

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

FREE CONOR FUSE

WHY AREN'T YOU LOOKING FOR CYRUS BATES RIGHT NOW?

I BET REZIN AVERAGES TWO TETANUS SHOTS A WEEK

ARTHUR IS DECIDEDLY NOT PLEASANT

CORVO ALPHA IS HERE

I, TOO, AM A COSPLAYING HOE

DANGEROUS MIX = NEXT TAG CHAMPS

PRAY FOR HENRY KEYES

TOYBOX ARE A HOT MESS

CYRUS BATES WOULD BE LOOKING FOR YOU

THE GOLDEN SHOVEL ISN'T REAL AND CAN'T HURT Y-- ...OH. SHIT.

SO MACHETES ARE A THING NOW?

LET MY CONOR GO!

MALAK GARLAND EATS PENNIES

I'D RATHER PAY \$200 TO HEAR DONDA 2 THAN LISTEN TO TOM MORROW FOR FREE

CONOR, HERE'S A CHEAT CODE... UP UP, DOWN DOWN, UPWARD KICK TO MALAK'S DICK

WHERE IN THE WORLD DID CYRUS EZEKIEL BATES GO?

I LIKE SHOVEL, WE ALL LIKE SHOVEL

FUCK CORVO ALPHA!

MALAK, SET CONOR FREE AND YOU CAN HAVE TYLER

DEX IS GONNA TWIST AND TURN THAT SHOVEL UP YOUR ASS

NEW AWWWLEANS

I CAME TO HEAR A REZIN PROMO

KERRY > SCROW

IM GCC'S NUMBER ONE FAN

HEY CORVO KILL ARTHUR PLEASANT NEXT PLEASE AND THANK YOU

TITANESS KICK MORROW'S ASS!

OPHELIA SYKES HAVE MY BABIES

MY SIGN IS ON SIX HOUR SLOWMODE!

1 DEX JOY + BURNS' STUPID SHOVEL = BURNS SIX FEET UNDER

ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE, OSCAR!

THINGS THAT RHYME WITH BURNS: TURNS, LEARNS, FERNS, AND UHHH NERNZ

SCROW U A HO

REZIN WILL YOU MARRY ME?

ARTHUR PLEASANT WILL YOU SIGN MY MACHETE WITH THE BLOOD OF YOUR ENEMIES?

The cameras cut to ringside.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP: SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS Â© vs. DANGEROUS MIX

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv 166 - Night 1!

Lance:

We are on our second stop on the path to our biggest show of the year and we have, as always, a packed night of exciting DEFIANCE action and surprises.

DDK:

Indeed we do, Lance. We'll get to everything as this broadcast progresses, but starting us off tonight is a big bout with huge implications for DEFCON as The Saturday Night Specials defend their Unified Tag Team Championship against the team that pinned them two weeks ago, The Dangerous Mix. Only one of these teams can head into DEFCON as the tag team champions.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful explode!

DDK:

And we're not wasting any time!

The Saturday Night Specials walk through the curtain - both "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy are wearing a championship belt AND have another one slung over their shoulder. Bringing up the rear with the final belt over his shoulder is their manager, Davey LaRue. LaRue is all smiles and trying to get The Faithful riled up, whereas the champs don't do any of their usual playing to the crowd - they are all business as they walk with purpose and attitude toward the ring.

Lance:

I had a chance to speak to The Saturday Night Specials backstage earlier today, Keebs... and to say they have a chip on their shoulders after that no-title loss to Dangerous Mix two weeks ago would be an understatement.

DDK:

Dangerous Mix earned this title shot after pinning the champs at DEFtv 165 - and there's loads on the line here.

Newbludd and Cassidy are in the ring and each take position at the top of opposite turnbuckles and holding their championship belts high. While they are playing to The Faithful, their faces are all intensity and seriousness. They reach through the ropes to hand the belts off to LaRue. As their theme dies out, Pat Cassidy motions for - and is granted - a microphone.

Pat Cassidy:

Your boys here ain't screwing around tonight, kids. Only one team is going to DEFCON to defend the Unified Tag Team Championship in the main event. Newbludd and I didn't scratch, claw, and bleed to hold on to our belts all this time just for our journey to end here. Mushighara... David Fox... you showed us two weeks ago that you're a hell of a team... but you're about to find out why we are YOUR reigning champions... YOUR defending champions... YOUR fighting champions...

YOUR...

The Faithful & Cassidy:

SATURDAY!

NIGHT!

SPECIALS!!

Cassidy hands the mic to Brock Newbludd.

Brock Newbludd:

Dangerous Mix, you lived up to your name a couple of weeks ago, no doubt about it. You caught us off our game a couple of weeks ago and you took advantage of it. That's not an excuse, that's just a fact. Pat's right, you guys are a helluva team and you gave us a big slice of humble pie when you took us down two weeks ago. Now, it's time for your boys here to return the favor in the most painful way possible.

Newbludd raises a fist up to The Faithful.

Brock Newbludd:

Before we get to that, I think we better kick tonight off right. It's time to holler and swaller, people! Raise em' up!

The Faithful raise their beverage of choice and Brock takes a deep breath.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful:

HOO!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!!?

HOOOOOOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

Gimme all you got! One more for the boys! BAAAAALLLY!!!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Newbludd throws his fist down and The Faithful tip back their drinks before letting out an excited right.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's fuckin' go, baby!

Newbludd tosses the mic back to Quimbey and the ring announcer turns his attention to the entrance.

A hush of silence fills the arena until the lights start to fade, causing a murmur of curiosity. Before long, the arena is totally dark, save for a darklit DEFtron.

DDK:

Wrestlers under the tutelage of Eddie Dante surely do not lack in dramatic flair, but I do wonder what the challengers have in mind for an entrance...

A burst of light and sound startles all but the most stoic of fans as new music blares from the speakers.

♪ **TACHIAGARE!** ♪

♪ **SHINDE MO YUZURENAI MONO GA ARU!** ♪

♪ **FURIMUKU NA!** ♪

♪ **USHIRO NI MICHU WA NAI TSUKISUSUME!** ♪

DDK:

And here we go! Talk about a hot opener, the DEFplex is electric right now!

Pumped up from the surprise championship opening match, the Faithful let out a reflexive pop from the sound of the bell.

The God-Beast and Milwaukee's Beast both walk out of their respective corners with matching looks of determination. Despite the high tension, Newbludd sticks a fist out towards Mushi, and the big man bumps it with one of his own.

Lance:

A little showing of respect between Newbludd and Mushi right there. They might be co-workers, and even friends, but tonight they're putting all that hold with the gold on the line.

DDK:

Might be a rough day at work over at Ballyhoo for both of them tomorrow.

The two men circle each other and then COLLIDE for a stiff collar and elbow tie-up. Both men jockey for position in the ring but Mushi's raw power begins to drive Brock backwards. With only a step between himself and the ropes, Newbludd stomps the ground and lowers his base to get under his bigger opponents.

Lance:

Mushi might only have an inch on Brock, but sometimes that's all it takes.

Newbludd's sudden leverage stops Mushi's progress and the former sumo star wrestles an arm free from the tie up and raises it to crack him with a forearm to the spine. Just as The Golden Goliath gets his cinder block sized forearm all the way up, Brock breaks the tie up completely and shoots one of Mushi's legs. He stumbles backwards as Newbludd powers up and takes him down to the mat with an amateur style dragon screw.

DDK:

Newbludd flashes some amateur skills with the single leg whip but Mushi's already pushing himself up!

Mushigihara makes it about halfway up and Newbludd pounces quickly by grabbing onto one of his opponent's legs to secure an ankle lock!

Lance:

The Innovator with the submission and he's got it snug!

Snug as it may be, Mushi is strong and fresh. Pushing himself up off the mat, the big guy tucks his head in and rolls forward, throwing Brock forward to break the hold!

DDK:

Mushi breaks it and sends Brock stumbling! He gets his feet underneath him and he hits the ropes!

Newbludd rebounds back towards Mushi just as he rises up to a knee. Not breaking his stride, Brock launches himself at Mushi...

Lance:

Here comes that shining wizard!

Face-Melter!!! NO! Mushi catches him on his shoulders and powers up!

DDK:

Newbludd missed The Face Melter and now he's in trouble!

Mushigihara goes to powerbomb Newbludd, but Brock retaliates with a well placed fist between the eyes and the big

guy stumbles back a step. A step is all that is needed though as Newbludd sticks an arm out to BARELY touch Pat Cassidy's outstretched fingers!

Lance:

Tag made but Newbludd's still in trouble!

One more well placed punch from Brock causes Mushi to finally drop him down. Cassidy grabs Mushi from behind and The God-Beast responds with an instinctive back elbow that catches Black-Out in the chin. Taking advantage of the situation, Brock buys Cassidy some time with a surprise second dragon screw that sends Mushi tumbling back towards the center of the ring.

DDK:

SNS playing the numbers game early in this one with some good tag work.

Lance:

Here comes David Fox to even the odds!

Fox enters the ring and charges towards Newbludd, causing Brock to roll out of the ring and throw his hands up in innocence. David turns his attention to Cassidy and the recovered Black-Out motions him to come at him. David obliges Cassidy but is suddenly cut off by Nevarro who orders him to return to his corner. Throwing his hands up in disgust, Fox backpedals back to his corner just as Mushi rises. Favoring his knee slightly, he growls in anger and locks eyes with Black-Out.

As The God Beast tries to regain a vertical base, Cassidy is there with relentless falling elbows to the mush (i?), stunning the larger man every time he's about to get up. Cassidy hops up to the second rope and comes leaping off with another elbow smash that keeps Mushi on the mat. He tries to pull the monster back up to his feet, but Mushi manages to stun him with a quick salvo of palm strikes to the abdomen, which doubles ol' Blackout long enough for Mushi to rise up to his feet and get a good grip on him, before...

WHAM!

DDK:

Did you see Cassidy fly?! WOW!

What DDK is describing is the distance that the God-Beast was able to launch Cassidy with a Biel throw across the ring! Shaking out the cobwebs, Mushigihara manages to lumber to his corner and tag in his quicker partner, who leaps over the top rope and onto the mat!

Lance:

And here comes David Fox, who as we all know has a bit of success against much larger foes! And he is wasting no time!

Fox rushes in with a salvo of roundhouse kicks to Cassidy's chest and back, which causes him to stumble even more, but Fox immediately relents, giving Cassidy a chance to get back on his feet.

DDK:

What could Fox be holding back for?

Cassidy slowly rises to his feet, inquisitively, as Fox points a finger towards Brock Newbludd.

Lance:

It's looking like Fox wants Newbludd! One of DEFIANCE's best strikers wants one of its best grapplers!

With a smile and a nod, Cassidy walks over to Newbludd, who also nods, for the tag!

DDK:

Don't forget, folks, Fox was an accomplished kickboxer, and Newbludd has a strong amateur wrestling background, so this could become a FIGHT.

Newbludd steps between the ropes and casually walks over to David Fox, who offers a single extended fist...

...which Newbludd bumps with his own.

RESPECT POP!

Newbludd shoots for Fox's legs and takes him down, and Fox is already nervous as he locks his hands onto Newbludd's jaw, and tries to push him off! Fox manages to see a nearby ring rope and grab it, forcing a break by Hector Navarro, which Newbludd promptly complies. As both competitors rise to their feet, Fox chuckles and says "one point" to Newbludd, before they both nod and go back to it! Brock fakes a takedown, pulling back just quick enough to evade a David Fox middle roundhouse, but when he comes back in he eats a back kick to the breadbasket that leaves him dazed!

DDK:

David Fox coming out ahead with the strikes!

Brock is out of it, so Fox shoots him off the ropes, looking to catch him on the rebound with another kick. As Brock hits the ropes, however, he gets a blind tag on the back by Pat Cassidy! Fox seems to have missed this as he goes for a clothesline on Brock, but The Innovator ducks. As Fox turns to wait to catch Brock on the rebound, he is surprised when he is spun around by Pat Cassidy and hooked for...

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!

Fox is surprised and stunned as his head is driven into the mat by Cassidy's snap reverse STO. Not wasting a second, Cassidy hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

Mushi attempts to get into the ring to break up the pin, but a Brock Newbludd superkick stuns him long enough for The Saturday Night Specials to get the...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Unbelievable! Fox was engaged in a hell of a wrestling contest with Brock Newbludd and he simply got blindsided!

DDK:

That's the beauty of Cassidy's Irish Goodbye, Lance. It's a simple but very effective maneuver that he can hit at a moment's notice.

The crowd pops for both the champ's win and the sudden, unexpected ending to the match.

Brock and Pat are on their feet, sharing a quick hug of celebration before being presented with all five DEFIANCE Unified Tag Championship belts. Davey LaRue joins them in the ring, and all three Saturday Night Specials hold the belts high as the fans show their approval.

DDK:

We know that the tag team championship match is a featured bout on DEFIANCE Pay Per View... and it looks like Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy are heading to DEFCON with the straps!!

Mushighara helps David Fox, who is still a little woozy, to his feet. When Fox is upright, The Dangerous Mix turn to face the champions. For a moment it appears there may be some tension, but Fox is the first to extend a hand, followed by Mushi. Newbludd and Cassidy gladly accept, and all four men share a handshake of respect as The Saturday Night Special's theme kicks in.

Lance:

Pure class from four proud competitors... but if these two matches have shown us one thing, it's that when these two teams meet, anybody can win on any given night! I have a feeling we'll see them lock horns down the road.

INTRODUCING...

SNS make their exit behind the curtain and then IMMEDIATELY after the lights dim. A movie trailer style voiceover comes over the speaker system.

Voiceover:

In a world filled with trolls...

Suddenly, random still images of fans entering the arena from earlier in the day are shown on the big screen. The shots mostly focus on nerdy looking fans.

Voiceover:

There stands one DEFIANT snowflake...

Cut to an image of Malak Garland, standing proudly on a grassy hill.

Voiceover:

This spring, bear witness to the most revolutionary team in all of professional wrestling.

Intense laser sounds shoot throughout the arena as the stage lights dance around.

DDK:

Sometimes, I hate my job.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland walks out to a smattering of boos as the rest of The Comments Section is not too far behind. The only team member missing in action is Cyrus Bates. The group of powerful internet provokers make their way down the rampway and into the ring. Once inside the squared circle, The Keyboard King barks orders at Percy Collins who fumbles around before holding a microphone at his keeper's lips. The lights and pageantry die down.

Malak Garland:

Heto, I mean hello. Sorry, my voice slipped there for a moment.

The Faithful are already in agony.

Malak Garland:

My FOMO is so mega high right now. I am feeling indestructible!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

He means it, folks.

Malak Garland:

I am a kid in a candy store. I took the candy from a baby and I proceeded to LICK THE CANDY IN FRONT OF THE BABY'S FACE. Causing him significant emotional distress and me?

Malak Garland gives himself a warm and fuzzy self-hug.

Malak Garland:

Well like I said, my FOMO is through the roof!

DDK:

What do you say to this?

The Snowflake Superstar laughs it up and soon his cronies all reply with laughter, too. Even MEE6 and ALEX, who are there, seem to be enjoying themselves or forcing themselves to enjoy Garland's words.

Malak Garland:

DEFIANCE is the greatest wrestling company in the world! For it is my safe space, the safest space possible. People online have told me, 'Malak, DEFIANCE does not deserve you. Go to High Octane Wrestling. Enjoy yourself in PRIME. Classic Wrestling would be dandy. SHOOT would never do you wrong. 5BW is a bucket of fun'.

Garland looks like he's going to be sick.

Malak Garland:

But DEFIANCE is where I feel the safest.

Malak looks around to everyone surrounding himself in the ring. Percy Collins, MEE6, ALEX, Teresa Ames, Thurston Hunter and The Game Boy. Garland grins from ear to ear.

Malak Garland:

And why wouldn't I?

Malak takes the mic from Collins. He walks to the center of the ring and points to the back.

Malak Garland:

PEOPLE OF THE AUDIENCE! LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU, THE TENDEREST OF SNOWFLAKES! THE FLAKIEST OF SNOWDROPS! I GIVE YOU... .. COMMENTS CONOR FUSE!

The DEF Plex is deafening with jeers. Conor's theme music begins, although no one shows up right away.

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

Finally, a figure reluctantly emerges from the curtain. It's Conor Fuse alright, but instead of wearing his lime green Fuse Bros. inspired wear, he sports white tights, a white arm sleeve on his left arm and a white bandana. All of Fuse's apperal is covered in tweets and comments in hashtag format from the underbelly of the internet.

#AnyoneButcOnOr

#Malak4Life

#NoOneLikesLiNdSaYtRoY

#ConorWorstHOWChampionEverLOL

#FOMOConvoy

#SeriousThoNoOneLikesLindsay

There is no celebration, no pep in Conor's step. He's emotionless as he makes his way down the rampway. Kids extend their hands for high fives, Conor doesn't seem to register them. Fuse reaches the end of the rampway and everyone inside the ring cheers.

The Comments Section:

YAY!

All except Malak Garland (and The Game Boy, he does nothing), with a smug and satisfied look on his face. Fuse doesn't jump onto the apron or clear the top rope in a leap, either. He finds the steel steps and methodically walks them, followed by entering the ring.

The Comments Section:

YAY!

Garland gets right in Conor's personal space. Malak looks the gamer over, head-to-toe, as if inspecting The Power-Up

King is dressed appropriately while basking in his misery, too.

Malak Garland:

Conor, sit. Sit boy, sit! ON YOUR KNEES, cOnOr!

Fuse looks at Malak as if his request is real. Malak points downwards but Conor refuses to sit. The presence of The Game Boy follows, as he marches to Conor and stands right behind him. Although Conor still does not sit. Malak turns to the hulking henchman.

Malak Garland:

It's okay, my big robot. Leave him be for now.

A truly maniacal expression breaks across Malak's face. Garland examines Conor's beautiful blonde hair. Garland just can't help himself and invites himself to touch so he gently caresses Conor's hair covered scalp.

Malak Garland:

My, what wondrous locks of hair you have there, cOnOr. Too bad it's technically my hair now and not yours bEcAuSe I oWn yOu haha.

Needless to say, Conor looks rather uncomfortable as Malak moans to soothe his soul.

Malak Garland:

Oh yes, such nice hair. I can tell you use paraben free conditioner, mmhmmm. Good choice. That is the way to go. I wouldn't want you losing your hair anytime soon now, would I?

Malak gets in real close.

Malak Garland:

I asked a question that I need an answer for. WOULD I!? wOuLd I!?

Fuse rolls his eyes and gives one, ever-so-slight nod.

Malak Garland:

Joy.

Garland takes a moment to move away from his nemesis and addresses the crowd.

Malak Garland:

This is The Comments Section and these are my special safe space friends! The beginning of a new WORLD starts tonight! Malak Garland will become the greatest DEFIANT ever!

The Comments Section:

YAY!

The Keyboard King turns and walks up to Conor. He smacks Fuse across the shoulder blades.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get.

Conor is immediately confused when Malak doesn't do anything. Instead, the leader of the social media movement simply smacks Conor across the shoulder blades again, just like Fuse would when he Weapon Gets someone in the middle of a wrestling match and takes their move. Again, Malak says the line.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get.

But does nothing.

Conor shakes his head, almost ashamed Malak can't do this right. Finally, Conor leans forward into the microphone Malak holds.

Conor Fuse:

If you're gonna take my move, hit me with it already. Let's get this shit over with, guy.

Still, Malak doesn't do anything. He merely smiles at Conor, a coy, clever look like he's steps in front of the gamer. Finally, the "standoff" comes to a close as Garland pulls the mic to his face.

Malak Garland:

That's not my intention, Comments cOnOr...

Garland giggles.

Malak Garland:

What is the tagline you used? The name for yourself when you faced Oscar Burns a few months ago? Main Event Conor, right? Last Level Fuse? Something like that?

Conor stares at his enemy. This time, however, Garland makes eyes with The Game Boy, insinuating if Fuse doesn't answer him, he WILL receive a beating.

Malak Garland:

WELL!?

Fuse rolls his eyes for the 500th time.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, Main Event Conor.

Garland nods.

Malak Garland:

You're going to listen to me Fuse, and you're going to listen to me good because I am only saying this one time. I don't like to give compliments to people who don't deserve it but even I know, deep down, you're a hell of a wrestler, cOnOr. The fans love you and you might just be the next BIG thing in wrestling. Hell, in another land you might even be 'world champion' or something.

Disgust rolls across Garland's face.

Malak Garland:

Anyway, you are a welcome addition to The Comments Section because I, Conor, am not here to Weapon Get a move from you...

Long pause, evil smile, psychological tilt of head.

Malak Garland:

I'm here to Weapon Get your spot.

Garland turns to the audience.

Malak Garland:

That's right, you heard me. Main Event Conor? The Conor Cinematic Universe is NO MORE! It's Main Event MALAK and the Malak Cinematic Universe!

DDK:

Great. The MCU?

Lance:

Yeah, poorer version.

Malak Garland:

I will receive everything my little heart desires. TiM tiLLingHasT says you're the next big star in DEFIANCE cOnOr. Well I am Weapon Getting it from you. I AM THE NEXT BIG STAR and you're going to help ME get there!

The Comments Section cheers again.

Malak Garland:

And it starts at DEFCON.

Fuse raises an eyebrow. At least he's listening right now.

Malak Garland:

I've never forgotten how I was the victim when those two mean drunken hillbillies defeated Cyrus and I for the shiny shinies I so much adored. They brought me great FOMO, those belts they did. Well / recently talked to the Favored Saints. They were interested in booking SNS vs. Cyrus and I at DEFCON because we brought them so much money the last time we fought. Little known fact but that match won Match of the Year in 2021, too. So this upcoming DEFCON, a redo would make a great headline. However, I told the Favored Saints I had another idea, a better, more mischievous idea...

Garland pats Conor on the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

And I didn't even have to resort to online blackmail against them. Oh no.

Garland turns to the crowd.

Malak Garland:

I don't know where Cyrus Bates is but I have someone better. Someone who KNOWS one of those drunken inbred hicks inside and out. Someone who will help ME become MAIN EVENT MALAK GARLAND.

Garland walks straight into Fuse's face and speaks with intensity, channeling the pain and suffering from his FOMO of matches past.

Malak Garland:

Because at DEFCON it will be Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd defending the UNIFIED Tag Team Shiny Shinies against Malak Garland and... COMMENTS CoNoR.

The Faithful are stunned. Malak drops the mic and can't stop the widest smile ever from plastering itself across his face.

DDK:

Wow...

Lance:

HUGE match, Keebs. Dear god.

The Comments Section celebrates as Conor Fuse continues to stare at his rival. Soon, Malak's theme song plays and he signals for everyone to leave the ring. They all do, except Conor, who continues to watch the group as they make their way up the ramp.

DDK:

I have a feeling things are just getting started here. What an announcement.

Lance:

There's no way Malak and Conor can co-exist together.

DDK:

Well he has to, right? Conor is property of The Comments Section from here on out!

Garland and his crew reach the top of the ramp. Malak raises his hands and shouts "MAIN EVENT MALAK" into the rafters and the camera cuts to Conor Fuse, hating his life before DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



THE DISRESPECT STOPS HERE

We cut to the interview stage where Christie Zane stands, microphone in hand and looking into the camera with a rather serious face.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... Ned Reform.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Ned Reform appears from the back, flanked as always by his pupil TA Cole. Reform is all business tonight, making a b-line for the interview stage. The Honor Society approaches Christie Zane - and without warning, Reform yanks the mic right out of her hand. She looks pissed, but Reform simply sneers back. Looking upward, The Good Doctor makes a curt "cut it" motion as he aggressively demands the music be cut... and the sound truck obliges as his theme fades away. Reform turns to look at Zane.

Ned Reform:

You'll have to forgive me, sweetheart, but I do not have the temperament for the usual gentlemanly pleasantries. Mr. Cole, escort the young journalism school dropout away.

Zane is all sorts of pissed off, but the large TA Cole stands in front of her and gestures her away. She won't go, so he simply stands firmly in this spot - essentially blocking her from Reform's view. Ned looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Two weeks ago, we were all witness to the actions of one Jessica Fear. As I attempted a breakthrough with the confused young lady, she lashed out in response and struck me. I know I should be angry at this... but this is a typical response when being faced with a hard truth. Instead of being introspective and confronting her culpability in her own misfortunes, she turned her frustrations toward me. I have become accustomed to being painted as the villain when expounding hard truths... this is nothing new. However...

Reform's countenance darkens.

Ned Reform:

I am beginning to think that disrespecting Ned Reform has become a little too commonplace in the halls of DEFIANCE lately. I am a gracious and charitable soul with a deep commitment to compassion... but even one such as myself has its limits.

That one gets the crowd and they unleash a round of jeers.

Ned Reform:

And so hear this: the disrespect ends here. The disrespect ends now. Two weeks ago, Jessica Fear struck me. And now you will never see Jessica Fear on DEFIANCE television ever again.

That... that somewhat stirs the crowd's interest. Reform nods.

Ned Reform:

Yes. You may ask yourself how I can be so sure? Well, children, I can be sure because IF Ms. Fear shows her face on DEFIANCE programming again, I will make the entire world privy to the information in this folder...

Reform holds up a manilla folder.

Ned Reform:

... and Ms. Fear would not want that. Yes, Jessica, the contents of this folder are what you may be suspecting right now as you watch this. This folder contains irrefutable proof that Jessica Fear...is fraud. Ms. Fear has misrepresented herself - and her accomplishments - for far too long. And the truth will come to light... unless she walks away from

DEFIANCE forever, effective immediately.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Reform hears the jeers and briefly considers.

Ned Reform:

Alright. I am a charitable man. Ms. Fear may take Uncut 113 to say her goodbyes to the DEFIANCE audience. I will allow this. But if she is foolish enough to show up to DEFtv 167... I will have no choice but to expose her to the world. And then she will likely leave anyway... but this time, in shame. Oh... and should the often unhinged Jessica Fear consider attempting to silence me before DEFtv 167, she should know that the contents of this folder are with my attorney and he is under strict instructions to reveal the secret should something happen to me.

Reform again looks directly into the lens.

Ned Reform:

Consider wisely, Ms. Fear. You only get one reputation in your life. It is certainly something worth preserving. Come, Levi.

Reform motions and TA Cole turns away from Christie Zane and walks back with his mentor toward the exit.

DDK:

What do you make of this, Lance?

Lance:

You've got to wonder what "dirt" Ned says he has on Jessica Fear... and is it enough to effectively force her into retirement?

DDK:

Jessica Fear has not seemed stable enough to make decisions like that recently... I honestly can't predict how she will react to this.

Lance:

I'm thinking we might find out on Uncut, Keebs.

TYLER FUSE vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

We've got a big match next up between two men who are both former two-time holders of the Unified Tag Team Titles! Coming up next, Tyler Fuse goes one-on-one against the massive Los Tres Titanes member, Uriel Cortez.

Lance:

Tyler Fuse has been on a bit of a winning streak while Uriel ruined Troy Windham's DEFTv debut two weeks ago. Cortez's mind may not all be in on this match due to Minute being taken out by BFTA two weeks ago. We found out he had a rupture ear drum from being hurled into a garage door by the Lucky Sevens and Alvaro de Vargas. We're told it will only be a few more weeks and he'll be cleared, but Better Future has been on the warpath.

DDK:

Uriel has the size for sure, but Tyler Fuse has been making it look easy chopping down bigger men than himself lately. We'll see who wins out in this next match right now!

To Darren Quimbey for intros!

DDK:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from The City of Industry, weighing in at 347 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the DEFIATRON. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes OFF! Wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and a LTT logo-covered towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

Cortez going it alone right now! We understood Titaness was traveling this last week and caught a last minute flight to get here. She'll be here before our big main event to crown a new Favoured Saints Champion!

Cortez sheds his coat and the LTT towel and storms to the ring. When the giant gets there, he plants a hefty boot on the ring apron then pulls himself up with the ropes before stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Cortez holds up a mighty hand to loud cheers from the crowd before his music quietly fades for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... **TYLER FUSE!**

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

It doesn't take long for Tyler Fuse to appear from behind the curtain. In black trunks, he marches down the rampway and slides into the ring. Referee Rex Knox gets ready and calls for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler tries to run at Cortez in hopes of catching the big man off-guard with a quick attack, but Cortez already has his hand up for the Chop of Ages MAX! Tyler catches on quickly and falls to the mat, scooting out of the ring!

DDK:

Whoa! We almost saw a repeat of what happened to Troy Windham! I think Cortez wants to end this fast but Tyler Fuse saw it coming!

Lance:

And he's on the outside... but uh-oh! Cortez not playing around!

The owner of DEFIANCE'S Deadliest Hands steps over the ropes and heads to the floor, but Tyler Fuse slides back in the ring to try and play keep away from the big man. Cortez climbs up, but Tyler Fuse lets him have it with a big baseball slide dropkick, keeping Uriel out of the ring! Tyler gets back up and runs for the ropes, hitting Uriel with a second one!

DDK:

Fuse staying on the attack! He's looking for a third one...

The Game-Changer tries a third baseball slide, but this time Cortez learns and grabs him by the leg! Fuse gets pulled out by Cortez with one hand... then he gets THROWN against the ropes and into the mitts of a STIFF Rebound Chop to the chest! The Faithful collectively wince as Tyler falls to the floor and clutches his chest in pain!

Lance:

After this issue with BFTA, Cortez is in no mood for games tonight.

Tyler is hurt pretty bad, but it gets worse when Cortez sets him up for a military press and hoists Tyler over his head with two arms... THEN ONE ARM! He chucks Tyler between the ropes and back inside the ring to cheers from The Faithful before Cortez climbs into the squared circle, too.

DDK:

Fuse has picked off bigger wrestlers recently. He's defeated Theodore Cain and Flex Kruger in the past two weeks due to chipping away at them. Cortez is making things more difficult!

Lance:

He sure is. Cortez picks up Fuse... NO! Fuse fighting back!

Tyler fires off a series of painful kicks to the left leg of Uriel and they are enough to make the big man flinch. Intensity Personified even fires a few chops of his own, followed by a jumping forearm and a big elbow smash to rock Cortez. Uriel steps back from the shots as Tyler tries to create separation...

THWACK!

DDK:

OOOF! Huge Chop of Ages! The double-handed chop knocks Tyler Fuse right on his back! Cover!

Uriel shakes his hands after the nasty two-handed chop! The Faithful cheer as he kneels down and goes for a cover on the more sinister Fuse Bro.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Tyler gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

He kicks out! But Cortez looking to end it now!

He grabs Tyler with both hands and picks Fuse up. The member of LTT hurls Tyler into the corner and plays up for the crowd. Uriel turns and charges for a big running corner splash, but at the last second, Fuse moves out of the way! Uriel gets rocked from his own impact when Tyler sees his opening. Fuse runs for the ropes and nails a running dropkick to the knee, stumbling Uriel over! Cortez doesn't go down... although Tyler has his chance!

DDK:

Tyler finally has an opening! He's going after the leg... dropkick off the middle rope to the knee of Cortez!

The Titan of Industry finally gets brought down to a knee by Tyler Fuse. The elder Bro. climbs to the top rope and flies off, SPIKING Cortez into the mat using a huge diving DDT!

Lance:

Big series of moves by Tyler Fuse! He's targeting that leg and Cortez left himself open for the diving DDT! Can Tyler get Uriel over on his shoulders?

It takes some doing but he gets the Los Tres Titanes member on his back and goes for the win!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Uriel powers out of the cover and throws Fuse off of him! The Faithful cheer while Tyler does not look pleased with Rex Knox's count.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse gets knocked off... OH! But he's already back on The Titan of Industry!

Tyler Fuse slides off the ropes before Cortez can collect himself and floors him with a NASTY sliding forearm smash! The blow puts Cortez on the mat and allows Tyler to go for the leg, hitting another dropkick on the leg as Uriel's down! Cortez tries standing but Tyler stands up and runs beneath Cortez, coming back with a chop block behind the knee! Cortez is down again, leaving The Game-Changer with the chance to go to the middle rope and shoot off with a diving elbow drop to the leg!

Lance:

Great leg work by Fuse! His intensity is his scariest trait and he won't let up on any of these attacks!

Tyler has Cortez on the canvas long enough to apply an ankle lock, then falls back to the mat. Fuse wraps his legs around the tree trunk limb of the Titan of Industry! Cortez howls in pain, balls up a fist and tries to kick Tyler away!

DDK:

That ankle lock is what helped him beat Theodore Cain... Cortez tries to free himself with the other foot, but Tyler is not letting go!

Lance:

Incredibly smart of Tyler to use the ankle lock with the knee bar! If he were standing up, Cortez could have kicked him away with the free leg easily.

COR-TEZ! COR-TEZ! COR-TEZ! COR-TEZ! COR-TEZ!

With the crowd cheering him on, the big man has to cover a little distance... but the seven-foot one (AND A HALF!) giant covers it and grabs the ropes! Rex yells at Tyler to let go, but Fuse hangs on for an extra-painful four and a half seconds before letting go!

DDK:

Some damage could have been done to that leg! Tyler has to stay on Cortez! If Uriel gets upright, Tyler's in trouble!

Lance:

He knows it, too!

Tyler Fuse tries to hurriedly grab Cortez by the head when he's near the corner. He runs up the ropes and tries the CQC... but the powerful Titan of Industry not only hangs on, he PITCHES Tyler more than halfway across the ring with the atomic throw!

DDK:

OH, MY LORD! CORTEZ JUST **TOSSED** TYLER FUSE ACROSS THE RING! WHAT A COUNTER!

Lance:

That was a SUPER-YEET as the kids might say! The atomic throw counters that tornado bulldog out of the corner!

The replays show Tyler Fuse being HURLED across the ring before coming to a hard crash on the other side!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez coming back on the attack!

It's back to real time where Cortez tries to shake the feeling into his knee and ankle after the damage sustained by Tyler Fuse. He slowly marches halfway across the ring as Tyler favors his back, only to look up and see Cortez hobbling at him. Uriel SMASHES Tyler with a corner running back elbow! Cortez pushes Tyler to the ropes and whips him to the next set. When Fuse comes back, Cortez rag dolls him up and steps forward before lobbing Tyler again, this time with a big fallaway slam!

Lance:

Cortez bounces back with the fallaway slam! He's putting the moves together but needs more to keep Tyler down!

Cortez pulls Fuse out from the buckle... then nails BIG BUSINESS! The deadly open-palmed chop to the bent-back Tyler flattens Fuse and Cortez is feeling the ending coming!

DDK:

Big Business! The big chop puts down Tyler Fuse! Cortez is feeding off the crowd!

Cortez raises both hands high and gets ready to put Tyler away for good... but comes to a dead stop when he sees Tom Morrow running to ringside with The Lucky Sevens in tow!

DDK:

No, no! Uriel Cortez and Titaness launched an attack on The Lucky Sevens on UNCUT! And looks like they aren't done!

The Titan of Industry yells at Max. He tries to swat at the Lucky twin but Max moves at the last second! Morrow yells at Rex Knox and catches his attention as another party slides into the ring... chain in hand...

Lance:

No... NO!

Uriel spins around...

CHAIN-ASSISTED BACKFIST BY ALVARO DE VARGAS!

The blow rocks Cortez and sends him down to a knee. Alvaro kisses his chain-wrapped fist and grins before he leaves the ring amidst a LOUD chorus of jeers from The Faithful!

DDK:

No! Alvaro with the chain! And Tyler's back up.

Tyler grabs his chest and sees Alvaro, but won't necessarily turn down the free lunch that Rex Knox is unaware of. Fuse grabs Cortez by the neck and runs the ropes... then DRILLS the big man into the mat with the massive CQC!

DDK:

CQC by Tyler Fuse! That's it!

Cortez is out of it when Tyler hooks the far leg with loud jeers ringing throughout the arena. ADV hides at ringside just out of Knox's sight while The Lucky Sevens and Morrow grin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Game-Changer rolls off of Uriel's massive body and dusts himself off after the skirmish, having his arm raised by Fuse.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TYLER FUSE!**

ADV and The Lucky Sevens surround the ring while Tyler Fuse continues to stand, victorious. After realizing bad things are about to go down, Tyler takes his leave after the big victory and heads back up the ramp.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is happy to get the W tonight... but BFTA hasn't left yet. Minute's not here tonight and Titaness is arriving late!

Lance:

This is that piece of garbage, Tom Morrow, picking his spots. He did it with Minute and he's doing it with Uriel Cortez, too!

Morrow motions for Max Luck to grab the steel steps. Max nods and grabs them as Mason Luck and ADV both come and attack Uriel Cortez with a series of stomps! The crowd is jeering as the giants put the boots to him. Max Luck has the steep steps in the ring.

DDK:

Oh, no, what are they doing?

Lance:

I don't know! The Lucky Sevens used those steps to injure their own mentors! I shudder to think what they're going to do to Cortez now!

DDK:

This is ALL because Morrow can't let go of Los Tres Titanes beating him in the ring after he'd tormented them and tried to break them up when he managed them as The Sky High Titans. He never let that go.

Max has the steel steps and ADV and Mason each grab an arm. They pick him up and then hold him in place for Max Luck...

THUMP!

And CRACKS Uriel upside the side of the steps, knocking the giant to the mat and cutting him open mid-ring! Max drops the steps next to him and grits his teeth as The Titan of Industry has now been busted open! ADV stands over him with The Lucky Sevens on either side as Tom Morrow cackles!

Tom Morrow:

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET, YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS TOOK TIME AND MONEY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE NOT MAKING IT TO DEFCON! WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE OF IT!

Morrow continues ranting before BFTA starts to head out of the ring. Cortez is left with a nasty gash on the side of his forehead, bleeding in a large amount as Better Future leave to mass jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Morrow is scum. All of Better Future are scum. Plain and simple. Picking their spots. This streamlined Better Future has been downright SCARY.

Lance:

I know. They really are.

Alvaro de Vargas, The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow all pose on the ramp and enjoy their handiwork of a bloodied-up Cortez as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022**CURRENT CARD****Henry Keyes vs. Corvo Alpha**

SCARY

The feed cuts to backstage, where we spot CHRIS TRUTT wandering the halls. He's approaching the door to the boiler room, when we can hear what sounds like ominous organ music coming from the other side.

♪ "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" by Johannes Sebastian Bach ♪

The junior reporter has a pensive look upon his young face, but nevertheless adjusts his tie and steels himself before knocking on the door. It creaks open on its own. From the darkness within, there's a flicker of fire light.

"Heh heh heh heh..."

The evil chuckle from within gives Trutt a moment of pause, but like a teenager in a slasher flick, curiosity gets the better of him as he pushes the door open the rest of the way and steps into the WrestlePlex's spacious boiler room...

Chris Trutt:

...Rezin?

Chris sees two rows of candles forming a path and casting the large, looming shadow of a twisted human being against the far wall. At the base of that shadow, going to town on the keys of a pipe organ like some Phantom of the STRAWpera, is DEFIANCE's resident Goat Bastard, REZIN.

Chris Trutt:

Oh Geezy Parcheesi... how did that even get in here?!

The junior reporter puts aside this logic lapse in the laws of physics as he creeps forward, guiding along by the candle-lit trail as if marching toward an epic RPG boss encounter. The Escape Artist's goat-head-over-a-pentagram tattoo is on full display as he sits with his back to Trutt and the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Umm, Rezin...?

His hand shaking, Trutt reaches out to tap him on the shoulder... when all at once, Rezin twirls around and leans in like a ghastly, grinning demon.

Rezin:

TRUUUHHTT!!

Chris Trutt:

AHH!!

The interviewer can't help but cry out in alarm at the grotesque image before him. Across Rezin's forehead is the crudely stitched together gash left there by Arthur Pleasant's billhook machete. It looks like he did the job himself.

Rezin:

Oh, one sec...

He turns briefly back to the pipe organ to turn off the "Demo" mode, and the spooky organ music immediately cuts out. Then he turns his attention back to the junior reporter.

Rezin:

"Clean Cut" Chris Trutt... whuddup, my dude?

The Goat Bastard smiles wide at Trutt, seemingly unaware of the eyesore smack dab in the middle of his forehead. There's something off about his smile. It's not the usual shit-eating grin of marijuana-induced delirium. It's much darker

than that. The best word one can use to describe it is... "hungry."

Chris Trutt:

Uhhm... Rezin, are you doing okay?

Rezin:

"OKAY?!" Trutt, I'm doing WONDERFUL! AB-so-LUTE-ly... *WUNDERFULL*. Why ever do you ask?

Chris can't stop looking at the stitched cut. It doesn't look infected... *yet*, but could probably use some professional treatment.

Chris Trutt:

Well, uhh... I couldn't help but notice that you have a bit of a nick up there on your, um... your *head*.

Rezin:

Whaaaat, you mean THIS?

Rezin flicks at the swelling redness around his head wound. He doesn't flinch.

Rezin:

This ain't anything, Trutt! Believe me, I've done worse to myself just grinding up my weed!

Chris Trutt:

Okay, but... maybe you should see Iris in DEFMed about that? Just to be on the safe side?

Rezin:

Heh heh... WHHY, Trutt? What are you scared of...?

Chris Trutt:

Uhm... I'd say I'm more scared *for* your well-being.

Rezin:

Are you scared of machetes, Trutt?

Chris Trutt:

Well, I mean, if they're being used in the way that Arthur Pleasant used his against you at the last DEFtv, I'd say I very well would be!

The Escape Artist lets out another low and foreboding chuckle. Chris doesn't know what to think; Rezin's always had that weird hair-trigger psychoticness about him, but there's something weirdly sinister about all this.

Rezin:

Really? Hmm, well... guess I'll have to get one of my own and return the favor, eh?

Chris Trutt:

Umm, I don't think... well, on second thought... ugghhh, I'm just not gonna touch that.

Rezin:

But he, why stop at machetes? Why not meat cleavers? BATTLE AXES? Fuckin' HATTORI HANZO SWORDS, so we can have ourselves a good ol' fashioned SAMURAI DUEL!! First one to disembowel the other, WINS! Fuck it, dude... Arthur Pleasant can come at me with a CHAINSAW, cut my arms and legs off, and even as a QUADRIPLAGIC, I'd still be more PUNK ROCK than he could ever dream of being!

Chris Trutt:

Oof... I should hope it never escalates to that point!

Rezin:

Goddambit, that's the WHOLE POINT of being HARDCORE, Trutt! That's all it ever amounts to! CONSTANT, NEVER-ENDING ESCALATION! Just BLOOD and GUTS and SHOCK VALUE, until you completely NUMB the audience from feeling ANYTHING! I should know that better than anyone else! Wanna know why, Trutt?

Trutt does not, but there's already a sweat and tar-splattered arm snaking in around his shoulder and constricting him into Rezin's half hug.

Rezin:

Ya see, here's a little known fact about me, Trutt... in the days when I came into this industry, if you couldn't shed a bucket of blood or take a whole heap of chairshots right to the noggin', on a NIGHTLY BASIS, then you simply weren't cut for the business! I ain't gonna lie to ya, Trutt... *THAT* shit was HARDCORE! SO HARDCORE, it drove some of us to the point of being half-crazed, drug-addled, masochistic MANIACS!!

Rezin's ear-to-ear grin is beginning to stretch into a murderous sneer of rage as more dark memories of that time begin to surface. Trutt is clenching his eyes, and no doubt tapping his heels below the view of the camera, telling himself there's no place like home.

Rezin:

It was within that kind of beautiful storm of terror, torture, and TRIUMPH... that I SCRAPED MYSELF into WHAT I AM! I cut my teeth in EVERY BACKYARD! EVERY MUDHOLE! EVERY SCRAPHEAP SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE MIDWEST! Barbed wire? Fire? Electrocution? Fuckin' EXPLOSIVES?! YOU NAME IT!! I've SURVIVED IT ALL, Trutt...

He points to the stitches in his forehead.

Rezin:

Just like I'm gonna SURVIVE *THIS* LITTLE SOUVENIR ol' Artie chose to leave me! Because if there's one thing I know from those violent, formative years of mine, it's that the SCARIEST weapon a man can wield isn't the one he holds in his hand...

The finger moves from the stitches to the temple. He tilts his head back and flashes the camera his patented Nic Cage crazy eyes.

Rezin:

It's the one he holds... RIGHT HERE!

The Goat Bastard's face is all eyes and teeth as he slowly looms on closer to the camera.

Rezin:

Arthur Pleasant ain't scary; he's just TRYING to be scary! But *I* know what SCARY is! I'm talking *REAL* SCARY! THE "LIFE OF THE MIND" SCARY!! I've SEEN SHIT, BRO! I'VE seen ERASERHEAD... and I GET IT!! I have over TEN WOLF EYES ALBUMS... on VINYL!! I go to sleep every night to the tune of "THRENODY FOR THE VICTIMS OF HIROSHIMA!"

Rezin gets close enough that his entire wild and sickeningly reddened face fills the screen

Rezin:

The interior designer of my house is ZDZISLAW BEKSINSKI! When I go on vacation, I visit SEDLEC OSSUARY!! I EAT SATAN and WORSHIP CORN FLAKES!! When I use the last of the toilet paper, I DON'T REPLACE THE ROLL!! FUCK YOU IF YOU THINK ARTHUR PLEASANT KNOWS SCARY LIKE I KNOW SCARY!!

Rezin blinks, and with the flip of a switch, backs off the camera and recomposes himself back to a regular level of chill. He flashes his devilish grin back to the junior reporter, still awkwardly standing by.

Rezin:

Unfortunately for him... for getting in the way of my revenge, he's gonna come to *know* the difference between what he thinks is scary and what is *really* scary, Trutt. When he sliced me up, he knocked on a door to that past I've managed to keep closed for many a year. Something inside me that has been dormant for many years is beginning to stir...

The grin widens.

Rezin:

...and I don't think he -- or all of DEFIANCE -- is ready to see what he's unleashed! Heh heh heh...

Chris Trutt:

...cool, uhhh, can we go see Iris now?

Rezin, annoyed, rolls his eyes.

Rezin:

Ugh, FINE!! If you'll get off my FRIGGIN' BACK about it, I'll GO SEE IRIS!!

Trutt turns to lead the way, until he sees Rezin nearly drop to the floor like a felled tree, and quickly catches him onto his shoulder.

Rezin:

Oof, umm... you know what, dude? I think I might need to see Iris.

Chris Trutt:

Oh geez... come on then.

With all of his weight hanging around his neck and shoulders, the junior reporter dutifully drags Rezin out of the boiler room and hopefully to some professional treatment in DEFMed.

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW JESTER

No music is played as Jestal and Morrow come out not scheduled to be in the ring at this time.

DDK:

Well, it appears we are going to have a visit from the "Jester of Defiance" Jestal.

The two men make their way to the ring while Keebs and Lance continue.

Lance:

The rift that seems to be growing between the two siblings dates all the way back to DEFTV 149. Where the downward spiral for the siblings began.

The two enter the ring to a chorus of jeers.

Lance:

The jealousy of Jestal started to surface and all over his sister having a boyfriend named Klein. He would then eventually get a bombshell dropped on him about Klein getting his sister pregnant. This meant The Toybox was going to have to separate. He of course looked at the negative of that happy moment.

DDK:

All to fall into the hands of Tom Morrow and Better Future. When Dandelion came back after a sudden miscarriage Jestal was determined to reunite The Toybox, but he had to get rid of Klein to make his sinister plan to work.

Lance:

Yea, and talk about putting his sister through an emotional ringer, he finally got his wish after a letter Klein supposedly wrote to Dandelion. Only it did not give the reaction we all expected from the silent sister. To this day we all wonder what exactly was in that letter to set all this into motion. Does Ozmoses have an alternative motive?

DDK:

Regardless of the fact, Jestal finally got his wish, but since he finally reunited with his sister she has not had any sort of teamwork with her brother like the Toybox of old. In fact, it seems she wants to not only beat up her opponents but also her brother.

Lance:

It all came down to the loss at the hands of Minute and the Bride to Be Titaness on DEFTV 165.

Jestal gives a moment for the fans to shut up, the jester is in a lime green suit. After a few moments, he finally talks.

Jestal:

This was not how I wanted us to be reunited with Dani. This...this...*[he looks up from the microphone]* I don't know what THIS is cause it sure is not The Toybox in all its glory.

He paces tapping the side of his head.

Jestal:

So obviously we have some issues to work out. So how about we get it all out in the open here. Why don't you come out here and let's settle this little squabble of ours?

Jestal waits for his sister....and waits.....and waits.....and waits...He has a bit of a conversation with Morrow.

DDK:

It appears Jestal wants to get on the same page with Dandelion, as it looks right now it seems like she has no desire to do that.

Lance:

I can't say I blame her, he has not given a damn about what she has been going through, all he cares about is his own selfless desires!

DDK:

Hold that thought right there, it appears Ozmoses Greaves has stepped out from behind the curtain. This ongoing history between Greaves and Jestal has been a rocky road, to say the least.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Well, hello Haole.

Jestal:

The name is Jestal, I called for my sister, not you!

Oz paces the stage talking down into the microphone.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Unfortunately, Jestal she is not here tonight. *[he looks up from his mic]* Don't get upset, she wanted to give you a message from me.

Jestal:

So now she has a messenger boy?

Oz chuckles for a moment.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Actually, I told Iki Lede to take the night off and get some well-needed time for herself. She knew you would come out here stomp your feet and piss and moan so she had a present to give you.

Jestal:

Present?

A stagehand walks from the back with a little miniature toybox in his hand. He enters the ring and hands it to Jestal.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Go ahead and open it.

Jestal raises an eyebrow but slowly opens it. He pulls out an index card.

Ozmoses Greaves:

You want your issues resolved then at DEFCON you and her in that ring in a TOYBOX match!

The Faithful cheer at the announcement.

DDK:

A Toybox Match? What in the world is that?

Lance:

Well, Jestal wanted to bury the hatchet. I guess this is the way Dandelion wants to resolve this.

DDK:

Will Jestal accept though?

Oz nods with a smile and heads back to the backstage area. Jestal stares at the index card, a bit stunned before he crumbles the card up in his hand. Tom and Jestal have a conversation as they exit the ring, leaving the toybox in the ring.

DDK:

Well, folks, it appears the siblings may be on a collision course at DEFCON. How will Jestal respond to the challenge?

Darren Qumbley enters the ring awaiting the next match.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

MESS

In the trainer's room, a few members of DEFSec and Iris Davine are having a hell of a go with checking on their current patient.

Iris Davine:

Don't make my job any harder than it has to be. You need to get it checked out.

Sitting across from her in a chair, holding a bloody towel over his eye is Uriel Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

And you and the rest of these assholes need to let ME get up and return the favor to Morrow and those fuckers. THAT is what you need to do.

Wesley Miller tries to help his friend. The giant nurse working alongside Iris puts his hands up.

Wesley Miller:

Dude... I know you want this. But you're in no condition to compete.

Wyatt Bronson of DEFSec is standing behind them.

Wyatt Bronson:

And besides, we heard BFTA already hightailed it out for the night. Their stupid bus already drove away for the night.

Wyatt looks at Wesley.

Wyatt Bronson:

That idiot Morrow knows that DEFIANCE isn't a touring company, right?

Wesley shrugs but Cortez has had enough.

Uriel Cortez:

Just let me superglue this shit so I can go see Morrow, then you can figure out how to surgically remove my boot from his colon. He can be your guinea pig, but I'm not...

Titaness:

Let them treat you, Uriel!

Slamming the door open, Titaness enters the room and runs to check on her large fiance.

Titaness:

Jesus...

Uriel tries to be funny.

Uriel Cortez:

You should see the other g... ow.

...And fails when Wesley Miller gives him a fresh, not-bloody towel.

Titaness:

I'm so, so sorry. My stupid flight got delayed. You need to go get stitched up. If those assholes already left, then I'll be okay.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm not leaving... those fuckers already hurt Minute and me. I'm not letting them get to you, too.

He looks over at Bronson.

Uriel Cortez:

How the fuck do you lose three giant dudes?

Bronson rolls his eyes and Iris has has enough.

Iris Davine:

You need to get stitched up. This isn't up for discussion. Wesley will ride with you.

Cortez looks at Titaness.

Titaness:

...Just go.

Angrily... Cortez relents.

Uriel Cortez:

...only if you go and win the Favoured Saints Title tonight. I'm gonna be pissed if you don't.

Titaness:

Shut up. And fine.

The future husband and wife exchange a brief kiss before Titaness leaves the room to go get ready for her match. Uriel still has some visible regrets about having to leave, but sits up and starts to get help from Wesley Miller.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW Â© vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

RRRRUMMMBLLLLLEE...

The sounds of rolling thunder fill the DEFarena as the house lights come low. The screen fills with an image of rolling stormclouds, intermittently lit up by flickers of lightning.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

A raucous ovation fills the arena as soon as the song hits the PA system. An array of green and white lights fill up the stage as the intro builds and tension rises. Then once the solo hits, the Pacific Blitzkrieg KERRY KUROYAMA strides through the curtain to a roaring cheer from the Faithful!

DDK:

The long-awaited battle for DEFIANCE's Southern Heritage Championship is finally upon us, as the challenger Kerry Kuroyama makes his much anticipated appearance! What an ovation for the former Favoured Saints Champion! He unquestionably has the full force of the Faithful in his corner tonight!

Lance:

It was a long and perilous road for Kerry to get to this point, but tonight, he is on the cusp of what could be a breakout moment in his career. I don't think I've ever seen him look as confident as he does right now!

The stage is an emerald spectacle of flashing green lights. Kerry stands at the head of the ramp, scanning the arena from one corner to the next, before pumping his fists into the air with his arms in the shape of a mountain peak. Overhead, silver fireworks brilliantly explode.

B-B-B-B-BOOOM!!

Kuroyama slaps hands with the fans leaning across the barricade while descending the ramp, looking charged up and enthusiastic. He makes it to the ring and rapidly climbs up the steps, wiping his feet on the apron before stepping through the ropes. Inside the ring, he promptly scales a corner and poses once again, prompting a salvo of flash photography.

DDK:

The contest to decide the vacant Favoured Saints Championship is still coming up in our main event, but right now, all eyes right now are on this match-up for the Southern Heritage Title! Does Kerry have what it takes to take the belt away from Scrow tonight?

Lance:

Will Scrow even show himself? That's the more important question on my mind right now.

The music fades out as Kerry impatiently paces the ring, waiting on the arrival of the champion. His eyes never leave the entry-way. Long moments pass... but nothing stirs. The ancy crowd begins filling the silence on their own.

KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

DDK:

Well it appears Scrow is going to go through with this match.

The Cerberus step from behind the curtain, to a chorus of jeers, as Kerry stares sternly toward Rick Dickulous, Victor Vacio and The Green Reaper

Lance:

On Uncut last week it appears the Heads of this Cerberus consisting of Mr. Fear, The Guilded Hand, and Crimson Lord had to change their plans. With the current FIST Jason Reeves torching their lair.

DDK:

It appears they are gonna make sure Scrow walks out with this championship.

Hive appears first, in a white and gold Selene Underworld like outfit, with her Kabal black leather jacket. Finally the champion makes his way out dressed in the same color scheme as Hive. With white boots, yellow shin pads, and white trunks with yellow birds on the side. His black leather venom style jacket on.

DDK:

Scrow clearly looks irritated here tonight. He is being forced to defend his championship on a DEFTV.

Lance:

That is not all, it appears he is not too thrilled with The Cerberus out here with him, as he storms to the ring followed by the rest of The Kabal.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for one fall, and will be for the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Weighing in at two-hundred and forty-six pounds, and fighting out of Seattle, Washington... he is the former Favoured Saints Champion... SEATTLE'S BEAST... the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG...

KEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRYYYYYYYY KUUUUUUROOOOOOYAAAAAAAAAMAAAAAAA!!!

Kuroyama pumps his fist and the crowd roars in support!

FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from the Fields of Torment, and accompanied by THE KABAL... he is the reigning SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION of DEFIANCE! The UNHINGED... the RAVEN'S EYE...

SSSSSSCCRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!

Minerva Hive raises the title high into the air. The Faithful JEER LOUDLY, but the SOHer Champion blocks them out, staring daggers across the ring at Kerry. The members of Cerberus clap him supportively on the shoulders and back.

Lance:

It's not a comforting sight to see that Scrow has the Kabal backing him up tonight.

DDK:

Not much of a surprise either! Should Scrow lose that title tonight, it would throw his leadership of the Kabal into question!

Benny Doyle goes to retrieve the title, but Hive elects to keep it for herself as the members of the Kabal exit the ring. Rick, Victor, and Green Reaper effectively surround the ring. Kerry looks around to give consideration to their locations, before turning his attention back to Scrow and getting ready in his corner.

DING DING

Lance:

And so it begins.

Scrow and Kerry circle each other, but just as Kerry goes to lock up Scrow exits the ring. Kerry gives a cold stare down at Scrow who just shakes his head walking around Green Reaper before walking on the steps, only to jaw with a few fans in the front row before entering the ring.

DDK:

Well, I can't say I'm surprised to see Scrow having cold feet right out of the gate.

Lance:

Be as it may, any champion will have to face the music sometime.

Scrow and Kerry once more circle, and lock up. Kerry quickly moves to a side headlock and spins Scrow over down to the mat with a headlock takeover. Scrow struggles to get back to a vertical base as he does. He whips Kerry into the ropes, only for Kerry to return with a shoulder block knocking him down. Kuroyama hits the ropes again, and Scrow leap frogs and tries to hip toss Kerry on the return, but Kerry flips onto his feet. He pulls Scrow in once more into a headlock then once more back down the mat.

DDK:

Quick moves by Kuroyama, and he has brought Scrow to the mat!

Lance:

Kerry is definitely one his game here tonight. He looks fully healed up from DEFIANCE Road, and fully confident in his abilities.

Scrow once more gets to a vertical base and drives a few elbows into the gut of Kerry, before once more irish whipping him off the ropes. Scrow quickly ducks his head down, only for Kerry to kick him right in the mouth, and quickly hit a lariat and goes for the cover!

ONE.

Scrow quickly kicks out and Kerry once more goes right back to the headlock.

Lance:

Kerry keeping Scrow grounded to avoid his striking offense, a sound strategy there.

DDK:

Unlike his final defense of the Favoured Saints Title, he's had ample time to prepare for this match-up! But let's not forget how the Kabal love to play out their schemes...

Scrow spins to a sitting position before reaching above his head trying to dig his fingers into Kerry's eyes. Benny is right there to admonish Scrow, but the Raven's Eye was able to gouge Kerry's eyes enough to force him to break the hold. Kuroyama staggers a bit trying to get his sight back. Scrow rolls to his side then hops to his feet, hits the ropes and launches himself at a stunned Kerry with a knee. Kuroyama manages to duck the knee, and grabs Scrow by the chin into a neck breaker!

DDK:

NECKBREAKER by Kuroyama! Kerry used his sixth sense to counter his sight there. He dodged a bullet there and managed to get back control here.

Lance:

Kerry still is trying to shake the eye gouge effects away, but he is back on the assault here with a body slam!

Kerry continues by picking up Scrow into a vertical suplex, rolling over to a second, then a third, right into a brainbuster

for the fourth. Hive puts her hands on her head.

DDK:

Rolling suplexes, and Kerry goes for the cover here!

ONE.

TWO!!

Rick grabs Scrow's foot and puts it on the bottom rope. Benny notices Victor pointing at the rope break, and he stops his count.

BOOOOOOOO!!!

Kerry stares at Rick and Victor fist bumping their save. The challenger gets up and is waiting for the champion to do the same. Instead, Scrow catches him off guard with a low sweep kick to drop him back to the mat. The Raven's Eye instantly rolls to his feet.

DDK:

Hold on, Scrow with the sweep out of nowhere... and LANDS a SPINNING KNEE STRIKE to Kerry's jaw as he was getting up!

Lance:

WOW! Was that an instant knockout?!

DDK:

Kuroyama just fell to the mat in a HEAP! Now Scrow goes for the cover, to retain!

ONE!

TWO!!

KERRY GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful breath a sigh of relief, but the moment doesn't last as Scrow immediately takes to his feet and aggressively kicks Kuroyama's back and neck! The challenger can only cover up and roll out of the ring to avoid having his head kicked in. On either side, Rick Dickulous and Victor Vacio slowly close in.

Lance:

And here come the Kabal's hounds of hell...

DDK:

Kerry has nowhere to go but back into the ring -- and Scrow is RIGHT THERE to meet him with a BOOT to the head!

Two more straight stomps to Kerry's head leaves him groggy on the mat. Scrow hurries to the near corner and pumps himself onto the second rope, waiting for Kuroyama to rise in a complete daze. Kerry turns around as he dives off...

DDK:

DIVING DDT by the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMP!! He hooks the leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Kuroyama kicks out once more!

Lance:

But the champion has finally got this match at a pace to his liking! This is the very situation Kuroyama was trying to avoid!

Scrow mocks Kerry as he beckons him back to his feet. Even hurt, Kuroyama heroically rises. Scrow quickly cuts him down to size with a kick to the mid-section to double him over and an axe kick to the back of the head to drop him to the mat again.

DDK:

Scrow has legs of DEATH right now! Now he takes a bump off the ropes... Kerry rising to his feet, going HIGH -- but SCROW GOES LOW with the KITCHEN SINK!!

Kuroyama rolls over onto his side, clutching his abdomen while his face stretches with agony. He gets back to his knees, but Scrow takes another run off the ropes behind him, and FACEPLANTS HIM into the canvas with a running DOUBLE STOMP into his back!

DDK:

OUCH!! The champion forces Kuroyama to kiss the canvas!

Lance:

Kerry's gotta get something going soon, or Scrow is going to run away with this!

DDK:

Scrow going for a SLEEPER now -- Kerry GETS A HAND in there, but the Southern Heritage Champion has him LOCKED IN and SQUEEZES AWAY!

Kuroyama struggles to break the grip, but Scrow turns him onto his belly and leverages the hold. Long moments pass as Kerry fights the holds. The fans begin cheering him on.

KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

DDK:

The FAITHFUL are letting themselves be heard! They want to witness Kerry Kuroyama fulfill this journey TONIGHT! He CAN'T give up on them now, after everything he's been through!

Through sheer willpower, Kerry begins crawling toward the ropes, inch by inch. Scrow's head shakes in disbelief. Cerberus congregates by that side of the ring and tries to pull the rope out of range, but the official quickly shoos them off.

DDK:

Get outta here, you hyenas!

Lance:

He's so close now...

Kerry reaches out, inches away...

DDK:

HE'S GOT THE ROPE!!

RAAA--BOOOOOO!!

The moment is ruined as Scrow immediately breaks the hold and goes back to stomping the life out of Kerry on the mat. Referee Benny Doyle finally pulls him off and backs him up to the distant corner. While his back is turned, Green Reaper BUZZES Kerry's head with a running elbow!

DDK:

HEY!!

Lance:

Well THAT was a cheap shot!

Benny turns around to see Kerry writhing on the mat, clutching his face. He looks to the ringside area, but only sees a smirking Rick Dickulous giving an innocent shrug. Scrow quickly presses his advantage, pulling Kuroyama up by the hair, grabbing him by the head, and driving his face into his knee --

DDK:

KUROYAMA BLOCKS THE KNEE!!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!***DDK:**

EXPLODAAAAAAH SUPLEX!!

The WrestlePlex is BOOMING as both men lie motionless on the canvas. Slowly but eventually, they both make it to their feet at the same time. Scrow lunges forward...

DDK:

KUROYAMA WITH THE DISCUS ELBOW!! GOOD GOD, HE ABOUT BLEW THE CHAMPION'S FACE IN!!

Scrow sprawls wildly onto the mat. The crowd is cheering wildly as Kerry picks him up and puts him into the pumphandle position...

DDK:

Kerry smells blood in the water, Scrow's has no idea where he is right now.

Lance:

Kerry has him up....

As Kerry gets Scrow up for the Kuroyama Driver, Scrow's foot nails Benny in the head, knocking the referee down!

DDK:

Kuroyama has no idea Benny was clipped by Scrow!

The Faithful:

ONE....TWO....THREE!!

Kerry quickly gets to his feet now noticing Doyle out cold, he goes to check on him.

DDK:

WAIT A SECOND!!

Without warning, Kuroyama drops to the mat, and gets dragged under the ropes by his legs! As soon as he hits the ringside floor, he disappears beneath the dual barrage of stomps from Vacio and Green Reaper. The Faithful ROAR ANGRILY!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Now that the official is down, Cerberus are wasting no time in getting involved on the behalf of the Kabal leader!

DDK:

This is absolutely despicable, Lance! At the very least, Kerry deserved a clean shot at this championship! Now the Kabal are robbing him of that opportunity by force of numbers!

Scrow falls into a corner to take a much needed moment to catch his breath, while Minerva Hive climbs the apron and consoles him. Away from the action outside the ring, Benny Doyle seems to be shaking out the cobwebs. Then a large hand grasps him by the ankle.

DDK:

WAIT, NO!!

Rick Dickulous pulls the referee under the ropes and Benny hits the ringside floor HARD! Again, the crowd roars vehemently! Rick mockingly throws up his hands and pleads innocence.

BOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

And there goes Benny, as Rick insists to the audience that he's just trying to check on the official's condition.

DDK:

Or rather, moving him to a place where he can't see his fellow members in Cerberus absolutely assault Kuroyama on the other side of the ring!

On the floor at one side, Vacio has Kerry pulled into a kneeling surfboard stretch while Greenie kicks his exposed ribs. Kuroyama howls in agony! On the other side, Rick makes like he's patting the ref on the back, while also subtly pulling the apron over his head.

Lance:

Benny has no idea where he is right now. That drop to the floor may have done a better number on him than the bump he took moments ago.

DDK:

And that's just how Rick would like him to stay, while his cronies go to work on the defenseless Kerry!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

The booing rises in volume and trash flies into the ring. Scrow, stumbling out of the corner, triumphantly holds out his arms and spins himself in a circle, soaking up the hate and relishing his show of power.

DDK:

This is a TRAVESTY, Lance! And look at that smug weasel Scrow just enjoying all of this! He's tarnishing the legacy of that title!

Lance:

I don't think he cares, Dean. The Kabal is all about taking what they want and keeping it for themselves, through whatever means possible. "Legacy" means nothing to them.

DDK:

They're beating Kerry to a pulp out there! When they're done with him, he's going to be easy pickings for Scrow! All they need to do is roll Benny back into the ring at the right moment, and--WHOOOAAHH, WAITAMINNIT!!!

The crowd suddenly flips as two bodies come streaking down the ramp. A dropkick lays out Green Reaper, while Vacio goes down from a lariat.

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

IT'S THE RAIN CITY RONIN!!

Almost as quick as they go down, Victor and Greenie get pulled back to their feet and fall prey to raining fists from "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT!! Scrow's mouth hangs open in surprise as on the other side of the ring, Rick looks up, sensing something wrong.

Lance:

I guess the Guardians haven't forgotten their pledge to fight the Kabal against all odds!

DDK:

There was no way they were going to stand by and let them steal this opportunity from their friend, Kuroyama! Vacio and Green Reaper have no idea what hit them!

Daymon and Burnett split the two up before whipping them into each other. Off the impact, Vacio backs into a double-underhook suplex from the Iceman while Greenie stumbles into a backcracker delivered by Skyfire!

DDK:

DOWN GOES VICTOR VACIO!! DOWN GOES THE GREEN REAPER!!

Lance:

Kerry finally has the chance to catch his breath!

Rick puts a boot to the back of the official's head to keep him on the floor before charging around the ring to the aid of his comrades. The Rain City Ronin are waiting for him: Daymon vaults off the steps and lands across his shoulders as Burnett tackles his mid-section.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD HURRICANRANA OFF THE STEPS by DAYMON! DOWN GOES RICK DICKULOUS!!

Lance:

These guys used the element of surprise to overcome the numbers, and now they've got Cerberus on the run!

Minerva Hive is screaming at Scrow, begging him to do something, but the SOHER Champion wisely lingers in the ring as the Rain City Ronin pick up the members of Cerberus and herd them back up the rampway with their fists! Kuroyama is left sitting against the steps, weak and exhausted, but still with it.

DDK:

Thanks to that intervention, things can finally be brought back to order again! First, we need someone down there to check on the condition of Benny Doyle, and then... wait, where is Scrow going?!

Lance:

He sees his opening, and he's going for it!

As the chaotic moves up the ramp and back through the curtain, Scrow drops through the ropes and sneaks around the ring. Kerry is in the process of trying to push himself off the steps when he looks up and sees Scrow sprinting at him.

CRASH!

DDK:

RUNNING DROPKICK to the CHEST, and Scrow just smashed the weakened Kerry Kuroyama up against the STEEL STEPS!

Lance:

Like the vulture he is, here comes the Southern Heritage Champion to pick the bones clean.

Scrow is moving quick, desperate to take full advantage of the situation, and pulls Kerry off the steps before rolling him back into the ring. Kuroyama, working only off of muscle memory at this point, rolls over onto his chest and struggles to push himself back up as Scrow slides in after him.

DDK:

Scrow is picking his shot! Kerry slowly gets himself up onto rubber legs... he barely knows where he is at this point! Here comes Scrow... RAVEN'S CALL!!

Lance:

But Kerry got the hand up!

Kuroyama tries to block it, but even with the hand to absorb the blow, the impact of the high roundhouse kick sends him ragdolling back to the canvas. The champion is about to move in for the cover, until he remembers the one missing piece: the ref!

DDK:

Scrow has the chance to retain his championship, but there's no official on hand to make the count! Benny Doyle is still groggy on the floor outside!

Lance:

Looks like karma has come back to haunt the Southern Heritage Champion!

Scrow runs to the ropes and yells at Minerva Hive to resuscitate the referee. She is mostly slapping Benny across the back of the head, but it seems to be having some effect. Behind Scrow, Kerry attempts to push himself up, but flops back to the mat.

DDK:

Kerry has nothing left at this point! After the attack at the hands of Cerberus, and taking the Raven's Call, I don't see how he can possibly turn this around!

Lance:

You might call Scrow a coward, but you have to admit he has cunning in situations like these. I think Doyle is finally coming to...

DDK:

The Southern Champion has this match in the palm of his hand, as he takes Kerry by the hair to finish things once and for -- KERRY WITH A FOREARM to the MID-SECTION -- HE'S ON HIS FEET!

With a primal ROAR, Kuroyama bursts up and hooks Scrow by the arms...

SLAM!!

DDK:

TIGER DRIVEEEERRRRRR!!!

*RRRAAAAAHHH!!!**SLAM!!***DDK:**

AND ANOTHER!!

*SLAM!!***DDK:**

GOOD GOD, AND ANOTHER!!

Lance:

That was THREE consecutive double-underhook powerbombs!! Where did he find the strength for that?!

Minerva Hive is suddenly pushing Benny Doyle back to the floor as soon as she notices the sudden shift in momentum. Pulsing with energy, Kuroyama forces through the pain and exhaustion to rise to his feet, and the Faithful cheer wildly!

*KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!***DDK:**

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! WHERE did the Pacific Blitzkrieg get this ENERGY?!

Kuroyama looks as though he might collapse with every step, but still musters up the strength to step through the ropes to the outside where he promptly shoves Minerva Hive to the side and pulls Doyle off the floor to roll him back into the ring. The ref is groggy, but stirring to life.

DDK:

The official is back in the ring! Scrow is DEFENSELESS!! THIS IS IT!! THIS IS KERRY'S MOMENT!!

Hive tries to grab Kerry by the legs as he slides inside, but a swift kick knocks her to the floor! Scrow is a fumbling mess on the mat as Kuroyama effortless pulls in him into the arm trap and lifts him off the mat with the pumphandle.

DDK:

HERE IT COMES!! ONE MORE KUROYAMA DRIVER TO PUT THIS ONE IN THE BOOKS!!

Lance:

This is it, Dean! We have a new Southern Heritage Champion in the making!

Kuroyama pivots around to the center of the ring... and stops in place. Someone is standing there, having just slipped into the ring. Kerry's face goes white as the crowd goes deathly silent in shock. As such, the impact of the savate kick rings through the entire arena.

*SMACK!***DDK:**

It's Tyler Fuse! These two have a very complicated history!

Kuroyama collapses with Scrow on top of him. All at once, the crowd SCREAMS bloody murder! Tyler glances back to see that Benny hasn't quite woken up yet, and promptly yanks the Pacific Blitzkrieg to the mat. Kerry barely has time to defend himself before the elder Fuse jabs him in the throat.

DDK:

SEE-KYUU-SEEEE!!! MY GOD, THIS IS HIGHWAY ROBBERY!! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

The audience begins throwing trash once again. Fuse is completely expressionless, his mind lost in another world. He pulls Scrow to his feet and tells him to get ready as he again yanks Kerry back up. Kuroyama has nowhere to go as Tyler grabs the arm and whips him to Scrow...

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL!! NO NO NOOOO!!!

Tyler Fuse slips through the ropes just as Benny Doyle raises his head off the mat and blinks as his vision comes into focus. He can see one man hooking the leg of the other, and weakly reaches out to make the count...

ONE...

DDK:

NO!!

TWO...

DDK:

NO, NOT LIKE THIS!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match, by pinfall... and STILL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...**SSSSSSCCRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!**

MEMORY LANE

Scrow takes the SOHER title and exits the ring. IMMEDIATELY after, an absolutely reckless Tyler Fuse starts laying knee after knee into Kerry Kuroyama's temple. Kerry tries to get up but Tyler overwhelms the former Favored Saints Champion with another knee and another and another... and there's just no end in sight.

DING DING DING DING DING

The bell rings wildly but Tyler is a man possessed. He lifts Kerry to his knees, bounces off the ropes and drills a left knee into Kuroyama's face. Spit goes flying, his lights are turned OFF.

DDK:

An awful attack right now!

Lance:

Kerry is completely defenseless.

WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, knees abound as Tyler has ensured Kuroyama won't be getting up anytime soon. Finally, the elder Fuse props Kuroyama to his knees once more but The Pacific Blitzkrieg can't do it. He is out, done, finished. He merely falls over. Fuse doesn't even look angry. Instead, he walks over, drops a final knee on Kerry's skull and then drags the former SOHER challenger to the edge of the ring. Tyler exits the squared circle, asks for a mic and hops up onto the apron. Fuse sits on the apron, feet freely below, with a passed out Kerry Kuroyama laying beside him.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry.

It's all Tyler says to a chorus of boos. DEFSec has come out since the attack but they wait in the middle of the rampway, seeing Tyler has not attacked Kuroyama further. They don't want to provoke anything else from a physical standpoint.

Fuse turns to Kuroyama. The Seattle native's hand has fallen from the apron and dangles freely below.

Tyler Fuse:

Once upon a time, you were weak and I knew it. It's been a while, hasn't it? Almost three years ago when Seattle's Best, Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas faced The Fuse Bros.

Tyler smirks and shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Back then my brother called you The Specific Blitzkrieg.

Fuse looks over to his fallen DEFIANT.

Tyler Fuse:

Times change.

And then Intensity Personified continues into his story.

Tyler Fuse:

Regardless of the dumb saying, my brother and I knew to target YOU, Kerry, and we most certainly did. You were the weak link of the group. I took you out for six months with a figure four leg lock on the ring post... but eventually you came back, fought me one-on-one.

Tyler pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, I also won that battle. I proved you were weak for a second time.

Fuse shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

I thought you'd get the memo. You're weak, go home, it's over. Instead, Kerry Kuroyama comes back from defeat. He works harder... trains harder... and, now, you are successful. Not just any success, either. Quite possibly the top of the DEFIANCE tier. Christ, you'd be Southern Heritage Champion now too if it wasn't for me a few minutes ago.

Fuse glances at the fallen Kuroyama, Kerry's hand still dangling freely.

Tyler Fuse:

I can't have this, Kerry. I took you apart because I KNEW you were a failure. If I would have known all of your recent success was possible, I may have left you alone.

DEFSec continues to hold space in the middle of the rampway.

Tyler Fuse:

They say to me I'm the one who's wasting time in DEFIANCE. I am the failure. For a year now I've sat idly, waiting for a time to strike. I took a backseat to Jason Reeves' nonsensical plans but the man made it work. He is the FIST of DEFIANCE. Scrow, the emo ravaged teenage angst wannabe holds the secondary championship only by name but not in stature. To become SOHER is to legitimately prove your worth in the greatest wrestling company of all time. I sit here, I watch from the sidelines and I don't do much.

Concern crosses Tyler's face.

Tyler Fuse:

I am a methodical, mother fucking killing machine if I want to be Kerry. And right now, I WANT TO BE. You... your success... my failures... it has given me a shot in the arm. I am no longer indifferent. I see you reaching new heights and I tell myself I should be in your role. I can hit harder, wrestle better and I'm more technically sound than nine-tenths of the roster in the back.

Fuse pats Kerry on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm proud of you. I know I shouldn't be the judge, jury and executioner of DEFIANCE but I am... or at least now... I will be. You have awoken something in me, Kerry. I recently did that thing where you 'look in the mirror'. I noticed I'm the one who doesn't have anything. I used to shout 'YOU FAILED DEFIANCE' to others but I am the one who's failed. Thank you for the self-reflection.

Fuse looks towards the hard camera, cold and dead.

Tyler Fuse:

My disposition changes, effective immediately. I will become the most successful DEFIANT moving forward. I will be the purifier of wrestling, ending those who have failed this organization. I will do what I was set out to. Inside this ring, I will hit harder than you think, throw more force than you can imagine and stun those who doubt my name.

Fuse pats Kuroyama on the head.

Tyler Fuse:

I challenge you to a match at DEFCON but allow me to preface it with an apology. I will finish what I started. I will pull you down from your success. I will replace you. And this time, my friend, I will not pause your career for six months with an injury. No. Instead, I will end you...

Tyler hops off the apron.

Tyler Fuse:

For good.

Fuse lays the mic on the time keeper's table and walks up the rampway.

The DEF Arena is filled with murmurs of concern, confusion, and heartache. Darren and Lance are absolutely silent on commentary. Eventually, Kerry begins to stir. He pushes his face off the canvas, and reality begins to set in.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...Tyler...

Kerry rises up to his knees, his eyes popping wide and his face becoming the picture of absolute murderous rage. His roar can be heard as far as Baton Rouge.

Kerry Kuroyama:

TYYYYYYYY-LEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!!!!

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: TITANESS vs. CORVO ALPHA vs. CRESCENT CITY KID vs. SEARCH PARTY CYRUS

The camera cuts back to our announcer duo.

DDK:

It's been an exhilarating show, folks, but we aren't done yet! By virtue of his competing for the Southern Heritage Championship in our last match, Kerry Kuroyama officially vacated the Favored Saints Championship and we are wasting absolutely no time in crowning a new champion!

Lance:

For me, this all harkens back to Ascension 2021, Keebs. The Favored Saints Championship was first decided in a tournament that culminated in a 4-way match that ultimately crowned Matt Lacroix the first of seven champions in its history. Tonight, we will see a NEW champion emerge after outlasting 3 other competitors once more.

DDK:

I'm intrigued by the inclusion of all four of the competitors in our main event tonight for four different reasons, Lance!

Lance:

Let's get to it and get back to Darren Quimbey!

On cue, we cut to a smiling DQ at center ring under the bright spotlight. The crowd murmurs with anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next match is the MAIN EVENT of the evening, a 4-way match scheduled for one fall to a finish for the FAVORED... SAINTS... CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

The crowd pops just as the music hits.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

Exploding through the curtain with the enviable energy and exuberance of youth, CCK bounds down the ramp, tagging hands all the way.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from the BIG EASY... weighing in tonight at a lean 180 lbs, he represents the Gulf Coast Connection... the Hometown Favorite... he is... the CRESCENT... CITY... KID!!!

CCK sprints around the ring, making sure to acknowledge every reaching fan's hand.

DDK:

This match tonight is all about opportunity... and one could easily argue that no one has a bigger opportunity, no one is getting a bigger lift in this spot than that young man, the Crescent City Kid! He has won his last two matches on UNCUT and has been campaigning for an opportunity... Tonight, he has it!

The Crescent City Kid takes a moment to stop in front of a fine looking family in the front row who are clearly proud to be there. He hugs each of them in turn, smiles and happy tears all around.

DDK:

I have to assume that's the family of our Crescent City Kid. Here for this big moment. This huge opportunity!

Lance:

As an old colleague used to say, "you love to see it"! And listen to these fans! They've watched CCK grow and mature as a wrestler since his debut 3 years ago and they know just how big of a moment this is for him! They're as happy for him as his family, I bet! Without question, his most high profile match to date! He's got momentum, Keebs. He's been

stacking up some nice wins on UNCUT... but as much as this match is an opportunity for him, it also poses the biggest challenge he has ever faced.

The camera rests on a shot of CCK standing halfway up the turnbuckle, arm raised, clearly smiling under his yellow and purple lucha-style mask. The lights dim again all around him as his head snaps back towards the entranceway...

♪ "Helikopter" by Fazlija ♪

The crowd groans with some curiosity as their collective heads crane towards the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Now coming to the ring... hailing from Fort Worth, Texas and weighing in tonight at 240 lbs.... He is... SEARCH PARTY... CYRUS... BATES!

DDK:

We haven't seen Cyrus Bates since DEF Road Night 2 when he was uranage'd to oblivion and defeated by Mushigahara! I've got to be honest, I don't think we are going to-

Before Keebler can finish his thought, the curtain parts and out stomps Percy Collins.

DDK

What the hell is this? Where has Cyrus Bates been?

Percy does a silly little entertaining gyration for the crowd before remembering like he's actually supposed to be looking for something or someone. He scours the rampway high and low yet comes away empty.

Lance:

I think Percy might be looking for Bates!? But he's not showing up!

Percy looks around helplessly before making the always controversial throat slash sign to whoever is willing to listen.

DDK:

Looks like Percy is giving up on his pursuit and I guess Bates won't be showing up tonight? I guess we should keep the search party going then.

Lance:

I'm just getting word in my headset that Cyrus Bates has called in sick tonight, Darren. Odd.

Percy shrugs his shoulders before heading to the back. It doesn't take long for things to carry on as the lights briefly dim before strobing with pulsing red.

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

We cut to the top of the ramp where Lord Nigel Tricklebush is the first to appear through the curtain. His hands folded into a steeple, his face is contorted into a menacing smile. Eyes locked on the ring, he stops at the top of the ramp and dramatically steps aside in time for the emergence of his frothing, snarling charge.

Darren Quimbey:

Now heading to the ring... accompanied by his handler, Lord Nigel Tricklebush... making his DEFtv debut... he weighs 268 pounds and hails from Parts Untold... Call him... CORVO... ALPHAAAAA!

Corvo slides into the ring and slinks to a corner, coiled and ready to strike. Face crudely smeared in black paint, chest equally smeared in red. Eyes darting all over the building, they finally narrow at the sight of CCK, collecting himself now outside the ring. The camera catches several fans pat the youngster on the back as Lord Nigel ascends the ringsteps and joins his charge in the ring.

Lance:

You heard our colleague, Darren Quimbey, make reference to it right there – this is the DEFtv debut of Corvo Alpha... and what a tremendous opportunity and spotlight. After making a shocking debut at DEFIANCE Road by effectively removing Henry Keyes from DEF, the wrestling world has been waiting for Corvo Alpha to step up and prove something on a major stage in the middle of the ring. He will certainly have that chance tonight!

The lights dim one final time.

Darren Quimbey:

And now, the final participant...

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!

♪ “Giants” by True Damage” ♪

The roof comes off the building as the Show of Force herself blows through the curtain, a muscular, defiant arm raised over her head and a serious expression etched on her face.

Darren Quimbey:

From out of the Bronx, New York... she is proudly one third of Los Tres Titanes... weighing in tonight at 200 pounds... She is ... TITANESS!!!!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

She takes just a moment to appreciate the love coming from the Faithful before making her way down the ramp, bumping select faithful-fists along the way. Her eyes are trained only on the ring.

DDK:

We’ve been talking about opportunity, Lance... talk about an opportunity for this young athlete. Not only is this her first singles DEFtv main event in her career, but a real chance to capitalize on her recent success in DEFIANCE! She’s had opportunities at the Favoured Saints Title against Kerry Kuroyama that arguably got her noticed!

Lance:

No doubt about it... however, after what went down earlier this evening and what happened to her fiancé, Uriel Cortez at the hands of ADV and the Lucky Sevens... you have to believe that she is coming into this match with her attention divided. This is her biggest test to date – can she focus on the task and match at hand and walk out the Favoured Saints Champion?

DDK:

The good news for her – for everyone else in this contest – is that it appears that our championship 4-way has become a triple threat match with the unexpected no-show by Search Party Cyrus!

Titaness raises her fist in each corner of the ring, expression stoic and unchanged – all business. When she approaches the corner Corvo Alpha waits in, Alpha rises to his feet and the two meet, chest to chest, eye to eye. Hair wet and stringy in his eyes, Alpha glares up at her with malice. Titaness scowls back down at him, unimpressed, arm still raised. She steps away to eye the hard camera, pumping the arm one last time to a hail of adoration and flashbulbs. The camera catches the Crescent City Kid reentering the ring by sliding under the bottom rope..

Lance:

Titaness is looking READY toni–

DDK:

Look out!

Without warning, Alpha attacks. Blasting her from behind with a forearm, he follows up laying in some kicks. The

faithful let him have it as Senior Official Benny Doyle orders Lord Trickelbush from the ring and signals for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Corvo Alpha does what he does and just all out ASSAULTS Titaness to get this contest officially underway! Laying in the blows! Unrelenting! We talked about her focus being divided, her head and heart HAVE to be with the Titan Of Industry, Uriel Cortez, and his condition after the attack we saw and Corvo Alpha absolutely took advantage of that!

Pulling her back to her feet by her hair, Corvo clubs her back with a forearm before suplexing her into a turnbuckle.

THWACK!

DDK:

I don't know if Alpha even meant to do that! But she hit that turnbuckle HARD!

Lance:

You watch Corvo Alpha in action and often wonder if he knows what he is doing, if there's a proverbial method to his legitimate madness but watch closely, Keebs. I'm going to tell you... there's something there... some kind of violent intelligence underneath all of his seemingly instinctive brawling. That suplex CAME from some kind of formal training-

DDK:

Formal training gone HORRIBLY wrong as he won't lay off of Titaness and - UH OH! Here comes CCK!

Over Alpha's shoulder, we see the Crescent City Kid spring up to the top turnbuckle and leap!

Lance:

Corvo saw him! Catches CCK by the throat! Corvo lifts and THROWS CCK over the top rope but - OH! CCK with a headscissors takes ALPHA over the top and spilling out of the ring! These fans are loving it! The Kid is back up on the apron! Eyeing Alpha on the floor! Running KNEE to the floor takes Alpha down!

Benny Doyle leans through the ropes to check on Alpha as the Crescent City Kid slides back into the ring to an ovation! He stokes the crowd fires, hyping them up, before launching himself in the far ropes with a headful of steam-

DDK:

Titaness with a shoulder block HALTS the Kid in his tracks!

Still grimacing from Alpha's earlier attack, she looks down at CCK on the mat and offers him a shrug. The camera captures his shocked eyes before she hits the ropes.

Lance:

Titaness hits the ropes, running leg drop, MISSES when the Crescent City Kid kips up to his feet! He hits the ropes himself and delivers a seated dropkick to the side of Titaness' head!

Both Titaness and CCK find a knee beneath them and eye each other. This time it's the Crescent City Kid who offers a shrug with a smile. Springing to his feet, he charges at Titaness!

DDK:

The Kid ducks a wild clothesline! Hits the ropes!! Titaness SNATCHES him and DRILLS him with a tilt-a-whirl BACKBREAKER! Look at this! She's got him bent backwards, contorted over her knee, just PUSHING and BENDING the Kid!

The camera cuts first to a closeup of CCK's masked face, corkscrewed in pain, then to a shot of a glowering Corvo Alpha climbing back on the apron. He climbs back in the ring and, fists clenched, stares at Titaness, CCK still twisted over her knee. We cut to a tight shot of her face. She frowns at Alpha before shoving CCK's limp body off of her knee.

Rising to her feet, the crowd feels a moment is coming.

DDK:

Titaness! Alpha! Eye to eye once again!

Flashbulbs pulse the moment fists start flying. Pure mayhem, each of them is unleashing on the other. They trade blows and eventually, it's Titaness getting the upper hand, Corvo staggering back into the ropes.

Lance:

OHH! Corvo Alpha with a VICIOUS rake of her eyes! Breaking her momentum! Knee to her midsection! Another! Sends her into the corner! Now just RAKING her face across the top rope all the way to the other corner! ANOTHER knee to the gut! Goes to whip her across the ring but Titaness with the REVERSAL sending Corvo into the corner! HUGE running clothesline into the corner!

DDK:

She got all of that one, Corvo is reeling! Titaness turns – walks right into a Top Rope Missile DROPKICK from the Kid! CCK scurries over for a cover! Could he DO it?!?

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Lance:

Titaness just PRESSED CCK off of her and she is PISSED! Back to her feet, the Kid SPRINGBOARDS to the top rope and goes for a HURRICANRANA – Titaness holds on! Turns with CCK still up and POWERBOMBS the Crescent City Kid AT Corvo Alpha! Alpha catches him, adjusts his weight, GERMAN SUPLEX!!!

Alpha turns and presses a forearm across CCK's masked face. Doyle slides into position.

ONE!

TW–

DDK:

Titaness breaks it up! She stomps on Corvo and brings him back to his feet! Alpha lays in an elbow to her breadbasket! Alpha hits the ropes – She ducks his charging running boot! What the–

Lance:

Crescent City Kid with a flying double clothesline brings Titaness AND Alpha to the mat! Titaness rolls out of the ring and to the floor after hitting the mat a little clumsily! Where did the Kid COME from?!? Listen to this crowd! They can't believe it!

DDK:

The Crescent City *loves* this Kid, Lance!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

In his first DEFTv main event... the Favored Saints Championship on the line... the hopes and dreams of this young Crescent City Kid are feeling one step closer to reality!

DDK:

Alpha charges at the kid, ARMDRAG by CCK sends Alpha awkwardly spilling facefirst into the ropes! CCK sees his spot! Points! Here it comes! CCK hits the far ropes, high speed, it's time for area code 504–

Lance:

NO!

When CCK turns his body at the ropes, swinging his knees towards Alpha's face, Corvo instead snatches his legs – as if he'd been baiting CCK the whole time – and muscles up to his feet with CCK in tow. Alpha pulls CCK to center ring and locks on an incredibly deep single leg crab.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is just LEANING into that submission, Lance! There is serious malevolence behind that hold! Serious intent to do SERIOUS harm!

Camera locks on the crazed face of Corvo Alpha, spitting and snapping under globs of black paint.

Lance:

Benny Doyle, our official, is pleading with the Kid... asking if he can still go... asking if he wants to quit... CCK is clawing, straining at the mat trying to inch towards the ropes but every time he gets that inch, Alpha immediately corrects and brings him back to the center of the ring! There is nowhere to go!

Camera cuts to CCK, screaming, his mask scrunched up in pain. Then to a shot of his anguished family watching in the front row. Lord Nigel smiles approvingly in the background.

DDK:

The Kid! Holding on! Giving it everything he has! He KNOWS what's at stake! He KNOWS this is the farthest he's ever been! That the whole world is watching! In his hometown! In the main event! He CAN'T give up now!

The Faithful start their chant of "CCK!" as the shot cuts back to Alpha giving it everything *he* has to make the kid quit. Furious, he abruptly releases the Kid! We see the white's of Alpha's eyes narrow at the face of CCK.

Lance:

He's released him! I can't believe it!

DDK:

Don't get too excited, Lance! Alpha's just CLUBBING at him! What the– he's... tearing at the mask of the Crescent City Kid...trying to rip it right off of his face!!

Completely unhinged, Corvo Alpha has almost half of CCK's mask torn from the eye to the mouth. His eyes wild and wild, Alpha's paint-smeared hands tainting the Kid's mask.

Lance:

WAIT!

THWACK!

DDK:

PUMP KICK FROM TITANESS TO CORVO ALPHA! She just BLASTED him!

RRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

CCK rolls out of the ring to the floor right in front of his worried family, clutching desperately at his knee. Titaness is incensed. Alpha staggers back to his feet–

Lance:

Titaness – LADY LARIAT! She LEVELED Alpha with that handspring clothesline! But Alpha is immediately stirring! She NAILS him with a trio of STIFF forearms and sends him into the ropes – SNAP POWERSLAM!! Titaness with the cover!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THR–NOOOO!!

DDK:

Corvo with an angry but DAZED kickout! Titaness isn't wasting time! I think she's got her head in the game here, Lance! She is LASER focused! She CHOPS Alpha as he pulls himself to his feet! ANOTHER chop sends him reeling into the corner! Look at that! There are handprints across his chest! Handprints in that red paint!

Lance:

ANOTHER chop! She is chopping the paint off of Corvo Alpha! ANOTHER chop into the corner! She irish whips Alpha across the ring!! He SLAMS chest first into the turnbuckle, full blast! Staggers out! WALKS INTO A PICTURE PERFECT TOP ROPE MOONSAULT from Titaness! Rolls him up, hooks both legs!! This could be it!!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR–!!

WAIT, NOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

Big kickout from Alpha sends Titaness into the opposite turnbuckle, but she seems unphased! ANOTHER HUGE PUMPKICK to Corvo Alpha's jaw!

Lance:

Now she's KICKING the paint off of his FACE!

DDK:

This could be it!! On a night when her husband-to-be has been taken OUT! Can she make history! Can she capture singles gold! Crawls for the cover!!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THRE- NOOO!!! ANOTHER KICKOUT!

Lance:

He won't stop coming! Look at the her face, she is SHOOK! What is it going to take to put him down once and for all? What does Titaness have left in the tank?

DDK:

She pulls Corvo back to his feet... shoots him into the ropes, NO! REVERSAL!

Lance:

TITANESS HITS THE SPEAR! She almost broke Alpha in TWO!!

DDK:

This is it!!!!

Lance:

She hooks Alpha's leg!!!

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

THR-----

DDK:

WHAT THE?!?!?

It happens in a blur. One moment, Titaness is covering Alpha, hooking his leg. The next, Benny is making the count. And suddenly, Titaness is YANKED OUT OF THE RING under the bottom rope by her leg-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

ADV IS HERE! Alvaro de Vargas is HERE! He's pulled Titaness out of the ring! He blocks her punch, NAILS her - OH MY GOD!!

DDK:

CHOKESLAM! ADV just CHOKESLAMMED Titaness on the floor! How did Doyle not see it?!?!?

Alvaro stands over Titaness and laughs, waving goodbye.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Que bola, pendeja!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He storms off and heads up the ramp to a massive series of jeers.

Lance:

Alvaro is scum! But the ref wasn't in POSITION to see it! He doesn't have time to react – HERE COMES THE KID! THE KID IS BACK IN THE RING!!

DDK:

Top rope SOMERSAULT LEGDROP on Corvo Alpha!!!! He MISSES!!! Alpha rolled out of the way! He's up! He's got CCK! Katahajime choke! Alpha has the Alpha Clutch locked in!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! Alpha just turned the Alpha Clutch into a clutch suplex! DUMPED CCK on his head! He's still got the hold locked on!! He's cinching it in tighter!!!

DDK:

The Kid is fading, Lance!

Lance:

Has anyone checked on Titaness–

DDK:

The Kid is FADING!!!

Our ref checks and... Suddenly, Benny Doyle is calling for the bell, concern engraved across his face.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this bout... and NNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWW DEFIANCE FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION.... Call him... CORVO!!!! ALPHAAAAA!!!!!!

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath ♪

It takes Lord Nigel entering the ring for Corvo to finally release his grip on Crescent City Kid, boos raining down. Shot cuts to DEFmed already attending to Titaness at the bottom of the ramp. One DEFmed tech hesitantly slides in the ring to check on CCK as Benny Doyle reluctantly tries to hand the belt to Corvo Alpha, heaving on his knees at center ring. He ignores Doyle *and* the belt, eyes trained on the worried family of CCK in the front row. It is Lord Nigel who gladly takes the belt from Doyle. The ref gives up on trying to raise Alphas arm and turns his attention to CCK, shredded mask hanging off his face.

DDK:

I can't believe this... Corvo Alpha, in his DEFtv debut, is our new Favored Saints Champion.

Lance:

Titaness had Corvo Alpha beaten, dead to rights, before Alvaro de Vargas got involved, stealing this match from her! Stealing that moment from her and these fans! First Cortez, now Titaness! We wish them both well. As well as that youngster right there–

The camera has cut to a very dazed and exhausted CCK. One hand clutching a knee, the other clutching his torn mask.

Lance:

He put up some kind of fight tonight, Keebs!

DDK:

But at the end of the day... None of it matters, Lance! Corvo Alpha has come for DEFtv, as promised... and it's feeling like he is here to stay.

Our last shot is that of Lord Nigel Tricklebush cradling the Favored Saints Championship in his arms like a prized newborn. At his feet, Corvo Alpha kneels; spent and sputtering. Drenched in sweat, blood trickling from a corner of his mouth, black flecks of paint pepper his face.

Lance:

You may be right.

Corvo Alpha lets out something close to a primal howl as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom left hand corner of the broadcast.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.