

SHOW OPEN AND ACTS TOURNAMENT RUNDOWN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Phoenix, Arizona welcomes DEFIANCE as the GCU Arena is hyped once more for Night Two of DEFTv 173! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway and there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFflatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

CORVO ATE YOUR BRACKET

NOVICK OR NOTHING

THIRSTIN' FOR THURSTON

ADV = POS

GET WELL, JACK MACE

MARRY ME KEYES

SUB-POP IS VV WOW I WAS WAY OFF

#CANCELMALAK #CANCELARTHUR #RENEWDEXENERGY

WHY DID I EAT THOSE BLUEBERRIES FROM REZIN? THEY WERE NOT BLUEBERRIES

COME BACK BROCK!

SIOBHAN IS A HUSSY

HOW COME COUNT NOVICK ISN'T A REFEREE?

VERE IS ZAT REFEREE? HE VAS TRYING TO SUCK ON ME!

1.) OSU — complete

2.) SIGN LEON VAN ZANDT - complete

3.) FOREIGN LEGION TIME?

ARTHUR IS ANYTHING BUT PLEASANT

VAE VICTIS: WOE TO THE VANQUISHED

I CAME HERE FOR THE AARDMARK

HENRY KEYES CARS (NO, THAT WAS ANGUS)

WEDDING CRASHER TO URIEL/TITANESS WEDDING

COME BACK, BROCK! DON'T LEAVE US WITH TOM MORROW

ALVARO DE VARG-TRASH (picture of ADV in a trash can)

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME, TERESA

I RIOT IF MY BRACKET BUSTS

BROCK, PUT ON YOUR BIG BOY PANTS AND GET BACK HERE!

SIOBHAN IS A LIFE-RUINER, SHE RUINS PEOPLE'S LIVES

SIOBHAN SIO-BROKE MY HEART

NEEDS MORE NOVICK

NEEDS MORE GRRN

NEEDS LUCKY SEVENS TO STAY IN UNEMPLOYMENT LINE

DON'T EVER GIVE YANNICK FILLMORE THE BOOK

And to the Commentation Station with Lance Warner and Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

We had FOUR incredible first-round matches in our ACTS Tournament last night to see who will earn a FIST of DEFIANCE Title match at our next big event, ACTS of DEFIANCE! Those matches were amazing, but tonight's matches are here to tell Night One to hold their beer!

Lance:

That's right! Last night! Four people advanced to Round Two and they'll no doubt be checking out tonight's matches to see who they may be competing against in a future bracket! Let's get to the rundown of tonight's final four ACTS Tournament Round One matches!

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Henry Keyes vs. Ned Reform

DDK:

Our NEW Southern Heritage Champion, Henry Keyes of Vae Victis takes on "The Good Doctor" Ned Reform! Ned Reform has TA Cole in his corner and this could be a signature victory if he can find a way to get past Keyes.

Lance:

It'll take everything and more. Keyes hasn't taken a loss since joining Vae Victis. He won the Favoured Saints Championship, ran through a Who's Who of four successful defenses and then ran through Scrow to win the Southern Heritage Championship. Reform will need every trick in the book if he wants to get past Henry Keyes, who's arguably the best we've ever seen him.

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Brock Newbludd vs. Elise Ares

DDK:

Elise Ares enters as a possible dark horse, in my opinion. One of the longest-reigning Tag Team Champions in history, still holds the record for longest-reigning Southern Heritage Title reign in history today. She takes on Brock Newbludd, the most recent Unified Tag Team Champion with Pat Cassidy, now holding the record as longest-reigning tag champs up until recently... but last we saw on UNCUT... we don't currently know his status.

Lance:

Elise was on the winning end at MAXDEF while like you said, SNS came up short against The Lucky Sevens... ugh... who are now employed again as our champions. I can't call this one, but I'm hoping we will see Brock appear. This is too good an opportunity for any wrestler to pass up.

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Conor Fuse vs. Corvo Alpha

DDK:

Conor Fuse, former two-time Tag Team Champion, takes on Lord Nigel's monster, Corvo Alpha! The former Favoured Saints Champion was victorious in a bitter battle over ex-tag team partner, Masked Violator #1! Conor is coming off calling the FIST title match between current champion Deacon and the man who owns his contract, Malak Garland, right down the middle.

Lance:

With Malak still owning Conor, you have to think he's going to use Conor to get as far as he possibly can in this thing. Malak has his own match that we'll get to, but Corvo Alpha has been on the warpath. I can see either man taking this, but I have to go with Corvo.

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Arthur Pleasant vs. Oscar Burns

DDK:

And in our main event, another first-time match between the current Favoured Saints Champion Arthur Pleasant, taking on the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE and the final WrestleUTA World Champion, Oscar Burns. A man many tout as one of the favorites to win this tournament.

Lance:

Call me crazy, but Oscar Burns can't be in his right mindset after that tough loss to Dex Joy. Meanwhile, Arthur Pleasant is on top of the world at the moment. Arthur has seemed to get away from his former hardcore deathmatch style in favor of showing actual wrestling prowess, but he's going up against arguably THE best pure mat wrestler we have. Oscar on paper should win, but... I don't know. Too close to call!

DDK:

Our last four Round One matches of the ACTS Tournament are all sure to wow the DEFIANCE Faithful and we'll see this action and plenty more tonight!

BAD MOON RISING

Lights out.

♪ *"Bad Moon Rising" by Mourning Ritual* ♪

A red light pulsates in the darkness on the DEFIatron. Filled with fractures and crevices, it appears to look like the surface of the moon but slightly pixelated. Artificial. Digital. Slowly the picture begins to zoom out as the red light slowly blinks on and off.

♪ *I hear hurricanes a blowin / I know the end is coming soon* ♪

Static shifts the scene unnaturally. A crowd of people storm through the streets, running in terror from some unknown evil. The light pulsates a burning red. A tidal wave rises to terrifying heights before crashing down onto a ship already thrown upside down. The light pulsates a burning red. There's an explosion across the sky.

♪ *I fear rivers overflowing / I hear the voice of rage and ruin* ♪

Further distance reveals the red pulsating light to be in fact two, side by side, pulsating on the same rhythm. A coin rolling on edge begins to gyrate, falling to a side before the scene shifts back to twin pulsating lights. Pixelated footage tears into the picture of a building collapsing as the scene shakes dramatically. The twin lights brighten on and stare back at the viewer.

♪ *Don't go around tonight / Well, it's bound to take your life* ♪

♪ *There's a bad moon on the rise* ♪

Glitching reveals the lights to be the glowing eyes of a reaper mask, before the LEDs flicker and shut down. The mask sits damaged and powerless in the darkness before the void envelopes the scene. Letters appear in the now expected radiant red.

COMING SOON.

Then, as quickly as it came, the lights return to normal. Leaving the Faithful with nothing to do but speculate and try to begin DEFtv 173 Night 2 as if something ominous wasn't watching.

Waiting.

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: HENRY KEYES (SOHER) vs. NED REFORM

A shot of the entrance ramp, which mysteriously has been decorated by roman columns lining either side. The front row fans who are particularly miffed about their view being obstructed try to knock a few down.

DDK:

What is this?

Lance:

The crew brought them out, but I have no idea what this could be. We're scheduled to have another first round match up in the ACTS tournament...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

A collective groan comes from the Phoenix Faithful as Ned Reform's theme, a rock remix of Beethoven's classic, begins to play throughout the arena. Reform himself walks out from the back... but instead of wearing his usual ring attire... Ned is dressed in a... toga!?

DDK:

What in the world?

Reform, looking like a member of the Roman senate, saunders proudly onto the stage. Behind him, dressed as a gladiator with a toga of his own, is TA Cole. He holds up a golden spear and shield as he sneers at the crowd. Reform completely no-sells the ridiculous nature of his appearance, instead swaggering onto the ramp like it's any other day.

Darren Quimbey:

Our opening contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is a first round match in the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament! Introducing first, from Litchfield, Connecticut, weighing in at 227 pounds... NED REFORM!

Paused at the top of the ramp, Reform reaches into his toga and produces a mic.

Ned Reform:

That's... DOCTOR Ned Reform, you neanderthal. Now... SILENCE!

Reform pauses until the music tech gets the hint and his theme fades out. Reform begins to walk slowly toward the ring (with TA Cole in tow) as he speaks.

Ned Reform:

Children... welcome to DEFtv. My opponent tonight is... Henry Keyes.

Pause for crowd reaction.

Ned Reform:

Yes. A member of the group of lawless thugs that call themselves...

Reform looks back to Cole, pulling the mic away for a moment and making a "can you believe what I'm about to say" face before resuming...

Ned Reform:

Vae Victis.

Pause for another crowd reaction.

Ned Reform:

Yes. While I'm sure the majority of you in attendance tonight believe that to be a catchy phrase to stick on cheaply

made t-shirts... this goes much deeper than that, children. You see, vae victis is Latin.

Reform begins to speak slowly. His cadence is one someone would adopt if they were reading to a child.

Ned Reform:

Latin, children, is a language that was spoken a very, very long time ago. Longer than your tenure in the fourth grade, even. And "vae victis" is the Latin phrase for "woe to the vanquished" or "woe to the conquered." In other words, it means that the weak deserve no consideration. What a group of role models, yes? Now, to be fair, I'm fairly sure that they do not understand the meaning of the phrase. I'm very sure Ms. Troy and her ilk simply googled a phrase that made them sound intimidating. And I'm completely sure that their co-opting that phrase is a GRAVE INJUSTICE!

Reform, halfway down the ramp, pauses for a moment to collect himself. Then he continues to walk and speak.

Ned Reform:

Latin was the language of the Roman Empire. The Romans, for those unaware, were beacons of light and civilization in an otherwise dark and barbaric world. The Romans were philosophers. The Romans were military geniuses. The Romans were masters of rhetoric. The Romans were clean, orderly, and intelligent. This group of brutes that calls themselves "Vae Victis" in DEFIANCE today are a disgrace to all of those ideals!

Reform walks up the steps and enters the ring. He motions to his toga.

Ned Reform:

And so I am here to counter this farce by offering myself as a true representative of the Roman ideals. Whereas Vae Victis continue to brutalize members of the DEFIANCE roster like the lawless thugs that they are, Dr. Ned Reform continues to fight the good fight to civilize DEFIANCE. Now, much like the Romans, that sometimes involves the use of force... but rest assured that in the end, the fools wandering in the dark will thank me. In a moment, Mr. Henry will march to this ring and like the heathens of old, attempt to extinguish the fires of the civilized and educated world. But I will stand fast to my ideals, children, and *I* will conquer. And when this tournament has concluded, you will be looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE... and a more civilized DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With a grin, Reform rips off his toga... to reveal his ring gear underneath. Only TA Cole applauds.

Ned Reform:

Condemnant quo non intellegunt. Ah well. *Ad astra per aspera*, children. To a better tomorrow!

Immediately, the lights go out.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Sonny Silver emerges first. Lindsay Troy, self-assured as ever, and Kerry Kuroyama, with a hard look in his eye, are right behind him.

Sonny Silver:

Woe, once again, to YOU, Ned Reform. What a TERRIBLE draw you've pulled!

As the dread beats and somber strums continue, the trio centers themselves on the ramp.

Sonny Silver:

Behold your fucking doom, you magnificent dweeb. Weighing in at TWO HUNDRED FORTY-NINE POUNDS, he is the UNDEFEATABLE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...THE GOD, DAMB, *KRAKEN*...HENRY!
KEEEEEEEYES!

Keyes emerges through the curtain with the Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder. Without even a

pause or a beat of hesitation, he shoves it in Sonny's torso and power-struts/half-sprints into the ring, only for Reform to slip outside again. On the outside, Reform confers with the still gladiator-clad TA Cole as Keyes eyes him with intensity. Brian Slater yells at Reform to get into the ring, but he receives a "one second" finger from The Good Doctor. Slater begins to grow impatient, but Keyes is all business.

DDK:

Listen, Ned Reform is the king of bravado... but underneath it all, he is not a stupid man. He knows full well how dangerous Keyes has been since joining Vae Victis, and you have to believe this stalling is an attempt to frustrate The Kraken and throw him off his game.

Slater is leaning over the ropes now, telling Reform that his time is up. With a look of pure contempt, Reform slowly... slowly... slowly walks up the steel steps onto the apron. He pauses, looking Keyes dead in the good eye. If he really is attempting to throw the Southern Heritage Champion off his game, he appears to be failing miserably, as Keyes betrays no emotion in his glance. Finally, Reform steps through the bottom rope, and finally Slater is able to call for the bell.

DING DING**BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

And the instant the bell rings, Reform ducks back out and to the floor! The Sage on the Stage goes back to his Teaching Assistant, appearing to very deeply and very seriously talk strategy as the fans give him hell. Slater is clearly annoyed by this, and after trying one more time to scold Reform, he goes to the ten count.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

If Ned hears the count, he doesn't sell it. He continues to gesture and move his hands as if he's scheming while TA Cole nods in agreement.

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!

Finally, Reform slaps Cole on the shoulder and turns toward the ring.

NINE!

Ned is on the apron, but before he steps into the ring he demands that Keyes back up. Only problem is - Keyes isn't anywhere near him. Slater looks puzzled as Reform points and yells "get him back!" even though the Kraken is across the ring.

DDK:

This is a tournament for a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE and Reform is trying to turn it into a joke.

Lance:

Say this for him, Keebs: it appears he may be finally getting under Keyes' skin a bit.

Henry Keyes, previously cold and stoic, is now impatiently shifting his weight and scowling. Reform's "get him back!" routine goes on for a full minute until he finally puts a foot through the middle rope... and then immediately draws it back. He does this again. A third time. Finally, Keyes has reached his breaking point so he lunges for Reform... causing The Good Doctor to drop off the apron and to the ring to a HUGE round of boos.

Ned Reform:

I will not enter that ring until he can demonstrate sportsmanship!

Slater shakes his head in frustration even as he moves to tell Keyes to step back. Ned begins to walk around the ring, ranting and raving to anyone who will listen. A fan reaches out to touch Reform's shoulder and he recoils back,

disgusted. The fan responds with a middle finger as Reform shakes his head in disappointment. Finally, Slater leans over the top rope.

Brian Slater:

If you don't step into this ring and start this match, I'm awarding the contest to Henry Keyes!

Reform's eyes go wide.

Ned Reform:

You are a charlatan and a fraud!!

Even so, Reform obliges, rolling under the bottom rope. Now, finally, both men are in the ring. Keyes, eyes narrowed in frustration, moves in to engage Reform... when out of nowhere, The Good Doctor "tweaks" his knee. He falls into a sitting position, holding his knee pad and howling in pain.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh, come on.

Brian Slater is no fool, and he eyes this display with suspicion. Keyes throws his hands up in disgust and goes to move in for the kill anyway... but Slater, having no choice but to do his job, has to stop him. Things get tense between Slater and Keyes for a moment and the tension in the air suggests Keyes might actually hit the referee. Common sense wins in the end, though, as Keyes sighs and steps back, allowing Slater to lean in and check on Reform. Suddenly...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

TA Cole in the ring!

With Slater's back turned, Cole attempts to blindside Keyes... but Keyes sees it coming, and he turns and meets Levi with a STIFF chop to the chest! Cole's hands go to the red spot as Keyes boots him in the gut and tosses him over the top rope out of the ring. Out of nowhere, from behind...

DDK:

Ned Reform with a roll up!!

Reform rolls Keyes up from behind... and he has a handful of tights!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Even with Reform illegally holding the tights, Keyes is able to power out. Both men scramble to their feet, but Reform turns right into...

DDK:

BELLLLL CLAP~!

The bell clap ROCKS Reform's world, causing him to spin around on one foot in a daze. When he spins all the way around to face Keyes again... a boot to the gut puts Reform down on his knees! Keyes takes a hold of both of The Sage on the Stage's hands, with Reform now in perfect position for...

Lance:

COIN!!

Ned's head is rocked and it's clear that while the lights are on for The Good Doctor... class is not in session. Keyes takes just a moment to maybe enjoy this before... a second COIN! On this one, something (maybe a tooth?) flies up out of Reform's mouth as he's rocked and forced to look up at the lights. He stays in that kneeling position for a second before crumbling to the mat in a heap.

DDK:

Keyes with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match, Henry Keyes!

DDK:

It's over! Keyes was ready for Reform's mindgames, and two Coins send him in the second round alongside Lindsay Troy!

Keyes grabs his Southern Heritage Championship and makes his way up the ramp. Sonny Silver is waiting, laughing to himself at the display of not being paid by the hour. Keyes gives him a smirk in return. Meanwhile, TA Cole enters the ring, waving his hand over the glazed eyes of the down and out Ned Reform.

Lance:

A statement victory indeed! We'll be back with more after this.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

OH HEY THERE

The scene opens as Vae Victis walk through gorilla and into the backstage hall, fresh off Henry Keyes's victory against Dr. Ned Reform.

Lindsay Troy:

Way to knock Nedward into next week, Henry. Hope he's got enough brain damage now to stop his campaign to join PRIME.

Henry Keyes:

I give and I give, Miss Troy.

Kerry grumbles in response as Lindsay slings her arm around the Pacific Blitzkrieg's shoulders.

Lindsay Troy:

We all know your match result was bullshit, Kerry. The best way to take out that frustration is to-

The Queen of the Ring stops mid-sentence as she looks across the way and sees the smiley, happy-go-lucky Conor Fuse standing in front of her and her team. The Phoenix Faithful from inside the arena cheer as they watch from the DEFFlatron.

Fuse looks at LT and then turns his head to Kerry Kuroyama with a wink... and Sonny Silver with a puzzled forehead crinkle... and Henry Keyes with a smile and energetic nod.

Conor Fuse:

Good stuff, Henry. Say, hey, Imma put aside our differences recently. Anyone who beats "The Good Doctor" is obviously a friend of mine.

Fuse pats Keyes on the chest - Keyes does not take kindly to this and smacks Conor's hand away. The Power-Up King has a look on his face suggesting the smack didn't register. He turns to the Queen and snaps his fingers in a roundabout way.

Conor Fuse:

And hey girl, hey. Good to see ya again. Love the pink getup y'all got going on. On Wednesdays I wear green lol.

He nudges her shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Fun little Mean Girls joke there for ya. God, I love that movie.

Awkward silence follows as Conor twiddles his thumbs. Lindsay glances at her shoulder and then looks back to Conor, disgust crawling over her face.

Lindsay Troy:

You can't sit with us, Andy Stitzer. Why don't you go back to the Snowflake Sanctorum and help Garland activate his healing crystals or whateverthefuck he's into this week.

Fuse agrees with a tilt of his head.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, it changes all the time. First was cuddle rooms, then safe spaces, then rage rooms.

The Ultimate Gamer eyes Kerry as he mentions rage rooms before readjusting the collar he's not wearing.

Conor Fuse:

Well, uh, ummm, The Comments are not really a team I wanna be on, eh? Malak Garland and co. are lame-o, big time!

Conor keeps on rambling.

Conor Fuse:

Don't worry. I will free myself from him eventually! And maybe even see you, my dearest LT, in the semi finals of this ACTS Tournament!

Keyes looks to his team.

Henry Keyes:

Who wants to hit him first?

Lindsay Troy:

Give Kerry the first shot, it might help his mood.

Kerry Kuroyama: [stepping forward]

That, it would...

The Video Game Kid raises an eyebrow and places his hands on his hips.

Conor Fuse:

Seriously? I was just trying to be nice.

Conor takes another look at each member in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

But I see things have changed.

Sonny Silver takes a step forward.

Sonny Silver:

Here's a quote from one of my favorite movies, The Big Lebowski... shut the fuck up.

Fuse shakes his head and hangs it low.

Conor Fuse:

Well, whatever. Enjoy your day.

Fuse walks past VV and gives his eyes a roll.

Conor Fuse:

Man, this place is getting more fragile by the second. And I'm not even talking about Malak.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

WELCOME TO THE BIG LEAGUES

The feed goes backstage, outside the locker room area. Jamie Sawyers is standing by with a mic in hand, flanked by “Skyfire” Zack Daymon and “The Iceman” Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin. Daymon and Burnett are casually dressed in jeans and matching RCR t-shirts.

Jamie Sawyers:

Good evening, DEFIANCE Faithful! Jamie Sawyers backstage here at the GCU Arena, and I’m here with the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, the Rain City Ronin! Zack, Leo... thank you for being here on the road with us tonight in Phoenix!

The two young wrestlers nod.

Zack Daymon:

No way we were gonna miss out, Jamie. Where DEFIANCE goes, the Rain City Ronin follow.

Leo Burnett:

Obviously, we aren’t scheduled to compete, but we’re still here to mingle. We want to make ourselves known to some of the other talent here tonight.

Daymon leans in to mug at the camera, pointing between his and his partner’s faces.

Zack Daymon:

Get used to these faces, DEFIANCE! You’re gonna be seeing them quite a lot more than you’re used to!

Jamie Sawyers:

I see... well, have there been any other tag teams that the two of you have had your eyes on?

Zack and Leo exchange a glance.

Leo Burnett:

Well, suffice it to say, we all know how it turned out for us when we came gunning for Vae Victis weeks ago...

Zack Daymon:

That’s a score we’ll settle down the road! But for tonight? We’re open to anything that might come our way!

“Ahh, just the guys we were lookin’ for!”

The Ronin look off to the side as they are visited by none other than the Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushigihara. With hands raised up, they seem to approach the newcomers with good intentions.

David Fox:

Welcome to DEFIANCE proper, gentlemen. Me and the big guy have been watching you two in BRAZEN, and I gotta say we were really hoping you’d get the call up sooner rather than later! Seeing your matches got me all hyped up, thinking “man, these kids are gonna be red-hot once they get settled into the big leagues...” which leads me to here and now.

Mushigihara nods and utters a quick, stern...

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Fox pats his tag team partner on the shoulder.

David Fox:

What my friend here's saying is pretty simple; we wanna see for ourselves just what you two can do, up close and personal. I'm thinking... next DEFTv?

The crowd can be heard in the background, popping at the notion of what should be a hell of a match.

Daymon and Burnett exchange another look, and seem to be on the same page. A wry smirk appears on Zack's face.

Zack Daymon:

Yeah, we're down. Glad to see someone actually sack up around here.

Leo Burnett:

We'll see the two of you in Salt Lake City.

The Dangerous Mix smile and nod in approval.

David Fox:

That's what I'm talkin' about. See ya there.

Looking to each other, Fox and Mushi walk off screen and start having a chat amongst themselves.

Mushigihara:

Oooooosu...

David Fox:

I'm tellin' ya, Mushi, my Aunt Rosemary so DID get her master's at this place! Nursing degrees are everywhere, dude!

The Rain City Ronin silently watch them leave, leaving them with Jamie once again.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well gentlemen, as the saying goes, ask and ye shall receive?

Leo Burnett: *[nodding]*

Looks to be that way, Jamie. Was actually easier than I think either of us expected.

Jamie Sawyers:

As you know, the team of Dangerous Mix are some tried and true DEFIANCE veterans. Do you think you have what it takes to overcome them here in two weeks at DEFTv 174?

Burnett is about to elaborate when his partner steps in and cuts him off.

Zack Daymon:

We didn't come up to the main roster to fuck around, Jamie! We not only have the youth, the skill, and the speed to succeed, but also the will to prove ourselves!

Zack quickly makes his exit. Leo looks at the reporter one more time, wordlessly shrugs, and follows after him. Sawyers turns to the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

We'll see what comes of this showdown between these two teams at DEFTv 174, two weeks away in Salt Lake City!

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

Last night we had Pat Cassidy narrowly escape with a victory over The D, but tonight we have his partner Brock Newbludd taking on The D's partner Elise Ares in the ACTS Tournament first round.

Lance:

Is Brock Newbludd going to show up? We haven't seen him...

DDK:

That is certainly the question on everyone's mind. This tournament is a HUGE deal though, Lance. A shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE is on the line. I can't imagine this is an opportunity a man like Newbludd can afford to pass up.

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Dark and light purple lights flood the GCU Arena in Phoenix, Arizona as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares swaggers out from the back wearing her violet and gold ring gear under a purple crop top leather jacket. The Faithful roar as The D follows behind her, assisting her with taking off her jacket and throwing it over his shoulder as her trademark LED sunglasses flash "YOUR" "NEXT" "FIST".

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, EEEEEELIIIIIIIE ARRRIIIIIIISSSSSS!

Lance:

It's SNS 1 - PCP 0 so far in the ACTS tournament, but former Southern Heritage Champion Elise Ares is looking to change the tides.

DDK:

Easier said than done, Darren. SNS have had their number for longer than just last night. They successfully defended the Unified Tag Team Championships against them and also broke their record for longest Tag Team Championship reign in DEFIANCE history a few months ago. Despite her singles success, Elise has her work cut out for her against an opponent she hasn't been able to figure out.

Lance:

Elise Ares hasn't taken a pinfall since we've hit the road. Quietly been on a roll here in DEFIANCE.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style takes off her glasses and launches them into the crowd from the top rope before descending the ropes and waiting in her corner for her opponent with The D on the apron.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

DDK:

That's not Brock Newbludd's music!

And from the back comes not Brock Newbludd, but his tag team partner Pat Cassidy with Ophelia Sykes in tow. Cassidy, surprisingly, is dressed to compete and has a mic in hand. He makes the "cut it" motion and waits for his theme to die down.

Pat Cassidy:

Sorry to disappoint, kids... but as you can see, I ain't Brock Newbludd.

The crowd doesn't really know how to react to that, so they don't.

Pat Cassidy:

Brock's not here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cassidy puts up a hand that lets the crowd know that he agrees with them.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. Not great. But listen... my boy Brock has been through a lot. We both have.

This somewhat tempers the negative reaction.

Pat Cassidy:

And any day now, he's going to snap out of this funk and come back to help tear up DEFIANCE again. I'd put money on it. So... I figure since I know that, I gotta do what I can to keep Newbludd in the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament, cause he'll never forgive himself if he wasted this chance cause he was feeling a little blue. And I also know that you fine people paid to see a match tonight. And I know that you...

He motions to Elise Ares.

Pat Cassidy:

...are itching for some competition for that shapely little behind.

At that, Ophelia smacks Cassidy across the back of the head and mouths something that looks a lot like, "watch it." Cassidy grins and moves on.

Pat Cassidy:

So here's what I say: Elise Ares... vs Pat Cassidy! Right now!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

If I win, we count it as a Newbludd win, and when he's back in two weeks he gets to keep his spot in the tournament. If you win... well, to the victor go the spoils, know what I mean? What do you say?

Elise is handed a microphone from ringside and spins it between her fingers, contemplating the challenge with a smirk before finally answering.

Elise Ares:

You know what BBY, I'd rather get my hands on that little girlfriend of yours... but if you're the best I can get I'll take it. You're on.

The Pop Culture Phenom throws the microphone over her shoulder, which is unexpectedly caught by The D on the apron who instead of handing it back to the technician throws it over his own shoulder and it pops when it hits the floor. "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" continues to play as Pat Cassidy makes his way to the ring with Ophelia Sykes.

DDK:

This is certainly a development!

Lance:

It looks like instead of Brock vs. Elise we're going to get Pat vs. Elise! Pat Cassidy is going to take on BOTH members of the Pop Culture Phenoms in the first round of the ACTS tournament!

DDK:

We here at DEFIANCE just want to make a last minute statement that we deeply miss seeing Brock Newbludd compete and wish him a speedy return to DEFIANCE television. In the meantime, this should be a fantastic match!

Pat Cassidy stretches in the corner with Ophelia Sykes on the apron as Ares leans against her corner with her arms crossed.

DING DING

The two wrestlers meet in the middle of the ring with the collar-and-elbow tie up, and Cassidy immediately takes Ares to the mat with a headlock takedown. The more agile Queen of Sports Entertainment twists and turns and kicks to try to free herself, but Pat has the hold locked on tight.

DDK:

Smart strategy by Cassidy in the early going... grounding Elise and slowing her down is key to pulling out the win here.

Cassidy maintains control of the hold for a few minutes, with Ares growing visibly frustrated... as well as periodically lifting her shoulders when she lays them on the mat. Finally, Elise is able to get to a knee. Putting all her weight behind her, she rolls forward, taking the surprised Cassidy with her... and ending up in a crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Nope! Brilliant move by Ares - she forced Cassidy to break the headlock lest he have his shoulders pinned.

Cassidy rushes to his feet while Ares, choosing the more spectacular method, kips up. Cassidy hits the ropes and comes at her with a clothesline, but she ducks. When Cassidy comes back on the rebound, she goes for a dropkick... but gets nothing but air when Pat holds onto the ropes and halts his momentum. Ares hits the mat, and Cassidy is on her in a flash, grabbing her legs and leaping forward into a pinning predicament of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Again, both wrestlers are back to their feet, and this time it's Elise who hits the ropes and comes at Cassidy - but it doesn't go her way as she runs right into a stiff back elbow to the mush. Cassidy covers!

ONE!

Kickout!

DDK:

Don't forget that Pat Cassidy already wrestled Elise's partner The D on night one, and he's looking to not waste any time putting this one to bed as well.

Elise tries to get up, but once she's in a seated position, Cassidy locks on a sleeper. It looks like The Saturday Night Special has Ares in a bad way until she lifts her elbow high into the air and then drives backwards into Cassidy's shoulder! Pat cries out and breaks the hold, and Elise drops him with a sit-out jawbreaker.

Lance:

Ares targeting the same shoulder that The D worked over last night.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE hits the ropes and explodes with a shotgun dropkick right into the rising Cassidy's shoulder! Pat cries out in pain and Ophelia Sykes hands go to her mouth in concern for how brutal that looked. Ares with the lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Pat just gets the shoulder up!

Elise takes control of Pat by the arm, bringing him to his feet. Holding his arm over her head, she does a brief rhythmic dance (causing Ophelia to fume and The D to pump his fist) before running, holding Cassidy's arm, up the turnbuckle! She leaps off and hits the mat, doing a roll - all while maintaining her hold on the arm. The torque that this puts on Pat Cassidy's shoulder is intense, as he again hits the mat in pain. Cassidy tries to sit up, but he eats a stiff kick right to the face! Ares with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!

DDK:

The will to win in both these competitors is so strong... this tournament is for all the marbles!

Lance:

And don't forget, Pat has already advanced into Round 2! He's fighting for Brock Newbludd's spot here!

Elise takes a moment to dance for the pumped crowd as Pat tries to get up in a daze. Just as he regains his vertical base, Ares hits the ropes, coming at Pat with some sort of aerial move... but we'll never know what it was meant to be, as he catches her in mid-air and drives her head into the canvas with an Alabama Slam! He holds his shoulder in pain, but the damage to Elise is done. Instead of covering, Cassidy uses the ropes for support, trying to shake feeling back into his shoulder. Ophelia slaps the mat and yells at The Scrapper from Southie to finish Ares off.

DDK:

And now it's Cassidy's turn to stalk Elise as she gets back to her feet... boot to her gut, her arm is hooked, up and over... he drills her with a pumphandle slam! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ares, using all her strength, powers out of the pin. Climbing toward a corner, she uses the turnbuckle to pull herself back up. Meanwhile, Cassidy takes position in the opposite corner. He locks eyes with The D on the outside, shooting him a cocky wink... before getting a running start and hitting Elise Ares with The Splash of Jameson!

DDK:

Cassidy's Splash of Jameson... or D's "The D in Your Face." Seems there's still a friendly rivalry here.

Elise stumbles out of the corner... and right into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

At the very, very, very last second, Elise is able to power out of the pin. Cassidy manages to look shocked for just half a second before he puts his game face on again. He sends Ares into the ropes, and on the rebound he throws her into the air, looking for a stun gun... but in an impressive athletic display, instead of Ares' head snapping onto the top rope, she's able to grab a hold of Cassidy's arm... and instead, his injured shoulder snaps over the top! Cassidy shoulders the injured appendage and bangs on the mat in frustration. Ares has landed on the apron, and she springboards over the ropes, landing on Pat with a rolling senton! Elise kips up to her feet and takes a bow for the cheering crowd... but behind her... Pat Cassidy kips up too!!

DDK:

BOTTOM'S UP! Turn around, Elise!

She does... but right into The Irish Goodbye!! Cassidy's snap reverse STO, the very same move that beat The D last night, drives Ares head into the mat. Cassidy also falls, holding his shoulder - having spent his burst of energy. Now both wrestlers are down!

Lance:

What happens if they both get counted down here?

DDK:

I'd say Lindsay Troy gets a bye!

Benny Doyle begins the ten count.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

Both Elise Ares and Pat Cassidy have begun to stir - both being egged on by their respective corner-person.

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Just before ten, both of them are back to their feet. To the approval of the Faithful, they both charge and begin to exchange right hands in a slugfest! Ares! Cassidy! Ares! Cassidy! Ares! Cassidy! Ares! Cassidy! Ares! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy!

DDK:

To little surprise, Pat is getting the better of the brawling exchange!

Elise is reeling and Pat is in control as he sends the Pop Culture Phenom into the ropes. When she comes back, he sets her up for what appears to be an incoming sidewalk slam... but Elise keeps her momentum going, swings around with a surprise headscissors... and locks in Sunset Stretch!!

DDK:

Sunset Stretch!! Elise Ares with a desperation counter into her signature submission... that targets the shoulder!

Elise is now literally hanging off Pat Cassidy as she wrenches on his already injured shoulder. Pat drops to a knee, crying out in pain. He reaches his hand out toward the closest ropes... but he's so, so far away. Ophelia Sykes pounds on the mat to try to get him to rally, as do many of the fans.

Lance:

Are these people being this loud for Ares to win or for Cassidy to break the hold!?

DDK:

I think a little from Column A, a little from Column B!

Pat reaches... reaches... reaches...

...but in the end, he just can't make enough headway, and before he risks permanent shoulder damage, he taps on Elise's shoulder!

DING DING DING

The Faithful erupt as Ares breaks the hold and both of them fall to the canvas. The D immediately slides into the ring to celebrate with his tag team partner as she pushes herself up to her feet.

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... EEEEEELIIIIIE ARRRRRRRRRRES!

The D helps the official lift Elise's arm into the air as the victor shoots a wink to Ophelia Sykes as she also slides into the ring to check on Pat Cassidy with the medical team. Pat, now sitting up, receives a pat on his good shoulder from Ares as she walks past and exits the ring with her tag partner. Triumphant.

Lance:

A HUGE win for Elise Ares tonight, but I think the bigger story is Pat Cassidy's shoulder. Between that and Brock Newbludd's exile, things are not looking up for the Saturday Night Specials for the first time in a long time.

DDK:

While I think you're right, Lance, let's not undersell what this means for Elise Ares. So close to the FIST of DEFIANCE a couple years ago, that loss really put her off-track on what we thought was an ascension to the top of this company. The PCPs looked lost for a long time but now Elise Ares continues to stay focused, she COULD win this tournament!

Lance:

Without a doubt, Darren! I can't believe I'm saying this... is Elise Ares the next FIST of DEFIANCE?! She looked GOOD tonight. Imagine the Faithful's reaction if she pins Lindsay Troy on DEFtv 174!

DDK:

No offense to Pat Cassidy, but Lindsay Troy is a completely different task. A certainly more proven opponent in the singles scene in DEFIANCE and around the world. What a match on the next DEFtv! Holy smokes!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2022



ALREADY SPOKEN FOR

A camera crew peruses the hallways of the GCU Arena until they catch up with the always terrifying Teresa Ames who has her nose in her phone. She nearly bumps directly into the camera as she is oblivious to her surroundings.

Teresa Ames:

Shit guy, shit! Watch where you're going with that thing. Usually, I don't mind big heavy things trying to collide with my face but that camera would be a bit too much to handle. Don't want to leave a scar or anything.

The commentary voices of Lance and DDK overlay the developments.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, everyone and what do we have going on here?

Teresa's attention suddenly turns to the environment around her. It's like a lightswitch goes off as her bitchy attitude melts into a quaint little perky one.

Teresa Ames:

Oh right, the GCU Arena. Shit guy, shit. Isn't this a place to marvel over? They have air dryers in the washrooms and not as much gum as you'd think on the sidewalks surrounding this place. Hey, seeing that you're here, why don't you follow me around for a minute?

Teresa tugs the camera operator by their clothing as she periodically stops to converse with random people.

Teresa Ames:

Hey, hey you there! Fatty with the nachos. Are you spoken for?

The plump man holding the nachos neglects to reply. Instead, he delves in for more cheesy goodness.

Teresa Ames:

Onto the next.

Teresa stops next at a woman of equal or greater beauty than the Tasty Gurl. Ames asserts herself generously.

Teresa Ames:

Excuse me, hot face but are you spoken for at all?

The woman bats her overly long eyelashes as she stares back with emptiness towards Teresa.

Woman:

Why yes, yes I am. I have a loving partner at home. We've been married for five years now.

Ames carries on and finds a group of gnarly teenagers who seem to be more interested in playing around with their hacky sacks than have anything to do with wrestling.

Lance:

What exactly is Teresa trying to prove here?

Teresa Ames:

Excuse me, excuse me, pre-teen teens with pimples on their faces who should be carrying my bags. Are any of you spoken for?

The group of ruffians peer back at Teresa as if she is their mom nagging them to clean their rooms.

Teenager:

Why doesn't your hussy ass run off, yeah? Can't you see we're busy?

Wrong reply. Teresa puts her hand up to their faces.

Teresa Ames:

Pffffffffffffffffffffffffff, teenie bopper, please. Y'all can't intimidate this caboose. If I were you, I'd start looking for a safe way home because I am everywhere at all times and I will find you if I want you.

The Keyboard Queen walks on, not putting up with anyone's shit as she graciously bumps into none other than DEFIANCE's non-contracted star, Shawn Steele.

Teresa Ames:

Oh hey there. Are you already spoken for by chance?

Shawn gives Teresa the once over with his eyes. He obviously likes what he sees. Who wouldn't? However, poor Shawn isn't well versed enough to know what he's about to get into.

Shawn Steele:

Spoken for? Ummmm, no but I think I am now. I'll do anything, really. So long as it ends up getting me signed. They pay us non-contracted wrestlers next to nothing per appearance. So yeah, I'm interested.

Teresa Ames:

Then follow me.

Steele puts his palms to the sky like his prayers have been answered.

DDK:

Uh oh. Shawn, turn around and run! Quickly! It's not too late!

Lance:

It's too late, Darren.

Shawn begins to walk and talk with his savior.

Shawn Steele:

Where are we going, honey? Out to the ring with an arena filled with people? Who would ever believe there would be such a thing on constant standby?

Teresa Ames:

Just follow me and shut the hell up before I change my mind.

Ames now leads a gaggle of people out to the ring, including Shawn Steele amongst the camera crew members.

DDK:

Well folks, it looks like Teresa has decided to bring her party out here!

Ames doesn't waste a second looking out to the crowd. Instead, her gaze is high towards the rafters and integral structure of the GCU Arena. Shawn Steele is in the background, playing things up to the crowd like he's about to get the biggest break of his pitiful wrestling career. Teresa stops halfway down the ramp to shout to some fans in the front rows.

Teresa Ames:

GUESS WHAT!?! I AM SPOKEN FOR! ARE YOU SPOKEN FOR? TOO BAD. I AM NOW SPOKEN FOR. GET OFF ME.

If this doesn't pump Steele's tires, who knows what will as Teresa slithers her way into the ring. The camera crew makes their exit as the main arena cams are hot, locked and loaded on her highness. Shawn Steele retrieves a microphone and hands it to his newfound goddess. She takes a moment to allow the Faithful to stop stirring before speaking.

DDK:

Here we go. This should be good.

Teresa purses her lips as the disrespect the crowd shows her.

Teresa Ames:

It's my turn to talk now. When I hold this stick in my hand, all y'all trailer park bottom feeders better shut it so I can say what I have to say.

This only adds more fuel to the fire.

Teresa Ames:

Anyways.

Teresa walks over to a turnbuckle and begins groping it suggestively.

Teresa Ames:

I just wanted to come out here and tell everyone and the world that I, Teresa Annette Ames, is officially SPOKEN FOR!

Shawn rubs his hands off to the side like he's about to get a great deal. Teresa suddenly becomes short of breath as she rubs the ring ropes and stares a hole through the ramp.

Teresa Ames:

It is confirmed. I am finally in TRUE LOVE and it was all right in front of me the entire time! My stupid face just didn't see it and none of you helped me either. You're all a bunch of selfish pricks for not helping me see it. Everyone here tonight and everyone watching at home are my sworn enemy for not helping me.

Lance:

I'm not sure anyone really knows what Teresa is referring to here. We can't read her mind. Is she in love with Shawn Steele all of a sudden!?

Teresa Ames:

No matter. None of you can take away the fact that I have a new squeeze. I simply couldn't waste another moment so I had to come out here and profess my love for the new entity that has caught my eye.

Shawn Steele is FEELING himself right now. He's already thinking about what he's going to do with all of Teresa's money once they elope.

Teresa Ames:

Now that my secret is out, I truly feel that a weight has been lifted from my shoulders.

DDK:

Secret? Relieved? Weight lifted from her shoulders? She is speaking in code here. We have no idea what is going on! Is she in love with Shawn Steele or what?

Teresa flips through her phone once more before heavily gasping into the microphone.

Teresa Ames:

Urrrrrrrrgh. The Maverik Center in Salt Lake City, Utah is about to get DEFIED next week and talk about flagpoles.

Shit guy, shit. This place has them in spades unlike the GCU Arena.

She squints her eyes as she really tries her best to take in the GCU Arena.

Teresa Ames:

Uh huh. I knew it. You know what? I will reveal all in an exclusive in-ring sit down interview on the next DEFtv with Lance Warner or some filler staff like that because now I'm not so sure.

She can't stop looking around the arena oddly enough. Ames stops for a very brief moment to eye Shawn Steele who is standing there with a smile and arms out before the Tasty Gurl rolls out of the ring and heads to the back with her brow firmly furrowed.

DDK:

Well if this doesn't have everyone speculating about what's going on in Teresa's brain, I don't know what will. Stay tuned as we will certainly bring you more on this story!

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: CONOR FUSE vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

Alright. So we have every second round bracket figured out except this one. Conor Fuse vs. Corvo Alpha and the winner will take on the winner of our main event between Oscar Burns and Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

I'm intrigued. The brackets are solid but these two matches, I really don't have any idea what's going to happen. No one's made quite the impact Corvo has since arriving, or re-arriving to DEFIANCE and Conor Fuse, well, we all know he's eventually destined to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE in the future.

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a first round ACTS of DEFIANCE FIST Tournament contest! Introducing first... being accompanied by Lord Nigel Trickelbush... from Parts Untold... weighing two-hundred-sixty-eight pounds... call him... CORVO ALPHA!!

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

Lord Nigel is out first, followed by Corvo. Corvo methodically stomps his way down the ramp as Lord Trickelbush weaves his hands together in anticipation for what he's about to witness.

With Alpha in the ring, his theme song comes to a close and is replaced by a gaming remix.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... The Video Game Kid... CONOR FUSE!

The fans come alive as Conor pops out from behind the FIST logo and starts pumping up the crowd like he's Kirby, sucking them up, spitting them out and getting MF'ing fired up. The scene switches to inside the squared circle where Corvo Alpha is deadpan.

Fuse reaches the bottom of the ramp and then his demeanor changes. He looks at Alpha and swings his arms around to loosen up. Conor jumps onto the apron and then jumps over the top rope, not taking his eyes off of his opponent for a second. Conor tells Mark Shields to call for the bell and the theme song closes, still with Fuse not looking away from the smaller, stalker and much more dangerous man in front of him.

Anticipation grows.

DING DING

The bell rings and Conor Fuse looks apprehensive to meet Corvo Alpha in the center of the ring. Alpha is breathing heavily as Fuse quickly glances at Lord Nigel on the outside and gives a facial expression like where in the hell did Trickelbush find this last level boss. Either way, Fuse shrugs and slowly approaches the center of the ring. Conor raises his hand but Alpha moves forward in an attacking position so Conor jumps back. The crowd watches on, beginning a strong !RANK chant as Alpha keeps his eyes locked on The Ultimate Gamer.

Conor approaches again... and Alpha lunges forward. This time Fuse leaps to his right to avoid the strike. Fuse locks his hands together and begins winding them around while Corvo repositions in the center of the ring once more, his eyes locked on the gamer target and ready to rip him apart.

Finally, Fuse lunges forward and is ready for Alpha to do the same. Conor hops to the side, takes hold of Corvo and uses the former Violator's momentum to steer him into the turnbuckle. Surprisingly, Corvo absorbs the blow and

tackles his opponent to the ground with a spear!

Corvo mounts Conor and unloads with a fury of forearms and punches.

DDK:

As we thought, Conor's going to have his hands full in a much different fight than he's used to.

The Power-Up King works his way into the ropes and referee Mark Shields shows he was paying attention by asking Corvo for the break.

However, that's all Shields does. He doesn't remember to count.

Lord Nigel shouts encouragement from the outside as Corvo Alpha digs into Conor Fuse over and over again... before the gamer is able to use the ropes and pull himself out of the ring and to the floor below. Alpha sneers. He hits the ropes on the far end and dropkicks Conor Fuse off the apron the second the former Tag Team Champion gets back onto it. Fuse goes flying into the guardrail and slams his head against the top.

Lance:

Oh! That doesn't look good!

Conor lays motionless on the floor.

DDK:

I think he's out!

It's clear this wasn't a normal collision with the guardrail and Corvo Alpha senses blood. He exits the ring, lifts the younger Fuse and hurls him into the steel steps. Alpha pulls the gamer by his messy blonde hair and runs him into the other steel steps across the way. Then the former FS Champion pushes Conor into the ring.

Alpha follows. He hits Fuse with a running shoulder slam, followed by a crude DDT. Alpha turns Conor over and hooks a leg...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

While the kickout was forceful, it looks like no one remains home for The Character Formerly Known as Player Two. Meanwhile, the Monster Once Known as MV2 mounts another attack. He measures Conor from the side of the ring and then races in with an elbow drop to Conor's right temple. This is followed by eye clawing... a headbutt... and many, many forearm shots.

Fuse has come to, if only on the defensive. He tries to avoid Alpha's fury by backing into the corner but Mark Shields doesn't remember to count again, he just remembers to tell Corvo Alpha to back away. Obviously, Lord Tricklebush tells his boy to do otherwise.

Alpha sends Fuse for an Irish whip across the ring and into the turnbuckle adjacent. Conor hits the padding so hard he flips upright and sits on the top buckle facing away from the ring... only to fall back off the buckle the same way he landed. Fuse stumbles backwards to the center of the ring and Alpha crushes the Fuse Bro. by hitting the ropes and throwing his body like a puck straight into Conor Fuse's back.

DDK:

I have never, in all my time in DEFIANCE, seen Conor Fuse get rocked like this!

The crowd tries to rally the gamer... as Corvo Alpha continues working away. He gnaws at Conor's face before slamming it over and over into the canvas. Alpha lifts his taller opponent but shows his pound-for-pound strength by hitting a snap suplex, holding on and then connecting with a falcon arrow suplex into a pinning attempt.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The fans latch on to the signs of life from their hero. The Ultimate Gamer is trying to pull himself together. Fuse gets on his feet and blocks a headbutt from Corvo. Alpha does connect with a leg kick... a couple of times, before hitting the ropes and-

Finally, Alpha is put to the mat via a dropkick from Conor Fuse.

Fuse kips to his feet but he's wobbly. Lord Nigel bellows from the outside as Conor walks cautiously over to Corvo Alpha...

And receives a thumb to the eyes. Lord Nigel leans under the bottom rope and into the ring, smiling as he screeches more orders towards Alpha, who doesn't seem to hear him.

Corvo clutches Fuse and delivers another stiff DDT. Fuse rolls out of the ring, escaping Corvo's rage for a moment.

DDK:

I'm wondering if Conor's approach has cost him here. He's taken Alpha too tentatively too many times.

Lance:

I agree.

Corvo hits the far ropes in an attempt to burst through the bottom and middle rope with a running dive onto Conor Fuse...

But Conor gets out of the way! This time it's the former Violator who meets the guardrail! Fuse takes a couple of steps back, measures Alpha and then crushes him with a superkick!

...That misses!

Thanks to Lord Nigel. Tricklebush moves Corvo out of the way and eats the superkick himself.

CRASH!

DDK:

Damn! Alpha just hit Conor Fuse with a spear! Both men broke the guardrail!

As Alpha removes himself from the wreckage, blood is GUSHING from Conor's forehead.

Lance:

Oh, Conor's in trouble...

Alpha licks his lips and his eyes go wide. He grabs Fuse and hurls him into the ring post head-first, likely opening the gamer up even more. Alpha positions Conor for a snap suplex on the outside and after connecting, he peels the padding away from the floor.

Mark Shields shouts at Corvo Alpha to stop it but, again, doesn't do anything else in regards to using his referee

leverage.

Corvo grabs Conor. It takes him little to no time.

DDK:

Alpha is looking for a piledriver!!

THUMP.

He hits it.

Fuse's body goes limp. The crowd is stunned. And Corvo Alpha wastes little time by throwing one of DEFIANCE's favourites into the middle of the ring.

Alpha follows. He methodically approaches Conor Fuse, drops to his knees and hooks both legs.

DDK:

It's over.

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

KICKOUT!

The crowd can't believe it as Alpha's eyes shoot open in a vicious rage. Corvo immediately mounts Conor Fuse and unloads with forearms and punches, ricocheting Conor's head off the canvas.

The crowd tries for a !RANK chant but the writing may be on the wall. Alpha props Fuse to his knees and hits the ropes...

WHAM!

Alpha throws his entire body straight into Conor Fuse's head, knocking him down again and hooking a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

Some might argue it was a three but this is Mark Shields after all. Corvo is fuming but not specifically phased. He drags the bloody Comments Section member to his knees and looks to apply his Alpha Clutch.

DDK:

If Corvo gets this in, it WILL be over!

Fuse comes to life... only a little. He's trying to fight Corvo Alpha off him.

Trying...

Trying...

Corvo almost has it locked in!

And then Conor Fuse drops down, grabs Alpha by his tights and rolls him up.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd is SHOCKED and so is Conor Fuse, who releases the roll up and lands on his back. Corvo Alpha breathes heavily in the center of the ring, unable to piece together what just took place.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!

The gamer's theme song plays but the atmosphere inside the arena isn't as joyous as one would assume. Conor continues to collect himself, checking his forehead for how much blood he's lost and nodding in Alpha's direction.

DDK:

Conor barely escapes and I mean BARELY.

Lance:

Yes, Lord Nigel gave an earlier assist to Corvo but even before then, it was all Alpha. End of the match is what matters, though. The crafty gamer pulled one out in a way I've never seen him pull one out before.

Alpha sneers in Conor's direction but eventually exits the ring. He walks over to Tricklebush who's still recovering from the superkick. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse finally collects himself and stands, albeit wobbly.

PAYBACK IS A SNOWFLAKE

"DON'T EVER STOP IF YOU WANNA BE ON TOP, BITCH!"

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

DDK:

Not now!

Lance:

Great...

Inside the ring, Conor Fuse (barely) stands on guard as Malak Garland walks out from behind the FIST logo, looking as enraged as ever. The crowd boos profusely as The Keyboard King storms his way down the ramp.

Garland slides into the ring as Conor Fuse readies for a fight he likely has no energy for but will do whatever he can.

Malak's theme song comes to a close. He walks to the center of the ring and stares down his nemesis.

DDK:

We all know what happened... at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse did not give into Malak Garland. After a few close calls, The Deacon STILL walked out as FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Which means Conor Fuse is STILL a part of The Comments Section.

As Garland stands there, fuming at his hated rival, The Phoenix Faithful come alive with a chant directed towards The Ultimate Snowflake.

YOU'RE NOT THE FIST!

YOU'RE NOT THE FIST!

YOU'RE NOT THE FIST!

Along with pointing in his direction.

Garland continues to percolate. He watches Conor Fuse, who can hardly do a thing, other than lean against the ropes and recover from the Corvo Alpha pounding.

Eventually, the crowd quiets down. Then Malak Garland snaps his fingers.

Malak Garland:

Get over here.

His eyes shoot daggers.

Malak Garland:

Now.

The fans boo.

DDK:

I don't need to remind you, but I will, that Malak Garland also LOST his first round FIST Tournament match to Rezin! It's Conor Fuse who's moving on... NOT Malak Garland!

Conor runs a hand through his forehead, checking for more blood.

Malak Garland:

I said get over here now, Fuse!

Garland's about to blow.

Malak Garland:

And get what's coming to you dammit!

Close to fainting from the recent match losing trauma, The Mega Troll's body trembles with an angry anxiety.

Conor cracks his neck and struggles to make his way over to the center of the ring. There they stand, eye-to-eye, nose-to-nose. Garland growls, scoffs and sucks back some spit.

...Then his demeanor changes immediately. He shows a sense of sadness, worry and shame.

He hugs Conor Fuse.

The crowd is **stunned**. Conor Fuse has no bloody idea what the hell is going on. But Malak Garland holds on... he holds on tight and doesn't let go. The apron camera picks up Garland's comments.

Malak Garland:

Congratulations on your victory.

Malak hugs Conor even tighter. He buries his face in Fuse's bloody and beaten down chest.

Malak Garland:

Hope you win it all.

The Faithful, the announcers and Conor Fuse himself are absolutely dumbfounded. Eventually, Garland releases the hug, looks Conor over and tussles his hair. Malak turns, drops to the canvas mat and rolls out of the ring. He walks up the rampway with a sad look on his face.

DDK:

What the hell is going on here, Lance?

Lance:

I... don't... know?

Garland doesn't look back. With a tear in his eye he vanishes to gorilla, leaving Fuse standing in the exact same position he was when he received Malak's hug.

DDK:

Folks, we're going to take a break. I'm not sure if Conor will still be standing there when we're back but we'll try to get him some help.

Lance:

Pretty sure we all need help right about now. What the heck was that?

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

DARK TIMES

Backstage in a hidden, tucked away corner of the GCU Arena, we find a slender, behatted figure proselytizing over a seated, hulking man. From this distance, his words aren't clear yet his arms gesticulate enough for us to know that he is trying incredibly hard to inspire.

The seated figure is unmoving beyond his heavy breath, shoulders heaving with each. His long dark hair seems to drip from sweat, his head downcast. He appears not to respond to his flamboyant "coach". This "coach" appears equally unbothered, pressing forward with his message.

The camera zooms and it becomes clear that the preacher is a somewhat unkempt Lord Nigel Tricklebush... and as such, that leaves the one man choir to be Corvo Alpha.

His odd smile pasted and frozen on his face, Nigel continues his sermon to his seated charge, unaware of our prying eye.

Suddenly and with no warning, Alpha bolts to his feet, sending the small wooden stool skittering across the concrete floor. The "choir" left uninspired, it seems, he shoulders past his handler and stomps off into the dark, leaving his odd manager to simply smile his strange smile in the direction of Alpha's departure.

Odd grin still seared to his face, we note a change to the light of Tricklebush's eyes. Is it concern there? Elation? Is it fear? Or something else. It's likely we may never know... as our brief scene fades to black.

THE MOUNTAIN

We open on a locker room door before a thunderous ovation can be heard from the other side. As it calms down a feminine voice can be heard speaking.

???:

If we're about to go I need to grab something real quick. I'll be right back. Don't miss me too much, boys.

The door opens revealing Elise Ares sliding out of the door and into the backstage area, but before the door can fully close a second voice stops her in her tracks.

Lindsay Troy: *[sarcastically clapping]*

BRA-VO. That was quite the match. Sonny, do you know what I liked best about that spectacle out there?

Sonny Silver:

The fact that the blood, sweat, tears and every ounce of our being was given in that ring for years to pave the way for the next generation of... whatever the fuck THIS is?

Lindsay Troy:

I was going to say "absolutely nothing" but that's much more eloquent.

Elise Ares looks in the room behind her only to see Flex Kruger and Klein playing a high intensity game of dominoes awaiting a ruling from The D. He looks back at Elise and realizes that there is someone outside of the door besides her and makes his way in that direction. He closes the door behind him as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE continues to exaggeratingly look back and forth down the hallway.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY! Oh? You're talking to me?

Ares points to herself feigning shock before shaking The D's arm.

Elise Ares:

You see that D? I exist! I've finally made the radar! I've been recognized by the "Queen!" If I would've known I would've totes worn something different. I don't want to make you think I always dress like this... wait, I do. I always look good.

The D:

I'm going to be completely honest, I have no idea what's going on. That's a pretty close game in there and I wasn't paying attention.

Elise Ares:

It's alright, neither has Lindsay... for about fourteen years.

Lindsay Troy:

I didn't see anything worth paying attention to. Sonny, did you?

Sonny Silver:

I see a person that looks like a walking dick joke... and then someone named The D standing next to her. But aside from that, nada.

Lindsay Troy:

Isn't it wild how someone could be as insignificant now as they were then? Couldn't be me.

Bad actress laughter immediately follows as Elise hangs onto The D's shoulder.

Elise Ares:

I'm sure everyone is confused so let me narrate the scene for you. It's 2008. I'm 18 years old and just arrived in the United States thanks to PRIME Wrestling. I walk in the door and I'm immediately told how lucky I am to be able to learn under a superstar pioneer like Lindsay Troy! What a resource! She "paved the way" for "girls like me" to be able to actually get a shot in this industry. I owe my WHOLE ASS career to Lindsay Troy! What a gal!

The following eye roll can be heard throughout the GCU Arena.

Elise Ares:

Hey D, Sonny, Aresites presumably... let me tell you about Lindsay Troy's learning tree. It's barren. It's more like a light pole. There's a bright light at the top of it and nothing under it can see anything else. It's a cold interaction in a hallway sometimes where she makes a smart-ass comment then the world collectively loses it about how witty she is. You know what, BBY, I've had the "privilege" of getting to watch your career and I'll let you know that between those ropes you're one of the best to ever lace boots or whatever it is you do with kickpads, but you haven't been entertaining in YEARS! My GOD. It's like watching paint dry and people say my movies are bad!

The D:

Who says our movies are bad? Have they seen Lake Placid VI before?! I'll kill them!

Elise Ares:

Obvs not. Clearly, they've never had to sit through a "5 Star" 60 minute Lindsay Troy snoozer after they've already cleaned up catering. There's a reason I bring a flask everywhere I go.

Ares holds up the flask with a smirk before The D clinks his with hers and they take a drink in unison.

The D:

Totes obvs. I can drink to that!

Lindsay Troy: *[yawns, unimpressed]*

All I managed to pick out from that drivel is that I'm the greatest to ever do it, and you're big mad about me headlining shows while you flounder around with the rest of the equally untalented. Don't worry though, *bb*; I'll bring you up to my level in two weeks before sending you back down the mountain where you belong.

Sonny Silver: *[whistling like Wile E. Coyote taking a dive off a cliff]*

Way... way down.

Elise and The D both watch the imaginary coyote spiral off of Sonny's hand and go splat onto the concrete floor backstage.

The D:

Hey, that was a pretty good whistle. If you're looking for work outside of hyping Lindsay Troy, *[puts his hand against his face]* like she needs it, we have an opening for a sound effect guy. The last one we had didn't really make...

Elise Ares:

Don't waste your oxygen, D, there aren't enough OLD SKOOL MICS~! left in the world to make Sonny Silver relevant again. I'd rather have Archie. Just a couple of ancient relics still making it by on their accomplishments from fifteen years ago. Trying to keep their spot by trying to intimidate the real talent backstage from coming for them, but it's okay BBY. There will still be a spot for Lindsay Troy when I'm the new FIST of DEFIANCE. We'll make little gold statues that look like Avril Lavigne in 2002.

The D:

We can call them the EI-Tees! Give them out like gold stars to kids when they do something really cool. She can be the first winner! A lifetime achievement award! You must be so proud. Man, it's been a while since we've done a good awards show. Do you think Klein still has his sleeveless tux?

Elise Ares:

You don't just throw something like that away! It's not Sonny Silver.

The D:

Which, by the way, very appropriate name. You seem like a jovial sort.

Elise Ares:

As for our match, I'll be more than happy to show you where you're at on the mountain **bb**. I'm going to be sooo ready to PRIME. THAT. SHIT.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE turns those last three words into a chant, being joined quickly by The D before Klein and Flex exit the room, never wanting to be left out of a good chant. The Pop Culture Phenoms lead the Faithful in an unexpected PRIME THAT SHIT chant as the two members of Vae Victis sneer at them and make their exit.

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: ARTHUR PLEASANT (FS) vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

Welcome back to our main event! We've finally arrived at Night Two's main event and the final of the eight ACTS Tournament Round One matches! This one will no doubt be vicious, given the competitors! The Favoured Saints Champion, Arthur Pleasant, is at the top of his game. He'll need that against his opponent... the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns!

Lance:

Both men made pointed comments about this match and seem to feel victory is at hand, but only one man can be right! We'll see who rounds out the final eight coming up right now for our main event! Let's get to Darren Quimbey for intros!

To Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is the final ACTS Tournament Round One match and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... he wants you to know that **HE IS DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck 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 and his SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! There's no rotating platform this time since he destroyed it back at MAXDEF... but emerging from the darkness, Burns tilts his head upward, wearing a complete poker face. He speaks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

THIS AIN'T A COMEBACK, GCs, CAUSE I NEVER LEFT! THIS IS MY COMPANY! !! AM! DEFIANCE!

He heads to the ring, taking in the jeers from the crowd before walks up the steel steps. He wipes his feet on the ring apron, then climbs between the ropes. He then leaps to the middle rope and raises a finger to each side of the arena, getting jeers from each end!

DDK:

If MAXDEF did a number on his ego, he's trying not to show it.

Lance:

When he spoke on UNCUT, he was ready for this match. He'll need to be against somebody with the sheer unpredictability factor that Arthur Pleasant has.

Burns takes a spot in the corner and leans back, waiting for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "The Black Flame of Calamity" by FalkKonE ♪

The GCU Arena fills with boos as the lights go out. Biblical-esque vocalizing interrupts the booing and is soon facilitated by pulsating drums and guitars. A plague-esque green spotlight shines down on the Favoured Saints Champion as he is seen on stage. Looking down at the ground with both hands clasped together and the Favoured Saints Championship draped across his shoulder, Arthur Pleasant simply takes it all in as the green spotlight slowly begins to spread throughout the capacity crowd in a "plague-like" effect..

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Under the Midnight Sun, weighing in at 225lbs, he is the Favoured Saints Champion... the

PLAGUEBEAST... ARTHUUUUUURRR PLLLEEEAAASAAANT!

As he walks down the ramp, Pleasant extends his arms out to his sides as if to “absorb” the hatred of everyone. A sickening grin hugs his mug as he embraces the Faithful’s vitriol with every fiber of his gilded being. Walking up the steps, Pleasant lowers his arms and looks out into the sea of Faithful yearning for his demise. Soon, the green effect fades away to natural lighting and Pleasant makes his way halfway across the ring apron and stares out into the crowd, raising his championship high into the air at the hard cam side of the GCU Arena.

Both men are face to face. Arthur with a shit-eating grin, Burns with a pensive expression. DEFIANCE’s head official Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

Arthur surprises Oscar at the bell with a huge push kick to the chest! As he stumbles back, he takes hold of the arm of DEFIANCE itself and cranks on it, scoring with the first move! He laughs as he has hold of arguably the best pure mat technician in DEFIANCE and continues to torque it!

DDK:

Arthur has shown some dedication to the ring, for better or for worse. More in shape than he was before, more in-ring acumen... but is Oscar Burns the guy he wants to try this out on?

Lance:

This may not be wise!

He continues to do so... until Burns spins him around into one of his own. He isn’t playing tonight and CRANKS harder, forcing Arthur to wince. The Plaguebeast decides he’s had enough and wedges his foot between them to break the hold so he can resume grabbing hold of Oscar’s arm! He continues to crank back some more... until Oscar once again spins around and this time, goes behind Arthur with a hammerlock. Arthur tries to grab a limb, but Oscar stays just out of his reach for a moment. Until finally, he dips back and then Arthur goes for the hold! Arthur switches around into a headlock and then rolls him forward... then back into an attempted crucifix pin while on the mat!

ONE...

TW...

Burns breaks free at two, but Arthur is clearly ahead on proverbial points for the moment. He brushes the back of Burns’ head with a boot and laughs about it.

Arthur Pleasant:

You’re not DEFIANCE, dickhead!. I’ve destroyed Dex! I’ve outwrestled LT!

Clearly knowing what button to push, Burns snaps up, but he falls right into Arthur’s trap and gets snapped over in a headlock again!

DDK:

Burns tried to play off that Dex Joy loss on UNCUT, but Arthur showed otherwise. It’s still a sore spot for Oscar.

Burns fights back by elbowing Arthur in the chest and then launching him into the ropes, but Arthur comes back and knocks him over with another push kick! He spills to the mat and the fans are mostly taken aback with how Arthur is controlling the early going. He goes for Burns again, then CRACKS the Kiwi in the chest with a big Muay Thai-style kick! Burns backs up into the ropes and has the wind knocked out of him!

Lance:

Oscar having a little trouble getting going tonight!

Arthur KICKS him again, knocking the stuffing right out of the former two-time FIST and making it look easy. He disrespects the former two-time FIST by thrashing a boot against his face, then tries to go for a suplex... but Burns snaps around for a go-behind! Arthur blocks with an elbow to the face, then spins around to clock Burns with what looks to be a roaring elbow... SMACK!

DDK:

OOH! Hard Out Headbutt by Burns! That caught Arthur off-guard!

Lance:

Pleasant might have had the right idea coming in to try and get under Burns' skin! It worked for a little bit, but I think Burns has had enough!

He collapses to the canvas while the fans show a mix of cheers and jeers mostly for the hard hit of Arthur... then remembering it was Oscar Burns that did it! It takes Burns a second to recover from both the kicks and the headbutt of his own... then he gets in control by rushing right through Benny Doyle to get to the Favoured Saints Champion! He picks him up and then PELTS him with a huge elbow to the head, followed by an even BIGGER European Uppercut that knocks him down to the mat!

DDK:

What a series of shots! Burns likely won't beat Arthur if this were a stand-up striking contest, but he has PLENTY of power behind those elbows and uppercuts!

Burns drives a big elbow into the black heart of Arthur, then leaps up and rushes to the ropes to land a PERFECT flying knee drop off the ropes to the forehead of the Favoured Saints Champoin! Arthur convulses off the impact, then goes for a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Lance:

Arthur with the shoulder up! I don't know who I'm supposed to be rooting for, if anyone!

The Phoenix Faithful are watching the action, then jeering Burns as he drags Arthur up and starts pulling on the neck tightly with a cravate!

Oscar Burns:

Talk shit now, you little ponce!

He cranks back further on the cravate while Arthur tries to fight back, frantically trying to elbow the chest of Burns... but before he can do so, Burns brings up the knee to the head of Arthur he pulls down on the cravate, effectively kneeling the Favoured Saints Champion in the face! He rocks Arthur with a few shots and then YANKS him down with a cravate-style suplex! Right into another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Arthur kicks out again while Burns is flummoxed.

DDK:

Now Burns doing a great job of keeping Arthur down, but we've seen Pleasant survive everything and the kitchen sink being thrown at him!

Lance:

Oscar isn't done by a long shot!

He tries to snatch The Plaguebeast up, but AGAIN, he stuns Burns with an elbow strike, followed by a huge kick to the chest! The wind gets knocked out of Burns once again when Arthur pushes him into the corner. He charges... but Burns catches him and spins him around into the corner to follow up with another stinging European uppercut! Arthur gets rocked, then Burns backs up a few feet to land a running high knee in the corner! Burns smiles, then stomps away at Arthur. Finally buying a little into his own hype for the first time, Oscar starts to press a boot down and gets some of the crowd to clap along.

Oscar Burns:

HERE'S DEFIANCE! LET'S GO, BURNSIE! (stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp) LET'S GO, BURNSIE! (stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp) LET'S GO, BURNSIE! (stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp)

Oscar finally backs off the corner at Benny Doyle's insistence, then grabs Arthur by the arm to pull him up and over into a huge bridging exploder suplex that does pop the crowd!

ONE...

TWO...

TH-NO!

Arthur not only kicks out for the third time and rolls over onto his stomach, but he's... LAUGHING while he does so! Burns is outraged by the disrespect and then yells at Doyle to count faster.

DDK:

Third kickout... and Arthur is... LAUGHING at this?

Burns stands over Arthur and pelts him with another elbow that he takes... then starts to slowly sit up, asking for another one. The mind games appear to be working again until Burns hits another one! He rocks Arthur to a knee... but not for long as he sits up again. He taps his jaw and then when Burns swings, Arthur baits him by going low and elbow smashing his ribs! Burns is knocked for a loop, then he tries to take advantage to send Burns to the ropes!

DDK:

No! Burns reverses the whip! He swings for an elbow... misses...

Lance:

OOOOH! PROVOCATION! HE SMACKED BURNS WITH THAT SINGLE-LEG DROPKICK!

Burns drops like a stone after the surprise Provocation by Arthur! He may be laughing on the inside, but he's hurting on the outside right now as the DEFIANCE Faithful cheer mostly for the action!

Lance:

Both men have played the game strong so far and neither man want to be outside looking in to Round Two of the ACTS Tournament! Big chance for another signature win for Arthur and a big opportunity for Oscar Burns to put himself one step closer to the title picture!

Arthur is the first man up with Burns not too far behind him, but showing the effect of eating the surprise Provocation kick. Arthur goes low with a rolling low kick, then another high kick to catch Oscar in the chest.. Then an eye rake just because he can! Benny warns him to stop, but Arthur tells him some unkind words about his wife and mother.

DDK:

No love lost whatsoever between Arthur Pleasant and DEFIANCE officials!

Burns stumbles back into the corner, allowing The Plaguebeast to come charging in from the other side with a huge knee in the corner! He follows Burns out and then DRIVES him out of the corner with a huge DDT! The Favoured Saints Champion takes Burns out of the corner and hooks a leg!

*ONE...**TWO...**NO!***Lance:**

No! Burns with the kickout off the DDT!

But an angry Arthur Pleasant doesn't waste time (for once) yelling at the official for a slow count and instead, sees the chance right in front of him to finish Oscar off once and for all. The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE tries to roll away Arthur...

DDK:

Arthur measures him up...

Then he ROCKS Oscar upside the head with Narcolepsy!

DDK:

Narcolepsy! Buzzsaw kick right on the money! Burns goes down!

Arthur hurriedly makes a cover and hooks the leg quickly of his opponent!

*ONE...**TWO...**TH-SHOULDER UP*

The fans are a mix of cheers and jeers right now after the last kickout! Arthur thought that might have been it...and NOW he once again chastises poor Benny Doyle, who was in the best position for the count.

Lance:

Both men are throwing out bombs! We're two weeks away from Round Two, but these men can't afford a possibly longer match and risk potential injury if they want to move forward!

DDK:

Absolutely right, Lance! And now I think... is Arthur going for the Plague of Mankind? He won the Favoured Saints Title with that guillotine choke!

Arthur sure enough goes back to Oscar Burns and then tries to pull him up by a front face lock right into the guillotine! He tries to apply the bodyscissors to lock it in fully... but the technically-skilled Kiwi rolls off to the side to shake Arthur off of him! Arthur rolls quickly through it and back to his feet, to try a kick on Burns... but Burns grabs the leg and then hits the knee joint with an elbow! He stuns the leg and tosses another elbow Arthur's way. The Provocateur gets stunned, but exchanges another elbow. He runs off the ropes, but before he's able to anything, Burns cuts him off with a running Uppercut against the ropes!

Lance:

Ouch! Both men are trying to find any openings they can! Trading strikes!

DDK:

Burns lands that uppercut off the ropes... BRIDGING DRAGON SUPLEX!

The Favoured Saints Champion almost gets broken in half with the huge move and Burns cradles right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THR-KICKOUT!

Right at two and 7/8! he gets the kickout and rolls over onto his stomach! Oscar can't believe it and once again, poor Benny Doyle gets screamed at as the fans can't believe Arthur kicked out

DDK:

How the hell did he do that? I thought Oscar had it there! I really did! Like we said moments ago, both men are throwing whatever sticks to keep the other down and nothing has worked!

Lance:

Burns has something in mind!

Burns elbows him in the side of the head several times to keep Arthur down! Burns then goes off the ropes for what looks to be another big running elbow smash, but this time, Arthur hooks the leg, rolls over and tries to move... but Burns shifts that into a backslide!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Arthur kicks out and rolls through it!

DDK:

No! Burns tries the backslide, but Pleasant kicks out!

Burns tries to swing around with another elbow smash, but this time Pleasant goes behind him, he shoves him into the ropes and then rolls backwards... right into a Japanese leg roll clutch!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL?! ARTHUR PLEASANT BUSTING OUT A PINNING COMBO?!

ONE...

TWO...

THR-KICKOUT!

Lance:

NO! HOW DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT?!

Burns SOMEHOW powers out to the complete shock of the crowd! They can't believe it, but Arthur rolls to his feet and he STUNS Burns upside the head with a huge roundhouse kick! Oscar looks like he's out on his feet when Pleasant

leaps up...

DDK:

PLAGUE OF MANKIND! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! IT'S IN TIGHT!

Oscar tries as best he can to not let Arthur Pleasant take him all the way to the mat! The stronger Burns tries to power through and stand up still, but Arthur tightens his grip like a hungry boa constrictor wrangling its prey! The Phoenix Faithful are all watching, mouths dropped as they see the final Round One match of the ACTS Tournament about to end in an upset! Burns tries to fight... then collapses to a knee!

DDK:

No! Arthur's wearing him down! He's wearing him down! He might be out!

Burns collapses forward...

And tries to fight...

THEN COLLAPSES COMPLETELY ON THE MAT! THE FAITHFUL GASP!

Arthur continues to crank on until Benny Doyle taps his shoulder!

DDK:

No way... NO WAY! ARTHUR PLEASANT HAS JUST CHOKED OUT OSCAR BURNS! I DON'T BELIE...

The Plaguebeast cackles and lets go of the hold, with Doyle warning him... not that Burns was out...

Burns fell into the ropes with his hand under the ropes!

Lance:

No... NO! THE ROPE BREAK SAVED OSCAR! THE ROPE BREAK SAVED HIM! ARTHUR LET GO THINKING THAT WAS A CHOKEOUT... BUT BURNS FELL JUST INTO THE REACH OF THE ROPES!

Arthur looks over and much to his horror... Oscar has done just that, showing his incredible in-ring presence! The Favoured Saints Champion turns around... then SCREAMS bloody murder at Benny Doyle!

Arthur Pleasant:

YOU SON OF A BITCH! I BEAT HIM! I BEAT THAT PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLE! I BEAT HIM!

DDK:

He's about to blow his stack!

Oscar can barely move when Arthur slashes a thumb across his throat! He tries to pull a seemingly limp Burns back to his feet... but gets shocked when Burns trips him up from behind by the leg, quickly wraps the leg up and then pulls back into a modified bridge version of the Fruit Roll-up!

Lance:

OH, GOD! OH, GOD! MODIFIED FIGURE-FOUR PIN!

Burns bridges back into the cover one more time!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Burns rolls off of Arthur and then rolls as quickly out of the ring as he can. He taps his forehead and looks back at The Favoured Saints Champion with a shit-eating grin, then coughs cause having the life choked out of him moments before! Arthur is wide-eyed, then nearly jumps on Benny Doyle before the referee also makes a hasty exit!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **HE IS DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Talk about victory from the jaws of defeat! Arthur has used that Plague of Mankind to win his last two matches! Arthur thought that Burns collapsed near the ropes, but he actually got his hand just under meaning it was a rope break!

Lance:

Arthur wasted precious time arguing with Benny Doyle and it just cost him huge! He was trying to outwrestle Burns and on a couple of occasions, he was holding court with him until Burns unveiled that new figure four-style pinning combination to move on to Round Two of the ACTS Tournament!

Burns wants no more part of this match while Arthur goes over to snatch his Favoured Saints Championship. He holds it up to tell people he's still the Favoured Saints Champion. On the ramp, Burns smiles as he makes it out of Phoenix to get to Round Two!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant held his own against one of DEFIANCE's top dogs, but didn't suspect that said top dog still had new tricks!

DDK:

As for Oscar Burns, he makes it to Round Two where he will be taking on none other than his old rival... Conor Fuse! We'll have to wrap up tonight's episode, but thank you all for joining us for both nights of DEFtv 173! We'll see you for more Round Two matches in two weeks time in DEFtv 174 from Salt Lake City, Utah! Good night, everybody!

One more shot of an irate Arthur Pleasant cursing out some fans for his luck while on the ramp, Burns moves forward to Round Two after a hell of a main event!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.