg more! He stands up... STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! ADV is left howling in pain and that's when Burns tries for the heel hook...

DDK:

GRAPS OF WR.. no! De Vargas kicks his way free!

Lance:

But Burns fights back with a high knee as he gets up!

Burns and a high knee send the larger de Vargas to the ropes, but Jack Mace makes the blind tag before Burns can stop it. He rushes forward and grabs ADV, then tries a Cobra Twist on the larger man! But before he can get it fully locked in, The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler to grab him from behind and CHUCK him back into the Better Future corner with a HUGE release German suplex! The crowd jeers as Mace gets back up and the massive Brit absorbs the jeers with a smile on his face.

DDK:

Oscar didn't see the blind tag and he paid for it! Great strategy there, whether you like Better Future or not!

Lance:

Burns and Stevens apparently the only people who can be on the same page!

Burns is still seeing stars when Mace starts to turn him around and underhooks the arms before he takes Burns over and hits an IMPRESSIVE bridging double arm suplex! Doubly amazing for a man his size!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The Technical Spectacle kicks out, but Mace is not deterred one bit by his former mentor's gutsiness. Scott watches from the corner and has no choice but to watch as Mace hoists Burns again for another suplex.

DDK:

And there's the tag by Jack Mace! ADV was taken to task by the two former champions at the onset and now wants

payback... HUGE belly to back suplex by Mace!

Lance:

And a double foot stomp by ADV! But he's favoring that knee!

After the double-team combo by Better Future, ADV favors his knee instead of going for the cover. Morrow yells at ADV to stay on him and El Sol Dorado gets back to KICKING Burns while he's down. Most literally! He pulls Burns up... then DRIVES a huge gut-wrenching knee to the sternum!

DDK:

ADV is so vicious when he turns it on! There's very few people in DEFIANCE I honestly think he couldn't stand with in a fight, but this arrogance of his has just grown over time and he's his own worst enemy.

Lance:

Morrow keeping him on the straight and narrow now.

De Vargas pulls Burns up and then ROCKS him with a measured right hand to the jaw! He goes staggering back to the corner when de Vargas spits on his hand...

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

DDK:

Oh, NO... you hear those chops from de Vargas? He and Mace are done playing around!

Burns is slumped over with a pair of red welts starting to form on his chest. ADV whips him across the ring and then CRUSHES Burns with a huge clothesline! He rolls him out of the corner and then stands in front of Oscar before driving him down with another big knee to the chest! The Team Graps Cap is hurt in a bad way when ADV goes for a cover, trying to pin Burns.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

ADV NOT happy at all with Brian Slater's count! Focus more on pinning Oscar Burns again, not arguing with the official!

Lance:

Morrow must have a line to us up here! He's telling ADV the same thing. And now ADV tags Mace!

Mace heads into the ring, less sauntering than de Vargas was, but more so focused on showing Burns what for. He grabs Burns... but he fights to life and STRIKES Mace upside the head with a rocking elbow smash! The Faithful go nuts when he fights back out of desperation and rocks Mace a second time, then a third shot to rattle his former protege. Burns grabs the body and then tries a huge exploder, but Mace is still too strong and shuts him down with a 12-6 elbow to the dome!

DDK:

Big move failed... JACK'S DRIVER! GREAT COUNTER!

Mace SPIKES Burns to the mat with a huge seated side slam and then tries a cover.

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

The shoulder comes up and Mace can't believe it! Scott Stevens yells at Burns to fight back and get back into the game, but de Vargas wants the tag. Mace makes the tag to get ADV in and now both men look to be trying for something big to keep the tide in their favor.

DDK:

That was a close one! But now ADV and Mace trying a double team!

Both men push Burns to the ropes for a double team of some sort... but Burns manages to slide beneath a double clothesline attempt and sidestep behind Mace, shoving the big man into ADV to knock him to the side! When Mace hits own partner, he gets CRACKED under the chin with a sick Hard Out Headbutt! The blow rocks him and brings him down to a knee while Burns heads to Scott in their corner...

DDK:

Morrow is beside himself! Burns just dropped his former protege with that Hard Out Headbutt... and not what Better Future wanted...

Lance:

TAG TO SCOTT STEVENS!

Morrow looks beside himself as Scott makes the tag! ADV is just trying to get back to his feet when Scott comes in starts hitting anything that moves! He drills El Sol Dorado with several right hands to back him to the ropes, then whips him across the ring where he follows up with a HUGE discus lariat! After he does that, Scott's back on his feet when The Jack of All Holds gets back up and comes running...

DDK:

Double S Spinebuster on Mace! I think that ring just shook!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! What a great opener we have tonight!

After he is sure to boot Burns' former protege out of the ring, Scott Stevens turns his attention back to the legal man and then grabs Alvaro on the shoulders...

DDK:

Houston, We Have a Problem! The Death valley driver connects!

And Scott tries the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

After all that, de Vargas kicks out! And I think a Toxic Sting is about to come up!

Scott is stomping on the ground waiting for de Vargas to rise and the fans want to see him drop a mofo with the cutter. But when ADV starts to stagger and Scott leaps into position!

Lance:

De Vargas pushes his way free... but Stevens comes back.... ABAJO VAS! De Vargas lands that sit-out chokeslam counter! Cover!

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

ADV almost loses his mind after the shoulder comes up! Morrow yells three, but Brian Slater yells two, so Alvaro punches the mat and then goes for a cover. ADV makes another tag to the returning Jack Mace on the ring apron and then the two monsters take turns beating on Scott in the corner with knees and chops!

DDK:

Brian trying to break up the attack in the corner! He wants ADV out of the ring!

ADV obliges... and when Mace starts to stand in Slater's way to tell him he's leaving, de Vargas JABS a thumb into Stevens' eye! The Faithful BOO the hell out of de Vargas as Slater gives him a final warning to leave!

DDK:

That sneak attack by Alvaro before he leaves the ring! Brian telling him to get out or he'll be disqualified... and now Mace has on the Jack of All Holds on Scott! He choked him out at the end of their last match with this and he has it on again!

Scott starts getting strangled by the large Mace... but the crowd loses their mind when Burns comes back onto the ring apron while Slater is contending with ADV on the outside...

Lance:

NO! BURNS WITH A THUMB TO MACE'S EYE! LITERALLY! EYE FOR AN EYE! HE'S HAD ENOUGH OF PLAYING NICE WITH BETTER FUTURE!

Dirty? Absolutely? But the crowd doesn't care as Burns takes a page out of his own partner's playbook. The Technical Spectacle saves his partner, but ADV grabs him and pulls him off the apron as Scott recovers. Mace is blinded when he leaps...

DDK:

TOXIC STING! TOXIC STING TO MACE! THAT'S IT!

After landing the cutter, Scott quickly covers Mace as Morrow protests!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **SCOTT STEVENS AND OSCAR BURNS!**

Tom Morrow starts to bury his face in his hands as Scott raises both hands in the air... but then sees Oscar Burns on the outside getting thrown HARD into the ring post on the floor by a PISSED Alvaro de Vargas, hitting him with The Cuban Missile!

DDK:

Scott and Oscar get a measure of revenge for what happened at DEFIANCE Road with this win! But things are already breaking down!

Tom Morrow heads into the ring to check on Mace while Scott gets back up. He rushes at de Vargas on the outside and tries to grab him by the hair... when Morrow grabs his leg! He tries to stop anything from happening, but Scott looks down and the crowd is buzzed for what might happen next.

Lance:

What is Morrow THINKING?!

Scott sees him and grabs Morrow. He smiles with The Faithful cheering him on, but before anything can happen... the crowd GASPS!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OH MY GOD! FIREBALL! DE VARGAS JUST **BLASTED** SCOTT STEVENS WITH A FIREBALL TO THE FACE!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE crumbles to the mat, kicking frantically and cradling his face while a CRAZED de Vargas stands over him, practically frothing at the mouth over the match's result! Morrow pulls on ADV and tells him

they need to go, but ADV grits his teeth.

Lance:

ADV's just upset that he and Mace lost... but Better Future are the ones now standing tall!

With Burns still out on the floor below after being hurled into the ring post like a lawn dart, Mace starts to stand holding his jaw in pain while ADV kneels over the burned Scott Stevens.

Alvaro de Vargas:

YOU WANT TO PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME? **ME?** I TOLD YOU, PENDEJO! I TOLD YOU THAT YOU'D GET BURNED IF YOU GOT TOO CLOSE! ¡TE DIJE! ¡TE DIJE!

ADV rolls out of the ring but the jeers are MASSIVE as Better Future take their leave with Morrow looking pleased at the destruction caused by the crown jewel. Meanwhile, Brian Slater waves for attendants to get to the ring to help Scott post-haste.

DDK:

Monsters... the whole bunch of Better Future led by this garbage snake oil salesman. Burns and Stevens win the match, but I think ADV and Mace win this battle.

Lance:

Folks, we'll try and get an update as soon as we can on Scott and Oscar... but we're being told to take a break.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

IN THE TEARS OF A SNOWFLAKE

Back from a commercial break, the scene is on Darren Quimbey inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Two weeks ago we crowned a new pair of champions...

The Faithful give a huge roar, followed by a subsequent !RANK cheer as they know where this is going.

Darren Quimbey:

And it is my pleasure to introduce to you the NEEEEWWWW Unified Tag Team Champions... "THE ONE AND ONLY"... FUSE BROS. ONE!

♪[MEGA MAN X REMIX THEME SONG](#)♪

DDK:

Two weeks ago, in what was SUPPOSED to be the main event on this night, Tyler and Conor reunited to win the Unified Tag Team Championships from The Comments Section!

Lance:

And why was this match NOT tonight, Keeps?

DDK:

Because Malak Garland got impatient and demanded it be moved up to DEFtv 149?

Lance:

Exactly.

DDK:

That's right. The match was a mystery in many ways, as The Comments Section were going to defend vs. a team called The One. The One ended up becoming Fuse Bros. One and Malak Garland finally got what he deserved for being a prick to Conor Fuse.

Tyler and Conor step onto the rampway. Conor holds two of the five Unified Tag Team Championships belts while Tyler has another. Both sport Adidas track pants signifying their NEW main colors (Conor blue and white, Tyler red and white) along with FUSE BROS. branded DEFIANCE t-shirts, soon to be available on EFedTees.com!

DDK:

My understanding is The Game Boy and Princess Desire are holding the other two championship titles at this time.

Lance:

Well, they are part of the *team* so to speak. However, I have been told the belts are not going to be defended with freebird rules. The Unified Tag Team Champions are the two-time DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, Tyler and Conor Fuse, Fuse Bros. One.

Tyler leads the way, not looking like his typical stoic/focused self. Instead, there's a rejuvenation and (somewhat) lighthearted approach. On the other hand, Conor is all childish and playful, slapping hands with fans, pointing to his titles, shouting "!RANK" the odd time... he's full of boundless joy.

Tyler walks up the steel steps and Conor jumps onto the apron and into the ring before Quimbey nods and hands Tyler and microphone.

DDK:

We heard from Tyler and Conor in a [backstage exclusive on our YouTube channel](#) after the title match two weeks ago but it will be interesting to see what they've got to say on live TV!

Tyler raises the mic to his mouth. He opens his mouth-

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

Well, that didn't take long.

The jeers reign down, as The Comments Section's theme jumps right into the beat of the song at the 0:12 minute mark, skipping the usual alarm noise and the "ATTENTION ATTENTION" voice at the beginning of the track.

Tyler turns his head to the entrance way. Conor does the same.

However, no one arrives.

A noise is muffled through the loudspeakers.

Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.

Lance:

Remix theme song?

Squeaky squeak-squeak-squeak, squeeeeeeeeeeeak!

DDK:

What in the world is this? It sounds like rusty metal or something.

The Faithful continue to boo loudly, as the "Attention Attention" theme dies down. Conor gives a shrug to Tyler, as if to say The Comments Section aren't coming out. Once again, Tyler attempts to speak.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Finally, The Bellicose Brawler appears from behind the curtain with a spotlight on him. He holds up a finger before disappearing back behind the curtain.

Lance:

This should be good.

The fans react with annoyance as Malak Garland is carted out on stage in a wheelchair. He's holding a microphone close to the spokes of the wheels, which easily explains where the squeaky sounds were coming from. Bates parks Malak at the top of the ramp as they both eye down The Bros.

The Faithful jump into a frenzy as a panning shot shows Malak hunched over in his wheelchair, wearing his safe space box with his hoss to his side. The box has the tiniest four leaf clover sticker on it. Bates tries to quell the crowd but it only ignites their hate further.

YOU'RE A LOSER! CLAP CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

YOU'RE A LOSER! CLAP CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

YOU'RE A LOSER! CLAP CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Lance:

Malak is getting roasted out here!

Eventually, the chants die down as Malak weakly raises the microphone to his mouth within the box. His slouched

forward posture makes the microphone disappear from view.

Malak Garland: *[Speaking slowly]*

I just want everyone to know that I am not hurt. I have just lost the will to walk, that's all.

The fans piss all over it while The Fuse Bros. are waiting for him to get on with it.

Malak Garland:

Darkness.

He meekly raises his free hand for no reason.

Malak Garland:

Despair.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A few random people shout from the crowd that Malak lost "fair and square" and that he should "build up some resiliency already!"

Malak Garland:

I don't think everyone realizes exactly what I've been through over the past two weeks.

It's like supplying fuel to the fire as the fans feed off it.

Malak Garland:

I endured many sleepless nights as I sat there, on the floor, cross legged, rocking back and forth, staring at the mantle where my belts used to be. You know what kills me the most over that?

Lance:

We don't care to know.

Malak Garland:

Instead of collecting title belts, now the mantle collects dust. Dust!

Cyrus Bates shakes his head in disbelief as he is forced to hold back tears of his own. Malak raises his head a little.

Malak Garland:

I haven't been able to sleep but when I have, it's been ruined by vicious night terrors!

He takes a second to breathe.

Malak Garland:

Have you ever lost something like that?

His voice slowly gains inflection as he seemingly poses the question to the entire arena.

Malak Garland:

I HAD TO UNDERGO REPLACEMENT THERAPY, DAMMIT! I bought a fidget spinner to hold instead of the belts! Oh and funny story, I found this wonderful little paper championship in the dumpster the other day, SO IT IS MINE!

DDK:

Paper championship belt in a dumpster? Seriously? Does Malak not realize the connection there? Pretty sure he means the paper SOHER title Conor made Dex Joy.

Malak continues his rant, as the desperation soaks over his voice.

Malak Garland:

I am the victim here! It wasn't even my fault I lost the most prized possession in all of DEFIANCE!

The AVALANCHING rage grows deep inside the Keyboard Master.

Malak Garland:

You! *[Points to the ring]* You did this to me!

Malak stows the microphone on his lap as he methodically removes the safe space box from his head. His eyes are dreary with black bags under them. His hair is disgustingly matted and a series of patchy facial hair plagues his face. In fact, Malak's whole appearance is tattered. It looks like he's in the same ring gear he wore two weeks ago and hasn't washed it since.

DDK:

I think Malak needs a shower.

Garland violently grabs the microphone and spits into it.

Malak Garland:

THOSE ARE MY CHAMPIONSHIPS! I WAS BLINDSIDED! I AM RAGING!

YOU'RE A BITCH!

YOU'RE A BITCH!

YOU'RE A BITCH!

Tyler Fuse:

Are you done, bitch?

The Faithful give a cheer as Tyler catches onto the chant.

Tyler Fuse:

Look, buddy, take a loss. You were supposed to lose TONIGHT but you "just couldn't wait" because of your "bullshit anxiety". You're a champion in **DEFIANCE**. This isn't some watered down, bullshit organization, okay? This is where the big boys play. And say what you want about... uh, him *[Tyler is nudging his head towards Conor]* but even this guy can still bring it inside the ring.

Conor is handed his own microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, Malak! They might call me The Best Pout Machine but you're about to steal that crown! Get. Over. It. Bro!

Malak starts trembling as his eyes become red. Tyler, however, continues, turning to the crowd.

Tyler Fuse:

So, why'd we do it, huh? Why now? Why reunite now and take down the trolls?

Tyler pauses to think... then he throws his hands in the air.

Tyler Fuse:

You know what, I could spend all day on that. I think we explained ourselves in the post-match exclusive video that I'm sure Darren Keebler already brought up to all of you.

DDK:

Hey, I did!

Tyler Fuse:

The bottom line is-

Conor jumps in.

Conor Fuse:

You guys aren't **wrestlers**! You aren't worthy of holding the titles that my brother and I helped DEFINE! You were ruining the legacy of evvvrrrrybody that's won these! Even The Bastards Sons of Wrestling were more worthy than-

Tyler shakes his head while saying "no, dude, no" in reference to that last team name. Anyway, Conor powers through.

Conor Fuse:

I was so rattled when the two of you became Tag Team *Achievementees*. Particularly you, Malak. I thought you were an okay guy... until you destroyed my Friendship Members League set for no reason whatsoever! Oh, wait, because I bought "[the wrong hammock](#)". Dude, seriously? Are you for real? You got all butthurt and bent-out-of-shape because I bought the wrong hammock?

Conor tries to laugh it off.

Conor Fuse:

Well it looks like you're butthurt again. Luckily for me, I had [one new member fill out an FML application](#).

The Faithful cheer but Malak is quick to cut them off.

Malak Garland:

I WAS TOLD I WOULD BE FACING A NEW TEAM AND IT WAS ONE PERSON.

Conor looks dumbfounded.

Conor Fuse:

Um, yeah, you did face a new team and one guy. We upgraded. We're One.

Malak begins stirring profusely with anxiety.

Malak Garland:

That... DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. I SEE TWO PEOPLE.

Garland throws his hands up and down like a toddler in a temper tantrum. Tears spill from his grimacing face. Malak's clearly working through... A LOT of issues right now.

Malak Garland:

I WANT MY SHINIES BACK.

Tyler Fuse:

Dude, seriously, what the hell is wrong with you?

Conor Fuse:

I think he means these?

Conor holds one of his Unified Tag Team Championships in the air. Immediately, Malak quivers and The Faithful are playing along with booming cheers. The Keyboard King looks up at Cyrus Bates but doesn't lower the mic.

Malak Garland:

My shinies!

Tyler's patience is wearing thin.

Tyler Fuse:

You're killing me. *[Turning to Conor]* Please let me waste this clown, again.

Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

I'm cool with-

Malak Garland:

I WANT MY SHINIES BACK THIS VERY SECOND OR I'M CALLING MY CUDDLE SERVICE FOR IMMEDIATE EMERGENCY CUDDLING THERAPY!

DDK:

He's... likely serious, folks.

Meanwhile, Tyler and Conor turn to one another in order to have a conversation but are purposely speaking into their mics.

Conor Fuse: *[to Tyler]*

He wants the Snyder cut.

Tyler Fuse: *[to Conor]*

Oh, the Snyder cut, huh? Ya, hopefully it's better.

Conor Fuse: *[to Tyler]*

Honestly, I didn't mind the original.

Tyler Fuse: *[to Conor]*

You're an idiot. It was terrible. I-

Malak cries as loudly as possible.

Malak Garland:

ENOUGH, PAY ATTENTION TO ME!

Tyler rolls his eyes. It's becoming apparent the only thing keeping the elder Fuse inside the ring and not going after Malak is this conversation.

Tyler Fuse:

Ya, we'll give you a chance to get these... uh, shiny shinies back at DEFCON. How about it? If you learn to wrestle, The Comments Section could one day be the greatest DEFIANCE tag team of all-time. But you're going to have to go through the greatest **current** DEFIANCE tag team of all time to prove it. Us. Fuse Bros. One.

Conor leans over and nudges Tyler on the arm.

Conor Fuse: *[off-mic but still purposely picked up]*

Actually, PCP are probably the greatest current DEFIANCE tag team. Probably greatest of all time, too.

Tyler nods, talking purposely off-mic once again, while still holding the mic to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, you're right.

Conor Fuse:

Sky High Titans aren't bad, either. They're right up there.

Tyler Fuse:

You mean Uriel Cortez and Minute?

Conor Fuse:

No, I mean Sky High Titans.

Tyler Fuse:

What about The WrestleFriends, remember them?

Conor Fuse:

Oh, ya, they're decent. Come to think of it, The Stevens Dynasty *is* a dynasty. They've held these belts for longer than we have. Maybe they're more elite than-

Malak Garland:

STOP IT STOP IT STOPPPPPP IT!

Trembling, Malak's avalanche of anger is slowly taking over. It's becoming less of an anxiety shake... and more of a hateful one. He's seemingly speaking without proper thought.

Malak Garland:

AND-WHEN-I-WIN-YOU-TWO-CAN'T-TEAM-ANYMORE... EVER!

The Faithful gasp at the thought. Tyler and Conor raise their eyebrows.

Conor Fuse:

Can't team anymore?

Malak Garland:

YES! You two traumatized me for life and now it's your turn to be traumatized!

Tyler remains confident. Conor's wheels turn.

Conor Fuse:

So he wants a Game Over, No Continues kinda thing?

Tyler Fuse:

We've already tried our hand in single player action... we're obviously going to again.

Conor Fuse:

Hmm, ya bro, ya.

Tyler Fuse:

And I'd love to get my hands on that snowflake for a second time.

Conor Fuse:

Oh me too, bro!

Tyler Fuse:

And living on the edge **is** kinda fun.

Conor Fuse:

So fun; so fetch.

The Bros. seem to have an unspoken agreement.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay, you're on. The Fuse Bros. vs. The Comments Section... for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships at DEFCON. If we lose... we're done as a tag team in DEFIANCE, forever. Game Over, No Continues... as Conor would say.

For the first time tonight, Malak looks pleased with himself. Until...

Tyler Fuse:

But if **you** lose, you and **your** silent pussy ass big man over there are done as a tag team in DEFIANCE, forever, as well.

Shock crosses Bates and Garland's faces.

Tyler Fuse:

Ya, you're not getting off THAT easy. The stipulation is the same for you. You're not getting any special treatment here. DEAL?

The Faithful anticipate Malak's response. However, Garland is looking OVERLY concerned as he glances up to Bates from his wheelchair. It's starting to become clear...

Malak's going to say no.

DDK:

I can't see Malak doing this.

DO IT!

DO IT!

DO IT!

Garland shakes his head no until Conor Fuse puts his mic down and raises BOTH of his tag team titles. Malak snaps (figuratively and literally as his neck twitches about, causing his head to flip flop from side to side).

Malak Garland:

You know what? FINE. I don't care if I lose Cyrus anyways. JUST GIVE ME MY SHINIES!

DDK:

THIS IS HUGE! It'll be Fuse Bros. One vs. Comments Section... not ONLY at DEFCON... not ONLY for the Tag Team Championships... but where the losing team can never TAG in DEFIANCE AGAIN!

Tyler Fuse:

One more thing.

Malak and Cyrus are about to leave but stop.

Tyler Fuse:

I guess all this hinges on if we even MAKE IT to DEFCON...

Malak raises an eyebrow. He says off-mic "what do you mean?" Garland's already at his wits end.

Tyler Fuse: *[holding back a smirk]*

Conor and I haven't been a team in some time; there's a lot of new guys here. We've kind of... ya know, told the executives to book us in title matches all the way leading UP to the pay-per-view. Boy, it sure would suck if we lost these things beforehand, would it?

Tyler turns to his younger brother and Conor smirks back, flicking his eyebrows up and down like he's Dr. Wily in a Mega Man video game.

Conor Fuse:

Sure would.

Malak Garland's face grows more intense with fear and anger mixed together.

Malak Garland: *[shouting]*

No... NO you can't do that! I wasn't planning on you wrestling until DEFCON! How could you do that to me?

Conor Fuse:

In fact, come to think of it, my back still hurts from when Deacon pummeled me nine months ago!

Malak's so gullible, he's buying right into it, shouting and pointing at the brothers as if they need to get their acts together.

Tyler Fuse:

Yours too? Yeah... my knee is WRECKED from Kerry Kuroyama. Still feeling that Ascension 2020 fallout.

Malak Garland:

DON'T YOU LOSE MY TITLES!

Conor Fuse:

You think THAT's bad, my head is spinning from those "mushrooms" I took on Halloween. I thought they were legal. I WAS TOLD THEY WERE LEGAL! Instead, I had this crazy dream YOUR wife was trying to kill me! SPOILER ALERT!

Tyler's all smiles, having a good time with this back and forth while Malak's going through a period of trauma he may never get over.

Tyler Fuse:

Princess Desire? That bitch has been trying to kill me for years, I'm glad she changed her target but boy, I don't know if you're in the right headspace to wrestle tonight. I might not be, either. We have Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd in the main event, too. I tell ya, that's what my wife does though... she's super draining and sensitive, trying to murder everyone!

Malak Garland: *[screaming and crying]*

NO DON'T YOU LOSE MY TITLES... MY GOLD PLATED WARM AND FUZZIES... THEY ARE MY LIFELINE! THEY ARE MY EVERYTHING!!!

Bates tries to comfort Garland but it's no use. Additionally, Teresa Ames appears on the rampway! Bates rubs Malak's back and Ames is attempting an emergency ASMR session ON THE SPOT but NOTHING IS WORKING!

Malak Garland:

YOU RUINED MY DEFIANCE COMPLIANCE! YOU TWO ARE-

Tyler Fuse:

Seriously, shut up. My brother and I will do what we can to defend these titles... and then, we'll see you at DEFCON.

Tyler gives a wink towards Malak.

Tyler Fuse:

If we get there.

The Faithful cheer as Bates puts the safe space box over Garland's head and Conor parades in the ring with two of the championship titles. Tyler stares a hole through his upcoming opponents while Teresa Ames seemingly gets all hot and bothered thinking Tyler might be looking at her instead.

DDK:

Well, DEFCON just got a lot more intense! AND so did this night!

MISSION: (LITERALLY) IMPOSSIBLE

Backstage.

The Superbest is prowling.

Literally.

DDK:

Well, there's Jack Hunter.

Lance:

The brains of the 24K operation.

DDK:

I'm not sure that's what I'd be saying to The Little Bruiser when his six-month review comes up, but I'm sure he'll prove me wrong here...

Jack is creepin' and peepin', scurrying through the corridors like a thief in the night. The clumsiest, most obvious thief to ever thrive, admittedly, but he's trying - and that's what really matters.

Lil' Broozy is clad in his 24K Security shirt and drags a steel chair behind him. He steps past bewildered crew members and technicians, ducking from one flight case to another, taking as much cover as possible.

Jack Hunter:

Fee! Fie! Foe! Flump! I smell the mud of an old tree stump.

DDK:

Uh, I don't think that's quite how that nursery rhyme goes.

Lance:

See, what'd I tell you? The brains of 24K. Definitely.

Jack accidentally bashes his knee on one of the cases. He howls in agony.

Jack Hunter:

OWEEEEEEEEEE!

But he doesn't let go of the chair, nor does he lose sight of his goal.

Jack Hunter:

Fiddlesticks.

Hunter is soon on his way again, creeping through the corridors. He comes to a corner and peeks around it. Suddenly, his eyes light up.

Jack Hunter:

AHA! 'Tis here...

Yung Contusions slowly raises the chair high above his head, approaching his still-unknown target. He starts walking on his tippy-toes, holding his breath as he goes. The problem with this part of the plan is that Jack Hunter has the lung capacity of a 40-a-day smoker. Unfortunately for him, a loud, spluttering exhale alerts whoever he is looking for to his presence. He adjusts himself accordingly.

Jack Hunter:

Hi hi. Lesley's Toys, prepare to die... FROM LITTLE BRUISES!

He gets ready to swing.

Jack Hunter:

Kyle Curry sends his records!

Hunter swings his chair... but he has given his intended target way too much time to prepare. Lindsay Troy - who had been talking to a production assistant - ducks, the chair hits the wall behind where she was standing, bounces back, and smacks Jack right on the forehead.

Hunter goes out like a light.

Lance:

Oh my god...

DDK:

Jack Hunter just tried to take out the Queen of the Ring... and ended up taking out himself!

Lance:

And somehow got his boss' name wrong at the same time. Kyle Curry?

DDK:

Incredible scenes.

Lindsay looks down at Jack and shakes her head, disapprovingly.

Lindsay Troy:

Dipshit.

She turns away to continue her conversation as DEFtv heads to the ring.

HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN

DDK:

We have a unique contest coming up next, ladies and gentlemen, in the form of a “Weapons Match” between the Airship Pirate HENRY KEYES and the Kabal’s resident firestarter REZIN!

Lance:

From what I’ve been told, the stip of this match allow both competitors to select one--and ONLY one--weapon of their choosing. “The Escape Artist” Rezin laid down the challenge last week at Uncut, and Keyes promptly accepted.

DDK:

Henry Keyes has been determined to settle the score with the nefarious Goat Bastard since taking a defeat to him at DEFIANCE Road. Conversely, Rezin has been on something of an absurd crusade to prove himself as the most “punk rock” wrestler in all of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

The Kabal have done nothing but spread chaos since Stalker formed the group in his return to the company, so it would be rather comforting to see a stalwart hero of DEFIANCE in Keyes strike them a blow by evening the odds with the as-of-yet unpinned Rezin.

DDK:

Let’s get right to the action! Darren Quimbey is standing by in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a WEAPONS MATCH set for one fall!

♪ “I Have a Prepared Statement” by Whores ♪

”BOOOOOOOO!!!”

The hate rains down like a monsoon as the self-proclaimed “most punk wrestler in DEFIANCE” emerges from the curtain, wearing his patchwork battle vest and the usual unruly smirk on his hobo-maned face. With his Kabal-issued black kendo stick held over the left shoulder, he takes a moment to bask in the jeers and look over the Faithful before starting down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... representing the Kabal, here is “The Escape Artist”... RRREEZZZIINNNNN!!!

Slipping under the ropes to enter the ring, he promptly lights up the kendo stick into brilliant RED, and proceeds to mockingly swing it around like a clumsy oaf in the manner of Star Wars Kid. Bro, who here remembers Star Wars Kid?

DDK:

Ugh... hey, moron, the early 2000’s called, and they want their dated pop culture references back!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opp--

Rezin yonks the mic from the veteran ring announcer’s hand, earning him another wave of jeers from the Faithful. After a moment of obnoxiously clearing his throat through the PA system, he draws in a deep breath and bellows at the top of his lungs.

Rezin:

BABY YODA SUCKS!!

”BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!”

The WrestlePlex goes full-blown Chernobyl. All manner of trash gets thrown into the ring, pelting the grinning Goat Bastard from every angle. DEFSec lock arms around the barricade to stave off the rush of enraged fans frothing at the mouth. A commotion can be heard over commentary as a headset gets slammed to the table.

Lance:

Keebs... where are you going?

Quick cut to the commentary table where Darren Keebler is rising out of his chair, face completely red with anger.

DDK:

I'm going down there to give that rotten son of a bitch exactly what he deserves!

Lance:

Sit down, Keebs...

Warner nabs DEF's play-by-play expert by the sleeve before he can get away. Remembering his professional duties, Keebler does everything he can to calm himself as he retakes his seat, though the rage is still etched in his face.

DDK:

Nobody says that about Baby Yoda, Lance... NOBODY!! Grogu is a NATIONAL TREASURE!

Lance:

Relax, nerd... remember, "This is the way."

DDK:

THIS IS THE WAY.

After the arena-wide nerd meltdown subsides, Rezin cackles and continues speaking.

Rezin:

And now that I have your attention... allow me to announce my CHOSEN WEAPON for this ultimate battle of PUNK ROCK proportions!

The Escape Artist holds the glowing red stick high into the air. Cue the Legend of Zelda item-getting fanfare.

Rezin:

THIS... is the KENDO STICK! Named after Kenneth J. Doherty, who famously fought off a hundred nipster skinheads at a Screwdriver show when he swiped the cane off some old Malaysian fortune teller and made PUNK ROCK history forever!

Lance:

...I think some of his facts may be mixed up there.

Rezin:

THIS particular stick was crafted only by the most maniacal, chaotic, and PUNK ROCK weapon engineering experts on the Kabal's payroll! Not only does it have this BADASS lightsaber thing going on, as you can plainly see, but it is also ABSOLUTELY INDESTRUCTIBLE!

DDK:

Only Siths deal in absolutes!

Lance:

Ugh... don't encourage him, Keebs!

With his grin forming into a snarl, Rezin lowers the red light-up kendo stick to the camera.

Rezin:

And TONIGHT... the WRATH of this symbol of PUNK ROCK fury will be felt by YOU, HEN'RY KEYYESS!! And the moment you show that oily face of years, SO HELP ME CTHULHU, I'm gonna--

~~WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~

Rezin:

WHOOOAA, GEEZ!!

♪ “Airship Pirate” by Abney Park ♪

Rezin falls over in shock and alarm, furious eyes turning toward the entrance. The Faithful EXPLODE into cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from San Francisco, California, weighing in at two-hundred and forty-nine pounds... he is the "AIRSHIP PIRATE"... HENRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!

Before we see Henry, we see three Plague Doctors emerge from the back, fully robed in black with the classic white-coned masks. Two of them are dragging a huge wood-and-metal case that almost looks like a treasure chest, the third is carrying a large oak chair that looks like it probably belongs on an Airship more than in the Wrestleplex. After setting the chair to face the ring with the treasure chest in front, the three doctors scamper to the back and Henry Keyes emerges to another wave of cheers. He stands in front of the chest, staring hard and wildly at Rezin, before taking a seat. His normal theme song suddenly cuts. A fourth, significantly shorter Plague Doctor wheels out a big-ass oldschool phonograph, complete with an ornate antique curved horn.

Lance:

This is, uh...this is a LOT of pomp, don't you think? What do you think Keyes has planned here?

DDK:

I really want to see what's in that treasure chest - my guess is that it's Keyes's answer to Rezin's kendo "lightsaber", if you will!

Lance:

What about that old gramagram, or whatever that device is called?

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mine!

After parking the phonograph, the short Plague Doctor pulls out a big square that appears to be a record sleeve. Suspicions are confirmed as he pulls out a vinyl record and places it on the spindle. He presses a few buttons, shifts the needle, and lets it drop...

• • • • •

♪ "Weapon of Choice" by Fatboy Slim ♪

Rezin looks confused as fuck in the ring. The fans are unsure at first, then as a wave of recognition spreads across the arena, the Faithful get to their feet. A few start clapping to the beat, but it doesn't totally catch on - as the music reaches its iconic starting drumbeat, Henry Keyes opens the treasure chest and the Plague Doctor, still at the top of the ramp, strikes a dramatic pose and begins his best impression of Christopher Walken's dance from the music video.

Don't be shocked by the tone of my voice

Check out my new weapon. weapon of choice

Don't be shocked by the tone of my voice

Check out my new weapon, weapon of choice, yeahhhh

The short Plague Doctor is really shimmying his ass off to the tune, wiggling his hips and leaping with dramatic flair. As he does this, Keyes examines the HUGE HOARD of weapons inside the chest. "You can blow with this-", as Keyes examines a pair of brass knuckles, "-or you can blow with that" as Keyes tosses them aside. "You can blow with this-", a claw hammer, "-or you can blow with that. You can blow with this-", a length of huge steel chain, "-or you can blow with that! Or you can blow with this-", a blow torch with a manual sparker, "-or you can blow with that, or you can blow with us!" This continues a bit longer - other weapons pulled from the treasure chest before being rejected include a staple gun, a LEGO set, a bowling pin, and cartoonishly large Swiss Army knife. The crowd is dying at the Plague Doctor's incredible attempts to channel his inner Walken, including a no-hands cartwheel and some attempts at classic softshoe.

Lance:

He's rejected some serious artillery here - what's he going to choose??

As the next lyrics hit, Keyes rises from his seat, puts his hands in his pockets, and takes a hips-first jaunt towards the ring to the beat of the music.

Walk without rhythm, and you won't attract the worm

Walk without rhythm and it won't attract the worm

Walk without rhythm and it won't attract the worm!

If you walk without rhythm, you never learn, yeah

The record reaches its conclusion as Keyes enters the ring, pulling his hands out of his pockets and crossing his arms in front of him. The Faithful give a raucous ovation to the surprise showing that has just washed over them. Rezin processes this turn of events. Somehow, despite realizing he arguably has an advantage, his whole visage suddenly seems even more anxious. He raises up the mic still in his hands.

Rezin:

WaitwaitwaitWAITWAITJUSTAGOLDAMBMINNITHERE!! You're telling me, after all that song and dance, that you're just going to compete in this WEAPONS MATCH with NO WEAPON? Just your own two trusty FISTS?!

Henry Keyes slowly uncrosses his arms and gives the classic "bring it on" hand gesture.

Rezin:

...and you're not all bothered by the fact that you're clearly going to be at a DISADVANTAGE?! Against an opponent with the most PUNK ROCK weapon of all time!?

Keyes gives the red kendo stick an ocular patdown, raises an eyebrow, and returns his gaze straight into Rezin's increasingly frantic eyes. One slow nod later and the crowd is chomping at the bit for one of these men to begin inflicting some goddam VIOLENCE!

Rezin:

...Fuck! FUCK!!

Rezin angrily throws his hands into the air and paces around the ring

Rezin:

Goddammit, that's punk rock as FUCK...

He twirls around, again pointing threateningly with his kendo stick.

Rezin:

Okay, change of plans! This match is OFF!!

DDK:

WHAT?!

"BOOOOOOO!!!!

Flustered, Rezin glares into the crowd.

Rezin:

AH-YAH-YAH-YAH-YAH-YAH-WHATEVER, I don't wanna hear it from you normies! Fact of the matter is, it does absolutely NOTHING to add to my PUNK ROCK credibility to beat up an unarmed opponent!

Lance:

You gotta be kidding me...

Still waving his kendo stick threateningly, the wild-eyed and ever-spastic Rezin approaches Keyes, who stands as still as a statue.

Rezin:

As for YOU, HENNERRY KEEYYYESS... while I would love NOTHING MORE that to just take this stick and bash that goofy red moustache right off your stupid face... and believe me, I could do it in a heartbeat! I'm so fast with this thing, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN SEE IT--

Keyes yanks the kendo stick out of Rezin's hand. Yelping in surprise, the Escape Artist escapes the ring like a bat of hell and falls to the ringside floor. The Faithful burst into laughter. Keyes sniffs the kendo stick, holds it up to his ear, and gives it a knock. He then tests the balance of the stick with a swing or two before abruptly lifting it high in the air with both arms and slamming it HARRRRRRD across his knee!

*CRRRRRRRRACK!!!***DDK:**

He snapped the unbreakable kendo stick in HALF!

Lance:

That was almost as loud as one of his trademark BELLLLLL CLAPS!

Retreating backwards up the ramp, Rezin shakes his now unarmed fist back to the Airship Pirate standing proudly in the ring with Ken in one hand and Do in the other.

Rezin:

CURSE YOU, HENNERY KEEYYEES!! You may have bested me this time... but next time... NNEEGGSS TYYYMME, HENNERRY KEEYYEES... I'm gonna get so PUNK ROCK on your ass, you'll fly out of DEFIANCE on that goofy airship of yours faster than a Corellian cruiser can make the jump to light speed!

Keyes promptly drops out of the ring...

Rezin:

OH SHIT!

And Rezin darts through the curtain without a moment's hesitation. Keyes power-walks to the back in pursuit, fist-bumping his diminutive masked friend en route, as his music plays him out of the arena.

Lance:

There will surely be repercussions - this was a signed Weapons Match that I for one was looking forward to seeing, but it looks like we're going to have to keep waiting for these two heated rivals to collide in the ring!

DDK:

We will be right back for more action of this historic episode of DEFTv!

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

TRASHCAN PITCH

The crowd cheers wildly as we see a close up shot of the D, wearing extremely flashy reading glasses (with LED "PENIS" on the brim), who looks to be reading information off a clipboard. He flips the sheets around, pretending to soak up information.

The D:

So what do you think Flex? This story is fascinating.

The D turns over his shoulder and lightly smacks the looming Flex Kruger. Flex nods in agreement, his massive tree trunk arms crossed in front of his chest.

The D:

A rags to riches to rags story. How can one not want to document this and sell it to Netflix in a nice EPK?

The camera pans out as the D's smiling face looks toward Trashcan Tim, who gives off a very palpable impression of a person trapped in a situation they can't escape.

The D:

Plus, while we're negotiating your back end points, which is like golf, you want the lowest possible... you can tell me what it's like to be a singles champion in DEFIANCE. You know, I have my opportunity tomorrow against Dex. You can indulge me on the follies of fame, the pratfalls of being a champion. You know...

The D looks TCT up and down.

The D:

How you handled interviews... If Jimmy Fallon is a dick, if you... you don't even know who Jimmy Fallon, is do you?

Tim scratches his head, looking uncomfortable with this entire interaction.

Trashcan Tim:

I ain't really never had no TV...

The D frowns.

The D:

Then how did you watch wrestling?

Trashcan Tim:

Well, my daddy had this old VC --

Tim is violently cut short as a fist connects from off screen: Victor Vacio just sucker punched him! Tim drops to a knee and Vacio follows him down, peppering him with more shots! Tim is covering up and rises to his feet, starting to club Vacio back. Just as the two really start throwing hammers, DEFSec rush in and separate them.

Flex and The D promptly...

The D:

Nope-Nope-Nope!

... 's on out of there.

Vacio screams at Trashcan Tim while being restrained by DEFSec.

Victor Vacio:

¡Aprenderás, basurero!

Cut back to the arena.

ISLAND OF A MISFIT TOY

Back in the arena, Jamie Sawyers stands on the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and Gentlemen, one-half of The Toybox...JESTAL!

The Faithful cheer for the fun-loving jester's name.

♪Stairs and Flowers by Skinny Puppy♪

Jestal steps from behind the curtain, not in a usual colorful outfit. He has tan boots, blue jeans, a wife-beater, with a Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned. No make-up, which is very rare from a guy that dresses up like a jester for a living. His hair has been cut, and no longer rocks the teal dreads. His hair now looks like a green and dark blue messy undercut mohawk. He meets Jamie at the stage.

DDK:

Not the usual colorful look from Jestal here tonight.

Lance:

Not to mention not even a smile, who since he has been a part of Defiance has been his trademark.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome, Jestal!

Jestal appears to be chewing on gum. Not even acknowledging Jamie for the moment. He looks out into the sea of Faithful for a moment as they seem just as taken back as the Defiance staff and the body language of Jestal here.

Jamie Sawyers:

I must say I am digging the new look Jestal.

Jestal smacks his gum while looking over at Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, you asked for this time here tonight. I am sure we all want to know what exactly is on your mind right now.

Jamie moves the microphone to Jestal's lips, he continues to chew his gum for a minute while looking out into the Faithful.

Jestal:

Yes...As you can see my sister is not here. Why is that Jamie?

He looks at Jamie expecting an answer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, it's because you are going to be an uncle.

Jestal grabs Jamie by the tie and pulls him close.

Jestal:

DO NOT CALL ME THAT!

Jamie tries to backtrack his choice of words, raising his hands in a non-threatening manner. Jestal releases his tie. He quickly straightens it while Jestal motions for the mic once more.

Jestal:

Now Jamie I will ask you again...WHERE IS MY SISTER?

Jamie Sawyers:

I would assume she is at home. Due to her and Klein expecting.

Jestal stops chewing his gum. With a look like Jamie had the nerve to take the last cupcake.

Jestal:

Klein, tell me, Jamie. What has Klein been doing the last three months?

Jamie Sawyers:

Uhh, well you Dandelion and himself were in a fun-loving warm hearted rivalry with The Comments Section. He was also the BRAZEN Champion for a period of time!

Jestal looks away motions for the microphone again.

Jestal:

Now, WHY was Klein a part of our championship match?

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, when the rules were decided for the match it became a six-man. Dandelion wanted Klein on your team.

Jestal looks back at Jamie.

Jestal:

So Klein can do what?

Jamie looks confused.

Jestal:

What was his real purpose in that match?

Jamie Sawyers:

Jes, it was supposed to be a six-man.

Jestal looks back at Jamie a bit annoyed.

Jestal:

I will tell you, sunshine! Klein was there to make sure The Toybox did not walk out with the Unified Tag Team Championships!

Jamie seems a bit taken back by that statement.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now come on Jestal what would get you to think that?

Jestal:

Add it up, first me and my sister return to Defiance. The moment we met the PCP.

The Faithful pop just by saying their name, this annoys the jester a bit.

Jestal:

Like I said the moment we met the PCP, we were thrown out of their Tiger Queen film and you know why?

Jamie Sawyers:

Honestly Jestal you seem to be doing this interview not me, so I will bite why?

Jestal:

They knew The Toybox was a threat to their movie careers! They knew I killed that part! They knew Dandelion was a better performer than *{says in a sarcastic fashion}* Elise Ares!

Chants of Ares echo throughout the DEFPLEX.

Jestal:

So..they set their diabolical plan into action and sent a man who wore a freakin cardboard box to the ring to infiltrate The Toybox!

Jamie is finding it hard to believe what the jester is saying.

Jestal:

See right there that look. That is the look people have been giving me all day when they kept pestering me about how I was doing.

Jestal looks out into the Faithful not as many cheers this time as he usually gets. He reaches to his back pocket and pulls out a brussel of dandelion flowers.

Jestal:

What are these Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, their dandelion flowers.

Jestal: *[while smacking Jamie in the head with them]*

Exactly! Klein gave her one of these flowers during their screenings for their movie that bombed. It would have been a hit if we were in it though. These flowers symbolize the weed that continued to grow in the Toybox. When Klein tried to sweep my innocent sister off her feet! It did not take long before I could not walk in a room without seeing that cardboard reject trying to sweep her off her feet. The chocolates, the flowers, and cardboard box car rides!

Jamie chuckles a bit along with a few Faithful near the microphone. Jestal doesn't seem very amused.

Jestal:

So the infiltrator was firmly in place inside The Toybox. Then came the Christmas Party, where he forced himself on my sister. Only for me to stop him!

DDK:

That never happened! This is not the Jestal we have seen over the years here in Defiance. It's almost like he is describing a conspiracy?

Jestal:

I warned him to stay away from my sister. That he was taking advantage of her, but you know women once they fall for someone it's hard for them to snap back into reality. Then fast forward to the present opening and the six-man stipulation. I never wanted Klein on my team...I never wanted him even associated with The Toybox! He took advantage of my sister and played her. Now his mission is complete. He can return back to Elise and The D and mime or play charades or however, he communicates to the PCP and say Mission Accomplished.

Jamie Sawyers:

Come on Jestal you honestly don't believe all that do you?

Jestal stares with a bit of a scowl toward Jamie.

Jestal:

Well, I am here, do you see Dani with me? No? Guess what genius he got his wish he broke up the team that threatened his band of movie star rejects! Not only did he take my sister from me, he broke The Toybox up, he lost me my Blondies...but you know what the worst thing is above all else, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

What is that?

Jestal looks out into the Faithful

Jestal:

He took my smile!

The Faithful boo loudly as he notices Tom Morrow with Ken who has a briefcase in hand have made their way from the back.

Lance:

What are they doing out here? Did Morrow not do enough earlier with what happened to Scott Stevens?

DDK:

Judging by the suitcase, they could not be wanting to ...RECRUIT JESTAL?

Lance:

Yeah, he's done these deals with Alvaro de Vargas, The Lucky Sevens, Theo Baylor before he got booted from the group... but with all respect, what in the world would they want with JESTAL?!

Tom Morrow motions to Ellis from the stage and the Executive Assistant for Better Future approaches the Mad Prince of DEFIANCE. Jestal doesn't look happy with the interruption, but Ellis clears his throat and asks for the microphone from Jamie Sawyers.

Ken Ellis:

Jestal... My name is Ken Ellis and on behalf of Better Future Talent Agency, Mister Morrow wanted me to come out here and speak to you on his behalf. See... a trusted party among our group has taken notice of your recent woes. He knows your history within DEFIANCE and how you've been under-appreciated. Something our group knows a little something about... and can turn those fortunes around.

Morrow watches silently from the stage as Ellis extends the briefcase.

Ken Ellis:

You have the talent. All you need is the platform to stand on so you can make your voice heard. What do you say, Mister Jestal? Accept this signing bonus and with it, you'll have that platform.

Jestal looks at the briefcase... and scoffs. Morrow has an eyebrow raised from the stage, but he remains silent.

Jestal:

Why, would I join your band of misfits? Do you think money would seal that deal? I could care less about you or your filthy money!

Jestal walks off leaving Tom and Ken pondering this development. Ken seems unsure of what this is all about but Morrow slaps him on the shoulder and the two leave.

DDK:

I have to say I'm really surprised by Jestal's answer... but what did Ellis mean by someone watching Jestal?

Lance:

And what does Better Future want with him? Is Morrow seeing something we don't?

RICK DICKULOUS vs. NO FUN DEAN

Cut to a shot of DDK and Lance Warner sitting at the commentation station, where Lance Warner is shuffling papers, and DDK looks on.

DDK:

Were you just taking notes during that segment from The Toybox, Lance?

Lance:

I-I, uhhh...no? I'm just...look, maybe. You're right...does that make you happy?

DDK: [smiling]

It's all good, I'm just teasing. Did you get notes on this next matchup? No Fun Dean, who's just making his way to the ring as we speak, and your buddy, Rick Dickulous.

The shot cuts to show No Fun Dean stepping through the ropes with a wave to the crowd.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous? My buddy? Keebs, are you sure that's just water?

DDK:

We can call it that, sure!

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 ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds....RICK DIICKULOOUUUUUSSS!

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers through No Fun Dean's chest, 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 towards No Fun Dean. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Carla Ferarri checks Rick over after he tosses her his axe with a snarl, then signals for the bell.

DING!! DING!!

As No Fun Dean steps out of his corner, Rick Dickulous charges across the ring and levels him with a massive boot to the face, sending him bounding back into the turnbuckles with a jolt. Rick keeps his eyes on No Fun Dean as he recovers and readies himself again, shaking his head before cautiously advancing.

DDK:

No Fun Dean getting absolutely leveled by Rick Dickulous, Lance...what do your notes say about that?

Lance:

Rick's clearly still upset over the wild goose chase Chris Richards led him on last week, Keebs. I don't think this is going to end well for No Fun Dean.

Rick Dickulous and No Fun Dean lock up and begin wrestling for control, which Rick wins easily, driving a knee into

No Fun Dean's midsection and doubling him over. Rick grabs No Fun Dean by the scruff of the neck and leaps forward with a bulldog, driving No Fun Dean's head into the mat. No Fun Dean clutches his head in agony as Rick rises back to his feet, yelling at No Fun Dean to get back up before reaching a massive hand down and picking him up to his feet by the back of the neck.

Driving his heel down onto the top of the giant lumberjack's foot manages to give No Fun Dean the chance to escape, putting distance between himself and Rick, his hands at the ready. Rick snorts and tries closing the distance, but ends up chasing No Fun Dean around the ring until Dean slides under the ropes and to the outside in an attempt to stymie Rick's assault, Carla Ferarri tries to get Dean back into the ring before beginning the count.

One...

DDK:

No Fun Dean smartly sliding out of the ring and putting some distance between himself and an angry Rick Dickulous.

Two...

Lance:

But Rick Dickulous has shown us before he's not afraid to take things outside the ring.

Three...

DDK:

That's not what this is about, Lance...trust me.

Four...

Rick motions for No Fun Dean to get back in the ring with a pointed finger first at Dean, and then towards the mat, his cold stare locking with No Fun Dean's.

Five...

Steeling himself with a confident nod, No Fun Dean cautiously climbs up onto the apron and through the ropes. Carla Ferarri motions for the match to continue, as No Fun Dean tries to figure out an angle of attack. As the two men lock up again and wrestle for control, Rick Dickulous again comes out on top, dropping to a knee and delivering a series of elbows to No Fun Dean's chest before grabbing Dean's wrist and lofting him up onto Rick's shoulders as the massive lumberjack rises up from his knees with ease in the centre of the ring, despite No Fun Dean's added weight.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous showing his strength, lifting No Fun Dean up like he wasn't even there.

Lance:

He's in a precarious position, what will he do to ge--oh my...

CRASH!!

With a shrug of his shoulders, Rick Dickulous sends No Fun Dean crashing to the mat with a sunset driver, No Fun Dean scrambles back into the corner clutching the back of his head as Rick gets back to his feet. Carla Ferarri rushes in to check on No Fun Dean, calling Rick off as he closes for a follow up attack, making the giant growl in anger and back off. Carla Ferarri helps No Fun Dean back to his feet and asks him if he can continue, answered only by a nod from Dean whose eyes were now locked onto Rick's.

For a third time the two men lock up, this time No Fun Dean manages to gain the upper hand, landing a european uppercut and following it into a headlock. As No Fun Dean squeezes, Rick Dickulous begins fighting back by wrapping his arms around Dean's midsection and heaving with a grunt, lifting No Fun Dean up and bringing him right

back down into an atomic drop.

DDK:

No Fun Dean seems to be a little out of his league here, I'm not sure if he can pull it together enough to mount an offense.

Lance:

I'm beginning to think the same thing.

No Fun Dean clutches his rear and turns to face Rick Dickulous, leaning back into the ropes. Rick reaches for Dean's hand and irish whips him across the ring, as No Fun Dean hits the ropes he manages to catch himself with a sigh of relief. Rick Dickulous bounds forward across the ring, catching Dean off guard against the ropes he clotheslines No Fun Dean out over the top rope, crashing to the floor in a heap. Rick steps over the top rope and hops down to the floor as Carla Ferarri again begins to count.

One...

Standing over No Fun Dean with a menacing stare, again Rick Dickulous yells at Dean to get back up, which prompts No Fun Dean to scramble backwards, managing to get his feet under him and haul himself up by the steel fencing as Rick Dickulous slowly walks towards him.

Two...

No Fun Dean begins walking away, still nursing his shoulder and back, putting distance between the two.

Three...

The cruel smile back on Rick's face, he begins closing the distance on Dean, when suddenly No Fun Dean bursts forward with a surprise rush, connecting with a big right haymaker which slips through the lumberjack's defenses.

Four...

As the crowd begins to get behind him, No Fun Dean connects with a left cross, then a right hook, followed by a left uppercut knocking Rick Dickulous backwards, reeling from the quick onslaught.

Five...

No Fun Dean runs the three strides towards Rick, arm outstretched and finally knocks Rick down with a clothesline as the crowd cheers.

Six...

Quickly, No Fun Dean gets back to his feet and slides back into the ring under the bottom ropes, playing to the crowd as Rick Dickulous sits back up, slamming his hands to the floor mats in frustration.

Seven...

Rick Dickulous gets back to his feet and pulls himself up onto the apron by the top rope in a single step, then quickly over the top rope, No Fun Dean still none the wiser until he manages to catch sight of Rick from the corner of his eye. Just as he turns towards Rick, the lumberjack takes a run at No Fun Dean and delivers his own clothesline which nearly causes Dean to backflip crashing to the canvas.

DDK:

Oh! No Fun Dean taking his eyes off the prize. I think that might be it here, Rick Dickulous just knocked No Fun Dean into next week with that clothesline!

Lance:

This is about sending a message to Chris Richards, Keebs...and I don't know about you, but I'm gonna gather the message might be received.

Rick Dickulous gets back to his feet as No Fun Dean lies motionless on the mat save for his heavy breathing. Rick takes his attention off of Dean for the first time, looking at Carla Ferarri and telling her to get ready to count before lifting No Fun Dean back to his feet and into the crucifix position.

DDK:

Say goodnight to No Fun Dean...

Lance:

Log Driver's Waltz coming up, Keebs.

Almost effortlessly, Rick Dickulous launches No Fun Dean over his head and grabs him by the waist into a sitdown powerbomb into the centre of the ring. Rather than go for the cover, Rick regains his footing and stands up, cockily placing his foot on No Fun Dean's chest.

One...

Two...

Three!

DING!! DING!! DING!!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous picking up a solid win here, Lance, although No Fun Dean did get a few punches in.

Lance:

The question remains, Darren, did Chris Richards get the message? Is he picking up what Rick Dickulous is laying down?

DDK:

We'll have to wait and see, Lance. We'll have to wait and see.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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DECISIONS, DECISIONS TO MAKE

Cut back from commercial.

Christie Zane hurries along, clacking down the hallway in heels. A hurried cameraman, even more, encumbered under the weight of a television camera, follows closely behind. Their target comes into focus as they near.

Scott Douglas, in plain clothes ... which are not that dissimilar then his wrestling attire, is seen talking to Iris Davine.

As Christie and cam draw near; the tail end of Douglas' conversation can be heard.

Scott Douglas:

Iris, I hear you ... I really do but --

As usual ... DEFIANCE's Favorite Son never saw it coming.

Christie Zane:

Scott! The Faithful need to know ... do you accept Mikey Unlikely's terms for DEFCon 2021!?

Caught off guard, Scott turns toward Christie and the camera as Iris rolls her eyes and stomps off, her medical grade rubber/plastic clogs ... let's be honest they are crocs ... creating a distinctly different sound than Christie's heel before them.

Scott Douglas:

I'm not even supposed to be here tonight, Christie.

Christie Zane:

Yet, as the DEFIANCE Faithful know all too well ... no matter the circumstance, here you are. Is that reliable continuity we all know at risk ... come DEFcon!?

Scott responds already edging away from this ambush of an interview.

Scott Douglas:

It's not about agreeing to his terms ... but in the end, he isn't wrong...

He takes a beat.

Scott Douglas:

... there isn't room enough here for us both.

Christie is ready for a follow-up but she is dashed before uttering a single syllable as Douglas lines it for the backdoor.

Cut back to the arena.

"QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

♪ *Legendary by 7kingZ* ♪

DDK:

Here. We. GO.

Lance:

The world has been positively buzzing about this match since DEFYtv 149.

DDK:

I don't know if people have been buzzing more about the match itself, or the possibility of Lindsay Troy shutting up Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Maybe a little bit of both?

DDK:

Yeah. I agree, Lance. This one's going to b- WHOA!

Lance:

LOOK OUT, LINDSAY!!

Almost as quickly as Lindsay Troy appears from the curtains and steps onto the stage, an unannounced Arthur Pleasant sneaks up behind her with a steel chair and SMAAAAAAASHES it off her upper back and head area, sending the Queen of the Ring harshly to the unforgiving ramp!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL?!

"Legendary" quickly fades to the Faithful's deafening boos as Arthur stands over Lindsay Troy's writhing body. After absorbing the heinous steel wallop, Troy clutches at the back of her neck much to the concern of everybody watching.

Lance:

My God!!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is being put through the RINGER this week. Between her incredibly violent match in High Octane Wrestling, and now Arthur assaulting her like this?!

Lance:

Oh no, Arthur's not done here..

DDK:

Are we even going to GET a match between these two?!

Ripping LT up by her hair, Pleasant kneels down beside her, yelling into her ear. The cameraman gets nice and close, picking up every word Arthur has to say to LT as it's transmitted to the DEFIatron.

Arthur Pleasant:

Sorry to bruise your royal ego, DEAR... but somebody needed to teach you a lesson in humility.

Smashing her face on the ramp, Arthur then grabs the steel chair, lifts it up, and SMASHES it against her lower back! Smiling, Arthur throws the chair away and grabs LT by her hair again, ripping her to her feet.

Lance:

This is disgusting. Somebody get some help out here!!

DDK:

There's lines you don't cross in wrestling... and Arthur just clicked his feet right over it.

Dragging LT by her hair the rest of the way down the ramp, he then over towards the steel steps. Arthur cackles like a damn maniac, eliciting the full-fledged hatred of the Faithful as LT struggles and holds her own hair. Accidentally ripping a small patch of hair out of LT's head, Arthur looks into the camera lens, smiles wide, and blows it off of his palm like a kiss.

Lance:

Oh... my GOD.

DDK:

Come on, Arthur. Stop this.

Pointing out towards the entire audience, Arthur guides LT to her feet... only to SMASH her forward on the corner of the steel steps, immediately busting her open right above her brow.

Lance:

NO!!!

DDK:

This is CRIMINAL. Get the police out here!!

Not even giving her a chance to gain her bearings, Arthur rolls her underneath the bottom rope and into the ring. Arthur calmly walks up the steel steps, enters between the ropes, and steps on LT's back as he heads to the corner furthest from LT's position.

Looking at referee Brian Slater, Arthur winks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Brian. You now have my permission to ring the bell! SHE'S FINE! LET'S GOOOOO!!

Blood pouring out of her face like a faucet now, LT uses the middle rope to try and get up, but she stumbles. Seeing this, Slater kneels next to LT and asks her if she's OK to go, otherwise he's going to call the match off. Lindsay glares at the big man and hauls herself vertical, gritting her teeth and wiping the river of blood away so she can see.

Lindsay Troy:

You heard the Creepshow, ring the fucking bell.

DING DING

Lance:

I cannot believe Brian Slater is actually going to let this match start. She's BLEEDING. Profusely!!

DDK:

I have to say, this is a bad call by the official. I respect Slater's judgment but sometimes you really need to ignore the wrestler's wants and take control of a bad situation. Clearly, Lindsay Troy is in no condition to compete right now!

Finally standing on her own power, despite having a glossed overlook on her face, the Queen of the Ring stumbles out a few steps towards the center of the ring. Seizing the opportunity, Arthur dashes out from the corner with a foot extended, and NAILS LT with a single-legged dropkick that sends spit and blood flying up into the atmosphere and her folded in half!

DDK:

Son of a... and there's Provocation.

Lance:

This one's over. We just got robbed of having a great match tonight.

The crowd is silent as they witness the inevitable. Rolling LT over, Arthur makes a lateral press over the bleeding Queen.

One...

Two....

THR- LT KICKS OUT! AND THE FAITHFUL ERUPT!!!

Lance:

WHAT?!

DDK:

HOW?! LT IS NOT DONE!!

Pleasant looks utterly stunned that LT is able to kick out after everything he did to her, pre-match, as well as the devastating impact from Pleasant's signature Provocation kick. Looking out into the renewed hopes of the Faithful, Pleasant simply shakes his head and asks, "How?!", to no one in particular.

Lance:

I don't know how she survived that onslaught, but the former FIST of DEFIANCE is showing incredible resolve here. Pleasant got absolutely ALL of that Provocation!

DDK:

Somewhere, Dukembe, Motumbo is waving his finger and saying, "No, no, no! Not today!"

Looking back at LT, Pleasant retreats into the other corner. Slater checks on LT, who grabs the collar of Slater as if to say, "Stop this and you're a dead man.". Hunkering down, bouncing in anticipation, Pleasant waits for LT to get to her feet.

LT is up.

Pleasant charges forward.

CRRRRAAAAAACK!!

Brian Slater goes down HARD from the Provocation kick as LT simply falls out of the way!

"HOLY SHIT"

"HOLY SHIT"

"HOLY SHIT"

"HOLY SHIT"

Visibly upset that he caught the wrong person with his boot, Pleasant kicks the bottom rope out of frustration. LT, meanwhile, takes these all-important few moments to wipe the blood from her face and try to recuperate against the ropes.

With Pleasant's back turned and Slater down, LT winds up and delivers a PK kick right between Pleasant's legs! Before Pleasant can fall to the mat, LT jumps up and nails a small package driver that cradles Pleasant's legs deep!!

DDK:
BY ROYAL DECREE!!!

Lance:
SHE'S GOT 'IM!!

The crowd counts...

"ONE!!!"

"TWO!!!"

"THREE!!!"

However, with Brian Slater seemingly unconscious, nobody is there to make the count official.

DDK:
Annnnd she's STILL got 'im.

Lance:
Yeah, that's at least an eleven-count by now. This isn't right!

Finally, letting go of the small package, LT sits up and wipes more blood from her face. Shaking her head, she curses audibly at Pleasant, who is stirring in his own right. Exhausted from the amount of blood loss she has gone through already, LT crawls towards Brian Slater. Slapping him across the back of his head several times, screaming at him to wake up, LT in unawares to Pleasant seizing yet another opportunity presenting itself to him.

Grabbing LT by her hair while on her knees, Pleasant grabs her head in a reverse chancery. Without giving her room to get up, Pleasant snaps back with his knees pressed into the back of her neck, delivering a sadistic modified backstabber to her head, creating an intense landing where the Queen's knees dig into her own back!

DDK:
What the...?! Holy Mother of GOD, that was rough!!

Lance:
KEEBS! I don't even know what that was. A... neckstabber?! I have never seen someone give or receive a move like that in all my years as an announcer. My God.

Pleasant makes a lateral press after delivering the neckstabber, and like clockwork, Slater stirs...

DDK:
Come ON. Not like this. NOT. LIKE. THIS.

Lance:
Dammit!

Again, the WrestlePlex falls silent as they watch Slater count LT's shoulders down to the mat.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE- NO! THE QUEEN OF THE RING SHOULDERS OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!

DDK:

Hallelujah!

The Faithful erupt AGAIN as Troy shows exactly why she is an absolute legend.

At near apoplectic levels, Pleasant stands up and starts punching himself in his own "X" scar as hard as he can. Screaming, Pleasant looks at LT with absolute fury.

Arthur Pleasant:

STAY DOWN!! STAY DOWN!! STAY DOWN!! STAY DOWN!! STAY DOWN!!

Running into the ropes, Pleasant rebounds off of them and leaps up, connecting with a devastating knee drop right to the bleeding forehead of LT. Retreating into the ropes again, he scores ANOTHER. Then, leaping to the middle rope, Pleasant jumps forward and lands both knees across LT's body, hitting both her forehead and chest with a middle turnbuckle King Kong knee drop.

Pleasant stands up and retreats to the corner where the cameraman is situated for the best possible view. Looking directly into the lens, Pleasant yells out at every viewer watching at home.

Arthur Pleasant:

Playtime...is OVER.

Slowly walking towards LT, Pleasant makes the throat slash motion, signifying the end.

DDK:

Are we about to see Calamity Pain?

Lance:

Arthur hits that and this one's over. Nobody kicks out of that one. Not even Troy.

Lifting Lindsay up by the back of her neck, Pleasant then hoists her up further into the fireman's carry. Bringing her out into the center of the ring, Pleasant pushes up on LT's body while simultaneously falling back with both knees extended...

DDK:

Calamity Pa-

LT lands on her feet, blocking the double knee-face breaker.

Lance:

SHE BLOCKED IT!!

Running on pure instinct, LT throws both of Pleasant's knees to the side, flipping him onto his stomach. Strategically placing her feet up against the inside Pleasant's arms, she pivots her hips, forcing Pleasant's body to turn over. With Pleasant's feet in the air and LT's legs firmly against his arms, she falls back into a bridge, pinning his shoulders to the mat with an expertly applied rolling prawn hold.

Slater is right there for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful lose their collective MINDS as Arthur Pleasant kicks out one second too late and sits up with a stunned look on his face.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... THE QUEEN OF THE RING... LINDSAAAAAAY... TROOOOOOOOOOY!!

♪ *Legendary by 7kingZ* ♪

DDK:

After ALL of the abuse LT took in this one, she did it. With the same move she managed to beat Oscar Burns with back during their series of memorable matches, to boot! Now if THAT's not the stuff legends are made out of? I don't know what is.

Lance:

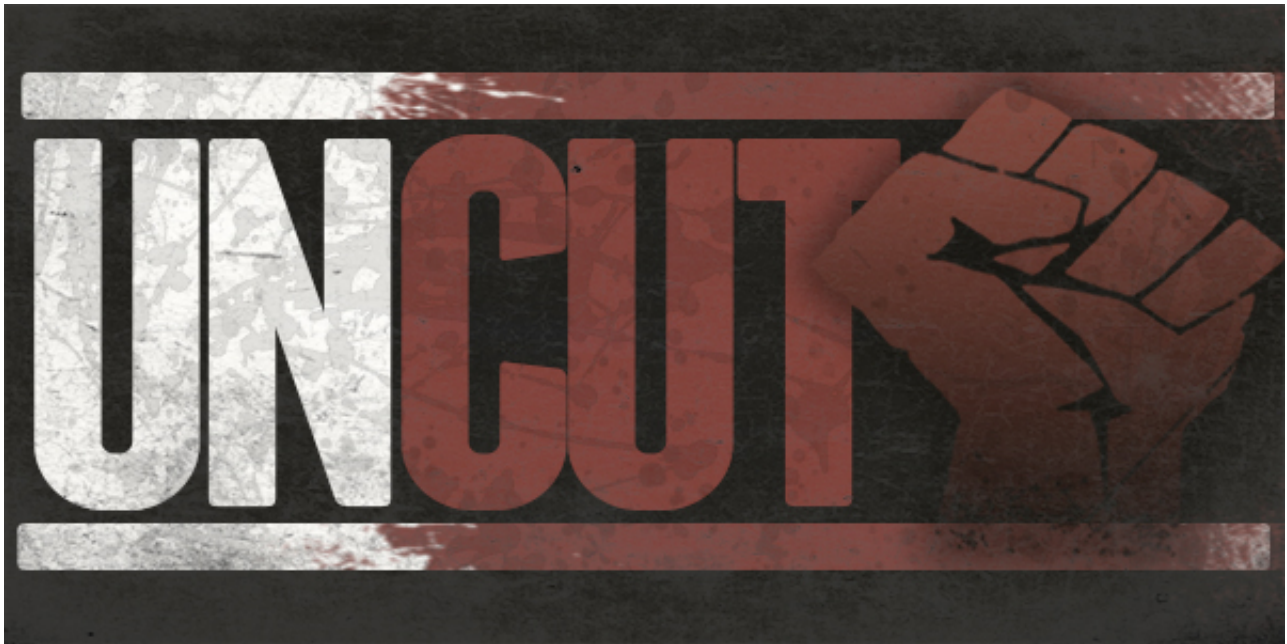
What a battle-hardened fighter Lindsay Troy is. I say fighter because she had to FIGHT for that win every step of the way. Arthur did everything he could to try and gain the unfair advantage, but in the end it was not enough to keep the Queen down.

DDK:

Look at Arthur. For the second DEFYtv in a row, he took it to a main event level talent... but came up short. You can see the disappointment etched onto his ugly face!

Lance:

Last time I applauded Arthur for keeping it clean and going toe to toe with Jay Harvey. But this pathetic display of desperation and garbage ultra-violence he brought to Lindsay Troy? I give him nothing. This is what happens when you "play" with a legend like Lindsay.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

TO SAINT PAT!

We're backstage, where Christie Zane stands in front of the DEFIANCE logo with "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy - collectively known as The Saturday Night Specials. Brock hops up and down in place a bit while Cassidy looks around and adjusts his wrist tape. Instead of their usual red ring gear, they've opted for a black and GREEN SNS motif in honor of the occasion. Both their faces are uncharacteristically serious.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentleman, my guests at this time are The Saturday Night Specials, who are slated tonight to challenge for the Unified DEFIANCE tag team championships in tonight's main event. Gentlemen, you're going up against a cornerstone of DEFIANCE tag team wrestling, the re-united Fuse Brothers, and...

Cassidy stops looking around, suddenly looking Zane dead in the eye and holding up a hand as if to say, "stop right there." He motions for the mic in a, "may I?" gesture, and Christie obliges, handing the mic over to the less jovial than normal Black Out.

Pat Cassidy:

Thank you, Christie. Pop quiz, In-Zane-In-The-Membrane: do you know what today is?

Christie looks to Brock, eyes narrowing as if it's a trick question. Brock makes a "go on, answer" gesture. Christie doesn't have the mic so we don't hear her answer, but it looks like she mouths "DEFtv 150."

Pat Cassidy:

Well, yeah. That is a big deal. But it's more than that. Christie, today is a day like no other. Today is the *best* day of the entire year. Today is the feast of St. Patrick, Christie. Today is the day... of my people.

Cassidy closes his eyes in a mock(?) show of reverence. He balls up his fist and places it over his heart. Brock puts one hand on Cassidy's shoulder for support. Christie looks confused for a second, and then we can barely hear her say...

Christie Zane:

Well, I know you have an Irish-sound last name, but I didn't think...

Cassidy's eyes snap open.

Pat Cassidy:

WOAH WOAH WOAH! Who said anything about the Irish? No, my sweet summer child, today is the day of MY people. Today is a day for Bostians across the world to unite!

With the hand that isn't holding the mic, Cassidy gestures off... somewhere.

Pat Cassidy:

Right now, in the Shining City on the Hill, the people of Boston are huddled with anticipation around the pub TVs. They're holding their Guinness high, their green face paint has already begun to smear with anticipation, and their breath is bated... because once again, one of their own has a chance to bring home the gold. Listen, Christie. Can you hear them? Can you hear the cries of my people?

Cassidy cups his ear, making a ridiculous show of listening for the cheers of people thousands of miles away. Brock joins in. Christie looks confused.

Pat Cassidy:

And right now, just down the street, the patrons of Ballyhoo Brew are sipping on their delicious beverages, glued to the screen, waiting to see if the Saturday Night Specials are pulling out the "W" tonight. Can you hear *them*, Christie Zane?

Another mock round of listening. Even though Ballyhoo Brew is much, much closer than Boston, we still can't hear the bar from the arena.

Pat Cassidy:

And right now... yes, RIGHT NOW... the entire WrestlePlex has their ass cheeks clenched in anticipation for the VERY FIRST title shot for DEFIANCE's hottest new tag team... ready and willing to see what is going to go down in HISTORY as one of the biggest DEFtv main events of all time. CAN YOU HEAR *THEM*, CHRISTIE?

On cue, the WrestlePlex explodes in cheers as both members of SNS cup their ears to the sky. After the initial wave dies down, a chant breaks out:

"S - N - S!"

"S - N - S!"

"S - N - S!"

Pat Cassidy:

AND THERE IT IS! Tonight, YOUR Saturday Night Specials take home the gold in the main event of DEFtv 150, on the seventeenth of March, with the world at our back.

Another pop from the crowd. Cassidy is absolutely electric right now, bounding with energy. He smiles before turning serious and looking into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Which brings me to the Fuse Brothers...

To the credit of the legendary video game-themed tag team, the mention of The Fuse Brothers One does receive another huge ovation from the fans. Cassidy grins. He doesn't mind that.

Pat Cassidy:

Conor, it's no secret there's some bad blood between us. Yes, I know the people seem to have forgiven you because you're such a little scamp and you say funny things. I get it. But just know that not everybody finds you so entertaining. Some of us...

Cassidy rubs to the top of his head with his free hand.

Pat Cassidy:

Some of us... remember. As for big, bad brother Tyler: Tyler, buddy, we have yet to make each other's acquaintance. And I've gotta be honest, up until two weeks ago I thought you quite the dickhead.

Brock taps Cassidy on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

I don't think you can say that on TV.

Pat Cassidy:

Right. My bad. Up until two weeks ago, I thought you quite the peepeehead. And... well, you still are. I wasn't wrong about that. But I do have to fess up: seeing you step up to help your brother against that useless snowflake? Looking Garland dead in the eye and demanding answers for messing with your flesh and blood? I respect that. You put your personal issues aside to handle family business... and family is everything. I've got two sisters. I've got four brothers. Three brothers by blood and one recently gained through combat.

Cassidy fist bumps Newbludd.

Pat Cassidy:

And while they can be little shitheads, much like Conor can be, I'd take a bullet for each and one of 'em. Believe me: if anybody ever messed with Siobhan, they'd be buried out in back of WrestlePlex before the day was out. And the fact that you rushed to your annoying little brother's aid does earn a ton of respect from me. Not that respect is going to amount for much in this match, cause it's St. Patrick's Day fellas, and YOUR BOY HERE is absolutely... *untouchable!*

Cassidy slaps his chest three times before handing the mic over to Brock.

Resembling a wild west gunslinger, Newbludd twirls the mic in his hand and raises it up to his lips.

Brock Newbludd:

Hot damn! Is Pat Cassidy fired up tonight or what!? I love it!

Newbludd bites his lower lip and slaps Cassidy in the chest. Pat welcomes the slap with a grin and cracks his knuckles.

Brock Newbludd:

This is what it's all about! These moments right here are what we live for! Fuse Brothers, just like Cass, I respect you both. I respect the fact that you have each other's back as not only partners but more importantly as brothers. On any given day, there is nothing more important than family.

Newbludd pauses for a second and grins menacingly.

Brock Newbludd:

But, this isn't any given day now, is it? No, it's not. It's St. Paddy's day! It's OUR day! It's the people's day! It's the day that The Saturday Night Specials set down their beers, roll up their sleeves, and get the job done in the main event! We're taking those titles tonight, boys, and we're bringing them home to OUR family. And when we do, from Boston all the way to Tokyo, every member of our family is gonna raise their glasses and scream at the top of their lungs...

Brock takes an exaggerated breath and raises a fist above his head.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLYHOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful:

DAT!!!

Brock Newbludd:

You hear that!? Not only are we untouchable, but we're also undeniable. Get ready, boys, because you're about to take on Big Match Brock and SAINT Patrick Cassidy! We are The Saturday Night Specials and we're coming to take that gold!

Newbludd turns to Cassidy and bumps fists with him.

Brock Newbludd:

You ready, brother?

Pat Cassidy:

Let's do this.

Cassidy turns to the camera and opens his arms wide. He's about to break the rules, but he certainly isn't in the mood to care.

Pat Cassidy:

TO SAINT PAT YA FUCKS!!

With a grin, Cassidy and Brock move out of frame, leaving Christie Zane standing alone and smiling at their antics.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LACROIX Â© vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

We've got a huge first-time-ever match between one of DEFIANCE's premier workhorses and one of its rising stars! Fresh off winning the Favoured Saints Championship two weeks ago, Matt LaCroix got back the title from Trashcan Tim, but the win wasn't without controversy. Arthur Pleasant of all people aided LaCroix's win.

Lance:

For what it's worth, LaCroix opened up to me when I spoke with him earlier. He had no idea about the interference and has even gone so far as to say if Tim wants to talk about it or talks of a possible rematch down the line, he'd offer one up if Tim wanted. But tonight, LaCroix's first defense is going to a hungry "Bantam" Ryan Batts! He'll have to put this budding issue with Arthur to the side if he wants to make sure he doesn't lose in his first defense like Tim unfortunately did.

DDK:

That it is. Batts came up short in his bid to become the Southern Heritage Champion at DEFIANCE Road and against The D... however, two big matches on recent UNCUTS in singles matches over Tyler Fuse and then Conor as the first-match of their upcoming Best-of-Five series on UNCUT awarded Batts with this huge chance. Let's take it to the ring with Darren Quimbey for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is the for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

The Faithful roar with approval as the graphic for the newest DEFIANCE championship appears on screen.

♪ "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!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!"

Batts now waits in the corner. Hungry, determined and ready to finally get his first title in DEFIANCE. He waits for the champion.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the champion... weighing in at 242 pounds.. He is the current DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion... SOUTHERN. STRONG. STYLE. **MAAAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!**

Lights Out.

The opening guitar notes resonate through the WrestlePlex, causing the Faithful to cheer in anticipation. Smoke begins to rise in the staging area, highlighted by red stage lights. A silhouette in a kneeling position appears in the crimson smoke. It rises to its feet.

It begins with them, but it ends... with me.
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The challenger steps out from the smoke and pulls the hood back revealing his face. Matt LaCroix's ocean blue eyes stare across the Faithful as he takes a deep breath and begins his march down to the ring. As Matt LaCroix stands on

the top rope looking across the Faithful, his music cuts out and he drops his ragged black denim vest to the apron. He holds out the title to the official. Rex Knox then takes it holds the title out for both champion and challenger to gaze at before raising it to show what this match is all about. The title is handed off and the match begins...

DING DING

Right at the bell, Batts goes right for the leg in aggressive fashion, trying to take the larger opponent off his game quickly. LaCroix is surprised slightly by the speed of Batts to where he almost gets taken off his feet, but LaCroix quickly grabs him by the side and then tries to go for a takedown. He tosses Batts to the mat, then tries to switch around for a headlock takeover, but Batts quickly goes for a hammerlock. He tries closing the gap between he and Batts, but quickly Batts goes back to his feet and then switches around so he's behind LaCroix with a hammerlock of his own.

DDK:

Look at these two go! Batts is a very adept mat technician, but LaCroix is one of the overall best, period, at this game.

Lance:

He sure is! But Batts is going to try and play his game!

Batts holds the hammerlock, but LaCroix quickly grabs his leg with his free hand and trips Ryan up. He turns around, then grabs the leg, but Batts kicks him away with his free hand and scrambles to his feet. Batts runs underneath him and LaCroix pushes him off the ropes. When Batts comes back, he NAILS LaCroix unexpectedly with an explosive kick to the chest, sending him flying into the ropes!

DDK:

Solid kick by Batts! Not only are both of these men great technicians, but they can hit you just as hard as they can work a wristlock!

Batts charges at LaCroix in the ropes, only to be taken down with a nasty kick by LaCroix as well. He picks up Batts off the ground and pushes him to the ropes before unleashing some nasty knife-edge chops that have Ryan wincing. LaCroix then pulls him away. He tries a German suplex, but Batts elbows his way out of it, then ROCKS LaCroix using a hard spinning back elbow from one side, then a rolling elbow from the other!

Lance:

There was some mustard on those shots by Batts! He's been on the hunt for a singles championship of his own and this could very well be it!

DDK:

That it is! Batts with another huge running kick to LaCroix in the corner!

LaCroix gets caught in the face, then Batts turns him around then drops him to the mat with a reverse STO! Batts rolls over and then grabs the waist while LaCroix is downed...

DDK:

No way... NO WAY! DEADLIFT GERMAN! IS THAT IT ALREADY?

ONE... TWO... NO!

The crowd buzzes after the combo of moves and the close fall off the suplex, but Batts doesn't even bother with chastising the official.

DDK:

That was a close one right off the bat!

Lance:

I know, but Batts is staying on the offensive!

The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad throws a barrage of hard kicks to the chest of LaCroix, each one loudly echoing in the air. Batts then tries for another go-behind and tries a tiger suplex, but this time LaCroix fights his way out and then throws a big elbow to the face of Batts. LaCroix fights back with another hard chop, but Batts doubles him right back over with a rolling sobat kick. Batts hits the ropes and then tries a big move, but he doesn't land because Matt CRACKS him with a stiff rolling elbow of his own, sending Batts to the mat!

DDK:

What a shot right there! I think he put all that he had into that shot!

Lance:

Batts came out swinging and it worked for him for a little bit, but I think LaCroix has has enough!

LaCroix sees a red mark on his chest from one of the kicks before he picks up Batts and as the crowd continues buzzing. The First Favoured Saint of DEFIANCE decides anything Batts can do, he can do better so he throws Batts into the corner and then hits a HUGE running chop in the corner! Batts gets reeled over, but LaCroix whips him to the opposite corner and then delivers another blistering running chop from the corner, then drops Batts to the mat with a huge saito suplex held into a bridge!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

LaCroix gets two, but now he's showing the grit and aggression that's made him so popular with The Faithful!

Lance:

Likewise with Batts for his never-say-die attitude!

LaCroix pulls Batts up by the hair then doubles him over for a powerbomb. He has him up...

DDK:

Bourbon Street... NO! Hurricanrana by Batts!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

That was a great reversal to the Bourbon Street Bomb! Now Batts tries again!

As LaCroix scrambles to get back to his feet, the Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad comes running and then flips him forward into a casadora-style pin!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

No! Close one! Batts is trying to keep up the quicker pace on LaCroix!

Lance:

LaCroix has Batts beat on the mat, so this might be Batts' best chance to win the Favoured Saints Title!

Batts is back up and throws himself at LaCroix with another move, but LaCroix catches him up in the air...

DDK:

BOURBON STREET BOMB!

He hits the bomb and then rolls Batts up after the running turnbuckle bomb and then hits a HUGE Bridging German of

his own!

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

DDK:

Batts with another kickout! But LaCroix is about to go for the kill right now! Look!

Lance:

He doesn't want to give Batts a chance to try and surprise him.

Batts is down on the ground, rolling while LaCroix comes running for Destruction In Spades, but Batts ducks the oncoming knee and then rolls him up with a schoolboy into a high-angled pin!

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

Lance:

He turns the tide with the counter!

DDK:

That's EXACTLY right, Lance! Now Batts tries again with the schoolboy... no! NO! Kick to the face!

Batts lands a stiff kick to the face while he's near the ropes, sending him to the floor! Batts tries to catch his breath while LaCroix is on the outside. The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad looks out of the Faithful, then gets back to his feet and then waits for LaCroix to stand.

Lance:

The fans know what's about to happen...

DDK:

We do... THE FLIPSIDE!

Batts LAUNCHES himself right at LaCroix on the outside with a huge somersault suicide dive through the ropes, wiping him out with the Flipside! The Faithful are on their feet for the fast-paced match before then as Batts gets up.

DDK:

Batts could be closing in on the Favoured Saints Title now!

Lance:

That could be true!

Batts grabs LaCroix and then throws him back into the ring. But before he can follow... he gets KICKED upside the skull... courtesy of The Provocation from Arthur Pleasant!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

Where did Arthur Pleasant even come from?! Under the ring? I didn't see him!

The crowd JEERS, but Rex Knox is checking on LaCroix and doesn't see the interference as Pleasant tosses Batts into the ring.

DDK:

Is... is there some sort of collusion between the two? Why is Arthur going out of his way to help him?

Lance:

That's twice in a row now, Darren! How long can LaCroix accept this and still claim not to know what's going on?

LaCroix pushes Rex away and then gets back to his feet seeing Batts on the ground, cautiously approaching. Batts tries to get back to a knee...

DDK:

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

With the huge Shining Wizard connecting, he pulls him away from the ropes and then hooks the leg. As he hooks the leg and the cover is made, he gets shocked by the sight of Arthur Pleasant waving at him.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Matt LaCroix actually tries to break his own pinfall on three, but he's too late as the hand hits the mat and the bell is rang!

DING DING DING

A mixed reaction erupts from the Faithful as Matt LaCroix turns to Rex Knox and makes a stopping motion towards his own neck, but Knox assures him the match is over and he's already won. The Orleans Outsider gets up to his feet and points towards Arthur Pleasant outside the ring, hoping to explain what happened to the official but doesn't expect Arthur himself to slide into the ring holding the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship.

DDK:

What is going on here? Arthur Pleasant just grabbed the championship from the timekeeper out here like it's a normal thing to do and seems to be presenting it back to the champion?

Lance:

If you can trust the expression on Matt LaCroix's face, he seems about as confused as we are. He even took a couple of steps back. You have to give that psychopath a wide berth!

The Provocateur just keeps stride with the champions back pedals like they've been friends their entire lives, doesn't think anything of it as he holds up the championship before placing it himself onto the shoulder of the Reaper of the Pontchartrain. LaCroix looks down at the title now on his shoulder as Arthur gives him a big smile and a pat on the shoulder for a job well done. Matt goes to brush Pleasant's arm off of him, but Arthur has already backed away clapping. Southern Strong Style's question for the Provocateur is drowned out by the music as Arthur drops to the mat, rolls out of the ring, and backs up the aisle while continuing to clap and celebrate the achievement.

DDK:

Well that's... I don't know what to say about that. Matt LaCroix is either as oblivious as we are or we're all being played. I can't make heads of what we're seeing tonight. Either way, Ryan Batt was robbed of his Favoured Saints opportunity much the same way Trashcan Tim was robbed of his championship. Accomplice or not, it's Matt LaCroix's duty as a champion to have some integrity and do more than ignore this issue and say he doesn't know anything about it.

Lance:

Absolutely. It's a bit of an odd reaction to say the least. It's like he's attempting to show he's trying to stop it without actually trying to stop it. The reactions and everything seem convincing but... this is quite the pickle for LaCroix. We'll need to see how this unfolds, Darren. I can't read it.

SUCKERPUNCHED

Chris Trutt stands before a DEFIANCE backdrop somewhere in the backstage area. Looking like his mother dressed him in the most ill-fitting garments she could find at the thrift store, the typically tetchy interviewer's eyes shift back and forth.

Chris Trutt:

Uhhh, viewers. Hello. My guests are here, and...

Yes, Chrissy T has lost his train of thought, clearly unnerved by whoever his guests are.

DDK:

Oh, Chris...

Said guests tire of waiting for Trutt to recompose himself.

Cayle Murray:

Oh for Krang's sake, Chris...

Into the scene walks Cayle Murray - but you might mistake him for Kendrix if not for the Scottish accent. Why? Because the Most DEFIANT has a comically oversized ice pack strapped to his chin with reams of bandages that go all the way around his skull several times. He doesn't need to, but Cayle presses the pack against his face when he realises the cameras are on him.

Cayle Murray:

You too, dickhead. Come on.

Looking off camera for a second, Starbreaker beckons Jack Hunter into the scene. Fresh off his failed attempt at taking Lindsay Troy's head off, the Superbest is looking mighty sheepish.

Trutt has no idea how to approach this situation. Christie Zane definitely should have taken the assignment.

Chris Trutt:

Right, well, Cayle...

Cayle Murray:

That's my name, aye.

This latest interruption only shakes Trutt up further. Murray motions for him to continue.

Cayle Murray:

Well go on then!

Chris Trutt:

Uhhh... Cayle, yes. It has now been 14 days since you and Lindsay Troy finally met under a DEFIANCE roof, and it, uh, didn't go too well for you. Are you... injured, here?

Trutt motions towards the headwrap.

Cayle Murray:

Did you see what that lunatic did to me, Chris? She's unhinged! Out of control! She belongs in the ring with sweaty carnival acts like that inbred Arthur, and if this place were under reasonable, level-headed management, Lindsay Troy wouldn't even be allowed in the building tonight! In fact, I'm considering pressing charges...

DDK:

Pressing charges? Uhh, this is a wrestling show...

Lance:

Don't let him troll you, Keeps.

Cayle Murray:

I'll tell you what, it's a bloody good job my old pal Jesse had this totally necessary medical, uh, *stuff* lying around, otherwise I might not have made it here tonight myself. Fortunately, Chris, I'm a fighter. I'm a lion in this jungle! I battle through injuries that would sideline lesser men for months, and I show up, even when my jaw is broken in three different places...

Chris Trutt:

Your jaw is broken in *three* places?!

Trutt looks bamboozled.

Chris Trutt:

Have you had an x-ray?

Cayle Murray: *[changing the subject as quickly as possible]*

ANYWAY... Lindsay Troy. Here's the deal. She's awful. A vile creature. Ban her!

He turns to Jack Hunter.

Cayle Murray:

And as for you...

The Superbest looks down at the floor.

Jack Hunter:

The Superbest is sorry, Karl.

Cayle Murray:

Sorry isn't good enough! All you had to do was dent that chair over her big stupid head and you couldn't even manage that. It's not rocket science. Like, have you seen the size of her skull?! How did you miss?! Two weeks' wages, docked. And no turnips for a month...

Jack Hunter:

No tur--...

Cayle Murray:

Two months!

Jack parts his lips to speak again. Murray raises an eyebrow, so Lil' Broozy relents.

Jack Hunter:

I sorry.

Cayle Murray:

Anyway...

Cayle turns back to the interview.

DDK:

You know, it says a lot about Cayle Murray's character that he chose to wait until the cameras were on him before

dressing Hunter down like that. A dastardly plot - but did he really expect Hunter to succeed?

Cayle Murray:

Your next question, Truttsky. Make it a good one. I believe in you.

The Most DEFIANT mockingly pats Chris on his shoulder. His ice pack suddenly slips - it's almost as if he hurriedly attached it to his face 10 seconds before starting the interview - so he quickly adjusts.

Chris Trutt:

Well, uh, what happens next... I guess? You've been taking shots at Lindsay since you arrived here but this was the first ti--

Cayle Murray:

Okay, shitty question. Thanks Chris but I'll take it from here...

The former FIST plucks the microphone from Trutt's little hand.

Cayle Murray:

I'm going to wring that chicken's neck, Chris. That's what happens next. I'm going to outclass her, outsmart her, outstrategise her, and make her look every bit the third-rate boxercise twat she is... but not until I'm ready.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Lindsay Troy is an animal. She's feral, Chris. What kind of a *brute* suckerpunches somebody backstage, without provocation, and tries to snark it off? She broke my jaw! In *five places!*

Cayle suddenly looks pained, clutching his jaw again. He may or may not be putting it on.

JFK taught him well.

Cayle Murray:

I'm a wrestler. I wrestle people. I don't brawl with people backstage because I'm not a savage, and I don't suckerpunch people because I'm not a coward. Mentioning Lindsay Troy's name in the same sentence as mine is like categorising Fred Flintstone alongside Bruce Wayne, okay, and I won't have it. She suckerpunched me and frankly, I'm disgusted she wasn't turned away at the door tonight. This place has really gone to the dogs.

Another pause.

Cayle Murray:

But no matter. If DEFIANCE management isn't going to handle this situation the way they should, I'll do it myself. The moment I get that untamed animal in the ring, her lights are going out.

Chris Trutt:

Can we expect to see that match anytime soon?

Murray takes a moment or two to think.

Cayle Murray:

You can expect to see it when I decide the time is right. And, you know, whenever my jaw - which is *BROKEN IN NINE PLACES* - actually heals. Got it?

Chris Trutt:

Got it.

Cayle Murray:

Cool. Good talk.

Murray thrusts the microphone back into Chris' chest.

Cayle Murray:

C'mon Jack, let's go. And don't bloody concuss yourself again...

Off walk the two 24k members, leaving Trutt alone.

Lance:

I... cannot believe some of the sentences I've just heard come out of that man's mouth, Keebs. What did he expect after weeks and weeks of goading, really? And who is he to talk about not brawling in the corridors? He just sent Jack Hunter after Troy!

DDK:

What were you telling me about not getting trolled earlier, Lance?

Lance:

I know, it's just... god, I hate Cayle Murray.

DDK:

So does this whole entire building apart from four you-know-whos. Let's go elsewhere...

FML ORIENTATION

The scene jumps to a locker room where Conor Fuse stands in front of his older brother, receiving a pop from The Faithful. The Bros. are dressed in their ring gear, resembling the same colours as their Fuse Bros. One appearance from DEFTv 149. Conor wears blue tights, Tyler wears red. Tyler has one of the Unified Tag Team Championships across his shoulders and Conor has two of them, one on each shoulder. It looks like Conor is bracing his brother... for something.

Conor Fuse:

Okay broski, before our big match it's time to meet the family!

Conor turns around and walks Tyler towards to a line-up of... comrades?

Conor Fuse:

So first off, I'd like you to say HELLO to my statistical and analytical guru, Alex Pietrangelo.

Alex is dressed in a very nice powdered blue suit. He'd holding a clipboard in one hand and a calculator in the other. Alex has a pencil behind his left ear. He bows in front of Tyler.

Alex Pietrangelo:

How do you do today, sir?

Tyler's a little weirded out but tries to reply nonetheless.

Tyler Fuse:

Uhhh, I'm okay.

Alex nods and starts imputing calculations. He scribbles down notes and turns to Conor.

Alex Pietrangelo:

I believe there's an 80% chance your brother is telling the truth.

Conor Fuse: *[giggling]*

Thanks, Alex. What's the likelihood Tyler goes for a side Russian leg sweep tonight?

Pietrangelo enters more calculations. He looks up from the numbers.

Alex Pietrangelo:

100%.

Conor smacks Tyler on the back as the older Fuse is trying to... make sense of this nonsense.

Conor Fuse:

It's like he knows you already! *[Conor reposition Tyler in front of man #2 in the line]* Okay. THIS is my BOT, Martin Evans-Everett VI, also known as MEE6 from the good ol' Discord, USA! Hey Martin, I need a !rank

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#9!

Conor playfully laughs.

Conor Fuse:

Hey Martin, I need Tyler's rank.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#27!

Conor covers his mouth from “shock”.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, that’s “high”. Guess they like me better.

Tyler stares a hole through Conor’s forehead until the younger brother takes a step back.

Conor Fuse:

Haha bro, I’m simply teasing you. Just be thankful it’s a BOT and I haven’t hired a dude to play the role of Microsoft Teams. I hear that shit’s all the rage ATM.

Tyler doesn’t drop his cold stare. Conor has to literally move The Original Player One to the last man in line.

The looming Game Boy.

Conor’s look turns much more mischievous.

Conor Fuse:

My badass hulking henchman, The Game Boy. No one takes shit from this guy. NO. ONE.

Tyler stands nose-to-nose with The Mini Boss, or as close as someone 5’11” can stand to another who’s 6’6”. Neither man backs down.

Eventually, Tyler eyes Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

I like him.

Conor, of course, giggles.

Conor Fuse:

You do!? Oh goody goody gumdrops! I was worried you might not... since you two are so similar with intensity.

Tyler Fuse:

No man, he’s good with me. *[Tyler looks back at MEE6 and the statistician]* In fact, they’re all okay with me. Hey, Martin, can I get a UNIFIED Tag Team Championship !rank?

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

#1

Tyler Fuse:

You god damn right.

Tyler smacks Conor hard across the back.

Tyler Fuse:

Are you ready to do this?

Conor blissfully grins.

Conor Fuse:

Hell ya broski!

The Fuse's exit the locker room as the camera follows them down the hall.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, listen, where's The Princess?

Tyler Fuse:

I knocked her up.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, that's fun! Mini little NPC in development.

Tyler Fuse:

Something like that.

Conor Fuse:

Well, you should bring her out next time!

Tyler Fuse:

Sounds good; I will.

Conor Fuse:

By the way, did I tell you Pat Cassidy probably wants to kill me? I [broke a karaoke machine across his head](#). Haha, I know I've changed a lot since then but damn, that was good times. We even won a DEFy for it!

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. vs. SNS... it's our main event and it's next!

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: FUSE BROS. ONE Â© vs. SNS

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

As the first chords of The Saturday Night Special's theme song kick in, The Faithful rise to their feet in anticipation of tonight's main event! The camera begins to do a quick pan of the crowd, searching for the challengers for the Unified Tag Team Championship. It finally settles on a stairway in front of the hard cam, where "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy are marching toward the ring with a purpose.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for ONE FALL and is for the Unified Tag Team Championship!! Introducing first, the challengers, at a combined weight of four hundred and eighty two pounds... BROCK NEWBLUDD... PAT CASSIDY... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!

Usually, Cassidy and Brock are all smiles and fan hand slapping as they make their way through the people toward the squared circle, but not on this day. Both men look straight ahead with steely determination. They both jump the guardrail, entering the ring quickly.

Lance:

Despite that green St. Patrick's Day attire, SNS are uncharacteristically not in the mood for a party right now.

DDK:

We saw them backstage in that promo... they're fired up, Lance. I truly think they believe tonight is their night.

Cassidy walks over to a turnbuckle, places his arms on it, and leans forward to rest his head in his hands. Brock begins to test the ropes by pulling on them with much more intensity than necessary. The Saturday Night Special's theme begins to fade out.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... they are the NEW Unified Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse... "The One and Only" FUSE BROS. ONE!!

♪ [MEGA MAN X REMIX THEME SONG](#) ♪

The Fuse Bros. appear at the top of the rampway to a blistering pop from The Faithful. Tyler leads the way as Conor pops up and down behind him. Tyler has one of the titles around his waist and Conor sports two others, one on his shoulder and one on his waist.

DDK:

A grand entrance for Tyler and Conor, who are now TWO time Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

It's going to be a huge test, though. They've asked to face the best and they will receive the best. Cassidy and Newbludd aren't brothers... but they bond over alcohol and a good time. I see a lot of similarities between them. Just switch out alcohol for gaming...

Tyler and Conor enter the ring as pyro goes off and they hand their championship titles over.

The atmosphere of the Wrestle-Plex is absolutely electric as Mark Shields positions himself in the middle of the ring. With a focused look held in his eyes, Newbludd hops from one foot to another in the Specials' corner. Over in The ONE's corner, Tyler Fuse meets his opponent's determined look with one of his own.

DDK:

It'll be Newbludd and Tyler Fuse kicking things off in our main event. The Faithful are on the edge of their seats for this championship match, Lance.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. It's hard to tell who the clear-cut favorite among The Faithful is but one thing's for sure, I think they're in store for one hell of a tag team title bout!

Seeing that both teams are at the ready, Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

The Faithful erupt in cheers upon hearing the bell as Brock and Tyler make their way out of their respective corners. Meeting in the middle of the ring, the two wrestlers slowly circle each other and Brock sticks a fist out towards Tyler. Seeing the sign of sportsmanship for what it is, The Game-Changer first sighs and then looks back to his younger brother. Conor sports a look as if to say "dude, DUH"!

Tyler turns back and bumps fists with Brock, causing the crowd to give an appreciative cheer.

DDK:

I think the idea of sportsmanship has been a little lost on the elder Fuse over these past few months. Regardless, a great showing of respect between Newbludd and Tyler to start things off.

Lance:

Indeed, DDK. Let's see how long that sportsmanship lasts as this championship match progresses.

Slapping a shoulder, Brock lunges towards Tyler and initiates a collar and elbow tie-up.

DDK:

Newbludd with the collar and elbow. He has the weight advantage here and I'm sure he's planning on using it to its fullest extent.

Brock lowers his base and begins to push Tyler back on heels. Before Newbludd can capitalize in any way, The OG Player One breaks the tie-up and performs a crisp go behind. Reacting to his opponent's quickness with some of his own, Brock snatches Tyler in a standing side headlock. Wriggling his head free, Tyler pumps his legs forward to send Newbludd into the ropes.

Lance:

Brock off the ropes now and Tyler's ready for him. Clothesline from Fuse... missed!

Having ducked underneath the clothesline, Brock keeps his momentum going and rebounds off the ropes again. This time around The Game Changer switches tactics and leaps into the air, hitting the incoming Newbludd with a beautiful hurricanrana!

DDK:

Tyler sends Newbludd down with the hurricanrana and has Brock rolled up for a pin!

Shields drops to the mat for the pinfall as The Game Changer struggles to keep The Innovator's shoulders down.

ONE!

Before Shields can raise his hand for a second time, Newbludd forcefully kicks out, causing Tyler to stumble ahead a few steps. Quickly regaining his footing, Tyler circles around Brock as The Innovator scrambles back up to his feet.

Lance:

Newbludd quickly back upright after breaking the pin but he doesn't see Tyler lying in wait behind him!

Tyler immediately grabs Newbludd from behind and sets him up for a side Russian legsweep. However, Brock blocks the attempt by hitting Tyler with a well-placed elbow to the ribs. The elder Fuse staggers slightly and Newbludd uses

the opening to Irish whip him into the ropes. Waiting for Fuse on the rebound, Brock sends him up and over with a Steamboat armdrag. Tyler immediately springs back to his feet and charges in, leading the tag champion to be taken down with a second arm drag by Newbludd!

DDK:

Back to back arm drags from Newbludd and now he's in control, keeping Tyler down on the mat with an armbar.

Dropping to a knee, Newbludd begins to wrench on his opponent's shoulder with the armbar. Fuse grits his teeth in pain and works to get his feet underneath him. The instant Fuse does, he performs a crowd-pleasing kip-up! Showing his veteran know-how, Brock manages to maintain the armbar, transitioning it into a standing variation.

Lance:

Impressive kip-up by Tyler Fuse to regain his vertical base but Newbludd still manages to keep the armbar applied!

Thinking fast, Tyler shows off his technical ability and breaks free from the armbar by performing a deft forward roll. Popping up to his feet, Tyler spins on a dime and attempts to kick Brock in the stomach. Reaching out with both hands, Newbludd catches Fuse's speeding foot at the last second.

DDK:

Tyler's in a precarious position now. Brock snatched that kick right out of the air!

Before he can capitalize on the situation, Newbludd is taken to the mat courtesy of a spectacular enziguri from Player One!

Lance:

Bullseye! That kick cracked Brock right on the side of the head!

Brock tries his best to shake off the blow as he pushes himself up off the mat. Beating Newbludd to his feet, Tyler grabs Brock in a front facelock and drives him headfirst into the mat with a snap DDT!

DDK:

DDT by Tyler Fuse and he's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Newbludd gets a shoulder up!

Seeing his partner get driven into the mat, Pat Cassidy starts to stomp the mat to encourage Newbludd as Fuse picks him back up off the mat. Undeterred by his opponent's kick out, Tyler applies another front facelock and begins to lift Newbludd up for a suplex.

Lance:

That enziguri combined with the DDT has Tyler fully in control and now he's looking to complete the trifecta with a suplex.

Tyler nearly gets Brock all the way up but his progress is halted when Newbludd begins to kick his legs in protest. Brock's squirming and kicking are too much for Tyler to manage and he's forced to bring his opponent back down to the mat. The second Brock's feet return to the ground he hooks one of Fuse's legs and with an audible grunt sends him up and over with a fisherman suplex!

DDK:

Newbludd with the reversal and the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Tyler kicks out!

Lance:

A beauty of a reversal by Brock but Tyler kicked out and just like that both men are back up to their feet.

Having staggered to their feet at the same moment, Fuse and Newbludd immediately create space between them. Keeping their eyes glued on one another, the two grapplers backpedal to their respective corners. Deciding to leave their first encounter at a standstill, Tyler and Brock reach out to tag in their teammates. The crowd lets out a cheer as two old rivals, Pat Cassidy and Connor Fuse enter the ring.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse and Brock Newbludd both opting to tag in the fresh man after trading pinfalls. Now, it's Pat Cassidy and Connor Fuse's turn to tangle. You gotta believe that there's still some bad blood between the former friends.

Conor looks back at his brother with a grin.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, I know this guy.

Conor turns to Cassidy.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, you.

Cassidy hops up and down as he and Conor circle each other, the electricity practically radiating off his body. Conor smiles widely as both men look for an opening. Suddenly, Cassidy stops, looking out into the fans. He cups his ear as if encouraging them to speak up as a chant begins to grow in intensity...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Cassidy's smile grows and he doesn't seem to care that the chant is for Conor. He invites the younger Fuse to lock up. It takes a moment but the two men lock horns in a grapple as the crowd explodes!

DDK:

The Faithful are on FIRE tonight!

The cheers turn into a loud "ooooh" as Cassidy simply powers Conor away, shoving the self proclaimed DEF Locker Room Leader clear across the ring! Conor tumbles over, landing in a sitting position and staring at Cassidy in shock. In response, Pat flexes his bicep and kisses it.

The younger Fuse nods profusely.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, I can dig it.

Conor shakes away the cobwebs and hops back to his feet with a look of determination and eager to get back in the game. Both men lock up again and this time Conor is ready, floating behind Cassidy and tying in a hammerlock. Cassidy grimaces before reaching back and reversing into a hammerlock of his own. Cassidy releases the hammerlock to lock his hands around Conor's waist, picking him up for a belly-to-back suplex. He doesn't hit the move, however, as Conor lands on his feet! Conor pushes Cassidy forward and into the ropes. On the rebound, Fuse attempts to hit a clothesline but Cassidy ducks. Black Out's momentum carries him forward and this time Conor is able

to catch him on the rebound with a crisp dropkick! Cassidy hits the mat and quickly pops back up... into another dropkick!

DDK:

Conor Fuse is building a head of steam!

Cassidy doesn't stay down for long and Conor looks to hit a third dropkick... but Cassidy grips the nearby ring ropes, pulling himself back and out of the path of Conor's feet. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two whiffs on the dropkick, landing back-first onto the canvas. He scrambles up quickly and charges at Cassidy... but the younger Fuse charges into a back body drop OVER the top rope! The nimble Fuse Brother lands his feet on the apron but Cassidy is right there to meet him with a right hand! Conor flies off the apron and lands hard INTO the steel barricade!

DDK:

Conor's boundless energy got the better of him!

Rolling out of the ring, Black Out grabs Conor by the head and sends him AGAIN into the steel barricade. With Fuse reeling, Cassidy rolls The Code-Breaker into the ring. Looking to put this match away and take home the belts, Cassidy grabs Conor, lifting him high into the air. Cassidy carries Conor across the ring and plants Fuse on the top rope facing out toward the fans. Pat climbs to the top, hooking Conor for his patented top-rope belly-to-back suplex. Conor fights back, firing a series of quick elbows into Cassidy's face. Black Out tries to maintain the hold but Conor's shots are too much for him. The challenger releases Conor and falls backwards onto the canvas! With the fans building to a fever pitch, Conor turns himself around, now standing on the top and facing inside the ring and toward Cassidy, who is climbing to his feet.

DDK:

Conor leaps off the top....

Lance:

Looking for a crossbody... NO! Cassidy catches him!!

Holding Conor horizontally with both hands, Cassidy re-positions Conor and drops his head sharply across the top rope in a nasty stun gun. Conor falls forward, resting on the second rope with his head facing out toward the crowd. Cassidy gains a head of steam and looks to crash down on Conor's back with a leapfrog guillotine but at the VERY last second, Conor rolls out of the way! Cassidy runs into the ropes instead of his opponent and takes a second to regain his composure... and that second is all Conor needs to hit Cassidy with a dropkick, sending Black Out over the top and out to the floor! Conor grabs the top ropes and propels himself over...

DDK:

Conor Fuse crashes onto Cassidy with a top rope plancha to the outside!!

Lance:

Boy these guys are firing on all cylinders and this is a HELL of a back and forth match!

With Cassidy down, Conor fires up!

!rank !rank !rank

The fans behind him, Conor rolls Pat into the ring. Cassidy grabs the nearby turnbuckle and begins to pull himself up in the corner while Conor takes position in the opposite corner. With a grin, the mischievous Fuse brother calls out...

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON... GET!!

And #9 on TEPF runs across the ring with a head of steam, leaping high into the air and looking to nail Cassidy with his own move, The Splash of Jameson...

...but Cassidy moves at the very *last* possible second! Conor's head hits the turnbuckle... and Cassidy wastes little time, leaping high into the air and crashing into Conor with his OWN (and the original) Splash of Jameson! Conor stumbles out... right into a small package!

ONE...

TWO...

TH...

Lance:

Conor powers out!

Conor looks to be reaching for his older brother who's eager to make the tag but Cassidy instead grabs the younger Fuse in a headlock and pulls him back toward the SNS corner. Cassidy tags in Brock, holding Conor's arm outstretched and allowing Brock to fire a sharp kick into Conor's side before Cassidy exits the ring.

DDK:

SNS showing great teamwork by cutting Conor off from his corner. Newbludd's back in now and he unloads with a superkick, sending The Codebreaker into the turnbuckles.

The Innovator bursts in and nails Conor in the jaw with a running back elbow! Mouthing the words "watch this" to Cassidy, Brock grabs one of The Best Pout Machine's arms and yanks him out of the corner. Dropping down onto his knees, Newbludd sends Conor out of the corner flying with a modified fireman's carry toss. Having managed to keep a grip around his opponent's wrist, Newbludd pops to his feet, bringing the dazed Conor up with him. The Milwaukee Made Man pushes Conor away from him before violently jerking him back in close...

Brock Newbludd:

GET OVER HERE!

Conor's world is literally turned inside out courtesy of a huge short-arm clothesline from Newbludd!

Lance:

What a clothesline from Brock! Apparently Conor's not the only video game aficionado in the match as Newbludd did a pretty good impersonation of Mortal Kombat's Scorpion before taking Conor's head off with that short-arm.

Still holding onto his opponent's now limp wrist, Brock tips an imaginary cap to Cassidy. Black Out returns The Innovator's grin with one of his own along with a golf clap to approve of Brock's handiwork.

DDK:

From the fireman's carry through the short arm-clothesline, Newbludd still hasn't let go of Conor's wrist and he's pulling him off the mat again!

Wrenching Conor towards him, Brock applies a waistlock, pops his hips and sends Conor flying with a crisp overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Crashing hard in the center of the ring, Conor rolls onto his back with his arms and legs spread out wide.

Lance:

The Innovator has Conor Fuse right where he wants him and now he's heading towards the corner!

Raising a fist to the crowd and receiving a loud ovation in return, Brock vaults up to the top rope and turns to face the ring. Rising up to a standing position, Newbludd zeroes in on his target and lets out his favorite warcry...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLYHOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful:

DAT!

Eyes wide in excitement, Newbludd leaps off the top rope and soars through the air down to Conor...

DDK:

Here comes Brock's signature big elbow! If he hits this, Conor's going to be in a world of trouble, Lance!

Newbludd's excitement is quickly extinguished when Conor rolls out of the way at the last second, causing Brock to crash down HARD to the mat!

Lance:

Newbludd took his eyes off the prize for a split second! Just enough time for Conor to recover enough to roll out of the way of that elbow drop!

The Faithful rattle their feet on the ground as Conor looks up to his big brother. Tyler's arm is stretched out, feeling the energy surge throughout the arena.

Lance:

This is the opening Conor needs to tag Tyler in!

Conor's inching closer... closer... closer...

DDK:

Tag to Tyler!

Meanwhile...

Lance:

And Brock makes the tag to Cassidy!

Tyler explodes into the ring. He ducks Cassidy's clothesline attempt and spins Black Out around. One... two... three jabs to the neck and Tyler finds Brock Newbludd and dropkicks him in-between the top and middle rope, out of the ring! However, this gives enough time for Pat Cassidy to smack Tyler across the chest with a stiff forearm blow. Another. Another. Cassidy hurls Tyler into the ropes, looking for a spinebuster but Tyler takes hold of Cassidy's head instead, trying for a DDT! This, however, is countered for a SECOND time... into a modified Alabama slam!

DDK:

That was a hell of a sequence there!

Lance:

Very nicely played by both men but Pat Cassidy gets the better of it.

Cassidy continues to use his momentum and follows up with a falling pointed elbow drop. He Irish whips Tyler into a free corner. Tyler meets the buckle with sheer impact. The champion flies up the turnbuckle, flipping over and sitting on the top buckle and then immediately flipping back down... backtracking and stumbling to the center of the ring.

Hard clothesline by Cassidy!

Lance:

Tyler is reeling and Conor is still coming to in his corner...

DDK:

Black Out with a pumphandle drop slam! Can this be enough!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVE BY CONOR!

Cassidy shoots to his feet but Conor Fuse has already worked his way back to his corner. Cassidy leans over and takes hold of Tyler, hurling him into the ropes and looking for a belly-to-belly suplex in return.

DDK:

Standing switch by Tyler to a belly-to-back suplex... and ANOTHER standing switch by Cassidy... into ANOTHER standing switch by Tyler... but this time Cassidy blocks the suplex attempt... into a roll up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

No Conor to save Tyler that time! A razor thin escape!

The Faithful are booming loud at the recent sequences and the fact that both Pat Cassidy and Tyler Fuse are back to their feet... grins on their faces.

Lance:

A sign of mutual respect?

DDK:

Tyler and Pat charge at each other but Tyler drops to the canvas as Cassidy races in. Now Tyler pops back up, takes Cassidy by his shoulders and spins him around into The Glitch!

Lance:

That discus clothesline packs a punch for a guy of Tyler's size.

Upon seeing Cassidy get to his feet, the elder Fuse hits the ropes, leaps onto Cassidy's shoulders and looks for a hurricanrana... into a sitdown powerbomb by Cassidy!

By now, Conor is bouncing up and down in his corner, begging to be tagged. Newbludd, too, has come to his senses and back on the SNS apron, hand extended, waiting to get his. Cassidy starts crawling to his corner and Tyler, shaking his head, is having trouble remembering what side he's on.

DDK:

Cassidy is almost there... YES! Tag to Newbludd! Tyler is almost there- NO! Newbludd has Tyler.

Whack.

DDK:

Another enziguri! Tyler dives to Conor and makes the tag!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The younger Fuse missile dropkicks Pat Cassidy. Then he missile dropkicks Brock Newbludd. Thus begins...

The Relentless Happy Stomps of **DOOM**.

For every stop, the crowd shouts !RANK

DDK:

Conor's putting the boots to Newbludd!

But The Innovator seems to be enjoying it.

As Fuse stomps away, Brock's trying to find the ropes with his arms. Finally, taking hold of the second rope, the challenger pulls himself up with everything he has, breaking away from Conor's feet...

...And straight into an inverted atomic drop by Tyler Fuse, followed by a Russian leg sweep!

DDK:

I believe Conor tagged Tyler in. He's the legal man again!

Lance:

Well done. That's solid teamwork from two brothers who have teamed for years. It shows.

Tyler applies the koji clutch submission! Cassidy sees this and sprints into the ring...

DDK:

HEAD STOMP BY CONOR FUSE TO PAT CASSIDY!

The Faithful are on their feet as Brock Newbludd shouts in pain!

DDK:

NEWBLUDD HAS NOWHERE TO GO! The Faithful are on their feet!!

Brock's free left hand waves wildly in the air. It looks like he's battling for all its worth...

DDK:

Oh my god!! Brock's repositioned himself... HE'S PICKING TYLER UP WHILE THE KOJI CLUTCH IS STILL LOCKED IN PLACE!

Newbludd slams Tyler against the canvas. Nevertheless, Tyler doesn't let go!

So Newbludd slams him again!

Tyler maintains the hold!

Again.

Hold stays.

Again.

Hold stays.

The Faithful are losing their minds!

Aga-

DDK:

Tyler drops it! Fuse sprints into the ropes- OH NO! Newbludd's bounced back up, slipped around Tyler and is trying to position for The Shock and Awe-

Tyler breaks free! He jabs Newbludd in the neck, snatches Brock's head between his arms and looks for the running bulldog, CQC. This, once more, is countered by Brock... but turned into an inside cradle by Tyler!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! Tyler got the three!

 [**MEGA MAN X REMIX THEME SONG**](#) 

The elder Fuse rolls to his side of the ring as Conor Fuse immediately jumps on top of him. Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy, who was trying to recover from the Head Stomp, looks on and Brock Newbludd is also processing what happened.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match and STILL Unified Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse, "The One and Only" FUSE BROS. OOOOOONNNNEEEEE!!

DDK:

The Fuse's pulled it off in a true back-and-forth affair.

The cameras zoom in on Tyler Fuse who looks over at Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd with a nod. Shields hands Tyler and Conor their titles (one for Tyler, two for Conor) before the champions get to their feet. The Bros. hold the belts up in the center of the ring... but then turn to their opponents. There's no handshake or words exchanged. Simply a glance. Tyler eyes both of them before sliding out of the ring and Conor takes an additional moment towards Pat Cassidy as if to say The Black Out has himself a pretty good partner.

DDK:

The Fuse's are- HEY!

Cyrus Bates is down the rampway, "carefully" trying to lift one of the Unified Championships away from Conor Fuse's shoulders...

Until big brother realizes.

DDK:

Is Cyrus trying to steal back the belts for Malak Garland!?

Lance:

Certainly looks that way!

Bates immediately retreats, putting his hands in the air as he does. Backtracking up the ramp, Cyrus looks scared as Tyler Fuse begins stalking him and Conor follows behind.

Tyler Fuse:

Where's the white-haired bitch?

Bates starts trembling and decides it's best he turns around and sprints away! Tyler and Conor power-walk after The Bellicose Brawler. Eventually, all three have vanished behind the curtain.

EXCUSE US FOR A MINUTE

DDK:

After a highly competitive, back and forth, matchup The Fuse Brothers successfully defend their titles and are still the champions!

Lance:

Hats off to Conor and Tyler, they showed why they are considered by many to be one of the greatest teams in the history of DEFIANCE. That being said, SNS showed that they have what it takes to go all the way in the tag division here tonight. Impressive showing from Cassidy and Newbludd.

With the Fuse Brothers One having disappeared through the curtain, Newbludd and Cassidy stand in the middle of the ring looking completely dejected from the loss. Walking over to a corner, Brock buries his head into the top turnbuckle and fires an angry fist into the middle one. Meanwhile, the equally as pissed Cassidy simply paces around the ring with his hands on his hips and shaking his head in annoyance.

DDK:

SNS were so close to becoming tag champions, partner. Both men are taking this loss hard.

The Faithful turn their attention to SNS as the two friends meet in the middle of the ring. A few words are exchanged between the two defeated grapplers and they bump fists. The crowd lets out an appreciative roar, causing Newbludd and Cassidy to turn their attention to them.

The Faithful:

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

Lance:

Listen to the crowd, DDK! I'm sure they would have preferred hearing this ovation with the tag belts around their waist, but The Saturday Night Specials certainly lived up to their name tonight and The Faithful are letting them know it!

Tom Morrow:

Hey hey hey! Don't look so down you guys!

The crowd is all over Tom Morrow's case. He and Ken Ellis have come through the entrance way and begin to walk to the ring slowly.

Tom Morrow:

I just want you to know one thing that even though you choked ... that doesn't mean we still won't choke you!

The mystery behind those words does not linger in the air for too long ... because The Lucky Sevens enter the ring from the crowd and start attacking Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd from behind!

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?

Lance:

We already know what that is Darren! This is revenge plain and simple! The Lucky Sevens have stewed about that loss to the SNS the last two weeks. They promised revenge on Uncut and now they're here to take it!

The two men are spent after their match and don't offer up much in the way of resistance. Mason is laying shoe leather into Pat Cassidy in one corner and Max does the same to Brock Newbludd. He tries fighting back by blocking one kick and throwing a punch that does catch Max on the lip but the angry twins start beating up the SNS more. Morrow is as giddy as a school girl watching the attack unfold with the Fuse Bros long gone so there is no help coming.

DDK:

Morrow knows how to pick his spots doesn't he? Cassidy and Brock were just through a war!

Lance:

So much for a happy St Patrick's Day...

The Lucky Sevens's manager continues watching the attack with the fans jeering overwhelming everything else going on. Pat finds himself in the Winning Hand by Mason and Max grabs Brock and lays him out using Luck's Run Out! The claw hold lariat leaves him at his feet. Mason and Max now pose over the two with Morrow finally joining the twin behemoths in the ring.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens called their shot and they are ...

The lights drop to complete black as the crowd tries to light up the scene with their cell phones and the one poor soul in attendance who still uses a digital camera instead.

DDK:

And now what the hell is this?

The lights continue to stay black for a few moments. The Lucky Sevens don't appear to be part of whatever is going on because they can be heard in the darkness. Then... one spotlight shines over the ring...

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

LANCE! IT'S URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE! I GUESS WE CAN'T CALL THEM THE SKY HIGH TITANS ANY MORE, BUT THEY'RE BACK!

Lance:

They've been radio silent for over a month since they lost the rights to their name to Tom Morrow and Better Future, but they're here now!

Mason and Max turn and come face to face with the two men whose identities they helped steal at DEFIANCE Road. No more custom-fitted suits for the man formerly known as The Titan of Industry, now only wearing a black tank top and torn blue jeans. His partner, Minute, is seated on the turnbuckle with a lead pipe in hand, wearing his signature mask, but street clothes of his own. Uriel unleashes a massive roar and surges forward CLOCKING Mason Luck with a STIFF Lariat, sending him out of the ring!

DDK:

my God, that had some force behind it! Nobody's knocked down Mason Luck in one swing like that!

Max Luck tries to contend with the smaller Minute, but he gets struck in the abs with the lead pipe by Minute first, then one to the shin! Max hobbles until Uriel comes back and sends him FLYING from the ring with The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

They're back and they way payback on Better Future!

The twin seven-footers have been dumped from the ring with Thomas Keeling and Ken Ellis backing up halfway up the aisle. Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy both go over to help one another and watch the spectacle going on. The lights are still dark around the stage, but when they flicker back to life...

Lance:

Wait... who's that?

...In the new spotlight on the stage stands a tall woman, standing about six-foot one. Brown shoulder-length hair. Cold blue eyes. And when Morrow and Ellis see her, she comes racing down the aisle quickly! Morrow panics and then

pulls Ken Ellis into the path of a HUGE Lariat of her own! The crowd goes apeshit as Uriel and Minute both raise their fists and cheer on the mystery woman.

DDK:

I recognize her, Lance! She was called Princess HOSS, a graduate of BRAZEN! I heard rumors backstage she was going to be making her arrival and... well, I gotta believe this is it!

Lance:

And what a way to do it!

Tom Morrow stands midway in the aisle past the mysterious woman. The Lucky Sevens both start to regroup as Morrow signals for them to leave. They both head back up the aisle...

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens realize they don't have the numbers... and they're LEAVING Ken Ellis?

Lance:

THEY ARE!

The Lucky Sevens both retreat with Morrow up the ramp as they watch the mystery woman grab Ellis and HOIST him up by the waistband of his slacks! He's in a complete panic as he gets manhandled and then thrown back into the ring at the feet of Uriel, Minute and now both Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd as well. The four surround the toadie for Better Future as Morrow shakes his head from the top of the ramp. Both Luck brothers want to go back, but Morrow is yelling at them to stay with them as Uriel grabs a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

MORROW!

His voice booms while Morrow is shaking his head.

Uriel Cortez:

You took our name. You took Thomas Keeling from us... but we'll be FUCKED if we let you walk around here any more without getting what you deserve. One way or another, we WILL get you in this ring and when we do...

He has a foot down on Ken Ellis, trying to squirm away. He gives the microphone to Minute.

Minute:

This... will be YOU, amigo!

Uriel then picks up Ellis by the collar and throws him right into the boot of the mysterious woman accompanying them! She kicks Ellis in the gut, underhooks the arms, and DRILLS him to the mat with a massive tiger driver to the delight of the fans! As Morrow freaks out from the ramp, she then stands up and celebrates by offering a high five to Minute, then jumps up to give one to Uriel. Morrow holds both of the Lucky Sevens back as the new partner in crime for the Ex-Titans shoots a look out to the leader of Better Future and flashes a slow, slow wave.

DDK:

The tag team formerly known as the Sky High Titans is back and they've brought along some new backup after Thomas Keeling was injured! They've just come to the aid of The Saturday Night Specials!

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials and the former Sky High Titans have come together! What does this mean for Tom Morrow and Better Future? We'll have to answer that question another night!

Uriel Cortez and Minute both bump fists with Newbludd and Cassidy and each take a turnbuckle, celebrating to end the night with the new backup of the Ex-Titans standing over the prone body of Better Future's stooge.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.