

RUN DOWN



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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

DEFCON WAS SO AWESOME I FORGOT TO PICK UP MY KIDS FROM SOCCER PRACTICE

ARTHUR LOOKS GOOD IN A STRAIGHT JACKET

MATT LACROIX IS MY FAVOURITE SAINT

#BESTLADDERMATCHEVER

DIE ARTHUR DIE

BYE SCOTT DOUGLAS!

IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES THE AIR SMELL "CLEANER" IN HERE?

TIILLINGHAST > PLEASANT

HIRE SCOTTY FLASH FULL TIME

THANK YOU ANGUS

WE WANT DOOMBURGERS

JUST SAY IT, TIMMY

STRAIGHT UP TIMMY ALL DAY!

CAN SOMEONE GET FIVE MINUTES IN THE RING WITH SCOTTY FLASH, PLZ?

STRAIGHT UP!

REZIN READS FROM A SCRIPT

UNCLE TIM

SOMETHING SPECIAL BREWING

The arena parking lot comes to life as a long stretch limo approaches. A bunch of secret service agents sprint alongside the vehicle, trying to keep pace with it.

DDK:

What the heck are we witnessing here?

The Faithful are left in anticipation as the vehicle finally comes to a stop. The agents try to catch their breath. One agent turns and opens the back door.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

The crowd reaction is heard loud and clear. Out filters Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates and last but NOT LEAST, Malak Garland, clutching all five of his shiny championship belts. His smirk is annoyingly unbearable.

DDK:

We should have known.

Malak pulls out a bottle cap from his pocket and flips it to the agent that opened the car door.

Malak Garland:

Don't go spending that all in one place now, young chap.

The Keyboard King takes a big gulp of fresh New Orleans air.

Malak Garland:

What a grand day. You can certainly smell the daisies in the air. Can you smell the daisies in the air, Cyrus? I know you can smell the daisies in the air, Teresa.

Both his cohorts nod like the drones they are. The championship trio makes haste towards the arena as the camera crew follows along behind. They ignore all others before walking through the gorilla position and out on stage where the fans can greet them in person.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YOU SUCK!

GO AWAY!

GET BENT!

With the various chants in tow, Malak smugly walks down to the ring.

DDK:

This is vile - these people are the reason The Fuse Brothers are done as a team, and the fans are not letting them forget it.

Lance:

The DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship is back in the hands of The Comments Section and The Faithful are none too pleased.

Entering the ring, Malak grabs a microphone and begins his coronation / berating speech as the theme song closes.

Malak Garland:

Hi everyone, remember me?

He chuckles.

Malak Garland:

I would just like the record to show that my choice in hammock is obviously superior to that of cOnOr fUsE! Haha! What a bum!

DDK:

Dear God, will anyone save us from this?

Malak pulls his phone out.

Malak Garland:

I prepared a speech and I'll be honest, when I rehearsed it in the limo, it took me three hours from start to finish but you know what they say, you always talk faster in person so expect this to run about two hours and forty minutes or so.

DDK:

Oh, how gracious.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Lance:

You wanted someone to rescue us? Ask and you shall receive!

The fans explode in surprise at the music of The Saturday Night Specials! Malak freezes mid-speech and his eyes narrow in indignation as "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy appear on the entrance ramp - dressed to compete. Cassidy and Brock play to the cheering crowd for a few moments before their music begins to fade out. With a wide smile on his face, Cassidy raises the mic in his hand to his mouth.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW ORLEANS!

POP!

Pat Cassidy:

Are you ready to hear what is on tap for TONIGHT!?

They are!

Pat Cassidy:

Tonight's specials...

Cassidy points to the ring. Malak looks like he's about to cry.

Pat Cassidy:

This one is a house favorite: The Snowflake Surprise. One third grey-haired bitchass, one third generic musclehead sidekick, and one third the salty tears of an internet troll who is about to finally get what's been coming to him.

Malak Garland: *[off mic]*

That's not the drink flavors we negotiated to have at Ballyhoo!

Pat Cassidy:

Combine all ingredients together, mix well...

Brock taps Cassidy on the shoulder, making the "cut it out" hand motion. Cassidy frowns for a second and then what Brock means clicks inside Pat's head.

Pat Cassidy:

Riiiiight. Maybe don't mix all that well. They're kind of fragile and that might be a lot for them to handle. Maybe just gently swirl or something - hell if I know. That being said... if you're not looking for a little bitch drink, I recommend our second special on tap for tonight... as always...

Cassidy's voice grows louder as he points first to himself and then to his partner.

Pat Cassidy:

"BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY!

"THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEWBLUDD!

YOOOOOOOOOOOUURRRRR....

Cassidy raises the mic into the air, letting the crowd do the rest.

The Faithful:

SATURDAY!

NIGHT!

SPECCCCCCCCIALS!

Malak Garland:

Uh, it's clearly Wednesday. Or Thursday? I think?

Cassidy shakes his head and passes the mic over to Brock Newbludd.

Brock Newbludd:

Obviously you haven't been keeping up with current events. Because if you were, you would know that *every night* is Saturday night when The Specials are in town. We're the guys pouring the shots, drinkin' the shots, and most importantly...we're the ones callin' the shots.

Newbludd turns his attention to the crowd and raises an eyebrow.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya say guys, you wanna drink to that?

The Faithful instantly roar in agreement, and Brock lets out a hearty laugh.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, then lemme hear ya BALLYHOO!

The Faithful:

BALLYHOOOOOOOO!!

Grinning from ear to ear, Brock bumps fists with Cassidy and fixes his gaze back on Malak.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, as tempting as it might be to listen to you drone on about whatever it is you had concocted in that weird silver tipped head of yours...we're gonna have to cut ya off, bud. Like I said, SNS is callin' the shots tonight and what we want, right here and right now...is a shot at the Unified Tag Team Titles!

The crowd explodes in cheers!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have just challenged The Comments Section to a title match!

Lance:

Cassidy and Newbludd just became the new number one contenders and they aren't going to wait for their chance at gold, partner!

Malak shakes in his boots uncontrollably as he's obviously not ready for such an endeavor.

Malak Garland:

Um, um, um, guys!? Wait a minute. Hold up please. I didn't exactly get to read my speech. I feel like I have a sick tummy starting. Now isn't really a great time. I broke a nail. I can't breathe. I need my safe space box! No title defense right now!

Malak lowers the microphone and gracefully falls into the protective arms of Cyrus Bates who eyes down SNS like they just hurt his puppy.

Malak Garland: *[sniveling from within Cyrus' arms]*

If only I had someone to step up and defend my honor. Maybe, maybe then if, say, Brock Newbludd can beat Cyrus in a one on one match right now, then you two can get a title shot.

Malak nestles further into the bosom of Bates while the fans give a mixed reaction. On one hand they want to see a title match, on the other, they just want to see The Comments Section get what's coming to them.

DDK:

Surprise, surprise, Malak's not taking SNS up on their challenge.

Lance:

You knew it wouldn't be that easy, partner.

Up on the top of the ramp, both members of SNS tilt their heads to one side as they watch Malak's face disappear in between Bates' pecs. Newbludd shakes his head at the awkwardness and looks to his tag partner.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya think, bro?

Putting a hand up to his chin, Cassidy thinks for a second as the crowd buzzes in anticipation. Having thought it over, Black Out flashes his partner a confident grin and points a thumb towards the backstage area.

Pat Cassidy:

I think the always radiant Carla Ferrari is just a stone's throw away, buddy. Let's say we get ourselves a ref and you go kick some snowflake ass!

The crowd lets out a large roar of approval and Brock pumps his fist in excitement as he turns to address The Comments Section.

Brock Newbludd:

You got yourself a deal, Malak! Me and Cyrus, one on one, right here and right now! So, pull your face out of his moobies and get your ass out of the ring!

Malak smiles deviously as he imparts some last second advice to Cyrus before he and Teresa park themselves ringside. Dropping the mic down onto the stage, Brock pulls the cutoff "SNS" t-shirt he was wearing over his singlet off and throws it out into the crowd. Behind him, Cassidy returns with referee Carla Ferrari in tow. The veteran referee quickly makes her way down the ramp. Behind her, SNS bump fists and begin to make their way down as well.

BROCK NEWBLUDD w/ PAT CASSIDY vs. CYRUS BATES w/ MALAK GARLAND

Having managed her way past The Grammar Grappler, Carla looks to Newbludd and motions for him to get in the ring. Giving her a quick thumbs up, Brock slides into the ring and immediately races towards Bates.

DDK:

Malak's finally made his way out of the ring, and Newbludd's not waiting around!

The powerhouse plants his feet and attempts to turn Newbludd inside out with a clothesline but hits nothing but air when Brock ducks at the last second. Rebounding off the ropes, Newbludd smokes Bates in the face with a Shotgun Dropkick! Brock is quick to his feet and marches towards Cyrus as the Keyboard Warrior frantically rolls towards the ropes. Carla quickly jumps in front of Brock and orders him to back off. Throwing his hands up in frustration, Brock quickly backpedals towards a corner.

Outside the ring, Pat Cassidy sidles up to Malak Garland - with what appears to be a peace offering of two cans of Ballyhoo in each hand. Malak looks off put as Cassidy cracks the tops off both cans and suds fly everywhere. Cassidy roughly puts one of the cans in Malak's hand - Garland makes a face at the suds flowing all over his hand but he does take it. Cassidy roughly puts his arm around the leader of The Comments Section, smiles, and aggressively "cheers" him - a move that on its surface might seem friendly but mostly reads as "I'm right here so don't try anything."

DDK:

Cassidy looking ready to make sure there's no shenanigans in this match - there's a lot on the line here.

With Brock anxiously hopping from one foot to another, Carla makes this fight official by calling for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

That big dropkick sent Cyrus down hard, but he's already pulling himself up to his feet.

Looking absolutely pissed at being taken off his feet, Cyrus yanks himself back upright and charges towards Brock. Colliding in the middle of the ring, the Bellicose Brawler and the Milwaukee Mauler engage in a rough collar and elbow tie up. Using his renowned strength to his advantage, Cyrus drives Brock backwards a few steps and Newbludd reacts by lowering his base to bring things to a standstill. With his opponent managing to hold his ground, Bates changes tactics and breaks the tie up by nailing Brock in the stomach with a knee. Grabbing an arm, Cyrus whips Brock into the nearest corner and quickly follows to hit him with a corner clothesline.

DDK:

Hard hitting clothesline by Bates and now Brock's trapped in the corner to start the match. Bates backpedaling now and charging back in for a repeat lariat that nearly sends Newbludd down to the floor on the outside!

Lance:

Bates is one of the strongest competitors in all of DEFIANCE and he put all of his considerable strength behind both those clotheslines. If Brock's going to pick up the victory to earn that title shot for SNS, he's going to have to find a way to counteract his opponent's raw power.

Cracking the woozy Newbludd in the side of a head with a forearm, Cyrus grabs an arm and whips him across the ring to the opposite corner. Brock crashes hard into the corner and Bates sprints towards him.

DDK:

Cyrus sent Brock for the ride, and here he comes with a full head of steam!

Stampeding ahead, the big bull tries to take Brock's head off with his signature Keyboard Kick but Newbludd avoids the boot to the face at the last second by simply dropping down to a seated position. With one leg fully extended and

unable to stop his momentum, Bates smashes groin first into the top turnbuckle! He instantly howls in pain and the crowd consoles him by cheering in delight!

Lance:

OOF! That couldn't have backfired any worse for Cyrus!

DDK:

Seeing that just made MY stomach hurt!

Now in the precarious position of having one leg awkwardly draped over the top rope, Bates hops on one foot as he puts both of his hands to his aching marbles. Sitting just below him, Newbludd looks up and bares his teeth in a cringe when he realizes what his opponent had done. Rolling to the outside floor, Brock helps Cyrus out of his predicament by grabbing an ankle and yanking it, causing Bates to fall back first onto the mat. Reaching underneath the bottom rope, Newbludd latches onto Bates' other foot. Realizing what is happening, Cyrus looks up in dismay to see the ringpost positioned directly between his split legs and begins to shake his head in protest. Keeping a tight grip on his opponent's ankles, Brock looks out to The Faithful for their judgement and they respond with an encouraging cheer. Giving the pleading Cyrus an apologetic shoulder shrug, Brock yanks the powerhouse towards him to smash his groin into the ringpost!

The Faithful, DDK, Lance, Carla, the timekeeper, Darren Quimbey, Pat Cassidy, Malak, Teresa and everyone watching at home:

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOooooooooOOOOOOoooOOO!!!

Lance:

Correction. Things have gotten worse for Cyrus Bates!

Balled up in the fetal position, Bates kicks his legs in agony and rolls towards the middle of the ring. Meanwhile, Brock climbs onto the ring apron and then onto the top rope. Slowly rising up, Newbludd waits for his opponent to roll onto his back. Sure enough, that moment quickly arrives and as soon as it does, The Innovator leaps off and hits the Flying Elbow Drop! Brock immediately hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cyrus gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

Despite the pain in his nether regions, Cyrus kicks out after the elbow. Brock's not taking his foot off the gas though and he's already got Bates back up to his feet.

Newbludd drives a knee into The Keyboard Warrior's midsection, doubling him over. Reaching down, The Innovator wraps his arms around Bates and begins to pull him up for a Piledriver...

Lance:

Newbludd looking to hit Cyrus with a piledriver now. Hang on! Signs of life from Bates!

About halfway up, Bates begins to frantically kick his legs and Brock is forced to put him back down. The instant his feet touch the mat, Cyrus lets out a roar and grabs both of Brock's legs. Showing off his impressive strength, Bates gets completely vertical and drives Newbludd into the mat with a Alabama Slam!

DDK:

Cyrus with the clutch Alabama Slam and now Newbludd's on the mat!

Still feeling the effects of the ringpost to his jewels, Cyrus angrily grabs Brock and yanks him back upright. In one fluid

motion, Bates sends his opponent flying with a beauty of a Gutwrench Suplex! Stomping over to Newbludd, Cyrus drops to his knees and wraps both of his hands around Brock's neck to blatantly choke The Innovator. With boos raining down on him, Bates ignores Carla's warnings and continues to choke Brock, slamming the back of Brock's head into the mat as he does so!

Lance:

Cyrus is choking the life out of Brock and The Faithful do not approve one bit!

Hearing Carla hit four on the disqualification count, Cyrus relents and breaks the choke. On the outside, Cassidy raises his free arm (the other is still around Malak) and encourages the fans to get behind Brock. Bates quickly gets back up to his feet and stomps Brock in the chest a few times for good measure. Maneuvering around to Newbludd's feet, Bates grabs both of Brock's legs and swiftly applies a Boston Crab!

DDK:

Bates has got the submission and he's using that raw power of his to bend Newbludd in half!

Eyes bulging from the sudden pain in his lower back, Brock tries to push himself upwards but Cyrus puts a stop to that by wrenching back even farther. Shaking his head back and forth, Brock screams "NO!" at Carla while on the outside Pat Cassidy urges his partner on by slapping a hand against the mat. The Faithful quickly join in and stomp their feet in rhythm with Cassidy. Needing to break the hold, Newbludd begins to drag himself and Bates to the nearest set of ropes.

Lance:

Brock's going for the rope break! Cyrus has the crab locked in tight and this might be the only option Newbludd has!

Grimacing in pain with every pull, Newbludd closes the gap between his fingertips and the ropes as Bates fights against him. With only inches left to go, Brock lets out a cry and stretches his hand out as far as it can go...

It's *juuuuust* far enough! He latches onto the bottom rope!

DDK:

Newbludd made it to the ropes and Cyrus can't believe it!

Shaking his head in disbelief, Bates onces again milks the hold for all it's worth and breaks it at the last possible second. Cyrus shoots the pesky ref a dirty look and flips Brock over onto his back. Grabbing both of Newbludd's legs, Cyrus tucks them under his arms and falls backwards onto the mat, catapulting Brock throat-first into the bottom rope!

Lance:

Nasty move there by Cyrus. He's repaid Brock for his antics earlier by targeting The Innovator's throat a couple of times since he's taken control of the match.

Holding his throat and coughing, Brock rolls to the ring apron. Stopping just short of falling to the floor, Newbludd tries his best to fight through his aching throat while behind him Cyrus stalks his way.

DDK:

Newbludd is in rough shape here, partner.

Lance:

Indeed he is. If Cyrus can keep the pressure on, not only will he pick up the win here tonight, he'll take away The Saturday Night Special's chance at the tag team titles!

Cyrus makes it to the ropes and reaches over them to pull the groggy Brock up to a standing position. Brock lashes out with a couple of instinctive punches but Cyrus manages to fend them off and return fire with a couple of hard shots to Newbludd's head. Brock nearly falls off the apron but Bates grabs him at the last second to keep him in place. Building off the work he had already done, Cyrus applies a front facelock on Newbludd and drops down to his knees to

choke him with the top rope!

DDK:

Cyrus with ANOTHER blatant choke! C'mon!

With a shit-eating grin spread across his face, Cyrus basks in the boos raining down on him as the now obviously agitated ref starts the rope break. Once again Carla reaches four on the count and once again Cyrus breaks it just in the nick of time, directing his arrogant smile at her as he does so.

Lance:

Cyrus is playing with fire messing with Carla like that. You don't want to be on her bad side, especially with so much at stake!

Turning his attention back to Brock, who finds himself being propped up by the top rope as he awkwardly hangs on it, Cyrus applies another front facelock and begins to lift him up for a suplex. Bates gets Brock about halfway up when his progress is suddenly halted.

DDK:

Bates is looking to suplex Brock back into the ring but Newbludd latched onto the top rope at the last second!

Lance:

Great ring awareness by Newbludd to avoid the suplex, but he's still in trouble, DDK.

Bates tries to power Brock skyward but Newbludd's grip is iron tight. Showing signs of frustration, Bates changes tactics and breaks the front facelock. Rearing back, Cyrus delivers a barrage of clubbing blows to Brock's back, each impact making a resounding 'SMACK'. Bates delivers one last hard shot and leaves Brock slumped over the top rope. Spinning on a heel, the powerhouse races towards the opposite set of ropes and hits them at full speed to come storming back in towards his target...

DDK:

Cyrus Bates is a freight train and Newbludd's found himself lying on the tracks!

Lowering himself, Cyrus turns himself into a human torpedo in an attempt to spear Brock through the ropes!

Lance:

If he hits this spear, it's over!

With Bates only a couple seconds away from impact, Newbludd manages to pick his head up just enough to catch sight of the incoming missile. Thinking fast, he takes a quick step along the apron and sticks his knee in between the ropes...

CRACK!

Unable to stop his momentum, Cyrus flies face first into Newbludd's knee!

DDK:

Did you hear that impact!? Bates went all in on that spear and Newbludd made him pay the price!

Both hands up to his face, the shellshocked Bates staggers drunkenly back towards the middle of the ring. Outside the ring, Pat Cassidy pumps his fist in victory while roughly shaking an uncomfortable Malak around. With his tag partner and The Faithful urging him on, Newbludd shakes the cobwebs out of his head and ascends the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

Newbludd up top now! He's got something big planned for Cyrus!

The instant that Bates turns to face him, Brock leaps off...

DDK:

Meteora! Newbludd's got both legs hooked!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cyrus with the kickout!

Lance:

Another close two count there and Newbludd's managed to turn the tide! He needs to build off this momentum if he's going to put Cyrus away for good, though.

DDK:

Yes he does, Lance. Bates has shown throughout the match his ability to shut down Newbludd time and time again.

Frustration mounting, Brock hastily begins to pull Cyrus off the mat. Before Newbludd can get the powerhouse all the way up, Bates hits him with a surprise Jawbreaker! Stumbling backwards, Brock drops down to a knee and puts a hand up to his aching jaw as Cyrus staggers to his feet.

Lance:

Cyrus is back on his feet after using the top of his head to smash Newbludd's jaw! You're right, partner, Brock just can't take control of this matchup!

Seeing Newbludd down on a knee in front of him, Bates slaps a thigh and makes a break for the ropes...

DDK:

Cyrus is calling for the Keyboard Kick! He wants to end this thing here and now!

Rebounding off the ropes, Bates charges back in towards his target and leaps into the air. Cyrus violently pumps his legs and...

KEYBOARD KICK!!

MISSED! Newbludd was playing possum!

Lance:

Big whiff by Bates!

Cyrus flies right over the top of Brock's head, unable to stop his momentum. Surging upwards, Newbludd snatches Bates in a full-nelson!

SHOCK AND AWE!!

DDK:

Dragon suplex! Dragon suplex! Brock's got the bridge!

Lance:

Where did that come from!?

Carla hits the mat for the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's over, Newbludd picks up the win and The Saturday Night Specialists are getting their shot at the titles!

Breaking the bridge, Brock rolls over onto his back to stare up at the lights, a huge smile spread across his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this contest by way of pinfall... 'THE INNOVATOR'... BROOOOCK
NEEEEWBLUDD!!

The Wrestle-Plex explodes in cheers and Pat Cassidy slides into the ring to help his victorious partner back up to his feet. Slapping his friend on the chest, Cassidy raises Brock's arm in celebration. Bates rolls to the outside where Malak, realizing what this means, clutches his shins even tighter.

DDK:

And folks, with Brock Newbludd's win here, the match is booked... I'm told our graphics department got right to work once this impromptu match was booked here tonight...

As Keebler finishes speaking, the DEFtron comes to life with our first look at the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE logo, a still of all four competitors, and the following graphic:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

Unified Tag Team Championship

The Comments Section (c) vs. The Saturday Night Specialists

The crowd pops upon seeing the image - a PPV match has been made official! The Saturday Night Specialists point to the graphic and make the universal "we want the belts" hand motions around their waists while Malak shakes his head "no" outside the ring.

DDK:

I think it's dawning on Malak Garland that The Saturday Night Specialists plan to come for his belts...

Lance:

Don't you mean shins?

DDK:

I do not.

Malak gazes at the tron with glassy eyes. Bates tries to catch his breath but he's still reeling. Teresa collects her two male counterparts and insists they head for higher ground.

Malak Garland:

We have to defend my belts against those two!?

The Comments Section scurry up the ramp but stop at the curtain to take one final look at the tron.

Malak Garland:

Shit.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today to make sure you don't miss MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2021!!

NOT A FAN

Clad in an obnoxious three-piece Hawaiian themed suit, the ever fashionable Arthur Pleasant walks towards the DEFplex with his black, polycarbonate carry-on rolling on its squeaky wheels behind him. Gripping onto the retractable metal handle, Arthur whistles contently despite coming off his ladder match loss at DEFCON.

Arthur Pleasant:

It's a beautiful day in the neeeeeeeighborhood, a beautiful day for a neeeeeeeighbor!

He jumps unexpectedly into the air, clicking his feet together.

Arthur Pleasant:

Could you beeeeeee mine? Would you beeeeeee mine?

As if the birds were chirping (they're not) and the sun was shining on his back (it isn't), Arthur sighs happily as he approaches the door to a fire exit near the indoor pool area that was not at ALL supposed to be used as a side entrance to the DEFplex. But given how Pleasant isn't particularly liked amongst the locker room, he rigged it up some time ago with a little stone at the bottom of the door's corner aluminum guard so that it could be opened from the outside.

That's when his peripheral vision catches someone else approaching what he thought was a secret entrance to the dungeon of DEFIANCE, too.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh. You... you come in this way, too? I *thought* I saw the rock displaced a few weeks ago. How did you find out about this.... Uhhh... what's his name... that guy who had that thing with the other dude at that show, right? Help me out here.

The camera pans back to reveal Scott Stevens. Looking at Pleasant rather unpleasantly, he sighs.

Scott Stevens:

You know what my name is, Arthur. Knock your stupid shit off. I'm not about to start playing any games with a fucking child right now, thank you very much.

Pleasant looks appalled by Scott's cynical response and attitude.

Arthur Pleasant:

Whoa. Calm yourself, Scott! Turn that frown upside down! You're gonna stroke out if you don't, man! Wooo Saaaa. I'm not trying to play any games with you, believe it or not. Pinky promise! I'm just... trying to have some fun around here! Y' know, lighten the mood a little after such a downer of a close at DEFCON with Scott Douglas getting shit canned.

He shrugs.

Arthur Pleasant:

But hey, I try to look on the bright side of ALL things: in this case, it's one less boring "Scott" whose name I have to remember or pretend to give a shit about.

Stevens looks at Pleasant as both men now stand in front of the wrong side of the fire exit.

Scott Stevens:

Right. I've seen your idea of "fun". It's tasteless and has no place around here. Now get out of my way, Arthur. I'm serious. You don't want none of this.

Arthur's eyes narrow. He sucks his teeth incredulously, allowing a slight grin to escape his lips.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, I see. You're not a fan of my style, is it? Well boo-fucking-hoo. Why don't you go cry about it to your Uncle Tim while you're at it?! Maybe you can jerk each other off while watching a best of ten series between two amateur dudes trying to dry hump each other in a stupid white circle. Oh and give him my regards, by the way!

Pleasant steps a little closer to Scott, effortlessly living up to his namesake by provoking him to do something. Stevens changes his stance into a defensive position, ready to drop Arthur if the situation calls for it.

Arthur Pleasant:

And if we're being honest with each other? I haven't seen anything from you here. Nope, not a thing. You might as well be a fucking ghost, mon ami. In fact, are you even real? Do my eyes deceive me?

Arthur pokes Stevens in his chest rather rigorously. Scott feigns a laugh and before Arthur can even prepare for it, Scott Stevens WAYLAYS him with a HARD right fist that knocks him completely on his ass! Stunned that this just happened, Arthur's eyes wince as he clutches his jaw firmly.

Scott Stevens:

I warned you, asshole.

Scott pulls on the slightly ajar aluminum door guard with great force and NAILS Arthur in the shoulder and ribs so hard that he rolls forward about four-feet. Now clutching his shoulder, ribs, AND jaw, finding great need for a third hand, Arthur Pleasant just grunts in pain. It's clear that he's still trying to gain his bearings after what just happened, but before he can follow up the attack with anything, Scott disappears into the DEFplex.

Arthur Pleasant (*yelling loudly*):

ASSAAAAAAAULT! ASSAAAAAAAULT!

His yells go unanswered as there does not seem to be any security within the immediate vicinity.

Arthur Pleasant (*pained breaths*):

Oh. Right. Secret... ugh... side... entrance.... got it.

THE D & PCP PRESENT: ELISE ARES' APPRECIATION NIGHT 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

A swath of people moving from one place to another. It's almost a coordinated dance of organization, of event planning. Is it a makeshift wedding? Klein and Dandy? No, probably not. Elise doesn't care enough to shout about that.

Elise Ares

I'm not going to lie... I'm a little worried about this.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pauses and looks over her shoulder.

Elise Ares

As much as I do think a giant spectacle about myself is sure to be a memorable and fantastic evening for everyone... this has to go right this time. This world can't afford to be robbed of this moment a second time. D, remember the last time you tried to throw me an Appreciation night?

The D wanders in frame, shoulders just a little slumped over in solemn regret.

The D:

I know, and I'm sorry about that. That was entirely my bad. But the one the show prior was fire, you gotta admit.

Elise Ares

Oh, I remember... It WaS LiT!

The D slams a clipboard against the palm of his hands, shouting to the rabble around him.

The D:

Alright people! We only have one chance to get this right! Flex?

The D turns over to the side, where Flex stands on the top of a ladder. Klein is on the side, and they unfurl a banner.

"ELISE ARES APPRECIATION NIGHT."

Ares awh's toward the D and lightly touches his arm. He nods, from Elise back to Klein and Flex, just as O-Face charges toward the banner. If she was any taller, she'd be clotheslined or destroyed by the magnificent structure, but she just walks on through underneath.

O-Face

Congrats Elise! You deserve EVERYTHING that's coming to you!

O-Face rushes up and hugs Elise, who stands there awkwardly. Her eyes quietly scream and she clenches her jaw. Klein's ladder tatters as he's able to steady himself. The D narrows his eyes, as she rushes by his side, grabbing his hand. The D lets go of hers and goes into showman mode.

The D:

Tonight, we appreciate the leading lady of DEFIANCE, the greatest superstar to step foot in the ring of DEFIANCE. Truly... DEFIANCE'S favorite daughter?

There's an awkward silence. The D scratches the back of his neck as Elise shivers after O-Face releases her grip and wanders away.

The D:

Too soon?

Elise Ares

Never. I just... need a shower, but these people need a new hero! Now... I'm confused, English isn't my first language so is it FAVORITE or FAVOURITE? You guys can't seem to make up your mind on it and I need to know for merchandising reasons. D, can you call my lawyer?

The D looks across the frame.

The D:

Hey Klein, Elise needs you.

Klein walks across to Elise, who produces a stapled packet of papers and begins tracing them with her fingers. Sir Reginald K. Boxman III, Esq. nods and puts his arm around the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE and escorts her to the next section while reviewing her next big promotional project. Flex continues to move the banner slightly up, then slightly down, then slightly up to get it just right as The D and O-Face supervise. O-Face lays her head against The D's shoulder with a smile on her face. The D jumps away, startled.

The D:

Sorry, I didn't see you there.

O-Face makes a pouty face in response.

O-Face

Did I scare The Big D? I sawwee. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?

The D rubs his chin trying to think of something she could do as she continues to obnoxiously stick out her bottom lip before breaking into a smile.

O-Face

I understand... you have a lot going on. Stop stressing so much, Big D! I'm sure it'll go great.

The D:

I hope so, I screwed this up pretty bad last time. I just want to make it up to her. I want to make sure she likes it.

O-Face reaches out and puts her hand on The D's shoulder.

O-Face

Don't worry, I'll make sure it all goes according to plan. I promise.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. PCP (FLEX KRUGER & KLEIN)

DDK:

We have a great tag team match coming up next and it will be a big tag team match in more ways than one!

Lance:

That it is! It will be The Lucky Sevens of Better Future Talent Agency taking on Flex and Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms in a battle of powerhouse teams! Earlier tonight they promised an Appreciation Night for Elise Ares after she beat Perfection at DEF-CON! If they beat the Lucky Sevens tonight that would be icing on the cake.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens weren't involved in the decision, but their team lost at DEF-CON against the Saturday Night Specials and Los Tres Titans. Tom Morrow finally get a beating from the four of them and even Titaness and Thomas Keeling got in on it. Except for Jestal DEF-CON was a bad night all around for BFTA so we will see if they can get back on track.

Lance:

DEF-CON is long gone and these two teams want to get back to the hunt for the Unified tag team titles. We have heard that Tom Morrow is going to be out with injuries for a few months so we have someone else doing the introductions for the Lucky Sevens and it is ...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cállate, pendejos!

Out from the back, the crowd BOOS Alvaro de Vargas. Clearly not happy with how DEFCON or the most recent match on UNCUT 93 with Uriel Cortez went, ADV isn't in a mood. Next to him stand "The Mad Prince" Jestal and "The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace. Mace disappears backstage for a moment and then comes back with a large portrait of Better Future Talent Agency's mastermind... Tom Morrow. He holds it out and The Faithful boo even louder.

Alvaro de Vargas:

First off, un momento de silencio for the dearly departed from DEFIANCE... Tom Morrow is nursing his injuries INFLICTED upon him by those SNS drunks, that little pendejo, Minute and... Uriel Cortez. Cierra la puta cara y muestra algo de respeto! Moment of Silence starts now!

ADV, Jack Mace and Jestal all bow their heads as Mace holds up the portrait. The crowd JEEEEEEERRRRSSS during the moment while they have their heads bowed. At the conclusion, ADV shoots a hate-filled stare at all sides of the DEF-Plex.

Alvaro de Vargas:

While Morrow is gone, Better Future will look to ME to guide them! You think just because Morrow isn't here that we won't rule DEFIANCE? DEFCON was made of two very big nights... but DEFCON was ONLY nights still, pendejos. DEFIANCE has MANY nights ahead! That means from this point forward, not only will Better Future DOMINATE, The Lucky Sietes will start our year off by beating HGH Kruger and a man who will only get close to box by putting one over his head. Allow me to introduce... Los Afortunados Sietes! Big Money Mason y Big Money Max... **THE LUCKY SEVENS!**

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark. Max and Mason bump fists with Mace, Jestal and ADV and then bring up the rear as The Lucky Sevens head on down to the ring.

DDK:

Well... that was a chore. Alvaro de Vargas, Jack Mace and Jestal are all out here with Max and Mason.

Lance:

You heard Alvaro. After the setbacks BFTA had at DEF-CON they are leaving nothing to chance.

Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring and they are cheered on by their team-mates. Max and Mason toss the capes off and then they both climb over the ropes to get inside. The Winning Hands go up one more time and their music is now quiet.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The lights in the arena darken as the spotlights flash along, the DEFIA-Tron playing the familiar Pop Culture Phenoms video. This one spurred in with more shots of Flex and Klein. Flex is the first to emerge, illuminated in a spotlight, back to the ring in a flexing pose. Next out from the back is the somewhat skittish Klein, clutching his bandaged ribs. He raises his hands high above his head with no discomfort shown. Flex pats him on the back and Klein coughs once. Then, out from behind them comes Elise Ares wearing her clear protective face mask, as well as her new pink, cyan, and black mesh ring gear, already prepared for her match later on tonight.

Behind her is the D, who's wearing his traditional 3 piece tearaway suit and PENI\$\$\$ LED brass knuckles. Behind him, is O-Face, wearing short catholic school girl skirt, torn and ratty, with a DEFIANCE t-shirt reading "Bronson Box Made Me A Star and All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt." DEFCON 2021 Commemorative Shirt. She skips behind them and then grabs the D's hand, as Flex and Klein take the lead to ringside.

DDK:

It certainly is a full house at ringside! The PCP is here! The BFTA are here! Can the official even keep track of everyone here?

The Box-Man has revenge on his mind for what Jestal did to him and he looks out at him. The bell rings now.

DING DING DING!!!

Max Luck starts the match right away when he runs at Klein but he moves out of the way of the oncoming train and Max crashes into the corner. Klein goes after Max in a big way and hits a shoulder to his chest. He throws several more shoulder tackles to Max's gut in that corner. The PCPs are happy and the BFTA folks are unhappy with Klein climbing the buckles and starting a ten count with the punches. He throws punches to the head of Big Money Max but before he gets to five Max pushes him away.

DDK:

Wow! Klein is off to a hot start! People love the Box-Man!

Lance:

Both Flex and Klein are each BRAZEN champions and they can go in the ring. Flex pinned Mason Luck in a singles match months ago too ... and how things have changed since then with PCP now being the crowd favorites and Lucky Sevens being hated.

Klein jumps again with a stinger splash and hits Max. Mason is yelling at his twin to look out when Klein hits another stinger splash on Max. Klein quickly gets Max to the corner and Flex makes a tag. The two men manage to do what very few teams can do with the Lucky Sevens. The Box-Man and the Flex-Man hit a double suplex on Max and the crowd loves all the action.

DDK:

Big double teams by Flex! Flex tries to pin Max!

One ...

Two ... no!

Lance:

Wow! The Lucky Sevens are being shown up right now! The Pop Culture Phenoms have been a well-oiled machine for years.

Flex drops a driving elbow on Max Luck and then he hits another elbow drop. Then he hits a third one by flexing and then dropping the elbow. Kruger tells Max to try and get up. He makes another tag to Klein and the power guys of PCP run with a double clothesline.

DDK:

A double clothesline! They are showing something tonight!

Mason still can't believe what is happening right now to his twin brother as Klein gets a two count himself. Klein is going to try and get the end of things with his finishing move that he calls Think Outside. When he tries to get Max on his shoulders for the TKO the big Max is too much, and Klein grabs at his injured ribs, still wrapped. He hits elbows to the temple of the Box-Man then he pushes him at the ropes. The seven-foot Max yells at the official and Mason gets a chance to grab Klein! He knocks the box off his face and then locks in a Winning Hand!

Lance:

Hey! That's not legal! Turn around ref!

The PCP's are telling the referee to turn around but the BFTA's tell him not to! Mason lets go of the Winning Hand and then he gets a big boot from Max! The cheap shot allows Max to tag his brother Mason. Mason steps over the ropes and now the stronger twin gets helps from Max to get Klein in their corner. Klein gets chopped by Mason while Max is holding him on the apron. The referee tells him he can't do that and Max stops while Mason tells the ref they can do anything they want ... and as that happens Max now has the Winning Hand face claw locked in on Klein!

DDK:

More chicanery from Mason and Max. Why am I not surprised?

Lance:

It's like breathing to BFTA at this point.

The two forces are cheering on their respective sides. Mason goes back to punish Klein with a tall boot against his throat! He holds the choke for almost the ref's entire five count and then stops to tag Max. The brothers get hold of Klein and they both take a page out of their earlier book. They pick Klein up and then both throw him with a double released vertical suplex!

DDK:

Coin Toss to Klein! That move is so dangerous and just shows how powerful the Lucky Sevens are that they can bully people the size of Klein and Kruger!

Flex is watching his partner get worked over and Max punctuates things with a running jumping elbow drop he calls the Box Cars elbow! Klein gets a shot in the heart and then Max tries to take the win with a pinfall.

One ...

Two

No!!!

Elise, The D and O-Face cheer for Klein's tenacity on display but ADV, Mace and Jestal continue to boo the same traits. Max grabs Klein by his neck and tries to pull him up but Klein fights back when he least expects it. He throws lefts and rights into the gut of Max. The blows rock him and Klein tries again to lift Max for the second time with a power move. He tries a German suplex but Max is too strong and he elbows him in the face before he backs him up to the corner.

Lance:

Klein just tried to get a big power move on Max, but they are just too strong right now! Mason tags in.

The ref allows it and the brothers set up Klein. Max sends a knee into Klein's stomach and he throws him at Mason. Mason hits a knee of his own and then back to Max who stiffs him on a clothesline. Both brothers yell out "KA-CHING!!!" and get booed on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful. The D in particular boos loudly at ringside, following it up with a "you suck!"

DDK:

They call that combo ... Ka-Ching! And now Mason is going for the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Flex jumps in and makes the save for his partner. Mason holds his neck and tells the ref to do his job and get them back. Flex does have to go back and Mason takes a chance to choke Klein on the ground while the referee is busy sending Flex back to his corner.

DDK:

I think they are gonna make quick work of Klein if he doesn't find a way out of this!

Klein gets picked up by Mason and then he gets pushed back into the corner of the Lucky Sevens. Max tags in and then he climbs to the top. He waits for Klein as he tries to stand. The PCP's act as Klein's eyes and tells him to look out and then when Max tries to hit the Check-Raise clothesline from the top ... Klein ducks out of the way!

Lance:

Oh no! A major miscalculation by Max Luck! That big body hitting the ground is no go for his team!

DDK:

Klein has a chance to save this for his team! But Max is already getting to his corner before Klein can!

Mason tags in and tries to save it for his team. He grabs Klein by his arm. He tries to set him up for the pump handle back breaker called the Jackpot Drop but Klein slips out behind Mason and then takes him over using a big back drop suplex!

DDK:

Klein gets one of the Lucky Sevens off their feet at last! And now here comes Flex Kruger!

The PCP's cheer and the BFTA's can't believe Flex gets the diving tag! Mason is trying to get up but Flex muscles him into a corner first. Flex hits a clothesline in the corner and then he hits several big clubbing clotheslines to Mason's chest. Big Money Mason gets taken out from the corner by Flex and then dropped with a side belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

Look at Flex go! Flex is a brute powerhouse the likes of which we've hardly seen, a true HOSS, and he's in charge. This could be the Lucky Sevens unlucky end!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason kicks out under Flex's body!

DDK:

Wow that was close! If Flex hooked the leg he might have had them.

As Flex is near the ropes Alvaro tries to grab his leg but The D and Elise grab chairs from under the ring! Alvaro de Vargas backs off and Mace and Jestal all step back carefully with O-Face watching behind them. Flex is waiting with

Mason standing and tries to get the Flex-Plex set up!

Lance:

Way to go! The PCP's aren't going to let them ruin this match!

DDK:

Good going by Elise and The D ...

Lance:

- NO!

Even the camera crew misses it, but the Faithful don't and promptly jeer. O-Face hops off the apron as Flex Kruger uses one hand to cover his eyes, and the other to swing blindly. Flex's vision is impaired as a devilish grin crosses O-Face. She darts in front of the camera and around the ring away from the PCP corner.

Lance:

Did you see what O-Face just did!?

DDK:

I didn't. What?! What just happened?

Lance:

She just clawed Flex Kruger's face!

Flex takes a wild discus punch in the ring, but Mason Luck avoids it. Mason takes the free shot to knock Kruger over with a charging boot. Klein, on the apron, sees everything that happened and tries to climb in, only to eat a boot from Mason himself. Klein tumbles onto the outside protective guardrail with a thud. Mason returns to his corner, tagging Max Luck in.

Lance:

Why did O-Face just do that?!?!?

DDK:

I DON'T KNOW! THAT'S... THAT'S CRAZY! I didn't notice! I don't think the D and Elise even noticed! They're too busy chasing off Vargas!

Mason and Max both pick up Flex and then drive him into the mat with No Luck At All!

DDK:

No! Not this way! No luck at all!

The combination Winning Hand Slam and back drop suplex puts him neck and shoulders-first onto the canvas. Max covers and he gives a thumbs up and a wink at O-Face who winks back as she removes her "D" inspired t-shirt and tosses it into the sea of eager Faithful.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DDK:

Ugh! The Lucky Sevens steal this one but ... what is happening?

Lance:

Look out!

As the bell rings, Elise and the D slightly lower their chairs, finally noticing the ruckus inside the ring. It's just enough time for Jestal to run and clock Elise square in her damaged medically masked face with the loaded Clucky. Shocked, the D turns to ADV, who wraps him around the throat. The D desperately kicks ADV in the junk, rushing under the ropes into the ring.

On the outside, Jestal cackles as Jack Mace drops down and begins to stretch out the leading lady of DEFIANCE with the Jack of All Holds. This allows Jestal to charge toward Klein, slamming his entire body into the barricade where Klein rests, breaking clear through.

In the ring, the D backpeddles away from ADV, who lumbers onto the apron. The D scrambles to his feet, turns, and sees the Lucky Sevens. They loom over Flex Kruger's unconscious form. Max presses his boot onto Flex's chest. With a sense of playful whimsy, but a whole lot of "we 'bout to fuck you up," Max becomes a Tiger again.

Max Luck:
Roar.

The D turns and meets O-Face. He grabs both of her shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

The D:
We have to run!

He looks down, and notices she's wearing a plain ol' black halter top.

The D:
What happened to your shirt?

O-Face reaches out and plants a kiss on the D. It lingers, longer than it should. At least five seconds before it stops. The D's eye close, both he and O-Face forget where they are for a moment. With a tender embrace, O-Face gently pulls away from the D.

Then slaps the D in the face, hard. Stunned, the D spins before both Luck brothers squash him with "Push Your Luck" to heavy jeers from the Faithful.

The D doesn't fall after the collision, as both Max and Mason catch and hold the D up. Max and Mason even step inside the D's legs on opposite sides as if they were planning for a dual russian leg sweep, exposing the D's tender D.

The D, dazed, gains just enough time to look out to the outside. Jack Mace is pulling Elise apart by her limbs, as Jestal unloads all the aggression he has for losing Dandy with a brutal brawl to the Box man. Flex, just stirring, unrealizing, is hit in the chest by the storm that is ADV's running knee.

O-Face rushes forward, grabbing the D by his face. The DEF crew gets in close to pick up the audio.

O-Face:
I loved you. I gave you EVERYTHING. I only wanted you to LOVE ME.

The D looks to O-Face, and then back to Elise Ares, clutched in the grip of Jack Mace's Jack of All Holds. He realizes what he's done. He looks to O-Face. He mouths "I'm sorry."

O-Face screams in his face, a primal angry scream only of a jilted lover scorn.

And then soccer punts the D square in the junk.

DDK:
...My God.

Lance:

This... this is heinous, even for Better Future.

Standing over the bodies of the Pop Culture Phenoms, Alvaro waves for a microphone and then steals one from a ringside attendant. He looks over to the laid out members of PCP and smirks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Elise Ares Appreciation Night has been cancelled... pendejos.

Mic drop. The jeers ring LOUDLY throughout the DEF-Plex as Better Future Talent Agency finally take their leave after what has been essentially a post-match massacre. Notably, after ADV, Mace and Jestal make their leave, The O-Face leaves with Mason and Mason holding her on their shoulders. She shouts and raises both her hands in victory as the collective head to the back.

DDK:

Good God... was this premeditated? This is insanity.

Lance:

I hope we really get some answers cause this... this is unbelievable. The Better Future Talent Agency... have they just added The O-Face into their ranks?

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN; ROUND 1

Lance:

Boy do we have something wholly unique for you folks here tonight!

DDK:

Well... I mean we did sort of have another weightlifting competition going on recently between Klein and Mu...

Lance:

How 'bout you shut your damn mouth and roll with it, Darren. How 'bout that?

DDK:

A unique spectacle the likes of which we haven't seen here in DEFIANCE in ages, partner! ... eh?

Lance:

Much better.

DEFIANCE's biggest beefiest referee, Buffalo Brian Slater, and our tiny tenured ring announcer Darren Quimbey are center ring for the beginning of what's surely going to be one hell of a spectacle between DEFIANCE's Original Original and one of the biggest, baddest men to ever stride through a locker room that's seen some of the biggest and baddest ever in this business.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... last week on UNCUT 93 Mr. Rick Diculous laid down a challenge. A challenge to DEFIANCE's most tenured Strongman. Before eeeeevery nickname he's accumulated since, The Scottish Strongman was always first for the Bombastic Bronson Box...

The Faithful boo and cheer appropriately as the two competitors names are mentioned by the wee-ring announcer as he brings us all up to speed on the situation at hand. As he continues a near army of black DEFIANCE polo-clad helper monkey's begin rolling and heaving the gear for forthcoming strength challenge out into the arena.

A video package starts as DQ continues, detailing the set up and history of the intimidating "ATLAS STONES" strongman challenge. Meaty strongman monster after meaty strongman monster HEAVING the massive round stones up onto their chest, carrying them a few paces, then HEAVING them even higher otop a recessed podium. Even the audience at home can feel the sheer backbreaking weight of it all even through our television screens.

Quimbey:

Tonight Box puts that "title" on the line against one of the most powerful DEFIANTs... ever. Under the weight of the mighty ATLAS STONES these two men will take their first steps in deciding... WHO IS THE STRONGEST DEFIANT OF THEM AAAAAAAAAAALL?! DEFIANCE Faithful... are you ready?

The jam packed Wrestle-Plex erupts at the prompt as the video package wraps up.

Before the cheers have a chance to die down the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the atlas ball resting in the small two foot by two foot square marked in red tape, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, however his usual oiled sheen is noticeably absent, which only helps to accentuate his natural definition even more as shadow reveals the sheer size of his musculature. He shifts his death stare from the atlas ball around the stage with an angry roar and a confident flex as the Faithful boo, Rick continuing to showboat for a few moments before Brian Slater starts trying to direct Rick over to the side of the stage next to the commentary table.

DDK:

Oh, sure. Brian Slater has to send the homewrecker over here?

Lance:

Facilities rebuilt the booth, Keebs. I don't think we can really call Rick Dickulous a homewrecker per se.

DDK:

Speak for yourself. Johnny Walker Red Label is not Johnny Walker Blue Label - apparently the Canadian flag has red in it, and this will make me remember him he said...well he's right.

If you could bottle the largest DEFIANT's confidence you'd be a millionaire in a minute. Rick reaches down and runs his hand over the foot and a half wide rubber coated sphere, looking as in his element as we've ever seen the lumbergiant. Another unique chance for the big man to use his raw, brute strength to humble another challenger.

Rick's confident concentration is broken by the unforgettable strum of the man in black's ♪"God's Gunna Cut You Down"♪ starts blasting out of the Wrestle-Plex's impressive speaker set up like a thick black sludge as Brian Slater manages to wrangle Rick over to the side of the stage, keeping himself between the giant Canadian and the curtain area.

The Faithful are on their feet immediately stomping their feet, banging the guardrails and singing along at the top of their lungs as the Bombastic Bronson Box finally pushes his way through the black curtain that separates back there from out here. He's in his singlet and boots. His summer ham-sized hands are wrapped and dusted, his bloodshot brown eyes are laser focused on the task at hand.

Lance:

So Keebs, you've been on call during Bronson's entire tenure here. Where does this... let's say "level headed" version of Bronson Box rank when compared to the man whose unhinged actions nearly CLOSED this company for good just a scant few years ago?

DDK:

He came to an agreement with management to play ball, that's about as much as we know about his new contract. What we've seen, yes, is a Bronson Box with a new level of control... but would I want to test that theory? Considering the levels of violence we've seen this man reach? Let me just say, Rick seems a braver man than I, Warner.

The ACE looks across to the yonder half of the stage and meets his opponents eye for the first time tonight. The mind games begin immediately as we hear big Rick shout something to the effect of "how's our good friend SPUD doin', bud? Old fella' taking his vitamins?" before literally slapping his knee in a fit of booming laughter loud enough for everyone to hear. He even goes as far as to wipe a fake tear from his eye for emphasis.

Lance:

That wasn't really even a joke.

DDK:

You wanna' tell him that? And considering Boxer hasn't uttered or filmed a word on the subject of his trainer and friend, something tells me he doesn't find that crap funny at ALL.

Not that he was beaming with sunshine when he walked out, but there's a definite edge to the Wargod's presence after Rick's little comment. Brian Slater directs Bronson Box over to the opposite side of the stage from Rick Dickulous, and retreats back to Quimbey's side, keeping an eye on both competitors. Slater having been around DEFIANCE long enough to know things can go ten different ways south in a situation like this...

Especially when the STARMAKER is involved.

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen; Faithful of all ages, tonight we witness the first event in this challenge that will test our

competitors' strength, endurance, and most importantly their control. Before me in the center of the stage sits an atlas ball - it is a cast iron ball with an overmolded rubber exterior, and it weighs in at a whopping TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!

Lance:

That's an impressive amount of weight, Keebs. These atlas balls are used by powerlifters in order to develop their core strength, and they're not something that's commonplace in many gyms.

DDK:

I'd assume they're more a specialized kinda thing. Regardless, a two hundred pound sphere is a problem in itself - how do you carry it? It's only about a foot and a half in diameter, but that's still gonna make that a task.

Quimbey:

Each competitor will retrieve the atlas ball in front of me in turn and lift it into a carrying position. Each competitor will then carry the atlas ball down the entrance ramp, and continue to the waist high platform erected on the competitor's right.

Each competitor will retrieve the second atlas ball to his left, and at ankle height, again carrying it around the outside of the ring to the competitor's left, all the way to the opposite side of the ring from the entrance ramp. Each competitor will deposit the atlas stone inside the two foot by two foot square marked in red tape, exactly as the one in front of me at the far side of the ring. The atlas ball's resting point must be within the marked square in order to continue.

From there, each competitor will sprint back to the waist high platform that they deposited the first atlas stone on and retrieve it again, carrying it all the way back up the ramp and bringing it to rest within the marked square on the stage.

DDK:

This is admittedly sounding way more interesting than I thought it would be, Lance. I'm looking forward to watching Bronson Box shut Rick Dickulous up with a win here, right out of the... well, box.

Quimbey:

Finally, each competitor will be timed in this event - the winner will be the DEFIANT with the lowest overall time, however the loser of this initial contest will choose the second event in the DEFIANCE's Strongest Man challenge, and moving forward it has been agreed that the loser shall retain that right.

Lance:

Now that's an interesting twist, Keebs. The loser of each event gets a chance to swing things back in their favor.

DDK:

Yeah, but don't forget, Rick Dickulous works on multiple levels; he's not just a giant meathead. If I was a betting man, I'd say this was his idea...it's a good way to make someone overconfident, and that could be their undoing.

Quimbey:

To determine the first competitor, we will have an old fashioned coin toss with this special edition DEFIANCE's Strongest Man Competition commemorative coin! The winner will go first and have the advantage of setting the bar.

Quimbey reaches into his breast pocket and fishes around, looking at it before holding the coin aloft as the shot cuts to a closeup of the DEFIANCE fist logo printed on the coin's face.

DDK:

From what I understand, Lance, those coins were a promotional giveaway tonight for VIPs.

Lance:

And the first thousand fans through the gate. Definitely a collectible.

DDK:

Honestly, I'm waiting to see how much they're goin' for on ebay, I might cash in.

Quimbey:

The DEFIANCE fist will be heads...

Quimbey slowly turns the coin to show the other side, the MAXDEF stylized lettering adorning the center.

Quimbey:

And the MAXDEF logo will be tails.

The shot cuts back to a wide angle view of the whole stage, Rick Dickulous on the left of the viewer's screen, Quimbey and Brian Slater in the center, and Bronson Box on the right. Quimbey places the coin on top of his fist with a thumb underneath it. He looks over at Rick Dickulous, then to Bronson Box.

Quimbey:

Bronson, as the challenged, please call it in the air.

And with a nod, Quimbey flicks the coin end over end, rapidly spinning as it shoots up. As it reaches its apex, Box can be heard to say "fookin' heads... "

Quimbey:

Heads it is! Boxer gets to set the bar!

Rick grumbles, crosses his arms and takes a step back allowing the challenger room. Darren points to the victor and makes a hasty exit as the Scottish Strongman smacks his massive mitts together sending a huge plume of white chalk dust flying as he takes his position above the first of the massive atlas stones.

Buffalo Brian Slater leans in and says a few words to Boxer before taking his place down at the end of the ramp where the second leg of this challenge begins with the second of the impressive atlas stones. We see a few familiar faces slowly filter out and kneel and squat along rampside. Reinhardt Hoffman, Ginny, Gunther Adler and Rhys Collins of The Conclave join the chorus of Faithful cheering on the ACE.

Lance:

Well well, looks like our resident psycho with a record DOES have friends. Including, mind you, the nephew of the guy Rick claims he conspired with to get all this inside info on Box.

From the wings we can hear Rick lobbing obscenities and insults the Conclave group's way. Especially poor Rhys.. *"tell yer' fuckin' uncle thanks for the chat kiddo, it helped a lot."*

Haw haw haw goes the lumbergiant.

Slater:

Competitor ready?

DING DING!

The damn ball is almost as big as he is. The Scotsman can just see where he's going over the crest of the enormous atlas ball. Size be damned, Bronson picks the ball up with near-ease. With the weight propped soundly on his broad chest, perched atop his tree trunk sized legs he plods as quickly as he can down the ramp. Maybe not setting a blazing pace, but doing so with unwavering control and zero stumbles. Buffalo Brian Slater watching his every step, and every inch of The Wargod's placement on the platform.

DDK:

What a display of raw boned strength from Bronson, here! Wow!

Lance:

Not a shake, not a shimmy! He's a lifting MACHINE, Keebler!

The camera catches Rick's reaction to the first leg of Boxer's run and we definitely catch a whiff of worry as the lumbergiant bears witness to the unheard-of amount of haggis-fueled strength that is indeed packed into that wee-muscled Scotsman.

Lance:

And the big man doesn't seem particularly thrilled about it!

Before we can blink Box has already squatted down and accepted the second stones weight up and onto his double wide frame. The Faithful and his Conclave students alike are all in concert as they cheer on The Original DEFIANT as he makes his way to the left around the ring. A sea of wild and screaming Faithful at his back, Boxer continues his flawless yet methodical approach.

DDK:

Not setting any speed records by any stretch, but if there's any points to be had for consistency...

After finally depositing his heavy load Bronson... who mind you is not really a "runner" if there's not ropes involved... does his best to do his best imitation of sprinting back around the far side of the ring to reacquaint himself with the first atlas ball, right where he left it.

His face hasn't betrayed him once during the entire proceeding. The stone cold, gritted teeth of pure DEFIANT resolve to send this challenge back to "this bloody pretenders doorstep" to paraphrase the Wargod himself. It's plain as the mustache on his face. He approaches this last leg of the challenge much like he did the first, with that same DEFIANT resolve.

Just uphill this time. The incline makes very little difference though for Bronson. With his fans and compatriots cheering him on he deposits the original atlas stone back within its square on the stage. He once again sets the enormous stone in its place flawlessly.

Quimbey:

Bronson Box, setting the time to beat at TWO MINUTES, TWELVE SECONDS, FIFTY EIGHT!

The Conclave approaches, each member getting a handshake and some acknowledgment... everyone but Rhys. The slight is accepted by the junior Collins with stride but noticed by... well, everyone. As Rick Dickulous approaches to take his run he smiles at the situation, physically unable to not comment. *"Don't be too hard on the kid, Hollis. Not his fault his uncle is a senile old blabbermouth."* Bronson and young Rhys Collins have the exact same negative reaction despite obviously being at odds with one another to some degree.

A pretty intense shove and push begins at the top of the ramp...

Lance:

Rick's really picked his target hasn't he? And he's just TWISTING that knife, brother.

DDK:

Bronson's circle is pretty small, partner. He defends those he values fiercely. Rhys' uncle Spud is in his seventies and has forgotten more about this fine sport than RICK will probably ever know. He taught Bronson wrestling. Treated him like a son for a really long time.

Lance:

So essentially Rick is preying on Bronson's wrestling grandpa. Dude, that really IS really low. Leave grandpas alone, man, always!

Buffalo Brian Slater and two faceless DEFpolo-clad security drones immediately step in and defuse the situation.

Before his job role as referee, Brian Slater was head of DEF security for a number of years. So he's more than acclimated to keeping peace between Bronson Box and whomever he wants to maim or hurt on any given day. The largest DEFIANT laughs with evil barrel chested glee watching Bronson twist in the wind even the slightest.

Rick looks up at Box's time on the DEFIatron with a smug smile and a chuckle. Brian Slater motions for Rick to step forward and the cheers slowly shift to boos as the lumbergiant confidently strolls from his place on the stage towards the atlas ball resting in the red taped square. He reaches down and positions the ball where he wants it within the taped area, planting his feet and squatting a few times in preparation.

Patting the ball one last time, Rick sets himself at the ready, half squatting with his arms open, his massive hands flexing in anticipation.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous now waiting for the bell to begin his run, and I'll be honest, I don't know whether he'll be able to beat that time from Bronson Box!

Lance:

I think Boxer even surprised Rick, Keebs, but you'll never see him show it. Rick Dickulous definitely has his work cut out for him.

Brian Slater:

Competitor, ready?

Rick nods and inhales deeply.

Suddenly, there's a commotion from behind the curtain to Guerilla.

??? [muffled]:

WHERE ARE YOU, SCOTT?! YOU BIG DUMB SHIT! STOP HIDING FROM ME!

DDK:

Is that...

Lance:

Oh no... please, this segment is already long winded enough, come ooon...

A befuddled Arthur Pleasant stumbled out from behind the curtain, accidentally running into Brian Slater who walked closer to the commotion before it could spill out and interrupt things. The Provocateur turns slightly, seeing Brian Slater and immediately accosts him as if he has all the answers he's looking for.

Arthur Pleasant:

Where the fuck is he, Slaters Gonna Slate?! That son of a bitch is DEAD when I get my-

He stops, sensing something behind him. Arthur turns slowly, then jumps back about a foot.

Arthur:

OH DEAR GOD WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

Arthur nearly falls on his ass as he realizes Rick Dickulous now towers over him, and to that the presence of Bronson Box waiting a few feet away and Pleasant looks to feel true, pure dread. The lumbergiant's eyes narrow as he motions to Darren Quimby to hand over his microphone, which he begrudgingly does.

Rick:

What. Do. You. Want? Come on, little man, speak up - did humpty dumpty fall off the wall again? Hmm?

Rick reaches out a giant fist and knocks on Arthur's forehead gently. The whole ordeal is now becoming a true spectacle. Bronson, Reinhardt and the Conclave all huddle together on the far side of the altercation, thoroughly enjoying themselves at Rick's expense.

DDK:

This definitely isn't how Rick wanted this first event to go. He's trying to raise his stock challenging the Wargod... the LAST thing he wants to deal with this mental patient in the middle of his well orchestrated plan.

The big man notices Bronson and his cohorts laughing... only serving to make him that much angrier. His wide frustrated eyes bore holes through Arthur's forehead. Rick addresses him through gritted teeth.

Rick:

Shouldn't you be off somewhere rigging bombs on ferries loaded with innocent people, you creepy prick? Can't you goddamn see we're in the MIDDLE of something here?

Arthur Pleasant looks at Rick quizzically. Then at Brian Slater. Then over at Bronson. Boxer hazarding a little two fingered wave towards the maniac currently eating up their segment time.

Arthur:

Boxes? Bombs? Ferries? Huh? I love ferries. I love ALL the ferries. What... uh, what are you doing out here? You know, if I may be so kind to ask, good sir.

Pleasant realizes his predicament, with Scott Stevens suddenly being the furthest thing from his mind.

Rick:

SHUT UP, ARTHUR.....SHUT YOUR GODDAMNED MOUTH BEFORE I SQUASH YOU LIKE THE ROACH YOU ARE....

Rick is seething now. More angry than a shaken up bee hive as spittle forms small gobs of foam at the corner of his mouth. This only continues to entertain The Wargod. Bronson rests his foot with uncharacteristic casualness atop the atlas stone as he bears witness to this madness. Rick can feel his upper hand in his war of words with The Wargod slipping away every minute Pleasant occupies his attention.

Rick:

...or maybe that's EXACTLY...what needs to happen.

As Rick accentuates his words sharply he bends his large face down to Arthur's level, the microphone the only thing separating their foreheads from touching. The lumbergiant looms over Arthur like the fucking apocalypse incarnate.

COMICALLY LARGE GULP.

Arthur:

Ooooooooookay.... Let's just take a big step back and all just calm down. Like I tried to tell Scott Stevens earlier when he was about to make the biggest mistake of his career? Wooo saaaaaa. Come on now, Ricky Dicky. I was uh, I was looking for someone and it seems like I took a wrong turn. Hehe...heh. [Chuckles nervously] So um, what do you say we grab a couple beers at Superkicks and chill out before, you know, you murder me? Because I think that would be a GREAT idea. I'll even buy you a bucket, or wheelbarrow, of chicken if you want. Whadda ya say... PAL?!

The Original DEFIANT puts a cupped hand to his mouth and shouts from the wings like a heckling fan at a football game.

Box:

OR YE' COULD FOOK OFF SO WE CAN FINISH OUR BLOODY CONTEST YA' BLOODY MENTAL PATIENT!

The comment only amplifies the awkwardness... deepening Arthur's realization he's mindlessly stumbled right in the

middle of just the worst possible situation. Pleasant tries to lessen the tension with a playful smack to the side of Rick's shoulder. Probably a little harder than he intended or wanted to. Making a, "Yikes, sorry!" type of face, he scratches the back of his neck.

Lance:

Is this seriously still happening? I've literally forgotten what we were doing.

DDK:

[sigh] ... Arthur has that effect, doesn't he? I'm sure he'll be done soon. Sour Patch Kid?

Lance:

Oooo, yum.

Rick straightens himself, again towering over Arthur as he looks between his shoulder and Arthur with a dark stare - any overconfidence and bravado replaced with sheer rage and contempt for Pleasant's interruption.

Rick:

What do I say? Well, how about this: what will it take to get you off of...MY...stage? I mean, I'm sure I could simply wave my hand and Mr. Slater here will easily send you packin...but no, see, this presents an opportunity. You're clearly out here for a reason, and it's not just convenient timing, so cut the fuckin shit.

Arthur Pleasant's eyes narrow as he stares right back at Rick. It's as if something just clicked inside his brain. The camera catches a now very impatient Bronson Box, across the stage, staring his own set of daggers into the Provocateur.

Lance:

Does this idiot not even realize he's pissing off two giant nightmare people like... literally at the same time? Who stands out here and ignores Bronson Box?

The Provocateur continues blindly, obliviously undeterred.

Arthur:

Maybe you're not hearing me, Rick. But I already TOLD you why I'm out here. I was looking for someone. Took a wrong turn. That's it. If you want to ASSAULT me and BULLY me like Scott Stevens did? Then make your move and squash me like the bug that you obviously can. You'll feel better about yourself, no doubt.

Arthur can see the twitch in one of Rick's eyes. He can't help but chuckle.

Arthur:

So, opportunity you say? What exactly did you have in mind? A pathetic "match" with me just to take out your clearly roided up rage on someone smaller than you? I think that's a hard pass from me, Dick.

Arthur turns but Rick immediately puts his big bear claw on Arthur's shoulder. You can literally hear the "gulp" coming from Arthur's throat as Rick turns Pleasant right back around.

Rick:

Seems someone needs to beat some manners into you, Arthur, because clearly the most expensive therapists in New Orleans can't get that simple concept through. So, let me give these people what they want...Arthur shutting up! Two weeks, Pleasant; DEFtv 154...name your m-

The words erupt from his mouth before his synapses even fire to make sense of what he's saying...

Arthur:

-HARDCORE MATCH!! Wait, wait, wait, wait no...

Suddenly, Arthur realizes the mistake he just made.

Arthur:

No, wait. Uhhhh... hold on... I'm thinking..... still thinking..... help me out here..... Uhhhh...

DDK:

That's it, Lance. It's official. We are actually going to see a murder on live television in two weeks. You thought DEFCON was bad?!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant might have just got himself into some incredibly hot water here. He's just accepted a Hardcore Match in two weeks with Rick Dickulous at DEFtv 154, and if Rick is as angry then as he is now, Keebs, Arthur Pleasant may BE a smear on the canvas.

Pleasant sighs defeatedly as Rick waves to Brian Slater, who quickly takes hold of a struggling and objecting Arthur Pleasant and drags him back over to the curtain. After a brief struggle, Slater and his DEFsec goons get Pleasant back through the curtain and he returns to his place on the stage, motioning for Rick to finally take his position.

Bronson again cups a hand beside his mouth.

Box:

If'n yer' quite done flirtin' with yer' boyfriend there, lad, I'd love to get this fookin' shite over with maybe before the end of the main event tonight, yeah? Ya' big longwinded prick?

Rick's been made to look like a fool in front of his prey.

The lumbergiant shoves the microphone back into Darren Quimbey's chest so hard the wee little announcer nearly cracks a rib. The biggest DEFIANT of them all stomps over towards the atlas ball at center stage like it just screwed his girlfriend. His former state of cock-sure readiness is utterly gone, Rick instead looks like a rage filled grizzly bear standing over downed prey as he prepares for his run to begin.

Slater:

Competitor ready?

DING DING!

Rick squats down and in a single, fluid jerk, he seems to toss the atlas ball up onto his right shoulder, supporting it in the front with his left hand. He steadies himself for a split second before stalking quickly down the steep entrance ramp and down to the end of the aisleway, depositing the atlas ball with a resounding thud onto the waist high platform to his right.

DDK:

Rick Dickukous is on fire. He's in his element, Lance, there's no doubt about that.

He quickly reaches down for the ankle high atlas ball to his left and begins to lift, but he is unable to get a grip and with a roar his hands slip off the rubber covering. Quickly adjusting, Rick snatches the ball and carries it in a bear hug around and to the left of the ring area. He rounds the ring corner and avoids the steps, making his way to the back of the ring area. In a hurry he drops the atlas ball from mid thigh, causing it to bounce and roll out of the marked square on the floor as Rick struggles to reign it into place.

Lance:

Rick struggling with the control aspect of this event, getting that heavy atlas ball to stay inside the marked area at ringside.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant must've got under Rick's skin - serves him right after what he's been doing to Bronson Box.

As he takes off sprinting, Rick uses the ring posts to help swing him around the corner without needing to slow down - a tactic allowing him to take advantage of the height difference between he and Box.

Rick pulls the waist high atlas ball towards him and with another clean, jerking motion, the atlas ball is again on his right shoulder and being supported by his left hand as he looks up at the DEFIatron displaying his time versus Bronson Box's...if Rick wanted to come out with a win it was going to take everything he had. With a growling roar, Rick begins full out running towards the ramp, getting to the base in four large bounds.

His powerful legs push he and the two hundred pound ball up the ramp and to the marked out square, Rick taking the extra moment to place the ball on the stage instead of dropping it as the timer stops at 2:12:48.

Quimbey:

Rick Dickulous' time, ladies and gentlemen...TWO MINUTES, TWELVE SECONDS, FORTY EIGHT! RICK DICKULOUS TAKES ROUND ONE!

DDK:

A TENTH OF A SECOND, Lance! Can you believe it?! Can we even call him *LUMBER*giant anymore? He's big but he's damn quick.

Lance:

After all that nonsense with Pleasant I thought that was it, but damn did de ever do the deal. Sick as it makes me to say it, Rick won this one fair and square.

You wouldn't know Rick Dickulous just won this opening salvo in this contest of strength. The closeness of the win, the fact he let that befuddled fool Provocateur wriggle into his brain and make him look the fool in front of his current target. This was supposed to be a clear statement of dominance. Instead he achieved what's essentially a near loss and put on an unintended sketch comedy show for The STARMAKER with the single worst person on the DEFIANCE roster.

Lance:

The lumbergiant does NOT seem pleased, partner. What's he doing? Is he lifting the... oh, shi--

Audio kerfuffle from the desk as Lance drops his headset on the desk and makes a break for it.

DDK:

I FRIGGIN' TOLD YOU HE WAS TOO CLOSE! HOMEWRECKEEEEER...

Further kerfuffle as Keebler too abandons his post and makes a quick exit before the stage-bound atlas stone is literally **HEAVED AND DROPPED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE TOP OF THE FUCKING ANNOUNCE TABLE!**

KEEEERRRRRRRRSNAPKLANG!

The sound of the robber coated iron ball CRACKING through the wood of the announce table and slamming down onto the steel floor of the announce platform garners an enormous reaction from the Faithful. Rick Dickulous stands directly in front of the wreckage, veins still throbbing in his giant neck, dusted and wrapped hands still shaking from the absolute herculean effort it must have taken to accomplish this particular bit of mindless, anger-fueled destruction.

Calming down enough to once again take in his surroundings Rick shifts his now quite bloodshot eyes slowly to his left, back over on the stage where he finds the Bombastic Bronson Box. Slowly clapping. Surrounded shoulder to shoulder by the members of his Conclave... his friends.

A pleased little smiiiiile stretched thin across the ACE's mustachioed mug.

DEFcrew and DEFsec immediately swing into action, clearing the stage of people, atlas balls and announce debris. Immediately wheeling out the *"break glass incase of shenanigans"* spare announce desk they have assembled and ready to go at every live show.

These are the people who make DEFIANCE tick, the ones who've worked around these self centered psychopaths long enough to plan for absolutely any eventuality.

DDK:

BVVVVTcrackle... ello? Hello? Are we back on?

Lance:

Man, you guys rule, that was like watching a NASCAR pit crew at work. They... DUDE, they even shined my friggin' shoes!

DDK:

We only hire the best here at DEFIANCE Wrestling, partner. You know that.

FALLOUT

The scene switches to Conor Fuse walking the backstage hallway. There's a loud !RANK chant beginning on cue, since this is the first time The Ultimate Gamer is seen after his all out, intense loss at the hands of The Comments Section at DEFCON. (Let alone what happened post match.)

Head down, walking slowly, Conor is nowhere near his normal, chipper self. He sports a green t-shirt with nothing on it and dark green Adidas track pants. It seems like he's simply going through the motions.

Upon turning the corner, Conor bumps into Henry Keyes. Another massive cheer from The Faithful follows.

Henry Keyes:

GAMESMAN! Good to see you - been meaning to ask! Did you get a chance to meet up with my associate? Play a few rounds and what have you?

Conor smiles faintly and nods. He looks to walk past Henry but The Airship Pirate stops him.

Henry Keyes:

Good, hey! Hold on a minute. I'm glad I ran into you. I've been meaning to have a word...you know, after everything that happened. Maybe this isn't my place or what have you, but I say to hell with it, because who really OWNS places, you know what I mean?

Keyes almost instinctively puts a hand to his black-and-studded suspender-belt, his gift from DEFCON that he's incorporated into his gear.

Henry Keyes:

Aaaaaaanyway...just, I know about pain, I know about loss. REAL loss. And even then, I can only imagine how you're feeling these days. I'm not going to pretend I have answers for you. I just want you to - uh...just -

Keyes continues to hunt for the exact words he's looking for, apparently not totally satisfied with what he's come up with so far.

Henry Keyes:

- you're a good egg and you're not alone, I guess is what I'm trying to say.

The Power-Up King's smile grows a little more this time but he still doesn't say anything. Keyes extends a hand.

Henry Keyes:

Awesome Blossum?

The younger Fuse pats Henry on the shoulder politely and strolls past him down the hall. Keyes' eyes follow Fuse as he leaves, a clear wave of concern washing over Henry's face. After a short sigh, he shakes his arms out in the universal language of "snap out of it" and begins striding towards the backstage entrance to the ring.

HENRY KEYES vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Coming up next, we see one of the much-talked-about success stories coming out of DEFCON, "The Airship Pirate" Henry Keyes in singles action!

Lance:

After MONTHS of an epic cat-and-mouse game that included everything from Star Wars to Plague Doctor Dance Routines to the very definition of Punk Rock itself, Keyes finally got his one-on-one contest with The Escape Artist, Rezin. We saw a real back-and-forth slugfest where both men really put it all on the line, and Keyes FINALLY found himself one step ahead of Rezin, picking up the big win!

DDK:

That's right, Lance - and after the match, we had one of the most unique presentations of a "title belt" we've ever seen!

The DEFIatron shows a series of still images from DEFCON: Keyes connecting with the Bell Clap...the pinfall being counted...Rezin coming face to face with Keyes...Rezin bequeathing his own black leather belt covered in metal studs...an epic, over-the-top-complicated handshake interrupted by Rezin's pants falling to the ground, which elicits laughs and cheers from the Faithful.

Lance:

I have word that Christie Zane is standing by to hear what's next for our new King of Punk Rock, but first he's got to get through the always-unhinged Thomas Slaine!

WHIRRRRRRRRRR~~~~~

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The crowd erupts as beacons of red light flood the arena. Henry Keyes emerges in a haunched-strut, briefly pausing at the top of the ramp and grinning widely at the ovation he's receiving. His left suspender is now replaced by Rezin's punk belt, and he gives it a quick double-pat before striding to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first...from SAN FRANCISCOOOOOO, CALIFORNIA! Weighing in at TWO hundred FORTY-NINE POUUUUUNDS...He is The Airship Pirate! The Most Punk Rock Wrestler in ALLLLLL of DEFIANCE! HENryyyyyyyyyyyYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Entering the ring, Keyes eyeballs his opponent, Thomas Slaine, who waits impatiently in his corner. Keyes raises a fist to the Faithful, thinks for a second, and raises his index and pinky fingers in a classic Devil Horns. He chuckles a bit as he catches sight of a sign reading "PUNK RAWK!" in the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Natchitoches, Louisiana...weighing in at two hundred twenty-one pounds, Thomas Slaine!

Slaine shoots Quimbey a glare, clearly upset at being given the Jobber Entrance treatment. He points at Keyes and shouts at no one in particular.

Thomas Slaine:

You tell that sombitch he ain't safe! Ain't no pirate that's gonna be takin' from me an' mine!

DING DING

Slaine wastes no time and bull-rushes Keyes, shoving him into the corner and throwing a series of haymakers in the general direction of Henry's upper body. Keyes covers up for a second before reaching through the wall of fists and

grabbing Slaine by the head, pivoting, and throwing Slaine into the same corner.

SMACK!

OOOOOOOH!

SMACK!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!!

DDK:

Two HUGE propeller-edge chops to Slaine, and that really stopped him dead in his tracks, didn't it?

Lance:

After everything we've seen from Henry Keyes since his return to Defiance, anyone scouting this man should know that you shouldn't try to get in a striking battle!

DDK:

Keyes cinches Slaine - OHHHHHHH he just HURLED Slaine across the ring with a HUGE beal, and Slaine is slow to get up! He's on his feet, charges Keyes! OHHHH man!

Keyes converts Slaine's foolhardy momentum into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Keyes takes a step or two back and gives a knowing look to the crowd. A few get to their feet and begin to clap, some doing a super-exaggerated arms-wide clap while shouting BELL CLAP! BELL CLAP! Sure enough, Slaine gets to one foot, then the other, clutching his back and stumbling in the middle of the ring...

CLAP~~~!!!!!!

DDK:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!! Here's the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Lance:

Academic, Keebs! It looks like our colleague Christie Zane is wasting no time to get a word in from our winner!

Referee Hector Navarro raises Keyes's hand in victory. We see Christie Zane approach the ring, microphone in hand, as Slaine rolls out of the ring, a dazed look across his face as if he would inquire about the number of that bus that just hit him.

Christie Zane:

Henry Keyes, you're coming off of that huge win at DEFCON over Rezin, and taking a look at the singles rankings over at defiancewrestling dot com, you've cracked the top five! I think the wrestling world wants to know - what's next for Henry Keyes? Is there another villain to vanquish? Maybe some championship gold for the Airship Pirate to plunder?

The crowd perks up a little bit when Zane mentions championships, and Keyes can't help but chuckle.

Henry Keyes:

I don't know anything about ranks, files, orders, lines, any of that. I don't spend time on dot coms. But to answer one question - there's a real misconception about pirates, at least the SUCCESSFUL ones. It's not all plunder-this and ransack-that. Some people think we're all YARRRRR, MATEY, I'M COMIN' ASHORE FOR YER BOOTYYYYY, WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT WHEN WE WANT, YARHARHARRRRRR!

Christie is taken aback at this silly voice Keyes has chosen and nearly breaks, but composes herself and stoically continues to hold the microphone up to Keyes.

Henry Keyes:

I can't remember the last time my timbers were shivered, is what I'm saying. Piracy all about timing, planning, picking your moment, observing the omens around you and listening closely to the changing winds. Anyone charging foolhardily into any goal, gold or otherwise, is going to find themselves in over their heads before they know it. History has proven again and again that there's always a specific fight for specific people at specific times - I have no doubt that the proper trouble will present itself to me when the omens align. So, I'll tell you what my plans are - keeping my powder dry, my blades sharp, and listening to those winds.

Christie Zane:

Interesting words from the Airship Pirate! Back to you, Lance and Keebs!

Keyes's music begins to play once again. Keyes, forgetting his strength and maybe still running on post-match adrenaline, gives a slightly-too-hard pat on the back to Zane, who lurches forward a bit. Keyes instinctively grabs her shoulders and steadies her, and they both laugh for a second before Keyes makes his way out of the ring and back up the ramp.

DDK:

We'll be back with more action, but first - this!

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ELISE ARES vs. ADV

The camera heads back to the Commentation Station with “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner both scrambling through their notes.

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to DEFtv and coming up next, we had a match pre-scheduled between the Better Future’s de facto leader, Alvaro de Vargas, and PCP’s Elise Ares, but... after earlier, I’m not even sure how this match is going to happen.

Lance:

Elise Ares is gutsy. That much, we know. If she’s able, I know she’ll be here. What Better Future Talent Agency did to The PCPs earlier tonight was nothing short of disgusting. O-Face... er... now I’ve been told she’s shedding her “assigned name” and going by her real name Ophelia Sykes... she stabbed the Pop Culture Phenoms right in the back.

DDK:

I know. She joined The D to help him back when they split up as a duo some time ago and since then, she’s been a fixture of this group as The D’s girlfriend, but... I still can’t believe...

Alvaro de Vargas:

HOLA, PENDEJOS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out from the back struts El Sol Dorado himself, by his lonesome.

DDK:

He really is a garbage human being. I guess he learned from the best in Tom Morrow, didn’t he?

Lance:

I would agree with that.

ADV basks in the jeers and lets the fans get it out after what Better Future did to the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Alvaro de Vargas:

What... you guys upset about something? I’m just out here for the already scheduled match I had with that little pendeja, Elise Ares... South Beach Starlet! Miss longest-reigning SoHer! Miss longest-reigning Tag Team Champion! And in one move, Better Future Talent Agency showed why that ring down there... that ring... ¡Nos pertenece! It belongs to US now!

More jeers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

But I don’t have time to gloat now. I’m a professional. Soy un profesional! And since Senor Morrow is not here, I’ll be happy to introduce Elise’s opponent.

He walks straight to the back as the jeers continue... then...

♪ “Living Legend” by Ankla ♪

DDK:

Oh, Lord...

The crowd’s hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas

comes out... again!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Allow myself to introduce... myself, pendejos! Standing 6'8"! Weighing 271 pounds... EL SOL DORADO! ALVARO DE VARGAS!

He finally drops the microphone and takes in the jeers as he heads to the ring. He walks right down, climbs up the steps and then smiles at an already pissed-off crowd before leaping over the ropes. He lands on his feet and then calmly waits for who the fans are hoping for.

DDK:

We haven't received any updates on Elise's condition, but...

♪ "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee ♪

Lance:

Amethysta?!

The purple and gold lights flash around the arena as ADV looks back at the entrance with his eyes wide open. The Faithful pop up to their feet as the familiar purple masked luchadora comes storming out from the backstage area, throwing her arms up into the air full of energy! She hops in place before taking off towards the ring. Behind her, long black locks highlighted in green fly in the breeze.

DDK:

Looks like we're not wasting any time, Ame... wait! Hold up! Something isn't right here!

Lance:

Amethysta has long black hair?

DDK:

She also looks a lot more pale than normal, Lance. I don't think they're fooling anyone here.

The cheers of the Faithful quickly turn to boos as Amethysta slides into the ring and ADV "runs for cover" to the outside. Amethysta then climbs up to the top rope and begins pointing at El Sol Dorado as he sticks his hands in the air, feigning fear. While jeers continue to serenade the "Violet Luchadora", Darren Quimbey doesn't even disgrace himself by giving this an introduction and simply leaves the ring.

Lance:

It's pretty bad when even Darren Quimbey, the quintessential professional, can't be bothered to play along with your charade.

DDK:

I think the real takeaway here, Lance, is that appears to be the real Amethysta attire.

Lance:

Oh no, do you think that means?

DDK:

Maybe it wasn't 24K who stole it from the airport? I'm afraid not.

Benny Doyle is confused as he ushers "Amethysta" to her corner, allowing room for de Vargas to enter the ring. The lights return to normal and the Faithful begin to voice their opinion.

FUCK YOU VAR-GAS! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

FUCK YOU VAR-GAS! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

DING! DING!

DDK:

And... here we go.

Lance:

Oh boy.

Alvaro braces himself and starts to circle up with Amethysta... who simply ducks and rolls underneath his arms. Again.

And again.

And again.

Again.

...

Yep. Again.

DDK:

...This is asinine.

Lance:

Better Future are garbage humans. There. I said it.

The fake rolls continue until ADV finally makes a move and lightly taps Amethysta on top of her mask. She stops in her tracks and falls over instantly like she was shot. Alvaro puts the lightest of boots on her chest. The official doesn't want to count, but ADV stares downward angrily. The official counts.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... alvarodevargas...

ADV now paces around the ring like he's won the FIST, the SoHer, the UniTags and Favoured Saints titles all at one time.

Lance:

Why is this happening?

DDK:

I wish I knew. People deserve answers for why Better Future did what they did tonight!

Sitting up, Amethysta slams her fist down on the canvas. As de Vargas continues to celebrate, the "Violet Luchadora" rips off her mask revealing herself to be Ophelia Sykes with a big grin on her face. ADV feigns shock as That Crazy Bitch gets back up to her feet and rips the microphone away from Darren Quimbey who shakes his head in disappointment. Sykes looks straight into the hard camera, her green eyes piercing into the Faithful. She licks her lips before she begins to speak.

Ophelia Sykes:

I joined DEFIANCE with the guidance of "The D" with the promise of becoming the next big thing. I was told he would turn me into a star... but the only thing the Pop Culture Phenoms ever did was turn me into a joke. Every other fucking week I caught a plane to come to this dirty ass town and put on a smile and the skimpiest clothes I could find for all of you just to be ignored. Excuse me?! Look at this body!

Ophelia does a little spin and shakes her hips, slightly mocking Elise Ares before rolling her eyes.

Ophelia:

How could you ignore this? Elise never looked this good in this outfit. I make that "Queen" look like a four at best. That bitch looks like the Handmaiden of Sports Entertainment Style next to me and you all think I'm just here for a punchline? That's fine. I'm no longer begging for you to appreciate me... I'm demanding it. Let me introduce myself officially. My name is Ophelia Sykes. O-Face is what you all did when I just took down your heroes. I'm not here for your entertainment. I'm here for a better future.

A smile crosses her face once again as "Living Legend" begins to play over the arena once again to a chorus of boos. ADV walks up and grabs Ophelia around the shoulder and escorts her out of the ring, but she maintains a gaze at the hard camera until just before she steps out of the ropes.

DDK:

THAT is why she turned her back on Pop Culture Phenoms?! All of what happened earlier... for THIS?

Lance:

It's insane to me... even without Tom Morrow here... Better Future Talent Agency showed tonight they may be more dangerous than ever...

ADV and Ophelia both wave at the camera and then head to the back before the show moves on amidst a sea of MASSIVE jeers.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

DDK:

Coming up next we will be hearing from a man that has to still be feeling the effects of one of the most brutal matches of DEF-CON and that was the last man standing match for the Southern Heritage championship between defending champion Dex Joy and his longest rival in DEFIANCE Wrestling: Scrow.

Lance:

They fought each other tooth and nail and we'll take a look at that match briefly.

The DEF-Tron shows off several still shots of the brutal match. Shots such as Dex Joy hitting Dexy's Midnight Runner on Scrow and knocking him out of the ring.

Scrow choking Dex and spitting his signature mist attack in his face.

Scrow's drop kick to Joy while prone against the guard rail.

Dex Joy hitting Jump for Joy.

And finally, the super Dex Drive off the top rope.

And Dex holding the title.

DDK:

It was pure action. They used only a few weapons but mostly relied on the respective skills both men possessed but in the end, Dex Joy remained triumphant and is still the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion!

Lance:

And now we will hear from Dex about that match and what lies ahead for the Biggest Boy!

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 Wrestle Plex. 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!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

The man is wearing a black tank top with the new "DANGER: BIG DEX ENERGY HIGH VOLTAGE" logo and has the Southern Heritage title proudly draped over his shoulder. The Biggest Boy walks to the ring looking proud of his most recent accomplishments. After he gets to the ring he steps inside it and then he holds up the title belt.

DDK:

Whether it was the original title, the placeholder paper title after Tyler Fuse destroyed the original or the current one ... you cannot say Dex isn't a fighting champion. He has defended it on Uncuts, on DEF TV episodes including an amazing match at 150 with The D, and at DEF-CON itself in last man standing match he has done it all.

Lance:

He has taken on any challenge that he has been tasked with! We'll see what is next for Dex!

The Biggest Boy's music cuts and Dex takes hold of the microphone.

Dex Joy:

Ladies and gentle-pallies ... how the hell are you tonight?!

The fans respond with loud cheers.

Dex Joy:

DEF-CON has come and gone. Scrow did everything that I thought he was gonna do to me and then some. He bashed my head many many times and I saw way more stars that night than I thought I would. I got mist in my eyes, I got slammed from pillar to post. I gave him some of my best shots early on and you know what the hell happened? He laughed most of that off!

The Biggest Boy is now looking at the title.

Dex Joy:

Ya Biggest Boi had to dig deep, pallies and I'm talking real deep! I had to go so deep, I had to go to reserves that Big Dex Energy hasn't been tapped into since first walking into DEFIANCE Wrestling ... but I was not going to let you down and I wasn't going to let Nate down after Scrow took a few months of his career away from him! I was not going to let Scrow take this title away from me and I wasn't going to let him get away with everything he had done all these months because my name couldn't stop passing through his lips and I would like to think ...

Dex shows the title up close to one of the cameras at ringside.

Dex Joy:

I did a pretty good job of that didn't I?

He pauses for more cheers to rise up!

Dex Joy:

So now the question is what's next for Dex Joy? Well I do see a lot of names throwing their hat in the ring for that FIST held by Mikey Unlikely but before I can get to that level I want to leave my mark as one of the best - no the best Southern Heritage champion ever! I've taken this belt and defended it successfully on every type of show that DEFIANCE puts out and that is a lot these days! And I need to leave no doubt in my mind that I have taken every challenge available to me. And if you paid attention to another title that was successfully defended there then you'll know who I'm talking about! For all you Star Wars pallies ... there is another ...

He is now pointing his finger at the stage.

Dex Joy:

MATT LACROIX!!! COME! ON! DOWN!

The Faithful roar when suddenly...

Lights Out.

Dex Joy paces back and forth in the ring as he watches smoke begin to rise from the entrance. As the guitar enters in, a red light shines into smoke revealing the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. Slowly he rises up to his feet and anticipation builds as he lifts a championship high into the air.

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

As the "HEY!" chant kicks in, Matt LaCroix steps out from the smoke with the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship raised above his head with his right arm. He looks down at Dex Joy with a smirk, taking in the fever pitch of the Faithful chanting along with the music before he throws the championship over his shoulder and makes his way down towards the ring.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix fought his own war against Arthur Pleasant for his fourth and potentially final defense of the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship. His victory in that ladder match was hard to watch, Lance, but it gave him the opportunity to turn in his championship for a shot at the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... and that man is

currently Dex Joy.

Lance:

It took literally confining the Provocateur in a straight jacket to keep him off the ladder, but it got the job done. The Louisiana Bloodletter took quite the path to get to where he stands right now, Darren. He started in BRAZEN, where it took years of the fans begging for him to be promoted to the DEFIANCE roster before he finally got the call. He came out like a man on fire, steamrolling the competition on his way to becoming DEFIANCE's first Favoured Saints Champion. Then one defense away from his shot at the Southern Heritage Championship and he falls just short to Trashcan Tim, before taking the title back in a rematch at the following DEFtv. Then a strange and controversial back-and-forth with Arthur Pleasant led him to this very moment.

Inside the ring now, DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint goes toe to toe with Dex Joy and the music cuts. The only audio remaining is a booming chant from the Faithful.

THIS IS AWE-SOME!

THIS IS AWE-SOME!

Dex Joy holds the Southern Heritage Championship in the air leaving Matt LaCroix no choice but to look up at the object of his desire. Soon, Benny Doyle taps the Favoured Saints Champion on the shoulder and Matt quickly snatches a microphone out of his hand.

LaCroix:

Ça va, Dex? Big man. I'ma make this reaaaal short n' sweet for ya. I've been waitin' my entire life ta come back home ta New Or-lins and make 'em proud. I don't dislike ya, big man. Actually, I respect da hell outta ya... but unfortunately ya appear ta be standin' between myself and destiny. Now that we both have put the kids ta bed let's you and I get in da ring and laissez les bon temps rouler!

Matt LaCroix pulls the Favoured Saints Championship off of his shoulder and hands it over to Benny Doyle to make the challenge official.

LaCroix:

I liked bein' a Saint a whole lot, but I LOVE bein' a Southern boy. At Maximum DEFIANCE, I'm takin' da Southern Heritage Championship home.

Dueling chants begin to clash inside the DEFplex as Benny Doyle holds the Favoured Saints Championship in his arms and leaves the ring with it.

LET'S GO LA-CROIX!

LET'S GO DEX JOY!

LET'S GO LA-CROIX!

LET'S GO DEX JOY!

DDK:

It's official! Matt LaCroix is vacating the Favoured Saints Championship and cashing in his shot at the Southern Heritage Title! We have our first official match set for Maximum DEFIANCE and it promises to be amazing!

Lance:

That it will! Dex wants to leave no doubt in anybody's mind that he can potentially be one of the best Southern Heritage champions of all time and LaCroix wants to go after one of the most prestigious titles in DEFIANCE Wrestling history!

DDK:

I can't wait!

Dex cuts through the cheers and then holds out his hand to LaCroix.

Dex Joy:

I will see you there, pally But let me tell you this right now.

He grips Matt's hand a little tighter.

Dex Joy:

I respect your talents and I respect who you are ... but I have fought tooth and nail to keep this title and to establish myself as one of the best to ever do it in DEFIANCE Wrestling. And pally, you will need a LOT more than Arthur Pleasant run-ins to take this from me!

The crowd delivers an audible gasp and then Dex smiles before he leaves the ring.

DDK:

That was a shot off the port bow if I've ever heard one. It is partially true that Arthur Pleasant had been trying to help LaCroix through his title defenses, but it was unwarranted assists that Matt didn't ask for.

Dex lets go of Matt's hand and The Biggest Boy leaves the ring while Matt stares at him after the verbal jab.

Lance:

Regardless ... I cannot wait for that match! Two of the fastest rising stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

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BYGONE

Off the commercial break, the cameras catch up to Conor Fuse aimlessly walking the DEFIANCE hallways again.

DDK:

Has he been doing this all night?

Lance:

I don't- I don't know.

The former Tag Team Champion sighs to himself, arriving at a locker room door. Chaos from inside the arena is faintly picked up by the camera following Conor, likely from the beat down of PCP at the hands of...

Fuse opens the locker room door and sees ADV and Jack Mace standing there in wait.

Both seem a little spent, having just put down Elise Ares, The D, Flex Kruger and Klein, as well as adding O-Face to their !ranks.

Conor takes a step back, immediately on guard as his body language assumes the two Better Future men are there to collect. Particularly Jack Mace, since they have a past history.

DDK: *[V/O]*

Wow, look at Mace. Remember, it was Fuse Bros. 360 who broke up the WrestleFriends and sent them to BRAZEN.

ADV convinces Mace to stand down while he flashes Conor a smile.

ADV:

Hola, Conor.

ADV greets the camera, seemingly relaxed. Mace... a tiny bit less so.

Jack Mace:

Aye... been a long, LONG time... friend.

Conor raises an eyebrow and continues to stand on edge but ADV and Mace don't budge.

ADV:

We aren't here to fight, Conor. Hemos hecho suficiente de eso esta noche.

Jack Mace:

Oi, mate... we ain't here to fight like Al said. In fact, mate, I'm here to thank you.

Conor looks up, confused.

Jack Mace:

Oi, it's true. You split me and that twat, Ryan Batts, and I had to go to BRAZEN... but when I was there, I made myself a better man. I won titles inside and outside this organization without his help. Without Burns, who couldn't be arsed to help me out the way he coddled Ryan. And I'm sorry about what happened with Tyler. We can all agree here, mate... Malak Garland is a little crybaby tosser.

ADV nods in unison.

Jack Mace:

That taught me you can't sit around like some Billy No-Mates and sulk forever. You gotta find your own opportunities. So that's what we're here fore.

ADV hands Conor a pamphlet.

ADV:

You're talented, but you're alone, Conor. This place... este lugar esta lleno de tiburones. Sharks everywhere. Take this. Senor Morrow personally penned this letter.

Mace nods.

Jack Mace:

Think it over, mate. I didn't get left behind. Jestal didn't get left behind. Neither did Ophelia. You can do the same.

ADV:

Give him a call if you want. Toma tu futuro en tus propias manos. Your future is yours.

They both turn and leave Conor with the pamphlet for Better Future Talent Agency, along with a message penned for Conor that the camera doesn't pick up. Conor mulls it over as the scene goes elsewhere.

LINDSAY TROY vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

♪ *"Legendary" - 7kingZ* ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and the pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ *"Showtime!"* ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage to a MASSIVE pop from the capacity crowd in the DEFplex. She continues hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts, furthering the pop to near boundlessness. After a moment, she strides down the ramp, a look of confidence mixed with anger on her face.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds she is the Faithful's, as well as DEFIANCE Wrestling's "QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAAAAAAY TROOOOOOOY!

The usual spotlights that follow the Queen's path light up. Looking out at the sea of Faithful, Lindsay nods her head in appreciation of returning to the DEFplex. Once she makes it to the end of the ramp, she ascends the steel steps and slips into the ring from between the ropes. LT climbs a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and waiting for the one of the most hated men in all of DEFIANCE Wrestling to make his way out.

DDK:

The last time these two did battle, they put on an excellent showing and stole the show. This time? They get the main event spot, and the crowd KNOWS what's up.

Lance:

Yeah, this has all the makings to be another classic between two competitors who absolutely cannot stand one another. Something that stems from not just DEFIANCE, but all across the country and globe.

♪ *"Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens* ♪

Violins cut through the DEFplex like nails on a chalkboard and is immediately met with a negative response from the Faithful.

Lance:

Sounds like the Faithful are glad to have Arthur back after being away on the road for a few weeks. Haha.

DDK:

If by glad you mean want to stab him in the eye, then sure. Absolutely. Let's go with that.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Under The Midnight Sun in Oot... uh... oot... oot-something, I honestly forget how to pronounce it... um, Alaska, and weighing in at 207lbs... he is the Provocateur... ARTHUUUUUUUR PLEEEEEEEASANT!

DDK:

Hahaha, Quimbey forgot how to pronounce Arthur's hometown. That's just fantastic.

Lance: *[audibly laughing]*

That's just amazing.

Arthur Pleasant emerges from guerilla, looking none too pleased with the night's proceedings. Looking behind him to see if Rick Dickulous is there, and to the side to see if Scott Stevens is anywhere to be found, The Provocateur shakes his head as Aaron King walks by his side, wearing bandages all over the place from his spot through the flaming table during the Ladder Match at DEFCON.

DDK:

Well it's certainly good to know that Aaron King is still alive!

Lance:

Yeah, I was beginning to wonder if he even made it out of the Lakefront.

Pleasant stands with his arms out, and where a sick smirk would normally be plastered on his pale, he simply scowls forward, looking at the ring and Lindsay Troy inside of it.

Lance:

Yeah, this hasn't been a good night for Arthur. Maybe that's why I feel like this has been the best night ever. I thought maybe it was the post-coital feeling we're all experiencing after all the amazing matches at DEFCON, but...

DDK:

Ugh. Please never say post-coital again.

Lance:

What? I'm just making a comparison to-

DDK:

Yeah, yeah. We got it. So, from getting his jaw popped by Scott Stevens, to nearly soiling himself from having Rick Dickulous challenge him to a match for the next DEFTv, and now having to face the Queen of the Ring in the main event tonight? Something tells me that Arthur's night is about to get a whole lot worse.

Lance:

One can only hope, Keebs.

Pointing down at Lindsay Troy, Arthur mouths something obscene as LT hunches over and motions for him to come at her. Pleasant obliges and charges the rest of the way down the ramp, sliding into the ring. Benny Doyle knows enough to call for the bell and let this one get underway!

DING DING

As soon as the bell sounds, LT leaps forward at a rising Arthur Pleasant with a jumping forearm shot that rocks Arthur, nearly knocking him to the canvas! Pleasant maintains his footing, though, and simply reels while shaking his head in an attempt to stifle the pain. Just as LT goes in for another shot, Pleasant boots her in the bread basket, doubling her over. Grabbing a handful of hair, Pleasant jumps up and slams her head first into the canvas with a hair assisted jumping face-buster!

DDK:

Good LORD! Neither of these two are wasting any time getting things going here.

Lance:

I'll say. And of course, Arthur would grab a handful of hair to get the upper hand. Why am I not surprised?

LT clutches at her face as Pleasant rolls her over, hooking a leg...

One... LT kicks out.

Smiling wide, Pleasant sits the Queen of the Ring up and fish hooks both of her cheeks, pulling her back against his knee. Yelling out in agony while Arthur taunts her, LT spits and sputters as Benny Doyle checks on her.

Managing to slide herself down from Arthur's knee, LT swings a leg up and kicks the Provocateur right in the forehead, sending him back. Arthur shakes away the pain and gets to his feet at the same time as LT. Realizing she has half-a-second to follow up her kick, LT runs forward with a knee extended and... SMAAAAACK! The echoes of impact can be heard all throughout the DEFplex as LT scores a rising Muay-Thai knee-strike right the bridge of Arthur's nose! The force of which sends him back into the ropes, and as he stumbles on the rebound, LT uses his momentum against him and rolls the Denizen of Decay up into a nicely executed small package!

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

Small package! She might have him early here!

Doyle is right there for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant kicks out, looking shocked that LT managed to get more than a one on him already.

DDK:

Wow. I don't think I've seen Arthur take a two-count so early in a match before.

Lance:

Well, it's no wonder! Did you see that rising knee shot he just took? Oh BOY... look at his nose! I think it's safe to say it's broken!

Sure enough, as it escapes Lance's lips, blood is pouring out from an open wound on the bridge of Arthur's nose. Doyle shakes his head, realizing that he needs to get the red and black latex gloves out already.

Capitalizing on Arthur's busted nose, LT smirks and imitates Pleasant by licking her lips and momentarily looking like someone who's turned on by the sight of blood. Cocking his head, Pleasant looks confused right before he eats another blast to the face from LT's knee, this time hitting him under the jaw. Once again, she goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant angrily kicks out and rolls to the outside. Smashing his hands on the edge of the ring apron, Pleasant starts swinging his fists like a mad man having a fit.

Arthur Pleasant:

YOU FUCKING BITCH!! I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!!

LT rolls to the outside, and as Arthur is flailing his arms like a pissed off inflatable air dancer one might see outside a used car lot, she charges ahead with a knee extended again, smashing Pleasant's forehead and sending them both down to the outside mat with a sickening thud.

DDK:

Holy GOD!! LT is relentless with the knees here tonight!!

Lance:

I think the Queen might've done some homework for her match tonight and saw something in the "tapes", Keebs. Cause I've never seen anyone be so relentless against Arthur Pleasant and actually get more than a one-count.

DDK:

Well, there's a reason why the Queen is a former FIST and bona fide legend of the business, after all!

Lance:

This is true!

LT is back on her feet as Doyle reaches the count of four. With Pleasant still down, clutching his gushing nose, LT uses her vast experience and wherewithal to roll into the ring just long enough to break the outside count before returning to Pleasant. Guiding Arthur back to his feet, LT lays the punches in bunches across his face. All Pleasant can do at this point is cover up as LT unleashes a flurry unlike anything Arthur has ever seen!

DDK:

Lindz is a woman freakin' possessed!

Lance:

This is too good. Sorry, I know I'm supposed to be unbiased but-

DDK:

Ah screw Arthur!

Lance:

Hahaha! My sentiments EXACTLY.

With Arthur backing up into the post, LT begins laying knee shots to Pleasant's breadbasket, torturing him with shot after shot after stiff shot. Once again, Doyle's count reaches four, and on five, LT rolls into the ring and back out to break the count. With Pleasant looking utterly beat up leaning against the post, LT backs up to the other post. Measuring him up, she blows Pleasant a kiss, adjusts her knee pad, and sprints towards Pleasant.

ONE!

TWO!

With a knee extended...

...SMAAAAAAACK!

Arthur simply falls to the mat and LT's knee smashes HARD against the post. LT is screaming in agony, her eyes wide and cries of pain piercing through all the Faithful's noise.

THREE!

FOUR!

DDK:

Uh oh. That did NOT look good!

Lance:

Yeah, she could be hurt. She hit that post HARD. Might've gone to the well one too many times there, to be honest. With someone as cagey and unpredictable as Arthur Pleasant, you have to be careful with that.

FIVE!

SIX!

With Pleasant sprawled out, finally getting the chance to breathe, LT curls her leg up as far as she can, hugging it in absolute agony. Doyle bends under the top rope and yells out to LT to check on her and see if she needs the match stopped.

Lindsay Troy:

DON'T STOP THE FUCKING MATCH, BENNY!

SEVEN!

Arthur is finally sitting up, blood running down his chest and tights. With his eyes glazed over, Pleasant uses the post to pull himself up.

EIGHT!

At the count of eight, Pleasant slowly rolls into the ring until he sprawls out again. With LT down, the fans begin to show their anxiousness as Doyle continues the count rather deep.

NINE!

TEN- NO! LT crawls up into the ring and under the bottom rope JUST before Benny Doyle counts to ten!

DDK:

That was so close. What a shame it would've been if it ended that way. We would've never heard the end of it from Arthur.

Lance:

Too true, Darren. Too true. My stomach is in knots after that bit of drama there! Sheesh!

With LT still clutching her knee from hitting the post full-on, Pleasant begins sensing an opportunity like a shark would smell nearby chum being dumped into the water. Grabbing LT by the heel, he RIPS and PULLS at it until they're both in the center of the ring. Then, Pleasant drops down and criss-crosses his legs over LT's injured leg, twisting to the side in a bad direction with a NASTY looking heel hook!!

DDK:

What the HELL?! A submission hold from Arthur Pleasant?!

Lance:

Okay. Now I've officially seen everything.

Pleasant wrenches and tears and at LT's knee in such an awful position. LT screams in agony as she holds her own knee in pain. The Faithful will her to fight the pain, but LT is in so much of it that her eyes well up. Shaking her head no, she continues screaming, biting her own hand through the insane amount of pain.

Benny Doyle checks on her, ready to call for the bell.

DDK:

Please. God. For everything that's holy.... DO NOT LET ARTHUR WIN BY SUBMISSION!!

Lance:

If Lindsay Troy taps out to Arthur F'ing Pleasant, then I'm done. Hell, I think everybody will be!

Blood pours out from Arthur's broken nose as he wrenches Lindsay Troy's knee with abject terror in the front row's eyes. Cackling, Arthur continues sitting up and falling back in repetition, wrenching the knee as nastily as one can.

LT raises her hand.

The front row screams as LT cries out. Nearly sobbing from the ligaments possibly being shredded from the heel hook, LT continues shaking her head no to Doyle. Blood begins to seep out from a self-inflicted bite mark on the edge of her hand.

DDK:

COME ON LINDSAY!!! COME ON!!

Arthur Pleasant:

HAHAHA.... JUST TAP!!!! TAP, TAP, TAPPEROO BABY!!!!

LT begins clawing at the mat, using all of her strength, both physical and mental, to try and reach the ropes.

She's nearly there as the heel hook continues to annihilate her knee, bending it in such a horrible direction.

Lance:

JUST REACH OUT!!! HANG ON!!! COME ON LINDSAY!!

As the Faithful scream in horror, fearing the Queen may be about to tap out, Arthur releases the hold. For a moment their fears are rested... until Pleasant yanks on LT's leg, pulling her towards the center of the ring again.

Looking out to the crowd, Pleasant smiles sadistically. Then, he drops his knee on the inside of LT's bad one. Standing up, he does this again. And again. And yet AGAIN. Pleasant does this five times and then wraps his legs around LT's and bends her knee in a sickening way again.

LT cries out again, returning to the horror of having Pleasant destroy her knee.

LT reaches up with her hand.

DDK:

I've never seen someone hold another human being in this submission hold for such a long period of time before. Think about your career, Lindz! Dammit anyway!

Lance:

I can't even watch this anymore. This is awful. Benny needs to step in here. Good God..

Pleasant continues twisting her knee as LT balls her fist up. Once again, she claws the mat, trying to bring herself closer to the ropes. Pleasant's nose, chin, and chest are just a crimson mess as LT gets closer and closer to the ropes. Finally... LT reaches up again with her hand...

DDK:

She's got the ropes!

... and hits the mat.

Lance:

NO!!!! SHE TAPPED!!!

The fans scream in horror, but much to their surprise LT was actually going for the rope and missed. She tries again... and succeeds!

DDK:

NO SHE DIDN'T, LANCE!! SHE GOT THE ROPES!!! PHEW!!!

Lance:

THANK GOD!!!

Benny adamantly yells at Arthur to release the heel hook and begins counting when he refuses to comply. Just before reaching five and risking disqualification, Pleasant releases it, looking none too happy that LT managed to fight through the pain and get the rope break.

“THIS IS AWESOME!!”***CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!******“THIS IS AWESOME!”******CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!***

Arthur waits for LT to get to her feet, watching as she dares not to put any weight on the destroyed knee. When she uses the top rope to get to her feet, Pleasant ignores Benny’s admonishing as he was seeing if LT could continue and grabs her by the hurt knee. Pulling her out to the center of the ring, watching her hop on her good leg, Arthur licks his palm and SMACKS LT across the face without hesitation.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!”

Pleasant with the inside leg trip and LT goes down. Pleasant looks to set up another heel hook... but LT rolls him up in a small package!

DDK:

SHE’S GOT HIM!!

Lance:

SMALL PACKAGE AGAIN!!

Benny is right there!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! ARTHUR KICKS OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE NANOSECOND!!

DDK:

Oh my GOD I thought this was over.

Lance:

For the second time in this match, Lindsay nearly gets Arthur with a small package. LT needs to be careful to not go to the well too many times like she did with the knee.

Pleasant gets to his feet long before LT does. And when she does, Pleasant runs into the ropes. On the rebound, he blurs past her. Rebounding from the opposite ropes, Pleasant BLASTS LT with a high-impact single leg dropkick to the back of her head!

DDK:

Provocation to the back of the head!! Wow!!

Lance:

LT looks to be OUT.

Pleasant rolls LT over and makes a lateral press, cackling at the Faithful.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! LT KICKS OUT JUST AS CLOSE TO THREE AS ARTHUR PREVIOUSLY DID!!

DDK:

I don't believe this. The WILL to continue between these two is unparalleled.

Lance:

Say what you will about Arthur, he makes an excellent opponent for Lindsay Troy. It's almost like they were destined to do this forever!

Just as Lance says this, the Faithful break out into a chant.

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Realizing he needed something a little extra to put LT away, Pleasant signals something to the crowd.

DDK:

Forever might not be in the cards for Lindsay Troy because Arthur is calling for the Calamity Pain here.

Lance:

He hits this, it's over. No doubt about it.

Waiting in the corner for LT to get up from the mat, Pleasant hunches down. Stomping to absolutely no fanfare, Pleasant begins to get impatient as he watches Troy struggle to get to her feet. Once she does, Pleasant is off like a bullet.

But with only the power of her good leg, Troy leaps up and in mid-air wraps Pleasant up in a crucifix driver!

DDK:

BY ROYAL DECREE!

Lance:

SHE HAS HIM!

The crowd comes UNGLUED as Troy holds Pleasant in the pinning predicament!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!!!!!! LT LOST HER GRIP AND ARTHUR KICKED OUT!!

DDK:

How is that even POSSIBLE?!

Lance:

That knee, Darren. I think I saw her reach for it just before the two and Arthur was able to force his way out of that. Otherwise? She might've had him there.

Pissed off that she couldn't get the three on Arthur there, LT starts punching at her own knee, grimacing... but FIGHTING through the pain with gritted teeth. Saliva flies through her teeth and drips off her chin like an undaunted warrior. LT then stands up. She plants her feet on the mat and yells out before jumping and nailing a spinning roundhouse heel kick!

Arthur goes down hard as LT tries to land on her feet, but her leg buckles and she falls to the mat alongside Arthur.

DDK:

Dammit! Her knee is WRECKED.

Lance:

Watching her try to stick the landing on that one made me cringe, Darren. Not gonna lie.

With LT still down on the mat, this gives Pleasant enough time to recover from the spinning roundhouse heel kick. As he gets to his feet, he sees LT struggling to get to hers. Pleasant backs up into the corner turnbuckles so hard that it sounds like someone whipped him into them. Rushing forward, Pleasant extends his foot again and hits a harrowing Provocation that flips LT back onto her stomach!

DDK:

Ugh...

Lance:

... Provocation.

Pleasant makes a throat slit motion, and pulls Lindsay's near lifeless body up from the mat. He then sets her up into a fireman's carry before immediately pushing up underneath her, clutching her face as he brings her down across his knees as vertical as a tent spike!!!

DDK:

OH GOD!!!!!! That was an utterly BRUTAL Calamity Pain!!!

Lance:

For the love of... kick-out, Lindz? Maybe?

The DEFplex falls silent as they see an inevitability happening before their very eyes. Pleasant hooks a leg as he makes the emphatic cover.

One.

Two.

Three.

Lance:

(the sound of a headset being thrown)

DING DING DING

"BOOOOOOOOOO!"

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via pinfall... The Provocateur... ARTHUUUUUUUR PLEEEEEEEASANT!

♪The Swan (Carnival of the Animals)" by Saint-Saens♪

The soothing orchestral sounds of Saint-Saens' other piece, The Swan, begins playing in front of the Faithful. Covered in his own blood, Arthur Pleasant closes his eyes and takes in the calming beauty of his victory theme, moving his hands like conductor's batons next to LT's unmoving frame.

DEFmed make their way out from the back with ice packs, water, various med supplies, and if either competitor needs it, a stretcher. Pleasant continues to sit in the middle of the ring as a brave member of the medical team begins working on the gash above his clearly broken nose. Washing the blood away with water, she holds an ice pack against the wound.

Lindsay Troy, meanwhile, is starting to come around and immediately clutches her knee. Pounding the mat with her fist as she realizes what just happened, several people from DEFmed hold ice to her knee and neck, but she slaps away the icepack from her neck in frustration.

DDK:

Considering how harsh that Calamity Pain was and the first thing Lindz does after regaining consciousness is hold her knee? That shows you how messed up it might be.

Lance:

These two beat the unholy hell out of one another. What a match. It didn't go the way everyone wanted it to, but it was a hell of a contest anyway. Man. Can't wait to re-watch this one at home!

DDK:

Well said, Lance. Lindsay has nothing to be ashamed of here. Arthur has been proving match after match what a tough and ruthless son of a bitch he is, and with one mistake he can end your day in a heartbeat. Lindsay may have made the grave mistake of going for one knee too many, but she hung on like a true warrior.

With the DEFIANCE Wrestling copyright logo no doubt materializing in the bottom right portion of the screen for the fans watching at home, the camera gets an up close and personal look into the disappointment etched onto the face of Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

We're out of time tonight, folks! Stay with us tomorrow for Night Two of DEFtv!

Lance:

Take care, folks! See you tomorrow night!

The final shot before the broadcast ends is of Arthur Pleasant finally opening his eyes with the icepack over his nose. Underneath it, though, you can tell there's a great big smile.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.