

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

MINNEAPOLIS welcomes DEFIANCE as Ridder Arena is hyped for DEFTv 191! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**WE ARE THE KNIGHTS WHO SAY... #NEWRECORD
AND WE DEMAND... A JOBBERY!!!**

#NEWRECORDWHODIS

DOCTOR DEXYLL & MR. KEYES

STEPHEN P. #NEWRECORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW

GOD'S GUNNA CUT YOU DOWN, PROFESSOR

KYLE SHEILDS SOLD ME THIS SIGN FOR 4 PAYMENTS OF \$19.99

MORE LIKE BETTER FUTURE TURMOIL AGENCY

GEMS WIN! GEMS WIN! GEMS WIN!

DID ANYONE WATCH THE JJ VS. LEVERINGTON MATCH? ANYONE?

FOLLY!

**I AM ONE OF THE TOP 2090892350934 DEFIANCE FANS ACCORDING TO DEFIANCE MONTHLY
MAGAZINE**

NATHAN THIRD EYE BLIND

**THE GUY BEHIND ME IS SUDDENLY REEVALUATING EVERY DECISION HE'S MADE IN HIS LIFE WHICH
LEAD TO HIM STARING AT THE BACK OF THIS NEEDLESSLY WORDY SIGN**

MELTON > KINSEY

DOUBLE CHECK THOSE RANKINGS, SCOTT HUNTER

**HENRY KEYES ALSO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR MOST ANNOYING SOCIAL MEDIA POSTS BUT NO ONE
IS TALKING ABOUT IT**

DEF RADIO THIS WEEKEND

MASKED VIOLATORS REUNION OR WE RIOT

WE ARE SCRAPING FOR REZIN

PAPERCLIP EMOJI

STEVENS & DOUGLAS VS. BOX & BLACKWOOD = SCOTTS VS. SCOTS
SPECIAL REFEREE SCOTT HUNTER
MINDBLOWN EMOJI
WHAT IS GOING ON WITH M4NTRA?
DEX WREX EVERYONE
MORE LIKE THE UNLUCKY SEVENS AM I RIGHT?
MIL VUELTAS IS ONE IN A MIL
MALAK CAN'T SMELL WHAT ANYONE IS COOKING
BURNS > BRET
CO - NO! NO! NO! - R FUSE
I RATED NED REFORM A 1 OUT OF 5 ON RATEMYPROFESSOR.COM

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

DDK:

We have a MAJOR show for The Faithful this week.

Lance:

All FOUR main titles are on the line tonight!

DDK:

Absolutely. And we're going to get started right away... with a Henry Keyes challenge! Let's get to it!

THE HENRY KEYES SOHER OPEN CHALLENGE INVITE-A-PALOOZA, SPONSORED BY IHOP

The lights go out - and then. Beacons of light.

Pink beacons.

For Pink, the singer.

♪ I've been a girl with her skirt pulled high

Been the outcast never running with mascara eyes

I see the world as a candy store

With a cigarette smile saying things you can't ignore 🎵

A couple beacons at first, then several. Then many. They crescendo in activity, spanning across the Faithful and the ring as the lyrics progress.

♪ Like, mommy I love you

Daddy I hate you

Brother I need you

Love or hate, fuck you, I can see everything

Here with my third eye

Like the blue in the sky 🎵

A brilliant beam of blue spotlights flood the stage - Henry Keyes, arms outstretched, head held high with eyes closed, black/pink/red wrestling attire, and his horrific pink-strapped SOHER around his waist as we hit the chorus.

♪ "God Is A DJ" by Pink ♪

♪ *If God is a DJ, life is a dance floor*

Love is the rhythm, you are the music

If God is a DJ, life is a dance floor

You get what you're given it's all how you use it 🎵

[illegible]

The DEFIatron is simple. Elegant, even. It's got all the Vae Victis doom-and-gloom branding, but rather than cycling through the names of Top Gang's members, it pulsates on one message:

HENRY KEYES'S SOHER REIGN:

405 DAYS

#NEWRECORD

Lance:

Fans at home, if this is your first time watching DEFtv On Demand, you've picked a WILD time in the history of DEFIANCE to get started.

DDK:

We're starting tonight with perhaps the most hated man in DEFIANCE today...representing Vae Victis, the Southern Heritage Champion, Henry Keyes.

Lance:

During our previous broadcast, Keyes went OFF on the DEFIANCE Faithful in one of the most manic and deranged rants I've ever seen, and...well, there's no getting around it. He has a microphone in his hand again.

DDK:

Never good.

Keyes strides down to the ring. A team of "helpful" Plague Doctors emerges from behind the curtain with paper plates plates stacked with pancakes, waffles, and hashbrowns...every now and then, entire plates of breakfast food are whipped Frisbee-style into the crowd; as time passes, we see a few waffles get thrown back in the general direction of Keyes, who by now has entered the ring.

Henry Keyes:

YOU KNOW....

BBBBB000000000000000000000000000000

Henry Keyes:

ONE OF THE GREAT GREAT THINGS ABOUT BEING ME, IS THAT I AM NOT DEX JOY!

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The Kraken continues doing everything he can to be louder than the boos that are hurricaning down around him. It's an uphill battle.

Henry Keyes:

HE THINKS HE'S REALLY DOING SOMETHING WITH HIS LITTLE "OPEN CHALLENGE", WITH HIS LITTLE "ERA OF EVERYONE". WELL GUESS WHAT, DEFIANCE??

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Lance:

This crowd is....hoo boy, Keeps.

DDK:

What? Say that again, I didn't catch it!

Lance:

I SAID, THIS CROWD, KEEBS!

DDK:

I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU, LANCE!

The Kraken, for his part, looks so very pleased with himself.

Henry Keyes:

ANYTHING DEX JOY DOES, HENRY KEEEEEEEEYES CAN DO BETTER! And so that's why I'm proud to present to you, THE DEBUT AND THE GRAND FINALE of the HENRY KEYES SOHER OPEN CHALLENGE INVITE-A-PALOOOOOOOOOZAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Presumably, sponsored by IHOP.

Henry Keyes:

And it goes a little something like this - HEY LOCKER ROOM, I'M GIVING ONE OF YOU A SHOT AT THIS!

Keyes unstraps the SOHER from his waist and raises it high in the air, and the boos from the Faithful have been injected with some excitement and iNtRiGuE.

Henry Keyes:

...That's right, anybody in the locker room can get a shot at this title - WITH ONNNNNNNE CONDITION!

DDK:

Of course it can't be that simple...

Henry Keyes:

If I have ever - AND I MEAN *EVER* - shared the ring with you, well GUESS WHAT? YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO FACE THE BEST, AND I'M STILL STANDING HERE. Bronson Box, with your snarky little jabs on social media? SORRY PAL, BACK OF THE LINE, OR DID YOU FORGET DEFTV 50 FROM 2015?? Oh, oh, who else...Titaness, you want a free shot at a title belt, do you? You're doing big things, yeah? OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT WE SHARED A RING AT DEFTV 164?? BACK OF THE LINE, LADY!

Boos have overtaken any rumbles of cheering we had.

Lance:

I seem to recall that Keyes and Titaness were in the same tag team that night...

DDK:

Any technicality to avoid a challenge.

Henry Keyes:

No more ghosts from my past, DEFIANCE! I'm completely SICK OF IT! Rezin keeps coming back and coming back and I've got to PUT HIM DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN AND I'M SICK! OF IT! Corvo Alpha, HE wants to be another ghost from my past, well GET OUT OF MY LIFE, CORVO! GET OUT OF IT RIGHT NOW! And if you think for ONE SEC-

Keyes is interrupted by powerful guitar riffs!

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

The Faithful roar their approval as golden lights flood the arena - and to the surprise of some, we don't see Giant Dad, Muscle Mom, or even Memaw Titan accompanying the man who steps through the curtain. He's flying solo tonight and has a determined spark in his eye...

DAN. LEO. JAMES!

Lance:

The Young Titan has heard enough! He's answering the challenge right now!

DDK:

Go on, kid! Throw that squid back in the ocean!

Keyes was clearly NOT expecting this. As DLJ strides down the ramp, the totality of the size and frame of this Very Large Fellow starts registering in Keyes's mind. He's honestly looking pretty impressed as James steps over the top rope and into the ring. He motions to the nearest ringside camera and shouts without his microphone:

Henry Keyes:

What the hell, guys?? He's HUGE!

Referee Carla Ferrari has slipped into the ring as well. Champion and challenger lock eyes, and in a huff, Keyes shoves the SOHER into Ferrari's chest before taking two powerful strides forward towards James and throws a vicious right cross...

DLJ catches it! He fires back and ROCKS Keyes with a big right hand!

SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. DAN LEO JAMES**DING DING**

James fires another right hand, and another!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**Lance:**

The Faithful are fully behind Dan Leo James!

Soon, James has a dazed Keyes backed into a corner! He begins throwing shoulderblocks straight into Keyes's ribcage, and the Kraken has no defense at all! After a couple more shoulderblocks, James awkwardly goes to lift The Kraken (who, it must be said, is a pretty big dude) and soon has Keyes over his shoulder - before he just UGLY DUMPS Keyes to the mat, back body drop style!

Dan Leo James:**YEEEEEEET!****YEEEEEEEEEEET!**

Keyes slowly makes it to his feet, now fully on the back foot. He looks up almost incredulously at the challenger, only to be met with a big running lariat that sends Keyes crashing once again! James goes for the quick cover!

ONE!**TWO!****NOOOOO**, kickout by Keyes!

Keyes scrambles to the ropes to get away from this doofy Mack Truck that keeps running him over. Dan Leo James, meanwhile, takes a moment to acknowledge and soak in the ovation that's coming his way from the Faithful.

Lance:

The youngest member of Titanes Familia in un-familia-r territory - sure, he gets his fair share of cheers, but I've never seen the Faithful this RABID for Dan Leo James!

DDK:

They really, really, REALLY want to see Henry Keyes go down in flames once and for all - Dan Leo better not waste his time here!

Lance:

Good call, Keebs, Keyes is a vicious and savvy veteran in that ring - but look here!

Dan Leo James scrambles over to Keyes, now tangled in the ropes. Keyes holds on for dear life and yells at Ferrari to "do her damn job and get this man away from him". James obliges - for a second - before a lightbulb clicks on in his mind. He walks over and delivers a mighty overhand FASTBALL CHOP~~

CRACK!

OOOOOOOH!

Keyes, still tangled in the ropes, winces in pain (and frankly, shock) at the shot he just absorbed. Carla Ferrari has Dan Leo James take a few steps back and warns him about the ropes. James obliges, again - and once again, he just has to do it because it makes him giddy - he charges into Keyes in the ropes, CRASHING HARD into Keyes with a Body Avalanche that sends Keyes sprawling to the floor! The Faithful are on their feet!

Lance:

We may be witnessing an all-timer of an upset, Keebs!

DDK:

He's done a great job pressing the early advantage!

James pumps up the Faithful, who are thirsty for Keyes's blood. Keyes struggles to regain his composure on the outside. DLJ steps through the ropes and hops from step to step until he's on the outside of the ring as well. He measures Keyes and charges in like a big ol' hippo - maybe it's instinct, maybe it's a very clever feint, but either way Keyes is able to leap aside at the last possible moment, which sends DLJ crashing shoulder and head first into the railing!

Keyes knows that he can't waste an opportunity like this and immediately launches himself upon the prone James, throwing vicious right and left elbow strikes at any part of this baby giant he can hit. Carla Ferrari beckons for both men to come back into the ring and begins her count. Keyes ignores her completely and pulls a set of ring steps away from the corner, positioning them between the barricade and the ring apron. With great effort and much struggling, Keyes is able to gain wrist and shoulder control over James, and throwing his entire body weight into it, he hurls James with an Irish Whip straight towards the steps he just moved-

THUNK!!

OOOOOOOOOOOH.

James splats ass-over-teakettle as his legs crash into the steps, his forward momentum sending him sprawling. Ferrari's at four now, and Keyes brushes her off with a wave, catching his breath and checking himself for welts from the earlier onslaught. The steps, though now dented on the side, are positioned between the two competitors. Keyes decides to swing for the fences himself, charging forward, planting a foot on the top step, and flying...CRASHING INTO DAN LEO JAMES WITH A FLYING KNEE DROP! Both men roll around on the ground after the high impact maneuver. Ferrari's now at six. Keyes brushes her off a second time.

Lance:

I don't like where we're headed now, partner - Keyes might just be happy to take a double count out to keep the SOHER at this point.

DDK:

Maybe...but if we've learned anything from Henry Keyes over the last year and a half, he's not interested in leaving any doubt. He wants to crush Dan Leo James just as much as the Faithful want to see Dan Leo James crush the Kraken.

Keyes walks over to James, who is still recovering on the ground. And he reaches down...and tussles James's curly hair. Gives it a little scritchers, like he was a very large very muscular Bichon Frisé. The cameras pick up a few words...

Henry Keyes:

There, there, you had a nice little moment. Better luck NEVER, kid! Haaaaaaaahahaha...

With that, Keyes strides back to the ring and casually rolls beneath the bottom ropes...and rolls, and rolls some more, until he's in the middle of the ring on his back, staring up at the lights, cackling maniacally.

In another time, in what felt like another *life*, Keyes spent many a night staring up at those lights on the wrong end of a 1-2-3. Oh how the turntables.

He's laughing, and laughing. Crying, even, having to wipe away a tear from his unpatched right eye. He's laughing so hard and so uncontrollably that he's oblivious to what's going on outside the ring now.

He hears Ferrari count nine, and he hears The Faithful crank up the volume - probably just to try to get their so-called-hero to *do something*, but the sounds inside his head are cranking up even louder - sounds of "New Record! New Record!"

If this were 25 years ago, there would be a sea of camera flashes right now - instead, we see the phones come out.

"New Record!", Keyes imagines, "New Record! New R-"

CRASHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Lance:

MY GOD! DAN LEO JAMES JUST HIT A FRONT FLIP SENTON! HENRY KEYES, THAT MANIAC, NEVER SAW IT COMING!

DDK:

HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER! THIS IS IT!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR-NOOOOOOOO! Keyes gets the shoulder up!

The Faithful are back on their feet! Dan Leo James smacks the mat a couple times - maybe a little bit out of frustration, but even moreso out of adrenaline - as he gets to his feat and beats his own chest like a gorilla! He reaches down and goozles Henry Keyes around the neck! Keyes slaps at the meaty wrist of Dan Leo James to no avail as he's forced upright!

DDK:

He's looking for Titan's Orbit! If he hits it, we've got a new SOHER!

Lance:

The reign of terror may finally be - OH HELL, DON'T TELL ME THE REFEREE DIDN'T SEE THAT!

Keyes, wild-eyed and frantic, has both hands wrapped around the skull of Dan Leo James in a vice grip - DLJ holds onto the goozle for as long as he can and tries to resist, but Keyes grits his teeth and uses his thumbs to press into James's eyes. James roars out in pain - the much shorter Ferrari may not have had a perfect angle on what just happened, but she knows Keyes enough to know he probably deserves some admonishment. Keyes, predictably, ignores her.

His eye is BUGGERED and his hair is A RIGHT OL' MESS from what has turned out to be A MUCH MORE

DIFFICULT NIGHT FOR HIM THAN HE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. Keyes reaches back and cracks James across the sternum with a HUGE Propellor Edge Chop! James fires back with an overhand chop of his own! Keyes with another Propellor Edge Chop! James with a Double Mongolian Chop! Boos and yays all around!

James shows shocking tenacity by somehow, some way, absorbing Keyes's famously brutal chops long enough for him to build up some steam and LASH with a massive lariat - Keyes ducks the home run swing and feints a run to the opposite ropes. DLJ turns and lowers his torso in preparation for a potential back body drop, but Keyes turns and kicks a field goal using James's face as the football. James crashes to the mat and Keyes goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! James kicks out with AUTHORITY!

Keyes rides the kickout like a wave and comes back in one fluid motion with a sharp knee straight into James's ribcage, then another. We're pretty sure Keyes's eye might actually pop out of his skull and with how flush red his face is, one would be fairly justified if they were concerned about Keyes's standing blood pressure.

Keyes rains down just a battery of ugly trashing punches and elbows everywhere he can, his chest and back heaving with deep breaths. Carla beckons Keyes to get off his downed opponent, but Keyes refuses...Carla puts a hand onto Keyes's shoulder, and he snarls and snaps back at her like a jackal who's dinner is being interrupted. Boos rain down as Ferrari takes a jolting step back before pointing a finger squarely in Keyes's face and sending her sternest warning of the night.

The two begin to jaw at each other, Ferrari not backing down for a second as Keyes (the smaller man in this fight, sure, but still all of 6'3" and 249 pounds) tries to intimidate her.

Keyes eye bugs open once again - this time out of surprise! He's sent backwards to the mat!

IT'S A SCHOOLBOY FROM DAN LEO JAMES!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREEEAWWWWWWWWW!

Henry Keyes kicks his shoulder up at the very last possible second! James for a second holds up his right hand, thinking he may have just done the impossible. Unfortunately for him, there is no DING DING DING, and there is no confetti.

His raised arm is grabbed by a nasty tentacle. He's pulled bodily in a direction he did not plan to go.

His face is met by a knee.

CRACK!!

DDK:

Oh no, that's a Coin from the Kraken...

Dazed beyond all understanding of where he is, James is on his knees but otherwise totally limp. His left arm is trapped by another tentacle.

He's pulled in again.

CRACK!!

The second Coin. Our hero drops in a heap. Henry Keyes, the adrenaline wearing off and the bright red flushness starting to grow more pale, falls onto the chest of his challenger and limply grabs at the far leg. Boos rain down as Carla Ferrari is forced to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and still Southern Heritage Champion...Henryyyyyyy KEEEEEEEEEEYES.

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE showing from the young Dan Leo James here tonight. He may not have come out on top tonight, but he's got as bright a future as any young wrestler in DEFIANCE today.

Lance:

Oh no, Keyes is going for the camera again - can we leave it out? Can we be done here? Good job, Henry, you got

another win, great!

Keyes indeed has grabbed the sides of a ringside camera and, as has become the norm lately, he's coming out screaming.

Henry Keyes:

NEW RECORD, DEFIANCE! NEW RECORD! NEW RECORD! I AM YOUR FOREVER SOHER! I AM THE TRUE TOP CHAMPION IN ALL OF DEFIANCE! IN ALL OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! THIS IS FOR YOU, MISS TROY! I'M NEVER GOING TO STOP! THESE PEOPLE CAN'T *TOUCH* ME! VAE VICTIS WILL BURN THIS HOUSE TO THE GROUND IF WE HAVE TO-

The camera abruptly cuts, and we go to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023

No Holds Barred
Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Honor Society

CHARLIE, DELTA, ECHO, FOXTROT

What looks like old western footage begins to roll. The grainy filter shows a sprawling field landscape, rich with military dug trenches. Within one of those trenches is Cyrus Bates. He's in full camo garb as he crawls down the shallow trench.

Cyrus Bates:

MORTAR! GET DOWN, GET DOWN, GET DOWN!

Explosions surround his location as he peers over the lip of the trench, trying to scout where the next enemy fire might be coming from. Luckily, he remains unscathed to this point.

Cyrus Bates:

Dammit.

He proudly holds his broken walkie talkie in hand, wishing he is able to call for reinforcements as he's under heavy fire. He has no choice but to continue to crawl down the trench, hoping no mortars tear him to smithereens. He finally gets to the end point of the trench where none other than David Fox happens to reside.

David Foxtrot:

PRIVATE BATES, WHAT IN THE **HELL** ARE YOU DOING LOLLYGAGGING IN MY TRENCH?!

Cyrus Bates:

David FOXTROT! Please! You gotta help me!

David Foxtrot:

YOU gotta help your ass pick up a goddamn grenade and whip it at those Jerry bastards if we're gonna make it through this shit alive, Private Bates!

Cyrus Bates:

Commander FOXTROT! You have to repair my walkie talkie. I just know you can!

David Foxtrot:

A walkie-talkie, Private Bates?

An explosion echoes in the distance, which David turns his head to observe, but Bates pays no mind.

David Foxtrot:

A *goddamn* walkie-talkie?!

Cyrus Bates:

Why do you continue to DEFY me!?

Frustrated, Bates latches onto David's bootleg and begins to pull. Fox begins to laugh, uncontrollably.

Cyrus Bates:

Shit guy.

The sky turns purple. Eventually hundreds of thousands of mortars fill the sky, turning it black. Bates gazes skyward as he tries hopelessly to get his communicator working. His eyes widen, seeing the barrage of mortars falling his way. He knows he only has a few more precious moments of life before impact.

Cyrus Bates:

Shit.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Suddenly, Bates wakes up. Turns out, it was just a dream and Bates can't stop breaking out in a cold sweat in his hotel room. Cyrus shakes his head free of the cobwebs before noticing something on his nightstand. There lies his walkie talkie, still broken.

Cyrus Bates:

Hmmm.

It appears he isn't quite able to escape reality. Yet.

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

A camera catches up with Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire walking into the arena. Soon after, catching up with the cameraman is interviewer Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyer:

Tyler. Tyler! A moment of your time?

Desire rolls her eyes and stares off in the distance as, surprisingly, Fuse notices the interviewer.

Tyler Fuse:

What?

Sawyers positions himself appropriately in front of the camera before speaking.

Jamie Sawyers:

Two weeks ago you said you had some surprises in store for Jack Harmen...

Fuse nods, albeit slightly.

Tyler Fuse:

I do, yes. Your point?

Jamie braces himself for what he's about to ask but ultimately asks it.

Jamie Sawyers:

What are your plans? Are you challenging Jack to another match? Are you going to confront him tonight? What will you do-

Directly before Jamie finishes his sentence, Fuse leans forward to cut him off.

Tyler Fuse:

Would it be a surprise if I told you?

There's silence until Tyler nudges Jamie.

Tyler Fuse:

That wasn't rhetorical. Would it?

Sawyers starts shaking his head no.

Jamie Sawyers:

I guess not-

Tyler starts patting the interviewer on the shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

You once aligned yourself with David Hightower, right? You were his manager.

Jamie Sawyers:

Yes, but that was a long time ago-

Tyler Fuse:

No. No buts. Years ago, when Conor and I first joined DEFIANCE you ran this anti-bullying stance, yet proceeded to bully the rest of the roster. Saying one thing but doing the opposite. Completely delusional. I admired that about you...

Sawyers doesn't know what to say.

Tyler Fuse:

Jack Harmen's greatest strength is nothing seems to bother him. He enjoyed our fight. He liked my attacks. He's even told me to my face that what I'm doing to him... is nothing he wouldn't have done to me if this was years ago.

Tyler looks at Jamie. The interviewer squirms.

Tyler Fuse:

Nothing seems to bother him.

Fuse looks dead into the camera lens.

Tyler Fuse:

That's where I come in.

Fuse continues his deadpan glare.

Tyler Fuse:

If you'll excuse me, I have an old friend to visit. Last time I cornered a couple of twin brothers... and that didn't end up going so well for Harmen and company now, did it?

The OG Player pats Jamie on the shoulder again, as he and his wife walk off screen.

Tyler Fuse:

Just wait until you see who I have lined up next.

Sawyers is left standing there by himself as he smiles awkwardly into the camera and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

FAVORED SAINTS: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS (C) vs. "TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI

DDK:

Can Vae Victis go two for two in title matches tonight? The unlikely Favoured Saints Champion, Vae Vicits' newest full-time member, Butcher Victorious, defends the title against Jun Izuchi. On UNCUT last week, the man formerly known as Massive Cowboy, won a three-way match to earn this shot!

Lance:

That's true! Since his recent name change, The Texan Dragon has been looking to make a fresh start after some time off. He's just one win away, but by hook or by crook, Butcher has found ways to win with that loaded headband of his. Izuchi would be wise not to underestimate Butcher Victorious... words until a month ago I never thought I'd utter.

DDK:

Coming up next, can Butcher Victorious make a second defense of the Favoured Saints Title against a newly motivated opponent in Jun Izuchi? Let's find out as we introduce the competitors!

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso, and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face. He looks to be taking this moment seriously -- his first possible taste of gold on the main roster!

DDK:

And here comes the challenger! Looking extra determined tonight!

Lance:

Like we said prior, Jun earned this opportunity last week on UNCUT! And tonight, he wants to make the most of it!

The Minneapolis Faithful gives an excellent reception for the former Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the right post as he waits on the champion.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

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

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! Walking him to the ring is, of course, the advocate for Vae Victis and its members, Sonny Silver. Brimming with confidence, Butcher marches proudly.

DDK:

Is... is that swagger I see from Butcher Victorious?

Lance:

I believe it is. It's chilling... but he's earned it. Read the stats. With a huge assist from Oscar Burns, he defeated Corvo Alpha in a No Disqualification match. He won a four-way on UNCUT a few weeks ago over Nathan Eye, Titaness and High Flyer IV to win the vacant title. Then retained against a game Tripp Wise. He's on a roll.

Butcher hits the ring with his headband in tow while Sonny tries to remain composed. 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 Tokyo, Texas, and weighing in at 265 pounds... **"THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!**

Izuchi gets some cheers from The Faithful just to see the big guy take some gold away from Vae Victis!

Darren Quimbey:

And his oppo...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

The champion cuts off Quimbey and taps the side of his head.

Butcher Victorious:

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

Then he rubs the Favoured Saints title around his waist with his free hand.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... HAS THIS!

He gives The Stick for Sonny Silver to hold, but he shakes his head vehemently and has a microphone of his own.

Sonny Silver:

No. I don't know where your... ugh... Stick... has been. Anyway.... He is from AUSTIN, TEXAS... A REAL TEXAN AND NOT THIS FAKE ONE HERE...

Jun Izuchi mouths that he legit is FROM Texas.

Sonny Silver:

He is the OFFICIAL Wrestling Understudy for DEFIANCE HIMSELF, OSCAR BURNS! He is YOUR reigning and defending FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION... **BUTCHER! VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher hands over the title and... he's wiping something from his eye.

DDK:

Is... is Butcher... CRYING?

Lance:

I believe he just got his first-ever official introduction from Sonny Silver. That's gonna go in the Butcher Victorious scrapbook, no doubt.

Victorious asks who's cutting the onions around here and Sonny's eyes almost roll out of their sockets. The official for the match, Carla Ferrari, holds the Favoured Saints Title in the air. Once the formal intros are out of the way, the match

begins...

DING DING

The defending champion jumps on the larger Izuchi and attacks him with a running European uppercut that knocks him back into the corner! Butcher tries to stop the big man with a number of stomps to the chest and then follows it up with a pair of European uppercuts to the jaw!

Lance:

Wow, look at Butcher Victorious go! He knows that he gives up some size to Izuchi and has to do what he can to stop the Texan Dragon in his tracks!

DDK:

Izuchi shoves him back out of the corner! Butcher scrambles back to his feet... ooh!

He gets stopped with a HUGE chop to the chest that has Victorious cringing in pain. Sonny Silver watches as Izuchi hits the ropes and then comes off with a big shoulder block that knocks Butcher across the ring! Silver can't believe it as Jun Izuchi gets cheers from The Faithful while the Favoured Saints Champion is hunched over in the corner!

Lance:

Look at Jun go! He's got the opportunity of his career tonight and he's trying to make the most of it!

Like a large locomotive, he speeds towards the corner and clobbers Butcher with a stiff running clothesline in the corner. He pulls Butcher out and then takes him out of the corner with a massive belly-to-back suplex!

DDK:

Back suplex out of the corner by Butcher Victorious!

Cowboy attempts a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Sonny almost clutches his chest, not believing that the title was that close to slipping from the ranks of Vae Victis a second time!

DDK:

Jun Izuchi is on the warpath tonight! He's trying to end this before Butcher can try and use that loaded headband!

Lance:

And now he's gonna take Butcher up! Vertical suplex coming!

He has Butcher up... but before he can hit the move, the slippery champion lands on his feet behind Izuchi and takes him down with a jumping neckbreaker! Butcher starts getting more arrogant as he stands up and then delivers a HARD double foot stomp to the midsection of The Texan Dragon! Izuchi rolls over in pain now as an angered Butcher holds his back and yells down at the fallen challenger for this title!

Butcher Victorious:

Butch Vic... says you ain't getting THIS... the title, I mean.

He waits as Izuchi tries to get back to his feet, only for Butcher to leap off the nearby corner, only to lean back and SMACK Izuchi in the chest with a springboard headbutt to the chest! Butcher favors the back of his head while Izuchi

goes down in a heap! Sonny approves at ringside and yells for Butcher to go for the cover!

DDK:

There's the second variation of a move that Butcher has called... uh... Using Your Noggin!

Butcher hooks the leg and leans back!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Izuchi kicks out and The Faithful get behind the rugged Texan Dragon.

Lance:

Kick-out by Jun! Butcher taking control though!

Butcher thinks quickly and when he sees Sonny gesturing outside to grab him by the head, Butcher nods and then applies a cravate hold to the grounded Izuchi.

DDK:

This is definitely more of Oscar Burns' influence on Butcher. We've seen him take moves from Oscar in the past and this cravate is a new one. Great way to control the larger opponent!

The Faithful start trying to rally behind Izuchi looking for the big upset tonight as he tries to fight his way out from the cravate hold. Sonny continues to give Butcher advice from ringside to keep him focused on the task at hand of softening up the big man. He continues to grind down on the neck hold, only for Izuchi to try and get to a knee.

Lance:

Like you said, great idea by Butcher Victorious, but Izuchi has other plans! Namely, winning a championship!

When the neck lock is still applied, Izuchi fires back with a stiff set of punches to the rib cage of Butcher! Butch Vic tries to hold on tighter, but Izuchi finally manages to free himself by shoving Victorious away. Sonny continues dispensing advice from ringside by telling Butcher to go after him. He nods and then runs... right into a HUGE sit-out spinebuster from the big man!

DDK:

High Noon! Izuchi connects with High Noon! He's holding on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Lance:

That was a solid two and a half! Just half a count away from a new champion, but Butcher is hanging in there!

Izuchi can't believe it and then decides that he's going to strike while the iron is hot! He picks up the Vae Victis member and hooks him on his shoulders with intent to drive Victorious into the corner!

DDK:

He's been using a new move, the Tokyo, Texas Stampede! If he scores with that Stampede variation, this is over!

The Texan Dragon charges at the corner, but Butcher manages to just barely crawl out of his grip and shove him at the corner, almost into Carla Ferrari! He stops himself just barely from colliding with Carla...

DDK:

Wait... no! Carla, look!

She doesn't see Butcher quickly put on the headband. When Izuchi turns...

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

The big man tumbles to a knees as Butcher quickly disposes of the evidence by throwing it outside the ring to Sonny Silver. The PRIME Hall of Famer quickly tucks it away as big Izuchi hits the mat. Butcher jumps to the ring apron and then take flight with another springboard diving headbutt for good measure! The Faithful jeer Butcher as he scrambles his own brains, but holds his head and crawls into a pinning combination!

Lance:

Carla never saw that headband! Butcher's gonna steal another one!

DDK:

Then the springboard diving headbutt!

Butch Vic hooks the leg on an already out-cold Izuchi!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The bell rings and Butcher is still holding his head with a hand, but breathes a sigh of relief after managing to eek by the bigger brute of a challenger!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Butcher Victorious is handed the Favoured Saints title belt and then hugs it tightly as if the belt was his first-born. He has the title and then rolls through the ropes to get the heck out of the ring knowing that he was in a fight.

DDK:

Jun Izuchi gave it his best effort, but Sonny Silver's coaching and Butcher's newfound standing within Vae Victis... he's cheating and unfortunately, his confidence continues to grow.

Lance:

And he's reached two defenses! Did you think you'd ever hear that?

Butcher slips out of the ring at long last and then Sonny Silver raises his arm outside.

DDK:

That's two consecutive matches for Vae Victis and two consecutive successful title defenses tonight.

Lance:

I know... makes me sick to my stomach, too!

Sonny walks away from ringside and heads up while behind him, Butcher Victorious walks to the back with the biggest swagger he has ever had in his entire tenure within DEFIANCE.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

A TASTE OF WHAT IS TO COME

DEFtv returns from commercial and we're in the backstage area. Standing in front of a red "DEFtv" banner are all four members of The Honor Society: TA Horrigan, TA Roosevelt, TA Cole, and Ned Reform. All four men are dressed in a very preppy manner, with Horrigan sporting slicked back hair. In addition to their business casual attire, each member of Weighted Grade has a BRAZEN tag title slung over his shoulder. In front of the group, holding a DEFIANCE branded microphone, is Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back to DEFtv. Christie Zane here, and I'm about to get a word with the group known as The Honor Society.

At the mention of their name, Cole, Horrigan, and Roosevelt begin to flex, grin, and otherwise peacock for the camera. Reform, however, does not. Instead he stands with both arms behind his back looking fairly stoic and even somewhat solemn.

Christie Zane steps backwards a bit, positioning herself between the two members of Weighted Grade. Despite being between these two behemoths, she is a pro and maintains her composure.

Christie Zane:

Bobby Horrigan. Roosevelt Owens. I...

TA Horrigan: *[cutting in]*

That's TA Horrigan and TA Owens. Get it right.

Christie Zane:

Apologies. I wanted to get your thoughts on your recent success. You defeated Monster Mash to become the NEW BRAZEN tag team champions.

TA Horrigan:

Damn skippy we did, Zane.

Horrigan taps the belt slung over his shoulder.

TA Horrigan:

It's about time we got some respect around here...

Ned, without looking at Horrigan, clears his throat.

TA Horrigan:

Uh... that is, it's time that we... uh, got our due?

This seems acceptable to The Good Doctor.

TA Roosevelt:

Weighted Grade are putting all the tag teams in BRAZEN AND DEFIANCE on notice, Christie. It don't... er, DOESN'T... matter if you're Monster Mash, The Saturday Night Specials, M4NTRA, The Lucky Sevens, or even the current chumps. Weighted Grade is COMIN' FOR YOUR ASS!

Horrigan slaps his partner on the shoulder and they both pump their fists in victory. Christie steps down the line, now stopping in front of TA Cole.

Christie Zane:

Mr. Cole. You and Ned Reform.

Ned Reform: *[off mic and under his breath]*

DOCTOR Ned Reform...

Christie Zane:

...are booked in a tag match at the upcoming DEFIANCE pay per view event, ACTS of DEFIANCE. Do you have any words for your opponents, Gage Blackwood and the Bombastic Bronson Box?

TA Cole:

I'm ready, Christie. I'm so ready. What you see here, Christie, is The Honor Society. A group of four men who are ready to take this company by storm. Together with my leader, my mentor, and my friend Ned Reform... we can't be stopped, Christie. Gage Blackwood. Bronson Box. I hope you're ready, boys. Doc Reform and I are COMING AT YA... and we're gonna show you why interrupting our ceremony two weeks ago as a BIG MISTAKE. Right, Doc?

Cole and Christie both turn to Ned. Reform sighs, and looks ready to speak, but is interrupted by the DEFIANCE reporter.

Christie Zane:

Hold that thought, Mr. Reform...

TA Cole:

DOCTOR REFORM, CHRISTIE.

Christie Zane:

Right. But before we hear from your fearless leader, we have a very special video package we'd like to show you all. Can we get that up, guys?

A beat. And then the backstage scene is replaced by some of the very best work of DEFIANCE's talented production department. Some of whom have been with the company from the start. So they've all seen Gage and Bronson's carers play out from jump street. Skillfully the video package builds from grainy clips of both Gage and Boxer's respective early days in DEF quickly and vividly painting a picture of each man's bloody fingered, against the tide, against all odds climbs to the top of the DEFIANCE mountain. The audio of announcers proclaiming victory and screaming promos in near unintelligible Scottish draws... all slowly drowned out by the sound of deep soul shaking war drums as the video package takes on a red hue... clips of Boxer and Blackwood's bloodiest moments.

The vile, bloody video rolls by superimposed with stills, close ups of Gage and Bronson's faces in pure agony... but also the carnage they each laid down upon others. A whos who of DEFIANCE luminaries rolls by. Each one screaming bloody murder...

The production crew pops in a picture in picture window of Ned Reform's face as he stoically watches. The only tell he gives is a slight widening of his eyes right as clips of Bronson's epic near career ending no ropes match with Cayle Murray begin to slicker by. The ring torn to pieces. Even the lumber itself used as splintered fodder for Boxer's unhinged levels of... creative... violence. Stills of Bronson and Gage's faces slick with the crimson mask superimposed with images of them each holding up the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The video fades as The Faithful explode at the scenes of DEFIANCE carnage of yore. Roosevelt, Horrigan, and Cole's eyes have all gone wide at the "history lesson" from the Scotsmen. While Reform shakes his head and just looks weary.

Christie Zane:

Well, after seeing that... what are your thoughts, Mr. Reform?

Ned rubs his eyes and then his hand travels down his face to rub his chin. Before he can answer, a chant rises up from The Faithful out in the arena...

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOU!

Clap, clap, clap clap clap!
BLACKWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU!
Clap, clap, clap clap clap!

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOU!
Clap, clap, clap clap clap!
BLACKWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU!
Clap, clap, clap clap clap!

As the chant rings through the arena, Ned's eyes track back and forth, and while it's hard to tell, if you have a particularly high definition television you might notice some of the color drain from his face. He stares off and says nothing as the fans get the chant out of their system. Then about twenty seconds go by. Finally, he leans into the mic.

Ned Reform: *[softly]*

...this conversation is OVER.

He makes a quick "follow me" motion and steps out of frame. His goons follow, but not before each behemoth shoots Christie a dirty look. Zane looks into the camera, slightly taken aback.

Christie Zane:

An uncharacteristic few words from a man known for his... well, let's just say long-windedness. Hopefully soon we can pry a few more words from DOCTOR Reform about his fast approaching match with two of the most frightening former champions in DEFIANCE history.

Christie smiles knowingly and DEFtv heads elsewhere.

PRESS. YOUR. LUCK.

Backstage, the scene opens on a small interview set. Sitting in one seat is Scott Hunter and in the other is a mannequin.

A mannequin.

There is a pair of red boxer shorts on the mannequin's head.

Scott has dark thick-rimmed glasses on and a smart business suit and flip flops, because it is Summer.

He holds up a piece of lined paper which clearly has scribbled notes all over it as well as a tiny drawing of a penis.

Scott Hunter:

Hello fellow DEFIANCE faithful, once again I am sorry to disturb you during your weekly services, but I have some very important words to say, and also sentences, which are multiple words back to back. I am told this is referred to as "talking", so that is what I will do.

Scott clears his throat.

Scott Hunter:

Now, the good news this week is that I am still ranked as the number one wrestler in DEFIANCE who was born in Miami and likes hot dogs and also listens to Gloria Estefan. I am simply the best at this and if you doubt that... the rhythm is gonna get you.

Scott looks over at the mannequin.

Scott Hunter:

Ok with that out of the way, I can't say that everything is all sunshine and roses and pizza rolls with me. It's been almost one entire months since my triumphant victory over Private Safety, who used to be Sgt. Safety but he was demoted after I beat him. Last week, sometime in the morning hours I was sitting alone in my living room bean bag chair pondering the Gilmore Girls series finale when it hit me. I'm going to have lots of trouble wading through the troubled tumultuous tide of DEFIANCE without some friends by my side. I am sorry, I ran out of "t" words.

Scott straightens himself in his seat.

Scott Hunter:

So naturally I decided to come to the next show, which was the last show, not this show or next show, but the last show or next show at the time, and I know that's confusing but I just want to say it all makes sense, and I looked for friends. I had thought I had found one in the form of the Masked Violator #1. I chose him because he is a Violator so I thought he might give me some street cred and also because he has #1 in his name even though that is a lie because I am actually #1 according to DEFIANCE Quarterly Magazine and the NAACP. That is to say, I have very diverse fans. Anyway, for some reason he didn't even talk to me. He got up and walked out! Can you even believe that?? If not, it is on tape so go back and watch it. But he walked out! It was incredibly rude, but I thought, maybe he doesn't understand friendship. So I have delivered a special present to his locker room this week which I believe will help to bond us in the eternal bonds of friendship bonds, which are the best bonds right behind "U.S." and "Barry".

Suddenly there is a clanging noise, as if someone were stepping on a bunch of pots and pans. This is because Scott Hunter created another ring of pots and pans around the set to ward off evil spirits.

A saucepan dramatically skitters across the floor just as Masked Violator #1 storms onto set and into view. Brow furrowed under a red wrestling mask and dressed to compete, MV1 clenches a crinkled plastic bag in one hand. He holds it as far away from his body as he possibly can before flinging it onto Scott Hunter's lap.

MV1:

What the HELL is your problem?!

Hunter appears too shocked and dismayed by #1's demeanor to respond... but our masked man doesn't appear too interested in a response.

MV1:

You think you're funny, stuffing a dead animal in my locker? Are you sick?

Scott blinks.

Scott Hunter:

That is three questions. Allow me to process.

Scott stares into space as if literally processing things.

Scott Hunter:

Okay, in order. I do not have a problem, because I am having a nice day. I have been told I am funny but usually it is followed by the word "looking". I am not sick, but I do get an occasional case of hay fever, which has nothing to do with hay. I checked. So it is okay if I visit a barn. And also, you did not actually ask this, but my gift was a Lebanese Friendship Squirrel.

MV1 takes a strong step towards Hunter's chair, his voice finding a heavier bass tone in kind.

MV1:

I know you're new around here. We all were new once. This ain't how you go about making friends in DEFIANCE. You take as long as you need to "process" that.

Scott points an angry finger in MV1's general direction.

Scott Hunter:

I'll have you know that the Lebanese Friendship Squirrel is the highest honor that you can receive in all of Lebanon, Kansas, with the second highest honor being the Gopher of Understanding. When I was visiting there back in the 60s I was bequeathed one and I have never felt so honored. Do you know what that meant to me? Could you ever know? And do you know what bequeathed means? Because I do not. I think it's when a puff of air comes out of a woman's —

MV1:

STOP!

MV1 takes a long slow breath before shaking his head in disbelief. He turns to walk away, but spots the mannequin awkwardly propped in the chair and halts in his tracks. He snatches the red boxers off its head before glancing back over his shoulder.

MV1:

Don't press your luck, "friend".

Scott Hunter:

Are you suggesting that I should avoid the Whammy? Because I still have five more spins.

Exasperated, MV1 calls out behind him as he storms off, wiping his hands on his pants.

MV1:

Yeah. Avoid the whammy. That's what I'm saying.

Scott Hunter:

BIG BUCKS! NO WHAMMIES!!

From off-camera-

MV1:
STOP!

Scott's eyes go big.

Scott Hunter:
A SAILBOAT!! Ok I pass the rest of my spins...

He looks off camera where MV1 has now left through a door to go... anywhere else.

Scott Hunter:
I think the squirrel worked.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: FLEX IN A BOX (C) vs. M4NTRA

DDK:

Can you believe this, Lance? Minneapolis is getting a pay-per-view quality show tonight. We've already had two title matches tonight... and we still have two to go!

Lance:

Well, one of them was Butcher Victorious.

DDK:

I... prefer not to talk about that. Instead we should look ahead to the future. The FIST of DEFIANCE and the Unified Tag Team Championships will still be on the line. We don't currently know who will be challenging for the FIST but we do know that M4NTRA will be getting their first shot at the tag straps in their short but impressive tag team career.

Lance:

There's a little bit of trouble in paradise for M4NTRA, and even more so, Tom Morrow and BFTA. The Lucky Sevens aren't happy with all the attention M4NTRA are getting. Morrow isn't happy with Declan Alexander's performance. How does all this sort itself out?

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The word darkens the arena bulbs and golden lights flicker to the pulsating intro from Bring Me The Horizon. As the scream kicks in the guitar riffs, Nathaniel Eye comes walking out into the Ridder Arena with his book raised high above his head. Following him out is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, wearing matching "third eye" sunglasses and white with gold ring gear. The exciting pair share a fist bump before Tom Morrow interrupts Darren Quimbey, who doesn't even try.

Tom Morrow:

Tonight is the night! Tonight is the night that Better Future Talent Agency brings our coveted Unified Tag Titles back home! Tonight, the belts get the tag team they *deserve*! First off, they get two-hundred and fifty-one Pounds of Pure Perseverance! They get the Golden State Guru! They get Natty Eyce! They get ... NATHAN EYE!!!

Nathan Eye holds up his metal-plated autobiography.

Nathan Eye:

100% correct, Tom! This book got a *lot* of great reviews based on crowd signage last week! It's better than Pete's book for crying out loud! Get this today and unlike Kyle Shields who sells nothing but false hope with faulty merchandise ... the positivity I offer in these books have increased the health of terminal patients who read by 75%! Look it up!

Tom Morrow:

And his partner! He's trying to catch up to Nathan Eye weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two Pounds of Pure Perseverance! The guy who *better* help us win the gold! The Intrepid Influencer! DEC4L! DECLAN ALEXANDER!!!

M4NTRA make their way down the aisle. The PogChamp slapping hands while the Golden State Guru judges him silently. Then, not so silently, as he grabs Alexander by the shoulder to pull him towards the ring.

DDK:

Now this is the first time we've seen Alexander and Eye together since their loss to Titanes Familia at Maximum DEFIANCE. After that match there has been some tension, to put it lightly.

Lance:

Morrow and Eye left Alexander alone in the ring after that match and Declan has been alone ever since... until he beat Mason Luck on our last show. The Favoured Saints were impressed by that performance and rewarded M4NTRA with a title shot here tonight. Now with gold involved, Tom Morrow and Nathaniel Eye suddenly are back on board with the

Intrepid Influencer.

DDK:

Well we shouldn't expect anything less from Tom Morr-

Kyle Shields:

BROOOOOOOOOOO! Cut that shitty ass music. The champs are about to bless Minneapolis with their sick auras. But first, I need you all to give me just a minute of your time.

The music stops as requested and Kyle Shields walks out into the Ridder Arena to a chorus of whos. As in who cares. Dressed to the nines in black and red "FLEX" brand merchandise and workout apparel, he holds what appears to be a big black rod in one hand and a mic in the other.

Lance:

Just when you thought things couldn't get worse than Tom Morrow.

Kyle Shields:

Do you ever wonder what separates champions like Flex Appeal from challengers like those losers in the ring with a four in their name? Genetics. Desire. Pre-par-a-tion. You might not have the first, but with enough of the second I can give you the third. It's time to introduce to the world the device that'll change your life, bro. The FLEXercisor!!

DDK:

Mark, come out here and get your kid.

Shields quickly points the rod at DDK a few dozen yards away from him.

Kyle Shields:

You shut your mouth, Keebler, I'm about to change your life. The FLEXercisor is the first in a line of high end, high performance FLEXcessories that'll get you JACKED and ready to FLEX your way into fall. The window is closed for your beach bod, but Shredtember is almost here and it's time to grind. This baby here can be used in DOZENS of ways and can work out 29 different muscles. Replacing thousands of dollars in gym equipment and unnecessary trips to Planet Fitness. Plus, by the time you get done with this baby... you'd set off the lunk alarm anyway.

Lance:

Is this a sponsored ad? We're supposed to be having a title match.

Kyle Shields:

How much does it cost? Good question, Lance. For the general public? \$149.99 plus sales tax. However, do you guys remember *Mikey Money*?

DDK:

Wish I didn't.

Kyle Shields:

Wondering what you're supposed to do with all that useless shit? I do all the time! Lost my ass on it worse than the crypto collapse, but I have good news for you. Let's turn your useless Mikey Money into BoxBux! That's right, we'll be accepting BoxBux payments starting right now and by the end of the month you'll be looking as jacked as these bros right here!

Shields motions towards the entrance and the Faithful are bathed in red lights.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

"The Paragon of Pectoral Performance" Flex Kruger leads the way with one half of the Unified Tag Titles on his shoulder with "The Bodacious Box of Bodybuilding" Klein not far behind. Shields tosses the FLEXercisor to Kruger

who demonstrates how to use the device on his way to the ring and Klein's box is covered in new "BoxBux" "FLEX" and other stickers that are probably available on Kyle Shields' new webshop. Inside the ring Declan Alexander is insistent that he should start the match but Morrow and Eye are not having it.

The camera picks up Morrow telling Alexander to stay out of this match and let Nate handle this for him, but suddenly DEC4L runs away from his BFTA teammates and dives through the ropes towards Flex Appeal. However, Klein catches the PogChamp in an incredible display of strength and Flex tosses his FLEXercisor to Shields. Then Klein tosses Alexander to Flex who lifts the young disciple of Lindsay Troy high over his head and heaves him straight into the air, leaving him to land face first onto the concrete outside the ring.

Lance:

Despite Kyle Shields best efforts to make us unimpressed with Flex In A Bo- errr, Flex Appeal here, Klein just plucking a 230 something pound man out of the air is incredible.

DDK:

Trust me, that has nothing to do with a FLEXercisor. That is hard work and dedication. Don't stop payment on your gym membership kids.

Natty Eyce goes to chase Flex Appeal away from his tag team partner but Tom Morrow quickly stands in his way and tells him to go back to his corner. Visibly frustrated, but understanding, Nate sighs as he takes the steps back up onto the apron and Kruger deadlifts Alexander up off the floor and rams him back first into the steel ringpost. Kyle Shields taunts a fan at ringside who asks for the FLEXercisor and screams "You want this, THEN PAY ME BRO!" as DEC4L screams out in pain. Flex then charges with Alexander in his arms like a ragdoll straight into the steel barricade. Hector Navarro demands they get into the ring to start the match and Klein takes off his box and does just that, on the other side Nathaniel Eye does the same. The bell rings as Flex Kruger lifts Alexander up again and launches him into the fourth row of seats.

DING DING**DDK:**

Well, uh... this match is underway. Finally, Well, kind of. Declan Alexander has been thrown so far into the Faithful that I can't even tell where he is.

Lance:

Tom Morrow is LIVID outside the ring, Darren. This isn't what he had in mind at all going into this match.

The pair start off with a test of strength that surprises Klein as Nate Eye gives him some resistance. Eventually Klein prevails and pushes Eye back into the corner where he's forced to give a rope break, but he gets a thumb to the eye for his trouble as he tries to back away and Eye goes on the offensive. A series of big rights, headlocks, and a huge scoop slam gives Natty Eyce confidence, but he keeps looking over at his corner to see Declan Alexander still isn't there but across on the other side is Flex Kruger. He takes it up on himself to grab Klein and hit a big t-bone suplex on Klein! He tries to cover as quickly as possible.

One!

Two!

No!

Lance:

Natty Eyce trying to win on his own there!

The Golden State Guru does his best to isolate Klein by whipping him into the corner. He charges and then hits a corkscrew corner splash! He follows up with a 10 punch, but at nine Eye can't help but point to the invisible "third eye" on his forehead. Klein can't help but toss Nate halfway across the ring with a massive throwing powerbomb.

DDK:

Tom Morrow hyped up Nate a little TOO much there and Klein made him pay for it.

Lance:

I felt that impact from back here! The Faithful are having a hard time finding a rooting interest in this match between teams managed by two of their less "favored saints." But big moves like that will definitely keep them interested!

DDK:

I see what you did there.

Despite his recent proximity to Kyle Shields, Klein still has a soft spot in the hearts of the Faithful, who rally to cheer the Boxman on as he crawls past Eye and across the ring. Nate instinctively also starts to crawl back to his corner to make a tag but no one is there, he notices and reaches out for the boot of his opponent but it's too late. Flex Kruger has already made his way into the ring and drops a big elbow across the back of the Golden State Guru's skull. Deadlifting Eye up off the mat, Kruger locks his opponent into a side headlock which also gives him the opportunity to Flex. The tag champ turns it into an ab stretch but can't get the Golden State Guru to submit, so instead he turns it into a pumphandle slam for a two count.

DDK:

A kickout by Nate Eye but this is a less than ideal situation. DEFmed has come out to take a look at Alexander while the match continues with his partner going up against two of the strongest men in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

This almost makes me feel bad for the guy. Almost.

Morrow paces outside the ring as Kruger makes a tag to Klein. The tag champs throw Eye the entire distance of the ring with a double biel toss that shakes the Ridder Arena. Nate, with some coaxing from his manager, pulls himself back up only to be avalanched in the corner. Klein follows up with a running powerslam to get another two count. The Faithful start to get behind Nate Eye, the clear underdog in this match as Klein tags Kruger back in, isolating the Golden State Guru in their corner. Kruger sticks his boot against the neck of Eye and gets a count to five before releasing. Flex lets Nate stumble out of the corner and he falls down hardly able to walk. Kruger shakes his head, unimpressed by his challenger before picking him up and locking in the full nelson. Kyle Shields heaps on the praise as Flex shakes the not much smaller man around like a child.

Kyle Shields:

Look at the strength! Look at the power! Invest in us and this can also be yours!

DDK:

Nathaniel Eye doesn't look like he has much left in the tank after taking massive blow after massive blow after massive blow from these two powerhouses. An impressive showing from the champs.

Lance:

In a handicap match. Unfortunate circumstances has robbed us and the Faithful of what may have been an incredible championship match here.

DDK:

I can't believe Eye is still hanging in there!

Lance:

Is this what he means by 251 pounds of pure perseverance? He's definitely showing it tonight!

Nathaniel Eye refuses to quit to the delight of the Faithful, who once hesitant, are now firmly behind the unlikely recipient. Kruger is frustrated, wanting to win this match by submission but his opponent is just too strong and too determined. Flex, realizing when he needs to call it, throws Eye backwards with the Flex Suplex. Finishing him off. Foot on the chest he makes the pin.

One.

Two.

Down goes Kruger!

The Faithful explode as Declan Alexander pulls Flex Kruger out of the ring from the outside. A furious Flex swings at DEC4L but the PogChamp avoids the strike and then drops the Musclebound Messiah with the Red Line!

DDK:

Red Line by Declan to make the save!

Inside the ring Nate Eye remains motionless looking up at the lights and Alexander walks around the ring to his corner, past a shocked Tom Morrow and gets back up on the apron reaching for a tag. The Ridder Arena wills Natty Eyce to move, who does, and begins to crawl back towards his corner now aware of his situation. Flex Kruger grabs the bottom rope and pulls himself back up and claws his way into the ring. Leaps across the squared circle to stop the Golden State Guru and grabs the leg. He pulls Eye up ...

Lance:

RISE AND GRIND!!! He just planted Flex Kruger but he has nothing left!

Nathan is able to turn and finally get to the corner!

RAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Now we have a match on our hands, Lance!

Lance:

My, my, how the tides have turned, Darren! The Faithful are electric!

The top blows off of the Ridder Arena as DEC4L receives the hot tag and immediately knocks Klein off the apron with GGEZ. Then he has another for Flex Kruger. Who gets back up only to eat another! The Intrepid Influencer is running off adrenaline alone as he finds himself in control of this match. Kyle Shields jumps up on the apron only to eat a GGEZ for himself. Alexander returns to Kruger to find a clothesline that turns him inside out. Kruger grabs his head and cracks his neck before lifting Alexander off the canvas and high over his head once again, only for Declan to escape with a...

DDK:

C-C-C-COMBO BREAKER!

Lance:

Watch out!

Klein comes running in from behind Alexander only to be blindsided himself by the Side-Eye! The impressive strength from the Golden State Guru lays out the Bodacious Boxman as DEC4L turns around to see his partner save his behind. With a smirk Declan points to his eyes as if to say "I see you." Kyle Shields jumps up on the apron to hypocritically protest both men being in the ring and Hector Navarro quickly orders him to get down, but the slimy salesman doesn't listen. With the referee distracted, Tom Morrow tosses the loaded book into the hands of Declan Alexander as Nate Eye knocks Shields off the apron.

DDK:

No Declan, not like this.

Lance:

Is he going to do it?

The Intrepid Influencer looks down at the steel covered 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in his hands as Flex Kruger rises in the frame behind him. Flex goes to strike Eye but he counters and spins Kruger around towards DEC4L as Alexander tosses the book back to Morrow (get it?) just in time for Hector Navarro to see. As soon as he sees Morrow on the apron with the book he tosses him from ringside. The crowd jeers the move and immediately Nate Eye goes over to protest. Confusion clouds Alexander as Kyle Shields throws the FLEXercisor into the ring and Kruger grasps it and then nails Declan in the back of the head with it, shoving him into Tom Morrow and knocking him off the apron onto the concrete. Kruger follows up by clotheslining Eye over the top rope. Then the tag champ hooks the leg of Alexander!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The Minneapolis Faithful boo as Kyle Shields quickly joins his tag champions in the ring in victory. Klein looks reluctant as Shields and Navarro raise his arm in the air in victory while Declan, still in a daze, rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

I wonder which of the 27 muscles that move exercised, Lance.

Lance:

We almost had new tag team champions, Darren. One team didn't pull the trigger and the other team did. Despite my own personal feelings on the subject you can't argue with the results.

DDK:

Well I'm not sure why Flex In A Box, and I'll continue to call them that, would turn away from the Pop Culture Phenoms to the services of Kyle Shields but so far I guess it's paying off. I'd say I'm surprised, but I've watched enough PCP matches in my day to know that this probably could've happened either way.

Flex Appeal leave the ring as Alexander and Nate Eye exchange words on the opposite side. Tom Morrow steps in and reads DEC4L the riot act as he continues to hold his head and look down at the floor. Eye appears as if he's trying to appeal to Declan, who seems to stand strong in his opinion before Nate throws his hands up in frustration and Morrow puts his hand on Nate's back and pushes him back towards the aisle, leaving Alexander alone once again outside the ring. The Intrepid Influencer watches, both frustrated and confused, as the pair eventually disappear backstage and the scene fades to black.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



GREEN EYED MONSTERS

We are now in the BFTA locker room with Tom Morrow sitting on a couch pondering something on his mind. Next to him a very confident Nathan Eye is doing burpees on the ground (and yes he does have his “third eye” sunglasses on when he does them). Finally after a few moments of silence, Tom Morrow is looking at Nathan Eye with some concerns in mind.

Tom Morrow:

You sure you can win those titles tonight? BFTA have been without gold for too long now and we need it, Nathan. We need those titles back! I need you and the kid on the same page.

Nathan finishes his last burpee and stands up. He fixes his sunglasses.

Nathan Eye:

I do, Tom, I do. Remember, Declan is the reason that we were given this title match! He beat Mason Luck ... no small feat. He did like I always do. He persevered with our test and because he beat one of the Main Event Monsters, in my eyes - and I mean all three of them, Tom - he's more than ready. M4NTRA's mantra tonight is this:

The Golden State Guru grabs his metal-plated book and taps the front.

Nathan Eye:

Conceptualize. Actualize. Realize. And tonight I add three more words to Nathan Eye's Good Book ...

Eye's hands hold up.

Nathan Eye:

Bring. Home. Gold.

Nathan Eye seems sure of himself, but Tom Morrow seems a little less convinced than he.

Nathan Eye:

We win the titles and then we give the Lucky Sevens the first shot! It's a win-win! I mean ... they know about the Unified Tag titles match tonight don't they?

Before Tom can answer that question ...

The door swings open wide from a big kick!

Mason and Max Luck both stomp right into the locker room!

Mason Luck:

What the hell is going on, Tom? M4NTRA has a god damn match tonight and we don't?! Your star tag team?

Max Luck adds in behind him.

Max Luck:

How the hell did this happen?!

Morrow looks at Nathan Eye.

Tom Morrow:

They know now.

He takes a deep breath and sits up from the couch to talk to the Main Event Monsters.

Tom Morrow:

Guys ... a little hiccup. I went to management and pleaded our case! The Main Event Monsters! The Madison Square Garden Conquerors! The Box Office Tag Team Smashes! Two times! Former Unified Tag team championships ... but they rejected my idea for a match?

Max goes nuts.

Max Luck:

... you wanna run that by us again, Tommy? You're the superagent, are you not? How does *M4NTRA* get the match that belongs to *us*?!

Before Tom Morrow gets put through the wall by Mason and Max, Nathan Eye tries to be the coolest head in the room.

Nathan Eye:

Guys guys guys ... this is *exactly* the kind of crap Kyle Shields and Flex Appeal want! You guys know you can beat them! You and any version of PCP you've fought ... you've beaten them because you got *power* on your side, so they want to try and drive Better Future Talent Agency apart. I say we don't sink into their pool of negativity. We swim upward! I say tonight Declan and I can take care of Klein and Kruger.

Before Mason and Max protest Nathan holds his hands up.

Nathan Eye:

Whoa nelly! Hey I was just talking with Tommy and we're gonna work out an arrangement okay? Declan and I take the Unified Tag titles tonight and after we win, we defend against the Lucky Sevens. BFTA vs BFTA! A *real* money match that's gonna positively put a lot of money back into all of our pockets. What do you say? Do you guys have your Eyes on the Prize?

He puts out a hand to Mason and Max. They are receptive.

Max Luck:

That's a great plan you got there, Nate ... but it's not *our* plan.

Mason Luck looks at both Morrow and Eye and he is not pleased by the arrangement either. Tom Morrow looks up.

Tom Morrow:

Well right now it's the one we got. So take it or leave it.

Mason angrily fumes over the decision but he has no choice but to relent.

Mason Luck:

Fine ... but I'll be clear. Nathan, you're part of BFTA ... but that little shit Declan isn't. You *better* bring those titles back tonight. Otherwise it's on your boy ...

Before Tom Morrow can say anything else, a knock at the open locker room door gets their attention.

It is Declan Alexander dressed in his ring gear ready to compete.

DEC4L:

Saaaaaaaalute Natty Eyce! What's good, fam?

Nathan Eye:

Declan! Hey! You ready to become the new champions? You been doing the firewalking like we talked about? The *good* coal this time? We don't need any more mistakes like what happened at Maximum DEFIANCE my friend.

DEC4L:

Your boy DEC4L is FIRED up. I'll admit, you had me in the first half with that firewalking biz, but I got that dank coal on lockdown! Just like those tag titles my guy. I won't let you down. Although, I heard Kyle Shields is snatching your drip?

Nathan Eye:

Ughhh ... Kyle. Kyle Shields selling people false promises that won't help anyone. Now ... let's run through my autobiography one more time before we go out there. We're gonna show Flex Appeal and show DEFIANCE Wrestling who the best *new* team is!

The last comment seems to really stick under Mason's skin. Declan and Nathan leave with Tom Morrow out of the BFTA locker room and they leave Mason and Max to stew.

Max Luck:

How you feeling, Mase?

Mason Luck:

Like I want to fucking hit something.

TRUTT: AMA W/ ALPHA

A snappy jazz piece blares as clips of Chris Trutt interviewing several stars of DEFIANCE, past and present, scroll across the screen. A “TRUTT: ON THE BEAT” logo sits on the screen for a moment before switching to a red DEF back-drop. Standing before it, branded microphone in-hand, is Christ Trutt in a smart dark navy blue suit and DEF-red tie. Over his shoulder, in a box, is a still digital image of Corvo Alpha perched on a skybox balcony, glaring down at Henry Keyes standing in the ring from two weeks ago.

With an eager smile and head-bob, Chris greets us.

Chris Trutt:

One of the most enigmatic and dangerous competitors in DEFIANCE, “the Savage” Corvo Alpha has forged a ruinous path. Ever since he was able to definitively break free of Lord Nigel Tricklebush’s malevolent sway back at DEFCON 2023, I’ve been working hard to get a word with the once and former Violator. Who wouldn’t want to know what was driving this man-made-monster? What you’re about to see, and *hear*, tonight may surprise you.

We cut to footage dated **May 17, 2023, DEFtv 186; Providence, RI.**

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

Moments after Oscar Burns ran from his own open challenge and from the specter of a monster accepting it, I found Corvo Alpha backstage. Sequestered near the maintenance area, Alpha stewed in a forgotten utility closet.

Seated on an overturned milk crate, the monster heaves and froths under the unforgiving pale yellow light of one of the last incandescent bulbs on this earth. Thick elbows digging into thick knees, heavy head and dripping black hair hanging low, he snorts. Enraged.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

I admit it; I was scared. Who wouldn’t be in my shoes? This guy’s a maniac! He’s out of control! He’s a walking atomic bomb!

We see Trutt approach, incredibly hesitant. Readjusting his grip on the microphone, our young reporter clears his throat.

Chris Trutt:

ahem

Alpha’s head snaps up – eyes wide and glaring through strands of wild hair.

Chris Trutt:

Uh!

With a snarl, Alpha SLAMS the door closed, sending Trutt spiraling backwards on his bony rear.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

No one said this job was easy.

We cut to footage dated **June 28, 2023, DEFtv 189; Louisville, Kentucky.**

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

For some reason, I thought it would be a good idea to circle back and try again. My grandma calls it “the exuberance of youth”. I just couldn’t let it go.

We see brief, cutting highlights of Butcher Victorious scoring his tainted win over Alpha @ 189. Burns gloating. Vic incredulous. Corvo bleeding.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

Grandma also says I have “the timing of a fart”, whatever that means.

Later, just outside the KFC Yum! Center. We see Trutt adjusting his tie as a bright light flips on to illuminate him. He smooths his hair into place, preparing a recording, when Alpha roars past him.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

I'd gone outside the arena that night hoping to maybe catch soundbyte pearls from Elise Ares after Malak Garland's outlandish challenge for her very identity. I didn't expect what would happen next. How could I have?

Our on-screen-Trutt beckons the camera to follow him as he chases after the wounded beast. He corners him in a dim alley. When Corvo turns to face the camera, he holds a yellow hand up to block out the camera's blinding light, shading his bloody face.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh... Corvo! C-c-care to c-c-comment on B-b-butcher Victorious' v-v-v-victory?

Alpha slowly lowers his hand, eyes squinting at the glare.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

Okay, maybe it was a dumb question. Be nice, it was an intense moment.

Spitting a hideous gob of blood at his feet, Corvo turned to face the reporter. He eyed him, toe to head to toe. His broken voice is like a croaking lizard.

Corvo Alpha:

Not done.

Trutt is visibly taken aback. Alpha issues another gory loogie to the pavement before wiping his bleeding head with the back of his red-right-hand.

Corvo Alpha:

I'm. Not. Done.

The speaking savage slinks away into the dark. Trutt turns to the camera, as white as a fresh bleached sheet.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

It suddenly occurred to me... All anyone in life wants is a shot, a chance, a **voice**. Maybe we haven't *heard* from Corvo Alpha... because we haven't *asked*. I admit it; I was fascinated.

We cut to footage dated **July 19, 2023, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE; Nashville, TN. Night One.**

Highlights of the pay-per-view's cage match stream by. Burns shadiness. Vic's botched industriousness. Alpha's ultimate supremacy.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

On this night, a hot tip from one of the local production crew at Bridgestone Arena would point me towards the rafters high above the capacity crowd to find Alpha. Here was this untamed barbarian who'd just made the single greatest wrestler in the world *TAP OUT* for the first time in his career! Almost an hour after his match, he still seemed spent. But focused.

Seated high above an unsuspecting crowd, still shirtless, still sweaty, still exhausted, Corvo Alpha spots the approaching Trutt. He regards him for a moment before turning his attention back far down to the ring in tacit acceptance.

Trutt cautiously approaches and silently sits down just out of Corvo's reach. He nervously looks down and is quickly entranced by the view, by this perspective over the action. Time passes.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

We sat together, suspended above the action, for just over an hour. He never spoke a word. Neither of us did. Me and this monster. When the night's Main Event was just beginning to be introduced–

We see Alpha suddenly lurch to his feet, a scowl painted across his face like a mask.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

–it was clear that we weren't going to see how the Southern Heritage Championship match was going to turn out together. But after such an incredible night, I couldn't help but ask...

As Alpha passes Trutt on the catwalk, the reporter calls out after him.

Chris Trutt:

What's next, Corvo?

Alpha turns.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

He didn't hesitate.

Corvo Alpha:

Back.

He cast a glance down to the ring, "*Stranger Fruit*" wailing.

Corvo Alpha:

To the beginning.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

I didn't know what he meant. Not until–

We cut to footage dated **August 9, 2023, DEFtv 190; Portland, Oregon.**

Keyes rages in the ring. Alpha looms above him, from the skybox balcony.

We cut to footage dated **January 22, 2022, DEFIANCE Road 2022; NOLA, LA. Night Two.**

Alpha doesn't look down...instead, with zero hesitation, he grabs Keyes in a chinlock and charges forward – a running bulldog off of the balcony. The capacity crowd holds its collective breath, a gasp felt at home. Seconds feel like hours as they plummet. Stretched out in slow-motion.

We cut to footage dated **August 9, 2023, DEFtv 190; Portland, Oregon.**

A blood-red finger unfurls, pointing down towards the ring. Towards the Southern Heritage Champion.

We cut to footage dated **July 19, 2023, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE; Nashville, TN. Night One.**

From the catwalk, Alpha glances down at the entrance of "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, a shadow cast across his ugly face.

Corvo Alpha:

Back to the beginning.

We cut to footage dated **January 22, 2022, DEFIANCE Road 2022; NOLA, LA. Night Two.**

The horrific impact.

We cut to where we began, a red DEFIANCE Wrestling backdrop.

Chris Trutt:

To speculate on just what drives a troubled and complicated soul like Corvo Alpha would be silly. But would it be a leap to consider that, now that he's free from Lord Nigel, Alpha might seek to right what he perceives as the wrongs he committed along the way?

Over Trutt's shoulder, a split-box; Plucky Airship Pirate Keyes on the left, Dreadnought Kraken on the right.

Chris Trutt:

Would it be a leap from a proverbial skybox balcony to think that, maybe Corvo Alpha... the man we call "monster"... seeks to destroy the "monster" he feels he MADE? Remember; it was a fireball from Alvaro de Vargas and Alpha taking Keyes off of that balcony that arguably led to the creation of the dark Kraken. Could it be?

The still of the two Keyes' shifts back to the initial still shot of Alpha.

Chris Trutt:

Hey... maybe I'll do something crazy and *ask* him.

The jazz sparks up again, the "TRUTT: ON THE BEAT" logo hits, and we fade out.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. JESTAL

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got the very definition of a David vs. Goliath match when Titanes Familia's Uriel Cortez goes one-on-one with BFTA member... Jestal!

Lance:

He interrupted Titanes Familia's celebration two weeks ago after Dan Leo James scored a singles win to formally introduce his new muscle, The Devil's Circus of Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i. Is there some kind of game Tom Morrow is playing?

DDK:

There's always an angle with Morrow. Always. He challenged a member of Titanes Familia to meet a member of the Devil's Circus. Uriel Cortez took the challenge and I would have assumed he'd choose Big Kahuna Ali'i to fight fire with fire... but he picked Jestal instead! Nevertheless... Jestal is a former Tag Team Champion as well and while he gives up height, he's got power of his own!

Lance:

Indeed he does and with Tom Morrow behind him, he's always got a plan. Let's get to the next match right now!

To Darren Quimbey we go for the introductions of the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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 2023 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. And after the credits roll...

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

Out from the back, Titaness enters on one side in a sleeveless Titanes Familia t-shirt, jeans and heels. On the other side, "Memaw Titan" Carolina Cortez. And in the center... the TOWERING figure of...

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Titaness and Memaw Titan... from The City of Industry, standing at SEVEN-FOOT TWO and weighing 340 pounds... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

With his wife and mother at either side, Uriel dabs fists with both of them before the head towards the ring. The Titan of Industry nods and then pulls himself up by grabbing the ropes. He looks out to The Faithful, then gets a big response as he steps over the ropes and into the ring. Uriel stretches and waits for the arrival of the BFTA members tasked with dealing with the Familia.

No music plays, the only thing you hear is Tom Morrow lovely voice that no one wants to hear. The Familia try to find where his voice is coming from cause it is not from the entranceway. Finally Titaness notices them in section 5, walking down Hell's Mouth of Faithful who would love to get their hands on Tom Morrow. Fortunately for him he is surrounded by security.

Tom Morrow:

That's right! Tonight, I'm gonna break you down, Uriel! I'm going to break you down bit by bit and I've got just the guy to do it! Weighing in at 260 pounds and tall enough to kick YOUR ass... The Mad Prince! The Jester of Jesters...

JESTAL!

Jestal has his ring gear on with a parka coat vest with white fur hood, and what he has been seen with for months now a green towel covering his face. Ali'i much like Morrow is dressed in a business suit only he has black shades on.

While Morrow talks shit to the Faithful as they make their way through the crowd. Finally reaching the barricade Jestal hops over followed by his entourage. The Jester of Jesters pulls the towel over his head off and tosses it to reveal that clown like makeup on his face. He removes his jacket and walks up the steps and enters the ring. While the rest of his entourage arrive ringside.

DING DING

Jestal charges forward...

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

He lands five nasty chops to the chest of Uriel Cortez. However, there appears to be a problem for the Jester of Jesters... mainly, they only seem to making Cortez more angry. Jestal looks up and grimaces as Uriel rears back...

But Jestal moves before Uriel can land his own! Cortez growls as Jestal rolls away!

DDK:

Jestal is a very capable wrestler in that ring and he's chopped down some of the biggest men in DEFIANCE down to size... but why would Jestal want this match with an already-annoyed Uriel Cortez?

Lance:

If there's a plan, I haven't seen it yet.

Jestal gets up and then tries to pick the leg of The Titan of Industry, only to slam his knee down with The Mad Prince's face on top of it! He stumbles back until Cortez charges forward...

THWACK!

The entire arena CRINGES in collective pain for Jestal as he takes the chop and crumbles through the ropes and out to the floor! Big Kahuna Ali'i watches angrily alongside Tom Morrow while Titaness and Memaw Titan watch the action and cheer Cortez on!

Lance:

Those chops are so brutal! Just one and Jestal might need a change of underwear!

Jestal stands up and holds his chest. Uriel brushes past Brian Slater and then steps over the ropes again to leap out on the floor. Jestal looks around, then hides behind Titaness! She turns around when Jestal tries to give her a shove! Brian Slater doesn't see that, but he does see Titaness shove back instinctively and knocking him back to the floor! When Slater sees that...

Brian Slater:

HEY! TITANESS! YOU'RE OUTTA HERE!

The Show of Force snaps up and when she realizes what's happened, she points down at Jestal! But since she's not a competitor in the match, the crowd is JEERING when he orders Titaness to the back!

DDK:

Wait... was THAT the plan? Get under their skin? Brian Slater didn't see Jestal shove her, but Titaness put her hands on a competitor! She's out!

Lance:

I wouldn't put ANY of this past Tom Morrow and BFTA!

Morrow and Ali'i both wave goodbye to Titaness. Uriel tells her to go and that he'll deal with things as she heads back up the ramp, staring a hole through Morrow so intense that he would burst into flames if it kept on going. Jestal picks himself up off the mat and grins to himself as he waves goodbye to Titaness, but the smile goes away from his face when Cortez spins him around...

THWACK!

And ANOTHER huge chop to the chest from Uriel drops Jestal to the ringside floor! That gets a cheer from the Faithful as Memaw Cortez cheers on her son from the other side of the ring!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez still has some support at ringside! And even if they get rid of Titaness at ringside, Uriel is still more than a match for Jestal!

The big man presses Jestal over his head and THROWS the Jester of Jesters through the ropes! Morrow screams at Slater that he's doing a horrible job officiating. Uriel tells him to shut up and then steps over the ropes. But before he can get his other leg over, Big Kahuna Ali'i takes the opening to strike by clipping the leg with a big kick! The massive monsters moves out of the way as Uriel trips to the mat!

DDK:

There's only so much one official can see, but Slater needs to have Morrow and Ali'i removed!

Cortez is on the mat and that gives Jestal the chance to use all his weight. He throws himself at the seated Uriel with a cannonball-like move that knocks him down to the mat! Jestal then grins as he climbs to the nearby middle rope, then leaps off to connect with a huge second rope senton!

DDK:

Jestal scores with those big senton variations! Now a cover!

He puts all his weight into a lateral press!

ONE!

TW... NO!

The Titan of Industry POWERS out and almost throws Jestal to the outside! He barely catches himself on the ropes, but he waits as Uriel tries to stand, only to catch him with a basement dropkick right to the back of the same leg clipped by Ali'i moments ago!

Lance:

That's a good way to try and overcome the size disparity! Attack the leg!

DDK:

And he's doing just that! He hits another senton, this time on the leg of Uriel! Now he's got that modified calf crusher on the leg!

Jestal tries to hold on for all his might on the leg, trying to pull the leg back! Cortez shouts out and then uses his size to take advantage. He starts to go for the rope, but then he changes his mind and then GRABS Jestal by the throat, then SMACKS his head back to the canvas, then CRUSHES his chest with another big chop!

DDK:

The Titan of Industry too big for the submission... now Jestal retreating again! But Cortez is right on his trail!

Memaw Titan yells at Cortez to get him! The Faithful cheer the big man as he rolls out of the ring and then hobbles after Jestal on one good leg. Jestal ducks underneath the ring looking for something, but after a few seconds, doesn't appear to find it. He disappears completely under the ring as Brian Slater starts counting!

Lance:

What's Jestal even doing? He can hide, but Uriel's going to find him.

Cortez goes to search for him under the ring, but Jestal comes out the other side... and he's got a familiar weapon in hand...

DDK:

Wait! Clucky! I... can't believe I'm calling this, but Clucky! He's used that loaded weapon in the past...

Lance:

Oh, no, look!

Memaw Titan turns as Uriel gets up and sees what's happening! He rushes towards Jestal...

SMACK!

...WHO ATTACKS MEMAW TITAN WITH THE WEAPON!

DDK:

NO! What did Jestal just do!

Uriel's eyes grow wide as Jestal realizes what he's done, then has to choose between checking on his mother, or going after Jestal... He looks down to check on her just as Brian Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

DDK:

WHAT...WAIT! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

Lance:

I THINK... I THINK URIEL CORTEZ JUST GOT COUNTED OUT!

♪ "Welcome to the Circus" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Jestal holds up Clucky and grins from ear to ear as he raises his bizarre signature weapon in the air!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a countout... **JESTAL!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

When Uriel finally realizes what's happened, he SEETHES and charges into the ring, but by the time he finally gets there, Ali'i has pulled Jestal out of the ring! Tom Morrow tells his muscles that they need to go. Ali'i wants to stay and fight, but listens to his employer. A distraught Cortez goes back to check on Memaw Titan.

Lance:

MORROW WAS COUNTING ON THIS! HE FOUND AN OPENING AND JESTAL ATTACKED URIEL CORTEZ'S MOTHER!

Trainers and medical staff arrive at ringside to check on Carolina Cortez, but Uriel doesn't take his eyes off Brian Slater of all people. He angrily climbs into the ring to stare down the largest referee in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

What.. what is he doing?

The TDC music cuts off quickly, Cortez gets in his face and yells at Slater that this was all his fault. Slater shakes his head and tells him that he's sorry for what happened.

Uriel Cortez:

YOU THREW MY WIFE OUT! SHE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING BUT DEFEND HERSELF! SHE COULD HAVE STOPPED THIS!

Brian Slater:

SHE PUT HER HANDS ON AN COMPETITOR IN A MATCH SHE WANS'T IN! I WAS DOING MY JOB!

Slater goes nose to nose with the larger Cortez, who starts to back down...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Then CHOPS Slater so hard, he falls to the mat!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez has lost it!

DDK:

Don't do this! Don't do this!

The Devils Circus looks on from the rampway only Jestal and Morrow are laughing, Ali'i has a stone cold glare into the ring. Uriel grabs Slater as the crowd gives a decidedly mixed reaction... then POWERBOMBS him into the mat!

DDK:

COME ON! URIEL! THAT'S GONNA BE A SUSPENSION! IT HAS TO BE!

Lance:

His mother just got attacked at ringside by Jestal and Cortez has just lost it! These two are relishing in Uriel going berserk here.

Jestal kisses Morrow on the side of the head. Tom is so jubilant. The TDC back away leaving Uriel to his own devices. The Titan of Industry's rage explodes as he looks out to the crowd. He climbs out of the ring and then points at the trainers, barking out orders to the group surrounding Ms. Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

HELP HER! HELP HER NOW! GET HER UP AND GET HER OUT OF HERE! GET HER TO IRIS NOW!

DDK:

Jestal wins this match by countout, but Uriel... he's gone off the deep end! I'm sorry for what happened, but you DO NOT put your hands on our officials!

Lance:

Definitely do not condone his actions here, but to a fault... this is despicable. Morrow knew what he was doing here tonight. Got Titaness thrown out of ringside and that left an opening for Jestal to strike!

The crowd is mixed with jeers as Uriel walks alongside his mother and medical staff, still yelling out orders as the tense scene closes out.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

THE OUTS

After the commercial break, Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner are at the commentary booth.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv and if you're just joining us, we saw Uriel Cortez lose a match to Jestal via countout. But the thing we want to cover is the attack by Jestal on Cortez's mother, Carolina Cortez at ringside.

Replays show Jestal attacking the mother figure of Titanes Familia aka Memaw Titan just before Cortez getting counted out.

Lance:

But we also have to cover what happened after the match. Uriel Cortez was not happy with the call that our official, Brian Slater, made regarding Titaness being thrown at ringside. It was clear this was Jestal's plan in the moment to get Uriel's wife barred from ringside.

Another replay of Uriel CHOPPING Brian Slater across the chest, followed by delivering his jackknife powerbomb called the 218!

DDK:

Because of this, security has ejected Uriel Cortez from the building. A formal punishment has not been lobbied against Cortez as of now, but we have to imagine a fine or a possible suspension could take place.

Lance:

DEFIANCE has fostered an environment where our staff should be allowed to come to work without worrying fear for their safety, but tonight, despite what happened to his mother, Uriel Cortez crossed a line.

DDK:

And... I guess we're going backstage now. We've got a camera on Titaness and Dan Leo James. James wasn't at ringside due to his match earlier in the evening with Henry Keyes for the Southern Heritage Title.

The camera cuts backstage where a sore Dan Leo James is icing his face, courtesy of the Coins that he'd taken from Henry Keyes earlier in the evening. Titaness is standing in front of Wyatt Bronson and shouting at the head of security.

Titaness:

That wasn't Uri's fault! Nobody's throwing Tom Morrow's punk ass out of the building! Nobody's throwing Jestal out of the building!

Dan Leo James:

You gotta let Giant Dad come back!

Wyatt Bronson shakes his head.

Wyatt Bronson:

Not my call. Soon as brass heard what Cortez did, he got the boot. Iris says you can go to medical and check on Ms. Cortez, but Uriel ain't allowed back tonight.

He sighs.

Wyatt Bronson:

Sorry.

Titaness:

Sorry doesn't mean dick, Wyatt.

The head of security sighs then walks off, leaving Titaness and Dan Leo James alone. Titaness kicks a production crate out of anger and when Dan wonders what he should do, the YoungTitan kicks it along with it her and knocks its contents all over the backstage floor! He jumps back, not knowing his own strength and apologizes to an unnamed member of DEFSec who just watched him kick it over.

Dan Leo James:

Uh... sorry, sorry! Little family solidarity there!

He walks off and the wife of Uriel Cortez punches the wall in frustration.

Titaness: *[sighing]*

Let's... let's go check on Carolina.

Dan Leo James:

Yeah... we're coming, Memaw Titan.

The two Titanes Familia members walk off as the camera cuts to the locker room.

THE MASSACRE OF TERI MELTON

DDK:

Last week at Uncut, we saw JJ Dixon defeat Brayden “Dubya” Leverington in a dramatic “Best of 2” match in the latest chapter of the intense rivalry between Your Uncut Gems and The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey, with the winning side getting the rights to the wedding cake originally intended for the infamously failed wedding ceremony of JJ and Caitlyn Kinsey!

The Estate members stand arrogantly in front of the wedding cake.

Lance: [V/O]

Dubya had control over most of the match, as he becomes increasingly dangerous and especially crafty —

There’s a clip of Leverington taking a 1-0 lead via an eye poke to JJ into TheGemBreaker, followed by him hitting JJ with a chair for a pinfall leading into a second via his PayStub spinning double arm DDT —

Lance: [V/O]

But the ever resilient JJ Dixon, fueled by the Uncut audience that has made him a cult hero this past year, managed to stay in the battle using his ungodly athleticism —

JJ ties it up 3-3 by sitting up from a giant swing into a DDT into a Mouse Trap pinfall —

Lance: [V/O]

Before winning the match with a move from the ages dubbed “The Portland Plunge” —

JJ hits a Sunset Boulevard (full-Nelson face first leg sweep) from the top turnbuckle through the announcer’s table.

Then JJ beats Benny Doyle’s count to take a 4-3 lead, before Dubya can’t beat the second ten count to give JJ the 5-3 win and the blinking scoreboard reading “GEMS WIN!”

Lance: [V/O]

And after winning one of the best matches we have ever seen on Uncut, JJ ent to celebrate with his jubilant friends led by Teri Melton, who gained some measure of revenge in their blood feud against The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey.

JJ does a MLB walk-off celebration with the Gems slapping his head --

Lance: [V/O]

While having their cake and eating it, too!

The Estate members flop around in the remnants of the cake while The Gems gloat over them, while Teri Melton scoops some icing off of Tabitha Kinsey’s face with her finger before tasting it, and leading the crowd in screaming —

Teri Melton (w/ crowd):

Teri Melton! Is Ready! For Her Closeup!

Lance:

Teri Melton and the insurgent Your Uncut Gems are absolutely not shy about bragging about their accomplishments — and they are coming out next to celebrate!

♪ “In The Air Tonight” by Phil Collins ♪

The lights go out. Silver specs line each seat. Many rows of fans hold up cellphone lights to add to the scene. They buzz. The spotlight hits the stage. Then the fans roar.

The Gems are not there.

There is the sound of chaos.

The camera shows The Gems dressing room. Cristiano Caballero stands over Raiden. He presses down on a 2X4 placed on Raiden's throat. Caitlyn Kinsey smirks like a predator catching prey. She holds a dented steel chair with JJ laid on his back. Dubya leans over the face down JP Reeves. Leverington clicks handcuffs around The StarChild's wrists.

The camera pulls back. All three Gems are handcuffed and sprawled on the floor. Raiden moans in pain. JJ and Reeves remain silent. Blood rushes from the foreheads of the trio. It's a Law and Order: Special Victims Unit crime scene.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Ready, boys?

Dubya Leverington: *[smirks]*

Nah, just let me have one more...

Dubya's eyes open wide. He holds up a silver fork. He grabs the defenseless Reeves by his hair and rakes the fork across JP's already bloodied scalps. Leverington finally stops. He grips Reeves's hair tight. He then slams his skull onto the floor.

The camera pans right. Tabitha Kinsey flashes her proud matriarch smile. She holds Teri Melton's mouth closed with her right hand. Her left arm snakes around Teri's body. Teri tosses her body around trying to break free. She can't, but does not stop trying.

A shaking Aurora Kinsey stands next to them. She holds a very large leather Louis Vutton bag. Aurora's eyes bulge and well as she looks at the torture before her.

Tabitha Kinsey:

I'm so glad you got to watch that, Teri. But don't worry. There's still more to come. You want to have your cake? Want to laugh at us? Well, we're having our just deserts for all the trouble you've made!

Tabitha pushes Teri to the floor. Teri, with her Silver Vixen flapper curls and silver-on-silver gown, gets back up. She tries to throw a right-handed punch. Dubya grabs her arm from behind. He then clutches her hair with a balled up fist, wrenching Teri's head back. Cristiano's chuckle echoes with menace. He shuts the dressing room door, pulls out a key and locks it.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

How's this for Teri's walk-and-talk, Minneapolis? Huh? Oh, why aren't you cheering? Still too busy putting Mountain Dew in your baby's formula bottles? You people disgust me.

Boo!!!!!!

The Estate emerges from under the DEFiatron. Dubya and Cristiano toss Teri to the floor. Caballero laughs arrogantly. He places his foot against Teri's rear and shoves her rudely to the floor. Leverington again snatches Teri by her silver curls before pinning the woman's arms behind her back. Teri continues her struggle.

Tabitha slowly paces forward with her Nancy Pelosi/Margaret Thatcher smile. She holds Teri by her chin. Next, she cracks Teri's face with the back of her hand. A red bruise quickly forms on Teri's cheek, along with venom in her eyes.

Tabitha Kinsey:

That gown looks so ladylike, Teri! But a woman of your gutter status doesn't deserve to wear such a thing, does she?

Caitlyn snatches the leather bag from her mother. Aurora turns her head from the scene. Caitlyn reaches into the bag.

She smiles widely and pulls out a pair of scissors. Caitlyn holds the shears high in the air. The captive Teri thrashes a kick at Caitlyn. Caitlyn punches Teri in the stomach with brutal efficiency.

DDK:

Caitlyn's starting to cut at Teri's gown! She's cutting Teri's gown!

All of the perpetrators enjoy themselves, besides Aurora. Caitlyn cuts the left strap of the exquisite gown. She rips the fabric further. This exposes Teri's left bosom, only covered by her black bra.

The Minneapolis crowd has been raucous all night. It's still loud, but there's no unity in what the crowd is saying -- a lot of screams, people imploring The Estate to stop as well as curse words. A woman in the crowd has her mouth dropped wide open in shock.

Caitlyn cuts holes randomly on the stomach of the dress. She shreds the fabric further. This exposes much of Teri's midriff. Teri is still trying to gather air in her lungs from Caitlyn's punch, unable to defend herself but with no resignation in her eyes.

Tabitha Kinsey:

That's more fitting of a harlot like you, Teri! But, still, let's reveal more! After all, you never did mind showing people what's under the hood, right, dear?

Caitlyn starts to cut, rip and tear at the bottom part of the gown. She aims very high up Teri's thighs. Teri is screaming at Caitlyn, weakly kicking, as the knocked out wind has not quite returned. Caitlyn turns to the crowd and points to her work.

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Human Garbage (Clap Clap Clap Clap)

Lance:

This is one of the most repulsive things I have ever seen! I apologize to everyone watching at home!

DDK:

This could get us kicked off the air! They need to stop this right now!

Caitlyn tosses the remnants of the gown inside. She steps to the side. Only a few strands of silver drape down. This allows the world to see much of Teri's black panties. Teri sneers as Tabitha laughs. Cristiano toys with some of the shreds of the gown near Teri's pelvis.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

We have to pretty her up some more. Don't you think, Grandma?

Tabitha nods. Dubya forces Teri to her knees. Cristiano tugs at her famous silver hair as he whispers something in her hair. Caitlyn lords over her and begins.

DDK:

No! Caitlyn's cutting parts of Teri's hair! Caitlyn's cutting some of Teri's hair! Why? Why?

Lance:

Teri has an enormous amount of swagger and self-confidence! They're literally trying to strip this away from her tonight!

Caitlyn cuts away at the middle of Teri's bangs. Then she cuts a few random clumps. She holds a clump high in the air, laughs, and drops it to the floor.

The arena's sound of silence is deafening.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Oh, Caitlyn, Lovey! Let someone with some more experience help with the new hairdo!

Tabitha reaches into the bag. She reveals an electric clipper. Caitlyn graciously steps aside. Tabitha sneers as she roughly buzzes away. Tabitha moves to the side. Aurora still cannot bare to watch. The crowd is furious.

Die Kinseys Die!

Die Kinseys Die!

Die Kinseys Die!

Die Kinseys Die!

Die Kinseys Die!

Die Kinseys Die!

Tabitha steps aside and shows the world their work — Teri is left with random clumps of silver hair on her head. It's a lawnmower job. Teri's eyes are screaming with rage. As are the indecipherable words coming from her mouth.

DDK:

They're putting Teri Melton through hell!

Caitlyn Kinsey:

She's still not ready for her closeup, Grandma!

Tabitha pulls out Elmer's Glue from the bag. She smears it on the left side of Teri's cheek. Caitlyn grabs a clump of hair from the floor. She mockingly struts as the crowd continues its assault of curse words and threats.

Slap!

Caitlyn slaps the clump of hair across Teri's cheek. It looks like a Hobo's beard on that side of her face, made worse as Teri tries to twist her head away from their torment.

Tabitha then shows the audience big, bright, red lipstick. She hands it to her granddaughter. Caitlyn cups Teri's chin. Dubya grips one of the few clumps left on her scalp. Caitlyn draws randomly on her porcelain face. The Estate members point and laugh at Teri. Aurora has her back turned.

Tabitha grabs a mirror from the bag. Caitlyn begins to scribble on Teri's forehead. Teri tries again to break free. She remains trapped as she screams not for help but for future revenge.

DDK:

Now Caitlyn is writing something on Teri's forehead with that lipstick.

Lance:

If this could not be sick enough!

Dubya and Cristiano wrench Teri's head up. They force her to look into the mirror Tabitha holds. The Matriarch steps to the side and presents Teri to the world like Vana White showcasing a vowel.

Her clothes stripped, her hair in tatters, her face defiled, and on Teri's forehead in bright red letters are the letters:

W H O R E

The crowd boos The Estate to Holy Hell, who have the time of their lives.

Not Aurora, who weeps.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Teri, admit to the world what I've known for decades. Admit that you're a whore and this whole thing ends! Say it, Teri! Say that you're a whore and this war ends! Say it now!

Teri looks directly at Tabitha. She then spits into her face. Teri then turns to Caitlyn and spits in Caitlyn's eye. Teri is the look of defiance, even in her degraded state. The crowd erupts.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Lance:

A huge reason why Teri Melton rose to stardom is because of her brashness! She is one of the most strong-willed women I have ever met, and she refuses to let them break her!

Caitlyn wipes the spit off her face and laughs. She holds up the chair that was on her feet. She looks to Tabitha hoping for approval. Her grandmother has not given it yet.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Fine. We'll end this our way, then. I'm going to send you back into the arms of your son. And I don't mean your fake son, JJ. I mean Jude, the one who died when he was one-years-old because you didn't love him enough!

DDK:

That is so uncalled for! That awful tragedy that happened to Teri and her then-husband Zoltan absolutely devastated them!

Teri's eyes bulge with tears. But she still defies.

She yells for the entire arena to hear —

Teri Melton:

You'd better murder me! You'd better murder me for what you said! You'd better murder me or else!

Teri means it.

Caitlyn smiles oh-so-widely. She grips the chair and hits it on the floor.

Clank

Clank

Clank

Caitlyn holds the chair over her head. But right before she swings, Aurora Kinsey, her eyes flowing with tears, steps before her daughter.

The crowd roars at someone standing up to Caitlyn — especially her mother, who has spent the past few weeks gaslit into obedience.

Aurora Kinsey:

Enough! Enough, Caitlyn! You're a monster! This is not who you are! This is not who I raised! Enough!

Aurora leans over Teri, who has fallen to the floor in mental exhaustion. Her back to to Caitlyn, Tabitha and the rest of the state. Caitlyn holds the chair at her side.

It appears over.

But only for one second.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

You're right, Mom! I've had enough... OF YOU!

Caitlyn swings the chair like a baseball bat, directly into the side of her mother's skull.

Crack!

Aurora collapses to the floor. Lifeless may not be an exaggeration.

Teri pops to her knees, next to Aurora's face. She points at The Estate and finally asks for mercy — not for herself, but for Aurora, who she has had animosity with for years.

Teri Melton:

PLEASE! PLEASE! STOP! PLEASE! JUST STOP ALREADY!

Teri frantically waves for help, and starts crying at Aurora's sacrifice.

Caitlyn drops the chair. She starts trembling. Her mouth drops in shock as she realizes what she did to her own mother. Dubya and Cristiano both come to her side. They look at the madness, with their eyes shook as they comprehend their joint complicity,

Tabitha also shakes. Caitlyn sobs and leans her tears into her grandmother's shoulder. Tabitha just stares empty at the wreckage on the floor at their feet.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Caitlyn... Caitlyn... what did you just do? What did you just do?

A male fan stands with his hands over his mouth. An adult woman is crying with her kids standing next to her. Most of the audience stands hushed. They struggle to comprehend what they witnessed — even as they just witnessed it.

DEFMed floods the scene. They have a backboard, a neckbrace and an oxygen mask.

Medic:

She's breathing and her pulse is strong. But we have to get her to the ICU. Stat!

DEFSec floods the scene. They surround The Estate. This is not to prevent Caitlyn Kinsey, Tabitha Kinsey and The Company Men from enacting more chaos. It is to protect them.

Fans standing near them do not chant. They are leaning over the ring railing and point and scream with vitriol and bloodlust:

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Popcorn and various liquids get dropped on them from above. A fan whips a cup of soda directly into Caitlyn's face. A beer comes towards Dubya. Coins are thrown their way, too.

The Estate members are too numb to respond. They have their heads down for their own safety as DEFSec forces them out.

Lance:

This was quite possibly the lowest thing I have ever seen in all of the years of my life. Not just in this industry, where sordid things happen regularly. But in all of the years of my life. These past few minutes have been absolutely vile. I never want to see The Estate again! They do not deserve to be in DEFIANCE! Not after what they just did here tonight!

DEFMed loads Aurora onto the back of the on-site ambulance. Teri Melton — even with her hair mangled, her gown now rags, and that grotesque slur scrawled across her forehead — gets in the back to ride with Aurora to the hospital.

DEFMed shuts the door. A medic bangs on it twice. The siren blares and the ambulance drives away.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

FLYER ON THE HUNT

We cut back from the commercial to the DEFtv broadcast.

Backstage, High Flyer IV marches down a corridor with determination in his eyes. The camera follows him closely as he navigates his way through the maze of equipment cases and DEF personnel, searching for his target.

High Flyer IV: *[muttering to himself]*

Where is that son of a bit ... ?

High Flyer IV's eyes dart around the backstage area, searching for any sign of "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio or Los Caidos. Suddenly, Vacio appears from around a corner.

High Flyer IV:

You lazy piece of shit!

High Flyer IV quickens his pace, closing in on Victor Vacio, who quickly becomes aware of his peruser but remains unfazed.

High Flyer IV:

This isn't racist. You're just a walking negative ster-

From out of nowhere, Los Caidos pounce on High Flyer IV.

High Flyer IV:

-type!?

High Flyer IV fights back valiantly, using his quick reflexes to fend off Corey, Hugo, and George. Despite the odds, he manages to hold his ground for a moment, but the numbers game eventually catches up to him. The members of Los Caidos overpower High Flyer IV, delivering a series of brutal strikes and eventual stomps.

Victor Vacio remains at a distance and watches the scene unfold with a cold and detached expression. Now more everpresent than before since taking off the mask.

High Flyer IV: *[gasping for air]*

C-Can't ... even... do it... yourself...

Despite his determination, High Flyer IV's strength wanes as the beating intensifies. The members of Los Caidos show no mercy, continuing their assault with relentless fury. The arena's audience watches the backstage segment on the big screen, their reactions ranging from shock to concern.

Finally, after a prolonged and brutal beating, High Flyer IV collapses to the ground, battered and bruised. The members of Los Caidos step back, seemingly satisfied with their work, and retreat into the shadows. Victor Vacio finally steps forward, his face devoid of emotion.

Victor Vacio: *[coldly]*

... patético

Vacio turns away from the scene, leaving High Flyer IV sprawled on the cold backstage floor. As the camera pans out, the sight of High Flyer IV's broken body serves as a haunting image, a testament to the ruthless tactics of Los Caidos and the enigmatic nature of "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio. There also seems to be a figure in the far distance, but this person's image isn't fully visible.

The scene cuts to the commentary team at ringside, who are left to contemplate the shocking turn of events.

DDK:

Folks, that was a brutal attack! High Flyer IV may have been looking for Victor Vacio, but he found Los Caidos instead!

Lance:

Absolutely, and as we speculated last DEFtv, this thing between Vacio and HFIV is far from over!

DDK:

We'll have to wait and see, but one thing's for sure - the landscape of this rivalry has just taken a dark and dangerous turn.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. DAVID FOX

♪ "Slum Planet" by 3TEETH ♪

*TASTE THE WASTE OF OUR NEON DISGRACE
DEFORMED CHILDREN MADE FROM CORPORATE GOD'S GRACE
BETTER WEAR A MASK 'CAUSE THE AIR MELTS YOUR FACE
NO ONE WINS IN THIS HUMAN RACE*

The Faithful are on their feet, curious as to whose theme song this belongs to.

Several seconds go by when all of a sudden...

**YOUR NIGHTMARE,
AP**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Two words, followed by two letters, written in signature style, appear on the DEFIATron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete that slices through the bottom of the screen with a violent effect. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, starts making his way out from behind the curtains just as the drums start to beat faster and heavier.

YOU CAN'T TELL ME HOW TO LIVE ON MY SLUM PLANET

*MY TRASH, HATE AND LIES
PILED AS HIGH AS I LIKE
SO WELCOME TO MY SLUM PLANET*

*I DON'T CARE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE
AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO BUY
SO WELCOME TO MY SLUM PLANET*

DDK:

Oh hell.

Lance:

Looks like someone got new theeeeeeme muuuuusisic.

DDK:

He's still a jackhole.

Lance:

KEEBS! I agree... but I mean, wow. I didn't think I'd hear you utter that word on live TV! Like EVER!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... from Under The Midnight Sun... weighing in at 225lbs...he is DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare... ARTHURRRRRRR... PLLLEEEAAASAAAAAANT!!!

Slithering under the bottom rope, Pleasant gets to a single knee in the center of the ring where his eyes peer behind a wealth of long, wet, jet black hair.

Thump... clap

Thumpthumpclap

Thump... clap

Thumpthump-zooooooooom

♪ "Same Ol" by The Heavy ♪

Minneapolis comes alive as those triumphant strings reverberate through the arena, heralding the arrival of the Soul Survivor.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... Daaaaaaaaavid FOX!

The longtime DEFIANT tags hands along the way, but doesn't take his gaze away from Pleasant.

DDK:

David Fox has been on a real tear as of late, with a big win at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and with Acts of DEFIANCE coming to his area in Philadelphia this fall, he surely will want to build even more momentum as he marches towards his hometown!

The veteran confidently saunters into the ring, casually walking backwards to his corner without losing his focus on his opponent.

DING DING

As soon as the bell sounds, something utterly unexpected happens.

David Fox slaps the taste out of Arthur Pleasant's mouth.

DDK:

WHAT THE-

Lance:

-OH MY GOD! IS HE INSANE?!

Pleasant's eyes are wide and, despite having an unbelievable pain tolerance, are watery. The Faithful pop hard for Fox's fearless chutzpah.

Then Fox does it AGAIN.

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

Fox goes for a THIRD slap when Pleasant finally dodges it and runs into the ropes.

Flying off of the ropes with a foot extended, DEFIANCE's Nightmare goes for his single-leg shotgun dropkick...

DDK:

Provocation!

Lance:

No!

Fox capitalizes on dodging the Provocation by flipping forward into a somersault senton just as Pleasant lands flat on his back. Pleasant is rocked! Fox is already up to his feet with lightning speed, and Pleasant... is rolling out of the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Fox stares with contempt at Pleasant, before making a mad dash to the opposite side of the ring and rebounding with a slide under the ropes...

Ka-THUNK!

...with a baseball slide feet-first into Pleasant's jaw, which LAUNCHES him into the guardrail! Fox raises his arms and lets out a primal scream as the Faithful cheer him on, before he rushes in and plants a boot on the side of Pleasant's head, then grabs him and rolls him back into the ring. Fox follows suit, covering Pleasant for the pin!

ONE!

Pleasant quickly pushes Fox away and gets to his feet, and lands a wild kick to Fox's abdomen, doubling him over! With Fox doubled over, Pleasant positions him between his legs for a piledriver— then he lifts him up and SNAPS back down in one smooth motion!

DDK:

Snap Piledriver! Holy moly!

Lance:

Fox looks like he's out after that one!

Pleasant, with a smirk as wide as a city skyline, makes a lateral press for a cove..

ONE!

TWO!

THR- Fox gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

That was a close one. I thought for sure that was gonna be it for David Fox.

Lance:

Me too. Arthur spiked him right on his head!

Fox holds his neck now as Pleasant looks to be in complete control at this point. Guiding Fox to his feet, Pleasant returns the favor from earlier in the contest and SLAPS Fox hard across the face! Then he does it again! And AGAIN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Pleasant knees Fox in the gut and pushes him down to his knees. With the crowd fervently against him, Arthur leans back into the ropes that Fox is facing. Using the slight recoil of the taut ropes, Pleasant dashes forward and nails a shining wizard that all but decapitates David!

DDK:

Oh MY! What a shining wizard!

Lance:

He's not done Keebs. If I remember correctly he-

Before Lance can even finish his sentence, Pleasant is back up and holding Fox back up to his knees once again. With David practically out, Arthur retreats into the ropes behind them both. Doing the same thing he just did to the front of Fox, he uses the slight recoil to come off and SMASH David in the back of the head with another shining wizard!

Lance:

Ah. Yep. I knew it. The second shining wizard complete his signature 'Friends Till The End' move.

DDK:

This is academic.

Shields is there for the count as the crowd quietens significantly.

ONE.

TWO

THREE.

NO!!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

YEAH!

The crowd amassed a giant pop that generated a chant soon after.

LET's GO DAVID!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap!

LET's GO DAVID!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap!

DDK:

I don't know HOW the heck David Fox kicked out of back-to-back shining wizards, but it's amazing that he did! What resilience!

Nodding in approval over Fox's resilience, Arthur brings David to his feet and delivers a knife-edge chop. This awakens something in Fox, though, as he returns a knife-edge chop of his own!

Arthur and Fox eye each other up.

DDK:

CHOP!!

Lance:

BATTLE!!

Arthur with a chop that reddens Fox's chest.

Fox returns fire!

Arthur chops back!

Finally, Fox chops so hard Arthur reels a bit... but manages to rise above the pain and deliver a scintillating chop that causes Fox to bowl over. Gritting his teeth, Fox fires back even harder, and this time it's Arthur who doubles over.. and just as he does this, Fox stands Pleasant up straight and delivers a crushing discus throat thrust!

DDK:

TORNADO FANG!

Lance:

INTO THE BACKSLIDE!

Sure enough, just as Arthur turns around, Fox grabs Pleasant's arms for a backslide pinning combination!

Shields is there!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Once again, Arthur kicks out!

DDK:

David Fox looks flabbergasted that Arthur was able to kick out of that.

Fox pounds his fist onto the mat, showing clear signs of frustration as Pleasant is already getting back to his feet. Suddenly, though, Cyrus Bates is out from the Guerilla position, slowly making his way down to the ring!

Lance:

What's Cyrus doing here?

DDK:

I'm not sure but I hope it's not to ask David to fix his walkie talkie!

All of a sudden, Fox realizes Cyrus is making his way down. This momentary distraction is all Pleasant needs to swing his leg up with a precision buzzsaw kick to the BACK of David Fox's head!

Lance:

I've never seen him hit Narcolepsy from the back of an opponent's head, let alone from a standing position!

DDK:

Fox could be out on his feet!

As if the Narcolepsy buzzsaw kick wasn't enough, Pleasant grabs an arm, swings forward into a sliced bread, but instead of falling back into a destino, he twists in mid-air to a front guillotine and GRAPEVINES David Fox!!

Lance:

Are you kidding me? Sleep Paralysis Guillotine out of a Destino?!

Fox is out. He immediately slumps to the mat just as Cyrus Bates makes his way to ringside, holding his hands up as if to say, "I didn't do that!".

Shaking Fox's arms to see if there's any response, Shields calls for the bell once he realizes there isn't.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via submission due to TKO... ARRRRTHUUUUURRRR...

PPPLLLLLEEEAAAASSSSAAAANNNT!

DDK:

And Arthur Pleasant just keeps rolling on with the wins! What is that, nine in a row now?

Lance:

I believe you're right, Keebs.

GIVE IT BACK

DDK:

A big win for Arthur, even with the aid from Search Party Cyrus-

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

The crowd comes alive as Conor Fuse marches out from the back, dressed in lime green Adidas track pants and one of his !RANK shirts.

DDK:

I wasn't expecting this, were you?

Lance:

Not at all.

From the looks of the man inside the ring, Arthur Pleasant actually appears like he expected this interruption sooner.

Conor rolls into the ring, forgoing any of his typical aerial theatrics. His theme song dies down as he stands across the squared circle, eyes locked on Arthur Pleasant.

Pleasant smiles.

The gamer's theme music comes to an end as the camera pans to show Fuse is holding a small Adidas bag in his left hand. Meanwhile, Arthur walks to the center of the ring and mouths something along the lines of "don't you have something to say?"

Finally, Conor takes a deep breath and then exhales. He marches to the center of the ring and stands eye-to-eye and nose-to-nose with Pleasant as the crowd watches on. Some of them cheer... but most remain rather quiet.

For only a moment, Fuse takes his eyes off Pleasant and reaches into his bag. He reveals the same damaged Xbox video game controller that was left in his locker room two weeks ago. There's some barbed wire across the original black wire and on the handles of the controller itself. Fuse has discarded the display box the controller came in previously, which was also heavily damaged. The case is nowhere to be seen. As Conor drops the Adidas bag and holds the controller in his hands, it's clear his left hand has already dug into a few of the barbs, because two lines of blood are running down his hand and across his forearm, creating a small pool of blood at the bottom of his elbow, dripping onto the canvas mat. Perhaps, if Conor was paying close enough attention to where the barbed wires were placed across the controller, he wouldn't have stuck his palms in them. However, it's clear he's more concerned about keeping his eyes on the man in front of him as much as humanly possible. Fuse is willing to deal with the "side effects", no matter how painful.

Pleasant hasn't stopped smiling. On the other hand, Conor looks very focused and serious.

DDK:

Do you have any idea what this could be about?

Lance:

It's about a controller. That's all I know...

DDK:

Well, I can see that. But there's way more to this story.

Lance:

I know. I was being facetious.

Pleasant's smile has started to morph into laughter while Conor's expression is only more intense. The crowd starts

getting behind Conor with a !RANK chant, but also a KNOCK HIM OUT CONOR, KNOCK HIM OUT, chant, too. There's so much going on from all sides of the arena, it's hard to keep track.

By now, Pleasant is nearly hysterical with laughter as Fuse continues to stand in front of him with the controller in his mitts.

More blood trickles down his arms. It's not a lot, but it's enough to show Fuse is likely in pain.

Pleasant is laughing so hard, he's almost as loud as the fans in the front row-

Hard stop.

Pleasant drops the laughter. His smile is gone. He solemnly stands in front of Conor Fuse...

And then meets Fuse's intensity immediately.

The two continue not to back down from each other. By now, the referee Mark Shields is long gone. (At first, Mark thought he was supposed to call another match until the timekeeper told him that Arthur Pleasant had already wrestled and that Pleasant wrestled in the match Mark JUST finished reffing.)

Fuse tosses the controller to the side. Moments after, Arthur merely pushes past Conor Fuse and exits the ring.

DDK:

I don't understand this at all.

Lance:

Well, sooner or later, we will get answers. At least we now know it was Arthur Pleasant that left the controller and the "SEE YOU SOON" note for Conor Fuse two weeks ago.

DDK:

Yes, you're right. We got some clarification here.

Pleasant walks up the rampway to a chorus of boos. He doesn't look back, either. He leaves Conor watching him... until eventually Pleasant is eventually out of sight.

Conor remains in the exact same position in the middle of the ring. DEFtv goes to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

LET'S DO THIS THING

Backstage!

Lots and lots of crowd noise!

Why?

Marching through the halls backstage like a massive house of fire is none other than “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy. He’s in special gear for tonight with gold and purple lightning on his body suit and looks ready for the competition tonight.

Jamie Sawyers:

Excuse me? Dex Joy?

Joy stops to address the DEFIANCE interviewer.

Dex Joy:

Yes’m, my guy?

Jamie Sawyers:

I was hoping I could get a word regarding your match tonight.

Joy pops his eyebrows.

Dex Joy:

Jamie Saw-yurrs, I’m in a great mood tonight. Nah I’m in a fighting mood tonight ... no, I’m in both. I’m in a *great big fighting mood* tonight, so you may ask away!

Jamie starts asking him.

Jamie Sawyers:

You’ve already had your first defense of the title against Max Luck two weeks ago in a grueling match of the giants, but tonight you’re already back into the fire. What do you say to the doubters that think that your first reign could burn out quickly if you plan on defending the FIST of DEFIANCE so frequently?

Dex shrugs at the question.

Dex Joy:

The person I took this title from ... she liked to walk these halls thinking she was better than everyone else. She thought her ish didn’t stink, but the roses really smelled like ooh-ooh-ooh if you get my drift, Jermz. She handpicked tomato cans for most of her reign and injured the ones that posed a threat before the karma that is DEXY BABY took her down a peg! That isn’t who DEFIANCE Wrestling deserves to have on top. That’s not what the people deserve. So people can question my intent all they want, See-Sawyer.

Momma Joy’s Baby Boy also shrugs and then flexes his posterior.

Dex Joy:

And those same people are invited to kiss the whitest, supplest part of Dexy Baby’s buttocks!

That gets a loud cheer out of the Minnesotans!

Dex Joy:

Tonight — and unless DEFIANCE Wrestling has different plans for me on a given night – this title is on the line and this title is going to be an even playing field for everyone here. Vae Victis, you egg-sucking dogs, you can get it. Titanes Familia, you can get it. BFTA, you can get it if you aren’t running scared after I *crushed* Max Luck through the canvas! Bring Mason next time. Anyone that wants it, they can get this title shot because this is the Era of Everyone. *Everyone*

gets a chance ...

He looks to Jamie.

Dex Joy:

And tonight ... to whoever plans on walking through that curtain. I mean that everyone can get it ... but the only thing you'll be walking out of here with is a hard L!

Jamie Sawyers:

Best of luck to you tonight!

Dex Joy:

Thanks, my friend, but save that noise for whoever walks through the curtain!

He spins around to the camera behind him.

Dex Joy:

Wrecking Crew ... let's get to it!

MIL VUELTAS vs. AARON KING

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got Mil Vuelas in action against the returning Aaron King! Mil is coming off two major wins over Alvaro de Vargas, including his most recent at Maximum DEFIANCE in a grueling Falls Count Anywhere match!

Lance:

And he's gotta be looking forward to two weeks from tonight when DEFtv is live from his home country of Mexico! The first time DEFIANCE has gone south of the border! I've heard that Mil will be in action on that show!

DDK:

That he is, but tonight, he needs to get through Aaron King. We saw King score a win last week on UNCUT against Jeff Ness, but this would be the biggest win of his career over a former two-time Unified Tag Team and Favoured Saints Champion! Let's get right to it!

To Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Here to do the introductions for Mil Vuelas... please welcome his official promoter... **THOMAS KEELING!**

The camera goes over to Thomas Keeling on the opposite end of the ring, wearing his signature silver suit. The salt-and-pepper-haired Keeling nods to the Minnesota crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you once again, Other Darren! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the new leveled-up form! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, the new luchador sensation! Red, green and white pyro spark up from the stage! Mil Vuelas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynasty of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The Ace of Space! The GIF that Keeps On Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... **JUST... LOOK... UP...**

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful! He waits for his opposition...

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

The new theme plays as lights swirl in shades of red and blue hues. Out comes Aaron King, wearing black tights with one line going down in red and another in blue, The Pensacola Playboy comes out and starts rapping to the fast-paced theme, and looks ready to fight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Pensacola, Florida, weighing in at 231 pounds... he is "**THE PENSACOLA PLAYBOY**" **AARON KING**!

The Floridian points at the camera in front of him, makes sure that his eyebrows look good and then heads to the ring. Once he gets inside, he climbs into the ring and gets ready for the action. The official of the match, Benny Doyle, calls for the bell.

DING DING

Both opponents meet up in the middle of the ring. King starts talking trash to the Ace of Space, but Mil doesn't look fazed by any of it... SLAP... but a disrespectful slap by The Pensacola Playboy does! King boots Mil in the chest and shoots him off to the ropes. He swings, but Mil loops around him and runs to the adjacent ropes! King moves around and swings again, but Vuelas moves around him a second time, then hits the ropes. A third time and Mil darts quickly to the corner.

Lance:

I'm ASTOUNDED by how quick Mil Vuelas is with his in-ring movement. Dare I say, he's even faster than when he used to be called Minute!

Mil waves mockingly at King, angering The Pensacola Playboy. He charges, only to catch a quick boot upside the chest. Mil jumps to the second rope for a crossbody, only to be caught by King in mid-air! A-a-ron tosses him upwards, but The GIF that Keeps on Giving slips behind him. King tries a back elbow, but Mil ducks. A kick whiffs as well before a boot leads to Mil going to the ropes. Instead, Mil whips to the middle rope then takes King down with a springboard arm drag!

King rolls back up to his feet and swings with a clothesline, but Mil ducks, then flips with TWO forward rolls back to a vertical base! Aaron King can't believe it, but he charges. Mil slips and he gets taken with a swift spinning kick to the gut and then SMACKED with a 540 kick upside the head! The Pensacola Playboy is knocked loopy and out to the floor!

DDK:

Good grief, what an exchange of moves! Mil Vuelas improved his striking game greatly in the past few months as well, blending kick combinations with that already insane high-flying!

The Floridian is scrambling on the mat, but things go from bad to worse when Mil STEPS UP the ropes and then flies off with an incredible "superman pose" into a somersault plancha outside!

DDK:

There's the Come-Up! Mil wipes him out! And that... that pose! His confidence has grown exponentially since going out on his own!

Lance:

Incredible movement and timing on these moves. This kid is unreal!

There is a quick camera cut to the backstage area where one Malak Garland stands in front of a flat screen monitor, caressing his baby bare chin with intrigue. He dazzles at the aerial array on display in front of him before things head back to the ring.

DDK:

Looks like the show these two have been putting on has caught at least one snowflake's eye in the backstage area!

Back to ringside, Mil has grabbed King and rolled The Pensacola Playboy back under the ring. Mil poses on the outside and then jumps to the middle rope with his back turned to Aaron in the ring. He readies himself, then leaps OVER the ropes into a middle rope Phoenix Splash that has The Faithful on their feet!

DDK:

What the hell?! Second-rope phoenix splash from the outside in?! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

King kicks out just barely! Mil is still feeling good for the moment but as his match continues, the crowd JEERS when none other than the King Snowflake himself, Malak Garland, comes walking through the curtain and heads over to commentary.

Lance:

Uh-oh. Looks like we've got a guest coming our way. Maybe he wants to get a CLOSER look at things.

DDK:

Well, I can't say we were expecting this... but welcome to the commentary booth... Malak...

Malak Garland:

Hi Sir Lancelot and I guess hello to you, Darren Dribbler. I don't know if you saw, but I was just in the back, minding my own business when the razzle dazzle of this young luchador I've never seen before in my life caught my eye. I am on a spirit quest after all, you know, so I thought I'd come out here and make my presence known and felt. Let's see what these competitors got!

Lance:

Never seen before? It's Mil Vueltas, formerly known as Minute.

Malak just shakes his head.

Malak Garland:

Can't say the name rings a bell. This is a whole new dude. Now, I did know a guy named my-newt before but this guy definitely isn't him.

While DDK and Lance Warner facepalm, Mil and Thomas Keeling can't help but look up and see Malak Garland; a man that Mil and Thomas Keeling know all too well back when The Comments Section took the Unified Tag Titles from the Sky High Titans... but that's ancient history as Mil turns, only to get struck with a NASTY elbow smash by Aaron King, who's found his opening in all of the distractions! He follows up with a big uranage suplex in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

It looks like Malak Garland's presence got the attention of Mil Vueltas! And now King takes advantage!

Malak Garland:

I'd be distracted by myself appearing too. I mean, it's not everyday you see someone with anime hair and an amazing glowing heart appear in public. I must say, if I can go on a little soapbox rant right here and now and sort of hijack the commentary of this match because let's face it, you two doorknobs suck at calling wrestling, I must say that I find the whole idea of the lucha libre mask rather alluring. I mean, look, you get to hide your face and still wrestle!? Once the show is over, you can walk the streets amongst the average nimmies, not that I would, but you COULD unpack in public UNDETECTABLE and we all know what that means. That means it would be DELECTABLE!

King goes ape on The Ace of Space in the corner with a number of elbow smashes in the corner. Referee Benny Doyle orders him to back off and The Pensacola Playboy does for only a moment before he snatches Mil out of the corner with a delayed backbreaker!

Lance:

Aaron King found a spot and now he's making the most of it! King follows up that brutal backbreaker with the running senton! Cover by King!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out, but Malak still seems taken with something in the ring.

Malak Garland:

I wonder what it would be like to pull a softly woven mask over your face. Do you think it itches? I bet you Mil Vuelas loves wearing his mask. It's probably his safe space just like how I used to wear a box on my head when I felt insecure, even though I almost never felt that way.

Lance:

Uh... okay... back to the action! King looking for the King Me neckbreaker!

He tries for his new corkscrew neckbreaker finisher, but Mil Vuelas slips out and cartwheels his way out! An angry King charges, but Mil hits a thrust kick to the gut before he hits a back handspring into a pele kick to bring down The Pensacola Playboy! Mil's on the mat trying to recover while The Pensacola Playboy tries to figure out where he is!

DDK:

Mil counters with that handspring pele kick! How's he going to follow up?

Lance:

His promoter, Thomas Keeling, earning his paycheck by getting The Faithful behind Mil!

Keeling is slapping the ring apron and encouraging the crowd to chant.

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

Mil kips up off the mat to his feet and The Faithful cheer with him! He's a hair quicker than King as he just gets to his feet, only to get kicked from either side by a number of shin kicks from Mil. King blocks one kick and tries a lariat, but Mil ducks that. King comes off the ropes, only for Mil to rush behind him and come back with a HUGE handspring gamengiri to the face!

Malak Garland:

You know what, Darren Dribbler and Sir Lancelot? I must be getting old because my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be. I think I want to get closer. Yeah. I KNOW I want to get closer now. I need to get a better look at that lucha mask Mil is wearing. It's just too alluring to me. It's calling out to me. My spirit quest must continue. I don't think he will mind, will he? Pardon me, gentlemen.

The Snowflake Superstar starts to take off the headset and heads towards ringside. Malak wants to get a closer look so he bellies up to the apron. Thomas Keeling doesn't know what to make of his appearance, but wants to be ready just in case he tries anything. Instead, he seems to be taken with what the fanbase are seeing as he gets back to his feet. He runs at King and then hits an INCREDIBLE running twisting facebuster!

DDK:

Vueltas drops King with a new move! Funny enough, he calls that move Do A Flip! He just faceplanted King! Now where's he going?!

Mil sees Malak Garland watching, but The Keyboard King doesn't make another move. Mil climbs to the top rope before he RUNS across in order to connect with a hell of a rope-running shooting star press!

DDK:

Sin Manos Shooting Star Press! Incredible!

Malak climbs on the apron with unparalleled excitement and watches as Mil sits on the chest of the fallen Aaron King to hook a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil gets his arm raised in victory by Benny Doyle, but his eyes haven't been taken off Malak Garland lurking on the apron. Malak is touching his face, wondering what looking through a mask might be like. Thomas Keeling enters the ring from the other side to join his client.

DDK:

I really don't know what to make of this, Lance. A couple weeks ago in the middle of Malak Garland's Buzzword Salad, he did mention he was looking for a new meaning... and Mil Vueltas now has something to do with that?

Lance:

I can't even make sense of what Malak Garland most days...but whatever this is? We know in their tag team days, these two men did have some sordid history when The Comments Section almost broke up the Sky High Titans!

Malak drops off the ring apron and starts to walk back, but Mil Vueltas isn't done. The luchador RUNS forward, front flips OVER the ropes... and LANDS ON HIS FEET OUTSIDE IN FRONT OF MALAK to the shock of the crowd!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL?! HOW'D HE DO THAT?!

The Faithful are on their feet as The Ace of Space walks towards Malak, still stunned by what he's just seen. He looks up at The Keyboard King.

Mil Vueltas:

Stay away from me, gilipollas!

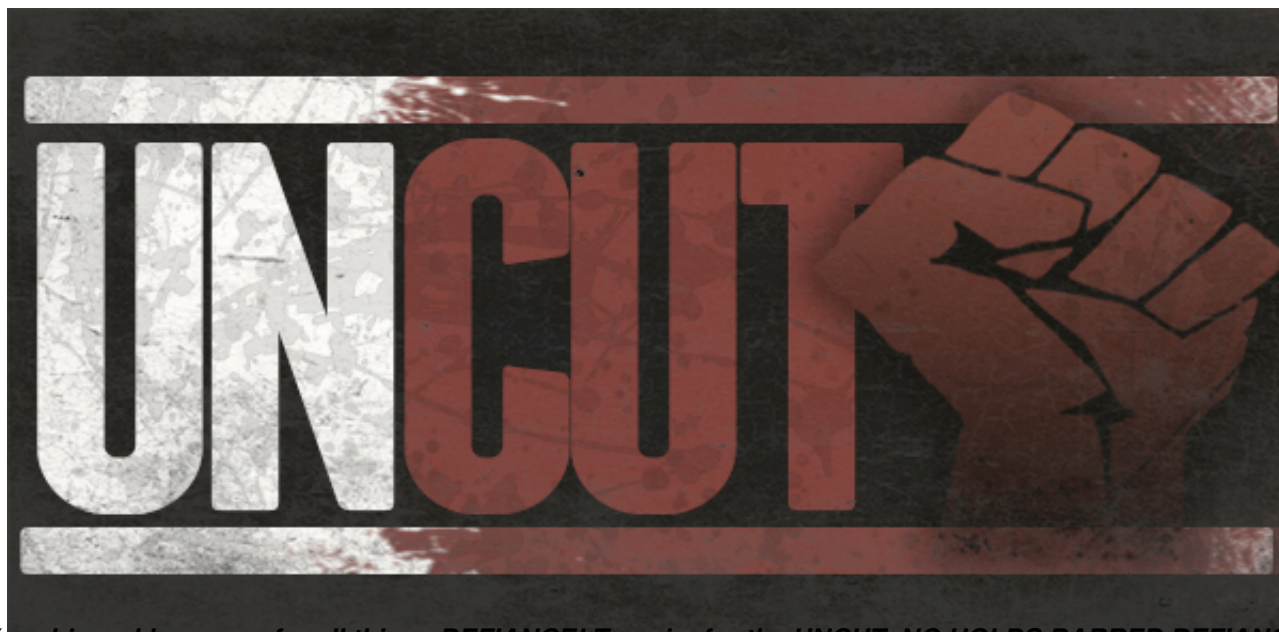
Mil and Thomas Keeling walk away from the ring with Malak Garland watching them go!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas scores the win over Aaron King and now looks forward to DEFtv's debut in Mexico in just two weeks time, but Malak Garland appears to have taken an interest in Mil.

Lance:

We'll have to wait and see what becomes of this development, but coming up soon... the last of FOUR title matches tonight! FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy puts the title on the line in the Era of Everyone Open Challenge! Who's stepping up to take their shot at the gold? We'll find out in just a little bit!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

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

DDK:

All titles have been defended tonight, but now it is time to see *the* title of DEFIANCE! I'm talking about none other than the FIST of DEFIANCE! We are getting the Era of Everyone Open Challenge by Dex Joy!

Lance:

And we don't know who's going to take the challenge! It was the former two-time Unified Tag champion Max Luck that fought him tooth and nail in big moves! Who is it tonight? We will find out in just a few moments!

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 gold and purple lightning in a tribute to the lines DEFIANCE Wrestling! On the back, the words, "Everychamp" are written in a lightning font!

DDK:

EveryChamp, Dex Joy!

Lance:

Who's up next for Dex Joy?

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 for whoever is going to step to the plate.

♪ "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...

VAE VICTIS

Dex Joy is a little surprised by the music playing but he's ready.

DDK:

Vae Victis wants the title back! But who are we getting?

The boos are steady and growing as the names flash across the DEFIATron - Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, Kerry Kuroyama, Clay Byrd, Sonny Silver.

... and it is Sonny Silver coming out with a microphone?!

Lance:

What is all this about? It's fight time, not talk time.

Sonny holds the microphone to his face.

But the mood in the arena is about to change. Dex looks at all sides of the ring.

Clay Byrd.

The SOHER Henry Keyes.

Favoured Saints champion Butcher Victorious.

And Oscar Burns.

Dex looks at the group then Sonny laughs.

Sonny Silver:

Made you look.

He lets the microphone fall and just as it does, Butcher starts heading into the ring! Keyes does as well! Clay Byrd starts climbing and even Oscar Burns gets in on it!

DDK:

No! No! Lance ... this was a trap set by Vae Victis!

Dex attacks Butcher first! He's able to get his shirt over his head and throws a few hockey punches before Keyes and Clay are able to attack him simultaneously! Oscar Burns gets in on the attack as well and now all three men have stomped Dexy Baby down to his knees!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Look at what Dex Joy has done to Vae Victis! As ruthless as they are and as awful as they are, they have almost always handled their own business ... but Dex taking that title away from Lindsay Troy struck a chord with them!

DDK:

I have to think you're right! He injured Lindsay Troy, intentional or not, Vae Victis are out for blood!

Oscar grabs Dex by the hair and forces him to look up while Keyes and Clay have him restrained. He tries to say something, but Dex hits him with a head butt! This surprises Clay, who gets a head butt of his own! A heavy elbow smash to the face for Keyes! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are behind their representative loudly! Butcher tries to stop Dex, but he gets picked up and thrown backward with a released German suplex!

DDK:

No way! Dex is fighting back! He's fighting back by himself against Vae Victis!

The EveryChamp fights back until Oscar decides to go low and hit a low blow on the EveryChamp! The Wrecking

Crew are booing the roof off of the building after what's happened to their Foreman!

Lance:

Damn it! Vae Victis are just incensed that one of their own is not holding the title any longer!

DDK:

And now they've cornered Dex!

Butcher gets back up and he hits Dex with a Hard Out Headbutt! That stuns him long enough for Clay Byrd to strike down Dex with a mighty lariat! Momma Joy's Baby Boy goes flying backwards and then hits the canvas!

Keyes gets his shot. He picks up each arm of Dexy Baby ...

COIN!!!

COIN!!!

He lets Dex fall to the canvas but Vae Victis are far from done here. Oscar grabs the FIST of DEFIANCE title itself and he looks at it.

DDK:

What's he doing now?

Booing is very loud in the building when Oscar rears back. Henry Keyes and Clay Byrd force Dex up to his feet ...

CRACK!!!

The belt collides with the forehead of Dex Joy and he falls back to the canvas in a heap!

DDK:

Where the hell is DEFsec at?! Where's security?!

Lance:

I don't know! I don't know! They need to get out here!

Dex Joy now has a cut open on the side of his forehead with blood starting to drip!

DDK:

Oh, God... that shot just busted Dex wide open! Despite this he still tries to stand ...

CRACK!!!

But Burns hits another belt shot execution style to the back of the head! Now the EveryChamp is down and after being brutalized by Vae Victis he is not moving.

DDK:

They didn't need to do this. Every member of Vae Victis is among the best in DEFIANCE today. Dex Joy even said earlier that he would take on a member of Vae Victis if they wanted this title shot – this was vindictive.

Lance:

This was a message. They want back what Dex Joy took from them.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns a.k.a. DEFIANCE Himself now stands with one boot on Dex Joy's chest and holds the title high up. Sonny

Silver and Butcher Victorious are back in the ring with all of Vae Victis now gathered around the prone body of Momma Joy's Baby Boy. Clay Byrd has his arms folded while Keyes looks down. Butcher leans an arm up against Keyes' shoulder and laughs at Dex.

Butcher Victorious:
BELT BUDDIES, BITCH!

Oscar ignores wants a microphone from Sonny and gets it.

Oscar Burns:
Era of Everyone? ERA OF EVERYONE? **THE ERA OF EVERYONE?!**

Oscar is frothing at the mouth as he kneels over Dex and holds up the title.

Oscar Burns:
THIS TITLE DOESN'T BELONG TO EVERYONE! IT BELONGS TO US! IT BELONGS TO VAE VICTIS...

He looks directly at it...

Oscar Burns: *[quietly]*
It belongs... to ME...

Burns looks up at the other vengeful members of Vae Victis. After a brief exchange of silent agreement among the group, Oscar gets close.

Oscar Burns:
You took this title from us and you hurt one of our own to take it... so I'm going to take it from you... (pointing out to the audience) from THEM... from EVERYONE...

Closer.

Oscar Burns:
DEX JOY! OSCAR BURNS! ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Oscar stands over Joy's bloody and near-unconscious body with the FIST in his hand.

DDK:
Like we said earlier... this is the first time I remember Vae Victis EVER resorting to this kind of tactics. They've kept their own individual battles separate for the most part but tonight, this was a MUGGING.

Lance:
Dex Joy never saw it coming. He tried to fight his way out, but the numbers were just too much even for him.

DDK:
Loud and clear, there's the challenger for the main event of Acts of DEFIANCE! How will Dex Joy respond? Will he even be in any condition to do so? We'll have to table these question for now because we're out of time. For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Good night, everybody...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The final image is a chilling one.

Every member of Vae Victis, eyes lowered to the unconscious Dex Joy.

Oscar Burns holding the FIST.

A sign of things to come?

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.