

RUNDOWN



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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

TWO OUT OF THREE WRESTLERS ENDORSE THIS SIGN

MAN HUG ME PLEASE

URIEL CORTEZ: BUSINESSMAN, GENTLEMAN, PEOPLE-THROUGH-TABLE-PUTTER

CANDYGRAM FOR MONGO

THIS STEEL CHAIR HAS PERFECTION'S FACE PRINT IN IT

I'M A BROCKAHOLIC

REAL MEN WEAR TASSELS

NO, THEY DON'T

ANYHOOZLES

WANNABE GOOBER

THIS IS THE LONGEST SIGN EVER MUCH LIKE CONOR FUSE'S INTRODUCTION!

SAVE QUIMBEY!

THE ONE IS ALWAYS WATCHING!

I'M CASSIDY'S DRINKING BUDDY

FOOLS GOLD

I DON'T ALWAYS DRINK BUT WHEN I DO IT'S WITH CASSIDY

JAY HARVEY: NEXT FIST

LET THE SPECIAL NEEDS BOY SING 8-BIT KARAOKE MUSIC IF HE WANTS TO

WHY CAYLE WHY (YOUR EXCUSE WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH)

MIKEY MONEY CONVERSION RATES ARE TOO LOW THIS IS BULLSHIT

GVP FTW

TOO MANY WORDS FOR A SIGN

EVERYBODY ACTUALLY HATES WILL

I DRINK MELTED ICED CREAM

THIS IS MY SIGN I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LONG I JUST WANTED TO GET ALL MY IDEAS OUT THERE I

LOVE DEFIANCE WRESTLING MY FAVORITE WRESTLER IS JJ DIXON
MILK COMES IN A BAG NOW?!
BURNS DOWN TROY
IM AN A1 MAN!
JAY HARVEY, LIKE SHAGGY SAID: IT WASN'T ME
69 THE COMBINED IQ OF THE STEVENS DYNASTY
CAYLE MURRAY IS UGLY
MIKEY BLEACHES HIS ANUS
LINDZ IS MY BEST FWEND
STEVENS STILL SUX
BANTAM MEANS LITTLE
DUH - RYAN BATTS
URIEL, PUNCH ADV. PLZ & THANK YOU
I GOT THREE WORDS FOR YOU JAY - IT WASN'T ME
UNLIKELY IS A VERY UNLIKELY LAST NAME
LT, KILL BURNS IN THE FACE
MY MOM MAKES A GREAT LASAGNA
I GET MY REZIN FROM TREES

And after this week's cavalcade of colorful signage, the camera now lands on the Commentation Station with our show's hosts...

DDK:

Hello and welcome, ladies and gentlemen to our one-hundred forth-fourth edition of DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and at my side as always is Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks, Darren! We've got HUGE matches set up for tonight so I say let's take it from the top! We have Elise Ares looking to continue what many have called a meteoric rise towards the FIST of DEFIANCE! She will be taking on 24K member Cayle Murray in our main event!

DDK:

That's right! And once again, The Comments Section will be defending their Unified Tag Team Titles against #1 Contenders The Lucky Sevens! in two previous title matches, The Comments Section have gotten themselves counted out and disqualified respectively... this time, it's no countout, no disqualification!

Lance:

And before we get to Oscar Burns vs. Lindsay Troy III... BOTH starts will be in singles action tonight! "Twists and Turns" goes one-on-one with Conor Fuse, leader of the FML... and "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy takes on an old rival in Mushigihara!

DDK:

We've got a grudge match! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez joins forces with newcomer Brock Newbludd to take on Alvaro de Vargas and Theo Baylor... as noted by Tom Morrow himself, presented by The Better Future Talent Agency!

Lance:

Jay Harvey in singles action and the final match of the Favoured Saints qualifying tournament to determine who enters that match last at Ascension, Rezin vs. Black Panda! So much more coming your way tonight!

SCOTT DOUGLAS & DEACON vs. STALKER & VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Two weeks away from Ascension and we are starting tonight off with a bang, Lance!

Lance:

Indeed we are, Darren. World's will collide to start the show tonight! Victor Vacio has been plaguing Deacon since he arrived here in DEFIANCE and as of late Stalker has been giving Scott Douglas the same treatment!

DDK:

And coming right up, we'll see Deacon team up with Scott Douglas to face off against "The Lost Cause" and the proprietor of Stalker's World!

Lance:

Let's go to the ring!

Cut to Darren Quimbey at the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ Funeral March by Chopin ♪

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCCTOR VAAAAAAACCCIIIOOO!

Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the smoke; bare-chested under his suit jacket. He holds up the black Halliburton briefcase cuffed to his wrist. As the smoke begins to clear, a sheepish, if not obviously coerced, Terry Anderson is seen behind Vacio. Victor heads toward the ring and Anderson reluctantly follows. In the ring they switch the briefcase as we've seen before.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner ...

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

DEFarena lights go out as the DEFiatron lights up with a burst of static, 'I warned him... I warned them all... now he's here....' The words slowly appear on the static filled screen in black solid letters, the acronym 'JRR' appears below the words before the song kicks into high gear and Stalker's video reel of his recent torments on Scott Douglas appear on the screen. Smoke billows out from behind the curtains as Stalker makes his way slowly to the ring. His eyes laser focused while he is sporting his patented 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two hundred and twenty six pounds... "Sub Pop" Scottttttt

DOOOOOOOOOOUGGGGLASSS!!!

Scott emerges from the curtain; same jeans shorts, same sleeveless black t-shirt. He takes a moment at the top of the stage and looks out to the Faithful before making his way to ringside awaiting Deacon.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner ...

♪ Gregorian Chant ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... hailing from Alexandria, Egypt and standing at seven feet tall and three hundred and twenty pounds, he is the Mute Freak - DEEEEEEEA-COOONNN!

At one time, Deacon would have worn the monk's robe, making a slow processional to the ring to allow the immensity of the challenge his opponent was about to meet.

Today wasn't one of those days.

Wearing only his in-ring wrestling attire, the Deacon parts the curtain and heads to the ring with the focus and speed that had regularly increased during this feud with Victor Vacio. Deacon slows only when he reaches Douglas.

DDK:

This could go sideways at any moment, Lance!

Deacon and Douglas look on from ringside at the intimidating pair ready and waiting. Referee Benny Doyle urges Stalker and Vacio to give their opponents some room and allow them to enter the ring.

Lance:

This is no tornado tag, Darren! Stalker and Victor Vacio are going to have to allow Scotty and Deacon to get in the ring if they want any chances at claiming a victory here tonight.

DDK:

Something tells me wins and losses are the furthest thing from their minds.

Deacon and Douglas share a quick shrug at the impending no win situation and non verbally decide to go for it with a nod to one another.

DDK:

Here we go!

Douglas slides in under the bottom rope but is met with the boots of Victor Vacio, as Deacon effortlessly steps up on the apron. As the Mute Freak throws a leg over the top rope Stalker charges with a forearm, dazing the big man. Stalker follows up with a barrage of strikes as Victor continues to stomp away at Scott Douglas.

DDK:

With no official bell, the match hasn't even started yet!

Stalker is unrelenting on Deacon, forcing the bigger man into the nearest corner with his vicious forearms, Vacio has Douglas in the opposite corner as The Faithful are letting their voices be heard as an attempt to rally Douglas and Deacon in the early stages.

Vacio and Stalker shoot each other a knowing look, making it seem like they were well prepared for this match.

Lance:

I didn't even know Vacio and Stalker were familiar with each other!

DDK:

Beyond Terry Anderson... who's to say they are? Sometimes evil just knows evil, Lance.

Speaking of Terry Anderson, he is watching from outside of the ring, shaking his head at Stalker's screaming antics as the psychopath wails on Deacon! Stalker yells towards Vacio and they shoot each other another look before both men grab the arms of their respective punching bags.

DDK:

OH! They are going to whip Douglas and Deacon into... NOPE!

Deacon with the strong arm easily reverses Stalker's attempt at whipping him out of the corner and instead, Stalker goes flying towards Douglas who was just whipped from Vacio, Douglas catches Stalker with a **HARD CLOTHESLINE!**

Lance:

Benny Doyle has seen enough! He's threatening to disqualify Vacio if he steps any further, Douglas is standing over the fallen Stalker and the bell has officially been rung!

DING DING

Reluctantly, Vacio moves to his respective corner as Stalker is being picked up in the ring by Douglas.

DDK:

Once again Stalker's manic style has put himself in an awkward spot as the clothesline hopefully knocked some sense into the man!

Douglas works Stalker over with a few stiff shots with his forearm before hooking him with an arm around the back of his neck, **BELLY TO BELLY OVERHEAD SUPLEX!** The Faithful let out a loud cheering pop at the exchange. Douglas is not letting Stalker catch his wind at all, yanking up the Hardcore Maniac, Stalker is sent into the friendly corner of Deacon.

Lance:

Douglas with the tag to the Quiet Giant!

Terry Anderson looks on in uncertainty as his son-in-law Stalker gets worked on by Deacon, heavy hitting shots to the back of the head has Stalker reeling hard, Deacon grips the man's neck.

A high lift and Stalker is up in the air, The Faithful cheer as Stalker is **SLAMMED** into the mat with a hard Chokeslam! Deacon with a hard pressing pin attempt...

ONE!

TWO!

VACIO WITH THE SAVE!

DDK:

For a man who doesn't believe in the value of wins or losses ... Vacio sure made the save quick!

Stalker's shoulder raises itself a second later as Deacon's eyes look up to the man in frustration as Doyle escorts Vacio back to his corner. Finally in a comfortable enough position, Deacon takes notice of Terry at ringside and the briefcase cuffed to his wrist.

DDK:

NO!

With Doyle's back turned Stalker sneaks in a vicious low blow to Deacon!

DDK:

For the love of god!

Douglas tries to enter the ring but catches Doyle's attention as he turns around and is ordered back to his own corner. In a rare occurrence, Deacon is brought to his knees after the great equalizer.

Stalker makes his way to the corner and gets a tag into Victor.

Lance:

This doesn't look good for the big man.

Vacio is quick to capitalize on Deacon's vulnerable state, charging into the ring he delivers a hard-hitting kick to the chest, causing Deacon to topple backward. Douglas is infuriated on the ring apron and his patience is running thin with Stalker's underhanded tactics.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is fuming - I don't blame him, he's seen Stalker's work in not only his own matches but The Favoured Saints Tournament as well.

With Benny Doyle's head on a swivel Vacio pulls up the much larger competitor, Deacon manages to shove him backward, the two men stare each other down in the ring as Deacon's composure is regained. Vacio takes a chance and pulls back a hard-hitting right hand but Deacon simply shrugs it off.

Lance:

The Faithful are getting a chance once again to see Deacon get his hands on Victor Vacio - the torment of the briefcases' contents are a constant burden on Deacon's status here in DEFIANCE.

The crowd is fully vested into Deacon's standoff with Victor, but Victor is not hearing it. He runs into the ropes, slingshotting himself back for a hard clothesline but Deacon instead steps forward, catches him on the rebound....

DDK:

HUGE POWERSLAM from DEACON!

A huge pop from the crowd as the ring vibrates in reaction, Stalker steps into the ring and Scott Douglas has had enough!

Lance:

Douglas is furious with Stalker and is not going to let him cheat his way into another victory!

Scott Douglas charges across the ring like a man on a mission, spearing Stalker completely out of the ring, Benny Doyle shrugs and focuses back on the in-ring action as Deacon has Vacio in complete control.

Douglas is shown wailing on Stalker on the outside while the match's action continues in the ring, Douglas with a hard set of punches to Stalker's head as he pulls him up to his feet on the outside, Stalker with... an EYE POKE!

DDK:

Dastardly!

In the ring, Deacon holds Vacio by the neck, gripping tightly with both hands. Benny Doyle starts the count to warn the Deacon off. On the outside Terry Anderson is looking worried. He isn't so sure that Deacon will acquiesce to Doyle's

trivial rules this time. Terry fumbles for the keys and unlocks the briefcase, catching Deacon's eye.

DDK:

Deacon cannot let up on Vacio!

But he has. His attention is now focused on the contents of the, now open, case. Deacon reaches down from over the top rope and grabs at Terry but comes away with nothing more than his fedora. The Idol, narrowly escaping the Mute Freak, pulls out the mallet we've seen before.

DDK:

Not that damn mallet again!

Deacon swipes for The Idol once and gets a hold of what little hair he has but Terry is able to toss the mallet between the big man's feet. Vacio goes for the mallet as DEFiatron is filled with static.

DDK:

Not again.

Everyone's attention is turned toward the DEFiatron screen, except Deacon and Vacio. Deacon turns around to stop Vacio.

Voice:

SCOTT!!! It's not what you....

It's a woman's voice, sounding as if she is distressed, almost panicked. The DEFiatron stays static-filled as Vacio cocks back the mallet.

The DEFiatron switches from a static-filled screen to a room where Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves is shown staring into the camera.

Voice:

The Kabal... Scott... the ones I was sent here to warn EVERYONE of... They are coming... my father... he's....

It's a distracting plea as tears run down her beaten face, the camera makes out the background to be some type of warehouse, her clothes are ripped - her face beaten.

DDK:

OH NO!

THWACCCCK!

Nearly in unison on the outside of the ring, Stalker clocks Scott Douglas with a steel chair and inside, Vacio rings Deacon's bell with the mallet. The giant hits the mat with a hard thud as the DEFiatron returns to black. Vacio tosses the mallet out of the ring and it bounces next to Douglas' motionless body.

Vacio makes the cover, Doyle turns around and drops down to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DDK:

NO! Anything this Stalker guy touches turns to dirt! Vacio was done for - and instead, we are greeted with cryptic

messages and dirty cheats for Stalker and Victor Vacio to come away victorious.

Lance:

Seems like the two had a well thought plan before they even got to the ring tonight.

DDK:

A plan to cheat.

Before Lance can respond we are interrupted by Victor Vacio on the mic still favoring his neck.

On the outside, Stalker retrieves the mallet and lays a boot to the unconscious Scott Douglas before entering the ring. Terry Anderson reluctantly enters the ring with the briefcase still attached to his wrist.

Victor Vacio:

Es hora de que te enfrentes a lo sin sentido de este mundo ... de este deporte ... de FAMILY ... ¿¿Dónde te ha llevado tu fe !? Mírate ... ¿¿dónde estás FE ahora !?

Terry steps toward Vacio in attempts to back him down from the rage he's worked himself into. Vacio shoves Terry back. Deacon stirs.

Vacio:

¡dame el maletín! ... the case, give!!

Terry once again fumbles with the key but this time he unlocks the wrist shackle. Vacio is impatient and rips it away from him before he can clear his wrist of the metal shackle. Terry stumbles back grasping his wrist.

Vacio:

YOU ... *BELIEVE!*?

Deacon attempts to lift his head from the mat, planting his hands down for leverage. Vacio leans in close, tempting the wounded giant.

Vacio:

¿¿dónde está tu Dios?! ... *WHERE!?!?*

Vacio leans in closer, holding the microphone away. He says something to Deacon but it isn't picked up on camera. Deacon seems to respond but it isn't heard either.

Vacio:

Speak ... up!

Vacio holds the microphone to Deacon's mouth.

Deacon:

I ... **BELIEVE!**

Vacio snatches the microphone back and kicks Deacon in the head, collapsing the not so Mute Freak back to the canvas.

Vacio:

Bien, si tu Fe es tan finita... PUT IT ... to the ... TEST! Tu fe versa mi conocimiento. ¡ASCENSIÓN! ¡Ascenderás o el mundo conocerá tu secreto más oscuro!

Vacio has worked himself into quite the lather and realizes most of what he is saying maybe lost on Deacon. He beckons Terry toward him.

Vacio:

¡traducir!

Vacio blurts out the command and shoves the microphone into Terry's chest. Begrudgingly, Terry complies.

Terry Anderson:

At ASCENSION ... Senior Vacio demands a ladder match. The briefcase will be raised above the ring and if you cannot retrieve it, he will release your personal information to the public.

Vacio:

¡si!

Terry drops the microphone and leaves the ring dejected. Vacio takes notice but only for a brief moment before seeing Stalker, very pleased, holding the mallet. He approaches Stalker and takes the mallet before turning back Deacon.

DDK:

No! For the love of ...

Rather than strike Deacon once again, Vacio approaches the fallen giant and drops the mallet at his own feet.

Vacio:

¡Toma!

DDK:

Thank god.

Victor Vacio, now satisfied, goes to leave the ring and Stalker follows suit ... only after catching another glance of Scott Douglas laid out on the ringside floor.

A FAREWELL TO YOUR ARM

DDK:

Well, folks, that's our first match of the night out of the way, DEFmed is checking on Scott Douglas and Deacon currently but I have to say ... if that's anything to go by, we're shaping up for one hell of an evening.

Lance:

Aren't we always, Keebs? I mea--

DDK:

Hold on, Lance! Sorry to interrupt you but I'm getting word of some commotion brewing backstage! We're gonna head there right now.

The cameras cut away from the announce team and towards Nondescript Backstage Corridor Number 53, where a bunch of referees, medical staff, and DEFSec security beefers are crowding round something.

Lance:

What the hell is going on?!

DDK:

This is chaos! I can't make a single thing out...

Indeed, the gathered mass of humanity is making quite the din. The cameraperson endeavours to get closer and closer, clearly jostling for a position, though it's tough work. It appears that the group are fussing over something on the ground.

Lance:

Get out the way, guys!

DDK:

Wait a minute... is that...?

A loud, pained groan cuts through the background noise. A figure can be seen lying on the concrete momentarily, between two dudes.

Lance:

Somebody's down! Somebody's hurt!

DDK:

Oh no...

Finally the cameraperson is able to score a good position, squeezing between a couple of DEFSeccers. Rolling around on the floor, clutching his arm, wearing an expression of pure agony, is one Jesse Kendrix.

DDK:

Kendrix! Somebody has attacked JFK!

A couple of medical staff are knelt down beside the former Hollywood Bruv, trying to tend to him, though Kendrix initially swipes them away.

Lance:

What the hell happened here?!

DDK:

It looks to me like somebody has laid JFK out, going after the arm!

Lance:

How?! When?!

DDK:

I don't know, but we can probably guess wh--....

Keebler stops speaking when something else grabs the cameraperson's attention for a second. Coming down the hall is another large group of people, one that should be immediately familiar to anyone who tuned into the latest episode of Uncut. Black-clad security guards independent of DEFSec accompany a smaller individual through the building. Said individual stops, peers through the bodies, then turns up his nose.

Cayle Murray:

Unlucky.

And off goes the former FIST, as quickly as he arrived.

Lance:

Cayle! Do you think he...?

DDK:

Let's not beat around the bush here, Lance. Who else could it have been?!

Lance:

Especially after their interaction on Uncut! We know these guys are going to face at Ascension, perhaps this was Cayle trying to prevent that from even happening?!

DDK:

All I know is that JFK looks like he needs some serious medical attention here! Get that man to the medical room!

Aaaaand cut.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



*Next up! ASCENSION 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

HERE AND NOW

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

The support is overwhelming as Kerry Kuroyama, one of the most loved DEFIANCE wrestlers makes his formal appearance for the first time in a long time. Kerry walks down the rampway, showing no ill signs his right knee is badly damaged.

DDK:

This is a great sight to see! And for those watching at home, remember Tyler Fuse has been BANNED from the WrestlePlex tonight!

Lance:

There was no other call. Keep these two apart before the pay-per-view. Hats off to management.

Kuroyama rolls into the ring and asks for a mic as his theme song closes.

DDK:

We FINALLY get to hear from Kerry!

Lance:

And The Faithful are ready for it. Listen to this crowd! One of the all-time favorites here in DEFIANCE...

Kuroyama pauses. He looks over the crowd again and soaks in more cheers. Then he raises the mic to his face.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thank you.

Is all he can say at first before getting a resounding applause! The Pacific Blitzkrieg isn't one to stay with a cheap pop, however, or keep the audience going. He tries to get back to it while fighting some raw emotions.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The past six months have been a journey for me to get back into this ring. It's because of Tyler Fuse the thing I love the most was taken from me.

Kerry turns to the back and points.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd like to apologize to everyone back. My intention was never to make a scene and cause a lot of havoc. I let my emotions get the better of me. When I was taken out by Tyler, with that figure four leg lock in this very ring... it hurt beyond belief. The first time, I tried to fight through it and Scotty was right. I put our team at risk but most important I put myself at risk... and then I got hurt again. So this time, I tried to do the ring thing. I stayed at home. I was going to spend time recovering the *correct* way...

Kerry lowers his head and lets out a laugh.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But Tyler Fuse brought Stalker, The Original Reaper TO my home and Stalker attacked me there.

The Faithful boo heavily upon being reminded of the story.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I did the right thing. I stayed home but I wasn't safe. My career was almost ended.

Passionately, Kerry walks to the ropes and looks directly into the hard camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But I am here tonight to tell you that as of TODAY I have been cleared to wrestle again!!

The arena gives a loud response of support!

DDK:

Excellent news!

Kerry Kuroyama:

I am going to carry on my dream... and Tyler Fuse, what you tried to do to me is unforgivable. People have asked me, "why are you going after Tyler and not Stalker"? That's a great question. Stalker's time will come. He's next on my list. However, Tyler claims he was the mastermind that started it. So I want a shot at him first.

Kuroyama pauses and lets out a huff.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let's be real here, Tyler was not the mastermind. He thinks he was but far from it. Tyler Fuse is trying to be a top level competitor but the only reason he gets a SHOT at a guy like Scott Douglas is because he weaseled his way to get there.

Meanwhile, there's some commotion within The Faithful.

Kerry Kuroyama:

When I put him down, when I finally put him down for good...

The commotion is getting louder. There's a greater sense of urgency.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Tyler will go back to his stupid games and he annoying brother...

The arena is VERY concerned now!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Because Tyler, I am bringing everything I have to-

DDK:

KERRY LOOK OUT!

WHAM!!

Just like how Kerry showed up unannounced at DEFtv 141 and attacked Tyler Fuse, The Game-Changer does the same thing here. The only difference is Tyler didn't let Kerry turn around to notice him. There was no fighting chance.

DDK:

Tyler with a CHOP BLOCK TAKEDOWN ON KERRY KUROYAMA! You weren't supposed to BE HERE tonight, Tyler. YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO STAY HOME!

The elder Fuse isn't done. He connects with CQC, the running bulldog on Kuroyama, hurting Kerry just enough to feel comfortable to stroll around the ring. The Faithful are fuming at Tyler, who as Keebler outlined, gave his word he would not be in the arena this week. Instead, Tyler asks for a mic from Darren Quimbey on the outside and is handed one. He turns back to the fallen Kuroyama.

Tyler Fuse:

So, is it too late to tell you I lied?

DDK:

Hypocrite.

Tyler Fuse:

I had to be here. If you're here, why wouldn't I? You blindsided me twice, Kerry, twice. I didn't have a chance to get even.

DDK:

Like it matters...

Tyler kneels down in front of the fallen Kerry Kuroyama. The Pacific Blitzkrieg's eyes are open but it's unsure if anyone is home. Regardless, Tyler speaks into the microphone again, this time directly to his fallen opponent and with a much more methodical and well-thought out delivery.

Tyler Fuse:

I want you to know come Ascension, I will end your career. This isn't a threat. I'm not trying to be a bad-ass, edgy "loose cannon", who flies off on the rails, says the word "fuck" three-hundred times in a promo because he believes this shows such brass and intensity. I don't need to swear profusely. I don't need to atone for what these people crave. To be honest with you, I don't really need to do anything. I think my actions speak for themselves, time and time again. I've put a few independent wrestlers in the hospital. I pushed Scott Douglas to his absolute-limit. And in our match, when that bell finally rings, I'm not going to hit you with some high flying dive that lightly grazes your chest and keeps you down for the one-two-three. I'm not going to prance around this ring, soaking in cheers like "fight forever" and "this is awesome". Because, we won't fight forever and this is not awesome. I am going to go through you like nothing you've ever seen before. I'm going to end your career, Kerry. I'm going to make you wish you never stepped foot inside this ring with me, that you never pushed me to the limit and you never made me realize my untapped potential. This is the start of something greater... far greater than you, far greater than any single person in the back. My time has come and I am going to send shockwaves through DEFIANCE like you could never comprehend.

Tyler grabs Kerry by the hair and shoves his face into the mat before standing up, looking into the crowd. He receives a chorus of jeers but Tyler doesn't seem to mind. Instead, The Game-Changer simply stands there, calm, relaxed, focused, without much of a facial expression. He looks at the ring post and then at Kuroyama's right knee, the same knee he injured when applying the figure four leg lock on Kerry over six months ago. The thought crosses his mind... and The Faithful anticipate it, too. However, Tyler lets out a huff and pulls the mic back to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

I spared you tonight so that tomorrow I can make the greatest impression of all... when I beat you, clean, in the center of this ring and I go on to accomplish things you can only imagine.

The elder Fuse takes one more deep breath in.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry Kuroyama, you *have* failed DEFIANCE. I'll see you in two weeks.

Tyler drops the mic. He falls to his knees and rolls out of the ring. He meets The Princess at the bottom of the rampway and walks away, without looking back in Kerry's direction. The Pacific Blitzkrieg starts coming to as he rolls to his side, watching Fuse ascend to the backstage. The Faithful are mostly silent, trying to take in the speech Tyler just gave.

DDK:

Ascension is going to be a war. Tyler is a dangerous man and Kerry is nowhere near one-hundred percent but will be fighting out of desperation.

Lance:

Tyler backs up his words, for the most part. Well, other than the not-being-here thing. That's the worrisome thing for me, Keebs. Kerry has to be at full health but more importantly, truly focused on the task at hand and that's beating Tyler Fuse come the pay-per-view.

DDK:

A gutless shot by Tyler tonight, no doubt about that. We will all be in Kerry's corner come Ascension. We'll be back after this!

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

The show cuts to a view of Lance and Darren sitting at the commentator's desk.

DDK:

Over the last couple of weeks, The ToyBox and The Stevens Dynasty have had their eyes set on the Unified Tag Team Championships.

Lance:

Both teams have a good reason for them getting a shot at the titles. Neither team received a rematch for those championships.

DDK:

It has just been announced....

The graphic of The ToyBox Vs The Stevens Dynasty appears and behind their photos is the logo and backdrop for Ascension.

Lance:

These two teams will have a match at Ascension!

DDK:

Can Jestal and Dandelion avenge the destruction of CandyGram at the hands of The Stevens?

Lance:

What about getting some revenge for those damn Stevens interrupting a simple karaoke party backstage with fellow Defiants?

DDK:

We will find out in a couple of weeks, just who will be in line for a shot at those Unified Tag Team Championships.

The bell rings as Nathential Eye's music plays...

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. NATHANIEL EYE

Lance:

It has truly been the big war of words between our long reigning Southern Heritage Champion, Gage Blackwood and Dex Joy. For two shows Gage has come out and has been running his mouth about how he feels Dex Joy is a step below by all the other competition he has fought to keep his title. But after two shows, Dex had enough!

DDK:

Oh you bet he did! Dex's best friend and the co-holder of the BRAZEN tag titles, Nathaniel Eye took the microphone from Gage Blackwood and let Dex just rip right back into Gage. He won't be stopped and there's nothing he can do about it! And these fans truly believe that!

Lance:

And that entire situation is what makes this match possible. Gage Blackwood felt he was set up and humiliated by the Biggest Best Boys so before he defends against Dex Joy, he wants to fight Nathaniel Eye!

DDK:

We can't sleep on Nathaniel Eye. He is a former BRAZEN champion, he won the Tag Party II with Dex and then went on to win the BRAZEN titles! He has helped to bring the brand to new heights and I don't like Gage's chances if he is looking past him at Dex.

Lance:

We are now going to get to the match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a non-title match! Introducing one half of the BRAZEN tag team champions and a member of the Biggest Best Boys ... this is NATHANIEL EEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEEE!!!!

♪ "Fix Up Look Sharp" by Dizzie Rascal ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking a pink headband, black tights with two pink sultry-looking eyes, pink kneepads and white boots. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his half of the belts. Dex Joy is right behind him cheering him on. He has his half of the belts on his shoulder when he walks to the announce table.

Dex Joy:

Pallies! What's shakin?

DDK:

We have Dex Joy joining us for commentary for this match. Welcome Dex!

Lance:

Yes, welcome!

Dex Joy:

Thanks! I'm just here to lend support to my fellow BRAZEN tag team champion! Gage would know something about that if he even had friends.

Nathaniel is in the ring now waiting for Gage to show up.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent... he is the current reigning Southern Heritage Champion... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Blackwood strolls into the scene, wearing his wrestling tights, the trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY" t-shirt (complete with Nathaniel Eye AND Dex Joy crossed out on the back of it) and the SOHER around his waist. Blackwood takes note of Dex Joy on commentary and sneers in his direction before making it to the ring.

Dex Joy:

How about you worry about Nate and stop giving me the old bitter bitch beerface stare?

Lance:

I agree completely!

Blackwood rolls into the ring, flips the title off his waist and hands it to referee Benny Doyle before taking off his shirt... walking over to Nathaniel Eye and...

Handing him it?

DDK:

Get out of here, Gage!

DING DING

Blackwood turns his back on Eye, who takes the shirt and throws it out of the ring. The EXACT second Blackwood turns back to ready himself for an attack, Nathaniel Eye launches himself into Gage using a drop kick!

Dex Joy:

Yes!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful get behind the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion! Gage doesn't know what hit him and it gets worse when Nathaniel Eye runs from one side of the ring to come back with a big spear!

DDK:

Wow, a lot of force behind that spear! Is he going to beat Gage?

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Gage kicks out but Eye keeps his cool. Eye helps Gage to his feet and shows how much of a gentleman he is by leading Blackwood to the corner. Eye throws some jabs to Blackwood while he's in there. Then Nathaniel grabs The Scot's arm and takes him to the ropes. He uses a big back drop to launch Gage up. Blackwood limps up in pain and when he gets there Eye launches another attack.

DDK:

Oh my God! Wow, he just hit the Starry Eyed Surprise!

Lance:

He uses that flying knee strike so well!

Dex Joy:

Yes he does. End it, Nate!

Nate tries pinning Gage again.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

DDK:

Eye has just caught Gage off guard with a flurry of moves but Gage is showing what we all know, the champ can take a beating and keep on coming. We may not like him but he's stubborn and tenacious.

Dex Joy:

He's probably more stubborn than anything but I was right when I said he's an iron man. He has outlasted and out-wrestled the best in order to hold that title as long as he has, pally!

Eye tries to grab Gage again but Gage takes shelter in the ropes. Eye goes and tries to grab him but his overzealousness comes back to haunt him. Gage kicks his knee!

Lance:

Cheap shot!

DDK:

And Blackwood follows it up with a running bulldog!

With the champion seemingly in control now, Blackwood stomps away on Eye before he can get into a corner. Benny Doyle tries to interject and yet Blackwood is having none of it... bringing the count up to four before finally taking a stroll around the ring.

Dex Joy:

Well ... that just sucked the air outta the room, didn't it?

Eye pulls himself up from the ropes, sprints towards Blackwood but is met with a rocking powerslam! The SOHER stumbles to his feet, backtracks into the ropes and looks for a leg drop but Eye rolls out of the way! Nathaniel gets to his feet, ducking a left punch and sidestepping another. Eye rams into Blackwood's chest with his shoulder... and does it again, again, again, working The Nobel Raider into the corner of the ring.

WHAM!

DDK:

Solid forearm to the face by Eye! Followed by a running corkscrew neckbreaker!

Lance:

A LOT of this offense has been Nathaniel Eye!

Dex Joy:

Yeah he has! You gotta stay on him, Nate!

Eye Irish whips Blackwood into the corner across the way. He hits the buckle chest-first and ricochets out, into a huge shoulder block from Eye as Blackwood spins around! The Faithful are more alive as this match continues. It's not like they were counting Nathaniel out from the start, anything but. However, seeing Eye going toe-to-toe and then some with Gage has got them excited for more!

DDK:

A full nelson slam by Eye! Now it's EYE who hits the leg drop Blackwood originally missed a while ago!

Lance:

Don't look now... Nathaniel may be calling for his finisher...

DDK:

Blackwood with a roll up!

*ONE!**KICKOUT!***Dex Joy:**

Whooh! Yeah! Don't play his game! Play yours, Nate! Stick and move, you beautiful bastard!

DDK:

Unreal! A kickout at one!

Blackwood hurries to his feet. He tries for a clothesline on Eye just as he gets to his own feet but, again, being a step ahead Nathaniel ducks it. Blackwood tries for a forearm shot but Nathaniel blocks it. Blackwood tries to drive his left knee into Eye's face... however, you guessed it, Nathaniel leans back and the knee misses!

DDK:

Eye with a huge inside-out clothesline to Blackwood! Could be looking for the death valley driver now... the Eyes on the Prize as he calls it...

Eye attempts to lift Blackwood up but he's immediately roped into a half nelson hold... which eventually turns into a full nelson hold...

Which eventually leads to Blackwood wrapping his leg around Eye's waist and falling to the mat with him.

DDK:

Blackwood has the full nelson sleeper locked in!

Lance:

This is his new finisher, alongside the Gaelic Storm I was told earlier today. I didn't know what the move was...

Blackwood had an off-comment to me backstage he had some form of sleeper finisher he calls The Soul Breaker.

Blackwood has it locked in, dead center of the ring. Unfortunately, there's nowhere for Eye to go.

DDK:

Dammit. Just like THAT, too. One tiny mistake- actually, I wouldn't even say it was a mistake. Blackwood slipped out of the death valley driver attempt and found the full nelson... Eye had no chance.

Nathaniel is out. Benny Doyle lifts Eye's hand and immediately falls to the mat. Doyle turns to the time keeper and shouts "ONE!" as Benny tries the arm a second time and it falls. "TWO!" he shouts. Finally, for a third time... although Benny shakes Eye's arm hard this time, to make sure the BRAZEN star has one last chance to show signs of life.

DING DING DING

He doesn't.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

DDK:

Blackwood hasn't let go yet!

The SOHER has a smile on his face and looks into the cameraman on the apron, mouthing the words "this is you Dex".

Dex Joy:

Oh if it's a preview of Ascension that you want, then you're gonna get it right here!

With that, Dex drops the headset and marches towards the ring. Finally, Blackwood breaks the hold and Benny Doyle raises his hand.

DDK:

Don't look now, Gage...

But Gage does look over. He sees Dex Joy coming for him and The Faithful are rallying for a fight! Blackwood thinks about leaving. He looks to the ring ropes but then decides otherwise.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE ya wee baw juggler, c'mon down and face the man who is going to PUT YOUR FAIRY TALE TO AN END!

DDK:

JOY IS COMING FOR BLACKWOOD... HE SLIDES INTO THE RING...

In an odd move... Blackwood actually leaves the ring to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

Very unlike Blackwood! He would typically stay to fight!

Lance:

Something seems off with Gage recently. Yes, he won this match... he beat Sgt. Safety and Ryan Batts over the last few weeks, too. But these matches are much more one-sided to the OTHER guy, at times...

Dex stands over his buddy to make sure nothing else is gonna happen to him. He tries to help Nate back up to his feet and lightly slaps his BRAZEN tag title co-holder a few times to help resuscitate him. Dex turns and sees Gage looking up.

Gage Blackwood:

You'll be going to sleep soon, too. Another name crossed off by ME.

Dex looks at his friend and then he looks back up at Gage.

DDK:

Definitely a great performance here by Nathaniel Eye! He showed he could dance with the DEFIANCE roster but begrudgingly Gage Blackwood pulls it out again. I get what you're saying, Lance but in the end, Blackwood always finds a way. I hope come Ascension, he doesn't.

The scene fades as the SOHER marches up the rampway, title in hand.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

UNFISTED BUSINESS PT1

Tucked away safely in his Sweet Suite, high above the ring inside the DEFplex sits our champion. Mikey Unlikely. With his signature aviators on, the non pilot holds his FIST championship case on his lap.

He's on his cell phone and yapping away, as Perfection and Cayle Murray sit talking inside the suite. The pair overlook the ring and watch the action as oblivious Mikey chats away.

Mikey Unlikely:

So then I tell her.... To be Frank, I'd have to change my name! I'm Mikey, don't you ever call me Friggin Frank again lady! The nerve of this woman, she just doesn't understand "branding". I'm building a commodity over here Nance!

Mikey howls in laughter. He picks up the recent edition of "The DEFIANT" off of the glass coffee table that sits in front of him. He peaks inside and flips a few pages while still on the phone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ok buddy, that sounds good! I like that plan! Let's go with it. Yea yea yea!

He hangs up the phone and tosses it down on the glass table. The case stops the phone from breaking. The boys looks up.

Perfection:

All good?

Unlikely nods and smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

Perfect baby!

They get back to watching the show. Mikey keeps flipping the pages in his new edition of The DEFIANT. He's flipping through steadily, looking for any mention of himself or his title reign. Finally he lands on an article and his brow furroughs.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the...

His eye's widen as he keeps reading.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I wouldn't necessarily say THAT!

He continues on.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! NO! No! Not happening!

He tosses down the DEFIANT onto the table on top of his cell phone. The magazine lands open on the story Mikey was reading. It's an editorial piece on Pop Culture Phenoms member Elise Ares. The headline reads.

Former SOHER Sets Her Eyes On an Old Friend, and His FIST OF DEFIANCE Championship!

Mikey takes off out of the Sweet Suite without another word.

Cayle Murray:

...the hell is he off to?

Perfection shrugs it off.

Perfection:
He'll be back.

We cut to elsewhere in the DEFplex.

REZIN vs. BLACK PANDA

♪ *"Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus* ♪

The house lights fade out as soon as the music hits. Heralded by drums and strobe lights, BLACK PANDA appears on the stage. The flickering lights and music continue to build as he raises his head and looks off to the side of the stage. Resting there in its display case is the new FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP. Remember everything at stake, Black Panda makes his way down the ramp with icy determination in the eyes behind his silver panda mask.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is the final round of the Favoured Saints Tournament! Introducing first, hailing from Fukushima, Tohoku, Japan and weighing in at two-hundred and eighty-eight pounds, HERE IS... BLACK PANDA!!

DDK:

The penultimate battle to the Favoured Fourway match-up at Ascension is about to take place! The Next Gen Kaiju has been quiet in the weeks following his defeat to Matt LaCroix at Acts of DEFIANCE, but with another win tonight, he could secure the best spot to earn some payback and become the first Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE!

♪ *"I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores.* ♪

After some musical build-up, REZIN lurks out through a wall of smoke with his "handler" STALKER close behind. Rezin has a crazed killer's grin on his face and a mad scientist's devilish glint in his eye as he takes a moment to ogle over the belt displayed on stage. After a moment, both men make their way down the aisle, talking trash with the Faithful with every step.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Jason "Stalker" Reeves, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, he weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds, HE IS... REZIN!!

Lance:

Since he first arrived at DEFIANCE, brought along by the crazy Stalker, this mysterious and vulgar character who calls himself "the Escape Artist" has made it his mission to stain this company's long and acclaimed legacy. He's definitely been the most unknown factor in this Favoured Saints tournament, and it's worked to this advantage thus far!

The music cuts. After having some words whispered into his ear by Stalker, Rezin slides into the ring and sticks to his corner as he loosens up. Panda, who has been kneeling all this time in his corner, rises to his feet as the official Carla Ferrari gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING! DING!

Both men square up in the center of the ring. Rezin opens it up with a combo of quick mid-to-high kicks, which Black Panda skillfully deflects and retorts with a stiff elbow strike of his own. Rezin recoils with a familiar shake of his head and a fit of laughter, and beckons the Next Gen Kaiju to hit him again. Panda instead grabs a handful of hobo beard. Rezin's eyes look to nearly pop out of his head before he is whipped by the facial hair into the corner, face bouncing hard off the top turnbuckle. He stumbles into the waiting arms of Black Panda.

DDK:

HYUUUGE POWERSLAM by Black Panda, right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!! Black Panda would have finished this match within a matter of seconds had Rezin not got the shoulder up! But just look at Stalker's face!

At ringside, Jason Reeves looks uncharacteristically green in the gills. Between the ropes, his protege gets peeled off the mat like a piece of roadkill, but Rezin suddenly snaps to life with a back-handed chop. It bounces harmlessly off Panda's chest to almost no effect. The Goat Bastard's expression melts into dread.

Lance:

Big mistake there... Rezin's not going to get much of anything going toe-to-toe with the Black Bastard Prince!

The Next-Gen Kaiju retaliates by grabbing his opponent by the neck, lifting him off his feet, and slamming him down into the canvas with a chokeslam! Rezin hits the canvas so hard he bounces back onto his feet, loudly groaning in agony while he clutches his back! Black Panda seizes on the opportunity with a boot to the gut and follows through by hooking the legs, lifting him up, and drilling him with a brutal package piledriver!

DDK:

NEXT-GEN DRIVER!! Black Panda isn't messing around; he came out tonight looking to WIN! Here's the cover, could this be it!?

ONE...

TWO...

THR-NO!! Rezin just barely kicks out, although it could have easily been a muscle spasm!

Stalker finally realizes that it's time to do something as he pulls up onto the apron and gets Ferrari's attention. Black Panda wisely ignores the distraction as he pulls the nearly lifeless Rezin to his feet and chucks him to the ropes where Stalker is standing. The Hardcore Icon barely has time to drop back to ringside before taking a collision with his protege.

DDK:

Stalker trying to stick his nose into things, but Black Panda isn't having it! Rezin coming back now--DUCKS the clothesline!!

Cackling with every step, Rezin rebounds off the ropes and looks for a cross-body--but instead jumps into the waiting arms of Panda, who counters with a fallaway slam that launches the Escape Artist across the ring like a ragdoll!

Lance:

Black Panda is absolutely manhandling Rezin right now! This powerhouse is no doubt going to dominate at Ascension if he can get the win here tonight!

Rezin skids lifelessly across the canvas, coming to a stop near the bottom turnbuckle with his teeth clenched and eyes crossed. Stalker, looking ever more desperate, runs over to him and holds something up in front of the Goat Bastard's face: his own Zippo lighter, flame burning.

Stalker:

C'mon, man, you gotta BURN IT DOWN!! NOW!!

Rezin's dazed eyes find the fire and his face suddenly comes to life with an insane fervor, right before he gets wrangled back off the mat by the waist. Black Panda sets him into position for a sidewalk slam, but Rezin instinctively kicks out his legs and clamps them around the head to throw him down to the mat with a swinging headscissor takedown!

DDK:

Rezin with the reversal, nearly twisting off the head of Black Panda! I have no idea what Stalker did to get him back into this match, but it seems to have had an effect!

Rezin zips to his feet and points directly to Stalker outside the ring. Both men begin pumping their fists interchangeably

into the air and chanting in time.

Rezin & Stalker:

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

Moving with ninja-like swiftness, Rezin slips out to the apron and catches Black Panda with a lightning-fast springboard missile dropkick over the ropes as the powerhouse gets back to his feet! Rezin pops right back up and sprints to the corner, bounding right to the top turnbuckle and going airborne in the blink of an eye...

DDK:

HIGH ALTITUDE MOONSAULT puts Black Panda back to the mat! Hooks the leg for the cover...

ONE...

TWO...

NO! Black Panda powers out!

Lance:

Rezin may have finally found a way to counter Black Panda's advantage in power with his own advantage in speed and reflexes!

Before he can recover, Panda receives a few sharp kicks to the head and gets rolled over by his wrists to be set into a surfboard stretch, capped by a DOUBLE STOMP to the back that bounces his masked face off the canvas! In the time it takes for him to resolutely push himself back to his feet, the Escape Artist has yet again managed to perch himself back onto the top turnbuckle...

DDK:

Rezin off the top with a DRAGONRANA, and right into the PIN!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--NO, SHOULDER UP! A beautiful technique from an absolutely ugly human being, but not enough to keep Black Panda down for the three!

Lance:

Say what you want about him personally, but when he gets fired up, Rezin can really get himself moving around the ring!

Sensing the end, Rezin waits for Panda to get to his feet and unleashes his patented SPINNING CLOVEN HOOF KICK with maximum force--but the Next Gen Kaiju ducks at the last second! The Goat Bastard stumbles into the ropes, and as soon as he turns around his confused expression explodes into one of horror as Black Panda hits him with a running lariat so hard that it literally corkscrews him through the air and sends him splatting into a heap on the mat!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, I've never seen a clothesline look so BRUTAL!! Black Panda is back in this match, and he is done fooling around with the so-called "Favoured Sinner!"

Rezin is nearly lifeless as Black Panda scoops him off the canvas and presses him up over his head...

Lance:

Looks like Black Panda is ready to finish this up with the RETROVERTIGO... but hold the phone, Stalker's reaching

into the ring and now he's grabbing him by the ankle!

Panda shakes loose and Ferrari shoos Stalker away, but the moment's distraction is all Rezin needs to squirm free and clutch the shoulders on his way back down to the mat...

DDK:

Wait, Rezin ROLLS UP BLACK PANDA with the CRUCIFIX PIN!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, by pinfall... REZIN!

The Faithful scream bloody murder as Rezin's music hits and he quickly scrambles under the ropes to the apron. Sitting there for a moment, the familiar maniacal smile slowly spreads across his face as it slowly dawns on him that he's won...

Rezin:

Heh heh heh... HA-HA... HAHAAAAHA--***BLGHK!!***

The smile on his face melts as soon as Black Panda's hands grasp his head, and he's suddenly being pulled back into the ring. Stalker hurries over and grabs the legs as a brief tug-of-war ensues while Rezin, being yanked either way, croaks in pain and terror! Panda finally lets go, sending both members of The Fallen crashing into a heap at ringside.

DDK:

It once again took interference from Stalker, but nevertheless Rezin has won the final round of the Favoured Saints tournament, earning the final spot in the Favoured Fourway! That means he has FIFTEEN minutes to kick back and take it easy from the opening bell while the other competitors tear each other apart! I don't know about you, Lance, but I shudder to think of this man representing this company as a champion!

Lance:

I'm right there with you, Keebler. But while I'm sure Black Panda would have loved that final spot for himself, given his showing tonight, something tells me that the Next Gen Kaiju is still confident that he is the strongest threat in that match come Ascension, regardless of his placement!

Rezin and Stalker retreat back up the rampway, the former still a little loopy with an arm draped over the latter's shoulders, but pumping up his fist in quasi-celebratory victory. Black Panda is still in the ring, his eyes behind the silver panda mask filled with a vengeful rage as he stares after them...

APOLOGY ACCEPTED

We are back inside of the luxurious and decked out Mikey Sweet Suite. The camera is on James 'Perfection' Witherhold who's leaning against a black marble island with a gold "24K" smack-dab in the center. He's rocking one of his light grey suits, a gold tie, and a cherry Slurpee in hand that he's enjoying quite obnoxiously.

The camera pans around the suite. There's our FIST, Mr. Mikey Unlikely, serving himself a frappé on his own customized machine. One Cayle Murray sitting in a black leather chair with gold 24K logos on the arms. The one of a kind 24K pinball machine comes into view before completing the fast 360 pans to Perfection who's still slurping away.

A knock on the suite door is now the focus followed by the head of a security guard that peaks through. James ceases for a moment.

Guard:

Mr. Witherhold?

Witherhold raises his eyebrow.

Perfection:

Yes?

Guard:

We have an issue with Scott Stevens outside, sir.

Perfection shrugs, looks towards his fellow men, and then back at the guard.

Perfection:

Okay? And? That's what we pay you cats for. Just 'shoo' him away or whatever, guy.

Guard:

He's demanding to speak with you.

James rolls his eyes and pushes off the island.

Perfection:

Oh, Christ. Fine. Gentlemen, shall we?

Perfection walks out of the suite first with the camera showing Scott Stevens standing there with his arms crossed. The guards make a line between the group and Stevens. Unexpectedly, Witherhold pushes one guard aside and takes a step toward the Texan. No more barrier. The other two stay behind the line.

Perfection:

Scott, I know you have some choice words for me right now and I can understand you're upset with being crowned the biggest dickhead in DEFIANCE.

Stevens:

You three are the dickheads!

'The Starbreaker' isn't going to have it and points over the security row.

Murray:

No, you're the dickhead!

Unlikely:

Agreed! 100% dickhead, dickhead.

Stevens now takes a closer step towards Witherholds.

Stevens:

Fuck off! You're the dickheads!

Perfection shakes his head in sync with his free hand and moves slightly back towards the line.

Perfection:

No, no, no- STOP! We aren't doing that again! 24K all agreed it's you, Scott. Three to one. That's how math works, buddy. Okay? Great. Do you have anything else you want to add?

Stevens:

You're damn right I do but I'd rather my actions do the talking.

Stevens' hand turns to a fist while Perfection puts his free hand up again in a panic.

Perfection:

WAIT!

Stevens lowers his ready right hand a little. The security team begins to circle around Stevens with just Mikely and Cayle behind Witherhold.

Perfection:

Sure, you could do that! You could sock me in the mouth right now but then ten guys jump you instantly.

Witherhold snaps his fingers.

Perfection:

Not too smart. However, I'm going to offer *you* something, Scott. Something so very rare it's *almost* worth its weight in gold.

James looks back at two men behind him and nods before turning back to Stevens.

Perfection:

An apology.

Stevens takes a step back a bit confused.

Stevens:

Are you fucking kidding me?

Perfection takes a long and loud draw of his Slurpee. James smacks his lips a few times before going on.

Perfection:

Do I look or sound like I'm kidding, Scott? I need you to actually hear me out. Okay? Look at what we've become. What *you've* become really. Hitting others with chairs? Having to resort to cheating to get a shot at titles? That nasty little wound you gave me.

James lifts the Slurpee straw towards his forehead in the general area.

Perfection:

It's all just... unbecoming. I'd rather us start square. So listen, first and most important- I forgive you for being so inept and sticking your nose in Mikey's business. It should have never happened and you made a poorly calculated mistake.

The FIST steps forward and puts his hand on Perfection's left shoulder.

Unlikely:

I guess I forgive him too.

Perfection:

Cayle and I also forgive you for attacking me and ruining his very first appearance as part of 24K. You quite literally spoiled his evening. Then we try to have a bit of fun and you attempt to take our heads off? All of those things, Scott, are completely unacceptable.

'The Starbreaker' now steps forward and places his hand on the right shoulder of Witherhold and nods in agreement. Stevens just looks on, completely confused.

Perfection:

This is what I'm talking about! What we're doing right now, 24K- this is what it means to be a man, Scottie. Apologizing is pretty freaking manly!

24K nod almost in unison.

Stevens:

What the fuck are you on about you narcissistic lunatic!? This isn't an apology!

James takes another sip of his Slurpee quickly.

Perfection:

No, it is an apology, Scott! It's exactly what one sounds like and I'm doing what *you* should be doing right now!

Stevens looks about ready to break Witherhold's jaw.

Perfection:

You're welcome and apology accepted, buddy. Now, let's have a nice match at Accession with none of *your* shenanigans. Okay? Wonderful.

Witherhold puts his hand out but Stevens' isn't biting. James stares at his hand then back at Texan.

Perfection:

You're meant to shake it... no? Fine.

He pulls his hand back and at the same time Cayle kicks Stevens square in the dick again followed by a sharp clothesline from the FIST. Perfection starts beating him with the Slurpee and the private security team also decides to unleash on Stevens. He's now unconscious on the floor.

James points at a few guards.

Perfection:

Pick his ass up. I'm tired of his shit already. You!

Witherhold now points in front of him as the camera turns toward a maintenance worker who points at himself confused.

Perfection:

Yeah- YOU, YOU DOPE! Open that goddamn door!

Perfection now points at the door he's speaking about. A maintenance storage room with a padlocked entrance. The maintenance worker is frantically looking for the key and finally opens it as Cayle lands one more good punch to the face of Stevens before he's tossed inside.

The door slams with Witherhold grabbing the padlock, securing it, and snapping off the key in the core.

Perfection:

You two- no one opens that door. Got it?

The two chosen guards nod and position themselves.

Perfection:

What a dickhead that guy is but you know what, men?

Unlikely:

What's that, bruv?

Perfection:

I proved I'm the better man by accepting his apology and that's one less dickhead you have to worry about tonight, Murr. That's machismo, baybay!

The three walk past the camera and back towards the suite with the rest of security in tow.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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FRIENDSHIPS

Back from commercial break, Conor Fuse walks into the arena through the WrestlePlex back doors. The crowd replies with a mixed reaction, given Conor's recent entertaining abilities but confusing behaviors towards his "teammates" Trashcan Tim and Patrick Cassidy.

The Game Boy looms into the picture, appearing in the opposite direction. His imposing frame almost takes up the entire lens before he walks closer towards The Best Pout Machine.

Conor Fuse:

Did you relay my messages?

As always, there's no response from The Mini Boss but Conor reads him like a book.

Conor Fuse:

Great. So Patty and Timmy will be at ringside tonight for my big match. That's excellent.

Again, no response.

Conor Fuse:

Trash Bandicoot had a few questions, you say? That's no problem. I will address them for sure. I'm very sorry about everything recently. Friendships are important.

At this moment, BRAZEN star Walter Levy walks through the hallway. Conor sees him out of the corner of his eyes and waves.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, hey Walter Levi! Hi my friend!

Levy, who wrestled The Green One over a month ago, doesn't feel the need to correct Conor about his last name. Last time it was too difficult. Walter simply gives a friendly wave back to the younger Fuse.

As Levy flees the scene, Conor looks back up to The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Was Walter *Levi* wearing *Wranglers*? Isn't that some sort of gimmick infringement? The guy who created Levi Jeans wearing Wranglers. Wow. Okay.

Conor snaps back to it.

Conor Fuse:

As long as Timmy and Patty are at ringside, I'm happy. I'll beat "Twist and Shouts" Oscar Burns and then I can make everything right!

Hurtlocker Holt appears down the hall. Conor waves to him.

Conor Fuse:

Hi Jeremy Renner!

Holt makes weird eyes and waves back before walking past.

Conor Fuse:

Guy made a million dollars with that movie in 2008 and then decides to wrestle **here** of all places. He's incredibly talented.

BRAZEN's Massive Cowboy strolls past, too.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting]*
WE DEM BOYZ!

Massive Cowboy looks confused. Then it's Roosevelt Owens' turn to walk on by alongside Theodore Cain. The two seem to be in mid-conversation.

Conor Fuse:
Theodore-Roosevelt! New tag team name right there!

Fuse starts cackling for his own amusement.

And finally, Liz Icarus makes her way through (there has to be some kind of BRAZEN talent meeting about to take place). This one really stuns Conor.

Conor Fuse:
I thought *Kid* Icarus was a dude...

Fuse pats The Halo From Hell on the head.

Conor Fuse:
Wow, I really do have a lot of friends here. Good to know my most importantist friends will be there tonight by my side.

Conor and TGB leave the scene.

GO HOME, YOU'RE DRUNK

DDK:

We're getting word there's an incident backstage.

Lance:

Yeah, Conor getting everyone's names wrong.

DDK:

No, not that...

He focuses on the news coming through his headset for a moment.

DDK:

It sounds like there is a situation with Shooter Landell and DEFsec! We have a camera there now.

The feed cuts to the backstage area. Several DEFsec are blocking the path forward for a very... very disheveled Shooter Landell. Landell wears dark sunglasses, dirty clothes, and carries a haphazardly packed gear bag. His usual stubble has grown into an ungroomed beard, which shows quite a bit more gray than previously. He growls through gritted teeth, toothpick jutting out. His gravelly voice sounds haggard and his affect makes it clear that he is heavily intoxicated.

Shooter Landell:

For the last time, get.. the.. hell.. *out of my way!*

The wall of security does not budge. Shooter slams his gear bag on the ground. He screams at the security guards, his voice slurring heavily. As he gets more animated, he struggles to stand straight, swaying and catching himself several times.

Shooter Landell:

I work here, damn it! You know me!

One of the DEFsec--a brave soul-- offers a sympathetic smile.

Security Guard:

Mr. Landell... maybe... maybe we can call you a cab, huh? I don't think now is the best time for any of the brass to see y-

Shooter Landell:

You don't *think*? I don't recall asking for your damn opinion, son! Now get out of my way, or I'm gonna...

Landell pauses, clutching at his stomach briefly. He lurches forward like he may vomit, but catches it in his throat.

Shooter Landell:

I'm gonna...

Just then, the towering head of DEFsec, Wyatt Bronson, comes into frame. He surveys the situation and steps to the front of the security wall. Landell sizes up the larger Bronson and speaks, quieter this time, leaning toward Bronson.

Shooter Landell:

I just want to get back to work, man.

Bronson recoils slightly, his eyes wincing against the overwhelming stench of liquor on Landell's breath. He shakes his head slowly and claps Landell on the shoulder.

Wyatt Bronson:

It's not gonna happen tonight.

Landell begins to protest, but Bronson interjects.

Wyatt Bronson:

Mike... you need to go home. Now.

Landell lingers for several moments, seemingly trying to find a way around the massive head of security, but ultimately resigns. He angrily scoops up his gear back and staggers away.

Cut back to the arena.

"TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ & BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS & THEO BAYLOR

DDK:

Folks, you really hate to see it ... obviously, Shooter Landell is struggling with some demons and ... well we wish him nothing but the best.

Lance:

One hundred percent, Darren. Shooter has an immense amount of talent and a long-tenured career in professional wrestling. We all hope to see him back, clear-eyed and ready for action very soon.

DDK:

We've got a big tag team match coming up next with major implications towards Ascension! We've learned on UNCUT that Alvaro de Vargas accepted the challenge of Uriel Cortez for a singles match there! We've also learned before we went on the air that Brock Newbludd will also take on Better Future's Theo Baylor!

Lance:

Definitely a lot of stories playing out before us in this match! Junior Keeling became Tom Morrow and started his group, Better Future. They took out Uriel for a month and took out Uriel's regular tag partner in the Sky High Titans, Minute. Meanwhile, like you said, Morrow has been trying to court Brock since he signed up, only for Brock to rebuff him multiple times leading to Theo attacking him in the locker room. After a confrontation in our parking lot on UNCUT last week, we've got this match!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas and Theo Baylor take on Brock Newbludd and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! Up next!

Before Darren Quimbey can get an introduction, Ken Ellis stops him from the ramp and gets jeers from the crowd. He quickly wipes off a spot off the stage with a pair of wipes, then moves so "Brighter" Tom Morrow can walk onto the newly cleaned spot on the stage.

Tom Morrow:

Nice job, Ken... DEFIANCE Faithful, lend me your ears! Let us now look... to a brighter tomorrow and a Better Future!

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair, is the massive Cuban-American standout. Wearing a bright purple silk shirt and purple pants with the flame patterns on them! Behind him, Better Future's enforcer, Theo Baylor. Both men bump fists as Morrow bows to ADV and hands him the microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cut my music! (the music goes quiet) Now... excuse my language, pendejos! Both of them!

The jeers come out for his awful catchphrase. ADV grins like the shitbird he is as he and Better Future walk to the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Big Teddy Cool and El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE are about to give you, the paying audience, a preview of what's in store for los pendejos at Ascension... the GIANT pendejo, Uriel Cortez and his little pendejo buddy, Minute! I'm...

Theo Baylor:

Hey, hey, Alvaro...

He whispers something in his ear. ADV's eyes perk up and he elbows Theo's arm.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Qué vergüenza! That's embarrassing! Sorry, it's not Minute! We gave HIM a concussion, prenderle fuego, then sent him packing!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tonight, you get a free preview of me taking apart the Titan of Nothing while Big Teddy Cool here takes out NOT Minute before Better Future finishes the job at Ascensión! The night MY star shines even brighter! And anybody that gets too close...

He smirks right the camera in front of them at ringside.

Alvaro de Vargas:

...will BURN.

The two get into the ring with Tom Morrow and Ken Ellis clapping in approval. Both Theo and ADV await their opponents.

♪ "Back in the Game" by Airbourne ♪

The Wrestle-Plex lets out a loud ovation as "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd confidently walks out onto the stage. Stopping at the top of the ramp for a brief moment, he takes a brief moment to size up the four men who have quickly become a major thorn in his side since joining DEFIANCE. Scanning over the Better Future Talent Agency with a look of disdain, Newbludd eyes narrow when they fall on Theo Baylor and he flashes the enforcer a malevolent smirk.

DDK:

If that evil grin is any indicator, I think Brock is going to be looking for some payback against Theo Baylor.

Lance:

Can you blame him? Baylor's attack on Brock was unprovoked and unwarranted. Now, we're going to see how he handles Newbludd when Brock's looking him in the eye.

Turning his attention to the crowd, Brock walks to one end of the stage and raises a fist to the people, generating a chorus of cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Introducing first... from Milwaukee, Wisconsin...weighing in at two-hundred and forty pounds..."**The Innovator**"...**Brock Newbludd!**

Jogging to the other side of the stage, the veteran grappler shares the love with the other half of the crowd and they let out a cheer of their own.

DDK:

It sounds like the Faithful have quickly grown fond of the relative newcomer.

Lance:

I imagine they're fond of anyone who is against Tom Morrow and company, partner. No doubt, they're hoping Brock can give a repeat of his debut performance here in DEFIANCE.

Newbludd heads down the ramp, sticking an arm out to slap hands with the fans as he goes. Suddenly stopping about halfway down, Brock rolls his neck from side to side and grows another devilish grin as his music cuts out in the background.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen!

The crowd gives a big cheer to the returning Thomas Keeling!

Thomas Keeling:

Thanks, folks! And you, Tom... tonight, we're taking YOU and your group out. Tonight, your opponent stands seven foot one... (Thomas holds the mic out)

Crowd:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

He weighs in at 375 pounds! Please welcome, from the City of Industry, California... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

Out from the back comes "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... but not in a fancy suit for the first time in the little over two years he's been with DEFIANCE! Wearing tattered black jeans, wrestling boots and the new "Sky High Titans: Towering Over All Competition" shirt, Uriel storms to the ring and wants a fight. He heads down and when Theo wants to jump both men early, Morrow shakes his head and tells them off-mic not to do it yet.

DDK:

Both Uriel and Brock are in the ring... and here we go!

DING DING!

Brock runs full steam into the ring and launches himself into a fist fight with Theo Baylor while ADV tries to slink out of the ring. He goes after Uriel on the outside and blindsides the big man with right after right on the floor, but Uriel gets his guard up and starts countering with body shots!

Lance:

This one spilling out early! These four men have been brewing some very bad blood, especially Uriel and Alvaro! And... OOOOH! Uriel LAUNCHES Alvaro into the ring post!

He throws him into the nearest post! He tries to charge in after the Cocky Cuban, but the massive man moves out of the way and the bull-like Uriel hits the post as well! He grits his teeth while back in the ring, Theo has Brock in the corner. He buries a pair of knees into his gut and then follows through with a pair of big shoulder thrusts to the gut to double him over. ADV sees the chance to help his partner fight back!

Theo tags in Alvaro and both men launch Brock across the ring. He comes back and gets SMACKED down with a huge Double Back Elbow from the big men. Theo pulls him up by the head and then blasts him hard with an elbow smash to the face, followed by Alvaro leaping off the ropes for a HUGE knee drop to the chest!

DDK:

What a combo by Better Future! Cover by Alvaro!

ONE! TW... NO!

Alvaro gets back up and hoists Brock up. He grabs him by the body and then looks for the Cuban Missile, but Brock slips out and tries to catch his breath. Alvaro turns, only to get a boot to the gut and a big neckbreaker by Brock! The crowd cheers as he gets back to his feet and then makes the tag to Uriel who has returned to the ring apron.

Lance:

Uh-oh... this is exactly what Uriel wants.

DDK:

And Brock just gave him the tag!

The crowd cheers on the Titan of Industry as he gets in and **CHOKES** Alvaro by the neck, pushing him against the ropes! The referee counts to five and Uriel lets go at four to pin him to the corner. He then doubles Alvaro over with a knee! He gets hurt and that's when Uriel holds out both hands... *THWACK!*

DDK:

Chop of Ages! What a shot by Uriel!

Lance:

And the big man isn't done yet, look!

Uriel backs up a few steps as Alvaro is hurt. He charges in and hits a running back elbow in the corner, then the giant picks up speed off the ropes as ADV stumbles forward into a **HARD** running shoulder block, followed right away with an elbow drop! He then kneels over and starts covering El Sol Dorado with a flurry of his own right hands and a couple of headbutts until the referee steps in. Uriel scares him away with a stare...

DDK:

Wow... since he's come back, Uriel has just been a man possessed. This is very different to the more calm, reserved giant he normally is...

The distraction from the official is all that ADV needs to get to his corner and tag Theo. Uriel waves for him to get in, but Brock wants some and Uriel sees his hand out. Cortez thinks it over momentarily, then gives him the tag.

Lance:

And now Brock is in!

Brock rushes at Theo and hits a dropkick on Better Future's enforcer! Both Morrow and Ellis on the outside show concern as he gets back up and charges with a corner running spear tackle to Theo of his own before taking him out of the corner. He tries for a northern lights suplex, but Theo fights his way out and then tries another elbow smash. Brock sidesteps it and then smacks him with a kick to the gut followed by another kick to the head that rocks him. Brock heads to the middle rope and tries to land Meteora when ADV runs at him. He sees him coming and fires off a punch to stun the tall Cuban, but the distraction is all Theo needs to snatch Brock off the middle rope...

DDK:

Wow! Welcome to LA on Brock! He's down!

The Elevated Sitout Spinebuster rocks Newbludd and now Theo is back up, gritting his teeth. He doesn't try to go for the cover, but instead, Morrow yells out to make him suffer. Uriel is forced to watch from the corner now as Theo picks up Brock and then drives a **STIFF** 12-6 elbow to the top of the skull!

Lance:

Those elbow strikes are just a force of nature! Somebody that big with that kind of precision!

DDK:

Sonny Silver is one of wrestling's more adept strikers. No doubt he takes pride in that. Now Baylor with the tag to Alvaro...

He gets back in and shoots a smirk over at Uriel, followed by him imitating a fireball blowing up with his hands. Uriel angrily tries to get in the ring, but Brian Slater stops him. That allows ADV to welcome Baylor back into the ring for a game of "stomp Brock Newbludd to bits!" Morrow cackles as he tries to defend himself, but the boots keep on coming until Brian Slater gets done arguing. He orders Baylor back to the corner and he complies, allowing ADV to put a solid jumping boot to the chest of Newbludd!

DDK:

They are just teeing off on Brock at this point!

ADV picks up Brock, who tries to fight back with a pair of rights as he's pulled up! He stuns ADV, but El Sol Dorado fires back with a STIFF headbutt! He rattles Brock, and then scoops him up and HURLS him into the corner with a lawn dart-type throw called The Cuban Missile!

Lance:

He finally gets the Cuban Missile on Brock! And now a cover after he throws Brock out of the corner!

ONE! TWO! NO!

Brock's shoulder comes up and ADV looks unhappy with Slater's count, but Morrow yells at him to stay on him. Uriel balls a fist up and wants de Vargas back in, but when he stands up, he turns around and CLOCKS Uriel with a big boot that knocks the giant down to a knee on the apron! The crowd jeers while Alvaro dusts his boot off and then walks over to pick up Brock.

DDK:

Cheap shot there by Alvaro! For a big man, he's definitely the king of that sort of thing!

As he has Brock on spaghetti legs, he picks up Brock after tagging Theo and then hoists him high in the air before dropping him with a belly to back suplex! Brock cringes on the mat, but Theo picks him up, slams him into the corner and spikes him down outside of it with a big Oklahoma Stampede!

Lance:

Ouch! The Better Future are looking great in there!

Uriel growls again, nursing his jaw and looking ready to choke a bitch as Theo covers Brock.

ONE! TWO! TH... NO!

DDK:

Wow, another close one by the Better Future! They got Brock on the ropes!

Now Theo tries to grab Brock with a grounded ab stretch, working over the midsection. He holds it there while Brock tries to pry the big man off him, but does no good. Uriel now tries to will him on with Thomas Keeling's help, leading the crowd in a clapping fervor. Uriel stomps his boot on the steel steps in unison, trying to give Brock the energy to fight while Morrow and ADV yell out at the crowd.

DDK:

That hold locked in tight... but wait! Brock's fighting free!

He finally musters the energy to try and pry Theo's hands apart, but he lets go only to shut him down with another elbow to the stomach. Brock is bent over when Theo speeds off the ropes looking for his signature running elbow smash, only for Brock to catch the bigger man off guard with an overhead belly to belly suplex! Theo goes sailing over while Alvaro panics! Brock tries to get to his corner while Theo makes the tag to ADV. El Sol Dorado gets in...

Lance:

ADV trying to stop Brock... but no! He gets a superkick for his trouble!

ADV tries to grab Brock, but he ducks and hits the big man with a superkick on the rebound! ADV goes tumbling back to his corner and that's when the roof nearly comes off when The Titan of Industry gets the tag!

DDK:

Oh, no... here comes a runaway train! And his name is Uriel Cortez!

The massive monster climbs into the ring and when a groggy ADV tries standing he gets WALLOPED with a huge running shoulder block by Uriel. When he sees Theo starting to stand on the ring apron, he puts him out with a running elbow and knocks off the Better Future's enforcer! It's back on Alvaro now who he tries to pick up, but the Cocky Cuban rakes his eyes! The crowd jeers as he then peppers Uriel with two jabs and then tries to chokeslam the bigger man. He tries to hoist him up for Abajo Vas, but Uriel HEADBUTTS his way out first, cracking Alvaro and giving him some of his own medicine for earlier.

DDK:

The chokeslam fails... but the BIGGEST Dropkick in DEFIANCE does not!

The crowd ROARS for Uriel as he takes down de Vargas with the only move he ever leaves his feet for in the massive dropkick! He pulls him up and then DRILLS him back to the mat using Big Business! The inverted facelock elbow drop connects and Uriel stays on him for the cover.

Lance:

Big Business! Is that all?!

ONE! TWO! THR... NO!

The crowd is shocked when Alvaro kicks out, but Uriel tries to end it quickly. He has Alvaro up for the Industry Standard and the crowd starts freaking out, but Alvaro elbows his way free and then counters into a huge Spike DDT on the mat! Thomas Keeling can't believe it while Morrow gives his own father the double tall man from the other side of the ring. Alvaro hurries over and despite the punishment he's taken, he fights on and tags Theo again. The two big men each start booting him and then send him to the ropes, but Brock scores the blind tag.

DDK:

The action is breaking down now! Brock just got the big tag as Uriel goes off the ropes!

Both Theo and ADV duck to send Uriel over with a double back body drop, but he hangs onto the ropes and kicks Theo with a big shot, then CLUBS ADV with a big standing lariat! Theo turns right into the path of the Meteora from Brock Newbludd!

Lance:

Nice work there by Brock! And the cover on Theo!

ONE! TWO! THR... NO!

DDK:

Brock takes the fight to Theo! And look! ADV and Uriel have just spilled out to the floor!

ADV runs right at Uriel, taking both men over the top rope! The massive pile-up continues on the floor with both giants fighting one another! ADV rakes the eyes again and uses another headbutt to rock Uriel, but the Titan of Industry fires back with one of his own before Uriel CLUBS him with a massive shot, sending him spilling into the Faithful! Uriel climbs over the ropes and the two monsters continue to brawl! Thomas Keeling tries to follow after them while Morrow and Ken Ellis stay ringside.

Lance:

Good lord, Uriel and ADV are trying to start Ascension early! And now Brock and Theo continue to fight it out in the ring!

Brock tries to get Shock and Awe on the big man, but Theo is still too strong and nails Brock across the jaw with a back elbow followed by a big knee to the gut! Theo LEVELS him with another stiff elbow smash that sends Brock to the corner. With the former military member stunned, Theo whips him across the ring and tries to repeat it off the side, but Brock surprises him...

DDK:

NO! Twisting Sunset Flip out of the corner! He's got Theo down!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Theo kicks out, but it's too late! Brock gets shoved off, but when he makes it to his knees, Brian Slater raises his hand. Morrow jumps up onto the apron and yells at Brian Slater, but the record is final!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ AND BROCK NEWBLUDD!**

DDK:

That was a great counter to the power and force of Theo Baylor and Brock walks away with a big win tonight!

Lance:

And Uriel and de Vargas are somewhere in the Wrestle-plex having no idea what happened! Wait... look! Brock sees Tom Morrow on the apron!

Morrow keeps yelling, but Brock has had enough of his assholery. He stomps toward Morrow and starts grabbing him by the suit! The crowd starts cheering for somebody to get their hands on the former Junior Keeling... but Brock gets struck down HARD from behind by Baylor, courtesy of a running elbow smash to the back! Brock lets him go and crumbles to the floor!

DDK:

Come on! You lost the match!

Lance:

You can literally hear the building deflate, the Faithful were ready to see Brock give Tom Morrow what they think he deserves!

DDK:

Now look at this! Morrow's grinning from ear to ear and taking his tie off.

Inside the ring, Theo stands smugly over Brock and plants a foot right on The Innovator's chest. Baylor bends down slightly, talking trash and pointing a finger at the man he had just lost cleanly to. Thoroughly enjoying the boos raining down on him, the former Brazen star begins to lift Newbludd up to his feet while Morrow hops back up on the apron. Loosening his tie, Morrow gives Baylor an approving nod.

DDK:

The smile on Morrow's face makes me sick, Lance.

The crowd lets out a cheer when the situation suddenly turns on Theo as the punch drunk Newbludd wrestles free from his clutches and nails him with a wild haymaker! Falling down to one knee, Baylor puts a hand to his jaw and winces in pain.

Lance:

Brock swung for the fences and he connects!

Brock stumbles around the ring as he tries to clear the cobwebs from his head. Still on the apron, Morrow pulls his tie off and barks at Baylor to snap out of it. Balling the tie up, Tom throws it at Theo. As the tie lands at Theo's feet, Newbludd locates Morrow on the apron, drawn to the sound of his voice.

DDK:

Newbludd's going after Morrow again!

Lance:

Baylor's backup! Brock doesn't see him!

Morrow drops off the apron just before Brock can grab him for a second time. Seeing red, Newbludd begins to step through the ropes to give chase only to violently jerked back into the ring by Theo!

DDK:

Baylor's got his employer's tie wrapped around Brock's neck! He's choking out Newbludd!

Boos fill the Wresle-Plex as Baylor drives a knee into Brock's back, dropping him to his knees. With both hands pulling with all the considerable strength he has, Theo laughs greedily as Newbludd claws at his neck as he fights for air.

Lance:

This is uncalled for! The match is over and they lost, fair and square!

DDK:

Somebody better put a stop to this! Newbludd's face is turning purple!

Morrow claps enthusiastically on the outside of the ring as Brock's eyes begin to flutter in defeat. With referee Slater begging him to stop, Baylor sees his victim's arms go limp and he let's go of the tie. Now free, Brock falls forward to hit the mat face first. Stepping on the back of Newbludd's head as he goes, Baylor exits the ring and gets a congratulatory slap on the back from his boss.

Lance:

Unbelievable! Theo Baylor has just assaulted Brock Newbludd, that's plain and simple.

Inside the ring, Newbludd rolls over onto his back and stares at the lights. Struggling to regain his breath, Brock pushes Slater away and crawls to the ropes. Using the middle rope to push himself up to a seated position, he locates the celebrating Better Future Talent Agency and glares at them with hate filled eyes.

DDK:

What started out as a tag team match has ended in a war! Uriel Cortez and ADV's battle couldn't be contained by a ring, and Theo Baylor has just brought his rivalry with Newbludd to a new and dangerous level. This is far from over, Lance.

Lance:

No it's not, partner. Not by a longshot.

MAS PADRE

Cut to backstage.

Mallet in hand, the Deacon slings the door open to the backstage area, the wood catching the wall and echoing down the concrete hallway. Jaw muscles clenched, causing ripples in his face mask. Magdalena tried to keep pace but her three steps didn't remotely equal one of his.

At times like this, she'd often put a calming hand on the Mute Freak. She knew better today, especially while he scanned the room for his obvious target - Victor Vacio.

At 7 feet tall, it didn't take long for Deacon to find the smaller Lost Cause. It took quite a bit less for what happened next. Vacio facing away from the Deacon, Terry Anderson notices the Mute Freak & taps Victor on the arm. The Deacon's mallet holding hand reaches back. Deacon slings the hammer across twenty feet as if he is the Norse God of Thunder. Terry pulls Victor towards him, nearly toppling over. The hammer sings where Vacio's head had been then connects with and completely shatters an office door window.

DDK:

Good, God!

Deacon crosses the twenty feet. Slowly, Vacio angles his head to catch Deacon's eyes. Neither mouth is shown, but if Deacon's face says he is screaming, Vacio's says he is smiling.

Handshaking, the Deacon slowly pulls his mask down, revealing his sneer.

Deacon:

Consider t'at as challenge... accepted.

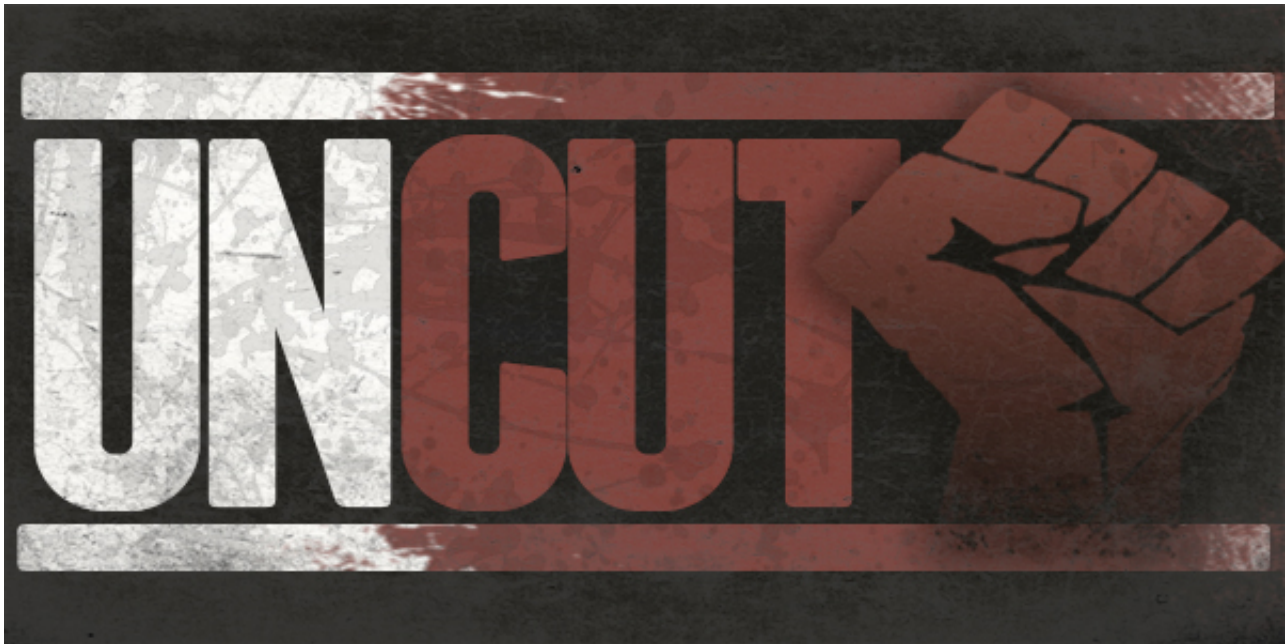
Deacon did not wait for the Lost Cause's answer. He'd made his statement, leaving a calm Vacio & an exasperated Terry Anderson.

Victor Vacio:

más padre.

And Terry's eyes only got wider.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

JAY HARVEY vs. GEOGRE STEVENS

We come back from commercial to see George Stevens already in the ring. Darren Quimbey is in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a Fifteen minute time limit! Already in the ring from Texarkana, Texas... GEEEEEEOOORRRRGEEEE STEEEEEEEVENSSS!

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

Here comes Jay Harvey, ready for what should be another challenging in-ring test!

Lance:

Have you noticed just how much time The Natural One has spent in the squared-circle in recent weeks, Darren? Against top flight talent, no less. Jay has overcome some serious competition and he's on a roll.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out.

Lance:

I do wonder, though, just what has been with all the backstage theatrics between him and Teresa Ames? She seemed to fangirl out over Harvey and then things went south when he shot her down near the shower.

DDK:

While all that might be true, I don't think the focus should be on Ames right now. Jay has to lock in on George because he's certainly no slouch and I know Jay wants to become the most relevant wrestler in this company, so a win tonight would be huge.

Lance:

No doubt. George is an imposing wrestler in his own right.

Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner. Referee Hector Navarro checks to see if each man is ready... then calls for the bell.

DING DING

We're off and George Stevens rushes Jay Harvey. Stevens crashes in the corner as Harvey just evades the attack. Harvey keeps his distance and lands some kicks to the thigh and midsection of his opponent. Harvey knows he has to work fast and use his speed to overcome the much larger George Stevens.

Harvey hits the ropes and connects with a Clothesline... which does nothing to Stevens. George barely budes and looks to be getting angrier. Harvey hits the ropes again and comes back with a Double Leg Dropkick that does more

damage than the Clothesline. The crowd is cheering Harvey on as Stevens is still on his feet, but not for long.

Jay Harvey hits the ropes for a third time but this time George Stevens grabs Harvey by the neck. Harvey's eyes go wide as Stevens is looking meaner than ever. Stevens says something to Harvey that mics can't pick up. Stevens then tosses Harvey over the top rope and to the floor!

DDK:

Jay Harvey sent crashing to the ring floor!

Lance:

What strength from George Stevens! Jay Harvey is not a little man and he just picked him up like it was nothing!

Harvey slowly makes his way back to his feet. We catch George Stevens making his way over to Harvey. Stevens pops out through the middle and top rope and locks in a choke hold on Harvey from behind! Harvey tries to break Stevens' grip but George is able to use his overwhelming strength to drag Harvey back into the ring through the ring ropes.

Stevens still has Harvey in his clutches and in a smooth transition is able to hit a Belly-to-Belly Suplex that echoes out through the DEFarena! Harvey is not in a good way as Stevens sits on his backside, snarling as he continues his onslaught.

Harvey is seen crawling toward the ring ropes. The crowd is trying to cheer him on and this seems to only enrage Stevens more. George is to his feet and stalking Harvey. Stevens lands a thunderous forearm strike across Harvey's back! Harvey clutches his back and makes his way over to the corner. Stevens sees an opportunity for violence and goes to the adjacent corner.

Lance:

GEORGE STEVENS JUST TURNED JAY HARVEY INTO A PANCAKE!

DDK:

HE FLATTENED HARVEY!

Stevens is pumped up as he eggs on the sold-out crowd. Jay Harvey is down on the mat and breathing heavily. Cary Stevens is clapping at his son, giving him praise for the brutality he is displaying. The crowd is all boos as Stevens grunts and stomps around the ring.

Harvey is holding onto the bottom rope trying to get the oxygen back into his lungs and brain. Cameras catch Teresa Ames making her way down to the ring. The Faithful let her have it as she is all smiles seeing what is going on inside the squared circle.

DDK:

Teresa Ames... she must be loving this!

Lance:

Hell hath no fury, Darren!

Ames is seen skipping down the aisle and she makes her way to ringside. She stops and is face to face with Jay Harvey... and blows a raspberry in his face. She continues gloating as Harvey is in agony and Stevens restarts the pain.

Stevens makes his way over to the corner Harvey is in. Stevens picks up Harvey like a piece of fruit and tosses him across his shoulder. Stevens lets out a scream as he runs across the ring and lands a nasty looking Powerslam on Harvey!

The fans can sense the end and boo Stevens who is standing tall in the middle of the ring. Cary Stevens calls out to

George telling him to finish it. George goes over to the corner and begins slapping the top turnbuckle. Teresa Ames is all smiles, loving the payback she is getting.

DDK:

George Stevens... He's going for the 10.0! He's gonna destroy Jay Harvey!

Lance:

George Stevens is almost Five Hundred pounds! The big man is going aerial!

George Stevens is on the middle rope and adding some theatrics before taking off... HE MISSED! JAY HARVEY MOVED OUT OF THE WAY! Teresa Ames can't believe it! Cary Stevens can't believe it! George Stevens can't believe it!

Harvey is somehow on his feet! The crowd is roaring! Harvey is waiting for Stevens to get where he wants him! Harvey sprints full speed and sends his right knee through George Stevens' face! Stevens is out and Harvey goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd is on their feet! Teresa Ames is beside herself!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner by pinfall... "THEEEEE NAAAAATURALLLL ONEEEEE" JAAAAAAAAAAAY HAAAAAAARVEEEEEYYYYY!

PLEASE...

The referee raises Harvey's hand. That is, until Teresa Ames slides into the ring and nonchalantly claps at the wonderful performance she just witnessed. She gets in real close... a little too close.

Jay Harvey:

Hey! This needs to stop!

The facial expression on Ames changes from sultry to pissed off.

Ames:

I was just trying to congratulate you on your hard fought victory, baby.

Like the stage five clinger she is, The Keyboard Queen twirls her hair and attempts another hug.

Harvey:

Listen... I know it was you with the bear and the chocolates. I know it was you that ruined my clothes. I know it's you putting me in these matches to try and break me. I know you had something to do with my cars at home having their tires slashed!

Ames backs up. A look of frustration breaks across her face.

Ames:

I... You... Me... Ummmmmmmm. Look.

She takes a breath and recalibrates.

Ames:

I don't know what you're talking about. I think *you're* getting it twisted.

She goes back to giggling maniacally, as if she's completely lost her short term memory.

Harvey:

I've told you multiple times, Teresa... I'm married. I love my wife. I love my family. You aren't going to change that. You can't destroy that no matter how hard you try. Now stop... I've tried to be nice about this...

The emotion evaporates from Teresa's body like a teenage being told she's grounded.

Ames:

Oh. Really?

She crosses her arms.

Harvey:

Stay... away... from me. **Please...**

It takes a second but eventually Ames takes a step back.

Ames:

You'll regret this...

Her voice trails off as she goes to exit the ring, all the while maintaining eye contact with her "man." She stops before she fully exits through the ropes, as if trying to give Jay one last chance to say something. He doesn't, so instead, she marches right back up to him and loses her shit.

Ames:

Why? WHY!? WHY? WHY DON'T YOU WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME!

DDK:

Teresa is losing her mind here!

Ames:

After all I've done for you!

She presses her finger into his chest which obviously crosses a line.

Lance:

He's already told you, he's a dedicated family man, Teresa! Plus the way she's been moving would put anyone on edge!

Harvey gazes down at the fiery vixen in front of her. The Faithful want him to do something even though they know he's better than that.

Ames:

SAY SOMETHING! DOES CATALINA NOT GET IN YOUR FACE LIKE THIS?

Harvey:

Catalina would beat you up!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The verbal putdown cracks Teresa's spirit briefly.

Ames:

I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MATCHES, AND I'VE CERTAINLY HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR WIFE!

She is seething.

Ames:

JAY HARVEY! I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS MYSELF! AT ASCENSION, I'M CHALLENGING YOU TO A MATCH AGAINST ME!

She SHOVES Harvey in the chest before racing out of the ring. Fans can't believe what they just witnessed.

Lance:

Teresa Ames just challenged Jay Harvey to a match at ASCENSION! Can you believe that!?

The broadcast transitions elsewhere as Ames continually barks at Jay, who just remains in the ring, staring down his adversary.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

NO COUNT OUT & NO DQ, UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

Darren Quimbey stands at the ready, smiling into the hard cam.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall and it is a no count out, no disqualification match for the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

DDK:

Will this *finally* be the time Lucky Sevens get a tried and true match with The Comments Section? Show by show, Malak and Cyrus have skated by on technicalities.

Lance:

First they got counted immediately, then they ducked out with a DQ when the momentum was clearly against them. One has to think they'll have something up their sleeves for this match, but on the other hand, the rules don't allow for much wiggle room.

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jackpot...

7 7 7

The numbers appear on the screen and soon the intro plays.

*This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left*

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" for the Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challengers from Las Vegas Nevada, they weigh in at a combined weight of six hundred and five pounds... THE LLLLLLUUUUCCCCCKYYYYYYY SSSSSSEEEVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!!

Mason and Max are now waiting inside the ring for the champions. They raise the "Winning Hands" for the Faithful again.

The lights dim.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates walk out to a chorus of boos. Malak has all five belts stacked on top of each other, over his shoulder. Malak brandishes a microphone in the hand opposite to the one clutching his precious golden titles.

Malak Garland:

As much as I like Shinedown, please cut the music.

The music fades away as Malak addresses Lucky Sevens while walking down to the ring.

Malak Garland:

Lucky Sevens, it's your *lucky* day! You've finally been put in a position where you get a fair shake at the Tag Titles.

The fans groan at Malak's obvious sarcasm.

Malak Garland:

No, no. I'm super serious right now! Mason, Max, I have to let you know that I have finally completed my self-defense training! That's right! I can challenge for my White Belt now!

DDK:

Isn't that the introductory belt everyone is given when they start?

Malak smiles with pride.

Malak Garland:

I'm so confident now that I am a trained, lethal, deadly machine that I have a little wager for you two.

A camera shot cuts to Mason and Max in the ring, looking as perplexed as ever.

Malak Garland:

I know you guys fancy yourselves to be lucky and casino themed and all that so why would you two shy away from a friendly little wager? A bet? A gamble?

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland:

I bet you can't beat me within five minutes now that I am fully trained in self-defense. In fact, if you beat me in under five minutes, I will personally hand you the belts. BUT, if you fail to win within five minutes, I retain my titles.

Lance:

Malak does realize it's 'we' and not 'I' as Cyrus is part of this too, right?

Malak Garland:

What do you guys say? No countout, no DQ, five minute time limit challenge!

By this time, Malak and Cyrus are at the ring, awaiting Lucky Sevens response. Mason Luck and Max Luck both look at each other and cannot believe the words that he is saying.

Max Luck:

Tell me that I heard this right, Mason... did he just say we have five minutes to beat them in a no disqualification, no count-out match?

Mason Luck looks at his brother.

Mason Luck:

I believe he did. I say that we've defeated Team HOSS in a tornado tag match that was no disqualification. We beat The Pop Culture Phenoms when there was five of them trying to stop this. I say...

He smiles at Malak.

Mason Luck:

We're gambling men. You're on Malak!!!

The crowd cheers as Malak and Cyrus both look pleased with the fact they accepted the last minute stipulation. The Lucky Sevens can't wait to get the match going. Malak and Cyrus jump up onto the apron.

DDK:

I don't like this, Lance. I mean, it's admirable for Lucky Sevens to accept such a wager but I just don't trust Malak.

A '5:00' graphic appears in the lower right hand corner of the broadcast.

DING! DING!

Once the bell rings the timer starts and already Malak makes perfect use of his white belt... by trying to run! Max goes after him, but Cyrus steps in front of the large twin and starts swinging away to keep him from Malak. Max starts throwing punches right back at him as Mason starts in hot pursuit of Malak.

Lance:

I think that you called it Darren!

DDK:

Malak is trying to play another game and they're trying to get away from the Lucky Sevens!

Malak goes after one of the titles and tries to use it like a weapon but when he turns around...

He gets the Winning Hand!!!

4:45 remaining.

DDK:

Wow, listen to the faithful! They want Malak and Cyrus to lose those titles!

Malak is frantically trying to get out of the grip from Mason but he hangs on for dear life!

Lance:

And things are getting worse for Cyrus Bates in the ring!

Cyrus is pinned to the corner by Max Luck inside the ring and he has the Winning Hand on Bates! Bates tries to grab the ropes, but the official yells at him that it is no disqualification so there are no rope breaks!

DDK:

Wow things aren't looking so good for The Comments Section and their titles!

Max throws Bates out of the corner and he crashes hard on the mat but that isn't all Max wants to do. Bates is trying to stand in the other corner but the more agile of the two Luck twins comes running and smashes into him with a big splash. He gets rocked and then sent back to the corner where another splash hits him! Bates finds himself the victim of a discus big boot.

Lance:

That is Walking the Strip and this is Max wanting to win the titles!

One...

Two...

NO!

DDK:

We're down to three and a half minutes! And look at Mason!

3:30 remaining.

Mason hurls Malak to the floor so he can go under the ring where he pulls out a table! The table gets a tremendous reaction from the crowd and since it is no disqualification it is as legal as a wrist lock. Mason has the table laid out when Mason grabs Malak with another Winning Hand.

DDK:

Malak is going for the ride...

Lance:

Oh come on! No he isn't!

Before Mason lands the Winning Hand on him, Malak puts that training of his to use! A low blow with three minutes left! Mason lets go and is hunched over in pain now while Malak tries his best to get away from Big Mase.

DDK:

Did he learn *that* from his self-defense?

Lance:

If it was Krav Maga he probably did!

Malak runs into the ring using one of the many belts with Max clawing away at Cyrus on the mat, oblivious to what has happened to Malak. When Max claws him on the mat, Malak runs and smacks Max in the back with the title belt. That shot is enough to get Max to let go!

DDK:

Well if we learned anything from The Comments Section, it's that they know how to skirt the rules! There's a sinister mind behind these snowflakes.

With Max rattled, Malak throws the title belt over to Cyrus and motions for the powerlifter to get a shot in. Cyrus gets up, takes it and then he strikes Max upside the head with a leaping belt shot!

DDK:

They found an opening with that belt! I think they might be able to beat Max!

Both Malak and Cyrus dog-pile on Max and try pinning him after the two belt shots.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Malak starts panicking when Max still gets his shoulder up but he yells at Cyrus about what to do next.

Malak Garland:

Plan B! Come on, we need to go now!

Malak rolls out of the ring, hastily grabs his titles, collects Cyrus and hightails it into the crowd. Some Faithful move away while others try to grab and hold The Comments Section in order for Lucky Sevens to catch up.

DDK:

See what I mean!? These damn cowards coaxed Lucky Sevens into a short time limit and now they're running out the clock!

2:07 remaining.

Max is back up and he sees Mason recovering from the low blow by Malak on the outside. Mason points at the direction that the two went. They both see the two heading to the back and the Lucky Sevens SPRINTS after The Comments Section. The fans raucously cheer for the good guys joining the chase.

DDK:

No no no, come on! Not again!

Lance:

I think it's ridiculous Malak Garland calls himself a fighting champion but skirts the rules like this!

DDK:

We got a camera backstage now on Malak and Cyrus that we're cutting to.

A camera is now fixed to The Comments Section escaping through the gorilla position and into the hall which is not far from the loading docks. A minute is left on the clock as they keep running.

59 seconds remaining.

Cyrus Bates:

Do you see them? They're big. We can't miss them. I am concerned. Are you concerned?

Malak turns.

Malak Garland:

I am VERY concerned! I just checked my phone though and Teresa has the car going! Let's go!

They think they are safe when they get through the loading docks and start looking for their car but before they can get there, a pair of massive boots kick open the doors. Malak looks at the giants coming his way with the widest eyes possible.

40 seconds remaining.

Mason Luck:

Get back here asshole!!!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens! Can they even drag them back to the ring in time?

Malak and his collection of belts are slowing him down with the Lucky Sevens hot on the chase until Teresa Ames swings by with her car - a neon green Prius!

DDK:

That does not shock me in the least.

Lance:

They're getting away!

Teresa hollers from her rolled down window.

Teresa Ames:

[To Malak and Cyrus] GET IN, GET IN! [Looks at the camera] I drive a Prius for the environment!

15 seconds remaining.

Malak throws himself and the titles into the car while Cyrus Bates tries to hold him off, only to get struck down with a

kick from Mason who throws him into the side of the getaway car, creating a nice dent in the door! He charges off and before he can get to Malak...

Malak Garland:

Drive, drive, drive! Save my belts! THEY ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT MATTER!

3 seconds remaining.

Cyrus groggily climbs into the open door as the vehicle is moving. Teresa floors it, which means the car sputters out of the parking lot at about 15 miles per hour, just as time runs out! Mason yells out once again.

TIME LIMIT EXPIRES

The time limit finally expires as the bell rings, much to the chagrin of the crowd back inside. Malak and Cyrus hold their arms out of Teresa's dented car, super ecstatic they escape once more. The broadcast returns to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expired and therefore we have a draw! Still your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

The fans piss all over the lackluster result.

DDK:

I have no words for this anymore, Lance. No words.

Lance:

Well... I do... because... I'm just being told that at ASCENSION... it's going to be Lucky Sevens versus The Comments Section, one more time for the titles... IN A **CAGE MATCH**!

The fans roar with approval as an ASCENSION graphic appears on the DEFiatron. It shows Malak and Cyrus next to Mason and Max. A cage surrounds the pictured foursome.

DDK:

YES! Stick them in a cage! Come ASCENSION, there will be no place to run for Malak.

The broadcast transitions to the next segment.

UNFISTED BUSINESS PT2

We catch up with Mikey Unlikely backstage at the DEFplex. He's walking around looking at each door he passes for a specific nameplate, FIST case in hand. He can't find what he's looking for. He sees a stagehand backstage and shouts at him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey bucko! Where the shit is the Favoured Saints office?

The guy says something into his headset, waits a second, and then points Mikey in the direction he's already headed.

Mikey Unlikely:

UN BE LEAVE ABLE

The beat goes on. The feet keep shufflin, Mikey keeps moving on down the hallway.

Finally he reaches his destination. The sign on the wooden door reads "Favoured Saints Office" with a 800 phone number below the sign. Unlikely beats on the door with his fist. Not the FIST, but his fist. You know what I mean.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Quickly the door is opened but not by anyone Mikey would expect. It's opened by long time UTA correspondent turned DEF correspondent Jamie Sawyers.

Mikey Unlikely:

Jimmy Jam!? What're you doing here! Have you been the Favoured Saints all along!? I'm telling Murrfection if so!

Sawyers looks a bit confused for a second before he puts it together. He's wearing his DEFIANCE Staff Polo and dress slacks.

Jamie Sawyers:

No, Mikey... No, it's not like that. I was just taking place in a conference call with the Favoured Saints team there in the office, handling some big Ascension business!

A startled Mikey tries to push past The Jam Man.

Mikey Unlikely:

Good, that's EXACTLY what I'm here to talk to them about if you'll excuse me.

Mikey pushes past Jamie and tries the door but it's locked. Mikey spins around quickly and gets in Jamie's face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Did you lock me out of my own arena! I'm the Champion dammit!

He holds the FIST of DEFIANCE up in its case for Jamie to see. Jamie puts his hands up defensively.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mikey, I was on a teleconference because they aren't here in person. I was just taking the minutes of the meeting and was going to give an announcement to the Faithful out there in the arena. Actually, it pertains to your Championship!

Unlikely pushes Jamie up against the wall.

Mikey Unlikely:

Not here! What about my Championship!? What do you mean announcement! You make that announcement and you

make it RIGHT NOW! Where I can hear it. RIGHT HERE!

He pushes him harder up against the wall. Jamie winces thinking a blow is coming, but that doesn't happen.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oohhh....Ok...Okay Mikey, calm down please! I'll tell you! It's not a secret.

Mikey Unlikely looks at Jamie, then looks at his own hands. He realizes he's got him pinned against the wall. Unlikely let's go, loosens up, and even fixes the collar on the shirt of Jamie Sawyers.

Mikey Unlikely:

Sorry about that Jimmy Jam, got a little defensive. My apologies. Now, what is it you have to tell everyone?

Jamie Sawyers rolls his shoulders, gets his composure back and tells him.

Jamie Sawyers:

They wanted me to let you, the Faithful, and Elise Ares of the Pop Culture Phenoms know, that through her recent hard work, determination, and ability to defeat you... she has secured the NUMBER ONE CONTENDERSHIP and will meet you ONE ON ONE AT ASCENSION FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Mikey grabs him, spins him, and throws him up against the opposite wall this time.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY! SHE DID NOT EARN ANYTHING! YOU HATE TO SEE IT....Wait... get them back on the phone! What about Klien! I'll happily face Klien at the Pay Per View! Flex? Now Flex that's a guy worth beating! What about O Face? THE D! I'm ready for each of those guys. GET THEM BACK ON THE PHONE JAMMY! I'm ready for a telecommute.

Jamie Sawyers:

I think you mean a teleconf....

Mikey Unlikely:

I KNOW WHAT I MEAN! ARE YOU REALLY IN THE POSITION TO BE QUESTIONING MY GRAMMAR JIMMY JAM!? I've got to get back to the Suite and tell the boys. This is....

He let's go of Jimmy and starts sprinting down the hall towards his Sweet Suite high above.

Mikey Unlikely:

UN BE LEAVE ABLE!

Jamie Sawyers is left in disbelief.

"QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY vs. MUSHIGIHARA

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

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

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage. She takes a moment to hype up the fans then makes her way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds, she is **"THE QUEEN OF THE RING"** and your **"High Queen DEFIANT"** **LINDSAY TROY!**

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The crowd ROARS with anticipation as the WrestlePlex is washed in golden light, heralding the arrival of the menacing God-Beast.

Eddie Dante is the first man out, grinning ear to ear as he saunters forward, his familiar walking stick tapping the ground in rhythm to the pounding drums. With a wave back towards the arena entrance, Mushigihara stomps out, arms raised to the masses.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan! Weighing in at 287 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante... **THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!**

Locking eyes on the Queen of the Ring, Mushi storms into the ring and into his corner, the fight on his mind.

Mushigihara and Lindsay Troy stare each other down, as the opening bell rings!

The two competitors circle each other, with Mushi taking a more aggressive stance due to his size advantage. He fakes out for a tie-up, but LT dodges his meaty arms. The mammoth chuckles, and rushes in again, before The Queen of the Ring lashes a roundhouse kick to the God-Beast's ribs that visibly stings Mushi, making him wince a bit, before beckoning to LT for another! She responds with another kick, only for her leg to get caught by the God-Beast, who then hoists her up and slams her down!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The Queen rises to her feet, smiling before the two rush to one another for a tie-up, but Lindsay managed to circle behind Mushi and hit him with an enzuigiri to the head! Mushi is dazed, giving the Queen the window to deliver By Royal Decree! She hooks the God-Beast's arms...

WHAM!

But Mushi manages to stick his weight down, and slam her back-first onto the mat again! Mushigihara rises back up and bounces off the ropes, DRIVING into his opponent with a heavy senton! He holds on for the pin!

ONE!

Lindsay Troy kicks out, and Mushi tries to get back on the offensive, albeit clutching his ribs and grimacing. Mushi follows up with a series of stomps as she gets back up, surging forth with a series of hard elbows! The blows stagger

the God-Beast, who gets knocked into the ropes!

Troy manages to pull Mushi into an Irish whip, and she rebounds for the attack, but Mushi somehow manages to get his bearings and deliver a BRUTAL knee clip, sending the High Queen DEFIANT to the mat, clutching her leg! The God-Beast grins as he stares down his adversary, taking the time to send another thunderous stomp down onto her visibly injured leg!

DDK:

Mushigihara is already taking advantage of a downed opponent, so soon after returning to DEFIANCE heroically!

Lance Warner:

Don't be so sure, Darren; ever watch a Godzilla movie where he's supposed to be the good guy?

DDK:

Yes, I have... what's your point?

Lance:

Ever notice how when Godzilla isn't going out of his way to wreak havoc on humanity and is fighting on their side, cities STILL get leveled? Same idea. Eddie Dante always says that Mushigihara operates beyond the scale of good and evil, and goes by his own impulses and desires.

DDK:

So what you're saying is...

Lance:

Yep. Mushi may have changed his ways since he took off that mask... but he didn't change TOO much.

Indeed, as Lance is saying this, Mushi is grinning at Lindsay Troy, stumbling to her feet like a wounded gazelle into a lion's jaws, and yelling "Ikuzo, ojou-sama!" in an almost mocking fashion. "Let's go, Queen!" Lindsay manages to get back up, and ends up right into the waiting arms of the Goliath! He squeezes tightly, though he does wince as his ribs are stressed... before dropping the Queen with his signature suplex... even though he has to struggle a bit!

DDK:

He's still holding his ribs!

Indeed, the God-Beast is clutching his side as he rises up, and reaches down to grab Lindsay by the hair... before racking her up onto his shoulders, in preparation for the Atlas Cutter!

Lance:

Just a minute!

Mushi tries to swing Lindsay off to finish the move, but his ribs are stopping him, and he can't finish! Lindsay Troy comes to, and manages to slip off his shoulders, and hook his arms with a mighty snap...

DDK:

BY ROYAL DECREE! And she's holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

LT's music plays and she slowly gets to her feet and gets her hand raised, as Mushigihara slowly follows... before stopping to face her directly!

DDK:

There's been quite a lot of tension between these two, and a lot of history, too, how will the God-Beast take this loss?

The giant humbly bends at the waist, bowing in respect. Lindz returns the bow, before departing the ring, down the aisle. Mushi and Eddie stand in the ring and share some words, Mushi in particular looking particularly disappointed, when their conversation is suddenly cut short by--

???:

Hey... Osu, asshole.

With Troy departing after her victory, the DEFTron lights up. Mushi and Eddie Dante both look up...

Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great, aka Team HOSS!

DDK:

Oh, what's this about?

Lance:

Back on UNCUT a few weeks ago after Angel Trinidad lost to Dex Joy, Aleczander got in Mushi's face and got laid out as a result... then we saw Team HOSS make an appearance during the main event and attack Mushi.

Angel and Aleczander bump fists.

Angel Trinidad:

Oh, Mushi, you done fucked with the WROOOOOOONG people... you think you were funny attacking Aleczander, huh? That's EXACTLY why we put the boots to you two weeks ago.

Aleczander The Great waves.

Aleczander The Great:

Hey, you giant wanker... we also came back to say hi to an old friend of yours!

The camera pans downward at the feet of Team HOSS... the diehards among the Faithful JEER as they recognize the man that once was a DEFIANCE mainstay and currently helps the next generation of talent down in BRAZEN.

DDK:

What the...? That's Troy Matthews! He was the former tag team partner of both Eddie Dante and Mushigihara as the Philosopher Kings! He's been mainly wrestling in BRAZEN these days...

Lance:

Oh, come on! Uncalled for!

Mushi is visibly shaking now with Dante trying in vain to calm down his charge. Angel Trinidad smiles as he puts a foot down on the beaten and battered body of a man known once upon a time as the Slayer of Giants.

Angel Trinidad:

You mess with one of us, I mess with one of yours. That simple, Mushi. If you want to do something about it... I'll see you at Ascension.

Aleczander The Great:

Osu THAT... wanker.

The scene fades out as Mushi and Eddie both look stunned by this development.

DDK:

I'd ask if there was a low that Team HOSS might stoop to, but... well, we know there isn't.

COMMERCIAL: GAGE BLACKWOOD A BITTER RISE



Take a look back at the bitter rise of Gage Blackwood to Southern Heritage Champion!

RISE BEFORE HIM!

In an undisclosed location in the WrestlePlex. You see vials of assorted colors, bubbling up in their test tubes. Assorted glassware that you would see in a chemistry lab is scattered around on tables throughout the room. Yellow lights shine against the walls from the floor illuminating them with their beams. On one of the walls is a tree illuminated by a white light from the floor. On the branches of this tree are photos of Defiants. Oscar Burns, Scott Douglas, Lindsay Troy, Pat Cassidy, George Othello, Declan Alexander, Doug Matton, and Nathaniel Eye all appear on branches of the tree. At the top though at the highest peak is a picture of Dex Joy.

The sounds of bubbling fluids echo throughout the room. As Scrow stands staring at this tree on the wall under the picture of the tree is the name Yggdrasil and beneath that is Nidhogg a dragon/serpent chewing on the roots of the Tree of Life.

Scrow reaches for a manilla folder and opens it. The view looks inside the folder as it is a picture of Matt LaCroix! He takes the picture from the folder and tosses the folder on the table. He places Matt's picture on a free branch of the tree of life. A short pause as he stares at the new picture added to his collection.

Scrow:

Matthew....soon Scrow shall devour you. Your carcass will wither and decay on the ground. As for you Black Panda....and finally Rezin. Scrow does not consider you his enemies...but what he does recognize you as is obstacles for his path to gold. After Ascension Scrow will ascend to the top of the ladder. Scrow will defend that championship in four defenses and by Nidhogg Dex Joy he hopes you possess that what you seek. None other than the Southern Heritage Championship, it will be fitting to watch you fall to HIM!

Footsteps enter the room and another manilla folder is dropped on the table, this one with an unfamiliar emblem on it. Scrow turns around only the lights from his vials illuminate his body.

Hive:

Here is what you requested, Scrow. He is willing to back you financially, even offered a floor in his building to conduct your research experiments.

Scrow grabs the folder and opens it and flips up the pages as he scans them.

Scrow:

Then you can let him know Scrow's services are his, but only if this is added to the floor.

Scrow looks over to another table and picks up another folder and hands it to Hive. She scans the folder and then from the shadows speaks once more.

Hive:

Mediation Chamber upgrade?

Scrow:

Yes, he has taken your advice in mind. Scrow will never be someone's puppet. He will not end up like this Dandelion that once crossed this man's path before.

Hive:

We have taught you well Scrow, you have done your homework. Just what exactly will this upgrade do for you?

Scrow looks back at the tree behind him.

Scrow:

Quell his fears and bring the ones of those that dare cross him to the surface.

Hive:

We will pass this on to him. You must prepare for the coming battle my student. Your mind must be clear, and remember this will get you to your final battle. However you must defeat the three other men to begin your journey to enlightenment.

Scrow stares at Dex Joy high on top of the Yggdrasil.

Scrow:

They will have to KILL him to take what he seeks!

Hive:

Good, we shall be watching.

Footsteps trail off as Scrow stares at the tree, until he hears noises once more. He looks over his shoulder.

Scrow:

Did you forget something Hive?

He finds Jason "Stalker" Reeves has come into the room, wearing his usual sadistic smile. Following close behind is Scrow's own Favoured Fourway opponent, Rezin, wearing an Iggy Pop & The Stooges muscle tee and playing a (presumably stolen) Nintendo Switch. The self-proclaimed "Favoured Sinner" looks up from his gameplay and looks astounded by all the chemistry lab equipment.

Rezin:

By the excrement-stained ghost of G.G. Allin, how many rooms are in this friggin' building?! Is this where Professor Plum did it with the candlestick, or what?!

Stalker approaches Scrow, clearly interested in a conference. He takes a moment to scan the room and spots the manila envelope on the table bearing a very familiar symbol. His eyes narrow slightly as he puts two and two together.

Scrow:

This is not Stalker's Den Jason. Matter of fact....

He looks over at Rezin then back at Stalker. He pulls a clear liquid vial from the test tube holder and stares at it in front of Stalker, catching Rezin's attention.

Scrow:

Hydrochloric acid, would you two like to be introduced to the wonders it can cause on human flesh?

Rezin lets out a raspy sigh as he shuts off the Switch and puts it away.

Rezin:

Listen dude, the only acid I'm interested in is the lysergik variety. Flesh can always heal and scar over, but the MIND?

He taps his temple a couple times and flashes a subdued but overly sinister grin.

Rezin:

The human MIND is an entirely different story, friend. That ain't healing over... not when WE get into it. So just remember that the next time you think either of us are going to so much as blink at your pathetic attempts to scare anyone with your discount high school chemistry lab set. Now you got something to rap about, or are we just wasting time here?

The Unhinged, stares at Rezin emotionless....finally he snickers as he pulls the green vial out of the test tube.

Scrow:

These two combined gives you what Scrow is now...

Scrow puts the hydrochloric acid back on the table and admires the green liquid in the vial. Stalker's curiosity peaks further as he steps closer to Scrow, his fingers reaching for the manila envelope before stopping and raising his head to Scrow once more.

Scrow:

He has seen what kind of men you both are. Matthew however, oh Scrow has SPECIAL plans for him come Ascension. As for Black Panda, perhaps I will make the big bad black bastard squeal like a pig. As for you Rezin...

He looks over at Rezin with that closed grin smile.

Scrow:

Maybe an alliance...? We both have an issue to rectify in one Matthew LaCroix. Isn't he what you two call a "False Hero"?

The left eyebrow on the Goat Bastard's face arches up. Stalker nods in agreement.

Rezin:

"Alliance", huh? You and me, working together at Ascension. Hmmm...

He chuckles while scratching his beard, thinking it over.

Rezin:

Well see now, that's a funny offer coming from you, a guy who is gonna begin this fourway match, all by your lonesome. And here I am, fresh off my final round victory, with a fifteen minute wait until I hop into the action, and the undisputed craziest, wildest, most dangerous muthafugga in all of DEFIANCE in his corner.

Rezin now looks skeptical.

Rezin:

I guess I can see how an alliance benefits YOU, but Scrow--bubby!--I'm slightly confused as to what WE get out that. In fact, if I didn't know any better...

Scrow once more gives off a stoic expression, as his eyes follow Rezin who approaches him, the table of chemical vials being all that separates them. The two Favoured Fourway opponents lock eyes.

Rezin:

...I'd say this was the perfect way to set me up for a betrayal.

He narrows his eyes and leans in over the table, inches away from the face of the Raven's Eye.

Rezin:

Do you think I'd be crazy enough to trust you, Scrow? Do you think I would be foolish and reckless enough to risk all that I've been working toward these past few weeks on a shaky truce with some bum in a discount Halloween costume?

Both fists SLAM into the table, nearly spilling the vials of questionable contents. Scrow glances down at the chemicals then back up at Rezin. The Goat Bastard doesn't care as he cackles.

Rezin:

HAHA, WELL I AM!! So lets do this, you loony sumbitch!

Stalker: *[off camera]*

It's what 'they' want....

Scrow smirks.

Scrow:

Scrow is going to slowly devour Matthew. Torture is what Scrow will do to LaCroix. He has no intention of making Matthew's night short. You really can't savor all the pain and suffering then. So when you arrive...Oh and trust him Scrow will be there at the end...

He throws the green vial at the picture of Matt LaCroix, within mere seconds the picture catches on fire!

Scrow:

Burn the infestation from DEFIANCE...PERMANENTLY!

Rezin:

HAHA, now THAT, my friend, is PUNK ROCK!

Scrow looks back at Stalker and Rezin while the picture of Matt LaCroix burns in the background.

Stalker's eyes focus on the camera for a few moments before he picks up the manila envelope.

Stalker:

Now for more important matters....

Glaring into the camera Stalker's eyes look particularly evil before the camera shot is cut into a static-filled screen. Scrow in his burlap mask flashes on the screen for a second before the feed cuts...

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. CONOR FUSE

DDK:

We have another good one coming up here, folks. I know Conor Fuse has not been, amen, motivated to wrestle recently but you'd have to think this is all out the window with a BIG challenge like Oscar Burns in front of you.

Lance:

I heard directly from Conor earlier today -although who doesn't hear from him. He's ready to go and will really take the fight to Oscar!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds even... and being accompanied by Trashcan Tim and Black Out Patrick Cassidy, he is The Character Formerly Known as Player Two... he is ALSO The Codebreaker and the newly dubbed Best Pout Machine... he is a former Tag Team Achievement specialist and the Power-Up King with more than five-hundred power-ups including but not limited to... MUSHROOMS, FIRE FLOWERS and the always dreaded GAME SHARK! He is THE LOCKER ROOM LEADER of DEFIANCE and FOUNDER of the Friendship Members League... CONOR FUUUUUUUUSE!

DDK:

You know, to do an announcement like this on UNCUT is one thing but when we have a loaded DEFtv, it's another.

Conor strolls out with Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim behind, a little unsure of themselves but nonetheless, once again committed to being a part of this FML team. The Game Boy is behind all three men, as looming and imposing as ever. It doesn't take long for Conor to enter the ring, Cassidy and Trashcan to find a spot near the end of the rampway and The Game Boy to be waiting in silence, arms crossed, by the apron and in front of the hard-camera's view.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at two-hundred-forty-three pounds... "â€TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

Much better entrance!

DDK:

Of course!

Burns walks out, regular orange ring attire and his "I LIKE GRAPS" t-shirt. He takes it off and tosses it into the crowd at the top of the rampway and hussles towards the ring.

DDK:

Not wanting to be shown up by Lindsay Troy from moments ago, this is a big tune-up for Oscar, too.

Lance:

For sure. We may not want to say it but Conor, when motivated, can really go. Burns, well everyone knows what he brings... which is excellence inside and outside the squared circle.

Burns gets into the ring and-

Conor Fuse:

HIHIHI everyone!

This is mainly met with indifference, as The Faithful aren't sure how to handle Conor Fuse at the moment. Some fans want to cheer him because he's been so entertaining over the past few months. Other fans want to boo him... because he's abandoned Trashcan Tim and Patrick Cassidy twice now. However, as Tim and Pat have joined alongside Conor tonight, perhaps all is forgiven.

Conor Fuse:

Oscar, Oscar, hi, hi, hi!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two runs right up to Burns and shakes his hand. Burns lets this happen with a confused look on his face.

Conor Fuse:

We really haven't had the time to chit-chat lately...

DDK:

Have they, uh, ever chatted before?

Lance:

I doubt it.

Conor takes a few steps back to give Oscar personal space, with Burns himself motioning for a mic from a ringside attendant. As Fuse keeps talking to Burns, he takes an odd look back at Cassidy and Trashcan, almost insinuating he's trying to put on a show for his teammates.

Oscar Burns:

GC... we've never met before. In fact, I quite think you're a ponce because of what you and your even poncier brother did to my buds, the WrestleFriends.

Conor laughs off that sordid history between he and Burns' pupils.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, oh Oscar. You're such the kidder!! As you know, with me being the Locker Room Leader and all, it's important I speak to everyone on the roster no matter how big or little they are and you sir, -maybe you don't need to hear it but I am going to tell you anyway-... you sir have got nowhere to go but **up** in this company!!!

Conor claps The Faithful on to give Burns support.

DDK:

Get outta here, who's Conor kidding? Oscar Burns is one of THE top guys!

Conor Fuse:

"Twist and Shout" Oscar Burns. Man oh man, did I ever tell you my dad was a HUGE Beatles fan growing up? Damn straight, boi. He used to play his Beatles records on vinyl...

DDK:

Did he say "play records on vinyl"? Is there any other way you can play them?

Oscar Burns:

It's... Twists and Turns, GC...

But there's no breaking through Conor's wall of delusion.

Conor Fuse:

Yep. When we were 8-bit, me and my brothers would dance around the family room to **all** The Beatles music!

Conor nudges Oscar and tries to say this off mic.

Conor Fuse:

Don't tell Tyler but sometimes he would jam my head between the couch pillows...

Burns is trying to be polite but still has a look like “oookkkaaaay?” on his face.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, love that you're a Beatles fan. I still think they are FANTASTIC. ALSO! “Batman” Ryan Bats, I hope he's doing super swell! I haven't seen Ol' Bats since Tyler and I wrestled him and Jack Mace about a year ago.

DDK:

And The Fuse Bros. are the reason The WrestleFriends, Jack Mace and Ryan Batts, can no longer be a TAG TEAM in DEFIANCE. Upon beating Mace and Batts AND cheating to win, The Fuse Bros. banished the duo to BRAZEN.

Conor Fuse:

I hope old “Batman” is doing well! Say, does anyone know if acid was thrown on Jay Harvey Dent's face yet? Because seriously, Ryan Bats may need to start fighting Jay soon, if that's the case. [To the camera on the apron] JAY, if you're hearing this, DON'T TRUST TERESA, SHE MIGHT HAVE ACID IN HER POCKET!! We don't want that split personality coming out!

Fuse brings his attention back to Oscar.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, tell Ryan I said hi. Steer him CLEAR of Jestal, too. I fear those two are destined to “FIGHT FOREVER”, if you hear what I'm sayin!

Referee Mark Shields should have stepped in a long time ago and got this bout started but everyone knows how terrible he is at his job...

However, Conor's done speaking. He hands Mark the mic and calls for the bell himself. Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

Okay, we're gonna wrestle now, GC, then I'm gonna take your leg from ya.

DING DING**DDK:**

So Conor called for the ring bell... uhhh...

Burns comes in looking to lock up with Fuse but Conor moves out of the way and runs into the ropes. Upon meeting Burns in the center of the ring, Conor's hit with a hip toss and then another hip toss! Fuse rolls to a knee, takes a breather and then exits the ring. Conor finds The Game Boy and stands beside him, asking for advice. When The Mini Boss doesn't reply, Conor nods like he received some excellent insight and gets back to it.

Fuse rushes at Burns again but Burns ducks the left hand attempt and Conor goes into the ropes...

DDK:

Flying european uppercut by Burns CRUSHES Conor in the side of the head!

This one knocks the younger Fuse for a loop as he wobbles around on his feet. Burns hits the ropes himself and nails Conor with a shoulder block and then an elbow drop. The camera switches to the outside and shows Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim having concern over their teammate... and also confusion on how to process what's happening inside the ring given their lack of communication with Conor recently.

DDK:

Burns is looking for a knee drop but Conor rolls away. Fuse connects with a missile dropkick to Burns' face! Now Conor floats over Burns, getting behind him and looking for a German suplex... yes, Conor hits it!

Lance:

Actually, really nicely done there by Conor. He's a high flyer but there's some sound technical ability in there. Now, if he could just concentrate...

DDK:

Conor is looking for another German suplex but Burns standing switches it... and hits a German RELEASE suplex of his own!

The fans are getting into this match more as Burns hurls Conor into the ropes... Conor leaps over top of Burns and clears him with ease, getting to the next set of ropes and tries for this corkscrew looking shoulder block but Burns catches him in midair and performs an amazingly executed modified Northern lights suplex into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Burns nods, getting to his feet. The former FIST wastes little time, kicks Conor in the stomach and lands a butterfly suplex!

DDK:

Wow, what dead power from Burns! Conor isn't too heavy but that butterfly suplex threw the Fuse bro halfway across the ring!

This time Burns gets the knee drop on Conor!

And then a chinlock... but Conor breaks free and spins around Burns, sinking in a chinlock of his own. Except this is countered by Burns into spin around and a chinlock... which, is countered by Conor... which, believe it or not, is countered for a FOURTH TIME in the match!

DDK:

Very nice chain wrestling there...

Conor tries for a jawbreaker on Burns but Oscar's too clever and drops the hold the second he feels Conor let go of his weight. Fuse crashes to the mat and Burns hits the ropes, annihilating Conor with a leaping forearm to the side of the head!

Burns rolls across the floor. The momentum of the move actually makes him fall out of the ring. "Twist and Shout", as he's known in this match, pulls himself to his feet and realizes there's another body in front of him.

The Game Boy.

Burns' eyes go wide, seeing the giant up close and personal for the first time.

Oscar Burns:

Wow... you're a juiced GC...

DDK:

Look out, Oscar!

Conor hits a suicide dive onto Burns! The gamer throws Oscar into the ring and follows but not before stopping to tussle The Mini Boss' head like he's a good puppy dog. Then Fuse shoots his FML friends a double thumbs up and leaps onto the apron. Conor measures Burns... clears the ropes and comes across with a corkscrew missile dropkick!

DDK:

The dropkick connects, sending Burns into the corner! Fuse races in... with a stinger splash... NO! Burns catches him and a ROCKING spine buster slam!

The Faithful are alive as Burns' facial expressions suggest he's in a zone.

DDK:

In two weeks time, Oscar Burns is going to have another WAR with Lindsay Troy... and he's getting locked into things right now!

Stomp.

Stomp.

Stomp.

Burns stomps away on Conor, working him into another corner of the ring. Next, Burns pulls Fuse up with ease and looks for an Alabama slam...

DDK:

The slam connects!

Burns maneuvers into a submission hold, a modified scissor headlock but Conor is too fast and leaps into the ropes!

This doesn't mean anything to Oscar. He's honed in. He throws Conor into a release dragon suplex... then a release German suplex (throwing Fuse ALL THE WAY across the ring) and finally, a second release butterfly suplex!

DDK:

ALL of the suplexes!

Burns calls to the top rope.

Lance:

Oscar does NOT do this often... it can only mean one thing...

DDK:

The Sweet As Knee Drop!

Lance:

No doubt Burns is trying to show HE, too can adapt to someone else's game. A message to Lindsay, perhaps?

Burns jumps but at the last second Conor rolls free!

DDK:

Fuse with a high knee to Oscar! Now Conor looks for PWN'd, the tilt-a-whirl DDT... AND HE HITS IT!! PIN!!! PIN!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Even though Oscar is the CLEAR favorite in the eyes of The Faithful, some thought the match was over right there. However, it's back to work they go as Conor tries to show-up Oscar with his own version of stomping...

The happy-go-lucky stomps. (It's basically the same thing but Conor ensures he is smiling throughout and trying to

give his opponents thumbs up as he does...)

DDK:

THIS IS TURNED INTO AN ANKLE LOCK BY BURNS!! Wow, what a great counter!! Conor is DOA in the middle of the ring!

Burns' face intensifies as he sinks the hold in deep... while Conor is screaming and flailing his hands around like the power went out and he didn't get to save his video game progress! (We've all been there.)

DDK:

Conor might tap! He's really got no choice...

As a desperate attempt to break the hold, Conor pushes his hands off the ground, which allows him to find his free leg, the right one and kick Burns' hands away. It doesn't work to the extent that Conor would like but it loosens the hold, a little.

Kick, kick, kick...

DDK:

Conor breaks free! Now it's Fuse with a high knee to Oscar and the tilt-a-whirl DDT again- NO! INTO A SITDOWN SPINE BUSTER BY BURNS!

The Graps of Wrath III.

DDK:

THE HEEL HOOK. There's nowhere to go now!!! Perfect positioning...

Conor tries to kick free with his right leg again but there's nowhere to kick. There's no body part to move. He's also in the center of the ring.

Fuse screams and pulls both hands over his face. Now he's pulling his hair... he looks at Trashcan Tim and Patrick Cassidy, waiting with bated breath (or so he thinks) and The Game Boy who is absolutely clinging to life by... doing nothing.

Tap, tap, tap.

DDK:

Conor gives up!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Hell of a contest! A solid victory for Burns!

As the good hearted Burns does, he drops the submission hold right away and stumbles to his feet. Referee Mark Shields, who was surprisingly competent in this match raises Oscar's hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

DDK:

Solid victories for both LT and Oscar. Great fights by Mushigihara and Conor.

Lance:

Definitely. Oscar is ready for the BIG show and one of the most anticipated matches in DEFIANCE's history!

Conor is slow to get to his feet. He's selling the leg completely. Fuse knows he tapped out in enough time not to do any further damage, although any longer and Burns would have.

The former FIST celebrates momentarily in the ring and then exits, in a nice gesture to leave the ring to his opponent. Twists and Turns smacks hands as he marches up the rampway. He points to the camera...

Oscar Burns:

I'm ready, Queenie!

Burns exits to Gorilla.

DON'T STOP BLEEDIN'/A WHOLE NEW WORLD

DDK:

A great victory for Oscar, as he will head into the pay-per-view against Lindsay Tr-

Conor Fuse:

Hey! Hey... hold on a second!

The Codebreaker has a microphone and paces back and forth inside the ring. At first, it seems he isn't happy but as he walks to the corner where Trashcan Tim and Black Out Patrick Cassidy were watching the contest (and just about to leave themselves), a warm smile appears on Conor's face.

Conor Fuse:

Tough one for me. Real tough one for sure. All the best to you, "Twist and Shouts" Oscar Burns! I hope you beat that Yoko Ono at Ascension!

Conor gives Burns a thumbs up before Oscar vanishes behind the curtain. The former FIST has a look on his face like that was a nice thing to do and returns the thumbs up to Conor... although he's sure that boy ain't right. The younger Fuse glances down at Cassidy and Trashcan. He holds the ropes open for them.

Conor Fuse:

C'mon in! C'mon! Listen...

Fuse turns to The Game Boy on the outside, adjacent to the FML teammates. Conor snaps his fingers and The Game Boy pulls back the apron, beginning to dig inside as Conor continues.

Conor Fuse:

Get in here ya two big ol' lugs!

Cassidy looks at Trashcan. Trashcan looks at Cassidy. Both of them shrug... they've come this far. Meanwhile, The Mini Boss reveals the same karaoke machine from the previous DEFtv. Game Boy places it into the ring and enters himself.

DDK:

Not again...

Conor Fuse:

Guys, I screwed up. A lot. I mean a-lot-a-lot. I hated our time at the bar. I thought I had karaoke down patty, --haha down Patty, like your name Patty, haha-- but I didn't. Apparently, you need lyrics or something...

Lance:

Duh.

Conor Fuse:

Well, TRUST ME on this. It's not a musical or anything. It's even better!

Once Cassidy and Trashcan are in the ring, Conor walks over to them and puts his arms both guys.

Conor Fuse:

I know it seemed super creepy when I ran away on you both but I WAS paying attention, I swear! You brought it home to "Don't Stop Believin", right? What a great song that is, isn't it? Haha, sure is! So I listened to it and listened to it and listened to it and I think you're REALLY gonna dig what I got to shovel!

Fuse tells The Game Boy to get the system going. Clearly holding back too much excitement, Conor's about to begin his tune before Cassidy raises his hands in a "time out" motion. The "Black Out" motions for another mic from a stagehand outside the ring and then walks back over to Conor.

Cassidy:

Conor... look, man. Before you start, there's something I'd like you to know. When I first accepted this FML proposal, I have to admit I had a little bit of an ulterior motive.

Conor Fuse squints his eyes.

Cassidy:

I really thought that us hanging out together was gonna be great. We'd go out, have a few drinks, sing like fools and maybe help you work through some stuff that is clearly bothering you. I mean, come on.

Conor looks perplexed by the idea that something might be bothering him. He once again snaps back to The Game Boy in a "what is this guy talking about" manner. The Game Boy offers nothing in return.

Cassidy:

But it's clear the bar scene isn't for you. And that's okay, buddy. In hindsight we should have sat down and played Pac-Man or whatever. Something more your speed. That's on me. I shouldn't have tried to force a square peg in a round hole, you know?

Cassidy puts his hand on Connor's shoulder.

Cassidy:

But the fact that you're standing in this ring right now, ready to give this a go again after the first two tries... Mr. Fuse, that's some growth right there. You're willing to step outside your comfort zone! You're not letting the first two times bring you down. You're a brave guy, dude. And myself... and Tim here... and even all The Faithful...

Cassidy motions around the ring to the legions of fans.

Cassidy:

We're behind you, and we're ready for a hell of a song.

Cassidy takes his hand off Conor's shoulder and slaps both his hands together once.

Cassidy:

So let's do this!

It's been said before how Conor can sport an ear-to-ear smile. However, this one is Grinch-like. If the smile could wrap around his entire face, it would.

Fuse looks to the Gorilla area.

Conor Fuse:

MAESTRO!

♪ "Don't Stop Believin'" by Journey ♪

[Play the music here](#)

[Sing along here](#)

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Kristie's a small town girl*

Livin' in a lonely world

Dating remains in vain, ain't going anywhere ♪

DDK: *[shocked but seemingly enjoying it]*

What the hell?

The camera switches to Patrick Cassidy who also seems to be liking this...

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Trashcan's a gritty boy*
Looking worse than south Detroit
His clothes have weird blue stains, and many tears ♪

Trashcan looks down at his clothes. He scratches his head, not seeing any blue stains...

Conor Fuse:

♪ *I'm held up in the locker room*
Cryin' out with doom and gloom
Wondering how I can make it right
To go on and on and on and on ♪

The Faithful are getting into it...

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Dangers waiting*
Up and down DEFIANCE's card
There's Stalker, lurking in the night ♪

♪ *Bright lights, Faithful*
This is such a strange promotion
Snowflakes, running from a fiiiiight ♪

Lance:

I love it!

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Working hard to stay real chill*
Everybody hide from Will!
Why is Lance really nice?
Do you like my rhymes? ♪

♪ *When Mikey wins, we all lose*
But Cassidy can drink the booze!
Oh, DEFIANCE never ends
It goes on and on, and on, and on ♪

Cassidy mouths the words "yeah I can" to Conor's statement about drinking.

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Dangers waiting*
Up and down DEFIANCE's card
Hey Malak, why don't you want to fiiiiight? ♪

♪ *I wear green tights, Faithful*
Does The Deacon ever show emotion?
Ares, you're our hope to make things riiiiight ♪

The entire crowd is into it by now, clapping and cheering along while Conor continued to sing his heart out.

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Don't stop bleedin'*

THIS IS DISGUSTING!!! A PREMEDITATED ATTACK... A SICKENING ATTACK!!

Lance:

Don't listen to him, Trashcan!

Fuse smiles sadistically, showing Trashcan a pair of brass knuckles.

Conor Fuse:

Now, Trashcan... it's time to show Patty who's *Boss*...

There's a pause as The Faithful are shouting at Trashcan.

DDK:

Tim's in a no-win situation! It's clear Trashcan wants to help Patrick Cassidy but there's no way out of this one alive!

Conor starts to hand the knuckles over to Trashcan but then pulls back with a clever grin on his face.

Conor Fuse:

Actually, first I want you to dropkick his ass. Then you'll get the brass knuckles.

Conor taps his head, insinuating he's always one step ahead.

Trashcan Tim:

This aint right, Conor!

Conor Fuse:

Timmy, do it for the Friendship Members League. Do it for US. Do it for THE CODEBREAKER AND THE TRASHMAN!!!

Trashcan Tim stands with his lunchbox-sized right hand clenched into a fist, his gaze alternating from Conor to the battered Cassidy. He starts to move toward Cassidy, who actually reaches up and begins pulling himself up against Trashcan, blood pouring down his face. Conor's smirking and nodding approvingly. Trashcan takes a half step back, causing Cassidy to stumble down to a knee.

DDK:

The Faithful are begging Trashcan Tim not to do this! Pat Cassidy is in a bad way here.

Tim's clenched fist shakes as he pulls it back, loading up for a heavy shot. Trashcan shakes his head wildly, clearly angered over the predicament. He stalks over Cassidy... hesitates... and delivers a hammering right fist... to Conor! The Faithful erupt as Conor Fuse hits the mat like a bag of bricks! Tim manages to get a single stomp in before The Game Boy clocks him over the back of the head.

DDK:

THE GAME BOY LEVELS TRASHCAN WITH A CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL!

The air is sucked out of the arena. The Mini Boss shows how powerful he really is, lifting the large Trashcan Tim with ease over his head and annihilating Tim with a Gorilla press slam, dropped into TGB's knee!

Trashcan cries out. The Game Boy throws Tim beside Pat... both of them withering at the soles of Conor's feet.

Fuse is standing again, rubbing the side of his head. Conor's about to leave the ring when he stops and another mischievous smile crosses his face.

Conor Fuse: *[talking to himself]*

No.... no... no... it's not over. No it's not over.

DDK:

Conor, you need to stop this. You've made your statement.

The Codebreaker can't hear DDK. He can't hear anyone.

Conor picks up the mic. He gets down on his knees, right in front of his fallen former teammates.

Conor Fuse:

Patty, you asked me at the bar if I've ever done karaoke before. I said I don't know any songs... just Disney. Do you think I'm THAT stupid? Really? Do you? Do you think I don't know what karaoke is? I hated you the second you turned down my WrestlePlex tour and suggested going to a bar, instead. From there on out, I decided to mess with you. I know Mario Bros, Sonic and Mega Man don't have lyrics associated with them. They should but they don't. I decided to make a mockery out of you from the moment I saw you. And you... Trash Bandicoot, I had such big hopes for you... but you took me for granted. All those tours I gave you... all the fun we had... and you side with this drunken sailor? Get bent.

Fuse stands up and holds his hands in the air.

Conor Fuse:

And now... for my FINAL NUMBER!

The Game Boy turns the karaoke machine on.

[♪ "A Whole New World" from Aladdin ♪](#)

Conor tells The Game Boy to set both men up in a corner of the ring. With one hand on the mic, Conor sings into it as he runs from corner to corner, crushing both men with clotheslines at first.

By now, a few EMTs and referees have made their way down the ramp but they don't dare enter the ring because The Game Boy is watching them with every move.

Conor Fuse:

*♪ I can show you the world
Shining, shimmering, splendid ♪*

WHAM, clothesline to Cassidy.

Conor Fuse:

*♪ Tell me, Princess, now when did
You last let your heart decide? ♪*

WHAM, clothesline to Trashcan.

Conor Fuse:

*♪ I can open your eyes
Take you wonder by wonder ♪*

CRACK, brass knuckles to Cassidy's head!

Conor Fuse:

*♪ Over, sideways and under
On a magic carpet ride ♪*

CRACK, brass knuckles to Trashcan's head!

Conor Fuse:

♪ A WHOLE NEW WORLD!!! ♪

WHACK, elbow to Cassidy's face!

Conor Fuse:

♪ A new fantastic point of view ♪

WHACK, elbow to Trashcan's face!

Conor Fuse:

♪ No one to tell **ME** "no"

Or where to go

Or say we're only dream-

A WHOLE NEW WORLD! ♪

Conor can't wait to get the chorus in so he skips the last word before it. (Fuse also crushes Cassidy and Trashcan with more stiff maneuvers.)

Conor Fuse:

♪ A dazzling place I never knew

But when I'm way up here

It's crystal clear... ♪

Fuse stands in the middle of the ring and takes a bow.

Conor Fuse:

♪...That now I'm in a whole new world with you... ♪

DDK:

CONOR, STOP THIS...

Fuse takes hold of the karaoke machine as The Game Boy walks over to Patrick Cassidy and throws him towards the middle of the ring...

CRUNCH!!

Conor Fuse:

♪ A WHOLE NEW WORLD!!!! ♪

DDK:

CONOR BROKE THE MACHINE ACROSS CASSIDY'S HEAD!!

Conor Fuse:

♪ A hundred thousand things to see

I'm like a shooting star, I've come so far

I can't go back to where I used-to-b-

A WHOLE NEW WORLD!!! ♪

The Game Boy tosses Trashcan's lifeless body on top of Patrick Cassidy in the middle of the ring, blood spilling out from both Tim and Patrick's foreheads. They're as crimson as can be. Conor stands above his two former friends... still singing his heart out, to nothing but a chorus of boos.

Conor Fuse:

♪ With new horizons to pursue

I'll chase them anywhere

There's time to spare

Let me share this whole new world with you ~♪

Conor has finally decided to leave the ring, as the EMTs and referees rush into the ring to check on both men. However, the gamer is continuing to sing up the ramp. The heat, by now, is nuclear.

Conor Fuse:

~♪ A WHOLE NEW WORLD!!! [Conor holds the mic up to The Game Boy's face for the background vocals but, as always, The Mini Boss says nothing]

A new fantastic point of view

No one to tell ME "no"

Or where to go

Or say we're only dreami-

A WHOLE NEW WORLD!!!!

With new horizons to pursue

I'll chase them anywhere, there's time to spare

And then we're home

Let me share this whole new world with you ~♪

At the top of the rampway, Conor dare not leave without finishing the song.

DDK:

Get this guy out of here already!

Conor Fuse:

~♪ A WHOLE NEW WORLD [attempt two to get The Game Boy to provide background vocals fails, but by the look on Conor's face, it's like he telepathically heard him sing]

That's where we'll be!

A thrilling chase... ~♪

There's a loooooong pause. Conor drops his happy demeanor. His eyes are locked in the ring as he finishes the tune but adds one extra word to it, pointing to both men as he does...

Conor Fuse:

~♪ For you, you and me... ~♪

... And exits from sight.

DDK:

Cassidy and Trashcan are getting a lot of medical attention. This was a sick attack. Conor's not *right*...

Lance:

Keebs, I disagree. Conor is *dangerous*. He's been playing possum this entire time... with all of us.

DDK:

Unbelievable.

Fade to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ASCENSION 2020



*Next up! ASCENSION 2020! Available LIVE **ONLY** on DEFonDEMAND!*

ELISE ARES vs. CAYLE MURRAY

DDK:

Welcome back guys! It's main event time here, and with Elise Ares vs. Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE just two weeks away, it's time for an extension of that. Ares vs. Cayle Murray - for the first time since DEFTv 75!

Lance:

That was almost four years ago and oh, how things have changed! Cayle has gone from the most righteous, honourable, and noble man in the building to... well, the opposite of that.

DDK:

Indeed, and in aligning himself with Mikey Unlikely - and against Kendrix - he is Elise's enemy at the moment. These two met opposite each in a six-man tag a couple of weeks ago, with Ares' side picking up the victory when a Scott Stevens chairshot sent Perfection to the shadow realm. Tonight will be an entirely different affair.

Lance:

It'll comfortably be the truest test of Cayle's abilities since he came back. Meanwhile, you have to wonder where Kendrix will be watching this from, given what happened earlier in the evening.

DDK:

That arm looked to be bad shape earlier on but it's worth noting that we haven't had a single medical update since then. Lord knows what condition he's in, but whatever the case, let's get this show on the road.

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

Synths that would feel otherworldly if not for the horrendous "rapping" over the top blare out the speakers with a generic snare-led beat in the background. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a fall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron, with Cayle Murray stood in the middle of it all. His ring attire is pure colour vomit, with a deliberately obnoxious pattern of gold, green, and pink across his tights - and you know he's wearing a custom-made 24K jacket.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is your main event! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at 220lbs, this is 'STARBREAKER'... CAYLE MURRAY!

Swigging from a bottle of water, Cayle talks mad shit to a bunch of goobers in the crowd as he saunters down. He eventually rolls under the bottom rope and immediately taps the part of his wrist where a watch would be, mouthing for Elise Ares to "get a bloody move on."

DDK:

The crowd, as always, letting Cayle Murray have it tonight! These crowd reactions look like they bounce right off him, though.

♪ "Heads Will Roll" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs ♪

Cyan and magenta lights move to the music as the Faithful give a still somewhat surprising cheer. Swaggering out into the WrestlePlex, Elise Ares wears her trademark tight cross-top and boyshorts. Her LED sunglasses flash between "FIST" and "BREAKER" as she stops and looks at her imaginary watch, before pushing it up to her ear and looking back at Cayle Murray in confusion.

Lance:

I think Elise's imaginary watch is broken.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds, "The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE"... ELIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRES!

She mouths “am I late?” before slowing down to a snail’s pace, walking with exaggerated hip motions before smirking and going back to her normal trot. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE slides up onto the apron and poses laying across with her back arched and her hand through her hair like a supermodel before tossing her sunglasses into the crowd and rolling into the ring.

DDK:

Well that might explain what has taken her so long, but what doesn’t need explaining is how hot the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history has been the last few shows. It looks a lot like her run with that title, where everything just seemed to fall into place. Meanwhile, Cayle looks to remind the Faithful of just how superior he was before he left DEFIANCE.

The music cuts, but rather than circling, Cayle Murray walks immediately into the centre of the ring and extends a hand, still holding his bottle of water. The crowd recognises the immediately decoy and responds accordingly. Elise, to her credit, doesn’t look like she plans on accepting the handshake anytime soon.

Lance:

Oh come on, we know what happens here.

Cayle takes a swig of water, then stretches his hand out even further. No bite. Rather than prodding further, Murray simply shrugs his shoulders, lunges forward, then spits a full mouthful of water at his opponent before launching the water bottle (which is still half-full) right at Ares’ face. She is immediately knocked backwards as Cayle yells at Benny Doyle to ring the bell.

DING! DING!

DDK:

Cayle’s going for the pin!

Indeed, ‘Starbreaker’ pulls his dazed opponent to the mat with a school boy.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both performers hop to their feet though Cayle is a little bit quicker. He against again pulls Elise down to the ground, this time with a small package...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ares has a little more spring in her step as he gets up this time. She advances on the former FIST but he skips behind, slaps her on the back of the head, and sends her away with a push kick. Elise turns around and chases Murray to the ropes, where he slides his torso between the second and top, turning his attention to Doyle.

Cayle Murray:

Oi, Benjamin. Get this bird to piss off!

Piss off Elise does, albeit reluctantly.

DDK:

Looks like Cayle is playing a frustration game here! The two early roll-ups didn't come off so he's doing what he did to Kendrix the other week, burning through Elise's fuse with every move...

Lance:

What an awful way to start the match, too! A bottle of water isn't exactly light - and he launched it full force! I'm surprised Elise isn't hurting more.

Murray teases getting back into the action but instead hand waves the whole thing and jumps to the outside instead. Rather than playing the waiting game, Elise charges out after Cayle, prompting a game of cat and mouse that sees them enter and exit the ring several times before Cayle stops dead in his tracks, pulls the top rope down in a low bridge, and seemingly sends Ares to the outside. Elise lands on the apron, through. Cayle walks away, dusting his hands, unaware of this, meaning he turns around into Ares' springboard hurricanrana, sending him sprawling across the mat. Murray pops back up and grabs Elise's boot as she swings it at his torso, wagging a finger before taking her down with a Dragon Screw.

Cayle doesn't keep Elise locked up but instead snaps the joint violently. He stands back up, making a point of standing on the knee as he goes, before kneeling down just to slap Elise in the face. The blow is mockingly soft and Murray drops down to the mat, fish-hooking Ares' mouth. She quickly gets her foot on the bottom rope and Cayle breaks the count at four, protesting his innocence as Doyle admonishes him.

DDK:

That Dragon Screws was what, the fourth actual move we've seen Cayle execute since he came back? He has transformed into quite the dirty fighter, with eye gouges, roll-ups, and, ahem, groin shots the name of the game...

Lance:

He has been pretty effective at stifling Elise thus far but you know a comeback is only seconds away. Cayle won't be able to keep her down forever.

Again Murray taunts his opponent with mocking softness, this time "kicking" her in the back. Elise rises through these blows and gets met with a volley of abuse, which she responds to by throwing a forearm that is countered, hooked, and eventually has her dragged down with another quickfire pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO! KICKOUT!

Murray gives Doyle a mouthful before Elise returns the favor and rolls Cayle Murray up for a quickfire pin attempt of her own!

ONE!

TWO!

NOPE.

Murray slips out of the pinfall attempt and screams at "Benjamin" Doyle about Elise grabbing the tights. Ares pleads innocence and Cayle rakes his hand across her face right in front of him. Doyle begins to give Cayle hell to the delight of the Faithful, admonishing the former FIST of DEFIANCE to a thunderous ovation. Murray puffs out his chest and begins defending himself aggressively, making Doyle take a step back in defense. Benny doesn't see Ares on her hands and knees behind him and he takes a tumble over her and bumps onto the canvas.

DDK:

Doyle is down! You have to wonder if that's what Cayle was intending to do all along!

Lance:

Did Elise know how close she was to all of that? Can she even see right now?

All those questions are answered very quickly as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pushes herself up to her feet and kicks Cayle Murray square between the legs. Murray screams out in agony as the Faithful roar! Elise then slaps the 24K member across the face before tossing him between the ropes and onto the floor. Outside, the Starbreaker tries to get back up to his feet while still favoring the low blow and Ares soars through the ropes with a tope suicida.

DDK:

Ares just went through Cayle Murray like a bullet!

Lance:

It's a car crash outside the ring!

Benny Doyle starts the ten count as Elise and Cayle begin to stir, but crawl in opposite directions. As both reach their feet, Ares runs up from behind Murray, grabs the tights, and tosses him into the Faithful. Elise then rolls into the ring, flashes Doyle a peace sign, then rolls back out to restart the count. Fans begin to evacuate the area at Ares' command before she jumps up onto the barricade and lands Amethystation crashing into the seats!

DDK:

Is this a falls count anywhere match?!

Lance:

If Elise wants to win this match, she needs to get Cayle back into the ring! She can't pin him in the crowd.

Ares makes sure to drag Cayle through as many chairs as she can before hauling him back over the barricade again. Doyle reaches a seven count and Elise scrambles to try and get the Starbreaker back onto his feet. She struggles with the larger former FIST, using all of her energy just to toss him back into the apron and shove him into the ring. At a count of nine she follows just in time, taking a second to look into the rafters and sigh.

Lance:

Elise needs to stop screwing around and pin Cayle if she wants to win this match! The more time you give him to recover the more dangerous he's going to be.

DDK:

Not to mention you HAVE to think 24K isn't just going to let this happen.

Elise goes to pull Cayle up off the canvas, but the Starbreaker isn't done yet! He attempts to roll the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style into a small package, but Ares rolls through and Murray releases the attempt. He goes to grab the leg of Ares to weaken it further but she kicks him loose. Murray scrambles to get back up again but...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Lance:

The double foot stomp may have just knocked Cayle back to his senses!

The Faithful erupt as Elise stumbles after the move, spinning around she pushes over Cayle Murray when there's a bustle in the DEF Arena's hedgerow!

DDK:

No! Get lost! Get out of here, you!

It's Perfection, down the ramp in a flash. He quickly hops up onto the apron and attracts Benny Doyle's attention, pulling him away from the action. Ares hooks the leg and looks up for a count that doesn't come.

Lance:

Goddamnit! Ares looked like she had Cayle beaten!

The distraction allows Murray to reach up and thumb Elise in the eye, forcing her to let him go. As soon as she stumbles up to her feet, a force barrels into the back of Ares, sending the arena into a tailspin!

DDK:

It's Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

What a mess, Keebs! And an absolute disgrace!

DDK:

24K is laying into Elise Ares!

Perfection gets ready to charge into the ring, right past Doyle, but no! The building turns positive as Kendrix swipes him down from the apron, causing his face to hit the mat as he falls!

DDK:

JFK! JFK IS HERE!

Lance:

But look at the arm!

Indeed, Kendrix's arm is all slinged up - a product of the ambush earlier on. Mikey Unlikely and Cayle Murray rain stomps down on Elise, helpless she tries to cover in the fetal position. Benny Doyle turns around just in time to see The D slide into the ring. The Faithful erupt once again as The D hooks Mikey Unlikely up for Netflix Money! Cayle quickly reacts and kicks The D right in his namesake, leaving the Pop Culture Phenom to scream in terror before falling down to his knees.

DDK:

This is quickly getting out of control, Lance! After that kick he may have to change his name to The.

Lance:

But Ares had this match won, Darren! We should've known these two factions wouldn't stay out of it. Look out!

Elise answers by taking the opportunity to kick Mikey Unlikely squarely between the legs! The Faithful erupt once again before Perfection loses Kendrix by sliding into the ring, knowing he can't do the same with his arm in a sling. Perfection quickly levels Elise Ares by blindsiding her. Benny Doyle finally calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The D tries to fight through his enormous pain, but he's quickly stomped into oblivion by Cayle Murray. The Faithful cry out once more as Flex Kruger and Klein come running down the aisle and slide into the ring.

DDK:

This is getting more chaotic by the second, Lance! Someone needs to get this under control.

Perfection and Cayle Murray turn around to face the muscle of the Sports Entertainment Guild as Mikey and The D both lay on the mat in identical positions nursing the same injury. A brawl erupts as the two parties just begin raining punches down on each other before DEFsec begins sprinting down to rinside.

DING! DING! DING!

Klein rams Perfection into the corner shoulder first. Cayle Murray just kicks the life out of Flex Kruger in the other. Elise

Ares gets back up to her feet and pounces on Mikey. Unlikely just a second before she's grabbed and pulled away, kicking and screaming. Jeers begin echoing from around the DEF Arena as they do the same to Klein and Murray. Cayle and Perfection read the situation and shove away security before exiting the ring, right as JFK makes his way onto the apron, but is quickly met by Wyatt Bronson.

Lance:

The crowd wanted to see how this one played out, Darren, but things were getting out of control and DEFsec made the right call. We have Benny Doyle and a seemingly injured Jesse Kendrix in the middle of this chaos. These guys will just have to wait until ASCENSION to kill each other.

DDK:

They might just do it, too! I don't think I've ever seen the Pop Culture Phenoms so passionate about something in their DEFIANCE careers!

As Murray and Perfection pull Mikey out of the ring, DEFsec body blocks Elise and Flex Kruger away from them while Klein checks on The D. The Man in the Box helps The D up to his feet following his close call with death, and the group watch together as 24K wave them off on their way to the back. Ares makes a "this close" signal with her hands before DEFsec tell her to take a step back.

Lance:

It might've been that close, Darren, but we never did get our finish.

24K continue to chirp from the aisle, led by Mikey as DEFsec continues to hold the line in the ring.

DDK:

Things between these two groups look FAR from over. I can't wait until ASCENSION to see how we plan on sorting through this mess.

This wasn't resolution.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.