

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

PORTLAND welcomes DEFIANCE as The Earle A. & Virginia H. Chiles Center is hyped for DEFtv 190! 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!

THANK YOU, NEWBLUDD

BALLYHOO 4 EVER

THE MEDICAL OFFICES OF DOCTOR PLAGUE DOCTOR AND PLAGUE DOCTOR DOCTOR ARE OPEN FOR BUSINESS

IS DOCTOR DOCTOR PLAGUE SEEING ANY NEW PATIENTS?

AND STILLLLLLLLLL ELISE ARES!

THE D HAS REZ-ERECTED!

ALVARO DE VAMANOS

VICTOR VACIO IS A LOT HOTTER THAN I EXPECTED NGL

I THINK THE LADY WHO WORKS AT THE SPA IS A SLEEPER AGENT FOR THE KABAL, CUZ EVERY TIME SHE GOES TO WORK SHE SAYS "THIS IS A MASSAGE"

MAN, I'M GLAD ELISE WON THAT MATCH, CUZ IDK IF I CAN GET USED TO "WHAT'S ALICE MARS DOING IN THE WRESTLEPLEX?!"

DID ANYONE ELSE ALSO ENJOY THE END OF NIGHT 1 AND HATE THE END OF NIGHT 2?

DEX IS UNSAFE SHOULD BE FIRED

TA FAITHFUL

MALAK ARES WAS A DOWNGRADE LET'S BE HONEST HERE

EYE'S BOOK > SCROW'S BOOK BUT I DIDN'T READ EITHER I'M JUST GOING BY WHAT GOODREADS SAYS

Sign of Dex Joy as the Kool-Aid Guy with FIST OH YEAH PALLY

DEAR WRESTLING GODS... GIVE US NEWBLUDD BACK AND YOU CAN HAVE MALAK GARLAND INSTEAD HAS ANYONE CHECKED ON DEB WARENSTEIN TODAY?

BALLYHOOOOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?

VAE VICTORIOUS

I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO HATE NATHAN EYE BUT HIS BOOK HAS LEGITIMATELY CHANGED MY LIFE FOR THE BETTER

FINALIZE THE DEF VIDEO GAME SO I CAN DESTROY EVERYONE AS CORVO ALPHA

DAMNIT NOVICK. I DIDN'T ASK FOR NEW BLOOD. I ASKED FOR NEWBLUDD.

I HOPE REZIN GETS BETTER BEFORE LINDSAY TROY

CORVO ALPHA IS GOING TO EAT YOU

GET WELL SOON, 2/3 OF THE ROSTER

OSCAR TAPPED OUT

BOO, HONOR SOCIETY, BOO

¡LA FAMILIA LOCA!

I CAME HERE TO CATCH JJ ON THE REBOUND

MALAKMANIA IS RUNNING MILD

FREE DEC4L

FLEX IN A BOX ROX

CAN I HIT ARTHUR PLEASANT WITH A WEAPON WITHOUT LOSING A POINT?

AND STILL ELISE ARES... ELISE ARES

TOM MORROW SHOULD GET SMACKED TODAY

WHY, COLE, WHY?

ERA OF EVERYONE

DEX WREX QUEENS

GIVE ME A TITLE SHOT, DEX!

MASON TAPPED OUT

THE COMPANY MEN? MORE LIKE THE COMPANY LITTLE BOYS, AMIRITE!?

The scene goes to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv 190! Only one night for this week but we are about ready to go.

Lance:

Yes we are! It's going to be a jammed pack show!

DDK:

Let's begin!

The cameras goes to the entrance.

ERA OF EVERYONE

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEFtv

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic ...

DEXtv!!!

YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

DDK:

HERE WE GO, LANCE!!! WE ARE KICKING OFF A NEW ERA OF DEFIANCE! VAE VICTIS' REIGN ON TOP WITH THE FIST IS NOW OVER! NOW STARTS THE REIGN OF OUR NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE, DEX JOY!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE OVATION FROM THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING FAITHFUL!!!

With the theme playing, the *brand spanking new* FIST of DEFIANCE is on the stage almost moved to tears by the Faithful's reception!

DDK:

HERE HE IS!

Wearing a brand new gold shirt with "ERA OF EVERYONE!" across the front and blue jeans, Dex Joy makes his way out to the Wrecking Crew heading to the ring. He asks the fans.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!

He makes his way to ringside and he thinks about stepping into the ring ... but he stops himself. Instead he steps off the ropes and wants a microphone. He gets one from Darren Quimbey and asks for his microphone to cut.

DDK:

Dex Joy has been taking it easy and we understand he wants to address the crowd about his recent knee issues against Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

He's had a few weeks to take it easy, but if we know Dex, taking it easy is not something the Biggest Boy does!

He high fives just about anybody that he can reach out to! When he is finished making the rounds around the ring, the music cuts and Dex Joy starts off what he's about to say by holding up the FIST while he is walking around the ring.

Dex Joy:

Portland, Oregon!

RRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!

Dex Joy:

LOOKIE WHAT WE GOOOOOOOOTTTTTTT!!!

An *explosive* cheer rings out through the arena!

Dex Joy:

But pallies, let me tell you. I'm smug right now because for *months* we've had to endure Vae Victis telling you what wrestling should look like all the while pulling their own puds like they ran this thing ... but things were looking pretty bleak there for a little bit. Lindsay Troy attacked my knee! And for her, it was so nice, she did it *twice* before our match! Things were dire, pallies.

Then Dex points out to the side of the arena he is walking.

Dex Joy:

But when I thought about throwing in the towel *you* elevated me. When Arthur Pleasant beat me and it cost Carla Ferrari her job ... *you all* lifted me up. I knew I had to get better and had to make it right! *You* helped me see it through! So when I got her job back and I kicked AP's whiny little ass in a one-sided hardcore match ... you were all there for me!

He walks the next section and he points to the next cheering section.

Dex Joy:

When Kerry Kuroyama did a number on my neck during our wars and then Corvo Alpha almost injured my neck after that ... *you all* helped me. You bought tickets with hopes I could come back! You wanted to see Big Dexy Baby come back one more time and whoop Captain Caveman!

He goes to the next side.

Dex Joy:

... but when *all* of you saw what Queen Troy did to my good knee ... she thought that she had this match wrapped up. But she did what she's done for almost the last three hundred days and underestimated anyone staring across the ring from her ... and she underestimated the power of my *good* leg and my *good* boot! Then I used that good boot to *kick* her elitist punk-ass off the mountain top! **YOU ALL HELPED SHOW THAT WE DESERVE TO BE HERE! AND YOU ALL HELPED SHOW LINDSAY THAT THERE AIN'T NO BODY BAG'S BIG ENOUGH OR BAD ENOUGH TO CONTAIN BIG DEX ENERGY!!!**

RRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Dex Joy has completed walking a circle around the ring.

Dex Joy:

Maybe some people are still wondering why am I saying "we" when talking about this title? Why is he not in the ring talking to you all? Well ... this ain't some marketing bullcrap some guy doing stats backstage told me to do. Four years ago and one-hundred pounds heavier, I was told when I squeezed this ample derriere through the locker room doors, I was a fan. Being a "fan" was considered a massive insult by many to what we do, which makes no sense in Dexy Baby's world. You, *the fans* are the reason we get to do what we do. You, *the fans* are who fill these arenas every night in droves because you put your faith in me to give you the best show possible! There is no Dex Wrex! There is no Wrecking Crew Foreman! There is no Big Dex Energy! There is no *me* without all of *you*. That is why I'm proud to walk out here to address you. I started as one of you and Dexy Baby to this day is still one of you in this business at the end of the day!

That sends waves of applause loudly through the arena! Then Dex points up to Darren Keebler!

Dex Joy:

My good buddy up there on the comms, one of the voices of our program, Darren Keebler put this beautifully at the end of our match. Vae Victis's Era of Elitist Asses is *dunzo* pallies! Now ... this title is *exactly* what I say it's going to be. This title belongs to *all of you*. We are the champions, my friends. We'll keep on fighting to the end and all that other good ish Freddy Mercury pumped through the speakers! As the FIST of DEFIANCE I declare that is now the Era! Of! Everyone! Give ourselves a round of applause! Start them "WE DESERVE IT!" chants! Let's go!

It doesn't take long at all to fill the arena with chanting and clapping!

WE DESERVE IT! WE DESERVE IT! WE DESERVE IT!

Dex starts laughing at the chant!

Lance:

That might be the first time I've heard a "We deserve it!" chant!

DDK:

You might be right!

Joy lets the chant continue.

Dex Joy:

That's right, you do! You deserve the best! Treat yo self, pallies! And tonight, that's *exactly* what it is I'm going to do for all of you!

Dex Joy points at the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt.

Dex Joy:

Unlike Lindsay Troy who'd like to attack the competition from behind, I'm giving everyone equal opportunity for this to my face! That's why tonight ... FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! ERA OF EVERYBODY OPEN CHALLENGE NIGHT BAY BEEEEEEEE!!!

DDK:

We have a title match?! Tonight?!

Dex Joy:

You heard it here! Dexy Baby's knee is cleared for competition and tonight, I can't think of a better way to celebrate than by kicking this off! The Era of Everyone is not just a tag line! Everyone gets a shot at this title! I don't care where you're from or your level of experience! Rookie, veteran, tag team, big guy, small guy, DEFIANCE, BRAZEN, the broom closet, the attic, the conservatory with a candlestick! You bring your best fight because starting tonight ... MOMMA JOY'S BABY BOY is bringing his!

♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex Joy's theme starts up and he goes to high five the remaining members of the Faithful he didn't get before going back up the ramp!

Lance:

A very powerful interview by Dex Joy! The Era of Everyone begins tonight!

DDK:

And I'm right! I'm being told in my headset that DEFIANCE Wrestling management has approved this title match! Tonight in our main event, Dex Joy defends the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Dex walks by the commentator's table and then helps himself to a headset. He puts it on his ears to address the two

men.

Dex Joy:

DARREN!!! LANCE!!! KEEP UP THAT GREAT WORK!!!

He drops the headset and then bumps his fists with both men on his way back behind the curtains!

JUMP AHEAD

The scene opens to an EARLIER TODAY tag where Conor Fuse is entering the arena alongside interviewer Jamie Sawyers, mid-conversation.

Conor Fuse:

-Again, it's the villain names I have a problem with. X-Men does crazy shit, man. You've got The Brotherhood of EVIL Mutants. So they're self-aware enough to know they're EVIL? I thought Magneto was supposed to believe in his cause. He thinks mutants are superior, there's nothing evil about believing in your own group!

Conor stops for a second to ponder. Then he keeps walking alongside Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

Well, I guess the human's think he's evil. What about Mr. Sinister? Why would you call yourself Sinister? The definition of sinister means giving the impression of something harmful or underhanded but disguised as the opposite. Way to call yourself out, dude. Nothing covert about his name.

Jamie really wants to listen but he's finding it hard to keep up.

Conor Fuse:

And it's like, why do you get to call yourself **Mr.** Sinister? Is there a Mrs. Sinister? Ms. Sinister? DOCTOR Sinister? Remind me not to see that specialist, lol.

Yes, he said "lol".

The Ultimate Gamer and the interviewer arrive at the locker room area, where Conor pats Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man, good talk. I'm not booked tonight but Imma hang around anyway. I'll catch up with you after the show.

Sawyers thanks Conor for the chat, even if it was all one-sided and he walks off down the hallway.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting in Jamie Sawyers' direction]*

Look don't get me wrong, really excited about the X-Men '97 reboot on Disney+ which is an amazing streaming service and can be yours for a very low price, check online today. But yeah don't get me wrong, I love the X-Men. I just think some of their bad guy names are super lame.

Fuse begins opening his locker room door. He hasn't looked inside yet but it seems like someone has already been in there. Conor closes the door behind him and mumbles additional X-Men nonsense.

Conor Fuse:

Cyclops, Wolverine, Gambit. The heroes have their names down pat. It's the bad guys that gotta do better-

Conor stops as he sees a small table sitting in the middle of his locker room. There's a powder blue question mark box on top of the table, similar to the types of boxes Conor used to carry around with him during the OG Fuse Bros. days.

Fuse looks to his left and right to ensure no one else is hiding in the locker room. As Conor confirms, it is indeed empty.

He slowly approaches the table, as if what's inside the question mark box might be a bomb or something even worse.

Reaching out with both hands, Conor hovers his palms over the box, like he still hasn't decided if touching it would be a good idea.

Then he goes for it!

Conor rips open the box and leans over to peer inside.

His eyes go wide with what looks to be a rush of uncertainty but as he reaches in and takes the item out of it... he knows exactly where it came from.

In his hands Conor holds a special edition XBOX ONE controller. Except this box has been mangled and beaten. Fuse decides to open it (in fairness, the box is falling apart so badly the controller is nearly falling out to begin with). However, Conor has to carefully place his hands across the controller because there is barbed wire running all the way up and down the cord, as well as across the controller itself.

Fuse shakes his head in disgust. He places the controller on the table and realizes there's a message written in red ink across the broken case.

"SEE YOU SOON, FUSE."

Conor gives a heavy sigh before placing the damaged box down. He walks over to the bench and takes a seat, but doesn't take his eyes off the items on the countertop.

Conor Fuse:

If you say so... dear friend.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

FAVOURED SAINTS: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS (C) vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

We've got our first match of the night coming up next and with that... it is Butcher Victorious with the Favoured Saints Championship in one of the biggest upsets in the history of the title.

Lance:

To set the stage, our main event on the last episode of UNCUT was a mystery Favoured Saints Four Way match with four wrestlers selected at random. Those were Titaness of Titanes Familia, Nathan Eye of BFTA, High Flyer IV and originally, Oscar Burns... however, in a shocking moment, Burns withdrew his spot from the match and was allowed to delegate it to Butcher Victorious.

DDK:

With new gear and a new gameplan involving what we suspected to be a loaded headband, he knocked out Titaness with a headbutt and with that, became our new Favoured Saints Champion, who now will defend the title against "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise!

Lance:

Wise was granted this title shot after being originally scheduled to fight against Ria Lockhart at Maximum DEFIANCE before it was called off due to Lockhart not being medically cleared. Wise demanded a make-good for being left off the card and it seems this was that make-good. With that... let's go to the intros.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man wearing black trunks, knee pads and boots... oh, along with a sparkling pink bow-tie and collar, not to mention a sparkling pink vest with tux tails on the back! He carefully poses to the side on the ramp as he walks down the ramp.

DDK:

Wise looks pretty confident. He's won the three out of his last four matches including two recent wins just before Maximum DEFIANCE. His rather unorthodox offense belies his talents.

Tripp reaches the ring and waits for his opponent.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The smoke billows from the stage and the lights start to flash the familiar and eerie hue of red. Slowly, surely... Butcher Victorious comes out and "The Stick" and the Favoured Saints Championship around his waist! Behind him... as he introduces other members of the group... Sonny Silver.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious with his very first championship in DEFIANCE! By hook or by crook, not only did he do it... but that show of... I dunno, respect from Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver after he won? Butcher is now a full-fledged member of Vae Victis.

Lance:

Never thought I'd see the day! And now he's got Sonny Silver with him.

Butcher hits the ring with his headband in tow while Sonny is noticeably not enthused. Butcher raises The Stick and wears the Favoured Saints Title proudly around his waist as he enters the ring! Once he gets there, he's greeted with jeers but ignores the reaction for introductions to this title match.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Faithful cheer the announcement!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Hailing from Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 231 pounds... he demands you show some respect for his Pacific Northwest roots... **"THE WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE!**

Wise puts a finger to his ear hoping for a positive reaction, but does not get one. He brushes off the crowd reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

And his oppon...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He cuts off Quimbey and then points to his head.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

Then tugs at the Favoured Saints Title wrapped around his waist.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... IS A MEMBER OF VAE VIC... TIS!

He actually gets a small smattering of applause for that last bit, but Tripp Wise won't be outdone. He steals Darren Quimbey's microphone as Sonny Silver is burying a face in his palms.

Tripp Wise:

No, no, no, no! Listen to me, I'm the comedian here... but the biggest joke is YOU thinking you're good enough for Vae Victis and YOU thinking that you're good enough to carry that title!

BOOOOOOOO!

Tripp gets booed and Butcher looks angry at the interruption.

Tripp Wise:

My opponent gets a goddamn hangnail and I'm left off Maximum DEFIANCE card, so tonight I'M taking that title and then I'm gonna show you who the real laughingstock is!

Butcher Victorious:

Let's go, you silly bitch!

Butcher Victorious hands off The Stick and the Favoured Saints Title to referee Rex Knox. He holds the title high as Tripp Wise unzips his sleeveless vest. Knox holds the title high over his head and then gets ready to call for the bell.

DDK:

Both opponents talking trash before the bell rings as both like to do. Favoured Saints Title on the line!

DING DING

Butcher tosses the headband into his pocket, but before he can do anything, Tripp Wise tries to throw the vest at Victorious! He snaps and then throws the jacket aside, allowing The PUN-isher to take advantage and apply a headlock first!

Lance:

Quick thinking there by Tripp Wise to try and get the advantage over Vae Victis' newest official member!

Tripp Wise cranks on the headlock.

Tripp Wise:

Knock-knock!

Butcher Victorious:

Who's there?

Tripp Wise:

Heddy!

Butcher Victorious:

Heddy who?

Tripp Wise:

Heddy locks are hard to escape from!

DDK and Lance are effectively stunned silent on commentary for that very moment. Sonny is burying his face on the ring apron. The PUN-isher keeps it clamped on when Butcher backs off and shoves him to the ropes. Butcher tries charging at him, but Tripp knocks him over with a shoulder block! Wise cackles and then charges off the ropes. He runs, but Butcher stays dropped down. When Wise comes back, Butcher catches him off-guard with a DEEP Oscar Burns-style arm drag followed by an arm lock, then follows THAT up with slapping his chest his free hand!

Lance:

...Are we back? The cringe was interfering with our headsets.

Lance:

I'm not even going to comment on THAT exchange, but great exchange by Butcher to hit that headscissors!

Butcher cranks the arm, but Tripp punches his way out and leans upwards. He applies a headlock again and this time follows up with the dreaded noogie! Butcher fights out as Wise doubles him over. He charges the ropes, but Butcher comes back with a rolling thunder into a headbutt to the gut! The unorthodox offense has Butcher cackling before he grabs the head of Wise and drives him down with a sitout facebuster! Sonny finally looks enthused and shouts at Butcher to cover him!

DDK:

He calls that first move... ugh... Using Your Noggin I. But that coupled with the facebuster worked! Cover on Tripp!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Wise kicks out, but is still stunned while Butcher laughs. He picks him up and then hits a European uppercut to rattle the jaw of The Wise Ass before taking him to the corner. In tribute to his mentor, he fires off another uppercut in the corner. He backs off and then taps his head before signaling for another headbutt. That turns out to be a mistake though when Wise gets the knee up first!

Lance:

Butcher should just show, not tell. You can tell some of the influences that Oscar Burns has had on him for better or for worse, but that one still a problem.

DDK:

Wise now takes control! And he's not playing around! Body shots followed by stomps in the corner now working over

Butcher!

The PUN-isher continues to stomp away at Butcher until he's left in a seated position in the corner. Once he moves his way out, he chagres back into the corner to hit a running hip attack to the side of Butcher's head! Butch Vic's head snaps back from the posterior of the hip attack-inclined challenger for the title.

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Title would be a great first step for Tripp Wise's budding career! And now Tripp showing aggression!

Tripp pulls him back up to a seated position before hitting a clothesline followed by a running bulldog out of the corner! After Butcher gets flattened, Wise nudges him over. He stands up only to leap up and drive all his wind into the chest of the FS champ with a seated senton! Butcher groans in pain when Wise goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Good offense on display at the moment by Tripp Wise, but Butcher trying to apply himself here.

Lance:

Never thought I'd see the day, but look at his record. He... pinned Corvo Alpha, granted to a HUGE assist by Burns. Then wins the Favoured Saints Four Way. He's on the roll of his career right now.

Butcher gets picked and slugged by Tripp Wise with a uppercut of his own.

Tripp Wise: [Dave Coulier-style]

Upper Cut! It! Out!

The Favoured Saints Champion is knocked into the ropes and slumped over when Wise grabs him by the neck. He looks out to the crowd and then tries to grab Butcher by the neck for his Have A Nice Tripp... but Butch Vic grabs the ropes and hangs on as Tripp goes back to the mat all alone!

DDK:

Butcher wrestling... dare I say... COMPETENTLY here!

Sonny continues to egg Butcher on! Butcher Victorious even gets a couple cheers and takes a moment to catch his breath while Wise tries to get up off the mat. He starts to stand only for Butcher to strike him with a sit-out jawbreaker! Wise is stunned on his feet and Butcher follows up with a jumping enzuigiri to the back of the head!

DDK:

Butcher fighting back! He's got Tripp on the ropes!

The Liberal City Landlord goes to whip Tripp Wise off the ropes, but The Wise Ass reverses and then shoots him to the corner. Wise charges forward, but gets the shock of his life when Butcher leaps to the middle rope, only to fly back and hit what amounts to a flying headbutt right into the chest of Wise!

DDK:

And he calls that... uh... Using Your Noggin II!

Lance:

I heard rumors that Sonny Silver was telling him to use his skull for something other than carrying Vae Victis' bags...

and I think he took that too literally.

Butcher has him down when he goes to the apron. He looks out to the ring apron and then springboards to hit the diving headbutt on Wise while he's down! Victorious is holding his head, but he's got the drop on Wise!

Lance:

I'm guessing that was Using Your Noggin III?

DDK:

Yep.

Wise doesn't know where he is when Sonny throws Butcher's microphone, The Stick, into the ring! Rex Knox yells at Butch Vic to remove the weapon or get disqualified, but Butcher won't relent so Knox takes it. As Knox disposes of it, Butcher reaches into his tights...

DDK:

The headband! The loaded headband! That's exactly how he won the title!

He waits until Wise tries to stand, then SLUGS him in the chest with the Hard Out Headbutt as taught by Oscar Burns! Wise collapses to the mat, then Butcher disposes of the headband before Knox can turn around! He doubles over and goes for the cover!

Lance:

And Knox doesn't see it! Cover by Butcher!

Victorious kicks his legs frantically as he holds on to those of Wise for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Butcher throws both hands up into the sky and laughs as he gets to his knees. Rex Knox goes to hand him the title!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL Favoured Saints Champion... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Victorious is back on his feet and still checks to make sure his skull is intact before taking the title and then raising it to the sky.

DDK:

Tripp Wise had a few moments of brightness, but this newfound reliance on headbutts from Victorious as well as that headband... Butcher is proving himself to be a loyal member of Vae Victis.

Butcher heads out of the ring and then heads up the ramp with Sonny nodding at him for a job well done. Butcher starts yelling into the nearby camera with his newfound credentials.

Butcher Victorious:

Butch Vic has The Stick! Butch Vic has the skull that's thick! And Butch Vic... has THIS...

He taps the faceplate of the Favoured Saints Championship and then heads up the ramp as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023



SERVICE. SCHOLARSHIP. CHARACTER.

To the ring - but not the usual ring. Between the last match and this segment, it has been serviced: a light blue carpet covers the mat, three black chairs are set up on the side of the ring farthest from the ramp, in the center of the ring is a small table with white table cloth and three long candlesticks, and then a podium and mic-stand that faces the hard cam. On the podium is Ned Reform's symbol. The crowd is booing, and it's not hard to see why: the three chairs are occupied by Levi Cole, Robert Horrigan, and Roosevelt Owens. All three men are dressed very formally. And at the podium, also dressed in black-tie attire, is Ned Reform. Reform ignores the boos and smiles into the camera as he leans into the mic.

Ned Reform: *[somberly and seriously]*
Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:
I beg your pardon. I *said*, tonight...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform leans away from the mic, moving his tongue around in his mouth and squinting his eyes in annoyance. He waits a moment for the response to die down.

DDK:
Perhaps Ned Reform made a poor choice in doing this in front of the Portland Faithful.

Ned Reform:
We are here tonight for an extremely serious matter, children... I ask you to swallow your more barbaric instincts for just the next ten minutes, yes? It would be very much appreciated. Now: tonight, a very special presentation. Tonight, we induct two men - Robert Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens - into Autos Epha Alpha: the Honor Society founded by myself, Dr. Ned Reform.

Cut to the three guys sitting on the chair. Owens beams while Cole slaps a happy looking Roosevelt on the shoulder in congratulations.

Ned Reform:
Our Honor Society was founded on three principals: Service. Scholarship. Character. And in front of you...

Reform motions to Cole, Roosevelt, and Horrigan.

Ned Reform:
Three men who exemplify those characteristics. Take Mr. Cole. Is there any man alive who demonstrates more character?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cut to Cole, who beams.

Ned Reform:
At Maximum DEFIANCE, Mr. Cole chose to embrace loyalty. MV1 tried to tempt this young man away from the path of scholarship, and Cole wisely rebuked him. I know that Mr. Violator and all of you were very shocked by this decision, but you should not have been. Mr. Cole recognizes that my guidance and counsel is ten times worth any "friendship" - especially one with a man in a bright red mask. Quite frankly, Mr. Cole has come home, and The Honor Society is here

to welcome him with open arms. And here we have Mr. Owens! Mr. Owens has chosen to align himself with yours truly out of a sense of service: he wants to give himself to a cause bigger than himself... a cause that matters! It's a difficult choice, Mr. Owens, but I applaud your bravery. Finally, Mr. Horrigan: for those who don't know, Mr. Horrigan did not have the most advantageous of upbringings, but he has made the extremely admirable choice to pursue his education. I'm happy to announce that Mr. Horrigan is taking night classes toward his degree, a decision that puts him head and shoulders above his ignorant colleagues in the DEFIANCE locker room.

All three men pantomime their thanks. They're happy to get their flowers.

Ned Reform:

So, without further adieu, we begin the festivities. Mr. Cole, if you would?

Reform moves away from the podium and walks down the steps into the ring. Meanwhile, Levi Cole has risen, and he has a stick lighter in his hand. He clicks it on and he lights one of the three candles on the table before stepping away. Reform picks up the lit candle and then he motions for Owens and Horrigan to stand. They do, and they each take one of the unlit candles. Reform takes his candle and lights the other two. As Horrigan and Owens hold their now lit candles, Reform returns to the podium.

Ned Reform:

Robert Horrigan. Roosevelt Owens. Today, you take an oath to exemplify the traits of The Honor Society: Service. Scholarship. Character. Today, you cease to be Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens, and you take your rightful places as TA Horrigan and TA Owens. Heavy Artillery is no more - after tonight, you are known as Weighted Grade. Now, raise your free hand and repeat after me...

They do.

Ned Reform:

I, say your name, do solemnly vow that I pledge my professional career to service. To scholarship. And to character. I will become a part of something bigger than myself. I vow to better myself as athletes, as competitors... and as people. I vow to serve as role models to all, and to represent Autos Epha Alpha at all times.

Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:

Now, extinguish your candles.

Using their free hands, they do.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen! I present to you... TA HORRIGAN! TA OWENS! WEIGHTED GRADE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Horrigan, Owens, Cole, and Reform all hug while the crowd voices their displeasure with this farce. The three men sit back down as Ned returns to the podium.

Ned Reform:

Finally, we move to the last item on tonight's agenda: the traditional keynote speaker. This person can make or break an event, children, and therefore I have chosen a man to speak tonight who himself exemplifies the caliber of athlete and person that The Honor Society aspires to be. Ladies and gentlemen... YOUR keynote speaker...

Reform motions to the entranceway. He holds that pose for a moment before then turning to point at himself.

Ned Reform:

...DR. NED REFORM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Of course. This is still a wrestling show, right?

Lance:

As far as I know.

Reform beams. The rest of the Honor Society applaud.

Ned Reform:

Thank you, me. It is my esteemed honor and privilege to be here tonight. Tonight, my words are centered around one specific idea: I told you so.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform smirks evilly.

Ned Reform:

I told you all that I would soundly defeat MV1. I did. I told you all that Mr. Cole would come home. He did. And I told you of my new mission: I, Dr. Ned Reform, am on track to become the greatest professional wrestler who ever lived. This journey began at Maximum DEFIANCE and soon enough even my most vocal of critics will have no choice but to acknowledge this fact. Indeed, I can say with confidence that in a year's time, you will all have no alternative but to begrudgingly concede my talent. And thus...

Reform motions to the DEFiatron. On the tron is a picture of Ned Reform in his wrestling gear and next to him is a countdown: 365 days, 24 hours, 60 minutes, 60 seconds. Above the countdown is a message: COUNTDOWN TO ADMITTING NED REFORM IS THE GREATEST WRESTLER IN DEFIANCE HISTORY. The countdown comes to life.

365 days, 24 hours, 60 minutes, 59 seconds.

365 days, 24 hours, 60 minutes, 58 seconds.

365 days, 24 hours, 60 minutes, 57 seconds.

365 days, 24 hours, 60 minutes, 56 seconds.

Ned Reform:

I will see you all right here, in the center of this ring, in one year's time. And I vow to you, children, that I will be gracious in victory. I will not gloat. I will not showboat. I will simply accept it when the entirety of the DEFIANCE Faithful look me square in the eye and admit: Dr. Reform, you are THE greatest wrestler in the HISTORY of DE...

The thrumming guitar of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash starts to play for only enough of a moment to pop the fans, it and the cheers of the crowd are talked over by the man himself. Bronson Box steps from behind the curtain looking dapper in slacks and a black turtleneck. Reform lowers his mic and his face turns ghostly white as he looks at the imposing figure appearing before him. The rest of the Honor Society stand from their chairs. With microphone in hand comes marching almost unceremoniously from the back with something already on his mind...

Bronson Box:

Alright, cut the music. Bloody tired of that song... and Jesus Christ, lad. Would you look at this absolute SHITE bein' perpetrated in my [censored] hallowed ring right now. With the candles and shite, did ya' put all that together yer'self, professor? Make a trip to Michael's for some arts and crafts before yer' big stupid dog and pony show tonight? Go the whole nine bloody yards before ya' go about settin' these three young men's careers back years before they even get goin'... tell me lads, is this how you envisioned yer'...

Although his face is still white as a ghost, Reform's annoyance bubbles over and gets the best of him...

Ned Reform:

If you have an issue, POPEYE, you speak to me, you SLACK-JAWED, IDIOTIC, BUFFO...

Reform trails off as if mid-sentence he realizes the mistake he's making.

Lance:

Oh Ned...

DDK:

HA! Ya' stepped in it now, PROFESSOR!

The Wargod is almost impressed. But not by much.

He also doesn't quite care to be interrupted...

Bronson Box:

Ok, professor... what I was about to ask yer' lads there is, is this where ya' saw yer'self when ye' dreamed of bein' a professional wrestler? To be the lackey of this *[censored]* JOKE?

Reform again just stares, a rare aura of uncertainty in his eyes. His Honor Society stand behind him, pacing and brustling at this interruption - a stark contrast from the reaction of their mentor.

Bronson Box:

Ok... you know what, different tactic, why not? You're all about teachin' lessons, correct professor? Personally I love history. Always my best subject way back when in the dark ages when ol' Boxer was gettin' his education. Here's a wonderful little history lesson for yer' lads there as they move forward in their careers here in DEFIANCE. It's a lesson on IMPACT. The kind that lasts. The kind of impression that stands the test of time and outlives ya'. Yer' esteemed professor there actually helped me prove this particular piece of DEF history before I came out here. In fact, every member of this roster, both Darren's, Christie, Lance, that prick Jamie Sawyers and everyone in between have done for years now... each and every time they talk about you lot.

The Original DEFIANT walks to the edge of the stage and points out at the packed crowd.

Bronson Box:

The Faithful. The DEFIANCE... Faithful. Many moons ago yer' old friend Boxer was told "Lad, here in the states you need a gimmick" now as I pondered that shite advice I decided in my thick skull, the thing that would really piss some folks off was being a right righteous pious bastard and ramblin' off quotes from the good book. Hellfire and brimstone had its time but I eventually put that white schtick on the shelf. Now, as my violent legend became part of the brick and mortar of this company and I became the most evil prick to ever lace up a pair of boots. Everywhere the company went there were always a few front row monkeys that would cheer my vile blood soaked antics... I'd called that lot my Faithful. Lads, professor... my impact on this company is so deep and so bloody wide every lip employed here from top to bottom has co-opted MY catchphrase for YEARS to describe you lot. Ya' see...

A dueling chant begins.

Bronson Box:

That's what ya' call *[censored]* OVER, sunshine.

WE'RE THE FAITH-FUL! BRON-SON BOX!

WE'RE THE FAITH-FUL! BRON-SON BOX!

WE'RE THE FAITH-FUL! BRON-SON BOX!

Echoing back and forth for a few moments as Boxer pauses.

Lance:

He 'aint lyin'.

Reform has his hand over his mouth. He then rubs his temples in response to the fans. The chanting means TA Cole has had enough, and he rallies the troops to stop Box. As he, Horrigan, and Owens appear to be ready to step through the ropes...

Bronson Box:

Ooooooh, boys, please do.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Before the three huge men can even hit the ringside floor, Jack Herman and Gage Blackwood suddenly emerge from behind The Wargod and take flanking positions with the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE! Harmen still looks quite banged up, but less taped up than he did at MaxDEF.

Bronson Box:

Professor, yer' little timer is a cute gimmick, boy'o... but that's all it is, a gimmick. Without you putin' in the WORK? It's just wasted money on a fancy bloody graphic, lad. Greatest wrestler in DEFIANCE history... YER' FOOK[censored] LOOKIN' AT THREE OF 'EM, YA' CHEATIN' PRICK! Until you've stepped into the ring with the likes of us? Until you've tested yer'self against the LITERAL cornerstone of DEFIANCE Wrestling Bronson Box yer' just like the rest of these pretenders, the rest of these poor sots that preen around here spoutin' that they're DEFIANCE this and they're DEFIANCE that. Ya' aint nothin', Ned Reform... ya' aint special, ya aint got fightin' spirit, ya aint got a mean streak, ya aint even that bloody SMART.

That last one got 'em. Reform's eyes go wide. A little vein pops on his forehead.

Bronson Box:

Greatest, nothin'. Yer' a corner cuttin' fool. Not to put to fine a point on it, professor, ya' aint got no damned BOLLOCKS, son.

The ACE of DEFIANCE makes a pretty rude hand gesture to... underline his point.

That's it. Cole, Horrigan, and Owens are out of the ring, and forming a united front to meet the trio head on. When suddenly...

Ned Reform: *[shakily]*

Stop.

The TAs don't respond right away, as they form a triangle shape to begin their trek up the ramp. Box, Harmen, and Blackwood look all too ready for the brawl.

Ned Reform:

I SAID STOP!

DDK:

He's... he's calling them off? They have a four on one advantage!

That halts The Honor Society in its tracks. Reform drops the mic and exits the ring himself. He calls a group huddle. And then he points... into the crowd. Reluctantly but loyally, all three Honor Society members hop the guardrail and make their way through a jeering Faithful. Cole in particular shoots Box and company an angry and resentful look before jumping over.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

If there's one thing DEFIANCE Faithful hate more than anything, it's being denied a FIGHT, partner!

Lance:

SHOCKER, Ned Reform running from a physical confrontation.

DDK:

Right... but he had the numbers in his favor four-to-three. Did you see his face? He couldn't even muster any of his usual bravado. That's uncharacteristic.

Lance:

I think this is one fight Ned wants nothing to do with.

The Good Doctor turns to look back at the trio of Blackwood/Box/Harmen before letting out a sigh and following his charges over the guardrail.

DDK:

Bronson's point stands, if Ned truly wants to be the "greatest DEFIANT of all time"... stepping up like a man to two multiple time FIST's and several Hall of Famers isn't the worst place to start.

Lance:

This is a confrontation he might be unable to avoid!

Our last shot is Box, shaking his head in annoyance at this display of cowardice, as Reform and the gang stumble through the fans and toward the back.

BRACE YOURSELF

The scene opens to a pre-recorded video of Tyler Fuse in front of the camera and Princess Desire to his left.

Tyler Fuse:

A lot of people were frustrated Jack and I didn't have a pay-per-view match...

A few clips between the Fuse and Harmen play before going back to Tyler. Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I was satisfied.

Tyler takes a moment to look at his deadpan wife.

Tyler Fuse:

...Until the end.

Footage airs of Jack Harmen spearing Tyler and himself off the stage and into electrical equipment below.

Tyler Fuse:

See, to me it's not about wins and losses. Not right now. The Favored Saints... The Faithful... they tell me I haven't been pinned in singles competition for over a year. *[Sarcastic]* Wonderful.

There's dead air for a moment.

Tyler Fuse:

Throughout our little "war", Jack, it has never been about wins and losses. I don't mind if the bell doesn't ring, I don't take notice if a referee is standing there. I don't worry if we get The Faithful's hopes up and I seriously could care less what Joe, Paul or some other random sandbagging prick who sits behind their computer screen in their mom's god damn basement thinks. None of you can lace my boots if you tried. Buy the pay-per-view for the Dex Joy feel good story. Spend your money on a Teresa Ames action figure. Because when Tyler Fuse walks into the arena... ALL BETS ARE OFF. I care about justifying **myself**. I'm not here to appease anyone else. Slander me online. Get the sads because you needed me more than *I needed you*. Tyler Fuse worries about doing whatever peaks HIS interest. There isn't a lot in this industry that does but I am bloody good at it when motivated. I took that Jack Harmen beating like a man and I gave it right back.

Pause.

Wink.

Tyler Fuse:

So did you.

Typically not worked up, Fuse takes a second to calm himself down.

Tyler Fuse:

AT THIS MOMENT, I'm only interested in crushing you. I'm here to destroy the **rest** of your career. You're DEFIANCE Hall of Fame. Hell, you're WRESTLING Hall of Fame. You are, without a doubt, one of the most accomplished wrestlers EVER. You're a household name. Families who don't watch wrestling anymore, or never did, know the original HIGH FLYER. That's a tall, tall task, man. To be you. To be **known**.

Fuse shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

For the past few years I've watched you dwindle away. What's WRONG, Jack? Mellowed out?

Fuse with another deep breath, slowly realizing he's getting worked up again.

Tyler Fuse:

Luckily, that's where I come in.

Tyler puts up finger number one.

Tyler Fuse:

See, I'm here to do two things. One: ignite the passion you used to have for this industry. Your one last go at the top. I'm hoping you bring back a lot of jaded fans.

Tyler puts up finger number two, along with a sadistic smile.

Tyler Fuse:

Two: I'm going to take it all away.

Meanwhile, Princess Desire remains motionless.

Tyler Fuse:

BECAUSE OF YOU... I'm a wrestler. I'm doing something I hate, I just happen to be good at it. So to feel better about MYself, I'm going to do what no one else could. I'm going to end your career. Period. I'm going to reignite the passion inside you, make you *want* to be an every day player once again. You'll bring a bunch of returning fans back in the process, the ones who grew up and idolized you. Nostalgia is a hell of a drug and Jack Harmen, YOU are the pill they'll overdose on.

Fuse's face is red.

Tyler Fuse:

And I will rip it ALL AWAY. Your last remaining dreams, your last glimmer hope. Yeah, Jack, you'll get into the Hall of Fame... but you won't be WALKING IN.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

If I have my way, you won't even live to fucking see it.

Seemingly calm, Fuse crosses his arms and leans back from the camera lens.

Tyler Fuse:

Enjoy this week. Our time is winding down. But I do have a few serious surprises up my sleeve. Better get ready...

Fuse walks away from the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

You're **not** going to like them.

Cut to ringside.

MASON LUCK vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

DDK:

Up next is a strange match on this card ... and the details are murky as to how this match came about. But Tom Morrow arranged for some sort of match with Declan Alexander to take on Mason Luck of the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

One of my sources tried to ask around but all I heard was this: Tom Morrow was not happy that M4NTRA took their first loss against Titanes Familia. We saw Morrow and Nathan Eye walk out on Declan Alexander. Now ... this match happens? We know Morrow long enough to know he doesn't take losses well. Past clients of his have paid steep prices for failure.

DDK:

That's right. But we have to move to ringside. This match is up next.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

There is no "Brachyura Bombshell." There is no Payload™. Only gold lights pulsating to the introduction to BMTH. At the scream "DEC4L" Declan Alexander bursts out into the arena to a chorus of cheers from the Faithful with a cellular streaming device in hand. With his "third eye" sunglasses on his nose he begins to walk down the aisle backwards live streaming his entrance.

Lance:

You'll notice, Darren, conspicuously missing is Tom Morrow. Absent is Nate Eye. However he comes to the ring representing M4NTRA in the white and gold.

DDK:

Entrance theme and all, Lance. Mixed messages for sure. I'm sure we'll get all the answers we're looking for shortly.

As soon as the Intrepid Influencer jumps into the ring, he's immediately serenaded with a symphony of boos. Alexander turns around confused to see Tom Morrow getting jeered out of the building. Declan is asking "what gives?" from the ring as his music is suddenly cut.

Tom Morrow:

Declan, Declan, Declan ... good to see you down there buddy! Hey ... First off, we needed to have some space after what went down after Maximum DEFIANCE. Nathan Eye and I ... get it? Eye and I went on a spiritual retreat for a few weeks to calm our heads and regroup after you *lost* to Titanes Familia...

Declan doesn't like where this is going.

Tom Morrow:

But hey ... I've been told that maybe I could grant second chances. I still think you have a hell of a lot of high-level potential, young man. So tonight, what I want to do is extend a courtesy to you and Nathan Eye. DEC4L, I've set up this match for you tonight to show your worth to Better Future Talent Agency. Who better to do that ... than one of the Main Event Monsters! MASSSSSOONNNN LUUUUCCCKKK!

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 ♪

Mason Luck of the Lucky Sevens!!! Tom Morrow is at his side when the former two time Unified Tag Team champion starts marching to the ring.

DDK:

This is a very bad draw for Declan Alexander. And I can't help noticing he's not doing this to Nathan Eye! Remember, Nathan Eye tried to bring that metal-plated book into the ring to strike down Dan Leo James only to backfire!

Lance:

That's true. This whole match is a blatant set-up.

Mason climbs onto the apron. The Big Money Monster takes a step over the ropes and climbs right into the ring. The official gets between the two and then rings the bell when Tom Morrow jumps on the apron.

DING DING**Tom Morrow:**

Good luck, DEC4L!

Declan only takes his eyes off for just a second and that allows Mason Luck to strike down Alexander using a big boot!

Morrow gives the young kid a thumbs up and then he steps down from the apron. The brains of BFTA watches and the Big Money Monster towers over the prone DEC4L and has his hands outstretched to take in the jeering.

DDK:

You called it. No way this isn't some sort of setup for Declan taking the loss for M4NTRA at Maximum DEFIANCE! I have to assume Nathan Eye knows about this, too.

Lance:

Without a doubt.

With no effort on his part Mason Luck scoops Declan off the mat and the young gamer gets pitched into the corner. The Big Money Monster stuns him with a hard punch to the ribs. Mason Luck has Declan in the corner.

Mason Luck: *[sarcastically]*

Rooting for you kid.

The Big Money Monster fights back though and he goes to work on Mason hitting chops and elbows. He hits Luck with everything he can, but all it takes is one knee to the chest for Mason to swing momentum back in his favor. A whip puts Declan into the ropes. He runs at the corner and Declan ducks that coming off the first time. The second time that Mason fires an elbow that Alexander ducks him. DEC4L comes back and then slides under the legs of Alexander then hits a drop kick!

DDK:

Alexander finally lands some offense here, but that drop kick only stunned Mason. He looks angrier than before he got hit with it.

Mason Luck speeds towards Declan Alexander with reckless abandon, but Alexander uses some quick thinking to yank the ropes down and that sends Luck over the ropes!

Lance:

Quick thinking there by DEC4L! His training is sometimes beyond his years!

Declan goes for a plancha, but the fake out makes Mason Luck moves and Declan lands on the apron. Mason tries taking the leg out under Declan, but he jumps over the leg and hits a side kick to the jaw to Mason's jaw while he is standing on the floor! Declan jumps up and then hits a big leaping moonsault off the middle rope and takes out Mason on the floor! Tom Morrow looks shocked that Declan is scoring with these moves and he can't believe what he is seeing right now.

Lance:

Declan Alexander has a chance here!

Declan looks up and he has no love for Morrow but he does hear the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. The Big Money Monster gets pushed back under the ring and Mason Luck is wide open for Declan to leap through the ropes and then he drives both feet into the face of Mason Luck using the GGEZ!

DDK:

He makes the most of it! The GGEZ rolling drop kick right to the big money maker of the Big Money Monster!

Declan crawls into a pin and grabs a leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Big Money Mason escapes the pin and pushes Declan away. Declan decides that he's going to go for the end and put away Mason quickly. He jumps up and then hooks the neck for the Play of the Game... but Mason is too strong!

Lance:

Mason counters on pure strength alone! That push to the ropes.

DDK:

Now Declan gets caught and then dropped into that rib breaker!

Mason hangs on after the first rib breaker and then turns it swiftly into a standing power slam into the mat! The ring shakes and Mason looks down at DEC4L with an angered expression.

Lance:

That rib breaker into that power slam combo was pretty brutal!

The Big Money Monster looks at Tom Morrow and Morrow rolls a finger like he's telling Mason to continue.

Lance:

He could have gone for a pin there, but it looks like Morrow ... I don't know, wants him to hurt Declan more?

The crowd jeers even more when Nathan Eye starts walking down to ringside and meets with Tom Morrow like he wants a front row seat to the match. Mason Luck starts to pick up Declan and then hits an extra powerful back elbow. DEC4L is sent back to the corner. Mason goes to the opposite end of the ring and charges at the corner Alexander is in to crush him with a running back elbow. DEC4L is crushed by the move but it gets worse for him when Mason grabs the arm of Declan.

DDK:

A cobra clutch?!

He strangles Declan for a few seconds and then spins the streamer around. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch in horror when Declan is sent *spinning* after the throw! He hits the mat hard and Mason Luck's freakish strength has the Portland fans in awe!

DDK:

Cobra clutch into that massive toss!

Mason grabs Declan by the side while he is on the mat. He applies a pump handle and then picks him up and then powers DEC4L over his knee! Declan bounces off his knee and drops to the mat. Morrow at ringside gives him an "okay" symbol with his hands and then Mason finally starts to pin Declan.

DDK:

The Jack Pot Drop by Mason Luck! That is it!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

He kicked out! How? Declan's been beaten up bad!

Mason tilts his head to the side and looks at Tom Morrow who can't believe this either! Nathan Eye has a look on his face that seems to be a mix of being shocked and ... maybe even a little impressed!

DDK:

Mason takes him to the corner again! He crushed him with that elbow earlier!

Mason Luck runs right behind Declan, but with some fancy foot work, Declan leaps to the middle rope, back over Mason and pulls him backwards and across both of his knees with a leaping lung blower out of the corner!

DDK:

C-C-Combo Breaker!!! Ingenious counter by Alexander!

The Intrepid Influencer gets his flowers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and Tom Morrow is appalled! The Golden State Guru reserves his judgment and watches. Declan's back is hurt but he is still able to fight. The Faithful begin to will the PogChamp back up to his feet, running on adrenaline alone. As he does so, what would be a boastful cheer is muted by Mason Luck reaching his feet at the same time. A wild haymaker goes over the head of Alexander who somersaults under and then dropkicks Luck in the back of the dome, sending him into the ropes.

Lance:

GGEZ! Is Declan going pull another rabbit's foot out of the air tonight?!

DDK:

This kid is certainly athletically talented but some of the ways fate tends to fall for Alexander is unbelievable. Some days he's blessed! Some days he's cursed!

Alexander races past Mason laying across the top rope before baseball sliding under the ropes and jumping up into the air with a spinning uppercut. DEC4L lands right in front of Nate Eye and Tom Morrow at ringside. Morrow screams at him to get back into the ring, but Declan quickly points to his eye and says "Eye on the prize." before sliding back into the ring. Mason Luck is on his hands and knees and the PogChamp signals for the Play of the Game. Luck reaches his feet and Alexander goes in but he's caught in mid-air and launched towards the ropes, landing just short of where he just was. Luck goes to follow through in chase of the Intrepid Influencer, but before he gets to the ropes he just barely sees Nate Eye jump up onto the apron with loaded book in hand.

DDK:

Hold up! What's Eye thinking here?

Lance:

He came to finish off, Alexander. Clearly.

DDK:

I'm not so sure and neither is Mason Luck.

Mason Luck immediately points at Golden State Guru and screams "What do you think you're doin?!" Nathaniel quickly drops the book and puts his arms in the air showing Mason it was just a misunderstanding. Luck's head begins to turn questionably before he's rolled up!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Portland Faithful blow the roof off the long-winded named arena as Declan Alexander quickly skitters out of the ring opposite Nate Eye and Tom Morrow.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Hector Navarro joins DEC4L outside of the ring to raise his arm in victory. Mason Luck's jaw drops as he then looks back at Nate Eye and Tom Morrow. Morrow quickly begins stomping his feet and screaming in frustration as the Golden State Guru holds his arms out confused. Luck's screams towards the pair and is drowned out by the music as Tom Morrow begins hurling steel chairs in frustration and Nathaniel Eye makes his way up the aisle for cover as Alexander exits through the Faithful.

DDK:

He pulled it off, Lance! What an upset!

Lance:

First Oscar Burns. Then Kerry Kuroyama. Now Mason Luck!

DDK:

He had a little help... intentional or not from Nate Eye, but Declan Alexander tonight showed his worth!

Lance:

He sure did, Darren... but where does BFTA go from here?!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



THE T WORD

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are going to be hearing in mere moments from none other than Oscar Burns of Vae Victis. In one of the bigger matches of the entire two-night Maximum DEFIANCE event, we saw something that we thought we'd never see... Oscar Burns tapping out to Corvo Alpha in the confines of a steel cage!

Stills of the match show on the DEFIATron as both Lance and Darren cover the match.

Lance:

For weeks, Corvo Alpha tried to get to Oscar Burns but after weeks of bait-and-switching, agreeing to subsequent matches with Corvo and withdrawing at the last moment, DEFIANCE matchmakers decided that enough was enough and placed Oscar into a steel cage match!

DDK:

And in the end, Oscar did everything he could to contain the beast... but he would not be. Corvo had Burns locked in the Alpha Clutch using the bottom rope as leverage and with that...

Footage plays of the tapout!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha scored the BIGGEST win of his DEFIANCE career!

Lance:

But what about Oscar Burns now? What state of mind is he in? We'll have to see what he thinks. Standing by at our interview stage ready to speak with former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE is Jamie Sawyers.

The camera moves over to the interview stage where the rowdy Portland Faithful make noise.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome Vae Victis member... Oscar Burns!

He holds a hand out.

No music.

No light show.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Only Oscar Burns walking out, dressed in a burgundy dress shirt, black dress pants and black loafers (we don't do shoelaces here). Next to him, none other than Vae Victis' advocate, Sonny Silver dressed in a short-sleeved button up black and burgundy shirt, black dress jeans and shoes.

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

The crowd comes out in full force as Oscar Burns' rage looks ready to unleash at any moment with Sonny whispering to him off-mic to try and keep his composure. Jamie Sawyers addresses the duo as they walk to the podium.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oscar, Sonny, welcome to...

Sonny Silver:

Shut up.

Jamie goes silent as Sonny looks out to the raucous audience.

Sonny Silver:

That goes double for YOU assholes. Shut... Up.

But not long before...

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

The chanting gets even louder. Sonny goes to put his hands over the ears of Burnsie and addresses Sawyers.

Sonny Silver:

To YOU bunch of untrained animals who THINK they know everything just because you spend all hours of the night skimming dirt sheets... you don't know ANYTHING. You don't know SHIT! Oscar Burns...

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

YOU TAPPED OUT!

Sonny has to get louder to get over the chants and booing!

Sonny Silver: *[screaming]*

OSCAR BURNS... IS... DEFIANCE! WITHOUT HIM, THIS SHOW ISN'T HERE FOR YOU TO FIRE OFF YOUR DISRESPECT! THIS SHOW WOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA! NO MAN HAS EVER MADE OSCAR BURNS TAP OUT IN A WRESTLING MATCH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

OSCAR BURNS DID **NOT** TAP OUT IN A WRESTLING MATCH... BECAUSE WHAT THIS COMPANY DID TO HIM UNFAIRLY... THE MAN WHO REPRESENTS **ALL OF US** IN THIS COMPANY... WAS NOT A WRESTLING MATCH! THAT WAS A **JOKE!**

Jamie Sawyers hears the crowd.

Sonny Silver: *[annoyed]*

What? What stupid questions did you have that I can blow off, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Obviously... and I mean no disrespect here... you guys should be given the chance to address rumors. What do you say to fans that want to know what's next for Vae Victis? Kerry Kuroyama is on a leave of absence! Lindsay Troy is out with a rib injury and just lost the FIST... has Vae Victis maybe lost pow...

Oscar has finally heard enough and SNATCHES the microphone from Jamie. Sonny watches Oscar finally voice his frustrations.

Oscar Burns:

I TAPPED OUT TO PRESERVE THE SPIRIT OF DEFIANCE, YOU UNGRATEFUL CRETINS! I TAPPED OUT BECAUSE CORVO ALPHA ISN'T A WRESTLER... CORVO ALPHA IS A **MONSTER** WHO TRIED TO BREAK MY

NECK BY APPLYING THE ALPHA CLUTCH WITH MY NECK WRENCHED AGAINST THE BOTTOM ROPE! I **CHOSE** TO GIVE THAT BLOODY TROGLODYTE THAT MATCH SO I COULD LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY! CORVO... YOU'RE WELCOME.

The booing continues with Oscar shouting over the noise.

Oscar Burns:

NOW HERE I STAND, TAKING ALL OF YOUR ABUSE, GCs, BECAUSE IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU THINK! IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU SAW... YOU CAN'T DENY THE TRUTH...

He stands... well, defiantly, in the face of the crowd noise.

Oscar Burns:

!! AM! STILL! DEFIANCE!

Now outright ignoring the booing, he continues.

Oscar Burns:

I **MADE** BUTCHER VICTORIOUS THE NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! I WILL FIGHT FOR OUR FALLEN BRETHREN!

He takes a moment and then inches closer to Jamie. He takes an extra second to calm himself.

Oscar Burns:

You want a story, Jamie? You want a quote you can take from here? You want something you can slap on a headline, you silly little ponce? Here it is, GC...

Burns stands over Jamie.

Oscar Burns:

VAE VICTIS... IS... NOT... DONE.

He PUSHES the microphone back into Jamie's chest, then nods to Sonny. The Silver-Tongued Devil gives a once-over to Jamie and scoffs before both men walk off to loud jeers.

YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!

DDK:

Well... strong words indeed by Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver... but I never thought Vae Victis were done. Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver schemed to get Butcher Victorious the Favoured Saints Championship and welcome him fully into the fold. Vae Victis once again has two singles titles in their camp.

Lance:

I've never seen Oscar Burns like this... and if I'm a wrestler that finds himself in Oscar's path right now, I'm moving...

Burns and Silver disappear behind the curtain and ignore the jeers completely.

MAKING FRIENDS

We fade in on a rather nondescript interview set colored in the blacks and the reds of DEFIANCE branding. Seated in a comfortable maroon chair, an amiable smile on his face, Lance Warner adjusts his glasses as the camera zooms in. Across from him, a bemasked wrestler patiently waits. In the lower right hand corner of our screen, the words “PRE-RECORDED” briefly appears, long enough to just register.

Lance:

Thanks, as always, for tuning into DEFtv. I'm Lance Warner.

Lance pivots to a different camera; one seemingly over the shoulder of his interviewee.

Lance:

I'm joined tonight by one of DEFIANCE's rising stars. Thanks for agreeing to sit with me, MV1.

Wearing his bright red wrestling mask, blue jeans, cowboy boots, and an old, faded “INNO-FN-VATOR” Brock Newbludd t-shirt is Masked Violator #1. A smile stretches the fabric on his face. His name, in bright yellow, lingers under his face on our screen for a moment,

MV1:

Any time, Lance.

Glancing at index cards in his hand, Lance shifts his weight and re-crosses his legs.

Lance:

I'd like to start with your appearance at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE—

MV1:

I imagine you do.

Lance:

—and your match there with Dr. Ned Reform. It was a gutsy performance on your part and a hard fought battle, but in the end... we saw Reform prove to be victorious, thanks in some large part, to his apparently quite loyal assistant: TA Cole. Can you tell us how you're feeling?

MV1 slowly nods as he listens.

MV1:

I'm doing good, Lance. Doc checked out the leg and I'm happy to report that this wheel is spinnin' just fine. Yeah, I got a little banged up, I'm bruised, I've been battling headaches for weeks, but perspective is important. Between Rezin, Troy, Scrow, Newbludd and others... I really shouldn't complain. In the grand scheme of things, I'm doing just fine.

Our experienced interviewer seizes on something #1 said.

Lance:

“Headaches” — caused by that punt kick by Levi Cole, I imagine? Have you tried reaching out to him... asking what happened?

MV1's eyes focus somewhere in his foreground, on nothing in particular.

MV1:

You know... I did, actually. I tried, I texted him. A few times. Didn't hear anything back. I guess I didn't really expect to. But, see, that's why I agreed to sit with you today, Lance. I'm here to put the whole thing to bed. I'm looking to move on.

He shifts in the chair, leaning back slightly, eyes now locked on the man he's speaking to.

MV1:

I guess it's no secret that I've spent a lot of my time in DEFIANCE trying to set things right in my life. It was a broken friendship that brought me back here. A broken friendship I've yet to fully mend just yet, but hey, maybe I'm closer. I don't know.

His blue eyes drift again.

MV1:

I thought that Levi Cole trusted me. I know that I trusted him. I think that's pretty clear. I imagine that the whole world, including Reform and Cole, are expecting me to press the issue. I'd actually wager that they're banking on me chasing them across the country, from arena to arena, looking for a measure of revenge, right? Well... that ain't gonna be me, Lance.

Arching an eyebrow, Lance shuffles his index cards in hand.

Lance:

And by that you mean... ?

MV1:

By that I mean that this "Honor Society" isn't going to use me as their whipping boy as a means to establish themselves. Heavy Artillery, or whatever they call themselves now, are what they are between bells. I'm not here to criticize anyone's talent or ability but I think the world has seen everything they're going to see out of those two. Ned is clearly going to take them and point them where he wants to. I wonder if my old friend Levi remembers them jumping him a few months back... I wonder if he's put two and two together and realized that maybe "The Good Doctor" was pulling their strings even back then, manipulating them AND him? I can't help but wonder... but that's the extent of it. I'm done playing Ned Reform's game. He wants Levi Cole? Now he has him. And that's all I'll say on that subject.

Arching the opposite eyebrow, Lance shuffles once more, eventually landing on a winner.

Lance:

Let me ask you about some of your fan outreach efforts—

Somewhere off-screen, there is a commotion. Lance, ever the professional, battles to ignore it but we spot MV1 glancing off-camera.

Again there is a louder commotion that sounds like the very noisy clanging of pots and pans being stepped over.

The camera pans over and we see Scott Hunter trying to step over some pots and pans and failing miserably. One foot goes into a soup pot, another a metal kettle, which makes Scott chuckle to himself because it rhymes, and then finally, he clears the kitchenware and makes his way over to Lance and MV1.

Scott goes to Lance first and sticks out his hand.

Scott Hunter:

Hello, I don't believe we've met. My name is Scott. I am one of the top fifty wrestlers in DEFIANCE according to Daily DEFIANCE magazine.

Lance looks up at him, mouth slightly open, not sure what to say.

Lance:

Uhh... yeah, um... nice to meet you. Lance Warner.

Scott nods thoughtfully.

Scott Hunter:

Excellent, excellent. I'm a big fan of your brothers. That coyote kills me.

Scott turns to MV1, and for a moment just stares at him. MV1 stares back. Then in a sudden motion, Scott reaches his hand out.

Scott Hunter:

Hello, I don't believe we've met. My name is Scott. I am one of the top fifty wrestlers in DEFIANCE according to Daily DEFIANCE magazine.

MV1 looks over at Lance with an "is this guy serious" expression on his face, then reluctantly reaches up and shakes Scott Hunter's hand.

MV1:

Yeah... I heard.

Lance:

Is there something we can help you with?

Scott glances at Lance, but then turns back to MV1, who is impatiently leaning his hands on his knees with quite the irritated expression, as far as you can tell through the mask.

Scott Hunter:

As a matter of fact, I came here to see him. I have recently learned from an exhaustive internet search that people who wear masks can now wear them for reasons other than being from Mexico, being a superhero, or being reasonably cautious about infectious diseases. I have found out that anyone can wear one, and because I am new to this phenomenon, I thought I could come out here, offer my hand in friendship, which I have just literally done, and learn from one of our masked masters of... masks.

Scott smiles and watches as MV1 just stares up at him. Scott looks back at Lance, then back to MV1, concerned.

Scott Hunter:

Does he not talk good or something?

Lance:

Um.. he talks just fine.

Scott frowns for a moment, but then smiles another smile, this one strange and disconcerting, like he doesn't understand how smiles are supposed to work.

Scott Hunter:

So.. whattya say?

MV1 sighs, then finally stands up and looks Scott Hunter in the eye. Scott's smile softens a bit.

Scott Hunter:

You are very close to me right now.

Measuring the man, MV1 offers a polite if not forced smile of his own.

MV1:

No offense but I'm not much in the mood for making new friends at the moment.

He nods to Lance before walking off the set.

GO FLEX YOURSELF

DDK:

There's quite a ruckus going over there at the Side Interview stage, isn't there?

Lance:

I don't know exactly what this is Darren. It's not on my rundown.

DDK:

Looks like, weight lifting benches and, is that a butterfly curl machine?

Lance:

Yes.

DDK:

This certainly looks like a lot of the structural pieces to the earlier Honor Society induction here.

Lance:

It's like someone hastily painted over the deep purple hues with Red and white.

DDK:

Like a toddler fingerpainting.

Walking up onto the side interview stage

Kyle Shields:

Oh yeah. This thing on, bro? So, I'm told I can't say fuck. Oh... well, everybody gets one I hear. Met my quota for the day. Speaking of quotas... do you have a loved one you're struggling to support because of a lack of finances? Perhaps work has got you down and you'd like to go in a different direction. I have the solution for you-

Kyle pauses and realizes now is not the place or time. He's also a second away from being kicked off the interview stage.

Kyle Shields:

Welcome everyone! I'm your host, Kyle Shields. You might remember me from such illustrious DEFIANCE moments such as the DEFCon Watch-a-long, bringing you BRAINPOWER, and the winner of the Newcomer Battle Royal.

Lance:

We do those?

DDK:

Did. Once.

Kyle Shields:

So listen bro, I'm gonna make you rich. I told you all that, I always tell you that but nah, you ain't listening till now. Now, ya'll Faithful will have FAITH. FULL. WHATEVA! Cause, not only am I gonna get you rich, six figures, easy, right out the bank and in your tesla, cruising down Fifth Avenue... we gonna get you rich, we gonna make you TONED. Jakked to the gills, bro! Guns, pecs, bounce baby bounce. Svelt, sexy, ready to score that poon, make the ladies dri...

DDK:

Let me get this straight. Kyle starts selling us something, only to stop himself and start over, to sell us something different.

He holds the I for an uncomfortably long time.

Kyle Shields:

-ool. See, I look out at a sea of threes, but with what I have to show you tonight, you'll be scoring sixes in no time. Which is way better than zero. Who needs tens when you can get two sixes?

Lance:

I think someone needs to do the math here.

Boos. Shields continues undeterred.

Kyle Shields:

Yikes. That lady in the back row is negative numbers. You lose credit bro, please remove the donkey from the wrestling show.

Even more boos.

Kyle Shields:

Oh come on! If Conor Fuse said that you'd all love it! Listen, I'm actually here tonight to introduce to you a TWENTY ONE WEEK workout, TAILORED to those Faithful who are scrawny, but want to become BUFF... like my guest, and my newest **clients**.

DDK:

Wait what?

Lance:

Someone bought into this crap?!

Kyle Shields:

For just twenty easy payments of \$49.99, you can get in on the ground floor on this revolutionary workout technique that even Oprah is talking about. "No comment" is a comment! You'll hold more titles than vacant! We also have our deluxe package that starts at \$79.99, for those of you who are TRULY serious about your health, your safety, and ensuring a long and prosperous life. But don't just listen to me! Listen to your head trainers! Filmed over the course of a week in Santa Monica Studios, streaming on DEFonDEMAND once your credit card is validated... I bring to you, you're official DEFIANCE FITNESS TRAINERS... AND... your TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

DDK:

What?!

Lance:

No way!

Kyle Shields:

FLEX!... APPEAL!

As Kyle says this, a large banner unfurls above him, fireworks on either side.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

Stepping out onto the entrance ramp first is Flex Kruger, who stands taller than he ever has before. He lets his pecs dance as he raises the Unified Tag Team Championship belt above his head. Klein is out behind him, wearing his title like a boy scout would wear his sash of merit badges. Flex turns to Klein and smacks him on the back, as Klein reluctantly drops to his knees for their trademark duo taunt. The two each flex, posing for the cameras at the top of the rampway as the large DEFiatron behind them shows the new "Flex Appeal" logo interspersed with highlights of the duo tossing around some of the Faithful's favorites.



DDK:

I... am at a loss for words.

Lance:

Flex Kruger, Klein... with... Kyle Shields!?

Flex heads over to the Interview stage quickly, but Klein dawdles behind. He hops up onto the stage, and the machines lightly lurch as he does. Even Kyle braces himself as Flex lands. Kyle holds the mic out to Flex, just as Klein awkwardly climbs up the stage behind him.

Flex Kruger:

Thanks Kyle. He's right. For a very low cost, you can look... just. *[bounce]* Like. *[bounce]* Me. *[bounce bounce]*

Flex takes the moment to smile, and flexes his right pec. Then his left. Then both at the same time.

Flex Kruger:

And when you can wink at a girl with your pecs, it'll be worth the 12 bucks a week to become just as strong as your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions.

Kyle Shields:

See, FLEX showed me the way. I was being selfish, always trying to make a quick buck by providing NOTHING! Now I've seen the errors of my way!

Flex Kruger:

To keep my training regimen to just me and my best friend Klein? That's the selfish thing. Kyle made me see that. So, now, I share my wisdom with the Faithful, and we all profit. Isn't that right Klein?

Kyle and Flex turn to Klein. He awkwardly raises his hands to wave to the duo...

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The Portland Faithful roar as they're bathed in lights of royal violet and gold. The D leads the way looking disgusted with Elise Ares points over his shoulder visibly upset screaming over the music. Flex Kruger looks back with a confused but frustrated look on his face that can only be duplicated by a famous white cat. As the pair navigate the jungle of gymnasium of cheaply made workout equipment and repurposed Honor Society paraphanelia, Kyle Shields reassures his new spokesmen. The FACE of DEFIANCE walks past Flex and straight to Kyle Shields. She grabs his tie off his suit and flips it into his face before turning to both Flex and Klein.

The Faithful start a small "D" chant. While he's billed from Culver City, the true Faithful know Portland is Derek Edwards' hometown. The chant swells as Elise milks the silence.

Elise Ares:

BBY... I haven't used mine yet, what the fuck?

D pulls out a mic and the Faithful swell.

The D:

When the hell you turn into Billy Blanks?

Cheers and laughter. Flex goes to speak but Klein steps in front. He nods to both Flex and the D.

Klein:

Well, Flex had this opportunity, and he asked me if you had anything planned for tonight... and you didn't, right? You don't.

The D:

What did you want planned? A ticker tape parade? You won the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champinoships.

D nods, respect.

The D:

GOOD! I expected that of ya!

Klein:

Sure, but every time you won the belts, you made us celebrate you. You made a big deal about pageantry and legacy and how when a part of us succeeds, we ALL succeed.

Klein turns to Elise.

Klein:

But you didn't even say good job. Congrats! WAY TO GO!

Elise Ares:

Oh geez, I didn't realize buddy, I've been so busy with my new line of fragrances and accessories called "ELISEIUM" soon to be available on DEFshop.com. But grats! Super good job. We totes believed in you.

The D:

I patted you on the back. That was a non verbal congrats. You know how busy I've been working on scouting

for principal photography of the penultimate Lake Placid Vi VI: the End of Vi. But yeah, honestly, good work you two! Fantastic! That doesn't change I expected you to win. Listen, water under the bridge, let's start fresh, all that said and done, as equals.

Elise Ares:

We've got a proposal.

Kyle Shields:

We're listening.

Elise Ares:

Not you.

The D:

Who even is this douche?

Elise Ares:

Who are you?

The D:

Nevermind. We just thought now that you've got the tag titles, and you're officially a tandem, that y'know... we could just trade the belts back and forth like forty times.

Klein:

Excuse me?

The D:

Y'know, we pin you, you pin us, then repeat. Listen, I really don't like not being the greatest DEFIANCE tandem of all time anymore.

Elise Ares:

And Henry Keyes is the longest SoHer, so this is all I got to show for my career Klein. I'm worried. We're going to Mexico soon. It's been a super long time and I REALLY need to impress them or I'm never going to hear the end of it.

The D:

We'll go down in history, a lot!

Elise Ares:

M E X I C O. Hola?! Do you know how much that means to me?!

Klein balks. Kyle Shields keeps rubbing Flex's pec in the background. Klein hesitates.

Klein:

D-doesn't seem very honorable.

The D laughs.

Elise Ares:

Since when have ANY of us given a hoot about THAT?! Puhlease BBY, you know we'd let you win them last.

Flex steps forward, pushing past Klein, a fury in his eyes.

Flex Kruger:

LET?

The D:

No. They're in BRAZEN. We're PCP. Me. Elise.

Elise Ares:

And you guys! We're family. Did you forget that? What is going on here?!

Kyle Shields:

Alright everybody, let's let cooler heads prevail...

The D:

There's that word again. LET.

The D grabs Kyle by his tie as the Faithful cheer.

The D:

Say LET again. I dare you. I DARE YOU!

Kyle Shields:

B-Bro... W-why don't we try it tonight?

The D relents, still holding Kyle but releasing his grip a bit.

Kyle Shields:

Right, Flex?

Kyle looks at Flex and the two have a moment, and share an understanding. Klein peaks up behind Flex's shoulder and scratches the top of his box head. Kyle Shields turns to the fans for the first pop of his life.

Kyle Shields:

FLEX Appeal will defend tonight against the Pop Culture Phenoms!

The Faithful cheers. The D doesn't pay attention and steps up toward Kyle. Then tries to shout past him.

The D:

Why are YOU talking for them? Klein! KLEIN! We got a deal, right?!

Klein, departing with Flex, turns back to the D and just nods. Flex pulls Klein back as the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions head to the back. "Flexicution" plays as Elise shrugs and then mouths to The D under the music "He's got us. Don't worry. He wouldn't do us dirty."

DDK:

Well, that just happened.

Lance:

This night just keeps getting weirder and weirder, Darren. I'm running out of things to say in order to segway to other weird things.

Kyle Shields:

Also! Buy our Workout series, FLEX TO SUCCESS!! Only \$49.99 monthly!

Lance:

Why is he walking toward the announce booth?

DDK:

We didn't invite you.

Kyle Shields:

BUY BRO! BUY!

DDK:

SECURITY!

Kyle Shields: *[off mic, fading]*

Bro. I thought we were tight. You don't gotta manhandle me...

DAN LEO JAMES vs. OLIVER TARQUIN MONROE

DDK:

We're back with more action on DEFtv and coming up, Titanes Familia look to continue the roll they were on. While Titaness may have suffered a setback competing for the Favoured Saints Championship on UNCUT last week, they defeated M4NTRA.

Lance:

Dan Leo James, in particular, opened some eyes by winning the match in impressive fashion for his team. Earlier tonight, he wanted to see singles action and got a match with Oliver Tarquin Monroe of Gentlemen's Agreement!

DDK:

Lord Sewell, the leader of the group, has possession currently of the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship and perhaps OTM is looking for singles glory himself. So let's go to ringside for this next match.

The lights darken.

And suddenly, TV credits appear on the tron with campy music... Uriel Cortez chopping a fool in the corner.

URIEL CORTEZ

as

Giant Dad

Titaness hitting the Clash of the Titaness!

TITANESS

as

Muscle Mom

Dan Leo James hitting a Titan's Orbit chokeslam!

DAN LEO JAMES

as

The Young Titan

And finally... a scene of Carolina "Memaw Titan" Cortez slapping Tom Morrow back at Acts of DEFIANCE 2022! And a new one of Memaw Titan slapping Tom Morrow at MAXDEF!

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

Carolina Cortez

as

Memaw Titan

TITANES FAMILIA MATTERS!

Then a still of the happy family sitting in a 90's style sitcom, but Dan Leo James is the only one smiling.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez's Mom is back again! We're being greeted by Memaw Titan!

And after the credits roll...

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

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES as a spotlight shines in tune with the appearances of the trio. Left side of the ramp: Titaness! Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Center of the ramp: Dan Leo James!

And one more spotlight... "Memaw Titan" Carolina Cortez! The 53-year-old mother of the Titan of Industry is greeted by the crowd! They head to the ring! As the other members of Titanes Familia arrive, here comes the opponent.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat and the BRAZEN Onslaught Title. Behind them, Earl Roberts in his exaggerated British gear. OTM takes his coat off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by BRAZEN Onslaught Champion Lord Sewell and their "Royal Guard" ... from Hartford, Connecticut, weighing in at 224 pounds, representing Gentlemen's Agreement... **OLIVER TARQUIN MONROE... O! T! M!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps while getting jeers from the crowd. Once they shed their respective jackets, they neatly fold them and put them away. The Young Titan stands across the ring from Oliver. He unclips the tie attached to his sleeveless dress shirt that he wrestles in... cause of course he does... then gets ready as referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

We got a full house at ringside tonight, but Dan Leo James and Oliver Tarquin Monroe looking for a singles win!

OTM charges forward at Dan Leo James first by trying to go for a headlock on the 6'7" kid, but The Young Titan picks him up and carries him over his shoulder! He drops Monroe in the corner and the Titanes Familia contingent at ringside is cheering while Lord Sewell is angry. Earl Roberts starts to, but Sewell barks at him that he must remain still.

Lance:

James getting the better... ooh! Cheap shot by Monroe!

Monroe lands a forearm against the jaw of James, making the giant redhead angry! He charges and puts a knee into the stomach of OTM before picking him up and DUMPING him on the mat in a big rear waistlock! Oliver is hurt when Dan winds up and SMACKS him across the chest with a big open-handed chop!

DDK:

All of Titanes Familia work those chops like pros and Monroe is gonna have welts under that shirt tomorrow!

The Young Titan grabs Oliver and has him on his shoulders. He raises him high in the air...

Dan Leo James:

YEET!

...and then THROWS him up and over with his massive strength! Oliver is hurt and collapses to the mat, only for Dan to charge off the ropes with a big running senton!

DDK:

Big YEET slam followed by the running senton! New move in the tank! Cover by James!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Tarquin kicks out while Lord Sewell and Earl Roberts both scowl on the other side of the ring where Uriel, Titaness and Memaw Titan cheer on Dan! He throws his arms up, but turns when Oliver Tarquin Monroe rolls to the floor to land at the feet of both Sewell and Roberts.

Lance:

Dan Leo James looking good for the moment! Sewell is retreating from the ring.

DDK:

But look at Lord Sewell. He does not look happy with his protege!

As Oliver Tarquin Monroe tries to get up while holding his rib cage, Lord Sewell yells at his protege to get back in the ring. Earl Roberts doesn't budge behind him, but things get worse when Dan grabs him through the ropes and drags Monroe back inside! He holds him in and throws him. But as Dan tries to get up, Roberts grabs his leg!

Lance:

Hey! I thought the Royal Guard wasn't allowed to move!

DDK:

He grabs the leg! Uriel is mad, and Titaness is shouting at Carla Ferrari to look behind... no! Monroe takes advantage! Dropkick to the body of Dan Leo James!

Now James is down on the mat while OTM is up and firing off a number of European uppercuts while the big man is taking a knee. The Young Titan gets thrown off while OTM speeds to the opposite corner, only to charge forward and connect with a running corner uppercut under the chin! Dan's chin gets checked and then OTM follows that up with a running midsection knee strike!

DDK:

OTM now going to work! Now where's he going?

DLJ limps out of the corner when Oliver goes out to the ring apron. He positions himself carefully before leaping up with a big leap to take down The Young Titan with a springboard clothesline!

DDK:

Great springboard clothesline by OTM! He calls that move the Pistol Whip! Lateral press on Dan!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

James powers Monroe off quickly, but Monroe realizes now he has a chance to make things happen. The Titanes Familia crew are willing on Dan collectively at ringside while Lord Sewell and Earl Roberts are watching closely. He locks in a cravate neck lock on Dan while he's trying to get to his feet. He controls the neck of The Young Titan and then throws a pair of knees into his head.

Lance:

This is great work by Oliver. Gentlemen's Agreement may be a tad throwback, but they have the goods in the ropes.

DDK:

And that Cravate neckbreaker! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dan kicks out again! Titanes Familia and The Faithful cheer him on!

DDK:

Cravate neckbreaker only gets two, but Oliver staying on him! Now he's trying the double underhook. He's got his move, Poor Etiquette!

He tries for said move... but James POWERS his way up and then dumps Monroe a big pop-up flapjack! Monroe hits the mat like a wet sack while DLJ leans back to the ropes, checking on his neck to make sure that all still works after the attacks by OTM.

Lance:

Does Dan have a chance to fight back?! Is that neck going to slow him down?

Dan fights through the pain and gets cheers from the crowd as he waits for Monroe to get back up. He whips him to one corner and hits a big running body avalanche! OTM gets crushed, but before he can do anything, he whips him to the other side and hits a big body avalanche there as well! OTM recoils from the splash and stumbles right into the arms of Dan. He picks him up for a body slam, only to SPIN Oliver out into a huge facebuster! Sewell and Roberts can't help but cringe at ringside while Memaw Titan cheers him on.

Memaw Titan:

Go, nieto!

A chant of "Nieto!" starts up with help from Uriel and the crowd as Dan waits. He charges off one side of the ropes, then the other behind OTM as he tries to get up...

DDK:

DASH AND BASH! DID YOU SEE MONROE FLY!

Monroe does indeed go FLYING across the ring from his signature high-speed shoulder tackle! Dan lets out a shout and then slaps both hands on the mat! As he tries to do something, Earl Roberts tries to jump up on the apron, but Titaness goes over to pull him off!

Lance:

And there is The Familia evening the odds!

DDK:

What... what is Lord Sewell doing?!

Lord Sewell shouts at Memaw Titan as he gestures to his BRAZEN Onslaught Title! He demands respect as a champion and the word "UNCOUTH" escapes his lips! Then Memaw Titan SLAPS him!

Lance:

Ooh! Memaw Titan having enough of Lord Sewell's gesturing!

Lord Sewell looks angry and approaches her... but Uriel IMMEDIATELY snaps into action and CHOPS the hell out of Sewell with one NASTY Chop of Ages! Sewell hits the ground while Uriel is all over Sewell, barking and screaming about messing with his mom!

Lance:

You don't mess with Memaw Titan! That's a cardinal sin in Titanes Familia!

DDK:

But look... Dan distracted! OTM tries a roll-up!

Dan quickly kicks out! Both men get up, but Dan snaps to action first by grabbing his throat!

DDK:

Oh, no! Oliver about to go for a ride!

He POWERS Monroe into the air and then PLANTS him to a huge pop from The Faithful with a running chokeslam out of the corner!

DDK:

TITAN'S ORBIT! THAT'S IT!

Dan hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

"My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET 🎶

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

The Young Titan gets his arm raised by Carla Ferrari in the ring! Uriel, Titaness and even Memaw Titan enter the ring before helping to celebrate with James.

DDK:

Solid win tonight by Dan Leo James! He picks up the win for his team at MAXDEF and a solid singles win tonight!

Lance:

Indeed. Titanes Familia seems to be firing on all cylinders lately! And... wait...

But all is not right in Whoville for long...

Slow golf claps.

All members of Titanes Familia look up to the DEFIatron...

DDK:

Ugh...

Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

One big happy family, ain't you? Everything good? You guys think that you did something to me by defeating M4NTRA at Maximum DEFIANCE? You think cause I had a bad night that I can't come back from this?! You think that Titanes Familia are safe? You think I'm done?

He starts fuming while Uriel Cortez and company watch up at the screen, telling Morrow to shut the hell up.

Tom Morrow:

Since NONE of you can stay out of my business long enough... I'm making it MY business to mess with YOUR

business! And I've hired me a couple of guys SOLELY to dedicate their time to ruining all of you! They helped me deal with that bird-brained asshole, Scrow, and they're gonna help me deal with YOU...

The camera pans back to reveal to handsome fellows on either side of him.

To his left: "The Jester of Jesters" Jestal!

To his right: The MONSTROUS four-hundred pound Big Kahuna Ali'i!

Tom Morrow:

Meet... The Devil's Circus. Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i are my new muscle and they're going to help me do everything in my power to make your lives a living hell. So let me start by doing this... in two weeks. One member of your group... versus one of these handsome, destructive devils!

He smiles.

Tom Morrow:

What do you say, boys?

Jestal just stares at them from under the towel over his head gives a smirk, while Ali'i; from under his own towel on his head just stares stoically toward them. Titanes Familia looks at one another but doesn't take them too long to figure it out.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, God, this shit again... Morrow... we don't give a deuce who you hire, who you pick, or who you think you've got. We'll shit-kick that little clown you hired... and we'll shit-kick Jestal right after that.

The Faithful laugh at the comment as Uriel grins.

Uriel Cortez:

I accept!

Morrow nods.

Tom Morrow:

See you then.

The screen goes black. The Familia members look at one another and do their best to ignore one another

DDK:

Uriel Cortez goes one-on-one next week against a member of The Devil's Circus... but he never said who...

Lance:

Tom Morrow can never let a grudge go, can he?

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



LOSE YOURSELF

Fans are buzzing as some latecomers are still filing into the arena. DDK and Lance Warner set the table for an amazing night of wrestling action ahead.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks! The night is young and we're just getting things underway as we pick up the pieces from the MAXDEF fallout!

A prerecorded promo plays on the tron video board for everyone to see. The picture shows a tiny little bathroom with flickering halogen lights. Malak Garland stands at the sink, covered in sweat, scars and bruises. The water runs from the faucet with no end in sight. He rubs his palms under the water before splashing his face.

Malak Garland: *[voice over]*

Knees weak, moms spaghetti. Wait a minute. I feel like this has been done before. It's time to drop the act and tell the people what they've been waiting to hear.

The promo cuts to an abrupt end when his eyes lock onto the center of the lens recording him. The arena goes dark. The fans go wild.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak Garland walks out on stage. He looks defeated. He looks gassed. He looks TRIGGERED! He marches down to the ring with microphone in hand.

DDK:

Here comes the Snowflake Superstar, coming down to address the Faithful after suffering what some are calling the most embarrassing loss of his wrestling career at the hands of Elise Ares at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Lance Warner:

You mean Malak Ares! Errr, on second thought, you were right the first time.

Malak climbs into the ring, looking out to the sea of wrestling fans as he twirls the microphone in his hand. There's an ominous glimmer in the Keyboard King's eyes.

Malak Garland:

Faithful collective, please hear my plea. Tonight, I come to you as a broken person.

They still boo, knowing never to trust a silver hair on his head.

Malak Garland:

I'm still devastated that I lost to Elise Ares and that I didn't gain her identity. After the match, I went to the back and stared at my disgusting self in the mirror for what felt like an eternity before I felt like I needed to cut and run. It's all I wanted to do at that point. Just end it all. Leave. Soft exit wrestling altogether. Be done with it because I failed. I got pinned clean in the center of the ring for crying out loud.

Malak is visibly shaking.

Malak Garland:

I was so upset I didn't gain another identity separate to my own because of what I could have done with it. I had grandiose visions of being the first ever human on the planet with dual personalities but you know what, greater spirits were at work and they made me realize it wasn't meant to be. In fact, the reality is I have no real interest in ever becoming Elise Ares because she's fat and I don't want to misrepresent an entire demographic of people I know nothing about.

The crowd gives him heat for his comments.

Malak Garland:

If I had won, I would have chosen NOT to take on the extra identity as it contradicts my rock solid stable nature, even though I would have rocked it. I've had this overwhelming urge to cut and run from myself lately. You see, there's been a hole in my spirit that I've been trying to fill. I took part in a tarot card reading which led me to desire obtaining the soul of another which I failed at so last week, I continued my spirit quest by conducting an introspective self cleansing seminar and I've decided that getting away from myself is still the best route to take. So I'm not done with running away yet.

DDK:

This is pure buzzword BS.

Malak Garland:

I'm out here to proclaim to everyone that I'll be looking elsewhere to rally and regroup my spirit in order to find myself. I know my transformation isn't complete. I need one. I just don't know what that looks like at this time. Follow me on socials for more intricate details and follow along as my story unfolds. We're in this together. Let's discover something new. Thank you.

Malak gently places the microphone on the mat before putting his hands together in a prayer and bow stance.

DDK:

Malak might not have obtained a second identity, and we're all left wondering who he might be targeting next but one thing is for sure. There's definitely a shred of truth in what he just said about disliking himself, Lance. Maybe he's finally catching on about being the creep he is?

Garland exits the ring with deep contemplation painted across his face. Where will he go from here!? Only time will tell.

LOST MASKS AND CAUSES

Cut to backstage.

Christie Zane stands ready for an interview segment with none other than, the recently unmasked Victor Vacio.

Victor, flanked by Los Caidos, stands against the DEFtv backdrop with his face in full, unfettered view to the public. He is nonplussed.

Christie jumps right into it, speaking directly to the camera.

Christie Zane:

I'm here now with Victor Vacio, whose quite handsome face is now on full display after his match with High Flyer IV at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Christie turns her attention to Vacio.

Christie Zane:

What is next for Victor Vacio and ... Los Caidos?

Victor cocks his head to the side, not unlike a dog trying to understand a previously unheard-of command.

Victor Vacio:

¿qué?

Vacio turns to Corey Nunez with a questioning look.

Nunez leans into Vacio's recently uncovered ear and whispers something in, presumably Spanish.

Vacio leans back from Nunez with an acknowledging look on his face.

Vacio:

¡Sí ... Sí!

Vacio leans in and whispers to Nunez.

Corey takes it all in and then turns to Christy, reaching out for the microphone and pulling her reach across Vacio to him.

Corey Nunez:

That blue-haired... excuse me, former blue-haired weirdo is nothing more than a coward. His win means nothing, zilch, zero... ¡nada! All he did was prove our point, Christie.

Zane:

And that is?

Nunez:

None of this matters!

Nunez looks to Vacio, who gives and positive nod.

Nunez:

... and one way or another, High Flyer's baby boy is going to accept that!

Zane, intrigued by the veiled threat, probes for more.

Zane:

What do you ... well I suppose what does Victor Vacio ... mean by that?

Vacio looks at Christie, it is obvious he understands what she is saying but rather than respond; he shrugs much like he did after handing over his lucha mask to High Flyer IV at Maximum DEFIANCE, and walks off.

The larger pair of Los Caidos follow but Nunez, the defacto mouthpiece hangs back, briefly. He saddles up to Zane and leans into the mic.

Nunez:

Watch yourself, Flyboy!

DEFtv goes to ringside.

WEDDING PRESENTS

DDK:

At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, we saw one of the most heinous actions we have ever seen in DEFIANCE's illustrious history after Caitlyn Kinsey betrayed her fiance JJ Dixon right before they were about to get married and joined ranks with her grandmother, Tabitha, in her quest to destroy Teri Melton and Your Uncut Gems!

Lance:

We had seen since the Kinsey's arrival here in DEFIANCE that Caitlyn and Tabitha had grown closer by the week. We also saw more than a few hints of Tabitha trying to manipulate her granddaughter in her ever escalating war against Teri Melton! But I thought that she and JJ were indeed in love... only we were all proven wrong!

DDK:

And now... unfortunately... here they come to the stage to explain themselves!

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

The piano/drum beat from the HBO show starts and the crowd starts booing immediately at the very first note of music. The DEFiatron screen shows various aspects of fantastic wealth -- yachts, private jetcraft, mansions, dignitaries of all political stripes, jewels and Faberge Eggs.

The first two to come to the stage are The Company Men -- "The Marketer's Dream" Cristiano Caballero and Brayden "Dubya" Leverington. Both men are wearing matching black Carhartt fleece finance douche vests with their initials over the chests, both over matching pink short trunks that read "The Company Men" in black cursive,. Cristiano starts to caress his smooth, well-tended brown skin while chewing gum. Dubya fixes his hair a little bit and scans the audience in enjoyment of himself as the boos and hisses reign down.

Out next comes Tabitha Kinsey, dressed in her tweed Chanel jacket/blouse/skirt combination, her auburn hair done to expensive salon perfection, an outfit that reflects a woman who does not care about your student loans. Her nose is aloft in the air as she makes a phony politician's smile while holding her Faberge Egg over her head.

Tabitha then wags her finger and walking out next is the recently renamed Aurora Kinsey — her green hair gone, now with a very conservative black hair salon job that makes her look the part of a socialite. Her eyes are vacant and she looks utterly miserable, staring at the floor, wearing a t-shirt that reads "Caitlyn's Mom/Tabitha's Daughter." Tabitha points for Aurora to stand behind her, and her daughter does.

DDK:

For those who missed it, at Uncut 144, Tabitha Kinsey successfully gaslighted Aurora Kaye into submission and literally brought her own daughter to her knees.

A clip from Uncut plays with Tabitha having her arm over the sobbing Aurora's shoulders and then to the mat, with Aurora speaking while kneeling before her mom.

Aurora Kinsey:

I... I swear to do all I can... to uphold the legacy and reputation of the Kinsey name!

Lance:

It was truly horrible to see that type of manipulation. But you just know Tabitha loved every second of it, considering Aurora's rebellious nature in their past!

Tabitha then points to the entrance ramp with a beaming smile.

Caitlyn Kinsey finally emerges with a perfect smile on her face in the face of deafening boos and pauses as she takes in the reaction. Her long raven hair is also salon-perfect with a bad girl curl to it, along with her own Patagonia vest over her white/pink ring gear. She makes a pose like she is at a Paris fashion show and looks at the crowd with a total look of disgust as more and more boos and comments come her way. She then laughs and turns around and sees Dubya,

who is rubbing his hands together. He takes a few steps toward Caitlyn, holds his hands out so she can do a twirl. Then they laugh over a joke they only know before ramming their tongues down each other's throats in the most obnoxious way possible.

The first piece of garbage, a soft pretzel, comes their way as DEFSec points to the perpetrator.

Lance:

I see The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey has taken the threats levelled by Teri Melton at the last Uncut to heart, as they're dressed in preparation of the Gems imminent appearance -- and their promise to spill some blood!

DDK:

And from what I've been told, DEFSec is also prepared for the Gems to show up.

Tabitha taps Caitlyn, still beaming with pride, and mouths "C'mon Lovebirds" as The Estate all stand on the stage. Caitlyn directs her mom to stand off in the corner by herself, as Aurora looks more miserable by the second.

DDK:

It looks like Caitlyn is enjoying bullying Aurora, who sacrificed everything -- even her own career -- for her daughter!

Lance:

Tabitha managed to get it in Caitlyn's head that Aurora deprived Caitlyn of a so-called "proper upbringing" where she could have been spoiled rotten. Now, Caitlyn is apparently loving all her grandmother's wealth is giving her -- and taking out all of her resentment on Aurora!

Dubya snatches the microphone from an attendant and hands it to Caitlyn. She pauses for a second as the crowd is mercilessly booing.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I expect —

The booooooss are thunderous and Caitlyn cannot be heard over them.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I said that I expect —

They somehow become even louder. Like a jet taking off.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I expect —

Finally she has to put the microphone down as she stomps her foot on the mat, sneering as the crowd continues it's merciless actions. Tabitha walks over and takes the microphone.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Hush your benighted mouths, you aimless vagabonds and allow my beautiful granddaughter, my lovey, Caitlyn Kinsey, to speak! After all... she is the biggest star in DEFIANCE today!

The boos continue as Cristiano nods in agreement with that statement. Dubya puts his hands over her ears to protect her from the crowd as a drink now comes flying into the ring.

DDK:

She's won one match her entire career!

Caitlyn takes the microphone again.

I expect —

Caitlyn almost looks like she is going to cry. Dubya can be heard saying “these people are animals” as the third item from the crowd, a hot dog, comes flying at them. Cristiano now grabs the mic.

Please, show respect to mi amiga! If you don't I will leave this ring and the fatso *[points to a woman in the crowd]* will not be able to pleasure herself over me...

This woman, about three rows deep, now lobbs a cup of soda at the ring as security comes running to escort her out.

Caitlyn takes the microphone and decides to scream, the only thing she can do at this point as the boos will not stop.

I expect this behavior from you “people.” That is because I was raised with you people, all because of the mistake made by my mother! *[Aurora squirms at ringside]* Deep down inside, I knew that I was different from you pieces of garbage. Because I was better. Because I had the opportunity to do more with my life beyond shoplifting Plan B because of the “mistake” made the night before with an Applebee’s bartender!

Dear god... what has been in this woman's heart this entire time? I thought she was such a shy, sweet-hearted person, but she is rotten to the core!

More garbage starts to fly. Dubya smirks and now takes the mic, leaning over the top rope and pointing at someone in particular.

Maybe if you spent time with your kid instead of slutting it up at chain restaurants he'd be potty trained by the age of 8 and wouldn't be wearing a diaper in the third grade. I can smell your garbage child from up here, lady.

And here comes a beer. And a second beer.

Grandma, I am eternally grateful for you making me realize that I am above these talentless, ambitionless, dignity-less cretins. Because if they did have dignity, they would recognize that the Kinsey family made professional wrestling... hell, we made America itself!

Tabitha nods in agreement with all Caitlyn is saying, knowing her granddaughter has heeded her history lessons well.

But what I am most thankful for is you showing me exactly who I came seconds away from marrying. Seeing JJ running to Teri's side was proof that while he may have loved me... he did not love me enough to make me the center of his life... or, more importantly, to give me what I deserve! He wants to fight for the good of you trash people... the same people who gave me crap online because I dared asked for a \$750 olive oil spray can set on my wedding registry. Why do you hate me so much? Because I'm *entitled* to nice, expensive things and you're all on welfare? And, worst of all, JJ Dixon will always put that tramp Teri Melton -- a woman who has dared to insult the Kinsey name -- on a pedestal instead of where she belongs -- back in the gutter!

I told you that we were going to make you bleed!

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Lance:

This is out-and-out chaos! This is a very volatile, dangerous situation!

DEFSec manages to push The Estate towards the ring while all of The Gems stand on the floor, being held back. Raiden snatches a ringside chair and blindly whips it towards his enemies down the other side. Now, two Portland police officers join the fray to keep the sides apart.

DDK:

Now out comes Referee Benny Doyle!

Benny Doyle:

You either fight it out in a match, or I'm suspending all of you.

Teri is screaming that it's on. Caitlyn turns to her mother and yells something, which sends Aurora scurrying to tend to Dubya's forehead cut as he's sitting on the floor, with a sizable amount of blood pouring out of his forehead.

He then gets up, joining Caitlyn and Cristiano in the ring, as The Gems are also in the ring, huddling up.

DDK:

Wait, are we going to have a match?

Lance:

Oh. My. God. We're going to have a friggin' match between The Company Men and Caitlyn Kinsey and all three members of Your Uncut Gems!

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

YOUR UNCUT GEMS vs. THE ESTATE OF TABITHA KINSEY

DING DING

The second the bell rings, Caballero charges and starts pounding Raiden who had his back turned when strategizing. Caballero then rakes Raiden's eyes using the opportunity to whip his opponent to the ropes —

DDK:

Raiden reverses and clocks Cristiano across the face with a Yakuza Kick!

Lance:

And it had some extra mustard on it!

Raiden then chops Caballero two times, with Reeves blind tagging in. Raiden whips The Marketer's Dream into the ropes and drops down.

DDK:

Caballero leapfrogs — right into a beautiful belly-to-belly suplex from The Top Chef!

One!

Two!

No!

Reeves then sits over Caballero and starts to swing fists. This prompts a very angry Benny Doyle to push The StarChild away —

DDK:

Caballero with a shotgun dropkick to Reeves's knee when Doyle was admonishing him!

Lance:

And it's the same knee The Company Men targeted and attacked at Maxium DEFIANCE!

Dubya is hopping up and down for the tag as Caballero whips Reeves into their corner.

DDK:

Leverington quickly in and stomping away on Reeves's chest.

Dubya now starts to bite JP's forehead.

Lance:

Dear god, the hatred in this ring...

Doyle pushes Dubya away and warns him. But with his back to the corner —

DDK:

Caitlyn uses this opportunity to choke Reeves with the tag rope!

Lance:

And her grandmother cannot be happier!

Tabitha Kinsey:

Choke him out, Lovey! Choke him out!

The scores is screaming multiple obscenities and drowning the arena out with boos at Caitlyn choking Reeves.

DDK:

Dubya now charges into the corner and clobbers Reeves with a running European uppercut!

Caitlyn quickly tags in —

Boooooooooooooo!!!

DDK:

Caitlyn now with a knife edge chop to Reeves! And a second! And a third!

Dubya tags back in and says something to the crowd. He then charges again with another European uppercut but The StarChild spins out of the way.

Lance:

He went to the well one time too often!

Cristiano quickly tags in as Reeves scampers to his side of the ring. But Caballero does a baseball slide to cut him off and clotheslines him back to the mat.

Cristiano Caballero:

Did I give you permission to do that, amigo?

Cristiano then drags him to the middle of the ring into a spinning hammerlock into a headlock position. He then hoists Reeves up 45 degrees before dropping him back in a DDT!

DDK:

He calls that The Headshot!

One!

Two --

Raiden runs in and makes the save, Teri points at JJ who uses the moment to drag Reeves back to his corner, where JJ tags in.

Lance:

And there is Teri Melton, again one step ahead of whoever is across the ring from her!

Caballero backpedals to his corner and tags without seeing who he tags in... and he tags in Dubya. And JJ immediately runs to punch Leverington.

DDK:

You can just see the anger in JJ's face!

Doyle steps in between JJ and Dubya, and Dubya tries a cheapshot. JJ dodges out of the way and whips Dubya into the ropes and leaps high in the air —

DDK:

JJ with The World's Most Athletic Foot Stomp!

JJ then immediately kips up with a perfectly placed dropkick that sends Dubya to the floor between the top and second rope. The Special Attraction then kips up and takes a step to leap up to the top rope without having to climb the ropes!

Lance:

He is an absolute athletic freak.

JJ is perched to do a move, and Teri turns her back to the ring and mouths “watch this.” Cristiano runs on the apron towards JJ almost immediately after Teri’s comment.

DDK:

Raiden just ran across the ring and body checked Caballero to the floor! Now Caitlyn runs on the apron — and The StarChild does the same to her!

Lance:

Teri had her boys prepared for Cristiano and Caitlyn to try and interfere with JJ when he was on the ropes!

Caitlyn falls to the floor, right next to Aurora as Tabitha scurries out of the way.

JJ remains perched on the top while Raiden and Reeves are on the apron and at the same time, JJ leaps off with a Shooting Star Press onto Dubya and NDR do stereo Asai moonsaults that lay out Caballero and Caitlyn!

Teri then hops on her side of the apron, and turns to the crowd making her DiamondHands, which many of the crowd follow and start to chant.

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

JJ stands over Dubya, still on the floor and leans over him, just three inches over his face. And with each word, he punches Dubya where he was previously cut, opening up the wound further.

JJ Dixon:

!! AM! THAT! DUDE!

DDK:

Teri Melton once again saw the play before it developed! As off puttingly brash as some may find her, there is no denying that Teri Melton is one of the top tacticians in professional wrestling today!

Lance:

The Gems are showing why they have become such cult figures here in DEFIANCE over these past few months!

Doyle goes to the floor, ordering Your Uncut Gems to their side of the ring. Tabitha huddled up The Company Men. But Caitlyn gets up and —

DDK:

Caitlyn just shoved her mom Aurora!

Boooooooooooooooooooo!

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Why didn’t you pull me out of the way? You never did anything for me!

Aurora Kinsey:

I... I’m sorry...

Aurora has tears in her eyes as her daughter belittles her before Tabitha intervenes. The Company Men and Caitlyn huddle up with Cristiano getting in the ring for his team, which brings Raiden in for The Gems. Cristiano blows Raiden a taunting kiss, which leads to Raiden charging —

DDK:

Caballero backpedals and sends Raiden shoulder first into the steel post of his corner!

Lance:

He lured the quick-tempered Raiden into that trap! Raiden has always had anger management issues, even dating back to when he was a kid arrested multiple times for participating in street fights with his graffiti gang.

Dubya quickly tags in, even with a bloody forehead, with Caballero tagging in after to be the legal man.. Dubya whips Raiden into the ropes —

DDK:

Beautiful tilt-a-whirl backbreaker from the Wharton MBA graduate! Now Caballero —

Cristiano levers himself over the top rope with a beautiful Slingshot Legrop with Raiden still in the backbreaker position! Tabitha turns to the crowd with a wide smile on her face.

One!

Two!

Thr-

Lance:

I said it at Maximum DEFIANCE. Cristiano Caballeo was not taken seriously by anyone for years here, since he was a self-obsessed pretty boy and, frankly, a coward. But since Tabitha Kinsey became his manager, he has levelled up. In many ways, it's a lot like what we saw when Teri Melton took JJ Dixon under her wing!

Caballero stands on Raiden's throat and Dubya tags back in. Tabitha and Caitlyn both applaud as Cristiano holds up his 10 fingers high in the air.

DDK:

They're calling for the 10-K assisted cutter!

Leverington whips Raiden into the ropes and hoists —

DDK:

No, The StarChild knocks Caballero to the mat with a body lock he didn't see coming! He catches his partner —

Double Superkicks to Dubya that sends him to a corner of the ring. But Caballero dropkicks Raiden, who crashes into Reeves, who then propels into the corner where Dubya was sent into, only for Dubya to move out of the way at the last second.

Lance:

The Company Men and NDR know each other so well, which is what I would expect in what has become a truly brutal war between these alliances!

Doyle is trying to regain order as Raiden and Cristiano begin brawling, and so do Reeves and Dubya. Raiden and Caballero move out of control towards The Gems corner, where JJ tags in as both fall to the floor.

And on the opposite side of the ring, Dubys and Reeves are throwing wild fists at each other, which leads to them falling out of the ring, but not before Leverington tags in his girlfriend at the last second.

Now JJ Dixon and his ex-fiancé Caitlyn Kinsey are both the legal participants in the match and get in the ring. The crowd realizes this moment.

Both JJ and Caitlyn are staring daggers at each other. DDK and Lance know not to speak as the crowd gets on their feet. Even the viewers at home are feeling the electricity.

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Tabitha walks away from the brawl between Dubya and Reeves next to her and turns to Aurora and points toward the other side of the ring.

Tabitha Kinsey:

NOW!

Aurora, still looking fully dazed and broken, doesn't move. Then Caitlyn quickly turns to her with the look of the meanest old maid grade school teacher imaginable.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

NOW, MOM!

JJ steps forward and is pointing at himself, and screaming at Caitlyn. Caitlyn is screaming right back. But —

DDK:

Oh no! Aurora just ran and tackled Teri Melton, who was paying attention to the unfolding fight between Raiden and Cristiano!

Tabitha hops on the ring apron, drawing the attention of Benny Doyle. Caballero grabs Raiden by his long hair, and tosses him into the ring steps.

DDK:

Aurora is wrenching on Teri's fingers!

Lance:

The same fingers Tabitha tried to break at the last DEF TV before Maximum DEFIANCE in revenge for Teri punching her in the face with the wedding ring Melton swiped from her!

Teri is screaming in pain as Aurora, with dead eyes and decades of resentment to Melton, is moving various fingers in horrible ways. This draws JJ's attention as he turns to his de facto mother.

DDK:

Leverington just snatched a soda from a fan and whips it in the face of The StarChild!

Lance:

Lookout Keebs --

The announcers get out of the way as Dubya throws Reeves, who stabbed him with a fork earlier, over the ringside announcer's table. Tabitha is holding onto Benny's hands over the rope, not allowing him to see what's happening in the ring. Caitlyn yells to Dubya.

DDK:

Dubya has Tabitha's Faberge Egg! He tosses it to Caitlyn! OH NO!

Caitlyn blindsides JJ with the Faberge Egg, which sends him immediately to the mat. She then tosses it back to Leverington, who falls to the floor as if he himself has been knocked out of action so as not to draw Doyle's attention just as Tabitha lets go and hops to the floor.

DDK:

Caitlyn, with that smirk on her face, is dragging JJ to the middle of the ring.

She holds up The DiamondHands of Your Uncut Gems before turning them upside down as the crowd is booing her.

DDK:

And she hooks on The Gembreaker! The inverted Figure Four that has never been broken or reversed in decades!

JJ has tears in his eyes...

DDK:

JJ taps out! JJ Dixon just tapped out to the move applied by the woman who devastated him at their wedding!

Lance:

Oh no! This must be almost as humiliating as what happened at their wedding! What a devastating loss for JJ Dixon and Your Uncut Gems!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this match... The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey!!!!

Tabitha makes her way over to Teri, who is still in the clutches of Aurora *[now holding Teri's hair]* and leans over her with a look of evil delight in her face as The Company Men and her granddaughter stand behind her.

Tabitha Kinsey:

We win. You lose. Which will always happen, Melton. People like you always lose!

Tabitha then does the upside DiamondHands to taunt her arch-nemesis before she and her stable march up the ring to the boos of the crowd, along with the fans tossing ice cubes and the like.

The camera then catches Aurora letting go of Teri and saying as quietly as possible -

Aurora Kinsey:

I'm sorry, Teri...

Then Aurora runs up the apron as Caitlyn points to her arm, demanding her mother raise it high in the air, which she does before they head to the backstage area.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

NEW RECORD

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

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

After the familiar text sprawls across the screen...

V A E V I C T I S

We see faces of most of DEFIANCE's most hated competitors. The boos are steady and growing as the names flash across the DEFIatron - Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, Kerry Kuroyama, Clay Byrd, Sonny Silver.

Weird. That order seems off somehow.

Suddenly, the screen glows bright pink with a thin, but bright, blue outline. It's sparkly. And the beacons of light swirling around the arena? They're pink too, with a hint of blue.

And the boos escalate QUICKLY once they see him step through the curtain.

Henry Keyes. The Kraken. Still, unbelievably, the Southern Heritage Champion. He's in a flowing black and red Euro military-style jacket, electric blue pants, and matching electric blue eyepiece. It all clashes horribly with the bright pink strap of the SOHER around his waist. He strides down to the ring, and, well...

It's just. **Deafening.**

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

Henry Keyes grabs a microphone from a ringside attendant and puts a foot on the first ring step. He pauses. The camera clearly locks in on a ringside sign behind The Kraken - "DID ANYONE ELSE ALSO ENJOY THE END OF NIGHT 1 AND HATE THE END OF NIGHT 2?" - held by a guy in his early 20's wearing a Mean Girls tee, who is laughing his ASS off as the Faithful around him call for Keyes's head. With a steely gaze, Keyes turns his head and spots the sign - quickly turning away, he smirks, his mouth wriggling in an effort to suppress a full chuckle.

-OO-

Still perched with one foot on the bottom ring step, Keyes summons the nearest cameraman and yells into the lens without the microphone.

Henry Keyes:

MAYBE THAT GUY CAN TRY DROWNING OUT THE OTHER FIVE THOUSAND DUMB-DUMBS!

With a step, another step, and yet a third *quite dramatic* step, he tucks his ornate coat closely and steps through the ring ropes. He's eyeing every man, woman, and child in the arena (with what we now must assume is TWO good eyes, even as he continues wearing the now-no-longer-appropriate electric blue mask over his left eye)...he's never seen this before. At least not from this angle, from this perspective.

An entire arena of fans (minus the contrarian in the front row), full-throated in their anger. Their *outrage*.

The hot pink strap of the Southern Heritage Championship is on full display around Keyes's waist.

Over a year on, we are, from the start of all of...all of it. How could it happen *here*? How did he become *this*?

-OO-

I fought, and I toiled, and I fought some more - for YEARS I did everything I could to break through, to have that moment of triumph and prove to you - TO YOU, of ALL PEOPLE - how much you meant to me! And for WHAT?!

We have another entrant - it's the guy with the hot sauce from the Spectapalooza! He's back! Superfan over here, following DEF for every show I guess! That's cool, I guess. Anyway, he's booing too.

Henry Keyes:

I think back to those times all the time, you know...I think about some of the wars I fought back then just hoping, CLINGING to the thought that maybe if I came close enough to killing myself in that ring, that it'd alllllll be worth it. Do any of you even remember those times? Do you even remember when a much younger and more naive Henry Keyes, nearly a decade ago, put it all on the line and nearly wrecked the old Wrestle-Plex with Sam Turner Jr.??

We hear a smattering of applause from Real Heads who know.

Lance:

Gone but not forgotten.

DDK:

I was in the arena that night, I remember calling that match.

Henry Keyes:

I'M JUST GLAD THAT SAM TURNER JUNIOR'S NOT HERE ANYMORE TO SEE WHAT YOU REALLY ARE, DEFIANCE!

A very large capital B, bolded and italicized, followed by every large capital O you have in stock.

DDK:

Completely uncalled for.

Lance:

I...I have no words. This is not ok.

Henry Keyes:

THE MOST FAIR-WEATHER, UNCONSTANT, SUCCUBUS OF A FANBASE THAT SUCKS THE LIFE OUT OF EVERYONE THAT POURS THEIR HEART INTO PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! And I don't give a DAMN what Dex Joy had to say earlier tonight - I KNOW THAT ONE DAY, YOU'LL TURN ON HIM TOO, AND WHEN THAT FINALLY TRANSFORMS THE 'PIGDEST BOY' DEX JOY INTO A GROWN ADULT MAN, YOU WILL DESERVE THAT GROWN ADULT MAN'S WRATH!

Any hinges that may have once been used to keep Henry Keyes latched have been undone.

He's unhinged, is what I'm getting at. Unhinged. De-hinge-ified. He pants like an outdoor dog in August as he tries to catch his breath.

Henry Keyes:

So I left...I left when I got the first hint of the truth. I let years pass, I let this dream go, I moved back into the comfort of my old life...and then I got the call. Christmas 2020. I returned with the aim of helping out my one true friend in professional wrestling, The Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy...

Predictably, the boos escalate once again...Keyes, microphone lowered, stares down the barrel of a nearby camera and mouths "Get well soon, Miss Troy".

Henry Keyes:

You all pretended you loved me back then. You all filled me up with your hot air, and your fake cheers, and your joy at me doing what I used to do best - which is beating the holy hell out of people, and receiving that same beating in

return. Didn't matter how I was after a match, did it? If my arm was ok, or my head? "Big man go Bell Clap YAY!" You didn't love me back then, DEFIANCE, and you don't love Dex Joy now...you don't even love Rezin, because YOU LOVE TO WATCH PEOPLE MAKE OTHER PEOPLE SUFFER, AND YOUR LOVE WAS THE LOUDEST FOR ME WHEN I WAS SUFFERING THE MOST, YOU DAMN SWINE.

The pacing back and forth across the ring has increased in pace a tick or two. Keyes has swung the SOHER over his shoulder now and he haphazardly begins to pet the title belt with his free hand.

Henry Keyes:

As Lindsay Troy and I climbed to the top of this industry side by side, the two Consuls of Vae Victis, suddenly you didn't love us anymore! We weren't suffering like we used to, and how dare we! We screwed our heads on right and started cashing every check our mouths would write, and how dare we! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BESTIES WHO KEEP COMING UP SHORT, AND HOW DARE WE MAKE HISTORY? And that's what brings me to the second thing you people seem to need refreshed in your beautiful minds - DEFIANCE IS WHERE HEROES GO TO DIE.

DDK:

HARD disagree, Lance.

Lance:

...

DDK:

What's wrong?

Lance:

I'm scared that if I say something, he might hear me.

Henry Keyes:

Lindsay Troy absolutely CRUSHED Deacon to win the FIST - when's the last time we saw Deacon, huh? Oh, or how about this - you all love Brock Newbludd, right? Saturday Night Specials, beer and titties for everyone, wooooooo- Brock Newbludd may be forced to hang up his boots now too, all out of trying to win your so-called love. Lord knows what happened to Mushigihara, or Jack Mace. Or how about this - when's the last time you damn idiots saw MATT LACROIX after what happened to him when he played hero? And when's the last time you saw an Airship Pirate??

Keyes takes a moment to collect himself - he might not have expected how hard his last sentence would hit him.

Henry Keyes:

And the third damn thing you forgot, DEFIANCE...is that the Kraken is UNLEASHED. I am *impervious* now. It doesn't matter what anyone throws at me - it doesn't matter how the gears of the universe might conspire against me. Every single moment on DEFtv that Henry Keyes is on screen, ANYTHING THAT I WILL INTO THE UNIVERSE WILL COME TO PASS BECAUSE I DEMAND IT. YOUR RULES HAVE CEASED TO BE MY RULES. I CREATE, I DESTROY, I BUILD, I BREAK, AND IT IS ALLLLLLLLLL IN THE NAME OF MY TWO TRUE NORTHS: LINDSAY TROY AND PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS GOLD.

We're not interrupting for a bit. It's going to be a lot. A whole lot. Just...buckle it.

Henry Keyes:

BECAUSE WHEN PUSH CAME TO SHOVE AND I COULD HAVE *DIED* ON YOUR SCREEN, YOU ABANDONED ME, DEFIANCE! YOU LEFT ME IN THE LURCH AND THREW YOUR LOVE BEHIND A MAN WHO'S SPENT HIS ENTIRE CAREER STEPPING ON RAKES FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT! I beat Erik Black THREE TIMES already but you all thought THIS TIME WOULD BE DIFFERENT BECAUSE WE HATE THAT SONOFABITCH HENRY KEYES NOW, HOW DARE HE SUCCEED, HOW DARE HE WIN, HOW DARE HE PROVE US WRONG ABOUT ANYTHING?! Do you even understand why I throw pancakes at you?? I'M GETTING PAID NOW, AND YOU ARE ALL ANIMALS WHO DESERVE TO BE FED LIKE ANIMALS, TOO! EVERY SINGLE DAY THAT I HOLD ONTO

THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP IS A NEW RECORD! TODAY IS THREE HUNDRED NINETY ONE DAYS - NEW RECORD! TOMORROW WILL BE THREE HUNDRED NINETY TWO! NEW RECORD! *NEW RECORD!* You all think you would have cheered for me if I had a red mustache and some goggles that you could buy for twenty bucks at the gift shop, BUT I KNOW BETTER, PIGS. YOU DO NOT ACCEPT THE THINGS YOU WANT WHEN YOU GET THEM. YOU ONLY WANT TO SEE DOGS CHASING CARS, SISYPHUS PUSHING THE DAMN ROCK UP THE MOUNTAIN. If we succeed?? BOOOOOOOO, BOOOOOOOO, like every child I've ever seen in Disneyland, you'd get bored of us, you hate to see us succeed, even as we succeed further and further than we ever dreamed, BOOOOOOOOOO BECAUSE HENRY KEYES IS NOT DOING IT THE WAY *WE* WANT, WHERE WE GET TO WATCH HENRY KEYES *SUFFER* AND *SUFFER*. HENRY KEYES WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO BE ON TOP, WAS HE DEFIANCE? I TIPPED YOUR GODDAMN APPLE CART AND YOU'RE SAD THAT THE MAN WHO SLIPS ON BANANA PEELS ALL HIS LIFE SLIPPED ON ANOTHER BANANA PEEL IN THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF HIS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING CAREER, DING DING DING, REZIN LOSES, AGAIN, AND BOO *ME?????????* I nearly lost EVERYTHING before the Kraken was unleashed, do you even remember??? I lost a major match, YOU CHEERED ME FOR LOSING, DEFIANCE, and then you cheered me from afar as I recovered, IMMOBILIZED IN A COCOON, from THE MENACING ATTACK OF A DERANGED LUNATIC AFTER A DIFFERENT LUNATIC HAD ALREADY THROWN FIRE IN MY FACE...and then you cheered for a single night, didn't you, but I wasn't the loveable punching bag anymore, was I? I came out in front of every single one of you here, I held my championship belt high-

Keyes lifts the SOHER off his shoulder and high into the air.

Henry Keyes:

And everything changed, because I said COME AND TAKE IT, DEFIANCE!!!

The lights go out, minus a spotlight centered over Henry Keyes in the middle of the ring.

The rumbling in the crowd starts small, but it's not small for long. Someone points, the lady next to him yells when she sees it, and before you know it heads are turning and attention turns across the arena. Like meerkats, the heads of the Faithful crane up towards the focus of a second trembling spotlight that's searching for something - or someone.

DDK:

What's happening?!

Jutting out over the highest tier of seats are the luxury skyboxes. As the wobbling spotlight peels across the row of glass and polish, a crude figure is seen standing with one leg on the edge of the skybox balcony. The roar of the Faithful crescendos as the bulky silhouette steps up on to the edge and into the light.

Lance:

Oh my god...

Left hand dripping with yellow paint, his right drenched in red, stands a shirtless Corvo Alpha framed in the quivering light. His wild eyes sweep the thunderous Portland arena, taking in the cheering fans... before they find Keyes in the ring. An enraged scowl grows on Alpha's face as his gaze narrows on the Southern Heritage Champion.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is here!

Lance:

And "The Kraken" Henry Keyes looks like he's seen a ghost!

It's true. In the ring, Keyes is raging and the microphone has fallen to the ground; at the cheering fans, at the spectre of the monster peering down at him, at the ring announcer, at every thing and every one.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha forced Oscar Burns to tap inside the cage at MAXDEF! And now he's gunning for the Southern Heritage

Champion!

Lance:

This goes deeper than that, Keebs! Remember back more than a year and a half ago at DEFIANCE Road 2022! Corvo Alpha made a shocking statement when he bulldogged THAT man, Henry Keyes, off of a skybox balcony!

DDK:

Much like that one!

On the balcony's edge, Corvo sneers at Keyes as he ceremoniously smears the yellow paint down his face, forehead first and down to the chin, with his left hand. The bright whites of his eyes, when they re-open, makes him look even more maniacal. He pulls the last of the clumpy canary paint through a tangle of black beard, turning it to a matted, short yellow point. With his right hand, he smears the red paint across his chest, starting at his heart and to his stomach.... Before turning that dripping red hand down towards Keyes.

A crimson finger slowly unfurls... and Corvo points.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Corvo is leaving absolutely no doubt what – and who – he is after!

Lance:

Keyes was forever changed after that balcony bulldog! And now it seems that, to reference an old phrase from that era, "Corvo Alpha has come **BACK** for Henry Keyes!"

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

After lingering on the intense emotion on both men's faces...we move backstage.

JUST LOOK UPDOG

Next up.

Chris Trutt.

Backstage interview area.

Chris Trutt:

DEFIANCE! Up next, we've got a guy that has created some BUZZ for himself since he defeated Alvaro de Vargas in a Falls Count Anywhere match at Maximum DEFIANCE! We've got Mil Vueltas and his manager, Thomas Keeling, joining us now!

The Faithful give a rousing ovation for The Flippiest of Doos as the masked luchador appears wearing a white mask with red and green flair running through it, along with a white dress shirt, jeans and sneakers. Not far behind him is Thomas Keeling, dressed in his signature silver suit and tie. He adjusts his collar and shakes hands with Chris Trutt.

Thomas Keeling:

Mr. Trutt, thanks for having us.

Mil Vueltas:

Si. Thank you.

Chris Trutt smiles and nods to both men.

Chris Trutt:

You've got a lot going on, Mil. You defeated Alvaro de Vargas not just once, but twice including in that BRUTAL Falls Count Anywhere match. How are you doing currently?

Mil Vueltas:

Honestly, amigo? As they say... cloud nine. I shut Alvaro's mouth up. I ran him out of here. I show him that when you push me... I go farther. I jump higher. No risk I won't take to win that match and that's EXACTLY what he did. He had that beating coming for TWO YEARS.

Thomas Keeling smiles and pats Mil on the shoulder lightly.

Thomas Keeling:

Exactly. That opportunity was a long time coming for my boy, but he got his payback. I heard rumors that Alvaro is pouting at home and sitting out his contract cause he wants more main events. Good luck with THAT sitting at home, Al.

He shrugs.

Chris Trutt:

That's awesome. And what about rumors of your involvement on DEFtv 192! In just a month's time, we're going to Mexico for the first time! What are you thinking?

Mil almost has to hold back a little.

Mil Vueltas:

If I can be honest, Chris? A lot of things. It's home to me. I've done tours there after pay-per-views. Senor Keeling and I just finished a tour there to promote DEFtv 192 and I'm humbled for this experience. I'm moved that I get to be home in a few weeks and...

Aaron King:

Oh, gag me.

Mil Vueltas turns around and sees a face that was last seen getting kicked out of Better Future Talent Agency back in January of this year...

AARON KING.

Dressed in a blue leather jacket, tinted blue sunglasses and jeans, the Pensacola Playboy gets jeered as he stares down at Mil through said shades.

Aaron King:

You pandering little ass. I've been out with a shoulder injury for the past SIX MONTHS! Nobody's giving me anything after that idiot, Tom Morrow, picked Nathan Eye over me. Nobody's giving me any spotlight, so now that I've been cleared for competition... I'm going to take YOURS, Mil-I-am.

Mil and Thomas look at one another and almost smirk. Mil, arms folded, looks up and taps his left ear.

Mil Vueltas:

Estoy escuchando, muchacho. What do you want to do about it?

Aaron King:

Oh, you think that's funny, huh? Well, how about on DEFtv 191 in two weeks, you and me in that ring. You can go right into Mexico without that smile of yours after I beat your little ass. How about that?

Mil and Thomas look at one another again. When Vueltas gives him the go-ahead, Thomas looks back to Aaron.

Thomas Keeling:

Mr. King... I have been given the green light by YOUR Ace of Space, The GIF That Keeps on Giving, The Man of a Thousand Flips... to accept your challenge. We'll see you in two weeks.

King shoots a dirty look at Keeling, then Mil.

Aaron King:

I see that making stupid decisions runs in your family tree.

He looks at Mil.

Aaron King:

I'll see you then.

As he starts to leave, Thomas Keeling notes.

Thomas Keeling:

Oh, don't worry about my mental faculties, son. And just so there's no confusion, when you're wondering what happened to you and you want to know what hit you when you're counting ceiling lights...

He points up, along with Mil. The Faithful in attendance can be heard in the background singing along with what has become the calling card of Mil Vueltas.

Thomas Keeling:

Just... look... up!

King rolls his eyes and storms off the set. Mil Vueltas and Thomas Keeling both nod at Trutt silently, then head the other way. Trutt is left all alone... then confusedly looks up at the ceiling.

Chris Trutt:

What's up? What am I looking at? Is... is this like that updog thing?

No answer.

Chris Trutt:

...What's updog?

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: FLEX IN A BOX (C) vs. PCP

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, up next we have a bout for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships. Flex in a Box, who recently defeated both Weighted Grade and the departed Saturday Night Specials.

Lance:

Get well soon Brock. DEFIANCE is always on your side.

DDK:

They take on their surrogate family, the elder Tag Team of DEFIANCE. They are the first ever Tag Team champions from back in 2016, Hometown Hero The D and the Face of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares.

Lance:

Earlier tonight, Flex Kruger revealed he signed the tandem Flex in a Box over to Kyle Shields, for what amounted to a recurrent fitness subscription workout model billed at an absorbent rate on DEFonDEMAND. Now? They're called Flex Appeal.

DDK:

The D and Elise weren't too much better, asking for them to trade the Tag Team championships back and forth? That's...

Lance:

Atrocious. I know Darren. These championships are held and defined by tradition, legacy and history. To pass them back and forth like a cheap... cheap... woman of the night?! R-Really steams my clams...

DDK:

Let's head to ringside and see how this whole carnival show plays out.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The Faithful roar in unison as different colored spotlights illuminate the D and Elise Ares at the entrance. It follows them down the ramp toward ringside, as the ring itself seems to come alive with lights. The D and Elise both climb up opposite turnbuckles and taunt toward the crowd to cheers.

Lance:

I would say they should feel shame, but I know they can't.

DDK:

It takes two to tango, or four in this case.

Lance:

Five.

DDK:

Oh right. Kyle.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

Out from the back with a fresh new Tron video, Flex Kruger is primarily featured with Klein superimposed waving to the fans in the bottom right corner. Kyle Shields does a VO that you can't hear because of the music, but you know it's there because every now and then he's there standing there talking to you in front of a brick wall with no volume.

Flex is out first. He holds the World Championship in both hands, and then raises them above his head to flex, with the Tag belt held above. Klein is next out, still wearing his tag strap like a sash. He starts playing it like an electric guitar before Flex gently nudges him in the back. Klein then kneels and flexes in front of him.

To their right, Kyle Shields, smarmy and sleazy as ever. He claps and points toward the ring, telling his charges to "Make their Glory." Klein removes his box and looks very confused toward the camera as he follows Flex toward ringside. Kruger tosses the Tag belt over his shoulder.

DDK:

Flex in the Box, I'm sorry, Flex Appeal... unlikely champions, wouldn't you say?

Lance:

Vegas money was on the Specials retaining. But they've been putting in the hours in the gym. They've been more focused than their peers. They haven't been bogged down with drama since Klein and Dandelion. Sometimes it's the drama that ends the great.

Flex and Klein are on the opposite side of Elise and D, who haven't climbed down from their turnbuckles. The Faithful get a rare opportunity to see PCP as a whole, each mounted on their own buckle. This time, Flex and Klein are champs, and they are at odds.

They climb into the ring, and Carla Ferrari is there to meet the four of them. Only Klein seems excited, waving to her as they get checked for weapons and hand over the tag team titles.

Lance:

Alright. Let's get this over with.

DING DING

Center of the ring, Elise walks toward Klein. Klein looks back to Flex and Kyle, who double thumbs ups. Klein nods to Elise, and Elise gently kicks Klein's shin.

Klein falls like a ton of bricks. Elise, with a smirk, falls back first onto Klein.

One.

Two.

Klein reverses into a crucifix!

One.

Two.

The D is grabbed by Flex off the apron.

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

Elise can't believe it as Klein rolls off. She stares dumbfounded at Klein, and shouts over the music.

Elise Ares:

WE were going to give them BACK.

Klein just shakes his head no, as Carla hands him his half of the Tag Team Titles.

DDK:

Shades of when Elise Ares pulled this exact same stunt on Mikey Unlikely! Flex in a - I mean Flex Appeal just beat the PCP at their own game!

Meanwhile on the outside, neither Elise nor Klein notice that Flex has pulled the D off the apron. In fact, he now has the D in a Full Nelson and is tearing at his sockets.

DDK:

That's one way to ensure there's no tag. Flex Kruger locked in the Flexicution on The D!

Lance:

He's got it in snug Darren.

With a quick tug, the D's shoulder pops out of its socket, and the D screams in pain.

DDK & Lance:

Oooh.

Elise and Klein both look over and see Flex still ripping at the D's shoulder, as it dangles lower than it should. Elise shockingly slides out of the ring and Klein follows as "Flexicution" cuts.

DDK:

That didn't look good.

Elise runs toward Flex, as Flex tosses the D toward her. She catches him as he clutches his shoulder, wincing in pain. Klein slides out now and steps between Flex and Elise.

Klein:

Enough. What the hell dude.

Flex reaches out as Kyle Shields hands him the Tag Team championships.

Flex Kruger:

We're the tag team champs...

Flex takes his belt and "klinks" it against Klein's.

Flex Kruger:

...bro.

Flex flexes, with the Tag strap dangling from his right arm. Kyle Shields hands out five minute samples of "Flex To Success" on dvds to people in the front row. Klein turns to Elise and the D, and simply mouths sorry, before putting his box back on his head.

DDK:

The D is in bad shape Lance. Flex... I think Flex took this too far.

Lance:

I can't believe Flex would do this to the D. I always thought they got along the best.

DDK:

Just goes to show you, how far Kyle Shields has wormed his way inside the head of Flex Kruger...

Lance:

Poor Klein.

Flex smacks Klein in the chest and tells him to pose with the Tag Team championship. Klein reluctantly raises it high, as Elise helps the D up the ramp and to the back. Klein can't help but watch them, until Kyle Shields runs up between Flex and Klein and throws his arm to hug both men.

Kyle Shields:

That was money.

He slaps them both on their backs.

Kyle Shields:

Korean BBQ?

Flex Kruger:

On you?

Kyle Shields:

Nah bro. But next time, I swear.

Flex nods along happily. Neither man notices Klein stiffen up, as clutches his tag team Championship to his chest. We fade to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME



BROKEN TELEPHONE

The synonymous voice with DEFIANCE Wrestling, Darren Keebler smiles into the crane cam pointed his way.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv everyone. I've just gotten word that a commotion is taking place backstage! Let's head there now!

The scene switches to Cyrus Bates walking around backstage, confronting random patrons with his walkie talkie in hand.

Cyrus Bates:

Excuse me, can you please help me!? You see, my communication device is broken! Are you able to fix it for me?

The person he asks shyly turns away. Bates continues on, pleading with people to help repair his busted talking device like a lost puppy. He shoves the device in the next person's face.

Cyrus Bates:

Excuse me ma'am, are you able to fix my walkie talkie so I can phone home!? I'm stranded without it. The other unit is waiting for my comms.

The lady takes the device from Bates but only because he's offered it at such a close range.

Lady:

This is broken? There's just a crack right here. It doesn't work? I'm not sure I can help you.

She hands it back with haste, much to the dismay of Bates. He sighs hard to himself.

Cyrus Bates:

This is such a let down! My entire communication with home base has been severed! If it wasn't for The D, I'd be able to communicate with my Lieutenant.

Everyone watching the segment unfold knows who he is referring to. Practically numb, Bates carries on until he bumps into another person but this one is much bigger and much more muscular than anyone he pandered to before. This is David Fox.

Cyrus Bates:

Oh, why hello there. You wouldn't happen to be able to fix my walkie talkie now, would you?

Fox looks at Bates, then at the walkie-talkie, then back at Bates, before making a confused face and shaking his head.

David Fox:

I dunno how those things work, man, sorry.

Cyrus Bates:

Oh, well that wasn't very nice. I don't appreciate being shrugged off like that. Pretty sure that guy knows how to fix my walkie talkie. I know it.

Bates slithers into the background, plotting his next tactical step as the action returns to the ring.

HARDLY FEELS SPORTING

Returning from break, we rest on the small interview station where a large DEFIANT fist flag hangs in the background. Christie Zane steps into view with a microphone.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back to DEFtv. Up next, Dex Joy defends his FIST against a surprise competitor. But I can assure you now, my guest at this time, is not his opponent. Let me introduce to you at this time, the winner of the Mask vs. Hair match against Victor Vacio, High Flyer IV!

Cheers from the Faithful as HFIV enters frame. His hair has already grown out a bit to the point where he's parting it in the center. Gone is the bright blue color, in favor for the natural black. He has Vacio's mask dangling from his neck.

Christie Zane:

First, congratulations on your win, although it does seem Victor sure knew how to take the wind out of your proverbial sails.

High Flyer IV:

You ain't kidding.

Christie Zane:

So, what's next?

High Flyer IV:

Next? Same thing I do every week it seems... try and get Victor Vacio to realize things matter... Oh. Oh alright... Hi. Come on in.

Walking into frame are the three members of Los Caidos. They forcibly insert themselves into the frame as Christie leaves. HF IV chews loudly on some bubble gum in their faces as they stare him down.

High Flyer IV:

What. You here to tell me to stay in school?

Nunez and Hugo flank around either side, as HF IV gives them each a look.

High Flyer IV:

Isn't this supposed to be a sport? Hardly feels sporting...

By now, DEFSec has hit the scene, and they're starring off to the side, ready to intervene. Gerardo notices them, and then looks back at HF IV with a sly grin.

Gerardo Villabolas:

This doesn't matter.

Gerardo pops forward, as if he's about to strike with a fist. HF IV flinches, trying to defend from the beatdown. Corey and Hugo laugh as Gerardo just shoulder bumps past him, leaving HF IV behind to nurse his wounded pride.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. ???

DDK:

We were greeted with a major surprise to kick off the night! Our new FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy defends his championship for the first time tonight against an opponent that hasn't been named yet!

Lance:

After the first big night after Maximum DEFIANCE, Dex Joy will defend his title for the first time ... so who will it be? We will all find out together because that title match is now!

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEftv

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic ...

DEXtv!!!

YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The camera is just behind the Biggest Boy as he makes his way out in a special body suit with green and yellow lightning in a tribute to his original colors in DEFIANCE Wrestling! On the back, the words, "Everychamp" are written in a lightning font!

DDK:

We welcome you to the Era of Everyone featuring the EveryChamp, Dex Joy!

Lance:

Dex Joy was given a clean bill of health after the events of Maximum DEFIANCE, but who is going to be the first wrestler to step up to the plate!

Joy walks to the ring and high fives and dabs fists with everyone on the way to the ring! When he gets inside the ring, he holds the title out for everyone to see. After his music and fanfare fade out, Dex waits.

DDK:

Who among the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster signed the open contract that Dex Joy put out earlier today?

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 ♪

Dex Joy sees a man that knows a lot about main events and main event success ... Max Luck of the Lucky Sevens!!! Tom Morrow is at his side when the former two time Unified Tag Team champion marches to the ring!

DDK:

MAX LUCK!!!

Lance:

A lot of main event experience coming from one half of the Main Event Monsters! Former two time Unified Tag Team champion! Defeated the Saturday Night Specials in one of the most *brutal* rivalries we’ve ever seen over the Unified Tag Team titles! Currently along with his brother as one of the highest-paid wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

DDK:

And can he add “FIST of DEFIANCE” to that list?!

Max Luck has his game face on and Dex Joy is ready to tangle with a seven foot monster! Said seven foot monster steps over the ropes and the introductions of this FIST of DEFIANCE title match start!

Lance:

Can the first title match of Dex Joy be a successful one tonight? Will Max Luck pull off the unthinkable and bring home the title to Better Future Talent Agency?

Darren Quimbey starts off the match with a special introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is tonight’s main event for one fall and will be for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! Introducing ...

Tom Morrow:

INTRODUCING YOUR **NEW** FIST OF DEFIANCE WITH TV TIME REMAINING! HE IS ONE HALF OF MY MAIN EVENT MONSTERS! THE BEAST OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS! FORMER TWO TIME UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPION! ONE HALF OF THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL SLAYERS!!! HE STANDS SEVEN FEET TALL! HE WEIGHS IN AT THREE-HUNDRED FIFTEEN POUNDS! HE IS ... MAXXXXXXXXXXXXXX LUUUUCCCKKKKK!!!

Dex does not look impressed by this introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... From Los Angeles, California and he weighed in this morning at three-hundred and eight pounds ... the former Favoured Saints and former Southern Heritage champion ... now he is the brand new reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE! DEEEEEXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Joy raises the championship so that everyone across the arena can see it! After he walks the ring with it he gives up the title to the official. He hands the title away and then two of the biggest forces in DEFIANCE Wrestling get ready to collide!

DING DING

Dex Joy and Max Luck both charge at each other! They collide with neither man going over! They bounce off one another and then try and collide again but neither the champion or the challenger budge! They charge again!

They charge again!

They charge again!

DDK:

We're starting this match off with a hot start! Dex Joy runs at Max Luck and Max Luck does the same but neither man goes over!

Five tries running into each other do not give either man the result they want so they start going right to trading big punches! Max takes one from Dex and Dex throws a heavy elbow smash and taps the side of Luck's chin! Max fights back with a punch! Dex with a punch!

Lance:

Both of these beasts are throwing the heaviest of shots at each other to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE at the end of the match!

DDK:

Dex blocks a punch and he fires back!

Dex hits three more elbow smashes and stops Luck in his tracks. Joy fires off the ropes. Max tries a clothesline on his way back but Dex moves and cartwheels away from the blow! The DEFIANCE Faithful are wowed by his agility and more so when he hits Max with a big drop kick that knocks the giant back to the corner!

DDK:

We are getting what DEFIANCE Wrestling is often famous for... a true HOSS FIGHT in our main event!

Max Luck hobbles back out of the corner when Dex flies from the other ropes and hits a big shoulder tackle that knocks Max Luck off his feet! The Biggest Boy rolls to his feet and when Max starts to sit back up, Joy bounces off the ropes and then hits a flying back splash to run over Max on the mat!

Lance:

That was some innovative offense by the new FIST of DEFIANCE!

He tries to pin Max Luck quickly!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Tom Morrow looks relieved that Max kicks out but Dex Joy is fighting to get Max up!

Lance:

Max kicks out of the first big combination of moves! Can Dex get him on the shoulders?

He tries getting Max up in a body slam, but the Beast of the Bright Lights is too strong and shots elbows downward to break Dex's grip. The younger and more agile of the Luck twins shows off that agility of his. He throws a foot up. Dex catches it, but Max comes back and he scrambles with a big step-up enziguri!

DDK:

I don't believe it! How the heck did Max pull that off?!

Dex hits the canvas and then Max goes off the ropes ... BOX CARS ELBOW DROP!!!

Tom Morrow:

Pin him! Pin him! New champ! New champ!

Max stays pressed down on his chest for a pinning attempt of his own.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

Tom Morrow not getting what he wanted! He came so close to having the FIST back at DEFCON with Alvaro de Vargas, but can he have it with Max Luck tonight?

DDK:

Max Luck is going to damn sure try!

Max Luck is waiting on Dex to get to his feet for something and when he does, the business end of Luck's boot lands on the side of Dex Joy's forehead! Joy goes flying through the ropes and then ends up on the floor outside of the ring. Tom Morrow looks giddy at the chances of his client standing up in the ring. Max Luck has something big on his mind and he's just waiting on Dexy Baby to stand.

DDK:

What's the Beast of the Bright Lights thinking?

Lance:

I think I know! He's done this in big title matches before when he and his brother defended the Unified Tag Team titles!

The Main Event Monster as promoted by Tom Morrow runs off the ropes and then *jumps* over them, shocking the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as he clears with a running no-hands plancha and crashes into Dex Joy!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD!!! Max Luck lands right on top of Dex with that graceful no-hands plancha!

Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

The Beast of the Bright Lights has already turned this match up from a five to ten with his major dive over the top rope! When he gets back to his feet Morrow is instructing him to throw Dex into the ring. Max nods to his brother and then throws him back inside the ring. The younger of the twin Luck brothers pushes Dex back in.

Lance:

What's he going for now?!

Max Luck starts a climb to the top rope and when he's perched there, he has the champion lined up. He waves an arm and leaps off the top rope to drop the Biggest Boy with the biggest diving clothesline!

DDK:

There's the Check-Raise! Is the FIST finally coming to BFTA?!

Luck goes for a cover on Max!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Joy's shoulder comes up and Max is stunned silent!

Lance:

Two big dives right there! One outside! One back in isn't enough to claim the FIST of DEFIANCE just yet!

DDK:

After four years of chasing this title, Dex Joy will *not* give this title up so easily!

The infuriated Max Luck picks up Dex and then tries getting the champion off the mat. Before he fully can, Luck catches a heavy elbow smash to the chest. He throws another shot to stun Max and then tries to fight to his feet. Instead, he gets shut down with a knee lift from Max Luck first!

Lance:

No! Max cuts off Dex before he can make the comeback.

The Wrecking Crew Foreman gets doubled over. Dex gets a whip across the ring with Max behind him ... but shocks the entire arena when he rolls up the corner and over the ropes just as Luck hits an empty corner!

DDK:

What a counter! Now Dex running across the apron!

Dex heads to the top rope as Max stumbles around ...

MISSILE DROP KICK BY DEXY BABY!!!

DDK:

I'VE NEVER SEEN DEX JOY HIT A MISSILE DROP KICK!!! HE JUST TOOK MAX OFF HIS FEET! NOW HE'S OUT OF THE RING!!!

The Beast of the Bright Lights feels like he was kicked in the chest by a large animal! Inside the ring, the Biggest Boy has the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful on their feet! He slowly gets to his knees and then to his feet as he starts the familiar chant ...

WHHHHHOOOOAAAAAAA ...

The Faithful join in when he leaps *OVER* the ropes and wipes out Max Luck with a massive flip dive over the ropes!

DDK:

WHOA-PE CON HILO!!! HE HITS THE RARE WHOA-PE CON HILO DIVE AND TAKES OUT MAX LUCK!!!

Lance:

Dex Joy isn't real!

Tom Morrow can't believe the action that he's seeing in the ring and he's got both hands to his face like Kevin in Home Alone! His jaw drops when the FIST of DEFIANCE reaches up and then helps Max Luck to his feet so he can shove him back into the ring. Dex Joy makes his way back to the top rope for a second time and then jumps off the ropes ...

DDK:

Jump For Joy! The diving head butt connects off the top rope!

Dex hurries to cover the leg of Max Luck!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Max Luck inches a shoulder off the mat! Now Dex is thrown off by the fact that Max kicked out and he has to look at the official to make sure his count is correct.

Lance:

How the heck did he kick out of that?! The Whoa-pe con hilo and the Jump For Joy didn't get the win?!

DDK:

I don't know, but he has to keep going. Don't stop because you don't like the official's count!

The Biggest Boy stays focused on the task at hand and has him waiting. He charges at the corner and then tries for the Dexy's Midnight Runner but Tom Morrow grabs his leg first! Dex steps away and fights off Morrow but he gets clocked with a big clubbing shot to the back of the head!

Lance:

Tom just distracted Dex!

Max applies the Winning Hand to Dex! He squeezes his skull with his massive hand and shakes him around and then picks Dex up ...

DDK:

WINNING HAND SLAM!!! WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

The entire ring shakes from the momentous slam! Max Luck jumps on top of Dex and hooks both of his legs!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Dex kicks out! Dex kicks out a second time!

Tom Morrow is screaming obscenities at the official and then tells Max to do it again! Max readies the Winning Hand again and then goes to pull Dex up ... but Dex fights. He elbows him and then strikes him with a head butt! He grabs the arm of Max Luck and then pulls the massive giant into his arms ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!! DEX WITH THE DEX DRIVE ON MAX LUCK!!!

Dex doesn't go for the cover, though! He wants to make sure the giant stays down so he stand up ...

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful lose their collective minds as Dex hooks th is

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Dex Joy wins the match!!! Tom Morrow looks depressed and his heart sinks that his client was so close to taking the title away from Dex!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... and *still* FIST of DEFIANCE ... DEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOYYY!

Lance:

A very first tough defense by Dex Joy but it is a successful one! These two monsters who are both known for their agility left it all out on the line tonight, but Joy wants to prove himself as deserving of this title!

DDK:

Max Luck gave Dex his best shots tonight, but Joy just would not be denied! And Dex had to hit him not just with the Dex Drive, but that rarely-seen running shooting star press! He needed to make sure that Max Luck stayed down!

The night of the Lucks ends with them being 0-2 while Dex Joy is on his feet and retrieves the title from the official. Dex leaves the ring and then leaps into the crowd in the front row!

Lance:

A very successful first defense for the Biggest Boy! Who will step up in the Era of Everyone?

DDK:

We don't know, but tonight, Dex Joy remains th the FIST of DEFIANCE and his reign is off to a great start! Thanks for joining us here tonight for this episode of DEXtv! With Lance Warner, this is Darren Keebler saying thank you and good night!

Dex is celebrating in the crowd and still having himself a great time with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful ushering in this new era of the organization!

But oblivious to Dex ... watching backstage are the eyes of a certain Silver Tongued Devil.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.