

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

BUFFALO welcomes DEFIANCE as the KeyBank Center is hyped for DEFTv 187! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere! The scene then goes to the announce table, where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner await.

DDK:

Welcome to night two! We have SEVEN more matches awaiting and look forward to kicking off another huge event.

Lance:

That's right. Titles on the line tonight, as well. The Favored Saints Championship AND the SOHER.

DDK:

The controversial SOHER match...

Lance:

Apparently.

DDK:

I'm sure Justin Sane will hold his own.

Lance:

Anyway...

OSCAR BURNS vs. THE FLYING FRENCHIE

DDK:

What a match we have for you to kick off the show tonight! As first heard on DEF Radio last weekend! The two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE and former Favoured Saints Champion Oscar Burns going one-on-one - making his DEFtv in-ring debut... the multiple-time former world champion and fWo legend, The Flying Frenchie!

Lance:

The Flying Frenchie made a shocking appearance some time ago after Malak Garland had been disparaging the fWo! And though the fWo legend was cheated out of a win by Malak, his time in DEFIANCE may just be getting started. This marquee match kick off the show tonight in grand fashion!

DDK:

Oscar Burns made some rather inflammatory comments towards The Flying Frenchie on DEF Radio, but now he'll have to back them up against a man that's done it all and seen it all in our sport! We're going right to Darren Quimbey in the ring for intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

The Keybank Center comes unglued as Flying Frenchie walks out on stage, wearing his sparkly wrestling attire once again! The house lights bounce off his signature smile as he stands atop the ramp. Blue, white and red pyro explodes from the stage behind him in the colors of the French flag!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Toulouse, France, weighing in at two hundred and forty two pounds, THE BERET BARRAGER... **THE FLYING FRENCHIE!**

DDK:

What a reaction for The Flying Frenchie! He looks more than ready to bounce back from DEFCON.

Lance:

Oscar Burns, a man who prides himself on his technical excellence, will have to contend with a man who has made an incredibly successful career out of treating the rules like suggestions!

The Flying Frenchie enters the ring and neatly takes his beret off to give to a stagehand before waiting on his opponent.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. At his side, his stooge, Butcher Victorious trying to keep pace with a fired-up Oscar.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Butcher Victorious... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds, representing Vae Victis... HE! IS! DEFIANCE! **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

After Oscar Burns lost the Favoured Saints Title and his stocks and power the parent company of DEFIANCE, Oscar has taken on a change in attitude. He's not playing into this delusion that the people still love him. He's embraced the hate and quite frankly, I'm scared for what that could mean for his opponents.

Lance:

Oscar Burns looking to rebound from DEFCON with what would be a big win in his own right.

When Oscar reaches the ring, Butcher goes to wipe down the steps with the quickness of a one-man NASCAR pit crew. After it has been wiped off, Oscar walks up the steps. He never takes his eyes off The Flying Frenchie, who returns the fabled BEAM~! in kind. Oscar sheds his robe and then steps into the ring. When he reaches the corner, he leans towards the corner and in a blatant show of disrespect, has his back turned to the fWo legend.

DDK:

Oscar Burns spoke about Corvo Alpha suddenly coming out to appear during his open challenge. He didn't feel that Corvo was worth his time in his words, but looked to me like he didn't want any part of a monster off his leash.

Lance:

Jonny Fastcountini with a big task ahead. He calls for the bell...

DING DING

The Frenchie and The Kiwi lock up and Burns tries to quickly take the left arm of his opponent. He goes behind and applies a hammerlock to control Frenchie, but the fWo legend fights around and now he has one on Oscar! He holds it in place, which frustrates Burns. Burns shifts his weight around and then applies a quick headlock to take control!

Lance:

Both men appear even steven so far. Burns might have the slight technical advantage, but Frenchie has more than twenty years experience to harken back from as well.

DDK:

Frenchie pushes himself back to the ropes... off goes Burnsie!

Burnsie goes flying off the ropes, but The Flying Frenchie catches him with his fabled DROP TOE HOLD~! He jumps right over Burns after the trip and locks up DEFIANCE Himself with a tight grounded headlock! He grins his sly megawatt grin and keeps the two-time former FIST grounded on the mat while a frustrated Burns tries to fight out!

DDK:

The Flying Frenchie with the advantage now over Oscar! Burns came into this pretty arrogant and he's being taken to task right now.

Oscar tries to get back up by lifting his legs and applying a legscissor, forcing Frenchie to let go. When both men get back up to their feet, Oscar attacks first with a European uppercut! He cracks Frenchie with a second one and then a shoulder to the gut to take over. The Faithful JEER him as Burns stands over a doubled-over Frenchie.

DDK:

Oscar takes over with a cheap shot! Frenchie whipped into the corner... NO!

Burns goes for another running European uppercut in the corner, but the sly Frenchie that catches Oscar with a kick to the face! The Flying Frenchie leaps up to the middle rope and then takes flight with a huge flying headscissors takeover! Oscar stumbles around the mat in a daze and Butcher Victorious looks worried when the Frenchie makes it back to his feet and clobbers Oscar with a big leg lariat that sends him out to the floor!

Lance:

Oscar made a big stink on DEF Radio about how he was going to show up The Flying Frenchie, but it's been almost all Frenchie so far!

DDK:

And now he's going to the ring apron!

The Flying Frenchie carefully measures up Oscar, then jumps to the middle rope and hits a rounding asai moonsault to Burns on the floor!

Lance:

I don't believe it! Frenchie takes Oscar down with those big moves! Even in his current experience, Frenchie able to turn back the block easy!

YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap x5

YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap x5

YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap x5

But when The Flying Frenchie gets back up, he yells out to the crowd.

The Flying Frenchie:

Je ne l'ai jamais perdu!

Now he grabs Oscar and throws him back into the ring! He follows him in and goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout at two by Oscar! What's he got in mind next?

DDK:

Frenchie trying to end this fast! Here comes the Loire Valley Driver!

But before he can fully hit his take on the death valley driver that rocked Malak Garland at DEFCON, Oscar slips out the back and goes to the corner in a daze. Frenchie tries to rush at Oscar, but the Kiwi hits him with a DROP TOE HOLD of his own, sending Frenchie into the ropes! Burns grabs the referee and tugs at his neck while Butcher goes over and CHOKES Frenchie against the ropes! The Faithful boo the Wrestling Understudy of Burns for his actions while Jonny Fastcountini is none the wiser about what's happening behind him.

DDK:

Hypocrisy, anyone? The Flying Frenchie hasn't actually cheated at all in this match and here is Oscar Burns doing it first!

Lance:

Butcher runs away before the official can see him... OH!

While Frenchie's head is rested against the ropes, Burns KICKS the ropes up and the cable rattles Mr. Delacroix's face! The fWo legend stumbles right into the clutches of Oscar Burns and falls victim to a big gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

Oscar kicks that cable into the face of The Flying Frenchie, then the gutwrench suplex! But he's not done!

TFF tries to fight, but Oscar picks him up and dumps on the mat with a second gutwrench! He rolls through while not letting go and then hits a third consecutive gutwrench on the fWo legend, then slides right into a cover!

ONE

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout by The Flying Frenchie! Oscar trying to stay on him, though!

He pulls Delacroix up by the hair and slugs him with an elbow smash that staggers him. He grabs him by the arm and pulls him into a knee, but Frenchie is able to push him back! He headlocks Burns and spins him around out of sight so he can deliver a PUNCH to Oscar while in the headlock so the official doesn't see it! Burns is reeling while The Flying Frenchie holds up his hands to Jonny Fastcountini and slaps his hand with an open palm to show how he struck Oscar.

Lance:

Oscar Burns had that one coming! That's a receipt for Butcher cheating earlier!

DDK:

Now Frenchie going back after him! Headlock... no! Burns pushes him away!

Oscar pushes Frenchie into the corner, but he stops himself with a foot on the ropes and goes back, catching Oscar with a sidestep into a sunset flip pin, but Oscar sits down into the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Oscar shifts his weight!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Now Flying Frenchie!

ONE!

TWO!

Oscar kicks out, but when he rolls back, he sneaks up behind Flying Frenchie and then NAILS him with a bridging German suplex!

DDK:

Both men exchange falls! But Oscar catches him with that suplex! Cover! Cover!

ONE!

TWO

THR... NO!

The Flying Frenchie kicks out to the delight of The Faithful! Oscar growls and then throws a knee to the chest of Frenchie! He's out on his side when Oscar goes for the Graps of Wrath!

Lance:

Graps of Wrath! He's got The Flying Frenchie locked in the octopus stretch!

DDK:

Flying Frenchie is on his feet, but for how long? Oscar has submitted the best of the best with the Graps of Wrath!

The Faithful are trying to will the fWo legend not to tap out! Burns continues to try and outstretch the veteran into submission as he tries to hobble over a step! He tries to make it to the ropes, but Oscar being close to level weight keeps him from getting too far!

DDK:

How's he going to break out of this? Can he even get out?

Frenchie grabs the leg of Oscar across his neck and shoves it off him to relieve pressure! Oscar tries to get it back, but The Flying Frenchie grabs Burns and hoists him up.....

DDK:

HE DOES IT! HE COUNTERS! LOIRE VALLEY DRIVER! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Oscar kicks out at the last second and the fans can't believe it! Frenchie can't, either, but unlike most idiots doesn't sit there mouth agape!

Lance:

INCREDIBLE reversal by Frenchie, but Oscar kicks out! I don't know how he did that, either!

DDK:

But he's not one to sit idly by when he knows he has the advantage!

Frenchie pulls up Oscar by the neck to get him to his feet, then plants him with a huge DDT on the mat! He then has him flat, then points to the corner where longtime fans of The Flying Frenchie know what's coming next!

DDK:

He's going out to the apron! He boasts one of wrestling's best guillotine legdrops in the business and if he hits it, this is as good as done!

Frenchie gets to the turnbuckle, but Butcher tries to grab his leg! TFF kicks him away first and knocks him back before he climbs up top... THEN WIPES OUT BUTCHER ON THE FLOOR WITH A HUGE CROSSBODY!

Lance:

Look at that! Frenchie takes out Butcher with the crossbody all the way to the floor! He's gotta make it back!

With The Faithful cheering him on, the fWo legend goes as quickly as he can to the apron, then to the top turnbuckle. He takes flight... BUT NO WATER IN THE POOL!

DDK:

No! Burns moves out of the way! The Flying Frenchie was dealing with Burns' stooge at ringside and those precious seconds might have cost him!

TFF is hurt after missing the guillotine leg drop when Burns rolls up and CRACKS him with a Hard Out Headbutt to stagger him! The Frenchie is about to fall, but Oscar grabs his wrist... then hits the wrist-clutch exploder!

DDK:

Headdrop-O-Matic by Burns! Cover by Oscar!

The Faithful jeer as he hooks the legs of the fWo legend!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Oscar Burns rolls up to his knees, while holding his throbbing skull after the match. Jonny Fastcountini tries to raise his hand, but Burns pulls it away.

Lance:

The result of this might have gone a bit different had Frenchie not had to contend with both Oscar AND Butcher Victorious like most opponents do!

DDK:

He definitely gave one of DEFIANCE's best all he could handle tonight, but Oscar and his hypocrisy win out.

As the crowd applauds The Flying Frenchie for his efforts after limping away from the ring, Oscar Burns is front and center in the ring, still on a knee, but calling for a microphone.

LISTEN TO ME

DDK:

What could Oscar Burns possibly have to say now?

Lance:

Whatever it is, I know it's not going to be good!

Oscar takes a moment to catch his breath and is still favoring his neck as he's handed a microphone. After another moment and taking in the jeers of the people he used to refer to as the Oscar Burns Faithful, he speaks up.

Oscar Burns: [huffing]

It's nice... it's nice to get back to what I do best, GCs...

He looks up to the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

...WINNING. Thank you for that incredible match, Frenchie. I mean that.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ugh, how disingenuous can one man be?

Lance:

I don't know, how much time do we have left on the air?

Oscar Burns looks back out to the crowd, still on his knees, but addressing the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

But what I say never stops being true... I'm not just THE BEST in this ring... I'm not just one of the best to ever do it...

He continues.

Oscar Burns:

I... AM... DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher is just now starting to come around at ringside, clapping while also trying not to fall over after The Flying Frenchie threw himself at him towards the end of the match. He slowly climbs into the ring to the side of Oscar.

Oscar Burns:

I'll continue to do what I do best... fight quality talent who AREN'T mindless idiots or freak shows like Corvo Alpha. You HAD your chance with me some time ago on UNCUT 100. I'm the first person that choked out Corvo in this company... look it up! I'm NOT afraid of that Lord Nigel simp, GCs! I only want the best of the best of the best that YOU people support each and every week so I can BREAK THEM DOWN... each and every week!

DDK:

They have fought once and that's true... but Corvo is far more dangerous now than he was then just starting out! Oscar is playing with fire here...

Oscar grins... but the crowd reaction starts to change quickly!

Lance:

Wait, what's going on, Darren?

Butcher tries to get into the ring and taps Oscar on the shoulder, but Burns shoos him away.

Oscar Burns:

Not now! I AM DEFIANCE and I'll take all the time I want to sit in my r... AHHHHGGGGH!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

CORVO ALPHA POUNCES OUT OF NOWHERE!

DDK:

CORVO! CORVO ALPHA IS HERE! HE'S HERE AND HE'S GOT THE ALPHA CLUTCH LOCKED IN ON OSCAR BURNS!

Burns is FRANTICALLY kicking and screaming while Corvo Alpha has the Alpha Clutch locked in tightly! Butcher tries to kick the monster off of him, but Corvo is completely unfazed by the stomps as Oscar is losing air quickly!

Lance:

BUTCHER IS TRYING TO GET CORVO OFF OF OSCAR, BUT HE'S NOT BEING STOPPED BY THOSE KICKS AT ALL!

Butcher finally gets desperate and STRIKES Corvo with the microphone twice to get the monster to relinquish his grip on Burns' neck! DEFIANCE Himself gets the hell out of the ring while Butcher points and stands over Corvo while the monster is reeling for a moment.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... KNOCKED OUT DOWN WITH MY STICK!

He grabs the microphone one more time... but Corvo snaps his head around! Butcher swings in a panic, but Corvo ducks...

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH ON BUTCHER! ALPHA CLUTCH ON BUTCHER! HE'S GOT IT IN!

Lance:

And Burns looks like he's in no hurry to help him!

Oscar heads back up the ramp and is still trying to catch his breath, BARELY being saved by his stooge! Corvo has the hold locked in, kneeling over Butcher while locking eyes with the former two-time FIST and daring him to get back to the ring. Burns wants no part of the monster and continues to stare on from more than halfway up the ramp, scowling at the monster.

DDK:

For the past two shows, Oscar has insisted he's not wasting his time with a man like Corvo Alpha, but the former Favoured Saints Champion ALMOST got his hands on Oscar this time!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2023

FIST of DEFIANCE
Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Dex Joy

Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Lucky Sevens

A NEW DIRECTION

The camera switches to the backstage hall where Comments Section goon Thurston Hunter walks with a badass purpose until he arrives at Conor Fuse's locker room door. Hunter knocks but opens the door immediately after, as if he clearly wasn't going to wait for permission.

Conor glances up from the bench where he was initially watching the DEFtv broadcast and replays of Oscar Burns vs. The Flying Frenchie coming back from commercial break. Before Fuse can speak, if he was even going to, Hunter marches over and gets in the gamer's personal space.

Thurston Hunter:

YO brotha, look! I'm-

Conor puts his hand directly in Hunter's face. Like directly IN his face. Half of Conor's palm is covering Hunter's right eye, his middle finger is across Thurston's nose and his full thumb is stuffed inside Hunter's mouth.

The Ultimate Gamer sighs heavily.

Conor Fuse:

Enough, okay? I'm done with your nonsense. I'm not going bad, I'm not leaving The Comments Section...

Fuse sighs once more and looks around the locker room.

Conor Fuse:

And I don't wanna stay here, either.

Conor removes his hand from Hunter's face. The Badass Gangster Wannabe stands silently, trying to take in what Conor just told him. Fuse, meanwhile, leans back against the cold brick wall and closes his eyes.

The silence is drawn out further... until finally Hunter speaks in a much more subdued and grounded voice.

Thurston Hunter:

Well apparently Ryan Scott is sick of "is Conor going bad?", anyway.

Fuse doesn't open his eyes or look in Hunter's direction.

Conor Fuse:

I'm a part of a bad group of people, WTF is the context supposed to be?

Hunter shrugs, Conor stays motionless.

Conor Fuse:

I'm not feeling it, okay? Dex Joy is out there with a title match - and he deserves it, absolutely. I'm just... *[sigh]* running off low energy, ATM.

The back of Conor's head remains stuck on the wall, eyes still closed, breathing slowly.

Conor Fuse:

I should leave the arena. Not booked. No intention to go out there. Nadda.

Hunter nods along but his body language gives off the impression he may not be fully listening anymore.

Thurston Hunter:

Da fuck? 'Cause you lost a match? Dude, I lose plenty of matches.

Conor Fuse: *[quick on the reply]*

I know.

Hunter readjusts his feet, trying to pivot from the comment.

Thurston Hunter:

You'll have tons of chances in the future, 'cause you're a badass mother fucking gangsta mofo, yo. ...Who's also part of The Comments Section!

Hunter puts out four fingers and then mouths the word "life" while Conor still hasn't opened his eyes or taken his head off the wall.

Conor Fuse:

I told you, I'm in the Comments Section but I'm also doing my *own* thing.

Hunter shakes his head no.

Thurston Hunter:

Not the answer, bro. We're tied to you; you're tied to us! If you're not gonna hang with us then you're against us!

Hunter whips his right hand around and performs a Jonas snap.

Thurston Hunter:

So next week grab a buddy *[he motions to the TV monitor while another replay of Frenchie vs. Burns airs]* -fuck it grab your new buddy Frenchie over there- and meet me and a teammate of MY choosing in the center of the ring, Fuse!

Conor doesn't seem interested because he continues to hold the same pose.

Thurston Hunter:

I do you a solid: bust your ass AND give you motivation all in one! Then you'll see, The Comments Section and ME are the way to be!

He snaps his hand again.

Thurston Hunter:

Brp, brap. Hunter, OUT.

The Gangster Wannabe leaves the locker room.

...Leaving Conor in the exact same spot. Fuse sighs for what has to be the fifth time in such a short period and the scene goes to ringside.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. BIG KAHUNA ALI™

♪ "I Against I" by Mos Def feat. Massive Attack ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring first, from Seattle, WA, by way of Pearl City, HI, weighing in at 309lbs... this... is... BIG... KAHUNA.. ALI'!

The massive islander appears at the top of the entranceway to a nice reaction from the crowd, even if not all of them are overly familiar with him yet. The tribal markings all over his body give him a commanding presence throughout the KeyBank Center of Buffalo. The Buffaloans who do know him, however, are excited to see the big man try and take down the yet-to-be-defeated-since-his-return, Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

I like this kid, but Big Kahuna Ali'i has a tough task ahead of him here.

Lance:

Agreed. Pleasant may suck as a human being, but he is one of the most dangerous people to step inside a DEFIANCE ring. Not sure BKA is ready for this type of fight, but I'm all for him trying. You just never know.

DDK:

Michael Van Warren came close at DEFCON to beating him. Big Kahuna Ali'i is roughly the same size, give or take twenty pounds.

Lance:

Yup. Good point. And you know what? For that reason alone, I like his chances.

Big Kahuna Ali'i steps through the ropes, military rolling his way to the center of the ring with great speed for a three-hundred-plus pound man. Standing on one knee, he raises his arms like a warrior and screams a primal scream with his tongue out. Glaring at the entrance ramp, BKA awaits his opponent as he stands back up and retreats to his corner.

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Two words, followed by two letters, written in signature style, appear on the DEFIatron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete that slices through the bottom of the screen with a violent effect. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, has already begun making his way out from behind the curtains.

**YOUR NIGHTMARE,
AP**

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, making his way down to the ring, from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiavik, AK... weighing in at 225lbs... he is DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare... ARTHURRRRRRRRRRRR PLLLLLLLLLEASAAAAANT!!!

Wearing his black and red duster, Pleasant saunters down to the ring with the words "THANK YOU ARTHUR" written on the back in a scratch-type font.

DDK:

Thank you... Arthur? Thank you for WHAT exactly?!

Lance:

I... have no idea.

Shedding the duster, he looks up at Big Kahuna Ali'i, who stares back like a hungry cannibal ready to tear him limb from limb. Pleasant wags his finger at the Impassioned Islander before making his way to the steps. Yelling at Hector Navarro to keep his opponent away, Pleasant cautiously makes his way up the rest of the steps as Navarro complies and makes sure to advise BKA to stay away from Pleasant while he enters the ring.

DDK:

Is it me or does Pleasant seem a bit reticent at taking on Big Kahuna Ali'i?

Lance:

I think you're right, Darren. Something seems off about Arthur here.

But as soon as Lance says this, Pleasant storms the ring and makes it seem like he's going to attack BKA. He stops just short of a giant haymaker from BKA, though, keeping him back. Retreating into his corner, Pleasant smiles at BKA.

DING DING

As soon as Navarro calls for the bell, Pleasant and Ali'i circle each other. It doesn't take long before Ali'i closes the distance between himself and Arthur. But just before he can, Pleasant drops to the canvas and rolls to the outside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Shocker. Arthur Pleasant opts to chicken his way out of the ring rather than put up an actual fight.

Lance:

Did you expect anything less, Keebs?

DDK:

Fair point. I suppose not.

Not wanting to have any of this waiting, BKA yells something Samoan and slides to the outside. Pleasant notices BKA chasing him, and he slides back into the ring. As soon as BKA slides in to follow, Pleasant lays the stomps right to the back of the newcomer's head. Over and over Pleasant stomps him, until BKA is a bit groggy. Guiding him to his feet, Pleasant smashes him in the head with a series of forearm shots. Leaning BKA into the ropes, Pleasant shoots BKA off into the opposite side.

But on the rebound, BKA soars with a flying headbutt that ROCKS Pleasant! The fans come unglued for this as Pleasant holds his head from the impact of the flying missile-like headbutt.

Lance:

WOW. That was...

DDK:

I think I heard the cartilage in Arthur's nose go mush-mush from here!

Shaking the cobwebs, Pleasant is brought to his feet by BKA, who follows up the hug flying headbutt with a scoop slam that echoes throughout the KeyBank Arena. Running into the ropes, BKA flies forward and nails a SPLASH right in the center of the ring!

The audience counts along with Navarro!

One!!

Two!!

THR- Pleasant kicks out!

DDK:

My God, Pleasant is reeling from this onslaught! I think he severely underestimated this Samoan Smasher!

Lance:

Samoan Smasher? I like it.

Holding his chest after the impact of the tree-hundred-plus pound running splash, Pleasant kicks his feet on the mat as he gasps for air. All of a sudden, BKA looks to the audience, who start to chant something!

BIG KA-HU-NA!

Clap, clap, clap, clapclapclap

BIG KA-HU-NA!

Clap, clap, clap, clapclapclap

DDK:

It's amazing how quickly the fans are taking to this guy! Get it, Kahuna!

Kahuna goes to grab Pleasant by his head, but he receives a poke in the eyes for his effort! Navarro sternly admonishes Pleasant for this, who maintains innocence the whole time.

Lance:

Arthur with the Scumbag Special, there!

Kneeing BKA in his back, Pleasant sends the rookie into the middle ropes, throat first. Arthur follows this up by choking Ali'i, and once again Navarro has no choice but to admonish DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare.

DDK:

Arthur better watch himself here. He's dangerously close to getting disqualified for all his blatant rule-breaking.

Lance:

Wait a minute!

Jestal comes from under the ring, and nails Ali'i in the head with CLUCKY!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

That damned loaded rubber chicken! What is going on here?!

BKA is out cold, lying lifeless on the bottom rope. All the while Jestal stays below the apron out of sight. Pleasant smiles, knowing, or at least half-understanding, what just went down. Pleasant, realizing this is his opportunity to seal the deal, grabs the unconscious BKA and pulls him away from the second rope. Tucking his head under his arm for a guillotine choke, he squeezes like there's no tomorrow!

DDK:

Is this even really necessary? Arthur with the Sleep Paralysis. Good God. That sickening shot from Jestal should've been enough!

Lance:

This one's academic, I'm afraid. BKA deserved better than this. He looked great in the opening moments of this match!

Pleasant latches his legs around Big Kahuna Ali'i, immediately falling to the mat. Navarro sees BKA trapped in the Sleep Paralysis and immediately gets into position on the mat so that he can shake his hand for signs of life. It's already limp and Navarro realizes BKA cannot defend himself. He calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Ugh.

Lance:

Yeah. Blargh.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match due to submission via ref stoppage... ARTHURRRRR... PLLLEEEAAASSSAAANT!!!

Pleasant releases the Sleep Paralysis and folds over in "exhaustion". Forcing himself to his feet like he just won a 100-Person Gauntlet Match, Pleasant raises his hands in victory.

DDK:

Arthur acting like he won the biggest match in DEFIANCE history, all by himself. Despicable!

While the ref raises Arthur's hand Jestal has entered the ring and on his side laying across Ali'i he rains down fists on the unconscious BKA. Arthur notices this and just decides to join in.

Lance:

Oh, come ON. WHY?!

DDK:

Because Arthur. Man. Ali'i is getting a crash course on making the step up to the main roster here.

Arthur and Jestal just keep stomping the hell out of BKA. Shot after shot, the Samoan Smasher is just getting the life beaten out of him.

DDK:

Why!? What did Big Kahuna Ali'i do to deserve any of this?

The crowd is just filled with jeers as the beatdown continues.

Lance:

Ali'i is defenseless here as he has been knocked silly by a weapon, choked beyond unconsciousness from Pleasant's Sleep Paralysis, and now Arthur inflicts his own version of pain in addendum to everything else!

Suddenly the Faithful's displeasure turns to excitement as Scrow races down the ramp and into the ring. Arthur's attention is quickly taken from the beatdown as Scrow has finally evened the odds. Arthur and Scrow battle it out, but Arthur is finding out quickly that a striking contest with Scrow is not a good idea. Jestal notices Arthur is now on the defense and he rolls out of the ring. Grabbing Clucky, Jestal rolls back in and as he is just about to pounce Arthur is nailed with a chest kick that knocks him over the top rope.

DDK:

Scrow has evened the odds here and Arthur has been kicked out of the ring. Oh but that devious jester is looking for his comeuppance!

The Faithful are trying to get Scrow's attention but The Raven's Eye is jaw jacking with Arthur from inside the ring to

the outside of the ring. Just as Scrow turns around...

DDK:

Ali'i is back up! He just grabbed Clucky out of Jestal's grip.

Jestal turns around, only to have Scrow kick him in the keister right into the grip of Ali'i who has thrown the loaded rubber chicken out of the ring!

Lance:

IMPACT CRATER! On Jestal!

The Faithful pop for Ali'i! He is surprised by their reception for a second. Jestal rolls out of the ring now. Scrow raises Ali'i's arm and the young BRAZEN star finally gets the reaction he has always wanted. Scrow then motions for a microphone as Arthur is backtracking up the ramp. Jestal is staggering about, trying to get to his feet, but Ali'i got the clown on rubber chicken legs. How's that for an analogy?

Scrow:

Pleasant, since you don't mind sticking your nose in other people's business. How about we take this to another level. You and Hobo the Clown there versus [Faithful chuckle at the remark toward Jestal; Scrow points at Big Kahuna Ali'i] BIG Kahuna Ali'i and Scrow in a tag team match on DEFtv 188!

Arthur catches his breath. Checking his mouth for blood after tasting the fists of Scrow, Pleasant looks at Jestal.

Arthur Pleasant:

He *[points to Scrow in the ring]* wants me *[points to self]* to tag with *[points at Jestal]* you?!

As Arthur finishes his sentence, Jestal, Flair Flops in front of him. Rubbing his temples for a moment, Pleasant responds.

Arthur Pleasant:

Yeah, sure. Why the fuck not?!

The audience pops and Scrow looks like he's just attained a measure of victory here.

Arthur Pleasant:

Also? Fuck off. Denying a man's fun. Fucking fun police, you are. Christ on a crutch. And you know what, Scotch Sweat? You chastise ME for sticking MY nose in other people's business when... THAT's EXACTLY WHAT YOU JUST DID YOU FUCKING MORON!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Arthur Pleasant:

Yeah, yeah. Boo me all you want. You know it's true. Oscar The Scrowtch over there wants a piece of me in the ring? That's fine and dandy. Bring that big dumb fucking Samoan cliché with the Henna tattoos while you're at it and I'll send him back down to BRAZEN to trade Pokémon cards with my Uncle. I'll see you at 188, Scrow Boat!

Flipping off Scrow and Big Kahuna Ali'i, Pleasant turns toward the DEFIAcurtains, leaving Jestal to his own devices on the ramp.

DDK:

What a huge match Arthur Pleasant just accepted! For the first time since DEFCON '22, Scrow and Pleasant will do battle in the middle of the ring in a tag team match with Big Kahuna Ali'i and Jestal, respectively!

Lance:

Yes. ALL the Yesses!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

TYLER FUSE & PRINCESS DESIRE vs. DEF-CEPTICONS

With Septimus Tyne and Al Sparks already in the middle of the ring, waiting for their match... a new theme song begins on the PA.

[!\[\]\(380b8c89d31b6e4bc43715f362c2f817_img.jpg\) "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero !\[\]\(b6cb5b92653c4d3321a5dee6a579808b_img.jpg\)](#)

Once the song picks up, Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire march out from behind the FIST logo and make their way down the ramp with a singular purpose. A singular, SERIOUS purpose...

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a tag team match! Introducing first... the team of Tyler Fu-

Quimbey has to stop because Tyler's already slid into the ring and absolutely decapitated Septimus with a hard clothesline! Meanwhile, Princess Desire tackles Al Sparks to the canvas and unloads a wild amount of forearms into his face!

Mark Shields, the most useless of referees, decides he should call for the bell and backaway all at the same time.

DING DING

DDK:

I guess we're starting.

Lance:

Didn't even have the time to mention the rest of the DEF-cepticons are at ringside. There's Ryan Knox, Megan Kron and, of course, Starscream.

DDK:

Former BRAZEN Tag Team Championships who shouldn't come up too lightly here. They had a solid title reign.

As Keebler says this, Tyler whips Tyne into the ropes and then crushes the tiny man with a knee to the head. Tyler didn't even have to jump or raise his knee more than an inch before it sent the BRAZEN star fumbling inside-out and down to the mat.

Tyler walks to his corner, where Desire is stomping a mudhole in Sparks.

Tyler pats Princess on the back for a "tag". She doesn't stop what she's doing until a trickle of blood starts falling down Al's face. Then, like someone snapped their fingers, she takes three steps back and methodically turns her attention to Septimus Tyne.

Tyne, who's trying to get up but struggling immensely.

WHAM!

DDK:

Damn that's a wicked knee to the temple! Maybe even more impactful than Tyler's!

Desire wastes no time. She peels Sep off the mat and hits an incredible looking brainbuster suplex!

Princess marches to her corner and tags Tyler back in. Fuse races into the ring, latches onto Tyne's waist and connects with a horrifying looking German suplex, dropping Tyne on the back of his head.

Tyne is OUT.

DDK:

Mark, I don't think Septimus can defend himself anymore...

The rest of the DEF-cepticons are trying to tell Shields this, too. Except-

SLAM!

Princess Desire steers the stalky Ryan Knox into the guardrail and then spears the shit out of Starscream. It was done so quickly, neither man could have defended himself. However, now that enough time has passed... Megan Kron, all six-foot-eight of her, looms over Princess Desire as she gets to her feet.

Lance:

Uh-oh... Princess might have bitten off more than she can chew!

Princess doesn't back down. She walks straight into Megan's amazonian chest and glances up to her eyes.

Princess Desire:

Fuck you.

Megan cocks back her right hand but then Septimus Tyne is **THROWN** into the side of her, thanks to Tyler, who ejects Tyne from the ring! This gives Jane Fuse the opening she needs. The Princess jumps onto the guard rail, leaps in the air and takes hold of Megan Kron's face...

She spins and implant DDT's Megan straight onto the floor with a **THUD** upon landing!

Desire dusts her hands off and casually walks up the steel steps to her corner. Meanwhile, Tyler is convincing referee Mark Shields that Septimus Tyne actually tagged in Al Sparks (he didn't). Regardless, Shields believes whatever he's told as Tyler Fuse drags a bloody Al Sparks off the mat and connects with a snap piledriver... into a gut wrench powerbomb... into a modified Texas cloverleaf.

Center of the ring.

DDK:

Sparks is also out, just like Tyne.

Lance:

I think Princess gave Al a concussion.

Sparks lays lifeless on the canvas as Shields slides into position and asks the DEF-cepticon if he's going to tap.

Sparks doesn't tap, since he can't hear or feel anything at the moment.

Tyler leans back as far as he can, gritting his teeth, with a half-placed smile on his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Where the **FUCK** is Teresa now!? Who cares about Jack Harmen!?

The crowd boos profusely until... finally... Mark Shields catches on. He stands and taps Tyler on the shoulder, while Tyler slowly cocks his head around to where Mark is positioned.

Mark Shields:

I think he's out, bro. I might have to call the match.

Tyler shakes his head no.

Tyler Fuse:

I need more time.

Shields isn't sure. Like the referee's voice inside his head is telling him that he's got to call for the bell but then again Tyler said he needed more time, so...

By now, Tyler's grinning like a mother fucker while Princess Desire strolls around the outside of the ring, travelling to all four corners via the apron.

DDK:

Tyler's going to break Al's back if Mark doesn't stop this.

Lance:

It might be too late.

Finally, however, Fuse drops the hold. He stops to receive claps from The Princess before leaning down and plucking Al Sparks from the canvas.

It takes Tyler a while but, finally, Fuse is able to rest Sparks upright on his knees.

Tyler hits the ropes...

CRACK!

The Locomotive, Jack Harmen's finishing yakuza kick, meets Al Sparks square in the nose as blood goes FLYING and he falls back to the mat.

Tyler places a foot on Al's chest as Mark Shields counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The crowd boos as Darren Quimbey stands from the time keeper's table.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match-

But Princess Desire is there to snatch the microphone away from him.

Princess Desire: *[to Darren Quimbey]*

Missed calling the start of the match, can't call the end!

And she tosses the mic into the crowd.

DDK:

What the hell!? It was YOUR fault Darren wasn't able to introduce you or your opponents!

Tyler rolls out of the ring to meet Jane on the floor. The two of them march up the rampway as their new theme song plays.

[🎵 "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero 🎵](#)

DDK:

I can only assume this was a message.

Lance:

Loud and clear. Loud, and clear.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

THE ESTATE STEALS THE SPOTLIGHT

The lights go out and the crowd has its Pavlovian reaction — especially in anticipation of what could be Teri Melton's grand entrance. But instead the Defia-TRON screen shows Cristiano Caballero and Brayden "Dubya" Leverington walking in the back with Tabitha Kinsey leading the way, ripping off the formation of the now-famous walk-and-talk of Your Uncut Gems.

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

Both of The Company Men are wearing matching Pantagonia Finance Bro monogrammed vests. Caballero is dabbing himself with aftershave lotion, ensuring the feel of his smooth, bronzed skin. Dubya's curled and frosted hair just gives off "douche chills." Tabitha is wearing a plaid/tweed Chanel pose skirt suit, looking every bit the part of someone hosting a \$10,000-a-plate fundraising dinner for a gubernatorial candidate, cradling one of her prized Faberge Eggs.

The boos come quick and loudly as it's clear The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey has stolen the walk-and-talk pre-match introduction made popular by Your Uncut Gems!

Dubya:

StarChild! Raiden! Ennn Deee Arrr. You guys thought you had it made, huh? You thought that you were going to get you first match on DefTV. Well, guess what? You have your first match... but you got it against us. And you are going to not just lose, but you are going to lose everything. For the rest of your careers, you are going to have to live with the fact that we stole your first match from you. We defeated you in your first match on DefTV. And that we crippled you afterwards and stole your careers right when you thought they were starting!

Tabitha:

Buffalo was at one point one of America's greatest cities - an industrial powerhouse! Today, Buffalo is an abandoned dystopian hellscape forever trapped in snow. Anyone from Buffalo with an ounce of intelligence or ambition fled this living nightmare generations ago. The only people who left — yourselves — are only here because you would rather die in this vacant slum than do anything to better yourselves.

Boooooo!!!!

Tabitha:

Your poor ringside manners show how you were brought up by your ignorant, unemployable and classless parents. It is also recognition of what I and my charges have known since birth. People like us make the decisions that control your lives. We run the corporations that shut down the factory your entire town works so we can get a tax write-off! We run the universities that won't accept your children as students but will hire them as janitors! We run the government and write the laws for our gain while keeping you, the wretched refuse, in your rightful place doing as you told by us — your superiors!

Booooooooooooo!!!!

Tabitha:

It brings people like us joy when we take actions that deprive you of any semblance of a life worth living. That is exactly what I did when I ripped Teri Melton's earring out of her ear. Your little cult hero, the fiery redemption tale who burst upon the scene, is not here tonight, nor for any night ever again! Don't blame me for what happened to your poor, dear Teri. Blame yourselves for believing in someone instead of resigning yourself to living a life of pity! For you, the unwashed and illiterate, there are no spotlights. There is only struggle and despair as you fail to pull yourself up by the bootstraps! Once you, The Faithful, accept this and do as you told like the obedient peons you are...

Tabitha pauses as The Company Men make their DiamondHands before turning them upside down in mockery. Tabitha then coyly smirks and moves her hands like Teri, and the spotlight comes on with The Estate of Teri Melton at ringside.

Tabitha:

You'll thank us for this later!

Booooooooooooo!!!!

NDR vs. THE COMPANY MEN

DDK:

And now comes a highly anticipated match between two young tag teams, both of whom just joined the main roster after spending time in BRAZEN.

Lance:

NDR impressed many people in their tenure in BRAZEN and earned a shot at joining DEFIANCE after a lot of hard work, along with the mentorship of the now missing Teri Melton! The Company Men are up here because of a dubious plot put together by "Bosswoman Tweed" Tabitha Kinsey -- preventing NDR from having their debut match, and ripping out an earring from her former protege's ear and sending the brash manager who won our Rookie of the Year into the hospital, and possibly away for good!

♪ "New Day Rising" by Husker Du ♪

The fast-paced, screaming guitars play and "The StarChild" JP Reeves and Raiden come sprinting down to the ringside area, and the fans stand up roaring as a brawl is unfolding immediately. Raiden is paired up with Cristiano. Reeves is paired with Dubya.

DDK:

All four men are just swinging away wildly! Carla Ferrari is outside, yelling at both teams to get in the ring but they do not care!

Caballero goes to toss Raiden into the ring post, but he reverses, sending The Marketer's Dream into the ring post. The StarChild and Dubya roll into the ring, and Reeves gets the advantage with a few punches right into the Wharton MBA grad's face. Reeves quickly runs up the top rope and leaps off with an elbow smash. But Dubya is on the mat reaches up and gouges Reeves in the eyes with repeated blasts with his thumb. Ferrari turns to try and get control with them and --

DDK:

Caballero with a chair and he swings at Raiden, who dodges! Not Raiden snatches the chair and whacks Caballero with it right in the back!

Lance:

The hatred is absolutely real and out of control!

Raiden rolls into the ring. He and The StarChild whip Dubya into the ropes and double hip toss him, throwing him halfway across the ring. He goes to roll out of the ring, with Raiden chasing after. He sticks his head between the ropes, where Caballero runs and plows him with a chair of his own! The StarChild then slides with a dropkick to Caballero.

DDK:

All four men are back, and fighting on the floor. Carla Ferrai, one of our most competent referees, has no idea what to do! She's screaming at the men to get into the ring and the corners but they absolutely do not care!

Dubya grabs the timekeeper's table, sending everything onto the floor, and the timekeeper scrambling and he levers it into Reeves's face. Reeves falls to one knee, but he gets up immediately and he and Dubya start exchanging fists again. Raiden and Caballero are also slugging away, with Cristiano getting the brief advantage and --

DDK:

Cristiano just threw Raiden into a chair being held up by Tabitha Kinsey! She now lobbs the chair toward The StarChild and Dubya, who do not even notice as they're still pounding away at each other!

Lance:

This is just an absolute wild mess. With each passing second, these four men hate each other more and more.

The crowd can not get enough of this, all on their feet and just roaring with each punch and blow and chair and table. Raiden is back up already, scratching Cristiano's face. Cristiano is ripping at Raiden's long hair. Tabitha is screaming orders, pointing to the ring.

DDK:

Dubya and Reeves are in the ring going blow-for-blow! Cristiano and Raiden now find themselves in the ring, too.

Ferrari finally gets some order as she separates Dubya and The StarChild into their corners, leaving Cristiano and Raiden in the ring. She shrugs her shoulders and --

DING DING**Lance:**

It looks like we're going to have an actual match after all of that ringside mayhem!

Raiden has Caballero in a front face lock, slugging away. Caballero hits Raiden with an elbow, and then rakes the eyes. He goes to whip Raiden into the ropes, but it's reversed, and The StarChild enters the ring without tagging.

DDK:

Raiden with a leapfrog over Caballero, Reeves feints a thrust kick. Caballero turns around and Raiden hits him with a thrust kick instead!

Ferrari goes to force Reeves back into the corner. Tabitha growls at Dubya and points. He rushes into the ring behind her back and --

DDK:

Oh my god! Dubya with a vicious chop block to Raiden's right knee! He had no idea that was coming!

Lance:

We saw The Company Men use what they are calling The Gembreaker -- the infamous Kinsey Leglock which has never been broken or reversed -- at the last DefTV and on Uncut!

Dubya drags Raiden into his corner. Caballero tags Dubya in.

DDK:

Dubya in and is immediately stomping on Raiden's right knee! And Cristiano sprints across the corner and body blocks The StarChild onto the floor!

Carla starts to admonish Caballero, who is backpedalling to his corner, making a "Who, me?" facial expression and hand gesture. With her back turned --

DDK:

Tabitha Kinsey has that Faberge Egg! And she just blasted Reeves in the skull with it, like she did Teri Melton! Reeves is out cold on the floor!

Dubya is now choking Raiden in one of the corners, and Carla has to go and break that up as she's counting five. Caballero runs around the ring towards Reeves who is out cold on the floor, and starts to punch him. Now Carla turns to that, without any clue as to why The StarChild was knocked out cold to start with.

DDK:

Dubya now with a low blow to Raiden! Caballero quickly back into his corner and tags in --

Dubya hoists Raiden in the air, for Caballero to hit him with a cutter -- what they call the 10-K!

Lance:

The Company Men and Tabitha Kinsey -- supposedly the upper-crust of society -- sure are thriving in this chaos!

Instead of the cover, Cristiano kicks Raiden in the knee repeatedly. Then he and Dubya smugly turn The DiamondHands upside down and Cristiano hooks on The Gembreaker!

DDK:

Raiden is trying to hold on, screaming in pain! Dubya is on the floor, eye level with him, ordering him to tap. And he has no choice! He does!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Caballero is not breaking The Gembreaker despite Carla's admonishment. Kinsey throws in a chair in the ring and is pointing at Reeves, still out cold on the floor!

Dubya arrogantly tosses the bleeding Reeves under the bottom rope. Caballero breaks The Gembreaker and hoists up JP, only for Dubya to complete The 10-K on JP, who is already knocked out. Tabitha is now yelling more orders at The Company Men with a sadistic, knowing look in her eyes.

DDK:

Raiden is trying to crawl to his partner, but Dubya jabs him with a chair to that injured knee! And again! And again! Now Dubya hooks Raiden in The Gembreaker and Caballero has the chair.

Caballero gloats to the crowd as Kinsey is beaming with pride, applauding him! He then slowly climbs to the top rope, chair in hand.

Lance:

They're going to try and end Raiden's career right here!

But there's a large buzz in the crowd as someone runs from ringside and slides into the ring, and immediately blocks Raiden from Caballero!

DDK:

That's Aurora Kaye! Tabitha's daughter! Caitlyn Kinsey's mom!

Tabitha has an evil snarl in her face and crawls into the ring, yelling at her daughter. Aurora is still on the mat, protecting Raiden.

Aurora:

Please, Mom. Please. Think about Caitlyn! She doesn't need this right now! Please!

Tabitha looks down at her daughter with disgust in her face. But then she says "Fine" and orders The Company Men to stop their attack. DEFmed rushes into the ring to check on both members of NDR as the Theme From Succession plays. Tabitha holds up both men's hands in triumph as the crowd reigns down boos upon them.

DDK:

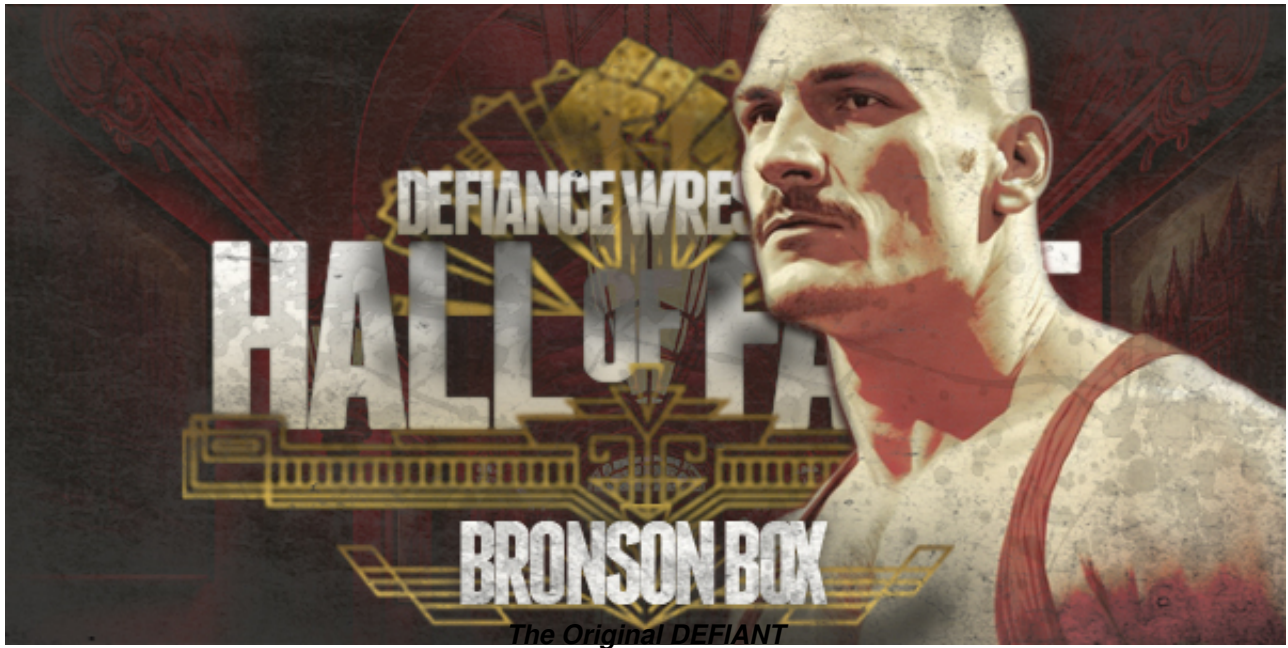
The Company Men and that woman Tabitha Kinsey came mere seconds away from possibly ending NDR's career forever! They are cruel and dangerous!

Lance:

But I can't help but think things might be a little different if Teri Melton was here to even the score... and there's no telling when, or if, we'll ever see her again!

Aurora, who has hated Teri Melton for decades, looks over Raiden with motherly concern. Reeves groggily wakes up and sees what happened, the blood tricking down his head, and he pounds the mat in anguish as Raiden just screams

about his knee.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

FAVORED SAINTS: REZIN (C) vs. VICTOR VACIO

Cut back to the arena.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The DEFIATron goes black but dances with film grain, dust, and scratches as the smoke machines kick in.

Amidst the hazy, distorted view, Vacio's black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine-generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of his black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. The Lost Cause pauses at the top of the rampway...

Lance:

It seems that, possibly, Hugo and Gerardo talked some sense into Corey Nunez...

... as he is flanked by the recently reunited Barrio Boys, Corey Nunez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, all now, clad in black versions of their normal gear.

DDK:

It appears you have spoken too soon, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed, it appears my greatest fear has come to fruition, Darren ... Victor Vacio has somehow convinced the Barrio Boys to join his ranks and one would assume - subscribe to his twisted, shortsighted, and completely unethical philosophy.

Vacio and company, slowly make their way down the ramp with zero fanfare or even the simplest acknowledgment of the event surrounding them. Stone faces.

DDK:

We have seen our fair share of bad seeds blossom into tyrannical teams here in DEFIANCE as of late but I have to say... the only thing more dangerous than Victor Vacio and his dark view of this sport, and world for that matter is ... is Victor Vacio with back up.

Air raid sirens fill the KeyBank Center. The crowd ROARS.

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

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

The DEFIATron plays through montage footage of mushroom clouds and scenes of public uprisings. The stage fills up with smoke and strobes. Through the haze, a swaggering shadow takes shape. On the screen, a brick wall collapses, and a name appears.

REZIN

The Favoured Saints Champion strides into the spotlight to a booming ovation, hoisting the title upside down over his head while cloud pyros explode at his left and right. Fire and mayhem is left in his wake as Hell's Favorite Hoosier jaunts down the aisle, feeding off the energy from the fans.

DDK:

Even as a four-time Favoured Saints Champion, "The Escape Artist" Rezin claims to have broken a curse two weeks ago when he finally won his first defense as a reigning champion!

Lance:

A victory that came thanks in part to the involvement of the very man he's defending it against tonight. Vacio apparently had some unfinished business with High Flyer IV in the wake of their match at DEFCON and cost the third-generation superstar a chance at a major opportunity.

DDK:

Time will tell how HF IV responds to that, but for tonight, Victor Vacio will have his hands full in his own challenge for the title, as Rezin is arguably carrying quite a bit of momentum with him into this match! Still, I don't like the look of the Barrio Boys being out here tonight.

Lance:

It's anyone's guess as to if--or when--they will get involved in this.

Rezin performs a loop around the ring, high-fiving ringside Faithful with one hand while holding up the FS Title with the other. Completing the orbit, he hops to the apron and poses with the title once more as fountain pyros plume up from the ring posts. The Escape Artist pumps his fist to get the fans to chant along.

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

Rezin steps through the ropes and finds his corner, intensely staring down Vacio and the Barrio Boys across the ring. Between them, ring announcer Darren Quimbey begins the formal introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

RRRAAAAAAHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Hailing from Mexico City, Mexico, and weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds... the LOST CAUSE... VICTORRR... VAAACIIIOOOOO!!

Victor doesn't react to the negative reaction from the crowd, silently tilting his head from one side to the next while staring down the champ across the ring. The Barrio Boys loom ominously in the corner behind him.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, fighting out of Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds! He is the reigning Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE!

RRRAAAAAAHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

The ESCAPE ARTIST... the GOAT BASTARD... the FAVOURED SINNER... RRREEZZZZIIIIINN!!

Rezin turns to the crowd and pumps the Favoured Saints title upside down over his head, inverting the Fleur-de-lis faceplate to a booming reaction from the crowd.

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

The champ nods with confidence as he restlessly paces around his quadrant of the squared circle, and Vacio's entourage excuses themselves to ringside. Rezin hands the belt off to presiding official Rex Knox, who holds it up to the camera for a moment and hands it off to Quimbey to take with him. Both men are ready for action in the corners, and the ref doesn't waste time giving the cue for the bell as soon as the announcer has cleared the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

We have the bell, and it looks like both of these competitors are going right into the lock-up!

Both men dance as they push off each other in the collar and elbow, jockeying for leverage. Vacio swiftly snags an arm and attempts a shoulder lock to wrangle the Goat Bastard to the mat, but Rezin fights him. They struggle for a beat in a brief battle of strength before Victor ends things with a chop that sends Rezin onto his back, keeping hold of the arm to apply a standing wristlock. Undeterred, the Favoured Saints champ kips back up to his feet, spins around to reverse the torsion in his wrist, and sends Vacio flipping to the mat off the counter!

DDK:

Quick reversal puts Victor Vacio on the mat, and now Rezin has control of the wrist! And there's a quick leg drop across the shoulder to go with it! Now Victor is scrambling to the ropes, clutching the arm!

Lance:

A smart move by Victor, getting away before Rezin can get heated up.

Rezin works up the crowd some more before backing into his corner and squatting low, waiting on Victor. Vacio deliberately takes his time as he gets back to his feet, rolls out his neck and shoulder, and comes back for another exchange. This time, Rezin ducks under the tie-up attempt and slips behind, slapping on a side headlock. The Escape Artist cranks on the head, but the Lost Cause plots an escape of his own as he backs himself into the ropes.

DDK:

Vacio into the ropes, looking to push the champion off... but Rezin hangs on and takes him to the mat instead with a bulldog!

Rezin is back up in a flash, but Victor is not far behind him. The champ attempts a standing dropkick, but Vacio swiftly bats it down. Victor delivers a kick to his chest to keep him on the mat, but the FS champ catches it in his hands, rises back up, and counters with a dragon screw! Rezin quickly pops to his feet and pounces into the ropes, getting a loud rise out of the Faithful as he commits into a graceful springboard moonsault... only to anticlimactically land on his feet, as Vacio rolls out to the ringside floor!

DDK:

Nobody home for the moonsault, as Victor Vacio wisely powders out of the ring!

Lance:

Rezin has momentum on his side now, and while the Lost Cause may not want much of anything deep down, he certainly doesn't want this kind of start to his bid for the Favoured Saints Title.

Vacio attempts to buy himself time as Rex Knox begins the ten count, but Rezin doesn't give him the chance as he steps through the ropes, zips around the post, begins to run, and catches the unsuspecting Lost Cause with a running Missile Dropkick off the apron! The Faithful pop resoundingly as the Escape Artist rears his grizzled face skyward and unleashes a primal roar of PUNK ROCK fury!

DDK:

Rezin is absolutely firing on all cylinders, and this crowd is completely behind him!

Lance:

And if the Escape Artist can maintain this energy, he may be on his way to a second successful defense.

Rezin sees his window of opportunity as he slides back into the ring and waits for Vacio to recover. Victor is out of sorts as the Goat Bastard darts into the opposite set of ropes and comes streaking back across the ring like a black blur. Vacio doesn't see him coming... but one of his new cohorts does.

Corey Nunez:

Vamos, jefe!

DDK:

Rezin keeps moving with the SUICIDE DIVE--NO!! Corey Nunez pulls Vacio to the side at the last moment, and Champ instead hurls himself head-first into the barricade!

Lance:

The risk almost paid off, but the Escape Artist did not account for Vacio's new posse getting involved. Now, Victor has the opportunity to take control of this contest.

Rezin's head disappears into the barricade, and his body comically stiffens up like a cartoon coyote would crash into a cliffside before dropping to the ringside floor in a heap. Rex Knox admonishes Nunez for the interference before beginning the ten count. Vacio rallies and further punish the champion with merciless stomps to the shoulders, head, and back. Finally, at the behest of the official, Victor pulls the champ up and rolls him back into the ring.

Lance:

Rezin could be in real trouble here. The Lost Cause can be a veritable black mamba in the grass as soon as he finds a weakness to exploit.

DDK:

Vacio returns the action to the ring now, sliding in after and running past the recovering Rezin! Here he goes into the ropes... and a SPRINGBOARD TWISTING DROPKICK puts the Favoured Saints Champ to the mat! Here's Vacio with the cover!

One!

Two!

And Rezin kicks out!

Victor brutalizes the champ with a series of forearms to leave him dazed, and the Lost Cause quickly pulls him back up while he has control of him. Vacio easily locks on a rear waist lock and throws him over with a German suplex that folds up the Goat Bastard. Victor sprawls on top for another pin.

DDK:

Vacio folds up Rezin onto the mat following the suplex! For the championship!

One!

Two!

Another kick-out!

Lance:

Where does Victor go from here?

The Lost Cause already seems to know, as he pulls Rezin back up by the head and leads him to the near corner. Vacio goes to the second rope and reels in the Escape Artist by the head, looking for a Tornado DDT... but stalls after a pair of sharp blows connect with his exposed ribs! Rezin breaks free and delivers even more to the face hidden behind the black mask to leave Victor stunned!

DDK:

Rezin is trying to fight back and turn the tables, and now Vacio is rocked, and seated right on the top rope! Rezin, to the TOP in a single bound, sends Victor FLYING with a HURRICANRANA out of the corner! Hooks the legs into a double-leg cradle!

One!

Two!

NO! Vacio rolls out of it!

Lance:

Rezin may have rekindled his fire with that quick-thinking counter.

Rezin rolls back to his feet while Vacio scrambles up to his own, narrowly ducking a roundhouse kick the Goat Bastard aims directly at his head. Victor shoots in and attempts to tie the arm up into a kimura, but the Escape Artist escapes it with a rolling reversal before leaping onto the challenger's shoulders with a crucifix!

DDK:

Crucifix rolls Vacio to the mat, and Rezin has him down!

One!

TWO!

NO! Kick out!

Lance:

The Lost Cause is still in this, for the time being. But now, the Escape Artist is cooking with gas, and it may only be a matter of time before he outpaces Vacio with this quickened tempo.

The reigning champ is up first and attempts to pull Vacio up with him, but out of desperation, Victor lands a pair of forearms to the midsection to leave him stunned. Vacio uses the brief opportunity to run himself into the ropes and pounces into them. He comes back with a springboard back elbow, but the Escape Artist instead catches him into a rear waist lock, lifts him up, and twists him over into a powerbomb!

DDK:

HUGE impact off the BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB! Rezin keeps the leg hooked... could this be NUMBER TWO?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--ALMOST!!

Rezin bares his teeth in frustration off the near fall but nevertheless drags Vacio into position near the turnbuckle before scaling up to the top.

Lance:

Victor Vacio has survived multiple pin attempts, but the Escape Artist may be looking to cap things off with one of his

penchant Rezinsaults!

DDK:

Rezin perched on the top rope... but WAIT! He stalls the moment he sees Corey Nunez on the apron! What does he think he's doing up there?!

Lance:

Apparently, he's not too pleased with the current direction of this match, although I strongly feel he could have picked a better time to voice his displeasure!

DDK:

I'll say! There's a match going on here!

The official Rex Knox quickly goes over to Nunez and angrily orders him back to the floor. Meanwhile, Rezin commits to his REZINSAULT... only to backflip face first into a posted leg from the Lost Cause! Rezin's eyes roll back into his head as he drops to his knees, and Vacio quickly pops back to his feet to cap it off.

DDK:

SUPERKICK BY VICTOR VACIO and Rezin drops to the mat!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Corey Nunez's distraction pays off in spades! He may have single-handedly given Victor Vacio the Favoured Saints Championship here tonight!

Vacio pops to his feet, posts up in the corner, and fluidly lands a split-legged moonsault across the chest of the prone Escape Artist. While the ref deals with Nunez, the Lost Cause sneaks in a blatant choke that leaves Rezin's legs thrashing!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

There's a choke off the moonsault! Victor Vacio is trying to snuff the breath right out of the Favoured Saints champ!

Lance:

And Rex Knox has no idea! He has his hands full with the Barrio Boys!

Knox is raising his voice as he orders Nunez off the apron for the third time, *or else*. Nunez stalls... but nevertheless finds himself back on the ringside floor after someone suddenly yanks him down. Someone with some outrageously blue hair.

And no, it's NOT Justin Sane making an early appearance.

DDK:

It's HIGH FLYER IV!! He's HERE!

Lance:

And he's apparently repaying the favor after Vacio cost him two weeks ago in his own Favoured Saints challenge!

The face of Nunez is filled with rage. Gerardo Villalobos and Hugo Gonzalez hurry around the ring to back him up. But as soon as they get there, HF IV parkours off the apron and flashes through the air with a twisting dive that lays out all three and earns a massive pop from the Faithful!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

WHAT A MANEUVER! In the blink of an eye, HF IV lays out the entirety of Victor Vacio's entourage!

Vacio has only now come to realize the commotion outside of the ring, looking over in time to see the third-generation aerial superstar flashing him finger guns and a self-satisfied grin of reprisal to go with it. Then, HF IV is gone, dashing off into the crowd with the three black-clad Barrio Boys giving chase after rousing themselves back to their feet. The Lost Cause angrily shakes his fist after him.

Victor Vacio:

Tu... CABRON!

Hearing one of his many off-the-grid aliases being uttered out loud, Rezin's head suddenly perks up.

Rezin:

Do *whut* now?

DDK:

Wait a sec, Rezin to his FEET!

Lance:

And Vacio doesn't see him!

Victor only realizes his folly at the last second, turning himself right into Rezin's waiting arm as he performs the somersault and drills him to the mat!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! Rezin HOOKS THE LEG FOR THE WIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! GOT HIM!

DING DING DING

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

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

The victorious Goat Bastard rises up and pumps his arms in victory. A moment later, Rex Knox returns to him the Favoured Saints Title. He posts up a corner to raise the (upside down) belt over his head to earn another massive pop from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and STILL Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE...

RRRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNNN!!!

DDK:

And with that win, the Escape Artist is now HALFWAY toward his goal! Four wins, and a bid for the Southern Heritage Title! And more importantly, the man who carries it... Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Provided "the Kraken" still has it before the night is through.

DDK:

C'mon, Lance... I know Justin Sane is the most "eXXXtr333me" wrestler to have ever lived, but you don't seriously think he has a chance at winning the Southern Heritage Title, do you?

Lance:

Stranger things have happened in DEFIANCE, Keeps.

DDK:

Good point. In any case, Rezin comes away with the victory here tonight, with some help from High Flyer IV, who answered Vacio's interference in his own challenge with a statement here tonight!

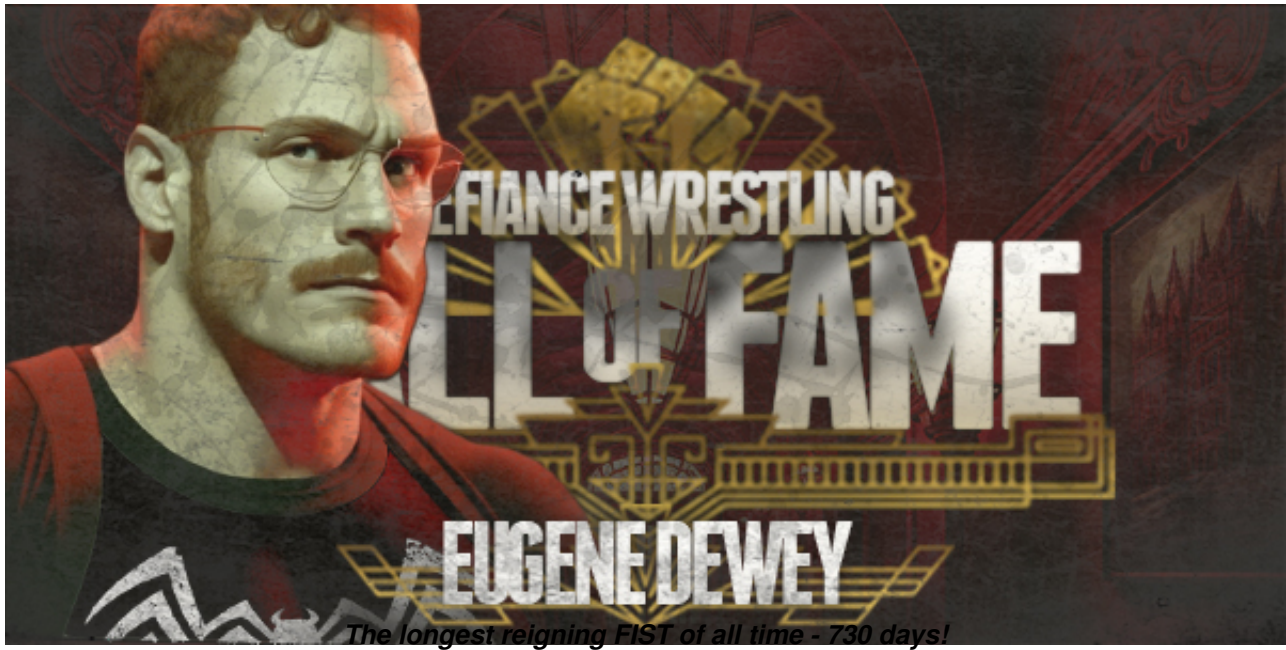
Lance:

Still, what is the ultimate plan of the Lost Cause as he assembles this new band of followers? And what more will come from this conflict with High Flyer IV?

DDK:

I guess we'll get the answers in due time, although for now, ladies and gentlemen, we need to take a quick commercial break! Don't go away, as we've got the main event coming up next!

While Rezin celebrates the victory, Victor Vacio is resuscitated by the Barrio Boys, returned from their chase of the elusive High Flyer IV. Though defeated, the rage of his hidden face clearly makes its way through the void of his black mask.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

REACHING FOR THE TAG

The words "LAST NIGHT" appear in the lower right corner of the screen in red impact font.

Somewhere in the private-parking section outside the KeyBank Center, a man walks towards a row of parked vehicles, a heavy gym bag slung over his shoulder. A showered and dressed Levi Cole pops the trunk of a sedan with the key fob, the car's lights pulsing yellow as the trunk slowly lifts.

Voice:

Hey, wait a second...

Glancing behind him with some suspicion, Cole slowly turns to see a silhouette approaching him. He tenses as he spins in place to face them... then visibly relaxes as the colorful fabric of a professional wrestling mask worn by the figure comes into light.

MV1:

...I was hoping to catch you before you left.

Cole drops his gym bag in the trunk with a thud before turning back to Masked Violator #1.

TA Cole:

What's up?

The masked man hesitates for a moment.

MV1:

I wanted to say thank you.

He puts out his right hand.

MV1:

Yeah, Heavy Artillery jumped us both two weeks ago and I'm sure you wanted to get a measure of revenge but you didn't have to get on that apron and stretch your hand out for that tag.

Cole's eyes go from MV1, to his hand, back to the mask.

MV1:

You didn't have to be in my corner tonight... but you were. And you were a darn fine partner. So... Thank you.

With a nod of the head, Cole reaches out and the two men powerfully shake hands once more.

TA Cole:

It was the right thing to do.

#1 nods back.

MV1:

It was. And I appreciate you being there.

Cole turns back to his rental and closes the trunk with a loud thud.

TA Cole:

I know you were probably a little disappointed that the guy you were hoping would step up didn't... but anyway... we did alright tonight.

A smile stretches #1's red mask.

MV1:

If you'd asked me a week ago if I thought I'd ever lean in to take anyone else's tag ever again, I would have said no. But... ask me right now and you'd get a different answer. I owe you, kid. Anyway... Have a good night. See you out there.

With another curt nod, MV1 turns to leave, the soles of his shoes scuffing on the pavement. Now it's Cole who seems to hesitate... and then overcome it. He calls out to MV1, who stops and turns.

TA Cole:

If you need somebody to stand on that apron again and stretch that hand out... you let me know.

No hesitation this time.

MV1:

I absolutely will. Thanks again.

And with that, both men go their separate ways. For now.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. SCREEN 7

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens will be in action for the first time since DEFCON when they take on the returning Screen 7 ... but the big story that we must talk about is the blockbuster match that has been signed.

Lance:

I couldn't believe that news! Former FIST of DEFIANCE, Gage Blackwood, will be teaming up with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Hall of Famer Bronson Box, a *superteam* if there ever was one, against the Lucky Sevens! Gage has come back with a singular focus at the moment and that's making the Lucky Sevens pay for taking away a year of his career by putting him out with injury!

DDK:

The match was made official with the Lucky Sevens telling the trio of Blackwood, Box and Harmen to watch this match closely. Screen 7 are going to need all the luck they can get tonight. No pun intended there.

♪ "Hello, Zepp + Overture" from the Saw movie ♪

The lights fade to complete darkness, save for one set of lights on the stage. The tall and ultra-scrawny Alan Goldstein and the portly grunt Gilbert Rogers stand as Berry Cherynobl, the one member of the group made for a ring, comes out. Behind them, "Horror" Hector Harris yells at his group to not screw up this opportunity to make a name for themselves.

Darren Quimbey:

This tag team match is scheduled for one fall! Accompanied by "Horror" Hector Harris, from The Last House On The Left... Gilbert Rogers, Alan Goldstein and Berry Chernoby!... SCREEEEEEENN 7!!!

"Horror" Hector Harris screams at his crew as the portly Gilbert waddles through the ropes, the scrawny and tall Alan enters the ring and Berry Chernoby! looks out to the crowd and then enters. All three enter and wait for their opponents.

Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Now in their ring gear of the tattered jeans and boots, the twin terrors called the Lucky Sevens are out in full force. They do not have Tom Morrow out.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing their opponents, at a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-three pounds... they are Mason Luck and Max Luck ... THHHHEEEEE LUUUUCCCKKKYYYY SSSEEEVVVVNNNNSSSS!!!

Lance:

The twins are storming the ring. This does not look good!

DDK:

No Morrow out here is interesting ... but after that confrontation earlier tonight with Gage, Box and Harmen, they are not messing around. Luck gets into the ring. Max Luck is right behind him on the ring apron. Mason yells at the referee to start the match quickly. Berry Chernobyl and Alan Goldstein look to be the two who are wrestling for Screen 7.

DING DING

Right away, Mason Luck goes at Berry with a big boot, but the most physically abled member of the trio moves out of the way and then he tries to take on Mason Luck head on with punches to the face! Hector Harris shouts for him to stick and move!

DDK:

Berry is really the only athletic member of the Screen 7 group to be honest and he's trying to take the fight to the Lucky Sevens first!

Punches! Chops! Berry is throwing everything at Mason Luck against a corner right now. Berry lays into Mason in the corner with a running big boot.

Lance:

Screen 7 are fighting for survival. Against the Lucky Sevens I mean that as literally as possible.

DDK:

Berry tries another running big boot in the corner ...

Berry runs but Mason finally shoots forward and grabs Berry by the face with the Winning Hand! The rest of Screen 7 cannot believe what they are seeing when Mason picks him up and drops him with a big Winning Hand slam on the mat!

DDK:

Mason Luck already hits a big Winning Hand Slam! And he's not even going for the pin!

The Ghostface Grappler has been taken out but Mason nudges him over to Alan Goldstein and dares the lanky wrestler to make a tag. Mason walks and makes a tag to Max to let his twin get in on the fun. Berry gets picked up and rolled to his corner. Mason makes Alan tag in Berry legally by grabbing his hand!

Lance:

Did the Lucky Sevens ... just force a tag?!

Max throws Alan over the ropes and he crashes right into the ring as the legal man. Max charges in and then drops a big Box Cars elbow drop to the chest of Alan, then stands up. He steps over the ropes and goes to the floor where "Horror" Hector Harris starts running away! Gilbert Rogers doesn't have time to react when he gets *smashed* with a running cross body!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens running right through Screen 7 tonight! They're sending a message to Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box tonight!

Max Luck is back into the ring. He grabs Alan off the ring apron by applying the Winning Hand! Then picks him up ... WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

Lance:

And there's a Winning Hand Slam for Max Luck!

Max Luck goes up again. He picks up Alan again ... WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

DDK:

And another Winning Hand Slam! This is a massacre!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing the Lucky Sevens for what they are doing! The Main Event Monsters continue their reign of terror by Max Luck tagging Mason. The Big Money Monsters steps into the ring with Max setting up a power bomb.

DDK:

This can only mean one thing ... SEVEN STARS!!! THAT IS ALL!!!

Max just hoists Alan into a power bomb and Mason applies the Winning Hand before hitting the tandem power bomb/Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

Count to ten thousand. This one is over.

Mason keeps the Winning Hand applied as a pinfall cover.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The match is over, but before Darren Quimbey can even announce them as the winner, they can do anything else, they grab Alan again!

DDK:

Come on, you won! This match is done! You two proved your point!

Berry tries to get back into the ring, but Max grabs him and then hits a Winning Hand slam on the ring apron!

DDK:

Berry Chernobyl tries to help and gets another Winning Hand Slam for his trouble!

Lance:

And Alan Goldstein might be leaving the arena in an ambulance!

They pick him up again and the official warns them to stop or he will reverse the decision of the match! Mason shoves the official down to loud jeers! Then then set up Alan Goldstein ...

SEVEN STARS!!!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

The official gets up and warns Darren Quimbey the decision has been reversed!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, due to their actions ... the Lucky Sevens have been disqualified and the decision of this match has been reversed! Your winners ... SCCCREEEEEEENNNN 7!!!

Lance:

Screen 7 might have officially won the match on paper thanks to what Mason and Max have done, and the worst part is ... the Lucky Sevens don't care.

Mason and Max bump fists, then raise their hands in the air when they are showered with loud booing!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

They both leave the ring after the damage done. Bodies are everywhere, but the manager for the trio ... he is happy because his guys just won the match! Hector Harris yells at his guys that they did something right while the Lucky Sevens walk away.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens sent a message to Gage and Bronson by destroying Screen 7 here tonight despite the official result ... but with all due respect, Screen 7 are not Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box!

Lance:

That attack and earlier confrontation really lit a fire under Mason and Max Luck tonight. Winning seems secondary to their goal of giving their fabled Five Star Beatdowns to anyone in their path.

Mason and Max see the camera before them on the top of the ramp.

Mason Luck:

GAGE! BRONSON! WINS ARE NOT OUR GOAL RIGHT NOW ...

Max Luck:

... STACKING BODIES IS OUR GOAL!!!

The feed cuts to elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. JUSTIN SANE

(**Editor's note: a non-zero percentage of words within the following text actually happens. The percentage of honest words, including dialogue and in-ring action, is left to the viewer's discretion.

...

...it's at least 6%.)

OHHHHHHH-AH-AH-AH-AH

♪ "Down with the Sickness" by Disturbed ♪

What follows is the most amazing fireworks and lighting display ever seen. Strobos. Lasers. Explosions! Every child, man, and especially woman are on their motherfucking feet as the roof is literally blown off the building. It's gone now. Hope they have insurance. You'd think the Faithful would all be booing right now because he's such a vicious monster heel, but he's also very badass and cool and so it's just a maddeningly impossibly loud cascade of cheers, and men taking their shirts off, and kids with their fists raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest, scheduled for one fall, is for THE SOUTHERRRRRRRRN HERITAAAAGE CHAAAAAAMPIONSHIIIIIIIIIP! Introducing first - FROM MURDERRRRRRRRRRRR CITY! Weighing in at 335 pounds....JUSTIIIIIIIIIN SAAAAAANNE!

We see two of his eye patches and are left to wonder in suspense where the third is worn. He's covered in a badass array of scars and burns and very real tribal tattoos, and his hair is streaked with a sort of dark-blue-to-light-blue-to-white pattern that totally looks like a lightning bolt coming out of his head. Oh, and I forgot to mention - he's over 7 feet tall. Obviously.

♪ Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me ♪

Lance:

This is completely inSANE, Keebs!

DDK:

On the one hand, I understand the surprise at the scale of this fan reaction because we are rarely graced with this man's presence, but at the same time - who in the world has Justin Sane's resume??

Indeed, Sane is the fucking man and he knows it, as he gives a sneer and a cocky chuckle to the entire front row and changes a lot of social dynamics positively in his favor.

Justin Sane:

What's he gonna say... WHAT. IS. HE. GONNA. SAY?! Is he alright? IS HE INSANE?!?! I don't even know the answer to that... but one thing I DO KNOW... I'M GONNA PUT HENRY KEYES IN A FUGGIN' BODYBAAAAAAG!!!

And then we hear the doom piano. And the vibes are SO not nu-metal anymore.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The shirts are back on the men, the kids's thumbs are down, and it's boos and boos all around as red and white and pink beacons of light swirl throughout the arena. Henry Keyes is wearing his non-Wednesday gear tonight, featuring black and white and brass-colored long pants and scarlet red boots. He is wearing a very obnoxious new Vae Victis

tee, featuring a white tiger holding a bright pink martini glass with the text "I'm not like a regular tiger, I'm a COOL tiger". Sonny Silver is probably totally spooked out right now but has his signature microphone raised up.

Sonny Silver: *[holding back stifled laughter]*

Do you guys want someone that's PUNK RAWK?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

Well, too fucking bad, cause you get... whatever that thing is down there and you get instead...

He points to the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Time to give these people EXACTLY what they deserve! He is YOUR reigning, defending, GREATEST Southern Heritage Champion of all the fucking times and he is adding the BIGGEST scalp of them all to his collection... no, for real, this dude has a big fucking head... HE IS THE VAE VICTIS ASSASSIN! HE IS THE KRAKEN SENT DOWN FROM HEAVEN TO SMITE HIS ENEMIES! HE IS **HENRY "BY! GOD!" KEYES!**

Lance:

The Southern Heritage Champion is eyeing that tower of a man in the ring right now, and I imagine there's only one thing on his mind...how in the world is he going to be able to overcome this obstacle??

DDK:

History is on the line, Lance! If he can find a way to retain his title tonight, he can hold onto his championship long enough to surpass the all-time record for longest SOHER reign of all time! We know he's been hard at work planning this Spectapalooza whatever it's called, but he has to retain tonight in order for that to happen!

Keyes steps through the ropes, nervously eyeing his opponent before triumphantly raising the SOHER high in the air. Referee Johnny Fastcountini approaches The Kraken and receives the title belt, holding it up for the camera and the Faithful to witness.

DING DING

Lance:

And we're off!

Both men step forward, doing their best Tough Large Man poses. Justin Sane is significantly Larger, at the very least, and soon, both men's uncovered eyes seem to find their way to point themselves to the opposite man's patch (or patches), leering, almost connecting with each other over shared badass cornea trauma. A small pocket of fans starts a chant, and though it doesn't catch on throughout the entire arena, the ringside microphones pick it up.

BOTH THESE EYES!

BOTH THESE EYES!

BOTH THESE EYES!

Keyes snarls and throws the first closed fist punch - which Justin Sane catches with his bare palm! He grips Keyes's fist and grins menacingly to the crowd, reaching his free arm and goozling the Kraken right away! Keyes finds a way to smack Sane's arms and free himself, his free eye widened at the imminent peril and doom. Sane swings forward with a hellacious lariat - Keyes ducks and sprints across the ring! He bounces off the ropes and launches a forearm into Sane's chest - and Sane absorbs it! He roars!

Justin Sane:

Do you think your weak little elbows are enough to handle OVER SEVEN FEET OF REAL MAN, MAAAAAAAAN?? I have dethroned hundreds of champions in my career and they all had one thing in common - THEY UNDERESTIMATED ME! And now they're all in the GROUND, just like YOU will be, HENRY KEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

What a ferocious taunt!

Lance:

I guess we may as well call this Henry Keyes's retirement match if he decides to press forward, eh partner?

DDK:

I sure hope not!

Keyes runs back into the ropes for momentum and charges forward with another lariat - amazingly, all 7-foot-1 of Sane is able to leapfrog the charging Kraken! Keyes's momentum carries him into the opposite ropes - he bounces back, charges again, and in a sudden flash of inspirational badass power, Sane is able to toss Keyes into the air and slam him to the mat with a Pop-Up Powerbomb! Sane doesn't even go for the cover because that's how badass he is! After a few moments, Keyes is able to make it back to his feet and launch forward to collar-and-elbow lock up with Sane...for a brief moment, it looks like Keyes is successfully powering forward, but soon Sane is able to rally and push Keyes to the corner instead!

Lance:

Interesting decision to try to test Sane's power!

DDK:

Keyes normally dominates the power game in DEFIANCE, but Sane is a unique once-in-a-generation talent!

Sane does a sick box jump from the ring mat to the top rope, and in another fluid motion, wraps his ankles around Keyes's head and sends him toppling across the ring with a hurricanrana! Sane climbs to the top rope!

Lance:

No way!

DDK:

WAY!

The crowd is ELECTRIC AND POPPING LIKE EVERY GLASS IN THE MULTIVERSE SHATTERED ALL AT ONCE! Sane signals to the crowd with his index fingers in a spinning wheel motion, and now there's not a single butt on a single seat!

Lance:

Hey Keebs, do you remember the name of the most badass snowboarding game on the N64?

DDK:

Do you mean 1080 Snowboarding?

Lance:

THAT'S THE ONE!!

Sane bends his knees and leaps EXTREMELY HIGH INTO THE AIR, fully spinning and spinning and spinning once again, and I swear to Grod that the electric bolts painted throughout his badass hair were generating actual electricity that made the hair on Faithful arms stand up straight!

DDK:

TEN EIGHTY - WAIT A MINUTE!!

Keyes, obviously fearing the Move Of Doom, knows that the only way out is the first of several ref bumps as he pulls Fastcountini into the flight path of the barrelling Sane! Keyes is able to scramble away from the carnage as the Faithful boo the cowardice of the Kraken!

Lance:

Sane and Fastcountini definitely cracked skulls, both of them are busted open!

DDK:

Early blood is badass, partner!

Keyes is ravenous and knows there's only one way he can get the upper hand as the blue streaks of his opponent's hair turn purple as the blood begins to soak through...and that one way is nut shots. Uppercuts to the yam bag. After at least four or five low blows from Keyes, Sane is able to get to a single knee, and then to both feet - Keyes runs into the ropes, rebounds, and delivers a diving shoulder tackle straight into Sane's nuts one more time, and he's finally down again! Sane is very quick to get back on his feet, and Keyes swings his arms back...

CRACK~~~!!

Lance:

BELLLLLLLLLL CLAP!

DDK:

TO THE GONADS!!

Lance:

I can't believe it - Sane is still on his feet!!

CRACK~~~!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

A second Bell Clap to Mr. Johnson and the Johnstones! Justin Sane is FINALLY down after a heroic effort!

We sincerely hope Fastcountini's affairs are already in order because he hasn't moved a centimeter ever since he received one of the most devastating moves in the history of professional wrestling, the Justin Sane 1080 Splash.

SANE IS GONNA KILL YOU!

SANE IS GONNA KILL YOU!

SANE IS GONNA KILL YOU!

SANE IS GONNA KILL YOU!

THIS particular chant is coming from everywhere in the arena, obviously. Keyes looks in a denial-frenzy from fan to fan, still hoping in his heart of hearts that he can find a way to stop this juggernaut, this hellacious god-king, once and for all. It's a difficult flame to stoke and he knows it.

Lance:

Keyes realizes he can't give Sane time to recover, but at the same time, the referee was wiped out - wait a minute, I may have jinxed myself, Fastcountini is rising to his feet!

Indeed, the referee bears the crimson mask. Keyes sees that Sane, against all odds, is stirring - knowing that he has a limited window, he throws a Propellor Edge Chop that connects flush with the back of Fastcountini's head, sending

him to the ground again as Sane roars to ferocious life!

DDK:

Sane just hoisted Keyes up! He's got Keyes upside down - STEINER SCREWDRIVER! CAN YOU EVEN BELIEVE IT?!

Lance:

Where did that even come from?? I thought Sane got hit downstairs, like, eight times!

DDK:

They make balls differently in Murder City!

Justin Sane:

YOU FUGGIN' KNOW IT DARREN! WITNESS THE RAW POWERRRRRRRR!

Against the laws of man and professional wrestling, Justin Sane's in-ring IQ is so high that he knows it's not worth the effort to pin Keyes since the ref has been bumped once again. Somehow, the blood has streaked Sane's hair in such a way that it now distinctly resembles tiger stripes...

Tiger stripes...you know what that reference has to mean.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Lance:

...I'm sorry, WHAT?

DDK:

IT'S NOT A RUN-IN, IT'S A PROWL-IN!!

Helen the motherfucking White Tiger steps through the curtain and acknowledges the crowd, receiving a much more badass and popular reaction than that fucker Henry Keyes. She saunters to the ring, tail pointed straight to her badass scarred and burned prey.

Lance:

Sane's going to have to limber up if he hopes to give Helen a Steiner Recliner, too!

DDK:

I bet he could do it!

Somehow, Justin Sane is already on the top rope! He measures the tiger, and goes for a second 1080 splash to the outside.....

HELEN DODGES IT! The big nimble tiger gets out of the way just in the nick of time as Sane crashes and burns to the outside! The Faithful do everything they can to will their man back into this thing from the absolute brink of despair!

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPWOOOOOOOOOOO JUSTIN SANE KICK HIS ASS!!

Justin Sane:

YOU GOT IT, SEXY!

Indeed, that last crowd line came from a very real and buxom blonde and so Sane's reply totally makes sense, and they're probably going to hook up after the show for sex. But despite the heroic words, Sane is slow to get up, and in a shocking display, it's Keyes who now dives from the ropes to the outside, somehow miraculously smashing Sane with a big diving knee drop! Both eye patches on Sane's face are now suddenly gushing red, but he's ok. Helen claps her paws together and roars her approval as Keyes rolls Sane back into the ring. Helen then makes her way over to Fastcountini and licks her giant spiky cat-tongue across the ref's bleeding face, both making things worse and also rousing him from his slumber.

She then eats Justin Sane's whole arm.

DDK:

WHOA! How is Sane going to recover from THAT setback??

Lance:

You only need one arm to chokeslam a man into the fiery depths of Protestant Christian Hell, Keebs, and I wouldn't count Sane out yet!

Helen: *[in tiger language]*

Come on, Henry! It's time to hit some Coins! You can do it!

Keyes grabs the one intact Sane arm, reaches for where he thinks the second would be, and finds nothing to grab. Helen's tigery words resonate too powerfully for him to think on it too long, though, and so he uses Sane's one good arm to deliver a modified Coin! And a second for good measure!

Justin Sane:

You may have defeated me on this day, Kraken, but let it be known forever and all times that I am the GREATEST OPPONENT YOU HAVE EVER FACED, and ONE DAY I will send you straight into the depths of HELL WHERE YOU BELONG! I will climb aboard your so-called "Air" Ship and take every plank off of the hull, using it to build my own new badass subterranean lair as I, that's right, I TAKE OVER THE SKIES, RAINING DOWN HELLFIRE AND BRIMSTONE UPON THE EARTH WHILE P.O.D. BECOMES THE MUSICAL CZARS OF THE WORLD, AND

Coin.

Coin.

Coin Coin Coin. Keyes hooks both legs. Helen grumbles at Fastcountini, who scurries into a bloody position. Both Helen (with her black and white stripes which is basically a ref shirt so soak in THAT visual) and Fastcountini hit the mat at the same time!

ONE!

TWO!

...THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and STILL the Southern Heritage Champion...The Kraken! Henryyyyyyy KEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Lance:

I can't believe Keyes was able to pull it off!

DDK:

And neither can the Faithful! The great tiger guardian of Henry Keyes was certainly present and that was definitely the only reason Keyes can still call himself champion today!

Helen then eats Justin Sane's other arm. And a leg. Then the other leg. And then, the whole body. We hear a rumbling from inside Helen's belly.

Justin Sane:

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!!!

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The effects of...whatever that was...wear off.

We see Keyes's arm raised by a slightly bruised Fastcountini, who rubs the small knot on his forehead. Eagle eyed viewers see a flash of blue hair rolling under the bottom rope and to the outside of the ring as the screaming vocals of Zeal & Ardor permeate the arena.

DDK:

Another show of force from one of the most dominant champions we've ever seen, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed, Justin Sane fought hard, but he was a bit vermatched in this one. He never seemed to get his footing, and Keyes's victory never really seemed in doubt.

DDK:

What do you think we'll see at this Spectapalooza at DEFtv 189?

Lance:

I hope Helen shows up, I always like seeing her whenever I can!

DDK:

Me too...it's been too long. Anyway folks, that will do it for us here in Buffalo! We'll see you for UNCUT, next week!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE. DEFIANCE