

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

Glendale, Arizona welcomes DEFIANCE as the Desert Diamond Arena is hyped for DEFtv 211!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

DON'T LOOK AT ME -- I VOTED MIKEY

SGT SAFETY / JUSTIN SANE 2028: SAFETY FIRST

KUROYAMA VS. BOX; HOOK IT TO MY VEINS

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE SCOTSMAN

BRONSON BOX HAS A BRAIN WORM

ED WHITE... HOUSE? 2028?

MALAK IS NO HERO

WE STILL REZIST

LANCE WARNER = DICTIONARY DEFINITION OF THE WORD "MEH"

The scene switches to the announce booth, Lance Warner and Darren Keebler.

TA BLACK vs. SGT. SAFETY

Lights! Pyro! FAITHFUL!

The crane cam makes a dramatic sweep motion, spanning the length of the Desert Diamond Arena over a crowd of thousands of screaming Arizona wrestling fans. Everywhere in sight, FISTS are thrust skyward.

As well as hundreds of SIGNS...

DDK:

Coming to you LIVE from Glendale, Arizona, ladies and gentlemen... DEFIANCE Wrestling brings you DEF TV TWO-ELEVEN! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks, Keebs. Regardless of what some opinionated sign-makers out there would think, I'm not feeling very "meh" when it comes to this evening. In fact, I'm feeling pretty darned excited!

DDK:

There's plenty to be excited about with this line-up, Lance! We've got "Mr. DEFIANCE" himself Scott Douglas in action tonight! The ACE of DEFIANCE, Tyler Fuse in action! The Lads, Dex Joy Punchdrunk Purcell in action! The Favoured Saints Title is on the line when the reigning champion The D meets DLJ! A High Flyer Open Invitational!

Lance:

Not sure how that one will turn out, but considering it's host, I think we're in for a crazy night!

DDK:

And to cap things off, the Original ACE himself, BRONSON BOX, goes head to head with "The Emerald Apex" KERRY KUROYAMA, in a battle that will rock the foundation of the Desert Diamond Arena, folks! But without further adieu, let's get right into the event!

As the house lights come down, the PA comes to life with a lilting classical melody played on an electric guitar.

It is as beautiful as it is terror inducing...

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

A spotlight hits the stage. A lone figure draped in an angel white sheet rises up through a veil of mist spreading over the floor. TA Black has his eyes closed, his head down, and his hands folded in prayer, and his smile stretching devilishly from ear to ear.

Then the percussion hits, along with the BLINDING LIGHTS and OVER-THE-TOP PYROS! As the world explodes into white around him, Black tears aside his ivory chrysalis, reborn in brand spanking new purple and white longleeve bodysuit.

TA Black walks the length of the stage, exalting himself and bowing graciously. The Faithful, quite expectedly, aren't feeling it. The mood sours even further when the other members of the Honor Society walk out, naturally led by their leader and ever-reliable mentor, Dr. Ned Reform. They lightly applaud their new colleague's transformation and nod in approval before Black leads the way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred-and-five pounds... representing the HONOR SOCIETY... he is TEE-AYE BLACK!!

DDK:

We've witnessed... a metamorphosis, so to speak, ladies and gentlemen. For four years, the DEFIANCE Faithful have

come to love and embrace the never-say-die spirit of “The Escape Artist” Rezin. But now, having overcome his “demons” and embraced this new persona of TA Black...

Lance:

Yeah, Keebs... it's strange. Up is down, and Erik Black is in WHITE.

While the other members of the Honor Society follow him down to the ring, one lingers behind up on the stage and saunters over to the commentation station.

Lance:

Ugh... heads up, Keebs.

DDK:

Oh boy... ladies and gentlemen, it appears as though we're being joined through this match by none other than Ned Reform himself.

The Good Doctor shoots a deathglare at the longtime DEFIANCE commentator as he comes into the third seat and scoops up a headset.

Dr. Ned Reform:

That's *Doctor* Reform, Mr. Keebler. As you know well by now. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you're conveniently forgetting that to insult me.

DDK:

Insult you? Nonsense.

Lance:

Wouldn't dream of it!

Ned Reform:

I don't recall addressing YOU, Generic Announcer number twenty-seven.

TA Black makes quite the procession on his way to the ring, shaking hands with the fans (most of the time, forcibly) and kissing babies (leading them to shriek in terror). The smile on his face is absolutely cheshire, and purely unsettling. Once at ringside, he pays a visit to the timekeepers table to humbly request a microphone, and takes it with him into the ring.

DDK:

It would appear that TA Black has something to announce before this match-up gets underway...

Standing in the ring, with the lights annoyingly reflecting off his garish white and purple bodysuit in a way that gets people to turn down the brightness on their at-home systems, TA Black grins ear to ear, patiently waiting for the music to fade out.

TA Black:

Friends! Family! FAITHFUL! Please... LISTEN to what I have to say!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance:

Doesn't quite have the same panache as “arright, gang, listen up”, if you ask me.

Ned Reform:

If you mean that it isn't total gibberish... you'd be correct.

The heat from the Faithful is enough to drown out everyone, but TA Black shakes his head.

TA Black:

Please, please... I understand your hostility! I know WHY you're angry! And, my friends, you are absolutely entitled to feel the way that you do! I've taken something away from you! Something that gave your dull and **normal** lives amusement and distraction! I've taken away your favorite CLOWN! But I IMPLORE you to hear me out! I BEG OF YOU! Once you see me demonstrate the TRUE extent of the REFORM METHOD, you will understand that it's not amusement you should be seeking... but SALVATION!

He points to the Good Doctor sitting at commentary. Smiling wide, Reform nods in acknowledgment.

TA Black:

Tonight, you will bear witness to a sampling of the POSITIVE CHANGES I've made to my life, thanks to the Reform Method! Not only as a human being... but also as a WRESTLER! See, I am no longer the reckless, riotous, foolhardy daredevil you all came to know! The one that would sooner risk breaking his neck for a fleeting pop!

He shakes his head.

TA Black:

No... through the Reform Method, I have finally REALIZED my full potential as a WRESTLER! What you see now is a TRIED and TRUE TECHNICAL WIZARD of the GAME! The GOAT BASTARD is gone! Condemned to HELL for ALL OF ETERNITY! But what has been REZURRECTED before you now... an IMMACULATE LAMB!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

TA Black:

Doubt me if you must! Curse my name! But, my friends, you can take it from me... NOTHING... ESCAPES the LIGHT!!

♪ "The Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Suddenly furious that he's been interrupted, TA Black nearly gives himself whiplash doing a double-take in the direction of the entry-way.

The Faithful IMMEDIATELY cheer at the sight of SERGEANT SAFETY marching through the curtain. After analyzing the rampway to make sure it's within regulation grade, he continues on down the aisle and toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the opponent, hailing from Chicago, Illinois and weighing in at two-hundred and twenty pounds... the Safest Man in DEFIANCE... SERGEANT SAFETY!!

DDK:

Who would have thought Sergeant Safety would be coming out tonight with the entirety of the Faithful at his back?

Lance:

If there's any living litmus test to Rezin's so-called "rezurrection", I can't think of anyone better than our very own OSHA certified Sergeant. The Goat Bastard has not had many wins in the past year... but who knows what we're in store for when "the Immaculate Lamb" shows what he's learned.

Ned Reform:

I know, Mr. Sawyers. I know.

Lance:

Um... I'm Lance, not Jamie.

Safety hits the ring and climbs a turnbuckle, looking dramatically out into the cheering crowd. In reality, he's making

sure the numbers aren't in violation of the fire code. Nodding with reassurance, he drops back into the ring.

DDK:

Our official Hector Navarro isn't wasting any time here! He cues for the bell!

DING DING

TA Black is bouncing from foot to foot with an almost hyperactive level of energy. Safety, seldom if ever a risk-taker, makes the predictable move of coming forward from his corner and going into the lock-up.

DDK:

And there they go into it!

Black sweeps behind Safety into a rear waistlock. Into a side headlock. Into a front facelock. Back into side control with a hammerlock. And finally, back into the rear waistlock. The transitions from hold to hold are smooth, but completely lacking in leverage or physical emphasis.

TA Black:

HA... HMPH... HA-HA... HAVE AT YOU... WHAT HO!

Lance:

TA Black is *literally* wrestling circles around his opponent.

DDK:

Yes, but... it doesn't appear to be all that productive.

Sergeant Safety looks slightly addled by Black's philandering around every which way, tugging only briefly at random limbs, when in the confusion a drop toehold suddenly takes him to the mat. TA Black gator rolls over his back and ends up in a front facelock.

No, wait... make that a rear chinlock. Or maybe an inverted facelock? Hang on, now it's a side headlock, because sure, why not?

DDK:

Would he just make up his mind already? Pick a hold and go with it!

Lance:

Unusual offensive strategy, but regardless, it seems to be throwing the Sergeant off his game.

Ned Reform:

Sergeant... game... that's humorous.

Lance:

What?

Frustration begins to mount for Safety, working himself up to his feet and finally jabbing TA Black off of him by way of a sharp elbow to the side. TA Black yelps, and jumps to the ropes, immediately appealing to the official.

TA Black:

HEY! That's not SAFE! He could have bruised a RIB or something!

Hector Navarro admonishes Black for stalling and tells him to get back at it. This time, the self-proclaimed "Immaculate Lamb" shoots in for an old collegiate takedown, but Safety doesn't bite. Black pushes forward anyway, while the Sergeant continues to stuff his forward momentum.

Somehow, Black ends up pushing himself into a handstand.

TA Black:

ACK!!

DDK:

TA Black with a desperate Head Legscissor Takedown, brings Sergeant Safety to the mat!

Lance:

Thought for sure that was going to be a piledriver, but Safety almost seemed surprised that Black put himself in that position.

Ned Reform:

WOW.

Back on his feet, TA Black holds his neck, looking distressed. Again, he appeals to Navarro.

TA Black:

Did you see THAT?! He was about to give me a PILEDIVER! That move should be BANNED, GOSHDARNIT!

Safety pushes himself up... but a running boot to his face puts him back to the canvas. TA Black proceeds to stomp him angrily.

TA Black:

YOU! COULD! HAVE! BROKEN! MY! NECK! HOW! IS! THAT! SAFE!?

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Glendale lets their voices be heard. Navarro finally gets TA Black to back off after the Sergeant makes it to the ropes, leaving "the Immaculate Lamb" to readjust his hair plugs.

Lance:

Since when has the Escape Artist ever been concerned about his personal safety?!

DDK:

Definitely not what we've come to expect from him... but we're definitely seeing a different side in Erik Black in this match.

Ned Reform:

Have you ever considered how ridiculous it is to have a professional wrestler concerned with safety? I mean, think about it.

Lance:

Well, he...

Ned Reform:

You're not THINKING, Lance.

Meanwhile, in the ring... undeterred, Sergeant Safety uses the ropes to pull himself back up. TA Black, somewhat caught up in trying to plead his absolute innocence to the jeering Faithful, doesn't see the sudden rally coming.

DDK:

Hold up, Sergeant Safety catching Black off guard with a SCOOP SLAM! Black back up... SECOND Scoop Slam! Off the ropes... catches black with a CLOTHESLINE!

Lance:

The Sarge is pulling off the safety gloves here and giving TA Black exactly what's coming to him!

DDK:

The Faithful are getting behind our dear OSHA-certified Sergeant! Elbow drop caps off that assault! Safety with the cover!

Ned Reform:

WHATAMANEUVER!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Black pops to his feet but is promptly flipped over onto his bottom following a snapmare by the Sarge. Safety steps over the arm and rolls through, forcing Black to roll over again into a kneeling armbar. He torques the arm for a few moments, drawing some agonized groans from the erstwhile Goat Bastard, and transitions into a toehold!

TA Black:

AAAHH!! AAAHH!! AAAHH!!

Lance:

Now *this* is what comes to mind when I think of "technical wrestling"!

DDK:

Sergeant Safety is putting the screws to the ankle of TA Black, and Black is clawing wildly for the ropes!

Ned Reform:

Gentlemen... have you ever really looked at your own hands?

DDK:

Ned... what ARE you talking about?!

Ned Reform:

Just look. LOOK!

The ropes are far beyond Black's reach, but despite his changed personality, the Honor Society's newest TA proves he's still ever the Escape Artist when he twists around and breaks free with a mule kick Safety's breadbasket. The Sarge staggers off the ropes as Black kips up back to his feet.

DDK:

Looks like TA Black is going for the kill with a Damascus Heel--NO!! SARGE DUCKS!! And the SAFETY FIRST Legdrop Bulldog puts TA Black face-first to the mat!

Lance:

I gotta say, Lance, I'm not seeing much "improvement" here from the Reform Method.

DDK:

Safety hooks the leg!

One!

TWO!

NO!! Black kicks out!

TA Black instinctively rolls away, but when his head comes up, it's clear he's been knocked loopy. In desperation, he crawls into a corner and climbs to his feet, clinging to the top turnbuckle. Safety moves in, grabbing Black into a waistlock and attempting to pull him out...

...but Black won't let go!

TA Black:

WAIT!! WAIT!! WHEN DID THIS TURNBUCKLE LAST GO THROUGH INSPECTION?!

DDK:

TA Black putting up a fight right now, while the Sarge is ready to make him drop and give him twenty workplace safety tips!

Lance:

And three counts to go with it!

DDK:

FINALLY, Sergeant Safety pries Black off the turnbuckle... BUT WAIT!

The two tumble backwards as the turnbuckle suddenly gives way. When they come back up, TA Black holds up his hand... holding up the top turnbuckle pad!

Safety GASPS!

Lance:

It appears the top turnbuckle has come loose in the struggle!

DDK:

Oh no... that's an instant SAFETY HAZARD! The Sergeant can't POSSIBLY ignore this!

Ned Reform:

[laughs]

Lance:

Um... is this amusing to you, Doctor?

Safety asks for the turnbuckle pad, which TA Black obligingly hands over, and quickly directs Hector to repair the unprotected top turnbuckle! Navarro, knowing well enough what kind of momentum-changing impact an exposed turnbuckle can do in a regular match, obligingly goes to work in returning the pad to the--

DDK:

LOW BLOW!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Ned Reform:

[laughs]

Black drops to his knees and connects with a deliberate shot to the OSHA-certified jewels of the Sergeant while he's not looking. Navarro, having tied the pad back to the turnbuckle, turns around to see the Immaculate Lamb tugging Safety back into an inverted facelock...

...before flipping himself over into an impressive standing Diamond Dust!

DDK:

What the heck was THAT?!

Lance:

It looked like Rezin's Into the Void, only... reversed!

DDK:

More like OUT of the Void, and right onto his back! TA Black up again... STANDING MOONSAULT into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! That did it!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

TA Black rolls over onto his knees, his face full of absolute joy. He extends his arms out into the iconic Shawshank Redemption pose, looking skyward into the heavenly LIGHT of salvation!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... TEE... AYE... BLLLAAAAAAAAACKK!!

DDK:

Sergeant Safety put up a valiant effort tonight, but in the end, it wasn't enough for this new iteration of Erik Black!

Lance:

I can see how his time with the Good Doctor is beginning to rub off on him.

Ned Reform:

[laughs]

DDK:

Considering who Rezin was, I imagine that if TA Black will resort to these kind of dirty tricks to win a match... there's no telling what he might do to get ahead! Fans, let's move on ahead to... ugh, wait a second...

HIGHER LEARNING

Still standing in the ring with the other TAs, Black calls to Quimbey for the microphone.

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go...

When Quimbey is reluctant to give it up, Dr. Reform pries it from his grip on his way going into the ring. Reform hands it over to TA Black, who is still catching his breath after the match.

TA Black: [panting]

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen... THERE YOU HAVE IT!! Now you've seen it for yourselves... the PROOF, as they say... is in the professional wrestling pudding! Not only have I been made a better person... thanks to the Reform Method... but I've also been made... into A BETTER WRESTLER!

He points to Reform, who is smiling from ear to ear. Nodding quite enthusiastically.

TA Black:

Once again, Doc... you've COMPLETELY... OUTDONE YOURSELF!

BOOOOOOO!!

They embrace, and the Faithful jeer. Hands down, worst year ever. Reform, positively giddy, is bouncing on his feet. The other TAs also look overwhelmingly happy. Maybe even a little too happy.

Lance:

Well... as much as I'm personally disgusted in admitting this, Keebs, I suppose the Good Doctor deserves a measure of credit in getting into the mind of Rezin. After all the Goat Bastard has survived over the years, I would've never expected Ned Reform to be the one to finally break his will.

DDK:

I don't care. I don't know what all goes into whatever "the Reform Method" is, but I'm not in any way sold on this TA Black being a "better person", and by the sound of things, neither are these fans!

In the ring, Black drops to a knee and graciously offers the microphone up to the Good Doctor, beckoning his personal savior to speak. Reform breaks out into a wide grin, rolling his head and letting out a laugh. He takes the mic and raises it to his mouth... only to burst out in laughter. This goes on for... an unusually long amount of time.

DDK:

He's absolutely giddy with his newest accusation...

Finally, Reform composes himself and brings the mic up again... only to again burst out into a belly laugh. Tears come from the corner of his eyes as he leans on TA Black for support.

Lance:

Okay... this is only a two hour show...

Finally, a still chuckling Reform manages to wipe the tears from his eyes and speak into the mic.

Ned Reform:

Okay... okay... I will speak now. I...

Reform barks out a laugh and tries desperately to suppress it.

Ned Reform:

I... this is fantastic. Wonderful. I don't say this enough...

Ned turns around to take in the legions of The Faithful. He puts a hand over his heart.

Ned Reform:

I value you all. Truly. I know I pretend otherwise, but our loyal fanbase... the fact that you all come to see me...

Reform takes a moment to compose himself.

Ned Reform:

It's a special thing. I mean that.

DDK:

He's doing a remarkable job at sounding sincere.

Ned Reform:

And you...

Ned puts a hand on TA Black's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

You coming on board... it's so special. To have defeated your demons so soundly. I... I love you. You're so special. I mean that.

Black's smile now looks forced. Even he seems off-put by the Good Doctor's out of character behavior. He looks to other TA's to see if this is coming off to them as strange as it sounds, but they continue to smile and nod. TA Cole stares rather blankly at the scene, while TA Horrigan grins with squinty eyes and TA Horrigan eyeballs a hotdog stand toward the rear of the arena.

The Honor Society is just... just... vibin'.

TA Black:

...wait a minnit...

He points accusingly at the Good Doctor, who grins back.

TA Black:

You're... STONED!!

He points to the rest of the Honor Society, most of whom are now laughing their asses off.

TA Black:

YOU'RE ALL STONED!! What the HECK is this?!

Reform, still belly-laughing, puts a hand on Black's shoulder and leans forward.

Ned Reform:

How (chuckle) angry are you right now? Look at that face you're making!

Ned points and laughs. The other TAs, sans Black, do the same. Black, once all smiles and sober swagger, is now completely incensed. Slowly, he directs his glare toward the entry-way.

TA Black:

I think I know JUST who's behind this...

He furiously points to the curtain so damb hard, he nearly pulls himself out of his bodysuit through the sleeve.

TA Black:

BROCK NYEEEEWWBLUHDD!! I think it's time you COME CLEAN!!

DDK:

Wait...what? Did Rezin, I mean TA Black, just say his new cohorts are stoned!? Like Ned Reform is HIGH!?

Lance:

Well, he would know, wouldn't he?

Hands on his hips, the irate TA Black stomps a foot into the mat while the rest of The Honor Society giggle at him. He raises the mic up again but is suddenly cut off when the arena's speakers come to life...

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

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

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful let out a thunderous cheer, and all attention turns to the stage as "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd walks out and raises a fist up to them. Wearing a SNS tank top and black jeans, he makes his way to the top of the ramp and stops as the rock anthem fades from the arena's speakers. Reaching behind him, Newbludd pulls a microphone from his back pocket and smiles as he raises it to his lips.

Brock Newbludd:

Rezin! Why the sad face, bro? These people came here to have a good time tonight, not watch you stumble around with Sgt. Safety for five minutes. They're here to get loose and have some damn fun! Ain't that right, Ned!?

Brock points at Ned and gives him a big thumbs up. Permagrin fully engaged, Dr. Feelgood can't help himself and gives him one back. TA Black swats Ned's hand down and glares at the chuckling Newbludd.

TA Black:

First of all, you will ONLY refer to me by the CHRISTIAN NAME, which is TEE-AYE ERIK BARTHOLOMEW BLACK!! Secondly, NYEWBLUDD... I DEMAAANNND YOU ANSWER FOR THIS! I shouldn't have to remind you and everyone here that I AM A MAN IN RECOVERY, and I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT BE AROUND THIS RIGHT NOW! And THIS...?!

He points to the neary TA Levi Cole, grinning ear to ear like a goof and getting lost staring into the crowd through squinting eyes.

TA Black:

NYEEEEWWBLUHDD!! THIS is ABSOLUTELY UNCONSCIONABLE OF YOU, sir! Have you no GRACE -- no MORALS --no CLASS?! You boorish SOT!? You unkempt, irascible SOUSE!?

TA Black's eyes go wide in accusation as he glares at Newbludd in contempt. Brock takes a second and cocks his head sideways in confusion.

Brock Newbludd:

Was that a question? How is it possible that you were easier to understand when you were stoned? Maybe you should just calm down and eat a brownie or something, I don't know. I guess you could keep being a straight-edge douche too. Whatever works for Rezin, I say.

TA Black:

"Eat a brownie?!" What in blazes are you... OH, GOSHDARNIT, did you guys EAT SPECIAL BROWNIES?!

Cole doesn't even bother to look at Black as he keeps staring at the lights. TA's Horrigan and Owens glance at him in

confusion for only the briefest of moments before going back to trying to spot a hot dog vendor in the crowd. Exasperated, the Immaculate Lamb finally sets his eyes on Reform.

TA Black:

WELL!? WHAT SAY YOU, DOCTOR!?

Ned stares at his newest vassal through bloodshot eyes. He tries to keep a straight face but he can't hold it, and he puts a hand up to his mouth. Taking a deep breath, the Good Doctor contains himself enough to answer.

Ned Reform:

I say...what's the big deal, officer. I'm just livin' my life, man. So, yeah...can you repeat the question?

TA Black:

BROWNIES! EAT! YOU!?

Ned shrugs his shoulders nonchalantly.

Ned Reform:

Brownies? Hmmmm... ohhhhhhhh yeaaaaahhhhhhh. They were in the... they were in the dressing room. Delivered. NASA sent them. Big fans of mine the note said. Have you ever thought about how your last name is a color?

Somehow, TA Black's already bulging eyes get bigger at Reform's revelation while Ned stares out to the crowd without a care in the world.

TA Black:

NASA?! Those HIPPIE CRACKPOTS! Just who in the HECK did NASA send to deliver SPECIAL ADMIRATION BROWNIES?!

Black slowly turns his head back towards Brock with a scowl on his face. A scowl that only gets bigger when he begins to chuckle.

Brock Newbludd:

Plot twist, buddy. There never was a NASA. Only one mediocre actor with a box of bodacious brownies and nothing to lose. I mean it wasn't too hard to slap a quick disguise on and convince a team named WEIGHTED GRADE to take some free brownies! Ain't no way those two are gonna skip out on a chance to stuff their stupid pieholes!

TA Black glares at Weighted Grade but they don't notice as they both stare out into the crowd, off in their own world.

Brock Newbludd:

So, congratulations, Detective Dickweed, you got your man! Look at that clear mind of yours running at peak efficiency!

Brock looks at Ned and gives him another thumbs-up, nodding his head in approval.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, Ned. Great freakin' job on your new secretary here. I'm really impressed. Go ahead, give yourself a big hand! You earned it!

Reform smiles and raises both his hands up but he's stopped again by TA Black.

TA Black:

The NERVE of you, sir! Step into this ring and ANSWER to your offense! TO ARMS, MEN!!

Black looks around him. TA Owens is plucking the top rope like a banjo string, WHOA-ing at its reverberations. TA Cole is explaining to TA Horrigan that Pink Floyd's Meddle actually syncs up perfectly to the Empire Strikes Back. Dr.

Reform is watching Newbludd's approach, giggling in hysteria.

TA Black grimaces when it dawns on him what's about to come.

TA Black:

Ah, shucks...

He turns around to speak once more...

TA Black:

NYEEEEWW--BLEGHK!!

KA-POW!!

Sobriety has not altered TA Black's penchant ability to sprawl violently across the ring off the impact of Brock Newbludd's fist, sending him careening face-first into the corner.

DDK:

Newbludd's inside of the ring and he just cracked TA Black right in the kisser with a big left hand!

Brock rushes over to the grappler formerly known as Rezin and smashes his face into the turnbuckle. He follows up with a few more before yanking the discombobulated TA Black out of the corner and pushing him against the ropes. In the blink of an eye, the veteran twists the top and middle rope to tie up the Immaculate Lamb and trap him!

Lance:

The rest of The Honor Society have no idea what's going on! Ned Reform is laughing!

The commotion is enough for TA Cole to finally turn his gaze from the lights and he looks down just in time to be turned inside out by a vicious clothesline from Newbludd! Scraping Cole off the mat, Milwaukee's Beast puts his power to use by lifting Cole over his head in a military press!

DDK:

Brock's got Cole all the way up and he's running towards Weighted Grade!

Newbludd lets out a roar and launches Cole at Weighted Grade. Still standing by the ropes, the two blazed behemoths both turn just enough to catch a glimpse of TA Cole flying at them like a missile. Their already slow reflexes made sloth-like by the powerful brownies, neither of them can get their hands up quick enough to stop TA Cole. Instead, they catch their colleague with their slack jawed faces. The collision sends them stumbling backwards into the ropes and a follow up dropkick to Cole's back by Brock sends all three crashing to the outside!

DDK:

With TA Black tied up, Brock's got Ned all to himself!

Pulling himself up by the ropes, Brock finds Ned standing in one of the corners. Giggling at this colleague's predicament.

Lance:

Good to see Ned's handling this well.

Picking the microphone TA Black was previously wielding off the mat, Newbludd picks it up and smiles at Ned.

Brock Newbludd:

Ned, buddy, look at you, man. Just a dude standing in front of 20,000 people stoned out of his gourd and not givin' a fuck. Love it. Cheers, bro.

Brock raises a fist up to the Southern Fried Champion and the super chill Dr. Reform has no problem giving dap. The Faithful even let out a small cheer at the gesture and Ned waves out to them as he continues to just vibe. The star of Over the Top moves in next to him and throws an arm around Reform. Brock points out to the sea of people and whistles in appreciation.

Brock Newbludd:

Man, are you feeling this right now? You and me in the ring, just having a good time with our favorite people...The Ballyhooligans and The....Ned Heads...

Ned Reform:

Children... Students...

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah! The Students! Look at em', man! They're the best, right? I feel like we should do something really special for them, don't you?

Reform nods his head in absolute agreement and Brock gives him a friendly slap on the back.

Brock Newbludd:

That's my man! I tell you what, how about we let them decide? And since they're The Students, let's have them do it by raising their hands, eh? It's a REFORMERENDUM!

Ned Reform:

WORD PLAY! YES! Do it, Mr. Newcastle: ask them what they want!

Brock Newbludd:

Awesome! You're a helluva a guy, Ned!

Newbludd steps away from the grinning Reform and raises a hand up to The Faithful.

Brock Newbludd:

Alright, everybody, the rules are simple! If you think Ned should let his new friend Brock wrestle him for the Southern Heritage Championship at DEFIANCE Road...RAISE YOUR HAND!

A cheer erupts from the crowd and a sea of hands all raise in favor of the match. Brock raises his fist up in victory and winks at Ned. Now the doctor looks a bit paranoid about things and he wipes sweat from his forehead. He tries to move away but Brock quickly throws an arm around him to keep him close.

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon, whaddya say, Ned. Your Students have voted! I'm sorry I had to put you on the spot here but it's just really intimidating sometimes being in the presence of a man with such a big swinging...brain...like you have, ya know?

Ned puts a hand on his chin and narrows his bloodshot eyes as he thinks, or tries to, on Brock's words. Newbludd gives his shoulder a squeeze.

Brock Newbludd:

You understand right, I mean you have to, you understand everything.

Having come back to his senses and frantically trying to untangle himself, TA Black cries out in an attempt to get Reform's attention.

TA Black:

NO!! DON'T LISTEN!! IT'S A TRICK, DOC!! The CTHULHU CABBAGE is preventing your GENIUS BRAIN from THINKING CLEARLY!!

Newbludd scowls at Black and steers Reform away from him.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't listen to him, Ned. You're the teacher, remember? And he is nothing more than your student. You make the big decisions because you're a goddamn doctor, Ned!

Ned Reform:

I... AM a Doctor! DOCTOR Ned Reform!!

Brock suddenly stops and pushes Ned away from him so that they can stand face to face.

Brock Newbludd:

You know what, I'll just say it, Ned! You're my newest friend and it would be an honor to share the ring with you so I can just really learn from a true master of the craft. Who knows...maybe I could even aspire to be a TA someday or something?

Ned Reform:

Brock... you don't get enough credit for your good ideas, man. I'm feelin' it. SOHER? Right? SOHER? [BLEEP] yeah. You and me in Scotland. BOOK IT!

The fans roar their approval and Reform, still grinning, throws up a fist in solidarity.

With a goofy grin, Ned Reform sticks a hand out to seal the deal. Newbludd takes it and the crowd roars in approval as he pulls Reform in for a massive bro hug.

Ned Reform:

I love you, friend! I love these people! I LOVE LIFE!

Brock suddenly grabs the good doctor by the front of his robe and flashes him an evil grin.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm sorry, Ned. I don't have time for a new relationship right now. I gotta fuckin' belt to win.

Ned's eyes go wide in panic as Newbludd pulls him back in and wraps his arms around him. With a pop of his hips, the new challenger for Ned Reform's title sends the stoned champion sailing across the ring with a huge Overhead Belly to Belly! The Faithful erupt as Reform crashes into the mat!

DDK:

Through drugs and psychological manipulation, Brock Newbludd has secured a Southern Heritage title shot! Are you kidding me!?

Lance:

Has Ned Reform actually been outsmarted?

TA Black finally frees himself, but Brock exits the ring before any retribution can be distributed. Black jumps up and down in uncontrollable rage, Reform and the other members of the Honor Society laid out around him, while Brock celebrates on the ramp with the Faithful.

DDK:

One has to wonder how Ned will feel about agreeing to this match when he's feeling... shall we say... a bit more like himself.

Lance:

Regardless, it would appear we have a SOHER match booked for DEF Road in Edinburgh!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025

*FIST of DEFIANCE
RUMINATION CHAMBER
participants to be announced*

THIS IS WAR

Burst of static.

A deep singing voice...

“THIS IS WAAAAAR!”

♪ “War” by Peyton Parrish ♪

Amongst the static, short bursts of images that we can just barely make out...

Men storming a beech...

Swords hitting shields...

A sword stuck in the ground...

A wolf howling...

Finally, a unique and rather Celtic-looking golden symbol: a triple pointed shape in an elegant ring...

Words in a golden font:

THE HUNT BEGINS.

And then nothing.

WE'RE ON A BREAK

DDK:

We still have a lot of action for you here tonight on DEFtv 211 from Glendale, Arizona. We have a Favoured Saints Championship defense as The D will defend against Dan Leo James and our main event is a doozy, Lance.

Lance:

Bronson Box. Kerry Kuroyama. Does wrestling get any better than that?

DDK:

Well, personal preferences aside, I'd have to agree with yo-

♪ "Swan Song" by Saweetie & NIKI ♪

Keeps almost finishes his thought before an unfamiliar tune plays over the Desert Diamond Arena, but the Arizona Faithful immediately know how to react. They jeer through the red arena lighting that begins to pulsate to beat and the following appears on the DEFIAtron:

BRAZEN FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

Makayla Namaste leads the way raising her arms into the air as if to shower in the bad vibes from the Faithful. The reason she's so confident? "DEC4L" Declan Alexander and Nathaniel Eye, your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions begin to spray aerosol cans around the atmosphere. The camera catches the label on these red cans which read "BETA BLOCKERS" in gold with the KAYNASTE logo front and center. Behind them, Archer Silver and High Flyer cover the rear with their own vapor trail.

Now that the environment is hospitable to all, the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency make their way towards the interview stage. Archer and Flyer continue the mist while Declan and Natty Eyce get in a quick M4NTRA RAY session before hoisting the "Tom Morrow Memorial Championships" high into the air for the (don't call it) Phoenix Faithful. After a quick spritz of the microphone from the newest members of the DEFIANCE roster, Makayla taps the mic against the palm of her hand to make sure it's on and the music cuts.

Makayla Namaste:

Hello beautiful souls, did you miss us?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As the Faithful let their displeasure known, Declan looks out at the crowd confused and then back to Nathaniel Eye who pats him on the shoulder.

Makayla Namaste:

Well, I'm sorry to announce that you're going to have to miss us a little bit longer.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Declan looks to be a bit frustrated by the reaction but Nathaniel Eye quickly pats him on the chest and steps in front of him before grabbing the microphone from Instafamous.

Nathaniel Eye:

No, no, Declan it's not like that. You see these people aren't happy to have us gone... they're happy because they know we're finally getting our much needed retreat!

The Faithful pause to comprehend the situation.

Nathaniel Eye:

You see after watching M4NTRA get dub after dub after dub over the entire Tom Morrow Memorial Division, they too

have come to the realization that there just isn't anyone left to challenge for the Tom Morrow Memorial Championships! The Pop Culture Phenoms couldn't beat us! The Lucky Sevens couldn't beat us! Dan "Boomer" Ryan and cOnOr or CoNoR or however you say his name couldn't beat us! While every other team plays chess ... we're up here playing 4D checkers.

DEC4L knowingly smiles and points to his head as the Faithful begin to boo once again, this time completely ignored by the PogChamp. Alexander takes the microphone away from his tag team partner and looks out into the crowd.

DEC4L:

My bad, fam. At first I thought you were being salty, but now I realize you all must understand the hard work it takes to carry this entire Tom Morrow Memorial Division on our backs to keep these championships up to the standard that our dear friend Tom Morrow would have wanted, God rest his soul.

Nathan Eye kisses his hand and points up at the sky.

Nathan Eye:

Rest in power, Tommy. We're fighting that good enlightened fight.

DEC4L:

That after watching us tear it up week after week after week, you too now understand that to keep our bodies and our minds up to the standards that we have set for ourselves that we need to take some time to just... vibe.

Makayla Namaste:

And as Chief Vibes Officer of the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency not only do I approve of this break, I demand it. As of today, M4NTRA are officially on a mandated good vibe retreat!

The crowd now jeers at the thought of M4NTRA going away but Makayla quickly sticks a finger up into the air, as if to say "I'm not finished."

Makayla Namaste:

But the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency is not going anywhere because you see we have a very important Invitational taking place where the world finna learn to appreciate the talents of the one, the ONLY, High Flyer.

The Chief Vibes Officer presents the microphone to High Flyer, who puts away his BETA BLOCKER to grab the microphone with purpose.

High Flyer:

RANK! RANK!

Flyer smiles as the Faithful rain in the boos.

High Flyer:

Oh, I can't let you people go. I'm just getting started. I've found my Faith. While my tribe Natey and Decal get some good ol' R&R, I'll bring the good vibes to you on the Un-Cutting room floor. 'Cause I am HighKey 'bout this High Flyer Invitational we done started. This Uncut, I invite any cruiserweight in the back, from BRAZEN, or around the wrestling world, to challenge my claim as the greatest High Flyer. And when I win, I'll just say, again. I am, the greatest...

High Flyer throws both hands out wide.

High Flyer:

High Flyer. No cap. Peace man, teach these Faithful how to glow up.

Flyer hands off the mic to Archer, and

Archer Silver:

I understand there will be some of you who are disappointed with this news, but it's important to realize that sometimes, it's not about what you people want. M4NTRA, Flyer, myself. We're some of the finest and most enlightened athletes of our generation. Finely tuned athletes such as ourselves need time between matches and sometimes that requires us to take a step back...

Archer suddenly drops down to a seated cross-legged position.

Archer Silver:

...And breathe.

He starts taking in peaceful breaths and then starts to gag a little.

Archer Silver:

Guys, can I get another hit of those BETA BLOCKERS? I can feel the low T all around us.

High Flyer shoots another spritz.

Archer Silver:

Bless.

The BRAZEN Future Talent Agency congratulate each other before Makayla takes back the microphone.

Makayla Namaste:

Good night, Phoenix! Don't forget to buy our book-

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS."

That familiar introduction. However, it lacks the dramatic flair usually associated with the woman attached to those words. This is a greeting of contempt. Of anger.

And as Dr. Ayumi Sato stalks her way onto the entrance ramp, she is staring DAGGERS at the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions.

High Flyer lifts his can to spray toward her, but DEC4L stops him. They have to conserve.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Forgive me for my lack of enthusiasm for the printed pabulum you call "books," considering you tried to hawk them at a party that *I* arranged, and *I* planned, so everyone in DEFIANCE could have a nice little Halloween away from our homes, and we STILL had a good time despite your buffoonery, and... well, I think it's time to shut those chattering mouths of yours once and for all.

No sooner does Dr. Sato make that threat, than her upstart creations, the Atomic Punks step into the arena, flanking her, faces painted and gear strapped on for battle.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I've been waiting since Halloween to sic Fission and Gigaton on you... and let me tell you, their challenge for those titles was NOT just fun and games.

Nathan Eye looks at the rest of the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency and then addresses Dr. Sato.

Nathan Eye:

Well ...

Nathan puts up some air quotes.

Nathan Eye:

“Doctor” Sato ... Think about the names of the tag teams I listed earlier. *Those* are teams worthy of getting humbled by the greatest home-grown tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling history! If we give you guys a shot, then we might as well give Count Novick a shot, too! Tee-bee-h, we’ve fought him before and he’d be a more worthy contender than your ...

He looks at Fission and Gigaton. Makayla whispers something into Natty Eyce’s ear and he agrees with whatever is said.

Nathan Eye:

... *Punks*. Since Makayla here has just informed me that you and your monsters have not passed the vibe check which is crucial to judging a contender’s worthiness ... consider your challenge declined!

Dr. Sato looks nonplussed, while Gigaton can be heard yelling something about “SHOVING YOUR VIBES UP YOUR ASSES SIDEWAYS!” As soon as he does, Archer Silver immediately begins spraying BETA BLOCKER in their general direction.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I’d be careful how you spray those things; provoking nature’s monsters seldom does one any good, especially when you’ve already made them *quite* angry.

Natty Eyce lowers his microphone to discuss something with Makayla and DEC4L. When they come to an agreement on something, Eye addresses the group.

Nathan Eye:

Fine then And I say this again ... “Doctor”. Since it’s clear to us that this negative energy is no doubt going to poison our regularly scheduled retreat and your mouth breathers are going to keep pestering us, then you’ve forced our hand ...

Nathan points at Fission and Gigaton.

Nathan Eye:

If your Punks ... what’s the term? If your Punks “want the smoke” then we decline our original decline. In two weeks, we’ll put the gold on the line against your monsters! You’re going to regret making us postpone this much-needed retreat and we’ll show you who the puny mortals really are!

Dr. Ayumi Sato smirks and nods before she responds.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Splendid. You crashed our party. And in two weeks... we wreck yours.

The trio of Dr. Sato and her Punks turn on their heels and leave the arena, striding with confidence. As they walk away, Declan and High Flyer are quick with the BETA BLOCKERS on their heels as Makayla Namaste holds her hands up in the air, as if she’s waiting to no longer share the same oxygen.

DDK:

Well, that was certainly something it looks like on DEFtv 212 we’re going to have a DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship match between M4NTRA and the Atomic Punks!

Lance:

And then potentially a vacation? Is that what I gathered?

DDK:

If we’re lucky.

RAIN CITY REBUTTAL

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're about to get to our scheduled one on one match between Scott Douglas and Thurston Hunter... but right now, we've got some commotion in the back in our production room!

Lance:

Let's see if we can get some eyes back there...

The feed goes to a handheld camera moving through the backstage area. As it approaches the open door to the production booth off to the side of the go-rilla, we can hear an agitated voice coming from within.

Off-Screen Voice:

Look, for the last time, I can't play it!

The cameraman enters the monitor-lined room. Right away, we can see Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon of the Rain City Ronin, staring insistently down at a production crewmember. In Daymon's hand, a blank VHS tape is being offered.

Production Associate:

Like I told you, it doesn't fit the one-night format! We'll get in trouble with the network if our time goes over!

The production manager, a hawkish, silver-haired man who has the look of a man who's spent many years in the television broadcast racket, interjects himself into the situation.

Production Manager:

What's going on here?

Production Associate:

These guys keep trying to make me play their tape! I keep trying to tell them that we're on a strict schedule, but they won't listen!

The manager looks between his subordinate and the Ronin, who look to him for final judgment. Then, he rolls his eyes.

Production Manager:

Tch... damnit, son, don't you know anything about the business we're in? Nothing *ever* goes to schedule in wrestling! Now stop holding things up, and play the damn tape!

He storms off. The associate sighs in defeat after this brow-beating before finally accepting the tape. Burnett and Daymon nod graciously before exiting the booth. Meanwhile, the crewmember pushes the tape into a slot and cues it up...

After a flash of static the visual warble of a tape bend crossing the screen, we jump straight into file footage from a past event...

DEFIANCE ROAD... 2016**Elise Ares:**

I said... A. DRUM. ROLL. PLEASE.

Finally, the PA system picks up the cue and starts a stock drum roll sound effect. Elise reaches out and grabs the cloth. The D stands next to it and does his best Scott Hall point. As the drumroll cascades to climax, Elise rips off the tarp.

Revealing a bronze statue of Mikey Unlikely.

STATIC.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What the HELL does this have to do with wrestling?

STATIC.

We cut to a shot of the Hollywood Bruvs, Mikey Unlikely and JFK, standing interview stage with Zane at the last DEFtv.

Mikey Unlikely:

Even the.... What's their name? Oh right, The Rain City Ronin are certainly some up and comers!

JFK:

Oh them? Yeah, totally... good lads I'd say. Got a bit of talent, Still green though innit? Plenty to learn.

STATIC.

Quick cuts through a montage of scenes. The glory days of 24K, with a litany of interferences to push Unlikely's reign as FIST into record-setting territory. More recent events, like Mikey and JFK at Dr. Sato's Halloween Party, dressed as each other.

Kerry Kuroyama: (v/o)

I sometimes wonder what the two of you are really here to accomplish. Is this all a show to you? Is this company nothing more than a platform for you to stand in the spotlight?

STATIC.

Back to the clip from DEFRoad 2016.

Kerry Kuroyama: (v/o)

There's more to this sport than just lights and cameras and fame.

STATIC.

Another montage of quick cuts, showing the Rain City Ronin in action. Going to battle with M4NTRA. Going to war with Money Talks. Besting the Besties, Troy and Keyes. Hoisting high the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships.

Kerry Kuroyama: (v/o)

The two of you are caught up in the style. But the two of us? The Rain City Ronin? We're here in DEFIANCE to remind people that it's the substance that counts in the end.

STATIC.

Daymon and Burnett stand silently before a brick wall, staring intensely while sporting their classic "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE" t-shirts.

Kerry Kuroyama: (v/o)

So the two of you want to go around calling yourselves the greatest tandem this sport has ever seen? We'd like to see you put your money where your mouths are!

STATIC...

And the tape ends on the date in which it began... until the numbers "1" and "6" crank over to a different set of digits.

DEFIANCE ROAD... 2025

Cut to black.

The camera pulls back... revealing it to be playing on a backstage monitor.

The ever-dashing Hollywood Bruvs, seated quite comfortably on a sofa in the backstage talent lounge, look at the static in confusion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, I thought you said this was the part of the show we were going to watch the trailer for the Hollywood Bruvs in Space movie featuring the Hollywood Bruvs?

Kendrix:

You mean that wasn't the trailer?

Mikey Unlikely:

No! Did you see me or you in that monstrosity of a video?

Kendrix rubs his hand against his forehead.

Kendrix:

Bruv, this was the spot on the show it was supposed to happen. Our agent assured me.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's so strange, Betsy is never wrong. Remember that time we thought the strippee twins were women and offered to take them back to the hotel room?

Kendrix holds both hands to his head recalling that exact moment.

Kendrix:

Thank God for Betsy and her sobriety.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is an outrage, Betsy is never wrong and everything goes to schedule all the time in wrestling.

Kendrix:

Cool video though, I wonder who they were talking about?

Mikey Unlikely:

No idea. Whoever it was sounded really self obsessed and spotlight hungry jerks.

Kendrix:

Obvs.

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

Jesse pulls a tape out from the couch.

Kendrix:

Ahhh, here's our movie trailer. I'll go tell the production assistant to put the rest of the show on hold and just play this over and over.

Mikey Unlikely:

Brilliant! I'll go gather the entire roster and tell them the good news!

As the over excited Bruvs prepare to get off the couch, they become aware that they're not alone. They look behind them... and come to their feet the moment they notice the tandem of Daymon and Burnett standing behind the couch.

Mikey Unlikely:

Holy Stalker Red! You guys scared the shit out of me.

The duo glare at Mikey until he's able to put two and two together. He slaps JFK on the back.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY! Look Jesse, it's the guys from the video we just wa.... Hey! Wait a minute! They were talking about us!

Kendrix:

WHAT!? What are you doing back there bruv? Lurking like a couple of extras in a horror movie, innit!? You think you can talk about the Bruvs like that?

Unlikely nudges his tag team partner and grins.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's the Rain City Bois, Jesse... I see what's happening here. I think they're upset by our comments from last DEFtv. Boys, a little diplomacy if I may...

The B level actor looks down, pinches the bridge of his nose, and when he comes up he's fully in character as a salesman/politician type.

Mikey Unlikely:

I certainly do apologize if we offended you guys, we didn't mean anything personal by it. We were just pulling names out of a hat, random numbers from a bingo machine, Like rolling the dice, or spinning a wheel, it just fell on your team last week. That's my fault. Instead of saying names, we should have just eluded to what we meant. When it comes to the Rain City Ronin, listen guys, we're fans!

JFK still looks miffed, but Mikey elbows him in the ribs until he changes his demeanor.

Kendrix:

Ah, honest mistake lads, didn't even mean it personally. We can certainly see how anyone would be upset in that scenario. I mean you got the most handsome, most famous, most beloved tag team in the business in the ring, calling you out.... But honestly it wasn't like that!

Unlikely throws his arms out wide, ever the salesman.

Mikey Unlikely:

See!? Water under the bridge! Let's bury the hatchet right now, and get out of here and grab a Frap. Maybe there's a scene for you in our next buddy cop movie! What do you say!?

Zack and Leo exchange a look, and nod in silent agreement.

Zack Daymon:

[acceptance]

Leo Burnett:

[unoffended]

Be as it may, the Iceman Burnett points again to the event and date on the screen, then to the Bruvs, then to himself and Daymon.

Mikey Unlikely:

I think he wants us to change the channel!

JFK locks eyes with Zack.

Kendrix:

No Bruv, they're challenging us to a match.... At DEFROAD!

Mikey Unlikely:

In 2016!? How are we going to do that!? What if I run into the old Mikey Unlikely and change the time space continuum and rip up everything we know! WHAT IF WE'RE POOR IN THE NEW FUTURE!?

Leo corpses. He immediately attempts to conceal it with his hand, but can't hold back the muffled chuckle that escapes him.

JFK puts a reassuring hand on his best bruvs shoulder.

Kendrix:

He means 2025... they want to fight us Bruv... show us what they got...

Mikey gets serious and cocks an eyebrow at the pair. Without emotion Zack nods back at him. Agreeing with Kendrix's interpretation.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well of course there's only one thing we can say to that...

The pair look at one another.

Hollywood Bruvs:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

The pair double over in laughter, trying not to lose their footing along the way. When they come up for air they see RCR aren't laughing. The bruvs nod and respond.

Mikey Unlikely:

Okay Bruvs, you got it. DEFROAD 2024...

He puts his arms up as if he's reading the marquee now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Rain Clty Ronin vs The HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLYYYYYYYWOOOOOOOOD BRUUUVS!

The Bruvs stick their hands out for a handshake to seal the deal. The Ronin again exchange a glance, nod, and accept the handshakes.

Zack Daymon:

[determined]

Leo Burnett:

[intent... but also kinda hungry, actually]

They turn and make their way to catering. Once they clear the door the Bruvs turn back to one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, first off, we need to learn to lock our doors, this is getting wild. Secondly, we've been on a roll lately, tangling with

the big dogs and walking away clean. This is going to be the same thing, these guys don't know what they signed up for.

Agreeing with hist best Bruv, JFK tacks on.

Kendrix:

DEFIANCE keeps lining em up and we keep knockin em down! Let's go get that Frap you promised those guys.

With a quick Gluefist the Bruvs head off in the opposite direction, but not before Mikey reaches back in and locks the door.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. THURSTON HUNTER

The house lights dim as some badass theme music kicks up.

♪ *“John Wick” by Why-S* ♪

Thurston Hunter and Cyrus Bates walk out from behind the curtain. They are in DEEP strategic conversation.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this bout is a singles contest! Introducing first, FROM THE STREETS, he wants to be recorded as weighing in at one metric tonne! He is THURSTON HUNTER!

Hunter bops knuckles with his heavy duty counterpart before storming the ring. The newest, self-anointed “Quality Control Officer” remains at the top of the stage, clipboard and pen in hand.

DDK:

Looks like Cyrus Bates is ready to make copious amounts of notes on Malak’s “future” opponent. I think Cyrus should grow a pair and talk back to his “master.”

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ *“Smilin’ and Dyin’” by Green River* ♪

The Faithful pop as they take to their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... DEFIANCE’S FAVOURITE SON!

The grunge anthem kicks into full gear as the man himself, Scott Douglas, bursts through the curtain like a man possessed, eyes locked on the ring. His intensity is undeniable with every step down the ramp a statement.

Darren Quimbey:

... “SUB POP” ... SCOTTTTTTT DOUGGGGLAAAASSSSSS!

Scott slaps a few hands on his way to the ring but doesn’t milk it. He hits the ring to a little more fanfar before readying himself for the match.

DING DING

The pair meet in the center of the ring, locking eyes for a tense stare-off. The two jaw jack each other as Douglas points to Cyrus on the ramp. This doesn’t last long as Thurston suddenly hauls off and slaps Douglas across the face, the sound snapping through the arena. Without a moment’s hesitation, he follows up, dropping low and taking Douglas’s leg out from under him, sending him hard to the mat.

Up on the ramp, Cyrus Bates smirks, clearly pleased with Thurston’s aggressive start, and jots down a note on his clipboard.

Lance:

No hesitation from Thurston Hunter! And look at Bates—already taking notes on this one.

DDK:

It’s like Bates is grading an exam out here, but right now, Hunter’s got an A+ in aggression.

Mounted on top of Douglas, Hunter rains down with a barrage of punches, his fists connecting as Douglas does his best to shield himself, bringing his forearms up to block. Hunter is relentless, but eventually, Douglas manages to twist

his hips and roll free, slipping out from under the onslaught and getting to his feet.

Hunter doesn't let up, determined to keep Douglas on the defensive. As Douglas steadies himself, Hunter delivers a sharp kick to the gut, doubling Douglas over. Grabbing him by the arm, Hunter leans in, shoving Douglas back into the ropes before whipping him across the ring. On the return, Douglas catches a stiff forearm to the face, the impact sending him down to the mat.

DDK:

The longer Hunter controls the pace, the harder it's going to be for Douglas to find an opening.

Lance:

Douglas is no Johnny come lately, so Hunter can't let up - not for one second.

Douglas struggles to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. But Hunter's already hit the opposite ropes and comes hurtling back toward Douglas with a brutal elbow strike that drops Douglas back to the mat with force. Douglas tries to get up, moving slower this time, but Hunter grabs him, pulling him to his feet and swiftly executing a snap suplex that sends Douglas crashing back to the canvas.

The toll of the early assault shows on Douglas's face as he fights to get to his feet, inching toward the corner and using the turnbuckles to pull himself up. Sensing an opportunity, Hunter follows him into the corner, landing a series of hard rights to Douglas's jaw, each punch landing with an audible crack. With a smirk, Hunter grabs Douglas by the arm and whips him across the ring.

CLANG

Douglas slams chest-first into the opposite turnbuckle and collapses backward onto the canvas, clutching his chest. Up on the ramp, Cyrus Bates tucks his clipboard under his arm, giving Hunter a round of applause as the Faithful's boo's intensify.

Cyrus Bates:

NOW THAT'S QUALITY!

Lance:

Cyrus Bates may be thrilled with what he's seeing, but Douglas isn't out of this yet!

Back in the ring, Hunter pulls Douglas up once again and whips him back into the ropes. Hunter ducks his head, prepping for a back body drop, but Douglas seizes the opening; halting, he grabs Hunter's neck, and nails him with a swinging neckbreaker.

DDK:

To your point, Lance.

Lance:

There is the opening, let's see what Douglas does with it!

Douglas is shaken, still feeling the effects of Hunter's attack, but the neckbreaker gives him a brief advantage. As Hunter lies dazed, Douglas pushes himself up, a bit dazed himself.

Douglas steadies himself, the Faithful rallying behind him as he shakes off the punishment he's taken. He glances back at Cyrus, who's now furiously scribbling notes on his clipboard, his smug grin fading just a bit as he sees Douglas regaining control.

DDK:

Douglas is digging deep here, showing the resilience he's famous for. He's not backing down, not with Bates watching his every move!

Lance:

And if Douglas can capitalize on this momentum, it's going to spell trouble for Hunter and Bates's so-called "Quality Control."

Douglas stalks toward Hunter, who's already pushing himself up to one knee. Seizing the moment, Douglas lunges forward, hitting Hunter with a quick forearm smash, sending Thurston stumbling back into the corner. Douglas charges in, leaping up and delivering a stiff knee strike.

From the ramp, Bates watches with narrowed eyes, his pen hovering over the clipboard, his pre-match confidence starting to waver.

Douglas lifts the dazed Hunter up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle and climbs up. Douglas leaps, wrapping his legs around Thurston for a top rope Huracánrana, but Thurston has other thoughts and brings his slightly larger opponent down to the canvas for a huge powerbomb and subsequent cover.

Doyle is in position.

ONE!

TWO!

THR --

KICK OUT**DDK:**

Scott Douglas just barely staying in this one!

The Faithful erupt as Douglas kicks out. Hunter, visibly frustrated, slams his fists on the mat. He glances up at Cyrus Bates, who gestures for him to stay focused before turning back to his notes.

Lance:

And look at Bates! He's telling Hunter to stay on him ...

Hunter pulls himself together, taking a deep breath before grabbing Douglas by the arm and pulling him to his feet. Slowly but surely, curiosity starts getting the better of Bates as he saunters down to ringside, for a closer look. His eyes grow wide as he watches Douglas mount a comeback.

Lance:

Douglas is taking the fight to Hunter now!

Thurston tries to block but his attempts are mid at best. Douglas plants a knee into Hunter's gut, which doubles his opponent over. Cyrus rubs his bald chrome dome in worry. He can't write notes fast enough!

DDK:

CLOTHESLINE!

Hunter's head bounces off the mat. Sub Pop notices Bates has gotten closer, ALOT closer. Too close for his liking as he directs the referee's attention QCO's way. Claiming innocence and showing his clipboard in hand, Bates tries to reason with Benny Doyle that he's diplomatically down by ringside to gather notes on Scott's wrestling style. This brief distraction enables Thurston to lurch up behind Douglas and nail a low blow. Except, he misses.

DDK:

Douglas saw it coming! He stopped Hunter's arm from reaching its destination!

Bates looks worried as he promises Benny Doyle he won't interfere with the match. Doyle turns to witness Douglas twist Hunter's arm around into a cobra clutch! Thurston tries to squirm free and that's when Scott brings his prey to the ground. Bates makes note of this.

Cyrus Bates:

Drops opponent to ground during submission. Got it. Gotta keep an eye out for that one. Hey Thurston! Go for the injury!

Thurston tries everything in an effort to get out of the clutches of Douglas but can't. Instead, his only chance to survive is to roll towards the ropes with Douglas on his back. The pair finally make it there, forcing a rope break. Scott gets up and delivers some stiff kicks to Hunter's exposed back as Bates writes furiously.

Cyrus Bates:

Stays on the attack even after a rope break. Dammit he's good! Such good QUALITY even for an injured wrestler.

Hunter cries for the referee to intervene but there's not much that can be done so Thurston skids to the outside where Bates catches up with him. Cyrus holds out his clipboard for Thurston to see but the problem is, he can't read.

DDK:

Looks like Bates is giving Hunter some quality notes here.

Cyrus Bates:

You should be able to go after his injury and get the win that way!

Thurston Hunter:

I CAN'T READ, QCO!

Mistakenly, with his back to the ring, Hunter leaves the top of his head exposed enough so that Douglas is able to reach between the ropes and pull the street fighter back into the mix. Thurston immediately puts his dukes up. Scott chops them down with an overhead forearm smash. Then Sub Pop sends Hunter into the corner with a knife edge chop! Once there, Douglas hooks into a fisherman suplex.

Lance:

Look out!

Douglas lifts Hunter and climbs to the second turnbuckle seamlessly.

DDK:

SUP POP SUPLEX ON THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! DOUGLAS JUST MELDED HUNTER'S HEAD TO THE TOP OF THE BUCKLE!

Hunter is out cold as his limp body flutters to the canvas. The crowd still isn't over the visual of the buckle brainbuster they just witnessed! Unblinking, Cyrus Bates watches as Douglas covers his comrade.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall ... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Sub Pop gets his arm raised as Cyrus Bates just stands there. Heck, Bates stares down the supposed injured arm of Douglas. It looks fine.

Cyrus Bates:

It looks fine.

Apparently, it looks fine. Panic and worry shoots throughout QCO's body as Benny Doyle rolls a comatose Thurston Hunter out of the ring.

DDK:

What a win for Scott Douglas here tonight and I think Cyrus is cluing in that Scott Douglas might be over his injury!

Lance:

I'm not sure why he would have ever doubted it, Head of DEFMed Iris Davine said as much two weeks ago ...

DDK:

Given the personal relationship between Davine and Douglas brought to light by Uriel Cortez - Is it possible Bates didn't trust her medical opinion. Maybe he suspected collusion?

Bates speed walks over to where Hunter exited the ring in order to catch him. Under one arm is a fallen Hunter and in the other is his clipboard. Bates continues to do double takes to the information he scribbled and the actual man in the ring who just disposed of Thurston Hunter without too much of a sweat.

Lance:

I bet Cyrus Bates isn't too happy if he can piece it all together!

The show carries on but not before Scott Douglas riles up the crowd once more.

Cut to elsewhere.

SIT DOWN WITH LORD TRICKLEBUSH

DDK:

Fans, a little over a month ago at ACTS of DEFIANCE we were set to see the third one on one showdown between Corvo Alpha and MP1, a tragic feud that has spanned several years now. That match, however, did not take place. Instead, we were “treated” to the return of Lord Nigel Tricklebush to DEFIANCE.

Lance:

For the uninitiated, it's difficult to quickly distill who this man is and what his influence has been on the lives and professional wrestling careers of the former Masked Violators. As a manager, in 2016 and 2017, he tormented the duo. Some time between then and 2021, he'd somehow gained control of Masked Violator #2 and twisted him into a brutal monster. That monster, as we know, would break free of Nigel's hold back at DEFCON 2023.

DDK:

Jump forward to today and it's MV1 who has seemingly been twisted by Madame Melton into MP1 and, beyond all reasoning, he has welcomed Lord Nigel Tricklebush BACK into DEF!

Lance:

Lord Tricklebush convinced MP1 he was the only man who could repair what's been torn asunder. Earlier today, I sat down with Lord Nigel and asked him about his time away from DEFIANCE, his thoughts on the evolution of Corvo Alpha, as well as his return and subsequent alignment with MP1.

DDK:

Let's take a look!

The screen briefly fades to black before cutting to a far-shot of a clean, crisp, simple studio set up. A black stage before a dark red DEF backdrop. Two leatherbound chairs face each other. On the left is Lance Warner, who adjusts his posture and his glasses as the crane camera sweeps up to him.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

Lance presents Nigel with the outlaying of his right hand as the shot cuts to the man across from him. Dressed now in browns instead of blacks, Nigel tips the brim of his beaten brown fedora first towards Lance and then the camera. The leathery skin on his face seems to fight back against the smile creeping across his face.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Oh, Lancelot. This is a pleasure of some measure.

Lance ignores Nigel's flowery greeting and glances at the cards in his hands.

Lance Warner:

I'd like to jump right into it, if I may, and ask you about Masked Violator #2. It's never been made clear just when and how he came under your influence and became Corvo Alpha. I'd like you to walk us through that entire process.

Nigel pulls the hat from his head and plops it on his lap, smoothing his white hair in place.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Yes, I imagine you would. What if I told you that Corvo Alpha came to me? What if I told you that he was a broken husk when we found each other? That he was under the thumb of addiction and depravity when he “came under my influence”, as you say? Would you believe me? I fear you wouldn't.

Lance Warner:

Can you substantiate those claims in some way?

Nigel guffaws, throwing both arms up.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Well, you could ask him! But you won't do that, will you? You'd prefer to see me as the villain you've cast me as and little more. You don't want the truth. The truth will only frighten you.

Lance frowns, glancing back at the cards in hand.

Lance Warner:

Let's turn then to DEFCON 2023.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Let us.

Lance Warner:

MV1 succeeded in forcing you from DEF by defeating Corvo Alpha... but perhaps the bigger story that night was Alpha breaking free of your hold and turning on you-

Nigel again chuckles, covering his mouth and attempting to stifle it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I'm so sorry. Your narrative. It's compelling for those at home, I'm sure. But it bores me. You expect me to be angry that Alpha acted out, don't you? Would you believe that I was proud of him on that night? Would you believe that this "evolution" that you see was preordained? It was expected. He didn't turn on me, as you say. I set him free.

Lance blinks, setting the cards down on his crossed legs.

Lance Warner:

You expect us to believe that you WANTED him to choke you out and see you stretchered out of the building? You expect us to believe that you WANTED to be ousted from DEFIANCE?!

Nigel raises an eyebrow.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah. Finally, a question of consequence.

Lance Warner:

And your answer?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes. I expect you to believe that.

Lance flounders for a moment, visibly exasperated. He shuffles index cards.

Lance Warner:

With all due respect, Lord Trickelbush-

Nigel nods solemnly.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Thank you.

Lance Warner:

-that's preposterous.

Nigel picks the fedora off his lap and regards it, brushing lint off of it's crown.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

As I said. The truth would terrify you, Lance Warner. It's ugly. Everyone wants to know what's under their bed. They'd love to know if it will come for them in the still of night. If it will take them, pulling them underneath.

Nigel leans forward. The camera zooms in on his face in time.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But no one dares look under that bed, do they?

He sits back.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, the truth can be devastating. It's surely confusing to those who lack foresight, hindsight, and perspective. In all things there is a path. A plan. In all things.

Clearly displeased with that "answer", Lance presses on.

Lance Warner:

And your return. You've seemingly aligned yourself with Madame Melton, who, in your absence has assembled quite a menagerie. However, the last time we saw you two cross paths, she had bilked you out of \$20,000 cash and left you looking like a fool.

Nigel smiles, tilting his head at Lance, playfully.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You have a wondrous memory–

Lance Warner:

Do you?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–if not a flawed view of things. Yes. Teresa and I have quite the history. It's a history filled with passion. With excitement. With promise of a future. She really must be given credit. This "menagerie" as you call it is more than just that. It's on the verge of becoming the most dangerous assemblage of talent this sport has ever known. JJ Dixon, in particular, is truly a specimen of an athlete. A spectacle to behold with a future as bright as the Mistress that guides him. Give her her due, Lance. Bringing MP1 into the fold. Making him see what he might become...

His voice trails off, as does his gaze for a moment as he contemplates.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Gracious... She is a visionary. And when she called me, I didn't hesitate.

Lance Warner:

And the \$20,000?

Nigel won't take the bait.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I've not forgotten it. Worth every single solitary penny. In fact, that woman – that gem – is worth so much more.

Lance Warner:

And so when she called you came. Why?

Now it's Nigel's turn for exasperation.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"Why"?! Truly, you ask that? Because she was offering me what I've sought all this time. A pure soul to mold. A pure soul to make into MORE. MP1 is that man. He always has been. I'd thought it might have been Corvo. But no, he was flawed from the start. Perhaps, I admit, even too broken for a man of my means to fix.

Lance soldiers on.

Lance Warner:

You returned at ACTS of DEFIANCE telling MP1 you could repair their relationship. That you're the only man who can do that. How do you plan on fixing this mess you've made?

Nigel's smile melts into something more sinister; a harsh and deep scowl.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I'll ignore the tone and tenor of that question, Warner. I'll simply say that before I can stitch the Violators back together... I first must earn the trust of a man who, for whatever reason, has believed me to be that same villain you've all cast me as. That will take time. It won't be overnight. But I am a patient man.

The scowl slowly softens as he speaks. Turning back up into that same strange, forced, plastic smile.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And with patience comes results. With patience comes reward. And reward I shall have.

Shuffling index cards, Lance settles on one.

Lance Warner:

DEFROAD is just around the corner. Now that you, along with Madame Melton are guiding MP1's career, what's up your collective sleeves for that big event?

Nigel flaps the fedora back on his head with a sly grin.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Well. Finally another excellent question. All I'll say is that we have big, BIG plans for MP1 at DEFROAD. But before we get there, there may be other opportunities. For him. And for I to earn that sacred, sacred trust. Opportunities to advance and prosper: Together.

Nigel splays his hands out.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Isn't that what we all want?

Warner bristles as he turns back to the camera.

Lance Warner:

While I'm not certain we've learned anything tonight, we are running out of time—

Trickelbush leans forward once more, cutting the distance between them in half, and cutting Warner off.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

That statement right there says so much more about you and your lack of critical understanding than it does about me. Know that, Lance Warner.

Lance looks over his glasses at Lord Nigel with annoyed disinterest. He adjusts them on his nose before again turning

to the camera.

Lance Warner:

Thanks for joining us, Lord Tricklebush. I'm Lance Warner. Thanks for watching.

The studio lights dim just before we fade to black.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



ACE of DEFIANCE: TYLER FUSE (C) vs. CRESCENT CITY KID

The scene switches to ringside with the Crescent City Kid already in the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL! And introducing first, already in the ring... from New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing one-hundred-eighty-three pounds... the CRESCENT CITY KID!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... he is the ACE of DEFIANCE... TYLER FUSE!

Tyler Fuse marches out, in his black trunks and boots, ACE of DEFIANCE in hand. As typical for The OG Player, he doesn't waste much time. He makes his way down the ramp and rolls under the bottom rope.

Before referee Mark Shields calls for the bell, Tyler walks over and stops him. Fuse asks for a microphone and receives one on the outside from Darren Quimbey.

Tyler Fuse:

Hold on there a second, Crescent City. I have a... proposal.

The Crescent City Kid takes a step back from the center of the ring and waits for Tyler to spit it out.

Tyler Fuse:

We have a history, I don't forget. I never forget.

DDK:

Tyler is, of course, referencing the serious battles between The Fuse Bros. and Gulf Coast Connection, even culminating at DEFCON 2020 in a Red Ring of Death.

Tyler Fuse:

...But I'm willing to lend an olive branch.

Fuse nods along. Is it a sarcastic nod? It's tough to get a read.

Tyler Fuse:

Two weeks ago, you *almost* beat Malak Garland for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Fuse laughs. This is definitely sarcastic.

Tyler Fuse:

That would've been something, huh. Would've messed up my whole plans but then I got thinking...

Fuse walks to the center of the ring and with his free hand, he holds out the ACE.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm willing to put this on the line, against you, at this very moment.

Fuse drops the mic, tosses the ACE over to Mark Shields (who subsequently drops it) and rolls his shoulders back.

DDK:

Wow, that's a bold move!

Lance:

While Crescent City Kid is definitely not favored in this contest, it *is* wrestling and you never know what could happen.

Directly after Warner says this, Shields signals for the bell and hands off the ACE.

DING DING

Crescent City Kid charges at Tyler Fuse but Fuse lowers his base, wraps his arms around CCK and slides behind him.

Release suplex.

SLAM.

Crescent City Kid lands on the top of his head.

The NOLA native doesn't move as Tyler strolls a casual two steps forward and dusts his hands off. He cocks his head and sneers down at his opponent and ACE challenger. Tyler walks over, leans down and-

DDK:

ROLL UP BY THE CRESCENT CITY KID!

-Except no, Tyler slides away easily and laughs. He orchestrated the entire "roll up", because the Crescent City Kid still hasn't moved.

The crowd boos.

DDK:

Well, he had me.

Lance:

Had me, too, partner.

Within seconds, Tyler deadlifts CCK and drops the challenger on his head again.

DDK:

If Mark Shields was competent, I think he'd throw this match out the window...

Lance:

We both know Mark should've been fired years ago.

Fuse peels The Kid off the mat, tucks CCK's head between his right arm and runs up the corner padding, pushes off, flips and lands CQC, the running bulldog.

Tyler smirks and repositions the Crescent City Kid on his knees.

Tyler Fuse: *[little to no effort given]*

Weapon Get.

Fuse hits the ropes and full blown bounces off with I TRIGGER. A lot of effort given on the actual move.

Tyler doesn't bother hooking the leg as Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

RUMINATION ASTIR

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The theme music hits IMMEDIATELY after and the crowd boos the shit out of the building.

Lance:

We aren't in Wyoming anymore.

DDK:

You're telling me! I didn't think we were going to see Malak Garland here at all tonight given what he went through last week. There were rumblings he was sulking quite bad after finding out he's not only facing Tyler Fuse for his belt but this Rumination Chamber construct awaits him should he retain!

Lance:

Quite the gauntlet indeed, Darren.

Surprisingly, Malak Garland comes out to confront Tyler. The champion wears all black everything and looks like he hasn't slept in days since finding out the challenges that lay ahead. The fans jeer hard, obviously, which only further hurts Malak's already fragile state. He pitters around a bit before making the throat slice sign to stop the music. Garland raises a microphone to his quivering lips.

Malak Garland:

Why are you people booing me now? Last week, everyone CHEERED! I would have thought, of all places, the homeless capital of the world, Glendale, Arizona would have had more respect in their tanks for a world champion but then again, it is the homeless capital of the world.

Lance:

Not sure that's true.

Malak takes a few paces towards the ring.

Malak Garland:

Or are you people booing because of the unsavory traps that await yours truly? A match for my title against Tyler Fuse. A match for my title against half the locker room in the Rumination Chamber. Like come on. I need a breather here.

A quick shot shows Tyler Fuse who has a look on his face like Malak signed a death wish.

Malak Garland:

Regardless, I've thought about everything you've said, Ty-Guy. That I need more mental health counseling.

He stops to hold the tears back.

Malak Garland:

I have trauma, Tyler! DID YOU KNOW THAT!? YOU'RE TRYING TO PREY UPON MY TRAUMA? Because of that, I may not be able to continue to wrestle DESPITE BEING THE GOOD GUY I AM.

Fuse literally mouths the words "Jesus Christ" under his breath as he marches around the ring, subjected to listening to this dribble. Meanwhile, Garland is slowly walking down the ramp.

Malak Garland:

To be blatantly honest, I got out of line by saying how I wanted to be the hero of DEFIANCE two weeks ago. It's way too much pressure. Then you came out and doubled DOWN on the pressure!!

Fuse is typically stoic, but he's having a hard time holding back laughter at this blatant nonsense.

Lance:

Malak Garland is a mess. He really is.

DDK:

You're figuring this out now?

The FLAKE of DEFIANCE finally gets in the ring and chest bumps a defiant Tyler Fuse. Initially, Tyler looks like he's going to MDK Malak Garland on the spot but after a deep breath, Tyler decides against it and merely smirks the chest bump off.

They exchange some pleasantries off mic before Tyler grits his teeth and slaps the device out of Malak's hands.

Tyler Fuse: *[shouting]*

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

The crowd ROARS.

DDK:

Tough one for the fans. They just witnessed a favorite of theirs in The Crescent City Kid get pummeled. Tyler was booed there... but dare I say Fuse is the lesser of two evils now?

Fuse gets straight to the point.

Tyler Fuse:

Malak. Don't worry. Soon I will put you in the hospital and you will get your wish.

Malak backs up and picks the microphone up from the canvas. Hands shaking, he stares darts over at a cold and calculated elder Fuse.

Malak Garland:

Ummm. Ummm, wow okay. Now we're slapping microphones out of hands and being rather petty. Wow, okay. Lots to unpack here.

Malak rubs his tear-soaked chin before turning his gaze to the ramp.

Malak Garland:

C-come out here!

Nothing.

Malak Garland:

I AM DEMANDING THAT 'THE PERSON' COMES DOWN TO THE RING RIGHT NOW! I AM LIVID!

Malak slams the microphone down in a weird, unhinged fury. It takes a few moments but as all eyes turn towards the stage, none other than Conor Fuse eventually walks out. No music plays Conor out. Nothing. The Ultimate Gamer and younger brother to Tyler Fuse makes his way down the ramp, looking a little sullen.

Lance:

I hate to say it, Keebs, but I saw this coming. Malak was going to involve Conor the second Tyler got in Garland's way.

Conor slides into the ring and Malak asks Conor to get him the microphone again. Tyler allows it and Conor retrieves the mic.

Malak Garland:

Tyler. This is your brother, cOnOr, in case you or any of these goldfish minded wrestling fans forgot and speaking of

which, I need to remind you and everyone that he is still under the care, custody and control of The Comments Section inclusive. cOnOr never quit or left when I gave him the chance, so, thankfully. I can reap the benefits from that silly decision of his.

The champ glances over to Conor like a meat prize. Meanwhile Tyler's facial expressions suggest "this is the best you've got?" The ACE seems completely unphased.

Malak Garland:

In his own words, cOnOr told me he didn't want to leave, because he believes that one day, the both of us will live harmoniously together.

Garland approaches Tyler.

Malak Garland:

LIKE BROTHERS.

The crowd "oohs" at the slight. However, Conor rolls his eyes and Tyler gives a "no fucks shrug".

Malak Garland:

You know what? I believe it, too. Heck, I'm going to go the EXTRA step, which I notoriously do without recklessness and say that the three of us, we are cut from the same cloth. We'll all be cool one day, right?

Garland suddenly gains confidence as if his wild mood swings are uncontrollable. Needless to say, Conor stares at the canvas mat and Tyler's eyes go right through Malak.

Malak Garland:

Remember, I hold Conor's career in my hands. My delicate, delicate hands.

Tyler shrugs once more.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay.

The FLAKE of DEFIANCE shakes his head with frustration, anger and a newfound confidence.

Malak Garland:

Oh, you don't care, do you? You should because I have thought LONG and HARD about what you said to me last DEFtv and you know what? I agree. You are scary and you probably could kill me in a match. Pat should've killed me too, but I overcame it. Pat was driven by rage and couldn't see clearly. I know the difference here is that YOU are seeing clearly and that is a problem for my chakras. So what I propose is the following. If you're so certain that you're going to beat me to a pulp and take my precious title, then Tyler, you should put more on the line than just your ACE title shot...

The triangle of superstars exchange looks.

Malak Garland:

I want your body on the line. Call it collecting Fuse Bros. to appease my insatiable taste of control. So to be clear, if you win the match, then yes, you're the new FIST of DEFIANCE. However, if I win, you must join me and your brother as part of The Comments Section.

The ACE remains deadpan.

Malak Garland:

I need this vision to come true, Tyler. You're the missing piece to my intricate puzzle. You are the last key to my endless happiness. This way, we can all live happily ever after. What do you think?

Tyler snatches the mic from Malak's hands and doesn't even blink.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay.

Tyler promptly drops the mic and heads to the back without hesitation after he accepts. The entire time, Conor Fuse just looks like he wants to die and Malak is filled with glee as the broadcast fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

WHAT IF ...

Cut back from commercial;

Backstage, amongst a maze-like labyrinth of corridors and hallways, we find a locker room. Inside and perched on a bench, studiously unwinding white tape from around his wrists, is a freshly victorious Scott Douglas.

So engrossed is he in this effort that he fails to note a nefarious spectre entering through the open door. This figure floats behind him for a moment before clearing its aging throat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Pardon me.

Douglas ignores the man, turning his attention from the tape on his right wrist to the tape on his left. He unwinds it, perhaps quicker than the first. Perhaps annoyed at the interruption.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I felt compelled to congratulate you on your auspicious win tonight.

Continuing to ignore the man, Nigel wheels around the locker room bench so that he is in Douglas' view. So that he is impossible to ignore.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It's been some time, Scott. Hasn't it?

Douglas doesn't look up.

Scott Douglas:

I thought this place was rid of you.

Amusement pulls the right corner of Trickelbush's mouth up just slightly.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The same might have been said of you...

Douglas balls the used athletic tape up in a tight ball.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

...were I a man, of course, less genial than I am.

The wrestler tosses the balled up tape across the room — Nigel's beady gray eyes follow it — and it rattles into a trash can in the corner. Douglas rises and opens his locker, eyes never finding Trickelbush.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It doesn't feel like so long ago, does it? I found you in a place such as this and made you an offer. A chance for a bargain. An opportunity to alter your path once and forevermore.

Douglas pulls a gym bag out of the locker and slings it over his shoulder. He SLAMS the locker-door shut loudly, causing Nigel to jump. When he turns to face Lord Trickelbush, it's clear Douglas is in no mood for this stroll down memory lane.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

How long ago was it, I wonder? Seven? Eight years ago?

Douglas frowns.

Scott Douglas:

I'm not buying what you're selling. Take your business elsewhere.

Shouldering past Trickelbush, Douglas heads for the exit.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, I'm out of that business, Dear Scott. Perhaps you've heard. I've finally found the man I've been after all of this time. After all of these years.

With a sigh, Douglas turns on his heels.

Scott Douglas:

Congratulations. To you. Unfortunate, for him. Alright. Back to your cave.

Douglas turns again and now Nigel places a hand on his forearm. Scott eyes it, annoyance mounting.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Although I must admit. I can't help but wonder how different things might be. Had you taken me up on that offer, all those years ago. Surely, my Corvo might have never been "born" of my righteous efforts. And my Most Precious One? Well...

Douglas sighs, wrenching his arm free of Nigel's grasp.

Scott Douglas:

Say what you want to say and let's get this over with.

Nigel demures.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I simply wished to congratulate you—

Scott Douglas:

And you've done that.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

—and let you know that my eye is ever upon you, Scott Douglas.

Douglas shakes his head, adjusts the bag on his shoulder, and marches out the exit. He calls out over his shoulder.

Scott Douglas:

Well. Congratulations to me then.

Nigel sneers as he watches Douglas disappear down the hallway. He speaks now only to himself.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, indeed.

Cut to commercial.

LONG TIME, NO SEE

Showing up to the show fashionably late... one of the doors to the rear entrance open and several bodies start to file through.

First off, the official GC Universe spokesman... Sonny Silver. Dressed in a dark charcoal suit and burgundy tie, he runs a hand through his salt-and-pepper beard and grins.

Sonny Silver:

Big night! Big night!

Next up... dressed in a bright gold suit jacket, tie and pants (no dress shirt, gotta let the pecs breath)... FLEX.

FLEX:

That match happening soon?

Sonny Silver:

Yeah, later tonight. That little asshole, D, won't know what hit him.

FLEX:

Rooting for Danny! He's got this one in the bag!

???:

Oh, he better.

Finally walking into frame...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Resounding boos are heard all through the background as OSCAR BURNS walks into the building. Wearing a pair of white designer eyeglasses, a dark green coat, slacks and loafers (he don't roll with no shoelaces), The Center of the GC Universe walks between FLEX and Sonny Silver and then takes up the front.

OSCAR BURNS:

I told Elise I was done with her when I sent her back home packing a sad. Her little GCs, The D and Klein, are getting more of the same tonight.

He looks at Sonny.

OSCAR BURNS:

Give me an honest assessment, GC... Is DLJ ready tonight?

Sonny nods.

Sonny Silver:

Oh, he's gonna get it done. Mil and I are gonna go meet up with him in a few minutes. Got him some new gear to really put him up for the task tonight.

OSCAR BURNS:

Good. What about the other business? He gonna meet us?

Sonny nudges the shoulder of OSCAR and points up ahead of him.

Sonny Silver:

Well... I told him you were on your way. You can ask the man yourself.

OSCAR (twists and) turns to face the person that Sonny's pointing to.

OSCAR BURNS:

YEAH, THAT'S MY GUY! LONG TIME, NO SEE, GC!

None other than **KERRY KUROYAMA** approaches OSCAR! FLEX and Sonny step back as they shake hands.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Oscar! Sorry... OSCAR! Been a long time, indeed! Still giving out the good ol' woe to the vanquished?

OSCAR BURNS:

Nothing but, GC, nothing but!

Kerry next shakes hands with Silver.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sonny! Glad you're doing well, sir! Sorry I haven't been by Silver Linings lately. Had a lot of irons in the fire.

Sonny Silver:

All good, man, all good. I'm sorry we haven't had a chance to catch up. OSCAR's had to deal with some business, but rest assured that's being taken care of. Keeping the Vae Victis spirit alive by smiting our enemies.

Lastly, he looks to FLEX, and just kind of waves.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And uh... hey, Flex. Sorry... FLEX. Um... looking good!

FLEX holds open his coat and makes his pecs bounce because... well, FLEX, of course.

FLEX:

Thanks for noticing, brother! The pecs be poppin', the traps be trappin' and the lats be LITTTTTTTTTT!

Kerry nor Sonny nor OSCAR have any idea how to respond to this, so they just resume their own conversation.

OSCAR BURNS:

Let's talk about you, GC. You got a big, big night against a Hall of Famer! Bronson Box. From legend to legend, big fan of his "I hate Gage Blackwood" policy. But you, How are you feeling about that match? Feeling ready?

Sonny interjects.

Sonny Silver:

You... uh... need some eyes at ringside? I like Box's work but I don't trust White or the Blood Diamonds as far as I can throw them.

Kuroyama spends a beat to ponder the offer.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Man, when you say it like that, it's a pretty tempting offer...

Ultimately, he shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But I think I'm good tonight. I also don't trust the Blood Diamonds, but even Bronson Box has a code. Our match tonight... it's a personal thing. He'd want to keep it just between the two of us, and honestly, I think I'd like to as well.

He nods to Sonny.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But I appreciate the offer. And if you guys were to need eyes of your own...

OSCAR and Sonny nod towards The Emerald Apex.

OSCAR BURNS:

We got your back, GC, just let us know if you change your mind.

Approaching the group, "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas walks up wearing a gold and silver rhinestone-covered mask, suit AND a fur coat, gesturing to Sonny looking gaudy as ever. He jerks a thumb towards the backstage area.

Mil Vuelas:

Hey! Sonny! Danny's ready to go and the tailor's got his gear almost finis... oh.

The GLOAT stops when he looks up and sees Kerry.

Mil Vuelas:

Oh... cobarde... sorry. Kerry. English not so good. Get names wrong.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Eh... not a big deal, Mil. How've you been? Looks like you've had... quite the glow-up.

Mil looks indifferent to Kerry and nods under his breath. OSCAR nods smiling.

OSCAR BURNS:

Indeed! He was lost, like Dan was. The old Familia were awful monsters... but now he's found himself. This man has all the talent in the world; he just needed someone up high to give him a nudge in the right direction, eh, Mil?

OSCAR pats Mil on the back and suddenly, Mil gets a much-needed shot of confidence. He flashes a grin.

Mil Vuelas:

Si... now, amigos... I'm The GLOAT. Now, people listen. Now, people do what I say... and in return, I stay loyal to OSCAR for everything he's done for me. I NEVER leave OSCAR's side. Ever.

Mil seems to look directly at Kerry after he finishes his thought. Not really knowing how to react but wanting to stay polite, Kerry simply nods his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Cool... cool...

Awkward pause.

Sonny finally speaks up.

Sonny Silver:

Hey, well... we don't want to keep you. Box is seeing red over what Gage did to him, so just take advantage of that any way you can and I think you've got his number tonight. Make Seattle proud.

OSCAR BURNS:

Woe to Box when you vanquish that monster tonight, am I right?

The three share a quick laugh. Mil tries to join in a little bit, but stops when the rest of the laughter finally does. He clears his throat.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Woe to the vanquished indeed. I'll catch up with you guys at the afterparty.

Kuroyama high-fives, shakes, and fist-bumps accordingly -- three out of four, in any case, with Mil settling for a wave -- before moving off elsewhere backstage.

OSCAR BURNS:

He's got this. Box is gonna be in his feelings even more.

Sonny Silver:

He's got the goods. Always has.

He turns to Mil.

Sonny Silver:

Let's go.

OSCAR BURNS:

I'm gonna head up to the skybox, GCs. FLEX, meet me there, yeah?

FLEX:

Sounds good, boss... sorry, is it boss or BOSS?

OSCAR is already gone. Sonny heads off and the group parts ways. Mil stares off in the direction that Kerry left, then eventually follows FLEX and Sonny as the scene cuts elsewhere.

ARCHER SILVER vs. NATHAN CROSS

DDK:

A couple of weeks ago, we saw High Flyer victorious in his own High Flyer Invitational against Conor Fuse... with a slight assist from the man coming out next! Tonight, we see who will step up to the plate when Archer Silver of the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency is in action next!

Lance:

We saw that big challenge made and accepted by The Atomic Punks to M4NTRA and they'll get their crack at the Unified Tag Team Titles! But let's cut to the in-ring action as we have Archer Silver in action next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Black.

The opening chimes echo throughout the arena as The Faithful start jeering. Walking through the curtains, a shadow stops and stands with his head bowed to the ground and holding his arms in front of him. The entire DEFIATron shines to life with an arrow flying through the air before it lands in a bullseye, illuminating the arena in bright green!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing M4NTRA, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 233 pounds... **"THE PEACEFUL WEAPON"**

ARCHER SILVER!

Walking to the ring, he runs a hand through his mustache and goatee and then throws his black hair back. He wears white thigh-length MMA-style shorts with green trim, fingerless gloves and bare feet covered up with green kickpads strapped to his legs. He takes his time walking down the ramp and takes in the jeers as he walks to the ring, spraying a little more of the BETA BLOCKER through the air.

DDK:

He calls himself "The Peaceful Weapon." He proclaims himself to be a "pacifist" but you have to wonder how true that is when we've already seen him take cheap shots on behalf of M4NTRA.

Lance:

He's shown how dangerous he can be in his few appearances. He took Conor Fuse to the limit a few weeks ago and knocked off BRAZEN prospect "The Young Bull" Tate Newell recently on UNCUT!

Once Archer reaches the ring, he walks up the steps. He throws a few kicks in the air and then spin kicks the air in front of him before dropping to a seated position on the mat, almost as if he's meditating. Right behind him, the camera cuts to his opponent in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Costa Mesa, California, weighing in at 240 pounds... **NATHAN CROSS!**

The former BRAZEN Star Cup holder throws his hands up to cheers from The Faithful. Archer Silver hasn't stopped meditating while sitting across the ring from Cross.

Lance:

Nathan Cross is a former BRAZEN Star Cup holder. He's looking for a chance to break out here tonight. He and Archer have fought in BRAZEN before!

Referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell...

DING DING

Nathan looks at Archer, but he hasn't stopped meditating at all and his eyes appear to be closed. He's unsure of what to make of what his opponent is doing. Nathan waves a hand in front of Archer to check if the lights are still on, but his eyes are still shut.

DDK:

This might be the time that he should be going on the offensive against Archer.

Cross turns back to Jonny Fastcountini and wants to know what he should do... but Archer's eyes suddenly snap open and he catches a quick leg sweep to bring Cross to the mat! As Cross goes down, Archer kips up and gets jeers from The Faithful!

Archer Silver:

Open your mind, guy!

Lance:

Cross shouldn't have taken his eye off the ball like that!

As the Cali native tries to sit up, that ends up being a big mistake! He gets KICKED in the back in a vicious manner that echoes all throughout the Desert Diamond Arena like a gunshot! Cross winces, but leaves himself wide open for a HUGE round kick to the chest that knocks him down to the mat!

DDK:

Vicious opening here by Archer! He's taken over in quick time!

He has Cross in the corner and feigns a punch. A wincing Cross puts up a hand to block it, but Archer stops. When Cross uncovers his hands, he gets rocked by a thrust kick to the chest! Archer shakes his head towards the jeering Arizona crowd.

Archer Silver:

Pass-a-fist, buddy! I don't need punches to do what I need to do!

Lance:

Archer is going all out with this attack right now! He's chopped this kid down to size! He's normally a super athletic guy, but he hasn't had any chance to really get momentum going.

The BFTA member waits on Nathan to try and get out of the corner. When he doesn't do it fast enough, he starts paintbrushing the back of Cross' head with his boot.

Archer Silver:

You can do it! Find your inner warrior, man.

Nathan blocks a kick and elbows the knee of Archer, making him flinch! Cross gets back on his feet and hits a pair of quick elbows, but Archer eats the shots and shuts that down with a quick back heel kick to the chest. As Cross gets doubled over, Archer hits the ropes and tries to come back with a move, but Cross surprises him by jumping up and taking him down with a desperation jumping crossbody!

DDK:

Beautiful jumping crossbody by Nathan Cross!

Lance:

There's that athleticism of his! Cross is often talked about in BRAZEN great vertical leap in BRAZEN!

Archer is caught off guard while Cross tries to stand. He goes to pull Archer up and whips The Peaceful Weapon in the

corner. Cross looks a little bit starry-eyed, but he's still coherent enough to hit a big corner cross body on Archer, knocking the wind right out of him! Cross then throws Archer out of the ring and encourages The Faithful to make noise. They cheer him on proudly as he leaps to the top rope in one jump, then comes off with a reverse twisting crossbody on Archer!

DDK:

THERE'S A THIRD CROSSBODY IN A ROW OFF THE TOP ROPE! WHAT A JUMP!

Cross makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Archer kicks out!

Lance:

Archer Silver got cocky and it almost cost him there!

Cross grabs Archer by the back of his neck. He tries for a rolling cutter he calls the Cross-Over, but before he can fully lock it in, Archer twists his way free and hits an elbow to the chest. With Cross stunned, Archer swings for a kick and when Cross tries to catch the leg, he fakes him out and MURDERS him across the jaw with an ultra-nasty discus back elbow strike!

DDK:

GOOD GRIEF, WHAT AN ELBOW! HE CALLS THAT MOVE EAT, PRAY, ELBOW!

The Faithful can't believe the impact of the shot! Cross looks out of it, but Archer isn't finished judging by the angry look on his face from the BRAZEN rookie. He drags a spaghetti-legged Cross to his feet, then he leaps off the nearby middle rope before coming back and CRACKING him in the mouth with a springboard gamengiri kick! Cross takes another tumble to the mat!

DDK:

And that's the Peaceful End!

Archer casually sits down again on the chest of Cross and closes his eyes to meditate while hooking a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **ARCHER SILVER!**

Archer doesn't even stick around to let Jonny Fastcountini raise his hand. He wants to, but Archer holds up a hand saying he's interrupting his peace... then reaches over into his corner and blasts Jonny with more BETA BLOCKER before leaving and heading to the back.

DDK:

Archer Silver with a win tonight making quick work of Nathan Cross. You can question how "Peaceful" he really is, but what he's shown in a short time is that he IS a deadly weapon in the arsenal of M4NTRA.

Lance:

Every one of them have been showing what they're capable of in singles or in tag team action. I hate to be anyone that crosses their path!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

PEP TALK

The DEFIANCE Faithful are about to get a rare look at the inner sanctum...

The GC Universe locker room.

Sitting arm in arm are "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas leaning back on a plush leather couch, alongside BRAZEN Women's Champion Bonita en Rosa I, along with her sister, Bonita en Rosa II all sharing glasses of chardonnay and laughing. Alongside them, OSCAR BURNS' personal bodyguard, FLEX, is dressed to the nines in a gold blazer, gold pants and tie... but no dress shirt. Gotta let the pecs breathe, brothers.

Mil Vueltas:

Le pregunté: "¿Por qué lo necesitamos de todos modos?" Entonces él dijo: "¡Oh, lo descubrirás esta noche!" I bet he doesn't. I think that cabron's gonna bitch out.

Mil and the Lucha Lovelies laugh together while FLEX starts joining in anyway.

FLEX:

Goddamn hysterical! Hey... Bonitas? Wanna see my pecs dance to my theme again?

Both Bonitas exchange annoyed looks after the laughter.

Bonita en Rosa II:

I think we get it after fifth time.

Bonita en Rosa I:

I never thought I'd know all the words to "Flexecution."

Bonita en Rosa II:

Hey... where's Danny?

FLEX jerks a thumb at the other side.

FLEX:

Sonny's in there helping his tailor get Dan ready for tonight. Marching orders from OSCAR BURNS were pretty damn high tonight. It was something to effect of... paraphrasing. [bad Australian accent] MATES, GET RID OF THAT BLOKE, THE D... HE NEEDS TO DISAPPEAR AND SO DOES THAT TITLE, MATE!

Mil sighs.

Mil Vueltas:

Don't let him hear you say that. He New Zealand, not Australian. I made mistake once and he said... and *I* quote... "learn your maps, Mil."

Suddenly the door on the opposite end of the locker room opens. Out comes Sonny Silver, dressed up in a dark charcoal suit and dress shirt with a slick burgundy tie. He walks into the room.

Sonny Silver:

Glad we could all be here tonight. OSCAR is conducting some business, but he'll be here tonight watching some things.

He turns to the door behind him.

Sonny Silver:

You hear that, Danny? Tonight's gonna be YOUR night. You know what you need to do... you keep The D away from OSCAR BURNS at all costs! YOU TAKE THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE!

Sonny bangs on the door again.

Sonny Silver:

Your entire DEFIANCE career has led to this moment. Your real family... they disowned you all in pursuit of a dream outside of the one they had planned for you. Your DEFIANCE family... they abandoned you in your time of need. But tonight, you're gonna prove them all wrong, Danny. Tonight, you are going to show them what they're missing. There's no more families deciding your fate or giving you bad advice...

Mil Vueltas:

Damn right! That title is yours tonight, hermano!

Sonny Silver:

Tonight... is a new beginning for you, Dan. You ready?

After the pep talk, a moment of silence passes...

Then the door opens...

DLJ: [Off-camera]

Yeah. I'm ready.

Mil, FLEX and the Bonitas all look impressed by whatever it is they're seeing.

Mil Vueltas:

Hermano... man, you leveled up!

FLEX:

Damn! I got competition in the flex department... uh, I mean, guy, you look great!

Sonny Silver smirks.

Sonny Silver:

You're goddamn right he does.

THE LADS vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

♪ “Beethoven’s Fifth” by Cole Rolland ♪

The music plays and out comes almost eight hundred pounds of humanity for the next match! Of note, TA Roosevelt looks a little giddy, but the veteran TA Horrigan slaps him on the arm and points at the ring, telling him to focus.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, standing in the ring, at a combined weight of nearly eight-hundred pounds... representing the Honor Society, please welcome TA HORRIGAN and TA Roosevelt... WEIGHTED GRADE!!!

Booing quickly fills the Desert Diamond Arena. TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt head to the ring. Owens laughs at a fan in the first two rows wearing a wacky Cat In The Hat-style hat, but Horrigan once again keeps him focused.

Lance:

So from what we understand... TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt did not ingest as many brownies as TA Cole and Ned Reform did. Cole and Reform have checked themselves into a nearby hospital while Weighted Grade are handling in-ring business.

DDK:

Weighted Grade had mixed results two weeks ago on DEFtv. They fell to the Rain City Ronin, but more than made up for it when these two behemoths helped put a hurt on Brock Newbludd on behalf of Ned Reform and TA Black ... formerly known as Rezin!

Lance:

But let’s talk about right now. These two men are one of the very few tandems that actually outweigh the Lads! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell are the very definition of the term “super team” but Weighted Grade can match them physically!

The hired muscle of the Honor Society wait on their opponents. Horrigan once again tries to keep TA Roosevelt’ focus on the match as their opponents arrive.

♪ “Why Can’t We Be Friends” by WAR ♪

The crowd hears the very familiar song and the roof comes off the joint! The DEFIAtron lights up with images of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell from their three-match series. Slams! Punches! Suplexes! More slams! Ending with a still of Dex Joy on one knee “proposing” to Punch Drunk Purcell to be his tag team partner!

THE LADS!

A graphic of a boxing glove made up of yellow and blue lightning flashes, and blue and yellow light flashes all through the Desert Diamond Arena! Out comes Punch Drunk Purcell first. He comes out wearing a blue and yellow boxing robe. Right behind him, the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy wears a matching robe! They turn around to show only one word on the back...

WINNERS.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE POUNDS... PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! “THE BIGGEST BOY” DEX JOY! THE LAAAAAAAAAAAAADS!!!

DDK:

What a tandem they’ve made! They beat back Ed White and slayed Nicky Corozzo of the Blood Diamonds! And two weeks ago they made enemies of Titanes Familia!

Lance:

Coming off Butcher Victorious beating Titaness, Titanes Familia attacked Butch Vic only for the Lads to make the save! We know Titanes Familia are somewhere watching this match and even called an Emergency Familia Meeting .. but right now the Lads have to focus on Weighted Grade!

Dexy and Punchy both bop fists with The Faithful on their way to the ring! Once they arrive at the ring, the two big bois enter. Punchy looks more serious than the much more playful Dex, but both men shed their robes. They get ready to fight with Punchy starting things off with TA Horrigan.

DING DING DING

The Irish-born Boston native goes low and kicks Purcell in the gut before dragging him to a nearby corner. He slams the Atlantia native's face into the top turnbuckle and then SMACKS him with a big chop to the chest. TA Roosevelt is still giggling about it from ringside and Horrigan yells at him to snap out of it. He gets booed by The Faithful, but when he turns around, Purcell hits him with a gut shot! He turns Horrigan around!

Lance:

Uh-oh! TA Horrigan had an early advantage, but trying to keep his tag team partner in check just cost him!

The Brick Hithouse gets cheers as he fires off a series of alternating lefts and rights into the body of Horrigan, lighting him up just in time for the holiday season. Purcell backs off for all of a moment before SMACKING Horrigan upside the head with a big downward elbow! Horrigan goes cross-eyed while Purcell gets loud cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Punchy taking TA Horrigan to school with those body shots! And now he's going with kicks to the chest!

Lance:

I did hear from Purcell earlier today! He's been taking kickboxing in his spare time! He's trying to be more well-rounded of a striker behind just those punches and elbows!

After several kicks, Horrigan is dragged by Punchy to The Lads' corner and the place goes WILDDDDDD for The Biggest Boy getting the tag! He climbs into the ring and both men run down the groggy Horrigan with a double shoulder tackle! Dexy points at Punchy and the two lock hands in the Predatory-style handshake before dropping the double elbow down on the heart of Horrigan to big cheers! Both Purcell and Dex sit up and flex like big bois for The Faithful!

DDK:

What a combination of moves! Dex waits on Horrigan... BODY SLAM! FALLING HEADBUTT TO THE BIG MAN!

Dexy Baby gets the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Horrigan kicks out, but Dex hears The Faithful and wants to continue the punishment.

Lance:

Two-count there by Dexy, but here come the quick tags. You can tell they've been working on their tag team continuity as well.

Dex holds Horrigan by the side, allowing Purcell to get a free shot to the breadbasket! Horrigan lets out a loud "OOF!" and rolls out to the floor before Punchy can go for the pin! He gets irate and goes right after his opponent!

DDK:

Those hands should be registered as deadly weapons, especially that right hand called Punch Drunk Love. He's laid out former world champions with that right, including Dex once upon a time!

Purcell follows Horrigan and goes after the Irish Bostonian, but TA Roosevelt gets in his way. Purcell clubs the big man in the chest... but that slight distraction is all that Horrigan needs to SHOVE Punchy head first into the ring post! The former boxer falls to his knees on the floor while Horrigan catches a breather back inside the ring.

Lance:

Oh! Weighted Grade finally find an opening against The Lads! Punch Drunk just got post drunk!

DDK:

And there's a tag to TA Roosevelt!

Finally seeming focused for the first time in the match, Roosevelt goes out to the floor as Purcell gets up, only to SQUASH him with a splash up against the ring post! The Faithful collectively wince from the impact while TA Roosevelt pushes him back inside the ring. The 6'6" and 440-pound Roosevelt climbs into the ring and towers over Purcell, getting boos from The Faithful!

DDK:

Weighted Grade are already former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, but what a victory this would be for them tonight if they can put away The Lads and hand them their first defeat as a team!

Purcell is groaning in pain, but things go from bad to worse when he lunges forward and drives a HELL of a leg drop across the back of Punchy's head! Purcell kicks his legs in pain frantically as TA Roosevelt rolls him over for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

What a vile leg drop that was! Simple offense from Weighted Grade, but these monsters know exactly what they're doing!

Purcell is picked up and struck with forearms by TA Roosevelt while Dex has to watch. He yells words of encouragement across the ring that likely end with "Pally!" as Roosevelt tags. Much to his surprise, Purcell fights back! He rocks TA Horrigan on the apron with an elbow, then a kick to the leg of Roosevelt! Another elbow by for Horrigan, but Roosevelt charges forward and corner splashes Purcell first!

Lance:

Punchy always has plenty of fight in him, but Weighted Grade are just too powerful for Purcell to stand a chance two-on-one!

Horrigan finally enters and the two monsters nail a quick double headbutt that rocks The Round Mound of Ground and Pound! Now it's Purcell's turn to hit the ropes as he falls backwards, half-slumped over. Horrigan enters the ring and SMACKS Purcell across the chest with a big chop. He hits another that reverbs across the ring. Then just to be a jerk, he SMACKS Purcell in the back of his bald head! TA Roosevelt goes back to laughing along with Horrigan... but Purcell looks pissed.

DDK:

Ooooh, no. Even for their size, I don't know how smart that really was to piss off Punch Drunk Purcell.

Lance:

Yeah, I don't recommend THAT.

Horrigan even peppers him with a few more jabs to the face! He grabs Purcell and goes for a whip... THUNK! ...but gets ROCKED by a surprise jumping enzuigiri from Punchy!

DDK:

Oooh! My goodness, we saw him use that same enzuigiri on Ed White at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Horrigan grabs his own head in pain while Horrigan slumps backwards, allowing TA Roosevelt to get the tag! The big man steps over the ropes and grabs Purcell by the neck, but Purcell fights his way out! He prepares a right and when Roosevelt tries to block, he gets struck on the jaw with a surprise left!

DDK:

And there's the Rope A Dope!

TA Roosevelt is glassy-eyed and leans back against the corner, for a groggy Horrigan to tag in again. But it's too late because Purcell is now free to rush over and make the biggest tag to The Biggest Boy!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

Lance:

HERE COMES DEX! DEX IS IN AND THIS PLACE HAS COME ALIVE!

TA Horrigan is still on his feet when he gets kicked by Dex and sent into the ropes. Dex executes a dropdown as Horrigan continues running. Dex jumps up and hits a leapfrog over the big man, then crashes into him with a HUGE crossbody! The Faithful rally around Dex as he gets up! Horrigan is hurt when he gets hit with a huge shotgun dropkick by Dexy Baby and gets sent to the outside! TA Roosevelt climbs over the ropes and he tries to ambush Dex, but Purcell points at Dex behind him. Dex pulls the ropes down and Roosevelt goes for the ride, tumbling over the ropes!

Lance:

There goes both members of Weighted Grade! And I think Dex is about to fly!

Joy hears the roaring Glendale Faithful and raises both hands to have the fans build a chant to a crescendo. He then runs across the ring and sails clear through the middle ropes, wiping out BOTH members of Weighted Grade with the Whoa-pe!

DDK:

Whoa-pe! There's a huge Whoa-pe! Dex Joy is on fire right now!

Big Dex Energy is lighting up the arena right now! He grabs Horrigan and throws him under the ropes. He lands near the ropes allowing Dex to climb back on the apron to hit a slingshot senton! The Faithful watch in amazement as Dex makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

ROOSEVELT BREAKS IT UP!

Lance:

Close one, but TA Roosevelt reaches through the ropes to break that cover up!

Roosevelt has his hands on Dex Joy but, The Biggest Boy kicks him loose. TA Roosevelt looks up and sees Purcell FLYING off the apron with a diving shoulder block that wipes him out!

DDK:

PUNCHY FLYING OUT OF THE RING NOW! HE WIPES OUT ROSEY!

Dex stands up and cheers his partner, but TA Horrigan is able to stand and slug Dex from behind with a cheap shot! He tries to pick Dexy Baby up on his shoulders, but Dex slips out. Purcell climbs back up on the apron and slaps Dex's back for the tag. Dex hits Horrigan with a rolling elbow and then as Purcell enters the ring, he whips Horrigan across the ring. He manages to hoist the Irish Bostonian up in a flapjack, leaving him free and clear for Purcell to ROCK him with a big right hand on the way down!

DDK:

AIDED PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! THAT'S IT!

Purcell hooks the leg as Dex looks around the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here are your winners... **THE LADS!**

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell have their hands raised by Hector Navarro in the middle of the ring! The big men celebrate as Dex holds a fist out and Punchy dabs it.

DDK:

Big win tonight by The Lads! Weighted Grade had them on the ropes for a bit, but Joy and Purcell continue to roll in tag team competition!

Lance:

That they do!

TA Roosevelt helps TA Horrigan out of the ring and lobs an arm over the shoulder... then starts giggling to himself still as the two limp to the back. Meanwhile, back inside the ring, Dexy and Punchy continue to celebrate the win...

But it's not long before the celebration is cut short...

EMERGENCY FAMILIA MEETING

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dexy and Punchy's post-match celebration is cut entirely short. Punchy looks ready to fight, but Dex remains the cooler head of the two and holds him back a bit. One by one, the members of Titanes Familia enter from the stage.

"The Good Son" Killjoy. "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness. And lastly, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

Titanes Familia aren't even waiting for The Lads to have a chance to celebrate.

Lance:

Something that was advertised tonight was an "Emergency Familia Meeting" between the Familia and The Lads. I guess that's happening now whether they want it or not?

The Glendale Faithful continue booing as Titaness motions for the music to cut. Of note, she doesn't have a regular microphone with her and the crowd boo her.

DDK:

And look! Titaness has the stolen Stick! Butcher Victorious' signature microphone!

She smiles.

Titaness:

YOUR HIGHNESS... TITANESS...

BOOOOOOO!

Titaness:

...calls this Emergency Familia Meeting to order! Hubby?

She offers the Stick, but Uriel declines as he has his own microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

I don't know where that "stick" has been before you took it. I'm good.

The monstrous Killjoy remains stoic as Uriel greets The Lads.

Uriel Cortez:

Good win tonight in that ring, guys. You've made a hell of a team. You're undefeated since coming together and I think that's pretty impressive. You guys have your entire career in the tag team division ahead of you...

He starts to put the microphone down, then forget something.

Uriel Cortez:

Or you WOULD have... but instead, you fat pricks had to do what everyone else seems to be doing and that's get involved in Familia Business. That issue with Butcher was between me and my wife. Her name came out of his mouth when talking about his stupid new energy drink deal, so she gave him a friendly reminder at Tag Party what happens when you talk about us in a negative light. He stole a win from my wife who was kicking his mohawked ass, and she stole his Stick in return. Eye for an eye...

Titanness:

True story.

The Lads don't look impressed, but Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

Dex... you're one of the biggest names in this company. Hell, you're arguably THE name here. First man to hold the FIST, the Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints Titles. You took a rising star like Punch Drunk Purcell under your wing and you sent The Blood Diamonds packing, and you just beat Weighted Grade. You're doing well for yourself... but let's talk about the elephant...s in the room.

He gestures to the ring and gets booed for his low-hanging vine of a joke.

Uriel Cortez:

I called this Emergency Familia Meeting to not only address the complete disrespect you showed Mi Familia... but also because I need to bring something to everyone's attention... Dex... you're a liar.

Dex looks just as confused as everyone else.

Uriel Cortez:

It wasn't that long ago you were the FIST of DEFIANCE. You were on top of the world. You put out your Era of Everyone Open Challenge and defended that title left and right successfully. You promised EVERYONE that you'd hold on to that title against Malak Garland. You PROMISED everyone that you'd take care of DEFIANCE... but at DEFCON, what happened? You, The EveryChamp, you LOST that title on behalf of "Everyone.. YOU let "Everyone" Down. You LIED to these people. You lied... to "Everyone."

For once, Dex is not his jovial self and looks angry.

Uriel Cortez:

Strike a nerve, eh, Biggest Boy? You... arguably THE name here in DEFIANCE today, instead of going for a rematch, what'd you do? You ran away from your responsibilities. You ran... like a boy. But you can still make it up to these people, Dex. You can own up to your failures like a man. You can apologize right now to them for lying...

The Man of the House points to himself.

Uriel Cortez:

Then you can apologize to me and Mi Familia for getting involved in our business. I'll let your transgressions slide, we'll parts ways, then I'll keep being what you FAILED to do and that is be the REAL Man of the House we all call DEFIANCE. Don't believe me? Ask Scott Douglas what I do to DEFIANCE's favorites and tell me I'm lying.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Uncalled for. All of those comments were uncalled for. Dex isn't going to entertain this... is he?

Punchy checks to see if Dex is okay, but he quickly asks for a microphone to address Uriel's comments.

Dex Joy:

You know what, Uri ... you're right.

He turns to the people.

Dex Joy:

I mean kind of. I did a lot of the things you said. I held the FIST. I held it PROUDLY. Unlike Vae Victis, I didn't duck challengers, I took them all head-on and won. Ten successful defenses over almost three-hundred days. And

eventually, someone had my number. And it was the worst possible outcome that that someone was Malak Garland ...

Just the mere mention of his name makes the place fill with negative energy.

Dex Joy:

But I did apologize right after that. To all of you. And to my shock none of Dex's Wrecking Crew turned on me. You stayed with me. I met my good friend, Punchy, we scrapped a whole lot of times, and we became a tag team. A pretty kick ass one at that!

Applause rings out! Dex looks back up at Uriel.

Dex Joy:

But you, o Man of the House ... you're full of bull, pally! I didn't run away from responsibility! My goals changed! My focus changed! It happens to everyone in DEFIANCE! I've done everything there is to do as a singles star in this company, so I turned my attention to the tag team division! I stepped aside so hopefully someone new has the chance to one day take the title off that stupid snowflake and do better things with that title than even I did ... but you know what?

He looks at Punchy who now has obtained his own microphone.

Dex Joy:

Punchy... you know what? I think he's right. I think that we owe the big guys and the tall girl here an apology!

Punch Drunk Purcell: [confuzzled as eff]

...Wut?

Dex Joy:

No, no, no, no ... he's right! We owe him an apology. We got in their business. It's the right thing to do.

He turns to Uriel Cortez, who watches arms folded.

Dex Joy:

Oh, wise and powerful Papa Tez... I'm SORRY that widdle old us picked on the big bad tall people!

The fans laugh while Uriel tightens his grip on his ojo bracelet, trying to hide his rage. Dex continues.

Dex Joy:

I'm SO SORRY that you stole The Stick from Butch Vic cause Butch Vic beat that witch and you still only manage to have just one stick between the three of you!

Now Titaness isn't happy and curses them out off-Stick as The Faithful cheers! Punchy taps Dex on the arm.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Oh! Okay, I see it now. You're right, Dex! Let me do one, too.

He looks up at the Familia.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I'm SORRY that Dexy and I had to come out here and interrupt your little daddy kink two weeks ago. But ain't nobody trying to try and see that. Glendale, you don't wanna see that, do you?

A loud "NO!" chant bursts out.

Dex Joy:

How about instead of an Emergency Familia Meeting... how about you guys come down to this ring and me and my

main man Punchy give you guys some emergency dental work? You want the spot I had so bad, then come down here and take it. That okay with you, Pop-pop?

Uriel Cortez looks at Killjoy and Titaness, who both nod with approval. Angrily, The Man of the House addresses the duo.

Uriel Cortez:

Since you asked nicely... Familia Meeting adjourned.

He drops the microphone. The glasses and jacket come off. And with that, the trio head towards the ring while The Lads prepare to defend themselves.

DDK:

A lot of bombs lobbed between Dex Joy and Uriel Cortez! They're about to come to blows!

Uriel Cortez takes one side of the ring. Titaness takes another. Killjoy takes the sides. Purcell and Joy are back to back ready to fight.

Lance:

But it's still three-on-two! Not to mention The Lads were just in a big match!

As they all stand on the apron...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAH!

..Butcher Victorious jumps in from the crowd and slides into the ring with a chair in hand!

DDK:

NO! NO! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS IS HERE TO EVEN THE ODDS! IT'S THREE-ON-THREE!

He lunges first at Titaness, who moves off the apron and still has The Stick in hand! Dex rushes towards Urielb, but the big man steps down from the apron! That leaves Butcher to charge at Killjoy! The big man tries to get into the ring, but Purcell TACKLES him first! Butcher swings the chair and CRACKS Killjoy in the back! The monster falls off the apron, but still lands on his feet!

DDK:

THAT SHOT JUST MADE KILLJOY ANGRIER! HE WANTS IN!

The Good Son tries to run into the ring again, but Uriel and Titaness try their best to pull the irate monster away from the ring!

Uriel Cortez:

Not today, Killer! Not today!

The Lads and Butch Vic are holding court in the ring! Dex yells at Uriel to come back and fight him, meanwhile, Purcell wants Killjoy back and Butcher is still screaming about getting The Stick back!

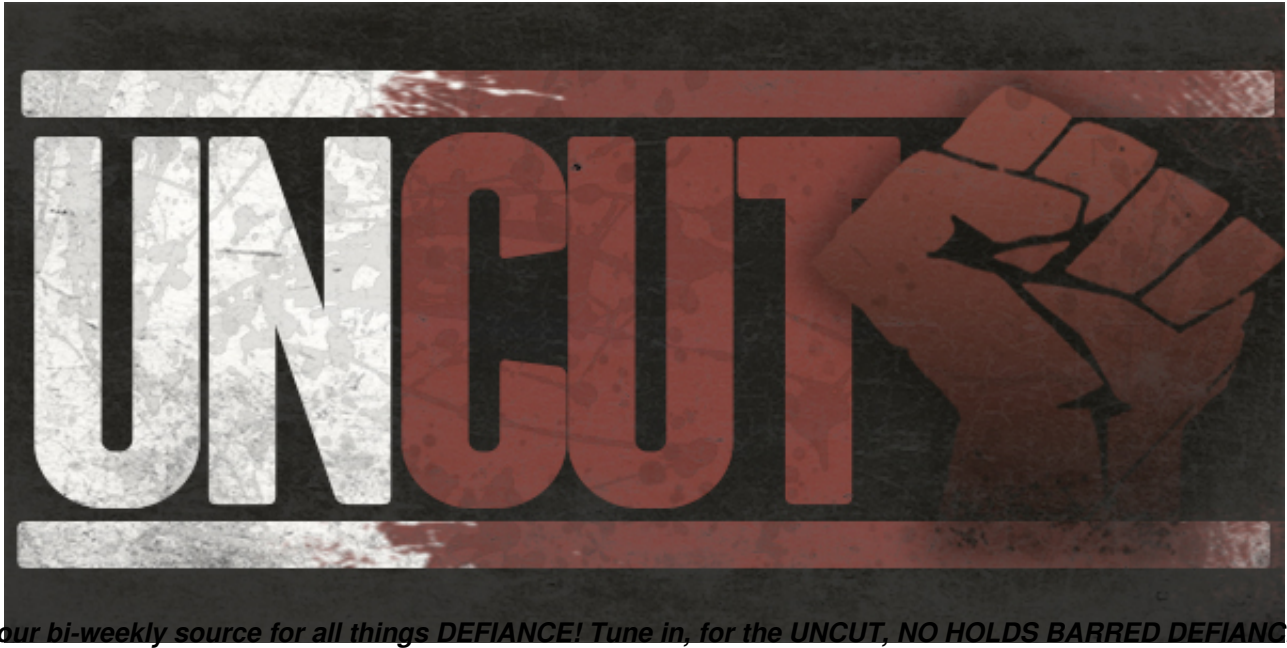
DDK:

The Familia don't want any of a fair fight tonight! Butcher comes out to return the favor The Lads did for him two weeks ago when Titanes Familia jumped him!

Lance:

What a volatile situation we just witnessed! We know this won't be the end of it! Not if either side has anything to say about it!

Uriel Cortez doesn't take his eyes off the group the entire time they head back up the ramp. As they do so, Butcher talks things over with Joy and shakes hands with him and Purcell before the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

WILL HE MAKE IT DOC?

DDK:

Two weeks ago, we witnessed a sight we never thought we'd see ... Mason Luck of the Lucky Sevens was cheated out of a victory by MP1 but it's later in the night that we'd see the sight we're about to talk about ...

Lance:

Mason Luck being bitten by a snake. Not just any snake ... but a snake that belonged to Madame Melton. Her pet, Algernon.

DDK:

Mason Luck is down and out in a hospital as we speak. Earlier in the week, our camera crew caught up with Max and Lonnie Luck as Mason is still in a hospital just outside Cheyenne, Wyoming.

CUT-TO: EARLIER THIS WEEK

Beep ... beep ... beep ... beep ...

An extra-sized hospital bed sits an unconscious Mason Luck. His young cousin, Lonnie Luck is pacing around the small room.

Lonnie Luck:

Where the hell is Max? He said he was gonna be here. Why'd he even want a film crew here?

Lonnie looks across the room.

Lonnie Luck:

Doc! Nurse! I need some answers!

The door bursts open and in comes one of the doctors. Out of nowhere, some dramatic music starts flaring up

Doctor Vanderspeigle:

Lonnie? Lonnie Luck?

Lonnie Luck:

That's me ... wait ... Vanderspeigle? Like Resident Alien Doctor Vanderspeigle?

Doctor Vanderspeigle:

Do I look like Alan Tudyk to you? And why is there a cameraman in here?

Lonnie Luck:

Nevermind that! Tell me what's happening, doc? We were told that the antivenom was supposed to be helping him!

Doctor Vanderspeigle looks over at Mason.

Doctor Vanderspeigle:

It took us a while to be able to secure that antivenom out here in the first place, son. The antivenom is doing its job... but it takes time.

Lonnie Luck:

Well ... how much time?

The doctor looks at him.

Doctor Vanderspeigle:

I don't know ... it can take weeks. The swelling is going down in his arm, but, son... these things take time. They take ...

Hey!

The doors to the hospital room are almost kicked off the hinges! An enraged Max Luck squeezes in the doorway, clad in a white shirt and black jeans.

Max Luck:

MELTON!!! DIXON!!! THE OTHER TWO LIMP DICKS!!!

He turns the camera on himself.

Max Luck:

You can't handle me knocking Dixon out of Tag Party Six on my way to winning the whole damn tournament ... and this is how you try and get your payback?

The camera is turned towards an unconscious Mason.

Max Luck:

Mase and I smell like smoke cause we have been through fire in DEFIANCE Wrestling! We've literally been fired only to come back with a f[censored] vengeance, win multiple Tag Team titles, main event DEFCON, win Tag Party ... and this is how Melton wants her payback? Having her little f[censored] snake bite my brother and put him in a coma?!

Max forces the camera back on himself.

Max Luck:

Doctor Vanderpump over here tells us it's gonna be weeks before he wakes up! Hell, maybe longer ... but I'm going to put every single one of you sons of bitches in a hospital bed starting with you, Dixon! Madame Melton ... if Dixon's even got a dick, you tell him to come meet me in the ring! DEFTv 212 in California and I will mess his shit up!

Doctor Vanderspeigle:

That's Vanderspeig ... AGH!

Max grabs him by the throat.

Max Luck:

I ... don't ... give ... a ... fu ...

The footage cuts there and goes back to DDK and Lance at the broadcast booth.

Lance:

Clearly after what happened with his twin brother, Max Luck is in a volatile state and we were told after that footage ended, law enforcement had to get involved to escort Max off the premises.

DDK:

We have been told that footage was leaked to Madame Melton's camp and she had a retort for this challenge. Let's take you to this:

The camera shows the empty seats of Madame Melton's Theater Of Despair before slowly panning to the stage. Madame sits on her director's chair in her silver glory, her pet Black Indonesian Komodo Cobra Algernon slithers around her arms and neck, hissing as only a deadly asp can hiss. Flanking her to the left is "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La Reeves (beret, pretentious) and to the right is Raiden (snarl, mullet). Kneeling in front of her with his mask on and arms held out wide is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon.

JJ Dixon:

Max Luck! For years, you and your comatose brother were the bad kids in school! You cheated. You bragged. You lied. You conned this company out of a lot of money and spat in the face of the fans! Yet, these past few months, you

have been crowned the heroes of The Faithful!

Melton shakes her head “no.”

JJ Dixon:

I WANTED TO BE THEIR HERO! I wanted to spend my career fighting the good fight against schoolyard bullies — people like The Lucky Sevens! Yet these fans revealed themselves over time to be EXACTLY LIKE YOU! A bunch of bullies who boo us when they know how much it HURTS MY FEELINGS! Your brother got bit by Algernon not just because you stole the Tag Party crown from my hands! He’s in a hospital bed right now because you and your family are everything what’s wrong with DEFIANCE! To become the hero of this story means I have to do to you what you have done unto others... and that’s stomp out the last fiery embers of your careers!

Raiden:

I have been ignored my whole life by so many people — like my father! And that makes me so incredibly angry. I refuse to be ignored by anyone anymore! Especially by anyone in the locker room I share! Max and Lonnie Luck, you can’t be bothered to even know my name? Well, I’m going to put my name in your mouths! I am the most lethal striker professional wrestling has seen in years... and I am going to put one of you in a hospital bed right next to that seven foot idiot Mason with a traumatic brain injury!

Jean-Pierre De La Reeves:

It’s time The Lucky Sevens said Bonjour to The Gems... and au revoir to life as you once knew it!

Algernon hisses as The Silver Vixen holds him gently by his neck.

Madame Melton:

We want your legacy as the most feared entity in DEFIANCE. Mason already felt the wrath of our asp’s poison! The only reason he is still amongst the living is because one of the handful of doses of the antivenom required to survive the bite of the Black Indonesian Komodo Cobra in the western world was available to the Cheyenne Regional Medical Center! Maxwell... while I admit I will miss gazing upon your handsome features and gigantic body... it’s time you and Lonnie both find yourselves ready for your closeup!

JJ Dixon:

Challenge accepted! I’m not just going to Press My Luck in two weeks... I am going to end you!

Black.

FAVORED SAINTS: THE D (C) vs. DLJ

Lance:

That was a heck of a pep talk for Dan Leo James earlier tonight in the GC Universe locker room, Darren. And we have to think that Southern Heritage Champion Ned Reform would be here scouting a potential challenger, if he weren't being checked out at the hospital.

DDK:

Indeed. To explain how we got here, this challenge was issued after Favoured Saints Champion The D, wanted a piece of OSCAR BURNS after what he did to Elise Ares at Acts of DEFIANCE. We've not heard from her since and we've heard there may be rumors of injury of undisclosed nature. But we have to focus on tonight.

Lance:

That we do. The deal is this: DLJ has his marching orders. He's to take the Favoured Saints Title away from The D. However, if The D retains the title tonight, then he gets OSCAR BURNS one-on-one in a No DQ match. The title is high stakes enough, but The D is fighting for something extra, too.

DDK:

He's fighting for not just himself, but for what happened to Elise Ares: His best friend and tag team partner. Let's take it to the introductions for our competitors.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and it is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP! Here to introduce the challenger... the OFFICIAL GC Universe Spokesman! Wrestling Hall of Famer, former multiple-time World Champion and a real Silver-Tongued Devil... **SONNY SILVER!**

The lights in the arena go dim, save for a silver-colored spotlight on stage, heralding the arrival of the GC Universe spokesman... Sonny Silver! He holds his hand out and waits for his signature OLD SKOOL MIC~! He cups the microphone in his hands embroidered with the GC Universe logo as he addresses the Arizona crowd.

Sonny Silver:

You've often heard people tell you to save your ticket stubs. You've heard people tell you that you're gonna witness history... WELL, CALL ME SON-STRADAMUS CAUSE TONIGHT, SAVE YOUR TICKET STUBS CAUSE YOU TICKET SCHULBS ARE GONNA WITNESS HISTORY FROM THE GC UNIVERSE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

For an occasion this momentous, The D isn't just going to be facing the first hand-picked member of the GC Universe. He isn't just facing the 6'7", 270-pound Dan Leo James that moves faster than any other big man in this sport. Tonight, he's facing a more focused... a reinvigorated... a more CHISELED version of Dan Leo James!

Sonny gestures to the stage behind him.

Sonny Silver:

A lot of you chronically-online crumb bums may have heard of the Gigachad meme: the ultimate form of limitless masculinity and confidence. Before tonight, such a figure has only been dreamt up by fat, sweaty incels and dorks who wouldn't know a thing about either confidence OR masculinity. I'm here to tell you that the Gigachad meme is indeed a bullshit myth...

He points to the stage.

Sonny Silver:

But HE'S not...

The lights go out.

Flashing across the DEFIatron, now getting booed by The Faithful are several very close-up headshots of DLJ, flashing a pearly-white smile, neatly-trimmed spiky hair and a little bit of scruff on his face. Standing under the spotlight looks to be someone draped in a flashy burgundy and gold-colored towel, taking a knee on the stage...

♪ “Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix” by Caramerii ♪

The orchestral rock theme begins to play and the towel comes off...

Sonny Silver:

He is your NEXT Favoured Saints Champion... **“GIGA” DAN LEO JAMES!**

With wrists taped in gold, a brand-new set of burgundy-colored pants-length tights with gold trim and gold wrestling shoes, DLJ poses on the ramp with his back turned to the camera, draped under a spotlight. He turns and points two thumbs at himself, sending gold sparks shooting from both sides of the stage! He grins and heads towards the ring brimming with newfound confidence. Meanwhile, his entrance video is the same loop of about two or three GigaChad-inspired grins, showing off his chiseled facial features.

DDK:

Giga-dan, huh?

Lance:

A confident DLJ? That might be scary!

DLJ stands in front of the ring, then makes a single leap from the floor to the apron! He climbs through the ropes and starts running the ropes at fast speed for a man his size! After he stops, he steps in place to warm himself up as the champion's music plays next!

♪ “Return of the Mack” by Mark Morrison ♪

The D storms out from the backstage area like a hurricane, wildly looking around the cheering Faithful. Klein doesn't even have time to wave as he exits the backstage before the D stomps toward ringside. Klein quickly follows behind, as the D keeps his eyes set on DLJ and the GC Universe.

DDK:

The D looks focused tonight Lance. No pageantry. No traditional dance down to ringside.

Lance:

Dan Leo James has impressed since joining the GC Verse Darren. The D would be wise to take this challenge to heart, and not look too far past his opponent tonight to Oscar himself.

The D climbs up onto the apron, and doesn't stop starring down DLJ as he raises the FS title to the cheering crowd. He hops off the buck, hands off his belt to the ref after being checked. The title is handed off to the official at ringside, and Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right at the jump, DLJ rushes forward and tries to lock up with The D, but the defending Favoured Saints Champion ducks under and rolls alongside Danny to jump up and try a headlock! This doesn't hold the newfound “GigaDan” as he pushes The D to the ropes, but, quickly, The D adjusts and rocks the much larger DLJ with a running forearm smash!

DDK:

This is exactly what The D needs to be doing to take on the much larger Dan Leo James. He's gotta keep his challenger off his game and hit and run until he can chop him down.

The blow has stunned Danny, but he remains on his feet. The D runs off the adjacent ropes and comes back to rock DLJ with a second blow that has him staggering back a little more, but remains vertical. As Klein and Sonny watch from outside, The D runs off the ropes! Danny swings with a clothesline, but The D ducks and hits the ropes to come off with a running dropkick that knocks DLJ back into the ropes! The Director of DEFIANCE kips up to his feet and gets cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

What a move by The D! He has DLJ... WHAT THE HECK?!

The D turns around only to get caught with a MUCH LARGER running front dropkick by DLJ! The big kick sends him flying across the ring! The Faithful jeer this time when DLJ grabs the bottom rope and KIPS UP to his feet! Boing fills the Desert Diamond Arena while Sonny slaps his hand on the ring apron and applauds the newly-christened GigaDan.

DDK:

Before he came out here, Sonny Silver told me some moves to look out for! DLJ is calling that the Sigma Kick!

DLJ points up at the DEFIatron that is focused on him at the moment, and then poses to look at himself! He starts tilting his chin to get a good look at it...

Sonny Silver:

Focus, Danny! Kick The D's ass!

DLJ:

Right... sorry being a GigaChad over here...

The D tries to sit up off the canvas. Klein shows worry under his box for his longtime friend and tag team partner. As this occurs, The Faithful are JEERING when a spotlight shines up in one of the arena skyboxes... OSCAR BURNS watching the match closely with drink in hand while FLEX stands over him, conducting his bodyguard duties.

DDK:

And there's OSCAR BURNS watching from the skybox. He's got a vested interest in this match's outcome.

DLJ grabs The D (hee hee) and sets him on his shoulder before running him into the corner! The D lets out a shout of pain before Danny lets him have it with a forearm to the chest. DLJ starts to climb the ropes and gets to the middle buckle... but The D fights back! The Arizona Faithful go nuts when The D starts elbow smashing away! He lands about five shots before DLJ falls off the middle rope! He lands on his feet to adjust himself, but The D comes flying off with a flying crescent kick that catches Danny in the chest and sends the big man through the ropes!

DDK:

The D still very much in the game, though! He counters Danny's suplex attempt by hitting With Everything!

Lance:

He's looking up at OSCAR!

The D casts a very quick upwards glance at OSCAR up in the skybox, then runs full speed across the ring to take DLJ out on the outside with a huge running somersault plancha to the outside! DLJ goes down while The D rolls through and lands on his feet! He starts striking at the barricade getting The Faithful all riled up! A full house is supporting him as he goes and pushes a rising DLJ back into the ring.

Lance:

The D counters DLJ's power with some technique and speed of his own! You called it, Darren, he's doing what he's gotta do to keep his title and get that match with OSCAR!

The newly-christened Gi:gaDan is on his knees when The D comes at him with a thrust kick, but DLJ catches the boot! He stands up and spins the Favoured Saints Champion around before trying a back suplex, only for D to flip and land

behind him. He rocks DLJ with a thrust kick to the leg that brings him down to a knee, then catches him on the button with a shot to the jaw! OSCAR looks displeased up in the rafters as The D kicks his leg, runs off the ropes and hits a moonwalk before dropping a big standing moonsault!

DDK:

The D's Moonwalk! Will the combo of thrust kicks and the standing moonsault be enough?

ONE!

TWO!

BIG KICKOUT!

The D is powered off the 270-pound DLJ who sits up and clutches his jaw.

Lance:

The D's gotta stay on him! Hit him with anything he can!

Following Lance's advice from afar, The Director of DEFIANCE lays into Danny with a number of big chops while he's still on his knees. He SMACKS him with about four chops before Danny finally makes it to his feet. The D grabs him by the arm, but Danny Three Sports sends The D into the ropes. Danny runs forward, but The Director of DEFIANCE jumps up and over to land behind James. He runs the ropes...

THWACK!

...only to be SMACKED down to the canvas with a single STIFF open-handed chop from Giga Dan! He holds his hand and shakes it from the sheer force, but The D is on his back on the canvas! Klein winces, but Sonny at ringside and OSCAR up in the skybox both look pleased.

DDK:

My God! DLJ returns fire with those chops from The D and lands the Fastball Chop! Just ONE shot turned this around for him!

James forces the Favoured Saints Champion up and sends him to the corner before he runs in and smacks into him with a massive running corner clothesline! The D nearly goes limp in the corner, but James pulls him back up. He runs cross-corner and comes back with an even bigger corner clothesline! The D falls to a knee in the corner, but DLJ once again pulls him back up. The red-headed blue-chipper pulls The D out of the corner and against the ropes where he presses a knee down on The D's back! He starts choking him against the ropes while once again, smoldering and accentuating his chin.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari isn't sitting by for this!

She counts down to five and DLJ breaks up the illegal choke. He then slams the D into the canvas with a standing sidewalk slam, followed immediately with a big jumping splash! He kneels down and uses a lateral press while smiling for the nearby hard camera watching him.

DDK:

What a series of moves! Are we looking at the first singles title win of DLJ's career tonight?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The smile goes away when The D gets the shoulder up! Sonny gestures to squeeze the life out of The D. Danny nods and quickly picks the Favoured Saints Champion in his arms before locking him up in a modified canadian backbreaker submission across his shoulder!

Lance:

Begrudgingly, this is great gameplanning by Sonny Silver and DLJ. He's using that power advantage in ways we haven't seen Dan Leo James do in the past.

DDK:

But is The D going to give in? I don't know... he's not just fighting for his title! He's fighting for the honor of his tag partner, Elise Ares, that BURNS injured at Acts of DEFIANCE! A win here gets him one-on-one with the Center of the GC Universe.

OSCAR watches as he sips his drink. FLEX starts covering his ears when the entire arena rings out...

D!
D!
D!
D!

Klein leads the chants as The D is thrashed about, gritting his teeth! He tries to fight out of the hold by breaking Danny's grip, but he's too strong. Instead, he starts hitting him with elbows to the side of Danny's exposed head!

DLJ:

Ow! Ow! Stop! That's not very Chad-like!

Another few elbows and James is finally forced to let go with The D just barely landing on his feet and stumbling through the ropes and onto the apron!

DDK:

Can The D fight back tonight? What's he got left?

Danny gets back to his feet and charges in a fit of rage at The D, only for the Favoured Saints Champion to duck, then nail him upside the head with a jumping kick from the apron! The blow staggers Danny for a few seconds before he tries to charge again, leaving himself wide open for a second jumping kick from the apron! Klein leads the Arizona Faithful into cheering for the defending Favoured Saints Champion as he finally has Danny rocked!

Lance:

The D has him on the ropes!

The D tries to hit a shoulder to Danny through the ropes, but Danny moves and nails a side kick instead! The Director of DEFIANCE barely hangs on to the ring apron as Danny drags him up to the middle rope and then tries for what looks like a superplex. He fights with The D who struggles, but The D grabs Danny's arm and snaps it over the ropes! Carla BARELY moves out of the way of Danny swinging his arm out!

DDK:

Carla Ferrari ALMOST got knocked over by Danny... OOOHHH! THE D GOES DOWN LOW! CARLA NEVER SAW IT!

While Danny is standing on the middle rope, he gets a punch right to the... Gigachads! Danny is doubled over in pain when The D jumps up to the second rope and smacks Danny with another kick that finally knocks him off the second rope and crashing to the mat!

Lance:

That punch was retribution for the illegal choke earlier! PCP have always played by their own rules!

OSCAR nearly spits out his drink as The D climbs the ropes quickly to make it to the top rope! With Giga-Dan down on the canvas, The D leaps as high as he can and NAILS a picture-perfect B-Movie! Sonny is also beside himself!

DDK:

B-MOVIE CONNECTS! WHAT A FROG SPLASH! COVER! COVER!

The D hooks the far leg of Danny and pulls it back for near might!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Lance:

NO! NO! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THREE!

The D looks at Carla with three fingers up, but The Faithful can see his disappointment when she only has a two-count up! Still, The D remains undaunted tonight in fighting for Elise's honor! He rolls over and hooks DLJ by the neck, rolling the big man over...

DDK:

BRILLIANT! HE GOES RIGHT INTO THE GUILLOTINE CHOKE! THE D WITH CHOKE IT!

DLJ flails both arms around with Sonny on pins and needles at ringside, telling Danny he better not tap out! OSCAR and FLEX both watch in the skybox as well in a collective state of shock while the arena is going nuts! DLJ tries to fight and gets to a knee, shaking his hand frantically! The D tightens his grip on the submission hold, cinching it further!

Lance:

Is he gonna tap? I think DLJ is about to tap!

He has a hand up... but out of nowhere, both Bonita en Rosa I and II speed towards the ring! Bonita I climbs on the apron to try and starts yelling at Carla in Spanish!

DDK:

No! El Escuadron members Bonita en Rosa I and II are out here!

Bonita II tries to slide into the ring, but Klein isn't having it! He grabs her by the leg and The Boxman carries her over his shoulder! He then runs over and grabs Bonita I as well while The D has Choke It locked in!

Lance:

KLEIN! KLEIN TAKES CARE OF THE BONITAS... WAIT!

But as Carla tries to get them away from ringside, a masked man in a suit runs in and CRACKS The D in the side of the head with a shining wizard-like maneuver! The camera briefly catches DLJ's best buddy, Mil Vueltas, rolling out of the ring as fast as he's arrived before he hides under the ring apron!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas! Mil Vueltas came out of nowhere and CLIPPED The D with that kick!

DLJ catches his breath and Sonny urges Danny to finish the job! Danny nods and goozles The D by his throat, only to

lift him up high and DRILL him damn near through the canvas!

DDK:

GIGACHAD SLAM! WHAT A SITOUT CHOKESLAM!

Klein turns around and finally sees what's happened! He drops the Bonitas in shock as Carla counts down with DLJ making the pin... while also hooking the tights! He looks out into the direction of Mil outside the ring and winks!

Lance:

DLJ HAS THE TIGHTS, TOO! REMEMBER, THAT'S HOW THE D BEAT MIL VUELTAS TO BECOME THE CHAMPION!

ONE!

Lance:

NO! NO!

TWO!

DDK:

KICK OUT! KICK OUT!

...THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix" by Caramerii ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...

DLJ lets go of the cover and can't believe it! He holds his hands over his mouth, as if he can't believe what he's about to hear...

Darren Quimbey:

...and the **NEWWWWWWWWWW** Favoured Saints Champion... **"GIGA" DAN LEO JAMES!**

DDK:

NO! NO! THE GC UNIVERSE JUST ROBBED THE D OF THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE! AND JUST AS IMPORTANT, A CHANCE FOR THE D TO GET EVEN WITH OSCAR BURNS!

Klein watches on in shock as Sonny Silver heads into the ring to present Dan Leo James with his very first title of any kind in DEFIANCE! Almost not believing it himself, tears start to well up in the eyes of DLJ as he grabs the title and hugs it close! Up in the skybox, OSCAR BURNS stands up from his seat as both he and FLEX start clapping!

Lance:

I have to be honest... I thought for sure The D had won this match! Dan was about to tap, had it not been for the rest of

El Escudron getting involved! Now, Danny has brought the GC Universe its first championship!

The D is being helped out of the ring by Klein. Inside the ring, a party is about to break out! Mil Vueltas produces a bottle of champagne and glasses for DLJ, Bonita I and II! Bonita II grabs Danny and pulls him in for a huge kiss!

DDK:

I'm gonna be sick!

Mil and Bonita I embrace now, as does DLJ and Bonita II, though DLJ keeps her at a distance due to the state of his manhood from D's dick punch! In spite of this, he holds up the Favoured Saints Championship, then Mil hands out the champagne amidst a huge sea of The Faithful jeering the highway robbery they just witnessed. Mil even has a glass for Sonny and the fivesome toast in the center of the ring, then drink with DLJ raising the Favoured Saints Championship over his head... albeit it's upside down.

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS wasn't kidding. Two weeks ago, he told everyone he was going to take everything from the Pop Culture Phenoms and tonight, El Escudron did just that. Elise Ares is still injured... The D has lost the Favoured Saints title... Where do PCP go from here?

DDK:

I... I don't know. But unfortunately, we have to switch gears. When we come back, our main event! For the first time ever! DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box! Former Favoured Saints Champion and one of the best to do it currently in DEFIANCE, Kerry Kuroyama! One on one!

The final shot shows a pissed-off D, injured but being held back by Klein while Sonny Silver and El Escudron continue their celebration! Klein shakes his head no, telling the D now is not the time.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

BRONSON BOX vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

Green lasers form emerald peaks and valleys across the stage while the arena quakes to music bumping forth from the PA.

♪ *"Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady"* ♪

"BOOM! BLAP BLAP! BOOM-BLAP BLAP!

"BOOM! BLAP BLAP! BOOM-BLAP BLAP!

"BOOM! BLAP BLAP! BOOM-BLAP BLAP!

"BOOM! BLAP BLAP! BOOM-BLAP BLAP!"

The spotlight hits a silver-robed figure on stage. A moment later, KERRY KUROYAMA tears the robe off in a single fluid motion, dramatically revealing the scowl of the green dragon inked on his back. The moment he spins around to face the crowd, the Faithful unleash a thunderous ROAR!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is our MAIN EVENT! The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... please welcome, the EMERALD APEX... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, buckle yourselves in, because what we have coming up next is going to be nothing short of nonstop mayhem! Kerry Kuroyama is coming to the ring now, set to face off with none other than the original ACE of DEFIANCE, the Wargod, Bronson Box, in a battle that is sure to bring the roof down on all of us!

Lance:

Kuroyama and the Rain City Ronin locked horns with the Blood Diamonds in recent months. Tonight marks the culmination of that hostility, with Kerry and Box settling the score in a no-nonsense one-on-one battle.

DDK:

Both of these men would be lucky to leave the ring with all their limbs in tact!

Kuroyama marches down the aisle with a swagger to match the music's beat, occasionally slapping a hand and keeping his gaze on the squared circle. Reaching ringside, he goes up the steps and climbs the near turnbuckle, pumping a fist beneath a volley of pyrotechnics exploding in the rafters.

DDK:

Since returning to DEFIANCE, the newly annointed "Emerald Apex" of wrestling has shown the Faithful that he's hardly lost a step!

Lance:

He's certainly in the prime of his career right now (no pun intended, folks), but it remains to be seen if he can maintain the kind of momentum he had through his involvement with Vae Victis.

DDK:

The Besties, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes, may no longer be among the ranks... but we can't forget the comradery he had with the pair of Silver and BURNS.

Kerry drops into the ring, finds his corner, and stretches out. All the eyes go to the stage.

DDK:

Ok, you know he's coming out here, are you going to behave?

Lance:

Will he, I ask you? WILL HE?! If that bleach blond son of...

♪ *Lance Warner's sentence is cut abruptly short by the sound of 1920's ragtime pianist Scott Joplin's classic "The Entertainer."* ♪

For most people it's a pleasantly benign piece of music of the bygone era of our great grandparents. Here in DEFIANCE the song has taken on a wholly different connotation due to its utilization by one of the most unhinged personalities to ever grace the squared circle. As the song plays on the first movement we see emerging from the entrance tunnel is that aforementioned "blond son of a" touched on moments ago by our esteemed DEFTv color commentator.

The Motormouth of Malcontent and anointed "Herald" of the Wargod Angus Skaaland strolls out onto the stage to a chorus of boos from the faithful. He flashes a toothy grin and a little wave down towards the ring where Kuroyama waits patiently. The Emerald Apex simply narrows his eyes at the nettling gesture. After smiling and basking in a little more of the hate, Skaaland eventually makes a joyful beeline right towards the announce desk.

Lance:

Well crap on a cracker.

As Lance resigns himself to his situation the octave of the faithful is cranked up several notches as a second, much larger figure pushes through the curtain out onto the stage. The Bombastic Bronson Box pauses as a veritable tidal wave of loathing crashes around him. A massive wad of chewed up muscle and scarred flesh the DEFIANCE Icon eventually continues out onto the stage with a scowl developing under his big drooping handlebar mustache.

The clatter of headphones is heard.

Angus:

Oh boys! Boys boys boys BOYS! MAIN EVENT TIME, BABY! You ready Keebs? How about you shit for brains, you ready? My client is about to make a green stain out of Kung Fu Kerry down there, fellas! What a time to be alive!

As the announce desk continues its witty tête-à-tête the Wargod stomps up the ringsteps. The grizzled forefather of DEFIANCE looks over the ropes at Kerry Kuroyama, whose narrowed eyes haven't left the Scottish Strongman since he clomped out onto the stage.

Lance:

The last time these two met was over a whopping three years ago at DEFTv 156, in a hard-hitting encounter that ended with Bronson Box notching a tap-out victory.

DDK:

Both of these men have come a long way since then, albeit walking entirely different paths. Kerry Kuroyama is arguably in the physical and mental prime of his career right now, but age has hardly tempered the violent rage of the Wargod.

Box steps through the ropes. The Faithful CHEER LOUD. Official Brian Slater looks between them, cognitively decides there's no reason to check either one of them out, and duly cues for the bell.

DING DING

The deafening roar from the Arizona Faithful ramps up in volume. Both competitors spend the opening seconds taking their time in their respective corners. Kuroyama swings his arms a few times to limber up and lowers himself into a crouch, ready to pounce. Box stands as firm and unflinching as a copper statue, brow furrowing and nostrils flaring.

Angus:

I hope all you ding dongs backstage are perched behind the curtain watchin' this one. I poke fun, but ol' Kerry is one of the dudes on this roster we actually don't *completely* hate.

Kerry steps out of his corner first, starting a steady circle around the ring. Bronson circles around after him, slow at first, but quickly accelerating and ultimately outpacing the Pacific Blitzkrieg. When Kerry runs out of room at the center of the ring, they collide into a collar and elbow.

DDK:

And were off and running here, fellas!

With toes digging into the canvas, their intertwined torsos shudder intensely in a battle for leverage. Kuroyama attempts to press his advantage in height to put Bronson beneath him, but is forced to regain his footing a few times to keep the Wargod from scooping him off his footing at taking him to the mat. The dance for control leads the two of them to list into the ropes, leading official Brian Slater to call for the break.

Angus:

If KK thinks he can out muscle Boxy, he's clearly has his head up his keister the last decade or so.

Box and Kerry meet again at the ring center, and go right back into the lock-up. Kuroyama cranks the head, but the Wargod has him by the waist. Kerry throws up a knee... but it's caught by Box! Before he can react, he's swept to the canvas.

Lance:

Bronson's experience edge showing through there, telegraphing that one.

Angus:

Just wait, Boxer's gonna' take ol' Kerry to church here tonight.

They wrestle on the mat, Box on top by Kerry holding him tight. Bronson moves for side control, but Kuroyama's legs trap him into a body scissor to keep him from going over. The Wargod responds by wrapping up Kerry's head and slamming it repeatedly into the canvas. Kuroyama bridges off his back, risking his shoulders going down -- but the risk pays off when he throws Box off of him.

DDK:

Bronson up in a flash... No! Snapmare brings him right back down, and here's Kerry with a headlock from behind... and a JAWBREAKER by the Original DEFIANT breaks that up right away!

Angus:

You love to see it, Keebs!

Kerry clutches his jaw, but quickly recovers and shoots in for another lock-up. What he doesn't expect is being straight up PASTED by one of Box's balled-up fists, with all the force of a wrecking ball. The blow sends him staggering on rubber legs and falling into the ropes, his eyes looking vacant.

Lance:

The Emerald Apex is on the ropes here! Wowee!

Angus:

Wowee? God I fuckin' hate you.

Kuroyama pushes off the ropes as Bronson moves in to follow up. The next punch is ducked, as Kerry knows what's coming. The Emerald Apex turns around with an extra spin and his arm extended, returning the shot with a STIFF Discus Lariat across the Wargod's chest! Box cringes up in pain, but keeps his footing...

...and asks for another.

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The crowd pops hard for the DEFIANT fighting spirit of the Icon.

He winds up and FIRES one right back at Kuroyama.

WHAM!

A haymaker from Box wobbles Kuroyama. He comes blasting back with a heavy right hand of his own. Bronson shudders, snorts, cranks his neck... and punches Kerry right back!

DDK:

Neither man is going down from here... and here they GO AT IT!

Both men grab each other by the back of the head to prevent themselves from going down while they relentlessly POUND into each other's faces with their free fists! Glendale is ROARING with a fervor as blow after thunderous blow rocks both competitors! Kerry grits his teeth and takes the punishment like a man weathering the wrath of a storm. Box is grinning from ear to ear, in absolute heaven.

Angus:

I'm hard as a rock, Keebs!

DDK:

TMI, buddy! Would you look at the quickness of Kuroyama! Incredible!

At the last second, Kerry DUCKS!

Bronson almost pitches himself to the mat following through on his missed knockout punch. Kuroyama quickly wraps up one arm and throws up his legs to snag the other. Gravity does the rest of the work as he rolls Bronson down to the mat and onto his shoulders.

DDK:

Hang on, CRUCIFIX PIN out of nowhere by Kerry Kuroyama!

One!

Two!

There's the kick out, with AUTHORITY!

Angus:

Oh he's big mad now, y'all!

Boxer is on his feet spookily fast, beating Kuroyama by seconds. The Wargod rears back and pops off a STIFF headbutt that staggers Kuroyama just enough for Bronson to reach down and muscle his opponent up onto his shoulder in an Argentine backbreaker.

Lance:

Good LORD!

DDK:

The Wargod has something planned here!

The Wargod holds Kuroyama in the spine breaking torture rack, showing off his haggis fueled rawboned strength. He marches around the ring for a few beats before depositing Kerry back down to the mat with a wild sit out facebuster.

Angus:

OOOF! That looks like it hurt... am I right, Lance, or am I right?

DDK:

COVER FROM BOX!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT RIGHT AT TWO!

Lance:

It'll take more than that to keep Kuryoyama down!

Angus:

I can't wait til they replace you with a gorramed AI, Warner, honestly.

The Wargod is on his feet with a quickness he gets into the face of Buffalo Brian Slater clearly accusing the similarly sized official of a slow count.

Angus:

Jesus, Bronson! EYES ON THE PRIZE MY MAN! SHIT!

WHAP

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

YAKUZA KICK OUT OF NOWHERE! Kuroyama plasters Box right on the proverbial button!

Lance:

BOX GOES DOWN LIKE A SACK OF TATERS! What an amazing move, Keebs!

Angus:

NO! GODS NO! COME ON, MAN!

Kerry finds himself in the extremely rare and graciously fortunate circumstance of having the Original ACE prone on the mat before him. Not looking the girthorse in the mouth, he swiftly traps leg and stretches over to Box's head to apply a sleeper.

DDK:

Wait, now, we got a submission hold in place! A stepover toehold sleeper, by the looks of it!

Lance:

Based on what I know, this is a more recent addition to Kerry's arsenal, which he calls the Cascadian Clutch.

Angus:

Ugh, people from the northwest are so gorram insufferable. We get it! Seattle! Whoopdeedoo!

Kerry torques back on the sleeperhold, putting even further strain on Box's spine. A mere two fingertips between his neck and Kuroyama's forearm keeps his windpipe from being pinched closed. To make matters worse, the stretch from his neck to his knees doesn't give him any wiggle room to speak of.

Angus:

COME OOOON! DIG DEEP, BOXY BABY! DIG DEEP!

With fingers practically digging trenches into the canvas, Box's free arm resolutely pulls him inch after agonizing inch closer to the ropes. Even with the weight of the Emerald Apex, the Original ACE makes slow and steady progress toward making the break...

...that is, until Kerry BARREL ROLLS the other way, repositioning the trapped Wargod back into ring center!

Angus:

FAK!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

DDK:

What an all-out battle we're witnessing! Bronson Box was inches away from the ropes, and in a matter of seconds, Kerry Kuroyama dashed away all of that hard-fought progress!

Lance:

And on top of that, every second that passes with the Wargod in this position, the more Kerry chips away at his strength and stamina. Even if Bronson Box finds a way out of this predicament, what shape will it leave him in?

Angus:

Do you ever just *LISTEN* to yourself, Warner? Just pathetic.

Over the course of their most recent dos-e-do, two fingertips has become three whole ones. Two more than Box needs to secure a foot(hand?)hold against Kuroyama's grip. Fueled by a cocktail of pain and sheer rage, the Wargod pries his head loose from the sleeper!

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE!! Bronson Box is BREAKING LOOSE!!

Stripping Kerry's arms aside, Box tenaciously kicks his legs free and works back up to his feet. The two struggle for leverage, with Kerry ferociously refusing to give up control. For his stubbornness, Box "rewards" him with...

DDK:

HEADBUTT by Box!

Kerry reels, clutching the bridge of his nose. Seeing his opening, the Wargod CHARGES...

...only for Kerry to scoop him up into the Fireman's Carry!

DDK:

Kerry dips down--and NOW HAS BOX ON HIS SHOULDERS!! Looking to finish things, but BOX FIGHTS!

Lance:

He knows he's found himself in a desperate situation!

Box kicks his legs and drives an elbow into Kerry's exposed head. Kuroyama does what he can to salvage the fireman's carry. He loses balance... and before tipping over, their bodies inexplicably CRASH into Brian Slater, sending him falling into the turnbuckles before they themselves topple down simultaneously on their heads.

OOOOooooohhhh...

Angus:

Oh for cryin' out loud!

DDK:

OH MY!! SLATER IS DOWN!

Lance:

Oh my, indeed... official Brian Slater is a hardened man who can easily hold his own in there, but it looked like his head hit pretty hard there on the turnbuckle when he fell!

DDK:

We may need to get some help out here... but in the meantime, everybody is down!

The crowd was already roaring. Now with the ref down, it grows into an overanxious fever pitch. Box and Kuroyama are slowly coming to, crawling to either side of the ring for the ropes.

Kerry grasps the bottom rope... when something bright and brassy comes sliding across the canvas, coming to a rest inches away from his face.

Lance:

Brass knuckles?! Where did those come from...?

He looks over to ringside...

DDK:

MIL VUELTAS?! Where did HE come from!?

Angus:

OH HEEEEEEELLL NO! What the hell is that glittery douche think he's doin' dickin' with my gorram main event!

Lance:

More importantly, what's he doing out here... wait, *YOUR* main event?

Locking eyes with Kuroyama, the GLOAT nods suggestively to the knuckles. His intentions are clear.

DDK:

He wants him to USE those?!

Kerry looks at Mil in stunned disbelief, and takes the knuckles in his hand. But as soon as he's at his feet, he angrily throws them out of the ring. The Faithful POP!

Angus:

HA! Why are good guys so fuckin' dumb, Warner? Why I ask you?!

Lance:

It's called having integrity, Angus! Kerry says, "No thanks!"

DDK:

As if it was ever in doubt! Earlier tonight, Kerry turned down the GC Universe's offer to have his back at ringside. Why then is Mil Vuelas out here, trying to help him? And why this?

Lance:

I wish I had the answer, Keebs...

The GLOAT motions to the knucks with the "Whadya do THAT for?" expression leaking through the few exposed parts of his mask. Kerry waves him off burning turning back to--

SMACK!

DDK:

STARMAKER OUTTA NOWHERE BY BRONSON BOX!! DOWN GOES KUROYAMA!!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

GODS I love that gorram move!

The wind-up open palm across the face causes a cloud of sweaty mist when hand meets cheek. Kerry's immediately on dream street. Mil watches, casually shrugs, and The GLOAT simply walks away from ringside... but not before catching the slightest hint of a smirk...

Angus:

Hey Lance... WHAT'D THE FIVE FINGERS SAY TO THE FACE?!

Lance:

Wha...

An audible slapping sound is heard over commentary.

Lance:

HEY! OWW!

We just hear Angus cackle to himself and nobody in particular.

And right back up he comes, as the Wargod stoops and seizes a handful of hair to yank him back up. Kerry,

completely rocked by the open-handed slap, can do nothing but make a vacant face as Box scoops him onto his shoulders.

DDK:

FIREMAN'S CARRY GUTBUSTER!! Wait... pulling him back up to his shoulders... ANOTHER GUTBUSTER!! UP AGAIN... and there's THREE!! He's damn near breaking him in HALF!

Lance:

Kerry took his eyes off the Wargod, and now he's paying the price!

Angus:

Remind me to send an edible arrangement or somethin' to Mil Vueltas! Hahaha!

DDK:

A fatal mistake against the likes of Bronson Box! He rolls Kuroyama onto his back, and hooks the leg! This could be it!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THRE--NO!! Kerry gets the shoulder up!

Angus:

FUCK!

Kuroyama digs deep to stay alive, but the Wargod by now has the scent of blood, and powers the Pacific Blitzkrieg off the mat with the relentlessness of a savage bear. Without hesitation, he folds Kerry up and lifts him onto his shoulders...

WHAM!

Body meets turnbuckle in the most hideously awkward way possible.

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB!! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!! Cover is made...

Lance:

But Brian Slater is still shaking out the cobwebs!

Bronson Box:

OYE! YA' FOOKIN' CU*censored*!

Angus:

THAT'S MY SPICY BOY! Gorram cheesy-ass officiating around here, man. Thought Slater was supposed to be the tough one? If I wanted some glass jawed nerd I'd have tapped Shields for this.

A guttural SNARL from Box brings the official back to his senses, who rushes over to make the count.

DDK:

Here we go!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE --

NOOOOOOOO!! KUROYAMA GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

Lance:

The difference a second makes!

Angus:

GAH! FUCK you Slater! And fuck you too, Lance!

Lance:

The heck did I do?!

The Wargod's sneer toward the official could frighten a weaker man to death. Still, there's a job to do. With Kuroyama barely conscious, he rolls him onto his belly, cradles his arms over his knees, and rears back with the elevated chinlock.

Angus:

YEEEEAH! BREAK HIM IN HALF SEABASS! GET IT!

DDK:

Bronson Box is done screwing around here! BOSTON MASSACRE, locked in the center of the ring!

Lance:

Kerry knows he's cooked!

The Emerald Apex claws desperately at both the canvas and his opponents giant redwood-sized arms looking for any small gap in the Wargod's submission maneuver. But the simplicity of a perfectly applied camel clutch by a man as powerful as the Original DEFIANT... well.

DDK:

I think you may be right, Lance! And THERE'S THE TAP! IT'S OVER!!

The look in Kuroyama's eyes is a mixture of physical relief and absolute ice cold frustration.

DING DING DING

Boxer relents, falling back to his keister and scooting back about a foot. As he rests his arms on his knees, catching his breath we catch a sincerely impressed look on the Wargod's face as he looks over at Kuroyama. Once he finally gets his wits about him Kuroyama wastes no time slowly rolling to ringside as "The Entertainer" begins to play over the PA system.

DDK:

My God what a main event!

Boxer, now on his feet, makes his way over to the ropes.

Lance:

And an actual finish! We don't always get that with Bronson Box matches. Most of the time they all devolve into some sort of gang beating.

Angus:

Gettin' bold over there, Lance. You wanna find yourself involved in one of those beatings? ... ok then, learn when to shut your gorram mouth.

Skaaland's retort is decidedly less jovial and jokey.

As Kerry gets to his feet we clearly see Bronson mouth *"nice try, sunshine"* before the Emerald Apex scowls and turns to make his way back up the ramp.

HISTORY LESSON

DDK:

You're not going to go join your victorious client in the ring, Angus?

Angus:

I've been doin' a lot of the big mans talking since we came together. Tonight, boys? Tonight I'm gonna' hang back in the cut with you nerds and let ol' Boxer get some stuff off his chest solo. Feel me?

Lance:

Well this should prove *enlightening*...

Still sweating and catching his breath, Boxer snatches an offered microphone from someone at ringside. The raucous crowd is still buzzing from the absolutely brutal main event they were just treated to. Bronson Box stands dead center in the ring, his ring by his estimation. His body language says as much. Just the angriest looking man we've all ever collectively seen from the top of his sheared, scarred up head to the soles of his shitty little wrestling boots.

Bronson Box:

Well once again you ridiculous bloody Americans remind me why I've never officially moved to this shite country or God forbid changed my citizenship. The UK ain't no ship of dreams but you fookin' people take the cake with the dog and pony show you all just wrapped up. I'll continue to be a filthy foreigner and come over here and walk away back over the Atlantic with all your bloody money, thank you very fookin' much. Not my bloody circus, not my bloody monkeys... but as my dear manager often says, they pay well, so to hell with it. And to hell with you!

Angus:

Gorram right. Cash money makes the world go 'round, son. Big love to my dear personal friend, Mr. Edward White, beete dubs.

The insane cardio of the Wargod on full display. One diatribe later and he has his breath, he's not sweating a drop. His steely cold, bloodshot brown eyes narrow with a dry smile as the crowd boos Box and rah rah's their, admittedly pretty awful, country.

Bronson Box:

Of course, simple maths clearly not being you alls strong suit, let me lay it out for you. Stupid, short sighted Americans equal stupid, short sighted American *wrestling fans*. Like fookin' pigs to the trough, American fans will just gobble down any slop dropped in front of 'em, won'tcha? And thanks to the wasteland of social media, that same American flavored brain rot has crept into the heads of fans all over the bloody world. Just take one glancing look at the *PATHETIC* members of this roster who take part in this "DEFcom" nonsense... an intellectual wasteland, right truly, to the last man and woman.

The Original DEFIANT shakes his head in genuine disgust at the very idea of fellow grapplers wasting time on *the internet*, of all things.

Bronson Box:

DEFIANCE Wrestling today is a pale imitation of what once was. I look around and all I see is a sad shark jumping sequel to a sequel nobody bloody wanted. Another piece of disposable media floating in a sea of sickeningly similar shite! My precious DEFIANCE has simply become more AI generated, 3D printed *future garbage* for idiots and ingrates to complain endlessly about on fookin' TikTok until they're all chasin' their own tails, blue in the fookin' face! Distraction porn, that's what they've turned the old girl into! A foolish distraction followed by distracted fools... fookin' sacrilege, God damn you all.

He seems *genuinely* sad at that last statement.

Bronson Box:

These Favoured Saints have found a nice safe little plateau to rest their investment, ain't they? They've put their chips on a small battalion's worth of painfully average talent to limp ever forward, dragging behind them a banner that was

once carried forward *proudly*. All they've done behind their stupid fookin' opaque curtain is piss all over the memory of a promotion that once blazed trails. A promotion that once *tore* through the zeitgeist and created something wholly new. Men and women ready and willing to take good sense and good taste and shove both to the very cutting edge and piss off the WORLD along the way if it called for it. Fearless. Dauntless. *Singular*.

His jaw is set so tightly we're pretty sure we heard a molar or two crack in half.

Bronson Box:

Once upon a time a once in a generation talent like Eugene Dewey tested men like myself, men like Dan Ryan. Years ago the three of us danced from NOLA to Berlin to Tokyo and back again creating the legend behind the FIST of DEFIANCE with our blood and sweat and ruthlessness! Now? Instead of a Eugene Dewey we have a disappointing, prattling, cosplaying sot like Connor Fuse so bloody eager to sit with his fookin' Nintendo under *sweet, kind old family man* Dan Ryan's learning tree. And don't even get me started on our current "champion" if you can even call him that...

He spits a wad of phlegm down onto the canvas out of pure derision.

Bronson Box:

And once upon a time, long long ago when an aimless, angry young man named Hollis McAllister stepped foot out of prison and right into a wrestling ring he met a cocky prick named Andy Murray. An established star who made my early life in this business... quite difficult. Cut forward many years his wee brother decided to be a wrestler. So I did the only thing I could think to do, returned the favor and dedicated myself to making *HIS* life as bloody difficult as possible. I started that process by retiring dear brother Andy in the most abhorrent, embarrassing way I could think of and make the wee Squid Cayle watch! I earned the moniker Starmaker after that war... after *urging* along dear Cayle to a place where he did indeed finally step up and make lasting history here in DEFIANCE.

He almost looks proud. Almost.

Bronson Box:

The beautiful violence with which that wee Squid and I painted, blood to canvas? Our no ropes, no holds barred massacre still haunts the best of's, greatest match lists, much less the lips and minds of DEFIANCE fans to this day. The same planks of splintered wood the wee Squid and I used to rip tendon and shred muscle are the same *FOOKIN'* boards you lot tread on this very day! Putin' on your little minstrel show of what this brand used to represent!

Lance:

I find that statement a little reductive, honestly.

Angus:

Hey Warner, you dick-weasel? When my dude down there is talking, your trap is gorram shut. Go write your opinions on your fuckin' Tumblr blog or whatever the fuck it is you do with your free time.

That aforementioned look of pride on the Wargod's face fades.

Bronson Box:

Which of course brings me to you, Gage Blackwood.

Replaced with a scowl deeper than the goddamn Mariana Trench.

Bronson Box:

We've recounted ad nauseum the specifics of why I did what I did to you. The winding, emotionally charged road of why I secretly got the Luck brothers to nearly end your career, why I played along as your proud countryman and tag team partner. See, you might just be a pale copy of Cayle Murray but there is indeed something there. If that weren't the case we wouldn't be talkin' right now. I see the raw materials greatest is made up of, if it were, deep in yer' guts. Buried inside you is actual potential, Gage. Potential you've lacked the wherewithal and passion and keen mind to unearth and capitalize on yourself up 'til this point. I aim to do you yet another favor, lad, and *rip* that potential out of you in the most violent spectacle these people have ever seen... *BACK HOME*.

Lance:

Back home? Does he mean DEFroad?

Angus:

You interrupt my boys promo one more time and I get Felton and Adrian to come out here and snatch you bald, you hear me Warner? You anthropomorphic pair of pleated fuckin' khaki pants, you.

The Original DEFIANT storms towards the camera for one final emphatically made statement.

Bronson Box:

Blackwood I will grab you by the nape of your useless neck and DRAG YOU INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS! YOU SORRY, PATHETIC, *UNREMARKABLE* LITTLE SHITE!

In a feat of absolute wild, unhinged anger and rawboned strength the Wargod grips the microphone with two hands and literally, effortlessly BREAKS IT IN HALF. Immediately a loud, tinny electrical whine cuts through the eardrums of every member of the faithful. The little cube depicting the DEFIANCE logo falls to the mat where Boxer immediately drops one of his shitty little wrestling boots atop it, crushing it almost flat. The ringside camera catches this shot perfectly.

He violently hucks the two halves of the microphone to either side of him.

His last line is delivered inches from the camera's lens with his wide, bloodshot brown eyes staring directly into our goddamn souls.

Bronson Box:

AMEN.

As the painful electrical whine from the bifurcated microphone slowly dissipates, we fade out on a simple close up of the Bombastic Bronson Box's furious mustachioed mug.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.