

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

NIGHT TWO WENT OFF-SCRIPT

CORVO ALPHA HAS COME

I CAME TOO

WIN MORE MATCHES, GCC!

ALPHA CAME TOO HARD

I THINK LORD NIGEL MAY HAVE GONE OVERBOARD RUBBING HIM DOWN

THE PROBLEM IS YOUR KIDS, REZIN - YOUR KIDS!

BURNS FLY ME OUT OF HERE PLEASE

BUT SERIOUSLY, WHEN IS HALLEY'S COMET COMING BACK

PLEASE RETURN BEFORE 2061, KEYES

LOCO FOR OCHO!!!

COUNT NOVICK LIVES... ISH

PLEASE DON'T DIE, LDO

EVERYONE'S GETTING LUCKY WITH OPHELIA

JESSICA FEAR, PREPARE FOR RE-NEDUCATION

PCP, YEAH YOU KNOW ME

ADV IS TRASH

DEX, WREX EM UP!

OSCAR BURNS CAUSE HE ISN'T COOL

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL

NO, MARRY ME, TITANESS!

I DEEP DOWN DIG DEX

BFTA ARE MF A-HOLES

OSU!

WHAT'S THE ACCEPTABLE DOLLAR RANGE FOR A WEDDING GIFT THESE DAYS?

CANCEL MALAK GARLAND

REBRAND CORVO ALPHA TO BUTCH

YANNICK FILLIMORE KNOWS

MANG... IF SOMETHING HAPPEN TO THIS SIGN... SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN 2 U

ALL ADV WANTS IS THE WORLD... AND EVERYTHING IN IT

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE

SIGN CUT OFF!

To ringisde.

MINUTE vs. MAX LUCK

DDK:

Welcome to DEF TV 167: Night Two! And we have a big match to kick off the show! Max Luck scored a win on UNCUT and found out he was challenged by the returning Minute! This battle between Los Tres Titanes and the Better Future Talent Agency has reheated in a big way since they have attacked LTT one by one!

Lance:

Minute was hurled into a garage door and ruptured an eardrum! Uriel Cortez was beaten bloody with steel steps! Titaness was attacked by ADV in the middle of the Favoured Saints title match! Minute is healed up though and ready to fight!

DDK:

We're not going to waste any more time! Minute tries to play David and slay the Goliath called the seven-foot Max Luck next!

Ophelia Sykes steps out from the back and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on her like crazy!

Ophelia Sykes:

I know! I know! All you women out there should boo me! I mean ... look at all this! This ass has driven more people nuts than a Planters factory!

She does a twirl on the stage and stops to show off her rear side for an extra second! She gets some cat calls then turns to face the stage. .

Ophelia Sykes:

And as Lady Luck, the official spokeswoman for the Lucky Sevens, I'm here to tell Minute that he's going right back to the hospital in record time, courtesy of another Five-Star Beatdown from one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's Main Event Monsters! Please welcome at seven feet tall! At three-hundred and seven pounds ... MAAAAAAXXXXXXXXXX LUUUUUUCCCKKKKK!!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins put up "The Winning Hand" gesture! Max Luck competes tonight while Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes both wish Max the best in his Minute-destroying endeavors and go backstage. Max flashes the crowd the Winning Hand pose again then he saunters to the ring.

Lance:

We have been told because of the attacks by BFTA against LTT in recent weeks that all seconds are barred from ringside. It's Max Luck and Minute one on one tonight in a fair fight!

DDK:

Considering Minute is five-foot four and Max Luck is seven feet tall I have to question the use of the term "fair fight!"

And to ringside we go as a voice echoes loudly over the PA. Two spotlights swirl on stage.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE MAIN EVENT MONSTERS... BUT HE ACTUALLY MAIN EVENTED DEFIANCE ROAD!

THEY MIGHT BE SEVEN FEET TALL... BUT LEAPING OVER SEVEN FEET TALL IS WHAT HE CALLS A WARM-UP!

HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD...

HE IS...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

The music plays...

But the two spotlights that would normally have Minute are now empty!

DDK:

What's going on?

Lance:

I... I don't know! Last we heard, Minute's eardrum has healed so he's been cleared for competition tonight!

Max Luck is still waiting for Minute to appear despite his entrance going. But what he doesn't know is that Minute has run through the crowd! He appears on the ring apron and then jumps with a springboard drop kick to the back of Max Luck's head!

DDK:

Minute jumps into action! He's giving Max Luck a taste of his own medicine by attacking him from behind!

Max Luck hasn't been taken off his feet, but he's had his bell rung by the stiff drop kick and he's perched in a corner. The official starts the match with the action already taking place!

DING DING

Minute climbs the ropes and then runs across to hit his Estrella Fugaz drop kick next! Max Luck gets dropped to a knee after having the wind knocked out of him!

Lance:

What a way we are starting the show! Minute and Max Luck! The Estrella Fugaz kicks Max Luck right in the chest!

DDK:

And here comes Minute! He's going to fly!

Minute jumps into the ring from the middle rope then flies off with a springboard corkscrew kick from the second rope! Max finally goes down on his back! Minute covers!

DDK:

Minute with some beautiful moves! Is this all we're going to see?

The T.J. Tornado goes for the pin on big Max!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max kicks out with powerful force and almost throws Minute off of him to the outside, but Minute catches himself on the ropes!

DDK:

That kick-out had so much force behind it, Minute almost went to the floor!

Lance:

He's so quick in that ring though!

Minute gets ready to fly again ... but when he makes the jump with aMqxnother springboard move this time Max Luck is ready! Minute gets snatched up and thrown almost the entire way across the ring using a massive fall away slam!

Lance:

That was insane strength! Max Luck throws Minute almost the whole way across the ring! That's going to be a GIF tomorrow!

The official checks out Minute after the crash landing. Max Luck sits up from the corner and sees an outside camera near him.

Max Luck:

Say hello to the Lucky Guy!

Max impresses the crowd by rolling backwards and then gets himself upright!

DDK:

Max Luck is scary agile on top of being so powerful. He's so athletic for such a big man!

Max almost pushes the official to the side and then drops Minute with a rib breaker. He's down in the middle of the ring when Max charges off the ropes and hits the Box Cars elbow drop! Minute is left knocked with no wind left in the sails!

DDK:

Max Luck hits the Box Cars elbow drop! Now he's trying to pin Minute! Can he do it?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max doesn't put his whole weight into the cover which helps Minute.

Lance:

He's just prolonging Minute's punishment. That might be a mistake if he gives Minute an inch cause he can run a mile quickly!

Big Money Max hooks the neck of Minute into a front face lock and then starts to lift him up! He spins and spins until he releases Minute with a sort of giant swing out of that position! Instead of doing anything to capitalize on the Titan of the Skies being thrown around with ease Max Luck decides to pose with a foot on his chest.

One ...

Minute makes an easy kick out but Max appears to be having the time of his life and he owes it all to beating up Minute.

DDK:

Minute is being picked up again!

Max forces Minute up by the back of his head but before he can fire off another big power move Minute shoots back with some quick kicks at the leg. Max swings for a right hand but Minute ducks and then hits a drop kick on the knee of Max. Luck hobbles on his good leg and Minute springs from the ropes again, but he gets shut down once again using a big boot. Max lifts his leg and pretends to dust off his boot while The T.J. Tornado is looking up at the arena lights.

Lance:

That was smart for Minute to go for the legs, but one move turns the tide for Max Luck again!

Big Money Max gets jeers from the crazed DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he puts up the Winning Hand gesture.

He picks up Minute by his arm and then locks a cobra clutch in and starts to spin again. Minute gets swung around like a sack and thrown across the ring again with a few big rotations!

DDK:

Max Luck is just having a ball right now in there!

Lance:

And now I think he's done. Max and Mason Luck destroyed their trainers, The House. Max won't hesitate to hurt Minute!

Max grabs Minute and then goes for the ropes with Max behind him. He charges but Minute slips through the middle rope and nails Max with a tiger feint kick as he hits the ropes to kick him in the ribs. That slows down Max luck and lets Max Luck with a tiger feint kick in the middle and lower rope to the knee! Max gets to his knee with Minute back inside. Big Money Max is angry and then he charges right at Minute but he grabs the top rope and Max hits himself on the top rope after missing a big boot!

DDK:

Great counter move by Minute! Max Luck tries for another big boot and gets caught where a man is not meant to be caught!

Lance:

Minute hits another springboard drop kick! And Max gets taken to the floor outside!

He's hurt and he's on the floor. Minute sees his chance to make a big move count by jumping onto the top rope and then hitting ...

SPRINGBOARD SOMERSAULT SEATED SENTON!!!

DDK:

Minute really is a Titan of the Skies with moves like that! He does a flip for extra speed and momentum and takes down Max Luck with that incredible move on the floor!

Lance:

That was amazing! I've never seen that before!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering while the official is counting for both men to get back into the ring.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

He is at the count of five with Max Luck as the first one up but Minute getting up as well.

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!

Max Luck gets back into the ring under the ropes but he leaves himself open for Minute to springboard again while he is on his knees and then hits a diving DDT! Max is hurt and it takes Minute a minute to get up.

DDK:

Minute might do this! He makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

So close! Minute is a wrestler with two Unified Tag title reigns and a Favoured Saints championship to his resume but I'd still have to say this might be an upset to beat Max if he does!

DDK:

I can see that! Minute still fighting back.

He throws kicks galore at Max when he tries to stand. He pushes Minute backwards but Minute hits a wheelbarrow ... no! Max holds on and then faceplants Minute with a big wheelbarrow face buster of his own! He rolls Minute over after that and tries to pin the death defying luchador.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

How'd Minute kick out of that one?! That was a big move on Max Luck's part!

DDK:

He was playing with Minute for too long earlier and almost paying for it!

Max Luck is getting perturbed at the luchador's gutsiness. He jumps and tries to hit another big Box Cars elbow drop but Minute moves out of the way of the second one used in the match! Minute springs up and and a sliding drop kick connects to Max Luck. Minute is on the apron again. He tries another springboard on Max ...

DDK:

MINUTE GETS CAUGHT WITH THE WINNING HAND IN MID AIR!!!

Max plants Minute with a big Winning Hand Slam! He puts him into the canvas but lifts him up again ... into the Luck's Run Out lariat!

DDK:

Max Luck counters! Luck's Run Out! And now he pins Minute!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner of the match ... MAAAAXXXX LUUUUUUCCKKK!!!!

Instead of Max Luck trying to celebrate the big man continues to attack Minute in the corner and hits right hand after right hand after right hand! Minute tries to shield himself, but the shots keeping coming until he's left beaten down to a seated position. Max puts a foot into his throat!Y

Lance:

You won, Max! Come on!

Max chokes Minute with his boot some more! Max Luck gets up but he isn't looking like he wants to celebrate. In fact he looks like he is waiting for someone ... and that someone is Mason Luck, popping the bones in his neck with Ophelia Sykes leading the charge! He has a chair in hand and slides it into the ring for Max Luck while the crowd

jeers!

DDK:

The match is over! But we just knew that BFTA was waiting somewhere in the wings! Now that's over... anyone came come in!

Max Luck readies the chair... but before Mason Luck can do anything... HE GETS A CHAIN WRAPPED AROUND HIS NECK FROM BEHIND BY THE NECK! COURTESY OF URIEL CORTEZ! THE CROWD CHEERS!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez coming to the aid of Minute! He said on DEF Radio he was going to show up tonight, cleared or not!

Lance:

But look in the ring!

Max Luck tries to grab the chair, but when he lifts it up, he catches a foot between the legs, courtesy of Titaness!

DDK:

Reports of the demise of Los Tres Titanes on DEF Radio were greatly exaggerated! Not a surprise considering it was Morrow who said it!

Cortez lets go of Mason to re-enter the ring. Titaness has the chair that Max Luck had and Uriel BLASTS Luck out of the ring with a big clothesline! After he takes care of the Luck brother, he goes over to the side of Minute and they watch The Lucky Sevens retreat!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes clearing the ring for the moment! ADV's not out here cause he and Morrow are getting ready for his match with Dex Joy later tonight, but BFTA aren't going to like that this attempted assault backfired on them!

Mason is checking his throat and wants back in to the ring, but Max and Ophelia try and keep him away now that they don't have the advantage for once since this started. They retreat into the crowd while Uriel holds open the ropes, daring the trio to come back.

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes are back with a vengeance! This one's far from over, though!

After the Lucky Sevens and Ophelia Sykes vanish from the scene, Uriel helps Minute up and pats him on the shoulder.

Lance:

Max Luck was more intent I think on trying to take Minute out again, but Los Tres Titanes take the fight right back! Morrow's promise to take them out so they don't make it to DEFCON might not be as easy as he first thought!

LOTS TO UNPACK HERE

As the Titan of Industry helps his tag partner out of the ring and begins to support him on their walk up the ramp...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The music of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions begins to play throughout the DEFarena! The type of cheers one only gets when a babyface's music hits out of nowhere comes up from The Faithful as Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy appear on the entrance way dressed in street clothes.

DDK:

It appears we're going to hear from our Unified Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

Last week, it was announced that they'll be defending those belts in just one month's time at DEFCON against the reluctant duo of Malak Garland and Conor Fuse in what has all the makings of a potential classic.

Newbludd and Cassidy, who are only sporting one championship belt each (one has to assume the other three are safe in the care of their manager, Davey LaRue), make their way down the ramp, high-fiving the outstretched hands of fans. They appear to be extra pumped up full of energy as they bound down the ramp. When they meet up with Los Tres Titanes who are on their way up, the two teams exchange a quick round of fist bumps and manly hugs before Cortez and Minute continue to walk toward the back and The Specials hop up onto the apron and into the ring. Each SNS member takes position on opposite turnbuckles as they raise their belts high to the appreciation of the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Lance:

So much history between the four men who will clash over those belts, Keebs. I'm sure SNS have quite a bit to say about it.

As The Saturday Night Special's theme dies down, Cassidy eagerly motions for a mic. He raises it high, and acts like he's going to speak, but at the least second he stops and just allows the crowd to say it with assistance.

The Faithful:

NEEEW OOOHLLLLLEEAANNNS!

Cassidy grins and smiles, pointing to the crowd in an "I got you" motion. Then he makes a "nah let's do it for real this time" and raises the mic high again.

Pat Cassidy & The Faithful:

NNNNNNEEEWWWW OOOHHHLLLLLEEEAAAANNNNSS!!

RAAAAAAHHHH!!

As he begins to cut his promo, Cassidy is pacing around the ring in circles, full of energy that he seems barely able to contain. Brock props himself up on a turnbuckle, smiling in amusement as the gusto of his partner.

Pat Cassidy:

I don't think I even have to say this, do I? You know what day it is? The holiest of holy days, my friends. A day that comes but once a year. Today is...

Cassidy stops pacing and raises the mic high again.

Pat Cassidy:

It's [BEEP]ing St. PAAAAAADDDDDYYYYYYY'S DAAAAYYYYYY!!

DDK:

I can't believe it... the DEFIANCE censors actually caught one!

Lance:

They must have been ready for this. If you think back to Cassidy's behavior last year on this day, I think he throws all the rules out of the window.

Black Out resumes his pacing.

Pat Cassidy:

But I gotta be honest with ya, boys and girls... there's a little bit of a dampah on this one. What should be the greatest day of the year... has been ever so slightly tainted, hasn't it? If you were watching this show two weeks ago, you heard the announcement of who yah boys here are facing at DEFCON... it's Malak Garland and his new lackey, Conor Fuse.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO for the subjugation of Comments Conor. Cassidy nods in agreement.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, my feelings exactly. This one is interesting to me. I know that Conor Fuse has become really popular with the people...

A cheer of confirmation, followed by a "Rank! Rank! Rank!" chant. Cassidy respectfully pauses to allow the chant to happen, and when it dies down he resumes pacing and cutting his promo.

Pat Cassidy:

But even as he's been embraced by all of you, you know yah boy here holds a grudge. I can't help it... it's the Irish Catholic in me. Two things that ah true about us: we populate like rabbits and we never forget a slight. But even thinking about what's gone down between us... even I can't deny the year Conor's had, you know? A lot has changed since Trashcan Tim and I gave him his just desserts. Main eventing, big team ups, entertaining as hell interviews, and he's sure as shit talented inside this squared circle. I'm not stupid - I know how good he is. Hell, remember who it was Newbludd and I were facing in the main event exactly one year ago today?

Cassidy looks to Brock, who is still sitting on the turnbuckle. Newbludd makes a show of appearing deep in thought.

Pat Cassidy:

It was the Fuse Brothers. In what was our first ever shot at these...

He pats the belt over his shoulder.

Pat Cassidy:

And you know what? We lost. Big swing and a miss. No shame, either. The Fuse Brothers are maybe one of the greatest tag teams of all time. (pause to acknowledge pop of approval) Of course they are! Not only are they both fantastic wrestlers, but they're brothahs! Family. Blood. Who makes a better tag team than your family? Someone you grew up with? Spent birthday pahties with? Play fought with? Did your first wrestling moves on? Family is everything, am I right?

Cassidy stops pacing. He turns to look directly into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Family *is* everything. And that makes what I'm about to say next so damn disappointing. I know it's not going to be very populah, but I've kept this to myself for a while. At last year's DEFCON, The Fuse Brothers were forced to call it quits on their team. And Conor Fuse stood in the middle of this ring (points down) with tears in his eyes as his brother walked up that ramp to spend the rest of his days in possession of a psychotic cult. And what did Conor do? The next day? The next week? The next month?

Pause. Head shake of minor disgust.

Pat Cassidy:

Jack. Shit.

The crowd has stopped cheering - you get the sense they're not cool with this dressing down of Conor, but they are curious where this is going. Pat Cassidy resumes his pacing as he continues.

Pat Cassidy:

Conor moped around for a while until he found some new friends. I'm sorry: what? Do you know what I would do if any of my brothahs or sistahs was in the hands of the Kabal? I'd burn their whole friggin hideout to the ground...

From the turnbuckle, Brock gets his partner's attention. He says something that the camera doesn't pick up, but Cassidy does.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh yeah... I guess someone already did that. Anyway... the point is, I have lost nearly all of what respect I had for Conor.

A noticeable round of boos from the crowd. Cassidy doesn't acknowledge.

Pat Cassidy:

He didn't fight for his brothah. He let Malak Garland win, and now he's stuck under the thumb of that bitchass snowflake. And Conor sure as hell should've known that stipulation was a bad idea. Cause Malak always plays his games, doesn't he? He always snakes out his win even when his back is against the wall. Except of course...

A smile. Cassidy leaps forward on the top rope, looking directly into a ringside camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Except for that time he tried to pull his bullshit with The Saturday Night Specials, and we said "not today" and kicked his ass. And rest assured, Garland, with Conor by your side or not... at DEFCON, we're coming to kick your ass again.

A pop from The Faithful! They were uneasy about the Conor bashing, but can get totally on board with talking crap about Malak Garland. Cassidy grins as he hands the mic over to Brock Newbludd, who hops down from the turnbuckle to address the people.

Brock Newbludd:

You damn right we are! Listen, I ain't gonna sugarcoat things. I'm not lookin' forward to watching Conor walk down the aisle at DEFCON holdin' Malak's pocket like a prison bitch. That's no bueno. But, this shit between us and Garland is more about gold. It's personal. Cass is right, family is everything. For some people, it's the one you were born into. For guys like me...

Newbludd lowers the mic and points the finger out to the crowd. He then glances at his partner and hikes a thumb towards him.

Brock Newbludd:

It's the one you earn.

The Faithful cheer in appreciation at Brock's words while Cassidy can't resist such a perfect time to give his friend some shit. Throwing an arm around his buddy, Pat wipes a mock tear from his eye and grins. Looking a bit red in the face, Newbludd shrugs Cassidy's arm off of him and clears his throat. The crowd catches on to Cassidy's ribbing and chimes in with some of their own just as Brock raises the mic back up.

The Faithful:

LOVE YOU, BROCK! LOVE YOU, BROCK! LOVE YOU, BROCK!

Hands on his hips, the flustered Newbludd gives the grinning Cassidy an accusatory look and Pat throws his hands up

in mock innocence.

Brock Newbludd:

Alright, cut the shit! This ain't Bonnaroo, it's Ballyhoo! And before any of you ask...I'm looking at you Larry...

Newbludd points out to the crowd to show an exceptionally drunk, middle aged, man in a SNS t-shirt. The man's eyes light up in excitement at being called out and he responds by cupping his hands over his mouth and letting out an audible "BALLYHOOO!!" That's Larry, and Larry spends a LOT of time at Ballyhoo Brew. While completely harmless, he's also a terrible tipper.

Brock Newbludd:

Just because I said we were family, which we are, doesn't mean everyone can go over to Ballyhoo after the show tonight and try to get a family discount.

The Faithful:

BOOOOOO!!!

Lowering the mic, Newbludd looks to his friend for support and immediately rolls his eyes when Cassidy joins in on the crowd's playful booing. Shaking his head, Brock raises a hand to quiet them.

Brock Newbludd:

You people are ruthless! I guess that's why I must like ya so much. Tell ya what we'll do...after DEFCON is over...we'll throw ourselves a party down at Ballyhoo. A party to celebrate the miserable life and beautiful demise of one Malak Garland at the hands of SNS. A celebration of that magnitude deserves one thing more than anything else...and that's free beer for anyone who wants to come down and dance on Garland's grave. If that sounds good to you then gimme a BALLYHOO!!

The Faithful:

BALLYHOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

So, now that we're all on the same page, I'm gonna tell it to all of you straight. Just like Cass said, we're comin' to kick Malak's ass and we don't give two shits who he throws in our way to try and stop us. I've been waiting for this day for a looonng time, and I haven't forgotten how that greasy fucker tried to slither his way into Siobhan's pants. How he got her all pissed up at the bar and tried to take advantage of her. She's never forgotten that...

Newbludd eyes narrow in anger and he tilts his head to one side to crack his neck, causing an audible "pop" that's picked up by the microphone.

Brock Newbludd:

...and neither have I. Malak can try to snake his way to success in the ring all day long and I'm fine with it. He's gotta do something to make up for his lack of talent. But, when he tries to pull that shit on another man's woman...MY woman!

Brock points a finger at the now serious looking Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

His SISTER!

He redirects his finger to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

And your favorite bartender! Your FRIEND! Even yours, LARRY!

The camera quickly switches over to Larry to show him standing with his hands on his hips and anger in his eyes. It

pans away from him to highlight a few other angry fans. Siobhan has poured drinks and chatted with a lot of the Faithful since Ballyhoo opened. Clearly, Brock's reminder about what Malak tried to do has struck a chord with many of them. Simply put, you don't mess with the bartender.

Brock Newbludd:

There's no going back from that, and now, I'm gonna pound Garland straight into the mat until there's nothing left of him. NOTHING. DEFCON will be the end of Malak Garland, I promise you. The last thing he's gonna see that night is the heel of my boot right before it smashes his face in. And the last thing he's gonna hear before it lights out is...BALLY!!!

The Faithful:

HOoooooooooooo!!!

Before any theme music has a chance to hit, signaling the end of the segment, a wretched voice screams over the sound system.

Malak Garland:

tHe lAsT tHiNg I'm gOiNg tO sEe!? THE LAST THING I'M GOING TO SEE!? Oh, there's lots to unpack here!

The "ooooooooooooos" from the crowd quickly turn to "ooooooooooooos" as Malak marches out on stage. His rosy red cheeks show he's been blowing off steam backstage. He swirls a toothpick around in his mouth before plucking it between his fingers and flicking it towards the fans.

Malak Garland:

Hey yo, I cannot stand idly backstage and allow you two bozos to steer this narrative anymore. Actually, it's quite unbecoming how you two have spun this web of lies to society. Aren't you so righteous and good? Threatening to smash someone's face in should not be pandered to. THAT'S CALLED ASSAULT AND IT HURTS MY EARS AND MY FEELINGS!

Garland peers out to the crowd for their obvious response.

Malak Garland:

Brock, how about I tell you the last thing you're going to see.

The Tabloid Tycoon fusses about on the stage as it's clear he's beyond agitated.

Malak Garland:

You're going to see darkness after I end you and bury you at the dump along with all the sensory deprivation pods I discarded months ago!

DDK:

So let me get this straight, Malak comes out to complain about being threatened and legitimately follows that up with threats of his own AND feels justified!? What a world we live in.

Newbludd rolls his eyes at the thought.

Brock Newbludd:

Right between these ropes, let's go. One-on-one. Tonight.

Garland scoffs.

Malak Garland:

Haha, that's a good one. Yeah, no. Not happening. I'm not in the right mental space right now to fight you in the ring but I'll tell you what. I need some time to prepare so if your romantic partner, Pat Cassidy can beat my newest stooge, dumbass cOnOr, in a match tonight then I will wrestle you on the next DEFTv! I know for a fact, I can speak directly for

cOnOr when I say that he would gladly wrestle the drunken sailor.

A cheer rises up from the crowd for the big time match up! Cassidy leans in to speak into the mic currently held by his tag partner.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey man... I resent that. I am not a sailor! But I'll happy to scrap with your boy tonight if it means my boy gets to kick the crap out of you in two weeks time.

Garland rubs his hands together.

Malak Garland:

So it's settled then. See you guys later tonight.

The Snowflake Superstar exits stage, leaving SNS to nod in agreement with each other as DEFtv eventually cuts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022***CURRENT CARD******UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS******SNS © vs. Malak Garland & Comments Conor Fuse******Henry Keyes vs. Corvo Alpha******Kerry Kuroyama vs. Tyler Fuse***

THE D & PCP PRESENT: KLEIN APPRECIATION NIGHT : FOOTAGE COURTESY OF NETFLIX

DDK:

So, some of the fans out there may have noticed the large tarp set up over our side interview stage. It's been a topic of discussion for those in attendance. Now, I'm being told that it's for the Pop Culture Phenoms, and we're about to find out exactly what's underneath it.

Lance:

Yes, just moments ago we found out there is going to be a special presentation by all members of the PCP. What do you think it is, Darren?

DDK:

Another stupid Netflix movie?

Lance:

Yeah, you're probably right.

DDK:

But I guess if people keep watching that crap, they'll keep making th...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The lights in the arena quickly shift to the cyans and magentas that have become a trademark for the Pop Culture Phenoms causing the Faithful to cheer and rise up to their feet. Elise Ares and The D lead the charge onto the stage, playing it up for the adoration of their fans before realizing they forgot something and quickly darting backstage. A few seconds pass before now Klein leads the way, reluctantly and noticeably more serious. He pauses as The D points towards the large tarp and Elise runs past them both and begins to showcase the tarp display for Klein while Flex also drags along.

Lance:

This certainly doesn't look like the cohesive, fun-loving unit that we're accustomed to seeing from the Pop Culture Phenoms.

DDK:

There has been some slight tension the past few weeks, akin to the types of frustrations all families have, Lance. We've seen this before... I'd say much worse in the past.

Lance:

Last DEFTv, it appeared that Klein was willing to leave the D and his fellow PCP members to fight off Cerberus without him, before he came to his senses. But he's got that same look he had then Darren. He's not the same man without Dani by his side...

Tapping the microphone, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style cuts off both the music and the commentary team with a smile from ear to ear. Spinning the mic around between her fingers, she waits for the Faithful to calm down before she looks directly into the camera from beneath her LED sunglasses.

Elise Ares:

Welcome Aresites, D-Listers, Flexicutioners, and... Box... ers?

The D:

That's underpants.

Elise Ares:

Yeah but like... what else am I supposed to say? Boxmen? Kleintelle?

The D:

I like Kleintelle.

Klein stands behind them, arms crossed. He hunches forward his shoulders. Flex notices, and decides to out flex in response. The two look imposing.

Elise Ares:

But uhhh... this isn't about them. Or us! This is about Klein! You see Klein, pal, buddy... we know that we haven't been the best teammates or friends for you that past couple of months.

The D:

There were times you probably needed us more, and we were too busy trying to become DEFIANCE Tag Team champions for a record setting third time. As the man who would have been your best man, I'm sorry for our inactivity. We shoulda been there for you more, as friends.

Klein's demeanor softens a bit. Flex continues flexing.

Elise Ares:

-and we now realize that and we want to make it up to you. So The D and I got together and decided to put together a surprise for you! Beeby we worked really hard on this and we totes think it'll be a step in the right direction. So without further ado. Adieu? English isn't my first language.

Klein:

That's not English.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE remembers that she's fluent in several languages and you can see the gears turning in her head as she tries to remember languages that she doesn't know.

Elise Ares:

Portuguese?

Klein:

It's French.

Elise Ares:

UGH, I KNOW FRENCH!

The D:

They have great salad dressing.

Elise Ares:

And wh...

Klein:

Guys. Before you go one step further... I swear to God if this is another stupid Netflix movie...

Klein runs his hands through his blonde hair and starts to pull at it as the D and Elise look at one another, a bit deer caught in headlights.

The D:

It... it'll stream on Hulu in Malaysia...

Klein grabs the bridge of his nose and sighs, shaking his head from side to side.

The D:

What's the matter buddy? Sinus headache? Migraine?

Klein:

D, what are we doin' here?

The D:

Well, if you'd let me finish! Elise, drum roll!

Elise Ares:

Truck monkeys! NOW!

The lights dim in the arena and a spotlight falls onto the side interview stage. After a crescendo, the tarp is lifted and tossed aside, to reveal a large standee of Klein, holding a box in his hands. Above him is a large logo, "MAN IN THE BOX." At his feet, framing Klein is "The Life of Klein" with a few logos tacked on to the bottom: Netflix, Blu-Ray, HD-DVD. A digital release date of March 10th, 2026 is displayed. There is initially no reaction so Elise instinctively begins to clap and the Faithful cheer along out of pity.

Elise Ares:

This is totes a HUGE deal, so we wanted to make sure we did it big and we did it RIGHT. We've put out feelers about who should play you and I'm thinking current Klein is James Van Der Beek and child Klein could be one of those Sprouse twins.

The D:

They're still kids? Lucky for us! We could use both of 'em, shoot 12 hour days, save like, thousands.

Klein:

STOP!

Klein grabs the D by the lapel of his jacket and lifts him off the ground with one hand. The D looks shocked.

Klein:

What the HELL are we doing D?

The D:

The - the jacket...

Klein scoffs, letting the D go as he lands on his feet. The D tries to undo the wrinkles and straighten himself out. Klein just shakes his head.

Klein:

Listen, D. I don't want to see a movie of my life. I've already lived it once.

Elise Ares:

Special K, honey, baby we didn't know. We just know you're focusing really hard at this wrestling stuff, and we see that. We recognize that.

The D:

We recognize you. We just want to pump you up, because we know you want a crack at the FIST one day. So, we just wanted to show you how special you are and show how much we appreciate you. We're going to do everything we can so you two can be our equals now!

Klein coughs.

Klein:

Equals? Even when you're tryin' to be nice, you gotta insult us. You know who else had a habit of doing that?

Klein leans forward. Flex is genuinely curious who he's going to mention.

Klein:

Mikey Unlikely.

Heavy jeers. The D tries to plead his case nonverbally as Klein continues.

Klein:

Here's the thing, I don't need you to tell me how special I am. I already know it. I show it, every time I'm in the ring. Since losing Dani, the only thing I have left is that ring, and I'm putting all my energy into becoming a machine. I have a new goal now D. It's to be the greatest wrestler DEFIANCE has ever seen. Better than Cayle. Better than Oscar. I'll be the FIST. It's just a matter of when.

Cheers from the crowd as Klein nods in appreciation.

Klein:

Now... you two?

Klein says, pointing at Elise and the D. Elise is annoyed that she was pointed at and nonverbally complains to the D, who understands.

Klein:

Elise Ares, future FIST potential... hell you had Mikey Unlikely beat! You should've been the champion already! The D, future FIST in waiting. But the question for you two wasn't when... it was always... IF.

Boos. Klein shakes his head and continues.

Klein:

And I guess now we know the answer. We know what you chose. You chose to putz around here with stupid Netflix movies being could've would've beens. This is just predictable meaningless trite shit! I mean Elise, you were the SoHer champion for a YEAR. 3 years ago. D? Yeah, you beat Cayle, you beat Oscar, once, and not when it counted.

The D:

You better not say something you're going to regret.

Klein:

How could I regret the truth?! You guys just lost the Tag Team championship and came out drinking like "OH WHOOPS, NO BIG DEAL! PCP RULEZ WITH A Z."

The D:

We'd never use a Z.

Elise Ares:

Unless it came back into fashion. Then we totes would.

The D:

Well duh.

Klein:

This is EXACTLY what I mean! What are your plans to get a tag title shot? Just wait and see? Do you guys even WANT to be champs? Do you even want to be the FIST? Cause if you're here and you're content never being a champion again, I don't know why you're wasting my God damn time. Am I the only one who actually gives a shit!?

Elise takes a step forward towards Klein as the Faithful stay remarkably silent.

Elise Ares:

When things started happening with you and Dani... you isolated yourself from US.

Klein:

Oh come on, you never liked her!

The D:

That's not fair.

Elise Ares:

We tried to be there for you but YOU didn't answer our texts. YOU didn't show up to meetings. YOU were too busy and now you're going to turn around and blame this all on US?! Were we not "serious enough" about a FIST to be a part of your life when you were so far up Dani's ass that we were fighting 24K alone?

The crowd gasps as The D steps in before Klein can respond.

The D:

She tried, Klein. I've tried. We've both tried and sometimes things just don't work out but that doesn't mean that we've given up.

Klein:

Sure, Sure. Keep deflecting. It's what you're best at. Listen, if you want to prove to me, the Faithful, yourselves that you still have what it takes to be competitive in DEFIANCE and you're not just here for the free Netflix plugs and a couple drinks, then prove it. DEFCon. Us versus you. Flex in the Box vs. PCP.

Flex stands up proud behind Klein and nods, flexing further.

Klein:

And when we beat you, we'll show you we're not just your equals, but your superiors.

The D's mouth drops and the Faithful gasp once again as Elise steps in.

Elise Ares:

Excuuuuuuse moi?! Our superiors? Klein I'ma let you finish but we're the greatest tag team of all time. No one in DEFIANCE has held the Tag Team Championships for more days than us. No. One. In DEFIANCE has held the Southern Heritage Championship longer than yours truly.

The D:

You... You didn't really let him finish... Look, this seems more like a conversation we need to have in private. K? Lis? The kids and Flex don't need to see their heroes arguing at the dinner table.

Motioning towards the Faithful, The D moves his head like he's going to take everyone backstage. Flex looks confused for a second.

Klein:

Sorry D. But I laid out the challenge. We aren't backing down. We don't have anything for DEFCon. I'm pretty sure you just RSVP'd LOTS OF DRINKS, so, at DEFCon, if you can't beat us, your not even EQUALS.

Klein leans into the D and stares him deep in the eyes.

Klein:

Flex and I leave PCP.

Elise Ares:

You can't do that!

The D:

What in the world has gotten into you, Klein? A few weeks ago everything was fine and now suddenly we're Mikey Unlikely in the Sports Entertainment Guild? Elise just rattled off all of our accomplishments... is that not successful enough for you?

Klein:

You know what you told me six or so years ago that pulled me outta retirement and put the box back on my head? You told me we were going to take over DEFIANCE.

The D nods his head in agreement, motioning to all of the Faithful who begin to cheer as if to support The D's case and get everyone back together.

Klein:

And that's EXACTLY what's wrong. Taking over DEFIANCE isn't about movies, crowd support, t-shirt sales, and product placement contracts. DEFIANCE is about WRESTLING. Getting in that ring and fighting with anyone who thinks they're better than you and proving to them that they are WRONG. Taking over DEFIANCE means holding the FIST of DEFIANCE... and KEEPING the FIST of DEFIANCE. It means WINNING the TAG TEAM TITLES, not by CHEATING mind you, TWICE, which is what you two did... Even still, once you had 'em... then it's all about NOT LOSING THEM. You didn't take over DEFIANCE. You failed. You failed at DEFRoad. You failed last week, and you're failing now. And I'm sick of failing.

Elise Ares:

You know what Klein, if you think you can do a better job than us... FINE. You're on. If you think you're better off without us then if you can beat us you can leave and do whatever it is that you think you can do better than us. But you won't. Tonight in the main event, I'll be taking on Arthur Pleasant.

The Faithful boo at the mention of the Plaguebeast.

Elise Ares:

I want you to take a nice good look at what you're getting yourself into when I beat the Plaguebeast. That's the Elise Ares that you want? That's the Elise Ares that I've ALWAYS been. I'm not a hasbeen, I'm a still-is and always-was. Watch and LEARN. Then at DEFtv 168, if you want your "big chance" to prove that you're better than me... you can have it.

Klein:

Yeah. Good. And good luck tonight.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style flips the microphone towards Klein and walks off the stage as "Live For The Night" by Krewella begins to play. The D shakes his head in disappointment, looking at the standee of Klein, then back and Klein again, and then walks off behind the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. Klein says something to Flex drowned out by the music before the camera catches Klein saying to Elise right before she disappears "Oh, and I'll watch. I've been watching for years."

DDK:

Well that didn't go as expected.

Lance:

That's pretty safe to say, Darren. Looks like we have the Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Flex In A Box at DEFCON. If Flex In A Box win, the Pop Culture Phenoms are no longer a stable but a tag team.

DDK:

Klein has been serious and focussed lately, shunning those around him to focus on his career. He's a passionate sort, and he's right. You need to be constantly accomplishing, growing, to eventually become the best in the business.

Lance:

But that doesn't mean you have to throw away your friends in the process.

DDK:

No, but I want my friends to push me to be my best self. And you can't tell me that PCP right now are their best selves.

Lance:

We'll see later tonight when Elise Ares takes on Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

That's tonight's main event, but...

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: CORVO ALPHA Â© vs. LDO

DDK:

Before we head to the ring, let's paint a picture...

Lance:

Paint-away!

DDK:

Don't mind if I do... Corvo Alpha made a stunning appearance at DEFIANCE Road almost two months ago where he put his own body at risk in an effort to remove one of DEFIANCE's hottest, most popular stars in the guise of Henry Keyes. And remove him, he did...

A series of still frames cycle on our screen, showing the dramatic fall of Alpha and Keyes off a balcony and into/through stacks of production equipment that seemingly exploded on impact. The last frame is that of the aftermath; Alpha, face smeared black, on both knees at the foot of his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Behind them both, DEFmed appears to be checking on the lifeless body of Henry Keyes. The shot returns to our announce team.

DDK:

We are hearing that Henry Keyes remains in guarded condition under the care of his personal medical team and while a challenge was made to Corvo Alpha for DEFCON on behalf of Henry Keyes by Lindsay Troy... well, I have to admit that even I am a little skeptical.

Lance:

Let's not forget that Henry Keyes had been through a war with ADV moments before the attack we just saw. A fireball to the face, driven through a table... it was a miracle he could even stand up after such an onslaught... and then Corvo happened. You say you're skeptical, Keebs, I personally think that if Lindsay Troy says that Henry Keyes will be at DEFCON, then Henry Keyes will be at DEFCON. Whether or not he SHOULD be, given his condition, is another argument entirely.

DDK:

Fair point. Just two weeks ago on this program, Corvo Alpha made his DEFTv debut and shocked the world once again by capturing the Favored Saints Championship. In the meantime, one of Henry Keyes's closest friends, BRAZEN star Leyenda de Ocho, has been steadily making a name for himself - even winning the BRAZEN Star Cup a week ago at Clash of the BRAZEN and, really Lance, this match seems it's been destined to go down ever since DEF Road.

Lance:

Both men may have captured gold in recent weeks but let's be honest... It's Leyenda de Ocho who has the mountain to climb in this match.

♪ "Hold Back The Night" by The Protomen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen our next contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the FAVORED SAINTS...

CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIIIP!!! Introducing first, our CHALLENGER... he represents THE AIRSHIP and weighs in tonight at 188 pounds... LEYENDAAA deeeeeeeeeeee OOOOOCCCHOOOOO!

Leyenda de Ocho bursts through the curtain to a hot crowd reaction. He pauses atop the ramp to pump a fist in the air, brow furrowed with determination and focus.

DDK:

No smiles tonight, Lance! LDO is all business!

Lance:

You know it! You have to think he sees this match not so much about the Favored Saints Championship... this is all about his good friend, his Captain, Henry Keyes! For LDO, this is about retribution, pure and simple!

LDO tags a few hands on his trot to the ring. He slides under the bottom rope into a kneeling position. Nodding his head with appreciation towards the ultra-supportive faithful, Leyenda de Ocho pops to his feet and bounds to the middle turnbuckle, colorful lights pulsing all around him.

Impassioned, he barks back at the crowd and works to fire them up. And hyped, they are.

DDK:

I'd wager that this ovation is just as much for Henry Keyes as it is for Leyenda de Ocho. This crowd wants retribution, too. The DEFIANCE Faithful want Corvo Alpha to answer for what he has done—

The house lights cut to black.

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

Red pulses around the arena as a lone white spotlight finds the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

And now... accompanied to the ring by his "handler", Lord Nigel Tricklebush... Hailing from Parts Untold... weighing in tonight at 268 pounds... he is DEFIANCE's FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION... Call Him... CORRVO... ALLLLPHAA!!!

The curtain parts and it is Lord Nigel Tricklebush who glides through it. The faithful greet him with jeers and boos. Cradling the Favored Saints belt, Nigel carefully doffs his bowler cap towards the camera for a moment before continuing towards the ring, a false smile pasted on his pasty face.

DDK:

It... looks like it's just Nigel, Lance! I don't see Corvo!

The music growls as Lord Nigel ascends the ring steps with an odd courtliness. He rests the belt on a corner turnbuckle with measured reverence and produces from his coat pocket an ornately carved oak microphone with a brass windscreen. The music dims as the lights come back up. LDO stands center ring as Lord Nigel approaches him with that same manufactured smile.

Lance:

Oh, wonderful. Lord Nigel has a mic.

Arms folded across his chest, LDO is unimpressed.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Well met and *hello*, good sir. It pains me to know we have yet to meet. Allow me to introduce myself... /am—

The crowd drowns him out with boos. Lord Nigel's smile widens as his head sweeps the arena in one smooth, mechanical motion.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I AM—

An "asshole" chant has overtaken the building.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

My name is Lord Nigel Tricklebush—

More of the same.

DDK:

The Faithful never shy from letting ya know how they feel, do they, Lance?

Lance:

Never, not once.

Lord Nigel adjusts the hat on his head, changes which hand holds the microphone, and narrows his eyes back at LDO.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–and you... must be Leyenda de Ocho–

The crowd vibe shifts, big pop. Nigel tries not to lose his smile.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–and I have been waiting to personally give you and yours my personal condolences regarding your recent loss. Henry seemed like a... *lovely* man. But, alas... it comes for us all eventually, does it not? Even those with the brightest of futures before them. It comes for everyone just the same. Just as it came for Henry Keyes.

The camera captures the anger twisting LDO's mask as he stares a hole through Lord Trickelbush, crowd seething around them both. With a bony hand, Lord Nigel points towards the Favored Saints Championship perched on the corner.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

My Champion will carry that prize to DEFCON... he will stand in this ring and wait for a challenger that will NEVER, EVER come... he will wait for Henry Keyes. We will ALL be disappointed... and he will carry that prize OUT of DEFCON. As for you...

Nigel takes a step forward, eyeing LDO up and down.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Well... it comes for us all.

WHACK!!!

And without warning, Corvo Alpha is here. Blindsiding LDO with a forearm shot to the side of his head, the luchador spills out of the ring and onto the ringside floor. Lord Nigel absconds to the outside of the ring, opposite the action, carefully tending to the Favored Saints belt in his arms.

DDK:

Every damn time! Corvo Alpha with the cowardly, brutal sneak attack!

Referee Benny Doyle leans out of the ring, urging LDO to get back in so the match can begin – but Corvo has other plans.

Lance:

And just like every other “damn” time, Corvo Alpha is all over him, following his prey outside the ring and just clubbing, bludgeoning him! Leyenda de Ocho may not get a match after all! Corvo Alpha wants to take him out! Just like he did to Henry Keyes!

Hurling LDO into the ringside guardrail, it collapses with a BANG, sending fans scattering for safety. Alpha doesn't hesitate. Pressing forward, he pulls Leyenda de Ocho to his feet by handfuls of mask and quickly piledrives him onto the barricade. The crowd is furious, as is the referee who is now outside the ring trying to cautiously insert himself between Alpha and Ocho.

DDK:

That piledriver was DEVASTATING, Lance! Benny Doyle needs to be careful here... I don't know if he really wants to

get-

On cue, Corvo shoves Doyle aside and grabs at LDO who finds himself clutching his neck awkwardly. Incensed and nearly frothing at the mouth, Corvo starts working at Ocho's mask.

Lance:

Someone needs to get him off of Ocho and quick! This isn't right!

As Alpha yanks LDO to his feet, Ocho suddenly comes alive, firing elbows into Corvo's stomach. Alpha rakes his eyes, tearing at his mask before whipping Ocho into the ring steps.

THWACK!!

DDK:

Leyenda de Ocho just CRASHED into those steps! He's crawling! You can sense that LDO knows the imminent danger he is in! Crawls to the next set of ring steps, using them to find his footing!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha with that CHARGING BOOT - LDO ducked it! Sprints up the ring steps and FLIES!!! HIGH CROSS BODY TO THE OUTSIDE FLOOR! NOOO!

DDK:

CORVO CAUGHT HIM! HOW?!?

Alpha turns and SPRINTS towards the ringpost, DRIVING LDO backfirst into it. The ring itself noticeably stutters in time with the gasp from the faithful. Alpha drops LDO with a thud and lowers to his knees next to him, blankly staring.

Lance:

The bell has yet to be rung, make this stop!

Lord Nigel appears in the shot and meets eyes with his charge. With an arm sweeping towards the ring, Tricklebush tells him everything he needs to know. Corvo is on his feet, pulling LDO up and rolling him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Alpha is right behind him.

DDK:

What the- Look at this... Lord Nigel is telling Benny Doyle to start the match... are you kidding me?!? Can you believe this?

Lance:

To his credit, Doyle is ignoring him and checking in with Leyenda de Ocho...

The shot cuts to a tight shot of LDO's face contorted in pain but also pleading with Doyle to start the match. Emphatically nodding his head, LDO drags himself to the ropes and uses them to put his feet beneath him. Across the ring, Corvo Alpha is coiled and waiting.

Lance:

I'm in shock that Leyenda de Ocho is able, let alone WILLING to compete-

DDK:

No doubt a trait he has learned well from his friend, Henry Keyes... however... We all know where Henry is today.

Lance:

-and listen to the ovation he is being given as he RISES TO HIS FEET!

L-D-O! L-D-O! L-D-O!

Our exasperated Senior Official asks Ocho one more time if he wants to continue with a match. LDO offers a curt nod of the head, still cradling that same head in hand. Benny shrugs his shoulders, turns to the hard camera, and rattles his right arm in the air.

DING DING

At the sound of the bell, Alpha rises to his feet and the two men lock up in the center of the ring to a chorus of tense applause from the crowd.

DDK:

The Favored Saints Championship is on the line as we are finally underway!

Lance:

Alpha quickly powers LDO back into a corner. Lays in a series of undisciplined knees, forearm shots and – WHOA!! – stiff back-elbows! Irish whips LDO to the far corner – REVERSAL!! Corvo CRASHES chest first into the turnbuckle!! Staggers out!!

DDK:

Watch Leyenda de Ocho!!! Springboard MOONSAULT!! HE CRACKED CORVO WITH HIS KNEE!! Rolls through INTO A PIN!!!! HE HAS HIM!!!!!!

The crowd is on their FEET!!

Lance:

GET THE 1-2-3, KID!!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!!!

THREE!!! NOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

DAMN! DAMN IT! Two point nine nine!!

DDK:

That was as close to three as can be!

Lance:

Alpha kicked out at the last possible moment!

DDK:

Ocho, turn around, bud! You didn't get the pin yet!

LDO leaps up celebrating to the point where half the crowd is as confused as he is, cheering and celebrating. He climbs a turnbuckle, arm raised over his head. Referee Benny Doyle places a hand on LDO's back and we see him letting him know Alpha kicked out. Dropping off the turnbuckle, LDO starts debating with the referee.

Lance:

I don't think LDO is going to win his case here, he clearly– Oh No...

Behind the arguing wrestler and referee, a leviathan swells to his feet. It's already over.

Lance:

CORVO SNATCHES LDO!! It's the ALPHA CLUTCH! It's LOCKED IN!!

Pulling LDO under and to the mat, Alpha wraps his legs around his prey and squeezes with all he has. The camera captures a frustrated, almost disappointed Benny Doyle check in on LDO, lifting and dropping Ocho's arm several times before our ref springs back to his feet and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

I can't believe this... I can't even call what we saw a "defense" of a prestigious championship, Lance. What we saw-- Wait, Alpha isn't letting him go!!!

Lance:

We've seen this before!

DING DING DING. DING DING DING DING DING.

Casting self-preservation aside, Benny Doyle tries to physically pry LDO out of Corvo's grasp, bellowing for help over his shoulder. A collective moan of disdain rolls through the DEF-Plex as Alpha uses a hand to peel back part of LDO's mask. Doyle waves frantically towards the back as LDO's color starts to change.

DDK:

Here comes Lord Nigel to the ring! Every time we have seen this before from Alpha, Lord Nigel Trickelbush is able to call his monster off but-- this time, Corvo Alpha is just locked in. This is getting scary

Darren Quimbey:

The... winner of this match by submission and still Favored Saints Champion... Call him Corvo.... Allllphaaaaaa!

Lance:

Here comes DEFmed! And DEFsec!

As they swarm the ring, Lord Nigel retrieves his microphone and clears his throat into it with great effect. His eyes stay locked on the hard camera. His words are like a song.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, Heeeeenryyyy... Henry, can you hear me?

In front of Nigel there is panic. Seven or eight people are now trying to separate Alpha from Ocho. Trickelbush is unbothered.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have to imagine, Henry... if you could hear my words... that if you were well enough to fight Corvo Alpha in some thirty days at the Show of Shows... you would be well enough to walk down here right this moment and stop him from... doing what he does to a man you call your friend.

The crowd hates him. Heads turn up the aisleway, craning. Hoping. Back in the ring the seven or eight has become nine or ten, with other concerned figures in suits with hands on hips, pacing back and forth. All in front of Nigel. He wouldn't know it. He stares at the hard camera.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But you won't be doing that, will you, Henry Keyes?

The crowd groans. Eyes still craning towards the curtain. Hearts still hoping to see it move. Nigel turns away from the camera and looks to the crowd.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But he won't be doing that, will he? Because Henry Keyes is GONE. He disappointed you at DEFIANCE Road. He's disappointing his friend as I speak. And he will disappoint you AGAIN at DEFCON. In the meantime...

Nigel raises the Favored Saints belt over his head.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I believe we will take our leave. Come, my boy...

Like that, the mass of men working towards separating the two scatter. Several are thrown back as Corvo Alpha emerges from the rubble. He scurries out of the ring and after his "handler" up the aisle, never once regarding the Favored Saints Championship Lord Nigel clutches proudly.

DDK:

Fans, this is a serious situation in the ring... Leyenda de Ocho was held in the grips of that Alpha Clutch, unresponsive, for probably three minutes. In the meantime, Corvo Alpha is still your Favored Saints Champion...

DEFsec trails behind Corvo and Trickelbush as they reach the top of the rampway. Nigel pauses to tip his cap to the crowd, eliciting a renewed round of frustration from the Faithful before following his heaving champion through the curtain. In the ring, just concern.

Lance:

We came into this event wondering if Henry Keyes will be at DEFCON to challenge Corvo Alpha... and I think nothings changed, Keebs.

DDK: *[sighing]*

We'll be right back.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



ALVARO de VARGAS vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

We've got a first-time match taking place and this one is going to be a FIGHT! Both men have been doing very well for themselves in singles action! Both men were big winners at Acts of DEFIANCE and both men have looked as dominant as they ever have. "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy takes on Better Future's crown jewel, Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

BFTA have been on a warpath and we found out this match was happening first exclusively on DEF Radio! ADV and BFTA have beaten Henry Keyes, they beat PCP and they've been attacking Los Tres Titanes! They've made enemies everywhere while Dex Joy's star has really been on the rise. This one is going to be physical!

And down to Darren Quimbey for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall!

One by one in the Wrestle Plex the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from Los Angeles, California and weighing three-hundred fifty pounds... he is THE LEADER OF DEX'S WRECKING CREW ... **DEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!!!**

A black singlet with the same gold and black wrecking ball with "DEX" above and "JOY" below and black shorts with the same pattern. Golden colored boots, knee pads and elbow pads! Dex stomps to the ring and asks the crowd a question.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?!?

Crowd:

NO ONE!!!

After the answer back from the crowd Dex walks up the steps and into the ring for a fight. Before Darren Quimbey can do the intros...

Tom Morrow:

NOT ONE WORD, QUIMBEY! YOU CAN GET YOUR ASS ON THE FIRST TRAIN BACK TO SPRINGFIELD!

Morrow makes his entrance on top of the ramp. Dex Joy isn't impressed one iota, but Morrow doesn't care about all that.

Tom Morrow:

What's the matter, Dex? You're not impressed by BFTA's Brainchild! My elite eloquent excellence does nothing for you? The awe-inspiring orator not tickling your fancy? Well, I'm sorry that you don't like me just cause I don't have a rich nougat center and that you're a fat kid in a fatter kid's body!

Dex Joy isn't taking this any more and asks for the mic.

Dex Joy:

First off pally ... *Arthur mother-loving Pleasant* had way better fat jokes than you. For an "elite orator" or whatever you sound like yet another bargain-basement, dollar store Memphis manager so you can shove all that right back up your ass, Tommy!

The Faithful cheer but Tom Morrow doesn't agree and stomps his foot on the ramp! He tries to speak ...

Dex Joy:

No, ass-hole, the *adults* are talking now!

Tom Morrow:

I'm older than you!

Dex Joy:

I don't care! I'm not listening to another thing you say. Now bring the Flaming Jack-ass out here to get this *wrecking* like the man he thinks he is or you can get it for him!

Morrow has had enough and the Faithful cheer! Morrow points at the ramp.

Tom Morrow:

You asked for it! Standing at six-foot eight! Weighing in at 274 pounds! He is The Henry Keyes Killer! El Sol Dorado!

ALVARO DE VARGAS!

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in street clothes - a pair of black jeans, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He throws the hoodie back and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and a scowl to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and smiles from behind his sunglasses. He takes them off and hands them to Morrow, all without taking his eye off Dex Joy. When he reaches the ring, he steps inside... and goes right after Dex! Both men exchange fists as the bell rings!

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go! First time ever! Dex Joy versus Alvaro de Vargas! And both men starting off in a very physical way!

Alvaro comes at Dex with big right hands and then even throws a big kick to the face to back The Biggest Boy into a corner! He goes at him some more with the right hands and then a stiff corner clothesline!

Lance:

Wow! And it's ADV getting the better of the first exchange! He's got The Biggest Boy reeling!

Alvaro throws a hefty pair of knees into Dex's frame.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Be right back, pendejo.

He runs across the ring in a familiar attack when he repeats his corner clotheslines... but when he comes back, he doesn't expect Dex to be firing right out of the corner with a STIFF running body attack out of the corner!

DDK:

ADV likes that barrage of running corner clotheslines, but Dex had a counter for it!

Dex Joy gets cheers from the Faithful before he picks Alvaro up and BLASTS him with a nasty elbow smash! He hits one more to the ribs and throws him into the ropes. He does a dropdown and when ADV comes back, he gets SMASHED with a cross body block! The Faithful cheer as he goes for a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

ADV kicks off, but so far, Dex in control!

Lance:

Morrow is sweating bullets right now. The Lucky Sevens failed earlier to take out Los Tres Titanes, but right now he and ADV need to focus on Dex!

Dex picks up ADV and goes for a powerbomb.. And he gets ADV up in the air! But knowing what's coming, de Vargas frantically punches away at the head of Dex until he lets go and lands on his feet. He rakes the eyes of Dex, then comes off the ropes with a HUGE running discus clothesline that knocks Dexy Baby over in one big shot!

DDK:

What a massive discus clothesline by Alvaro! He's got Dex off his feet and that might be one of the few times someone has done that in one shot!

Lance:

It took a lot of speed and force, but he did it!

The Biggest Boy tries to get up and get out of ADV's path, but when he goes to a corner, ADV finally lands the big running clothesline he wanted earlier in the corner, then grabs Dex by the arm and then pulls him out of the corner. He twists him around and then drops the big man with a hangman's neckbreaker! Dex falls to the mat and Alvaro goes for the lateral press!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Dex's shoulder goes up and ADV's face goes >:(

DDK:

Kickout by Dex! It'll take a lot more than that to keep him down!

Dex gets to his knees, so ADV gets back to his feet and fires a pair of STIFF clubbing forearms to the back. Dex fires back with a stiff elbow of his own to the stomach of de Vargas and tries to stand, then whips him to the corner.

Dex Joy whips ADV across the ring... but ADV shows incredible athleticism by flipping over the corner to land on the outside, Flair-flop-style! Even Morrow looks shocked and when Dex runs at ADV, he peppers Dex with a headbutt from the apron. Dex is stumbled when ADV goes to the top rope and hits a flipping senton off the top onto the standing Joy!

DDK:

OH, GOD! FLIPPING SENTON FROM ADV!

The Faithful actually cheer for the move, but ADV doesn't care and goes right into a cover on Dex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Despite the amazing move, The Biggest Boy's big shoulder rises off the mat!

DDK:

ADV has been surprisingly dominant in this last stretch! Not too many people are able to physically overpower a man like Dex, nor show athleticism like that! ADV is scary in that ring.

Lance:

Agreed... and he goes from that high-flying move... right to going at Dex with punches on the mat!

Indeed, Alvaro goes wild with a flurry of shots while Dex is down. Referee Benny Doyle orders him to stop, but ADV does no such thing until Morrow yells at him from the outside to stop!

Tom Morrow:

No! Go for the win, Al! Work him over, then pin him!

ADV snaps out of his anger and then tries to pick Dex up. He throws another knee to the head of Dex, but Dex continues to rally back! He throws a few elbows to the gut, but once again Alvaro cuts him off at the pass with a big right. He hits a few jabs, then spins into a discus punch to knock Dex down! De Vargas shakes his hand, but does a pose with his arms out to show how much of a Bad Guy he is!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas... he's a bad guy, all right.

DDK:

Another stiff shot by ADV! He's come here to win tonight! This would be among the biggest wins in his DEFIANCE career if he pins Dex tonight!

He picks up Dex by the neck and then takes a moment to hoist him on his shoulders. It takes him a couple of tries, but he DOES get Dex on the shoulders for the Cuban Missile... but Dex kicks free! He slips behind de Vargas and hits him with a HUGE release german suplex!

Lance:

Big power move by Dex! He takes ADV over with the release German suplex! This is Dex's chance to make the comeback!

DDK:

ADV realizes how big a chance this is! Dex, a former Favoured Saints and one of the more dominant Southern Heritage Champions in history with a number of big wins! Gage Blackwood, Deacon, Scrow, Tyler Fuse all fell to Dex in that reign!

Dex goes back up and then hits a pair of big shots that rock ADV as he stumbles backwards. Morrow freaks out as Dex whips ADV across the ring. ADV does the flip over the ropes like before and pops the crowd a second time, but Dex does something amazing when the tank of a man leaps to the nearby ropes and flies off with a inside springboard lariat to knock ADV off the apron!

DDK:

What agility by Dex! And I don't think he's done!

Dex scans the rowdy sea of Faithful... er, Dex's Wrecking Crew and starts a "whoa!" chant that builds with the run.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAA!

Then takes flight with an AMAZING suicide dive through the ropes, WIPING OUT Alvaro de Vargas on the outside!

DDK:

The Whoa-pe connects! Dex is living up to his moniker! He's wrecking Alvaro!

Dex Joy sits up first and then grabs Alvaro by his neck and his pants to throw him back inside. ADV tries to get away while Dex climbs the apron. Morrow tries to intervene, but Dex sees him coming and he shoots a murderous look at the manager of ADV.

Lance:

Morrow might have been up to no good there, but Dex stopping him cold.

DDK:

Look out !

But it's enough for ADV to come back and hit a cheap shot! He grabs Dex and tries to push him to the ropes, but The Biggest Boy puts the brakes on and sends El Sol Dorado to the ropes... then POPS HIM UP FOR THE DEX BOMB!

DDK:

Dex Bomb! Sit-out Dex Bomb on ADV! Cover! Cover!

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

ADV gets both legs up and boxes Dex's ears to kick out of the pop-up sitout powerbomb!

Lance:

Close one! ADV kicks out, but Dex still in the game! He has to put together a few more moves to put Alvaro away!

DDK:

We know first-hand how vicious ADV can be. Look what he did to Henry Keyes recently. Enough said!

Dex Joy calls out to the crowd and get cheers from the Wrecking Crew! He picks up ADV in the fireman's carry position... but before he can hit the Dex-5, ADV elbows Dex in the side of the head and then slips out the back door. He runs at the ropes, but Dex takes him out with a big clothesline! The crowd cheers as Dex has the pressure firmly on Alvaro and then runs the ropes...

Lance:

NO! Alvaro catches Dex by the throat!

ADV then does a kip-up from the ground WHILE his hand is around Dex's throat! The giant ADV then tries to hoist Dex up, but he fights off the chokeslam! Dex successfully fights it off, but when he charges at ADV... ADV moves... but Benny Doyle doesn't! Doyle gets bowled right over by Dex thanks to ADV shoving him!

DDK:

No! No! ADV sends Dex into Doyle!

Dex can't believe his unintentional folly, but when he turns around, ADV hits a huge Abajo Vas knee strike and Dex gets dropped to the canvas! The crowd jeers when Morrow sees his chance and waves for something...

DDK:

Benny Doyle is down... oh, lord...

The crowd JEER as The Lucky Sevens both head to the ring! The giants were in action earlier tonight, but both enter the ring and all three men put the boots to Dex while Doyle is down!

Lance:

Come on! We don't need this!

DDK:

Of course Morrow had them on standby if he had an opportunity!

Morrow laughs at the three-on-one... but he's been doing this long enough that when the loud booing becomes loud cheering, that's not good. He turns around... and speeding down the ramp, Titaness and a willing Minute, both with aluminum bats in hand with Uriel Cortez not far behind with a chain!

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes and BFTA part two!

Mason sees them coming and then tries to cut Uriel off at the pass, but Uriel grabs him and pulls him out from the ring! Morrow yells at Max to finish Minute since he didn't earlier! Max nods and keeps on doing this to fight him out of the ring! He tries to get at Titaness, but gets a bat to the rib cage!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes helping Dex Joy!

ADV continues to jump on Dex, but now Dex fights back! Uriel and Mason exchange punches into the crowd going one way while Max Luck is being dealt with by both Titaness and Minute with aluminum bats! They fight into the crowd!

DDK:

Dex Joy all alone with ADV now... but ADV has his own chain! The one he used that backfist with on Uriel Cortez two weeks ago!

As the fights disperse in multiple directions, Benny Doyle is just coming around... but when he gets the chain, he turns... and Dex LAUNCHES him into the corner with Dexy's Midnight Runner!

Lance:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! DEX CUTS HIM OFF!

The crowd ROARS when Dex hits the move, then hoists up ADV on his shoulders...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE DOS! DEX DRIVE DOS! HE DEBUTED THAT MOVE AGAINST ARTHUR PLEASANT AT DEFIANCE ROAD!

The sit-out piledriver spikes ADV into the canvas! Morrow freaks out as Dex goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

Dex stands up after the hard-hitting match, a bit beaten from three guys stomping on him at one time... but still victorious!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DEX JOY!**

The Biggest Boy stands over Alvaro, then shoots Morrow a look mocking crying and then laughs before he leaves the ring and then heads up the ramp after this win!

DDK:

Morrow found an opportunity to try and use The Lucky Sevens to help ADV, but Los Tres Titanes evened the odds, then Dex Joy was able to get the big win!

Lance:

ADV gave him a great fight prior to the interference, but Dex walks away with another huge victory tonight!

Dex heads backstage to celebrate a massive win, but as this goes on, an angry Morrow grabs a microphone...

SHAKEDOWN I

DDK:

Oh, lord, what is Morrow doing now?

Morrow snatches the microphone away from Darren Quimbey and then angrily charges into the ring. ADV is out of it at ringside, having his neck attended to after being drilled with a sit-out piledriver from Dex Joy.

Tom Morrow:

THAT RESULT WAS WRONG! LOS TRES TITANES INTERFERED! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GONE!
THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GONE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd lets Tom Morrow have it, but the BFTA Brainchild fires right back.

Tom Morrow:

SHUT UP! SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU! I TOLD YOU! BFTA HAS BEEN COMMANDING FOR WEEKS! THIS RESULT WAS WRONG AND I'M **DEMANDING** DEFIANCE MANAGEMENT AND FAVOURED SAINTS REVERSE THE DECISION DUE TO INTERFERENCE! THIS WAS A SCREW JOB! THIS WAS...

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

The unfamiliar music plays, mercifully cutting Tom Morrow off! He turns to the entrance...

DDK:

What is this? What's going on?

Lance:

I don't know! Who is this... OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Stepping out for the first time in a little over two months stands a man with a drastically changed look from the last time he was seen. Wearing a black flat cap, shaggy goatee, black tattered overalls and a muscle shirt...

DDK:

LOOK!

Morrow does indeed look like he needs a fresh change of underwear as standing on the ramp, taking off the flat cap to reveal a new undercut with the sides of his head shaved and a short top knot... the figure looks up...

"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!

Lance:

Wait... Uriel Cortez... he said Los Tres Titanes weren't coming alone on DEF Radio... was THIS it?!

DDK:

I... I think you're right!

Mace licks his chops then RUNS down the ramp! Morrow snaps out of his petrified state and then tries to run... but Mace GRABS him by the back of the leg! He tries to pull Morrow close... but ADV limps in and elbows him!

DDK:

ADV trying to save Morrow!

ADV throws a few punches, then tries to set Mace up for a piledriver... but before he can lift him up for Ardiendo, Mace pushes him away... then Mace runs at ADV, spear-style and then hoists him up and SPIKES him down with a massive lifting side slam!

DDK:

OOH! Alvaro tried to stop Jack Mace and just paid the price!

Mace stands over the fallen ADV... then stares down at Morrow who slinks out of the ring!

Lance:

Tom Morrow was so sure that Jack Mace wasn't going to get back into the States! He practically gloated that he had messed with his work visa to keep him out of the country! This is the first time we've seen Jack Mace in over two months!

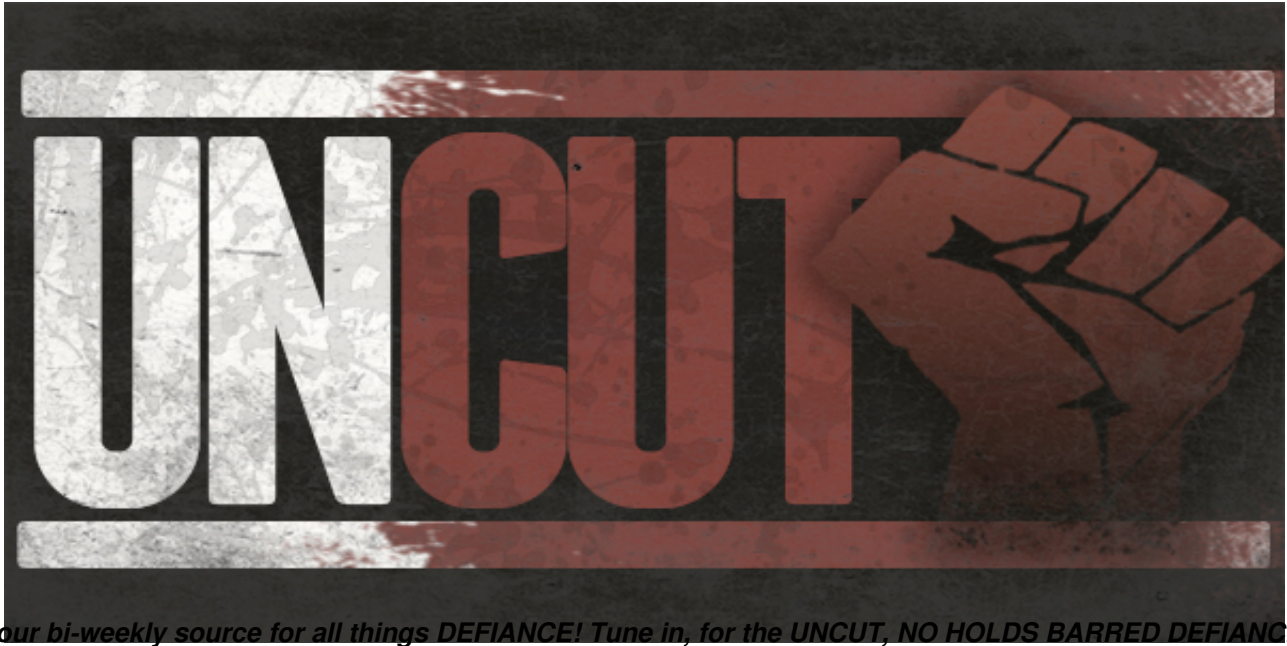
DDK:

He talked trash virtually EVERY appearance since they booted him from Better Future, but he's back!

The Faithful explode when Mace stands up and looks down at Morrow, but he gets the hell out of the ring! He runs into the crowd and Jack Mace follows shortly behind him!

DDK:

We've got to get to a commercial, quick! Things have broken down after this match, but we're going to try and get some order restored! Stay tuned!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

SHAKEDOWN II

Following the commercial, the scene cuts back to ringside with Darren Keebler talking to someone in his headset and Lance Warner watching over him.

Lance:

Folks, we are back... if you're just joining us, first thing, shame on you. Second, we just saw the return of former BFTA member Jack Mace two months after he was ousted from the group by Morrow and his men! Darren is being given info as to what's happening!

DDK:

He laid out Alvaro de Vargas then chased Morrow off... DEFSec are in the middle of escorting both Los Tres Titanes and The Lucky Sevnes out of the building and we've heard both sides will be fined for the chaos caused tonight.

Lance:

That's probably the best for everyone... but where are Jack Mace and Tom Morrow?

DDK:

That's also what I'm trying to find out now. We're trying to see if cameras can find them. Jack Mace went right for Tom Morrow. We've...

He stops when he hears something.

DDK:

Uh-oh... I'm being told we've got visual on Tom Morrow in our upper levels! We'll try and see where he is...

The camera feed goes to the upstairs level with Morrow knocking over every last piece of equipment he can find with the British wildman Jack Mace still hot on his trail. He knocks over a trash can and then pushes a production crate in the middle of the aisle before he starts to notice a room...

An empty skybox, closed for renovations.

Before he makes another move, Morrow sees the cameraman and scrambles again.

Tom Morrow:

Get the hell out of here! There's some mangy asshole that's trying to eat my face!

He knocks the cameraman back and almost knocks him over.

DDK: [V/O]

Morrow tried to run and almost damaged one of our cameras in the process!

Lance: [V/O]

No visual on Mace yet.

Not for long. Not far behind where he just went, the beastly form of Jack Mace starts stomping through the halls in search of his prey.

Jack Mace:

Oi... Oi... **OI!** Tommy, you stepped into a world of some wild shite, haven't you, mate?!

The crazed Englishman notices the camera on him.

Jack Mace:

Oi... you seen a gangly-looking piece of shite up in a fancy red suit up here? Saw his gormless arse hide in an elevator

a little bit ago and figured he came up here.

The cameraman points at the door he just went in since moments ago, Morrow did just insult the man. Mace mouths a silent "thank you" before KICKING the door open of the empty skybox! A girlish shriek is heard before the camera follows inside.

Lance: *[V/O]*

Uh-oh, he just found him!

Inside, Morrow tries to get away and The Faithful can be heard CHEERING as Mace THROTTLES the shady manager of BFTA against the wall!

Tom Morrow:

No, Jack, no! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

The Killer Bear snarls at Tom, visibly seething with barely-contained rage.

Jack Mace:

Oi! You're gonna be sorry, mate! I spent TWO MONTHS in the wilderness dreaming of this moment... He looks out at the nearby skybox window.

Jack Mace:

And this made it easy! Corvo Alpha gave me a great idea...

He opens the skybox window and the crowd can be heard cheering as Mace grabs Morrow by the collar of his shirt and drags him towards it!

Tom Morrow:

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

Mace is about to do it... but stops just short of actually doing so and holds Morrow by the edge by his shirt.

Jack Mace:

...No way out now, Tommy... nothing's gonna save you now...

He stoically stares at Morrow...

Then reaches into his pocket.

Jack Mace:

Unless...

Tom Morrow: *[panicked]*

Unless... unless what? Unless what?!

Mace holds the papers out.

Jack Mace:

Unless... You sign these papers that Los Tres Titanes had drawn up from your dad! They still talk to your superagent dad, Tommy. Tommy Senior helped get my work visa reinstated and helped drum up these contracts...

Tom Morrow:

WHAT? DAD?! That old.. AHHHH!

He pulls Morrow a little further out the window by his collar while the Faithful watch on and cheer.

Jack Mace:

Sign them. NOW... or you're gonna get real friendly with them fancy electrical boxes below.

When Morrow hems and haws... Mace starts to push him back to the skybox window...

Tom Morrow:

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! STOP, I'LL SIGN! I'LL SIGN! JUST LET ME GO!

Jack Mace:

You sign this now or I WILL let you go...

Morrow frantically shakes his head as Mace then clicks a pen from the pocket in his jacket. Morrow frantically puts his signature on it to save himself!

Jack Mace:

Great... that's a contract that says Alvaro de Prickus and them Fucky Sevens fight Los Tres Titanes at DEFCON and as their manager, you agree to the match!

A cheer can be heard from the Faithful watching this play out on the DEFIATron as Mace presents the second one.

Tom Morrow:

All right, you got what you wanted! Let me go!

But Mace's eyebrow furrows and he looks disgusted.

Jack Mace:

Nah, mate... THEY got what THEY wanted... but what about your good pal, Jackie, eh? Right now, Tommy, I can't think of anything I want more than throwing you out of this skybox right now...

He holds out a second paper from inside his pocket.

Jack Mace:

...Except you signing THIS.

Morrow looks at the second contract...

Jack Mace:

SIGN IT.

Morrow frantically struggles with the pen while still being held by the collar and signs the paper. After Mace looks it over... he grins and then lets go of Morrow's collar, allowing him to finally breathe. After that, Morrow tries to stop hyperventilating while Mace reads it over quietly. When he seems satisfied, he finally drops Morrow. He backs up and he scurries as far away from the window.

Tom Morrow:

What's... what's that one for?

Mace starts to leave the room before he cackles.

Jack Mace:

THIS one says as BFTA's manager, you also agreed to a match at DEFCON... between YOU... and ME.

Another cheer from the fans watching! Tom Morrow goes ghost white a second time as he looks up... for once... no more words!

Jack Mace:

You said I'd never get to DEFCON again and I just proved you wrong.... Oi! Almost forgot, Tommy...

Mace has a vengeful gleam.

Jack Mace:

...I get to pick the stipulation.

For the first time in several months, the crazed wildman has a smile on his face as he storms out of the empty skybox, two freshly signed matches made for DEFCON while Morrow is left all alone, hyperventilating as the show moves back to the Commentation Station

THE DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE (3): OSCAR BURNS vs. "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL

Lance:

That... that was WILD! I don't have another way to put it! Jack Mace makes his return and literally shakes matches out of Tom Morrow with contracts his own father, Thomas Keeling, helped draw up! We've got Los Tres Titanes vs. ADV and The Lucky Sevens... AND Morrow having to face Jack Mace in a match where he gets to choose the stipulations at DEFCON?!

DDK:

Mace colluded with Los Tres Titanes and their former manager, Thomas Keeling - Morrow's own father - against him! Morrow had this coming for months! Remember, it was Morrow who had his father injured and had to retire from being Minute and Uriel's long-time manager.

Lance:

Indeed! You reap what you sow, Tom!

DDK:

But as we often say in our line of work, it's time to switch gears cause we have another match coming up next! We have the next installment of the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge, aka the D3C! Since Burns awarded himself with his prized golden shovel, he has defended it in ten-minute challenges. He's defeated George Othello and Nathan Cross of BRAZEN, but tonight, he defends against the first main roster star to take him up on his challenge, Titus Campbell!

Lance:

On UNCUT last week, Titus made the challenge and Burns accepted. Burns still has yet to answer about his vicious attack at the end of DEFtv over Dex Joy and has refused his challenge for DEFCON. Tonight, though, Burns' attention is turned towards turning back a game Titus Campbell! Can the powerhouse of Gulf Coast Connection get the win tonight? We'll find out!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is the third installment of the Oscar Burns D3C! The Dig Down Deep Challenge set for a ten-minute time limit! If the opponent can win within ten minutes or fight Oscar Burns to a draw, they will win the coveted golden shovel! Introducing first...

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid! Weighing in at 283 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat (not to mention an air cast from his match with Tyler Fuse a few weeks ago), along with Crescent City Kid... wearing his mask, getting the crowd REALLY fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience, then bumps fists with Titus. He climbs into the ring and gets cheers from the pro-hometown crowd!

DDK:

BIG opportunity for Titus Campbell tonight! Forget the golden shovel... like him or not, Oscar Burns is giving these young people an opportunity to get a career-making win! Can Titus do it?

The Wingman has his game face on as the intro for his opponent starts.

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE! After the highlights...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes the New Zealander, in his ring gear with the golden shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

D3C NUMBER THREE, GCS!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. He hands the golden shovel over to Jonny Fastcountini before looking over to Titus Campbell and waving. The bell rings.

DING DING

Oscar Burns waves to the crowd, but the second he takes his eye off the ball.... WHAM! A HUGE clothesline from Titus Campbell knocks him down to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Titus not playing games tonight!

He goes right for Burns and then tries to cover after the big shot, but the former two-time FIST quickly rolls away and hides in the ropes, using them to get back to his feet after being leveled moments before. The Kiwi waits in the corner and then Jonny to get him back.

DDK:

Smart move by Burns! He's stalling for time, but he can't run out the clock.

Lance:

Yeah, at ten minutes if this match is done, the shovel and the win go to Titus Campbell!

CCK and Theodore Cain both cheer on their buddy from the outside as he tries to go for Burns again, only for Burns to back away a second time. Titus tries to grab the head of Burns while he's in the ropes and Jonny gets in the way... but the second he does, Oscar grabs the arm of Titus and then SNAPS it on the ropes! Campbell falls to a knee and then the keeper of the golden shovel smiles.

DDK:

Burns suckered him in right there!

Burns has a chance to get in control and then hits a running high knee to the middle of Titus' back! Campbell falls over to the mat and favors his left arm when Oscar measures him up... then hits a STIFF running kick to the arm! The big man tumbles to the mat and now cradles his arm while Burns heads over to Theodore Cain and CCK on the outside.

Oscar Burns:

HE'S TRYING, GCS! HE'S TRYING! GOOD MATCH, GOOD MATCH!

DDK:

I still can't believe how Burns has been these last few months!

Lance:

Agreed. It's shameful. A man who we can't argue may be one of the best to ever do it in DEFIANCE is pandering, taking cheap shots on people after matches...

The crowd jeers Burns as he goes right to a fujiwara armbar on the big man, cranking back VICIOUSLY on the arm! Titus grits his teeth, but because of where he is on the mat, he can't reach over with his other arm! The Wingman has to rely on his power! Burns yells out to the Faithful!

Oscar Burns:

HE'S TRYING! TITUS! TITUS! TITUS! TITUS!

He starts a mocking chant, but the crowd takes the bait and chants on while Theodore Cain and CCK both lead the crowd.

TITUS! TITUS! TITUS! TITUS!

The Wingman tries to shoulder his way to the ropes... he claws a bit more... and makes it quickly! He gets a hand on the ropes! Jonny Fastcountini orders Burns to back off and he holds the armbar a few more seconds before he finally releases the hold!

Lance:

The crowd want to see big Titus Campbell shut Burns up! CCK was CLOSE to becoming the Favoured Saints Champion two weeks ago! The GCC are just looking for one big win!

DDK:

But Burns not making it easy! He's stomping away on the arm of the big man to try and negate his power advantage!

He continues to STOMP down viciously on the left arm of Campbell! Titus lets out a yelp after the last stomp and when Burns tries to go for the ropes, Titus SHOVES him away with his free hand. When he comes back, Titus is one a knee and then fires a shot right to Burns' breadbasket! The Faithful cheer Titus as he fires back with two more, but Burns returns said fire with a big European uppercut! Titus is back upright and holds his jaw before he fires back with a right hand.

DDK:

Titus firing back!

Burns tries a move, but Titus comes back with a big scoop powerslam! Titus is still trying to protect his bad arm, but he gets back up to his knees and looks out to the Faithful, readying to fight back.

Lance:

Big powerslam counter by Titus Campbell! The arm is slowing him down, but he has a chance now!

The Wingman is back up and waits for the champion to get back up with just after four minutes on the clock. He runs up and runs right through Burns with a big shoulder tackle. Titus waits and then charges off the ropes a second time, then knocks Burns down this time with a big running clothesline using his good arm! Campbell then waits in the corner as he tries lining up Burns for something big. The Wingman takes the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE into the ropes... then drops him with a standing sidewalk slam... then LEAPS with a big running splash!

DDK:

Titus is doing the best thing he can! He's got power behind him and he has to keep firing on Burns! Don't give him a chance to get going!

The Faithful cheer on Titus as he points to the corner while Burns is still sucking in wind from the earlier splash! Burns is left reeling on the mat when Titus goes to the second rope, then the big man takes flight... well, with a move called Take Flight! Titus takes a moment to favor his arm, then crawls over!

Lance:

Take Flight diving headbutt off the second rope! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The shoulder of Burns fires up quickly with just five minutes, but Titus shakes his head and casts a glance out to the crowd. Titus Campbell gets ready and then hooks the leg. He double underhooks the arms of Burns and tries to hoist him up, but the left arm causes him issues...

DDK:

He tries for the Hookup... NO! Burns fires out...

Titus grabs the arm, but the one second hesitation is all Burns needs to hit a knee, then grab the arm and hit a double knee armbreaker! Titus falls to a knee when Burns gets up... and hits a big jumping enzuigiri to the back of the head! Campbell falls to the mat!

DDK:

No! Titus gets dropped with the jumping kick by Burns!

The crowd jeers when Burns gets up and then goes right to hook the grounded octopus stretch... then CRANKS back on the arm!

Lance:

Burns with the grounded version of the Graps of Wrath! The grounded octopus with the arm lock cinched in tight!

He cranks back in the grounded hold even more! Campbell tries to fight! Cain and Crescent City Kid both cheer for Campbell, but Burns PULLS back about as far as he can go on the big man... Titus has no choice!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

After Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell, Burns loses his grip on the hold and rolls away from Titus. He gets up to his knee and Jonny walks over to hand him the treasured Golden Shovel.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Titus tried the best he could, but there's a reason the man that calls himself DEFIANCE calls himself DEFIANCE... more matches than anyone. More wins than anyone.

Lance:

But do we need to hear him crow about it?

Burns reaches over and then gives Titus Campbell a mocking pat on the back as Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid come in to check on him. Burns leaves the ring and then goes to ask for a microphone. The Faithful jeer as Burns' music cuts on his way up the ramp. It takes him a moment to catch his breath but when he does, he begins.

Oscar Burns:

Titus... good match, GC! There's a reason you're a former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... I know, I do my homework... and in another three to five years, we'll have to do this match again Good job!

The crowd jeers as Burns starts to head up the ramp.

Oscar Burns:

I've been putting on clinic after clinic the last few weeks against opponents big and small, but... as much as this Golden Shovel means to me, there's only thing that I want more! At a place that means the most to me.

He starts to point to a banner hanging in the rafters for the biggest show that DEFIANCE puts out... But thinks better of it.

Oscar Burns:

Eh, I'm not going to point at our signage. You already know I mean DEFCON! And we all know that I mean The FIST!

As Titus Campbell gets checked on by CCK and Theodore in the ring still, Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

People like Titus down there... people like Dex Joy, people from BRAZEN. They all want to be me! They want me to make their careers. It's a story as old as when I first stepped foot in the door, GCs! I was top-tier, God Mode, gold class! Call it whatever you want. I've outlasted the UTA invasion. I've outlasted Scott Stevens. I've outlasted Kendrix. I've outlasted Jay Harvey. I've outlasted MIKEY UNLIKELY! Mikey's 499 days as the FIST pales in comparison to the over ONE-THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED DAYS that I have been the best man in this promotion. I say it, GCs, because it's truth!

The crowd starts cheering!

Oscar Burns:

Say it with me, Oscar Burns Faithful! You know who I am!

...but they aren't cheering for Burns! They're cheering for a very familiar form up the ramp.

DDK:

LANCE! LOOK!

Burns smiles and then yells out...

Oscar Burns:

I... AM... DEF-AHHHH!

He turns around... then gets an EXPLOSIVE running shoulder tackle from Dex Joy! The shot makes him drop both the microphone AND shovel, sending him flying and then rolling down the ramp! Dex Joy stands on top of the ramp and rubs his shoulder, still dressed from wrestling earlier against Alvaro de Vargas but looking ready for another fight tonight!

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Good Lord! Oscar Burns just got BLASTED down the ramp by Dex Joy and that shoulder tackle he calls Dexy's Midnight Runner!

DDK:

This is payback for Burns attacking Dex Joy to end DEFtv 166 two weeks ago! Dex has wanted a match with Oscar Burns at DEFCON to shut his mouth, but Oscar point-blank has repeatedly refused the challenge!

Lance:

Dex Joy is happy to give him a receipt for that attack!

Dex stands on the ramp and raises his fists in the air as Burns has been laid the hell out on the ramp! He picks up the microphone that he knocked out of Burns's hand.

Dex Joy:

Pally ... unlike you, I think I can speak for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when I tell you for once ... close your whiny-ass mouth!

The Faithful cheer the big man standing on top of the ramp while Burns holds his ribs at the bottom! Dex Joy lets go of the microphone and he high fives the members of the Gulf Coast Connection walking up the ramp past Burns!

DDK:

Dex Joy just gave Oscar Burns a massive taste of his own medicine!

Lance:

And what a big message by a big man! He's not done with Burns by a long shot!

Oscar Burns starts to get up, and he's left in equal parts rage and ouchies while Dex Joy heads backstage!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE SPOTLIGHT - SCOTT DOUGLAS

RELIVE Scott Douglas' career highlights by clicking above!

BURIED

Christie Zane is backstage with a big interview about to take place.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen ... right now please welcome Dex Joy!

The Biggest Boy walks up in track pants the new "Dex Wrex!" t-shirt and a towel.

Christie Zane:

Dex Joy, a big night for you! You defeated Alvaro de Vargas and not too long earlier you attacked Oscar Burns.

Dex Joy:

That's right. Let me talk to Oscar Burns! You want to call me a bully, then pally, I'm your damn huckle-berry! Every time you come out and spit out some more verbal diarrhea, I'm gonna be the big bottle of Ultra Strength Pepto to shut you the hell up! if you aren't going to meet me in a match at DEFCON, I'm gonna be waiting for you by the flagpole, in the locker room, in the bathroom, it don't matter to Dexy Baby! I'm gonna whip your ass, I'm going to stuff you into a locker and I'll give you a swirly, wedgie, noogie, purple nurple and whatever this immature mind can think up!! I'll hang your underwear on the flagpole outside so we can Salute Your Shorts! RIP Ug!

Dex does a Hail Mary.

Dex Joy:

If you're gonna keep bullying the roster with this bull-shit Golden Shovel challenge, then I'm going to find you and I'm gonna bully *you* ... until you accept *my* challenge for DEFCON!!!

And things stop right away.

Christie Zane looks over and sees a limping and ANGRY Oscar Burns approaching. Dex looks ready to fight but Burns does not have the Golden Shovel with him nor does he appear to have any weapon.

Oscar Burns: *[turning to Christie]*

See? He admits it plain as day. Once again, I'm right. He's a bully. TWICE now you've attacked me because you think you can literally throw your weight around and get away with it.

Dex Joy:

That's kind of my schtick here.

Burns scoffs.

Oscar Burns:

I know that, GC... we ALL know... but what you don't seem to understand is this... PALLY... !! Am! DEFIANCE! And more importantly, !! Am! DONE! I'm done trying to ignore you. As much as I want to keep as far away from you in this locker room as I can... the greatest evil that can exist in MY DEFIANCE is when good people like me sit idly and do nothing. You need to be stopped. And I'm going to be the one that stops you. You want your match at DEFCON?

He pulls Christie's arm closer so everyone can hear.

Oscar Burns:

I ACCEPT!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Joy can't hide his... well, joy, in Oscar accepting the challenge with a smile on his face. Oscar starts to smirk.

Oscar Burns:

You think this is what you want, Dex... (stops smirking) but go ask Conor Fuse what it's like to step into the ring with Big Match Burnsie. He got munted now he's stuck being Malak Garland's bag boy. Ask Lindsay Troy. If there's anything left, go find Cayle Murray and ask him. Go ask literally anyone in this promotion, GC. And you will learn that you can't outlast me, you can't outwrestle me... and you can't beat me.

Zane looks to Dex who steps forward right into the face of Oscar.

Dex Joy:

And *you're* going to learn ... I don't care about any of that. At DEFCON... you're gonna get wrecked.

Dex Joy starts to leave but he doesn't turn his back to Oscar when he does it. Oscar turns and heads the other way!

Christie Zane:

There you have it! Dex Joy versus Oscar Burns now OFFICIAL for DEFCON!

CONOR FUSE vs. PAT CASSIDY

DDK:

Welcome back to this St. Patrick's Day DEFTv folks! Up next is a match that was booked earlier tonight when "Black Out" Pat Cassidy of The Saturday Night Specials takes on Conor Fuse... sadly, Comments Conor of The Comments Section. If Cassidy wins, his partner Brock Newbludd will be granted a singles match against Malak Garland at DEFTv 168.

Lance:

The tag team champions had some rather candid words for both of their DEFCON challengers earlier tonight, and it's safe to assume that tensions are running high.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The fans are on their feet for the second time tonight thanks to the Unified Tag Team champions The Saturday Night Specials! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy appears first, walking through the curtain with a slow stride. Both his arms are outstretched as he struts, almost as if he's pretending to be an airplane. But like... a cool strutting airplane, you know? Almost like a person of questionable moral character. He takes three or four steps toward the center of the stage before raising his arms high with a smirk. Behind him appears his partner, Brock Newbludd who drops down to a knee, turns sideways, and points to his partner with two outstretched fingers.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing two-hundred-forty-two pounds... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

DDK:

A unique matchup here to be sure... two really popular wrestlers with a lot of history. When you add in the Malak Garland complication, this situation has the potential to explode here tonight!

Lance:

Cassidy had some not very kind words for Conor earlier tonight, Keebs. I wonder if this match is going to get more personal than we'd expect.

A quick fist pound by the tag champs is followed by Cassidy's aggressive stride to the ring. Up the ring steps, through the middle rope, and up to a turnbuckle with both hands raised high to the adoration of the fans. Brock takes position on the outside, clapping for his partner along with The Faithful. Pat gets down off the top rope, unlocking his tag team championship belt from around his midsection. He leans out of the ring, handing his belt off to a ringside attendant. Pat points to the belt and then points to his fist, seeming to indicate that if something happens to the belt there will be hell to pay. Cassidy then moves into a corner, arms rested on either side of the top rope as he glares toward the entrance with concentration.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... THE ULTIMATE GAMER... CONOR FUSE!

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

The crowd is supportive of the "newest" Comment Section member as he walks out from behind the curtain. Fuse is very subdued. No running, jumping or anything out of the ordinary. Conor simply walks down the rampway, eyes locked on Pat Cassidy. He sports new white tights, along with a white arm sleeve and white bandana. All wrestling gear is tattooed with various hashtags and says related to what you'd find on the comment section of a website.

#NOTMYUNIFIEDTAGTEAMCHAMPIONS

#ThisBrockNewbluddSucks

#PasCassidyAintPRIME

And various shots at other wrestlers, in particular Lindsay Troy.

Fuse doesn't take his eyes off Cassidy.

DDK:

Some rough comments from Pat earlier in the night. Say whatever you'd like about Cassidy and Fuse's differences before but to make a statement on Conor and Tyler's relationship...

Lance:

Yeah, it was uncomfortable, Keebs. And yet I can totally understand it. Pat's a loyal family guy, who has clearly taken exception to threats, perceived or real, when it comes to his own family. Add on the fact he's not one to forgive Conor from their past... and here we are.

The gamer walks up the steel steps and enters the ring. Once the bell is about to sound...

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

Oh no. Dear lord, no.

Much to the chagrin of the announce team, Malak Garland appears and walks on over. He assumes an open spot and headset at the desk while drawing attention to his shirt.

Malak Garland:

Am I on a hot mic here? I don't want to get caught saying something incriminating. Oh wow, would you look at this delectable Tom Brady shirt I am adorning. Much like the G.O.A.T. of football I am the G.O.A.T. of DEFIANCE so I thought I'd come out here and provide my delectability on commentary.

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

Great. Welcome.

DING DING

Just as Hector Nevarro calls for the bell... Conor is off like a rocket! Cassidy sees him coming but Conor is so damn fast and The Scrapper from Southie barely has any time to prepare as Fuse is on him with a flurry of left hands! Despite his efforts to cover up and/or block, Pat is slowly backed into a corner. With a burst of energy and a little desperation, Cassidy manages to SHOVE the slightly smaller Conor Fuse backwards with two palms to the chest. Conor stumbles backwards, and Cassidy tries to catch him off guard by charging out of the corner with a clothesline, but Conor ducks! Pat turns around... right into a spinning wheel kick! Cassidy is dazed, and Conor gets a head of steam off the ropes before clotheslining The Saturday Night Special right out of the ring!

DDK:

Conor Fuse is fired up to start here!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Malak Garland:

He sure is, Jim. It is the favorite holiday for lowlife's like him, after all. Good old St. Patrick's Day. What a waste of time and space.

Lance: *[confused]*

But Conor is a gamer? What does St. Patrick's Day have to do with anything?

On the outside, Pat gets to his feet, holding the back of his head. He looks to Brock Newbludd, who questions if he's alright. Cassidy shoots a thumbs up before turning to look back at Conor Fuse - who is leaping over the rope with a

dive to the outside!! At the absolute last second, Cassidy dives out of Fuse's path and Conor collides with the ringside mat, drawing a collective "oooooh" from The Faithful.

Lance:

Maybe a little too fired up, Keebs. His exuberance may have just cost him.

Malak Garland:

Unsurprising really because when you think about it, cOnOr always tries a little too hard to be the better wrestler. I mean, I won't overtly say it but we all know Tyler is the superior brother.

Conor uses a guard rail to pull himself up as he holds his back in pain... but Cassidy doesn't give him any quarter as he grabs Comments Conor by the back of the head and sends him head-first directly into the nearby ringsteps. Conor's bell is rung as Pat again grabs him by the back of the head and this time rolls him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Cassidy follows him in and immediately hooks the leg with a cover.

Malak Garland:

You better kick out with delectability!

ONE!

TWO!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two kicks out with authority!

Malak Garland:

Delectable.

Not letting up the pressure, Cassidy peppers Conor with stiff right hands as Brock cheers his partner on from the outside. Black Out lifts Conor up and props him into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. Cassidy begins to climb up the ropes in a setup for a superplex, but Conor fires up and unloads with left hands of his own! Cassidy is stunned and he drops backwards back into the ring, still on his feet. The Locker Room Leader tries to capitalize, bringing himself to a standing position on the top rope in an attempt to fly off, but a wry Pat Cassidy falls sideways into the ropes, causing Conor to lose his footing and crash down onto the turnbuckle in a very uncomfortable position! With Connor unwillingly perched, Cassidy grabs him by the neck and stomach, lifting him up and over and down to the mat.

Malak Garland:

See, this is what happens when you put your faith into buffoon. I should have known better.

Pat Cassidy grabs Conor Fuse and hooks him for the Alabama slam. Cassidy turns to the crowd, shooting them a wink and a smile before lifting Conor up over his shoulders... but Fuse rolls through, escaping the hold and sliding down Cassidy's back! Fuse off the ropes, and just as Pat turns around, he eats a crisp dropkick to the face!

Malak Garland:

OHHHHHHHH! WHAT A DROPKICK! WE BACK ON TOP, FAM!

Conor sends Cassidy off the ropes, looking to catch him on the rebound with a second dropkick... but Pat grabs the ropes to halt his momentum, and Conor ends up hitting nothing but air and falling on his back. He gets back up but gets taken back down by a Pat Cassidy body slam. Cassidy up on the second turnbuckle. He points at his partner on the outside before flying off with a pointed elbow drop to Conor's face! Cassidy covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Fuse kicks out in the nick of time!

Malak Garland:

He almost lost his celebratory pizza party at Ballyhoo! He better not get pinned.

Cassidy brings Conor to his feet before whipping him across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle. Fuse collides backfirst into the corner. Pat takes position in the opposite corner, pointing at his opponent and looking at the crowd, calling for the Splash of Jameson to a mixed response from the many Conor Fuse fans in attendance. On the outside, Brock raises his arms and makes an "it's over" motion to support his partner in crime.

Malak Garland:

Look out! Not like this!

Pat Cassidy gets a running start, bounding across the ring to his opponent. When he's halfway across, he coils and leaps forward, looking for the big splash...

...but Conor dodges! Cassidy just barely manages to get his arms up to stop himself using the ropes before he slams face-first into the turnbuckle pad... but when he turns around, he's caught as Conor uses the ropes to hit a springboard dropkick!

Lance:

What a move there!

Pat falls to the mat, and Conor is up, looking toward the cheering crowd. With a smile, he's off the ropes and coming back toward Pat with a rolling thunder! Conor with the lateral press...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

On the outside, Brock exhales as his fellow Saturday Night Special kicks out. An eager fan reaches out over the guardrail with a full cup of beer to help Newbludd's nerves and he gladly takes it from him. Raising the glass to offer thanks, Brock takes a deep drink as he turns his attention back to the ring. Newbludd immediately spits the beer out when, with a burst of energy, Conor Fuse kips up! The fans are on their feet as the Locker Room Leader plays to the fans.

Malak Garland:

I don't get what people are cheering about!? Because dumbass cOnOr flippity flopped from his back to his feet? Pffffffft. I can do that in my sleep, Jim.

DDK:

The Faithful are coming alive for Conor Fuse!

Conor eyeballs Cassidy, bouncing from foot to foot and nearly unable to contain his energy. He measures Black Out as the Boston native pulls himself to his feet. When Cassidy is vertical, he turns... right into a Conor Fuse superkick! Pat falls backwards, crashing into the corner with his arms around the ropes to prop him up. A smile spreads across Conor's face. He shoots Brock Newbludd a look before bounding into the opposite corner. He readies himself across from a dazed Pat Cassidy before cupping his hands and yelling out...

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON... GET!

And The Faithful are behind their very favorite DEFIANT as he mimics Cassidy's actions, running across the ring and leaping into the air, looking to hit Pat with his very own Splash of Jameson...

...but no! He's caught mid-leap by Pat Cassidy!! Grabbing Conor by the ankles, Cassidy flings him over his back, and before Fuse can think of a counter, he gets drilled into the mat with a vicious Alabama slam! Conor is down, and Cassidy looks to the crowd with a smirk. He points to Fuse before unloading on The Power-Up King with a series of stomps. Between each stomp, Cassidy exaggeratingly mimics Fuse's smiles and mannerisms during his usual happy stomps sequence. This display actually draws a round of boos from the fans but it doesn't seem to faze Pat in the slightest.

DDK:

Cassidy's in-ring antics, while usually popular, are not endearing him to this very pro-Conor Fuse crowd.

Malak Garland:

Stupid Conor Fuse.

Lance:

I think, Keebs, that in this particular instance Pat Cassidy doesn't mind being cast as... the bad guy.

Malak Garland:

He IS the bad guy.

Indeed, if he hears the boos, he doesn't appear to be paying them any mind. Cassidy brings Conor up, wrapping the newest Comments Section member's arm around his neck and again lifting him into the air to prop him on the top rope, but this time Conor is facing outward toward the fans. Pat also climbs up top, hooking The Ultimate Gamer from behind for a belly-to-back superplex!

DDK:

If Cassidy hits this, we'll be getting Garland vs. Newbludd in two weeks time!

Malak Garland:

Never going to happen through time and space! Not delectable at all!

There are a few seconds of anticipation (that feels more like a minute) as the two men position on the top rope before Cassidy falls backwards, looking to drive his opponent into the mat. Things go awry for Pat Cassidy, however, when Conor reverses the move in midair and instead turns it into a crossbody attack! The two men hit the mat with Conor on top in a lateral press position, and Hector Nevarro slides into position...

Lance:

This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

HEGOTHIMOHWAITNOHEDIDN'T!

A close, close fall there. Conor looks to Hector, just to make sure it wasn't a three count, before visibly shaking off the confusion. With Pat prone in the ring, Conor gets a running start before springboarding off the ropes with a lionsault to the dazed Saturday Night Special... but Pat manages to get the knees up!! Fuse falls away, holding his ribs in pain and

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Malak eyes Cassidy with a devilish grin.

DDK:

What is Malak doing!? Conor is in complete control!

Conor stands on the top rope, in perfect position for his Super Splash 450... but he throws his hands up in confusion as he watches Malak pick Cassidy up off the canvas. Malak looks directly into Cassidy's dazed face...

Malak Garland:

I tHoUgHt yOu wErE cOmInG tO klcK mY aSs!?

And Malak drops Cassidy with a short arm clothesline! He breaks out into a smile, feeling ever so proud of himself... until he turns and is looking directly into the eyes of an angry Hector Nevarro! Malak throws up his hands in protest, but it's too late! Hector signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

Conor, absolutely flabbergasted at this victory being stolen from him, simply drops down from the top and lands on his feet. Game Boy moves away from Brock to join his Comments brethren in the ring as Quimbey makes it official...

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... by DISQUALIFICATION... PAAAAAT CAAAASIDY!

Despite their love for Pat Cassidy, the fans actually boo that suspect result. Cassidy, woozy, half rolls/half is pulled out of the ring by Brock Newbludd, who puts his arm around him to support him. In the ring, Malak is absolutely livid and Conor runs his hands through his hair in frustration. Game Boy is stoic as ever.

DDK:

You know what this means, Lance? In two weeks time, at DEFtv 168, Brock Newbludd goes one-on-one with Malak Garland!

Lance:

And Malak only has himself to blame!

Brock helps Cassidy up the ramp. On their way up, The Saturday Night Specials turn to look back to the ring. Brock's smile is wide as he locks eyes with Malak Garland. His nod says it all - your ass is mine. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse is fuming on the apron at everyone around him.

DEFIANCE: YEAR END AWARDS 2021

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ELISE ARES vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

DDK:

And here we are, Lance, at our main event of DEFtv 167 Night Two where Elise Ares will be taking on the always dangerous Arthur Pleasant. There doesn't really get to be a bigger change in styles than this one, does there?

Lance:

Well with the way things have been going I would've told you this was a really bad match for Elise Ares. She's been on a bit of a losing streak and hasn't really appeared to be taking things as seriously as she previously has, but Klein might've lit a fire under her butt tonight. Let's get down to the ring!

Standing in the middle of the ring is Darren Quimbey next to referee Mark Shields, presumably ready to tell the Faithful how many falls are going to be in this contest.

Darren Quimbey:

And now it's time for our MAIN EVENT! Introducing first...

A sigh of relief escapes the lips of half the people providing feedback, narrowly escaping a ONE FALL reference as music suddenly drops across the WrestlePlex.

♪ "BDE" by Qveen Herby ♪

The lights change to champagne and burgundy as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style swaggers out into the arena to a chorus of cheers from the Faithful. Raising her arms in the air she wiggles her fingers towards herself and does a full 360, showing off her black high fashion style jacket before she drops it to the floor revealing her PCP-themed ring gear of black, cyan, and magenta. Her LED sunglasses flash "FUTURE" and "FIST" over her clear acrylic face guard she's still forced to wear due to injuries suffered over a year ago.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, EEEEEELIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

Getting back to our previous conversation, fire or not, stepping into the ring with Arthur Pleasant is an experience that I'm sure any person on the roster doesn't want to have to deal with. Violent. Unpredictable. The man doesn't appear to feel pain, he almost enjoys it.

Lance:

It's sickening for sure... but we've seen Elise Ares thrive in more unbelievable situations in the past, Darren. Just need to see which Elise shows up tonight.

DDK:

For her sake, let's hope it's former "SoHER" Elise Ares?

From the top rope Elise takes off her LED sunglasses and launches them into the Faithful. Her umber eyes scan the arena before looking back at the camera with a wink and a sly smile before jumping down off the ropes.

♪ "Plagues of Babylon" by Iced Earth ♪

The heavy drums and raging strum of a guitar echo throughout the DEFplex. Its cadence is slow and methodical. The fans are not quite sure what to think of this until the DEF...

PLAGUE BEAST

... and then the boo's come raining down like a great monsoon of hatred.

DDK:

Ohhh man. Arthur Pleasant had everyone fooled for a moment, but then WHAM, he hit everyone with this new entrance theme!

Lance:

I like it, honestly. It's a shame Pleasant scooped it up.

Dragging his billhook machete by the handle, the curved top of the blade scrapes against the metal flooring, creating sparks. As soon as Pleasant makes it to the center stage area, Pleasant lifts the machete up and over his shoulder. Pointing down at Elise Ares, Pleasant slowly begins making his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Under the Midnight Sun in Ootsabooscoot, Alaska...

DDK:

It's been a year and poor Darren still can't pronounce that town correctly. Hahaha.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 220lbs... he is... THE PLAGUEBEAST... ARTHUUUUUUR PLEEEEEASAAAAANT!

Pleasant places the machete against the post and slithers into the ring like a snake ready to strike. Mark Shields motions to Elise and Arthur. Once they both nod their heads, the bell sounds!

DING DING

Arthur Pleasant rushes across the ring with a sadistic sneer but Elise is quick on her feet with a drop toe hold that sends him quickly down to the mat. Like a feral animal, Pleasant races back to his feet keeping on the pressure but is met with an arm drag. Back up. Hip Toss. He takes a swipe that's ducked before he's hit in the chin with a dropkick that staggers him back into the adjacent ropes. On the rebound he charges back but Ares manages to dodge again, this time lowering the rope leaving the Plaguebeast to topple over the ropes and onto the floor on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Elise is doing everything she can here not to be touched by Pleasant and you have to wonder how long she can keep this up!

Lance:

She's noticeably faster, Darren, and she's using it to her advantage!

DDK:

Arthur is right back up to his feet already, what do you have to do to keep this guy down?

Lance:

And ELISE IS ALREADY IN THE AIR!

Pleasant turns around and immediately is struck by a tope con giro by Ares! Both competitors go crashing to the concrete floor and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE immediately pops up and throws her arms into the air, trying to get the Faithful behind her. What is really behind her is Arthur Pleasant shaking off the massive blow and getting back up to his feet.

DDK:

Tope con hilo and he looks inconvenienced!

Lance:

RUN!

Almost as if she could hear him, Elise immediately takes off running with Pleasant following her in pursuit. Around two corners they go before she gains enough of a lead to dart into the ring. Pleasant follows but Ares is already back out of the ring on the other side. Her eyes are wide as Arthur taunts her to get back into the ring and Mark Shields begins to count. Ares paces back and forth, beginning to game plan when the Faithful begin to stir.

DDK:

It looks like we're going to have company?

Klein walks out into the arena carrying a couple of folding chairs followed by Flex Kruger. Elise rounds the corner to see what's going on, ignoring the taunts and the count, as Klein and Kruger make themselves comfortable at the top of the aisle.

Lance:

It looks like Flex In A Box wants to get a better look at just how seriously Elise Ares is taking their confrontation from earlier.

Ares begins to scream from ringside asking what they were doing before suddenly she's being lifted from behind by her hair. Screaming, Mark Shields tries to get Arthur to release the illegal maneuver but the Plaguebeast takes the entire slow five count to lift the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style off the ground by her hair and onto the apron, dragging her into the ring. Shields admonishes Pleasant for the sake of keeping his job, but Arthur knows and ignores the warnings jumping onto the prone PCP member raining down a series of fists and forearms before she manages to grab the ropes and shove him off with her feet.

DDK:

Elise maybe should have had a rope break there but... I guess not?

Lance:

Mark Shields is quick to tell Ares to get off the ropes though! She can't even get back up before she gets a warning.

Elise gets halfway up to her feet before she eats a knee right into her ribs. She doubles over in pain before being yanked up by her hair again and shoved into the corner. Another need to the midsection followed by a back elbow and no signs of Mark Shields getting involved before Elise rakes Arthur across the eyes and stumbles out of the corner gasping. Shields administers a warning as Pleasant grabs Elise from behind and throws her into the ropes. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE runs up the ropes before launching backwards and landing on Arthur's shoulder and flipping him with a hurricanrana!

DDK:

Elise Ares trying to get back into this one!

Lance:

She knows she can't let Arthur Pleasant take control or this one might be over!

Pleasant is a bit dazed as he pulls himself up to his feet to eat a dropkick that knocks him right back down. Elise jumps on top of him with a front face lock, but doesn't weigh enough to keep Arthur grounded. Her knee strikes do little to keep Pleasant from getting back to his feet and throwing her across the ring. She rolls and begins to get back up when she suddenly eats a knee to the jaw, forcing her head to bounce off the turnbuckle. The crowd groans with the impact but the Plaguebeast rains down a barrage of knee strikes and hammerfists. Lifting Elise up in the corner, Pleasant backs up before running back in with a leaping elbow strike to her skull. Ares begins to slump forward but Arthur catches her and lifts her up to the top rope.

DDK:

Pleasant is going high risk here, he appears to have a plan to administer the maximum amount of pain, looking to make a statement of Elise Ares here.

Lance:

He says he's no longer provoking, Darren. He's showing it here. This is just a brutal assault!

DDK:

Elise is in a bad spot for sure, and here comes Arthur!

As the words leave Keebler's mouth, Pleasant begins to ascend to the top rope, appearing to be settling up a superplex or a top rope brainbuster. Elise realizes the situation she's in and begins to fight back, stalling Arthur before he returns the pleasantries (get it?) with a savage head butt that sends Ares reeling backwards and almost falling off the ropes. Leaning all the way back against the pole, Elise is helpless as Arthur grabs her head and puts her into position but the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE rakes the face of the Plaguebeast once again!

Lance:

Ares is digging deep and showing some tenacity to her skeptical stablemates at ringside!

DDK:

Arthur falls off the top rope!

Landing awkwardly but on his feet, Tim Tillinghast's favorite subject stumbles around as Elise Ares stands up and gets balance. Once she does, she spins and lands on her feet going for a moonsault when Pleasant dives and slams his fists down on the ropes causing Ares to fall straight down onto the top turnbuckle. However, the momentum sends her hanging down with her feet hooked into the top turnbuckle in a tree of woe position. Arthur regains his sight and a sadistic smile crosses his face as the Faithful begin to panic. He walks over to Elise and stands right next to her and runs his hand down her leg, then her stomach, as she tries to shove him away.

Lance:

Ohhh no. This is uncomfortable. Someone needs to step in here.

DDK:

What's he planning to do here?

The Plaguebeast picks his target and goes for a baseball slide into the face of Ares, but he misses, sliding to the outside of the ring buying her some time. But he doesn't! Pleasant manages to grab her head on the way out and has her locked into a terrifying modified dragon sleeper! She frantically tries to kick her legs, attempting to break free through muffled screams. She reaches out as the crowd stirs once more screaming at Mark Shields to break the hold. The DEFIANCE official drops down to the canvas to check on the hold.

DDK:

He's halfway outside the ring, this has to be a rope break, right?

Lance:

It looks as if he's looking for a choke?

Elise flails her arm towards her stablemates sitting at the stage area, who watch on sharing a word with each other. Shields signals there is no choke and the Faithful erupt into boos as Pleasant locks in even harder. Ares grabs the rope, shaking it in her final moments of fight before it appears her arm goes limp. Pleasant begins to scream at Mark Shields to signal for the bell but can't be heard over the jeers of the Faithful, which suddenly turn into cheers as Flex Kruger goes flying out of his seat!

DDK:

THAT-A BOY, FLEX WAY TO G...

Flex Kruger stumbles and faceplants into the aisle as his chair is snatched up and The D comes sprinting down to ringside.

Lance:

HERE COMES THE D!

Pleasant's screams are even more drowned out by the roars as he frustratingly releases the hold as The D comes charging in with a steel chair. Ares tumbles head first onto the mat as Arthur runs away from The D who continues to threaten him with a chair. Pleasant jumps up on the apron and pleads for Mark Shields to throw him out, but The D answers by unfolding the chair and sitting down as Flex Kruger glares into his back from behind him.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant debating hard to get The D throw out from ringside here.

Lance:

Thrown out for what? Obviously he's just having a seat!

Mark Shields simply shrugs and lights a cigarette as Pleasant gets into the ring in protest. Arthur walks over to the seemingly unconscious body of Elise Ares and looks over at The D at ringside. He smiles as he makes eye contact and begins to lower himself into a kneeling position but Ares rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lance:

NO WAY!

DDK:

That was only two!

The Faithful begin to celebrate before they realize Pleasant got out and Ares looks back at Mark Shields in disappointment. Mark never drops his cigarette as he flashes another two to confirm for Elise as Arthur immediately grabs her from behind. Lifting her up into the air in a back suplex position, he tries to drop her backwards but she lands on her feet. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style grabs the head of the Plaguebeast from behind and leaps forward, dropping him, neck first across the top rope.

Lance:

CUBAN NECKTIE!

DDK:

Suddenly Elise is back into this match!

Even battered and bruised, recently returned to consciousness, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE takes time to dance for the crowd on the ring apron before pointing up into the sky signaling for Amethystation before lowering it and pointing back at Klein and Flex Kruger. The D gives a standing ovation outside the ring as she jumps up to the top rope right as Arthur Pleasant rises and she sails off the top rope!

DDK:

AMETHYSTAT-

Lance:

-NO!

DDK:

PROVOCATION! ELISE IS OUT!

The high velocity single-leg drop kick leaves both fighters on the mat. Ares is sprawled out not moving an inch as Pleasant rolls over onto his stomach, crawling towards the PCP member. It appears he's going to reach out for a pinfall but instead he pushes himself up to a push-up position and looks at the Faithful shaking his head no.

Lance:

He has the opportunity to put this away, Darren, and instead he's decided this needs to last a little longer.

DDK:

If you have a chance to finish off an opponent of Elise Ares' caliber you need to do it. This is just an insane choice.

Lance:

I wouldn't expect anything less from Arthur Pleasant.

Instead he lifts the head of Elise Ares up off the ground and begins raining targeted strikes right above the line of her acrylic mask before ripping the mask off and hurling it towards The D protesting at ringside. Mark Shields gives Pleasant a warning but he continues to pummel the non-shielded face of the former Southern Heritage Champion. The Faithful loudly protest as the Plaguebeast smiles from ear to ear as blood begins to trickle down the forehead of the Pop Culture Phenom. He turns her face around to show The D, Klein, and Flex Kruger before planting her into the mat with a DDT. As he rolls her over you can see a blood stain from the impact.

DDK:

Alright, this is enough. Mark needs to stop this match.

Lance:

For blood? I agree this doesn't look good but...

DDK:

He's let the rules get pushed a little too far here. Usually when someone is bleeding they are at least fighting back. Elise isn't even moving.

As if she could hear, Ares reaches her arm out only to receive a couple of stomps from Arthur Pleasant. He places his boot on her chest and stands on her and Shields mercifully begins a count, unintentionally from Arthur.

ONE!

TWO!

Elise rolls over to break the count and the Faithful partially cheer but partially groan. She has some fight left in her.

"Please stay down!"

"Please stay down!"

The Faithful chant as the Plaguebeast can be heard screaming into her ear "LISTEN TO THEM. STAY DOWN!" as he pulls her up by the hair. While not a crimson mask so to speak, a trickle of blood continues down her face as she tries to fall over. He doesn't let her. The D walks around to the side of the ring to try and pull her out but Pleasant kicks him away as Klein and Flex continue to watch from the stage. Pleasant tries to whip Ares into the ropes, but she stumbles and falls to the ground. Laughing, the Plaguebeast stalks Elise as she crawls across the ground. She reaches out to the ropes to pull herself back up, trying to protect her face and he rips her away from the ropes and eats a back elbow right into his nose.

DDK:

Ares is not backing down here, Lance. She's still trying to throw offense.

Lance:

Not sure how smart that is, but it's admirable if anything!

Pleasant snarls and goes back in towards Ares who spits blood right into his eyes. The Faithful roar as he stumbles back blinded. Elise uses everything she has to jump up onto the second rope and leap back with a flying superman punch right to the face!

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

She's still in this match?!

The Faithful explode as both competitors lay on the mat. The D slams his fists down on the apron trying to rally Elise back up to her feet. Mark Shields throws his cigarette down onto the canvas and stomps it out before starting a count. As he screams out one, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style digs her nails into the ground and begins to crawl towards Arthur, until The D screams for her to follow the sound of his pounding fists instead. Shields continues to watch for movement from Pleasant, which gives The D the chance to close his chair and slide it into the ring, just barely missing the heel of the DEFIANCE official.

DDK:

The D trying to seal the deal!

Lance:

She should've gone for the pinfall!

DDK:

Pleasant's pain tolerance is unreal. Maybe they're thinking they need to be better safe than sorry?

The chair slides into Elise's fingertips just as The D hops up onto the apron and tries to get into the ring. Quickly Shields breaks the count and gets into the face of the D-Lister as he appears to be trying to help his tag partner. Ares gets up to her knees and grabs the chair as Mark Shields throws The D out of the match! The Faithful boo as Pleasant begins to reach his feet and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE staggers around with a steel chair in hand. Waiting. Stumbling forward, Arthur Pleasant hears Ares make her move over The D and Mark Shields screaming at each other on the other side of the ring.

Lance:

OH NO!

DDK:

PROVOCATION INTO THE STEEL CHAIR!

The D's face drops as he watches Ares collapse into a heap and Pleasant shove the chair outside of the ring on the other side. His protests stop as Arthur grabs the former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion and locks her into a guillotine. Her lifeless body swings back and forth helplessly as Mark Shields has no choice but to call for the bell.

DING DING DING

The bell rings but Pleasant continues to apply pressure, his teeth grinding together as he locks her in tighter and tighter attempting to send a message to the rest of the DEFIANCE roster. Mark Shields tells Pleasant to release the hold but he barks back like a cornered animal.

DDK:

The match is over! Let her go!

Lance:

I don't know what he's trying to accomplish here, Darren, but he's facing at least a fine!

DDK:

Are you two just going to sit there or are you going to go help your stablemate?

DEFsec sprint past Klein and Flex Kruger, who continue to just watch from the stage before The D slides into the ring. He begins to tug and pull at the arms of Arthur Pleasant, who at first ignores that he's even there until a kick to the side of the head knocks him out of his hypnotic state. Pleasant drops Ares and staggers before trying to lunge at The D but security grabs him just in time. Holding both men back from each other, The D is forced to watch as Pleasant takes Ares' blood from under his arm and wipes it across his chest like a victory mark before he leaves the ring.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant was out of control tonight, Lance. Someone needs to step up and show him a thing or two about the honor and respect of this sport. I don't care if it's a staff member or someone in the locker room. There are lives at stake every night you step into this ring.

Lance:

He's made a career out of being dangerous, Darren, but he might've taken it too far tonight. If he's willing to go in that hard on Elise Ares, a wrestler who he's never really even interacted with in an exhibition match, what's he going to be willing to do at DEFCON?

As this conversation happens, The D checks on Elise along with the medical team. She appears to be awake once again but very disappointed with the outcome. So, it appears, are Klein and Flex Kruger who simply pack up their one chair and leave the arena shaking their heads.

THE LAST WORD