

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Vancouver, British Columbia welcomes DEFIANCE as the Rogers Arena is hyped for DEFtv 198! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from colored in the Canadian flag.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

IT'S HIS TIME TO UNPACK

!RANK !RANK !RANK

BOX GOT UNPACKED!

WELCOME BACK BROCK!!!!

WELCOME BACK REZIN!!!!

SWEATER VESTS ARE A TACTICAL GARMENT

WORLD'S NUMBER ONE OVERLORD

AT LEAST OUR STORIES GET FINISHED

GIVE LORD SEWELL HIS SHOT AT OPHELIA SYKES

SEVENS, ADV, REZIN, ANYONE - DON'T CARE WHO... SOMEONE PLZ TORCH MALAK'S BS "BELT"

İġ ½"İġ ½"

FIRE BEATS PAPER

THE FIST IS FOR EH-VERYONE (CAUSE CANADA!)

CALAMITY CONOR! AND UH... TERRIBLE TYLER?

S-N-S, YES!

THE VVG SOUNDS D-U-M-B

MORE LIKE MALAK FART-LAND AMIRITE??

M4NTRA AND M4K4YL4

RIP JACK HARMEN

CHIEF VYBES OFFICER

BROCK! BROCK! BROCK! BROCK!

WHY HASN'T THE PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP BIODEGRADED YET?

I HAVEN'T HAD SEX LONGER THAN MALAK'S BEEN CHAMPION! CHECKMATE!

To ringside and the announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome one, welcome all. We are officially on the path to DEFCON, the biggest event of the year!

Lance:

Vancouver, Canada! Home of the Vancouver Canucks, Stanley Park, Grouse Mountain and now DEFtv 198!

DDK:

Did some sight seeing, I take it?

Lance:

Of course. And speaking of sight seeing, will you look at that in the ring? I think we're about to get started!

ONE THOUSAND WAYS THIS COULD GO

The ring looks festive. Carpet covers the canvas while red, blue and white celebration doilies are draped over the ropes. A table sits in the middle of the ring with pointed party hats and a smattering of noise makers and shakers sit ready to be grabbed.

♪ “ATTENTION ATTENTION” by Shinedown ♪

Suddenly, Thurston Hunter leads the charge on stage as every member of The Comments Section except for Conor Fuse and their fearless leader trickles in behind. Hunter already has a microphone in hand and is overly excited to get the festivities going.

Thurston Hunter:

Seattle, Washington! STAND UP!

DDK:

We’re in Vancouver, but okay.

Thurston Hunter:

Yo listen, before anyone gets street fought into oblivion, we all know why we’re here. We’re here to celebrate our lord and savior, Malak Garland, on surpassing the one thousand day reign mark as Paper Champion! Making him the most decorated title holder in wrestling history!

The crowd groans but Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames clap and nod their heads approvingly.

Thurston Hunter:

So grab a hat.

Thurston puts one one.

Thurston Hunter:

And a kazoo.

He grabs a noise maker and begins spinning it.

Thurston Hunter:

And help me with welcoming YOUR PAPER of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland!

♪ “Tap In” by Saweetie ♪

The bass to the beat drops and Malak Garland walks out on stage to a chorus of boos. He clutches his poorly constructed paper title closely over his shoulder. As he walks down the ramp, unexpected confetti gently flutters down from the rafters. Non-threatening, trigger-free pyro sparks up on stage and around the arena. It’s a delectable celebration indeed. Malak basks in his own created greatness before climbing in the ring and one-by-one accepting handshakes and hugs from his Comments Section receiving line. Garland snags the microphone from Hunter as he is given the time and space to exist as his true self.

Malak Garland:

Vancouver, Alberta! You should all feel rather delicious for being HAND selected by me for my one thousand day celebration as champion!

They boo.

Malak Garland:

However, It’s not the championship I want or need. Let’s be real. It’s not the belt I yearn for. I could toss this piece of

paper in the trash on a whim and be over it so fast that it's not even funny.

DDK:

Then why are we even doing this celebration? This was made out to be a huge deal and all Malak does is come out here and immediately downplay his "legendary" reign.

Malak's eyes droop down to the belt on his shoulder. You know, the one he's defended with pride this whole time.

Malak Garland:

I'm onto bigger and better things. You see, I heavily dislike the way this company is run and who the face of it is. I think I've earned the RIGHT to change all that with recent victories over the likes of Flying Frenchie, Mil Vuelas and of course, Bronson Bag. It's about time things go my way for once. If you can't get the hint, I want the FIST. Dex Joy, come down to my ring please. You're invited to my championship celebration despite better judgment.

It doesn't take very long at all for Malak Garland to get exactly what he is asking for as the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful stand the heck up out of their seats!

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

IS FOR EVERYONE!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The Comments Section are the only ones in the arena not cheering their hearts out! Stepping out to the ring in a new special customized Dex Joy hoodie and pants (that you can buy on defiancewrestling.com now!), Dex Joy holds the FIST of DEFIANCE as proudly as he can!

DDK:

Ask and ye shall receive, Malak Garland! After one of the more improbable victories in recent history in the WARCHAMBER - granted with a massive assist from the entire Comments Section - Malak Garland made his demands clear. He wanted the FIST!

Lance:

And you know Dex. Not once has he turned down a challenge. In back to back title defenses, he turned back *both* Doctor Ned Reform who is on the roll of his career right now, as well as the first man to hold that title, "The Socialite" Edward White. Dex Joy is *ready* for anything Malak Garland can throw at him!

Once Dex Joy reaches the ring, Malak orders the rest of The Comments Section to clear the way.

DDK:

Here we go... these two before DEFIANCE Road have never crossed paths. Two of the top talents among the current crop! Face to face!

The music cuts out. The fans are bloodthirsty already. Dex doesn't look amused at all by the self-aggrandizing ceremony at all. Malak motions over to the party favors, physically offering one to The Biggest Boy while the crowd is wild over the sight of these two larger than life wrestlers nearly rubbing elbows. No words need to be exchanged as Joy politely puts a flat hand forward, declining the gift.

Malak Garland:

What, you don't want a sizzling spinner? You don't want to SPIN it in celebration of ME!?

Dex hikes up the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt on his shoulder.

Dex Joy:

No, pally ... I didn't come here to celebrate *anything* that you're doing, Malak. You're out here tooting your own horn and all the rest of us are hearing is a never-ending brown note. I'm surprised these people aren't packing the bathrooms trying to fight back the green apple splatters!

Laughter bursts out through the Rogers Arena!

Dex Joy:

Actually, you know what pally? I *will* have one of those ...

He steals the noisemaker from Malak's hands. Dexy Baby blows into the noisemaker profusely!

Dex Joy:

Malak may not want to give the rest of The Comments Section the credit they deserve for keeping him afloat and helping him cheat his way to the top like a little biya-biya, but I sure will! Three cheers for meal tickets! Hip, hip ...

He looks at Cyrus, Teresa, and Thurston but they don't clap. Neither does Malak.

Dex Joy:

Come on, Malak won't give you guys any credit, but I sure will. Give yourselves a hand for being the most successful dingleberries in DEFIANCE history! Hip, hip ...

When he realizes they aren't playing along, Dex throws the noisemaker out of the ring.

Dex Joy:

... Well, fine. Truthfully, I'm not out here for comedy hour, Malak. I'm out here because you and I have *never ever ever* done this dance and I hoped that I would *never ever ever* have to do this for a few more years ... but I've gone through everyone that's come for this title. You've cheated, whined, pissed, moaned, groaned, flailed your arms in error and and I'm pretty sure you might have even soiled yourself a time or six to get to where you're at today. And it appears after all the wins that you *and* The Comments Section have garnered, there's nowhere else for us to go but here at the top.

Dex taps the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dex Joy:

As you know ... The Era of Everyone Open Challenge is literally just that ...*Everyone*. No caveats, no exceptions, no fine print. Anyone that wants a shot can get it, but if you lose, you go to the back of the line. But I know you, Malak ... we all do. I know that just *any* Era of Everyone Open Challenge won't do. You want this at somewhere a little more ... grand, yeah? You want this at a little ... no ... a *HUGE* event ... no, wait ... *THE EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR DEFIANCE!!!* You want this at oh say ...

He looks up then back at Malak.

Dex Joy:

DEFCON!

That gets the Faithful all fired up and even Garland as well despite his palms getting a bit sweaty.

Malak Garland:

Do I want a shot at the FIST at DEFCON? Let me think about that. Vancouver, do you want me to challenge for the belt at DEFCON or would you rather see someone else?

Before the crowd has a chance to respond, Malak keeps going.

Malak Garland:

Does everyone just expect me to step aside with my golden ticket and let someone else, possibly with a bigger star, like Oscar Burns walk down that aisle and suddenly challenge for the FIST on the grandest stage of them all instead of me? Instead of **HIM!**?

The crowd reacts with an emphatic 'YES' as Malak is taken aback.

Malak Garland:

Well that ain't happening. I won't step aside. This is my time. This is my shot. I AM HIM! IT'S MINE! ALL MINE! MY NARRATIVE! I'm not some nightmarish pushover with a bad neck tattoo and an oversized belly. I'm the Snowflake Superstar for crying out loud!

Dex Joy:

Well, Malak, if you want this ... if you want *the* Ultimate Era of Everyone Experience at DEFCON ... pally, that's gonna cost you!

Malak looks confused but Dex begins to clear things up.

Dex Joy:

I gotta tell you, Malak ... I've gotten good and I mean *real* good at fighting off the best of the best and even better at fighting off people who *think* they're the best of the best when they got back-up. Lindsay Troy and Oscar Burns both had Sonny Silver. Ned Reform had TA Cole. Edward White had a giant and who I'm pretty sure is a questionable paralegal. Now ... I beat 'em all! But I'm sick of it. They're sick of it. So if you want this shot at DEFCON, here's what I propose: I get to pick a stipulation. And you get to pick a stipulation. Right down the middle. And as champion, I get to pick mine first. I'll give you a little time to think about yours. I know mine, but Dexy Baby's gonna keep that under his lid for now. So if you want this shot at DEFCON ...

He holds up a hand.

Dex Joy:

You want to dance this dance snowflake?

Dex's hand lingers outward as Malak is in DEEP contemplation as to whether or not to shake the hand of the champion. Then, suddenly, the two men shake on the Biggest Boy's Biggest Deal and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go mad!

DDK:

IT'S OFFICIAL! DEX JOY! MALAK GARLAND! THE FIST OF DEFIANCE! DEFCON!

Lance:

AND WITH STIPULATIONS TO BE NAMED BY BOTH MEN! IT'S THE ERA OF EVERYONE VERSUS THE MOST SELFISH MAN IN DEFIANCE HISTORY!

Dex Joy:

But ... this title doesn't stop being defended regardless. I'm a fighting *world* champion who defends everywhere and tonight, I'll be defending this title in a country I've never defended it in yet ... hmm say ... Canada?! Tonight, I put this title on the line right here ... in Vancouver, BC and On Behalf of Everyone, I, Dexy Baby, *will* retain tonight!

The two men continue to shake hands until Malak pulls Dex in closely.

Malak Garland:

That's all well and good, Dex. It really is. In fact, it's grand that your Era of Everyone Open Challenge for the FIST will continue and we will name our stipulations in time but guess what? Not only am I proclaiming my candidacy as the number one contender for your belt outright tonight, but I am also announcing that I will be mirroring your silly little open challenge with my own very special Era of Snowflake Invite-Only CLOSED Challenge for my coveted Paper Title running on opposite DEFtvs just to prove I'm worthy of this title shot. Everyone will be able to compare our performances in the ring and trust me when I say that it won't be close. I'm sick and tired of how pathetic your little rinky dink operation is. In fact, it's time for everything to come crashing to an end. So stay tuned because at DEFtv 199, I am facing off against someone hand picked but tonight, you can find me on commentary where I will be unpacking with analysis on your match!

Garland throws the handshake aside as "Tap In" plays over the speaker. He maintains eye contact with the champion as he filters out of the ring and rejoins his Comments Section cronies before heading to the back.

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. WILD LOGAN BARRY & JEFF NESS

DDK:

So that was uhhh... something.

Lance:

When did those two get in the ring?

The hard camera shows a pair of BRAZEN competitors stretching in the corner. One of them wears a backwards red ballcap with a green & yellow horizontal striped singlet with blue pants overtop. The other wearing dark red pants and black boots with fringe. He has various tattoos going up his arms and a crew cut. A graphic quickly flashes on the screen revealing their names:

JEFF NESS & WILD LOGAN BERRY

DDK:

Well we have Jeff Ness and Wild Logan Berry out here tonight, a couple of BRAZEN talents coming to DEFtv to try and make a name for themselves.

Lance:

This is what is something I love in DEFIANCE, Darren. These guys have the opportunity of a lifetime. If they give the Rain City Ronin a hell of a contest tonight and win over these fans, their entire lives can change. Big momen-

???:

AHEM!

The Vancouver Faithful all look towards the entrance and a groundswell of boos spread across the Rogers Arena like wildfire. Standing at the entrance is Tom Morrow with a big shit eating grin across his face, basking in the cacophony of disdain that now surrounds him.

Tom Morrow:

The part of the Rain City Ronin will be played by *winners* tonight! The part of the Rain City Ronin will be played by *real wrestlers* who not only have more athleticism in their pinkies than that entire locker room has in their bodies, but who are already the *future* of my Tom Morrow Division! The part of the Rain City Ronin will be played by two-hundred fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance in Nathan Eye and his enlightened equal, two-hundred fifty-one pounds of pure generational talent, Declan "DEC4L" Alexander! Accompanied by our new CVO - Chief Vibes Officer ... Makayla Namaste! They ... are ...

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The jeers hold as Makayla Namaste leads the way from behind a pair of mirrored "third-eye" sunglasses and a white crop top. With her arms spread out as if she is saying "Are you not entertained?", DEC4L and Nathaniel Eye follow her wearing matching white, black, and gold tights. Nate wears a long, flowing white vest and Declan an unbuttoned collared white tee while proudly holding copies of their books high into the air. Tom Morrow moves his arm to the side as if ushering them into the arena as the duo begin to do the M4NTRA Ray behind Makayla, who continues to lead the charge.

DDK:

Another opportunity pillaged by Tom Morrow and the Better Future Talent Agency. These fans were promised a match between two hungry BRAZEN talents and the Rain City Ronin, but now they're getting Nathan Eye and whatever in the hell Declan Alexander has become thanks to that social media star.

Lance:

Well when you're surrounded by stench it's only a matter of time until you stink, too.

DDK:

I can't think of a better way to describe M4NTRA and their "lifestyle," Lance. It all kind of stinks to me. Stinks like bullsh-

Lance:

Careful! We can only say that in the second half of the show.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle from the state of nirvana, weighing in at a combined weight of 482 pounds. Nathaniel Eye. Declan Alexander. M4NTRAAAAA!

The two former BRAZEN Champions hold the rope open for the Social Media Darling as she steps into the ring for the very first time. Standing shoulder-to-shoulder in the ring, all now three members of M4NTRA hold their perspective books high in the air with their right hands before Makayla begins to collect all the books and sunglasses before the two men look out across the Vancouver Faithful from opposite turnbuckles. Meanwhile, Darren Quimbey continues his job with the one team he expected to announce.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents already in the ring at a combined weight of 427 pounds. Wild Logan Berry and Jeff. Ness!

M4NTRA appear to be having a meeting of the minds near their corner as the lights in the arena return back to normal. Makayla leaves the boys to it and rolls out of the ring to a couple of polite catcalls followed by a look of disgust. Alexander and Eye finally come to a conclusion as they both turn around and immediately attack an unsuspecting Ness & Berry simultaneously. Hector Navarro tries to immediately regain order as the bell rings.

DING DING**DDK:**

And zero class straight away by M4NTRA. It looks like Tom Morrow has been teaching them well!

Lance:

I don't think they came out here to make fans. I think they came out here to make a statement.

In one corner Declan Alexander stomps away on Jeff Ness while in the other, Navarro attempts to pull Natty Eyce off of Wild Logan Berry, who's neck is draped across the second rope with Nate's knee pressing hard down against it. Hector then begins a count towards five when Alexander hits a GGEZ on the other side of the ring where Jeff Ness is standing on the apron but is sent flying off into the barricade. Eye breaks the count at five and Navarro is sent scrambling to get Alexander out of the ring who tries to come to the aid of Eye. Reluctantly Declan is ushered away but Makayla hands Natty Eyce "251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance" which he promptly uses to press down against the throat of Berry much to the chagrin of the Faithful. Once Nathan hears Declan slap the turnbuckle, he tosses the book out of the ring which Namaste quickly gathers up.

Nathan pulls Logan up off the canvas and drags him over towards the corner with a side headlock where he makes the tag to Declan. Eye drops Berry with a sideslam as Alexander hops over the top rope and lands right across the neck of Logan with a leg drop. On the other side of the ring Ness pulls his way onto the apron but Eye quickly rushes over and lands a huge running forearm against his head sending him flying back off the apron and into the barricade again.

DDK:

As if M4NTRA needed the extra advantage out here practically 3-on-2 against this BRAZEN duo, they are trying their hardest to make sure Jeff Ness never even grabs the tag rope.

Lance:

Nathaniel Eye looks real proud of himself for that one.

Natty Eyce laughs at Jeff Ness and begins dusting his hands off before he's cut-off by Hector Navarro and forced to

leave the ring. Meanwhile Alexander has hit Berry with two consecutive snap suplexes followed by a falcon arrow. Instinctively he goes for the pin but as soon as Navarro sees to cover and leaves their corner, Nathan reaches out for a tag.

ONE!

T-

The Faithful boo as DEC4L frees Wild Logan Berry from the pinfall attempt. Instead, Alexander grabs the wrist of Berry and drags him over towards the corner and tags in Nathaniel Eye. Together they lift Berry off the canvas and hit him with stereo spinning back elbows before Nate lifts him into the air for a pop-up spinebuster and Alexander finishes him off with a lungblower they call the Rise And Grind EX that gets a pop from the crowd. Nate plays it up to the Faithful completely unaware of Jeff Ness on the apron behind them. Ness jumps up to the top rope and launches himself into the ring!

DDK:

Didn't open your third eye to that one, did you M4NTRA?!

DEC4L notices at the very last second as he's getting up off the canvas and leaps into the air himself.

Lance:

You spoke too son!

Play of the Game on Jeff Ness!

DDK:

I think I did!

After the counter, Ness is kicked out of the ring. Declan quickly sits up and then he tags Nathan Eye. Eye jumps over the ropes in a quick leap and then Nathan picks Barry up off of the canvas. Nathan has him up on the fireman carry and then spins around for Declan to hit ...

DDK:

And there is the M4NTRA Code! You can count to ten thousand, Lance!

Nathan gestures at Makalya for his book and then lays on top of the out cold Barry, pinning him as he's reading from his copy of *500 Pages of Shared Success*.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Tom Morrow jumps up and hits the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

Your winners ... the purveyors of perseverance and the emperors of the enlightened ... M4NNNNNTTTRRRAAAAA!!!

Nathan Eye opens up a copy of his book given to him by Makalya Namaste, he autographs it and then leaves a copy on Barry's fallen body.

Nathan Eye:

Enlighten yourselves, gentlemen!

DEC4L:

That book was on point!

They all leave the ring with Tom Morrow and then head to the backstage area after an easy win for a match not even scheduled to be theirs!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WHAT COMES NEXT

Off the commercial break, the scene opens to the announce table.

DDK:

Faithful, last month Tyler Fuse and Jack Harmen finally concluded their blood feud. They went to war and in the end it was Tyler who defeated the legend by hitting a running bulldog off the apron and through a table... which was covered in glass and also lit on fire.

Still shots of the pay-per-view are shown. From Tyler being thrown into the LCD FIST entrance, to Fuse placing Harmen in the thumb-tacked car, to Harmen connecting with a leg sweep side slam on the front windshield, to a battered and bloodied Tyler Fuse landing a spear, throwing their bodies through a barbed wire table leaned up against the corner of the ring, to other gruesome pictures.

Lance:

It is our understanding the Favored Saints are going to award Tyler Fuse with... hmm, I guess we don't know that part. But Jamie Sawyers is in the ring and he will be calling Tyler out.

DDK:

I hope Fuse speaks more than he did at that press conference. What an embarrassment.

Lance:

Man of few words, Keebler. Him and his brother are different people. But it is going to be interesting to see this reaction. We are in Vancouver, Tyler *is* Canadian, and I'm anticipating a strong, positive reaction.

DDK:

Isn't Toronto -where Tyler is from- on the other side of the country?

Lance:

So you do know your geography!

DDK:

To ringside.

The scene switches to the middle of the squared circle where Jamie Sawyers stands.

Jamie Sawyers:

Faithful of Vancouver...

The Canucks reply with the easy pop.

Jamie Sawyers:

It is my pleasure to introduce to you the man who has been undefeated in singles action for TWO years... Intensity Personified... and the man who defeated Jack Harmen, the legend, at DEFIANCE Road... TYLER FUSE!

The fans cheer as Fuse's new theme cues up.

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

Tyler immediately marches out in black jeans and a plain black shirt. It's clear he's walking hurt, albeit relatively recovered from the no holds barred war he was dragged through. Fuse's right arm, up and down is still a light shade of purple and red, which can only bring to the imagination what colour the rest of his body is. Needless to say, Fuse makes his way down the ramp to a solid amount of cheers, yet he doesn't play into them. It's a typical, stoic, dead-line walk to the ring.

The OG Player rolls under the apron, slowly gets to his feet and stands in front of Jamie Sawyers as his theme music

dies down.

The crowd, however, does not.

LET'S GO TYLER, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Jamie waits for the cheers to die down and then jumps in.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, thank you for being here! I know you're not a time waster, you like to get to the point. So I'm going to tell you why the Favored Saints asked you out here tonight in your home country of Canada!

Another cheer from the crowd but this receives a "do better" glare from Fuse, as if to say Sawyers is an idiot for trying the cheap pop... again.

Jamie Sawyers:

For just over two years you have been undefeated in singles action.

Tyler remains deadpan standing beside the interviewer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, I'm here to tell you the Favored Saints want to recognize this and provide you with a huge opportunity to move up in the rankings!

Jamie keeps rolling through, despite Tyler's disinterest in the information being presented so far.

Jamie Sawyers:

At DEFCON you will be in a singles match to determine the next number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE. Consider this the new ACE of DEFIANCE...

Sawyers' voice purposely trails for a moment to build up excitement, at least excitement in the crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

...Where the winner of this match, for one calendar year, can hold onto the ACE of DEFIANCE for a future FIST of DEFIANCE title shot!

Jamie nods as he recalls each step he was asked by the Favored Saints to announce.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now, there are rules to this new ACE. You would have to declare your championship match beforehand, it can't be used as a surprise. There needs to be a signed contract between both wrestling parties. However, the time, place, location and even stipulation are left to be determined... by the winner.

Lance:

This sounds great, Keebs!

Jamie Sawyers:

The match for the new ACE of DEFIANCE will take place just like I said, in a one-on-one contest come DEFCON. The Favored Saints looked up and down the roster and also hand selected your opponent for this match. I don't know who he is but I'm told he is waiting behind that apron right now for the big reveal.

None of this information, not even the opportunity at winning the ACE of DEFIANCE for a chance at the FIST currently heightens Fuse's mood.

Jamie Sawyers:

As we know, the FIST of DEFIANCE match at DEFCON has already been announced. It will be Dex Joy defending against Malak Garland. Next we will know who the two wrestlers will be vying for the potential FUTURE opportunity. We know one person and that's you, Tyler Fuse.

Sawyers motions to the stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Let's bring out his opponent!

Lance:

Yeah, let's go! Who isn't for booking significant, immediate matches at DEFCON!?

Silence fills the airwaves but not specifically the arena, as the crowd stands and tension builds.

Yet nothing plays.

Sawyers even has his arm out in the air, pointing to the rampway, waiting for a theme song to begin.

The airwaves remain on standby.

Tyler cracks his neck and rolls his eyes.

A few of the fans start to grow restless...

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Jamie Sawyers lowers his hand.

And then....

The crowd EXPLODES with cheers! If there were a few of The Vancouver Faithful still in their seats, they are most definitely up now!

DDK:

No. Way.

Lance:

Oh I am so excited, Keebs! This can't be true, is it!?

The crowd sings along with the theme song but there's a longer wait before anyone comes out.

...Until Conor Fuse, a smiling, happy-go-lucky, monkey off his back Conor Fuse slowly appears. Lime green pyro explodes from both sides of the ramp as Conor reaches the top of the stage. He grins, laughs and then waves to his brother. The camera switches between both of them, even the ever-so-stoic Tyler can't help but crack the faintest of smirks for less than a millisecond before going back to his deadpan no-sell.

Fuse, Conor that is, hops and skips down the rampway, ensuring he smacks hands with as many fellow Canadians as possible, celebrating the huge surprise. He is not dressed in his Calamity outfit, nor sporting the same, dark demeanor he did during DEFIANCE Road. Instead, he's dressed in typical lime green Adidas track pants and a lime green shirt reading '8-BIT BADASS' on it.

DDK:

Conor Fuse, who came back at DEFIANCE Road and avenged his losses to Arthur Pleasant in a strong, serious fashion. Calamity Conor was the alias he took on, the symbiote if you will, and my understanding is he sent Arthur packing, perhaps never to be seen again.

Lance:

Thank god for that. Let's not forget Conor has gone through a lot of other issues outside of the DEFIANCE organization. It's great to see him back, focused and happy, looking more like himself each day.

Conor finally arrives at the bottom of the rampway. He leaps onto the ring apron and then leaps over the ropes, clearing them with ease and landing on his feet RIGHT beside his older brother Tyler.

Conor's theme dies down. The crowd, however, does not.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

There are a mix of other cheers, too, but it's tough to make out exactly what everyone wants to say.

LET'S GO CONOR, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

CA-LAM-ITY! CA-LAM-ITY!

POWER-UP! POWER-UP!

And the regular OG chant...

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The crowd starts to die down... but then they start up again as Conor continues standing directly in front of Tyler.

The little brother asks for a microphone. Someone from ringside tosses him one.

Conor's eyebrows shift up and down, as if he's Dr. Wily from Mega Man, while that shit-eating smile remains stuck on his face.

Conor Fuse:

Hey.

Conor nudges Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

Top of the morning TO ya!

A comment that might not mean a whole lot, but a small percentage of the crowd catch the reference, which is a wink-nod to a promo Conor made in another promotion a couple months ago.

Little Fuse sticks out his hand.

Conor Fuse:

The name is Conor, nice to meet ya!

The intensity inside the arena grows as Tyler Fuse takes a brief moment to look down at Conor's hand... and then methodically back up at him. He does not shake the hand in return so Conor drops the arm.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, guy, okay. No sweat or worries, I was just joshing!

The Ultimate Gamer speaks pretty quickly, likely moving through the awkwardness rather easily... or, perhaps, indirectly adding to it.

Conor Fuse:

I know who you are, you know who I am. We share the same mom and dad, we were even, like, Tag Team Champions a few times!

Conor leans in and nudges Tyler once again.

Conor Fuse:

Speaking of which, mom says 'hi'. Dad, well, eh, you know how *he* gets.

Conor goes for another nudge but this time it's meant to be in a much more secret fashion, even though he's clearly holding the mic in his hands.

Conor Fuse:

Did you know about this match beforehand? I swear the Favored Saints called me a few hours ago and told me what's up. Pretty cool, eh?

Conor brings his attention towards Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

We've never actually wrestled each other before!

Sawyers is clearly hyped. It takes Jamie a moment to realize he also has a mic in his hands and he was meant to play a role in facilitating this face-off.

Jamie Sawyers:

That's exciting news, Conor! Because it **is** official! For the ACE of DEFIANCE, at DEFCON 2024 in Los Angeles, California... for the first time ever... it will be brother versus brother, Tyler Fuse's undefeated streak in over two years against the returning Conor Fus-

Tyler takes the mic out of Jamie's hands. Some of the crowd boos as Tyler points Jamie out of the ring. The interviewer nods and slowly makes his exit, knowing his work is done.

Conor Fuse: *[off-mic]*

Dude, be cool, be cool. He was just wrapping up-

Tyler cuts Conor off.

Tyler Fuse:

Hi.

Conor Fuse:

Oh shit, hey man, so what do you think about this-

Tyler Fuse:

It's a great match, I have to agree with everyone.

The Faithful cheer while a FUSE BROS. chant breaks out.

Yet slowly but surely...

Tyler doesn't buy into the hype.

Tyler Fuse:

You're going to dangle the FIST of DEFIANCE in my face? I'll sign the contract, I'll wrestle you.

Conor looks to mouth the word "great!" off-mic. Tyler, clearly, hasn't finished his thought.

Tyler Fuse:

For the first time ever... and maybe the last time, too. It will be brother versus brother, Tyler versus Conor.

For a millisecond that quick smirk resurfaces on Tyler's face.

Tyler Fuse:

I-

He cracks his neck.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, I-

He rolls his shoulders.

Tyler Fuse:

You know-

He shakes his right leg out.

Then he places his free hand on Conor's shoulder and looks him dead in the eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I just hope you're okay with losing one of these again.

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo!!

Conor's smile still remains on his face, as he knows it's a friendly jab, even if Tyler *did* sound overly serious.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, lol. I know, I know.

Conor turns to the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

Hey peeps, it's cool. We're brothers! We're allowed to dig into each other a little without any hurt feelings.

He immediately brings his attention back to Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

So, like, winning the ACE might mean you're finally doing something with your career?

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo!!

The smirk is back on Tyler's face. This time, it doesn't go away a millisecond after it appears.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't do this...

Conor Fuse:

Don't do what?

Tyler sighs heavily.

Tyler Fuse:

Make this real.

The OG Player takes a small step back, looks at the ceiling and then back at his younger brother.

Tyler Fuse:

You remember when we were kids, right? Of course you do, you remember **everything**. So I'm sure anybody here who has a sibling can attest... things start off as "play fighting" but they never end up that way.

Tyler clears his throat.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't make this friendly banter turn into something real.

Tyler winks.

Tyler Fuse:

Because it's going to end like all those play fights did when we *were* children...

The older brother walks directly in front of the younger one.

Tyler Fuse:

With me winning.

Tyler drops the mic and brushes shoulders with Conor as he walks past. About to put his left foot through the ropes, he's stopped by Conor's voice.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, are you walking out on me again like you did back at [DEFCON '21](#)?

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo!!

Conor Fuse:

Wanted to make sure. Feeling a little deja vu all of a sudden.

Tyler walks back, picks up the mic and stands in front of Conor once again.

Tyler Fuse:

I didn't walk out on you. I grew up, stopped gaming, and expanded my career.

Conor is quick on the reply.

Conor Fuse:

You mean you joined The Kabal? That's definitely *eXpAnDiNg YoUr cArEEr*.

Tyler is quick on the reply.

Tyler Fuse:

Might be better than going to HOW.

At this point in the conversation, just assume both are very sharp and fast on their responses.

Conor Fuse:

HOW is still a legitimate wrestling organization.

Tyler Fuse:

Keep telling yourself that.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, not my problem if Lee is a clown shoed, pencil dick moron.

Tyler Fuse:

And yet you worked for him.

Conor Fuse:

At least I ventured out and *tried* other things. Weren't you thinking of joining PRIME but then got cold feet?

Tyler Fuse:

I didn't get cold feet, I decided to be smart and focus all my efforts into one company. Sometimes doing one thing well is better than doing ten things half-assed.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry, I couldn't hear you, I was thinking about the three World Championships I won in High Octane Wrestling.

Tyler Fuse: *[sarcastic]*

Oh, you should be so proud. Mom and dad are thrilled.

Conor Fuse:

Bro, you don't even talk to mom and dad. Also, what singles titles have **you** won?

Tyler Fuse:

Favored Saints Championship. You accomplish anything in *DEFIANCE*? Oh, wait, right, losing big time matches... Dex Joy for the number one contendership last year... Lindsay Troy in the tournament the year before.

Conor Fuse:

At least I was *in* the tournament.

Tyler Fuse:

At least I don't have the most losses *in DEFIANCE history...*

Conor Fuse:

Kinda easy when you wrestle week in, week out. But I suppose I'd be undefeated for two years too if all I did was the odd match here and there against Jack Harmen, Jack Harmen's kid...

Conor pauses to think.

Then the lightbulb goes off.

Conor Fuse:

And No Fun Dean.

Tyler loosens up, if he wasn't already.

Tyler Fuse:

All / see are victories. You'd be first in line to job to GVP if he was still employed.

Conor Fuse:

GVP. Funny. Funny, **not**. GVP and HOW. Get some new material. You're starting to sound like a broken record.

Tyler Fuse:

Records aren't a thing anymore.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah they are, it's all about the vintage.

Tyler Fuse:

Wasn't Vintage your moniker in HOW?

Conor Fuse:

Jesus, really? Yeah, that was my nickname. Better than “the OG Player”. I could come up with way cooler names for you. The Actual Lesser Than Fuse. Envious Big Brother. Donkus McSillyFace. Get Ya Pillow, Go To Sllleeeeeeep.

Tyler Fuse:

Stop talking out of your ass.

Conor Fuse:

Stop *being* an ass.

Tyler Fuse:

I’m merely spitting facts.

Conor Fuse:

Pretty sure I’m doing the same.

Tyler Fuse:

I guess we’ll have to settle this in the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Well dammit, I guess so.

Tyler Fuse:

Too bad I know the outcome.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, Conor in the main event will sell a lot more tickets than deadpan-stoic-expressionless-every-single-time-Tyler. Like, dude, grow a fucking personality.

Tyler Fuse:

I’d rather have none than be an over-the-top manchild. Are you **still** into gaming?

Conor Fuse:

Are you still into having a really strange marriage with your wife?

Tyler Fuse:

Do you even have a girlfriend? Have you ever?

Conor Fuse:

Bags of sand, buddy. Sorry I didn’t know my life needs to be evaluated on a relationship or lack thereof.

Tyler Fuse:

Go put your body paint back on. Calamity Conor was way more exciting than this washed out, same ol’ you. There’s a reason you “changed it up”. You were getting boring.

Conor takes a step back and grabs his heart.

Conor Fuse:

Hey. That was mean.

Tyler smirks.

Conor, meanwhile, stands deadpan for a second himself and then shakes it out of his system. He walks right back to the center of the ring.

The two stare at each other as the anticipation within the arena grows.

Finally...

Tyler Fuse, of all people, is the one who extends his hand first.

Conor doesn't waste much time. He snatches the hand and shakes it to a roar of the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

You kinda had me there on some of that shit.

The handshake is dropped as Tyler places the mic on the mat and begins to exit the ring.

Conor Fuse:

You're still a dick.

Another smirk crosses Tyler Fuse's face as he hops off the apron and walks up the rampway.

Tyler Fuse:

I know...

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

DDK:

Well, partner, I don't know what to make of that.

Lance:

I guess they were serious... and also joking? Or perhaps they told each other things they already knew.

DDK:

It has definitely become a strange relationship over these past few years. But I believe it IS official...

The match graphic shows. For the ACE of DEFIANCE, it'll be Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse at DEFCON!

DDK:

No doubt there is going to be much more to this story as the weeks unfold!

From inside the ring, Conor watches Tyler march up the rampway. Tyler reaches the top of the staging but doesn't look back. He merely vanishes behind the curtain, leaving the little brother Conor in the middle of the ring. Conor waves and thanks the fans in Vancouver, as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

SPRAY IT, DON'T SAY IT

Walking confidently to the back after imposing their will on some unlucky BRAZEN stars, Tom Morrow and M4NTRA head back to the locker room!

Tom Morrow:

Good win out there tonight guys! I'm gonna go make sure Alvaro has what he needs when we wipe Lonnie Stone off the bottom of our shoes!

Nathan Eye hugs his book close to his chest.

Nathan Eye:

I believe that puts us one step closer to the Tom Morrow championship titles does it not? I hope that one-sided beatdown inspired those young men to actually try for once and hopefully they make successes of themselves.

DEC4L:

No cap!

Makayla Namaste:

Hold up, we didn't leave the door open... did we?

They skid to a halt when they reach the door to the Better Future Talent Agency's private dressing room, finding it slightly ajar. Did somebody forget to close it when they left? A moment later, they get their answer when it comes open the rest of the way. Zack Daymon emerges first, closely followed by Leo Burnett.

Both members of the Rain City Ronin wear matching smirks. They exchange a glance and look pointedly at M4NTRA. Zack shakes his fist with the thumb and pinky outstretched next to his ear (call us anytime) and Leo taps his wrist where a watch would be (we'll be waiting), and they leave. Makayla sneaks in close to DEC4L, visibly shook by the breaking and entering she had just witnessed.

Inside, the digs of BFTA are thoroughly trashed. Shreds of cloth and paper litter the floor. The lockers have been emptied out, with their belongings strewn every which way. Across the far wall, a prominent word has been scrawled across the wall in black paint.

REVENGE

Tom Morrow:

What the hell! Ahhhh ... why did I give the Devil's Circus time off for taking out Max Luck?! Ahhhh!

The Executive CVO of M4NTRA's jaw drops as she surveys her surroundings. Across the room, Declan Alexander lifts up several small empty glass bottles.

Makayla Namaste:

I'm so sorry. This is NOT how my vegan, animal friendly, 100% eco-conscious nail polish was intended to be used.

Nathan Eye:

Guys ...

He points the way that the Rain City Ronin have just left, dramatically.

Nathan Eye:

I think those wrestling mimes are up to no good. I don't think they're enlightened at all!

Everyone's eyes narrow at the thought, except for Tom Morrow who continues to pace around the room running his hands across the top of his head as the scene fades to black.

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. LONNIE STONE

DDK:

Well earlier tonight we saw that Tom Morrow and M4NTRA were throwing their weight around and I don't see that stopping any time soon, Lance ... cause Tom Morrow is coming out here with the OG BFTA member, the returning Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

Ughhh!

DDK:

My sentiments exactly. Alvaro de Vargas made a shocking return and helped attack the Lucky Sevens! The Devil's Circus lost their match to the Sevens, only for ADV to help overwhelm the twin seven footers by attacking Mason Luck his signature fireball. Max Luck had a chair taken to his knee repeatedly! And now, ADV is going to see action against a fellow student of Winston Luck's School, Lonnie Stone!

Lance:

Stone scored a win on Uncut and immediately challenged ADV to a match tonight on behalf. I'm not sure the Sevens hold Stone in that high regard, and look, he has a lot of heart. He's come at some big names like the new Favoured Saints champion JJ Dixon and the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE Ed White, but this may be a battle he should have avoided!

DDK:

Regardless he's gonna try! Lonnie Stone and Alvaro de Vargas is up next!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first ... from Caliente, Nevada ... he weighs in at one-hundred fifty-nine pounds ... LONNNNNIIIIIIII STONNNNNNNEEEEE!!!

Zippping through the curtains, Lonnie Stone doesn't wait too long for his entrance music to play. He points at the ring with two fingers then he flies right towards the ring at high velocity!. He jumps and slides right under the bottom rope. Wearing long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight as he prepares for what will be a tough match with Alvaro de Vargas as his picture-in-picture comments play.

Lonnie Stone:

On behalf of Winston Luck ... on behalf of Mason Luck and Max Luck and anyone that's ever come out of the Winston Luck Academy ... this one's for you. Alvaro ... you are not going to get away with this ... wait, HOW TALL IS HE?!

The feed cuts on his picture-in-picture and before you know it ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Out comes Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie Stone, ladies and gentlemen! Give this man a hand! Small in stature but big in heart!

Lonnie doesn't appreciate the sarcastic tone in Morrow's voice and he wants action.

Tom Morrow:

I gotta tell you something kid ... it really is admirable what you're trying to do here. You, a man who barely weighs a hundred sixty pounds soaking wet, wants to make a name for yourself amongst the giants of both star power and size in this industry! You want to do it on your own name ... but when I managed the Lucky Sevens for three years in this promotion making them the stars they are today, I learned a lot about them. Where they trained, who they worked with

... who their family is.

The last comment makes Stone stop.

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie *Stone* ... see, I don't know anything at all about the one guy in BRAZEN that says he's their younger brother. I never heard of him ... but I have heard of you, Lonnie Stone. Or should I say ... Max and Mase's little cousin ... Lonnie *LUCK!!!!*

The revelation comes out and Stone bites his lip. He scowls at Morrow.

DDK:

Wait ... is *that* why he's been wanting to fight for them? He's family?

Lance:

Morrow is trash!

Tom Morrow:

I get it! You came into this business not liking Max and Mason at first. They lived off and continue to live off the name of their grandfather. You wanted to try and do things your way ... but it's 2024! You don't have to hide it, Lonnie! Don't be ashamed! Because I'm about to introduce the man that helped take out your cousins!

He points to the ramp!

Tom Morrow:

Standing at six-foot eight! Weighing 289 pounds ... this man's list of Burn Victims includes Hall of Famers like Sonny Silver ... former world champions like Scott Stevens and Deacon, the man he ran out of here!... your big cousin, Mase ... whoosh! And so many others! Please welcome ... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The DEFIatron now shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white... And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg and now has a completely bald head, but a neatly-trimmed beard. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud!

DDK:

Look at this beast! He's put on even more muscle! He was floating around the two-seventies and now he's close to what, two ninety?!

Lance:

Lonnie Stone ... Lonnie Luck, whatever he is being called. He's gonna be called char if he doesn't leave this ring!

Alvaro's blue shades come off and when he enters the ring, both men are ready for action!

DING DING

DDK:

Lonnie Stone on the attack ... ouch! Hold that thought!

The Lonn Dart tries to throw himself at Alvaro as such but only gets shoulder blocked to the canvas quickly. He gets picked up off the canvas and with a sledgehammer like gut shot, Stone goes right back down. Tom Morrow looks happy with this happening.

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas showing quickly why he main evented DEFCON last year against Lindsay Troy for the FIST! He's an unstoppable monster!

Supernova Cubana almost dares Stone to get up, but he's still sucking in wind after one gut punch. He snags Lonnie and then picks up the young man to his feet ... then a nasty forehand chop brings him right back down to the canvas.

DDK:

Well, now things are a little more in focus. We've seen on Uncut that Lonnie had some kind of relationship with Max and Mason Luck that we assumed was just people trained by the same man.

Lance:

Lonnie's trying to get up still.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on Lonnie as he starts standing up again despite a red welt forming on his chest. When he doesn't get up fast enough for Alvaro's liking, Supernova Cubana chucks him by the back of the head into an empty corner. Alvaro grits his teeth and he runs at the corner ... but one thing that Lonnie Stone/Luck has over his opponent is superior speed and he uses this to dart out of the corner just before Alvaro does. Alvaro hits the empty corner at high speed!

DDK:

Ouch! Misfire by Alvaro de Vargas! Maybe Lonnie has a chance here!

Alvaro doesn't go off his feet at all, but he gets the leg kicked at. Again and again with kicks, Lonnie Stone tries to chop away at the big man. Tom Morrow is telling Alvaro to swing. He goes for a punch and Lonnie crouches, but he does get pushed into the ropes. He comes back with a big running elbow that only fazes ADV slightly. Lonnie tries a kick, but Alvaro grabs the leg and tries to flip him back, but Stone lands on his feet! Lonnie tries to approach again but he gets taken out by a massive clothesline!

Lance:

There's a huge clothesline by Alvaro and that might have been Lonnie's one chance to get things going!

DDK:

Gotta agree with you partner!

Morrow tells Alvaro to finish the match, but ADV seems like he wants to stretch his legs a little bit. He grabs Lonnie in a side suplex only to throw him three-fourths of the way across the ring instead! The entire arena gasps! ADV seems to bask in the reaction of the Faithful!

DDK:

Aaahh! That was unfathomable strength by Alvaro! He just rag dolled Lonnie with that side suplex across the ring!

Lance:

Now what's he going to do?

There is no attempt made at a pinfall by Alvaro while Lonnie has just been hurled all the way to the other side of the ring. Alvaro has a smirk on his face when he hears the jeering that the Canadian crowd are raining down on him. He grabs Lonnie and then picks him up before putting him on the top rope. He lightly taps him on the side of the face like he's going to do something ... but gets a shock when Lonnie bites his fingers! Morrow cannot believe what is

happening!

DDK:

There's the style of Lonnie Stone as taught by Winston Luck! Any means necessary!

Alvaro backs off having his finger bitten! He is shaking his hand when he catches a missile drop kick off the top rope by Lonnie! The drop kick isn't enough to knock him off his feet, but it's enough to get him into a corner. Stone limps to the side of the ring and then he speeds all the way at Alvaro with a running drop kick in the corner!

DDK:

There is one! He likes to hit these corner drop kicks in three and does call them three of a kind!

Lonnie gets up again and runs at the corner. He charges back and hits another one on Alvaro! The blow rattles Alvaro but he doesn't go down! Lonnie Stone/Luck calls out for one more!

Lance:

Is he gonna do it?

Lonnie hopes to hit the third running drop kick on the monster ... only to eat a SCORCHER!!!

DDK:

No!!! Alvaro hits the gargantuan thrust kick first! He calls that the Scorchier!

Alvaro grabs Lonnie ... then *spikes* him into the mat with a jumping tombstone piledriver!

DDK:

And there's the Ardiendo! Cover on Lonnie Stone ... Luck! I'm not sure what I'm supposed to call him ...

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

DDK:

...but I gotta call this match over.

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your ...

But Alvaro doesn't even let him get through the introductions because Tom Morrow has already chased off Quimbey and taken his microphone.

Tom Morrow:

THE WINNER IS SUPERNOVA CUBANA ... ALVAROOOOOOOO DE VARRRRRRGAAAASSS! NOW GET THAT PIECE OF GARBAGE OUT OF OUR RING!

Alvaro grabs a lifeless Lonnie ... and then *throws* him over the top rope and he lands with a sickening thud on his back outside the ring! The Faithful gasp!

DDK:

No! Alvaro's lost it! Remember ... this was the man Sonny Silver once referred to as a "nuke". And Tom Morrow's the guy controlling this walking warhead!

ADV roars and Tom Morrow is all grins that his OG client is back! Medical personnel attend to Lonnie Stone outside of the ring and the two saunter right on past the massacre he just caused.

Lance:

The Devil's Circus were given a paid vacation after their part in dealing with the Lucky Sevens ... Alvaro de Vargas is back and he could have just injured another Luck family member we didn't even know about! M4NTRA are running around unchecked taking tag team matches from people. Every time you think that Tom Morrow's back against the wall ... he's DEFIANCE's biggest cockroach.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024***FIST of DEFIANCE******Dex Joy (C) vs. Malak Garland******ACE of DEFIANCE******Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse***

EARTH'S DEFENDER HAS ARRIVED

The shot opens on a metallic “antenna” standing erect. Static and white noise fills the audio.

Then a pair of black-stained fingers enter the shot and give it a wiggle. The noise warbles for a moment until the right adjustment is made, and a signal comes through...

♪ “Quitters Fight Song” by Whores. ♪

We get a sequence of shots:

A studded strap of leather snakes its way through the belt loops of a black set of pants. It connects into a customized chrome buckle that reads “HOOSIER BY BIRTH - MOTHERFUCKER BY CHOICE”.

A black denim vest, decorated in patches that read things like “Black Flag”, “Discharge”, and “D.R.I.”, covers up a tattooed backpiece of a grinning goat’s head over a pentagram.

A butane lighter sparks up. The flame lights the end of a joint clenched between a cracked set of whisker-lined lips, drawing in the smoke.

A sheet of tinfoil, wrapped into a conical shape, gets a slight readjustment in its place resting upon the wearer’s head. The “point” protruding from the top like a metallic polyp is evidently the antenna we saw from before.

Finally, the same set of black-stained fingers push down on a toilet flusher.

BAM!

That’s the sound the stall door makes when it’s kicked the fuck open with authority. “The Escape Artist” Rezin likewise steps out into the men’s room with a commanding and DEFIANT presence, wearing the devious devilish smirk of a man with insidious intentions.

“FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!”

Winking to himself in the mirror, Rezin crosses over to the door and grasps the handle...

Snap.

...only for it to immediately pop off.

“FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!”

Rezin’s confidence switches on a dime into wide-eyed anxiety. He stares at the broken handle in his hand, dumbfounded. Then he looks to the door, and sees it only swings the one way.

“I KEPT MY NOSE SO CLEAN, NEVER MISSED ONCE!”

Realizing he’s trapped, the Escape Artist tosses the handle aside and gets to work. His initial attempts to pry the door open by wedging his fingertips into the cracks around the perimeter prove to be fruitless.

“I HELD THAT HAMMERRR IN MY HAAAAAND!”

He takes to ramming his shoulder into the door, hoping possibly someone on the other side will hear his plight and come to his rescue. A quick shot on the other side of the door, however, reveals a janitor sweeping the floor while listening to tunes through his headphones.

“I KEPT ON SWINGINN!”

Rezin twirls away from the door and scans the room. No other methods of exit. No windows. But then through a chance look above, he spies a square vent shaft that looks JUST large enough to fit a body through it.

"I KEPT ON SWINGINNN!"

Smash zoom onto Rezin's face, tensing into a mask of grit and conviction.

"I KEPT ON SWINGINNN!"

Cut to inside the vent shaft as a pair of hands pop the grating loose and push it aside. Through the opening, Rezin's miserly head emerges. He looks both ways along the shaft before painstakingly pulling himself up into the confined space and worming his way forward.

"TIL III COULDN'T STAAAND!"

He manages to squirm a single arm ahead of him and flicks on his lighter, John McClane style.

Rezin: *[grumbling]*

Come out to the Coast, we'll get together, have a few laughs...

"GOT THE HEART OF A SINNERRRR!"

Somewhere in the dark heart of the arena's sprawling ventilation system, a fan suddenly powers on, kicking up a massive gust of air flow through the network of ducts.

WHOOSH!

"I WAS LEEED LIKE A LAAAMB!"

Up in Rezin's neck of the woods, the gust suddenly hits him, blowing out his lighter.

Rezin:

Oh... SHIT!!

"WAAASTED -- WAAASTED -- WAAASTED!!"

Being a greasy bastard is effective in escaping holds in the ring, but doesn't lend to much friction when packing into a confined ventilation shaft. The rush of air from behind him sends him shooting wildly through the metal tube like a human bullet.

Rezin:

AAAAAAAHHH!!!

"WASTED MAN!!"

The shaft suddenly reaches a drop point, and Rezin's velocity brings him down. He plummets through another ceiling grating and drops to the floor.

CRASH!

"THE HUNGERRRR!!"

Fortunately, a folding table is there to break his fall.

Rezin:

BLEGHKK!!

"THE HUNGERRR!!"

Unfortunately, the four gruff-looking hired goon plague doctors that were seated around that table were evidently in the middle of a close game of poker. Because, despite their masked, beaked faces, their body language as they unanimously rise to their feet suggests a fair amount of pissed offedness.

Rezin:

Bwuuugghh...

"I HELD THAT APPLE IN MY HAAAAND!!"

Sprawled out on the floor, Rezin blinks awake in time to see them standing over him.

Rezin:

Uhm... sup, fellas? I come in peace!

Hard cut to Rezin scrambling through the hallways backstage, running for his life with the hired goon plague doctors giving chase.

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

Rezin spots a door and ducks inside. The hired goon plague doctors, hot on his trail, follow him through it. When it swings shut, we can see "PROPS DEPARTMENT" written across it.

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

The hired goon plague doctors sweep through a darkened room lined with racks of colorful costumes, stage props, and vanity mirrors along the walls. But finding no sign of the Goat Bastard, they hurry through the next door, further into the arena's backrooms.

"I DIED A HUNDRED TIMES, I FELL APART!!"

The camera lingers on a row of gruesome rubber monster masks. Among the hideous array of faces, however, one stands out as a bit more human than the rest. Rezin is hidden among the monster masks, ET style.

"JUST THE HAABIT OF A CLOOOWNN!!"

He keeps his face frozen into the warped and twisted expression of a man who has thoroughly lost his mind. When the coast is clear, he drops the act and heads back the way he came.

"DISAPPEARING BIT BY BIT!"

There's a spring in his step as he approaches the door, feeling triumphant in having slipped his pursuers. As they say, the Escape Artist strikes again.

"POOR MOTHER'S SON!"

The feeling is brief, however, as he brings the door open and finds a whole dozen other hired goon plague doctors waiting for him on the other side. He promptly shuts it, Jack Burton style.

Rezin:

...I may be trapped.

"I KEPT ON SWINGINN!"

Hard cut. Croaking in a panic, arms stretched out in front of him, Rezin is hauling weed-addled ass down the hallway, now with an entire mob of hired goon plague doctors practically nipping at his heels.

Rezin:

AAAAAAAH!!

"NEVER GOOD... NEVER DOONNE!"

He passes by a sign posted to the wall that reads "THIS WAY TO RING" over a large arrow pointing in the direction he happens to be running.

"GOT THE HEART OF A SINNERR!"

Up ahead, he sees the doorway leading out to the arena. Except a large metal retracting door is slowly coming down, threatening to block off his escape. Biting his lip with determination, Rezin pushes himself to sprint even faster.

"I WAS LEEED LIKE A LAAAMB!"

The door is only a few feet above the ground. Rezin desperately dives the last few yards, just barely clearing the descending door. Sitting up, he realizes that his tinfoil hat came off during the trip, and quickly reaches back under the door and snags it before it comes down the final few inches, Indiana Jones style.

Rezin:

Plague doctors... why'd it hafta be plague doctors...?

"TAKE -- TAKE -- TAKE -- TAKE!"

Struggling to his feet, the Goat Bastard loses his balance and stumbles through a black curtain. When he emerges on the other side, he--

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!"

"WASTED PLANS!"

--gets knocked flat on his ass by the sudden thunderous reaction from the thousands of Vancouver Faithful filling the seats of the Rogers Arena.

"THE HUNGERR!"

Rezin pops back to his feet and discovers that he has wandered out onto the interview stage. The music is now blasting through the PA. A sea of cheering fans is out there, screaming his name. Chris Trutt is standing off to the side, waiting with a mic in hand.

"THE HUNGERR!"

The Goat Bastard stands in what can be considered the "iconic" Rezin pose: leaning slightly forward, feet spread out, arms outstretched and slightly behind him, eyes wide, and lips pursed around his lit joint into a jagged squiggle of confusion. The classic stoned-deer-in-cop-car-headlights look.

"I HELD THAT APPLE IN MY HAAAAND!"

After a few moments, the reception begins winning him over, and his swagger returns. Now he's shucking and jiving his way across the stage, working the crowd and gesticulating in time to the music.

Behind him, Trutt himself is seemingly getting into the groove, lightly shaking his fists and bobbing his hips in a meek effort to loosen up. He quickly freezes once he notices the fiery gaze of Hell's Favorite Hoosier fall upon him.

Rezin stomps over to the junior reporter, with a look in his eye that can only be described as unhinged. Knowing the Escape Artist well enough by now to know that there's no telling what might happen next, Trutt grows ever more anxious with every heavy step.

Rezin comes to a halt inches away from the junior reporter... and yanks him straight into a rough, slaphappy bro-hug. The crowd cheers at the sight of the duo reunited on the stage for the first time in a long time.

When Rezin finally releases him from his erratic embrace, Trutt's suit is out of sorts and covered in black handprints. Nevertheless, he's smiling from ear to ear as he raises the mic to speak.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his return to DEFtv... "The Escape Artist", REZIN!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Rezin extends his arms into the JC pose, soaking up the love from the Faithful.

Chris Trutt:

Well, Rezin, I guess the most obvious question is... how does it feel to be back?

Nostrils flaring and eyes as red as two setting suns, Rezin stares out into the crowd...

"REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!!"

Rezin's hand goes high overhead, and begins circling ominously. Trutt holds out the microphone, knowing exactly what's coming next.

ssssssssssSWIPE!

Rezin:

WELL LEMME TELL YA WHUT, TRUTT!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

The Goat Bastard rages and rants from one end of the stage to the other.

Rezin:

SIX MONTHS I been away!! SIX GODDAMB MONTHS of lettin' this place go to HELL without my PURE, PERSISTENT PUNK ROCK PANACHE!! So I hope erry single one of ya came here tonight ready, willin', able to walk outta here tonight with your vocal chords shredded, your lungs busted, your eyes red, your minds blown, and your pants shided...

His insane eyes find the camera. A blackened finger points to the millions watching at home

Rezin:

...cause OL' DOPESMOKER IS **HOME**, BABY!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Rezin rejoins the junior reporter, who has procured another microphone. He waves a hand out over the crowd.

Chris Trutt:

You know, Rezin, I can't help but notice an awful lot of tinfoil out there in the crowd, Rezin.

Rezin nods, staring out in the crowd once more. The camera gets a sweeping shot of the fans, where we can indeed see a minority have taken to wearing tinfoil hats in the same manner as our lovable Goat Bastard.

Rezin:

Your DAMB RIGHT you're seein' tinfoil, Trutt-stuff! Cause we got BELIEVERS out there!

"HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE!"

Rezin:

THESE BELIEVERS AIN'T STUPID, TRUTT!! And THEY AIN'T CRAZY EITHER!! Because they KNOW that EYE KNOW that THEY--not them, the *THEY* THEY--are HERE and AMONG US!!

Chris scratches his head.

Chris Trutt:

Just to clarify here, Rezin, by "they" do you mean--

Rezin:

THE ALIEN SHAPESHIFTERS FROM THE WITCHHEAD NEBULA!! They TOOK ME ON THEIR SHIP and BROUGHT ME TO THEIR HOME PLANET and FIXED MY KNEE WITH ALIEN CYBERNETIC TECHNOLOGY!! But it was a RUSE, Trutt! I was the BAIT to prepare for their INVASION OF EARTH!! And now they've COME TO DEFIANCE to STEAL OUR WRASSLIN' and OUR PUNK ROCK and OUR HOT GOTH CHICKS!! And RIGHT NOW they are back there HIDIN' IN THE LOCKER ROOM! Pretendin' to be DEFIANT, when all they're really doin' is DECEIVIN'! SCHEMIN'! PHILANDERIN'! Spinnin' their EVIL WEB of DECEPTION to bring ALL OF HUMANITY to our knees!

He furiously shakes his head and points into the camera again

Rezin:

But now that EARTH'S **DEFENDER** has ARRIVED... those COLD-BLOODED LIZARD INVADER SCUMBAGS are about to be SENT PACKIN'!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Again, Trutt scratches his head. He's hearing what the Escape Artist is saying, but unsure if he should be a "believer" himself. The notion that intelligent extraterrestrial life exists elsewhere in the universe, and is secretly running a covert campaign to take over the planet, and is doing it through a professional wrestling company, is quite the stretch of logic.

I mean, really, that's like Kabal levels of convoluted shit.

Chris Trutt:

Well, I suppose I should ask then, do you have any leads on just who these "alien shapeshifters" in our locker room might really be?

Rezin proudly flashes his sly grin to the crowd.

Rezin:

Ohhhhh, I think we ALLL know who the STRAWBVIOUS SUSPECTS are...

He reaches into his pants and pulls out a remote. With the press of a button, the house lights dim and the DEFIATron lights up. Six humanoid silhouettes appear on the screen. The crowd begins raging, as their outlines seem quite distinct.

Rezin:

I've been doin' a lotta research, Trutt... a lotta info gatherin' ever since I got back to Earth! And verifyin' the necessary information, I came upon quite the discovery! See, way back in the eighties, there was this original miniseries about alien visitors who come to earth lookin' like humans wantin' to make peace! Only later, it gets revealed that they're actually EVIL, CARNIVOROUS REPTILES, with ambitions for WORLD DOMINATION!!

Thinking he's really onto something, Rezin wags his finger into the junior reporter's face.

Rezin:

And ya know what the NAME of that miniseries was, Trutty-Buddy?

Trutt shakes his head. Rezin's grin widens.

Rezin:

...it was called... **V!!**

He turns back to the crowd.

Rezin:

And wouldn't ya know it? Based on my evidence, there's only one group that fit the bill of EXTRATERRESTRIAL INVADERS

He smashes the button on his remote. On the screen, the shadows scroll away, revealing five very distinct individuals that merit a booming jeer from the Faithful.

"DEFIANCE" Oscar Burns. "The Kraken" Henry Keyes. "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama. Scott "The Bull" Hunter. "VV Trainee" Butcher Victorious. And last but not least, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy.

Rezin:

VVVVVVAAAAYYY!! VVVVIKTUSSSSS!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Again, the junior reporter scratches his head in confusion.

Chris Trutt:

Hang on, Rezin... are you saying that because some eighties television miniseries about reptilian aliens trying to take over our planet happened to be called "V", that the members of Vae Victis are *also* shapeshifting reptiles?

The Goat Bastard nods insistently.

Rezin:

DOESN'T IT ALL MAKE SENSE WHEN YA REALLY THINK ABOUT IT, TRUTT?! Hank gets himself Corvo'd, and suddenly comes back an asshole! Burnsie leadin' Butch around, like he's usin' a MIND-CONTROL device! Dan Ryan disappears without a trace, then suddenly comes back as a giant cowboy! Scotty the Bull bein' inhumanly stupid! Hell, even Lindsay Troy's own wrestlin' company has an ACTUAL GODDAMB LIZARD AS CHAMPION right now! ALL THE SIGNS ARE THERE, I TELL YA!!

He points out into the crowd.

Rezin:

WHAT DO YA BELIEVERS THINK?!

"HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE! HIGH BE-LIEVE!"

Rezin nods fervently once more, getting himself charged up.

Rezin:

WELL YA CAN BELIEVE THIS TOO! Erry one of those SCUMFUCKS has tried to KICK ME CLEAN outta DEFIANCE! All they got from doin' it is a few black STAINS on their shiny, shiny boots!

He paces the length of the stage, fist pounding his chest.

Rezin:

Erry time they knocked me down, I ROSE BACK UP! Erry time they tossed me aside, I CAME BACK FOR MORE!! Ever since they arrived, they've been workin' hard trynna chase wrestlers like me outta this company, and despite errything, I'M! STILL! STANDIN'!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Rezin:

But I'm done lettin' myself get knocked down time and time again! THIS TIME... Vae Victis doesn't stand a CHANCE to the power of PUNK ROCK! THIS TIME... the ESCAPE ARTIST is makin' his FINAL STAND!

He leans in close to the camera, his crazed face filling the entire screen.

Rezin:

...and it's all goin' down... at DEF-KAAAWWNNN!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Chris Trutt still doesn't look certain if he wants to believe any of this.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, Rezin. Let's say this... peculiar theory of yours has some basis. Even if the members of Vae Victis really *are* reptilian alien shapeshifters as you claim, and have somehow miraculously kept this secret from literally everyone in the industry these past few years, it begs the question... how can you take on ALL of them? After all, there's six of them, and yet you are only one Escape Artist.

Rezin:

OOOOOOHHH but THAT is where things are DIFFERENT this time around, Trutt! See, we still got many, many days between now and DEFCON! Plenty of time to gather intel, sabotage schemes, AND, most important of all... RECRUIT! Find fellow-minded freedom fighters! Willing souls ready to lay down their lives for... THE REZISTANCE!!

The Goat Bastard DEFIANTly pumps his FIST into the air and bellows into the crowd.

Rezin:

LISTEN UP, YA SCUM... JOIN THE REZISTANCE!! UNITE AGAINST THE ALIEN THREAT!! WE, the LIFESBLOOD OF DEFIANCE, will be the FINAL BASTION to ALL OF HUMANITY!!

The music cues up once more. Rezin runs to the edge of the stage and continues to pump his fist overhead, charging the screaming, foil-headed fans beneath him. In the background, Trutt can only shake his head, half flabbergasted and half impressed that such a human being can exist in that state.

Meanwhile, DEFtv goes elsewhere...

PAT CASSIDY vs. FLEX KRUGER

Moving away from the interview stage, we instead shift to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL with a twenty minute time limit!

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

The fans are up as Pat Cassidy's theme hits! Wasting little time, Cassidy marches out from the back and dressed for combat. Wearing his dark blue "BOPC" tights and black SNS vest, Cassidy is all business as he strides toward the ring with a purpose.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 242 lbs... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAT CAAAASSIDY!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy had a heck of a DEFIANCE Road... and not in a good way. Vae Victis injured his girlfriend, current BRAZEN Women's Champion Ophelia Sykes, leaving him in what was essentially a two-on-one situation.

DDK:

Cassidy put up an admirable fight, but there is no one competitor who is going to be able to overcome the combined forces of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes.

Cassidy enters the ring, walking over to the bottom left turnbuckle and jumping up. He points to himself with two thumbs before raising his arms to a round of cheers.

DDK:

Also, we're burying the lede here, Lance... after the match, we saw the surprise return of Cassidy's former tag team partner Brock Newbludd!

Lance:

We understand Brock was in Germany for promotional reasons, and good thing he was... or there's a good chance Pat wouldn't be in the ring right now.

Cassidy removes his vest and tosses it to a ringside attendant before he begins to test the ropes and warm up.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

The "FLEX" brand loudly shows on the big screen as Flex Kruger steps out from backstage. Kyle Shields steps out from the backstage area holding a handheld speaker and speaking into his iPhone.

Kyle Shields:

DEFIANCE! It's TIME TO GET SWOLE! Flex 'em baby!

Flex bounces his pecs per Kyle's request, generating the smallest amount of cheers mixed with some boos. Both Kyle and Flex seem offended.

Kyle Shields:

Of course, you boo your betters!

Flex rolls his shoulders, stretching, before stomping his way to the ring. Kyle Shields keeps talking as Flex ignores the outstretched hands of the Faithful.

Kyle Shields:

Bro, I bet they don't even lift. Sorry Darren! I do this job way better than you! My boy Flex is going to stretch ol'

Sundance Kid until he's sharing a hospital bed with his O-fficial girlfriend. Ophelia. O feel Ophelia. Ooooh. Oooh. Oooooh!

Kyle Shields "Office Spaces" it and tosses the bluetooth speaker aside. Flex Kruger hops onto the apron, and takes a moment to flex.

DDK:

Thank God Kyle Shields has shut up.

Lance:

It's hard to stay impartial when your ears ring from the high pitch whine.

DDK:

Flex has been on some hard times since his partnership with Klein dissolved. Just a few months ago, Flex in a Box took down SNS for the Tag belts, and now neither of them are even in the division. It's been a wild few months hasn't it Lance?

DING DING

Cassidy and Kruger begin to circle while eyeing each other up and down. Both look for an opening and eventually come together in the middle. They lock up and immediately begin jockeying for position. Flex comes out on top with a go-behind into a hammerlock, but Cassidy reaches up and transitions into a headlock almost right away. Flex uses his power to send Cassidy forward and into the ropes. On the rebound, Cassidy ducks Flex's attempt at a clothesline. Pat's momentum carries him into the opposite set of ropes where he manages to grab a hold and halt his forward momentum. Flex, however, had put his head down for a back body drop-like maneuver, so Cassidy simply kicks Flex right in the sternum while he's bent forward! Flex recoils, holding his chest in pain, but then he charges The Saturday Night Special in anger - allowing Cassidy to pull the top rope down and send Flex spilling over onto the ring apron!

DDK:

Pat giving up power to the larger Kruger in this contest, but what Cassidy lacks in technical prowess he sure makes up for in ring awareness.

Flex manages to stop himself from falling to the ringside floor, but just as he pulls himself up, Cassidy is there to meet him with a modified stun gun and drives Kruger's neck into the top rope - and NOW he tumbles to the floor! Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope to follow him. Kyle Shields scurries for safety as Cassidy grabs Flex by his long locks and bounces his head off the nearby barricade. Cassidy accepts a red solo cup from a nearby Ballyhooligan, takes a quick chug, and then rolls Flex back into the ring.

Lance:

Despite a rough go at things lately, he's still the same old Pat Cassidy.

DDK:

Speaking of: I've heard that Ophelia's injuries are not nearly as serious as people anticipated and she will be back in a BRAZEN ring to defend her Women's Championship very soon.

Lance:

Great news!

Instead of following Kruger back in, Pat remains on the outside. He takes hold of each of Flex's legs and positions him so that each leg is on opposite sides of the turnbuckle. The crowd begins to buzz as they can sense what's coming - and so can Flex, who throws his hands up to ask Cassidy for mercy. Although Carla Ferrari warns him against it, The Scrapper from Southie does in fact pull back, smashing Flex's little appeals into the hard steel!

DDK:

That's one way to neutralize a strength advantage!

Now Cassidy gets back in the ring, dropping the hurting Flex with a quick bodyslam before ascending to the second rope. Pat flies off with a pointed elbow drop (made famous by a certain Canadian who will remain nameless) right into Flex's skull! Pat hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Flex gets the shoulder up.

Kyle Shields, sensing that this is going poorly, hops onto the apron to object. Carla gets right in his face, demanding that he get down, but Cassidy does one better: he slugs Kyle right in the face, sending him crashing to the floor! Satisfied, Cassidy turns back around... right into an overhead press slam by the impressively strong Flex Kruger!

Lance:

Cassidy took his eye off the prize and now he's paying for it.

Flex pulls Cassidy to his feet into a vertical suplex, one that he holds for an excessive period of time.

DDK:

A little bit of a nostalgia, Flex and Klein used to try to outdo each other with their delayed vertical suplexes.

Lance:

All that blood rushing to the head Darren, there's a reason this is one of the most dangerous suplexes in the game.

DDK:

And Cassidy comes crashing down!

The ring shakes as Flex rolls on top for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Cassidy gets the shoulder up!

Flex pulls Pat to his feet and shoots him into the far corner. Flex charges in and just shoulder blocks Cassidy like a moving brick wall. Flex then shoves Cassidy neck first onto the top rope, choking him to four. Flex turns and raises a hand to Carla, who stands her ground. Kruger lets go simply to break the hold, and then clocks Pat square in the jaw to jeers.

Flex doesn't let up the pressure, as he grabs Pat's head and drives his neck into the bottom rope. He holds it there until Carla gets to a four count before releasing. As the fans let him have it, he turns to them and flexes in all his glory. Kyle Shields finally awakens on the outside and throws both his hands up in the air in cheers. In one arm, the bluetooth speaker does its best impression of an air horn at a 90s NBA game.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as Flex works over Pat Cassidy... I'm getting word from the back that we have a call-in to our program...

Lance:

A call?

DDK:

That's right - the producers have patched them through... hello? Hello? Who's there?

The voice is a woman's and is practically shouting over the cacophony of background noise.

Lindsay Troy:

Keebs! My favorite announcer not named Nick Stuart and Richard Parker! Get your phone, I want to Facetime you!

DDK:

Um...folks, apparently we have one of the Co-Consuls of Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy, on the line....

Lindsay Troy:

YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR PHONE, DARREN, HURRY UP!

Lance:

Yeah Darren, get your phone, talking to her is way more important than calling this match...

Lindsay Troy:

I heard that, Lance. Rude. This is why I wanted to talk to Darren and not you.

In the ring, Flex has trapped Black Out in a chinlock for the ages. Flex puts all his power into his bicep, intent on squeezing the life out of Cassidy.

At the booth, Keebs has Facetime working. The Queen, resplendent in a pink dress and heels, is sitting inside a crowded bar. The Flynn Cup is next to her.

DDK:

It doesn't look like you're here at the Rogers Arena, Lindsay. So if you're not here, where—

"I'LL TELL YOU WHERE WE ARE, DARREN!"

Suddenly, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes appears on the screen, dressed in full pink Captain's regalia.

Henry Keyes:

MISS TROY AND I, rather than be FORCED to visit the wasteland that birthed cOnOr FuSe ONCE AGAIN, decided to go to New Orleans and celebrate Mardi Gras.

Lindsay Troy:

And Valentine's Day! Extra pink for Wednesday!

The Besties in the World high-five. In the ring, Cassidy's face is turning colors but he refuses to quit.

Henry Keyes:

And where did we wind up, you may be wondering? BALLYHOO BREW. The vaunted drinking hole of the poster children for alcohol poisoning, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. And what an absolute shitpit it is!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh come on, Ballyhoo is a great bar, and a lot of work went into remodeling it after the Lucky Sevens burned it down.

DDK:

"Allegedly."

Henry Keyes:

LANCE, THIS IS AN "A" AND "B" CONVERSATION, SO "C" YOURSELF OUT OF IT, I SWEAR TO GOD.

Pat begins to show signs of getting right to battle his way out of the chinlock, so Flex changes strategy: he lifts Pat off the canvas and wraps his arms around the Boston native in a powerful bearhug! Carla moves in to see if Pat gives up but the defiant young wrestler shakes his head in the negative.

Henry Keyes:

Here's our first grievance: THE ALCOHOL SELECTION IS SHIT!

Lindsay Troy:

One bourbon available, and it's Four Roses?? Where are we, in college? And no absinthe at all for Henry! We didn't realize this bar was BYOB!

Henry Keyes:

Should we have brought our own ballyhoo, too? And another thing, my personal second grievance, and this one is big - WHERE ARE THE DAMN PANCAKES??

DDK:

Are you saying the kitchen there doesn't serve pancakes, famously your favorite breakfast food?

Henry Keyes:

I'M SAYING THE KITCHEN DOESN'T DO SHIT! I DON'T THINK THERE EVEN IS A KITCHEN!! What kind of establishment doesn't even serve PANCAKES?!

Lindsay Troy:

Don't worry, Henry, Uber Eats is 5 minutes away, and I've got them bringing the good booze too.

Henry Keyes:

YOU'LL RECEIVE OUR BILL, PAT AND BROCK, AND IF YOU AREN'T WILLING TO PAY IT, GIVE IT TO LANCE. GOD, I can't believe all the bullshit I have to put up with every day in this place...

The voice of Keyes trails off, he's apparently gone to get some air.

Lindsay Troy:

Zero stars out of ten, would not recommend, bring the torches back out.

She abruptly ends the call. The crowd begins to stir as Cassidy appears to have gone limp in Flex's grasp. Carla moves in to check the hand. She lifts it up and releases it with the hand going limp...

...NO! At the last second Pat's hand balls into a fist and he raises it high into the air. The Faithful come alive as he begins to rain right hands down onto the skull of Flex Kurger! Flex is rocked and after four shots he has no chance but to release his grip and break the hold. Cassidy fires off a few more punches before he hits the ropes and gets a head of steam, charging back at Flex...

...but running right into a spinebuster! Kurger covers and Kyle Shields counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! Cassidy powers out at the last second.

Flex is not happy about this, but he quickly refocuses. He signals to the crowd that the end is near, grabbing Pat by the

hair and lifting him to his feet. Kyle Shields gets excessive with his air horn noises on the outside, cheering Flex on. Flex slips behind, hooking both arms in a full nelson! Flex roars as he cranks on the pressure, forcing Cassidy's neck to bend in an unnatural way!

Lance:

This is the beginning of the Flex-Plex! If he hits that, this one is over!

Impressively, Flex is able to ragdoll the large man that is Pat Cassidy as he throws him around in the hold. Flex appears to be readying to complete the move and hit the suplex part, but instead Pat gets a burst of energy and runs forward! Cassidy runs UP and pushes OFF the turnbuckle, flying backwards and taking Flex (who still has the Full Nelson on) with him! They both hit the mat and Cassidy is able to flip over - Flex's shoulders are pinned!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - Flex has no choice but to break the hold and save the match!

Both men scramble back to their feet, but Flex runs right into a Cassidy clothesline! He hits the mat but gets right back up... another! Back down, back up, same deal! This time, Flex falls backwards and slumps against a turnbuckle in the corner. Sensing an opportunity, Cassidy takes position in the opposite corner. He shoots the crowd a look and they rise to their feet, sensing what's coming. Cassidy takes off running toward Flex, and he leaps high into the air...

DDK:

Splash Of... NO!

Flex moves! Cassidy crashes out of the turnbuckle, stumbles backwards, and Flex nearly takes his head clean off with a lariat!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As the crowd boos, Flex smiles. He turns away from Cassidy, playing up to the negative reaction. He raises both arms in the air and FLEXS for all he's worth, drawing even more ire from The Faithful. Kyle Shields even climbs on the apron and makes large air horn noises through his bluetooth speaker. But the Faithful's boos shift to cheers as behind Flex, Cassidy NIPS UP! Flex, never the brightest crayon in the toolbox, takes a few seconds to register the fan's change in demeanor. He sees Kyle pointing behind him. When Flex reacts, he turns back to his opponent, but it's too late, and he's caught OUTTANOWHERE with...

Lance:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!

Flex's head is driven straight into the mat by the Reverse STO, and since Cassidy fell with him, he simply rolls over and hooks the leg in deep.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

He did it! Flex Kruger took his eyes off his opponent for one second too long and got caught!

SAY THE ALPHABET BACKWARDS

Carla raises Cassidy's arm as his theme begins to play again. He hops up to the turnbuckle to get one more round of cheers from The Faithful before rolling out of the ring. As he is walking up the ramp, we see DEFIANCE interviewer Christie Zane coming down with mic in hand. Cassidy's theme fades out as she stops him halfway up.

Christie Zane:

Pat! Pat! Congratulations on a hard fought victory, but do you have a second for a few questions.

Pat Cassidy: *[slightly winded]*

Sure but let's make it quick - I have to take a wicked piss.

A small round of laughter from the crowd.

Christie Zane:

First of all, we were hoping for an update on Ophelia after the heinous actions of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes at DEFIANCE Road.

Pat Cassidy:

Shit, Zane, she's a fighta. It's gonna take more than those two jackasses to keep her down. And she sure as hell isn't gonna be letting BRAZEN take away that title from her, so you'll see her back in action real soon. She's doing great.

Christie Zane:

That's fantastic to hear. I was wondering, given what happened at the PPV, if you had any words for the two members of Vae Victis who injured her in the first place?

Cassidy's demeanor shifts. He suddenly grows serious.

Pat Cassidy:

In fact, I do.

He turns to the nearby camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Troy. Keyes. You made this [BLEEP] personal. We coulda had ourselves a nice little tag match, but you decided you needed to send a message. Well, I know they ain't heah tonight, but I want them to heah this: now it's my turn to send a message. You might think you have safety in numbahs, but I know how to pick my spot. You can be damn sure I'm coming for...

"BAAAALLLY!!"

♪ "Bally-Bang Your Head (Metal Health)" by Quiet Riot ♪

"HOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The Faithful erupt in cheers as wrestler-turned-B movie star, Brock Newbludd, walks out onto the stage with a fist held high in the air. Wearing blue jeans, snakeskin cowboy boots, and an old "Rush 2112" sleeveless t-shirt, Newbludd briefly plays up the capacity crowd before sliding on over to his best friend and Christie Zane.

DDK:

And what a surprise! Pat Cassidy's long time tag team partner, Brock Newbludd, is here in Vancouver!

Throwing an arm around Cassidy, Brock smiles and motions for a surprised Christie to point the microphone in his direction. Just as his music fades out, Brock leans in to speak.

Brock Newbludd:

Cass...brother. I'm sorry, but you're wrong when it comes to Vae Victis. I'm here to tell you that you won't be doin' jacksquat about Keyes and Troy.

Pat Cassidy:

Excuse me?

Smiling, Newbludd puts a calming hand to his friend and waves with his other one out to the sea of confused fans.

Brock Newbludd:

Hang on now. Lemme finish. What I was saying is you ain't going after Vae Victis...alone. Not this time, buddy.

Cassidy's eyebrows raise up and The Faithful begin to buzz.

Brock Newbludd:

This time, Vae Victis is gonna have to face the *best*. They've been running their mouths... calling themselves the greatest tag team of all time. Well, time for a DEFCON reality check. Cause they're gonna have to throw down with the longest-reigning tag champs of all time...The Saturday Night Specials. Reunited and better than ever, baby! Whaddya say, partner? You wanna get this band back together, right here...right now!?

The Faithful explode in cheers at Newbludd's words and sure enough, a familiar chant begins to start.

"S...N...S! S...N..S! S...N...S"

Pumping his fist to the rhythm of the chanting, Newbludd turns to his friend, awaiting an answer

DDK:

What a turn of events, Lance! Are we about to see a Saturday Night Special reunion? Is Brock really ready to get back in the ring?

Lance:

Listen to the people, DDK. They're trying to will this proposed reunion into reality! But, it's up to Pat Cassidy and no one else!

Cassidy is smiling, but he raises a hand as if to silence the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, *[BLEEP]* me. That's a hell of an idea. But dude...

Cassidy raises an eyebrow.

Pat Cassidy:

Months ago you were at *[BLEEP]*ing death's door. You up for this? You one hundred percent?

Smirking, Brock takes a step back from the two and cocks his head to one side.

Brock Newbludd:

Seriously? 100 percent? In the free and clear? Have I passed the test? Well, shit! You tell me!

Turning on a heel and spreading his arms out wide, Brock begins to walk across the stage, carefully placing one foot in front of another.

DDK:

Is Brock taking a DUI test right now?

Lance:

It would appear so, DDK. He's doing way better at walking that line than I did when I got pulled over a few years ago. Natural born athlete.

DDK:

What?

Having walked a perfectly straight line to the end of the stage, Brock spins around and walks the same line back.

Lance:

Still, the man had triple fusion spinal surgery. Pretty sure any medical exam he'd need to pass to compete would be a tad more thorough.

Stopping in front of Cassidy, he raises one leg and touches the tip of his nose. Setting his foot down, he grins at his former partner.

Brock Newbludd:

Nailed it. Shit, I'd say I'm more than good, brother. Now, I got the keys to the SNS Express right here in my pocket but where I want to go requires someone I trust sittin' shotgun. There's only one man for the job, and I'm lookin' at him. So, how about it?

Newbludd puts a hand on Cassidy's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

How about ya hop in and we drive that sonuvabitch all the way to DEFCON? And when we get there, let's do what we do best. We PARTY like there's no tomorrow and we FIGHT like we got nothin' to lose! It's high time Vae Victis got what's comin' to em'. Not just for Ophelia, but for everyone who's been on the wrong end of their bullshit. You wanna send a message, bro? Well, who better to do it than us...the goddamn Saturday Night Specials!

With The Faithful buzzing in anticipation, Newbludd locks eyes with Cassidy and sticks a hand out. Pat eyes. He turns to one side of the arena. Brock tilts his head to the other and the people roar. Brock and Pat switch sides as they turn their heads... receiving an even louder response. Cassidy looks at his friend...

...and he shakes!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

I think that's a yes!

Lance:

Are we getting The Saturday Night Specials against Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy at DEFCON?? Will Vae Victis accept the match?

Brock and Pat share a tag team partner hug as Christie Zane can't hide her smile and The Faithful continue their ovation.

DDK:

It's been a long time since we've seen the proprietors of Ballyhoo Brew back on the same page!

Lance:

We're definitely heading toward DEFCON, partner!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



THE E-SPREAD PODCAST

We open to a radio studio that appears to be wrapped in luxury. Inside the studio all of the walls are covered in acoustic panels that seem to absorb both light and sound, aside from a large red "ON AIR" neon sign along the far wall. The lighting is dimmed but as we acclimate to the darker room we see a large mahogany table in the center. To the right of the table is state of the art equipment including soundboards, monitors, and an assortment of microphones, wind screens, and retractable arms that allow you to move everything to your heart's content.

A pair of oversized headphones sit on the table, and soft music plays in the background. To the left of the table is a large plate glass window, and on the inside is the control room, complete with a producer moving various settings, to get the sound just right. He has a name tag that reads "Brian" on it. The cameraman in the studio gets set to record the show as it goes out both visually on Youtube as well as a audio podcast.

The carpet is plush to eliminate even the sound of footsteps as people enter and exit the room. Finally we see some movement when some of the soundproof panels move outward, revealing they are even covering the doors of the room. From outside the room walks Mikey Unlikely. Wearing a Pop Culture Phenoms Tshirt and designer jeans, the "World's Greatest Sports Entertainer" moves to the table and lifts the plush headphones into place. He has a seat, and shuffles a few papers before setting them down. He moves the arm of the microphone over to his lips and waits for a signal from Brian. Then he gets it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hello everyone and welcome back to the Entertainment Spread Podcast, I'm your host Mikey Unlikely! Where you get all the news, along with ALL OF THE DRAMA! We've got an incredible show for you today. Our headliner tonight is Pauly Shore talking about his new role in The Richard Simmons story, We've got Cher's ...Great niece! But first... we're dipping a little bit into my world, From DEFIANCE WRESTLING when we interview Madame Melton and her Uncut Gems, wrestlers who are making a major impact in DEF, and have big news to share with each and everyone of you!

The lights flicker on and off before turning completely off. Then, after a quick few seconds, The Gems are located across the studio desk from Mikey. Raiden has his snarl, mullet and a white T-Shirt with his face on it that reads "I Cause Concussions." "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves is standing wearing his beret, smelling his yellow rose, wearing a tailored blue dress coat over a tight patterned "French Guy" styled shirt. Behind them, wearing his brown leather mask (with a Madonna-style microphone headset) and holding his Favoured Saints title is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon.

And, of course, in the middle of this phalanx is Madame Melton -- her silver flapper curls just-perfect, with long dangling silver earrings, a silver (hopefully faux) fur tippet over her shoulders and her custom silver-on-silver gown (a little tighter than usual up top) is Madame Melton, with custom silver headphones on her head already.

Madame Melton:

Get the name right, Mister Unlikely. It's Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems. We stopped being known as Your Uncut Gems after the ingrates in The Faithful decided there were more worthy of their love than us -- despite all we gave them.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Yes. It's interesting whom the uncultured in the DEFIANCE audience -- men who have never known the taste of a Chateau Langrage Bourdeaux wine and women who consider TJ Maxx formal wear -- :choose to love. Quite interesting.

Mikey raises an eyebrow at JPR. before nodding at JJ.

Mikey Unlikely:

My apologies Madame, Her Most Precious Gems! I'll have to have a talk with Brian after the show about getting our notes right. Let's talk about just what you mentioned there Jean Pierre! While the Gems have found some recent successes in DEFIANCE, including JJ Dixon recently becoming the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion! However,

you've continued to find yourself catching the Ire of the DEF FAITHFUL. Why do you think that is?

Raiden:

It's because these people don't appreciate people who actually work hard. Nobody works harder than us, and we have the receipts to prove it. They abandoned us. And it's curious who they have chosen to revere.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Very curious, indeed.

Mikey Unlikely:

Those are some strong allegations! Now I can't personally speak to that as I've been away a number of years, vacationing, working on other projects, and really just taking it easy, and I've found coming back that the fans love me! Who knew!? Do you think it's a matter of changing your perspective? Or should they appreciate The Most Precious Gems for what they've done so far?

Madame Melton:

Well, Mister Unlikely, these fans shouldn't love you. The Faithful are nothing more than a bunch of trained sheeple -- a Pavlovian response to "welcome" you back just because you disappeared.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

And what did you do exactly upon your departure, (in an obnoxiously lame French accent) *Michele*? Can we talk about your other projects for a bit? As Professional Wrestling's Most Esteemed Critic, I have some thoughts about your allegedly creative output... mon ami!

The Hollywood Mogul smirks, ready to react.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm going to let the Michelle thing slide this time, clearly you're a victim of ESL. That said, I'm happy to address my "off the field" activities. Right after setting the DEFIANCE record for the longest reign with the top prize in DEFIANCE, the FIST in the history of the organisation. I took a very long break from Wrestling, and why not, my star was shining bright. Don't worry though Frenchie, someday you'll get there... anyway, I had offers on offers, of not only this show you're on right now, but multiple film projects! Which one do you want to talk about? The DocuMovie on The Dog Whisperer? The musical "BRATZ", or my work on "Law and Order SUV"?

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Oh yes, who could forget your stunning role as "Bellhop Who Saw A Woman Perturbed." You should such range, such dynamic chemistry with Detective Rollins! Why, you boast of being on SVU in the post-Stabler era? Pah.

Mikey Unlikely:

No no no, common mistake, I was on Law and Order SUV! It was a spinoff on RBTv available locally in Newark, Providence, and NYC. Hundreds of people saw it... HUNDREDS!

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Ah, wonderful. I applaud you for your syndicated, sub-Paramount Plus fare. Tell me, *Michele* -- what is it like sharing space with the Home Shopping Network on antennae-powered television?

Mikey looks over at Brian wide eyed, but the producer just shakes his head no. He can see the tension mounting.

Mikey Unlikely:

Since you refuse to address me properly we're going to move back to Madame Melton, please tell us what's next for the Gems now that we're wearing gold, and you're dripping in class and glamour. Do we have tag team gold aspirations? What about you? Will we see you going one on one with anyone anytime soon?

Madame Melton:

Mister Unlikely... I sense already that you missed my pronouncement on the latest instalment of Uncut. We are Big

Game Hunters. We're here to put the biggest pelts on the wall of my grand Hollywood estate -- the one located in the proper zip code, home to the stars of Olde Hollywood, where the trashy new-money new-era 'phenom' types aren't welcome.

Mikey Unlikely:

And rightfully so! The only way to move up is to take down those above you. I won't argue with that, I've been known to do the same, but let me ask you this, who ARE the BIG GAME in DEFIANCE?

Madame Melton lets out a giant smirk as JJ steps forward, dangling the title.

Madame Melton:

Well, Mr. Unlikely... you ruled DEFIANCE with an iron fist for 499 days, and you ruled with fear! Not by being the strongest and certainly not by being the best. But because of your diabolical cunning. That's the type of grip I wish to hold upon this entire promotion!

JJ Dixon:

Mikey Unlikely, if memory serves correct, there's one title that you haven't held here in DEFIANCE. It's the one I currently have. So, let's just say that if I'm lucky enough to get past my first challenger tomorrow evening...

Madame Melton:

And, rest assured... (Melton pantomimes her BitterSweet Symphony as Reeves cackles behind her) we WILL get past our first challenger tomorrow evening...

JJ Dixon:

I'd like to offer you, with nothing but pure kindness in my heart, a chance at this title.

Mikey looks to the sky, clearly mulling over the offer. He argues with himself in his head before responding. You can see the wonder, followed by the firm decision. Meanwhile Raiden stands up and looks around the room.

Mikey Unlikely:

I think you both have the right idea, but a little lackadaisical in the execution. Not to correct you both, but you are correct. I am DEFIANCE's first ever Grand Slam Champion, by the time I'd won the FIST, to complete that goal, the FS title was introduced shortly thereafter. So while I'm still considered the GSC, I've not held the Favored Saints Championship, but why should I? To check a box? When you've done what I've done, you get rare opportunities. If I wanted a shot at the FIST, or the SOHER, All I have to do is ask! I don't need to accumulate wins, I don't need to get "hot", I'm already a bonafide superstar! So that being said, I greatly appreciate the offer, but I think I'll pass.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Well, as we say in France... maybe we can entice you!

There's a sound of headphones dropping as Raiden runs from the side with a Yakuza kick to the sitting Mikey, sending him to the floor. JJ leaps over his side of the booth and starts laying in his 400 Blows forearms. Reeves takes the downed chair and throws it against the wall, before joining in the fray.

Madame Melton:

For you see Mister Unlikely you are the big game that we seek!

Madame Melton sits there, without flinching, as she continues to speak into the microphone.

Madame Melton:

I would apologise to the listeners of the Entertainment Spread podcast, only available on The Ringer network of shows, for the screams and moans being emitted from the mouth of your weebegotten hero Michael Unlikely.

The laughing Reeves holds Mikey's slumped over body up as Raiden hits his "Suddenly Last Slumber" spinning backfist, clocking him in the temple. JJ is busy clearing off the microphones and other gear on the table. All while

Madame continues as if this is the new normal.

Madame Melton:

But it's you at home who should apologize. For the mayhem you are hearing right now is YOUR fault. But none of you wanted us as your heroes. You were pleading with me to become DEFIANCE's lead villainess! Well, you got what you wished for!

Reeves laughs, rubbing his hands. Even in the cramped quarters, Raiden picks Mikey up to drop him into Reeves for "A Bridge Too Far" -- the assisted German Suplex, which cracks the back of Unlikely's skull against the edge of his desk.

Madame Melton:

Mister Unlikely -- I suggest you change your passwords. I suggest you hide the three digits on the back of your ATM card. I suggest you lie about your mother's maiden name!

The Gems stand over the body of Mikey Unlikely, laughing. Melton walks over and puts on Mikey's headset, as JJ dangles the title over Mikey.

Madame Melton:

Because we're about to steal your legacy right out from under your feet...

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Michele!

The Gems take their leave, not even looking back at the destruction, as Brian runs over to Mikey's aide.

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. FELTON BIGSBY*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

IS FOR EVERYONE!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The lights come up and out comes the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE! The camera swivels around to get an entire 360 of his blue and yellow lightning-covered body suit! He holds up the championship and then points to the "Everybody" name plate.

DDK:

Welcome to tonight's main event! For the first time in Dex Joy's run, he defends the title right here in Vancouver, Canada in another Era of Everyone Open Challenge! In spite of Malak Garland looming in the main event of DEFCON, Dex Joy stays the course and represents everyone!

Lance:

That's right!

Dex slaps hands with the Faithful and makes an entire round around the ringside area to do so!

DDK:

And it was BRAZEN's Star Cup winner, "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby who was the first person to sign the open contract that goes out on the day of Dex's defense! What can you tell us about this man, Lance?

Lance:

He's the current holder of the BRAZEN's Star Cup! "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby! Bigsby tips the scales at three-hundred fifty pounds of raw power being channeled by Doris Hilton of Hilton Promotions! The biggest opportunity of his career with nothing to lose and literally *everything* to gain and he can turn the entirety of DEFCON's main event on his head right here!

Once the champion makes his rounds he stomps across the steps and then gets into the ring. Joy holds up the title and poses a question –

Dex Joy:

Who wrecks like Dex?!

NO ONE!!!

The Rogers Arena answers in unison and his music fades.

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

The lights in the arena dim and begin to pulse along with the track-

It's too dark to see clearly but someone has definitely emerged onto the stage. As the song reaches a peak a spotlight hits at the top of the ramp synchronized jets of flame erupt from the stage as "Texas Strong" Felton Bigsby stands with his huge arms outstretched. On his face a superior scowl, he sniffs and snarls in disdain as he looks out over the Canadian Faithful. Doris Hilton quietly makes her way out onto the stage and stands back and to the left of her client-arms crossed, lips pursed. Next to him, they have Gordy Lovitt who is still as of now forced to serve in Hilton Promotions.

Lance:

He had a few opportunities he didn't make the most of in the old BRAZEN system but look at him now ... holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup! New management helping him focus with Doris Hilton and Hilton Promotions. Three seconds is all it's gonna take to change his future for the better

DDK:

And he has a possible power advantage over Dex Joy as well. That's very rare!

Bigsby enters the ring and he is circling Dex. He gestures that the title is coming home with him and Dex mouths "take your best shot, pally!" The introductions start.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is for the FIST ... OF ... DEFIANCE!!! The challenger, with representation by Ms. Doris Hilton and Hilton Promotions- from the mean streets of Houston, Texas! Weighing in tonight at 350 lbs- he is TEXAAAAAAS STRONG FELTON BIGSBY!

Felton starts barking insults at Dex.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent ... from Los Angeles, California! He weights in at three-hundred and eight pounds! He is the current and defending FIST ... OF ... DEFIANCE on behalf of Everyone ... "THE BIGGEST BOOOYYYYYY" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex puts the belt up and then gestures at Felton to do his best to take it! The belt is given to the official and just as the bell rings ...

DING DING

A video appears on the tron. It shows a hotel room being occupied by none other than Malak Garland. The Snowflake Superstar sits back in his chair, sporting a headset and a relaxed facial expression.

Malak Garland:

Hey everyone! Sorry to interrupt. I know I promised I'd be on commentary for tonight's big main event and to be honest, I hate disappointing my fans. However, I just couldn't be at the arena anymore. I much rather partake in commentary remotely. You know, from the safety of my hotel room. Besides, the view of DEFtv from my couch is much better on TV. I prefer to consume it this way than in person any day so that's why I left the arena mid-show.

DDK:

I think I've heard something like this before but I can't quite put my finger on it. Either way, I was geared up to sit next to Malak but instead, we'll have to grin and bear it with him weighing in on commentary remotely.

Lance:

If this is a glimpse of the types of things Malak requires in his life now, just imagine his demands if he were ever to become FIST!

Malak sits back as the video feed of him stays on the tron for the duration of the match but shrinks just enough not to be a distraction as if he is a Twitch streamer conducting live gameplay. Back to the ring as the two bulls attempt to run right into and through the other but they end up at a stalemate! Dex and Felton run into the ropes again and hit with

simultaneous thuds, but this only gets the same result. Dex nods at Felton Bigsby and looks happy with the challenge, but Felton is interested only in pulling off the biggest win of his career.

DDK:

Well, welcome to the commentary desk, uhhh remotely, Malak.

Malak Garland:

Absolute pleasure to be here, Darren and Lance! What an exciting matchup we have tonight and what an exciting matchup we will have next week when my CLOSED challenge debuts! Can you believe it? I am finally getting the treatment I deserve!

The Paper Champion is taking watch of Dex Joy and Felton Bigsby! The big men charge and collide into one another with neither man gaining ground! The man called Houston Strong gives him a chest pat and he wants Dex to bring the fight. Dex runs at the ropes. He comes back and they smack into each other for the second time and once again no ground is gained.

Lance:

Two men showing to be equals so far!

Dex locks up but Bigsby kicks him in the chest instead at Doris Hilton's insistence! Felton manages to put himself on a very short list of people who can whip Dex across the ring. Felton goes for a clothesline but Dex moves. He comes back and hits Felton with a big shoulder that bounces him into the ropes. When he comes back, Dex hits a shot gun drop kick! Felton goes down!

DDK:

Dex just had to think outside the box to get around Felton's power with that drop kick!

Malak Garland:

That drop kick was a two out of ten at best.

Dex is up and he sends Felton for the ropes. He leap frogs over Felton and hits a drop down. When he comes back Dex goes for the cross body that he has been known to hit in this spot ... but the problem is Felton *catches him in his arms!!!* He picks him up and spins him around into a shocking power slam! Lovitt is just watching and Doris Hilton is watching Felton hold his ground.

Lance:

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Did Felton Bigsby just overpower the FIST of DEFIANCE? I've never seen anyone counter that cross body!

Malak Garland:

Just wait until you see me scoop slam Dex Joy into oblivion. He will want to hit weight watchers once I'm done with him.

Doris instructs Felton to get into position. He waits on Dex to get up but then throws all the force he can muster into a football tackle that sends the Biggest Boy packing into the corner buckle!

DDK:

Felton scores with that tackle that has been one of his pieces of signature offense! I don't believe it! Dex Joy is being manhandled!

Malak Garland:

Not surprising. The FIST is as good as mine. DEFCON will be a cakewalk.

Felton makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

He gets a two count on the champion! We have seen BRAZEN stars upset main roster stars before but this would be among the biggest in history! And there is Doris shouting instructions.

Doris Hilton:

Now's your chance!

Dex is picked up and then pushed far back into a corner where a big back splash from Felton Bigsby rocks the champion. Dex has his wind knocked out of him when Felton grabs him by the side of his body. He picks up the champion and then hits a gut wrench suplex!

DDK:

I can't believe this! Felton Bigsby has just taken complete control since that first power slam counter to the cross body!

Lance:

Malak, what are you thinking right now seeing this happen to the Biggest Boy?

Malak Garland:

Honestly, I needed a bathroom break so I went on mute and turned my camera off for a moment so I am just catching up on things now. I think my match against the new FIST Felton Bigsby at DEFCON will be legit.

Garland continues to give his armchair analysis of things with Felton Bigsby now taking control using a bear hug submission. Dex is shaken around like a dog shaking around a slab of steak between its jaws. The Faithful are jeering Felton Bigsby for having the powerful hold locked on for Dex.

DDK:

Felton Bigsby is really working in that bear hug! You gotta be loving this Malak ... and how do you think you'll do in your match in two weeks for the Paper Title against umm? Who exactly?

Malak Garland:

That's for me to know and everyone else to find out later. I sent an invite via secure email just moments ago to this very prestigious invitee so you will find out soon enough.

WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!!

Malak Garland:

These people need to shut up, though. They need to recognize a true champion! I've reigned supreme in the paper division for over one thousand days! Where is the respect?

Hearing all the chants, Dex Joy fires off some big right hands! Felton takes the first couple but Dex fires back several more until Felton finally breaks his hold on the bear hug! Dex leans back on the ropes but he only has seconds before Felton Bigsby tries to attack. Dex moves out of the way and then sends Bigsby spilling through the middle and top rope and he lands at the feet of Doris Hilton!

DDK:

Dex fights his way out and Felton Bigsby is on the floor! And ... look, I think we might have to call traffic control cause Dex is about to take flight!

The Biggest Boy summons up a “whoa!” chant that builds and Bigsby is still trying to stand up after the outside crash. Dex charges across the ring like a fast moving freight train and then leaps over the ropes to wipe out Bigsby with the Whoa-pe Con Hilo!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on their feet!

DDK:

Whoa-pe Con Hilo!!!

Lance:

He busted that out at DEFIANCE Road and wiped out Nicky Corozzo long enough to level the playing field against Edward White! Once again, it's out tonight!

Malak Garland:

A man that large has no right taking flight. If Dexy BaBy tries to pull that stunt off against me, I will move out of the way so fast! I feel bad for the obese ladies in the front row who will end up getting hit by that.

A few moments after the crash, Dex Joy gets up first after the move. Bigsby is muscled up slowly and then picked up through the ropes. Firing up from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful he starts to head up to the high rent district and then pats his head. He leaps off the top rope and then lands the diving headbutt!

DDK:

There's the Jump For Joy! Have you ever seen a big man move so gracefully?

Malak Garland:

Please! Search Party Cyrus could do that ... probably ... also shut up Darren. I'm feeling triggered even from here! Don't make me reach through my screen and choke you!

Dex keeps Felton away from the ropes and then covers Houston Strong.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

At two and a half Felton kicks out!

Lance:

Felton Bigsby managed to kick out of the Jump For Joy! That diving headbutt doesn't come out too often, but I think Dex is changing course against an opponent who may be stronger physically!

DDK:

But Dex remains committed! He's signaling for the end of the match here! The Dex Drive may e coming up!

Dex waits on Felton and as he is getting up, Doris Hilton orders Gordy Lovitt to get on the apron. He unwillingly does so and tries to distract the official. Dex swings at him and Gordy moves but Felton catches Dex turning around with a big elevated spine buster!

DDK:

The ring just shook off that big spine buster! We might be witnessing history tonight!

Malak Garland:

It's over. Cap it.

Felton covers the shoulders!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out again and Felton Bigsby is shocked by this! His fingers are up and so are Doris Hilton's fingers, each trying to tell the official it was a three count.

DDK:

Dex just won't quit! He's put this title on the line against anyone and everyone regardless of experience level and star power! Felton has to stay focused! He's so close to the title!

Felton looks for his Fourth Ward Avalanche which is a full nelson slam variation, but the second that Dex senses trouble as he tries, he backs up into the corner. He has to do this at least three times in order to get Bigsby loose! Felton charges at Dex for another football tackle, but Dex leapfrogs over it! When Felton corrects himself and turns around, he gets struck down with a Dexy's Midnight Runner from the other side by the EveryChamp!

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!! HE PULLED THAT OUT OF NOWHERE!

Felton gets struck down hard and Dex realizes he's gotta go big tonight! He grabs Bigsby by the body and pulls him up. He lifts up Houston Strong and he plants him with a huge Dex Drive that looks like the impact shakes the ring!

Lance:

There's the Dex Drive! And here's the cover!

The EveryChamp makes as tight a cover as he can!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Malak Garland:

Kick out! No! That's pure BS!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner ... and *stillllllllll* the FIST of DEFIANCE ... DEXXXXXXXX JOOYYYYYYYYY!!!

DDK:

The Era of Everyone Open Challenge concludes with another successful defense for The EveryChamp! What a fight! Felton Bigsby showed up and showed out tonight!

Lance:

That he did! How many times did he actually overpower the champion physically? The list of people who have been able to do that to Joy is very short!

Malak Garland:

Tonight's display was dribble. Dex Joy STRUGGLED with a lesser talent and mark my words, next week, I will

DOMINATE my closed challenge.

The sound of Malak tossing his headset is heard as the feed to his room cuts. Dex Joy is sure to collect the FIST of DEFIANCE from the referee before he is able to stand on his feet. He goes to offer a hand to Felton ... but he rolls out of the ring instead and is helped out by Hilton and Gordy Lovitt instead. Dex shrugs at the lack of respect by Bigsby and then he stands up!

Lance:

Big win here tonight by Dex Joy! On the next episode of DEFtv, we will start finding out the stipulations that Joy and Garland will be allowed to choose for their match for the FIST of DEFIANCE title match at DEFCON!

DDK:

What a series of events we have seen and this is only the conclusion to night one! Come back tomorrow for night two where we will kick off the final stretch of shows before we get to the biggest of the calendar year ... DEFCON!!!

Dex Joy holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE in the ring and taps the name plate.

Dex Joy:

HEY EVERYONE ... GOOD NIGHT!!! TUNE IN FOR NIGHT TWO!!!

With that sign off the show draws to a close!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.