

THIS IS...

Black screen.

[Cue music.](#)

DEFCON

[def-kon]

noun

-any of several alert statuses for U.S. military forces, ranked numerically from normal, 5, to maximum readiness, 1.

ORIGIN OF DEFCON

-def(ense readiness)con(dition)

...

Momentarily, DEFIANT newcomers and veterans will step into the Lakefront Arena, on the biggest stage of all.

DEFCON.

Founded September 2011, DEFIANCE has been home to the greatest professional wrestling in the sport for the last ten years and counting.

Over...

2,000+ Matches

400+ Wrestlers

300+ Events

5 DEFCON

2 Nights

Tonight, DEFIANTS will have their last stand.

...

He's considered DEFIANCE's Favorite Son but **Scott Douglas** has not reached the top of the mountain just yet. In his way? The longest reigning **FIST**, 400+ days and counting, **Mikey Unlikely**.

On the line: A lot more than the FIST.

One of these men will be walking into the Lakefront Arena, about to wrestle their last match.

Forever.

...

Brothers see a similar situation in front of them. Two of the most decorated DEFIANTS of all time, **Tyler and Conor Fuse** aka **The Fuse Bros.**, not only put their **UNIFIED** Tag Team *Achievements* on the line but their tag team careers with each other, as well.

Their opponents?

The antithesis of being DEFIANT, **Malak Garland** and **Cyrus Bates**, **The Comments Section**.

DEFIANCE or COMPLIANCE?

Either way...

Fatality awaits.

...

For over a year and a half, **Scrow**'s obsession with **Dex Joy** has consumed him. Now, with a chance to finally awaken from The Biggest Boy's shadow, it's Scrow's greatest challenge to date.

Truly, there will be only one DEFIANT left *standing*.

...

The Favored Saints witness history. For the first time, **their** championship hangs above the ring and opportunity looms. One more successful defense sees **Matt LaCroix** aim for the Southern Heritage Championship. A loss equals the awakening of "**The Provocateur**" **Arthur Pleasant**.

Wrestling legends **Cayle Murray** and **Lindsay Troy** square off in one of the most anticipated matches in history. A wrestling clinic, before it even begins.

Oscar Burns and **Scott Stevens** rivalry and involuntary friendship will be taken to its limit. A better future for both?

The question EVERYONE is asking: Is a BELL CLAP considered Punk Rock!? **Rezin** vs. **The Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes**!

Faithful...

THIS. IS. DEFIANCE.

THIS. IS. DEFCON.



The scene switches to inside the Lakefront Arena, fireworks exploding from the DEFCON rampway. Six letters, D E F C O N stretch across the stage, as The Faithful are **H.O.T.** The pay-per-view theme blares on the PA as cameras

catch as many signs as possible.

FUSE IS LIT!
HATE TO SEE IT CHRISTIE
GO JOY GO!
NO SCROW NO!
FUSE BROS: CANCEL COMMENTS SECTION!
DEFRADIO IS ALL KILLER, NO FILLER
WE DEMAND HARDCORE HELLPOCALYPSE!
TERESA AMES MIGHT BE UNSTABLE, GUYS.
FUSE BROS :100:
BURNS AND STEVENS! CATS AND DOGS! MASS HYSTERIA!
ADV? GET OFF MY TV!
MACE? I'M GETTING SHITFACED.
MALAK GARLAND WEARS ADULT DIAPERS
PERFECTION FEARS HIS NATURAL HAIR COLOR
BETTER GRAPS FUTURE
UNCLE TIMMY 2024
THIS IS MY 2ND DEFCON
THE REAL MAIN EVENT IS KEYES VS. REZIN
YOU THINK AMES HAS ENOUGH SOCIAL SUPPORT? JFC.
KENDRIX IS GOING TO MAKE JAY HIS BITCH
I SHOULD BE AT WORK, BUT INSTEAD I'M HERE WATCHING DEFIANCE WRESTLING
JAY HARVEY SHOULD BECOME A PIRATE AND TEAM WITH HENRY KEYES: THE NATURAL PIRATES
I HAVE A BACKUP SIGN IN CASE THIS ONE GETS TAKEN
MALAK IS A C-U-NEXT TUESDAY
ARES, THE LEADING LADY, THE MAIN EVENT
BLACKWOOD AND AMES DESERVE THEIR HALLMARK JOURNEY
THE BIGGEST BOY ON THE BIGGEST STAGE
EVERYONE LIKES GRAPS!

The Night One match graphics roll through.

MAIN EVENT
UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH
Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section
*losing team cannot tag in DEFIANCE

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
LAST MAN STANDING
Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

Tornado Tag
Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Better Future (Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace)
*if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become property of Better Future

Elise Ares vs. Perfection

Kendrix vs. Jay Harvey

No Holds Barred
Henry Keyes vs. Rezin

Gage Blackwood vs. Teresa Ames w/ SOCIAL SUPPORT: Screen 7 ("Horror" Hector Harris, "Extra Butter" Gilbert)

Rogers, "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein & "Free Refills" Berry Chernobyl), DEFcepticons (Septimus Tyne, Ryan Knox, Al Sparks, Megan Kron & Starscream), The Hallmark Journey (Jonathan-Christopher & Vickie Hall), Thomas Slaine & Kyle Shields

And then we go to the announcers.

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

DDK:

WELCOME TO THE BIGGEST EVENT OF DEFIANCE'S CALENDAR YEAR WITH NOT ONE... BUT **TWO** NIGHTS! I CAN BARELY HEAR THINGS, IT'S SO LOUD!

Lance:

I KNOW! DARREN! UNREAL!

Both men take a few more seconds as the camera cuts to a massive crowd from the crowd packing the UNO Lakefront Arena!

DDK:

And folks, we are kicking off DEFCON with a match that has been FIVE MONTHS in the making! It will be two former FISTS of DEFIANCE... Scott Stevens and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns to take on the hungry duo of "El Sol Dorado" Alvaro de Vargas and Burns' former protege, Jack Mace! Tornado Tag Rules! But if Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns lose... they will be forced to join Better Future!

Lance:

This all started back at Ascension last year when Tom Morrow and Better Future made offers towards Oscar Burns to join the group after his own loss in that incredible two-out-of-three falls match to Lindsay Troy. In the middle of this, Burns reignited his heated rivalry with Scott Stevens. Burns came to his senses and rebuked their offer and since then, both men have had targets on their chests. That led to Morrow recruiting Burns' old protege, Jack Mace, right out of BRAZEN to join Better Future!

DDK:

Absolutely. ADV and Jack Mace scored the HUGE win at DEF ROAD when ADV pinned Burns! A rematch at DEFtv 150 ended in a victory for Burns and Stevens, but not without a cost as Scott Stevens had a fireball thrown in his face, courtesy of Alvaro. Mace scored a singles victory over Burns on 151, but Scott Stevens made a surprise return on 152 to avert a planned assault by Better Future. This one has been heated, but it ends tonight with either Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens victorious... or Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens being the newest members of Better Future whether they like it or not.

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Tornado Tag Team match and will be YOUR opening match for DEFCON!

The rabid Faithful continue to go out of their rabid-ass minds since we're now kicking off the graps!

Darren Quimbey:

No tags are required and all four men will be allowed in the ring at the same time. The match will end by pinfall or submission in the ring and per the agreed stipulation... if Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace win, the DEFIANCE contracts of both Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens will become property of Tom Morrow and Better Future Talent Agency! Introducing first...

The camera catches sight of many fans waving yellow and orange-colored rally towels with "HI! I LIKE GRAPS!" and they start to wave them more in anticipation of one of DEFIANCE's tip fan favorites to arrive...

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

The opening riffs build anticipation and soon... the former champion arrives!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The DEFIANCE flag with "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" drapes over his shoulders. Dressed in black wrestling gear for the evening, the crowd erupts in loud cheers as the DEFIANCE flag comes out!

DDK:

Burns in the black attire! Normally he's all about loud colors and the like, but that same black attire has come out for his biggest matches! One where he put his career on the line for Scott Stevens' own FIST of DEFIANCE title match! One against Kendrix to win his second FIST! Tonight, he's hoping it will bring him luck again!

Burns takes the large flag and then balls it up before handing it to an attendant near ringside. He points out to the members of Team Graps waving their DEFIANCE flags before Burns walks up the steps and into the ring. He scans the crowd and then raises one finger while leaning against the ropes before he takes his spot and waits for his partner to arrive.

"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

↪ *"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.

Darren Quimbey:

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

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters. Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring completely focused on the task at hand until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising his fist into the air once more before dropping to the canvas as the former FIST shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell. Both Scott and Oscar are in the ring awaiting their opponents... but first, the crowd BOOS the fuck out of Tom Morrow with a broom in hand and Better Future headset on.

Tom Morrow:

OSCAR BURNS! SCOTT STEVENS! GET READY TO GIVE 30% OF YOUR PAYCHECKS TO ME FROM NOW ON AFTER TONIGHT! I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE YOU BOTH A PART OF BETTER FUTURE AND TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT, BAY-BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

He points at the ring with the broom.

Tom Morrow:

I made a promise on DEF Radio and intend to do whatever it takes to make that promise come true! Three matches! Two nights! And we are going to win them ALL at DEFCON! Better Future becomes Better RIGHT THE HELL NOW and this broom says so! Clean! Fucking! Sweep!

More jeers as Burns mimics Morrow running his mouth with his hands.

Tom Morrow:

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE A MAN WITH OSCAR BURNS' NUMBER! 1-0 AGAINST HIM IN SINGLES ACTION! A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER! THE NIGHT THAT DEFCON BECOMES THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT! WEIGHING 278 POUNDS... **JACK! MOTHERLOVING! 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. The big grappler from the UK turns to Tom Morrow and bumps his fist before throwing the hood back with a smile. Burns in particular looks incensed, but Scott Stevens of all people taps him and tells him to back up. Oscar nods and waits as Mace gets jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Jack Mace will get the rare distinction of having double duty at DEFCON! Tonight, he teams with ADV against Burns and Stevens. Tomorrow, he'll team up with Better Future's newest member Jestal against the powerhouse team of Mushigihara and Klein!

Tom Morrow:

And his partner... he is THE CROWN JEWEL of Better Future Talent Agency! He is the Golden Sun of DEFIANCE and EVERYTHING revolves around HIM! The man that turned Scott Stevens' face to ash a few weeks ago...

Now Burns has to keep Stevens back as he gets ready to climb up the ramp and kick Morrow's ass.

Tom Morrow:

STANDING AT 272 POUNDS! SIX-FOOT EIGHT! AND THE REASON BURNS AND STEVENS WON'T BE FREE MEN AFTER TONIGHT... **A! D! V! ALVARO! DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The arena becomes bathed in red and orange lights swirling about as the flamencos and guitar riffs signal the arrival of Alvaro de Vargas. Both Tom Morrow and Jack Mace start heading down to the ring as the thundering beat keeps on playing. Burns and Stevens look ready for the fight to take place.

DDK:

So much bad blood in this one, but Tom Morrow was enough of an asshole to get Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens... archrivals for most of their careers... to team up. Think about THAT, Lance.

Lance:

But they are ready to end this tonight. Once they get their hands on Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace, they are going to make them pay for months' worth of assaults, both verbal and physical.

DDK:

Scott and Oscar showed they could get along well enough to get the win over these two hungry rising stars when they did it on DEFtv 150, but Tom Morrow isn't stupid. He'll learn from that mistake and... Hey...

Morrow and Mace are in front of the ring with Mace, daring Burns to meet him on the floor. Burns is about to take the bait... then turns and sees Scott Stevens getting STRUCK down hard with a massive clubbing forearm by Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

I was ABOUT to ask where ADV was and we just found him!

DDK:

ADV clocks Burns! Now all four men are in the ring! Another damn Morrow set up from the jump!

With Oscar Burns and Jack Mace trading uppercuts on one side of the ring already with ADV stomping away at Scott, Brian Slater sees no choice but to call for the bell with the action getting started!

DING DING

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater using his discretion to get us kicked off! Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace with the early advantage!

ADV rushes over and BLASTS Burns in the side of the head with another forearm! Now both men are all over Burns in the corner and the two men stomp away at the former two-time FIST among a HUGE sea of jeers from The Faithful! ADV then rushes towards Scott Stevens and charges in the corner, SMASHING into him with a huge big boot in the corner! Mace keeps Burns at bay while ADV hurriedly throws Scott out of the corner so he can go for the cover!

DDK:

Is that it? IS THAT IT ALREADY AFTER THE SNEAK ATTACK?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Stevens comes up just after two and ADV is left in shock that the surprise attack failed them. The Faithful breathe a collective sigh of relief, but Better Future jumps right back into the attack, far from done.

DDK:

Right off the bat, ADV almost added two huge names to the ranks of Better Future!

Lance:

I know, how close was that?

DDK:

There will be no feeling out process tonight between these four! This match is NOT no disqualification, but they do not have to tag and they can easily make this a two-on-one if either side gets the opportunity to do so!

Mace continues to drill heavy repeated forearms into the jaw of Oscar Burns while Scott Stevens is left at the mercy of a rather merciless Alvaro. El Sol Dorado tries to get him back up by the hair, but Scott breaks free and unleashes a STIFF right hand to the jaw of Alvaro so nasty, that he gets rattled!

DDK:

What a shot! Stevens in particular has been waiting for this match since ADV launched that fireball in his face after their last face-off in mid-March!

Scott pushes ADV to the corner and then unleashes a series of hard punches and chops to the face and chest, respectively, to the Cocky Cuban. He tries to throw more, but ADV returns fire with an eye rake! He doubles Scott over and then turns the tables so he's in the corner.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Three hard knife-edge chops catch him in the chest before ADV then tees off with a huge series of back elbows to the face. When he has Stevens rocked, he goes after the face and GRINDS it against the top rope! Scott growls in pain and falls to a knee where ADV does the same, grinding his face against the laces of his boot! The crowd jeers as Alvaro is going after the now mostly healed face of Stevens.

Lance:

For a guy that claims to be hot like the sun, he's ICE-COLD in that ring when he needs to be! Attacking the face he burned with a fireball six weeks ago!

DDK:

And now ADV has Stevens back in the corner! Oscar tries to break free from his corner!

The crowd rallies behind Burns as he throws some elbow smashes to the face of Jack Mace, but Mace returns fire using a HUGE uppercut to rock him back into the corner. He then presses a knee to Burns' back to try and choke him against the ropes so Scott Stevens can get singled out by ADV!

DDK:

What's ADV gonna do now?

ADV elbows Stevens again and then has him reeling in the corner. ADV turns back with a grin.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Be right back, pendejo!

He runs to the empty corner across the ring and then rushes right back, CRUSHING Stevens with a huge corner clothesline! He gets rocked from the first one and it's so nice, ADV does it twice. He runs to the other side of the ring and back, connecting with another one! The blow has him leaning over in the corner while ADV props him up to keep him standing.

DDK:

ADV is such a young, powerful athlete, but just as vicious. He's going for corner clothesline number three!

He does take his time with shot number three and gets jeers from the crowd as he circles around... but Stevens moves! ADV hits nothing but the corner, but to make matters worse, Burns breaks free from the corner of Mace and rushes over to Clobber ADV with a massive Running European Uppercut! The Faithful go nuts as Jack Mace's eyes go wide! He rushed at Stevens, but Everyone's Favorite Texan sidesteps and THROWS Mace through the ropes to send him out to the floor!

DDK:

What a reversal of fortune by Stevens and Burns! They make ADV pay for his arrogance and now he's alone in the ring with them.

Scott points at Mace on the floor and Burns nods before he looks out to the crowd from the ring apron. He looks out to The Faithful...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And then takes flight with a HUGE Running High Knee off the ring apron, nailing Mace and taking him out on the floor!

DDK:

A take on the Sweet As Knee Drop! The Sweet As Knee Strike off the apron was done perfectly and now Stevens has Alvaro where he wants him!

ADV is still reeling in the corner when The Angry Texans rushes forward and NAILS ADV in the leg with a huge chop block to the back of the leg! De Vargas goes down in a heap in the corner and Burns is right there to follow up on the attack on the outside. Burns points at Scott and he nods as he feeds Burns a leg from Alvaro... then SLAMS his leg down twice on the edge of the ring apron.

Burns grabs the leg of Alvaro and holds him while Scott follows to the outside. Morrow is freaking out and tries to get

Mace back to his feet, but he's down on the ground after being laid out with the flying knee. Burns and Stevens each grab a leg and nod so he can get a piece of Alvaro... then SLAMS the knee against the ring post!

DDK:

Did you think you'd EVER see the two former blood rivals working together long enough to do something like this?

Lance:

No, not at all, but when a bigger threat comes along, you do what you have to do to protect it and in tonight's case, you're protecting your contract from being owned by a bitter manager.

Morrow is helpless to watch as Scott smiles and gets cheers from the crowd. He grabs the leg of Alvaro and ADV tries to fight his way out, but Burns gets into the ring and boots him while Scott goes for the leg...

FIGURE FOUR AROUND THE RING POST!

DDK:

Vicious! Oscar and Scott single out that leg with the figure four leglock around the ring post! That is NOT going to bode well for him.

Lance:

And he's not letting go! Stevens hasn't been able to wrestle in a month and a half because of Alvaro de Vargas!

The crowd is roaring as the has the leglock stuck... until Mace finally gets back up and STOMPS away at Scott until he breaks it up to save his partner! Burns goes after Mace on the floor, but when he gets there, Mace grabs his arm and snaps it over the middle rope! Burns shouts out himself, but right behind him, Alvaro rolls him up for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns kicks out, but ADV hobbles to his good knee and catches Burns with a thumb to the eye! Burns doubles over and then ADV takes a moment before he turns back to his feet. He grabs The Technical Spectacle and throws him outside of the ring. Mace pulls Stevens up on the outside and then tries to get the Angry Texan back to his feet, only to get rocked with a headbutt by Scott, and then shoved into the barricade!

DDK:

ADV taking any opening he can, but Scott is seeing red! He's going after Alvaro too!

Scott heads back into the ring and now he and ADV are trading blows in the middle of the ring! Right hands throwing back and forth and an extra-large DEFIANCE crowd hungry for action chant with each blow!

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BOO!

YAY!

BO... YAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The crowd cheers when Scott breaks up the punch-fest by kicking the leg of Alvaro!

DDK:

Scott isn't gonna play by any rules to get payback!

Lance:

That might be the first time a kick to the knee might have gotten cheers like that!

Scott rocks him with more rights and then gears up for a lariat, but he gets grabbed by the leg by Mace. Scott stops him and stomps the hand of Mace to back the Burly Brit off, but when Scott turns around he gets NAILED courtesy of Alvaro with a superkick! ADV crumbles down to his knee after the figure four from earlier!

DDK:

The distraction pays off and ADV cracked Stevens with probably the tallest superkick I think I've seen in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

That he did! That knee seems to be bugging de Vargas, but he's trying to follow up.

Morrow yells at ADV and Mace to gang up on Scott in the ring and Mace nods. Burns tries to get back into the ring by grabbing Mace and fires off another running European uppercut to his rival. The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler gets launched back while Burns slides into the ring and goes right after Alvaro with another huge running high knee to the chest!

DDK:

What a shot there! Neither team has been able to hold a distinct advantage for too long in this contest just yet!

Lance:

And now he's got him set back in the corner! Burns firing off elbow smashes in the corner!

Burns continues to attack Alvaro but when he notices Mace coming back into the ring again, he cuts him off with another charging European uppercut! He now has the crowd cheering.

Running European uppercut to Alvaro!

Running European uppercut to Jack!

Running European uppercut to Alvaro!

Running European uppercut to Jack!

The Faithful go nuts as he grabs the large Alvaro and dumps him up and over with a huge exploder suplex!

DDK:

Oscar Burns fighting with a lot of fire tonight! He's feeding off his crowd!

Lance:

And Burns with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

And the crowd has no choice but to gasp in AWE as Jack Mace doesn't just break up the cover any other way... he has Burns hoisted up and then THROWN up and over with a huge deadlift German suplex! Mace sits back up and checks his jaw after the amount of uppercuts that he's eaten, but it doesn't stop him from having a sneer pointed at Burns while he's down!

DDK:

JUST LIKE THAT! MACE WITH THE DEADLIFT GERMAN SUPLEX!

Mace stands up finally, but he gets clocked yet again from a surprise shot by Stevens! Stevens now tries to fight back!

Right hand for Jack!

Right hand for Alvaro!

Right hand for Jack!

Right hand for Alvaro!

But when he tries to get back at Jack a third time, he ducks the shot and THROWS him over head as well using a huge belly to belly suplex across the ring! The crowd boos, but Morrow is happy like a pig in excrement right now as Mace and Scott beat him down with stomps.

DDK:

There they go again! This has been a see-saw battle and each time someone gets an advantage, they can't hold it for long!

Lance:

And I think Tom Morrow realizes it.

Both Mace and ADV pick up Scott Stevens slowly while Morrow directs traffic. Both men grab an arm at the insistence of Morrow and then both Mace and ADV nod... then they SPIKE Scott down with a huge double-team Crucifix Bomb in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Tandem Crucifix Bomb! That was the old finisher of Team HOSS, who Morrow used to manage a long time ago! He's clearly taught them a thing or two for this match!

Lance:

And now look... Morrow is pointing at Burns. He hasn't gotten up yet from that deadlift German suplex by Mace!

DDK:

Definitely can't be good!

Mace and de Vargas slide out of the ring and then each grab Oscar Burns and drag The Technical Spectacle to the floor. Alvaro grabs Burns and then Morrow directs the traffic. ADV nods and hands him off to Mace, who snatches Burns up over his shoulder and then SLAMS him down on the ring apron with a nasty release Belly to Back suplex! The crowd cringes in pain as Burns gets bounced off the hArDeSt PaRt Of ThE rInG!

DDK:

That's a smart strategy whether we like it or not! Single out one man and you can both go after the other!

Mace takes a turn and CLUBS away at Burns's chest several times while he's still lying on the apron, but he's not done. He takes Burns in his arms from the ring apron and then backs up...

Lance:

Ooooh, no, what's Mace got in mind?

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler hands him off to ADV again and then points toward the turnbuckles...

CUBAN MISSILE INTO THE RING POST!

The Faithful collectively cringe from the impact as Burns collides viciously with the ring post before he ends up slumped over on the floor. The camera catches a glimpse of Scott Stevens, still hurt inside the ring. ADV limps slightly around the ring but he still has enough presence to bask in the hatred of the crowd.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Welcome the newest members of Better Future, pendejos! At least what's left of them!

Jack Mace:

Oi! Right cunts!

Mace and ADV then turn their attention back inside the ring and now both tower over Scott. Scott has a grimace on his face while ADV waves and grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hola.

Scott tries to throw a punch, but Mace backs up and Alvaro STOMPS on his chest! Then both men pounce like hungry wolves on a wounded gazelle and start mauling Scott with stomp after stomp to his chest.

DDK:

And there's no one for Scott to fall back on! There's... oh, no...

Lance:

Not good. Not good at all.

The camera catches a glimpse of Oscar Burns, still down on the ringside floor, but an obvious head wound opened up, with blood running down on his forehead. Burns grits his teeth and the crowd is trying to rally hard behind the two former FISTS of DEFIANCE, but ADV and Mace continue their beatdown of Everyone's Favorite Texan by pulling him up. Scott mounts no offensive when both Mace and ADV throw him across the opposite corner. ADV slowly runs in and then clobbers him using a big knee strike to the gut (the good knee), then whips him right into Mace's grip...

DDK:

WOW! Bridging double arm suplex from the 278-pound Mace! Cover!

The crowd is wowed at the precision of the suplex as Mace holds it for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Stevens brakes free, but Mace and ADV continue to enjoy the advantage that a two-on-one in this type of match allows. ADV still favors his knee while Mace holds him from behind by both arms in a standing surfboard. De Vargas starts shadowboxing in place, then buries a hard right hand into the chest of Stevens. Stevens gets doubled over as he throws a few more rights to the side of the head and then gets a wicked smile on his face...

THUNK!

Lance:

Good lord! I think Stevens might be done after that headbutt! That was brutal!

DDK:

And Scott couldn't protect himself!

The crowd grimaces when Stevens gets brought down to a knee by a WICKED headbutt by ADV who looks pretty pleased with himself. ADV points at Mace and tells him to get back up while de Vargas starts to show bits of a bloodied opening on the top of his forehead from the headbutt. The crowd jeer the duo, but they can't do anything but watch as Morrow waves the broom around and then starts sweeping the floor at ringside. He turns on his headset so the entire arena can hear him again.

Tom Morrow:

I told you! CLEAN! SWEEP!

Burns is trying to get back to his feet, but he's still looking pretty hurt on the ground. Meanwhile now, Scott Stevens is starting to bleed from the forehead himself. Despite that, he tries to fight his way out as the crowd cheers along.

STEVENS!

STEVENS!

STEVENS!

STEVENS!

STEVENS!

DDK:

This one has just gotten so vicious! Stevens is bleeding and so is ADV, but he did it to himself!

Lance:

ADV is willing to hurt himself to hurt the other guy more. We knew he was cocky... but he's dangerous, too.

DDK:

Hate to say, but you're right. ADV hasn't been pinned or submitted since joining Better Future and Mace has only one loss, but avenged that pretty quickly in a one-on-one match against Burns not long ago!

Mace holds Stevens up, but to their surprise, he fights back! He nails Mace by slamming the back of his head into Jack's face! The crowd starts to come alive when Scott fights back against both of his assailants! He throws a right at ADV and that Mace... TOXIC STING... NO!

DDK:

NO! MACE SHOVES HIM OFF... INTO ABAJO VAS BY DE VARGAS! CHOKESLAM!

De Vargas drills Scott into the canvas with the massive Sit-out Chokeslam and then crawls over to add two more members to the ranks of Better Future.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes up and Scott Stevens has kicked out again! ‘

DDK:

No way! How did he kick out of that?

Angrily, ADV slaps the mat, but he decides enough is enough. The crowd cheers when Burns tries to get back into the ring despite the bloody face, but Mace runs over and BLASTS him with a big running forearm, knocking him off the ring apron and back to the floor! The Faithful jeer as ADV starts to set up the groggy Texan and throws him back into another corner. He unleashes another huge set of knife-edge chops into the chest of Stevens, sending him reeling.

Lance:

You're the play-by-play guy, Darren, but I gotta say if he nails Ardiendo this one is over. And Better Future gets a massive boost of star power!

DDK:

Good call, Lance, ADV might have this one wrapped up.

Morrow yells at de Vargas to end it and he nods. He grabs Stevens by his hair and then boots him in the chest. Slowly, but surely, ADV practically licks his chops and knows he can end this if he can hit his signature piledriver.

DDK:

He's put down many people with this move. Oscar Burns. Uriel Cortez. Minute. Many others. No one has kicked out of Ardiendo once he hits it.

He hoists him up... but Stevens shakes his legs frantically and fights his way out... then goes low and **ATTACKS** the leg of de Vargas once again! ADV cries out and Stevens finds an opening. Mace turns around and then tries to rush at Stevens, but the bloodied Scott sidesteps him and sends him **FLYING** into ADV, knocking him down! Morrow can't believe the error and Mace looks shocked, but when he turns around...

SURPRISE HARD OUT HEADBUTT BY OSCAR BURNS!'

DDK:

One good headbutt deserves another! Hard Out Headbutt by Oscar Burns!

Burns is back in the ring, but falls back to the mat clutching his own bloodied forehead while The Burly Brit gets rocked right into...

DDK:

REMEMBER THE ALAMO! SUPERKICK TO THE JAW OF MACE! EVERYONE IS DOWN!

The Faithful cheer as Burns hobbles around the mat, trying to get himself back into the fight with a second wind, but the battering by Alvaro and Jack hasn't made it easy. Meanwhile, Scott Stevens is hurt and unmoving for the moment. Alvaro is down holding his neck while Mace is staring up the light seeing stars!

DDK:

If Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens are gonna have a chance to get back into this and keep their contracts from Tom Morrow's greedy clutches, they better take it now!

Lance:

That's right, Darren the time's gotta be now!

It takes some doing as Brian Slater just watches while there are bodies everywhere, checking to see if he may have to call for a double knock-out. It's Scott Stevens rolling up to his feet first and he rolls over, trying to jump on top of Jack Mace for the pin. He throws an arm over the Burly Brit.

ONE!

TWO!

But Alvaro comes out of nowhere and breaks up the fall with a big leaping senton to the back of Stevens!

Lance:

No! ADV breaks up the fall! Now he's going after Scott!

After the leading senton, El Sol Dorado pushes Stevens onto his back and then lays back into a cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

But Oscar Burns breaks THAT UP! The crowd cheers as Burns rolls Alvaro by the leg and rolls the tall Cuban-American up into a jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

ADV shoves Burns off of him at the last second! Morrow shakes his head and lets out a quick sigh of relief that he kicked out!

DDK:

What a series of nearfalls that was by both teams and now Burns is back in it!

Burns and ADV meet up in the middle again, but ADV stops him with a right hand and then a chop to the chest of the Kiwi. He whips Burns into a corner and tries the same corner clothesline, but The Technical Spectacle sidesteps! He rushes at ADV, but he gets a boot up... NO! Burns catches his leg over the shoulder and then drives it over his shoulder! ADV is hurt now and limps back while Burns grabs the leg and then grins before SNAPPING him down to the mat with a huge dragon screw!

DDK:

Dragon Screw by Burns!

Burns then points to the top rope and then heads up top again with his hated rival being in the unusual position of watching his back. He tries to keep Mace at bay and watches as a bloodied Burns heads to the top rope...

Lance:

One more time, Darren! Sweet As Knee Drop coming up?

Burns smiles...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And then he takes flight with a HUGE Flying knee drop to the chest of Alvaro! El Sol Dorado is out of it when Burns hooks both legs and goes for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- BROKEN UP!

The crowd goes nuts as Mace surges to life and SHOVES Stevens into his own partner to break up the fall!

DDK:

GOOD LORD, THAT WAS POWER BY MACE! USING BURNS' OWN PARTNER TO BREAK UP THAT COVER!

Mace grits his teeth and taps his finger to say he's smarter than Burns as he starts to get up and runs a hand across his throat. Mace wastes no time in booting Stevens from the ring! Burns gets up and rocks him with a pair of stiff elbow

smashes, but when The Technical Spectacle turns (AND TWISTS?) for a rolling elbow... MACE GRABS HIM!

DDK:

Jack of All Holds! Jack of All Holds! That's how he beat Oscar Burns last time!

Lance:

Can Burns escape? He's trying to fight that arm triangle choke!

He does try and the crowd cheers him on... but not for long when Jack elevates Burns and drapes his legs over the ropes before DRILLING him with a suspended flatliner!

DDK:

What a move! He calls that the Jack's Fall! And now... HE'S GOT IT GROUNDED! JACK OF ALL HOLDS ON THE GROUND! THAT'S HOW HE BEAT BURNS A FEW WEEKS AGO! IS IT GONNA HAPPEN AGAIN TONIGHT?!

Morrow is laughing and hollering on the outside, waving the broom to signify the clean sweep that Morrow mentioned on DEF Radio! He continues to cheer Mace as Burns as an arm up and tries to fight...

BROKEN UP BY SCOTT STEVENS!

Lance:

SCOTT IN THE NICK OF TIME! HE BREAKS UP THE SUBMISSION!

Scott is all over Mace and runs down right hand after right hand into the head of the technician. The crowd cheers on the Angry Texan as he gets him up and despite a stream or two of blood near his eyes, Scott fires back with a series of punches and chops to the chest of Mace. He runs off the ropes and tries for a big boot, but Mace ducks that and keeps running, then comes back... but Stevens catches the big man on his shoulders...

DDK:

HOUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM! SO DOES BETTER FUTURE! COVER!

After spiking Mace with the Death Valley Bomb he goes for the cover and hooks both legs of Mace!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-BROKEN UP BY DE VARGAS!

Lance:

And now Alvaro is back! All four men do not want to give up this match and this is just the FIRST match of DEFCON!

DDK:

That it is, Lance! So much on the line for Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens!

A limping Alvaro grabs Scott and then beats on him with more punches, then sends him to the corner before he continues to fire off a series of knees to the chest! He lays into the decorated DEFIANCE star over and over with a few heavy knees and then pulls him back into a suplex.

DDK:

Alvaro thinking something big...

Lance:

No! Burns returns the favor from earlier!

He tries to spike him up, but out of nowhere, Oscar grabs him by the leg to help his partner. When ADV sees where he is, Burns cracks Alvaro with an uppercut... then Scott strikes him with a solid right! Uppercut! Right hand! Uppercut! Right hand! Morrow freaks out while Alvaro gets stumbled. He tries to lunge at Burns... but Burns GRABS him by the leg and takes him down...

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH III! ROLLING HEEL HOOK LOCKED IN! THIS CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET!

Alvaro has been dragged to the middle of the mat and the rolling heel hook is locked in tightly! Alvaro is yelling out in pain and then tries to reach out. Scott sees Jack Mace trying to get back up...

DDK:

THE FIST! THE FIST BY SCOTT STEVENS! THE SUPERMAN FOREARM KNOCKS MACE OFF THE APRON!

And seeing Alvaro in pain, Scott decides that Burns isn't gonna get all the fun...

AND LOCKS IN A CROSSFACE ON DE VARGAS!

DDK:

TWO SUBMISSIONS! TWO SUBMISSIONS LOCKED IN ON ALVARO DE VARGAS! MACE IS DOWN ON THE OUTSIDE THANKS TO SCOTT!

Lance:

AND THIS CROWD IS GOING CRAZY! THIS HAS GOTTA BE IT!

Burns' Graps of Wrath II and Scott Stevens' Wrath of The Goddess are simultaneously locked on on de Vargas as Morrow freaks out on the outside! He holds out the broom and keeps yelling to hold on...

But he can't!

TAP TAP TAP!

The Faithful explode with cheers as the double submission pays off and Alvaro taps out!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match via submission... **SCOTT STEVENS AND "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

They did it! After a huge brawl that involved Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace trying to take the cheap win at the start, constant double-teams and a back and forth battle, it's Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens that triumph in our opener! The Team Graps Cap and Everyone's Favorite Texan get the win!

Lance:

And remember, Mace still has to wrestle tomorrow night, teaming with Jestal against the team of Mushigihara and Klein! What condition will the Damn Fine Pro Wrestler be in due to this?!

A bloodied Oscar Burns and a bloodied Scott Stevens now stand over a bloodied and beaten Alvaro de Vargas as he gets helped from the ring. Brain Slater raises the hands of the two former FIST of DEFIANCE. Scott eyeballs Oscar...

Scott Stevens:

I should kick your fucking ass right now for putting MY contract on the line without asking me.

Burns shrugs.

Oscar Burns:

You could... but we won, Scotty. So enjoy it.

There is no cordial handshaking between the two men who have torn each other limb from limb during their DEFIANCE tenures, but Scott simply enjoys the crowd reaction while Burns hops to the second turnbuckle and then slips slightly before pumping a fist in the air! Meanwhile on the ground, Morrow looks angry! He looks at his broom and then TOSSES it to the floor before storming off with Jack Mace as he helps Alvaro limp to the back. Mace shoots the two men in the ring one final hate-filled stare before he and a bloodied and limping Alvaro head to the back.

DDK:

Alvaro and Jack Mace are absolutely going to be two big stars to watch out for whether you like them or not, but tonight, Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns get the duke here at DEFCON!

Lance:

That was a massive gamble for Burns to take to get this match, for sure... but to get Tom Morrow out of their hair has to be pretty sweet!

DDK:

Morrow will manage two more matches tomorrow night... the one we mentioned earlier and that massive eight man tag tomorrow night when Uriel Cortez, Minute and the Saturday Night Specials take on Morrow's Lucky Sevens and The Stevens Dynasty... you have to wonder what Scott Stevens might think of his family siding with Morrow during this whole ordeal...

Scott Stevens unwraps his wrist tape and then basks in the victory of DEFCON while Burns throws both fists in the air, happy to have his confidence back after what has been a tumultuous five months. The two former rivals enjoy the spotlight as the scene heads back to the commentary station.

SHE'S INTO SUPERSTITIONS, BLACK CATS AND VODOO DOLLS

The scene switches to the backstage interview location, where Jamie Sawyers stands beside Gage Blackwood.

Sawyers looks like he's significantly going to struggle with what he's about to say.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage, up next it's you vs. Teresa Ames. As in Teresa Ames, your... wife?

Jamie wonders if he'll receive a punch in the side of the head, reminding The Scot what took place [near the end of DEFTv 152](#). Blackwood doesn't look pleased with the statement but knows he'll have to address it.

Gage Blackwood:

Annulment.

Blackwood stares a hole through the interviewer. An awkward silence bestows them before the former Southern Heritage Champion cracks his knuckles and continues.

Gage Blackwood:

Jamie, can you tell me what the hell I'm doing here? I didn't ask for any of this. I have not been the protagonist **or** the antagonist. I am not a stock, static, round OR dynamic character. I'm a pretty plain guy, unless I get angry of course. I had my sights set on mlkEy uNLiKeLy, 24K and the FIST of DEFIANCE. Instead, I walk by an unstable woman in a hallway and now I'm her possession. She has to have me!

Blackwood's face turns beet red.

Gage Blackwood:

I long for the day I fought you and David Hightower at DEFCON. That was my first big match. I ALMOST long for the day I wrestled Jay Harvey. And I fucking hate Jay Harvey. **And** I hardly swear, Jamie, so what does that tell you about the situation I find myself in? I fought Shooter Landell at my next DEFCON. Guy doesn't work here anymore. I beat his bloke ass and then he pummeled me all around the arena after. He put me on the shelf. THAT sounds like a better time than this. One day I'm battling for a shot in the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON and the next day, I'm married against my will? Had I known if I didn't defeat Scott Douglas this would've been my route instead... psycho woman, supported by a plethora of reckless clowns? Maybe I would have tried a little harder.

Blackwood pats Sawyers on the back, hard.

Gage Blackwood:

That's a joke, pal. I tried. I put it all on the line against Douglas and I failed. Is this my consolation prize?

Sawyers shrugs.

Gage Blackwood:

I have barely gotten a word in edgewise for MONTHS and the only reason I am able to now is because I'm nowhere near Gorilla. Who are the DEFcepticons? What am I watching on Screen 7? A Hallmark Movie?

Blackwood snatches Sawyers by the collar.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm tired, Jamie. I'm stuck in hell. Aye. On the bright side, if any one of these baw jugglers puts me in the hospital, I'll be able to get some rest.

Blackwood is about to walk away but he pulls back.

Gage Blackwood:

Mushigihara, a guy named Chris, Jay Harvey. Some of my most hated rivals.

Pause.

Gage Blackwood:

All replaced by Teresa, stunned cunt living rent free inside my head. Well, sweetheart, one of your partners, Cyrus Bates, broadcasts the counselling sessions he attends on DEFIANCE UNCUTS. In minutes it's not a quote-unquote "counselling session" but it's going to be our form of marriage mediation. Either way, win or lose...

Blackwood's voice trails off, until he smiles sadistically and looks straight into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

I want a divorce.

Gage nods to Jamie and exits to the left.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage Blackwood vs. Teresa Ames, next!

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. TERESA AMES w/ SOCIAL SUPPORT/BRIDAL PARTY: DEFcepticons, SCREEN 7, HALLMARK JOURNEY, THOMAS SLAINE & KYLE SHIELDS

The scene switches to Keebler and Warner and then the match graphic reading...

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. TERESA AMES with all thirteen of her social support network behind her.

Lance:

A glorified FOURTEEN-ON-ONE, Keebs, with Ames. Fourteen people against Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Plus Mark Shields will be the referee and he's incompetent.

Lance:

FIFTEEN! I haven't seen piling on like this since the internet!

DDK:

Well, look who Gage's opponent is.

Lance:

Good point.

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce to you the GUEST ring announcers for this match. They are the new BRAZEN tag team known as Jonthan-Christopher and Vickie Hall, THE HALLMARK JOURNEY!!!

["As Long as You Love Me" by The Backstreet Boys](#) plays on the PA as JC Hall and wife, Vickie, walk down arm in arm. They stop many, many times to kiss and tell each other how they feel about one another.

DDK:

Listen, I'm hyped for DEFCON but it is already two nights and we have plenty of matches to get through. Let's not make this 3 nights, okay guys?

The camera mic picks up some of the Hall's conversation to each other as they make their way down.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Baby, this night is so magical.

Vickie Hall:

Honey, am I magical? Gosh golly, sometimes I wonder with you.

Jonthan-Christopher blushes, seemingly rattled his wife is feeling bad right now.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Oh, girl, you mean the world to me. Absolutely. Every night and every day.

Vickie blushes again but this time it's a good blush.

Vickie Hall:

Awwwwwww sweetheart. Goosebumps when you tell me that.

Finally, The Hallmark's enter the ring and Darren gives them the mic. Even though Vickie is about to speak, they are

still wrapped up in each other's arms. JC Hall ensures his wife is properly encouraged while she speaks. He caresses her back the entire time.

Vickie Hall:

My goodness, this match is for one *fall* and boy did they ever!

Jonathan-Christoper smiles warmly, wrapped up in that feeling of love.

Vickie Hall:

Baby, I'm a little nervous right now, baby.

Jonathan-Christopher caresses Vickie's back harder.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Honey, my little scrumpskins, when I met you, my life changed forever. You transformed me. I know you have it in you to transform this crowd.

Vickie nods, slowly gaining confidence.

Vickie Hall:

Yes, thank you so much, baby.

Now it's Jonathan-Christopher Hall's turn to look a little down. Catching right on that her man is feeling insecure, she looks directly into his eyes.

Vickie Hall:

Hey.

JC tries to pull it together.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I love it when you say that.

The Faithful are HHHHHHAAAAATTTING all of this, if they weren't already.

DDK:

GET ON WITH THINGS!

Vickie Hall:

Baby, you have nothing to feel down about. I know you really need me. Do you want to talk about it?

Jonathan-Christopher's hands tremble as he takes a moment to stop rubbing his wife's back.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I think I can, yes, baby.

Vickie runs a hand through his hair.

Vickie Hall:

I'm here.

JC nods.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

It's just, when you went to get that morning coffee, you didn't answer any of my calls or texts for fifteen minutes. I was

so worried.

Vickie reassures her husband.

Vickie Hall:

I am so, so sorry. I was driving. I did pick up on the twentieth call, though.

A tear trickles down JC's face.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I know, baby, I know.

Darren Quimbey has to re-enter the ring and nudge the couple to get back on with the show.

Vickie Hall:

Right. Introducing first, at the sound stage, please welcome singer and performer NELLY FURTADO!!

The scene switches to Nelly Furtado with a band behind her. She greets the crowd and quickly works into her rendition of "Maneater".

♪ ["Maneater" by Nelly Furtado](#) ♪

*Everybody look at me, me
I walk in the door you start screaming
Come on, everybody what you here for?
Move your body around like a nympho*

From the entrance way, an [18th century litter](#), a human-powered transportation vehicle, is lifted from behind the massive DEFCON sign. It's jewel encrusted golden exterior is being carried by all four members of Screen 7, all five members of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, the DEFcepticons and Thomas Slaine. There are leashes around their necks, locked into place as handlebars of the litter rest across their shoulders and outstretched arms. The Faithful are quick to jeer (at Furtado's singing, too) but no one is inside the litter just yet.

*Everybody get your neck to crack around
All you crazy people, come on, jump around
I wanna see you all on your knees, knees
You either wanna be with me or be me (Come on, now)*

The scene goes back to Vickie Hall and husband, Jonathan-Christopher who hold each other tightly and gaze into one another's eyes. Darren Quimbey slips back into the ring for interruption #2, tapping the couple on the shoulder. Vickie remembers her duties.

Vickie Hall:

Oh. *[To JC Hall]* Sorry honey, one moment. *[To The Faithful]* Introducing first, weighing in at a weight definitely lower than Kristie Bellis... although she doesn't like to disclose where she's from because it's very personal information, it is, after all, DEFCON... so she is hailing from Joliet, Illinois! She is The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, the Queen *Bee* of the Ring, a Titaness if I do say so myself... THE GREATEST THING TO EVER HAPPEN TO JAY HARVEY and now THE GREATEST THING TO EVVVVER HAPPEN TO GAGE BLACKWOOD, she is MRS. GAGE BLACKWOOD, TERESA AMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMES!!!

*Maneater, make you work hard
Make you spend hard, make you want all of her love
She's a maneater, make you buy cars
Make you cut cards, make you fall real hard in love*

Vickie can't wait to fall back into her man's arms as they kiss while the lights dim and a single spotlight appears at the rafters. Teresa Ames descends in a tattered and torn off-black wedding robe, a dead flower halo around her forehead, a plethora of makeup (in all the wrong places), arms raised, eyes closed, head back, basking in the glory that all eyes are on HER as she slowly lowers from the ceiling and into the litter.

*She's a maneater, make you work hard
Make you spend hard, make you want all of her love
She's a maneater, make you buy cars
Make you cut cards, wish you never ever met her at all*

Vickie Hall:

The grandest entrance for the most luxurious Keyboard Queen!

Ames continues to be slowly lowered towards the litter. The carriage's retractable roof opens, revealing a red carpeted floor and golden throne for Mrs. Gage Blackwood.

*And when she walks, she walks with passion
When she talks, she talks like she can handle it
When she asks for something, boy, she means it
Even if you never ever see it*

*Everybody get your neck to crack around
All you crazy people come on, jump around
You doing anything to keep her by your side
Because she says she love you, love you long time (Come on, now)*

DDK:

Do you have any *comments* on this?

Lance:

No.

As Ames enters the litter, she unhooks herself from the straps and the DEFIANCE Corpse Bride stretches out her arms and legs, taking hold of a whip and cracking it across Screen 7's manager, "Horror" Hector Harris. The ten enhancement talents lift the litter and carry it down the massive DEFCON rampway. It's only then when Kyle Shields suddenly appears inside the litter, seemingly from out of nowhere or from under her dress. Regardless, he's there to feed Teresa Ames a vine of purple grapes. The Cute N QWERTY Gurl couldn't be loving the attention more if she tried.

All DEFcepticon, Screen 7 and Thomas Slaine sing the Maneater song along with Nelly Furtado as they carry the heavy vehicle towards the ring, marching to the beat of the music.

*Maneater, make you work hard
Make you spend hard, make you want all of her love
She's a maneater, make you buy cars
Make you cut cards, make you fall real hard in love*

*She's a maneater, make you work hard
Make you spend hard, make you want all of her love
She's a maneater, make you buy cars
Make you cut cards, wish you never ever met her at all*

Old man "Horror" Hector Harris is just fucking belting out of the lyrics, working on a heart attack as the litter is halfway down the extended rampway for the biggest crowd in DEFCON history to witness. Ames even takes a moment to stop eating grapes (using her whip to tell the group to "get a move on") standing and laughing maniacally while pointing at

her wedding ring.

Inside the ring, Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie are, yep, all over each other.

DDK:

One of the most obnoxious, yet prestigious entrances to a DEFCON match I've ever seen.

Ames collapses on her royal chair continuing to take vines of grapes from Kyle Shields while he flips through his phone to show her one of his newest get rich quick schemes, providing entertainment. "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers is struggling to maintain his balance on the front right side of the litter. Ames spits a grape out, snatches her whip and cracks him in the back. Rogers picks up the pace. On stage, Nelly Furtado's jiving away.

*Maneater, make you work hard
Make you spend hard, make you want all of her love
She's a maneater, make you buy cars
Make you cut cards, make you fall real hard in love*

DDK:

I wonder how much it cost to get Nelly Furtado.

Finally at the bottom of the rampway, the ten men lower the litter to the ground. Kyle Shields jumps out of the vehicle and opens the side door for Ames to walk out. She pretentiously raises her right hand, as Kyle takes hold of it to guide the Corpse Bride down the litter's staircase.

Once there, Ames nods to her social support/slave group and approaches the ring. Teresa's assistant, Jocelyne (seen in other wrestling circles) races down the DEFCON entrance with keys and starts handing them off for the ten "peasants" to unlock the leashes around their necks.

The Keyboard Queen gingerly walks up the steel steps and enters the ring between the bottom and middle rope. She takes off the dress, revealing corpse bride inspired ring gear, black and light blue, mixed with rips and holes.

*No, never ever met her at all (What you sayin', girl?)
You wish you never ever met her at all (What you sayin', girl?)
You wish you never ever met her at all (What you sayin', girl?)
You wish you never ever met her at all (Come on)*

*You wish you never ever met her at all
You wish you never ever met her at all
You wish you never ever met her at all
You wish you never ever met her at all*

DDK:

All the smoke and mirrors aside, Lance, this is going to be Teresa's biggest match by far in DEFIANCE.

Nelly Furtado finishes her song as Ames stands on the top turnbuckle to get a better view of the performance. Nelly smiles at Teresa while The Corpse Bride returns the gesture by blowing a kiss. Furtado seems confused but assumes it was likely in fun (it wasn't) so she smiles again. Jocelyne races up the ramp in hopes to snag an autograph from the pop star.

Screen 7, DEFcepticons, Thomas Slaine and Kyle Shields all take their places around the outside of the ring.

Lance:

Unofficial lumberjacks?

DDK:

Who knows.

Darren Quimbey has to enter the ring FOR A THIRD TIME in order to nudge Vickie Hall out of her “love trance” with Jonathan-Christopher.

Vickie Hall:

Right, gotcha. And her opponent... the LOVING HUSBAND TO TERESA AMES, the international man of mystery, from HISTORIC DEVINE EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, he is GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ “The King of the Highlands” by Antti Martikainen ♪

Blackwood’s theme isn’t five-seconds in and immediately he appears, FULL SPRINT down the rampway. He finds DEFcepticon member Septimus Tyne right as the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion turns around to see what the ruckus is.

WHAM!

And clotheslines Tyne inside-out! Sep’s head ricochets off the end of the rampway and The Faithful BOOM upon the sight of it! Seeing the impact of the maneuver, DEFcepticon’s Starscreams shouts from anxiety and runs himself square into the ring post, knocking him out!

Blackwood annihilates Screen 7’s Alan Goldstein with a knee strike that sends Goldstein into the first row of fans! Next, Blackwood crushes Thomas Slaine with a headbutt and takes Slaine’s pair of scissors, stabbing him in the side of the leg!

DDK:

Blackwood is NOT wasting a second!!!

By now, everyone else has caught on to Gage’s plan and race towards The Scot.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE YA FILTHY BAW JUGGLERS!

Fearless, Blackwood is sucked into the flock and wildly wields his arms and legs around, seeing who he can take down in the process while Teresa screams from inside the ring.

Teresa Ames:

GET HIM! GET MY BLOOD SUCKING HUSBAND!

Blackwood kicks Al Sparks in the chest. He elbows Kyle Shields in the back of the head. He takes old man “Horror” Hector Harris and tosses him into the guardrail.

DDK:

Gage has used the element of surprise and I can’t believe I’m saying this... HE HAS A FIGHTING CHANCE!

The social support do get their shots in, however, Blackwood is swift enough to start moving away when he knows the numbers game will catch up. The former SOHER races to the other side of the ring, seeing Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie Hall in warm embrace #345.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Baby, you are my engine. You are my soul. You make my- MOTHER FUCKER AAAHHHHHH!!!

WHAM!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD SPEARED BOTH JC AND VICKIE THROUGH THE GUARDRAIL!

On auto pilot, Blackwood stands and screams into the rafters as The Faithful rally along! Inside the ring, Teresa Ames is having a full on MELTDOWN!

The Noble Raider looks over to her and scorns. Ames knows she's in trouble.

Blackwood slowly marches up the steel steps. The remaining members of the social support team don't dare go near him now.

Gage Blackwood:

Hag.

Ames backtracks into a corner as Blackwood enters the ring. Gage looks at referee Mark Shields and tells him to ring the bell.

DING DING

Blood seeping from the trademark scar on his forehead, likely from cutting it open when he put The Hallmark Journey through the guardrail, Gage Blackwood seethes for his opponent and "wife".

DDK:

Blackwood has EVEN odds! Vegas, Vegas, it's time to change my bet!

Ames pulls at her hair and tattered outfit.

Teresa Ames:

You MADE me do this, Gage. We were going to be the everything of DEFIANCE! Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie Hall have NOTHING on the love we would have had for each other, you lathered up scab!

Blackwood methodically makes his way towards her. Not phased.

Teresa Ames:

When I first saw you, I HAD to have you. Had to. Do you know what that's like, honey? To want someone that badly? Forget 24K. Forget the FIST. You have ME. MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. I'm a professional baw juggler for crying out loud!

The rage builds within Teresa. She stands upright from her corner but doesn't move out of it yet.

Teresa Ames:

But that wasn't good enough, was it? MY LOVE wasn't good enough for you? Ungrateful. Pathetic. Sad. I am hurt.

Ames takes a step forward, meeting Blackwood face-to-face. Suddenly, Gage hears something behind him and it's now clear as to why Teresa's found a rush of confidence. Nevertheless, it's too late to do anything about it.

DDK:

Blackwood turns right into a pump kick from Berry Chernobyl!

The Screen 7 member rolls out of the ring as referee Mark Shields was being distracted by his brother, Kyle Shields, who's recovering from his bump.

Ames begins her attack. She mounts Blackwood, scratching and clawing at his face and neck. Blackwood tries to

cover up but he's a lot more injured from the subsequent beating he delivered (and received) from Teresa's social support network.

The Faithful are hot as Ames pulls Blackwood off the mat only to drive an elbow into his temple and goes on the cat-like attack once more. Gage tries for the ropes but he's struggling. Ames is relentless, screaming and crying the entire time. Her mascara instantly runs.

Mark Shields finally checks on the action but he's distracted yet again, this time from DEFcepticon HOSS Megan Kron, who gives Mark her number. DEFcepticon Ryan Knox enters the ring and drags Gage Blackwood into a corner while the transaction between Kron and Shields takes place.

DDK:

Big splash by the large tank of a man, Ryan Knox!

A wobbly Blackwood is about to fall face-first on the canvas but not before Teresa hits him with a impaler killswitch DDT. Ames hooks a leg and Kron tells Mark to make a count.

Mark Shields:

Oh right.

He slides into position.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

An irate Teresa pounds the mat and screams at Mark. The referee, however, tries to explain he got Megan's phone number so it's all good and no worries.

DDK:

Ames takes hold of Blackwood and looks for a double arm DDT but Blackwood lifts her up instead and hits a backdrop! Blackwood bounces off the ropes-

Wham.

DDK:

Gage gets kicked in the back, from the outside!

Lance:

Berry Chernobyl again!

DDK:

Berry's likely the most "legitimate" guy in Teresa's social support network. His moves look like they really pack a punch!

Blackwood stumbles off the ropes and into a swinging arm DDT by Ames! She makes a second cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd is alive at the sight of the kickout! Ames is definitely not loving the support they show for her "husband". She claws at Blackwood and spits outside the ring. Furious she hasn't got the match won yet, the Stage 5 Clinger's lack of patience takes over. She ascends to the top rope.

DDK:

Blackwood races to meet her up there and arm drags Teresa all the way across the squared circle!

Ames gets to a knee, Blackwood sprints in...

DDK:

Gaelic Storm MISSED!

Lance:

Because Ames was pulled out of the ring by Gilbert Rogers!

Breathing heavily, Blackwood mouths off and slingshots himself up and over the top rope, crashing into Rogers, Ames and the rest of the social support that wasn't knocked out from earlier. (Tyne is being attended to by EMTs and The Hallmark Journey haven't budged.)

DDK:

Blackwood takes hold of Ames and throws her back into the ring.

But before Gage re-enters, he finds Berry Chernobyl.

SLAM!

Gage runs him shoulder-first into the steel steps!

This gives Ames just enough time to recover, bounce off the far ropes and then make a suicide dive, into Gage's outstretched arms!

DDK:

Blackwood catches her!

Piledriver.

Ames' head bounces off the padded floor as Blackwood throws her into the ring, jumps on the apron and then shoots himself over the top rope. He latches onto Ames.

Snap suplex.

Hanging vertical suplex.

Rolling release suplex.

DDK:

Blackwood with The Scottish Trinity. He has The Faithful buzzing!

The former SOHER screams at the massive crowd as he drags The Cute N QWERTY Gurl to her feet.

DDK:

Running powerslam! Gage hooks the leg!

ONE.

TWO.

Mark is pulled out of the ring by his younger brother.

Kyle Shields:

Hey, bro, what the fuck is up?

Mark nods like Kyle's behaviour was totally acceptable.

Mark Shields:

Nothing man, just fucking reffing. What about yo-

DDK:

BLACKWOOD WITH A SPLASH ON THE OUTSIDE! He takes both Kyle and Mark down!

Lance:

It's all out! Throw the rulebook away... throw out everything! Like I said earlier, FIFTEEN-ON-ONE!

Blackwood pulls himself off the mat while skinny Alan Goldstein returns from the crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

Let's put you back there, aye.

Blackwood launches Alan into The Faithful!

Standing upright, hands on his hips, Blackwood looks around at the carnage. Every single one of Teresa's social support is down, out or barely recovering.

Gage eyes the ring and sees Ames, in her trainwreck status, getting to a knee.

Blackwood smirks and re-enters the squared circle. He positions himself quickly behind his "wife".

And drops her on her head.

DDK:

Vicious release German suplex by Blackwood!

Lance:

I don't believe I'm saying this but Gage has control of the match. Literally, EVERYONE else is down... including Teresa!

Blackwood crushes Ames with a lager bomb and then props her up for The Royal Tattoo.

DDK:

STIFF missile dropkick connects to Ames' head.

Blackwood screams into the dazed Comments Section member's face before he props her up one more time and takes to the ropes.

DDK:

Gaelic Storm! Blackwood has the cover!

Lance:

RIGHT! There's no referee!

Working through his rage, Blackwood clues back in. He took Mark Shields out only moments ago. Blackwood drops Ames' leg and marches around the ring, wondering what to do next seeing as there's no referee in sight.

DDK:

Gage let his anger get the better of him. Although, I can't blame him. He's likely not even in this position, with a chance to win right now, had he gone at this match any other way.

Lance:

It's a testament to Blackwood's strategy. He's wrecked everyone. Systematically destroyed Teresa's social support one at a time.

Blackwood leans down and rips the faux engagement ring from Teresa's dainty hand. He wastes no time throwing it into the crowd. Then he hits Ames with The Midlothian Hangover.

DDK:

I don't think Teresa's going anywhere.

Blackwood exits the ring to check on Mark Shields. The referee isn't moving. Wondering what to do next, ref Benny Doyle comes flying out from behind the DEFCON entrance letters. The crowd pops upon seeing this as Doyle is halfway there when The Scot rolls into the ring, hooking his "wife's" leg.

DDK:

C'MON BENNY! LET'S GO!!

CRASH!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers bulldozed Benny Doyle into the guardrail!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackwood fumes as he walks over to the apron, shouting at Rogers to come try him. The morbidly obese kid from Screen 7 stands in a trance looking back at Blackwood, his massive gut hanging out of his black spandex suit. By now, Blackwood's moved from anger to amusement at the ridiculous numbers stacked against him.

Lance:

No matter what Gage is gonna do, there's someone who will recover fast enough to help Teresa. For Christ sake, there's fourteen others helping her!

DDK:

Only Tyne and The Hallmarks have remained down this entire time.

Lance:

And don't look now, Keebs...

Teresa slowly pulls herself together on the canvas as Gage Blackwood continues to tell Gilbert Rogers to take it to him. Meanwhile, one of the two EMTs checking on Septimus Tyne has moved over to provide attention to referee Benny.

DDK:

Blackwood, behind you. Behind you!

The crowd is trying to warn Gage Blackwood. He finally turns.

Into CTRL+ALT+ ASLEEP-

DDK:

Olympic slam by Blackwood! The Scot was playing possum!

Mark Shields rolls into the ring, slowly. Gilbert Rogers decides now is a good time to make his way there, too but he doesn't move fast. Not even close!

DDK:

MARK, COUNT! COUNT THE THREE!

ONE.

TWO.

PULLED OUT OF THE RING BY MEGAN KRON.

Blackwood immediately dropkicks Kron in the side of the head through the top and middle rope. He takes the amazonian woman and runs her into Gilbert Rogers' chest. Both fall, Kron on top of the horror geek.

Looking for his "wife," Gage locates her struggling to walk away to find more social supporters. As Blackwood turns the corner on the floor, he's crushed with a shot similar to the one Gage hit on Tyne. Instead, he's on the receiving end from an Al Sparks BRAZEN Tag Championship belt to the skull!

Panting, Ames tells Sparks to roll Blackwood in the ring. He does as a very unsteady Comments Section member works her way to the top rope, with help from recovered "Horror" Hector Harris and Kyle Shields.

DDK:

Ames is perched on the top rope, waiting for Blackwood to turn around.

Once he does, Ames flies into Blackwood's arms.

DDK:

He catches her! Fallaway slam!

The Faithful rally cry throughout the stadium as Blackwood races towards Ames with a punt kick-

Reversed into a cradle and pin by Teresa!

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Lance:

Starscream pulled **Mark Shields** out of the ring!

Immediate regret crosses Starscream's face, knowing he messed up big time because *AMES* was pinning *BLACKWOOD*. The Cute N QWERTY Gurl gets to her feet and is wrathful. It's no wonder Starscream is considered the most incompetent DEFcepticons of them all.

DDK:

You get what you pay for, Teresa.

Teresa Ames:

YOU NIMROD! You've traumatized me! I don't think I can ever forgive-

Thump.

Ames backs right into Blackwood's chest.

BLACKWOOD!

BLACKWOOD!

BLACKWOOD!

Gage spins Teresa around and drops her with another brainbuster. He lifts her onto her knees and hits the ropes.

DDK:

Hector Harris trips up Gage from the apron!

But in one fluent motion, Gage turns around and tosses Harris into the ring.

DDK:

Gaelic Storm!

Thomas Slaine enters the ring next.

DDK:

Gaelic Storm!

Al Sparks.

Same fate.

DDK:

Gaelic Storm!

The Faithful are worked into a frenzy as Blackwood rages around the ring, egging on anyone else who's on their feet to find him. Note: No one is left standing. (Starscream ran himself into the ring post again after he screwed up.)

Teresa stands and that's it.

The only one Gage doesn't see.

DDK:

CTRL+ ALT+ ASLEEP!

Lance:

DAMN.

Ames hooks the leg and Mark Shields slides back into the ring.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The air is let out of the arena as "Maneater" blares on the PA and Ames raises her hands while rolling onto her back. If The Hallmark Journey weren't injured, they'd be announcing the winner right now. Darren Quimbey doesn't do it for the sake of being attacked online afterward by any one of these keyboard warriors Teresa's entrusted.

Teresa Ames:

I DID IT ALL BY MYSELF!

DDK:

Robbery! Absolutely robbery!

Lance:

Honestly, Keebs, we shouldn't be surprised. The odds were impossible.

DDK:

I guess this is a credit to how well Gage fought, making it seem like he could pull it off.

Ames rests on her knee and DEMANDS Mark Shields raise her hand. The Queen BEE of the Ring and Leading Lady of DEFIANCE (whatever, Lindsay Troy and Elise Ares, get bent) stands tall in the center of the ring with a chorus of boos reigning down upon her. She had planned to put her foot on top of Blackwood's chest but realizes he's not there anymore.

And The Faithful are cheering.

DDK:

Blackwood taps Ames on the shoulder... sidewalk slam!

Blackwood spouts off to the crowd after all the shit he's had to deal with. The spectators clamors for one more Gaelic Storm. Blackwood props Ames up and hits the ropes.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!

Blackwood connects with one so devastating, it not only sends spit out of Ames' mouth and into the stands, but it sends Blackwood flipping head-over-heels and crashing to the mat in the process.

Lance:

Win or lose, she got what's coming-

Blackwood isn't done. He snatches Ames' lifeless body and throws her out of the ring. There, Berry Chernobyl is the only one who shows some signs of life, so Blackwood grabs him by his Scream mask and runs him right into the 18th century litter, breaking the side door in the process.

Gage Blackwood: *[To Teresa Ames]*

Let's have our honeymoon.

DDK:

Blackwood is taking Teresa IN the litter...

*THUMP.***DDK:**

A SICK looking package piledriver!

Ames' head bounces off the floor of the litter. Blackwood finds the leftover grapevines and throws them into the crowd before eating one himself and spitting it back onto Teresa. The Scot fumes as he shoves Ames out of the vehicle and proceeds to rip the insides of it apart with his bare hands.

Royal throne? Destroyed.

Jewel encrusted cabinet? Punctured.

Convertible roof? Redacted.

Blackwood's going full on rage mode (or Gage mode) and The Faithful eat it up as he does.

And then, for some reason or another, the always angry and disgruntled Screen 7 manager or "critic", "Horror" Hector Harris stands in front of the litter. He's barely hanging on to life from the previous Gaelic Storm but is making his presence felt.

And working on that heart attack.

"Horror" Hector Harris:

You're PATHETIC, Gage. Your one-dimensional, useless mean streak is nothing more than a BLATANT RIP OFF of every other wrestler that tries to be cool. You're a JOKE. You're no Oscar Burns. You're no Cayle Murray. YOU'RE NOT EVEN A DEX JOY. The worst thing to ever happen to DEFIANCE since that vanilla snollygoster JAY FUCKING HAR-

Blackwood hops off the apron, takes the fifty-one-year-old man by the arm and hip tosses him into AND THROUGH the bottom of the litter, breaking it completely!

And for good measure, seeing Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie Hall FINALLY getting to their feet with help from an EMT way down at the opposite side of the ring, Blackwood sprints to the squared circle, around the corner and has a full-fledged 40-yard dash full of steam.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall: *[to wife, Vickie]*

Honey, are you okay, darling? I will hold you- HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

CRASSSSSH!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD SPEARS THEM AGAIN!! THROUGH ANOTHER PART OF THE GUARDRAIL!

All three are down as The Faithful continue their support for the carnage they've witnessed. Momentarily, Blackwood pulls himself up, hands on hips, walking past the laid out bodies around him. As he gets back to the litter, he sees Teresa struggling on a hand and knee. He pushes her in the side of the head as she falls back down. Blackwood storms up the DEFCON rampway.

DDK:

I don't think I've ever seen anything like this.

Lance:

Ames may have won the match but when I look back years from now, I'm not so sure I'll remember it that way.

More EMTs make their way down, enough to tend to all fourteen remaining, hurting individuals. Meanwhile, Mark Shields stands in the ring, twiddling his thumbs.

The scene switches back to Gage. Upon reaching the top of the rampway, the camera swings to the front of The Scot, who has his back turned to the massacre left in his wake. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and then vanishes behind the DEFCON letters.

FIRST ENCOUNTER

The scene switches to the backstage area as Conor Fuse, in full ring gear strolls along, pumping himself up for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championship match. It doesn't take long, however, for The Ultimate Gamer to come to a screeching halt. There's someone off-camera in front of him and Fuse's jaw hits the floor.

Conor Fuse:

My. God. (of war).

He begins, fumbling words before he pulls it together. Kinda.

Conor Fuse:

I have, like, so many questions for you. You're amazing, unreal, something out of a children's movie!

The person on the other end of this so far one-sided conversation cannot be seen as Fuse leans in closer, trying to make sure no one else eavesdrops.

Conor Fuse:

Don't tell my big bro but I think you're the most awesome possum DEFIANT ever!!

Playful, childlike, eyes glistening as he rocks back and forth while anxiously awaiting this individual's response... the camera finally turns.

Henry Keyes.

Keyes is actively taking a deep pull from a small leather-covered flask. Satisfied, he returns it to a compartment in his APPARENTLY-OPEN~?! leather arm brace and snapping the whole apparatus shut. His short Plague Doctor Friend appears to be helping him with some sort of huge special entrance coat or jacket for tonight's huge matchup with Rezin - upon seeing Conor Fuse, the jacket is quickly shuffled out of frame to avoid spoiling a potential "moment".

Henry Keyes:

...“awesome possum”?

Conor nods frantically but it seems like he's having a hard time hearing Keyes because there's so much going on inside Conor's own head.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, do you really have an airship? Can you take me on it? Is it a hot air balloon filled with helium or regular air? Can I help add more air to the hot air balloon? Is the air actually hot or does it eventually cool down? Are you familiar with Teddy Ruxpin because I get such unreal Grubby vibes from you? I'm a little too young for Teddy Ruxpin myself but I've watched a lot of the old episodes on YouTube and he is just full of blissful adventure and-

Breathe, Conor, breathe.

Henry's eyes are WIDE at this fanboy word vomit, before chuckling and stopping Conor's rambling with a big hand clasp to the shoulder.

Henry Keyes:

Friend, uh...I'm a little busy at the moment. My match is literally NEXT, and I don't think I have the amount of time I need to give you the Fullest Answers you're looking for - but I have an idea! You're the Gamesman around here, yeah?

Conor nods. A lot.

Conor Fuse:

Yessir! That's me, pop'n'fresh! I play everything. The classics: NES, SNES, 64, PlayStation 1. The new wave:

PlayStation 5, Xbox and Switch. The unmentionables: *[leaning in close, hoping the camera won't pick him up again]* Virtual Boy, Dreamcast *[and leaning back out]* and the super retro: Fairchild Channel F, Bally Astrocade and 1292 Advanced Programmable Video System.

Keyes couldn't keep up if he tried.

Henry Keyes:

I don't know what state I'll be in after this No Holds Barred ordeal with Rezin - I might need some uh, "medicinal patchwork", as it were. But assuming I'm not in any death throes after I'm done fighting, I want you to find my friend here. I think you two may bond.

The short Plague Doctor reaches deep into his robes and pulls out a bone-white Game Boy Color and a Link Cable and gives a few little hops and excited nods. It's hard to tell for sure, but with the distinctive color of the cartridge, betting money is that he's got Pokemon Red locked in. A tiny voice that may have come from the Plague Doctor if we could see his mouth excitedly exclaims "SQUIRTLE!". Keyes gives a big ol' hearty pat to Conor's sternum.

Henry Keyes:

Awesome Blossom!

Keyes turns and leaves. Conor contemplates Henry's last words, pressing his thumbs together.

Conor Fuse:

Awesome... blossom.

And makes the exploding head hand gesture.

NO HOLDS BARRED: HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN

DDK:

Coming up next, fans, we have one of the most highly anticipated matches of this monumental DEFCON event... the ultimate "punk rock" showdown between "The Escape Artist" REZIN and "The Airship Pirate" HENRY KEYES!

Lance:

I'm excited, Keebs... we're finally going to see these two go at!

DDK:

Same here, Lance! This has been brewing ever since DEFIANCE Road, when Rezin scored the pinfall on Keyes, earning a hard-fought victory for the Kabal over some of the greatest DEFIANTS to ever grace the ring.

DDK:

Indeed, and yet in spite of that short-coming, Keyes has been determined to settle the score, and has displayed what can only be called a heroic amount of patience as he endured Rezin's insane antics week after week.

DDK:

Will tonight be the steampunk superstar's chance at redemption, or will the nefarious "Goat Bastard" deny him the chance? Let's go to the ring and find out!

The lights fade out...

♪ "Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki ♪

As atonal, dreadful music blares through the PA, the DEFIAtron blurs through a series of flash cuts showing several images depicting scenes of chaos: Mushroom clouds, burning buildings, time-lapse footage of decaying animals, people rioting in the streets.

Then all at once, the music and footage cut, leaving the Lakefront Arena in blackened silence.

Through the void, feedback fades in...

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

Flood lamps light up the stage, revealing the entry-way obscured within a cloud of billowing SMOKE. The silhouette of a man struts through the haze, and the moment the riff hits like a gutshot, the house lights pop on to reveal REZIN, flanked by two streams of wet black sludge cascading down the DEFIAtron and pooling around his feet.

"LET'S SEE HOW LOW I CAN GOOOOO!"

"I'M GONNA SINK THIS SHIP DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!"

"EVERYONE ALREADY KNOOOOWS!"

"STAND BACK! WATCH ME DROWN! DROWN! DROWN!"

DDK:

Ugh... who is going to clean that mess up!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following is a no holds barred contest set for one fall! Introducing first, REAP-resenting the Kabal... he hails from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the ESCAPE ARTIST... RRRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin at the top of the ramp for several moments, grinning with sinister intent as he scans over the jeering Faithful and soaks in the hate. He then takes his first step down the ramp...

And slips in the sludge.

Lance:

Whoops!

Before he can react, Rezin is sent careening headfirst out of control down the slime-soaked rampway like a Slip-n-slide.

"I'VE SEEN ALL I WANT TO BE NOW!

"I'VE LISTENED TO THE LIES!

"LORD I'M READY TO TAKE MY PLACE!

"SMEARED OUT ACROSS THE SKY!"

He eventually skids to a stop at ringside and groggily gets to his feet. He sees that he's now covered head to toe in sticky black tar, and his scowl finds the camera as the Faithful enjoy a good laugh at his expense.

"UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN LANGUAGE!

"UNSEEN BY PRYING EYES!

"SAIL OUT INTO THE DARKNESS!

"I'M FINALLY ALIVE!!"

Nonplussed, but not about to let his day be ruined, Rezin slaps his chest a few times and accepts it.

Rezin:

FUGGIT, I DON'T CARE!! I am ONE with the filth! Still cleaner than YOU SCUM!!

Lance:

Keebs, is it "punk rock" to wrestle a match slathered in tar?

DDK:

I don't know, but I do know it's damn disgusting.

Rezin slowly walks a lap around the ring, milking every minute he can out of the song while staring down the ringside Faithful and stoking as much heat as he can. The fans boo and jeer with contempt, but it only seems to add fire to the unstable glint in his bulging eyes.

"YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH MY SKIN!

"YOU CAN SEE IT ALL, UNCLEAN!

"YES I KNOW THEY LOVE A WINNER!

"YES I KNOW I CAN BE SO MEAN!

"I NEVER LEARNED THE LANGUAGE!

"FOREVER AN AMPUTEE!

"ROLL ME OUT INTO THE WATER!

"I SINK! I'M GONE! I'M FREEEEE!!"

Rezin finally slides under the ropes and crawls on his hands and knees to the center of the ring, where he proceeds to somersault to his feet and snarls into the crowd with his arms outstretched in the classic J-C pose. The Faithful give him what for...

"BOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

What an absolutely repulsive human being...

Lance:

You're right about that, Keebs. But you can't deny that he radiates a certain kind of charisma.

DDK:

He's a rising star, to be sure, but he's also one of the most vile, vindictive, and chaotic wrestlers I've ever seen grace the DEFIANCE ring!

The house lights cut.

...

On the DEFIatron, we see a shot of what looks like an open field during sunset, and we see the faintest silhouette of what can only be described as a blimp balloon tethered above an enormous boat as a dark shadow WAY in the distance against the evening sky; far enough away that we can't see any detail at all.

In the arena, a spotlight from the ceiling flips on, and we see a tall lanky Plague Doctor with phenomenally long bushy blond curly hair that his get-up cannot hope to contain, wielding a bone-white Fender and standing next to a possibly-300-pound Big Boy Plague Doctor in front of an upright bass drum.

THUMP. THUMP, THUMP-THUMP.
THUMP. THUMP, THUMP-THUMP.

♪ “Procession” by Queen ♪

The guitarist channels early-70s Brian May as best he can. A few fans in the crowd pull out their cell phones, flashlights on, and sway to the beat. We see figures on the DEFIAtron marching down the field from the shadowy silhouette in the distance. As they get closer, the figures are all black-robed, all wearing Plague Doctor masks, and all in lock-step to the music. Some carry treasure chests, some carry unused weaponry from the DEFtv Weapons Match between Keyes and Rezin from weeks ago; four strong-looking Doctors seem to be holding corners of interlocking poles supporting a cushiony red velvet platform and a large, crude, sturdy-looking but noticeably empty oaken chair.

The guitar riffs continue until the platform reaches the front of the field, covering the camera lens completely.

Curly Blond Doctor and Big Boy Doctor stop and the arena goes black once again.

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR~::~

ARENA-FILLING BEACONS OF RED~~~

♪ “Airship Pirate” by Abney Park ♪

The arena goes to their very loud happy place at the sight of what emerges - the four Plague Doctors with the steampunky Egyptian Litter are carrying the same platform from DEFIatron with Henry Keyes seated upon his makeshift wooden throne. His ring gear looks surprisingly typical for him - red work pants, white A-shirt, suspenders, goggles on his forehead, leather arm brace - with the notable addition of a simple navy blue denim duster jacket and a very tall navy-and-red-striped top hat, both of which which Keyes is noticeably pleased to be wearing.

Darren Quimbey:

[illegible]

The four Plague doctors set the litter down on the ramp and Keyes rises. They remove the denim duster, hat, and goggles for Henry after he stretches out his arms. After taking a second to look upon the significantly-larger-than-normal crowd and soak this moment in, he takes a deep breath, steels himself, and takes powerful strides towards the ring, doing his best to avoid the spots of tar speckling the path.

Lance:

My god, did you see how many Plague Doctors there were on the screen??

DDK:

Makes you wonder what could've happened if Keyes chose a different path when Rezin challenged him to the Gang War! Not to mention - those guys are better musicians than they are dancers!

Lance:

We mentioned this before, but it's worth saying again - I don't know how many wrestlers in DEFIANCE could have exercised the amount of restraint shown by Keyes over the last few months. He made it clear on the very FIRST DEFtv after DEFIANCE Road, all he wanted was a one-on-one scrum with Rezin!

DDK:

And typical of the Kabal, when they have something you want? They're never going to let you have it, at least not easily! Pardon my French, but Rezin has really become The Bullshit Artist in my mind. Keyes stepped up week after week, and it was never enough for Rezin!

Lance:

But you can't keep a Pirate from his booty forever, and I suspect we're about to see a WAR!

DING DING

Keyes and Rezin take powerful strides towards each other - Keyes reaches back to deliver an immediate big right, but before he can swing forward, Rezin simply smears his tar-covered hand down Keyes' face, neck, and chest, leaving a big black stripe.

OHHHHHHHHH!

Rezin cackles at this and ducks a wild haymaker from Keyes, following up with a couple of quick peppering jabs! Keyes accepts these blows and barrels forward like a dad, mad at his misbehaving puppy, and grabs Rezin by the scruff! He throws Rezin into the corner!

Lance:

Keyes is LAYING INTO REZIN here, and listen to the crowd erupt!

DDK:

This is LOOOOOONG overdue!

After a series of rights and lefts to the abdomen, Keyes wraps up Rezin's head and drops him with a running bulldog! Before either man can get vertical, Keyes sinks in deeper and grabs a rear naked choke! Rezin is bug-eyed as he frantically kicks his legs out, finally slipping through Keyes' grasp (likely with the aid of that tar, which is now all over Keyes' arms). Rezin scrambles to his feet quickly and throws a thrust kick at Keyes, who dodges and grabs Rezin's extended leg, flipping him up in the air! Rezin SOMEHOW lands on his feet, only to crash to the ground when Keyes delivers a thunderous lariat! Keyes goes for a quick cover, but Rezin escapes at one.

DDK:

Keyes is just SMACKING Rezin here, but he's a slippery little noodle!

Lance:

...hey Keebs.

DDK:

Yeah?

Lance:

Looking at Rezin right now, would you say he's...squid ink pasta?

DDK:

...hey Lance.

Lance:

Yeah?

DDK:

Squid Ink Pasta is the most Punk Rock pasta I can possibly imagine.

Rezin is clearly a little dazed here, and Keyes ragdolls him around by the head and neck a bit before locking in an Abdominal Stretch! Rezin shakes his head frantically!

Rezin:

TAPPING OUT ISN'T PUNK ROCK!

Henry Keyes:

IT'S OVER, REZIN! I HAVE THE HIGH GROUND!

Rezin's eyes go WIDE at this comment in disbelief as he cranks his neck towards Keyes' face to confirm he heard him right. Keyes uses his free right arm to grasp Rezin in the ribcage HARD, squeezing with all his might, and Rezin's agony is apparent on his face before he shakes his head again and regains a frenetic composure.

Rezin:

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY POWER!

Rezin SOMEHOW finds the leverage and hip-pivot angle to sling Keyes forward and plant him on his back. Rezin clutches his ribs for the briefest moment before mounting Keyes' chest and throwing sharp right hands straight to the mush! Keyes weathers the blows as best he can before shoving Rezin off.

Lance:

These two came out the gate HOT! Both are eager to prove they are the better man in this battle!

DDK:

I've got to point out here - these men have been punking each other out week after week after week. Mindgames GALORE, Lance, and they definitely aren't stopping now!

Lance:

There was a while there where I thought MAYBE the whole Punk Wars thing was all a goof, but Rezin and Keyes are attacking each other with FEROCITY! It's clear to me that if this was ever a joke, these two men aren't in on it!

Rezin goes for a speedy lock-up as the two men regain their balance, and Keyes quickly slips behind and locks in a Full Nelson! Keyes uses his significant size and strength advantage to really cinch in the hold - Carla Ferrari asks Rezin how he's doing, and Rezin just spits an awful glob in her face to a smattering of boos. Ferrari stumbles backwards and signals to the timekeeper to get her a towel to clear this awful sludgy goop out of her face - meanwhile, Keyes has lifted Rezin while holding onto the Full Nelson and begins swinging him around!

"RAHHHHHH!!!"

After a dozen swings, Keyes brings him back to earth, still grasping onto that Full Nelson submission hold. Ferrari has regained her vision, though her face is noticeably grosser than it was before.

Henry Keyes:

DON'T TRY IT!

Rezin's right leg snaps back...

“BOOOOOOOO!!”

DDK:

Rezin with the LOW BLOW! That BASTARD!!

Lance:

That was out of pure desperation! But unfortunately, it's perfectly legal in a no holds barred match!

Keyes, stunned, drops to his knees in agony, and after shaking out his shoulders and neck, Rezin capitalizes with a few blatant punches to the temple to put him the rest of the way to the mat. Back on his feet, the snarling Goat Bastard follows up with some punishing stomps boot Keyes around the ring.

DDK:

And now the tide is turning as Rezin puts the boots to Henry Keyes, and the Airship Pirate can only cover up at this point!

Lance:

Rezin can be absolutely relentless in these situations!

DDK:

Rezin finally reaches down and grabs Keyes by the head, and throws him over the bottom rope... and now he's blatantly CHOKING HIM as he pushes down with both legs into the back!

Lance:

A rope break can't save Henry Keyes from this predicament!

Keyes' legs kick frantically as Rezin holds onto the top rope for leverage. The Goat Bastard wears a dastardly grin as he taunts the ringside Faithful. Finally Keyes pushes with all his strength to knock the fiend from his back, but is left lying there exposed as he tries to catch his breath.

DDK:

Keyes forces his way out, but Rezin isn't going to let him! He pulls Keyes into position, hooks the leg... and posts his OWN legs up on the second rope as he makes the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes POWERS OUT once again, but Rezin didn't make it easy!

Lance:

Rezin is taking full advantage of the stipulations at this point. And that makes him doubly dangerous.

Rezin gets to his feet first and catches the winded Henry Keyes with a knee strike to the temple before picking him and dumping him into the corner. The Goat Bastard proceeds to lay into him with wild rights and lefts, cackling with every blow.

DDK:

Rezin now has Keyes trapped in the corner, barraging him with a flurry of punches with now end! Henry finally shoves him right off... but Rezin rolls to his feet and POUNCES on him yet again before he can get out of there!

Lance:

Without rope breaks, he's constantly putting Henry into situations where he's been forced to expend valuable strength to break loose. That could seriously affect his chances at victory as this match goes on.

DDK:

Henry Keyes, still taking those lefts and rights... but wait, he reaches up and grabs Rezin by the THROAT, and WALKS to the middle of the ring... DOUBLE-HAND CHOKESLAM by the Airship Pirate, finally giving himself a second to breathe!

Rezin hits the mat HARD and takes a roll in the direction of the ropes. Keyes sees his chance to turn this around as he crawls after Rezin, who in turn is crawling to the edge of the ring, still lost in a daze. Rezin gets ahold of the bottom rope... but Keyes snatches his foot. The Faithful cheer!

Lance:

Rezin was feeling the momentum turn and tried to get out of the ring, but he's going to have a hard time now!

DDK:

Henry Keyes, brimming with determination, taking ahold of BOTH legs and gets back to his feet! He's trying to pull Rezin back, but the Goat Bastard has a hold on that bottom rope in a death grip!

Lance:

The Escape Artist can't get away from this one as--oh, WAIT!

DDK:

Rezin suddenly RELEASES the bottom rope, and the unsuspecting Henry Keyes inadvertently pulls him into a wheelbarrow! And Rezin ROLLS FORWARD! Clever reversal!

The momentum dumps Keyes into the ropes, but before he can get his balance back, Rezin wrangles him around the head and shoulders, hops over the ropes to the apron, and locks on a leg scissor through the ropes...

DDK:

My God... Rezin with the CABRO CLUTCH using the ROPES for assistance! Henry Keyes is in a horrible place now!

Lance:

It's going to be even more difficult to power his way out of this one! Best he can do is fight it and hang in there as long as he can!

Keyes clenches his fist as he tries to fight the hold, but Rezin squeezes even harder and pulls him back further over the top rope. After what seems like forever, Keyes looks to be slipping away... but the Faithful refuse to let it happen.

"HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!!"

DDK:

The Faithful are coming ALIVE tonight in the Lakefront Arena, trying to rouse the Airship Pirate back into this match!

Lance:

And I think it's working!

Keyes' body starts trembling with energy as he again shows signs of life. He forces himself out of the body scissor, and Rezin's face whips around in sudden anxiety as he realizes he's losing control. Thinking quick, he pulls Henry over to the turnbuckle and steps up the ropes...

DDK:

Rezin's got something planned here... he's coming over the ropes, right into a CABRO CLUTCH BULLDOG to force Henry Keyes face first into the canvas!

Lance:

Oof... that completely killed the crowd. But the Goat Bastard loves to disappoint.

DDK:

That could be it as Rezin rolls Keyes onto his back and hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT at the last moment by Henry Keyes! The Airship Pirate is still in the match, but Rezin has managed to remain firmly in control!

Lance:

Thanks greatly in part to quick thinking and resourcefulness... and a bit of dirty wrestling thrown in there. The question now is, does Henry Keyes have enough gas in the tank to catch up with this high-energy opponent?

Rezin, still firing on all cylinders, rolls to his feet and goes to the corner to position himself to the top rope as Keyes recovers. Henry gets to his feet, and turns around right into a Missile Dropkick that hits him like a bullet to the chest! The Escape Artist quickly jumps onto an arm...

DDK:

BIG Missile Dropkick puts Keyes down, and here's Rezin capitalizing with... LA MAGISTRAL!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Keyes powers out of yet another pin attempt!

Lance:

And now Rezin is no longer wearing that nasty grin, as he looks annoyed at Henry Keyes' will to fight on!

Rezin verbally berates Keyes as he tugs him back to his feet, putting a couple right hands right to the forehead. The last shot BUSTS open Keyes' brow... and the Airship Pirate responds in kind with a BIG right hand of his own! The fans pop hard!

DDK:

Keyes took an ugly shot there, and now blood has been shed, but he is FIGHTING BACK with a hook that sends Rezin twirling!

Lance:

This could be his chance to turn it around!

DDK:

Keyes running in with a LEFT haymaker--NO!! Rezin ducks down and takes him by the waist... LIFTS HIM UP...

GOOD GOD, KRYPTONITE KRUNCH stops Henry Keyes momentum DEAD!!

Lance:

Ouch... so close, and all he got for it was being dropped on his head!

DDK:

That may very well do it as Rezin again makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! KEYES KICKED OUT AGAIN!! Rezin cannot believe it!

The Faithful are screaming wildly as Rezin gets back to his feet and paces the ring, screaming back like an enraged hobo while he tussles restlessly with his unkempt skullet. He reels up as Henry Keyes slowly works his way back to his feet.

DDK:

Rezin is almost unhinged now, but he's ready to end it... Keyes back up as Rezin comes forward with the CLOVEN HOOF KICK--no, KEYES CATCHES HIM BY THE LEG!!

The Lakefront Arena POPS HARD as Rezin's eyes BULGE and Keyes uses his free hand to wave his finger in the classic "NO" gesture.

Lance:

Nope... Henry Keyes says that's not gonna happen!

DDK:

Keyes twirls Rezin around... but MISSES on the spinning back elbow! Rezin hooks him around the head--INTO THE VOOOIII--NO!! Keyes STOPS HIM on the descent and reverses with a HUUUUGE BACKBREAKER!!

The fans are going wild as Rezin knee-walks across the ring, croaking in agony. He instinctively goes for the corner, and kicks Keyes off of him with a mule kick as the Airship Pirate tries to grab him again.

DDK:

Rezin is desperate to get away at this point... he's going up the turnbuckle, but Keyes is waiting! Rezin... off the top with the REZINRANA... and Keyes CATCHES HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS!!

Lance:

I think the Airship has left the station!

DDK:

Keyes THROWS Rezin back onto the top rope... now HE'S going up!

Rezin throws shots to knock him back, but a HEADBUTT by Keyes leaves him stunned. Keyes grabs him around the waist, and lightbulbs flash through the entire Lakefront Arena as the Airship Pirate tosses the Escape Artist ridiculously high through the air. Rezin hits the mat and bounces off the canvas, limps thrashing wildly, before landing in a broken heap.

DDK:

CCCLOOOOOOCCCKKKWWOORRRKK!!! MY GOD, Rezin was thrown by that belly-to-belly suplex into some SERIOUS elevation!

Lance:

That was absolutely DEVASTATING! The Escape Artist got ancy, and now he's paying the price for it!

Keyes works up the crowd as Rezin continues flopping around on the canvas, struggling to find his way back to his feet. Using the ropes, he eventually pulls himself back up and wobbles for a few moments. He turns to face his opponent and snaps awake at the very last moment when he sees Keyes coming at him with arms outstretched...

Rezin:

AAHHH!!

CLAP~~!!

DDK:

NOOO, Rezin just BARELY DUCKS the BELLCLAP~!

Lance:

That was a ridiculously last minute reaction! Rezin is fortunate that Henry Keyes needs to wind up for that fatal blow, otherwise he wouldn't have had that split second to get out of the way!

DDK:

Rezin rolled out of the ring to escape, and now... wait... where is he going?!

Angrily waving his arms in a recognizable "I'm Finished" gesture, Rezin stumbles around the ring and begins walking back up the rampway to the back. In the ring, Keyes watches him leave in disbelief while Carla Ferrari begins the ten count.

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

I think he's had enough, Keebs! And he's not interested in sticking around to give Keyes the satisfaction of besting him in a one-on-one contest!

DDK:

I can't believe this... after ALL of those bizarre challenges, ALL the antics, and ALL the speeches, Rezin is just chickening out of the match!

Lance:

I guess he wouldn't be called "The Escape Artist" if he didn't find ways to escape a beatdown!

Scowling angrily, Rezin ignores the jeering fans as he continues up the ramp, being pelted by trash and popcorn by the enraged ringside Faithful. The Airship Pirate almost just as stubbornly shakes his head, not allowing his foe to slink off so easily. He cups his hands around his mouth and throws his head back.

Henry Keyes:

YOU'RE! NOT! PUNK! ROCK!!

...

YOU'RE! NOT! PUNK! ROCK!!

...

The Faithful quickly catch on.

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

The chant gets louder and louder... and finally, Rezin stops in his tracks right outside the curtain...

DDK:

THAT got his attention!

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

Slowly, Rezin turns around and glares across the capacity crowd, cheering hate upon him in unison. Then his scowl finds Henry Keyes, beckoning him back into the ring.

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

Then the Goat Bastard snaps...

Rezin:

...OH YEAH?! YOU WANNA SEE PUNK ROCK?!

DDK:

HE'S COMING BACK TO THE RING!

Lance:

Looks like we're going to see this showdown after all! I guess if there's one thing the Escape Artist CAN'T escape from, it's his ego!

The crowd POPS as Rezin begins stomping his way back down to the ring, screaming “I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT’S PUNK ROCK!” at the top of his lungs. Keyes stops Carla from counting as she reaches eight and even holds open the ropes. Rezin, still bellowing and sputtering like a stark raving lunatic, obligingly steps through. Both men take places across from each other in the ring and raise their fists...

Rezin:

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S PUNK--*BLEGHK!!*

Keyes shuts Rezin up with a combo of jabs and an uppercut to the face, and the Goat Bastard goes down to a tremendous crowd pop. He almost immediately rolls back to his feet on pure muscle memory, but his gaze is completely empty as he staggers in a daze.

DDK:

Rezin got his BELL RUNG after those shots, as he can barely keep his guard up!

Lance:

I think Henry busted his NOSE open!

DDK:

You're right, Lance! Carla Ferrari checks on the damage, but has to DUCK out of the way as the disoriented Rezin throws a series of sloppy punches at the first person he sees!

Annoyed, the official twirls Rezin around and pushes him back into Henry Keyes' direction. Keyes swings a big right hook, but the Goat Bastard instinctively deflects it and fires back with lightning fast jabs of his own that catch the Airship Pirate off guard.

DDK:

And now REZIN gets in some shots, and Henry Keyes falls into the corner! He wasn't expecting that!

Lance:

Neither were we, but Rezin is returning the fight!

Grinning ear to ear, Rezin thumb-swipes his nose a couple times and beckons Keyes back onto his feet. Henry can't help but grin himself as he pulls himself up and puts up his guard. Both men circle each other for a moment with the crowd cheering wildly...

DDK:

And both men TEAR INTO EACH OTHER with a STORM of rights and lefts!

Lance:

This No Holds Barred match has turned into a full-blown DONNYBROOK of epic proportions!

The ironclad fists of Henry Keyes eventually win over as Rezin falls into the ropes, but the Airship Pirate keeps him from falling out of the ring. Instead, he lays into the Goat Bastard's chest with PROPELLOR-EDGE CHOPS. The force causes Rezin's legs to kick wildly in the air.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is damn near knocking Rezin's HEAD OFF with those chops... and one BIG LAST chop to the fast sends Rezin OVER the top rope--and his HEAD gets trapped between the ropes!

Choking and sputtering in panic, Rezin's legs comically kick around on the apron as the top and middle ropes clamp down around his neck. Henry obligingly flips him back over the ropes and takes him around the waist...

DDK:

BIG SIDE SUPLEX!!

Keyes keeps hold as he gets to his feet again...

DDK:

TOWERING VERTICAL SUPLEX!!

The Airship Pirate STILL keeps hold as the Faithful, popping out of their seats, cheer him on in a deafening roar...

DDK:

RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX, and Rezin got FLUNG across the ring like a RAGDOLL thrown out of a moving AIRSHIP!

"HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!!"

Keyes takes a moment to stand up and pose for the crowd, who are absolutely electric! Rezin flounders around on the canvas in a complete daze as he struggles to find the ropes. The Airship Pirate redirects his attention to him again, and eagerly waits for him to get up.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is proving himself to be a FORCE to be reckoned with in toe-to-toe fisticuffs! Rezin is seeing STARS right now!

Lance:

More like black holes!

DDK:

The Faithful are firmly behind the Airship Pirate, as he calls for Rezin to get back to his feet! He's ready to finish this here and now! Rezin is in a completely different WORLD as he tries to get to his feet using the ropes, and just FALLS OVER again!

Lance:

Henry knocked him all the way back to 4/20 last week!

DDK:

Rezin trying to get up again... finally up, he turns around--Keyes MOVING IN--Rezin DUCKS--

SMACK!

DDK:

CLOOOOOVVVEEEENNHOOOFFF KICK!!! WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM?!

Keyes goes out like a light and falls over onto his back like a felled tree, and Rezin likewise splats face-first onto the canvas, completely spent. With both men motionless on the mat for several moments, the crowd begins brimming in volume to cheer them on.

DDK:

This match almost ended in a bust, but somehow became the ultimate punk rock slugfest! And now the Faithful are doing what they can to rouse both men into settling this feud for once and for all!

Lance:

It's going to take everything they have! So much energy has been expended up to this point, and now they're fighting on reserves!

Rezin begins pushing himself up, looking around confused as though unaware that he's in a wrestling match. Keyes rolls onto a side, gritting his teeth through the pain, and flashes his determined gaze to the Goat Bastard as he fights to get back up.

DDK:

Rezin getting up... Keyes getting up... the Escape Artist on his feet FIRST as he goes to meet Keyes--and the Airship Pirate STOPS HIM with heavy body blows!

Keyes punches the ribs of Rezin with the force of engine pistons. The Escape Artist drops to his knees, face filled with agony, as the Airship Pirate rises up to his feet, face filled with conviction.

DDK:

Keyes winding back with the right... but Rezin BLOCKS at the last second, and wraps him under the arm! Keyes with the LEFT--ALSO blocked by Rezin's free arm, and he wraps that up as well!

Dripping in sweat and blood, both men dance around the ring, struggling for leverage as they growl and snarl into each other's face. The Faithful are SCREAMING! Finally, Keyes twists himself around and reverses the hooks...

DDK:

GORY SPECIAL!!

Lance:

This is something we haven't seen before in Henry Keyes!

DDK:

Carla Ferrari is looking for the signal, but Rezin is REFUSING to give in!

Rezin is frantically shaking his head, somewhere between cackling in insanity and screaming in agony. It's like he's used to the pain.

Rezin:

I CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT, HEN'RY KEEYYEESS!! I'LL NEVER LET YOU BEAT ME!! *NOBODY* CAN BEAT ME!!

Lance:

Keyes is already at the point of exhaustion! How long can he keep this hold in place before the Escape Artist breaks free?

DDK:

Where does Henry Keyes go from here?!

Keyes thinks... and backs his way to the corner. Rezin sees he has a place for footing, and kicks out...

Lance:

No, Henry... you're too close to the corner! He's going to--

Rezin's feet catch the second turnbuckle, and he pushes off to ROLL out of the Gory Special and drops to the mat right in front of Keyes...

DDK:

HE ESCAPED!

...whose arms are still outstretched.

Rezin:

HAHAAA--BLEGHK!!!

CLAP~~~!!!!!!

DDK:

BBBEEEELLLLLLLCCCCLLLLAAAPPP~~~!!!

Lance:

HE FINALLY GOT IT!

An ear-splitting pop rings out through the Lakefront Arena, immediately followed by a near deafening one as the Faithful jump to their feet, cheering ecstatically! Rezin's eyes roll back into his head as he stiffens up like a board, rolls back onto his head, stays in a perfect headstand position for several seconds, before collapsing into a heap in the very center of the ring. Henry Keyes, overwhelmed with exhaustion, likewise collapses across the chest.

DDK:

KEYES with the PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The Lakefront Arena EXPLODES with cheering and jubilation as Keyes rolls off of Rezin's chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

Lance:

My god, what an absolute BATTLE between these two men! There is no question that there were a number of moments where this match could have gone either man's way, but in the end, Henry Keyes persevered just long enough and his ultimate weapon, that world-renowned BELL CLAP, sealed the deal!

Keyes gets to his feet and stumbles to a ring corner, soaked in sweat, blood, and tar, and clearly exhausted. He looks out to the crowd and gives a big double-thumbs up to the Faithful, sharing in this big love fest with a look of deep relief on his face, a long-held burden finally lifted.

DDK:

LOOK OUT, HENRY!

Sensing someone behind him, Keyes twirls around... and Rezin is there, eyes wide and wild. He's removed his studded belt, which he now brandishes in his hand. Henry hesitates to see what the Goat Bastard's next move is...

...and rather than attack, Rezin drops to a knee, and holds the belt out. The Faithful CHEER!!

DDK:

...what is going on?!

Lance:

If I had to guess, Keebs, I'd say Rezin is formally giving Henry Keyes the title of the most PUNK ROCK wrestler in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Well, it may be a rather unusual gesture, but apparently even the Goat Bastard has a code of respect! And I'd say

after that brawl, Henry Keyes has earned it in droves!

In another world, a wrestler in this position might have looked around to the crowd for their approval or input, but in this moment and in this world, Keyes locks eyes with Rezin hard, unflinching, as if he's trying to look into his very brain stem. A grin crosses his face, and he accepts the belt from Rezin to raucous applause from the crowd! Rezin turns to leave the ring and give the moment to Keyes... but a sharp whistle catches his attention. He turns around to see Henry... EXTENDING THE HAND!

DDK:

Keyes is AGAIN OFFERING THE HANDSHAKE!

Lance:

Is that wise? Last time he offered his hand to Rezin out of respect, he took a shot to the jewels! If I were him, I'd be happy just taking the belt and the win and the satisfaction that comes with it!

DDK:

That may be the case, but Henry Keyes' honor is unquestionable, and he's tipping the hat to an opponent that gave him a hard-fought challenge, and the opportunity to redeem himself! Even if he IS the lowly Goat Bastard, Keyes is courageous and willing enough to forgive and forget!

Rezin GLARES at the open hand like it was a venomous snake. His head whips around as he looks into the crowd, cheering him on in earnest. He flutters around, unable to make a decision, one part of him wanting to say "screw it" and leave, and a more curious part of him wanting to take it up.

Lance:

Is he going to go for it? Can Rezin actually perform a friendly gesture?

Tentatively, he creeps toward Keyes, who is standing like a beaming golden statue. His fingers flutter restlessly as he reaches out... and clasps the HAND...

And immediately finds himself involuntarily twisting around, clapping, shaking, and knuckle-bumping in tandem with Keyes. His face is filled with abject surprise and confusion as he loses control of his body. The Faithful POP HARD once again!

DDK:

IT'S THE SPECIAL HANDSHAKE!!

Both men go through the motions, ending with Keyes raising his hand UP HIGH! Rezin ALMOST caps it off...

...until his unbelted pants fall around his ankles and trip him to the canvas, He rolls dizzily through the ropes to the ringside and scrambles to his feet, absolutely stunned as to what just happened.

DDK:

HOW DID HE EVEN KNOW HOW TO DO THAT?!

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs! Even REZIN looks surprised! But when anybody can do the HANDSHAKE with Henry Keyes, you know there's a special connection between these two!

DDK:

I guess that means Henry Keyes and Rezin are frenemies for life!

Henry Keyes stands tall in the ring, continuing to celebrate the hard-fought as the Faithful chant his name. Rezin retreats back up the ramp, clutching his pants by the waist, and shaking his finger with begrudging respect.

Rezin:

NEXT TIME, HEN'RY KEYES... NEEGGZZ TIME!!

KENDRIX / JAY HARVEY RECAP

DDK::

What an action packed night it's been so far at DEFCON and it's about to pack another huge punch when Jay Harvey seeks retribution from 24K's Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

Lance::

This will be an emotionally charged match up that's been brewing for months. Let's take you back to DEFtv 148 and the lead up to DEFIANCE ROAD.

DEFtv 148

Mikey Unlikely::

Alright, Harvey, you got yourself a deal... If you can beat Jesse Frederiks Kendrix tonight, one on one...

Kendrix is looking mean as Perfection pats him on the back.

Mikey Unlikely::

Then at DEF ROAD, you get that shot. Now... If you do not beat JAY EFF KAY, well that's a different story. If you don't beat Kendrix this evening, you become the assistant to Jack Hunter! How 'bout that?! Haha!

The crowd boos and we cut back to Harvey in the ring. Harvey knows this is the only way for him to get his hands on Mikey Unlikely.

Jay Harvey::

Whatever I have to do to get you one on one without your boys helping you out... I'll do. You got a goddamn deal.

Harvey drops the mic. 24k is all smiles as we stay on them before cutting back to Harvey.

DDK::

What a Main Event! It comes at a price... for both Jay Harvey and the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely.

Later that night...

DDK::

SUPERKICK! KENDRIX JUST SUPERKICKED JAY HARVEY!

Lance::

This could be it!

Kendrix dives right onto Harvey for the cover and this time hooks the leg! Referee Benny Doyle is right there!

DDK::

JAY HARVEY KICKED OUT! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE KICKED OUT!

Lance::

THAT MOXY!

We cut backstage to see the door of 24K's Sweet Suite fastened closed via a broom handle. We go back to live-action.

Lance::

24K are locked in, Keebs! And now Jay Harvey is showing real life!

DDK::

Jay Harvey throwing fists! A title shot is on the line here and it seems like JFK is going to have to stop this from

happening all on his own!

The shot switches to Harvey accidentally crashing into the ref as Doyle crashes to the canvas and Jay Harvey immediately goes to check on him. The crowd is roaring once again as Jesse sees his spot, drops, and Low Blows Harvey from behind!

Close up of that shit eating grin from JFK.

DDK::

Wait a minute! That's Elise Ares' music.

Stopped in his tracks, JFK makes his way over to the ring ropes closest to the entranceway. The Faithful go bananas as Ares jumps the barricade on the far side of the ring and hops up onto the apron. She jumps up onto the top rope, bracing herself before making her presence known...

Kendrix instinctively swings the chair towards Ares trying to defend himself...

DDK::

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance::

The Superman Punch connected via the chair, JFK is down and Harvey is up!

DDK::

Jay Harvey! This is his time! Put him away, Jay!

Harvey rocks in place waiting for his moment, he sees it and takes off!

Lance::

WAKE UP CALL!

DING DING DING!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK::

HE DID IT! 24k will be barred from ringside, giving Jay Harvey a fair shot at Mikey Unlikely! I can't wait to see Jay Harvey get his hands on Mikey!

Jay Harvey is deep in the crowd, celebrating with his people! He looks toward the ring, catching eyes with his opponent at DEFIANCE ROAD! Harvey gestures around his waist and the crowd loses it! We cut back to the ring and Mikey looks like he's seen a ghost!

FIST!

FIST!

FIST!

FIST!

DEFIANCE ROAD

Some distinct sound of pain is heard and we finally get to the source... and it's Jay Harvey. He's down on the ground, holding his left leg. He is surrounded by three different DEFIANCE officials..

DEFIANCE Official One:

Did you see who did it?

Jay Harvey::

No! They came out of nowhere!

Harvey clutches his left leg and tries to extend it and the pain is all over his face.

DEFIANCE Official Two:

I don't think you're going to be able to compete tonight, Jay. We can't have you-

Harvey cuts him off before he can get another fucking word in.

Jay Harvey::

If you try to stop me from going out there, I'll put you in a fucking box!

Main Event

DDK::

What a matchup this is poised to be, two men with long histories with one another. Mikey Unlikely the FIST of DEFIANCE and the man he BROUGHT INTO DEF from WrestleUTA just a few short years ago. Since then Jay Harevy has broken off for himself and built up a hell of a DEFIANCE Resume! Tonight he gets his shot at his former boss and the current FIST of DEFIANCE!.

Quick switch to match action and Mikey is really wrenching back on Harvey's left knee. Harvey tries grabbing for the ropes but reality is they are too far for him to get.

DDK::

Mikey Unlikely just trying to decimate that injured leg of Jay Harvey.

Lance::

You know we talked about it before, 24k had to be behind that backstage attack, there's no doubt in my mind.

Mikey has his hands on the mat and slowly makes his way to be on his hands and knees. Harvey squares up Unlikely and finally has him where he wants him! Harvey takes off, putting everything into the vicious knee strike known as the Wake Up Call!

DDK::

IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

Lance::

HARVEY GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE! TWO!

Hector Navarro stops his count and notices Mikey's foot is outside of the bottom rope. The crowd boos and Harvey thinks the match is over!

DDK::

MIKEY'S FOOT IS UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE!

The crowd is roaring and Harvey is feeling it! Harvey makes his way over to the corner and slowly starts climbing the turnbuckles.

Lance::

THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

DDK::

HE MISSED! MIKEY UNLIKELY MOVED!

Roll Up...

DDK::

WAIT! MIKEY HAS THE TIGHTS! NAVARRO LOOK!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

The scene fades on Harvey sitting outside the ring looking up at 24K in the ring with the title...

Screen fades to black accompanied by slow methodical clapping as the words DEFtv 149 appear.

♪ "DLZ" by TV On The Radio ♪

The DEFIATRON lights up to none other than Jesse Frederiks Kendrix

Kendrix::

Listen, Yeah?!

The shot switches to Harvey who is confused as to what is going on.

Kendrix::

Big shock huh? Make no mistake about it, Harvey. 24K didn't screw you at DEFIANCE ROAD. Perfs, Cayle, and Mikey had absolutely nothing to do with your ambush.

He leans forward, eyes intent on conveying the next message.

Kendrix::

JAY EFFFF KAYYYYYY screwed you!

Lance::

Harvey is livid!

Jesse puckers up and blows Harvey a kiss before the feed from the DEFIATRON cuts leaving the sold-out crowd's massive boos and Harvey in the ring, in awe and enraged at what transpired.

♪ *Congratulations on the mess you made of things*

On trying to reconstruct the air and all that brings

And oxidation is the compromise you own

But this is beginning to feel like the dog wants her bones saved ♪

DEFtv 150...

Quick cut to Kendrix now inside the arena. Out of nowhere, Kendrix is jolted to the side!

DDK::

Jay Harvey is attacking Kendrix, the man who cost him his shot at immortality.

DEFIANCE Official:

Get 'em back! Get 'em back!

Harvey is foaming at the mouth and Kendrix swipes trying to get at Harvey.

Jay Harvey::

Your ass is mine, Kendrix! You hear me?!

♪ La La La La La La La La

La La La La La La La La ♪

The Match

DDK::

DEFIANCE CEO Daniel Davidson has made it official... Tonight we will see JFK go one on one with Jay Harvey!

Harvey keeps pulling back, more and more. Kendrix kicks his legs out in a final desperate attempt to break free but it looks like he's about ready to pass out!

Lance::

Jay Harvey is choking the life out of JFK!

The crowd goes from cheers to boos though as Perfection is seen running down the entrance ramp! Harvey catches the 24K member coming to the ring and lets the submission go.

Lance::

Oh, what the hell?! Just let JFK take his beating like a man, James!

Harvey drops Perfection down with a DDT that gets the fans on their feet! Perfection rolls to the side and exits the ring. Carla Ferrari goes toward Perfection telling him to get the hell out of here and to go to the back! As she does this Harvey is standing behind her and-

BOOM!

DDK::

LOW BLOW BY KENDRIX!

Harvey bends at the hip, holding his injured testicles as Kendrix comes from behind and rolls him up!

Lance::

Kendrix has the tights! Kendrix has the tights!

DING DING DING!

DDK::

THIEF! KENDRIX AND 24K ARE A PACK OF THIEVES!

The feed switches between Kendrix tending to his hand and breathing heavily while being held up around the shoulder by Perfection and Harvey stewing over what just occurred.

♪ *This is beginning to feel like the long*

Winded blues of the never

This is beginning to feel like it's curling up slowly

And finding a throat to choke ♪

DEFtv 151

JFK CAYLE v Tory and Harvey

Harvey is waiting for Murray to get to his feet! The crowd can feel the end and Harvey is looking to end this with the Wake Up Call! Murray gets the attention of Referee Hector Navarro. Kendrix is seen moving along the outside of the ring.

Lance::

Kendrix has a chair!

DDK::

NOOOO!

BOOM!

Kendrix smashes Jay Harvey in the back from the outside with said chair! The crowd immediately turns and Harvey is rocked! Murray ever the opportunist sees all this and goes after Harvey! Murray rushes Harvey and lands an Elbow Strike right across his face!

Murray quickly goes for the cover!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

*♪ Never you mind**Death professor**Your shocks are fine**My struts are better ♪*

DEFtv 152

Jay Harvey::

It seems to be a trend that just when you have 24k where you want them, where it looks like you have them beat... They find a way to come out on top.

The package switches to quick various shots of match interferences and celebrations from 24K.

Jay Harvey::

Jamie... 24k are snakes. 24k uses the numbers game like no other. I've been at war with them for months and months. I've had help along the way but 24k just slither away. You know how you deal with a snake, Jamie?

Sawyers shakes his head not knowing the answer.

Jay Harvey::

You cut off their heads.

Jay cracks a smile.

Jay Harvey::

Jesse! I don't think there's ever been a single person who has pissed me the hell off as much as you. You stole my shot to sit at the top of the mountain. My shot to be in the same conversation as the greats who have walked through the door here in DEFIANCE.

Replay shows the respective pinfalls for both men against each other.

Jay Harvey::

If I am counting right... The score is tied one to one between us. So Jesse... I challenge you! One! On! One! No tricks! Man against man! JFK vs Jay Harvey at DEFCON!

Shot switches to JFKayle showing off their manly man t-shirt merch.

Jay Harvey::

You preach manliness?! You claim to be a manly man?! So be a goddamn man! Let's settle this like men!

Harvey looks intently at the camera filming in front of him.

Jay Harvey::

Accept, so I can beat the living shit out of you so the whole world can see it!

♪ *Electrified, my love is better*

It's crystallized, so'm I

All could be the diamond

Fused with who's next -♪

Cayle Murray v Jay Harvey

Harvey runs the ropes and comes back with a basement dropkick to Cayle's head while Murray is on all fours! Cayle falls onto his back but Harvey pulls him up, sets him in the corner. Jay sees a mosquito on his leg and slaps it as he blasts Cayle with a Superkick!

Lance::

Pop goes Cayle's head! What a flurry from Harvey!

DDK::

He's setting him up for the Wake Up Call!

Murray is on his feet but looks like he doesn't know where he is. Harvey powers forward...

Lance::

Here it co--

... but out of NOWHERE something full-on tackles Murray out of the way! Harvey goes flying knee-first towards the ropes.

Lance::

JFK just saved his partner from certain defeat!

Kendrix blows a kiss at Harvey who looks taken aback!

Cayle Murray rolls Harvey up

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The Winner of this match...

CRACK!

DDK::

COWARD!!! KENDRIX WITH A BRUTAL CHAIR SHOT TO HARVEY'S SKULL!

Jesse slaps Harvey across the face in an effort to wake him up. The Natural One begins to stir but he's still not quite with us as Jesse holds his head up with his hand under his chin.

Kendrix::

Wake up Jay...

The shot switches to a close up on Harvey's face as his eyes open in a flash. Harvey is seething and lunges for Kendrix, trying to connect with a Headbutt as soon as he sees him but Jesse reacts just in time to avoid it as Harvey is restrained once again in the tight hold by Cayle.

Kendrix::

WHAT MOXEY, LANCE! WHAT GREAT MOXEY! I gotta give it to Keebs and the rest of these idiots watching right now...Jay, they're right. You do have great moxey...whatever that is. I do admire your ability to just keep coming and coming.

Harvey is seething as he tries to break free of Cayle's hold but it's no use.

Kendrix::

Instead of joining us, you keep coming for 24K. You came for Mikey, you've gone for Cayle this evening and earlier tonight you challenged me to a match at DEFCON.

Kendrix chuckles as he looks around the crowd. He again turns his attention to Harvey.

Kendrix::

So listen, yeah?! You've got it.

THUD!

Lance::

Oof, mic to the jaw of Harvey, and looks like they're not done. BELL-END!

♪ *This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever* ♪

Replay of the Wake Up Call smashing the chair against Jesse's skull.

♪ *This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever* ♪

Replay of Jesse's Super Kick across Harvey's chin.

DDK::

It's on at DEFCON! HARVEY AND KENDRIX SETTLE THIS!

The package ends with the flash photography during the contract signing face off between the pair.

♪ *This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever* ♪

KENDRIX vs. JAY HARVEY

♪ "Let 'em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to "Let 'em come" blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and Gold as the camera pans the center of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #24K t-shirt with 'JFK' and 'Bruv' emblazoned on the back as well as his JFK black and gold ring tights with green boots.

As the track's marching style drumming picks up the pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care" hits, he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

The video package told the tale between these two bitter, bitter rivals. JFK has been a thorn in Jay Harvey's side ever since DEFIANCE ROAD.

Lance:

Tonight's payback time for Jay Harvey!

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red-colored pyro, explode from the ramp as the chorus kicks in;

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp slowly towards the ring, looking at the fans with a disgusted look on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from London, England

Jesse makes his way up the ring steps, the usual bravado is not on show during this entrance, he ignores the fans and resists all attempts to be a dickhead as per usual. Tonight it's about getting business done.

Darren Quimbey:

Standing at six feet, two inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred-Twenty Two pounds...

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans shaking his head with a disapproving look on his face he looks down proudly at the #24K logo on his shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

JAAAYY EEEF KAAAY...KENDRIX!

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

Kendrix raises his head up proudly, beating his right fist twice to his heart before opening his arms out wide while shouting out words that can't be repeated on TV while making a "wanker" sign with his fist and pointing at the fans with the other hand.

DDK:

Ah...he couldn't make the whole entrance without being an asshole, could he?!

He takes his shirt off and looks like he's ready to chuck it into the crowd. Instead, he chuckles to himself and just leaves it in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion, and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck. Arriving dead in the center of the ring he hops from toe to toe, ready to face his

opponent.

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Lakefront Arena. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. Jay Harvey's name appears on the DEFTron and the crowd erupts!

DDK:

Here comes the man who has a vendetta! A man who has battled 24k since before DEFIANCE ROAD! Here comes Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd, Darren! They are showing their love for "The Natural One"!

"The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

Jay Harvey has become one of the biggest fan favorites in recent time. Since his return at Maximum DEFIANCE last year he has shown why he is one of the best in the world!

Lance:

Kendrix has not taken his eyes off of the entrance ramp. He's staring daggers right through Jay Harvey!

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina, weighing in at Two Hundred Thirty Three pounds... He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeeyyyyy!

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. We cut to Kendrix who hasn't taken his eyes off of his opponent. JFK moves around in his corner for a moment longer before we go back to the man walking down the aisle.

Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out. Jay goes to enter the ring but Kendrix is already starting some shit. Referee Hector Navarro gets between the two, as Harvey motions for Kendrix to get out of the way.

Lance:

Kendrix is already trying to get into the mind of Jay Harvey. These two men are no stranger to the big stage and the bright lights, Darren.

DDK:

One hundred percent, Lance. This match has "Match of the Year" contender written all over it. These two men hate each other and I can guarantee we are in for a real classic!

Lance:

This match could headline any Pay Per View in any promotion. We get the pleasure of seeing and calling this one though! I feel a little deja vu, Darren. I feel like I've said that before.

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles, in the process his eyes are locked on Kendrix. Jay holds his right arm into the air as he stands on the second rope. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is not taking his eyes off of the man who he refers to as a "snake". Kendrix is always looking to strike and he knows that!

Harvey tosses his leather jacket to the timekeeper and stretches himself on the top rope.

DDK:

Tonight, Jay Harvey is looking to cut the head off the snake. Referee Hector Navarro has the unlucky draw of dealing with these two. He's gonna have his work cut out for him!

Lance:

Referee Hector Navarro has called many big matches in his career. Navarro checking on each DEFIANT.

Hector Navarro goes from checking on Kendrix, his boots, his elbows, and the like to Jay Harvey. Harvey and Navarro share some words all while neither combatant has taken their eyes off the other.

DDK:

Kendrix is ready... Harvey is ready... The Lakefront Arena is ready. Let's do this!

DING DING**DDK:**

And we're off!

The bell sounds and Kendrix makes a break toward Harvey who picks his head up to halt JFK in his tracks. He backtracks a bit and Harvey now comes after him. Kendrix eggs him on, still going backward. Harvey swings and misses with a right and now finds himself in the corner.

JFK hits some gut shots but is sent backpedaling via a Harvey elbow shot to the face! He keeps the offense coming with a few more elbow shots that knock Kendrix to the mat. The former FIST of DEFIANCE hits the canvas and rolls to the outside. Harvey goes after Kendrix, who rolls back into the ring.

Harvey, still in pursuit, rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring to get met with a stiff kick from his opponent. Kendrix lands a few more kicks before getting Harvey to his feet proper and pushing him into the turnbuckles. Kendrix lays into Harvey with some rights and lefts, as Harvey does his best to block the shots. Referee Hector Navarro is there to give a Five Count.

ONE!

TWO!

JFK goes on a barrage of knee strikes that stop Harvey's defense. Kendrix then Irish Whips Harvey only for it to get reversed! Kendrix and Harvey are both full heads of steam going into the adjacent corner. Kendrix leaps up and does a Reverse LeapFrog allowing Harvey to go under him. Kendrix rolls out of harm's way as Harvey is at a knee in the corner.

DDK:

Kendrix may be getting to Jay Harvey's head here in the early stages of this match, Lance.

Lance:

Absolutely. JFK and 24k have always seemed to have Harvey's number. Harvey comes out of the corner, misses with the knee strike. Kendrix ducks the elbow. Kendrix off the ropes. BUT HE DIDN'T DUCK THAT DROPKICK!

DDK:

Beautiful Dropkick from Jay Harvey, Lance. Jay Harvey needs to take advantage here!

Harvey is feeling the crowd on his side. He winds up his right hand and waits for Kendrix to get where he wants him. He unloads a right that knocks JFK into the corner. "The Natural One" makes his way back toward the corner, bracing himself for take-off.

Harvey rushes Kendrix and sends his size Twelve boot right across JFK's face! Kendrix drops to the mat and begins crawling away from his opponent. Harvey starts talking some shit as he kicks Kendrix in the ribs! Kendrix holds his ribs as Jay Harvey bends and brings him vertically.

Harvey pushes Kendrix into the corner and goes after those ribs. Rights and lefts keep Kendrix pinned in the corner. Navarro once again is there to do a Five Count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Harvey stops and looks over at the Referee. Navarro tells him to get him out of the corner. Harvey digs in deep and Irish Whips Kendrix across the ring. Jesse slams into the turnbuckles and staggers forward as Harvey hits the ropes and comes from behind him to hit a perfectly executed Running Bulldog! The crowd is on fire!

Harvey keeps it at Eleven and again hits the ropes. Springboarding off the middle rope he hits a gorgeous Moonsault on JFK! Harvey goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Kendrix is able to kick out!

DDK:

Harvey is on Kendrix like white on snow, the Natural One now locking JFK up in a seated Rear Naked Choke.

Lance:

These two men are no strangers to the big stage, Darren.

DDK:

No doubt these two men will go down in DEFIANCE history and be talked about for many years to come, Lance, but Harvey is really keeping the pressure on Kendrix here. Putting all his weight down on JFK's back to make it harder for Kendrix to breathe.

Lance:

Referee Hector Navarro checking on Kendrix. Like we said during the introductions this is the third match between these two DEFIANTS. Each man scoring a victory over the other. This is the deciding match. Which way will it go?

DDK:

Jay Harvey has a score to settle and hopes tonight is that night. Kendrix right now just wants to walk out of here with all his limbs intact.

JFK is stuck in no man's land in the middle of the ring as Harvey shows no signs of letting the hold go. Kendrix is trying to break Harvey's hands but can't prize them free. However, Jesse manages to dig in deep, willing himself to his feet.

Harvey keeps the choke on as Kendrix takes both hands and grabs at Jay's head. A Jawbreaker finally releases Kendrix from the submission! Harvey backs toward the ropes, holding his jaw. Kendrix holds his throat and is trying his

best to get some oxygen into his lungs and brain.

Lance:

A move out of pure desperation by Kendrix! Who is gonna make the next move?!

Suddenly a switch flips and Kendrix rushes Harvey! He ducks and slides between Jay's legs and gets to the outside. Harvey, still groggy from the Jawbreaker, sees some stars as he hits the mat face-first via a Kendrix trip.

JFK pulls Harvey to the outside and instantly swings him into the guardrail along ringside! Kendrix keeps the momentum going, grabs his opponent by the head, and makes his way over to the ring steps. JFK goes to slam Harvey's face into the steps but Jay blocks it with his hands! Jay chops Kendrix in the ribs and then smashes his face into the ring steps!

The steps splinter into two and Hector Navarro starts his Ten Count on the DEFIANTS outside the ring.

ONE!

Lance:

Jay Harvey has to be frustrating JFK here. Whenever Kendrix seems to have the advantage Jay is able to put out the fire.

DDK:

You know what they say about payback right, Lance?

Lance:

I believe I've heard something about that, Darren!

THREE!

Kendrix is shook by the meeting he just had with the steps. He grabs at the middle rope to bring himself to the apron. Harvey does the same and is right beside him. Jay lands a few shots to Kendrix's ribs before sending a kick right upside JFK's dome!

Kendrix keeps himself from falling down to the floor but just barely. Harvey enters the ring and hits the ropes, bounces back toward Kendrix. Jay Harvey eats an elbow and is stunned for a moment. He comes back after Kendrix who leaps and tries to somersault over Harvey! Harvey catches him and holds onto his legs!

The fans are interested to see what Harvey has in store for JFK here. Jay tucks Kendrix's head and drops him neck first on his knee! The Reverse Neckbreaker puts Kendrix down and Harvey goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harvey looks to Referee Hector Navarro to check on the count. Navarro holds up three fingers, while this is going on Kendrix is able to roll to the outside of the ring and out of harm's way.

DDK:

Jay Harvey coming very close to ending this match with that Neckbreaker.

Lance:

Let's check the replay, Darren.

A replay of the Reverse Neckbreaker and pin hits your screen.

Lance:

That was super close, Darren. Kendrix just was able to kick out in time.

DDK:

Kendrix on the outside now. Jay Harvey hasn't let up but he's giving JFK an opening here. Kendrix has been around long enough, the wheels are always turning when he's in the ring.

Lance:

JFK is so conniving. It's part of the reason he's one of the most prestigious Tag Team wrestlers in DEFIANCE history as well as a former FIST of DEFIANCE in his own right. He's almost done it all here in DEFIANCE. Jay Harvey is no slouch but his accolades aren't quite on JFK's level just yet.

Harvey has returned his attention to Kendrix who is stirring on the outside. Jay makes his way to the corner and is looking to go up top. The fans are getting loud as Harvey ascends the turnbuckles! Kendrix is staggering around getting close to some DEFIANCE Security along ringside.

Harvey stands tall on the top rope and takes flight!

DDK:

Kendrix pushed that Security guard in the way! Jay Harvey just took out a member of DEFIANCE Security!

Lance:

We could have a problem out here... Hector Navarro is coming to check on him. He's calling for the medical staff.

DDK:

Jay Harvey went for a Crossbody off the top rope and Kendrix was able to save himself from the impact. This is not good, Lance.

Harvey has his back turned to Kendrix just as Referee Hector Navarro does. Jesse stumbles to get to his feet. Harvey moves backward and gets closer to Kendrix. That's when JFK sees his moment and takes it.

Lance:

LOW BLOW! Low blow by Kendrix!

DDK:

Kendrix just kicked Jay Harvey below the belt! Kendrix...

THUMP!

DDK:

And Harvey's skull just crashed against the steel ring post!

Lance:

We just talked about Kendrix needing an opening and this is it! All it took was a moment.

JFK picks up the fallen Harvey and tosses him back into the ring. Referee Hector Navarro has no idea what has occurred and finally turns around to see both men back in the ring. The crowd is a sea of boos as Kendrix now has the reigns and is in complete control.

JFK lies in wait implying, begging for Jay Harvey to get up off the canvas. Kendrix is antsy and can't wait any longer- SUPERKICK! Jesse knocked the taste out of Harvey's mouth! The Natural One drops to his back and is seeing stars.

DDK:

COVER, this one could be over, kick out at two and a half!

Jesse grabs both hands at his hair in frustration as he glances up at Navarro but the official adamantly shows him two fingers. Wasting no more time Kendrix is all over Harvey, pulling him toward the corner, and propping Jay against the bottom rope.

Lance:

Kendrix is ramming his foot into the windpipe of Jay Harvey.

He slams all his might into the effort to choke his opponent to death! Referee Hector Navarro gets into the mix to count to five on the illegal choke.

ONE!

Kendrix is putting all his weight against the throat of Jay Harvey!

TWO!

DDK:

Kendrix just punishing Harvey!

THREE!

Lance:

Harvey can't breathe, Darren!

FOUR!

Kendrix takes his foot off of Harvey and gets a talking to from Hector Navarro. Jay holds his throat and is fighting to get some air. Kendrix snaps at Referee Navarro and threatens to smack him in the face! The fans let out their displeasure of Kendrix and his tactics!

DDK:

Don't be fooled by the jokes and the jibes, ladies, and gentlemen. When it comes to match day, JFK is a nasty piece of work.

Kendrix turns his attention now to The Faithful. He gives them his classic "wanker" gesture and that sets them the fuck off.

Lance:

I just can't stand this guy. Regardless, JFK gets a reaction from these fans and they are super loud tonight!

DDK:

I think he feeds off their displeasure.

Kendrix once again goes back and once again cuts off the oxygen to his opponent's brain with his boot! This time Hector Navarro is moving quickly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Once again Kendrix stops and Hector Navarro is getting heated with him.

Hector Navarro:

That's it, one more time and you're done!

Kendrix:

That's what she said, Navarro!

DDK:

Referee Hector Navarro letting Kendrix know to cut the crap and keep this match going.

Lance:

You said it just moments ago, Darren... Kendrix just wants to punish Jay Harvey!

DDK:

Kendrix is in the driver's seat, folks. But you can never count out Jay Harvey. He's a fighter and he's going to have to fight now to stay in this match.

Kendrix is all smiles as he looks down on the beaten DEFIANT. He admires his work and gestures to the crowd as if to say "look what I've done". Harvey is suffering there against the bottom rope. The color red has almost completely left his face and most of the oxygen has returned to his body.

Kendrix goes after his opponent, dragging him up to a vertical base. Turning Jay so he is facing away from him, Kendrix leaps into the air and raises his knees up as he grabs Harvey by the shoulders.

DDK:

Kendrix with the Double Knee Backbreaker! He goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Harvey gets his shoulder up!

The crowd is cheering loud and Kendrix is mildly annoyed as he checks once again with Referee Hector Navarro on if it was a two or three count.

DDK:

Jay Harvey showing that fight! That moxie! THERE! I said it Kendrix! M-O-X-I-E!

Lance:

Kendrix is getting frustrated. He has to go back to the drawing board... I thought that word was spelled m-o-x-e-y?

DDK:

Different word. I learned that from my kids.

Lance:

Oh...

Kendrix slaps at the face of "The Natural One" before rolling out of the ring to the outside.

DDK:

What's Kendrix got going in that demented head of his?!

Lance:

JFK is moving the separated pieces of the ring steps. He's setting it up for something, Darren.

Hector Navarro only gets to one on his Ten Count before Kendrix is back in the ring. Kendrix stalks his prey and locks eyes on Harvey who is on all fours. JFK is right in front of Harvey and stomps on Jay's right hand!

The Faithful are screaming and wishing death on Kendrix right now! JFK grabs at Harvey to bring him to his feet, however, Jay pushes Kendrix away and starts throwing fists! The crowd is electric and on their feet as Harvey ducks a left from Kendrix and takes him down to the mat!

Harvey starts raining down fists as Kendrix desperately tries to cover up. JFK tries to push Harvey's face away, leaving his arm out there but Jay Harvey quickly snatches it up and has Kendrix trapped in an Arm Bar! Kendrix is screaming and kicking his legs trying to get a break via the bottom rope!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is gonna make Kendrix tap!

DDK:

JFK is trying to reach the ropes... and he does!

Kendrix is just able to get his left foot on the bottom rope. Jay Harvey is keeping the hold on and Navarro is starting his Five Count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Harvey finally breaks the hold. Kendrix rolls to the outside to regroup. Harvey is moving slowly as cameras catch both men in the shot. We go to Jesse on the outside, holding at his right arm, trying to brush off the pain. Harvey is catching his breath on the inside of the ring. We go back to Kendrix who is fuming!

Kendrix reaches into the ring and grabs the leg of his opponent, pulling Harvey to the outside. Kendrix connects with a stiff Uppercut to the throat of Jay Harvey. Jay stumbles off, holding his windpipe as he goes. Kendrix is right behind him and goes to send Jay into the barricade again but it's blocked!

ONE!

Harvey puts his boot up and in one swift motion smashes Kendrix's head into the guardrail! The crowd nearby is loving the brutality!

TWO!

Harvey again holds his throat, trying to get as much air as he can. Kendrix is on wobbly legs as he keeps moving toward the other side of the ring.

THREE!

Harvey is a few feet behind Kendrix, who slides back into the ring. Jay once again is catching his breath as he holds onto the middle rope. He slowly makes his way to the ring apron. A side shot fills your screen and in a blink of an eye, Kendrix flies through the ring ropes and Spears Jay Harvey down onto the steel ring steps on the outside of the ring!

DDK:

Jeeeeeeesus!

Lance:

Kendrix just took Jay Harvey out!

The crowd is in disbelief!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

Let's take a look at that again, it happened so fast!

DDK:

Kendrix from out of nowhere just Speared Jay Harvey right on top of those ring steps!

The replay is over and we go back to live-action. Referee Hector Navarro makes his way to the downed competitors to check on them both. Kendrix has rolled off of Harvey, holding his ribs from the impact. Jay is conscious and Navarro continues the match.

Lance:

Referee Hector Navarro has heard enough from both men to keep this contest going.

DDK:

Both these men are tough as nails but Jay Harvey came off much worse and he may not be in any shape to continue.

Hector Navarro has made his way back into the ring. He's taking his time to start his Ten Count. The crowd is still in shock at the action they just saw. Kendrix is in agony as the cameras are right there to get their reactions. Harvey hasn't moved much but he's definitely in some pain.

ONE!

Kendrix manages to roll onto his ass, holding his ribs still. He looks over to his opponent, knowing he has taken him out of this match. JFK moves gingerly so as to not agitate his injured ribs. Cameras pick up Jay Harvey moving his legs around.

TWO!

Kendrix is holding the guardrail using it to help him to his feet. He's laboring through the pain and finally gets vertical. He looks to have some trouble breathing as he clutches his ribs. He stumbles a bit as he begins walking toward the ring.

THREE!

Navarro is giving both men enough leeway to get back into the ring. Kendrix struggles to move around but is right next to the ring. He painfully rolls into the ring and now lays on his back gasping for air.

FOUR!

DDK:

Kendrix might have some broken ribs, Lance.

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. But right now he knows he's in control of this match. Jay Harvey has barely moved and the Referee is already at five!

FIVE!

We go back to the outside and Jay Harvey. He lifts his arm up in the air and tries to turn his body over. The crowd next to him is giving him words of encouragement but it may be in vain. Hector Navarro keeps his pace slow with his count. Kendrix rolls around the ring, being mindful of his injury.

Kendrix:

COUNT FASTER, DAMMIT!

SIX!

Harvey has turned himself over, now on his belly. He tries to prop himself up but falls down to the concrete floor. The crowd is stirring but they can sense this match is over. Harvey once again tries to push himself up and gets his knees up and now he's on all fours.

SEVEN!

Cameras go to Kendrix in the middle of the ring. He's in pain but he has his arm raised in the air. He knows this match is over. Back to Harvey who is slowly but surely crawling toward the ring.

EIGHT!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is just willing himself toward the ring! It's a race against time!

Lance:

He has to dig down deep, Darren! Jay Harvey is one of the toughest guys in the locker room. He isn't going to go down without a fight!

DDK:

Hector Navarro is almost at nine. Is Jay Harvey gonna make it back in the ring?!

NINE!

Jay Harvey has gotten himself to the edge of the ring, he's got the bottom rope. HE'S BACK IN THE RING!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd!

DDK:

Jay Harvey beat the count! Kendrix, Kendrix thought he had this match won!

Lance:

JFK is back up, Darren. Kendrix looks enraged!

Kendrix is indeed pissed off that Jay Harvey didn't just lay down and die. Kendrix still holding his ribs goes after Harvey who just appears to be dead weight! Kendrix goes to pull Harvey vertical but he just drops down to the mat.

Kendrix pauses for a second, wiping the sweat from his eyes, before trying one more time to get Harvey up. He does and puts Jay's head between his legs. He signals the "end" and sets Harvey up for a maneuver. Kendrix looks to be going for a Powerbomb but he can't get Harvey up.

Kendrix slaps himself in the face to push himself into it. He uses everything he has left in the tank and finally is able to get Jay up into the air and slams him down via a Sit-Out Powerbomb! Kendrix feels the effects of the impact move but keeps it on as Harvey's shoulders are on the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

The sold-out crowd is going berserk! Jesus Christ! Kendrix is in absolute shock!

DDK:

Where does Jay Harvey find it, Lance?!

Lance:

It's that moxie, Darren! Jay Harvey doesn't know when to quit!

DDK:

Kendrix is beside himself! He's thrown everything at Jay Harvey and he just won't stay down!

Lance:

You have to think, Darren... What else does Jay Harvey have left in the tank? How much more does he have?

DDK:

We are gonna find out, Lance! This is not over yet!

Kendrix gets back into the match and locks Harvey up in a Headlock, dropping himself down to the mat and putting all his weight on Harvey's back. Harvey is trying to break his grip but isn't having any success. Kendrix wrenches in more and more, trying to cut off all oxygen to Harvey.

Kendrix can't help but smile as he continues to keep the submission choke held on. Jay Harvey tries to reserve his air and holds back on fighting out of the hold. Kendrix being the vet he is, kicks his legs out, putting more strain on Jay's breathing. More tension on the choke.

The sold-out crowd is trying their best to show their support for Jay Harvey. They are getting loud and Harvey's hand is shaking! Kendrix yells for the fattos in the stands to shut up but they won't, obvs. Harvey is feeling the crowd's energy as Hector Navarro asks him if he wants to give up.

Lance:

Kendrix trying to slow the pace of this match down. Jay Harvey has combated everything tonight.

DDK:

This sold-out crowd is all behind "The Natural One"!

LET'S GO HARVEY! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

LET'S GO HARVEY! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

LET'S GO HARVEY! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

DDK:

This crowd might be getting to JFK!

Lance:

Kendrix is a bad man, Keebs. He deserves everything he gets here tonight!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is feeling the energy from this crowd! Harvey is trying to bring the two back to their feet!

Harvey is at a knee, Kendrix's eyes go wide and he looks around the crowd, almost to prove this is happening. Kendrix acts quick and spins Jay Harvey around and as smooth as some creamy peanut butter Kendrix executes a Swinging Neckbreaker!

Kendrix wastes no time and goes for the cover, he doesn't hook the leg though!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-HARVEY KICKS OUT!

DDK:

That never say die attitude on full display! Jay Harvey is still in this match! Harvey is just able to kickout before the three!

Lance:

Jay Harvey has been Speared on top of the steel steps. He has been Powerbombed. Let's not forget that low blow on the outside. JFK has pulled out every trick he can think of and Jay Harvey just won't quit! Jay Harvey pulling his best Jason Vorhees impression!

Cameras pick up Kendrix just resting on his knees, shaking his head. His face turns from disbelief to rage.

Lance:

Kendrix looks like a madman!

DDK:

Jay Harvey frustrates his opponents and Kendrix is experiencing that right here!

JFK digs his hands into his hair not being able to fully comprehend how Jay Harvey keeps kicking out! Kendrix rips the tape off of his wrists and tosses it out of the ring. He's yelling at his opponent.

Kendrix:

You just don't know when to quit, do ya, bruv?! Huh?!

Harvey is down on the mat but has turned to his side. He's there but not there, you know? You don't know. You don't know shit. Anyway, Kendrix is done fucking around and does the signal for the Bell End. The crowd is a massive sea of boo as Kendrix flips them the bird.

Kendrix hangs in the background as Harvey struggles to move around. Harvey doesn't know where he is as Kendrix lies in wait for his opponent to be in the perfect spot before he pounces. Jay extends his arm in an attempt to grab at the ropes that are too far away.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is a sitting duck!

DDK:

Kendrix is looking to end this match right here and right now!

Lance:

Jay Harvey has put up a valiant effort! It can't end like this!

Harvey is dripping sweat, crawling toward the ring ropes in front of him. Kendrix is once again getting antsy as Harvey fights to get over to the ropes. Harvey is finally there as he grabs onto the bottom rope with one hand and the middle rope with the other.

He takes a moment to try to get his bearings. Both hands grab the middle rope, his legs still extended on the mat. Kendrix can feel it, his time to end this match. Harvey grabs the top rope with his right hand and props himself against the ropes, resting on his knees.

DDK:

Kendrix like a snake in the grass! Jay Harvey has no idea what's in store for him.

Lance:

Kendrix is signaling for the Bell End, Keebs. It's just a matter of time now.

Harvey turns around just as Kendrix makes his way over to him. KNEE! KNEE! JAY HARVEY JUST CRACKED KENDRIX IN THE MOUTH WITH HIS KNEE! The crowd is on fire! Kendrix holds at his mouth as Harvey falls back and is kept on his feet by the ring ropes.

Kendrix drops to a knee, his hand covered with blood. Harvey snaps back into reality and sees Kendrix down. He bounces off the ropes and hits his patented Knee Strike finisher!

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL! JAY HARVEY JUST HIT IT!

Lance:

IT'S OVER! COVER HIM, JAY!

Jay Harvey just drops down and essentially has Kendrix covered. The crowd counts along with Referee Hector Navarro!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

KENDRIX KICKED OUT OF THE WAKE UP CALL!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! I...I can't believe it. I don't think anyone has ever kicked out of the Wake Up Call before!

DDK:

The air in the stands has been sucked out. This arena is in disbelief. This has been some battle! This has been a war, Lance!

Lance:

Both men have put it all on the line in this one! This is what DEFIANCE is all about!

Cameras pick up the beaten and bruised DEFIANTS. Referee Hector Navarro goes into his pocket and pulls out some latex gloves. He drops down and checks on the busted lip of JFK. The wound doesn't look good, blood is everywhere!

DDK:

Jay Harvey has knocked JFK's tooth out!

Navarro puts something in his pocket as he tries to stem the flow of blood but Jesse pushes him aside as he crawls towards the ropes.

Lance:

Did...did Navarro put the tooth in his pocket?

The ref then checks on Jay Harvey to make sure he is ok. Navarro gets back to a vertical base and looks at both fallen men. He begins his standing Ten Count.

ONE!

DDK:

Both men are down once again!

TWO!

THREE!

Lance:

This is what DEFCON is all about, Keebs! Two DEFIANTS just beating the living crap out of each other!

Kendrix spits blood to the outside, affording himself a delirious chuckle before he attempts to get to his feet. He's still knocked a little loose but is now on his side. He looks over to his opponent who is barely moving around at the other side of the ring.

FOUR!

DDK:

War, Lance! The Lakefront Arena is the battleground!

FIVE!

Lance:

We knew this match was going to be like this and it hasn't disappointed one bit!

Kendrix tries to stand up but immediately falls down to the canvas. He starts swinging his arm to try and grab a ring rope. Harvey is struggling to prop himself onto all fours. Hector Navarro is once again taking his time with his count.

SIX!

Kendrix has made it to his feet. He once again raises his arms in the air in "victory".

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jay Harvey makes his way over to the ring ropes and latches onto the middle rope. He is taking deep breaths as Navarro is closing in on ten.

NINE!

DDK:

Harvey is back to his feet!

Lance:

Watch Kendrix!

Kendrix comes out of nowhere and sends Jay crashing down to the mat via the BELL-END! The Double Knee Facebreaker does its job and Kendrix goes for the cover, hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY'S FOOT IS ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

The crowd is going to blow the roof off this shithole of an arena! Cameras get shots of fans putting their hands on their heads and their jaws on the floor! Kendrix is going ballistic, slamming his hands over and over against the mat! He hops to his feet and begins kicking the bottom rope in frustration! What a maniac!

The crowd is loving everything they are seeing! They even begin an overused and dumb chant.

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap clap clap-clap-clap

DDK:

War Lance, that's what we are witnessing right now!

Lance:

This is DEFCON, Darren! This is a war fitting of DEFCON!

DDK:

Both men have used their finishers only to have the other man kick out! What else can these two men do to each other here?!

Lance:

I think at this point it's not about winning, it's about not losing to your opponent!

DDK:

That makes absolutely no sense! But I get it, Lance!

Kendrix is back to his feet. The blood is still trickling down his chin. He wipes what he can away with the back of his hand before putting his thumb against his throat in a slitting motion! Harvey is somehow moving around after suffering the devastating maneuver from his opponent.

DDK:

Kendrix is calling for the Kendrix Kross! Harvey is on his knees and Kendrix is going for it, it's not locked in fully though! JFK needs to bring this down to the canvas!

Lance:

Kendrix is trying to get Harvey down on the mat but his knees are preventing it! Harvey is fighting with everything he has. Uff!

Jesse slams forearm after forearm across the back of Harvey's head which finally sends the "Natural One" down prone on the canvas.

DDK:

Devastating blows from JFK and now it's finally locked in. It's surely only a matter of time now.

Jesse reaches back and wrenches as hard as he can.

Kendrix:
ASK HIM!

Lance:
Harvey is yelling out in excruciating pain. Has he got enough left in the tank to get to the bottom rope?!

Navarro is on his knees asking Jay but he fights with everything he has to crawl towards the ropes.

DDK:
C'mon Jay, every single person in this arena is willing you on! Don't give in!

DON'T!
DON'T!
DON'T!
DON'T!

Harvey reaches out for the rope but he's a good few inches away still. Jesse wrenches harder as the blood drops from his mouth onto the back of Harvey's head. Navarro is asking Harvey if he's had enough but the Natural One inches closer and closer until his fingertips touch the bottom rope...but they don't hang on as Jesse reaches back and drags their weight further away from the ropes.

DDK:
This has got to be it. It's too much, Jay, it's too mu..

Lance:
Wait a minute! How is he doing this?!

Jesse's eyes widen before he shakes his head in disbelief, the hold is still locked in but Harvey has managed to get to his knees with Kendrix on his shoulders! The crowd is right behind their hero as he makes it to one knee, Navarro follows in the same manner, in disbelief at what he's seeing.

DDK:
Kendrix still has the jaw locked but he's lost Harvey's arm!

Lance:
He's up on both feet...He's he's....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lance:
GAME OVER, KEEBS! GAME OVER!

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:
I don't believe what I have just witnessed. How did Jay Harvey summon enough will and strength to just pull that off?!

Navarro has his hands in his head in disbelief, the fans in attendance are on their feet but both men are down on the backs in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Listen to this place, Darren! Both men are down, blood is on the canvas, Navarro has an extra tooth and now he's counting!

ONE!

A replay hits our screens showing how Harvey got to his feet before connecting his knee with JFK's skull.

TWO!

DDK:

These guys have already been out for a fair few seconds...

THREE!

DDK:

...and Navarro has managed to snap out of it to begin his ten count.

FOUR!

Lance:

Both men are collapsed next to each other.

FIVE!

Lance:

It's just going to need an arm across the body for the pin.

SIX!

Harvey begins to stir, however, Kendrix remains sprawled across the mat and breathing heavily.

SEVEN!

DDK:

I don't think Harvey has his bearings, he's moving but he's moving away from Kendrix.

EIGHT!

The ringside camera focuses on Harvey, dragging himself and reaching out for the ropes but he looks up and sees Navarro checking on him and calling for...

NINE!

It's then when it hits him and his bearings come back.

DDK:

C'mon Jay, turn the other way!

TEN!

Harvey rolls over and manages to throw his hand across the chest of Kendrix.

DING DING DING

DDK:

What just happened?!

Lance:

It's too late. It's over! Navarro called for the bell before Harvey realized!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd shows their displeasure by throwing trash into the ring!

Darren Quimbey.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this contest has resulted in a Double Count Out as both men failed to answer Referee Hector Navarro's ten count. Therefore this match has resulted in a draw.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jay Harvey was a second away from a pinfall attempt which I'm pretty sure would have resulted in a win and more importantly the retribution the "Natural One" deserved!

Lance:

I think you're right. Kendrix has only just started to come to. Both men are out of it. I don't think either of them are going to be the same after this.

DDK:

We understand this... this isn't the result the fans were looking for. They wanted a decisive winner and they didn't get it.

The fan's boos echo around the arena, as the cameras focus in on Harvey, arm draped over the body of Kendrix, both men barely moving a muscle as some thrown cups are seen landing by them.

Replays hit our screens showing Kendrix kicking out of the Wake Up Call and Jay doing the same with the Bell-End.

DDK:

What a war! Both these men went to hell and back. Both had their moments to put this to bed but they both kept pushing.

The replay of Harvey lifting Jesse while in the Kendrix Kross and hitting the Game Over!

Lance:

Then Jay Harvey with an unbelievable DEFCON moment, somehow summoning the will and power to rise to his feet while Kendrix had the Crossface locked in and then free himself to connect his knee to JFK's face which ultimately resulted in both men being counted out for ten.

The final replay hits our screens in slow motion where we see Navarro calling for the bell at Ten just before Harvey rolled over and landed his exhausted pin attempt.

DDK:

It was the right call. It's fine margins like this that make the difference. Jay Harvey was a second away from possibly pinning Kendrix one, two, three.

Lance:

You've got to hand it to both of them. You can feel the frustration from the crowd that there was no outright winner but no one will be feeling more frustrated than Jay Harvey right now. Unfinished business springs to mind. Where do both these men go from here?!

DDK:

The score is still tied between these two! One day we will have the deciding match for this war of pride! This war of attrition!

Lance:

Both men gave it everything they had. Jay Harvey came up just short. That's been the history with him and all of 24k.

DDK:

This is far from over between these two. Speaking of 24k, coming up next is the grudge match between Perfection and PCP's very own, Elise Ares!

The two think their mics are dead but continue to shoot the shit.

Lance:

I wonder what Hector is gonna do with that tooth?

DDK:

Gonna have to start calling him the Tooth Fairy!

The shot ends with Harvey rolling off of Kendrix and back first onto the canvas with his head in his hands as JFK rolls onto his side, holding at his bloody mouth. We stay on him before cutting and moving along with the fucking show.

360

Backstage.

Scrow sits on a bench, while Hive tapes his fists up. A knock is heard on the door and soon after Ravanna enters the room. She has two thin boxes under her arm. Scrow looks up at her.

Scrow:

What exactly are you doing here? Wait he is not here is he?

Ravanna:

No, he had a business appointment in Seattle. He however told me to deliver you both these.

She hands the boxes to Scrow and Hive.

Ravanna:

His words exactly were he was tired of watching his prodigy wearing rags to the ring.

Scrow opens the box, the camera catches actual wrestling gear. The color of the gear is orange and black. Hive opens hers and pulls out a leather jacket, which looks expensive. Ravanna snaps her fingers and a Reaper in cyan colors enters the room. They give Scrow a hanger with a protective covering over it. Scrow hangs the hanger in one of the lockers and unzips the covering, revealing a leather jacket for himself, with his own custom designs.

Ravanna:

Oh, one last thing, he expects the False Hero Dex Joy permanently removed from DEFIANCE.

Scrow looks back at her, then at Hive.

Scrow does not answer.

Ravanna:

I would not disobey that request.

Scrow still does not answer.

Ravanna's phone rings. She answers it.

Ravanna:

Yes, no that is not what we agreed on....*[she exits the room]* well I suggest you fix the issue...*[her voice trails off and becomes silent when the reaper closes the door behind her.]*

Scrow just stares at Hive.

Hive:

Just stick with the plan tonight. If it all goes according to plan Dex will not be able to continue his wrestling career. Just remember you are no match with him strength-wise. Do not let him work his style, make him work your style.

Scrow:

Scrow has been in the ring enough with him to know all that. Now finish up my wraps.

Scrow sits on the bench and Hive resumes taping his fists.

POSEDOWN: GOD-BEAST vs. BOX-MAN

DDK:

Faithful, recently, on Web Exclusives, we've had the ongoing strongman competition between the Box Man Klein and the God-Beast, Mushigihara. Well, earlier today, during the fan fest of DEF Con, well, their competition finally came to it's grizzly end. I believe you had the pleasure of handling the reporting Lance?

Lance:

I did Darren. Let's take it to the tape!

The scene fades out as we hear the commentary team think they're off mic.

Lance:

Extra points for the dramatics Darren. You are a titan.

DDK:

Thanks.

Fade in to the Wrestle-Plex, after hours. We see Klein in the far corner of the room, being tended to by Flex Kruger and O-Face. O-Face just sprays a bunch of water into Klein's box face, soaking the cardboard. He shakes his head at her, as Flex massages his shoulders.

Lance:

Here we are, day 2 of the Strongman competition between God-Beast Mushi the Box-Headed Titan Klein. Mushi was able to best Klein in the first event on DEFtv 150, a bench press competition. Klein's ribs gave out. Perhaps today, a few more days removed from the injury will do Klein well.

Lower Chyron: Web Exclusive #1: Leg Day.

Bursting into the rooms, double doors slammed open is the God-Beast, Mushi. Eddie Dante is of course by his side. Dante quickly hypes Mushi up, who shouts OSU!

For the first leg press, Mushi is able to easily do 10 sets of 500 lbs. Klein matches it.

The second round, Klein struggles at 750, but Mushi does a bit more, doing one less rep, conserving his strength.

And the final round, a single leg press. Mushi's able to do 1500lbs of a leg press, highly impressive. Klein, behind, goes second, and is able to press 1600 lbs, winning the event. However, in doing so, he further aggravates his rib injury, and is taken care of by Iris.

A graphic transition where Klein and Mushi test of strength the previous screen, with a tally mark in the bottom right corner. Mushi already has a first tally (from the first bench press competition.) Here, Klein adds to his tally.

Lower Chyron: Web Exclusive #2: Deadlift

Mushi comes out and plays no games. He deadlifts 350 lbs with considerable strain.

Klein attempts to match him, but can not. He does get it off the ground but can't maintain control, his ribs giving out as he falls to his knees. Mushi actually catches Klein here, and helps him to the medical wing.

Another graphic transition with Klein and Mushi, head to head. Mushi's tally increases, giving him the lead.

The video package ends, and we fade into the side interview station, where Christie Zane is wearing her evening's finest attire. There is an elaborate setup, crimson red royal tarps with large rope strands. There's even a large semi-truck, dressed to look like the DEFIANCE Production truck, attached to the ropes. It seems they may have a pulling contest in mind.

Christie Zane:

Folks, we are just about ready for the live pose down between the God-Beast Mushi, and the Box-Herald Klein. Following that, we're meant to see who can drag this truck the far-

Suddenly, she seems to get a bit concerned, she clutches her ear piece.

Christie Zane:

I'm being told there's a commotion in the back...

Before the camera's can cut backstage, the cameras look up to the entranceway and Klein is tossed out. He rolls onto his side, with Jestal appearing close behind. Jestal pounces on Klein, taking Clucky and slamming it into his ribs over, and over again.

DDK:

Oh come on! Jestal does this, at DEFCON?!

Lance:

Jestal clearly blames Klein for what happened to his sister, losing her as a tag team partner. It doesn't seem to matter when, Darren.

Klein tries to protect himself, but the wrapped ribs have been torn apart, and his bruises exposed for the world to see. With one final THUD Klein falls to the ground, limp.

Jestal takes Clucky and starts to wrap it around Klein's neck.

Lance:

And Jestal's trying to do a Chucky assisted Smile Time. I haven't seen this before.

Jestal looks up and his eyes open in shock. He quickly drops Klein and let's him thud to the ground. Mushigahara comes roaring out of the backstage area, huffing and puffing like a bull ready to charge. Jestal raises his hands, backing off, and then slinks off through the crowd.

DDK:

Jestal, thinking better of confronting the God-Beast one on one. Better to wait till tomorrow's tag team matchup.

Lance:

At this rate, that match may very well wind up being a handicap match!

Flex Kruger emerges, and with Mushi's help, the two carry Klein to the back, one under each arm. The Faithful cheer in support.

DDK:

Folks, we may not get the pose down we wanted, but we did add a little spark to tomorrow evening's tag match. Mushi may need to find a new partner, but our medical staff will be on the case, ensuring that if Klein is ready, he will be cleared to go!

Klein throws a thumbs up to the crowd before he, Mushi and Flex disappear backstage.

ELISE ARES vs. PERFECTION

DDK:

What a show Night One of DEFCON has been so far... and the hits just keep coming Lance. Perfection. Elise Ares. Or is it Amethysta?

Lance:

On our last episode of DEFtv... we were scheduled to have Amethysta and Scott Douglas take on the 24K team of Mikey Unlikely and Perfection, but instead Elise Ares showed up for some reason. Quite the mystery.

DDK:

You're leading me to believe you might have some more information on this, Lance?

Lance:

I do. It's no secret that Elise Ares has been very... secretive lately. So getting information has been tough, but I do know some people that know some people. It turns out that Elise's luggage was lost traveling from California back to Louisiana for DEFtv. So she had to find some old ring gear in the area owned by a collector and wear that, as well as have a new face shield made that is a little more "clear" than the one we caught a glimpse of under the Amethysta mask the DEFtv previous to that.

DDK:

Interesting, so a little bit of a luggage issue?

Lance:

It goes deeper than that.

DDK:

Oh... does it?

Lance:

The airline found Elise Ares' luggage at the airport here in Louisiana. It arrived on time, but once it was returned to the owner after DEFtv had aired, the Amethysta ring gear was still gone. Mask. Outfit. Boots. The whole deal. Vanished.

DDK:

Well, I wouldn't put something like that past 24K.

Lance:

We have no word on what happened beyond that, Darren, but it certainly does sound like foul play is involved. If I were to guess, I'd say 24K found a way to shut down this Amethysta problem... but how? If even The D and Klein don't know where Elise is, or when she's flying in and out of town... where would 24K get that kind of information?

DDK:

This may be the kind of situation where the more time passes, the more clarity we'll get. Meanwhile, Elise Ares will get the opportunity to rectify the situation right here tonight.

A bass synth cuts through the DEFplex and the Faithful stop their conversations as the lighting dims and the spotlights shine towards the entrance.

*'Cause baby now we've got bad blood
You know it used to be mad love
So take a look what you've done
'Cause baby now we've got bad blood, hey!*

♪ "Bad Blood" by The Animal In Me ♪

The expected rap verse of Kendrick Lamar is replaced by the screaming vocals of Shane Gould of The Animal In Me.

The Faithful are shocked, not only by the change in music, but by Elise Ares who walks out with a new very short haircut. Gone are the long, dark, supermodel-esque signature locks. Replaced by a side shave and a half-bob over a clear protective face mask, covering her injured face courtesy of 24K at DEFIANCE Road.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... the challenger, hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. EEEEEELISEEE ARRRRRRRESSSSSSS!

DDK:

New song. New haircut. New ring gear... and new attitude here for Elise Ares? What are we even seeing?

Lance:

Where is our spectacular over-the-top DEFCON entrance?!

DDK:

We're not getting it here tonight, Lance. This must be Elise Ares, stripped of her identity and her beauty. Stuck behind a protective facemask, 24K have taken EVERYTHING identifiable away from the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. A usual flamboyant personality has shown up tonight "all business." She's come to take her life back.

Lance:

Or at least what's left of it. Her FIST of DEFIANCE opportunity? Stolen. Her change for revenge? Stolen. Her ring gear and mask from her early days of wrestling in Mexico? Stolen. Her beauty? Stolen in a horrific face injury. She has one shot left to take a piece out of 24K here tonight, Darren. She looks like she isn't willing to dance this one away.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style slides into the ring and paces back and forth, keeping her face down and away from the spotlight. It's there in the middle of the ring she faces Carla Ferrari, who hasn't officiated one of her matches since she attacked her almost a year ago. They share a knowing glance, but Elise keeps her head down as she turns away and towards the entrance waiting for her opponent.

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

Just a cacophony of boos rain down on the now gold colored DEFplex as the haunting melody plays over the speakers. Stepping out on the entrance in Perfection, sunglasses on, in full douchebaggery. He raises his arms, basking in the jeers of the fans as golden sparks begin to rain down from above.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... hailing from Hidden Hills, California. Weighing in at 222 pounds. He is a member of 24K. HE. IS. PERRRRRRRRFEEEEEEEEEECTIONNNNNNNNNN!

DDK:

I want to be clear about something... I don't like this man. I don't like his tactics. I don't like his... face, but he's a damn good wrestler. He's yet to be pinned since joining the DEFIANCE roster and there's a reason for it.

Lance:

He's a cheating bastard?

DDK:

Right, there's that... but also he's a skilled wrestler. You can't deny it. He knows how to target a weak spot, he has incredible ring awareness, and has unfathomable self-confidence.

Lance:

You can say that again.

DDK:

But the point is Elise Ares is coming into this match obviously injured. Motivated... but injured, just like she was against

JFKayle and we all saw how that went. The question is how much has she healed? This is by no means a step down in competition, Lance. We're talking about a man who has yet to be defeated in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Yet to be pinned.

Perfection walks across the apron with a shit-eating grin on his face taking off his sunglasses and pretending to throw them into the crowd, but he balks and flips them off instead. Laughing he drops his glasses to the floor instead and steps into the ring. He goes towards the opposite corner of the ring to let the Faithful marvel in his greatness, but Ares won't step out of his way. He chuckles and instead just raises his arms directly in front of her. She bites her lip instead of tackling him on the spot.

DDK:

Look at him, out her provoking a wrestler of Elise Ares' caliber.

Lance:

It might be all part of the plan, Darren. If he gets her worked up enough he may be able to throw her off her game.

DDK:

It's as disrespectful as it is brilliant, I suppose. Let's just hope it backfires and Ares knocks that smug-ass grin off of his face.

DING DING

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE fires out of her corner like a bullet. Perfection is caught off guard when his opponent forgoes her typical high-flying, flashy offense and instead leaps into the air and begins unloading a series of punches. The Faithful go banana as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style knocks the surprised 24K member to the ground and begins a ground and pound. His ring awareness makes him immediately get a rope break, but Carla Ferrari has to physically pull Elise Ares off of him as she is pulled away singing.

DDK:

I think Carla is having flashbacks!

Lance:

She better watch out swinging like that! If she hits Carla she isn't going to give her a second chance, there's history here!

Elise Ares is yanked away and condemned by Carla Ferrari as Perfection pulls himself up off the canvas and dusts himself off. He makes sure to keep a firm hold of the ropes to keep the fiery asian-latina at bay. He finally steps away from the ropes and Carla moves out of Elise's way, unleashing her to launch herself at Perfection once more, but this time he's ready and grounds his much smaller opponent. Ares is hard to keep down, she tries to wiggle loose but Witherhold is just too savvy. He moves over to a chinlock and smiles as the Pop Culture Phenom tries to struggle free.

He uses his known advantage and begins to lift Elise while maintaining the chinlock, moving it up a little to rub against her protective mask, causing Ares to wince a bit and resist less. He transitions to hammerlock and Ares immediately tries to fire back elbows, but he captures the free arm and drags her to the corner. He begins to bash her head into the turnbuckle before Carla comes over for the rope break. Perfection continues to bash all the way until five, when he lifts his arms to back away, then goes back in for one more bash to a chorus of jeers from the Faithful.

DDK:

He just couldn't help getting that last cheap shot in, could he?

Lance:

Well, I think it's a prerequisite to join 24K.

DDK:

Fair enough, but he might be in the ring with the queen of cheap shots... he can dish them out but can he take them?

Lance:

Only one way to find out.

Ares is down on a knee, holding her face and adjusting her mask as Perfection blows her off in the corner. Carla checks on Elise, but the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style refuses to back down and lifts herself up to her feet. Ferrari checks one last time and Elise tells her she's fine before exploding back at Perfection once again, and this time he sidesteps her attack and tosses her over the top rope. The always nimble Ares grabs the rope and manages to land on the apron. She quickly pulls herself back up to her feet ready to launch but Perfection hits her square in the face plate with a dropkick, sending her down to the concrete floor outside of the ring.

DDK:

Ares is all passion here tonight, Lance, but clearly she's still a little bothered by her injury. You can tell she feels a little uncomfortable in her skin. Her precision is a little off. Everything is lagging behind just a little bit, and a ring general like Perfection is just going to pick that apart all day long.

Lance:

Meanwhile, he's in there dusting off his hands like he just took out the trash. She's gotta get it together here. Her crusade against 24K can't end like this... can it, Darren?

As Elise Ares pulls herself up off the floor, inside the ring Witherhold is sitting on the middle rope, opening the ropes for his opponent to re-enter the ring. Preying upon the anger that has blinded Ares thus far in the match, Perfection is playing her like a fiddle as she approaches the ring with snarl. The former Southern Heritage Champion quickly jumps up on the apron and grabs the boot of the 24K member, trying to pull him out of the ring. The Faithful perk up but are quickly dashed as Perfection manages to shake off Elise with a hard kick, sending her stumbling backwards and falling on the apron.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE tries to quickly get back up to her feet to escape the vulnerable position, as she gets back to a vertical base she finds Perfection already running her down and going to kick the leg out from under her. Surprisingly Ares senses this coming and runs up the turnbuckle, doing a backflip and landing back on her feet still outside on the apron as Witherhold misses. Then she responds with a windmill kick that connects to the skull of Perfection, staggering him as she falls to the apron and rolls into the ring behind him.

DDK:

What a display of athleticism by Elise Ares! I'm not sure if I've ever seen someone do that on the apron before!

Lance:

No turnbuckles to assist you out there, Darren! That was just crazy skill!

Perfection stumbles and falls to a knee, but he's quick to try and reach his stance before Ares can get into an offensive groove, but he's too late as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style rushes to grab him before dropping him over the opposite ropes with a Cuban Necktie! The whiplash sends Witherhold to his back where Ares springboards to the top rope and lands a roll-over senton on her opponent. Rolling through and back up to her feet she launches herself backwards with a standing moonsault to the delight of the Faithful.

DDK:

She started this match angry but in a bit of a funk, Lance, but it feels almost as if the Faithful are pulling her back to where she needs to be!

Lance:

That exchange happened so fast! What is he even supposed to do to defend himself from that?!

Elise instinctively places the boot onto the chest of Perfection to do her "Que Tal Eso?!" trademark, stepping over the

24K member, but before she can begin to dance she's pulled backwards into a school boy!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Ares kicks out... but she doesn't get free. Perfection chains the kick out into a standing heel hook, making Elise scream out in pain as she lunges for the ropes... but the ring general immediately steps away making the rope break even further away. Carla Ferrari asks for a submission as Elise struggles to break free, but the Pop Culture Phenom refuses and Perfection then chains into a half-boston crab, applying even more pressure.

DDK:

What ring awareness again by Perfection! Just shutting down any momentum Elise Ares was beginning to build!

Lance:

I hate him, but he's one calculating, talented bastard.

Ares screams out in pain but still refuses to submit. She makes progress towards the ropes but is pulled back again. When the hope of escaping seems to be at its lowest point, Elise arches her back up just enough to get her free leg under her to the amazement of the Faithful. Then she pulls her leg forward with a lunge, causing Perfection to flip forward and breaking the hold. Both wrestlers reach their feet at the same time, but the Faithful lift Ares' spirits and help her unleash a flurry of offense! Arm drag. Arm drag. Enziguiri to stagger. Perfection to one knee and Ares lands a spike hurricanrana and goes for the pin!

DDK:

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE is on fire!

Lance:

That's the move that put away Mikey Unlikely!

DDK:

She's going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICK OUT!

Ares looks up in shock at Carla Ferrari holding up a two count. She knows she has to stay on the offensive, so Elise pulls Witherhold up to his feet and hits him with a series of quick kicks and chops until he's backed into the corner. Then she takes a step back before rushing her opponent, but Perfection counters with a defensive elbow! Ares stumbles back and the 24K member gets up to the second rope, appearing to be sizing up Elise for a jumping bionic elbow but Ares charges back and leaps onto the ropes before leaping across the turnbuckle and throwing Perfection off the ropes with a hurricarana!

DDK:

Ares just won't stay down, Lance! What a move!

Lance:

The Faithful loved it, Darren! Listen to them!

Inside the ring Perfection tries to bring the world back into focus, rolling over onto his stomach before pushing his way back up to his feet. He turns around to locate The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style and...

DDK:
AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:
RIGHT ON THE MONEY!

Elise jumps onto the pin and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

DDK:
Perfection just barely escapes again!

Lance:
Are you KIDDING me?!

Elise can't help but ask Carla how that was a two count and the pair seem to have a conversation as Perfection grabs an object out of his tights. Ares demonstrates to Carla Ferrari how to count to three while Witherhold crawls across the ring and slides the object into his right hand. In frustration, Elise brushes past Carla and grabs Perfection who immediately swings wildly towards the face of Ares with the foreign object!

DDK:
WATCH OUT!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE ducks instinctively from muscle memory and Perfection misses, then drops the object onto the floor when Ares kicks him in the stomach. A set of 24K branded brass knuckles (available at merchandise tables right now!) fall onto the canvas, causing Elise Ares and Carla Ferrari to both watch in surprise!

Lance:
Uh oh!

DDK:
Maybe not so perfect tonight, Lance! Elise's previous run-ins with 24K has trained Elise to be extra wary of foreign objects to the face!

Lance:
That's what she said?

Carla scoops the knuckles up off the floor and goes to the ropes to throw them out of the ring when Elise kicks Perfection right between the legs! The Faithful roar as the 24K member yells in pain and drops to his knees before falling into the fetal position holding his groin.

DDK:
I told you he was in the ring with the queen of cheap shots!

Lance:
Carla didn't see a thing!

DDK:

That's karma right there, Lance! Couldn't happen to a nice guy, could it?

Lance:

You hate to see it, Christie!

As the official turns back around, she sees Elise measuring up Perfection for the Extreme Makeover as he still lays on his side holding his groin. Carla puts two and two together and begins to ask if she hit Perfection with a low blow, which she immediately denies and screams about how Carla just watched her almost get hit in the face by a set of 24K-branded brass knuckles. Elise is beside herself insulted as Perfection slyly begins to unlace his right boot.

DDK:

I'm not really sure who Christie is, Lance, but Perfection looks to be unlacing his boot?

Lance:

My lord, what else could he possibly be trying to pull?

DDK:

He's a desperate man. He sees the writing on the wall in this match and it's not good.

As Elise finishes her dramatic conversation with Carla, she walks over to Perfection to help him up off the canvas to maintain control of the match. When she does, she puts him into position for the Cuban Necktie again but this time he stretches the shoelace across her throat and begins to choke her, hiding it behind the ruse of a sleeper! Ares flails her arms and reaches for her neck trying to pry lace and arms away, but she can't.

Lance:

A move from Mikey's playbook, Darren! Perfection is going for that lethal sleeper hold!

DDK:

I think he's added a little something extra to it, look at Elise gasping for air!

Lance:

Carla needs to get a closer look at that!

Carla Ferrari comes around just in time to see Ares begin to wear down in the sleeper. The Faithful nearly shake the DEFplex in disdain as Perfection pretends to tighten the hold. Elise reaches out with what she has left and begins to point towards her neck as Perfection jerks her around to try and throw Carla off the trail. Ferrari comes in and tries to get a good look at Elise's neck and Perfection begins to slowly move her away the closer Carla comes.

DDK:

This is just ridiculous! Somebody needs to put a stop to thi....

Lance:

SHE DID IT AGAIN!

Just as Carla gets in real close Ares kicks her right leg up between the legs of Perfection, making him immediately release the hold and Elise gasps for air. She doesn't give Ferrari time to react, however, before grabbing Perfection's arm and throwing him, almost judo style, over her shoulder and hard onto the canvas. The Faithful begin to stomp their feet as Ares collapses to her knees, breathing heavily. Carla goes to check on the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, who slowly begins to ball a shoelace into her right hand.

DDK:

She threw Perfection right out of his boot!

Lance:

Ares is having a hard time catching her breath back, Darren.

As Carla continues to check on the Pop Culture Phenom, Elise points with her left hand towards the boot laying on the canvas. Ferrari goes to investigate, picking the boot up off the mat reluctantly and giving it a once over before tossing it out of the ring. Another crisis averted as both wrestlers waver up to their feet once more behind the female DEFIANCE official. Perfection takes a second to try and locate his boot, he sees it in the hands of Ferrari, but quickly finds the lace against his throat as the Faithful go nuts and Elise locks Perfection in the sleeper hold!

DDK:

Elise has got the lace! Elise has the lace! You gotta love instant karma, Lance!

Lance:

You've got to be kidding me! Did Carla even notice the lace was missing?

DDK:

She probably thinks the boot was loaded!

Perfection gasps for arm and flails his arms around before Carla turns around and sees the hold. The Faithful cheer on Elise as she falls over to her side, wrapping her legs around Perfection and tightening the “sleeper” as Witherhold tries to do the same thing Ares did and points towards his neck. Carla checks and can’t see anything as Ares cinches in the lock.

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

The Faithful scream in a fever pitch as Perfection's eyes grow wide. He begins desperately clawing at the arm of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, trying to loosen her grip, but she has it locked around her other arm stabilizing the hold. He kicks his legs, trying to find the ropes or move Ares into a less favorable position but doesn't find what he's looking for before his body goes limp. Ferrari asks Perfection if he submits and doesn't receive an answer. Elise screams at Carla Ferrari to call the match. The checkered past between the two makes the call reluctant, she doesn't trust Elise.

If you could read lips, you could see Elise Ares from under the mask say to Carla, “He’s out! I don’t want to hurt him, I just want to win. Do the right thing.”

DING DING DING

The Faithful explode as Elise Ares releases the hold and falls onto her back as if the weight of the world is suddenly lifted from her shoulders.

♪ "Bad Blood" by The Animal In Me ♪

DDK:

SHE DID IT! IT'S ALL OVER!

Lance:

What a statement! I can't think of a bigger way to stick it to 24K than that!

Quimbey:

Your winner... ELISEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE ARRRRRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSSSSSS!

On her back, the former #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE tosses the boot lace out of the ring while she runs her hands through her hair looking up at the lights. She touches her face to see if her mask is still on while the Faithful scream in jubilation. Sitting up, she looks around at the crowd celebrating, cheering for her. Awestruck as Carla Ferrari walks over and helps her up to her feet and lifts her arm in the air. Meanwhile, Perfection comes back to

consciousness and rolls towards the outside of the ring, falling to the concrete floor before medical can get to him. They change course to go to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Unexpectedly Elise Ares becomes the #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE. Her victory is robbed from her by a supposed friend in Kendrix which fully forms the stable of 24K. Her chance at revenge is taken from her by a freak injury, breaking the orbital bone in the face that she hides from the medical team so that this chance isn't taken from her... but it's too late. The damage was done and her opportunity was stolen. Tonight, Elise Ares has to put on a mask, hiding what we all collectively thought was her "only talent" when she joined DEFIANCE to protect her healing face to have her last shot at redemption.

Lance:

It wasn't pretty, Darren... but she found it. Right here in the middle of the ring. Unbelievable!

DDK:

And she did it the same way Mikey Unlikely put her down, with a sleeper.

Lance:

You couldn't write it any better, Darren. What a story. What a conclusion. What a win for Elise Ares. The real question is where does she go from her...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Elise's eyes grow wide as the Pop Culture Phenoms music hits, taking her out of the moment. She turns around and looks towards the entrance where the typical sky blue and magenta lights dance around the arena. Leading the charge is The D, and behind him are Flex Kruger (holding a giant sign that says "PLEASE CALL US, ELISE. I'M SCARED") and O-Face. Ares takes a step away from them and towards the crowd before a voice cuts her off.

The D:

NONONONONO, we're done doing this. You stay. We do this now. These people aren't going to let you go anywhere.

He speaks as he points to the Faithful and they stomp and bang the barricades in approval.

The D:

If she leaves you throw her back over, you got it guys? But don't take the flask, I've got dibs. It's mine. I have it in writing. Don't make me call my lawyer.

Carla Ferrari leaves the ring, checks on Perfection and DEFIANCE medical who give her a thumbs up, and makes her way towards the back.

The D:

Listen, yeah?

Meanwhile, the Pop Culture Phenoms begin to make their way up the stairs, onto the apron, and into the ring as Elise backs away with her head down. She turns her back towards them as they get closer. The D is the last one to enter, as he throws a smirk to the camera, a nod to their history with JFK and the Bruvs, and Elise's recent victory over Perfection. Flex stands in front of O-Face, arms crossed, as O-Face quickly stuffs some loose straps into her thinly veiled outfit.

The D walks over to Elise, and taps her on the shoulder.

She doesn't respond.

So The D taps her on the other shoulder.

No response.

Flex taps the D on the shoulder, The D turns around, but Flex is doing that thing where he's actually on the other side. The D gets annoyed.

The D:

Would you just stop! (to Elise) Elise, you gotta talk to us. We're your family. The Pop Culture Phenoms are nothing without the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. I don't care what I gotta do, I'll refuse to wrestle in front of Carla Ferrari. I'll stop working with Netflix and take a meeting with *shudders* fucking Discovery+ if I have to.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sighs and turns around, still with her head towards the ground.

Elise Ares:

...

The D:

I can't hear you. We're in a sold out arena and you're not holding a microphone.

The D pushes the microphone in front of the lips of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE.

Elise Ares: *[between her teeth]*

I... uh, I don't want anyone to see me like this. Can I please just go? Please?

The Faithful boo at the notion of Elise Ares leaving without resolution.

The D:

You're losing 'em, kid. We're gonna have to take that one back. Back to position one everybody, back to one! ANNNND.... Go.

The D pushes the microphone back against Elise's mouth.

Elise Ares:

No one wants to see me with an ugly, broken face. I know I don't want to. So can we just stop pretending that all this is "okay" and we'll just pretend this nevvrrrr happened. Sound like a plan?

The Faithful boo once again and The D shakes his head disappointed.

The D:

I don't think you quite understand so I'm going to take a poll. Hey Flex, do you want to see Elise even if she has an injured face?

The D puts the microphone up to Kruger's mouth who responds.

Flex Kruger:

We miss you Elise... and honestly, even if your face is messed up, your ass is still kind fi...

Ares holds back a chuckle as The D interrupts and the Faithful agree with a cheer. Sounds very masculine.

The D:

OOOOOOKAY. Next stop. O-Face? Hmmm? What do you have to say to Elise?

O-Face:

It's not the same without you around. I mean... it's quieter, which is kinda nice but... I do miss the way things used to be. There is a lot less filming going on and a lot more moping and crying. I'd kinda like to get started on another feature sometime soon and I'm only one girl. I can't play like... sixteen parts, even if they are all written to sound the same.

The D:

Okay, not sure why I asked you or why you're here... but Klein, Klein wanted me to offer you this.

The D produces a cardboard box from behind his back. He begins to fold it for her.

The D:

Just in case you feel the need? But I? Miss Ares. You are forever my leading lady, and your face is not nearly as ugly as you think. I mean. Look at Carla Ferrari. You could never be Carla Ferrari ugly.

A mixed reaction of mostly laughter erupts out of the Faithful as somewhere just backstage everyone can feel Carla flipping them off in the ring.

The D:

So you don't need this.

The D drops the cardboard box and takes a STOMP on it.

The D:

You just need us. I just have one last person to ask... what do you say, Aresites? Do you still love Elise Ares even if she's quote unquote "ugly"?

The Faithful roar in appreciation and through their cheers a chant breaks out.

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

The camera finally gets a good angle of Elise Ares looking down at the canvas as the Faithful chant their appreciation. A tear begins to roll down the face of Ares, trapped beneath the mask to where she can't hide it from everyone. Then two. Then three. She squints her eyes shut and looks away as The D holds out his arms. He takes a step forward and he hugs Ares, who stands with her eyes closed, full of tears and her arms down by her side.

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

WE STILL LOVE YOU! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Reluctantly, Ares' shoulders relax and she wraps her arms around The D, burying her face into his clavicle as the Faithful roar in approval. The D definitely mouths "You're still hot as fire thou." Seeing the opportunity, The D waves in the rest of PCP where O-Face and Flex join in and surround Elise with a group hug.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

DDK:

What a beautiful ovation for the Pop Culture Phenoms here tonight, Lance. It looks like Elise Ares has finally come back home after a long few weeks.

Lance:

This... is actually pretty sweet, Darren. I would've never expected this from PCP.

DDK:

It's certainly a change of pace from what we're used to from them, that's for sure, but it's nice to see the group back together even if Klein couldn't make it out here for it. I'm sure he's found a way to see it all from the back.

Lance:

Jestal sure played spoiler for this moment just a bit, didn't he?

The group spreads out in a line before Flex and The D raise Elise Ares' arms into the air in victory. O-Face goes to join but she's left hanging so she just begins to clap awkwardly instead and Elise pats her on the back, giving her possibly the only reassurance in the history of their relationship before they exit the ring to the cheers of the Faithful.

DDK:

He sure did, Lance... but I do love a good happy ending.

Lance:

We could use a lot more of this from DEFCON.

DDK:

I agree, I think the only thing that could make me MORE happy is never seeing Mikey Unlikely's face ever again.

Lance:

Cheers to that, Darren! We might just get our wish before DEFCON ends!

DDK:

But not tonight Lance. Because up next is the hotly anticipated Southern Heritage championship! It's been a long road to get Elise back with the PCP...

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, LAST MAN STANDING: DEX JOY Â© vs. SCROW

DDK:

We have finally come to the end of a long long road for two different men who started in DEFIANCE Wrestling around the same time Lance. Coming up next it will be Dex Joy looking to defend the Southern Heritage championship against none other than his most dangerous opponent yet ... his longest rival, Scrow.

Lance:

We'd have to go back to late 2019 when both of these men had first met in competition with one another. Scrow was trying to curry favor with a former DEFIANCE wrestler by the name of Carny Sinclair. Scrow helped Carny defeat Dex at last year's DEF-CON and since then paths of two men have not been far apart.

DDK:

Yeah ... it has just been a roller coaster. They teamed together against Team Hoss and despite Scrow fighting against his own partner, Dex Joy got the win. Out of that Dex Joy moved on to great success. He was the winner of the Tag Party 2 series with his best friend Nathaniel Eye and then went on to end the very long reign of Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage title.

Lance:

For Scrow it has been a rising path but he hasn't had the title yet like Dex has. He was the finalist in the Favored Saints championship match and came up short, but during that entire time he was obsessed with Dex Joy. Everything he did and everything led to trying to outshine Dex but Matt Lacroix would win the title. After that, Scrow spent weeks targeting Nathaniel Eye and beat him at DEFIANCE Road. In DEFIANCE Wrestling, these two have been linked even when they have been apart.

DDK:

The last few weeks have been even more intense. They have fought all over the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex and batted each other off of garages, backstage, off our very own stage! But both men do not want to give the inch to the other. Tonight, DEFIANCE Wrestling is going to see one of its longest rivalries in recent memory put to bed. Either Scrow walks away with the Southern Heritage championship or the popular "Biggest Boy" finally gets Scrow out of his hair for good!!!

A bell rings to signify to the crowd that this next match is happening.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is going to be contested for DEFIANCE Wrestling's Southern Heritage championship and this will be a last man standing match! There will be no pinfalls, submissions, count-outs or DQ's!! The only way to win is to knock out your opponent for the count of ten!!!

A very loud crowd tonight is ready to see a match that will no doubt be brutal.

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A huge pop from The Faithful who have been waiting for this match all night!

A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. The Faithful get louder as Scrow walks from the westside of the stage, with Hive walking from the Eastside. Scrow is rockin new ring gear, along with Hive. Obviously the gift given to them by the financial backer's assistant Ravanna. Scrow has orange trunks, with black birds flying across the front of the trunks. Orange and black shin pads, knee pads, and boots. With a black leather coat, with a venom style design wrapping around birds. His collar is flared up and on the back of the collar is the name KABAL.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow's logo is on the front of the jacket. Hive is wearing dark orange leather pants with black shoes. A Scrow shirt, and a black jacket of her own. With the collar up and KABAL on the back of it. She has her black hair pulled behind her head, with the out part of her hairstyle braided down. Scrow heads to the ring, this time no burlap mask, just a pair of black and orange sunglasses. He enters the ring and his name is on the back of his trunks in a jagged lettering.

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen! But for this big pay-per-view...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the SO-HER himself! Dex pumps his open hand into the air and a shower of pyro falls from the stage with the prestigious DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship held up with his other hand.

DDK:

What an entrance! The one and only for DEF-CON tonight!!!

Lance:

And Dex has been the definition of a fighting champion taking on any one who wants a fight! He has put the title on the line and defeated some of the hottest stars! Cul and BRAGG from BRAZEN! He has defeated Tyler Fuse! Ryan Batts! Deacon! The D in an amazing match on DEF TV One-hundred Fifty! But none are more personal than what Dex is about to step into the ring with right now.

Dex Joy takes his time getting to the ring being careful to watch in case Scrow tries anything. Dex gets to the ring and walks inside. Scrow gets in his face and the official has to do everything he can to keep them from tearing one another apart before the bell has even rung. Dex shoves the belt in Scrow's face while the dangerous and violent Scrow shoves it out of the way just to get into the face of the man he has been obsessed with beating his entire time in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

You can feel the tension here between these two. It's so thick I think the referee might choke.

DDK:

No truer words have been spoken tonight!

Dex Joy looks at the title and then hands it off to the referee ... perhaps for the last time if Scrow has anything to say about it. The referee hands the prestigious championship to another official on the floor and then he calls for that bell.

DING DING

Scrow is the first one to launch a move by faking out Dex for a kick to the face. The Biggest Boy tries to put up his

guard and leaves his legs wide open for the painful kicks that he has felt many times in the past! Scrow unleashes a vicious chest kick and then he strikes Dex on the knee with a drop kick. Scrow is the first up to his feet and then gets nailed on the side of the head with a big sliding kick and now Dex is already down on his back! Scrow tells the official to start his count right away.

DDK:

Goodness did you see that? Scrow faked out Dex! If he could win this match that quick what would that do for Scrow?!

Dex is checking his jaw on the ground and the official starts off a count.

“One!

Two!

Three!”

But Dex waves it off quickly when he sits up and starts to stand up again now looking like the Unhinged like he made the worst mistake of his life!

Lance:

Dex shaking off those kicks!

DDK:

We know Dex can overpower pretty much any one in DEFIANCE wrestling but he can absorb punishment like you wouldn't believe!

Scrow nails a chest kick and the blow starts to rock Dex ... but Big Dex Energy inches and dares the challenger to hit him again.

Dex Joy:

Come on, pally hit me!!!

Scrow won't turn down a chance to hit Joy! He kicks him the chest at least three more times but each blow only looks like it is firing up Dex! When Scrow tries swinging again Dex grabs the leg and then he pitches Scrow $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the way across the ring using a captured suplex!!!

DDK:

Dex Joy just busted out a new suplex!

Lance:

That is a new one from the Biggest Boy's playbook that is for sure!

Dex is up and Scrow isn't but he breaks the official's count by pulling Scrow up to his feet. Some Biggest Boy punches strike Scrow on his jab and he continues to pound away at him. He pulls Scrow back to his feet and puts him on his shoulders. The Unhinged challenger is carried around the ring and then dropped with a front fireman carry slam and then he lands a jumping senton!

DDK:

Scrow is paying right for what he did to Nathaniel Eye! We haven't seen him since Defiance Road and Dex Joy is going to make him pay for what he did to his best friend!

Lance:

I was going to say before that it wasn't smart on Dex's part to pick him up but he knows how dangerous Scrow is. He can't hold back any of his big power moves. He needs to hit him until he stops moving.

The official checks on Scrow and starts a count after getting crushed by The Biggest Boy.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five-”

But again the official's count is broken when Scrow not only gets up ... but he gets up with a smile on his face. He is visibly hurt but he shakes it off and even dares Dex Joy to take his best shot again.

Scrow:

That title is gonna be Scrows'!

Dex Joy:

The shit it is!

Dex runs and a big clothesline spins Scrow over the top rope and gets knocked out to the floor to big cheers from the fans. Joy is running on his signature Big Dex Energy and he struts around the ring taking in the energy the fans are lending him right now.

DDK:

Don't play to the crowd tonight, Dex! Focus on Scrow!

Lance:

Oh I think that he heard you Lance!

Dex Joy climbs outside of the ring and he's waiting for Scrow to stand up before going to his next move. The reigning and defending SO-HER starts to get a running start and things go from bad to worse for the challenger when Dex Joy knocks him off of his feet using a huge running cross body on the floor! Dex rolls out from the big move and then he gets back into the ring with the official counting down Scrow again.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Hive is trying to motivate Scrow to get up.

Four!

Five!

Si-”

DDK:

Oh no, I don't believe this! Scrow just made it up to his feet again after taking a big move from Dex Joy!

Lance:

He is! We have seen these two try to shrug off attempts at punishment that would have stopped lesser people in their

tracks. We've seen amounts of insane brawls backstage and even during their tag team match during the main event of DEF TV right before DEF-CON and tonight it's only gonna get worse!

Scrow is back up on his feet again but Dex does not stop when he delivers a gut punch for Scrow and the next thing to happen is getting picked up and suplexed again on the floor with a belly to belly suplex thrown over head!

DDK:

What a suplex that was and on the floor no less! Dex has a lot of ways he can hurt you, but can any of them keep Scrow down?

Lance:

We're going to find out!

After Scrow's body bounces off the floor from being thrown by Joy, the official counts again and Dex is hoping that this will be enough. Dex heads into the ring and then uses the time to rest as he watches the count closely with the crowd.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Hive once more trying to motivate Scrow to get up.

Five!

Six!

Sev-"

Scrow seems to be having a field day with the repeated failed attempts by the champion in order to stay down, but he uses the apron to get back up and not only that but continues to laugh.

Scrow:

He *told* you you can't keep him down this time, Dex!

DDK:

This is unreal! Dex has defeated Scrow in the past, but he's so much worse now than he was before.

Lance:

I know, I believe it ... but Dex isn't giving up! Look!

The Southern Heritage champion has almost been waiting for Scrow to stand this entire time just in case because now, he gives himself a full head of steam off of the ropes.

Lance:

Here comes the WHOA-pe!

DDK:

No ... No way to the WHOA-pe!

The crowd cannot believe it when Scrow leaps up and lands a huge jumping roundhouse to Dex before he can get all the way through the ropes! He not only stops the massive suicide dive through the ropes by Dex, but stops him near

the ropes. When he's now hung in them Scrow takes his time.

DDK:

What is he thinking here?

Scrow grabs the neck of Dex and then jumps up to deliver a *massive* falling DDT against the ring apron!

Lance:

OH MY GOODNESS!!!

Dex hits the ring apron hard but his big body still slumps over the ropes. That is when Scrow decides to help him by carefully measuring Dex so that way he can run and then he lands a sliding drop kick on the apron on the side of Dex's head!!!

DDK:

That wasn't just one bad shot ... that was two!

Lance:

Scrow lured him in and he just paid for it!

Dex's massive body spills through the ropes and hits the floor where he lays flat. The official waits and when he sees that he's not moving any more, he starts to raise a hand to count but Scrow threatens the official first to stop and then gets ready for his next move ... whatever that may be.

He is on the apron and with Dex Joy still reeling from the slingshot DDT and that is when Scrow leaps off after a running start and then nails a huge diving double stomp off the apron and right into Dex Joy's chest!!!

DDK:

That might be it! He might have let Dex Joy punch himself out and then lay into him like this!

Lance:

That's gonna be it and we're going to have a new Southern Heritage champion!

Scrow recovers from the landing and then tells the official that *now* he can count. The official sees that Dex is bowled over in a lot of pain and begins.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

DDK:

Is this it for the Biggest Boy?

"Six!

Seven!

Eight..."

Lance:

No! Dex is doing what Scrow did earlier! He's using the guard rail to help himself stand up on his feet~!

Dex Joy is biting his teeth together and pulls himself up. He's got a headache and his chest likely hurts but is not going to give up that easily. The fans cheer as Dex rises but those cheers turn to jeers the second that Scrow has a chance. He throws a stiff kick under the jaw of the Biggest Boy! He gets nailed on it and Dex starts to fall over ... but then he rises up again! Scrow is caught by surprise but he nails a second stiff kick under the jaw and then Dex falls over against the guard rail.

Lance:

Oh boy what is he up to now?

DDK:

Bad news that's what!

Scrow walks the length of the ring with Dex Joy hurt against the barricade. Once the Unhinged has reached the other side he holds his hands out and the jeers are music to his ears. He runs with every hint of speed he can muster and then nails a huge hesitation dropkick to the face of Dex up against the railing!

DDK:

Another big shot by Scrow! He has taken over in this so quickly after Dex Joy has been attacking him throughout the match!

Lance:

And as good as Dex is ... Scrow is equally good at punishing people.

Scrow is up again after a couple of seconds on the floor next to Dex but the smile has not left his face the entire time since nailing the kick. Dex does not move and looks slumped over and hurt when the official counts again.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

No signs of life from Dex. Scrow is now sitting on the apron and giddy as a schoolgirl that Dex is down.

"Six!

Seven!

Eight!"

But Dex ... lives! He stands up front and center and now has his chance to laugh.

Dex Joy:

DOWN BUT NOW OUT ASSHOLE!!!

Dex beats on his own chest and then limps towards the ring but Scrow climbs out and then takes hold of a cameraman. He grabs the camera and then takes it!

DDK:

What's he doing?! Come on! That camera man did nothing to you!

Lance:

Perhaps a bit of frustration here from Scrow. He is not one to resort to using weapons. He has always considered himself the one true weapon.

Scrow takes the camera and starts to head towards Dex and lobs the camera at him .. but he moves and shatters into tiny pieces on the ringpost!

DDK:

That barely missed! And I mean *barely*!

Scrow screams out in a fit of rage and then peels back a part of the ring apron to expose a pair of extension cords. He grabs one of the cords from ringside ... then starts to choke the life out of Dex with it!

Lance:

He's got a plan B with the camera cord! And now look he's on Dex's back!

DDK:

This is a great strategy though! If Dex Joy has the wind taken out of his sails then he's going to be at Scrow's mercy!

Hive:

Pop his head off! SQUEEZE!

Scrow continues choking Dex and now even climbs on his back as he has the cord wrapped around his neck. He's got the neck wrapped up and the grip tightens ... until Dex turns his back and then backs up into the turnbuckle to squash him against it!

DDK:

That's one way to free yourself from that death grip!

Lance:

That it is!

Dex is gasping for air and then breathes heavily in a bid to get some air back into his lungs. He keeps breathing ...

... Until Scrow comes back for him this time with a *nasty* chair shot to his back!

DDK:

Scrow back to laying the punishment on him!

Dex tries to get back into the ring to get away and his back is on fire, but he tries to get back up. Scrow then gets back up and then grabs the chair and then nails the kicks to his chest and back!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

More kicks crack Dex across the chest until a final running soccer kick lands in Dex's rib cage! Dex starts to fall to the mat but when he tries to get back to the corner, Scrow grabs the chair and he throws it right into Dex's face

DDK:

Those kicks of Scrow are just as lethal as any weapon he can pick up ... but that chair to the face was vile!

Lance:

And he's not done! The official just tried to count again but Scrow cuts him off. He wants to keep punishing Dexy Baby!

Scrow grabs hold of the chair. He raises it up and then presses the closed chair down on Dex's throat and continues where he left off with the cable cord by trying to take the air away from him. He keeps on pressing and pressing further down onto the throat until Hive gets his attention, then he drops it.

Hive:

Blind man bluff!

DDK:

Blind man bluff?

Lance:

What exactly does she mean by that?

Scrow tosses the chair and mounts Dex, pressing his fingers into Dex's eyes! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are getting all over Scrow as this gets really violent now!

DDK:

Stalker did this to him on DEFTV 151, he is trying to seriously injure Dex here!

Dex is shouting in pain as he tries desperately to pull Scrow's thumbs from his eyes. Eventually Dex manages to pull Scrow's thumbs from his eyes, tossing him off of him. Scrow gets to a knee with a sadistic smile on his face. Dex is trying to reach for the ropes and is nowhere near them.

Hive:

Don't let him recover!

Scrow gets up and lifts Dex up and quickly eye racks Dex. The Biggest Boy staggers around like a wounded bear.

DDK:

Scrow is trying to take Dex's sight.

Lance:

It's a sound plan, if Dex can not see Scrow he removes Joy's biggest strength, his power!

Scrow continues to focus his strikes to the eyes of Dex, he shoves him against the ropes and irish whips him. On return he front sweeps Dex, forcing him to go face first into the mat. Scrow quickly looks for Hush.

DDK:

HUSH! Scrow has moved from the eyes to now trying to choke Dex out.

Lance:

First he blinds him, now he is trying to sap the vitality of the three hundred pounder! This type of match would have to favor Scrow just based on stamina alone but when he really focuses on this, we could be looking at the new Southern Heritage champion!

Hive:

He is out!

Scrow quickly drops Dex, a gasp erupts from The Faithful as their hero lay motionless on the mat. Scrow is signalling to count.

DDK:

Scrow has Dex Joy out cold on the mat!

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!”

No signs of life from Dex.

“Six!

Seven!”

DDK:

Dex is semi conscious and is crawling to the ropes, he has no idea where they are, he is just desperately reaching for something!

Eight!

Dex manages to find the ropes and slowly pulls himself up.

Nine!

T..” Dex gets to his feet!

Lance:

Dex beat the count, but now both Hive and Scrow are arguing about the count!

DDK:

They can argue all they want, but the referee has the discretion! If the belt isn't in your hand right now, Scrow, you didn't win!

Brain Slater continues to stand by Dex beating the count. While all this is happening Dex has managed to stumble into the corner desperately trying to rub his eyes trying to get some sort of vision back. Scrow finally stops arguing with Brian and moves in on Dex, The Faithful get louder as Scrow gets in range. Dex picks it up just as Scrow gets in range, the champ starts swinging nailing Scrow. Dex now points and The Faithful are now being his eyes for him. Scrow gets to his feet as The Faithful pop in cheers the moment Dex points at Scrow. The Raven's Eye turns around.

Lance:

MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

Scrow flies backward and up and over the top rope to the floor. Dex drops to a knee favoring his eyes. Motioning at Slater to count, Scrow is face first on the floor outside the ring. Hive rushes to his aid, this time it looks like Scrow is out

here.

DDK:

It looks like we have a different camera angle here, let's take a look.

A replay plays while Brian counts Scrow out. Scrow is elevated 5 feet in the air, upon the strike from the Midnight Runner, the height was enough for him to backflip over the ropes...it slows down as Scrow face slams off the apron before he falls to the floor!!!!

The camera catches a few fans who watched the replay, most have a cringe on their faces, some very concerned for Scrow's well being

Lance:

That was a nasty fall there! Scrow may be out here.

DDK:

And the count is now more than halfway through this replay!

"Six!

Seven!

Dex's looks like he is finally able to see again only for his eyes to widen! As he sees Scrow hand fall on top of the apron. Soon after his other hand.

Eight!"

Scrow still has yet to pull himself to his feet.

Nine!"

DDK:

Scrow has gotten to his feet, just before the ten count. Oh man he is busted open. His nose may be broken!

Scrow holds his face as he stumbles back into the barricade. Dex, still a bit stunned, exits the ring. He walks around the ring only for Hive to get in the middle. Dex yells at her to move. She refuses and slaps Dex. Dex rubs his cheek. He turns around and lifts her up by under her armpits and gently places her behind him. He turns around and...

Lance:

RAVEN'S CALL!

Dex drops like a sack of bricks!

DDK:

Hive was enough of a distraction and Scrow took advantage!

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

“Six!

Seven!

Dex is slowly getting his bearings.

Eight!”

Dex gets to a knee, and now Scrow is in shock.

DDK:

No one has ever gotten up from Scrow’s Raven’s Call!

Nine!”

Dex is on his feet again!

DDK:

How is Dex Joy doing this? How is *Scrow* doing this?

Lance:

I don’t know. I really don’t! But neither man wants to give an inch to the other!

Scrow is livid. Dex is very groggy. Scrow looks like he has had enough he pulls a chair out from under the ring yet again, looking to turn the lights out of Big Dex Energy and hopefully for good. The moment he pulls it up.

WHACK!

Lance:

Dex just punched the chair right into Scrow’s face!

DDK:

Scrow is down, what a display of power from the champion! He even left a dent in the chair from his punch!

The Biggest Boy hobbles around and clutches at his right hand as the camera fixes on the chair and Keebler is definitely right! He’s gonna definitely feel that tomorrow, but for tonight he’s gonna do what he can to take down Scrow for good. Scrow gets knocked out for the moment and reels around the canvas. He looks over at Hive and then shoots a smile as he picks up her client and then throws him inside the ring. He picks him up and then chops him three times in the corner.

DDK:

Big Dex Energy is now on his second wind!

Lance:

He hits with a huge clothesline in that corner but Dex keeps going!

The Biggest Boy grabs his arm and then throws him onto the other side and when Scrow bounces back Dex turns him inside out using a big spinning clothesline! Dex falls to his knees but he’s riding on adrenaline as he holds his fist out and then heads back up. He grabs Scrow by the bob of his hair and when he is up, Scrow gets slammed into the corner and then a hip attack from Dex gets Scrow down into the corner. The Biggest Boy sees Scrow and then heads to where he needs to be.

DDK:

This won’t be good for Scrow! I think that Dex is about to channel the boulder from Indiana Jones!

Lance:

I think so too! Here we go with the cannon ball senton! Are we gonna see it?

Dex holds his fist out and gives the thumbs down to Scrow and then runs at the corner ...

DDK:

JUMP! FOR! JOY!

Lance:

THAT IS DONE! SCROW IS DONE!

The crowd cheers when he manages to hit his finishing senton that has won him many matches in the past including leading to him winning and keeping the Southern Heritage championship on many previous occasions. Dex gets to his knees and counts with Slater and the crowd.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!”

DDK:

Scrow isn't moving! He's done!

Hive yells at Scrow to get up now! He keeps on not moving.

Lance:

He's really not moving!

“Six!

Seven!

Eight!”

Scrow manages to roll ... barely!

“Nine!”

And rolls out of the ring while clutching the ring apron ... *then* falls over, but just enough to stop the count! Dex falls to his knees and curses his rotten luck.

DDK:

That ... that was *genius* by Scrow! He fell out of the ring and just grabbed that apron to save himself! He was done there!

Lance:

That really was! I don't know if that was instinct or strategy by Scrow, but I think if he didn't roll out at nine and hang onto that apron, that would have been it!

Dex Joy doesn't let the moment try and get him down now that he knows Scrow is in a weakened state. The Biggest

Boy ducks out of the ring again and then takes Scrow on his shoulder and then he drives him by the back onto the ring apron. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful keeps watching when he grabs Scrow and then throws him against the steel steps! Scrow knocks them over into the pile and then Dex Joy goes for the corner. Scrow's body is propped up against the steps and now Dex looks focused and ready to keep his title for a while longer.

DDK:

Dex Joy's title reign is gonna continue if he hits this!

Lance:

Another Jump For Joy:!

Dex Joy runs again ... and gets everything he wants ...

But the landing!

Scrow moves out of the way and then he *crashes* right into the steps! Scrow is still hurt and Dex Joy isn't moving now.

DDK:

That Jump For Joy back-fired! Badly! If Scrow has a chance to win the championship then this is it!

Lance:

But neither man is standing right now!

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

Hive is barking orders at Scrow and now he is starting to stand up again. Scrow is trying to get back and uses the guard rail as a prop for himself.

"Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Ni---"

The count is interrupted because Scrow grabs Dex when he is about to stand and then pushes him so he goes right into the post!

DDK:

Scrow saw he was about to get back up and jumped on him!

Lance:

As much as we can't stand him or this sick obsession that he's had all this time with besting Dex Joy ... he is doing almost everything right try and keep Dex down.

DDK:

True ... oh no! Look!

Scrow has Dex winded but when he turns around The Biggest Boy is right behind him and seems to have shaken off the face plant into the buckle.

Dex Joy:

THIS ENDS NOW SCROW! YOU'RE DONE!!!!

Scrow is shocked and the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are loving every second of this! Scrow hits Dex with a chest kick but the big man leans right into it and absorbs the impact. Scrow looks shocked and then fires off another one but Dex takes it again and this time he smashes a few crossface forearms against Scrow in retaliation and then throws him inside the ring.

DDK:

Joy is rounding the corner here! Are we going to see a successful tenth defense of the Southern Heritage championship tonight?

Dex gets in the ring and blocks a kick from Scrow with a hand up and then smashes him in the chest with another big clubbing blow and then throws him right into the ropes. The second that Scrow bounces back Dex heaves him up in the air ...

DDK:

DEX BOM ... NO! THE MIST! SCROW WITH THE MIST TO THE EYES! HE JUST BLINDED DEX TO SAVE HIMSELF!

The Biggest Boy staggers around the ring as he drops Scrow. The Unhinged Mad Man makes a beeline for a possible finish by striking Dex upside the head using a kick to bend him over and then pushes him into the ropes. The momentum from the massive Dex coming back allows Scrow to use a snap German suplex! The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful can't believe Scrow's technique on the suplex and it gets worse when he takes flight using a bicycle knee strike!

DDK:

That was a deadly series of moves and ... no! Scrow is pulling up Dex! What is he doing?

Lance:

He's setting him up for something!

He has the blinded and possibly concussed Dex up on the top rope. Scrow is out on the apron and then climbs to the top turnbuckle. Scrow takes flight and nails Dex while he's down with diving meteora knee strike to the chest!

DDK:

He's done! Dex is done! We'll have a new champion here!

Dex does not move and Hive watches with Scrow as the ten count starts.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

There is no movement in Dex Joy, face caked in mist and still down.

“Six!

Seven!”

Finally there are signs of life. He starts to roll ...

“Eight!”

And he is near the ropes ...

“Nine!”

He lunges upwards! Just enough to hang on and break the count ... and then falls over again still blinded by the mist!

DDK:

Who can believe this? This is completely unbelievable! Dex Joy cannot have anything left in the tank after that!

Lance:

And Scrow knows it too!

Dex reaches for the ring apron and starts wiping his his face on the skirt to try and get some of the mist out of his eyes but Scrow doesn't give him any more chances. He stomps on Dex's back again and again until he backs off to try and lead the reigning SO-HER champion to his knees. He grabs him by the hand and tries to drag Dex up for what be a kill shot. He waits patiently and then fires a kick at Dex ...

DDK:

No!!! Dex ducks the round house kick!!!

Scrow can't believe it and tries to hit a kick from the other side but when he tries, Dex grabs the leg and with a sudden burst of ... well what else do you call it but Big Dex Energy ... he has Scrow on the shoulder and hits a Dex Bomb by throwing Scrow right at the turnbuckle as hard as he can! He bounces back off the corner and Dex picks him up before he can fall. He gets powered into a reverse spinning power slam ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVER!!! DEX DRIVER!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have gone crazy but before the referee can make a count Dex sees the turnbuckle ... and he picks up Scrow off the mat and starts to head up ...

Lance:

What is he doing now? What is he thinking?

DDK:

I think he wants this one to be over that's what!

Dex has carried Scrow up. The fans are just waiting for whatever comes next and they do not have to wait long ... he leaps off the buckles and then he drives Scrow off the top rope and almost right through the ring using a super variation of the Dex Driver!!!!

DDK:

NOT JUST ANY DEX DRIVER!!! SUPER DEX DRIVER!!! HE'S NEVER DONE THAT MOVE BEFORE TO ANY ONE IN DEFIANCE WRESTLING!!!

Not a person is sitting in the arena with Dex Joy and Scrow both down and out. The official starts another count on both men!

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!”

Dex is the first up by using the ropes to hold him up! He counts the rest of the way along with the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful and Hive is on the verge of her head exploding. Scrow isn't moving!

“Eight!

Nine!

...

TEN!!!!!”

Dex is leaning up by the ropes and the bell ringing is music to his ears!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is the winner of this match and *still!!!!!!!!!!!!* your DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ... “THE BIGGEST BOY” DDDDDDEEEEEEXXXX JJJJJJOOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex retrieves the Southern Heritage championship from the official of the match and he hugs it close to his chest and looks at Scrow knowing just how close the match was to a very different outcome!

DDK:

I don't know where that last burst came from! Scrow had him right where he wanted him ... but one last shot of adrenaline just allowed Dex Joy to avenge Nathaniel Eye and to hopefully finally end this issue between him and Scrow for good!

Lance:

I'd like to think so I really would but what a match we just witnessed regardless! Normally in these types of matches you might see a lot of weaponry in play. While we saw some of that, what we really saw were two men's hate for each other boiling over to see who would truly be the last man standing based on their own abilities ... and the last man standing was The Biggest Boy himself!

Scrow sits in the corner and is being checked on in the corner by Hive. He says something to Hive, before staring at his nemesis still champion. Hive returns with a microphone.

Scrow: *[exhausted breathing]*

Shut that shit off!

Joy's music cuts. Dex stops and turns toward Scrow, Hive helps him up to his feet. Scrow favoring his ribs.

Scrow: *[talking through deep breaths]*

Scrow hates you Dex! He hates ..*[deep breath]* your music. *[Another gasp of air between sentences]* He hates your natural talent. He hates your ring attire, your smell, and most of all.

Scrow:

The way these sheep stand by you!

Jeers begins.

Scrow looks out into the Faithful for a second before returning his stare at his obsession.

Scrow:

If there is one thing Scrow has good to say about you, is you have shown him he is not quite there yet.

He cringes in pain still favoring the effects of that Super Dex Driver.

Scrow:

Scrow is not gonna stand here and complain about the result. You won Scrow accepts that. You have given him the answer he truly sought. Can Scrow beat you? Maybe not right now, but he knows for a fact he is just as talented if not more talented than the Defiants in the back who spend their time in the main event every night on DEFTV.

He points at the belt on Dex's shoulder.

Scrow:

That championship will be his, in the future whether you have it or not! So enjoy it while you have it!

Scrow drops the microphone and exits the ring, he gets a few Faithful giving him a round of applause, before returning to Dex in the ring. Dex watches Hive help Scrow up the ramp and decides to nod towards his opponent to pay him at the very minimum respect of his abilities. After he is finished and Scrow disappears he holds the Southern Heritage championship and pats his name on the face plate. He rests the title over his shoulder and holds up his fingers to the count of ten.

DDK:

That was a clear warning by Scrow ... but Dex Joy now holds up the championship! Another successful defense for Dex Joy but also his most personal one yet!!!

Dex Joy:

LAST! PALLY! STANDING!!!!

He revels in this moment to have finally vanquished Scrow and finally put this issue to bed.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, PLATFORMS & PORTALS, NO CONTINUES: FUSE BROS. ONE vs. THE COMMENTS SECTION

The DEFCON match graphic appears with a Mortal Kombat remix accompanying it.

DDK:

It's time for night one's main event. Fuse Bros. One vs. The Comments Section for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships. The winning team leaves with the titles and the losing team will no longer qualify to tag together in a DEFIANCE ring for the rest of their careers.

Lance:

Intense stuff.

The scene switches to the ring and the Platforms and Portals construction. There is a pole added to the top of each ring post, standing at least ten feet high. At the top of each pole is a mini platform where a Fuse Bros. trademark powder blue question mark box sits, from their original days on the independent scene and first tag run in DEFIANCE. Obviously, the contents inside are unknown, hence the "???" printed on them. In addition, all four poles have a wire attached, connecting with the pole adjacent, which means in the center of the canvas, the wires cross and X marks the spot (think TNA X-Division layout -[view](#)-). At the X, a larger powder blue question mark box hangs from the rafters. It's clear the only way to get at this power-up is to climb a wire and reach the center. The announcers explain the rules.

DDK:

As you can see, there are five boxes/blocks/power-ups, from what I've been told. This match will fall under tornado rules, so it will be our second tornado tag match tonight. It's one pinfall or submission to a finish and that has to happen inside the ring. I've also been told it is anything goes, however, apparently the contents in those trademark Fuse Bros. blocks are far superior to the other weapons one could get their hands on.

Lance:

So no portals?

DDK:

I believe "portals" may be a metaphor. They could be considered the question mark blocks? They're a portal to violence, if you will. We do have platforms, though. Narrow ones at that.

Lance:

Who knows what kind of "power-ups" those blocks entail.

DDK:

I will say this, that's awfully high up and might not be worth the risk.

Lance:

Or it might.

The lights dim, signifying the introductions to come. Darren Quimbey enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, this is the MAIN EVENT for Night One of DEFCON and it is a Platform and Portals match for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships!

The Faithful cheer in anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

The losing team will not be able to tag with each other for the rest of their DEFIANCE careers!

As Quimbey's voice drifts away, allowing those words to sink in further, the lights switch off and the DEFI-A-

TRON/DEFCON entrance lettering lights up, revealing a drone's view of the COMPLIANCE Warehouse (the building formerly known as The Funhouse, now in Malak Garland's possession amongst other services). There's a large gathering on the roof of the building and a giant drive-thru screen, showing the live stream of DEFCON. Many of the individuals in attendance, however, are not paying attention to the show. Instead, they are either on their phones, laptops or iPads, typing away. Searchlights pan back and forth, giving that big party vibe and feel like something straight out of a New Donk City music festival.

DDK:

A snowflake viewing party?

Lance:

Looks like it.

Suddenly, the DEFI-A-TRON and DEFCON letters turn off, only to be replaced by sounds of iMessage and email notifications.

The tweets, Facebook statuses, text/discord and forum comments fill the screen at a furious pace.

FIRST!

#NOTMYCHAMPIONS

CONOR FUSE SUX

FUSE BROS OVERRATED

FAITHFUL BLOW

NO ONE CARES ABOUT TYLER

GAME BOY? PASS.

TERESA > DESIRE

ROOFTOP PARTIES ARE CRINGE

STOP TRYING TO MAKE FETCH HAPPEN, CONOR IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN

LET IT SNOW

FAKE IT TIL YOU MAKE IT

VPNS ARE MY BFFS

DON'T @ ME

TYLER IS A BAD WRESTLER

CONOR IS A JOKE

SHINY SHINIES

The entire arena goes dark when the screen is flooded with too many messages and notification sounds.

Lance:

Great, they've crashed the system.

A chorus of jeers slowly makes its way around the arena. However, most of The Faithful wait in silence.

A tiny, blue light flickers from the entrance. Soon, there are tiny blue lights flickering all the way up and down the rampway. As the scene becomes clearer, the lights are being held in the hands of men and women dressed in black cloaks. These people stand across both sides of the rampway, from the top to the bottom, lighting the way. Their faces are in partial view.

The colours of their faces range from different shades of orange, blue or green. All of them wear prosthetic noses which are long, boney and rigid. The heights of these individuals vary. Some are tall and lanky, others short and fat. They resemble the look of evil leprechauns.

Or trolls.

ALARM SOUNDS blare over the PA.

“ATTENTION.”

“ATTENTION.”

The stage off to the right of the entrance reveals itself with bright lights, showing the band Shinedown as they play The Comments Section’s theme.

[*♪ “ATTENTION ATTENTION” by Shinedown ♪*](#)

The boos are heavy for The Keyboard King and The Bellicose Brawler but no one comes out of the DEFCON entranceway yet. Instead, a rotating helicopter shot shows the COMPLIANCE viewing party. Still, no one in attendance there is watching. Everyone remains on their phones, typing away.

Back to the Lakefront stage. Finally...

The DEFCON entrance letters separate in the middle, making way for what looks like a giant snow globe. And inside the globe?

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, standing motionlessly, like they’re part of the display as snowflakes drift around them. The words “HANDLE WITH CARE” are plastered across the bottom of the snowglobe in sponge-like lettering.

Darren Quimbey:

First, the challengers. They are Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

As the snow globe sits atop of the ramp, additional “trolls” lift the structure and carry it down to ringside. Shinedown continues playing the challengers out and the trolls “lighting the way” dance along with the theme by providing fake karate chops.

Lance:

Teresa Ames was carried to the ring in a litter. Malak and Cyrus are ALSO carried to the ring in a snow globe. Boy, Keebs, I’m in with the wrong people.

DDK:

You and me both, buddy.

The eeriness inside the snow globe sees Malak Garland staying absolutely motionless while Bates’ facial expression says he may not be able to hold this mannequin pose much longer.

DDK:

The fun and games are going to end for both teams very soon. Garland and Bates might be carried to the ring but they’ll be carried **out** if they don’t pick up their game.

Lance:

You know, I wonder how much of this is an *act* by Malak and Cyrus for them to get comfortable in their surroundings. Take this massive DEFCON entrance. We’ve seen a lot of them tonight. Get lost in the entrance. Perhaps walking out normally might be deemed overwhelming for two guys who like to hide behind a computer screen.

Nearing the end of the rampway, Cyrus finally snaps and reaches up to scratch his nose. Malak immediately smacks The Bellicose Brawler’s hand as hard as possible and Bates reverts to his mannequin pose, as if he repositioned quickly enough for no one to notice.

The snow globe arrives and the trolls take the top off. Pyro explodes at the top of the rampway as flakes of snow gently fall from the Lakefront Arena rafters. Malak nods to Cyrus like *now* is an appropriate time to break their freeze. Bates

hops off the globe and rolls into the ring. Malak, however, sees the “HANDLE WITH CARE” sign in front of him and goes absolutely ape shit on it, kicking it and tackling it to the ground. A couple of trolls try to compose Garland but he immediately drops them with elbows and starts screaming “AVALANCHE”!

DDK:

Jesus.

Malak cracks one of the shorter trolls in his jaw before the troll's prosthetic nose falls off and he screams in pain, breaking character. Garland sneers, rolling into the ring.

Lance:

So he hires these guys only to beat them up?

DDK:

Surprised?

Lance:

Oh, no. Not at all.

Malak coyly smiles as he snaps his fingers. The broadcast immediately shows the COMPLIANCE rooftop party once more. Endless amounts of fireworks go off in the background, startling all the snowflake patrons not paying attention to the pay-per-view feed on the big screen.

DDK:

A fireworks show at an illegally streaming rooftop party? All those people should be over at Ballyhoo partaking in the official DEFCON watch party.

Back in the ring, Malak and Cyrus are wearing special matching DEFCON gear. They're each in black wrestling trunks, pads and boots, all adorned with powder blue snowflake images randomly placed on them. Malak is the only one wearing a black tank top, though. The lights dim again. The trolls disappear and Shinedown finishes playing.

[♪ “Emergence” by VWLS, the Mortal Kombat 2021 Theme Song ♪](#)

Highlights across the Fuse Bros. DEFIANCE career play on the DEFI-A-TRON...

...winning the Tag Team Championships for the first time in a 6-way contest on DEFtv 100, the night DEFIANCE was supposed to close. Tyler and Conor hold the titles up, each standing on a second turnbuckle pad while the hell in a cell raises.

DDK:

They've done it! Forever entrenched as The LAST DEFIANTS!

...until that wasn't meant to be and DEFIANCE found new ownership. Clips of successfully defending the championships against The ToyBox and The Stevens Dynasty air.

DDK:

The Bros. lift the behemoth George Stevens up and into a BRAINBUSTER!! Unbelievable!

...to their tag title loss at the hands of Jestal and Dandelion.

...to their stab in the back of comrades, The WrestleFriends.

...to the dissection of Kerry Kuroyama and “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas.

...to their singles careers, Conor & his Game Boy defeating the legendary Deacon.

...and Tyler Fuse wrecking the Southern Heritage Championship with a sledgehammer.

...to their coming together, this final time by surprising Malak Garland and taking his titles.

All five of them.

DDK:

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

Arms raised, confetti falling from the rafters, the last image of Tyler and Conor Fuse is one of glory.

Lights out. Music off.

GONG.

An orchestra and opera appears in place of Shinedown. They begin their rendition of the original Mortal Kombat theme, in EPIC MODE.

[!\[\]\(b792654f2cef9719eabeb6c5be00811e_img.jpg\) Mortal Kombat Theme !\[\]\(7da9a585536d56657fa124d7eaae44e7_img.jpg\)](#)

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... they are the reigning UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse... FUSE BROS. OOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

Two large plastic DRAGONS have replaced the DEFCON-lettered entrance. One orange, one green.

"FIGHT!"

Smoke fills the entrance way as Tyler walks out of the orange dragon and Conor emerges from the green one. Although the dragons represent the Bros. original DEFIANCE colours, they are sporting a much different look than their roots. Conor resembles MK character Sub-Zero, complete with the blue MA140 BB gun airsoft facemask and additional armour. Tyler resembles MK character Reptile, dressed in green, with bone spikes popping out of his uniform, conveying a more modern version of the character.

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

Conor lifts four of the five UNIFIED Tag Team Championship belts, stacked on top of one another (the other is around his waist) and swings them over his shoulder.

"EXCELLENT!"

"EXCELLENT!"

Fuse Bros. One make their descent towards the ring as orange and green pyro explodes behind them.

"CAYLE!"

"BLACK OUT!"

"ELISE ARES!"

"HENRY KEYES!"

The scene switched to Malak and Cyrus inside the ring, briefly. Malak whispers something to Cyrus and he nods in reply.

"DEACON!"

"RYAN BATTS!"

"BROCK NEWBLUDD!"

At the end of the rampway, Conor raises his arms and pyro detonates for the final time. The Fuse's sprint to the ring as Tyler slides under the bottom rope and Conor performs his usual leap to the apron and then a rolling leap over the top rope and into the ring.

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

The opera and orchestra come to a close, leaving The Faithful standing and cheering the champions on. Tyler and Conor take off their excess ring gear as Conor hands all five belts over to referee Mark Shields. Shields tries to hold them up but two fall, one smacking him in the side of the face. The incompetent ref says screw it and moves the belts to the time keepers table.

Tyler tells Conor it's "go time" as the two of them walk to the center of the ring, asking their opponents to meet them there.

For now, The Comments Section don't budge from their corner.

Arms crossed, Tyler Fuse's expressionless face doesn't acknowledge the challengers. On the other hand, Conor, who is also sporting his most serious expression by his standards, takes one look at Malak and then stares straight ahead. The Faithful ROAR in support of the champions and have their shot at one of the challengers.

LETS GO FUSES

MALAK SUCKS

LETS GO FUSES

MALAK SUCKS

Lance:

Much different than those text messages we saw flooding the DEFI-A-TRON earlier, huh!

DING DING

Realizing there's no way out of this, Malak pats Cyrus on the chest and they slowly walk to the center of the ring, squaring off with their main event counterparts.

Tyler and Cyrus.

Malak and Conor.

The tension inside the Lakefront Arena builds.

There's some off-mic exchange from Tyler to the two men in front of him. Malak shakes with anxiety, fear and anger all in one. The Soapbox Superstar looks outside the ring, towards the time keepers table.

Malak Garland:

Mine. *My* titles.

His voice is loud enough to be picked up by the apron microphone. Tyler laughs.

Tyler Fuse:

Take us down.

Malak nods. He takes two steps back, looks at The Bros. and screams.

Malak Garland:

Avalan-

DDK:

From out of nowhere, Conor with an inside-out discus clothesline to Malak Garland!

And we are off.

DDK:

Bates aims for Conor but Tyler blasts Bates with a HARD superkick!

Lance:

They've hit each other's moves, Keebs. Tyler has the discus clothesline and Conor is the true superkicker!

The crowd stands.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. are going down fighting. They are welcoming The Comments Section to join them!

Tyler paces around the ring with a ton of energy. He looks towards his younger brother and thumps him on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's gooooooooooooooooooooo!

DDK:

Tyler hurls Cyrus into the ropes. Bates attempts to duck a clothesline but Conor Fuse LEAPS in with a thunderous shoulder tackle, knocking the big man down from the side. Malak races towards Tyler but the older Fuse connects with a spinebuster slam!

FUSE IS LIT

FUSE IS LIT

FUSE IS LIT

DDK:

Tyler deadlifts Bates and Conor positions Malak... into simultaneous snapdragon suplexes! The Double Dragons!

Lance:

This might be over FAST!

Tyler pushes Conor. Conor pushes Tyler. They're hyping themselves up.

DDK:

Player One drags Cyrus Bates on his feet as Conor hits the ropes. Dropkick by Conor into a backdrop by Tyler!

The champions turn their attention to Malak, performing a magic killer on him. Conor hooks the leg!

DDK:

And without any power-ups needed!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful let out a sigh. There's fight in the snowflake.

Conor looks up from the mat, about to direct Tyler to the top rope but-

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?! Bates took Tyler's face off!

Cyrus rolls to a knee, holding an object in his hands.

Lance:

Cyrus has one of the question mark blocks from the platforms! He crushed Tyler with it! How in the hell did he get that!?

Conor attempts to pop up and help Tyler but Malak slithers into position and applies an arm lock on P2! The Bellicose Brawler hurls Tyler into a corner, racing in himself with a splash! Tyler falls out of the padding and Bates hip-tosses the older Fuse to the center of the mat.

Player Two slips free from the arm bar and lifts Malak with both arms. He smashes Garland to the ground but turns around just in time to catch a big boot from Bates! Garland instructs his partner and muscle to pick up the powder blue question mark box again. As this takes place, a picture-in-picture instant replay shows that during The Fuse Bros. entrance, Malak whispers something to Cyrus and The Bellicose Brawler slowly makes his way up the nearby pole, retrieving a power-up before the match started!

Lance:

How did we not see that!?

DDK:

Well, I don't think any of us were looking inside the ring at the time and it **was** very difficult to see, considering the lights overtop of the ring weren't on!

Bates hands Malak the box. The Keyboard King punches the top open and reaches inside. His eyes light up, knowing he has something in his hands initially meant to be used *against* him.

An NES controller, wrapped in barbed wire.

Tyler struggles to his feet, so Malak casually tells Cyrus to blast The Game-Changer in the face with a boot. Conor works his way over to Malak, but Bates does the same to Player Two!

Garland carefully tries to take the controller out of the box. Even the cord is barbed. The Keyboard King licks his lips.

Malak Garland:

Joy.

And as Conor attempts to find a vertical base, Garland screams "AVALANCHE!" by kneeing the younger Fuse in the face! Garland continues to orchestrate Bates' attack.

Malak Garland:

Get me the angry one.

Tyler pumps a hard left hand into Bates chest. The Faithful come alive as Tyler gets to his feet and hammers Cyrus again, again, again-

DDK:

OH MY GOD, NO!! MALAK FROM BEHIND WITH THE BARBED WIRE CONTROLLER!

Garland wraps the wire around Tyler's head and pulls back HARD. Blood immediately trickles down Tyler's face! Some sprays onto Cyrus!

Malak Garland:

HAHAHAHAHA! I GOT YOU, BUTTON MASHING BITCH!

Like a kid in a candy store, Malak drives the wire as deep as it can go!

DDK:

What's he doing now?

Garland pulls the controller cord off Tyler and uses it as a whip.

SMACK.

SMACK.

SMACK.

The barbed controller digs into Tyler's back! Malak is in blissful delight!

SMACK.

SMACK.

SMACK.

DDK:

ENOUGH!

Malak goes back to applying the wire across the elder Fuse's face.

A determined Tyler Fuse tries to break away but ultimately, Bates hits the ropes and lands THE KEYBOARD KICK!!

DDK:

Dammit! IT'S OVER!

With Tyler down on the mat, wire across his face, Malak sports a wide-eyed grin. He pins Tyler and demands Mark Shields make the count!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY CONOR!

A minor !rank chant surfaces but more people are worried about what's to come next than get excited about The Ultimate Gamer saving their titles (and their tag team careers).

DDK:

Malak dropkicks Conor in the face and Cyrus Bates props Conor onto his shoulders, running him around the ring in a circle FOUR times before hitting a earth shattering powerslam!

Malak jumps up and down for joy, watching his monster put it altogether.

DDK:

This is a much different Cyrus Bates we're seeing right now. Malak, too.

Lance:

They had a head start, Keebs. You give anyone a head start like this and I'm sure they'll have confidence.

Garland knees Conor in the face and then connects with a suplex. The former Tag Team Champion takes the NES controller off Tyler and methodically walks over to Conor.

DDK:

There might not be anything left of the Fuse Bros. even if they win!

Garland tells Bates to pull Conor's arms back. Bates does as Garland stretches the wire and looks to wrap it around Conor's head...

Until he pricks his own finger.

Malak Garland:

OWWIEEEEEEE! I'M BLEEDING!

DDK:

It's the opening Conor needs! He kicks Garland away, breaks free from Cyrus Bates and races into the ropes but a HARD LEAPING KNEE from Bates puts Conor back down!

The wind is knocked out of the crowd as Bates hits a gutwrench powerbomb on Conor and places him beside his brother. Malak kisses his finger numerous times before he looks over at the other poles and remaining power-ups. Hand on his chin, Malak contemplates which one he wants next.

Malak Garland: *[pointing to one of them]*

I want that one, get me that one.

Bates nods and scales the pole. It's clear the big man's anxiety is kicking in as he stands on the top turnbuckle and *then* start to climb.

Malak Garland:

You already got one of them! Stop being a little bitch!

Bates nods.

DDK:

The match has been ruined. Because of the cheap attack by Garland, they'll likely get to use all these weapons before The Fuse Bros. do!

Bates is almost at the platform. He closes his eyes and reaches out for the power-up block. Meanwhile, Garland is spouting off at him, like he should've had it in his mits already.

Malak Garland:

You were faster the last time!

Bates shakes and looks back.

Cyrus Bates:

Last time no one was watching me.

As Bates finally grabs the box, The Faithful come alive!

DDK:

That's Tyler Fuse! Fuse with a cutter to Garland and he's going to the turnbuckle Bates is at!

Wobbly, blood on his face, Tyler makes it to the top rope and reaches out for Cyrus. The Game-Changer seizes Bates' waist and connects with a MASSIVE German suplex, sending both of them off the pole and towards the center of the ring!

Crash!

DDK:

What has to be a solid eight footed drop! Tyler was standing upright on the top turnbuckle and Bates was hugging that pole!

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Garland stands off to the side, rattled. Seeing his partner fall from such heights has him scared.

ALTHOUGH, Malak notices something in the far corner. The question mark block Bates was going for had been knocked off and sits underneath that turnbuckle.

Malak Garland:

Joy. Again.

He rushes to the box as the crowd jeers upon sight of it. Garland leans over, picks it up and holds it like Indiana Jones holds The Crystal Skull.

Malak breaks the top open but his face becomes puzzled. Dropping the box, he takes its contents out.

A mini potted flower.

Malak Garland:

What the hell is this for? Useless.

The Keyboard King discards the potted flower and walks himself over to Tyler Fuse, who's still recovering from the German suplex fall himself. Malak kicks Tyler in the side of the face and mocks him for being "tough". The Faithful grow louder... and louder...

Conor Fuse pops up behind Malak and taps him on the shoulder. Malak steps back but then laughs, seeing Conor holding the flower.

Malak Garland:

That's nonsense. This is silly. Get that shit outta here. FLOWERS WITHER IN THE SNOW, CONOR!

Conor smirks.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse is...

Garland crinkles his face.

Malak Garland:

What?

Conor nods, like he knows Malak heard him.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse is...

Again, Garland scoffs.

Malak Garland:

What!?

Player Two clears his throat.

Conor Fuse:

I SAID, FUSE... IS...

Malak shrugs as Conor bends down to pick up the question mark block. Malak only got half of what was inside.

Malak Garland:

A lighter?

The mischievous Conor Fuse grins from ear-to-ear.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse. Is. LiT.

And then...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! CONOR'S LIT THAT FLOWER ON FIRE.

Lance:

IT'S A FIRE FLOWER!!!

The Faithful BOOM in support, as Garland immediately backtracks to a corner. The Thirst Trapper's eyes bulge out of his head, begging Conor not to use the weapon on him.

P2 winks.

And throws the burning flower at Malak's beaten up tank top, catching it on fire!!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND IS **LIT!!** THE KEYBOARD KING IS HOT!! AND FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS!

THUMP.

A spear by Conor Fuse puts out the flame... and also knocks BOTH men through the top and middle rope and to the padded floor below!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

The notion these power-ups may be silly, sure, but barbed wire, **LIGHTING** a man on FIRE. God Almighty!

Inside the ring, Tyler and Cyrus pull themselves together. Tyler rushes Bates but Bates ducks and sends Tyler flying over top of him. Tyler hits the mat and Bates hits the ropes... although Tyler gets to his feet and connects with a sitdown hip toss to the big man!

Lance:

Tyler hits a lot harder than you'd think for a guy his size.

DDK:

Bates meets a stiff left fist from Tyler Fuse. Another. Another. Tyler has Bates in the corner now and kicks him down hard.

Commence the ANGRY stomps of DOOM.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

Stompstompstompstompstompstompstompstomp-

Pause.

Conor is in the ring and wants to join the fun. Tyler, obviously, welcomes it.

Commence the ANGRY **and** HAPPY stomps of DOOM.

DDK:

The Brothers are walking a portal and stomping it dry!

Lance:

Eh, could've been a better line there.

DDK:

I know.

Conor's face is pure joy while Tyler's is furious. They are hammering every last life bar out of The Bellicose Brawler. Tyler pats Conor on the chest like a job well done and Player Two immediately puts away his smile. The Champions whip Bates into the ropes. Tyler goes low with a chop block and Conor goes high with a sling blade.

Taking a deep breath in and not exhaling, Tyler positions Bates into a pile driver position.

DDK:

The strength of Tyler!

Conor jumps onto the top rope and leaps off, implanting Bates as Tyler lands the pile driver.

DDK:

Modified Tillinghast Driver to Bates! Tyler hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

DDK:

Bates shows some resiliency!

Lance:

You know, Cyrus is not a bad wrestler. He needs some more confidence and to lose his partner.

Tyler immediately perches himself on the top rope. Once Bates is up, Fuse A connects with the LANline! This is

followed by Achievement Unlocked, the Koji Clutch!

DDK:

Tyler's pulling out all his old school moves!

Bates shouts as he waves his arms around, hoping the ropes are nearby (nope, sorry bro). Conor, meanwhile, hits the ropes and dropkicks Cyrus SQUARE in the jaw!

DDK:

I can't see Cyrus lasting much longer in this hold!

Death himself, Malak Garland, sways unsteadily on the apron. He's holding the ropes to keep himself upright and he's...

DDK:

Crying?

Lance:

Oh ya, those are tears.

DDK:

I'll say this much, the guy was lit on fire and speared out of the ring. How is he still standing?

Tyler's attention is kept on Cyrus while Conor invites The Soapbox Superstar into the squared circle.

Malak Garland: *[shaking]*

You lit me... on fire.

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

You destroyed my hammock, mother fucker.

The Gamer rages.

DDK:

Conor with a dropkick to Garland and it knocks him off the apron and into the guardrail!

The Faithful are in full support of The Best Pout Machine.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Conor with a suicide dive onto Malak Garland!

Inside the ring, Bates might tap out but he IS trying his best to make it to the ropes!

DDK:

Do rope breaks count in a match like this?

Lance:

I'm not sure. It's referee Mark Shields after all!

Bates is close, he reaches out.

But Tyler drags him back in!

DDK:

OH NO! On the way back to the center of the ring, Bates rolls over and puts all his weight on top of Tyler! Bates is pinning Tyler!

It takes Mark Shields a moment to figure things out but he slides into position and counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not only did Tyler have to BREAK the hold, which seemed hard to do given Bates was on top of him but he also had to pull his shoulders off the mat! Tyler barely got them up in time!

The elder Fuse takes hold of Cyrus and tosses him into a discus clothesline, leaving his feet in the process.

DDK:

The Glitch connects!

Lance:

Cyrus is a two-hundred-forty pound rag doll!

DDK:

Tyler hits a side Russian leg sweep and is looking for his trademark pendulum backbreaker. I can't believe he's lifted Cyrus up-

As Keebler speaks, Tyler's leg gives from under him and he drops Bates back to the mat, without performing the maneuver. The OG P1 falls into the ropes and checks on his knee. Obviously, referee Mark Shields is clueless and doesn't follow-up with Tyler, either.

The Bellicose Brawler shakes the cobwebs from his head, locates Tyler and races towards him. Fuse flips around the second rope, sending his good leg, the left one, over the top rope and landing on the top of Cyrus' head. This buys Tyler more time to pump feeling into his right knee.

On the outside, Conor drags Malak Garland to a vertical base. Fuse B drills an elbow into Malak's skull and starts super kicking The Keyboard King across the floor, working their way around the corner of the ring and towards the entrance ramp. On superkick number four, Malak ducks, rolls free and hits a desperation poke to Conor's eyes. Garland tries for a breather, charges at Conor but is ultimately hit with a thunderous powerslam into the top of the steel steps! Garland cries out yet again while The Faithful cheer at the landing! The #9 representative on TEF Top 100 peels Malak Garland off the steel and looks into his dead eyes.

Conor Fuse:

You hurt my MEE6 BOT.

Conor punches Malak square in the face.

!rank

Conor punches him again.

!rank

And again.

!RANK

And again.

!RANK

And many more times!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Fuse works Garland up the DEFCON rampway, as the challenger tries to retreat but his chest was lit on fire, his ribs connected hard with the guardrail, his back feels like it's been stabbed with a sharp knife from the steel stepped powerslam and now, on top of all of this, his bell is being rung.

!rank after !rank after !rank

DDK:

The Locker Room Leader has worked Malak Garland to the top of the rampway!

Fuse takes hold of Malak's tights and looks to run him off the edge of the ramp but Malak comes to a screeching halt before he's thrown off. The COMPLIANCE Ruler tries for another desperation move and it connects.

DDK:

Malak with a low blow to Conor!

Followed by a DDT!

Inside the ring, Bates circles Tyler, who's basically using one leg to stand. Cyrus licks his chops and charges at Tyler, only to take a couple of steps back and laughs. It's clear the bigger man is toying with the champion.

Bates moves in again. Tyler tries to kick him away but Bates never gets close enough. P1 hops around the canvas, almost begging Bates to take him down.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey, Cyrus, what's it like being the NPC of The Comments Section?

Bates is confused.

Cyrus Bates:

NP... C?

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah. Non-Playable Character? BOT? Extra? Stand-in? Understudy? Walk-on?

The Bellicose Brawler draws a blank. Tyler's losing patience.

Tyler Fuse:

Just hit me, dumbass.

Bates charges and Tyler leaps over him, forward rolling on the canvas before the big man spins back around. The OG Player One sees Bates coming and launches onward with a flying forearm knocking the ex-power lifter down!

On the top of the ramp, Conor and Malak are going shot for shot and working their way to the performance stage. Malak takes hold of a drum set and throws it in Conor's direction but he misses. Malak finds a guitar and swings it like a baseball bat but Conor sidesteps it easily. Furious the guitar didn't work, Garland smashes it on the ground which allows for an opening. Conor races across the stage, taking hold of Malak's head and performing a tilt-a-whirl DDT right into the floor tom drum!

DDK:

Malak's PWN'd in the drum!

Garland's feet are all that can be seen, kicking back and forth as he struggles to work his way out of the drum.

CLANG!

DDK:

Conor takes the hi-hat symbols and starts smashing them together.

Conor Fuse: *[impersonating Malak Garland with the hi-hat]*

My name is Malak. I get anxiety over everything. Cry, cry, cry. I'm a pussyass-

Whack!

Malak pops out of the drum with a pair of drumsticks in hand. He cracks them over Conor's head. Garland finds a recorder sitting on a nearby music stand, likely from the Mortal Kombat orchestra performance.

Malak Garland: *[doing his best Conor Fuse impersonation]*

My name is Conor, one toot on this whistle will send me to a far away land.

Garland takes the whistle and attempts to jam it where the sun doesn't shine but Conor kicks it away at the last second and the two continue brawling across the rampway, working their way back to its center.

Inside the ring, Bates and Tyler are going shot-for-shot, as Tyler continues to stand on a leg and a half.

Wham, Tyler's knocked back pretty hard. He nods. He likes it.

DDK:

Tyler with a left of his own.

Wham, Bates stumbles further back than his opponent. But he does return the favour.

Wham. Tyler, again, loves it.

Lance:

These two might do this forever.

The scene switches to the top of the rampway, where Malak and Conor are going shot-for-shot too but it's not with nearly the same *impact*.

Malak Garland:

I told you to buy the EXPENSIVE, three-ply hammock and you didn't.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, will you STFU with that stuff. This is not the reason we're fighting.

Malak Garland:

It's not? You hurt my feelings! I'll tweet about it!

Conor Fuse:

You gotta look past the stupid hammock, moron. We're fighting because I tried to be your friend and you continued to take advantage of me. The hammock is a fucking McDuffin.

DDK:

He means Maguffin, right?

Lance:

Pretty sure.

Garland spits in Conor's face.

Malak Garland:

I CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ANYONE I WANT. YOU DIDN'T CATER TO MY NEEDS! YOU'RE A STUPID BRAT WHO SHOULD BE PAYING ATTENTION TO ME. **ME**. MEEEEEEEEEE-

The Faithful cheer as Conor cracks Garland in the face but Garland follows it up with another low blow, snatches Conor by the head and runs him right into the C in the D E F C O N entrance sign!

CRACK!

BOOM!

POP!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Malak threw Conor through the DEFCON C! I believe that's a LIVE LED display Fuse collided with!

Sparks fly everywhere. The Lakefront Arena loses power for a brief moment before regaining it. Garland looks pleased as he stands back (far back, so he doesn't get hit from the sparks), admiring his work.

Malak Garland:

C for Conor. There's your portal.

Without a care for his former friend, Garland turns around and starts to make his way down the DEFCON rampway. He's clearly in pain and can barely walk a straight line but he is alive.

Inside the ring, Bates and Tyler keep going shot-for-shot until Tyler gets the upper hand for good.

DDK:

Still on one leg, Tyler delivers three straight left fists into Cyrus and then pushes him into a corner. Tyler positions atop Bates, reigning more fists.

Lance:

Did Tyler see what happened to his brother?

DDK:

I know we lost power for a split second but Tyler seems to be in that *rage* mode so I don't think he has just yet.

The crowd counts the punches Tyler places into the top of Bates' hairless skull.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

NINE.

Sit-out powerbomb.

DDK:

Malak Garland entered the ring, inserted himself right between Bates and Tyler and hit Tyler with a powerbomb!

Garland asks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

As if he's ready to give up already, the very un-resilient Malak Garland pulls his hair and screams at referee Mark Shields. This gives Tyler enough time to get to his feet, bounce off the ropes and fly halfway across the canvas with a shoulder block, knocking the spit right out of The Tyrant Troll.

The Faithful are loud as Tyler pulls himself up.

In something out of Conor's playbook, Tyler tilts his head back and does something extremely out of character.

Player One limps to the first turnbuckle and smacks the top pad.

Tyler Fuse:

Power up.

He limps to the second turnbuckle and smacks the top pad.

Tyler Fuse:

Power up!

Now, with 50% less of a limp, he walks to the third turnbuckle pad and smacks it.

Tyler Fuse:

POWER UP.

And then, to the final turnbuckle pad, the one where Cyrus Bates is laid across. Tyler pushes The Sidekick to the canvas and smacks the pad.

Tyler Fuse:

POWER UP!!!!

Once Malak gets to his feet, he's met with the Fatality Punch!

DDK:

That's Conor's original move from their independent days!

The arena is in a FRENZY as Tyler drops to his knees and hooks both legs.

DDK:

THE FUSE BROS. ARE GOING TO SUCCESSFULLY DEFEND THE TITLES!

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND SAVE BY CYRUS BATES!

Half the crowd thought it was over as Tyler rolls to his back and looks at the ceiling!

DDK:

DAMMIT!!

Lance:

An out of character move for a guy that's never FULLY bought into the gaming stuff.

DDK:

Until now!?

Tyler uses the ropes to pull himself up. He sees Bates coming to. Cyrus drags his teammate up with him.

There, Tyler stands in a corner of the ring and a recovering Malak Garland rests against the chest of his "muscle". Tyler tries to take a step forward but once more, his right knee gives a little.

Malak cracks the faintest of smiles.

Malak Garland:

Bingo.

Garland pats Bates on the chest like he takes the left side and Malak takes the right. They slowly enclose on Tyler and the OG Player One, Intensity Personified, has nowhere to go.

Malak Garland:

Wanna play "tough big brother" with me now?

Tyler shows no fear and no intent to back down. He prepared himself to take on whoever comes at him first.

Or two at the same time.

Malak nods.

Malak Garland:

Attack.

DDK:

Garland and Bates charge Tyler but Tyler hits them with elbows! Still on one leg, Tyler hurries to find space and shoots himself into the ropes... he flies across the ring and jumps onto Malak's shoulders with a hurricanrana. Bates charges at Tyler but Player One lowers the top rope on Cyrus and he falls out of the ring. Tyler spins back to Malak Garland-NO! Garland with the airplane arm clothesline!!!

Tyler's flipped inside-out and crashes to a heap on the canvas. Suddenly, Malak Garland gets an idea.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON... GET!

He smacks Tyler across the chest, rolls the elder Fuse to the corner of the ring and then hops outside.

DDK:

Malak Garland is STEALING Conor's maneuver!

Lance:

Well, let's be honest Keebs, Weapon Get is Conor STEALING his opponent's maneuver!

The Faithful catch on. Malak Garland has dragged Tyler Fuse to the ring post and is going to apply a figure four leg lock around it!

DDK:

Tyler's crippled numerous people in his career with this figure four! Kerry Kuroyama, for one. Tyler put Kuroyama on the shelf for SIX MONTHS with this move!

Malak needs Cyrus' help to figure it out but once Tyler's feet are in position, Malak hooks his legs around P1 and the post, takes hold of Tyler's legs, jumps up and falls back.

DDK:

He's got it locked in!

Mark Shields slides into position, asking Tyler if he's going to submit.

DDK:

This is a legal submission!?

Lance:

Normally, no, no it wouldn't but I guess this is a move being performed in the ring!? Tyler's in the ring!

DDK:

And he's going to tap from his own calamitous hold!

The elder Fuse shouts in pain as Malak tugs on Tyler's legs for all its worth. Cyrus Bates nods like a madman, taking it in.

Tyler's hand goes up but the crowd is shouting for him not to tap! The Original Player is trying his best to fight through the torture!

DDK:

I don't believe what I'm seeing!

Tyler's hand lowers... lowers... lowers.

He ta-

He screams into the rafters instead.

Garland looks over to Bates, while still tugging at the leg, as if to ask Cyrus "is it over yet"? The Bellicose Brawler shakes his head no.

This rattles Malak. It rattles him so much his body starts to tremble, causing him to lose grip. In a strange turn of events, the longer this goes...

The less it hurts Tyler.

By now, Garland's not hanging off The Game-Changer. His back is pressed to the floor and the figure four leg lock is barely applied.

DDK:

Luckily for Tyler, Malak's terrible at submission-based wrestling.

Lance:

He had him, too, Keebs. Malak had Tyler dead-to-rights but showed no patience whatsoever!

Tyler tries to crawl to the other side of the ring, away from the challengers. Beside himself, Malak screams at Cyrus to pull back the apron and take out as many tables as he can find. Bates agrees while Garland slides into the ring and finds Tyler pulling himself up on the other side.

Malak Garland:

Hey, big bad bro.

Tyler seethes while staring a hole into his opponent.

Garland toys with Tyler to get to his feet. Suddenly, The Armchair Expert has an idea.

There are three more power-up blocks to be opened.

Garland looks towards the DEFCON entrance and sees EMTs tending to Conor from inside the C. Malak knows there's nothing to be scared of now as he scales another pole and knocks down a powdered blue question mark box in no time.

Malak lifts the box and gives it a shake, as if it were a Christmas present and he was trying to guess its contents.

This block in particular is larger than the other two. It's rectangular in shape. Garland busts the top open and pulls out...

DDK:

A keyboard!?

Lance:

Oh boy, Keebs. Do you see it?

The camera zooms in to show every key on the keyboard has a thumb tack glued to it... point facing out, of course. The Faithful view a close up on the DEFI-A-TRON and respond with horror.

Garland places the keyboard on the canvas and immediately charges Tyler. Tyler tries to get his foot up but Garland catches him with a lariat. Garland mercifully attacks Tyler with an overwhelming amount of rights and lefts, putting Tyler's ass on the mat. He lifts Fuse, sitting him on the top turnbuckle pad. Malak joins him up there.

DDK:

Malak Garland is going to suplex Tyler Fuse off the top buckle and into the thumbtacked keyboard!?

Lance:

I think so!

Finally, there's a LOUD !RANK chant as the scene switches to Conor, who finds his second wind, an Extra Life or another Continue. Conor reFUSEs further medical attention and makes his way down the ramp!

DDK:

Malak better move quickly in order to-

SPLAT.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Tyler headbutts Malak Garland, lifts him up and TOSSES him back-first into the thumbtacked keyboard!

Lance:

He's not wearing his tank top, either! Malak discarded the burnt remnants of it after it was lit on fire!

Garland SCREEEEEEAMS at the top of his lungs! He rolls on his stomach but the entire keyboard is stuck to his back!! It's a perfect opportunity for Tyler to inflict more damage.

DDK:

LEG DROP TO THE BACK! The keyboard is jammed further into Malak's skin!

Tyler shouts into the rafters but no one can hear him because the arena is unglued! Conor finally enters the ring and this is when Cyrus Bates realizes what's happening. He's been stacking layers of tables on top of each other (two layers, three tables wide). Malak would've been proud. Maybe. Okay, doubtful.

DDK:

Bates charges at Tyler but Conor pops him with a superkick! The younger Fuse hits the ropes... LION SUIT SAULT!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor stomps around the canvas, pumping his arms back and forth, psyching himself up. A hobbled Tyler Fuse gets in Conor's way. They almost bump into each other.

Tyler shoves Conor with everything he has.

Tyler Fuse: *[pointing to Cyrus Bates]*

FINISH HIM!!

Conor shakes with intensity as Tyler drags Bates out of the ring and begins placing him on top of the stacked tables! The Armlock Aristocrat turns to the pole displaying one of the last remaining power-ups.

DDK:

CONOR'S GOING UP! UP! UPPPPP!

The excitable Fuse climbs as the stoic one has Bates placed appropriately across the tables. Once Conor reaches the top of the pole, he climbs onto the miniature platform, a solid twelve-plus feet in the air.

Conor holds the block in his mits.

Conor Fuse:

Pick a box. Its contents will help you on your way.

And opens it.

The Faithful are trying to figure it out. Conor reveals some kind of golden *cloth*.

Lance:

I think it's a cape?

Conor shakes the "cloth" open, revealing that it is indeed a cape. He puts it over his shoulders. Despite the nonsense of the cape, the crowd is beginning to catch on and everyone rises to their feet. Additionally, it just so happens to be the power-up on the pole that's directly ABOVE the tables.

Tables Cyrus Bates rests on.

DDK:

Don't do it.

Lance:

No. Do it. It's DEFCON!!!

DDK:

Lance!

Lance:

What?

Fuse takes a deep breath as Tyler clears the way. Conor says a quick prayer from the platform before he leaps off it.

CRRRRRAAAAASSSSHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WENT THROUGH CYRUS BATES AND TWO LAYERS OF TABLES WITH THE SIDE-SCROLLING SENTON!

CONOR!

CONOR!

CONOR!

Conor and Cyrus lay in pieces. There's not much time to waste, though, as Tyler slides back into the ring and sees Malak Garland using the ropes to knock the thumbtacked keyboard off his back.

DDK:

Tyler rolls into the ring and delivers a discus clothesline to Malak!

Lance:

I think the end of The Comments Section is near!

Standing directly in the center of the ring, Tyler looks up. There's one final power-up to go... the one directly hanging above, wires attached to each one of the platform posts.

Tyler walks to a corner and starts climbing the pole. To everyone's shock, MALAK GARLAND is up! Garland makes his way to the opposite corner, climbs the turnbuckles and scales the pole!

Lance:

How is Malak moving!?

DDK:

He's not moving well, Lance. Blood is pouring down his back!

Lance:

Neither is Tyler for that matter. His knee may be damaged!

Tyler gets to the wire attached to the top of the pole. He starts monkey-baring his way to the center of the ring. Malak, however, is not that far behind, hugging the wire as he shimmies across.

DDK:

You'd have to think whatever's in this one will seal the deal!!

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

Tyler arrives first but his balance isn't strong. He waves at the large question mark block, unable to hook it off its latch. This gives enough time for Malak to arrive. However, he does not have interest in retrieving the big powder blue question mark box. Instead...

Click.

DDK:

Malak's handcuffed Tyler's right arm to the wire!

Garland sneers as Tyler looks at his wrist, completely caught off guard by what took place. Fuse swats at Malak but The Thirst Trapper has made sure he's moved back far enough. Knowing Tyler can't get him, Garland swipes at the question mark block.

Lance:

Where did Malak get the handcuffs from!?

Garland comes close to knocking the box off the latch. He stops for a moment, looks at Tyler and swings his feet forward, knocking the box to the canvas below. Malak jumps down to join it.

A replay shows Malak getting the thumbtacked keyboard off of him and sliding out of the ring, looking underneath the apron and taking a pair of handcuffs before getting back into the ring and meeting the discus clothesline by Tyler.

DDK:

There's nowhere Tyler can go! He's STUCK on the wire!

Garland looks at the block but then makes a mad dash out of the ring and finds Conor Fuse on the floor. Garland drags Conor to his feet and works him into the ring. Malak follows.

Tyler, who remains on the wire, tries to rip at the handcuff with his free hand but it's no use. The older brother's only hope is to let himself go from the wire and see if he can either snap the handcuffs off it, or take the wire and the whole

system down with him.

Garland shouts at Conor, with Player Two propped against the ropes.

Malak Garland:

IT'S OVER FOR YOU! AVALANCHE!!!!!!

#OHMYGOSHYOULOSTSOSADLOL

Pumphandle DDT. Garland laughs.

Tyler knows he has no choice. He drops his weight from the wire. Either his wrist is going to snap or the wire is going to give!

Mark Shields slides into position for the pin!

Luckily, the wire DOES give under Fuse's weight and Tyler's feet touch the floor! However, the handcuffs haven't snapped and neither has the wire! Instead, the wire is pushing against the second wire attached to the other two poles! And BOTH wires are bending the platform poles into the ring... but nothing is breaking! Not yet!

Malak hooks Conor's leg.

Tyler tries to pull forward but he can't find anymore slack in the wire!

ONE.

Tyler screams.

TWO.

He attempts to dive forward but the wire brings him back!

KICKOUT!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!! !RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

CONOR KICKED OUT! CONOR KICKED OUTTA THE PUMPHANDLE DDT!

Lance:

SO YOU'RE TELLING ME THERE'S A CHANCE!?

Malak's hands shake as he runs them across his face. No one has ever kicked out of that move before! The crowd is roaring and Tyler shows signs of relief. Garland gets to a knee, then a foot, then both feet. He's about to cry until he remembers the final power-up block, unopened, laying in the corner of the ring.

Garland carefully fetches the box, making sure he's out of Tyler's range as the elder brother is furiously back to breaking the handcuff or snapping the wire from the platform poles.

DDK:

Garland has the box!

He opens it, revealing the classic piñata-like Fuse Bros. branded Game Shark. Wrapped in barbed wire, of course.

Meanwhile, Conor is rising. Barely.

With anxiety bags under his eyes, Malak turns to Tyler. The two make eye contact. In a cold and calculating voice, Malak realizes he has this match won.

Malak Garland: *[deadpan]*

I'm sorry but your princess is in another castle.

Garland charges Conor, winding the piñata back like a baseball bat.

CRACK!

BOOM!

POP!

Not only does the game shark burst across the chest of Conor Fuse but smoke and sparks fly from its insides upon impact!

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST!! SOME KIND OF EXPLODING BARBED WIRE GAME SHARK!!

Conor's down.

Malak's on a knee.

And Tyler pulls and pulls and pulls at the handcuffs.

It takes Garland a moment to recover himself but he positions Conor Fuse properly and tells Mark Shields to make the count. Shields slides into position.

Tyler, once again, decides his only course of action is to take the wire and platform poles down with him. He pulls back WITH EVERYTHING he possibly can on the handcuff.

The only sounds heard within the Lakefront Arena are the pin, the slow bending of metal poles and the verbal struggle Tyler Fuse is going through.

ONE.

Tyler bellows and the four platform poles bend inward as far as they can!

TWO.

The wire **FINALLY** snaps and so does the handcuff chain! Tyler leaps towards the pinfall while Malak Garland looks up and gives Tyler the finger.

THREE.

Tyler lands on top of his brother, a moment too late.

DING DING DING

DDK:

No.

The arena continues its silence as Malak Garland wobbles towards the time keepers table.

Malak Garland:

GIVE ME MY GOD DAMN **FUCKING** SHINIES.

And snatches all five title belts before he **BLASTS** the time keeper in the face!! Blood on his chest, tacks stuck to his back, Garland doesn't even care about Cyrus Bates who remains sprawled across the six broken tables.

Darren Quimbey: *[somberly]*

The winners of this match and new Unified Tag Team Champions... The Comments Section.

Some boos reign in as the Shinedown theme plays but most of the fans sit in the reality that The Fuse Bros. are no more.

Malak reaches the top of the rampway before he falls to his knees, unable to stand any longer. EMTs race out to Malak and Cyrus while Tyler stays perched over his fallen brother.

DDK:

An unreal match. In the end, Malak Garland pulls it off.

Lance:

You have to give everyone credit here. The knock on Malak was he can't wrestle. He's weak. Perhaps he's found something in this 'avalanche mode'.

Conor slowly comes to on the canvas and Tyler refuses medical attention for them both.

The broadcast goes through a number of replays for the match.

DDK:

We thank you all for being here tonight.

Lance:

An incredible night, Keebs, despite this down note.

Conor is upright and asking Tyler what happened. The younger Fuse looks above, seeing the two wires completely destroyed and the four platform poles slanted inward. Conor is struggling but he pats Tyler on the chest.

DEFCON switches to a montage, recapping Night One's events:

- Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens finding revenge against ADV and Jack Mace.
- The reckless Gage Blackwood systematically destroying Teresa Ames and her gluttony of social support before eating a vicious back elbow and three count.
- Henry Keyes and Rezin's amazing exchange, ending with the BELL CLAP.
- Kendrix and Jay Harvey's back-and-forth war.
- Elise Ares seeking retribution against Perfection.
- Dex Joy and Scrow destroying each other.
- And finally, the UNIFIED Tag Team Champion match, showing the wreckage throughout.

The scene switches back to inside the ring one final time. Malak and Cyrus are gone. All that remain are Tyler and Conor.

THE LAST OF US

The Gamers are on their feet, standing quietly as they process the events that took place.

The Fuse Bros. are over.

Game Over.

Tyler takes a deep breath and lets out a huff. He looks over to the turnbuckle Conor is resting in and gives a slight smile, like they gave it all they had and there are no hard feelings. Conor, trying not to be overwhelmed with emotions, nods only once. Player Two raises a hand to his face and tilts his head back, desperately trying to find the positives in their battle.

The announcers stay on radio silence as Tyler hits the mat lightly and struggles upwards. He gazes into the crowd...a standing ovation follows.

Tyler looks to his wife, Princess Desire, who appears at the stage. She claps Tyler on and then vanishes, giving the brothers the ring to themselves. Tyler thanks the fans for their support but ultimately points to Conor, who's sitting in the corner, depressed. The Faithful roar in response upon Tyler acknowledging him.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Tyler limps over to Conor and extends his left arm, offering to help his younger brother off the mat. Conor shakes his head no, sucks back emotion and then stands, immediately hugging Tyler as the tears start to flow. The ever so stoic and cold-willed Tyler returns the embrace and smiles genuinely. The announcers break their silence.

DDK:

What a moment! It wasn't to be but they laid it all on the line...

Lance:

They most certainly did. This is a match no one will forget anytime soon! The Fuse's are going out on top.

The embrace ends as both men walk to the center of the ring. Tyler raises Conor's hand...

The fans continue to cheer.

"THANK YOU FUSE'S!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"THANK YOU FUSE'S!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"THANK YOU FUSE'S!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Lance:

It's important to know both these guys aren't going anywhere. They are signed to long-term DEFIANCE contracts. While The Fuse Bros. era may be over, both guys proved they can be more than successful on their own.

At the end of Lance's words, the lights dim and, ultimately, turn off.

Lightning crackles and thunder rumbles. Due to every Faithful member having cell phones, Tyler and Conor are still in view. Conor conveys a sense of worry as he looks over to his older brother. Tyler, however, doesn't seem phased.

The lights flick on to 30%.

Three key figures stand on top of the rampway.

Stalker.

Rezin.

Victor Vacio.

...Surrounded by generic Reapers, running all the way down the ramp.

Conor looks directly at his brother and spins him around, placing a hand on Tyler's shoulder.

Conor Fuse: *[off-mic]*

Why are they here? We can fight them! Let's take them all on! What else do we have to lose...

Conor's voice trails. Looking into his brother's eyes, he's put together the answer.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm sorry.

More tears swell up in Conor's eyes. The Fuse's conversation continues off-mic as The Faithful watch on in anticipation.

Conor Fuse:

Why do they want *you*? I thought...

Tyler shakes his head no.

Tyler Fuse:

I was never the good guy in this story, Conor.

Conor's hand lowers from his brother's shoulders.

Tyler Fuse:

You have been the light for both of us. I possess none of your skills.

Conor starts shaking his head no. He refuses to believe what his brother is saying.

Tyler Fuse:

I will always support you. I will always have your back. You're going to be the FIST of DEFIANCE one day, I know it. Look at how many people truly believe in you.

Conor takes a step back.

Tyler Fuse:

But for me? I'm sorry, it's the only path I know.

Conor speaks with passion.

Conor Fuse:

No it's not. You are so much better than every single one of *them*! You can accomplish everything you want on the GOOD side, too! You don't need them. You never did; you never will.

Tyler disagrees. He pats his brother on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

I wish you were right.

The elder Fuse smiles warmly.

Tyler Fuse:

I will always have your back. We will always be brothers. I'm sorry... I truly am.

Tyler drops to his knees and rolls out of the ring. Head down, he significantly limps up the rampway, through the line of Reapers on both sides of him. The camera cuts to Conor Fuse, emotions flowing.

Stalker grins sadistically as Tyler approaches the group at the top of the rampway. The Original Reaper holds out an orange-eyed Reaper costume as Tyler methodically nods and takes it from him. All of the Reapers and The Kabal turn to exit the stage, all except Stalker, who stands for a brief moment to make eye-contact with an overwhelmed Conor Fuse in the middle of the ring.

Stalker winks.

Jason Reeves follows his crew to the back as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast feed, leaving Conor crying in the middle of the ring.

Heartbroken.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.