

MIKEY HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING

We are backstage and the building is buzzing. Stagehands run around with the cool headsets people on TV often wear. Guys rolling those large concert trunks around. One of the backdoors opens and in saunters Mikey Unlikely.

The former wrestling company owner, professional actor, and current asshole is wearing a suit minus the jacket, his aviators, and a smile on his face. He carries with him a business satchel.

Angus:

Is Mikey wearing a purse!? Ha!

DDK:

I don't think so partner it's actually...

Angus:

A MANPURSE!

Mikey stop's a stagehand by the arm.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey, have you seen the FIST? The Champ? JFK?

The guy shrugs off, shakes his head and walks off. Mikey keeps on his way. Walking into the building further Mikey comes across a custodian in the building. The man turns around to face Mikey after being tapped on the shoulder, the large brim of his cowboy hat shades both their faces. The man's name on the work shirt says "Ron."

Mikey Unlikely:

Hello yes! I see you're a man of fine taste there.... Shaun.... Can you tell me where the champ is?

Mikey looks both ways down the hall hoping to find him himself. The custodian looks Mikey up and down.

Ron the Janitor:

Hmmmm. Names Ron. Thinkin I know you from somewhere?

Mikey smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes of course you do John! You know me from being a worldwide superstar, a movie star, recently verified on twitter, and named top 10 influencer of 2018 on Instagram!

Ron thinks about this for a minute. He spits some tobacco out of his mouth onto the floor next to Mikey's very expensive shoes.

Ron the Janitor:

Nah that ain't it... and it's Ron! Not John, Not Shaun, Not Greg, not Mike Jones...

Mikey Unlikely:

Who?

Ron the Janitor:

But no sorry, I haven't seen Kendrix... If I run across him I'll make sure to let him know you're looking...

A smile from the actor. Mikey pulls a single from his pocket and slips it into the good mans shirt pocket.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks, friend! You know you do look familiar now that you mention it.... Ah whatever.

Mikey walks off but looks back over his shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely:

IF YOU SEE THE CHAMP! TELL HIM MIKEY IS LOOKING FOR HIM! LOSER!

Cut to the show open.

RUNDOWN



Lights, cameras, and once again: action! The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory start of the broadcast hype. A variety of shots, of all your favorite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphics effects and overlays. The footage from previous events dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena as pyro explodes around the entrance ramp.

And of course; those all-important fan signs:

THE LIGHT IS BLINDING

SAY IT AINT SO, BRUV

QUICK! HIT THE RESET BUTTON!

BURNS > STEVENS

SOCAL BLING!

BREAK CRIMSON'S TOYS

NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED FRAPPE

KENDRIX THE BELT DESTROYER

ULTIMO! RISE LIKE THE PHOENIX!

WE LOVE YOU GAGE!

WRESTLEFRIENDS - THE BEST OF FRIENDS

I STILL HAVE PINK EYE

We finally settle in on our illustrious commentary duo, Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to another action-packed DEFtv! As always alongside my broadcast partner, Angus Skaaland - we come to you LIVE, courtesy of DEFonDEMAND, from DEFIANCE Arena nestled in the loving bosom of the WRESTLE-Plex!

Angus:

Did you just say BOSOM?

DDK:

I did and I also said Action PACKED! And folks, that is EXACTLY what we have for you tonight! Two weeks ago we

saw the Toy Box walk away with the DEFIANCE Tag Team titles! And TONIGHT ... in our Main EVENT ... The Stevens Dynasty, the WreslteFriends, and the former Tag Team Champions ... face off for --

Angus: *[interrupting]*

Hmm, Cousins, Brothers, WrestleFriends ... Buddies, if you will.

DDK:

Yes, Angus - I suppose each team respectively could be considered buddies ... what are you getting at?

Angus:

BOSOM BUDDIES! BOOM! Angus is very proud of himself as Darren realizes it's going to be a long night.

DDK:

Got it all out of your system now?

Angus:

TOM HANKS!

DDK:

...

Angus:

PETER SCOLARI!

DDK:

Ok ... got it.

Angus:

... they wore dresses.

DDK:

I'm aware.

Angus:

I bet you are.

DDK:

Wha -- ... nevermind! As we saw at the top of the show, Mikey Unlikely **IS** here tonight!

Angus:

Why, Keebs ... Can't we just talk more about Kip and Henry and all the *wacky* situations they get into while trying to maintain a reasonable living cost...

DDK:

Thankfully, we cannot.

Angus:

Come onnnnnnn! Hildi, played by Peter, of course, is WRITING A BOOK!

Darren glances at his watch.

DDK:

... AND there it is, as usual - the notes I spent all night putting together are rendered useless as you've burned up ALL of our time talking about an incredibly forgettable 1980's sitcom.

Angus:

HEY! Tom Hanks is a NATIONAL TREASURE!

Darren is already exhausted by Angus. He exhales deeply and moves on with the show.

DDK:

Let's go to the ring...

Uriel Cortez vs. Butcher Victorious

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, for our first match of the evening, we've got Butcher Victorious looking to finally snap this losing streak he's been on... unfortunately, he takes on the thus-undefeated "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. After our TAG PARTY!!! house show event last weekend that saw Butcher arguably cost his team with Cortez the match, The Family Keeling demanded this match to get some payback on Butcher. Angus, what's your take on this match?

Angus:

Butcher better run. That's all I got.

DDK:

Thus far, Uriel Cortez has run through both members of Thugs 4 Hire and on UNCUT, Butcher has been paid visits by the likes of Crimson Lord who has been trying to court him, but we haven't heard if those have been successful. With that said, let's go to ringside for the opening match.

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Butcher Victorious heads out from the back and down to the ring, garnering a mixed reaction from the Faithful. After hesitantly taking a breath, he heads for the ring quickly before rolling inside.

DDK:

Butcher meaning business tonight. After a great showing for himself against Burns a few weeks ago, he wants to keep that rolling against Cortez.

Junior Keeling:

A-HEM! A-HEM! THE FAMILY KEELING COMMANDS YOUR ATTENTION!

First out is Junior Keeling with the headset and a FANCY-looking silver sportcoat. He adjusts the coat and points to the stage.

Junior Keeling:

Introducing, my father and the true brains behind The Family Keeling Talent Agency... MEGA-AGENT to the Stars himself... Thomas Keeling!

The jeers are even louder now as Thomas Keeling Sr. heads out from the back, looking suave AF in a suit he got at someplace a little bit higher on the totem pole than Men's Wearhouse. He looks out to the crowd - and to Thugs 4 Hire - with a derisive sneer like he's LITERALLY turing his nose down on them.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. Now let ME introduce to you the newest signing to The Family Keeling Talent Agency! Mr. Victorious, you certainly have guts... and soon, they're gonna be squashed all over that canvas.

He points to the ring as Butcher waves for The Family Keeling to bring out their giant.

Thomas Keeling:

Introducing... Standing in at 7'1" ...

Junior Keeling:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And weighing in at 405 pounds...

Junior Keeling:

...OF PRIME CUT BEEF!

Both Keelings now point to the entrance.

Thomas and Junior Keeling:

The Family Keeling Presents... "THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!

♪ "Sing From The Gallows" by Diablo Blvd ♪

The fans let out jeers as the massive giant from California stomps his way out from the back, looking dapper in a tailored black pinstriped suit. Adjusting his collar, the Titan of Industry slowly makes the march toward ringside as Butcher Victorious prepares for the fight ahead.

DDK:

Uriel's coming to the ring... LOOK OUT!

Angus:

UGH, FLIPPY-DOO!

Butcher tries a different tactic by FLYING over the ropes with a picture-perfect No-Hands Somersault Plancha...

DDK:

NO WAY!

The crowd gasps as Uriel CATCHES him on the outside, over his shoulder! Butcher's big gamble fails and Uriel simply THROWS him through the middle and top rope right back into the ring! Once he makes it inside, the official calls for the bell...

DING DING**DDK:**

I have NEVER seen anything like that! Butcher's bigger than the average high flyer and Uriel just caught him in mid-air and threw him right back in the ring!

Angus:

Methinks there's a new HOSS overlord, Keeps...

Uriel now stands over Butcher, but the otherwise polite Texan is showing off some big fight! He tries to throw a few rights into the chest of Uriel, but The Titan of Industry simply shoves him backwards. Butcher stumbles out of the corner, but comes right back out with a Jumping Dropkick!

DDK:

Butcher has been full of fight in his last couple of appearances! He wants to get noticed.

Angus:

He's got balls, but that doesn't mean brains!

The first Dropkick only manages to stumble Uriel so he does it again.

And again!

And again!

After four Dropkicks only manage to negotiate Cortez back into the corner, Victorious feeds off the crowd and runs forward, CLIPPING Uriel in the side of the head with a fifth dropkick, this time his Running Dropkick now! That blow is enough to wobble Uriel now as Butcher decides to go for the eyes!

DDK:

What's Butcher doing? Is he trying to get disqualified?

Angus:

He's trying to win, Keebs!

Butcher rakes the eyes again! Hector Navarro reprimands him, but Butcher ignores him while he goes to the ring apron. As Cortez stumbles around, Butcher leaps up...

DDK:

No! Swatted out of mid-air!

Sure enough, the Springboard Dropkick goes awry as Uriel slams a hard Forehand Chop into his chest! The Faithful collectively wince as Butcher has the wind knocked out of him, but Cortez goes right on the attack, picking him up and burying a few knees into his gut for good measure.

Angus:

Nice knowing ya, Butcher...

The Texan native still has a little of The Faithful cheering him, but they quickly turn to non-believers the second Uriel picks him up... POWERBOMB INTO THE CORNER!

And from there, Uriel doesn't opt for the Industry Standard...

DDK:

What's he doing?

He throws Butcher on the mat before STOMPING on his back! Butcher lets out a howl of pain as he arches up, allowing for Cortez to simply kneel over, knee to the back and apply a SICKENING Camel Clutch variation! He howls in pain and quickly taps!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Wow, Cortez putting new moves into his repertoire. He has that Industry Standard slam, now this!

Angus:

The Keelings told me that one was called The Industry Great and it's a great name... it did a great job messing with Vic's spine!

Both Keelings now climb up the steps into the ring, showing off their prized giant as a ringside attendant helps Butcher out of the ring. Thomas shows him off while Junior talks trash to the fallen Butcher.

Junior Keeling:

Good try, kid, but you're a boy in a MAN'S world!

As they try to stand again, Junior Keeling waves off.

Junior Keeling:

Do you see what we've done in the last few weeks, DEFIANCE? Do you see it?

Thomas Keeling nods as he turns on his headset.

Thomas Keeling:

My boy's right! It don't matter if you're big or you're small... there's NOBODY that can hold a candle to what The Titan of Industry can do in this ring! This ring now belongs to us! And there is NOBODY back there that can...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

SOMEBODY'S OUT HERE TO SAY OTHERWISE! ANGEL TRINIDAD OUT HERE AGAIN!

Angus:

HOSS OVERLORD VS... NEW HOSS! KEEBS, I'M... MY HEART CAN'T TAKE THIS, KEEBS!

DDK:

Angel Trinidad has been sizing up Uriel Cortez ever since DEFCON, but hasn't been given a straight answer after twice challenging The Titan of Industry.

The 6'10", 303-pound Bronx native leaps onto the ring apron and heads into the ring before he comes face to face with The Keelings's shiny new toy for the third time in as many shows. The Titan of Industry and The HOSS Overlord size one another up once more. Uriel for his part doesn't look all that concerned about the former World Trios Champ getting his face while Angel would like nothing more than to knock his block off.

Angus:

HOSS GIGGITY!

DDK:

What's gonna happen here? Are they going to fight? Are we finally going to see these two mix it up?

Angel looks over at The Keelings, who get in between he and Uriel. Thomas orders Cortez to stand down, but The Titan of Industry does no such thing and clearly wants to fight as well. The crowd wants to see Angel kick the smug off the new giant's face as he pulls out a microphone from his back pocket.

Angel Trinidad:

All right, Cortez... we've danced this dance for the last few shows and quite frankly, I'm sick of this shit. You're running around calling yourself The Titan of Industry when somebody like me has put in a lot more time in DEFIANCE than you, busted his ass more than you and quite frankly... kicked a lot more ass than you.

Uriel begs to differ, but both Thomas and Junior try and hold the well-dressed giant back. When Junior tries to say something, Angel has a hand up.

Angel Trinidad:

Both of you shut up. NOW.

Thomas shakes his head and the crowd cheers while Angel looks Uriel in the eye.

Angel Trinidad:

I'm not talking to them, I'm talking to YOU, big boy. All the nice suits and flashy nicknames don't mean dick unless you get in this ring and earn it, Uriel. So I'm going to ask you one more time... are you going to EARN all that by fighting me? Are you gonna prove you're the big man to watch in DEFIANCE? Or are you going to walk away like a bitch...

AGAIN?

The crowd OOOOHS at the last statement. Uriel points a hand at his chin and even dares Angel to take a shot, but Thomas turns his headset back on so the folks can hear him over the PA.

Thomas Keeling:

MR. CORTEZ! WE DON'T FIGHT FOR FREE! THAT IS THE NUMBER ONE RULE OF THE FAMILY KEELING! WE WILL **NOT** BE DOING THIS TONIGHT!

The HOSS Overlord doesn't take his eye off Uriel and he watches The Family Keeling depart, garnering a series of jeers from The Faithful! Uriel follows shortly, but not before looking right at Angel. He shoots him a look of "we ain't done beefing over turf" and Angel replies with a look suggesting "oh, no, giant sir, we are not." The crowd jeers as they clearly want to see the fight, but to no avail as The Family Keeling and The Titan of Industry leave him high and dry again.

DDK:

I'm honestly not sure why The Family Keeling has been keeping Uriel Cortez away from Angel Trinidad. From what we've seen, he's more than eager for the match to happen. Maybe there's more to this than what we know.

Angus:

OHMYGODMAKETHATFIGHTHAPPEN!

Angel shoots Uriel another look before The Family Keeling and their monster disappear. Angel then nods to the crowd and heads to the back as we cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

HOLY KNIGHTS OF THE LIGHT

As we return from commercial: The Faithful notice the DEFiatron showing this new group called The Light appear and the jeers quickly begins once more. Jestal is playing cards with Clucky, WynLyn, Dandelion, and the Tag Team Championships?? Jestal looks up and smiles as Lord walks over to the Tag Titles on the other empty spots of the table.

Crimson Lord:

Tonight brothers and sisters we welcome yet another into the fold.

The ToyBox look up from their game.

Crimson Lord:

He has seen the error in his ways and tonight we shall give him his atonement for all the travesties he has committed. We shall welcome him into The Light for his presence is required in The Lights plan.

Dandelion slams her card on the table and gives a peace sign with her eyes closed and a huge smile on her face. Wyn and jestal stare at their cards and slam them down. The vibration of them slamming their fist on the table reveals each tag team titles hand, and finally Clucky's hand.

Crimson Lord:

Lords...Ladies have you not heard a word I have spoken?

Jestal laughs, its enough to get Dandelions attention, as she looks over at Clucky's hand in shock and disbelief.

Jestal:

He beat you sis.

Dandelion grits her teeth in anger.

WynLyn looks at her father.

WynLyn:

Care to join us father?

Crimson tries to say something, but clearly realizing the ToyBox could care less about his revelation of a new member.

Crimson:

Well..I....

Lord huffs and grabs a chair and pulls up a seat as Wyn starts to deal once more.

Crimson:

I suppose The Light's teachings can be put on hold for a few minutes.

Dandelion motions a few times with her hands as she pats one of the Tag Team Championships.

Crimson:

My work is not done Lady Dandelion, you and Lord Jestal here have finally struck a blow to the Tag Team division and have cleansed those championships of the taint that was befallen of them by the Spiderlings who caused a run amuck for over two hundred days.

Jestal:

Don't forget Sweet Tooth had a great hand in the part.

Wyn smiles, as Lord looks toward her with a warm smile.

Crimson:

By the way my Daughter of the Light, I require your assistance on the next show.

WynLyn:

Oh, really what do you need me for?

Crimson:

I will let you know when the time is right.

Everyone takes a card and Lord glances at his card before put the cards down and snapping his fingers.

Crimson:

By the way my Entertainers of The Light, you have a gift from The Light.

Jestal's eyes widen, and clearly has the attention of everyone else from the table. A stagehand walks in with a giant toy box. The ToyBox leave the game as Lord stands up.

Crimson:

Open it.

Dandelion and Jestal pull open the toybox and a white light shines from inside the box. Each member of The ToyBox looks on in awe.

Crimson:

As the new Holy Knights of DEFIANCE, it was time for The ToyBox to evolve!

WynLyn:

Dad...this...this is amazing!

Crimson:

Yes, my child now be sure to accompany me later tonight...oh and by the way.

Crimson exits the locker room as The ToyBox have completely forgotten about their card game. As they are fascinated by what exactly is in the box. Before the Faithful can find out the feed cuts.

Cut back to ringside.

Mushigahara vs. Sho Nakazawa

DDK:

Angus, I guess it has to be asked ...

Angus: *[Brad Pitt impression]*

WHATS IN THE BOX! WHATS IN THE BOX!

DDK:

...I walked right into that one.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

The crowd explodes in the signature war cry of the God-Beast, whose silhouette materializes among the golden lights and smoke, alongside that of his long-time manager and advocate, Eddie Dante. The dapper gentleman is smiling with assured poise, while the monstrous Mushigihara gestures to the crowd with arms stretched out, taking in the many fans chanting "OSU!" in rhythm.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing FIRST, being accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

The giant smiles as he marches down the aisle to the rig, bumping a fist here and there while keeping the focus on his opponent tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, already in the ring... from Morioka, Iwate Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at one hundred eighty pounds... SHO! NAKAZAWA!

The masked super junior appeals to the crowd, who respond with a respectful cheer. He knows this won't be an easy matchup, but he won't let that stop him.

The God-Beast climbs up into the ring, before darting to the corner and jumping onto the second rope, fists raised, before letting loose that familiar roar...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

DDK:

The God-Beast looks to be ready to make his mark yet again tonight, Angus, but you can kind of see that he's still dealing with his friend and partner Gage Blackwood's forced retirement at the hands of Shooter Landell.

Indeed, as Keebs is saying that, Mushi is muttering into the ringside camera; it's in Japanese, so we can't fully understand it, but one can definitely hear "Blackwood-San" among the gibberish.

Angus:

I can't say I ever expected one of DEFIANCE's scariest competitors to develop a sentimental side, but here we are, Keebs... I don't know how to take it, honestly.

DING DING

The match starts off with Mushigihara and Sho Nakazawa shaking hands in the middle of the ring before locking up; Mushigihara easily establishes dominance by shoving Nakazawa to the mat with a Biel throw, but Nakazawa quickly rises to his feet and launches a salvo of shoot kicks to the legs that clearly agitates the God-Beast, but the big man holds tough; as Nakazawa follows through with a run off the ropes and unleashes a powerful knee strike...

WHAP!

...only to get swung RIGHT off his feet, and land back-first courtesy of his much-larger opponent.

DDK:

The God-Beast starting off strong tonight, fresh off a big win at DEFCON 2018 against Cristiano Caballero, and he's hoping to make a statement tonight about his hopes for championship contention!

Unfazed, Nakazawa kips back up to his feet and fires off a roundhouse to the ribs that REALLY looks like it stung its target, sending Mushi to the corner, clutching his side and growling in pain.

Wasting no time, Mushi reaches down and pulls Sho to his feet before whipping him to the ring post and stalking to the opposite corner... before running for a big splash, only for the super junior upstart to get out of the way, leading the God-Beast to eat corner! The Monster pulls away from the ring post, clutching his ribs, giving Nakazawa the leeway he needs to ascend the turnbuckles and leap off... right into the waiting arms of the God-Beast, who latches on a tight bearhug!

Angus:

We've seen where this bearhug goes, Keebs, and Sho's about to go on a riiiiiiiiide...

Mushigihara sneers at Nakazawa and roars a defiant...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

...before hoisting his cruiserweight foe into the air and DRIVING HIM into the mat with a thunderous belly-to-belly suplex! As Sho Nakazawa writhes in pain and struggles to get up, Mushi stalks towards the super junior, before hoisting him up onto his shoulders, and letting out one last, definitive...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

WHAM!

Before swinging his legs out and driving him to the mat with the Atlas Cutter. At this point, the cover seems academic as Brian Slater counts the three.

DING DING DING

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" pumps through the WrestlePlex again as Mushi gets his hand raised in victory, but then leans down towards the fallen Sho Nakazawa... and offers a meaty hand with which he pulls the super junior up to his feet, and raises HIS hand in a gesture of respect!

DDK:

A rare display of sportsmanship by Mushigihara towards his fellow countryman, Angus.

Angus:

I'll be real with you, Keebs... I'm still not used to seeing the big guy actually acting kinda NICE! Did his time hanging with Gage Blackwood really turn him around for the better?

With a pat on the back of his smaller opponent, the God-Beast departs from the ring, taking Dante with him, before appealing to the crowd yet again as we cut to the interview stage.

THREE NINETY-NINE

Following The King of the Monsters' rampage against Sho Nakazawa, we cut to the Interview Stage and DEFIANCE's less-verbose but far-easier-on-the-eyes backstage interviewer, Christie Zane. She smiles at the warm reception afforded her by The Faithful -- particularly the adult male demographic.

Angus:

Hey, why don't they ever sound that happy to see me!?

DDK:

I can think of two **big** reasons right away.

Christie raises her microphone.

Angus:

Quit interrupting Christie, Keebs.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest, Ultimo Phoenix!

"The Firebird" receives a comparatively frosty reception as he steps into the shot with his head down, though a handful of The Faithful haven't forgotten his fighting efforts in a hurry.

Zane:

Ultimo, two weeks ago you made your DEFIANCE debut against fellow newcomer Victor Vacio.

BOOO!

Phoenix lifts his head side-on to the camera, listening to the crowd.

Zane:

You gave it your all, but ultimately Victor managed to get the win.

Ultimo strokes his chin, from which a single hair sprouts.

Ultimo Phoenix:

Managed? Miss Zane, let's tell it like it is: two weeks back, Victor served me my butt on a platter!

He turns to look face-on into the camera, revealing a wicked shiner under his fiery red mask.

Phoenix:

You're right, though - I did give it my all. My all just... wasn't enough.

The rookie looks back down at the ground. Christie tries to console him.

Zane:

It was your first match, Ultimo. You showed real grit in that ring Victor almost broke your ankle but you kept on fighting. The people really took to you out there!

Yeeaaaah!

Ultimo looks up at the modest cheer from The Faithful, a twinkle in his blackened eye.

Phoenix:

Yeah, that was cool... But the better man won, Miss Zane. You should be interviewing him instead.

Christie bites her lip and looks sideways off-screen, before seemingly deciding *to hell with it*.

Zane:

The better man? Listen, Victor may have won the match, but **you** were the better man! You tried to congratulate him with a handshake but he laughed in your face and then barged past you. What kind of sportsmanship is that?

Ultimo is taken aback by Christie's brashness but still shakes his head.

Phoenix:

Victor was just... high on winning. All that adrenaline can make you do funny things. Heck, maybe I was out of line even going for the handshake. I'm just some dumb kid who put on a mask and wanted to be like my hero. This is Victor's career, it's his life. I bet he looks at me and sees a joke. A **bad** joke. Why **would** he shake my hand? You have to earn that, and I definitely haven't. Maybe one day...

He looks at the palm of his hand and sighs. Christie doesn't seem to know what else she can say to light a fire under him.

Zane:

Well... tonight you face another BRAZEN name, Bobby Horrigan.

Ultimo snaps out of his funk and rubs his taped wrists.

Phoenix: *[nodding]*

That's right. You know, I -- I think I might actually have a chance tonight.

Christie smiles and even punches him in the arm.

Zane:

That's more like it!

Phoenix:

Yeah. Horrigan... He's the really skinny guy, right?

Zane: *[frowning]*

Uh, no? Horrigan weighs four-hundred pounds. Well... *[whispers]* three ninety-nine.

Ultimo runs his hands over his masked head.

Phoenix:

Aw, **jeez!**

With that, he exits the shot.

Angus:

Don't walk off the stage this time, ya dumbass!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFonDEMAND

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WORLD ONE, LEVEL ONE

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

Angus:

Well, well, well... if it isn't the *former* champions!

Tyler and Conor emerge from the curtain and receive a strong ovation. Obviously, they don't look happy as Tyler marches down the rampway and Conor follows with his head down and hands in his pockets. Upon getting into the ring, Tyler takes a mic and their theme song closes.

DDK:

Just two weeks ago, The Fuse Bros. were on their way to becoming the longest reigning Tag Team Champions until we learned the wrong person got pinned at DEFCON and a rematch was made, The Fuse Bros. vs. The ToyBox. With help from WynLyn and a stupid rubber chicken, The Bros. are no longer able to contend for the longest run in DEFIANCE history.

Angus: *[sarcastic]*

Oh boo-hoo. Cry me a river. You said it yourself, the wrong pinfall was made so the way I see it, two weeks ago WAS the real DEFCON ending. We here at DEFIANCE don't like it when a team or an individual gets cheated out of something. If mistakes happen... if a missed call is made... we rectify it as soon as possible! We don't allow the team that should have lost to get away with murder!

DDK:

Still bitter about the NFC title game?

Angus:

What NFC title game?

DDK: *[sigh]*

We live in New Orleans...

The Fuse Bros. receive another loud pop from The Gamers before Tyler puts the mic to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Thank you. It was a very tough one for us. We'd like to say sorry to all of you who supported us through our DEFIANCE Tag Team reign. Conor and I didn't want it to end like it did... and at the hands of The ToyBox too. For that, we're sorry.

The Gamers cheer but then boo at the sound of The ToyBox's name. Tyler turns to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

I would also like to apologize to you, Conor.

Conor looks surprised.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm the one who made the match. I'm the one who took the pinfall. I'm the one who lost the *Achievements*...

Conor shakes his head frantically as if he doesn't want to comprehend the thought of it. He takes his own microphone.

Conor Fuse:

You never have to apologize, dear brother. I should have saved you but I was too blindsided by seeking revenge on Dandelion...

Conor frowns. His frown slowly turns into anger, directed at The ToyBox. It takes him a moment but he collects himself and puts the mic back to his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

We are brothers until the end and although losing was very tough to take, it's not like this was a *Game Over* or anything like that...

Tyler nods and pats his brother on the back before moving on.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, you're right. It's NOT the end of the world for us. Even if we have to start from the beginning...

Tyler's voice begins to gain some momentum and passion, as he slowly picks himself up from the solemn state he was in. Conor, too, joins his brother and starts getting excited in the background.

Tyler Fuse:

So we didn't become the team with the longest reign... it's just delaying the inevitable! We can start from the beginning...

Conor Fuse:

World One, Level One!

Tyler Fuse:

We will not back down and we will not be defeated so easily!

Conor Fuse:

Damn right! We will get our *achievements* back the correct way!

Tyler Fuse:

Yes! So my brother and I stand here tonight, pushing the *reset* button. Jestal, Dandelion, we're coming...

Conor Fuse:

But we will play this game the *right way*. We're not coming after you just yet. You cheated, we lost but we will handle it.

Tyler Fuse:

Tonight, The Fuse Bros. will climb the ladder and battle the WrestleFriends for the number one contendership to the DEFIANCE Tag Team Cha- *Achievements*!

DDK:

Big news! That's a huge match on DEFtv!

Angus:

Ummm, pretty sure this was announced before DEFtv started...

DDK:

Either way, it should be a great-

Voice:

Whoa. Whoa. WHOA!

A voice from the back shouts and everyone in the arena looks confused especially The Fuse Bros. until the crowd boos at the sight of Bo and George Stevens appearing at the top of the ramp.

Bo Stevens:

You filth need to shut the hell up because the grown ups are talking business.

The crowd boos even louder.

Bo Stevens:

My name is Bo not Boo. If you can't get that right then go back to shutting the hell up!

The crowd gets more rabid as they chant the Stevens Dynasty favorite chant and Bo simply rolls his eyes as George cracks his knuckles staring at the ring.

Bo Stevens:

Now before these filth interrupt me again.

Bo says as he turns his attention towards the two men standing inside the ring.

Bo Stevens:

Who the hell do you think you are!?!?

Bo shouts while Tyler and Conor look at each other and shrug.

Bo Stevens:

Going around saying you're going to start from the ground floor and climb the ladder back up and then make a match with those WrestleFucks for the number one contendership to *our* Tag Team Championships!

Bo says as George nods his head in agreement.

Angus:

That's so true! THEY are the real Tag Team Champions afterall!

DDK:

Says who?

Angus:

Bo.

Bo Stevens:

The last time Bo checked you don't have the authority to make matches and second...

The Faithful jeer and Bo looks at them.

Bo Stevens:

It's Bo you filth.

Bo snaps and the crowd lets him have him some more. He shakes his head in annoyance.

Bo Stevens:

And second, you two lost your "*achievements*" last show while Bo and Georgie here won!

Bo says with a devilish grin on his face and George hits his chest.

Bo Stevens:

So that means that The Stevens Dynasty should be facing the Wrestleidiots for the number one championship, not you!

Angus:

I'll take the Stevens over the Fuse's any day of the week.

Bo Stevens:

Game over for you. Bo-Lieve that!

As the Stevens Dynasty starts to advance towards the stage, perhaps looking to start something early...

???:

LOOK! UP ON THE STAGE! IT'S A BIRD! NO, IT'S A PLACE! NO... IT'S A PERPETUAL WHINER!

The crowd cheers as out comes "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Manpower" Jack Mace. Mace waves to the crowd enthusiastically while Batts has a microphone in hand.

Angus:

Look, guys, it's the WrestleDorks!

DDK:

Man, you don't have a single dog in this fight, do you, Angus?

Batts waves at Tyler and Conor Fuse.

Ryan Batts:

Hey, Fuse Bros. We are happy to accept any challenge, anywhere and anytime and we've been looking forward to this match... but what's all this noise pollution we're hearing about Stevens Dynasty wanting a shot? You did win last week... but Jackie and I beat the both of you at DEFCON! You know, biggest show of the year! And we're undefeated in tag team matches since making it to the main roster. If there's anybody that should be challenging Tyler and Conor, it's us.

Jack Mace:

Or do you mates fancy another thrashing tonight?

Ryan Batts:

If you'd like another super-thrashing like you got at DEFCON, we'll be happy to dole out another one... AFTER we fight The Fuse Bros. tonight!

The Stevens turn their full attention to The WrestleFriends, as Bo is trying to "break free" from George's grip so he can get his hands on them. Finally, Tyler interrupts.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay, okay, how about this? WrestleFriends, it will be an honor to battle you in the ring tonight... but I'm sure you two won't mind if we set the record straight, once again and we both show these other two guys they aren't in our league. Bo, George, you're welcome to join the match, as long as The WrestleFriends agree...

Batts and Mace look at each other. Batts nods while Mace gives a thumbs up in Tyler's direction.

Tyler Fuse:

It's settled. Make no mistake, my brother and I will go through all four of you to show we are worthy. However, Bo, George the two of you aren't anywhere close to our level or theirs.

Tyler says as he motions towards The WrestleFriends.

Conor Fuse:

World One, Level One begins TONIGHT. Stevens Dynasty, you two are nothing but some NPC's!

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

DDK:

And there you have it! Tonight's main event is set! It's The Fuse Bros. vs. The WrestleFriends vs. The Stevens Dynasty for the right to face The ToyBox for the Tag Team Championships!

Angus:

I will say this, Keebs. Tag wrestling is strong in DEFIANCE, that's for sure! However, The WrestleDorks, The Fuse Bros., really hope they both get put down and out tonight.

The Stevens Dynasty continue to argue/shout to The Fuse Bros. and WrestleFriends, as they stand in-between them on the rampway.

Cut to backstage.

Ultimo Phoenix vs Bobby Horrigan

Backstage in the corner of the locker room, we see "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio from behind. Shirtless but still masked he sits in one chair while a small monitor has been placed on another directly in front of him.

DDK:

For the man who doesn't care about anything ... he seems interested in this next match up.

With Darren's quick comment we cut back to ringside.

DDK:

Back to the action, folks, and Ultimo Phoenix is looking to redeem himself after a tough loss to the man we just saw watching from the locker room.

Angus:

Easily done, Keebs. All he has to do is leave the building and go work literally anywhere else but here.

DDK:

Come on now, he showed tremendous heart against Vacio!

Angus:

And now he's going to show us all what Darwinism means when he steps up against the superheavyweight, Bobby Horrigan!

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is set for ONE-FALL...

A guitar riff and pounding synth beat kick in.

♪ "Phoenix" by Scandroid ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... Weighing two hundred and one pounds ... "The Fiiirebird", ULTIMOOO PHOEEENIIIX!

The Faithful give what can best be described as a polite welcome to Ultimo, the rookie having proved that he can at least take an ass-kicking for their price of admission. The unlikely luchador makes a no-frills entrance, being left hanging when going for a high five with an audience member. He awkwardly rolls under the bottom rope and tries to psych himself up as a rowdy Irish pub-brawl theme kicks in.

♪ "Kiss My Irish Ass" by Flogging Molly ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... From Boston, Massachusetts... Tipping the scales at **three-hundred and ninety-nine** pounds... BOBBYYY HORRIIGAAAN!

The mountainous Horrigan sets a deliberate pace before even getting in the ring. His surly look and attitude elicits a big ole serving of contempt from the crowd, which he eats up. The middle rope sags under his immense frame as he climbs into the ring and stands in his corner.

DING DING

Ultimo charges out of his corner and goes for a shoulder tackle, only to literally bounce off Bobby and crack the back of his head against the mat. The Faithful can't help but laugh as Bobby looks down at him and smirks, then drops an anvil of an elbow on him! He smothers him with a pinfall and referee Benny Doyle slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Phoenix gets a shoulder up from under Bobby's folds. He tries to crawl away but Bobby, back on his feet, steps on the small of his back and walks over him! The Faithful grimace as Ultimo screams under the 399-pound hydraulic press crushing him.

Angus:

That's the damndest thing, Keebs - he looks like a half-empty tube of toothpaste!

Bobby stoops over and hauls the rookie up with T-rex arms. He whips him into the ropes but Phoenix ducks the clothesline! He gathers steam off the opposing ropes - but Bobby scoops him up into a sidewalk slam!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The would-be luchador musters another kick out. Bobby merely raises an eyebrow in mild surprise, before serving up more punishment. He scrapes Ultimo off the canvas and drops him with a vertical suplex. He takes a breather while sitting there, eyeing the crowd with disdain. They simultaneously grill Bobby and get behind Ultimo, who recovers on all fours.

The screen goes picture in picture and once again shows Victor Vacio watching along on the small monitor. He doesn't react or responds to anything going on.

We return to the full screen as Bobby **smashes** him with a double axe handle. Ultimo rolls over and arches his back.

DDK:

Ultimo is in a world of hurt. He's yet to get a lick of offense in against Horrigan!

Angus:

A *lick* of offense? Is that a joke about Bobby's weight!?

DDK:

What!? No! It's a saying.

Angus:

Hey, Bobby, come over here! You wouldn't believe what my broadcast partner is saying!

Fortunately for Keebs, Bobby can't hear the banter. He drags Ultimo's carcass to the middle of the ring. Phoenix tries to sit up, but Bobby subdues him with a boot to the head. The near **400-pounder** then hits the ropes, *stretching them to the breaking point*, and looks to **flatten** Ultimo with a seated splash -- but Phoenix rolls out of harm's way!

The ring trembles as Horrigan comes crashing down on his tailbone. The Bostonian's face is contorted with agony as he flexes his fingers, making sure his extremities still work after that shock to the system! Ultimo races to his feet and looks at the stunned big man, then to the crowd. For the second match running, The Faithful take to the rookie and get behind him. Pumping his fists, he hits the ropes and **levels** Horrigan with a running dropkick!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Bobby kicks out.

Angus:

Benny Doyle didn't even check to make sure Bobby was okay! Ultimo should've been disqualified right there! Benny just hates the Irish!

DDK:

Benny **is** Irish!

Angus:

He's a self-hating Irishman.

The picture in picture returns but this time it's just a pair of chairs and the monitor. Victor Vacio is nowhere to be found in the shot. The truck quickly dumps out of the PnP and returns to the full screen.

Angus:

I wish I could leave just like that!

Phoenix grabs Bobby's arm to try and pull him up, nearly putting his back out. He pulls so hard that his grip breaks and he falls backward into the turnbuckle, hitting his head. Bobby rolls onto his gut, then onto all fours, and back to his feet. Ultimo pulls himself up using the ropes -- **body avalanche!**

OOOHHH!

The Faithful feels that one, as Horrigan **pancakes** Phoenix in the corner. Ultimo crumples to the mat and rolls onto the floor. Benny Doyle initiates a count out.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ultimo stirs.

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

He grabs the ring apron. Benny executes his signature dive through the ropes to continue the count.

SEVEN!

Ultimo pulls himself up with everything he has left.

EIGHT!

Benny places a hand on Ultimo's shoulder.

NINE!

Ultimo rolls back in to save it! The Faithful breathe a sigh of relief -- **IRISH SLAMMER!**

OOOOHHHH!

Bobby just turned Ultimo into **dust** with that one. Phoenix barely saved himself, only to immediately eat a three-hundred ninety-nine-pound cannonball senton.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match via pinfall... BOBBYYY HORRIIGAAAN!

Benny Doyle struggles to reach high enough to raise Horrigan's hand only for the big man to snatch it away anyhow.

Angus:

I think that's my favorite Ultimo Phoenix match to date, Keebs. I can't wait to see who murders his ass next time!

DDK:

Every dog has its day. Ultimo did at least land that dropkick. Hey, what's this?

PONIENDO LA MESA

The camera cuts to the rampway as Victor Vacio flies past Horrigan, making his way to the back. Victor hits the ring, sliding in and popping up only to find Benny Doyle begging him off.

Angus:

This is about to get good!

DDK:

We need security out here right now! No good can come of this!

Victor, with one hand, slings Doyle to the left and down to the mat. His speedy entrance turns to a methodical approach to the fallen Ultimo Phoenix, still on the canvas gasping for air. The Faithful's displeasure begins to swell.

Angus:

This is nothing BUT good, Keebs! This is ... this is fantástico!

Vacio's slow and deliberate pace changes in an instant as he snatches Ultimo up; by the mask ... only to slow once again. He holds the exhausted and punch-drunk Lucha up on his feet as the tension builds.

DDK:

Obviously, Angus ... Victor Vacio has no other intentions than injuring this young man!

Angus:

You never know, Keebs! Maybe he is just gonna give him a big old hug! I hope not but maybe ... HE BETTER NOT!

He doesn't.

Victor lets loose of Phoenix and with a sharp thrust of his open palms sends Phoenix falling back toward the ropes. The young masked man hits the ropes and ricochets back to a vertical just long enough to eat a black boot in the form of a Super Kick.

Angus:

NICE!

Ultimo crumbles to the canvas nearly comatose.

DDK:

Nice!? The KID IS HELPLESS, ANGUS!

Vacio isn't done yet. He flips himself backward of the top rope and lands down on the ringside floor. He takes and knee and flips up the apron cover.

Angus:

And the HITS keep on coming!

The Faithful's discontent with Vacio's action suddenly turns to intrigue as he begins to pull a chair out from underneath the ring.

Angus:

I don't know WHY we keep those there ... but I'm glad we do!

Vacio, having removed the chair completely from beneath the ring, props the edge of it on the apron and shoves it in the ring. Benny Doyle now on the outside of the ring once again tries to reason with Vacio.

Angus:

Damnit, Doyle! Get out of the there.

Vacio isn't having it and blatantly ignores the pleading referee. He returns to the ring and begins setting up the table as Doyle is waving toward the back.

DDK:

For the love of everything sacred.

With the table set, Vacio scoops and lays out Phoniex on top.

DDK:

Thank God!

The camera cuts to the ramp to show a grouping of DEFsec Black Shirts funneling out from behind the curtain.

Angus:

GORRAM FUN police!

In the ring, Vacio jerks his head toward the movement on the ramp takes note and rushes to the top rope. Still gripping the top rope for balance the first of DEFsec reach his position and start grabbing at his ankles. He shakes off the first who loses his balance of one foot on the apron and the other on the steel steps. The second doesn't fare as well as he takes a boot to the face. Before any of the remainders can reach Vacio, he raises up to somewhat of a balanced vertical and leaps ...

The Faithful gasp.

Angus:

QUESO PEROGI!

DDK:

Good lord, no!

CRRRRRACCCCK

What Angus means to say is *Causa Perdida*. The Shooting Star Press that crashes down on Ultimo Phoenix; sending both men crashing through the table and down to the canvas. Ultimo's body folds on impact and is left surrounded by fake wood debris and twisted metal. Vacio's bounce shoots him off to the left and clearly, he feels the impact as well, gripping his midsection. DEFsec rushes in the ring and creates a human wall between the destroyed Ultimo Phoniex and the seemingly satiated Victor Vacio; leaned against the bottom turnbuckle parallel to his leap.

DDK:

Well, Angus, I'm glad *YOU* enjoyed that because we may have just seen a bright young man's career ended here tonight at the hands of this ... this bastard!

Angus:

Career!? He's two for two on losses! Victor Vaccum just did him a favor! Heal up and get a real job kid!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, stay with us - we're going to take a brief commercial break while we get Ultimo Phoniex some medical attention... [defeated] I hate how often I have to say that.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: UNCUT

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

SIZING UP

To the backstage, we go.

Interview set to be precise.

Lance Warner says things because that's why he makes the big(?) bucks.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen... "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts... The WrestleFriends.

The crowd cheers for the likes of the WrestleFriends as they appear on camera, both in their new matching capes. Ready to rock and roll for tonight's big matchup.

Jack Mace:

Lancy! What's good, mate?

He shakes Lance's hand and does his best not to crush it with his brute strength while Batts greets him with a head nod.

Ryan Batts:

Lance! How goes, sir?

Lance Warner:

I'm doing well, gentlemen... first, I have to ask you about Oscar Burns. Have you spoken to him since he issued his challenge on UNCUT to Scott Stevens?

Ryan Batts:

We have. Burns is sad about how he conducted himself, but if you ask me Stevens had that shellacking coming for a long time now. I hear he's gonna respond to Burns' challenge later, but that's their business. With all respect, Jackie and I are focused on tonight.

Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

Fair enough. With that said, after earlier tonight the scheduled #1 Contender's match between you and The Fuse Bros is now a triple threat with The Stevens Dynasty being involved. What are your thoughts on how this shaped out?

Jack Mace:

Look, when we came to DEFIANCE, mate, we knew it wasn't going to be easy but nobody will ever say that we didn't EARN our opportunities. We fought through four other teams in the BRAZEN RISE Tag League to EARN this spot on the DEF roster. We defeated The Stevens Dynasty to put ourselves on the map and tonight - with respect to The Fuse Bros and how they were conned out of those titles two weeks ago - we're going to beat them and the Stevens Dynasty again and EARN a shot against The Toyb...

Mace gets interrupted when they see a few bodies approach...

Bodies with the coveted DEFIANCE World Tag Team Titles to be precise. The three members stare at the WrestleFriends for a moment then walk away. All that can be heard is Jestal laughing. His laughter fades in the distance.

Ryan Batts:

Was that Clown from Spawn? Because that dude is like... EVIL.

Jack Mace:

Mate, we best be prepared if we win tonight. They're no good.

Ryan Batts:

Let them laugh now. We're gentlemen. And we'll show them what we can do after we show The Fuse Bros and the Stevens Dynasty why WE'RE the heroes this division needs.

The two nod toward Lance as the scene cuts to ringside.

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio vs. Minute

Cut to Darren and Angus in the booth.

DDK:

It looks like the WrestleFriends have the sights set on that Tag Team brass ring here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Belts, Keebler. We have belts, no rings. Jesus, Keeps!

DDK:

Anyways ... This next match up is featuring two of your more recently masked BRAZEN boys.

Angus:

They put on the masks recently?

DDK:

They are recent additions to BRAZEN who are also masked.

Angus:

There it is. Syntax, Keeps.

DDK:

Moments ago we witnessed Victor Vacio... BRUTALLY attacking another new addition, this time to the DEFIANCE roster: Ultimo Ph --

Angus:

Hey, look ... the kid shot his mouth off after Victor Vacancy handed him his ass last week. What do you want? Sometimes you just have to show these masked clowns who's Rey de payaso.

DDK:

Rosetta Stone?

Angus:

What? No, Victor.

DDK: *[shaking his head]*

Let's go to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO!

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage once again.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCCCTOR VAAAAAAACCCIIIOOO!

In the smoky distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black

tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. The Faithful boo the newest BRAZEN signee as he makes his way down the ramp. Vacio pays no attention to any of this.

DDK:

I never thought a masked man could look so smug after such a heinous act.

Vacio takes the steps up and into the ring as the camera cuts back to the stage as the piano music fades out.

Angus:

Clearly, you've never seen that last Batman movie.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Nightfall by Cliff Lin" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 146 pounds... MINUTE!

The music hits and out comes the twenty-year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute. The luchador dressed in an all-silver mask and bodysuit comes out and soaks in polite applause from the fans as he makes a beeline toward the ring. The second he rushes inside, he slides upward and does a front flip to his feet.

DDK:

Such athleticism!

Vacio remains oblivious to this repeated feat from last week's UNCUT with his back turned to the smaller Luchador.

DING DING

Minute is ready and willing but Vacio has yet to turn around and face his opponent.

Angus:

Flippy-do nonsense is never more useless than ... BEFORE THE BELL!!

DDK:

Say what you will, Angus ...

Benny Doyle looks at Minute and quickly shoots a look to Darren Quimbey at ringside; looking for answers. Quimbey shrugs at Doyle.

Angus:

I WILL!

DDK:

But Minute is coming off quite the victory over Petey Garrett which aired on last week's UNCUT!

Doyle hesitates for a moment before motioning for Minute to hold off and back up toward his corner. Minute obliges as The Faithful are rightfully confused.

Angus:

Yeah, MY SHOW ... you somehow muscled your way onto.

DDK:

Wait for just a second, I apologize to the viewers at home as apparently, we have some sort of issue in getting this match underway.

Doyle holds a finger up as to ask the audience themselves to hold on one second; bare with him. He then calls for the opening bell for a second time ...

DING DING

Angus:

Perfect! What's next!?

Still, Vacio doesn't budge. Doyle looks to Minute and gives him the same shrug Quimbey gave Doyle.

DDK:

Clearly, Victor Vacio is doubling down on this Nihilistic rhetoric we heard about on last week's --

Angus:

-- On MY UNCUT!

Doyle timidly approaches the man in black but is brought to a stop by Minute's hand on his shoulder. Doyle looks back over his shoulder confused. Minute motions to himself. He'll handle this.

Angus:

This should go over about as well as that last Batman movie.

DDK:

What is it with you and Batman tonight!?

Minute grabs Vacio by the shoulder and does his best to spin the larger man around.

Angus:

Funny you should ask, I think --

Angus is abruptly cut off by the middle school lunchroom response from the Faithful.

OWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

Vacio does an about face and cranes his neck down to meet Minute eyeholes to eyeholes.

Angus:

Forget it. Movie blows. This is about to get GOOD!

Vacio stares down his small opponent with a vacant and glossed over eye. The tension builds to a fever pitch and just as the bubble looks it's most likely to burst; Vacio drops down to the mat and rolls under the ropes.

Angus:

Oh, you gotta love this sick bastard. He's going to get a chair or a table... Oww, maybe a Kindo Stick -- NO! A battering ram!

DDK:

A battering ram!?

Vacio does none of these things. He instead simply walks around the ring and slowly back up the rampway. His masked head slightly cocked to the side as if he is in thought.

Angus: *[fleetingly hopeful]*

He must have something in the back.

In the ring, Minute looks at Doyle. Doyle at Minute. Doyle and Minute at Quimbey. No one has a clue what is happening.

On the ramp, Vacio strolls passed the commentary desk. Angus yells out to him from there.

In the ring, Doyle shakes himself out of his confused state and begins the count.

ONE

Angus:

You're coming back, right!?

TWO

Back on the ramp, Vacio disappears behind the curtain.

THREE

Doyle again gives a slight shrug to Minute before speeding up the count.

FOUR. FIVE. SIX. SEVEN. EIGHT. NINE. TEN. Ring it.

And with his last two words, he signals for the same.

DING DING DING

The Faithful boor and jeer Vacio's refusal to compete.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by way of COUNT OUT! ... MINUTE!

Minutes hand is raised briefly before he and Benny Doyle exit the ring and head to the back.

DDK:

Well, you don't see that often, Angus. One has to imagine this has something to do with that brutal attack on Ultimo Phoniex at the hands of Vacio, earlier tonight.

Angus:

I feel so empty ... so defeated. Et tu Vacio?

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

Lance Warner is in the ring.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome at this time, Shooter Landell.

♪ "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Lance's voice doesn't really mean it. The Faithful certainly don't take his advice, either. Jeers fill the arena as the theme song plays.

DDK:

I want nothing to do with this guy.

Angus:

He's okay!

The hate get louder as Shooter emerges. He's wearing his typical green wrestling tights and a grey hoodie. The hoodie is over his head at first and then he pushes it back, revealing a cocky smile. There he stands, the man who ended Gage Blackwood's career. Without a care in the world and as if nothing has happened, he makes his way down the ramp ignoring the boos.

DDK:

This man has A LOT to explain. He should be listening to this reaction and he should understand what he did. It was out of line! Ladies and gentlemen, if you didn't know or missed us two weeks ago, Gage Blackwood had to retire because of injuries sustained at DEFCON, during a POST-MATCH beating from Shooter Landell after he lost CLEAN to Gage Blackwood in the middle of the ring!

Shooter continues to slowly make his way down the ramp, not "hearing" the fans.

Angus:

Whoa. Calm your shit, Keebs. I mean even I said it was too far but it's not like Shooter was *planning* to take him out for good. I bet you he was only trying to send a message...

DDK:

Send a message? *Send a message!*? He sent NUMEROUS messages!!!

Angus:

Yes. And they were all well received.

Shooter gets into the ring and looks at Lance as his music closes.

Lance turns his head away from him. Shooter just grins.

Shooter Landell:

Hey, you. Nothing to say?

Given Lance and Gage were close in backstage segments during his career, The Faithful can understand this interview might be hard for him.

Shooter grabs Lance by the shoulder.

Shooter Landell:

Well?

Lance Warner:

Okay... what do you have to say for yourself. At MAXDEF you ended a man's career!

Lots of boos.

Shooter Landell can only grin more.

Shooter Landell:

I did, didn't I?

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

He takes this in for a while.

Shooter Landell:

Look, for what it's worth I didn't *mean to*, it just kinda... happened.

DDK:

I don't believe a word this idiot says.

Angus:

Oh c'mon, he said it right there. It was a mistake, okay? Let's move on!

Shooter Landell:

But being honest here: I did you all a favor. Gage Blackwood sucked anyway!

Angus:

Hm. He has a point.

DDK:

Honestly, enough with you.

Lance is sickened by the comments. Shooter continues to look into the crowd.

Shooter Landell:

I took out the weak. I can't help it if a guy can't fall off the stage. Learn how to fall, that's what I say.

DDK:

Learn how to fall?

Shooter Landell:

Hell, Shooter never even pushed him that hard.

More boos. Lots of "asshole" chants now.

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

Great, now he speaks in third person.

Angus: *[meaning it]*

Great! Now he speaks in third person!!

Landell turns to The Faithful and speaks directly to them. This time he chooses to hear their cries.

Shooter Landell:

Please. Spare me. I did the man a favor! He said so himself. He wasn't **fit** to come back... he was NEVER fit to

comeback! It's not like you won't see Gage Blackwood again, either. Here, let me show you!

Landell turns to the DEFIttron. There, Gage Blackwood is seen talking to BRAZEN talent and laying out production details with some background crew. He's still on crutches, his leg is in a cast and his right shoulder is heavily wrapped. His face, however, shows less bruising.

Shooter Landell:

He's still a part of DEFIANCE! You can see him working on BRAZEN! I believe they have him in a producing role at the moment! And what a role it is too! He didn't even get injured while working the TAG PARTY. Oh my, what a show. What a show indeed!

Lance isn't even making eye contact with Shooter. After a moment, the Iowa native notices this too and grabs Lance by the face.

DDK:

Take your hands off him!

Shooter does just that and smiles before brushing Lance's shoulders like it was no big deal he grabbed him out of anger.

Shooter Landell:

Look, Lance, I know you guys are friends but I've given you two a chance to hang out more! I heard they're going to try Gage in an interviewing role next week since these dumb-asses "miss him".

Angus:

That is so nice of DEFIANCE!

Shooter Landell:

You and *The Walking Band-Aid* get to spend more time together backstage, he doesn't get hurt anymore and I move on to bigger and better things. EVERYONE wins!

Landell takes a bow. He looks Lance dead in the eyes once more.

Shooter Landell:

Some interviewer you are, huh? I'd actually be excited for Blackwood to interview me. At least the idiot can ask a fucking question.

With that, Shooter "playfully" shoves Lance back with a look on his face like he'll fuck him up in a second if he tries anything. Landell's music plays and he exits the ring, telling The Faithful they're welcome the entire time.

Angus:

This is actually awesome, Keebs. Silver lining, buddy. Maybe Gage Blackwood can come out here and do announcing with us too? We need more guys. Every wrestling promotion has about 15 commentators on at once, you know. It's just me and you here and let's be honest, it's really just me...

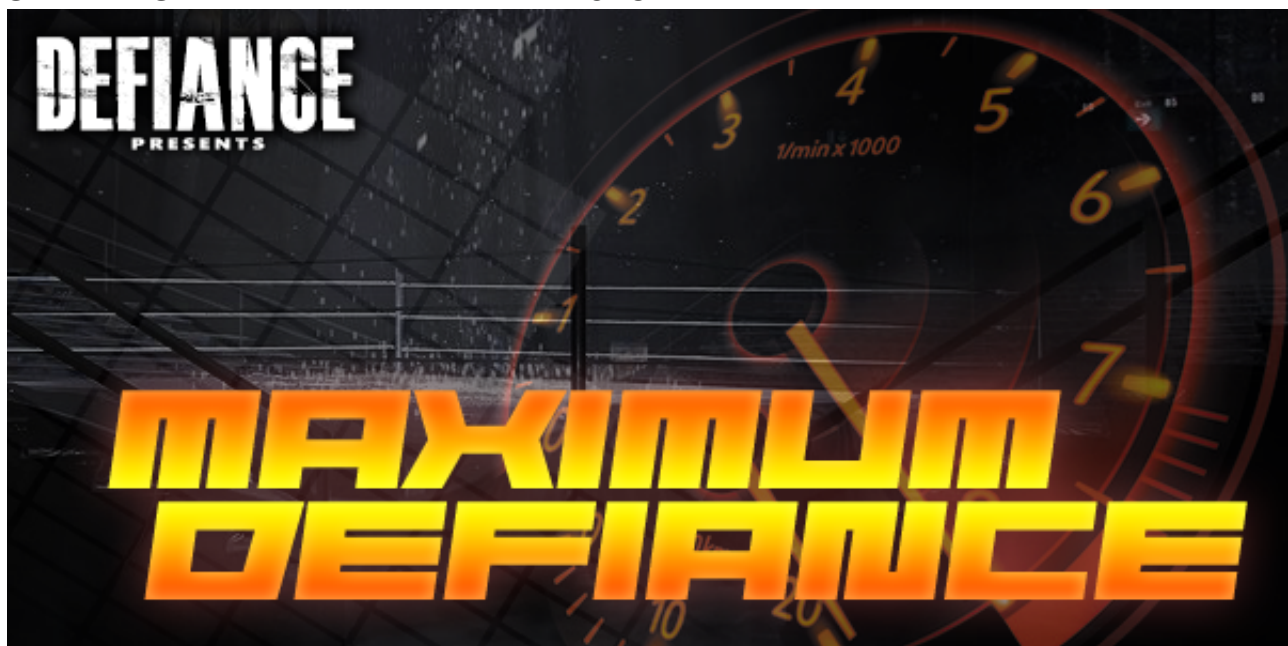
DDK:

I'm not dealing with you at all. This has been a devastating month for Gage Blackwood. He deserves some closure and to be left alone. Shooter is a tool. Gutless. Worthless. Prick. I don't know how yet, but he will get his.

Angus:

Accidents happen, man! And hey, Gage is going to be better off because of it!

Landell bows at the top of the ramp and exits.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXDEF 2018

Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

REAPER OF THE LIGHT

♪ Closer To The Void by The Enigma TNG ♪

DDK:

It appears we will be graced by Crimson Lord yet again tonight.

The arena has darkened and only black lights remain at the entranceway. Standing in the center is Lord his eyes glowing a vibrant fluorescent pink. To his right stands WynLyn slightly turn to the right but looking straight ahead with pink glowing eyes of her own. To the left of Lord is Dandelion now with pink eyes as well. She is staring straight with her body pointed to the left, next to her is Jestal with face paint glows along with his pink eyes. On his shoulder sits Clucky whose eyes also glow.

Angus:

It's spreading! NO!

Lord begins his trip to the ring followed by the New Tag Team Champions, The ToyBox.

DDK:

Crimson has become quite the zealot as of late, he has become a master of manipulating people's minds to follow his ... well, way of life, I guess you could call it.

Angus:

This walking plague is going to infect us all, look at what he did to the clown *AND* his chicken! Is NOTHING sacred!?

Lord walks the steps as The ToyBox, Tag Team titles strapped around their waists, split and take to the corners of the ring. Lord walks the steps and maneuvers through the ropes before taking the center of the ring. The ToyBox climb their respective corners and sit atop the turnbuckle.

In the center of the ring, Lord abruptly raises his arms upward and The Toybox follows suit in syncopation. The lights quickly fade out and back to their normal fluorescent hue.

Crimson Lord:

The Light has arrived, two titles have been cleansed as The ToyBox killed the Spiderlings scurrying around for the past few months. That leaves you, Elise Ares, the Deadly Spider. The Light shall once more take back the championship you stole from Brother Harvey. Your evil shall not spread.

Lord starts a bit of a pace, as The Faithful clearly show their distaste for him and countless shouts for Ares echo throughout the arena.

Crimson Lord:

As you can see my children, The Light has manifested in physical form. But this monstrosity is not done growing. Tonight, I bring another into the fold. A man who has seen the error in his dastardly ways. A man that is no longer influenced by the vile Spider named Scott Douglas!

SUB-POP

SUB-POP

SUB-POP

Crimson Lord:

Oh, my children, you can chant his name all you want, and I can see his influence still resonates in your tainted hearts. However, his influence will slowly fade as he drifts off into the abyss of nothingness.

DDK:

Because of this man in that hellacious Empty Arena match, Scott Douglas may never return to action in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

But with Scotty gone ... Who the hell is this big pink bastard talking about!?

Crimson Lord:

Tonight I enlighten a returning member of The Light. It is the time my child for your walk of repentance!

♪ *Revolve by The Melvins* ♪

A hush comes over the crowd as they recognize that theme song.

DDK:

No ... no, this can't be?

Angus:

Not Kuriieg ... has he infected K-cups too?

The music abruptly stops and the arena goes dark. Cell phone flashes, flashlights and even a lighter or two attempt to relight the darkened space.

DDK:

Is this a power outage?

Angus:

No, Keebs... I can still hear you -- WAIT! Don't tell me ...

As Angus feared, two green led orbs light up in the darkness.

Angus:

GORRAM Reapers.

The arena lights return and The Green Reaper stands atop the DEFIANCE stage once more.

DDK:

It appears ... well, Kerry Kuroyama has, once again, taken up the mantle of the Green Reaper!

The production truck cuts to shots of The Faithful in utter shock as the Reaper makes his way to the ring.

Angus:

I honestly thought we were done dealing with these amateur lighting technicians. Especially the green one!

The Green Reaper enters the ring and stands before Crimson Lord.

Crimson Lord:

Ser Kuroyama, you wish to repent your sins and become my Reaper of The Light?

The Green Reaper nods and takes a knee. The Faithful along with DDK and Angus are speechless.

Crimson Lord:

Then rise and atone for your evil ways.

The Green Reaper stands up and bows his head.

DDK:

What the... Lord has Kerry up on his shoulders...what in the world is he doing?

Angus:

Obviously, Keebs ... he changed his mind. He's batshit crazy.

Crimson walks to the empty turnbuckle and locks Kerry's feet on the turnbuckle...

DDK:

ENLIGHTENMENT!

Lord quickly turns around on his knee with hand touching the mat in a superhero pose as The Reaper lay motionless on the mat, face first.

Lord gets to his feet and picks up the microphone.

Crimson Lord:

Now Kerry Kuryama is no more henceforth you are the Reaper of The Light. Rise my child ...

The masked Reaper slowly but eventually pulls himself up to his feet. The Green led lights in his mask flicker from the previous impact.

Crimson Lord:

... and be reborn in the glory of The Light!

The flickering green ceases and the LEDs reignite in a distinctively pink hue.

Angus:

Pink ... REAPER!?

DDK:

This ... I can't believe what I am seeing here, Angus. Why Kerry!? Why are you doing this!?

Angus:

This infection is spreading! No one is safe!

Lord smiles at the newly christened Reaper of Light and walks to the center of the ring. The Reaper, on the other hand, returns to the empty turnbuckle and sits on top of it.

Crimson Lord:

Now my children, my Reaper will show all what is capable once you've accepted The Light and have been enlightened.

DDK:

I don't know that I like the sound of this, Angus.

Crimson Lord:

SPIDERS! ... send your worst! Send your most powerful and destructive force so that the Reaper of the Light may extinguish it's evil in my name.

Angus:

Where's Scotty when you need him?

DDK:

Who in the world would answer such a ridiculous open challenge?

♪ "Nightfall" by Cliff Lin ♪

Reaper of the Light Open Challenge

DDK:

Is this ...?

Angus:

Not a chan --

Angus' plummeting jaw inhibits his ability to finish his statement as Minute walks out on to the stage.

DDK:

That's BRAZEN's Minute! He already has one victory tonight over Victor Vacio!

Angus:

A count out, Keebs! And it hardly counts ... it's like, I don't know -- it's like Victor just lost his frown.

Crimson Lord:

So be it. Even the smallest spiders will meet their end under the bootheel of The Light.

Minute rushes to the ring as Crimson Lord and the rest of The Light exit to the ringside area. The masked man is formerly known as the Green Reaper comes back to life and hops down from the turnbuckle.

DDK:

I have a terrible feeling about this.

Minute slides into the ring as the leisurely paced Crimson Lord descends down the ring steps. Benny Doyle rushes from the back and appears on screen at ringside; calling for the bell as he enters.

DING DING

Minute wastes no time and rushes toward The Reaper of the Light but is met with a vicious planted boot directly in his masked face.

DDK:

OHHH!

Minute crashes to the canvas with his hands clutching his face and his legs kicking in pain. The Reaper follows up without hesitation, pulling the smaller man back to his feet via his mask. Still gripping the mask of Minute, The Reaper lays in a stiff headbutt. The impact causes the LED lights in his mask to flicker showing hints of Green before returning back to it's newly "infected" pink.

Angus:

This kid just wasn't satisfied until he got his ass whipped tonight!

The headbutt sends Minute back to the canvas but the plucky kid does his best to drag himself back to his feet. The Reaper stalks close by and just as Minute is nearly up; he's back down.

DDK:

Huge right hand from The Gr -- uh, Crimson Lord's Reaper of the Light!

Minute collapses back and nearly catches himself on the ropes but still hits the mat. Undying once more he starts to pull himself up by the very same ropes. The Reaper, still close by, assists and sends Minute for the ride.

DDK:

Off the ropes...

On the return, The Reaper plants his hands on Minute's waste and hoists him high into the air only to release and back away; leaving Minute to crash down face and chest first.

DDK:

He is simply toying with this young man. I had really hoped the days of the Reapers and Kerry Kuroyama's momentary lack of judgment had been long behind us -- but it appears history HAS repeated itself on DEFtv!

Angus:

That's half this show, Keebs.

Minute clearly had the wind knocked out of him as he rolls back and forth on the canvas struggling to get his air back. He doesn't get the chance though, Reaper again snatches him up and applies a standing leg scissors just before clutching the waist and hoisting him toward the lights.

DDK:

Minute finds himself on the receiving end of a very impactful powerbomb. There is no reason for this to continue... Make a cover!

Angus:

Slow down, Keebs. This just got good!

Reaper pulls Minute back up, once again, shooting him into the ropes. Reaper again looks to launch Minute up for the fall but out of nowhere --

DDK:

Leg scissor take over! The kid is still in this!

Reaper pops up as Minute lands on his feet and turns. Reaper charges. Minute leapfrogs and hits the ropes as Reaper turns. Minute launches himself off the middle rope with a springboard moonsault but Reaper drops and slides under. Minute lands on his feet.

Angus:

Is this kid of *GORRAM* cat!

Reaper is back on his feet as Minute sure up his footing. Minute is the quicker of the two and dives head first at Reaper and flips looking for a head scissors maneuver but ...

DDK:

NO!

Reaper finds control and with Minute in a powerbomb position turns toward the ropes.

Angus:

Oh shit!

DDK:

We're gonna have a problem here.

The Faithful wait with bated breath as Minute and Reaper each struggle one for devastation and the other for escape.

DDK:

OH MY!! MEDICAL!

Reaper wins out and sends Minute sailing over the top rope and down the floor. He clips his shoulder on the apron and it's the only thing keeping him from taking the full force on his neck when he finally reaches the floor.

Angus:

Vacio! Take NOTES!

Jestal and Wynlyn jump into action, at Crimson Lord's direction. Wynlyn hops to the far apron and draws the attention of Benny Doyle as Jestal lays in a few boots to the BRAZEN newcomer before rolling him back in the ring.

DDK:

For the love of -- this is just horrible!

The Faithful agree with Darren's hot take and the boo's begin raining down louder and louder.

With Minute back in the ring, Wynlyn returns to the ringside floor and Doyle turns around just in time to watch the plucky young upstart driven into the canvas by the Pump-Handle Emerald Fusion.

DDK:

The Kuroyama Driver... What would Rocko say, Kerry!? What would Douglas, say!?

Angus:

I'd be more concerned with what Iris would say... I assume it'd involve some type of balm. Possibly a salve.

The newly christened Reaper of Light makes his first cover since returning to the ring and once again dawning the Reaper uniform. A very lackluster cover.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And you winner ... by way of pinfall, THE ... REEEAAPPPERRRR of the LIIIGGGGGHHHTTTT!!

♪"Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Crimson Lord and the rest of the Light return to the ring as The Reaper has his hand briefly raised by Benny Doyle. Doyle does the bare minimum before quickly returning to check on Minute.

Angus:

I can't say I hate this mean streak ... but the company he's keeping? It's no good. It's sticky. Goopy. Contagious.

The Reaper doesn't celebrate in any way and instead backs into the corner he began this match sitting on. Lord extends his arms upward as the arena lights once more turn into black lights. The newest member of The Light synchronizes with Lord as he stands with his arms to his side surrounded by glowing eyes and including his newest soldier, the Reaper of the Light.

DDK:

With the unfortunate loss of Scott Douglas from DEFIANCE's active roster, once could only hold out hope that Kerry Kuroyama would return from injury himself - at the hands of Crimson Lord no less - to right the wrongs perpetrated in his absence... but tonight ... that does not seem to be the case!

Angus:

Are we talking about K-Cups or Sam Beckett!?

DDK:

Folks, we have to take a commercial break as DEFMed checks out the young BRAZEN star, Minute but stick with us, we'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

A CELEBRATION?! THAT'S SO-HIM!

DDK:

Well fans, welcome back from commercial break... and... I'm flabbergasted.

Angus:

There's a Gorram crocodile head sitting five feet from us Keebs. I know it's fake, but those teeth look sharp.

Indeed, set up next to the entrance is a gigantic prosthetic croc head, with its teeth bared. In addition, we see a banner unfurl over the DEFIAtron with the words "Lake Placid Vi 2." The Faithful, oddly enough, cheer.

DDK:

I'm being explained to now, Elise is shouting into my earpiece. God, she is shrill.

Angus:

Why did I come to work today?

DDK:

I can't hear you Angus over... Apparently, the PCP have a special presentation this evening, a special one night only screening of exclusive Lake Placid Vi 2 footage.

Angus:

Again, why?

DDK:

C'mon Angus. It'll be fun. We can pretend we're the Hollywood elite.

Angus:

Great. So, now I gotta kill myself.

All I wanna do is..

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

A cheer erupts from the crowd as the lights turn to purple and gold. Out from the entrance walks Elise Ares, swag on an eleven, with the SoCal Championship over one shoulder and a trophy in her opposite hand. Behind her walks out The D holding his arms up in the air, Flex Kruger also holding his trophy, and Klein bringing up the rear trying to block all available camera angles as best he can.

Pausing at the entrance, the Pop Culture Phenoms stop behind Elise Ares who lays the trophy down to take the SOCAL Championship off of her shoulder and hold it up in front of them as if she's taking a group selfie. They all pose behind her, except Klein of course who swears off such soul stealing straps of leather, before making their way down to the ring.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms have arrived, a quartet of some of the most decorated DEFIANCE superstars in our history. Until recently, they were the longest reigning tag team champions, and they are the only ones to win both the tag titles as well as BRAZEN's trios championships.

Angus:

And now Elise has added singles gold with that GORRAM AWFUL LOOKIN' TRAVESTY of the SoHer legacy. Hey Keebs, remember when they were just a bunch of gnats buzzin' around annoying Mikey Unlikely before... that all happened?

DDK:

Those were good days. The lines in the sand were drawn much more simply.

Angus:

I still hate that new title belt she's dragging around Keebs.

DDK:

I know you do. You're somehow tweeting hate speech about it right now.

Angus:

I hire interns.

A bunch of randos literally roll out the red carpet before the PCP as Angus and Keebs are going off on their diatribe. Elise does one last pose with the new SOCAL title before she starts walking the carpet in her highest heels. The D quickly produces a few bucks and just throws it at the randos who set up the carpet so it hits their chest and clatters to the floor. A few bucks in change, of course.

Flex meanwhile, is having the time of his life, posing and flexing while carrying the trophy in one arm. Klein, of course, brings up the rear, literally hiding behind Flex as they finish their march down to the ring, dressed to the nines for yet another celebration.

DDK:

Is she really going to have the exact same celebration she had last week because of those tag tournament trophies they just won at a live show?

Angus:

That's why you gotta go to the live shows, Keebs! You never know what'll happen. Hell, Elise Ares and Flex Kruger might somehow end up beating a team with Oscar Burns on it!

DDK:

It really makes you wonder where she keeps that lucky charm, doesn't it?

Angus' mind wanders as The D climbs up the ring steps and then holds the ring ropes open for Elise to step in. She's wearing an elegant evening gown, one that allows quite a bit of leg to show as she climbs inside. The D eyes her from behind as she chin up and tits out, standing proudly with the strap over her shoulder. The D waits and enters when Flex slides inside. Klein follows Flex in, as the ring ropes bounce from the D releasing them. Inside the ring, DEFIANCE makes the mistake of giving them live microphones and a "TBD" budget.

Elise Ares:

And you didn't think we'd ever find a use for all that Mikey Money we acquired!

The D:

Wait, was I supposed to tip them in Mikey Money?

Klein immediately exits the ring giving chase to the randos who just became aware of what just happened and bolted to the back. He gets about halfway up the ramp before giving up and heading back down to the ring.

Inside the ring itself, another red carpet has been laid over the canvas, covering every square foot. There's a large 65-inch flatscreen hung from the rafters just hovering above the center of the ring, surrounded by large elegant golden arches that draw the eye to the center. The archways are also adorned and wrapped in various flowers, roses, carnations, tulips, whatever other flowers you can think of. The banners hanging from the ring that normally say things like DEFonDEMAND have been replaced with large advertisements that resemble billboards for the Lake Placid movie series. Each one has Elise's face prominently on display.

Elise Ares:

Last week we had a celebration that was all about me!

She pauses for applause, the crowd doesn't take the cue. The D raises the microphone to speak, but Elise quickly fills

in the silence to compensate.

Elise Ares:

So... this week I thought we should do something that's all about us. The Pop Culture Phenoms, and Flex Kruger have something very special to announce.

Flex tugs at the D and spins him around as they talk off mic.

Flex Kruger:

Wait, I'm not PCP?

The D:

We'll talk about it later.

Elise continues talking over them.

Elise Ares:

I'm sure all of you have seen Lake Placid Vi 2 over a hundred times, just like we have, but starting right now anyone with a subscription to Netflix can go home and watch it again! That's right, Lake Placid Vi 2 has come to NETFLIX! For only... hold on...

Elise pulls the mic away from her lips and looks back at The D. Muted in the background you can make out their conversation...

Elise Ares:

D, what do people who actually pay for Netflix pay for it?

The D:

I don't know. I hired an IT department so we didn't have to answer questions like that.

She looks back at the hard camera with a huge plastic smile.

Elise Ares:

For only a small monthly fee, you can stream Lake Placid Vi 2 from anywhere you can access the internet! You can do it at home, you can do it at work, you can do it from the bathroom... hell, you can even do it here tonight if you have a good enough signal and anyone but us are in the ring! Isn't that right The D?

The D:

Not only that everyone, but this deal with Netflix was very precarious. We had to be careful across every legal hurdle, what with our DEFIANCE contracts and the DEFonDEMAND tv service that's being offered. But in the end, Netflix provided the best value deal. You're able to not only stream the sequel, but you'll also be able to catch up on the original! Starting February 1st, it's a great time to be alive, ain't it Elise?

Elise Ares:

With all the awards and accolades I've accumulated this year, along with the big Netflix signing and the yearly tradition of shattering Jay Harvey's nose across his face, it looks like 2019 is going to be the year of the Pop Culture Phenoms. That's why I couldn't be prouder to defend this SOCAL Championship right here tonight against my best friend, The D! This title will stay inside the PCP either way and hopefully once we're done, we can make more Netflix movies for you all to enjoy, with just a low monthly fee! What a great value! Go to Netflix.com and sign up today!

The D:

Oh.

Elise Ares:

What is it D?

The D:

See... Elise, this is the best part I didn't even get to mention to you yet.

Elise looks sideways at the D and frowns. The D seems incredibly excited and begins to look toward the monitor. Suddenly, the logo for "Lake Placid Vi 3" appears to wild cheers.

The D:

See, Netflix has already commissioned Lake Placid Vi 3! The Revenge of the Crocs. Isn't that great news!

Elise shows genuine enthusiasm and begins to hop up and down, grabbing the D's hands. The D reluctantly joins her after a moment. Flex wanders over and tries to grab their hands and join in, but is promptly ostracized. Klein laughs.

Angus:

Can't we just not read about this in Variety?

DDK:

Big news for the PCP, it just keeps coming, Angus.

Elise Ares:

I've been so busy with the SoHer and wrestling... when's first call? When do we start filming?

The D:

Yes, yes, I was very excited, just as excited as you are now! I mean, it was six months ago when I got the call...

Elise eyes narrow toward the D in confusion and a bit of a childlike "why?"

The D:

So, everyone, please direct yourselves to the DEFIATron, for a special sneak peek... at LAKE PLACID VI THREE!

Elise's jaw drops. The D wanders over to Klein and points to some popcorn machine carts surrounding the ring.

The D:

Make sure everyone gets one, right?

Klein nods enthusiastically as the view fades to black. There's ominous music playing in the background, as we fade up, to reveal Elise Ares' stunned, blank and empty face. The camera zooms out to reveal the CROC, who has bitten clean through her lower torso. A title card appears. "Without Vi, there is only one hope." We see a picture of a badass raven-haired woman holding a chainsaw with her high heel boot stomping on top of a croc's eye. She revs the chainsaw. "O, what a beautiful day." The scene pans out to show blood splatter across the window painted "THE BARBER SHOP." The first "H" morphs into an F, and all the letters disappear except the second "H", which shifts into a "1" and the "O." The last of which remains on the screen well after the others disappear.

The image of the O remains on the screen as the scene goes back to the ringside area, as Elise just stares confused at the D.

Elise Ares:

What the hell D! That's my franchise-

With a shove, Elise Ares goes face first SLAMMING into the 65-inch flat screen. Glass shards shatter and rain down on her as she falls limp to the canvas. Standing over her... is a maniacal raven-haired woman, wearing camo pants and a tank top, barbed wrist cuffs and a gaze that could make a man infertile. Her emerald eyes don't blink behind smokey eye makeup, a smirk crosses her face as she climbs on top and starts raining down rights and lefts onto Elise.

Flex makes a charge to cut her off, but the D raises a hand gently and blocks his path. Flex stares confused before he nods to the D as this mystery woman continues to slam the back of Elise's head into the canvas mat.

DDK:

What... What the what?!

Angus:

I... the fuck?

This black haired woman picks up a beaten and bloodied Elise by her hair, of which a stylist will need to spend hours combing the blood streaks out of. She holds her up and digs her knee into Elise's back as she positions Elise so she's looking straight at the D. The D, dressed in his finest Armani, gently tugs at his cufflinks and takes a step toward her. He leans down, almost nose to nose, as he ever so softly strokes Elise's chin and raises it to meet his gaze.

The D:

It's been fun, Elise.

The D wipes away a tear.

The D:

You know...

He smiles.

The D:

I always loved you.

Elise's eyes go wide for a moment as she's tossed into the D. The D hooks Elise from behind and then plants her face first into the canvas.

DDK:

Contractual obligation! Onto the SOCAL title belt!

Angus:

I wonder if the damn thing took a selfie then.

The D leans down and grabs the SOCAL championship. He takes a moment to look at his reflection in the title belt. He reaches over, grabbing his new leading lady and plants one of the most obnoxious kisses possible. Open mouthed, just, the worst of public affection. The D tosses the belt over his shoulder and poses as he saunters around the ring.

It's here when Klein slips back inside, tossing bags of popcorn to his side. He rushes to Elise and covers her, looking up at the D with big watery eyes through the exposed eye slits in his box. The D looks at Klein with sympathy, back toward Elise with disgust, and then back to Klein. The D extends his hand to Klein, in a "follow me" sort of manner. Klein, caught between Elise and the D, freezes, unable to move or even call for help.

DDK:

I can't believe it, Angus. The D has just turned his back on Elise! And who is that woman?! What sort of turvy-topsy world are we living in?!

Angus:

I don't know Keebs. I'm so lost. It's like, it's 2016 but actually the year 9102.

The D sneers at Klein and turns his back, as Flex holds open the middle ropes. The D sits on the other side, as the raven-haired woman gleefully climbs out of the ring. The D follows as Flex is the last. The three start their long walk back up the entrance ramp, boos being rained down, as the D raises the SOCAL championship high above his head. A streak of blood runs down the mirrored plate as we cut to commercial.

SOMEONE HAS GROWN A SET

The camera cuts to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Fans, as you recall on the last edition of DEFtv, both "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens were both suspended from tonight's showing following their brawl which saw both cameramen and security guards being laid out.

Angus:

It's about time Burnsie kicked that dumb redneck's ass.

DDK:

On UNCUT, Oscar Burns gave a brief sit-down interview about that fight and demanded one more match to put their longstanding issues to rest. He demanded a match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE against Scott Stevens with the latter's FIST of DEFIANCE title match on the line. With that said, we're going to show you this pre-recorded message we received from Scott Stevens in response to Burns' challenge. Let's roll the footage.

Static.

As the image fades from inside the ring to a burning fire?

The camera backs away from the fire in the darkened room and the illuminance trickling from the blaze we see various championships and awards hanging throughout this mysterious room.

Voice:

Welcome to my humble abode.

A voice says in the darkness as the camera slowly towards the direction of the sound and we see everyone's favorite Texan which brings boos throughout the arena. Stevens has his feet propped up by a large, wooden desk and an ice cold, Dos Equis, in his right hand as he leans back in his brown leather chair.

Scott Stevens:

Ladies and gentlemen...

Stevens begins to say before slowly taking a sip of his beverage and placing it on the desk as he slowly removes his feet from on top and puts them on the floor.

Scott Stevens:

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to apologize to all of you for not being there tonight.

Stevens says as he scoots his chair up and stares directly into the camera.

Scott Stevens:

I know you paid your hard earned money to see me whoop ass and take names better than anyone else in professional wrestling, but alas I'm at home suspended.

The crowd cheers at the suspension announcement.

Scott Stevens:

I know. I know. All the little children are crying their eyes out as their hero cannot be there. I know all the women in the audience tonight are disappointed because they won't get to see what a real man looks like in action tonight. Ladies, I know that my washboard abs and the sweat dripping off of my Michaelangelo chiseled physique gets you all hot and bothered and you have to settle for your underwhelming husbands and boyfriends tonight.

Stevens shudders for the ladies.

Scott Stevens:

Don't fret though because when you are faking it with them later tonight just imagine me and all will be right in the world again.

Stevens says with a smirk.

Scott Stevens:

However, all is not right in the world when it comes to me.

Stevens says as he shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

I was humiliated.....embarrassed.....ostracized.....my good name was slandered and ran through the mud!

Stevens shouts but calms himself before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

I get suspended and fined because I asked for what was mine?!?!?!?

Stevens says confused.

Scott Stevens:

It's bullshit!

Stevens shouts as he hits his desk with his fist.

Scott Stevens:

Sure, I may have taken out a cameraman or two and some faceless security guards, but how do you expect me to react?

Stevens asks waiting for an answer that won't come.

Scott Stevens:

You sided with Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix showing how dumb you really are Kelly. I mean anyone with half a brain, and I know you're blonde so you don't have one, but Mikey put himself in harm's way. That means he knowingly knew what he was doing when he pushed that paper champion out of the way and was smacked with The FIST....

Stevens says as he holds his right fist up in the air momentarily.

Scott Stevens:

You suspend me because he said the magic word.....**LAWSUIT**.

Stevens shakes his head in disgust.

Scott Stevens:

That was all part of their plan to keep me away from Kendrix and you fell for it hook, line, and sinker. If you were a fish, they would have you stuffed and mounted on their wall.....well they do mount and stuff you on a regular basis don't they Kelly?

Stevens spews more vulgar venom before addressing the elephant in the room.

Scott Stevens:

I will get my **CONTRACTUAL** rematch, it's only a matter of timebut I want to address that runt who has become my shadow as of late.

Stevens says as he reaches for his beer and takes a long sip from it before placing it back onto his desk.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar Burns.

Stevens says and the Faithful go berserk at the mention of the former FIST's name.

Scott Stevens:

I respect the fact you grew a set of balls and came to pick a fight, but you are sticking your nose in business that doesn't concern you and the last time you did this you ended up on the disabled list for quite a while, remember.

Stevens says sternly and calmly.

Scott Stevens:

But if you want me to finish the job permanently I have no problem doing so, but this misconception you have of me is delusional and laughable.

Stevens says as he takes another sip of his Dos Equis.

Scott Stevens:

You said DEFIANCE doesn't owe me anything, but they owe me my **REMATCH for MY FIST of DEFIANCE Championship!**

Stevens says bluntly as he leans on the desk a little.

Scott Stevens:

Unlike you Oscar, I am a winner. I have earned everything that I have achieved in DEFIANCE whether you agree with it or not. I can throw my weight around because I am a big fucking deal unlike you.

Stevens says as he points towards the camera to accentuate the point.

Scott Stevens:

You say you can beat me and had me beat in the middle of the ring at DEFCON. If this was true then why aren't you the FIST right now?

Stevens says as he ponders the question momentarily before answering.

Scott Stevens:

Oh, that's right, you got pinned in the middle of the ring by Kendrix, but you blame me for your failures.

Stevens says with a roll of his eyes.

Scott Stevens:

I'm not the one who lost allowed Kendrix to join our match in the first place, that was **YOU**. I'm not the one who took the fall at DEFCON, that was **YOU**. I'm not the one that is making excuses for my shortcomings, that is **YOU!**

Stevens says emphatically as a little bit of saliva flies out of his mouth and the Texan slowly wipes his mouth with his hand.

Scott Stevens:

Despite your continued slanderous remarks about me, I do have respect and sportsmanship just not for **YOU**.

Stevens says as he straightens up in his chair.

Scott Stevens:

Respect and sportsmanship is earned and you haven't earned mine because quite frankly you aren't on my level or the level you think you are, and it's becoming quite irritating. You are like a fucking mosquito that keeps buzzing around because you think you're main event material.

Stevens scoffs as he shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar, *I'm The MAIN EVENT!*

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

I've been the main event since I popped out of my mother's womb. I have dominated and decimated all everywhere I go and that is why I throw my weight around because *I'm Scott fucking Stevens and I'm that damn good!*

Stevens shouts.

Scott Stevens:

Every championship, every victory in DEFIANCE by me was earned not given. You were thrust into a spot you had no business being in. You fought Cayle Murray and defeated him to become the FIST after he barely survived two matches with me, and that's a fact. You want to know another fact, Oscar?

Stevens says with a sinister grin on his face.

Scott Stevens:

During my time in DEFIANCE, I have only lost one singles match and that was to Cayle Murray.

The Faithful cheer Murray's name.

Scott Stevens:

And that was by the skin of his teeth.

Stevens leans on his desk and motions for the camera to zoom in.

Scott Stevens:

What makes you think you have a chance against me Burns?

Stevens asks before grabbing his beer and finishing it.

Scott Stevens:

I mean I've beaten you everytime we have stepped into the ring against one another and it won't be any different when I defeat you once again at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE since I'm accepting your pathetic little challenge.

The crowd cheers for Stevens' announcement.

Scott Stevens:

However, since you want something of mine that you clearly *HAVEN'T EARNED* we are going to raise the stakes a bit.

Stevens says with a devilish grin.

Scott Stevens:

I'm willing to put up my FIST of DEFIANCE Championship rematch against you at Maximum DEFIANCE, but you have to do something for me. You have to put something of equal value if you want to face Mr. Main Event.

Stevens says as he takes a moment to think before a light bulb goes off.

Scott Stevens:

I got it!

Stevens says with a snap of a finger.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar Burns takes on Scott Stevens for the final time with me putting up my rematch opportunity against..... ***YOUR CAREER.***

The Faithful boo mercilessly at the announcement and the Texan is all smiles.

Scott Stevens:

But wait there's more!

Stevens chuckles.

Scott Stevens:

We can't have a normal match to settle this match.

Stevens shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:

We have to have a main event caliber match that equals the main event level of talent and I can only think of one match that will do, and that is a.....

Stevens pauses and the faithful boo as they don't like waiting.

Scott Stevens:

We will do battle in a ***Texas Deathmatch***, my specialty.

The faithful don't like the announcement.

Scott Stevens:

You want me, Oscar, those are my terms. If you don't like them well, go fuck yourself. However, welcome to the Main Event, the ball is in your court.

Stevens says as he leans back in his chair and we cut back to the arena.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

A HOLLYWOOD HEART TO HEART

Angus:

Oh, here we go...

DDK:

Yes, Mikey Unlikely is back folks and it's apparent he's looking for his fellow Hollywood Bruv, Kendrix. The FIST last week superkicked Mikey when he was most vulnerable! This has led many to speculate whether the Hollywood Bruvs are finished!

Angus:

That's right Keebs, most importantly lest we forget, This goof is still wearing that manpurse out here!

Sure enough, Mikey is wearing the satchel over his shoulder. He makes his way to the ring to a mixed reaction. No real pageantry here this week. Mikey is very serious it seems. He rolls into the ring and goes right to the ring announcer asking for a microphone. He takes it as the music dies off. Mikey walks to the middle of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know, I know! You all want the red carpet, the fireworks, the lights, and the fun! I want that too I really do!

The crowd boos back at him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well, tonight.... Tonight's not the night for Sports Entertainment! Tonight is the night for a heart to heart with a very confused young manly man! Last week you all witnessed what I felt when JFK accidentally slipped in this very ring! He slipped and his foot ACCIDENTALLY hit me in the face!

DDK:

Oh... oh no...

Angus:

Hollywood is making excuses for him?

Mikey Unlikely:

You all saw it. He slipped and in his slipping stupor, he also went to the ropes looking for something to catch his fall. Unfortunately, those bouncy bastards sent him right back at me. As I tried to stop him, his knees landed in my face again! Oh man!

The crowd is collectively laughing and shaking their heads.

Mikey Unlikely:

So tonight I've got something for JFK... no, it's not another giant Frappe, I'm sure he's still working on the last one! No, this week I have this!

Mikey takes off the satchel, sets it on the mat. He unzips it and takes out a briefcase.

DDK:

He's giving him a briefcase?

Mikey tosses the satchel out of the ring and opens the briefcase. He removes from it a folder. He opens the folder and pulls out a large envelope. Pulling at the binding he opens the envelope to reveal a card sized envelope. He stands back up holding the small envelope in his hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

THIS! This is an "I'm sorry you slipped and kicked me in the face CARD!" First of it's kind really! JFK! MY BRUV! THE FIST! Come on out here! I wanna deliver this in person!

Angus:

First off this is stupid. Secondly, Mcfuckass is apparently stupid if he thinks this attack was all a huge slip. What a f....

DDK:

WELL, it's apparent Mikey treasures hisbruvship with the FIST and wants to save it!

Angus:

Like I said....stupid.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the center of the stage. The boos rain down as per usual, however, this time there's no spotlight, there's no bravado. The champ, wearing slim line beige chinos and navy custom fitted shirt, holds the FIST over his shoulder and intently walks straight down the ramp.

DDK:

Kendrix wasting no time, no poses, no arrogance. This is very unlike him. And I'm sure Mikey Unlikely isn't the only one that was left perplexed at the unforeseen attack from his best friend, two weeks ago on DEFtv.

Angus:

I honestly thought we were in for some shithousery Bruv celebration of Kendrix becoming champion, Keebs. I don't think anybody saw Kendrix tear Mikey a new one!

Jesse makes his way into the ring, slicks his hair back, walks straight past Mikey, without giving him a second look, to the other side of the ring and gestures for a mic from the timekeeper area. The shot focuses in on Mikey looking over at Kendrix in disbelief at the rejection. Having acquired a mic, JFK makes his way back across the ring and stands a couple of paces in front of Mikey.

Kendrix:

Listen, y...

Mikey Unlikely:

OH NO, NO NO NO!

JFK's jaw drops!

DDK:

The look on JFK's face, I don't think anyone has actually stopped him mid opener!

Angus:

And I can't believe it's McFuckass himself who answered my prayers!

Mikey Unlikely:

You take this card right now! I've been waiting all week to give it to you! Why haven't you been answering my calls? My texts? My facetimes? My AOL messages? Wait... do you have AOL in the UK?

The fans laugh loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't worry bruv, I already explained to all these people how you slipped! I wanted to bring you out here and talk to you bruv to bruv. Manly man to manly man! So let me break it down.

Mikey breathes deep and takes off his glasses. He looks at JFK who seems unphased by most of this.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck the frappes!

DDK:

WHAT?

Angus:

Well, I never thought I would hear that from this goon!

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck the frappes, forget the fans, forget the FIST, forget every one of the wrestlers here, and forget the lights. We're BRUVS! I know, you know, and everyone in this building knows we're the best damn sports entertainers to ever sports entertain, but more important than all of that is our...relationship!

Again the crowd lets out a little laugh.

Mikey Unlikely:

We've been tag champions, we've been world champions, we've been revolutionaries but none of that matters more to me than having you as a bruv!

Angus:

I think this is taking a turn into.... Nevermind.

Mikey Unlikely:

So I brought you out here to not only give you this super awesome bruvtastic card that's definitely not full of glitter and confetti, but I also brought you out here so we can gluefist this out! Like always!

Kendrix takes a step away, looks out at the crowd to his left, then to his right, pockets on both sides starting a "bruv" chant, before looking back at Mikey. He bites his lip before holding his hand to forehead and lowering it.

DDK:

I think this is the first time I have ever seen this young man lost for words.

Angus:

It's beautiful isn't it, Keebs?!

Kendrix raises his head and looks at the title over his shoulder and then out at Mikey, whose encouraging his bruv to forget about the crowd. Kendrix brings his mic up to his lips.

Kendrix:

Bruv...I have a confession to make. But you're not gonna like it...two weeks ago I didn't slip and kick you in the face. I actually did it on purpose.

Mikey takes a step back in shock.

Kendrix:

And when my knees actually smashed you in the face? It didn't happen because the ropes were more bouncy than usual...I did it on purpose.

Mikey is shaking his head in disbelief. Jesse bites the side of his lower lip in embarrassment.

Kendrix:

And for the record, you probably don't remember because you passed out...I didn't trip over your leg and try to help you stretch when I put you in the Kross either...I did that on purpose too.

Mikey puts his fingers in his ears, shaking his head back at JFK who apologetically holds his palm up at Mikey.

Kendrix:

It's all true, bruv. But let me explain. You see, as soon as I walked through the back, after embarrassing you in front of the world, two weeks ago...I was the one who felt embarrassed. I was the one, who felt ashamed of what I had done to my bestest bruv in the whole world.

Angus:

No words, remorse...has hell frozen over?

Kendrix, holding his hand to his heart hangs his head in shame, all the while Mikey encourages him to stay strong. Kendrix looks over at the Fist on his shoulder.

Kendrix:

Mikey, I've held this title, proudly over my shoulder for two actual years, innit?!

Mikey tries to count time on his fingers.

DDK:

Two years? He only won the Fist at DEFCON.

Kendrix:

It's a fact, JFK has held the FIST in 2018 AND 2019! That's a hell of a long time. Do you know what kind of pressure, JFK has been under for two years?!

Angus:

Two years my...He's held it for just over a month and this is the second show!

Mikey understandably nods along with Kendrix.

Kendrix:

In that time, JFK has had to wake up at like, 6am to go on crappy US TV breakfast shows and toe the DEFIANCE line and promote the brand....6AM!!! JFK didn't even know there was a 6 in the morning!

Mikey looks at his watch just to check if that's true, his eyes widen at the cold heart fact of it all.

Kendrix:

I have had to go to army base camps. The things JFK has seen I can't...

He holds his palm over his eyes, before taking a deep breath and exhaling out loud.

Kendrix:

Bruv, this is hard to admit...I have been to US army base camps...around the country and pretended that I care about talentless, shaven-headed nobodies stupidly putting their bodies on the line for a country that doesn't give a shit about them and the rest of these people here tonight!

DDK:

The complete lack of respect, this crowd making Jesse Fredericks Kendrix well aware of how they feel about him.

Kendrix:

But Mikey, honestly...the worst of it all is, that JFK just can't take the pressure that comes, holding this title, being the best in the business...in your shadow. You're Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey Unlikely:

I know Bruv, I know! Listen, it's ok...

Kendrix:

You're a movie star. You're the man who revolutionized DEFIANCE. Hell, you're the guy who almost ran this place out of business.

Mikey smiles a bit, looks around to the crowd and mouths "He's right you know..."

Kendrix:

You're damn right, JFK knows. But most of all, that's nothing compared to the pressure of knowing...that You're the worlds greatest sports entertainer...in the world...and JFK is just...

A chant ringing around the arena catches both men's attention;

McFuckass Lite, McFuckass Lite

McFuckass Lite, McFuckass Lite

Mikey shakes his head as Jess begins to get worked up. Mikey puts his hands over his bruv's ears as the chant gets louder.

Angus:

So glad this is catching on, Keeps.

DDK:

The crowd letting JFK know exactly what they think of him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck these people, bruv. You're the best in the business for a reason. You hold the FIST because you're the best damn wrestler and sports entertainer in the business today. And with me, with the Hollywood Bruvs running this place, nobody is going to take that title away from you!

Kendrix, almost in tears, his face red, looks up at Mikey.

Kendrix:

Bruv, I'm so sorry.

He lunges forward and gives Mikey one hell of a...hug. The two pat each other on the back as only manly men do when they hug each other.

The crowd bursts into boos and Mikey holds up the hand of JFK and celebrates with him. JFK nods approvingly.

DDK:

Whatever you say about the Hollywood Bruvs, it seems that, like the very best of friends, they can overcome any setback.

Kendrix:

Mikey, hand me over that card, will ya mate. I gotta read this for everyone to hear.

Mikey reached down and grabs the card again, he comes back up and hands the card to his bruv. Kendrix opens the sealed envelope, pulls the white card stock out and clears his throat.

OOHHHHH!

DDK:

Kendrix just kicked Mikey square in the nether regions!

Mikey drops to his knees in agony that only real manly men would understand and looks up helplessly at Kendrix. JFK steps forward and grabs Mikey by the face. They lock eyes before JFK spits directly in the face of the Hollywood actor.

Angus:

WOAH!

Kendrix drops a few fists down on Mikey before hitting him with a knee across the face. Mikey goes down, it isn't long before he's stirring and getting to his feet. As he turns...

DDK:

Kendrix our champion, catches Mikey off guard with the FIST! That has to hurt!

JFK dove into Mikey with the title knocking both men down. Kendrix rolls through the momentum and slides under the bottom rope. He stands up on the outside, looking out at the fans, the FIST points to his head. He turns back and pulls Mikey out of the ring by his arm. With a thud the former wrestler hits the mat outside the ring. Kendrix picks him up and sends him shoulder first into the ring post.

DDK:

JFK has completely lost it here! What's he doing! Mikey was not a threat he's trying to make friends!

Angus:

I don't know what's gotten into our FIST, even I didn't expect this, but I can't say I hate what I'm seeing Keebs!

DDK:

Well I sure don't like seeing anyone blindsided and taken advantage of!

Angus:

Now it's an issue? JFK has been taking advantage of McFuckboi's popularity for years! Same way Hollywood needed someone to back up his words for him. It was a win-win for both! Now that JFK has the fame... I guess he feels he doesn't need Mikey anymore.

DDK:

And all this after Mikey asked Kelly Evans to NOT suspend JFK like she did Stevens!

At this point, Kendrix has collected a chair, and as Mikey is getting to his feet with the help of the officials, Kendrix swings and connects with the head of Mikey, sending him directly back down to the mat outside.

Kendrix:

Oh, I'm not done, mate! We're just getting started!

Angus:

I don't think Mikey will call this one a slip next time.

JFK pushes the referee's out of the way and holds the chair against the neck of Mikey pinning him to the ground. He says something to Mikey that's inaudible, before raising the chair and slamming it back down on the head again. Mikey covers his head after the blow and tries to get away to no avail.

DDK:

Mikey has been busted wide open. Whatever you think about Unlikely, nobody deserves this, especially from his best friend. Kendrix has completely lost it here.

Angus:

Former friend Keebs! Don't forget it! JFK certainly won't let us!

Unlikely dives under the ring but Kendrix grabs an ankle and pulls him right back out. As he comes out from the apron,

Mikey has a wrench in his hand. He swings it at the FIST but JFK has the wherewithal to avoid the swing. He puts his boot down on the arm of Mikey pinning it to the ground. He then pulls the wrench from his hand and tosses it. JFK grabs Mikey by the hair picks him up to his feet. He then sends the actor running into the guardrail.

DDK:

This is relentless!

The timekeeper is ringing the bell over and over but Kendrix ignores it. Now goes under the ring and pulls out a wooden table. He sets it up against the ring. He grabs Mikey and pulls him up onto the ring apron by the head.

DDK:

Unlikely has nothing left, he was blindsided by the attack, wasn't prepared, and by and large unwilling to even fight back!

Angus:

How do you prepare for this?

Kendrix throws a european uppercut to Mikey and then hooks him under the arm and looks over the crowd which has gone hush suddenly.

DDK:

Mikey is bleeding everywhere, this is out of hand where is DEFSEC?

Angus:

I think it's about to get a lot worse...

Kendrix grabs Mikey by the pants and lifts him up for what appears to be a suplex. Kendrix holds him into the air for a while before snapping down and through the table with a brainbuster to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

OH MY GOD! Mikey is hurt! We need help out here NOW!

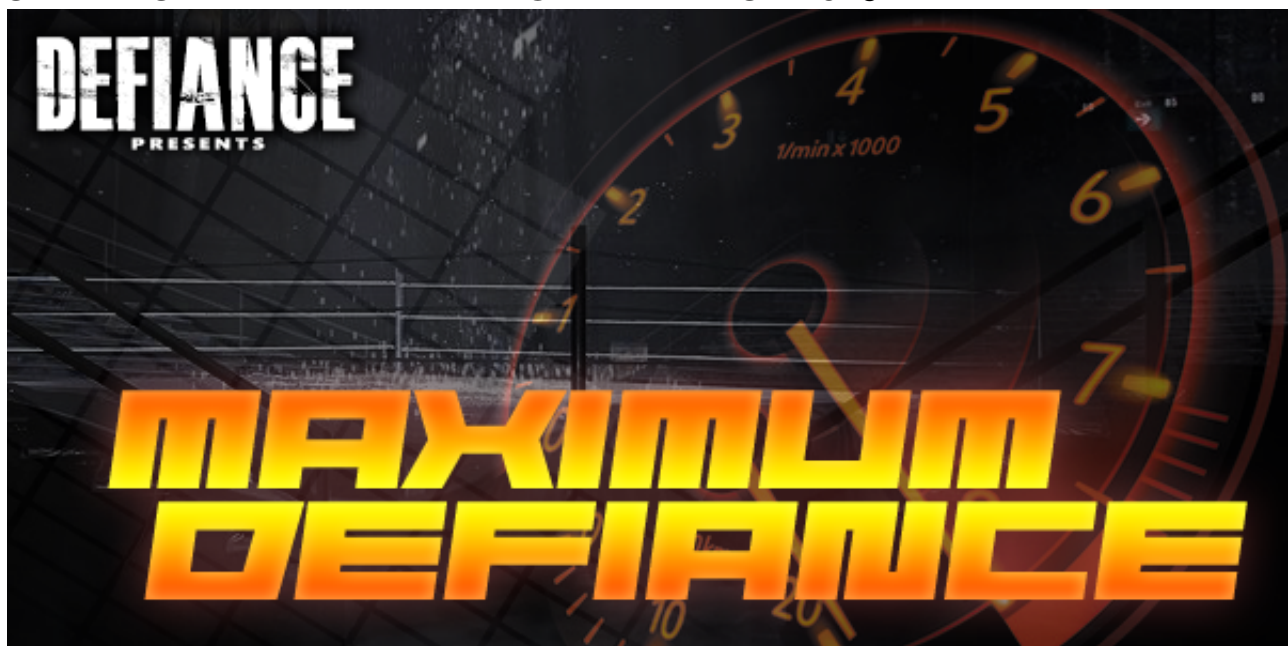
Kendrix takes a minute to stir himself, but eventually makes his way to his feet. He looks back down over his shoulder at Mikey his former tag partner, stablemate, and bruv... and smiles at what he's done to him.

Angus:

I didn't know the FIST has this in him if I'm being honest. It's impressive, if not a little scary...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

We fade out as JFK collects the title and heads back up the ramp. Meanwhile, medical attention has made its way to Mikey Unlikely.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019

Get you tickets now! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2019!

The Fuse Bros. vs. The Wrestlefriends vs. Stevens Dynasty

DDK:

After what's been another hectic night, a SoHer defense cancelled between Elise and the D, Mikey and JFK... we are FINALLY to our main event which promises to be even MORE hectic than everything else tonight! Originally a match between The Fuse Bros. and The WrestleFriends for a DEFIANCE World Tag Team Title shot, The Stevens Dynasty demanded they be allowed in as well. After WrestleFriends and The Fuse Bros agreed, the new match was made!

Angus:

WrestleDorks vs. Video Game Dorks vs Derp Dynasty. What fresh level of hell am I in? That being said, I've finally decided The Stevens are the way to go.

DDK:

Our fans would beg to differ, partner. Let's go to Darren Quimbey with our main event!

And we now do just that!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a triple threat tag team match! The winner will go on to fight against The ToyBox at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE for the World Tag Team Championships! Introducing first... the team of "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts... **THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!**

Voices are now heard over the PA as multiple colors flash throughout the arena.

FIGHTING SPIRIT!

GRAPS!

HOSSING!

FLIPPY THINGS!

BY OUR SKILLS COMBINED... WE ARE THE WRESTLEFRIENDS!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr.♪

Out from the back, the crowd cheer the BRAZEN cult sensations turned full-time members of the DEFIANCE roster! The lights appear and standing on the stage back to back are the WrestleFriends! They make a quick beeline to the ring. As they enter the ring, Batts throws the rally towel into the crowd before taking off his shirt. His music cuts as the next team comes out.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents... Bo and George Stevens, The Stevens Dynasty!

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack. ♪

Bo and George emerge, none too happy. Bo continues to remind the fans his name is not Boo and George cracks his knuckles.

Angus:

You know that's not good for you, huh.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Cracking your knuckles. Causes arthritis.

DDK:

Thanks for the tip...

Bo rolls into the ring while George enters through the ropes. It takes "all" of Bo's willpower to not go after The WrestleFriends even though he says he wants to. In other words, Bo is simply all talk at the moment.

Darren Quimbey:

And their final opponents... Tyler and Conor Fuse... The FUUUUUSSSSEEE BROS.!

♪ "Chemical Plant Zone" from Sonic the Hedgehog 2 ♪

A major pop follows the heat from The Stevens. Similar to Bo, Tyler comes out in a serious demeanor and Conor much more cheerful. However, since they are fresh off losing the Tag Team Achievements, it's nowhere near as much happiness as Conor usually displays.

The Bros. make their way down as referee Benny Doyle is telling Bo to get back. Realistically, he wasn't going to fight them upon entering anyway... but Benny is too good at his job to let that get in the way.

DDK:

As normal, Tyler will start this match. It looks like he will be joined by Ryan Batts and Bo Stevens!

The Fuse Bros. get settled at their corner and the bell singals.

DING DING

Batts and Tyler instantly look at each other after they hear the bell. Even though no words are said they nod in agreement and go right after Bo.

DDK:

Just like that, Bo is hurled into the ropes, hit with a double dropkick and tossed out of the ring! Gotta say, I love it. Get him outta there!

Angus:

You're so bias. It's disgusting.

DDK:

I'm not even dealing with that comment...

George is furious from his corner as he sees Tyler and Batts shake hands and circle around the ring. They lock into a grapple, where Tyler powers Batts into a headlock but Batts breaks free, tossing Tyler into the ropes. Upon return, he looks for a hip toss but Tyler digs his feet into the mat, spins around and tries to connect with a DDT. However, Batts snaps back and fumbles into the ropes where Tyler attempts a clothesline yet Batts rolls through on the mat!

DDK:

A lot of near-misses!

As Batts pulls Tyler into him and looks for a tiger suplex, he suddenly stops. Tyler stands straight up and both of them take the in-coming Bo Stevens by his hair and throw him out the other side of the ring, using his momentum as he was running back in.

Again, in his corner, George is fuming.

Angus:

Bullshit, Keebs! It's a triple threat match! #StevensMatterToo!

DDK:

Did you just say hashtag?

Tyler bounces off the ropes but hooks both arms around the top one as Batts crashes to the mat with an unsuccessful dropkick. Tyler comes forward, landing an elbow and then Irish whipping Batts into the corner. The WrestleFriend hits hard, ricochets right into the middle of the ring where Tyler performs a pendulum backbreaker and another elbow.

He pulls Batts to his feet and tosses him into the ropes again, only for it to be reversed and Batts follows up with a snap powerslam! Forearm smashes follow and Batts looks for an overhead belly to belly suplex but Tyler slips out, gets behind him and connects with a Russian leg sweep!

DDK:

Tyler tags Conor!

Conor hurls himself over the top rope and right onto Batts' shoulders as he began to get to his feet. Looking for a hurricanrana, Batts is able to block it and in turn configure a modified powerbomb to Player Two! He stumbles back and tags in Jack Mace.

As Conor gets to his feet, he looks up to see a man double his size.

Conor Fuse:

[gulp]

Mace lifts Conor to his feet but showing a sign of respect, he pats him on the back before taking three steps back and looking for a knee to the stomach.

It misses as Conor jumps around Mace and tries to knock him forward with a shoulder block.

It doesn't move the big man.

DDK:

Conor goes into the ropes and he is hit hard with a lariat from Jack!

In comes Bo. Mace takes him by his hair and tosses him out for a third time!

Angus:

George has had enough!

The much larger of The Stevens Dynasty comes rushing in. Mace psees him out of the corner of his eyes but it's too late. George hammers Mace with a shoulder block!

Referee Benny Doyle gets in the way of George doing any more damage and slowly works him back to his own corner. Conor begins to stir on the mat but not before Bo gets back in...

DDK:

Bo with a low blow to Conor! Benny Doyle didn't see it... and a diving DDT follows! Bo with the pin! He could steal it right here!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Conor kicks out and the fans erupt! Bo slams his hands against the mat as he glances up at Doyle. There's not a lot of time for him to process this, however, as Mace is back on his feet and hurls Bo into the buckle.

DDK:

Running splash!

Bo wobbles out like a dummy to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Delayed body slam! Followed by a mountain bomb!

Angus:

This Jack Mace is a messed up guy. Way too nice for a man of his size. Impressive move set though, I'll give him that.

Mace looks for a cover but it's broken up by Conor Fuse! As Mace gets to his feet, Player Two tries to move the giant but realizes he doesn't have the strength. Instead, Mace smiles cheerfully at Conor as if to say "I'm too big to do that but it's really great you're trying". He pats Conor on the head and then whips him into the ropes. Looking for a hip toss, Conor lands on his feet! The Gamers pop at the display of athleticism!

Conor looks over Jack Mace and smiles back as if to say "I'm too agile to try that".

Angus:

This shit makes me sick. Can't these guys just bloody kill each other!?

Using Jack Mace as leverage, Conor is able to jump right up over him and tag his brother back in.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse rushes in! He sidesteps a forearm from Mace and jabs at The Manpower to get him back by a couple of steps!

Taking a deep breath, Tyler throws a fury of elbows into Mace, working him to the corner. Then taking his head, Tyler looks for one of his moves, CQC but is thrown to the middle of the ring instead!

DDK:

Right into a facebuster by Bo Stevens! I would bet money Jack Mace didn't anticipate that!

Bo doesn't want any part of Mace so he turns to George and tags him in.

George stomps into the ring as the crowd becomes unsettled. The Stevens member gets straight into Mace's face and starts smack-talking.

Angus:

You tell him! The REAL Tag Team Champion is right there!

The fans are becoming restless, waiting for Jack to strike back. George is letting him have it...

And finally, just as Mace pulls his arm back...

DDK:

Roll up by Tyler!

ONE!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I believe everyone thought it was over! Mace was just about to break up the count too but even he didn't see Tyler come from behind! I'm surprised Tyler was able to do that to the second giant in this battle!

Angus:

He chose the stupider one. Um. I think?

Player One gets up and eats a knee to the face from George out of anger for what almost happened! Then George takes a clothesline from Mace! It does not knock him back, though! He's still on his feet!

DDK:

With everything he has, Mace throws George into the ropes...

HUGE, RING-SHAKING POWERSLAM!

The fans cheer loudly. Even Conor Fuse looks on with a "whoa" comment to The Manpower as he gets to his feet. Mace turns to Batts and tags him...

DDK:

Batts is on the top rope... he measures George...

Legdrop!

DDK:

Batts flies halfway across the ring! He has a pinfall attempt on George! This could be over!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY TYLER!!

Player One looks over at Jack and then down to Batts as if he didn't particularly want to do that but obviously had to. Tyler pulls Batts to his feet and connects with a northern lights suplex into a pinfall.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Very close near-falls here!

Tyler sighs and the crowd is once again left thinking the match was over. The former DEFIANCE Tag Champion hurries to his feet-

DDK:

BO STEVENS COMES IN WITH A CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL!

Instant boos follow.

Bo Stevens:

IT'S BO!!!!!! BBBBBO!!! NOT BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

No one cares...

Angus:

He *is* right.

There's a loud pop...

DDK:

Conor Fuse has seen enough! He comes charging in and takes him and Bo out of the ring with a clothesline over the top!

This is followed-up by the two throwing lefts and rights at each other on the outside.

DDK:

All hell as finally broken loose! Tyler is trying to recover... Batts is trying to recover...

But George Stevens is the first to his feet.

WHAM!!

DDK:

GEORGE STEVENS TAKES JACK MACE OUT WITH A CHEAP SHOT! George just poked Mace right between the eyes and leveled him with a forearm, knocking him off the apron!

More boos fill the arena as the outcome seems academic.

George goes off the ropes...

Splash to Batts.

He goes off the ropes again...

Splash to Tyler.

Standing in the middle of the ring, admiring his work, The Faithful fill the squared circle with jeers.

DDK:

Conor and Bo continue to brawl on the outside... Conor might be the only hope of stoping this one!

Another splash to Batts.

One more to Tyler for good measure.

George takes a moment to soak in the jeers. Then he chooses Tyler to cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

There's a massive pop from The Gamers!

DDK:

Wow! He kicked out!

Furious, George turns to Batts and pins him.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

You can say what you want about these kickouts but George may have had the match won if he wasn't so concerned with taking in the response from The Faithful. Take the response in *after* you've won. Not before. Now he's paying the price...

Angus:

Oh whatever! I enjoyed the moment and it's not like Tyler or Ryan are even on their feet right now...

As George collects himself and brushes off the anger and frustration, he comes to his senses and realizes Tyler and Ryan haven't moved an inch since they've kicked out.

A smile crosses George's face. He looks for one more big splash until...

DDK:

CONOR FUSE LEAPS INTO THE RING and right onto George's shoulders! He throws George head-first into the turnbuckle with a modified hurricanrana! Conor is off the ropes... spinning heel kick gets George to one knee!

Benny Doyle tries to restore order since Conor is not the legal man but he's having trouble doing so...

DDK:

Bo enters and immediately knocks Conor down with a leaping forearm from the second rope!

The two of them pick up where they left off and start fighting in the corner of the ring!

DDK:

Tyler is *finally* to his feet! Batts is getting up too... they both turn to see George back on one knee...

Double overhead suplex! The ring shakes upon impact!

DDK:

Tyler is telling Batts to go to the top!

It's a struggle, but he does.

DDK:

SENTON BOMB BY BATTS!

Tyler runs up to the top as well!

DDK:

FROG SPLASH BY TYLER!

With all their might, both Tyler and Ryan struggle but finally get George to a standing position and drop him out of the ring.

DDK:

It's now down to the rightful tag teams! Batts rushes towards Tyler but Tyler ducks and goes off the ropes... a powerslam by Batts is countered as Tyler slips out at the last possible second and hits a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Angus:

Why wouldn't one of them PIN George!? Morons!

Tyler tries to keep the momentum going but his leg drop is missed as Batts rolls to the corner. When Tyler comes charging in, Batts gets his knees up, goes to the second rope and performs a missile dropkick. Then he connects with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

The WrestleFriends could get their tag title shot...

As DDK says this, Bo Stevens hits Conor Fuse with a low blow on the outside and rolls back into the ring. He tries to attack Batts, but Ryan drops the top rope on him and once more Bo Stevens falls out of the ring for what has to be the forth or fifth time!

DDK:

I don't believe it!

Angus:

WOW!

George Stevens is making his way back in the ring.

Angus:

The guy is a beast, what can I say?

George gets in. He's certainly groggy, yet he's ready to right. Batts runs at him but eats a clothesline from hell!

DDK:

Tyler to his feet now... NOT FOR LONG! He's absolutely crushed with a big boot to the head!

George Irish whips Tyler into the ropes. Somehow, Player One is able to duck a clothesline from hell but Bo is up on the apron and kicks Tyler square in the back! George finishes Tyler off with another big boot sending Tyler out of the ring!

DDK:

It's just George and Batts!

Ryan is struggling to move... George is watching him...

DDK:

Pulling Batts up... POWERBOMB! This is followed by a piledriver! I hate to say it but things look to be over!

Yet George isn't finished. He drags the broken body of Ryan Batts to his feet, grinning from ear to ear.

Angus:

WrestleDorks, NO. Fuse Bros., NO. George Stevens is your answer!

The Faithful wake up at the sight of what's to come!

DDK:

I don't believe it! George Stevens kicked Ryan Batts so hard it sent him into the corner- HIS CORNER! And a recovering Jack Mace made the tag!!!

Mace comes in. He politely looks at George as if to say "let's do this"!

A fuming George rushes at Manpower but he is sidestepped! Mace with a couple of elbows to George! Then he hurls him into the ropes and follows with another ring shaking powerslam!!

The cameras go to the outside where Tyler Fuse and Bo Stevens are brawling near Darren Quimbey's table until-

DING!

DDK:

MY GOD! BO JUST USED THE RING BELL ON TYLER FUSE!!

Tyler falls back while Bo goes on one knee, trying to catch his breath! Inside the ring, Mace is signalling for the end. In other words, The Bear Trap.

DDK:

There is no way he gets George Stevens up for this...

Bo rolls into the ring.

DDK:

LOW BLOW TO MACE!

Angus:

No DQ in a triple threat, ha!

DDK:

Bo off the ropes... DROPKICK STRAIGHT TO MACE'S HEAD! THIS GETS HIM DOWN!

In comes Conor Fuse, still recovering from his own low blow. He goes right after Bo Stevens while Benny Doyle tries to

break things up!

Tyler is really struggling on the outside of the ring but eventually rolls in. Meanwhile, Benny Doyle has successfully pulled Conor away from Bo. He has Conor in the corner and his back turned to everything else...

Bo sees Tyler...

DDK:

Looking for the Game Changer-- NO!! Tyler slips out... CQC TO BO STEVENS! TYLER HIT CQC!!

Angus:

He can't do anything more, Keebs! He's still reeling from the bell shot!!

Finally, Tyler gets to his feet. He looks down at Bo Stevens and pulls him up ever so slightly...

DDK:

A SECOND CQC! Tyler tosses Bo out of the ring!

Player One gets to the center of the ring. The Gamers are cheering as he walks over to Conor Fuse and tells him to go up!

DDK:

Tyler is trying to drag George Stevens to his feet...

A rake to the eyes by George! Then he rushes to the top rope where Conor is standing, about to knock him off...

DDK:

OH MY GOD! Conor jumps right onto George's shoulders! He's trying to get him into a hurricanrana but he just can't! Conor is hanging off George for all it's worth... trying to move him... trying to fight free...

Finally, Conor slips off George's shoulders, hits the ropes and then cross body blocks himself and George over the top and to the floor below! Conor lands hard and he's instantly knocked out along with his opponent!

This leaves Tyler Fuse and Jack Mace in the ring. Mace is recovering from his own beating... and he's crawling to his corner.

He tags in Batts.

The fans cheer as Batts comes in but seeing Tyler Fuse still down on the mat, The WrestleFriend shows a sign of true sportsmanship.

Angus:

What the hell is this moron doing? He's waiting for Tyler to get up!?

DDK:

I'm pretty sure Ryan saw what happened to Tyler. It wasn't in the rule book, so...

Angus:

So? Idiot.

Tyler gets to his feet. Ryan comes towards him...

DDK:

CQC blocked by Batts! Ryan bounces off the ropes... he ducks a left hand from Tyler, spins him around... implant DDT- NO! Tyler breaks free and takes two steps back! He connects with a left hand this time and now an atomic drop!

Player One with three quick left strikes into Batts' chest... looking for a Russian leg sweep but Batts reaches out and grabs the nearby ropes! Tyler crashes to the mat instead!

Batts follows this with a jumping knee to the chest! He tosses Tyler to the middle of the ring with a snap suplex...

DDK:

DEADLIFT GERMAN SUPLEX! The end could be near!

Batts to the top rope!

DDK:

Looking for his diving senton splash... Let Gravity Do The Rest!

He jumps...

DDK:

NO! Tyler rolls out of the way but Batts LANDS on his feet!

Neckbreaker by Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Tyler locks Batts' head... looking for CQC again as he runs up the buckle...

Amazingly, Batts pushes Tyler off him and to the center of the ring. As he does this, Batts is actually able to perch himself on the top rope!

DDK:

MISSILE DROPKICK! Tyler is down!

Batts goes up again!

DDK:

Let Gravity Do The Rest!! Pin!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of this match and the new number one contenders to the Tag Team Champions... Ryan Batts and Jack Mace... The WRESTLEFRIENDS!!

♪ "Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr.♪

DDK:

They did it! Wow!!

Angus:

God dammit...

The Faithful cheer as Batts picks himself up off the mat. He looks for Mace whom is slowly recovering on the outside now. Batts tells him to make his way into the ring as their arms are raised. The cameras show The Stevens beside each other on the outside, completely out of it as if they haven't processed the loss just yet. Then there's Tyler and Conor Fuse...

The WrestleFriend's theme song closes as Tyler gets to one knee and Conor, too, slowly rolls into the ring. The Gamers cheer them on.

Angus:

I hope these guys just kill each other. Get them off the DEFIANCE roster...

Tyler gets to a vertical base. Conor the same. They make their way to the center of the ring.

Batts and Mace look at each other. Then they meet The Bros. in the center of the ring.

Tyler, while holding the back of his head, extends his hand. Conor does the same. It's not too long before Batts and Mace return the handshake and The Faithful cheer.

DDK:

A great sign of sportsmanship right there! Two teams giving it their all tonight, that's for sure!

Angus:

F off...

The Fuse Bros. exit the ring and allow The WrestleFriends the spotlight as DEFtv goes to commercial.

DDK:

Book it! WrestleFriends vs. The ToyBox for the Tag Team Championships at MAXDEF!!!

Angus:

I'm gonna be sick.

RESIDENT EVIL: NEMESIS

Coming back from commercial, the scene goes to the ring as The WrestleFriends are making their way to the back. They're slapping hands with people in the front row and clapping the arena home. The camera go to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

Folks, what a show we had for you tonight! Ending with Ryan Batts and Jack Mace, The WrestleFriends, beating The Stevens **and** The Fuse Bros. for the right to face The ToyBox at a later date for the Tag Team Championships!

Angus:

Yes, disappointing to say the least.

As The WrestleFriends vanish behind the curtain and their theme song closes, it only leaves The Fuse Bros. recovering on the outside of the apron. The Gamers now cheer at the sight of them.

DDK:

It's been a tough two weeks for these guys but you have to respect the effort.

Angus:

No, I don't...

Tyler holds his head while Conor is rubbing his back. The two brothers raise their free arms slightly to acknowledge the respect they've been given and make their way up the ramp.

DDK:

Tyler took that ridiculous bell shot by Bo Stevens and Conor was lucky he wasn't flattened by George as they fell out of the ring!

Tyler is halfway up the ramp, asking his brother if he's alright. A faint "Save the day! Save the day!" chant starts as The Gamers proceed to exit the arena, knowing this was the last match on the card.

Conor looks sad, yet composed. Tyler is a little confused, probably because of the shot he took.

The lights go out.

An intrigued response from the fans gets them back to their seats or at least stopping where they are.

DDK:

What the... ?

Orange and green lightning flashes across the DEFIttron. Some of the people in the crowd remember what happened the last time...

Due to cell phones as personal lighting devices, the arena is not *entirely* dark. The camera is able to get a closer shot of Tyler and Conor collecting themselves mid-way up the ramp.

Conor Fuse: *[worried]*

It's happening again?

Tyler simply tries to get the cobwebs out of his head.

The arena remains dark for an uncomfortable amount of time.

Angus:

I don't understand this...

Conor Fuse:

[heavy sigh] So...

Finally, the lights come back on. There, blocking the entire top of the entrance way, stands approximately 25 men dressed in black with hoodies over their heads. They all stand at 5'11", 220 pounds. It's impossible to tell anyone apart. Conor seizes back. He looks scared while Tyler collects himself as best he can and doesn't seem impressed.

Angus:

It's them! It's those, uhhh, weird guys...

Next, two very tall skinny men emerge from the center, revealing they were on their knees so they couldn't be picked out from the others. They are extremely slim and at least 6'7". This only scares Conor some more.

DDK:

We've seen these guys twice now! What do they want with The Bros.?

The men begin walking down the rampway.

Tyler holds his ground while Conor takes a few small steps backwards. Player One begins shouting at the men.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you to get out of here! This changes nothing do you hear me, nothing!

The towering men continue to move slowly down the rampway, without processing what Tyler is saying, if they were even able to...

The men are halfway towards The Fuse Bros.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother and I will handle this! Get out of here!

They are 3/4ths of the way to them.

Conor Fuse:

Um, Tyler...

Tyler turns to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

It's fine, don't worry.

Fearlessly, Tyler goes back to face the men and embraces for what's to come while Conor hides behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

We are not interested. Not. Interested!

Angus:

Who the hell are these guys?

The men stop two feet away from Tyler, as Player One puts his fists up ready for a fight.

The lights go back out.

Tyler Fuse:

Well? Well!?

They come back on. No one is there other than The Bros. Conor breathes a sigh of relief. Until...

DDK:

The lights go out again!

...

...

And then they're back on.

Now, all 25 men are within striking distance of The Bros. Being completely surrounded, Tyler and Conor are back-to-back with the older brother much more ready to engage than the younger one...

Then the towering, skinny men emerge from the pack again. Tyler is so wound up he's shouting at them.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's go! C'mon! C'MON!

The men take one foot forward. They are hovering over both of the Bros. Tyler is waiting for them to strike. Instead... the men raise their boney fingers and point directly at The Fuse Bros.

Tyler raises his fists to his face. Conor takes a few deep breaths...

The lights go out, lightning flashes across the DEFIttron and the lights come back on. The Gamers boo as the arena is empty, other than the former tag champs.

Conor seems relieved yet terrified all in one as Tyler circles around, ensuring no one is lurking by the guardrails. The announcers maintain radio silence in order to pick up what the Bros. are saying to each other.

Conor Fuse: *[quietly, to Tyler]*

I thought it was over.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, well, they clearly don't listen.

Conor Fuse:

We don't need them?

Tyler Fuse:

Right. We don't need them.

Conor continues to collect himself.

Conor Fuse:

I'm scared.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry...

The DEFIANCE logo appears at the bottom of the screen while The Bros. are left wondering what just happened. Tyler pats his brother on the back but it doesn't seem to console him.

Tyler Fuse:

We'll be fine, okay? We'll be fine...

DDK:

Losing the tag titles... losing the number one contendership... now this to deal with. The Fuse Bros. are in a hard place right now. We are out of time, thank you for joining us tonight!

The final shot shows Tyler confused and pissed off, while Conor is worried and wanting to get the hell out of there.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE