

SHOW OPEN AND ACTS TOURNAMENT RUNDOWN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Phoenix, Arizona welcomes DEFIANCE as the GCU Arena is hyped! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway and there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**MALAK DEMANDS TRIGGER WARNINGS FOR "SIGN CUT OFF" BECAUSE IT SOUNDS TOO AGGRESSIVE
DEB WAS RIGHT ABOUT SIOBHAN**

I'D RATHER DIE BY SNAKEBITE THAN WATCH AN ARTHUR PLEASANT MATCH

MISSING: ONE SET OF UNIFIED TAG TITLES

VAE VICTIS HOLDS THE KEYES TO THE QUEENDOM

DEFIANCE IS PLEASANT WITHOUT ARTHUR

THE ABSOLUTE GAUL OF VV, AMIRITE?

ET TU, KER-EY?

REZIN > EDDIE MUNSON

RUNNING UP THAT HILL... TO CATCH THE BUS TO SEE DEFIANCE

ARTHUR PLEASANT WORKS AT HOT TOPIC

STRIP THE SEVENS

DEF WEREWOLF IS TOTALLY COMING

MV1 HECK OF A GUY

KRAKEN/KERRY 2024

THIS TOURNAMENT IS GOING TO BE A JOY

IF PLEASANT WINS THE FIST TOURNAMENT THEN I AM DONE WITH DEFIANCE. AND WRESTLING. AND LIFE.

VAE VICTIS KERRYS THE KEYES TO THE QUEENDOM

PICTURE OF UNIFIED TAG TITLES ON SIDE OF A MILK CARTON

IS IT VAY OR VIE

ARTHUR PLEASANT IS PURE TRASH

DEX 4 FIST

BURNS 4 FIST

LT 4 FIST

CONOR 4 FIST
KEYES 4 FIST
PLEASANT 4 FIST
REZIN 4 20
CASSIDY 4 FIST
KERRY 4 FIST
MALAK IS IN THE TOURNAMENT
THE LUCKY SEVENS REMIND ME OF CRAPS AND I AIN'T TALKING DICE
I CAME HERE FOR MALAK. WHEN CAN I DRINK HIS TEARS?
LUCKY SEVENS SHOULD JUST BE PRIME'S PROBLEM NOW
WREX THIS TOURNAMENT, DEX
OSCAR BURNS SCREWED OSCAR BURNS
SCROW KNOWS MONOCLES
DEACON SMASHED THROUGH MALAK WITH THE HOLY FIST
OSCAR THE GROUCH (picture of Oscar Burns as a green muppet in a trash can)
I BOUGHT A TICKET TO SEE SONNY SILVER

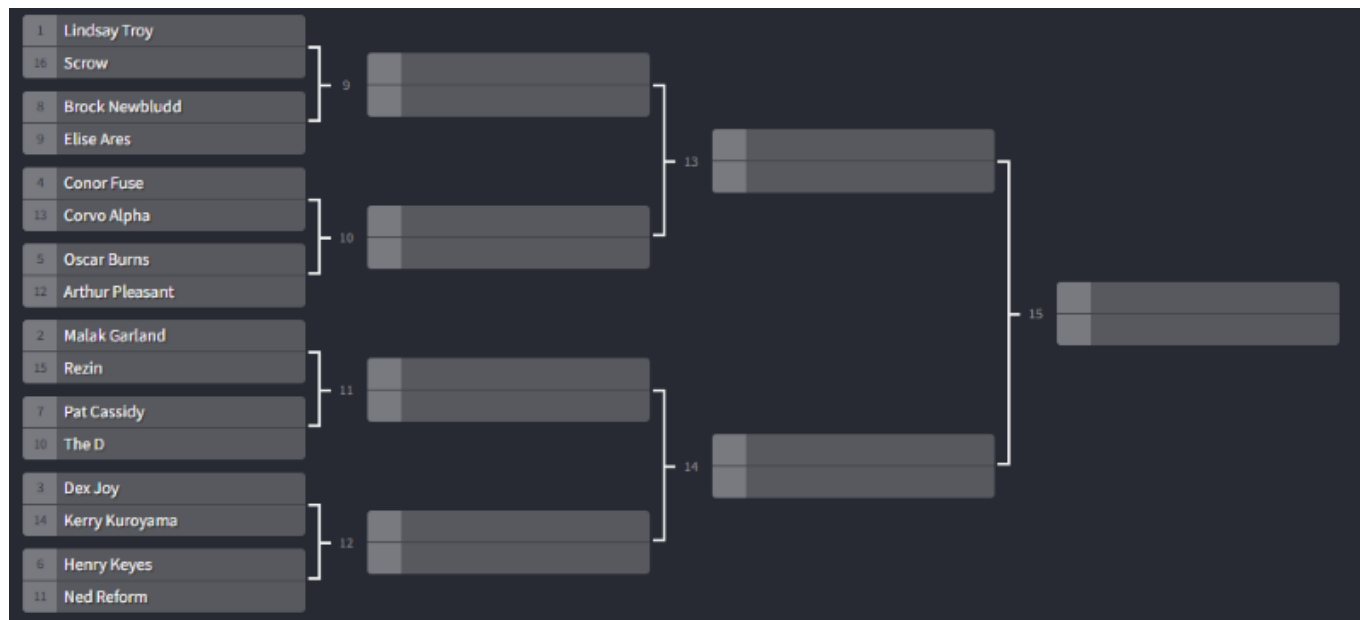
And to the Commentation Station with Lance Warner and Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

Welcome, everyone! The first DEFtv since Maximum DEFIANCE! We saw some incredible matches! Feuds come to an end! New rivalries start to take shape and of course... we can't forget what happened in the main event... but more on that in a bit.

Lance:

Darren is right. We will get to what happened in the Unified Tag Team Title match, but for right now we are going to talk out our first-ever: ACTS Tournament! Over the next several weeks, you will see a sixteen-person tournament to see who will earn a title shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE in the main event of our next major event: ACTS of DEFIANCE!



DDK:

Over the next two nights, we'll run down all of the opening round matches, starting with tonight's opener:

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Dex Joy vs. Kerry Kuroyama

DDK:

This is our VERY first match and if these two were booked against any two other people in this tournament, I could see

them going both far, but that's how big this tournament is! Dex Joy just wrapped up an intense six-month feud over former two-time FIST Oscar Burns, coming out victorious in Two Out of Three Falls! Kerry Kuroyama made his shocking return as the newest member of Vae Victis and was victorious with Lindsay Troy over the team of High Fidelity, Rezin and Jack Harmen!

Lance:

I can't call this one, so I won't even try. The fans are going to be the real winners cause this one is going to be nothing less than a hard-hitting affair!

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Pat Cassidy vs. The D**DDK:**

Two tag team specialists look to break out in the ACTS Tournament! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy of The Saturday Night Specials, just coming off a near-year long run of the Unified Tag Team Titles, goes one-on-one against a former multiple time Tag Team and Trios Champion, PCP's own The D!

Lance:

You can never count The D out with past wins over former FISTs like Oscar Burns and Cayle Murray, but Pat Cassidy has to be in a mood after the way he and Brock Newbludd lost the Unified Tag Titles. If he's focused, Pat could take it, but you don't sleep on The D. Insert your own jokes here.

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Malak Garland vs. Rezin**DDK:**

Former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion and ACE of DEFIANCE Malak Garland came within a breath of being the FIST of DEFIANCE over Deacon at MAXDEF. But moving forward, I have to think Malak Garland may have a renewed sense of determination with this tournament. His opponent, Rezin, a former three-time Favoured Saints Champion, has a little momentum on his side! He ended the recent Dig Down Deep Challenge of Oscar Burns and is in possession of the Golden Shovel.

Lance:

Both men have been rubbing elbows with a lot of big names, but Rezin and Malak Garland have what it takes to be the next big names of tonight's tournament! I predict the winner of this can go far! I have to give the edge to Malak based on what you talked about, but it's a fool's errand to sleep on Rezin!

ACTS Tournament, Round One: Lindsay Troy vs. Scrow**DDK:**

And tonight's main event sees the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, looking to get back on that proverbial horse when she takes on the now-former Southern Heritage Champion, Scrow! Scrow has run afoul of Vae Victis recently when it was Henry Keyes cashing in the Favoured Saints Championship to take his Southern Heritage title. Scrow's mind may not be entirely on this tournament, while Troy is as sharp as we've ever seen.

Lance:

That all may be true, but the one and only time they have fought in a singles match back at last year's Maximum DEFIANCE, Scrow was victorious. Scrow has it in him to pull off another win if he can stay focused, but since forming Vae Victis, she hasn't dropped a fall in some time.

DDK:

Four BLOCKBUSTER matches and that's just tonight! Tomorrow we will have the other four opening round matches of the ACTS Tournament, but onward with tonight's show!

I GOT SOME THOUGHTS

The lights go out. The Gregorian Chant begins. The crowd knows their role. This show is about to start.

Magdalena:

If you've been living under a rock!

A spotlight hits the curtain, but the cheering fans already know who would be caught in the gleam. Magdalena stands at the top of the entrance ramp with that well-known grin on her face.

Magdalena:

At Maximum DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse *[Magdalena pauses to let the face pop explode]*... Player two proved I was wrong to doubt him. He proved that he was going to do everything he could to make Deacon *[cheers]* versus Malak Garland *[boos]* a fair contest. He did his part, and so now, the Deacon keeps his word.

Another spotlight shines in the middle of the ring. Sitting beneath the glare is the decoration worn around the waist by whoever is currently titled as the FIST of DEFIANCE (I guess one might call it a championship belt or something).

Magdalena:

The Deacon promised a very important person in his life that if the Deacon ever won the FIST, he'd be a fighting champion, and starting tonight, sixteen competitors will enter the ACTS tournament for their chance to become the new FIST of DEFIANCE. Sixteen competitors, including the slightly less smart than he thinks, Ned Reform *[let's hear it for the heels - BOOOO!]*. The former Southern Heritage Champion, Scrow *[BOOO!]*. The monstrous Corvo Alpha *[BOOO!]*. The Favoured Saints champion in Arthur Pleasant *[BOOO]*.

Magdalena puts a finger to her chin in a thinking gesture.

Magdalena:

I gotta wonder. If Mister UNpleasant wins this round, does that count toward his shot at the Southern Heritage Championship, currently held by another competitor in the ACTS tournament - the Kraken, Henry Keyes *[still more BOOOS!]*, who joins ACTS along with his two cohorts, Tim Tillinghast's love-child, Kerry Kuroyama *[BOO!]*. Do you hear that, Timmy? I think this crowd knows that Kerry's going down the wrong road.

Magdalena gives the crowd a moment to emphasize her point.

Magdalena:

And of course, I can't forget the *[sarcasm alert]* world's most successful business woman in the history of pro wrestling *[enough of the sarcasm]*, Lindsay "take no prisoners" Troy *[BOO!]*.

Magdalena shakes her head and gives a heavy sigh.

Magdalena:

People! People! Momma Troy can't help it. *[Magdalena gestures to herself]* As someone who's spent most of her pro wrestling career with someone just a bit younger than ol' LT, people her age just tend to get a bit cranky. Speaking of cranky, we get the man who wants to rebound from his loss at Maximum DEFIANCE, the man who no doubt wants to prove once again that HE ... IS ... DEFIANCE.

The Boos are already coming even before Magdalena adds...

Magdalena:

Oscar Burns.

Nuclear heat time. Man, you'd think people'd love Mr. DEFIANCE a bit more. Must've been something he said. In spite of all the jeers, Magdalena seems to really be enjoying the scene, especially as she gestures with her right hand.

Magdalena:

Which brings me to the man who, counting DEFCON, beat Burns 3 out of 4 falls, *[This crowd isn't waiting to cheer!]* DEX JOY!

Yep, the consonants and vowels used by the crowd instantly switch to Y and EA. That nuclear heat turns to insta-love! She lets the crowd fade a bit before giving a nod and a short clearing of her throat to move on.

Magdalena:

Dex has one win. Deacon has one win. Tell me, who wouldn't want to see THAT rubber match? *[Another short pop]* We have the former DEFIANCE tag team champions in single competition with Brock Newbludd & Pat Cassidy *[YEHHH!]*. The smartest woman in wrestling - Elise Ares *[YEAH!]*. And her partner in whatever crimes they have planned, the...

Magdalena pauses for a moment, shakes her head and after a heavy sigh adds in staccato fashion-

Magdalena:

The D.

The DEFIANCE Faithful either pop for the D or for Magdalena saying "the D"; the world may never truly know the reason why.

Magdalena:

All of which brings me to the two people the Deacon most recently ran into, the people I started this little monologue with.

The crowd pops again, this time as the Deacon enters the spotlight in the middle of the ring. He thrusts his arms out into the Crucifix position. Flashbombs go off all around the ring area, and when vision returns, the Deacon's arms are up, the belt previously on the mat now within his grip.

Magdalena:

Malak Garland. *[HEAVY BOOS!]* This time, Malak, you don't get to just catch a fumble, you gotta fight through what's gonna feel more like the Cardinals D-LINE *[cheap pop]*! You gotta win... a LOT... to get your chance at the FIST again. By the way, Malak, if by some miracle on the level of calling Fire from Heaven, you get a shot at the FIST, you won't be picking any of the stipulations - those'll be the champs choice this time, and you better believe Deacon's got a thing or two in mind. When he's finished, they may just change this tournaments name from the ACTS tournament to the Malak Garland memorial tournament cause you about to retire.

Easy pop for that one. Who doesn't wanna see Deacon corner Malak in a cage, or barb-wire, or on a scaffold?

Magdalena:

And the other person most recently engaged with the Mute Freak - Conor Fuse *[you know Magdalena takes a break for yet another MEGA pop]*. Conor, you gotta do the same as your unfortunate stable mate, but you've been here before. Last time, you climbed the ladder, and this time, there's nothing to fumble, just people to pin.

Deacon takes a step forward, the championship dangling as he nears the buckles then climbs on the first and then second buckle, raising the gold into the air.

Magdalena:

That Mute Freak in the ring knows a bit about pinning to get championships and he'll be waiting on the other side of whoever strings together some wins. For the record, Conor, we're rooting for you. Deacon's got your chair shot receipt and you know it's coming due.

Magdalena exits to the back as The Faithful cheer Deacon.

FUCK YA LIFE

DEFtv cuts backstage to outside Vae Victis' locker room where the whole gang's gathered. "The Kraken" Henry Keyes is in street clothes while "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama are in their ring gear. They aren't alone, however, as standing in the foreground is a new face. Wearing a silver button-up shirt with black pants and dress shoes is a man that long-time wrestling fans haven't seen on television in a very long time. "The Silver Lining" Sonny Silver sneers at the camera, addressing a television audience for the first time in a decade.

Sonny Silver:

You want to hear a funny joke?

Lindsay chuckles, unamused.

Lindsay Troy:

This tournament.

Sonny Silver:

Ahh, I see you've heard this one then. Welp... my job is done.

He feigns turning around until he snaps a finger like he's forgotten something.

Sonny Silver:

Oh... damn. Forgot my manners. At least, that's what I'd be saying if I gave a shit about things like manners. So why don't you all gather round and let me, DEFIANCE's Zaddy, tell you a tale.

He smiles.

Sonny Silver:

My name is Sonny Silver. Wrestling Hall of Famer, a former multiple-time World Heavyweight Champion in many different promotions and all-round black plague in most locker rooms. In spite of everyone else's jealousy over the years, I'm a successful second-generation wrestler with a career spanning twenty-plus years and training some of the best of this next generation for the last ten. I've spent the last year helping cultivate talent in BRAZEN, but LT here was tired of wasting Vae Victis' collective breath on you chucklefucks, so she's brought me in to do that for them. And paying me better anyhow.

He adjusts his collar.

Sonny Silver:

I am the official Herald of Vae Victis. Its official spokesman, if you prefer. It is my job to speak truth and nothing but truth... and to you, the other thirteen people in this tournament who aren't Vae Victis...

He points behind him at the VV members.

Sonny Silver:

...The truth is that you're all FUCKED and you just don't know it yet. Because one of these three trained killers are walking into this farce of a tournament and one of their hands will be raised at the end. And as for Deacon... assuming it's your big mime-sounding ass holding the FIST at the end of this...

Sonny gestures to Keyes.

Sonny Silver:

The only choices left for you will be HOW you get conquered. YOUR Southern Heritage Champion Henry Keyes is gonna straight-up crush you... *[pointing at Kerry]* Kerry is gonna drop you on your head... *[pointing at Lindsay]* Or Lindz

just rushes right through you with surgical precision. Rushed, crushed or concussed. Sorry, Deac, you can pray all you want, but... and here's more truth... God's gonna have a busy signal cause even he won't help you now.

Hard cut to black.

CHEDDAR

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are in the commentary booth getting ready to run down the show!

DDK:

Before we get to the ACTS Tournament, we have a major announcement by none other ... than Tom Morrow.

Lance:

I don't even want to speculate what that waste of oxygen wants out here tonight. We saw something on Uncut with him coming out of a meeting with Favoured Saints and DEFIANCE Wrestling management.

DDK:

We were told that he has demanded to be the first thing on tonight's show and sadly ... that's what we got. We've got ...

Tom Morrow:

Close your noise holes! Now! Important, high-paid men are speaking!

Lance:

Ugh ... here we go!

The lights are then darkened in the arena save for one spotlight on stage. It has Tom Morrow front and center in a fancy suit and shoes. He is also wearing a shiny blue sequined neck brace since he is still suffering the effects of taking a Keg Stand from the Saturday Night Specials a little over a month ago. He's speaking through his special BFTA branded head set.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... welcome to DEF TV 173!!! I am the brainchild, mastermind and wrestling's greatest talent agent behind Better Future Talent Agency, **Tom Morrow!!** You know my clients from the Better Future Talent Agency! You know the man who merked Jack Mace and sent him packing, even though you fuckers wouldn't give Alvaro de Vargas a spot in your shoddy little tournament ... but fuck you anyway because BFTA holds all the cards now! You are all about to be a part of history!

The smirk returns to his face!

Tom Morrow:

A long time ago, I came into DEFIANCE under my given name, Thomas Keeling Jr., aka Junior Keeling. I took a group of three exceptional monsters and made them greater than the sum of their parts. Team HOSS! Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great and Capital Punishment. They not only held the World Trios Championships - the very same titles that help make up the Unified Tag Team Titles today - for a RECORD year-long reign in DEFIANCE... but I made them main event fixtures before events conspired against all of us and all of it was taken away.

DDK:

He was fired for bribing to fake drug test results for his clients. They subsequently lost those titles to a DEFIANCE dream team of Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy and Tyrone Walker, then they were never the same since.

Morrow continues.

Tom Morrow:

But when I rebranded myself as Tom Morrow, I made it known that I not only make singles stars, but I *make* tag teams main event attractions, too! And on July 13th, 2022 ... that is exactly what I did! My clients, despite being wrong excommunicated from DEFIANCE Wrestling The Lucky Sevens spent months telling all of you that the rise of the Main Event Monster was coming! We told you that they were not going to stop until they had *their* Unified Tag Team titles! They took their *birthright* despite everything the Saturday Night Specials had going for them! They wanted payback! They wanted justice! They wanted the heads of Mason and Max Luck posted on pikes for the loss of their bar, the loss of income and the loss of their sanity ...

He turns his head up.

Tom Morrow:

... but they were *denied*! Just like how Brock and Pat *denied* the Lucky Sevens their rightful title rematch they earned! Just like the Lucky Sevens were *denied* income all stemming back to acts caused by the Saturday Night Specials! The Lucky Sevens were *denied* their jobs ... so in return, we *denied* DEFIANCE Wrestling the Unified Tag Team Titles until the price was right! We've spent the last few weeks in a bidding war with multiple promotions that would enjoy having a pair of walking ATMs among their roster! You might know them ... PRIME!!!

He gets jeers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful for that!

Tom Morrow:

Great Japan Pro Wrestling! A few others I won't name on the air because I've already got DEFIANCE Wrestling sweating bullets ... you know, Shoot Pop Pop ... but DEFIANCE Wrestling does what DEFIANCE Wrestling does and that is come through in the clutch! The Lucky Sevens had to push a few buttons and crash a CLASH or two ...

Lance:

Ugh ... The Lucky Sevens did do that. They made an unauthorized appearance at our CLASH of the BRAZEN show a few weeks ago. They attacked Capital Punishment, Morrow's own former client in Team HOSS and Matchmaker for the BRAZEN brand.

Now Morrow's smile is as wide as it can be.

Tom Morrow:

But they did it! We got everything we wanted and then some but we will talk about that in a minute. First ... you need to stand up, show some decorum and applaud your NEEEEW Unified Tag Team champions ... please welcome back to the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster! They are the *only* seven foot champions in DEFIANCE Wrestling that *matter* ...

DDK:

No ... no ...

Lance:

There's no way they caved ... everything they've done, everyone they've injured ...

He puts his hands.

Tom Morrow:

Can I get a drum roll first please?

A tense moment leads to a drum roll from the production truck.

Tom Morrow:

"THE BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK!!! "THE BADASS UNDER THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK!!! THEY ARE *YOUR* UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS AND YOU WILL FUCKING *LIKE IT*!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS!!!

For the first time in several months, the screen displays a spinning slot machine ... then the coins drop!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The music almost can't be heard over the booing but they are back in the flesh. Mason Luck walks out in a dark red

blazer, a white shirt and blue dress pants with red shades. Next to him is the other seven foot twin Max Luck with a green blazer, white shirt and identical dress pants. They undo the blazers to each reveal two of the five Unified Tag Team titles around their waists. Mason has two additional titles on each shoulder and Max has one over his left. The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the new champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling *more* pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal!

DDK:

This is disgusting!

Lance:

I can't believe they've been welcomed back. These two should be fired ... These two should be GONE!!! They burned down a bar! We all know it!

DDK:

Unfortunately ... that hasn't been pinned on them. They had alibis and they were cleared of any wrongdoing.

The Lucky Sevens are draped in gold and now they stand in the ring with Tom Morrow between them. Mason and Max both have microphones. The instant that the music cuts away, Mason tries to speak ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Mason and Max can't get anything out. They whisper to each other off mic. Max tries to say something into his mic now ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max points to his palm and winks at Mason. Max keeps laughing and he's enjoying the moment, but Mason is growing angrier with the reception they are getting.

DDK:

The Faithful don't even want to hear from them. That's how much they hate them after everything they put the Saturday Night Specials through capped off by taking those Unified Tag Team championships.

Mason and Max pace the ring. And when the booing dies down a little Mason finally has the chance to jump in.

Mason Luck:

Brock ... Pat ... you're complete fucking *failures*!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The jeers are loud again but Mason ignores them. He erupts with venom.

Mason Luck:

WE TOLD YOU!!! WE TOLD ALL OF YOU!!! WE TOLD EVERY SINGLE MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD THAT THESE TITLES WERE *OUR* BIRTHRIGHT, DIDN'T WE!!! AND GUESS WHAT? WE HAVE *EVERYTHING* AND YOU TWO HAVE *JACK SHIT!!!*

Mason is still going off the rails!

Mason Luck:

WHO ARE THE BITCHES NOW, HUH?! YOU GOT A FUNNY FUCKING QUIP IN YOUR BACK POCKET?! I HOPE

YOU FUCKING CHOKE ON IT!!! NOW EVERY TIME YOU SEE US WITH THESE, I HOPE IT REMINDS YOU THAT YOU LET DEFIANCE WRESTLING DOWN!!! YOU LET YOUR PRECIOUS FAITHFUL DOWN!!! WE TOLD YOU WE WERE BETTER AND WE PROVED IT!!! NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT!!! NOW *YOU* BOTH KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE *EVERYTHING*!!!

Mason finally takes a breath and Morrow asks him to calm down. He gets flustered.

Tom Morrow:

Sorry ... sorry everyone. My client has suffered great duress from the past few months and he needed to get that out so we can all move on to the next chapter. Cause now we're going to talk about ... my clients's new **CONTRACTS**!

He looks up.

Tom Morrow:

When DEFIANCE Wrestling made the mistake of firing my clients, but SNS begged and pleaded to let them wrestle anyway, I negotiated for the Unified Tag Team championships to be put on the line! We told the brass for the last several weeks if they wanted to ever see these titles, we made the rules now! They would give into our demands! The Lucky Sevens would be brought back with brand new contracts with several new provisions and they did it! I'll be telling you about a couple of those provisions now!

Mason finally has a smile on his face and Max is celebrating with their titles while they are being blistered with jeers.

Tom Morrow:

The first is this ... there won't be any more unceremonious firings. These contracts are *iron clad* and have a no-cut clause. The only way these two will leave DEFIANCE Wrestling is under their own damn power!

DDK:

That's ... oh my God ...

Tom Morrow:

These two men are no also no longer the Main Event Monsters in name only.

Max Luck:

You're god-damn right! Main Event Monsters make Main Event **MONAYYYYYYYY!!!**

Tom Morrow:

You heard it here first! This company cleared the books to give main event money to *real* main event talent! You are now looking at the two of the highest-paid men in DEFIANCE Wrestling!!! Give them some applause!

They get an earful of boos instead!

DDK:

WHAT?! THESE TWO PIECES OF GARBAGE?!

Lance:

THEY DON'T DESERVE A DAMN DIME!!!

The booing is at a fever pitch. Mason finally finds his smile again and Max shakes his hand.

Tom Morrow:

That entrance you just saw with all the pyro that's befitting of champions? That's us, too! The next clause ... this next one was the hardest to negotiate. DEFIANCE Wrestling held out for as long as they could, but eventually they folded! Just like the Saturday Night Specials did at Maximum DEFIANCE! They gave us exactly what we wanted! If The Specials think they're gonna come for the kings again they'll do nothing but miss. If Brock Newbludd ever turns up and the Specials ever think about making another run at us ... As long as we have the Unified Tag Team Titles ... they are

banned from any rematches!

DDK:

GOD! NO!!!

Max Luck:

That's right! You fucking assholes tried to keep us from wrestling for these titles! You both thought Maximum DEFIANCE was our last chance at these belts ... but you didn't know it was *your* last chance. Fuck you.

Mason Luck:

When I said that you both failed ... I MEANT IT!!! YOU! BOTH! *FAILED!!!*

Lance:

That's disgusting! That son of a bitch made DEFIANCE Wrestling agree to all this?

DDK:

In this situation, they didn't have a choice. It had to be difficult, but those titles have been turned into main event staples thanks to the work that other teams like Saturday Night Specials, the Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes have done.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Morrow isn't done with what he has to say.

Tom Morrow:

There were some interesting clauses we agreed to and maybe over time, you'll find out the rest, but I'm only going to talk about one more tonight! One big clause is one we added because we are generous and because we know that nobody is going to take these titles from The Lucky Sevens! DEFIANCE Wrestling has been without its titles for long enough! Don't worry ... you people deserve to see five-star beatdowns being handed out to your heroes nightly! You deserve to see your Golden Beasts in action! You deserve to see Main Event Monsters making *more* Main Event Money and you'll get that chance! Starting in two weeks ...

Tom Morrow points to the DEF Tron and it flashes a big flashing neon sign with Max and Mason Luck posing in front of a Las Vegas-themed backdrop with the Unified Tag Team titles!

THE LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY LOTTERY!

Tom Morrow:

Unlike your previous champions, The Golden Beasts don't shy away from any challengers! They'll be giving out title shots, but if you want a shot at this gold ... either your name or your tag team has to be drawn from this lottery! The first ever Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery will take place in two weeks on DEF TV 174! Good night everyone!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The Lucky Sevens are booed all the way out of the arena. They leave with Tom Morrow right behind them practically smelling the money.

Lance:

Morrow ... The Lucky Sevens. I can't believe DEFIANCE Wrestling hired them back.

DDK:

I know that they didn't have a choice. That we have so many hard workers on this roster, but these two unchained animals are the Unified Tag Team champions and now the highest paid members of the roster ... and what is this bull about the Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery?

Lance:

I don't know.

Max and Mason hoist up all the titles and then Morrow poses between them before the show moves backstage.

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: DEX JOY vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

To kick off tonight's action, one by one in the arena the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

This is tonight's opening match and is an opening round match in the Acts Tournament! Introducing from Los Angeles, California and weighing three-hundred forty-two pounds... he is THE LEADER OF DEX'S WRECKING CREW ...

DEEEEEXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYY!!!!!!

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

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?!?

"NO ONE!!!"

After the answer back from the crowd Dex walks into the ring and gets ready to do battle in the first match of the big tournament to find the next big challenger for Deacon.

DDK:

Dex Joy is just fresh off of winning his first ever Two-Out-Of-Three Falls match against one of the best in DEFIANCE Wrestling, Dex Joy! His opponent also was instrumental in Vae Victis winning a big tag team match against Jack Harmen and Rezin.

Lance:

But there is no doubt in my mind that Dex Joy is ready to go the distance ... but he drew one of the worst names he could draw to stand across from him in round one. Kerry Kuroyama is dangerous. He can beat anyone on any night! Now that he's a part of Vae Victis he is even more dangerous if that was possible.

As Dex stands waiting in the ring, the house lights slowly come down again.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Upon the DEFIATron, two bold letters appear: **VAE VICTIS**

♪ Stranger fruit is a plant of the well,
Flesh so bitter it picks itself. ♪

A highlight reel of "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama dominating the competition at Maximum DEFIANCE flashes by.

♪ Stranger fruit with a beckoning call,
From the crown to the root, this tree won't fall. ♪

Low, moody backlighting slowly flickers to life on the stage, revealing four figures standing in a row, knee-deep in a layer of mist that covers the stage.

♪ STRANGER FRUIT, GOT HOLES IN FLESH!
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA SCAR 'CAUSE IT NEVER HOLDS FAST! ♪

The stage lights instantly pop on the moment the riff hits, revealing the whole of VAE VICTIS. From left to right, the SOHER Champion Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama, Sonny Silver, and Lindsay Troy. The Phoenix Faithful unleash a booming roar of cheers and jeers alike. Silver takes two steps forward into the spotlight and raises a microphone.

Sonny Silver:

Woe to the vanquished, motherfuckers!

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Sonny Silver:

Introducing our first representative in this... "tournament." A fellow native of my home, Seattle, which of course produces the finest technical wrestlers on the planet. Unlike his morbidly obese opponent standing in the ring, he weighs in at a perfectly lean two-hundred and forty six pounds. Vae Victis proudly delivers unto you miserable bastards... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

A second spotlight hits Kerry's position, just as he looks up from beneath the hood of his robe to the opponent waiting for him in the ring. Looking briefly to his left and right to see nods of support from his allies in Troy and Keyes, Kuroyama tears the robe off and begins the march down the rampway.

DDK:

Vae Victis proved themselves to be a force to be reckoned with at Maximum DEFIANCE, and now with Kerry Kuroyama within their ranks, they stand to grow even more dominant!

Lance:

And with three out of the sixteen spots occupied in the tournament by this alliance of elites, they stand the greatest chance to influence who goes on to compete for the FIST at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Their confidence and guiltless aggression can't be denied, but here tonight in the very first match of this tournament, we will learn the answer to the question: can Dex Joy outlast the storm? Or will "Big Dex Energy" suffer a power outage!

Troy, Keyes, and Silver watch from the stage for a few moments longer, then file through the curtain to the back. Kuroyama briskly comes down the ringside arena and ascends the steps, wasting no time posturing or playing to fans. Benny Doyle spends little time checking him down, and cues for the bell.

DING DING DING!!!

The Biggest Boy and the Pacific Blitzkrieg meet up in the ring for the first time ever so neither man appears to be in a hurry to make a hasty move. Kerry has a hand up and so does Dex before the two carefully lock up. The two young bulls struggle to get the first move off with Dex pushing Kerry back into the ropes. Kerry, the third-generation star, spins around to force the Wrecking Crew Foreman back to the other side of the ropes. The official watches both men carefully if they linger too long in the ropes, but Dex takes control and forces Kerry off to the other side. They continue to struggle.

DDK:

Look at both of these athletes! This was the perfect way to kick off the Acts Tournament! Two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's top flight competitors!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg has Dex up against the middle ropes but with one more surge of power it is finally Dex in control. The big boulder with arms and legs gets Kerry pinned to a corner which forces the official to step in and call for a break. Dex Joy breaks clean with Kerry and steps away from him.

Lance:

Clean break by Dex. He's not playing any games tonight.

DDK:

And neither is Kuroyama!

The Seattle-based wrestler comes out of the gate and goes for a head lock on the larger Dex. Kerry controls Dex and then tries to wrestle him to the mat, but the Wrecking Crew Foreman inches back into the ropes. He tries to launch Kerry off of him, but Kuroyama gains some wrist control over Dex. He spins around into a discus elbow attempt that Dex just narrowly avoids. He tries to lariat Kerry's head off of his body but Kerry ducks under that. Kerry tries a palm strike, but Dex ducks that and then tries a standing spin kick that causes Kuroyama to step back like heck to avoid! The Pacific Blitzkrieg and the Biggest Boy remain at an early stalemate.

Lance:

What the heck was that?! I don't think anyone was expecting that kick attempt out of Dex, but Kerry almost had his head taken off!

DDK:

We have seen Dex dedicate himself to dropping pounds to compete at a higher level and it has paid off. Kerry being careful of anything Dex can do while also trying to think of a game plan to take the fight to Dex.

Dex and Kerry circle up again and then Kerry fakes an elbow. He makes Dex try and put his guard up so he can land a kick to his chest. With a solid strike landed, Kerry strikes Dex with a flurry of quick open palm strikes with the last one echoing in the arena!

DDK:

Ooooooh! I think even Dex felt that one! He was stunned on his feet!

Dex is both dazed and confused after a nasty shot. Kerry follows through with a low kick to the joint of his leg that puts him down to a knee, and goes for the headlock again, this time having the height leverage to roll the Biggest Boy across his hip and onto the mat. Kuroyama slips into a chinlock with a knee into the back, cranking back on Joy's neck.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama gets Joy to the mat after a flurry of blows, and now goes for an early submission attempt!

Lance:

This is a sound strategy we're seeing by Kerry. He knows that things will only go south if the Biggest Boy manages to get himself moving, so he's going to do what he can to whittle him down bit by bit.

Dex shakes his head when Benny leans in and asks if he's giving in. Instead, he grabs Kerry's hands and slowly pushes his way up to his knees, and eventually back up on his feet. Finally, he pries Kuroyama's hands from his face and, surprisingly quick for a man his size, turns around and twists the Pacific Blitzkrieg into double underhooks!

DDK:

And now Dex Joy goes tit for tat, reversing the submission into a full nelson of his own! He works Kerry down onto his knees!

The Phoenix Faithful are cheering loudly as the tables have been turned. Kuroyama looks like Atlas as the Biggest Boy forces him onto his knees, pushing the head down and stretching out the neck. Kerry's legs quiver as he tries to power his way up, but it's a losing battle. Suddenly, Kuroyama drops down and Dex rolls completely over his shoulders.

Lance:

Kerry dropped down and reversed the momentum to break free!

DDK:

Kuroyama quickly falls onto Dex in the north-south position, making a cover!

One!

No!

Immediately shoved aside by the Biggest Boy!

The crowd is getting loud as the action picks up, Kerry springing to his feet first and meeting Dex with a standing dropkick that connects to the chest. Joy reels off the impact, but takes a bounce off the ropes and comes back at the rising Kuroyama with a shoulder block that puts him to the canvas. Kerry doesn't know north from south now when he tries standing up but ends up getting knocked over by a second shoulder block. Dex looks out to the crowd.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama was doing some great work trying to stop Dex moments ago, but all Dex needs is one opportunity, then he's a complete juggernaut!

Lance:

Look at him move!

After a series of shoulder blocks from Dex Joy, the Wrecking Crew Foreman waits on Kerry to get up again. He wraps both hands around his waist, but Kerry fights like hell to get out of the large man's grip. A whip goes awry for Kerry when Dex turns it around on him. Dex leap frogs clean over Kerry as he continues running the ropes and then ducks low to the mat as he comes off of the other side. Dex leaps back up and then he flattens him with a leaping cross body!

Lance:

Fancy footwork by Dex and it leads to that huge leaping cross body! Listen to our DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Dex would normally milk the reaction of the people but right now he's keeping all of his attention on Kerry Kuroyama. The Pacific Blitzkrieg is trying to get back up again but Dex picks him up for another slam on the mat. He starts to get a running start in a circle and then ...

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!!!

DDK:

What the hell! That is unreal agility from this tank in the form of a man!

Lance:

How does he do this?!

He covers Kerry!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

And how did Kerry kick out of THAT?! Kerry Kuroyama is one of the toughest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling! He had a very dominant run with the Favoured Saints title!

Kerry may have been able to kick out, but he is left coughing after having his insides crushed. Dex decides to poll the crowd.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?

"NO ONE!!!"

After some playing to the crowd ,Dex picks up Kerry by his arm and then whips the Pacific Blitzkrieg in the ropes. Kerry hangs on by both arms but when Dex charges at him he gets a kick in his face. Dex is stunned when Kerry rocks him with a big discus elbow. The first elbow doesn't take Dex off his feet, so Kerry hits a second one after that. Dex looks out of it when Kerry gets behind and pushes him to the ropes ... and then he gets taken down by a released German suplex that spills Dex over!

Lance:

Kerry finally manages to get Dex off his feet and he is not done.

Kerry fires off a low yakuza kick to the side of Dex's head and that sends the big man rolling out of the ring and out to the floor. The Pacific Blitzkrieg stands tall and he gets jeered out of the building for his efforts but he doesn't seem to care what the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful think.

DDK:

He might have tried for a count out win ... what does he do with Dex?

Dex tries to get up by the ring post but Kerry is on him like an attack dog going after an intruder. He elbows Dex and then uses a russian leg sweep set up, tripping him right into the ring post!

Lance:

Innovative offense by Kerry! Some sort of side Russian leg sweep right into the ring post! Right to that head and neck!

Dex is rattled and he's grabbing the back of his neck in pain as he is folded over. Now Kerry has the chance to wrap up Vae Victis's first win in the Acts Tournament. He takes a little bit to get Dex back under the ropes but he does and then Kerry gets into the ring. Dex is on his stomach for Kerry to roll him over into a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Kerry isn't chastising the referee though. He knows he's wearing Dex out. Burns tried to wear out Dex in their Two-Out-Of-Three Falls match and while that didn't work then, Kerry is making it work at the moment.

Kerry only allows Dex to get up only to put a running knee in his back to send him shooting to a corner. The Pacific Blitzkrieg charges with a lariat in the corner to Dex and then hits the Biggest Boy with a back elbow from one side and then a discus elbow from the other side. The series of strikes wear out the Biggest Boy after they go unanswered. He picks up Dex as he stumbles out then drops him on his neck using a neck breaker out from the corner.

DDK:

Kerry with the neck breaker on Dex! He bridges it!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

That was amazing ... but Dex kicks out! Kerry doesn't look like he's sweating bullets though.

DDK:

No because after that attack on the outside he has Dex where he wants him.

Kerry grabs a leg of Joy but the Biggest Boy uses his other leg to kick him away so he can try and crawl back up. Kerry stays on him with some 12 6 elbows to his head. Dex is in a corner with Kerry ready to swing. He targets Dex's head for another yakuza kick but to his surprise Dex is able to catch the boot first. He doesn't let go of Kerry for a moment and then pushes him away. Kuroyama is able to steady himself and stay standing. He charges for another move at Dex but the big man pushes him away and when Kerry comes back he catches him and then pitches him across the ring with a released belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

There he goes! Dex throws Kerry across the ring with that huge suplex of his own! Kerry has done a lot of damage to that head and neck area of Dex, though.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful got a big "Wreck 'em, Dex!" chant going while he is down and Kerry is using the ropes to try and stand before Dex can get back up and fight back. Kerry is up first and he swings but Dex blocks it and hits a heavy elbow strike. Kerry tries again but Dex blocks it and strikes him with a second shot. He hits a back elbow and then a giant head butt and soon it is now Kerry that is on the defensive. The Biggest Boy charges forward and then strikes down Kerry with a running splash.

Dex raises the temperature for Kerry Kuroyama and then hits the Vae Victis member using a big elbow to his chest. He pulls Kerry out from the corner and puts him on his shoulders. The Dex-5 might be coming up but the Vae Victis member doesn't want to find out. He strikes Dex with elbows until he slips out on his feet. Kerry runs for the ropes ... but the last thing he expects is for Dex to be able to run off the side to smash into him!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner!!! I hope Kerry wanted some frequent flyer miles!

Kerry is launched right into the corner but Dex cannot follow up right away when he points at his neck. He tries not to let it bother him so, but it does become a sore spot.

Lance:

And we know what comes next! He knocks an opponent into that corner with the Dexy's Midnight Runner and then follows it up with Jump For Joy!

Despite the neck, he gets himself ready on the side of the ring. He charges at Kerry for the cannonball senton ... but Kerry is able to roll under the bottom rope! Dex rolls right into the corner with no water in the pool and loud gasps ring out from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

No way! Kerry took that shoulder block full blast and he was still able to move! He's had Dex's moves figured out tonight with a tournament of this magnitude!

Dex crawls out from the corner after the bad landing and Kerry is able to find an opening. He charges behind Dex when he's off the ropes and then hits him from behind with the Green River Revolt!

DDK:

Dex missed Jump for Joy, but Kerry did not miss the Green River Revolt! The knee strike to the back of the head to that worked-over neck!

Kerry puts Dex on his back and then hooks a solid leg knowing he has this.

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... NO!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jump out of their seats! Now for the first time Kerry argues with the referee that he had a solid three count!

DDK:

That was as close to a three-count as I think that we can get! Kerry thought he had this match wrapped up!

When Dex tries to get to his knees, Kerry goes right for a katahajime sleeper!

Lance:

This has to be it here! Green River Revolt doesn't get it done, but that katahajime choke just might!

Kerry shakes Joy around frantically as he tries to make the big man take a nap so he can mosey on to round two of the Acts Tournament. He continues to shake Dex with Big Dex Energy looking like it is running on E. The referee is checking to see if Dex taps out or fades out ... but he doesn't go quietly!

DDK:

Dex finds the second gear! Kerry has him, but Dex is ... DEX IS STANDING!!!

He stands WITH Kerry on his back and then finally shakes the Pacific Blitzkrieg off his back! Kerry can't believe it but he quickly gets up ... then gets tossed into the sky for Dex to hit him with a pop-up into a swinging back elbow right on target! Now it is Kerry's lights getting dimmed when Dex picks him up and then hits ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!!

Dex hits the Dex Drive but his neck is still killing him. After the spinning power slam he crawls and lays his body over Kerry while hooking the leg closest to him! The DEF Faithful count as well!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

DDK:

DEX DOES IT! DEX DOES IT!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match ... DEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYY!!!

Normally one to celebrate, Dex Joy rolls under the ropes and leaves the ring. He knows Kerry Kuroyama made him dig down really deep in order to get this win, but he raises an arm and celebrates as he starts walking to the back. Inside the ring, Dex hasn't noticed what is happening between Kerry and the referee with replays showing highlights of the match:

Running shooting star press from Dex! Kerry taking the fight to Dex with a russian leg sweep into the ring post. The closest fall for Kerry off the missed Jump for Joy and the Green River Revolt. And then the three count....

With Kerry's foot under the bottom rope!

Lance:

Oh no! Dex won ... but look! Kerry's foot! It was under the ropes!

The attention is back to the ring with a very furious Kerry Kuroyama on his knees while he grabs his ribs. He's yelling at the referee pointing to the replay that his foot was under the ropes and the match should have continued.

DDK:

And Dex Joy's in the back now so he has no idea this is happening! We'll try and figure this out but the referee's decision was final. Dex Joy wins and goes on to the next round of this tournament!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



...TOURNAMENT?

We go backstage, where Chris Trutt is standing by. A loud cheer can be heard out in the arena as the fans recognize his interview subject: "The Escape Artist" Rezin.

With Oscar Burns' prestigious Golden Shovel propped over his shoulder, the Goat Bastard appears before us today adorned in an EYEHATEGOD muscle shirt, wavering on his legs like a man who is either vibing especially well, or chemically intoxicated. Maybe both. He appears to be mid-story as soon as the camera begins rolling.

Rezin:

...so then I'm telling him, "DUDE! Do you have any idea what the flashpoint of alcohol is? You aren't burnin' SHIT with that! Are you even a REAL anarchist?!" and he's like "Sir, this is a Wendy's" and at this point I can't tell if the dude is just fuckin' with me or what, so I grabs the knife, and takes him by the collar, and I says--

Trutt is impatiently nodding through all of this, just wanting to get the interview going.

Chris Trutt:

That's all well and good, Rezin, but I'm supposed to be getting your thoughts on the ongoing ACTS tournament.

Rezin blinks.

Rezin:

...tournament?

Chris facepalms. Of *course* he was going to get this reaction...

Chris Trutt:

Tell me you didn't forget about the tournament? The one that's taking place over the course of this tour? Winner gets a shot at the FIST at Acts of DEFIANCE?

Rezin maintains his blank expression... until a shit-eating grin suddenly forms on his face, and he points at the interviewer as if to say "gotcha!"

Rezin:

Ha-haaaaa! Had ya goin' there for a minute, didn't I?

The junior reporter groans.

Chris Trutt:

Ugh... sometimes, Rezin, you are utterly impossible to deal with.

The Goat Bastard lowers the shovel and leans on it while he casually plucks a joint into his mouth and lights up.

Rezin:

I know. And I pride myself in that, Truttercup! Ya can never quite tell just how I intend to fuck with your mind! My every move? UNPREDICTABLE! My every thought? ILLOGICAL! My every pop culture reference? RIDICULOUSLY OBSCURE! But as you should know damb well by now, Mrs. Trutterworth... that's just how I roll! Always cruisin' those cosmic waves of chaos! Now... what the fuck were we talkin' about again?

Trutt is beyond exasperated by this point.

Chris Trutt:

The ACTS TOURNAMENT, you ganja goof!

Rezin:

Oh, right... well I can tell ya one thing, Trutt: I sure am relieved to have been trainin' extra hard this past month! Like, WAYYY more than the usual "runnin' from the cops" workouts!

Chris Trutt:

Is that so? Somehow, I find that hard to believe...

Rezin:

Naw, dude! Or as the younglings say these days, NO CAP! I know I've got a rep for lightin' fires, but ever since MAXDEF, I've had one burnin' hot right under my ASS, pushin' me to work harder and HIGHER than ever before!

Chris Trutt:

Well, if that is really the case, then you may need every bit of that fire, Rezin, given the stiff competition you may potentially have to face in this tournament. We just saw Dex Joy advance over Kerry Kuroyama... but aside from him, there are the likes of former FISTS Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy... the Southern Heritage Champion Henry Keyes... the former Unified Tag Team Champions, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd... rising stars like Arthur Pleasant, Ned Reform, and Corvo Alpha... stalwart veterans like Elise Ares, Scrow, the D, and Conor Fuse...

Rezin nods through every name, taking an exceptionally long drag off the burning spliff and staring off into space for a moment.

Rezin:

Shit, bruh... those are some tough customers!

Chris Trutt:

Indeed. No matter how you look at it, it can't be understated this tournament is stacked with some of the greatest professional wrestling talent on the planet.

Rezin:

You said it, Trutt-stuff! I can see any of those dudes or dudettes goin' all the way and facin' the big man at Acts.

Chris Trutt:

But what about you?

Again, the Escape Artist astonishment. This time directly to the camera.

Rezin:

...me? Goin' into Acts, fightin' for the FIST?

Rezin chuckles after another thoughtful drag.

Rezin:

Heh, to be honest ol' buddy, I never really saw myself as Big Belt material. Never even had the image in my mind. Would it be nice? Well, hell yeah, but... even someone who gets as physically and chemically HIGH as me has to keep his feet on the ground from time to time, ya know?

He sighs with self-deprecating acceptance.

Rezin:

I ain't cut to be at "the top" of anything, Trutt. I'm just the same old Goat Bastard I've always been! Like, I'm happy the fans got my back now, and I'm confident in my ability to go the distance with literally ANY opponent life throws at me, but even a stupid stoner like me knows I can't hold a candle to some of those other names in this tournament!

He shrugs, sheepishly grinning ear to ear

Rezin:

But hey man, I'll trade whatever mainstream society defines as "success" these days for the satisfaction of keepin' it PUNK ROCK! Keepin' it DEFIANT! And if doin' what I do gets me anywhere within whiffin' distance of the FIST, well I guess the only thing to say is...

Slinging the shovel back over his shoulder, the Escape Artist moonwalks out of the shot.

Rezin:

"Far-fuckin'-out", my dude!

Trutt turns his attention back to the camera... but only momentarily, as Rezin pops into the shot again.

Rezin:

Oh hey, before I cut outta here, could you fill me on who I'm facin' in this tournament?

Again, the junior reporter slaps his own forehead.

Chris Trutt:

Holy Spicoli! You remembered you were in a tournament, but didn't bother to check your opponent?!

Rezin shrugs. Trutt groans.

Chris Trutt:

Any-hoozles... you're scheduled to face off with Malak Garland in the first round, tonight!

Rezin:

Oh shid, FOR-REAL FOR-REAL?!

Chris Trutt:

No cap, straight bussin', dawg! And just to give you a reminder--since you *clearly* need it--the Snowflake Superstar is coming off of his own failed bid to take the FIST from Deacon weeks ago at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Rezin considers this for a moment.

Rezin:

Oh damb... he's gonna be PISSED, ain't he?

Chris Trutt:

I would assume so, yes.

The Goat Bastard takes one last drag and chucks the spent roach aside.

Rezin:

Well dang, dude, I guess I better go get my head outta the sand and into the game!

Chris Trutt:

Sounds like a good idea! There's no predicting what Malak Garland has planned for tonight!

Rezin:

No sweat, Trutterfinger! It's the law of nature: Snowflakes ain't built to last in the heat of the FIRE!

Flicking the spent roach aside, Rezin breaths the last hit through his nose and exits the shot. Trutt can only shake his head as the shot fades to black.

1 MORE CHANCE

We return from the backstage area to ringside to find Masked Violator #1 standing center ring, dressed to compete in his bright red mask & singlet trimmed with equally bright blues and yellows. He raises the microphone to applause from the crowd for a moment before speaking.

MV1:

Phoenix! Thank you so much for that warm welcome!

On cue, they show him a little more love. The masked man raises his free hand up, attempting to halt the love-fest.

MV1:

I'm not out here to take too much time! There are some more amazing matches you fine folks are going to be treated to and I know you're as eager to see some of the most talented competitors in the world lock up as I am and I'm not here to stand in the way of that.

Another warm moment that MV1 is eager not to let stretch too long,

MV1:

I'm sure you've noticed, but I'm a man who wears his heart on his sleeve. What you see is what you get. I try every day to be a man of principles... a man that stands for something. And, as many of you saw at MAXDEF... I came up short. And now I have a promise to uphold.

Boos, now.

MV1:

Now, now... a promise is a powerful thing and I'm not out here to ask for a way out of it. But I am out here asking for a way **around** it. You see... maybe you folks have heard... but there's a little tournament kicking off tonight.

Raucous cheers.

MV1:

That's right. I want to get to those matches too... as a matter of fact... I've figured out a way to keep my word - that I'd steer clear of Corvo Alpha and Lord Nigel Tricklebush - and maybe still find a way to stand eye to eye to him one more time. See, I don't have a spot in this tournament... but my old best friend does. And as I said... I fight every day to be a man of principles and I am a prideful man.

His blue eyes find the hard camera.

MV1:

But I ain't too proud to beg. So... I'm asking the Favoured Saints, no, I'm begging them... for one more chance. Put me in that tournament. Let me fight my way to *find* a way to stand across the ring from the man you all call Corvo Alpha. If fate prevails, then circumstances'll give me one more chance to look him in the eye while still sticking to my word. And let me be clear... the next time fate puts me in front of that man...

He pauses a beat, taking a quick breath.

MV1:

I won't be holding back like I did at MAXDEF. If I get a next time... I'll beat some sense into him, believe me.

The Phoenix Faithful love the sound of that.

MV1

So this is me... asking the Favoured Saints for a "Favour". Find me a spot in this tournament and—

An interruption.

Tom Morrow at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

Ugh... look, I get this is an impassioned plea from Masked Violator #1. He wants one more shot at trying to break this hold that Lord Nigel has over Corvo Alpha... but what the hell is Morrow's business out here?

Tom Morrow has on the same blue suit and matching sequined neck brace from earlier. He clicks on the BFTA headset.

Tom Morrow:

...who the HELL do you think YOU are even asking for a spot in this tournament. For one... you LOST at MAXDEF, you idiot! And second of all, if ANYBODY deserves to be in this tournament, then let me take your two letters and a number and raise you three letters, MV1... I'm talking A-D-V!

Lance:

That was a big name omitted from the tournament. We were told that Alvaro de Vargas was punished due to injuring BFTA stablemate Jack Mace with a piledriver on concrete. He'll be out for up to a year, maybe longer.

Morrow tilts his head as if MV1's head were on fire.

Tom Morrow:

You? You're a masked guy that everyone forgot even worked here. My guy? Alvaro de Vargas! Perennial title contender! Badass with fireballs! He holds victories over SEVERAL of these pricks that got put into the tournament instead of him! Henry Keyes! Conor Fuse! OSCAR BURNS! TEF Top 100! Five-Star Monster! And yet... they won't find a spot for him because he had the balls to cripple Jack Mace? Nobody suspended Mace when he threatened to hang me out of a skybox a few months ago. We did DEFIANCE a favor by getting rid of that hairy bastard...

He then turns his attention back to MV1.

Tom Morrow:

So unless you want Alvaro to come out here and do DEFIANCE another favor by getting rid of a crybaby in a tacky-ass mask, then you need to get the hell out of Better Future's ring. NOW.

The crowd murmurs as MV1 considers Morrow's warning.

MV1:

Mr. Morrow, I want to thank you for coming out here... I was concerned I'd be the goofiest dressed person in Phoenix until I saw you. So, thank you for that.

Morrow bristles as the crowd chuckles at his expense. MV1 raises a hand to quiet them.

MV1:

Sure does sound like you and yours have your plate full around here, Mr. Morrow. I've made my intentions clear, I'm not out here looking for a fight that ain't mine. I just want to set things right-

He gets cut off when he sees two-hundred and seventy-nine pounds of angry Cuban charging from backstage, sans music, but fueled by anger and... pardon the pun... fire! He goes right past Morrow, who looks on gleefully while El Sol Dorado gets ready to storm the ring!

DDK:

UH-OH! ALVARO DE VARGAS IS ON HIS WAY OUT!

Lance:

I know that MV1's heart was in the right place, but I don't know if this is the right place for him to be!

Much to the surprise of many, Masked Violator 1 stands his ground as ADV charges into the ring... then goes right on the attack with forearms! He goes right after El Sol Dorado first and now the fight is on!

DDK:

Here we go! MV1 not going to be bullied by the likes of anyone!

The crowd is behind Masked Violator 1 as he ducks a wild swing from ADV with a clothesline! MV1 turns around and then charges forward, hitting a SMOOTH running clothesline of his own that sends The Cocky Cuban spinning over the ropes and crashing out to the floor! The DEFIANCE Faithful are behind MV1 as he continues holding court in the ring and Morrow is wide-eyed, wondering what just happened!

Lance:

Wow! ADV came out here to remove him from the ring, but MV1 does it first!

DDK:

Stay on him!

Morrow tries to climb towards the ring, but MV1 shifts his attention to the BFTA manager. The BFTA Brainchild freezes in his tracks, but when MV1 tries to do something... a pair of hands grabs him by the leg and drags him out to the floor...

ADV's hands! He drags MV1 out of the ring and then HURLS him right into the ring post at high velocity with the Cuban Missile! He bounces off the post and then crashes to the mat.

Lance:

No! Damn it! Morrow distracting MV1 long enough for Alvaro to attack him!

DDK:

ADV is just bitter he wasn't chosen for the tournament! This is all on him. He injured Jack Mace, he got punished for it. MV1 had nothing to do with that!

El Sol Dorado takes in the jeers as he throws Masked Violator 1 into the steel steps next, with enough velocity to almost knock the top half right over! He throws him back into the ring, then follows him inside. He swings a fist... then LEVELS him with the Garra del Tigre! The massive backfist drops him to the canvas as Morrow climbs inside.

DDK:

This is just because ADV and Morrow got embarrassed moments ago! He's a bully and a jackass!

Alvaro huffs over the body of MV1 as he's laid out while Morrow climbs in. He has a microphone for Alvaro de Vargas, who stands over him.

ADV:

Eh! Gilipollas! Pendejo... This is a warning to YOU and anyone else who think they will take from ME... If these pendejos on top are too SCARED to let me into their little tournament, I'll find ways to make my own fun...

He spikes the mic down next to MV1, lets out one last "PENDEJO!" and then leaves the ring while Morrow hobbles right behind him. He storms out of the ring.

DDK:

Ugh... MV1 made an impassioned plea to try and get one more shot in the tournament before Corvo Alpha's match tomorrow... but ADV inserted himself into his business.

Lance:

MV1 stood up to him tonight. Despite all this... I don't see him letting this one go.

Masked Violator 1 starts to stir and raises his head to see his attacker leave and disappear behind the curtain as the show rolls on.

FLYING SOLO?

We're back from commercial, and we head right to the backstage DEFIANCE interview stage. Christie Zane, holding a microphone, stands in front of a banner with the DEFIANCE red fist in the center. To her right, dressed and ready to compete, is "Black Out" Pat Cassidy with Ophelia Sykes by his side. Cassidy cracks his neck and wrings out his hands, ready for action. Noticeably absent? Cassidy's fellow Saturday Night Special, Brock Newbludd.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, the second match of the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament is up next, when we see The D of the Pop Culture Phenoms take on this man, Pat Cassidy. Pat, The D has been on a role over the past year, and now he's the first roadblock to this incredible opportunity. Winning this tournament would be a huge boon to your career. Are you ready?

Cassidy looks at Zane incredulously.

Pat Cassidy:

Ready? *Ready?* Zane, I am insulted by the question. Your boy here has been ready for his shot at the FIST since he first stepped in the door two years ago. Nothing against The D - he's a hell of a wrestler - but he's not going to stop me from proving something to the world. First it's The D, then it's the world... then it's the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Christie Zane:

Sounds like you have a lot of respect for The D, but it does beg the question of the elephant in the room...

Christie looks toward Ophelia.

Christie Zane:

Given Ophelia and The D's... complicated history, do you think that will play a factor out there?

Cassidy goes to answer, but Sykes cuts in instead.

Ophelia Sykes:

Elephant? Elephant?? Is that some kind of shot at me, Christie? Cause don't think I won't drag you right here and now.

Christie seems confused by this reaction, but Ophelia doesn't give her a word edgewise.

Ophelia Sykes:

Anyway, the whole world knows that we used to date, but right now, The D is ancient history. Gone. Non-factor. I've upgraded honey, and tonight Pat is going to show everybody just how limp The D can be.

A beat. Cassidy looks to the sky, seemingly trying to figure out if that was unintentionally insulting toward him. Christie decides to move on lest they dwell on that too much.

Christie Zane:

Pat, this is the first we've seen you since a crushing loss at Maximum DEFIANCE against The Lucky Sevens that saw your year-long tag title reign come to an end. Earlier tonight we heard from the new champions. I'm sorry, but I do have to ask: where's your head at since the heartbreaking and unexpected betrayal by your sister?

Cassidy's face betrays nothing.

Pat Cassidy:

And I'm sorry too... but I'm not answering that. Nothing personal, Christie, but I'm a bit old school. Family business stays in the family. Siobhan sure as shit knows how I feel, and we'll leave it at that.

Christie Zane:

Fair enough. It does beg the question, though: conspicuous by his absence backstage here tonight is Brock Newbludd. He is scheduled for his own first round tournament match up tomorrow against Elise Ares, but from what I've heard, he has had zero contact with DEFIANCE since your tag title loss. We also saw on Uncut where he seemed to be saying goodbye to DEFIANCE and to your partnership. Given all that... should we expect to see Brock tomorrow night?

Cassidy sighs. His serious, "I'm a badass wrestler" demeanor softens and he appears somewhat crestfallen.

Pat Cassidy:

Look, we all saw what went down at Maximum DEFIANCE. And we all saw what Brock did Uncut. Newbludd got his heartbroken, we lost Ballyhoo... he's a bit in his feelings right now, ya know? I mean, what went down at Max DEF was absolutely crushing and we ALL are feeling it right now. And I know that whole thing on Uncut seemed like a "goodbye," but Newbludd has always been an emotional guy. But he's also a professional through and through, and if he's booked to wrestle... he'll be there. You'll see Brock Newbludd tomorrow night - I'm damn sure of it. And you sure as hell haven't seen the last of The Saturday Night Specials.

Christie smiles.

Christie Zane:

Well I - and The Faithful - hope that you're right. But if we are going to see The Saturday Night Specials ride again, what about the news that The Lucky Sevens now have it worked into their contract that SNS cannot receive a shot at the tag team championship?

Before Cassidy can answer, Ophelia butts in with her eyes full of venom.

Ophelia Sykes:

I have a better question: how about you to stop making your puppy dog eyes at my man and flaunting whatever...

Sykes up and down to Christie's form.

Ophelia Sykes:

..."this" is. Understand? Show some class. Go find your own man.

Before Christie can respond to that, Sykes storms off. Christie watches her go with her eyes wide. Finally, Zane turns back to Pat, who shrugs and grins.

Pat Cassidy:

Sorry, Zane. Looks like we're gonna have to just be friends.

A blank stare.

Christie Zane:

Sometimes I hate you.

Cassidy laughs and makes a "you're all right, kid" motion before moving out of frame, leaving Zane shaking her head.

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: PAT CASSIDY vs. THE D

Darren Quimbey and Brian Slater stand in the ring, ready for the next first round match-up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is an elimination match in the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament!

A pop from the crowd.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

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

As The Dropkick Murphys do their thing, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy appears from the back. He walks slowly, arms outstretched as he grins at the strong positive reaction from The Faithful. Next to him is Ophelia Sykes, wearing new ring attire to match Pat's black and blue color scheme. Cassidy stands at the top of the ramp, pacing and wringing out his arms to loosen up, while Ophelia gives him a small neck massage and a few words of encouragement.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by "Bally Cat" Ophelia Sykes... weighing in at 242 lbs... from Boston, Massachusetts... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAT CASSSSSIDY!

DDK:

It's been a very long time since we've heard Pat Cassidy's solo entrance music. I hope this isn't a sign of things to come... I'm holding out hope that what he said about the return of SNS to be true.

Lance:

Well, this is the ACTS tournament, partner... this one is all about singles glory, after all.

Cassidy walks to the ring with a purpose, slapping the odd hand here and there but mostly in the zone. He marches up the ring steps and walks through the second rope. Cassidy climbs to the top of a turnbuckle and throws his hands in the air to the roar of the crowd. He smiles out into the Arizona Faithful and nods in appreciation before climbing down and waiting for his theme to fade out.

Which it does, into an amazing 90s R&B groove right as the arena lights turn down into a dark purple.

♪ *"Return Of The Mack" by Mark Morrison* ♪

Wearing a shiny purple leather jacket that matches his ring gear, The D enters GCU Arena with an exaggerated strut to his entrance music. With Elise Ares behind him, she removes his jacket and throws it over her shoulder as they confidently walk towards the ring. Ares, however, immediately points at Ophelia Sykes and nods her head knowingly.

DDK:

Not only do we have some history here between the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Saturday Night Specials, Ophelia Sykes was brought to DEFIANCE by The D when he originally turned his back on Elise Ares.

Lance:

Well, I don't think anyone at home has forgotten her dramatic turn on them to join the side of the Lucky Sevens.

Sykes holds up her hands to signify that she isn't going to get involved as the PCPs enter the ring. She's the first to leave as Ares walks right over to where she was standing and climbs to turnbuckle, point towards The D to hype up her partner as he poses for the crowd. Elise descends and they share a quick hug and handshake before Ares departs the ring.

DING DING

At the ringing of the bell, both The D and Pat Cassidy make their way to the center of the ring... and engage in a crowd

pleasing fist bump of mutual respect! The crowd might dig it, but on the outside, Ophelia Sykes rolls her eyes at this development between her current and former beau.

DDK:

These guys have a lot in common... you know, beyond the obvious.

Lance:

Both guys who have been a part of hugely successful tag teams, both popular with the fans, both known for their rockstar lifestyles... and both have been in discussion for potential top names in the future.

With the babyface-ness out of the way, Cassidy and The D again meet in the center... but this time, it's for the opening collar-and-elbow tie up! Both men strain to gain the advantage, but the slightly larger Cassidy ends up putting some more power behind his efforts and is able to force The D to backpedal into the corner. Cassidy holds The D against the turnbuckle until Brian Slater steps in with a five count. Cassidy breaks the lockup at four, stepping back and holding his hands up in deference. The D rubs his chin, giving a slight nod to acknowledge that The Saturday Night Special got the best of him in that exchange. The two again lock-up, but this time it's The D on top when he brings Cassidy to the mat with a headlock takedown. The D has the hold on for mere seconds before Cassidy brings his legs together around The D's head to force him to break the hold. Both men get back to their feet and head right back to the lockup... and again, The D's speed proves to be the difference maker when he transitions into a lightning-fast armdrag. The D maintains his hold on Cassidy's arm, wrestling him into a standing armbar.

DDK:

The D with the early advantage - while neither man is a slouch between the ropes, The D is certainly the more technically proficient of the two.

The D maintains the armbar until Cassidy powers up to a vertical base, breaking the hold. Not to be outdone, Pat hooks The D in a rear waistlock. Before The Scrapper from Southie can execute any move, The D runs forward, taking Cassidy with him. The D hits the ropes and uses the momentum to break Cassidy's hold on his waist and sending The Saturday Night Special rolling backwards. Pat tumbles before regaining his senses and turning right into a D kick to the face! With Cassidy stunned, The D springboards off the nearby ropes with an attempt at a flying clothesline, but Cassidy is able to duck! The D lands on his feet and immediately hits the ropes. On the rebound, The D ducks a Cassidy attempt at a back elbow, and springboards off the ropes one more time with an attempt at an impressive moonsault attempt...

DDK:

...but Pat Cassidy catches him!

Lance:

This has been a real back and forth!

Cassidy, holding The D in a position similar to the tombstone piledriver set-up, repositions his opponent so that he is perched on Cassidy's shoulder. Pat goes for a snake eyes into the corner, but The D slips out of Cassidy's grasp and drops him with a neckbreaker on the way down!

Lance:

After a series of reversals, The D hits one of the first offensive maneuvers of the match!

Pat is stunned and tries to get back to his feet, but he ends up stumbling into the corner. The D takes point in the opposite corner, skipping any showboating and getting right down to business when he gets a running start and going for D in your face!

DDK:

No! At the last second, Cassidy moves!

The D is able to stop his momentum by leaping up and landing on the turnbuckle like he's Spider-Man or something.

He doesn't get any time to celebrate this impressive feat, though, as Cassidy shoves him from behind and sends him soaring face-first out of the ring and into the guardrail - drawing a sympathetic groan from the The Faithful!

Lance:

And just like that, we take this match to the outside... a place, if history is any indication, where Pat Cassidy feels very much at home.

And indeed, Pat ignores Brian Slater's protest and drops down to roll under the bottom rope to the outside. The D lays next to the guardrail, clutching his chest in pain. Cassidy lifts the Pop Culture Phenom to his feet and Irish whips him with FORCE into the ring steps! The D meets The Steel as this draws another "oooooooooh" from The Faithful. He winces, clutching his ribs, and groans "not fair" before tumbling.

DDK:

How prophetic you were, Lance. The D seemed to get the better of the match inside the squared circle, but Pat is showing why he's been marked as one of the premier brawlers in DEFIANCE outside the ring!

Elise Ares moves in to check on her partner, clapping and yelling some words of encouragement. Ophelia Sykes appears to get fired up by this, but Cassidy quickly waves her off the ledge. Pat moves to again pick The D up, shooting Ares a neutral look before rolling The D back into the ring and following him in.

DDK:

Cassidy drops The D with a quick bodyslam... and he ascends to the second rope!

Pat takes a second to salute the fans before measuring The D and leaping off the second rope with a crisp and impactful forearm to the face! Cassidy covers and Slater moves into position.

ONE!

TWO!

Nope! Shoulder up.

Ares bangs on the mat in encouragement while Ophelia yells at Cassidy to end this. Bringing his opponent to his feet, Cassidy lifts The D up onto the top rope in a sitting position. Looking for his signature middle rope belly-to-back superplex, Pat climbs up and hooks him from behind. Cassidy falls backwards, looking to take The D with him... but The D counters in mid-air!

Lance:

Crossbody!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Cassidy kicks out with force before Slater's hand hits the mat.

The whips Cassidy into the corner, but Pat reverses and it's The D who hits turnbuckle instead. Cassidy charges, but The D dodges, and Pat ends up slamming shoulder first into the steel turnbuckle! Sykes bangs the mat in frustration as Pat falls to the canvas, holding his shoulder and crying out in pain.

Lance:

Cassidy's shoulder hit that turnbuckle with such impact... this could be a turning point in this match.

The Netflix A-Lister knows exactly what to do in a spot like this: he drops Pat Cassidy with a shoulder breaker! Cassidy again cries out in pain, but that doesn't stop The D from hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NOPE!

The D is up and Cassidy rolls away toward the ring ropes. Ophelia moves in to check on him as he uses the bottom rope to prop himself up in a sitting position. He's not mic'd so we can't hear it totally, but we can be pretty sure he said something that rhymes with "my boulder is ducked." The D stands in the center of the ring, questioning whether or not Pat wants to continue this. Cassidy uses the ropes to pull himself up, nodding and saying "let's go." The two men tie-up, and The D drops Cassidy with a shoulder-wrenching armdrag. The D maintains control of the arm and drops a series of elbows into Cassidy's shoulder.

DDK:

We often forget what a ring general The D can be. He sees the weakness and he is game to use it to his advantage.

The D measures the fallen Cassidy. As Elise Ares cheers her support from the outside, The D stalks Pat as the injured Saturday Night Special tries to pull himself up with just one good shoulder. Just as Pat gets to his feet, The D moves in for the kill: he hooks Cassidy for his reverse legsweep faceplant - Contractual Obligation! The D is about to end it...

DDK:

NO!! Pat slips out, and he hooks The D, dropping down out of nowhere with The Irish Goodbye!

Cassidy, to the shock of the crowd, Sykes, Ares, Slater, and especially The D... hits his snap reverse STO that he calls The Irish Goodbye! The D's face collides with the canvas, and while nursing an injured shoulder, Cassidy is able to land on top of him with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Unbelievable! The D wrestled such a smart match and more or less had Cassidy dead to rights... but Pat caught him with that Irish Goodbye out of nowhere and scored the victory!

Brian Slater holds Cassidy's hand high... but Cassidy pulls it away with a wince due to his injured shoulder. Ophelia doesn't seem to care, though, as she enters the ring and leaps into Cassidy's arms, pumping her fists in celebration. The D regroups on the outside with Elise Ares, who is both reassuring him and shooting Sykes a look that could kill.

Lance:

The D has nothing to be ashamed of here. That Irish Goodbye can really blindside you.

DDK:

True enough. Pat Cassidy advances in the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament! The question is, will we be able to say the same for his partner Brock Newbludd tomorrow night?

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

STAIN ON MY HOUSE

DDK:

Let's take you back to what happened at MAXDEF! Where the now former SOHER Scrow took on the one third of Vae Victus in Henry Keyes.

Sequences of still shots: Henry and Scrow trading stiff chops to the chest in the corner.

Sequences of still shots: A cross face from Scrow on Henry.

Sequences of still shots: Countless shots of Keyes suplexing Scrow all over the ring.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow and Henry taking it to the first row.

Sequences of still shots: Various European Uppercuts by Keyes.

Sequences of still shots: Keyes German suplexing Scrow into the corner turnbuckles.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow hitting Henry on his return to the ring with a knee shot

Sequences of still shots: Moonsault from the top by Scrow onto Henry on the floor.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow with a knee strike while Henry's head was against the steel steps.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow sitting in the corner waiting for Henry to beat the count.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow with a german Suplex on the apron.

Sequences of still shots: Numerous shots of the beat red chests of both Scrow and Henry.

Sequences of still shots: Superplex from the top by Scrow

Sequences of still shots: Scrow on the top, only to be surprised by Henry climbing the turnbuckles like a rabbit and nailing a vicious European Uppercut!

Sequences of still shots: Scrow on the outside while Henry is face first inside the ring.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow smiling at the championship on the ramp. Only to turn around and see Henry standing in the ring and a look of shock on his face.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow charging Henry with the belt, and misses.

Sequences of still shots: Henry unloads on Scrow with various chops to the chest while he is pinned against the apron.

Sequences of still shots: Scrow tries the Yellow Mist and Henry blocks it!

Sequences of still shots: Scrow ducks a Coin and School Boy's Henry, who almost doesn't kick out.

Sequences of still shots: Henry finally hits The Coin!

Sequences of still shots: Henry pumps his fist with a smile while the SOHER is placed over his stomach.

DDK:

Scrow went through a war, and even at the press conference he still refused to take the blame for his loss. He seems to want to place the blame solely on Ravanna who in the prematch interview took Minerva Hive away from him.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Scrow's new theme hits the PA while the DEFTRON plays Scrow's Entrance package...soon after Scrow appears from behind the curtain. Dressed half suit in a button-down dress shirt with the collar unbuttoned. His leather jacket no longer with The Kabal logos and name all over it. His monocle over his right eye now with a customized demon-like eye etched inside the glass.

Scrow stops at the middle of the entranceway and just stares out into The Faithful with not much of an emotional expression toward them. They however are full of BooBirds toward the former SOHER. Scrow heads to the ring laser-focused on the ring. Before he reaches the ring he walks around it and shoves Darren Quimbley off his chair.

He takes his chair and slides it into the ring, and while he was at it he takes Darren's microphone from him. He slides into the ring and unfolds the chair in the middle of the ring. He sits in it staring down at the ring mat.

Scrow:

Where is Ravanna?

He looks up from his gaze at the mat and stares toward the entrance.

Scrow:

He knows you and the rest of The House of The Harvest are here. So put down your phone or iPad and hip shake your ass out here and give Scrow back what belongs to him!

DDK:

As you saw in the replay from MAXDEF, Ravanna took Hive from Scrow before his match with Henry Keyes.

Lance:

What really is strange is she went without a fight. Whereas Scrow just packed his shit and left The Kabal and this House of The Harvest.

Still no Ravanna...

DDK:

It appears Scrow is not leaving this ring until he gets what he wants. Is he holding the show hostage just for his own selfish desires?

Scrow: *[in different tones as he says her name]*

Ravanna....Ravanna...Ravanna...

The Faithful get a bit annoyed by Scrow holding the show hostage, and their boos get louder, so Scrow just speaks over them still saying her name but in different tones.

♪ See you...in Hell - Christopher Drake ♪

Scrow looks up as the theme plays. The DEFTRON plays clips of various moments within the House of The Harvest, interacting with the other houses within The Kabal, to the various medical drugs and drug trials done over the span of its existence in DEFIANCE. Soon after Ravanna in a grey business suit, and her red hair tied into a ponytail, with black-rimmed glasses, appears from behind the curtain.

Behind her is Reaper The Grey in a white business suit of his own, his dreadlocks pulled behind his head, and his traditional HOH Reaper Mask exposing only his mouth. Minerva Hive is behind the muscle. This gets Scrow to stand from his chair. She is also dressed in a brown business suit, with a pair of black sunglasses, and her hair is no longer braided like an MMA fighter but cut into a shoulder-length oriental hairstyle.

Grey is to the left of Ravanna while Hive is to her right. The Faithful express their dislike for this group as well. Ravanna tries to get a word in but The Faithful keep interrupting her. Finally, she forces her voice to break through the wall of booing.

Ravanna:

What do you want?

Scrow:

She is standing to your right!

Ravanna looks over at Hive, then back to Scrow.

Ravanna:

I do not see a SOHER on your person.

Scrow looks at his waist for a moment then back to her.

Scrow:

Do not change the subject. Scrow wants Hive by his side, and you are going to give him what he wants!

Ravanna's eyes pop open for a second.

Ravanna:

Look who put on his big boy britches.

She looks over at Hive.

Ravanna:

You heard him go back to him.

Hive removes her sunglasses slowly, a bit skeptical about her order.

Scrow:

Why are you hesitating Hive?

Ravanna and Grey urge her to go ahead. She still is trying to figure out if she should or not.

DDK:

Hive doesn't know what to do, she is getting what Scrow wants. She however is not jumping at the chance...Why?

Lance:

I have no idea, she has her freedom all she has to do is go to the ring. Something is making her question the decision.

After minutes have gone by she finally makes her decision and starts to head down the ramp.

~Closer To The Void - The Enigma TNG~

The Faithful quickly jump to their feet, they know all too well whose theme that is...Hive on the other hand eyes is as wide as it can be. She can tell just by the initial reaction whose theme that is. Ravanna and Grey part ways as the seven-foot legend steps from behind the curtain in a pinstripe navy blue suit and a pair of black sunglasses, his long widow's peak hair pulled behind his head.

DDK:

Hive looks terrified!

Lance:

This is what was making her second guess herself, it has to be.

Scrow stares with a cold stare toward Crimson Lord towering over Grey and Ravanna. Ravanna reaches into her suit jacket and pulls out a case and opens it. Lord looks into the box and pulls out a cigar. Grey fires up light and ignites the cigar for Lord. Hive slowly turns around and is frozen in terror. Ravanna hands the microphone to Lord.

Crimson Lord:

Are you lost Ms. Hive?

Hive quickly shakes her head.

Crimson Lord:

That is good...hmmm this is odd why are you not standing up here with the rest of my House?

Hive quickly rushes over to where she once stood, leaving Scrow shocked in the ring. Lord takes a puff of his cigar.

Crimson Lord:

Well, well, well Scrow it has been a long time.

Scrow:

Not long enough if you ask him.

Crimson Lord:

So I have been told you just decided to leave my House on your own accord.

Scrow:

You heard right.

Crimson starts to head to the ring followed by the rest of HOH.

Crimson Lord:

So you thought you could just leave *[snaps his fingers]* like that huh?

DDK:

This does not look good for Scrow, he is now outnumbered.

Crimson Lord:

I also noticed no championship with you. Why is that?

As the group enters the ring.

Scrow:

Because you took Hive from Scrow right before his match!

Lord looks over to a now-given the body language a subservient Hive.

Crimson Lord:

So what you are saying is you lost to Mr. Keyes because she was not by your side?

Scrow:

Yes!

Crimson Lord:

I see, it wasn't the fact that you ignored her constant reminders of the type of man you were facing at MAXDEF?

Scrow:

No, it was because you wanted to get your jollies and see what would happen if you took her from my side.

Pointing at Scrow.

Crimson Lord:

See right there...that is called an emotional attachment. She didn't lose the Southern Heritage Championship...YOU DID! All because of your hubris, what really caught my eye is how you also ran down everyone in the back. So not only are you no longer a champion, but you are back to square one when you first joined DEFIANCE...ALONE.

Something clicks in Scrow as he realizes Lord has a point.

Crimson Lord:

Now you have no friends, let us see how long you last.

Ravanna opens the ropes and lets Crimson exit, she follows, and just as they hit the floor with their feet.

DDK:

Reaper The Grey just slugged Scrow!

Lance:

Hive is joining in! What is she doing?

The duo stomp Scrow down to the mat as The Faithful look on in surprise. Crimson and Ravanna have not looked back while all this is going on as they head up the ramp. Grey picks Scrow up and sets him up for a powerbomb, while Hive rips off the top turnbuckle pad...

DDK:

NO!...NO!...Powerbomb on the exposed turnbuckle!

Lance:

Grey looks like he is not done!

Grey picks Scrow up who is barely able to stand. He shoves him into Hive, barking orders at her...

DDK:

HONEYSICKLE! Hive is choking out Scrow!

Lance:

Scrow is motionless!

She finally releases Scrow. He falls face first on the mat.

♪ See you...in Hell - Christopher Drake ♪

Grey laughs as Hive just stares down at Scrow with nothing but regret all over her face. Crimson and Ravanna have reached the top of the ramp, and Lord looks over his shoulder as Hive and Grey leave the ring walking up to join them.

Crimson Lord:

Good luck tonight with Ms. Troy.

DDK:

Man, Scrow is in no condition to deal with Lindsay Troy here tonight.

Lance:

Have you noticed that no one has come to the ring to check on Scrow? Where is the medical staff?

DDK:

You are right. Did he also alienate the medical staff as well?

The former SOHER remains unconscious on the mat, Hive is the last to leave giving one final look toward her brother-in-law before following HOH to the back.

FAMILIA

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're in the thick of great ACTS Tournament action! We still have plenty more to come, but momentarily we are going to take it to Christy Zane over at the interview stage. One of the big stories coming out of Maximum DEFIANCE was none other than the reunification of Los Tres Titanes! After Uriel and Minute survived assaults by Cerberus and Titaness defeated Teresa Ames in the first-ever Love Me or Leave Me match... the trio are back together again!

DDK:

We'll be hearing from not only Los Tres Titanes, but from the winner of BRAZEN's first-ever Ascension Battle Royal, the young blue chipper Dan Leo James! For the past year, Los Tres Titanes have been helping guide the young career of the BRAZEN powerhouse, but now he finds himself on equal footing after he won the Battle Royal to earn his DEFIANCE main roster contract! We find out what's next for Los Tres Titanes as well as their protege, Dan Leo James! Let's go to Christy Zane now!

The camera shifts over to the interview stage where Christy Zane is standing at the ready.

Christie Zane:

Hello, Phoenix!

The Phoenix Faithful give her some love for the name drop.

Christie Zane:

Like Darren and Lance were saying earlier, we have seen fantastic action in the ACTS Tournament, but right now, we'll be talking to some big winners from Maximum DEFIANCE. They were split apart, but after we saw their press conference... The wedding is back on! Please welcome my guests at this time... first... LOS TRES TITANES!

"TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

One by one, the popular trio makes their way out! Minute out first in his white lucha mask and white jacket with blue jeans. Behind him, Titaness is out next in black leather pants and a white coat of her own. And behind her, the large Uriel Cortez raising a hand for the crowd and smacking it to make a chopping sound! The Titan of Industry black jeans and a plain white tee. He walks over to Titaness and they share a kiss!

DDK:

Great to see the group back together in its entirety.

Lance:

Very true! Good to see Uriel and Titaness happy again!

Titaness claps as she makes her way to the stage. Uriel and Minute stay on stage for a moment as Zane introduces their last guest.

Christie Zane:

And last, but not least! One of DEFIANCE's newest call-ups from BRAZEN! He won the first-ever Ascension Battle Royal at Clash of the BRAZEN last month... allow me to introduce... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots Feat. JET ♪

Uriel and Minute nod at one another and then both do an exaggerated double-point to the stage as new music hits. And out from the back, the 6'7" and 260-pound blue chip prospect comes out in a blue t-shirt and silver basketball shorts... and for some reason, wearing hand exercisers on both hands. He waves to the fans... which looks goofy cause the exercisers are as tight as can be. He can only move his fingers so much, but he gets a polite round of applause

and he heads over to the interview stage with Christie Zane.

DDK:

Dan Leo James already hit the ground running with a win on UNCUT over Thomas Slaine last week. We also saw him work on perfecting... I don't know, some sort of chokeslam, I guess?

Lance:

He means well and he seems to be a good kid, but he's a ball of both energy and anxiety at times. His physical gifts and athletic background are amazing, though. Only twenty-two years of age. Three-sport athlete in amateur wrestling, baseball and track and field. A lot of promise for this young man.

James takes a spot behind Titaness and Minute while continuing to stretch his hands with the exercisers. The group gathers at the interview stage with Christie Zane. Uriel, Titaness and Minute each have their own mics in hand to answer any questions.

Christie Zane:

Los Tres Titanes, thanks for coming out.

Titaness:

Thank you for having us.

Minute:

Hola, Christie.

Uriel Cortez:

Thank you.

Dan Leo James jumps up and yells into Uriel's mic.

Dan Leo James:

PHOENIX, ARIZONAAAAA!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Dan Leo James:

Yes! Did it! First hometown pop! All right, I'll be back here working on my chokeslam!

Cortez sighs and shakes his head while Christie Zane tries to bring it back.

Christie Zane:

So... first things first. As we saw at the MAXDEF Press Conference... the wedding is back on between you two?

Titaness smiles and then holds up the ring with her free hand. Uriel can't help but smile next to her.

Titaness:

That's right! We've got a date. We'll be revealing it soon!

Uriel Cortez:

Still finalizing all this... but yeah, the wedding is back on. We both made mistakes. I take ownership of that, but as far as we're concerned, all that shit is history. I did things I'm not proud of to get revenge on Better Future that didn't even pan out anyway. That's on me, but we're moving forward. We may not be married yet, but death do us part anyway. NOTHING is coming between T and I, ever again.

A loud barrage of cheers fills the arena! Minute claps along with them.

Minute:

Si... Princesa y Gigante not split up again. If they do, I have to go with Uriel in the divorce...

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, don't you put that on me, Ricky Bobby.

Zane laughs and Titaness tries not to.

Christie Zane:

And I want to say to Dan Leo James, congratulations on your most recent success! You won the Ascension Battle Royal to earn your spot on the main roster! On last week's UNCUT, you were victorious against Thomas Slaine! Now that you've had a few days to process, how are you taking this all in? And follow up question... what in God's name are those things on your hands?

He's still stretching in the background, when he stops and realizes they're talking to him. He motions for a mic and Minute gives it to him. He fumbles with it a bit since his hands are tightly bound, so he nods at Minute to hold the mic. The TJ Tornado rolls his eyes and holds the mic up for him.

Dan Leo James:

Thanks, Christie! You're right... it's been a tornado. I still can't believe it. I really can't. I... I honestly don't think I wouldn't have gotten this far without Minute or Titaness and especially Uriel Cortez. So thank you to all. I mean that.

Titaness:

You're welcome... but you did earn this. Remember, you put in the work in BRAZEN.

He continues stretching.

Dan Leo James:

Also... to answer that follow-up Christie... I'm stretching my fingers and building my gripping strength!. If you watched UNCUT, I'm trying to find my inner giant! I'm going to perfect this chokeslam, so I'm working on my technique so I can put someone down with it when the time is right! Watch...

He loosens one of the exercises so he can take Minute's mic...

Dan Leo James:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He mimics the roar of a giant and chokeslams the mic into the stage! It bounces off and almost hits Minute in the face as feedback reverbs through the arena PA.

Dan Leo James:

No! No! No! Sorry, sorry, sorry... it's too strong! Darn it, I don't know my own strength! Sorry, Minute!

Minute:

PUTA! WHAT THE HELL?

Uriel Cortez sighs.

Uriel Cortez:

Dan... for the love of God, stand over there and keep your hands away from... everythingthing.

Dan does as he's told and steps back from Minute, then goes back to his exerciser.

Uriel Cortez:

We did have two reasons for coming out here, Christie, and I want to get to those if we can.

Christie Zane nods as Uriel steps up to the podium.

Uriel Cortez:

First things first: we touched on this at the press conference that this right here... myself, Minute, Titaness... this is not some rando tag team that will up and be forgotten. This IS a family. We may fight and we may disagree, but we will NEVER let anything come between us. We have each other's backs... and after the hard work that we've seen Dan put in...

He turns to Dan and waves him over.

Uriel Cortez:

Danny, you're in this, too.

Dan looks a little floored. Minute walks up and borrows Titaness' mic since his original mic was sent to the shadow realm.

Minute:

It's true. Familia, Dan. So to everyone here... we're sorry to do this to you. You followed me and Uriel when we were The Sky High Titans and then put up with us when we became Los Tres Titanes. So... this group now changes its name again. I'm sorry, everyone. La última vez. Lo prometo.

He points to the DEFIatron where the Los Tres Titanes logo appears. Dan looks up at the screen as well.

Uriel Cortez:

We really didn't think this one through when we made a group with a number in the title. We also didn't expect adding a new member, either, but you're here now with us. So, Dan... you're on the main roster now. We're officially welcoming you to THIS... if you want it...

The "Los Tres" starts to fade away. And becomes...

TITANES FAMILIA.

The DEFIANCE Faithful cheer!

Uriel Cortez:

Again, we're sorry. Last time. I mean this. You can call us Titanes Familia. T. Familia, if that's easier and hopefully catches on. This is a family that supports each other through good days and bad, Danny. And if you're willing to join... you got a family here that's always got your back.

Dan looks up at the screen, then he gets shocked by Minute who is on one knee. Minute winks at Uriel Cortez, who mouths "fuck you" at his tag team partner, making fun of his recent proposal...s.

Minute:

Dan Leo James... will you be part of T. Familia?

They are clearly playing, but Dan is legit flustered.

Dan Leo James:

Oh... this... this is all so sudden... Uh...

He looks over at Uriel and Titaness.

Dan Leo James:

YES!

The crowd cheers as Dan raises both of his exerciser-covered hands in the air! He picks up Minute and spins him around while Titaness is trying to bury her face in her palm and not be part of this segment any more.

Lance:

Titaness said yes! Again! Dan says yes! They're changing their name! Again! Where's my Kleenex, Darren?

DDK:

Great gesture here by Los Tr... er. Titanes Familia.

Dan also hugs Titaness who can't escape the emotional rookie. As the cheers die down, Uriel grabs his mic.

Uriel Cortez:

And the last piece of business before we go...

He now stares up as playtime is over. There's clearly something more serious on his mind.

Uriel Cortez:

LUCKY... SEVENS!

The mood changes instantly when Uriel says the name of the new Unified Tag Team Champions. Jeers ring out loudly.

Uriel Cortez:

Maybe you really are done with the The Saturday Night Specials... but you SURE AS SHIT aren't done with US! For our friends you've hurt, for this tag team division that you're pissing all over just by having those titles... you will both... fucking... PAY!

He drops the microphone and "Giants" plays over the speaker again as the former threesome - now foursome - raise their arms collectively for the crowd.

DDK:

WOW! Titanes Familia making it no secret that they want at The Lucky Sevens and the Unified Tag Team Championships.

Lance:

Uriel, Minute and Titaness have been friends with The Saturday Night Specials going back to DEFCON 2021. They've fought with and against them, but massive respect has always been there between those two groups. I can't imagine what happened at Maximum DEFIANCE is sitting well with Uriel and company.

The newly rechristened Titanes Familia pose on the stage one more time... but then Dan tries to get more practice in. He runs up and then chokeslams another microphone onto the ground.

Dan Leo James:

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh, dear...

James runs back to join the rest of his new family. He pumps a fist and disappears behind them to the backstage area.

FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: MALAK GARLAND vs. REZIN

We go to a shot of the ring, when...

BOOM!!

A mushroom cloud pyro on the stage ROCKS the GCU Arena as music tears in over the PA.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

The crowd roars as DEFIANCE's own moonsaulting marijuanaut REZIN storms out onto the stage from behind a wall of smoke. Feeding off the reaction, he hoists Burns' Golden Shovel high overhead, like He-Man wielding the Power Sword, while on cue, an apocalyptic wall of fire rises up behind him!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a first round match in the ACTS Tournament! Introducing the first entrant, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... THE ESCAPE ARTIST, REZIN!!

Pole vaulting off the shovel, Rezin boosts himself from the stage to the rampway as he begins to make his way to the ring. Unseen behind him, a massive shape flutters through the curtain...

DDK:

The ACTS Tournament continues, ladies and gentlemen! And this next first round encounter will be a doozy, as "The Escape Artist" Rezin meets the Snowflake Superstar himself, Malak Garland, who will no doubt be hellbent on--WAIT! Rezin gets PEARL HARBORED by THE GAME BOY!!

Three-hundred and forty plus pounds of superhuman destruction charging down the rampway connects with the back of Rezin's head with a running double-axe handle, sending the Goat Bastard wildly sprawling the rest of the way to ringside in an endless tumble!

BOOOOOOO!!!

On cue, Malak Garland pounces out from behind his giant bodyguard, pointing furiously down the rampway at the Escape Artist splayed out on the ringside floor. On his command, the Game Boy moves in...

Malak Garland:

Haha! GAME OVER FOR RAISIN! Back to California with you.

DDK:

Come on, now! This is such a naked attempt by Malak Garland to gain an early advantage before the bell!

Lance:

Clearly, Malak isn't messing around tonight. He no doubt wants to progress through this tournament any way he can, all while putting forth as little effort as possible. He definitely feels entitled for another title shot immediately.

Rezin sits up, looking as disorientated as a man who had just been hit by a train. He searches for his golden shovel, which landed a few meters away, but as soon as he reaches for it, the Game Boy's massive hands enclose his face and pull him up off the floor! Before he can do anything, he finds himself being pressed into the air!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

Like a missile, Rezin is LAUNCHED HARD into the ringpost! The Mega Troll cackles in triumph!

DDK:

OOF!! Rezin connects right with that steel corner post, and Malak looks certainly pleased with himself!

Lance:

No surprise as to why. The former three-time Favoured Saints Champion is already laid out at ringside, and Garland didn't even have to lift a finger to make it happen.

Malak kicks the golden shovel aside before spitting on it. The shovel disappears beneath the ring apron. By this point, the official Carla Ferrari is leaning through the ropes and calling on the Snowflake Superstar to bring an end to this, but her words fall on deaf ears.

Malak Garland:

AGAIN!! AGAIN!! UNTIL HE RUNS OUT OF CONTINUES! I WANT HANDCRAFTED SERVICE!

Rezin is weakly trying to crawl his dizzied ass to safety, but doesn't get far. The Game Boy easily snags him by the leg and drags him back into his clutches.

Rezin:

BLEGHKK!!

DDK:

CHOKESLAM ON THE FLOOR! GOOD GOD! The Escape Artist was just made into a STAIN on the ringside mats!

Lance:

Is this match even going to happen?

DDK:

If it did, I hardly feel it would be a fair fight after this brutality!

Finally, Carla slides out of the ring to thrust some much needed order into the situation, coming between the flattened Rezin and the looming Game Boy, ordering the sixteen-bit behemoth to the back. TGB reacts to her commands with a mere tilt of his head.

Lance:

I think Carla Ferrari has finally had enough of this.

Meanwhile, behind her back, Garland is using every bit of strength his body can muster to pull the Goat Bastard's limp body off the floor and roll him under the ropes. He quickly zips in after him and begins jumping up and down as soon as he's on his feet, frantically waving his arms like a child calling for his parents' attention.

Malak Garland:

REF!! REF!! HEY REF!! It's time to START! PUSH START to PLAY!

DDK:

Right... NOW he wants the match to begin! Rezin is completely at his mercy!

Exasperated, Ferrari throws her arms into the air before sliding into the ring and quickly cueing for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And right off the bell, Malak Garland IMMEDIATELY goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Rezin comes to life at the last second and pops the shoulder, ruining Malak's attempt at an easy win!

As expected, the Snowflake Superstar immediately springs to his feet and glares at the official in frothing rage and disbelief. Carla DEFIANTly shows him two fingers, confirming the count. Malak is, as you can imagine, completely livid.

Malak Garland:

Why is nobody RESPECTING MY BOUNDARIES?!

Lance:

I'm beginning to wonder if Malak Garland's shortcoming at Maximum DEFIANCE has finally sent him off the deep end.

DDK:

Be as it may, his temper tantrums won't bring him any closer to another shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Rezin, still visibly delirious from his beating before the bell, is fumbling around the bottom rope as he tries to regain his bearings. But then the Troll King of DEFIANCE brushes by the official and begins to relentlessly stomp down on his head, prompting the four count from Carla!

One... Two... Three... Four.....

But Garland continues stomping away until Ferrari takes it upon herself to force the rope break by pulling him off and reprimands him with an order to wait in his corner. Frustrated beyond belief, Malak bitterly stomps to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Looks like official Carla Ferrari is done with this childishness, and sending him to time-out--HEY, WAIT!!

But even as soon as the official turns her attention away from Rezin, the Game Boy gets in a WALLOPING open-handed slap across the Escape Artist's face! Thoroughly rocked, he flails back into the center of the ring. Garland, seeing his opening, pounces...

DDK:

Malak Garland with a BULLDOG from behind, after the cheap shot from the gargantuan Game Boy, still standing outside the ring! He rolls Rezin onto his back... going for the cover AGAIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

The Mega Troll furiously tears at his hair and kicks the ropes in frustration.

Malak Garland:

NO!! This is supposed to be on EASY MODE!! I EVEN ACTIVATED THE CHEAT CODES! I WANT THE SECRET ENDING!

Malak grabs Rezin by the skullet as he pulls him to his feet, ignoring the admonishment from the official. He brings him to the corner, ramming his head multiple times into the top turnbuckle before perching himself up to the top rope...

Lance:

Garland almost seems desperate to put this away as quickly as possible, but the daunting Escape Artist is making him work for it.

DDK:

Imagine, Malak Garland having to “work” for anything! Malak, on the top rope, could put this away right NOW, pulling the Goat Bastard in and going for the waistlock...

AVALANCHE ROTFLCOPT--NOO!!

The Faithful CHEER watching Garland bump hard off the mat without Rezin in his clutches! The Escape Artist, legs hooked under the top rope, lingers inverted in the tree of woe for a moment before sitting himself back up onto the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

And just like that, Rezin suddenly has his first opportunity to make a move.

Rezin blinks his vision into clarity, apparently coming to his senses when he sees the excitedly cheering fans around him. He notices the Snowflake Superstar in perfect position behind him, and quickly boosts himself to the top rope. With stunning grace, the daredevil dopesmoker flips through the air...

DDK:

Rezin OFF THE TOP with an absolutely STUNNING MOONSAULT--HITS NOTHING BY THE MAT!! The Game Boy reached in under the ropes and pulled Malak out of the ring in the nick of time!

Lance:

The Game Boy might as well be the Game GENIE for how much he’s giving Malak an advantage.

Ferrari has had enough, leaning through the ropes and again ordering the Game Boy to leave ringside. But once again, TGB seems confused by her commands. On the floor at his feet, Malak escapes unseen under the ring.

DDK:

The official, Carla Ferrari, isn’t tolerating the Game Boy’s presence any longer, but the masked giant won’t budge!

Lance:

Does she need the right input code? Up down, up down, or the what have you?

DDK:

Someone’s going to need a TANK or something to move that... hang on, here’s Malak again! And look what he FOUND!

BOOOOOOO!!!

Jeers fill the GCU Arena when the Mega Troll reemerges from under the ring... with Oscar Burns’ Golden Shovel in his

hands!

Malak Garland:

HAHAHAHA!! WEAPON GET!! WEAPON GET!! I am cOnOr fUsE!

The official is still engaged in the fruitless effort in giving verbal orders to TGB to notice him slipping back into the ring!

DDK:

Malak Garland's got Rezin's Golden Shovel! Or Oscar Burns' Golden Shovel... I don't know! All I DO know is that he's about to use it against the Goat Bastard's head!

Lance:

Turn around, Carla!

Once again in a daze, Rezin is slowly pulling himself to his feet. Behind him, Garland waits for him to fully rise up and face him, awkwardly wielding the gilded spade like an especially long baseball bat! As soon as Rezin turns around, the King Troll of DEFIANCE swings...

DDK:

REZIN DUCKS!!

...and NEEEARLY clocks Carla Ferrari who spins around in the nick of time! Garland stands paralyzed with shock. Ferrari is incredulous.

Lance:

Malak went just a bit too far this time, and now finds himself in immediate danger of disqualification.

The official is pointing at the shovel, demanding an explanation. The Mega Troll is desperately shaking his head in complete denial.

Malak Garland:

NO!! NO-NO-NO!! YOU'RE GOING INTO MY RED FILE, CARLA!! YOU'RE GOING--

Suddenly, in the blink of an eye, a Goat Bastard slips around in front of him and snags him around the head...

DDK:

INTO THE VOID OUTTA NOWHERE!!

RRRAAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

Rezin WITH THE PIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The Phoenix Faithful roar approvingly as Rezin rises up on his knees wearing an expression of complete aloofness. Then Carla raises his arm, and he realizes he's won.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, and advancing to the next round in the ACTS Tournament... "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... **RRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIINN!!!**

Smirking sheepishly--or rather, goatishly?--he retakes his golden shovel and triumphantly hoists it HIGH overhead...

...that is, until the Game Boy grabs him from behind by the nape of the neck.

DDK:

Uh oh!

In a fluid motion, the sixteen-bit behemoth chucks Rezin into the ropes, briefly tangling him up before the Escape Artist slips free and lands safely on his feet on the ringside floor! He manages to barely avoid a final angry SWIPE over the ropes from TGB before scampering backwards up the rampway, triumphantly cackling with every step while an utterly shocked Malak Garland begins to realize he's just been bounced in the first round of the ACTS Tournament.

DDK:

All things considered, Rezin comes out with what should be looked at as a huge first round upset! Not only did he have the cards stacked against him dealing with Malak's Game Boy but the Snowflake Superstar was just coming off a title shot and even though he lost, you'd have to think he was coming into this match extremely confident. I mean, look at the way he intricately planned against Rezin.

Lance:

And it all didn't work out for him. Hopefully this means Malak will remain on the sidelines for the next little bit.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2022



FIST TOURNAMENT, ROUND 1: LINDSAY TROY vs. SCROW

DDK:

Main event time and this match has been a long time coming.

Lance:

Rematch, you mean. Ever since losing to Scrow at last year's Maximum DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy has steamrolled through the roster, amassing a slew of victories while becoming more and more brutal in-between the ropes. She hasn't been pinned or submitted since last July and has been very vocal about righting what she feels have been wrongs against her.

DDK:

She's had her sights set on the FIST of DEFIANCE ever since being screwed out of the title by then-champ Mikey Unlikely at MaxDEF 2020. Only time will tell if this tournament will finally be the time for her to reclaim what was taken from her five years ago.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Scrow's new theme hits the PA while the DEFIATron plays Scrow's entrance package...soon after, "The Raven's Eye" appears from behind the curtain. His leather jacket no longer has The Kabal logos and name all over it. He's clad in red trunks with black birds on the side, and red and black trimmed shin pad boots. The monocle over his right eye now has a customized demon-like eye etched inside the glass.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from the Fields of Torment...he is a former Southern Heritage champion...weighing in at 198 pounds...SCROW!

DDK:

A bit earlier tonight, we saw The House of the Harvest turn on Scrow; more specifically, Reaper The Grey and Scrow's long time friend Minerva Hive. We have no idea if Scrow sought any type of medical attention as he was left face first in the ring.

Lance:

He looks like he's still good to go for his tournament match. You have to wonder if it's the right move, though, considering who he's going up against.

With every step Scrow takes you can tell he is trying to block out the pain after taking that exposed turnbuckle powerbomb. He reaches the ring and slides under the bottom rope, removing his ring gear and walking to the corner to place his head on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

I don't think anything was going to stop him from getting his chance at becoming the FIST, especially after losing to "The Kraken" Henry Keyes at MaxDEF a few short weeks ago. It hasn't been his night here so far, but if he can manage to defeat Lindsay Troy he's one step closer to that championship chance.

Lance:

Which in itself is a tall order to overcome. Much like Henry, Lindsay has changed as well. Scrow has himself to thank for that.

As "Welcome 2 Hell" fades out, a lone white light shines brightly down on the stage with a man standing in the glow. He reaches his hand into the air and, from somewhere high above, a large, silver microphone is lowered into his palm. He grins a Cheshire cat grin as he points to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Don't even bother opening your mouth, Baldy. Your night is over. In fact, I've just decided that your nights of announcing us...are over.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh come on, that's no way to speak to Darren Quimbey.

Lance:

Based on what we've heard so far tonight, that's not the worst thing that's come out of Sonny's mouth.

Sonny clears his throat before uttering whatever nonsense is about to spew forth.

Sonny Silver:

Oh, Scrow... Scrow, Scrow, Scrow... you straw-filled dipshit. If you only had a brain, you'd know that competing against any member of Vae Victis at anything less than 100% means your tournament is already OVER.

Scrow looks like he doesn't want to hear any more and yells for Troy to come on down.

Sonny Silver:

Oh, don't worry, you'll get your scheduled shit-kicking right now. Standing tall at 6'3" because she is one bad Amazon Bitch... it's okay, that's a pet name... weighing in at NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS because is still a Lady first and foremost, but is more than dangerous enough to kick all of YOUR asses in the back... she is a human wood chipper about to start her journey back to the top by ripping through the competition... YOUR Queen of the Ring...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Through the curtain walks Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama, and Lindsay Troy. Henry has the Southern Heritage championship over his shoulder while Kerry looks pissed, having lost his opening round match to Dex Joy at the top of the show. Lindsay eyes Scrow like a lioness about to rip the flesh from a dead gazelle.

Sonny Silver:

LINDSAY... TROY!

The Queen holds out her fists for Henry and Kerry to bump before she and Sonny make their way down the aisle. The Kraken and the Pacific Blitzkrieg don't head to the back; instead, they remain on the stage in a show of solidarity, content to watch the proceedings from where they stand.

Troy slips between the ropes and sheds her duster while Silver begins prowling along the outside of the ring. Carla Ferrari checks that both DEFIANTS are ready and calls for the bell!

DING DING

There are no mind games here, unlike a year ago when The Raven's Eye and the Queen of the Ring squared off. This time, LT is off like a shot at the sound of the bell, bum-rushing Scrow and laying into him with a flurry of forearms to the side of his neck. Scrow tries his best to cover up, but Troy is relentless. She keeps hammering away and eventually backs him into a corner before grabbing his arm to whip him across the ring....and instead pulls him back and levels him with a clothesline!

DDK:

We're in the opening moments of the match and already the Queen of the Ring is attacking Scrow's injured neck.

Lance:

There's no way she wasn't going to target that. She's a shark that smells blood in the water.

Troy stomps on Scrow's midsection before leaping into the air and delivering a leg drop. Scrow cries out in pain as he rolls over, clutching his neck, but Troy grabs him back toward her and hooks the leg.

ONE

TW-Kickout!

DDK:

Scrow may be hurt, but it's not going to be that easy for the Queen.

Troy grabs a fistful of Scrow's ratty hair and rocks him with more heavy forearms before violently throwing his head back against the canvas. She gets to her feet and hops up to the middle turnbuckle before leaping off and connecting with an elbow to the chest! Another cover...

ONE

TWO

Kickout by Scrow!

More stomps to the midsection by Troy before she tries to bring Scrow to his feet. He throws a fist into her midsection, doubling her over. Another fist causes the Queen to release him and he follows that up with a thumb to the eye! She yelps and clutches her face while Carla admonishes Scrow and Sonny yells on the outside of the ring. Up on the stage, Henry Keyes and Kerry Kuroyama look displeased, but they hold their positions.

Lance:

Desperation move by Scrow there, and he managed to create some much needed space.

DDK:

I'm not so sure Sonny Silver hasn't thrown his fair share of thumbs to the eye in his career, by the way.

Lance:

It's obviously illegal when you're watching your associate be on the receiving end of it. Fair play when you're the one dishing it out.

Troy tries to shake the pain away with a toss of her head as Scrow follows after her, gingerly. He grabs the Queen's arm and shoots her into the ropes. On the rebound, he drives a Kitchen Sink knee right into her stomach. Troy flips forward and hits the mat, right on her tailbone. Scrow isn't done, though; he gets a head of steam and drives his knee into the back of Troy's head! She slumps over and now Scrow makes the cover!

ONE

TWO

THR-Not so fast!

The Queen throws her shoulder up, dazed but not dead. Scrow rises off the canvas, kicks her a few times for good measure, and drags her body over to a corner. He gets Troy in position, looking to slingshot her straight into a turnbuckle...

...but Sonny's not having it.

The Silver Lining jumps up on the apron and starts yelling at Scrow. Carla immediately walks over and yells at Sonny to get down, which he obviously doesn't do. With this distraction, Lindsay is able to get one of her legs free from Scrow's grasp and blatantly kicks him in the groin!

DDK:

And now it's Troy's turn for an underhanded tactic.

Lance:

Carla didn't see it though!

Sonny hops off the apron as Scrow falls to his knees. Lindsay scrambles to her feet and grabs Scrow around the waist in a deadlift, then throws him up and over her head with a German suplex! Scrow hits the mat on the back of his head and neck, but Troy isn't done. She picks him up and drops him down with another German suplex, then lifts him one more time, moves her arms up to hook his limbs behind his back, and plants him with a bridging Tiger suplex! Troy holds her position for the count...

ONE

TWO

THREENOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Scrow *just* manages to kick out before the three and Lindsay Troy does not look happy.

Lance:

She can't let her frustration get the better of her. One wrong move and Scrow will dash her quest for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

On the outside of the ring, Sonny is pulling the protective mats up and motioning for Lindsay to bring Scrow over. She tosses the Raven's Eye through the ropes and follows him out. Scrow manages to hit one of the mats still on the ground but Lindsay's right there to yank him to his feet and double him over.

DDK:

Oh no, what's she going to do here?

Lance:

Whatever it is, she could break Scrow's neck if she drops him onto the concrete!

While there's no love lost for Scrow, the Faithful aren't happy with the direction Lindsay appears to be taking and they start booing her. Carla Ferrari's already begun counting as the "Ace" looks over to the front row fans and curls her lip in scorn. Troy wraps her arms around Scrow's waist to lift him up, but Scrow blocks the attempt! She tries again to no avail, but then finds herself being lifted into the air!

CRASH!

DDK:

Back body drop by Scrow onto the mat! Lindsay hits hard, and Sonny is livid!

Lance:

Scrow seems to be fighting on two fronts here, my have the tables turned.

DDK:

You sure it's not the turn tables?

Lance:

Someone's been rewatching the Office, I see.

Scrow picks up Troy and Irish whips her into the steel steps, sending her up and over onto the other side. He quickly holds the back of his neck, and the lapse in offense is enough to give Sonny a clear advantage to get Scrow's attention. Sonny tries to backtrack and beg off Scrow, but quickly realizes he's not gonna get his wish and starts to run at half-speed around the ring with Scrow in pursuit.

DDK:

Silver is being chased by Scrow, and The Faithful hope that the former SOHER gets him.

Lance:

But look, he's giving Troy time to recuperate.

As he reaches the corner of the ring, Troy is back up on her feet. The Silver Lining darts past her and she charges head on at Scrow, looking for a lariat

Lance:

Scrow knew that was the plan!

The ex-Kabal member strikes Lindsay with a rising knee strike as she lunges forward. The Queen is stunned and finds herself being thrown under the bottom rope back into the ring with Scrow right behind her, barely making the 10 count.

DDK:

Both Scrow and Lindsay got lucky there, if they had gotten counted out, their tournament would be over and either Elise Ares or Brock Newbludd would get a free pass to the third round.

Lindsay's back to her feet first, but Scrow is waiting for her. He kicks her in the gut and grabs the back of her head for another knee strike...

DDK:

Scrow might be looking for FearFall here!

Lance:

That is part one of his finisher, wait a minute Scrow dropped to a knee!

Scrow holds the back of his neck, he fights the pain but the little opening he gave Troy allows her to explode upward and rock Scrow with a stiff European uppercut. Scrow's head snaps backwards from the impact and Troy follows that up with another uppercut. Scrow's on dream street and that gives the Queen the opportunity to dash toward the ropes, getting some momentum behind her.

DDK:

Scrow had better watch out, the Queen's on her way back!

Lance:

Look out!

CRACK!**DDK:**

Queen's Gambit! Scrow is down and he may be out cold.

Lance:

Lindsay's not going for the cover, though.

Troy tears Scrow off the mat and looks out to the Faithful with a sick smile on her face. The crowd lets her have it as she hoists Scrow into the air and sends him crashing back down with Thy Kingdom Come!

DDK:

Package piledriver, right onto the back of Scrow's head! This could be it!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

Sonny slides under the bottom rope, having already swiped Darren Quimbey's microphone from him, while Lindsay gets to her feet. Carla moves to hold her hand in victory, but Sonny bullies her out of the way to do it himself.

Sonny Silver:

The winner of this match, as if there was ever any doubt...LINDSAY TROY!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy avenges her loss from a year ago and moves on to the next round. You can bet she'll be watching the Ares/Newbludd match closely.

"Stranger Fruit" begins again as Henry Keyes and Kerry Kuroyama slip into the ring to celebrate their teammate's victory.

DDK:

That's all the time we have folks. We'll see you again tomorrow night for more tournament action. For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler. Goodnight!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.