CASTING CALL

The picture slowly fades in, and The Faithful watching on the DEFTron inside the jam-packed Pechanga Arena let out a roar at the sight of “Milwaukee’s Beast” Brock Newbludd entering the building through via a set of metal double doors. Gym bag slung over one shoulder, the street clothes-clad Newbludd pumps the brakes and grins as a microphone-wielding Christie Zane hustles up to him.

Christie Zane:
Brock! Do you have a moment to answer a couple of questions?

Brock chuckles while the door slowly shuts behind him. Letting his bag fall off his shoulder and drop to the floor, Milwaukee's Beast nods.

Brock Newbludd:
You bet, Christie. But, if you’re planning on asking if I have any more of those magical brownies, let me stop ya right there because I don’t. I blew the whole stash whipping up those tasty treats for Ned and the boys. Sorry.

Disappointment flashes across Zane’s face but she quickly covers it up with a professional smile.

Brock Newbludd:
Don’t worry, Zane. Your secret’s safe with me…

Brock glances at the camera and Zane laughs nervously.

Brock Newbludd:
I get it, though. Those little treats were beyond magical, Christie. They were the stuff that miracles are made out of.

Zane frowns and raises an eyebrow.

Christie Zane:
I’ll admit that what we saw a couple of weeks ago was completely unexpected, yes. Though some might say you took advantage of the situation you created to coerce Ned Reform into agreeing to a title shot. Do you agree?

Now it's Newbludd who frowns.

Brock Newbludd:
Coerce? Coerce him into what? Removing that stick he has permanently shoved up his ass with a little homeopathic medicine? Oh, did I trick poor Ned into having a good time for once in his miserable life? Gimme a break, Zane. The fact is, I was able to get the good doctor to get off his high horse and act like a regular dude, if only for a few hours. Now, if that's not a miracle, then I don't know what it is.

Christie opens her mouth for a rebuttal but stops as she considers Newbludd's words. A second passes and she can't help but nod her head in agreement at Brock's perspective on things.

Christie Zane:
While I admit it was entertaining to see the Southern Heritage Champion in that state of mind, let's not brush over the fact that you used the situation to secure yourself a title shot at DEFIANCE Road.

Brock Newbludd:
What!? I believe it was Ned who offered the match to me, right? What kind of friend would I be to leave the good doctor hanging like that? Hmmm?

Before Zane can respond, Brock's phone begins to ring, and he pulls it out of his jeans pocket. His eyebrows raise in surprise, and he silences the incoming call.

Brock Newbludd:
Sorry about that, Christie. That was my agent. Anyways...

His phone begins to ring again, and Brock silences it again. Before he can shove it back into his pocket, it rings for a third time. Annoyed, he looks at Christie and sighs as the ringtone blares.

Brock Newbludd:
Shit, sorry, Christie. I gotta take this. Let's do this later, yeah?

Newbludd smiles apologetically and turns from Zane as he puts the phone to his ear. The camera follows as he takes a few steps away from Christie to lean on the wall.

Brock Newbludd:
Bobby, what's up, man? Where's the fire?

Exciting mumbling is heard on the other end, and Brock's eyebrows raise in surprise.

Brock Newbludd:
What? A gig? It's literally DEFtv right now, man. We talked about this...DEFIANCE is always gonna be priority number one. Besides, I can't just leave in the middle of the show!

The response from his agent causes Brock to stand up straight and smile.

Brock Newbludd:
Hang on, whaddya mean management gave the ok? Like The Favoured Saints? You serious?

The voice on the other end answers in a reassuring tone and Newbludd's smile grows bigger.

Brock Newbludd:
Shit yeah, dude! What are the odds!? Let's do it! Send me the address of the shoot and I'm there! Oh, wait, what's the shoot for? It's a commercial, right?

The agent's answer causes Newbludd to laugh loudly and pump his fist in the air.

Brock Newbludd:
Oh man! That's fantastic! I'll be there in an hour!

Hanging up the phone, Brock scoops his bag off the ground and quickly heads for the doors he just entered only minutes ago. Opening one of them with his back, Newbludd winks at a confused Zane as he exits.

Christie Zane:
Where are you going!? I still have more questions!

Brock Newbludd:
Raincheck, Christie! I gotta go! Happy Thanksgiving!

Before Zane can respond, Newbludd hurries out the door and it slams hard behind him. With a look of annoyance, Christie turns on a heel and walks back down the hallway as the picture slowly fades to black.

SHOW OPEN

♫ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♫

San Diego, California welcomes DEFIANCE as the Pechanga Arena is hyped for DEFtv 212!

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!

I WAS GOING TO MAKE THREE SIGNS BUT AFTER TURKEY I FELL ASLEEP AND ONLY MADE THIS ONE
MY KID IS HERE TO SEE KLEIN
PUSH TRIPP WISE
FRIENDS > FAMILY
AKA LADS > FAMILIA
GIGADAN = GIGACHOAD
SOLD MY FAMILY FOR DEFTV TICKETS
CAN NED REFORM GET HIGH AGAIN? THAT WAS FUNNY
****poster of Malak Garland v Tyler Fuse* I JUST HOPE BOTH TEAMS LOSE***
KERRY KUROYAMA STARS IN "KILL MIL"

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

DDK:
Welcome, everyone! We are going to start things off quickly here!

Lance:
Lots of solid matches ahead, tons to get through tonight. I'm excited!

MP1 vs. MIDAS MANCINI

We immediately go to the ring!

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall…

♫ "MAFIA" by Travis Scott ♫

Darren Quimbey:
From a proud, possibly connected family in Chicago, Illinois… he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and fifty three pounds. Please join me in welcoming… **MIDAS MANCINI!**

DDK:
This is a tremendous live opportunity on global television to open up DEFtv here in San Diego, California, for young Midas Mancini!

Lance:
Mancini, of course, is a rising star in BRAZEN and was most recently seen on our television teaming up with Titus Campbell last month at Tag Party 6 and you are absolutely correct, Keebs, this is a huge opportunity in his singles debut on a MASSIVE stage!

The crowd greets the eager Chicago-native with a polite pop that he eats up, a big smile on his well-tanned face. He marches down the aisle slapping outstretched hands and slides into the ring with learned confidence. Popping up on a middle turnbuckle, he raises both arms over his head to an excited ovation like he'd already won.

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent…

Mancini drops down from the corner as the lights fade. Midas' smile fades with it.

♫ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♫

The production team lowers Quimbey's mic in our ears as a small window opens in the upper left hand corner of our screen. As Quimbey announces Mancini's opponent, a pre-taped interview plays in the corner; a pre-taped MP1 stands with his back to the camera.

MP1: *[pre-tape]*
No one's seen him. For weeks. Maybe even months. He's off the radar. What does he expect me to do? Go chasing after him?!

On the stage, dark smoke rolls through the curtain and MP1 strides through it, fists clenched tight. Over the pre-tapes audio we can hear the low disdain of a booing crowd. MP1 keeps his head hung low, scowling slightly as he stomps down the aisle.

MP1: *[pre-tape]*
Well, that isn't happening. That's what the old me would have done, right?! That's what I've always done. Well, you know the definition of insanity, don't you!? Well, *I* do. And I'm breaking the pattern.

The pre-taped MP1, his back still to us, slowly hangs his head as the live MP1 slowly raises his, looking up at his opponent in the ring. The live MP1 pauses in that spot and, over his shoulder, Lord Nigel Trickelbush can be seen standing atop the ramp. He eyes his charge with great interest.

MP1: *[pre-tape]*
He never wanted me as a partner. You people never wanted to cheer for me. I know that now. I get it. But… b-but Nigel says I can regain your trust, if I want it. He says that if I want my friend back I just… I just have to trust *him*.

Pre-taped MP1 peers over his shoulder at the camera as Live MP1 peers over his own towards Lord Nigel. Nigel takes his place on a leather chair seated square in the center of the Interview Stage.

MP1: *[pre-tape]*
He says I… need to *stop remembering* who I was. And be the man I *want* to be. So I'm going to do that. Starting tonight.

The pre-taped MP1 stalks out of frame and, just three steps behind him, we see Lord Nigel pass across the screen like a dark wraith. The window closes as, live, MP1 steps through the ropes. We hear Quimbey boom out.

Darren Quimbey:
—-their Most Precious One… **MP1!**!

The crowd is unimpressed and MP1 at last appears unmoved by their disappointment, his cold eyes trained across the ring at Mancini. Referee Carla Ferarri finishes her typical pre-match check and signals for the bell as the two men start circling.

DING DING

The camera captures the determination etched on the face of Mancini as he winds around, an arm and hand reaching out for a grapple.

DDK:
You can sense what this moment means for Midas Mancini! If he can turn this moment into gold, live here tonight, and secure a win over one of the most confident, competent ring generals in DEFIANCE, well… we'll be talking about tonight for a long, long time!

The pair nearly lock up – but MP1 shocks everyone in Southern California and beyond by **SLAPPING** the taste out of Mancini's mouth and using that momentary shock to quickly apply a side-headlock!

Lance:
What was THAT?! As much as we've seen MP1 change over time, particularly these last few months, we have NEVER seen a display like that out of him!

On cue, from his seat on the interview stage, we see Lord Nigel smiling proudly from under his beaten leather fedora and from behind hands steepled on his lap.

Mancini struggles against the headlock for half a minute, with MP1 just cranking it and tightening it. He weakens Mancini briefly down to one knee before Midas goes to SHOOT MP1 into the ropes – but MP1 holds on, putting on the brakes.

Instead, MP1 takes Midas over and down to the canvas, still hanging onto that side headlock. The crowd lets MP1 know what they think of his so-far boring performance.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

MP1 frowns, tightening his grip. Mancini slaps the canvas in frustration and the crowd takes up the mantle, clapping rhythmically to motivate MP1's foil. Mancini uses the support to push up to one knee. He muscles up to both feet and throws an elbow into MP1's side. Then another, this one more squared in the stomach. MP1 winces and Mancini successfully FIRES MP1 off of him and into the corner – but MP1 runs up the ropes and backflips OVER a charging Mancini!

DDK:
Rear-waist-lock applied by MP1! But Midas rolls forward and through it, taking MP1 over with him! Both men up – and Midas Mancini connects with a HUGE right hand! And another! DISCUS PUNCH sends MP1 reeling back into the

corner! Mancini charges – but MP1 ducks out just in time!

Lance:
ANOTHER rear-waist-lock!

DDK:
And this time, MP1 powers Mancini up – and DOWN to the mat! Floats over! Front chancery now applied! MP1 is in control! WAIT! Look at Mancini! He powers out, reversing into a rear hammerlock!

Lance:
This kid was an INCREDIBLE athlete in college and he is showing the world what he can do live on DEFtv!

MP1, frustrated, reaches between his legs and PULLS one of Mancini's legs out from under him – and in a flash, the Figure 1 Leglock is applied!

DDK:
You have to just marvel at MP1's natural, instinctive ability! He worked the two of them to the middle of the ring before getting out of that rear hammerlock and slapping on that figure four! There's nowhere for Midas Mancini to go!

Lance:
LOOK! He's rolling them!

Mancini makes Keebler eat his words by using his impressive core muscles to power the pair over, not once, not twice, but THREE times – until Midas is easily able to reach out and grab the bottom rope!

DDK:
MP1's gotta break that hold!

Ferrari gets in his face and says as much, but MP1 is indignant. MP1 is defiant. He ignores the ref who counts right in his face.

Carla Ferrari:
ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

MP1 breaks it just at five, furious. He storms to his feet and glares at Ferrari before raining boots down onto Mancini's leg. He yanks the slightly larger man upright with some effort before whipping Midas into the ropes.

DDK:
Leapfrog by MP1! Mancini shoots off the far ropes and – JUMPING SHOULDER BLOCK BY MANCINI! He scoops MP1 up – listen to this crowd!

Keebler is right, they are electric. Every person is on their feet.

DDK:
HEAD AND ARM SUPLEX BY MANCINI!

Lance:
Can he make the most of this golden opportunity?!

MP1 flops on the canvas majestically. Mancini is immediately on him, peeling the masked man off the mat and launching him across the ring into the ropes.

DDK:
CROSS BODY BY MP1! NO! CAUGHT BY MANCINI!

Lance:
Midas Mancini manhandles MP1! Powers him up onto his shoulder! RUNNING OVER THE SHOULDER POWERSL–

MP1 slips off of Mancini's shoulders and comes down with a BRUTAL-LOOKING LAYOUT REVERSE DDT that SHAKES the ring!

DDK:
MP1 just DRILLED Mancini!

Lance:
Now he vaults up to the top turnbuckle and – is this it?!

MP1 holds his left arm high - with his index finger raised, his right hand jabs that index finger at his own chest - before SOMERSAULTING off of the top!

DDK:
1DERSTRUCK! 1DERSTRUCK!

Lance:
MP1's legbrace may have impacted Mancini's skull there!>

Ferrari slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!!

DING DING DING

MP1 bitterly pushes himself off of Mancini and is quick to slide out of the ring, not looking for Ferrari or anyone else to raise his arm.

♫ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♫

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of this contest, as the result of a pinfall… **MP1!!!**

Ignoring the one or two remaining outstretched hands, MP1 ascends the ramp and pauses long enough for Lord Nigel Trickelbush to meet him.

MP1 doesn't seem to meet his approving gaze, instead he continues through the curtain and backstage. Lord Nigel, however, takes a lingering moment to regard the Faithful with some amusement.

DDK:
I know he's changed his name, along with the company he keeps, and that really none of this should truly shock me but... MP1 is very much a different man from the masked man we once knew and admired.

Lance:
I agree. It's troubling just how quickly and how hard MP1 has fallen.

The camera finds Midas Mancini coming to in the ring, being checked on by Referri Ferrari.

DDK:
For that young man, a bright future awaits.

Lance:
He can only go up from here! He'll have more opportunities!

DDK:
As for "opportunities"; Lord Nigel says he and Madame Melton have big things in store for MP1 at DEFIANCE Road… I just wonder if we'll recognize MP1 at all when he gets there.

Lance: *[sigh]*
We've got a lot to still get to. Don't go away.

DISCIPLINED

DDK:
Tonight, we have a MASSIVE main event in store! After weeks of back-and-forth standoffs, here tonight in Dex Joy's home state of California, The Lads will take on Titanes Familia members Titaness and "The Final Hoss" Uriel Cortez.

Lance:
Let's take a look at some comments from both teams before we get to the action much later tonight!

EARLIER TODAY

One by one, the members of Titanes Familia walk out from a large black and gold bus just arriving at the arena.

First… "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness, wearing a black and gold sequin-covered body suit and gold-tinted glasses in the sunshine. Next, "The Good Son" Killjoy, storming his way out onto the concrete. His face remains covered by a black and gold variation of his normal mask, wearing (for once) an untattered black sleeveless shirt and dress pants. Finally behind them…

"The Final Hoss" Uriel Cortez. Rocking an expensive-looking black suit with gold belt and tie, along with his gold-tinted sunglasses, he fastens his red ojo bracelet around his wrists. The three have their luggage and start to walk into the arena. Titaness leads the trio as they start and she waves The Stick, previously stolen Butch Vic.

Titaness:
YOUR HIGHNESS, TITANESS… says it's gonna be a great night. There won't be any Butcher Victorious sticking his stupid mohawk where it doesn't belong. Killer and I made sure of that on UNCUT last week.

Killjoy growls, almost in agreement as the giant walks alongside everyone.

Uriel Cortez:
That's right. Butch Vic got his shit kicked in. I don't care if that rhymes or not, I'm not Dr. Seuss… I'm Uriel GODDAMN Cortez. Punch Drunk Purcell and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, after you stuck your nose in Familia Business, you disrespected us with your fake-ass apologies and, to top it all off, calling my manhood into question all over the Defcom, Dex? You think that you're gonna hurt me and mi Familia tonight in front of everyone you know in San Diego? It doesn't matter how big of a boy you are or how hard you hit, lads…

He stops to open the entrance doors and allows Titaness and Killjoy inside first. Chivalry ain't dead, folks.

Uriel Cortez:
Tonight, you're both getting disciplined by The Man of the House.

The 7'1" giant steps through the doors as the camera switches to comments from the other side of tonight's main event…

EARLIER TODAY

The camera goes backstage …

But not the usual interview set.

The first of two faces appears on the screen and gets a nice cheer …

Punch Drunk Purcell of the Lads! Already dressed for combat later tonight, he's sitting on a chair tying his MMA gloves on his hands.

Punch Drunk Purcell:
Titanes Familia… we've been doin' this damn song and dance for a couple weeks now. We get involved in what y'all

called “Familia Business” which as we all know is just code for - and hon, sorry if our triplets are watching - “being the three tallest bitches DEFIANCE has ever seen by ganging up on Butcher Victorious!”

Cheers!

Punch Drunk Purcell:
Then the DEFtv after that, y’all try and do the same to us AFTER we already had a match. You’d have been pickin’ up your damn teeth if you didn’t run after Butch Vic came out to even the odds. You turned tail a second time.

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound lightly chuckles.

Punch Drunk Purcell:
Now… there ain’t no more runnin’, Now, there ain’t no more excuses. But the past two shows, you’ve shown your hands. For guys that fancy themselves as monsters that can take whatever they want, y’all sure love attackin’ when thing ain’t going your way… Yeah, you might’ve put Butcher out for this show thinking he could come to our aid again… and rest up, Butch Vic. Get your Stick back. Tonight, me and a fellow Lad are gonna handle the Familia’s damn business tonight… Tell ‘em, Dex.

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The reception is ultra *loud* for Cali’s own Biggest Boy as he has a seat on the locker room bench next to Punchy. He’s wrapping up his own wrist in blue tape.

Dex Joy:
LADIES AND PALLIES … I’M BBBAAAAAAAAAAACKKKKK!!!

DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!!

Dex Joy:
Tonight … in our MAAAAAAAAAIN EVENTTTTTTTT … it’s a battle to see what bond is stronger: Is it the Familia with the big creepy daddy fetishest that hides behind his more talented wife and more talented masked gimp for a son?

There are a lot of “ooooooohs!!!” from the crowd for that remark.

Dex Joy:
Or is it gonna be Ya Biggest Boi and the Brick Hithouse that prove that *we’re* the baddest team walking God’s green?! And that’s not Dexy Baby kink-shaming any of you … that’s just facts.

Dex bumps fists with Punchy.

Dex Joy:
And in front of my Wrecking Crew … my loved ones … all the friends I made playing for the *San Diego Toreros* during my college days!!!

The obligatory home state pop!

Dex Joy:
And in front of *mi familia* tonight in front of all of you, in the Pechanga Arena …

Second obligatory home town pop!

Dex Joy:
There ain’t no business like Lads business cause Pop-Pop Cortez is gonna get the Biggest Boy-sized beating that *his* daddy should have given him!

Dex casts a glance to Punchy.

Dex Joy:
Tonight, we’re gonna shake hands …

He puts his hand out, then Purcell turns to shake his hand, Predator-style.

Punch Drunk Purcell:
And whip some ass …

Dex Joy:
Cause we’re the Lads!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025

FIST of DEFIANCE
RUMINATION CHAMBER
participants to be announced

SOHER
Dr. Ned Reform (C) vs. Brock Newbludd

Hollywood Bruvs vs. Rain City Ronin

CONTROLLING THE QUALITY

The commercial break concludes and DEFtv resumes in what appears to be a large fabrication factory. Iron and steel workers are working hard to lift, move, and solder various materials together to make something BIG. Through the noise of people and power tools walks none other than Cyrus Bates. That's "Quality Control Officer" Cyrus Bates. His eyes remain vigilant, peeking from under the the brim of a yellow hard hat. His muscles bulge out of a white tank top two sizes too small and the blue jeans he's wearing hug his thighs tighter than Thurston Hunter holding a Sega Genesis controller while getting his ass handed to him playing a round of Street Fighter.

Cyrus Bates:
Hmmmmm. Interesting. Ahhhhh. Yes.

Sparks fly at his heavy duty beige work boots as Bates stops to study the large metal apparatus being constructed in front of his very eyes.

Cyrus Bates:
Exquisite craftspersonship. This is coming together quite nicely.

More in the way of others than they are of him, the man who could easily be mistaken for a 'Work from Home' by Fifth Harmony music video background dancer rubs shoulders with iron workers who have been breaking their backs for hours.

Cyrus Bates:
Argh. I must CHECK THE QUALITY.

Even though it's clear the chamber in front of him is far from completion, Bates asserts himself to the situation by grabbing some loose hanging chains and pulling on them. They immediately snap off the bar they were mended to. An irritated worker grabs the chains and proceeds to fix the problem without direction.

Cyrus Bates:
Those need to be reattached pronto. Yeah, do that. Yes, just like that. Excellent.

Bates didn't really need to say anything. He just reacted to the worker fixing what he broke, after all. The QCO continues on, ensuring that the quality of this mythical object is up to Malak's desired standards. He paces slowly and methodically around it.

Cyrus Bates:
The Rumination Chamber. Sheesh. Talk about daunting.

He stops and faces the camera.

Cyrus Bates:
Rumination. Define it? "A deep or considered thought about something." Hmmmm. Use it in a sentence? Cyrus had a deep or considered thought about something. That something is none other than Subpar Scott Douglas.

He cracks his knuckles as sparks fly in the background.

Cyrus Bates:
You see, all of this is part and parcel with everything that is going on right now. Malak is facing adversity. I mean, look at this monstrosity of a construct. If I wasn't here, doing my due diligence, then my MASTER would be heading into an abyss of the unknown. At least I can report back to him with information that will help him succeed in his Rumination Chamber match. Heh, now there's an interesting word. Success. That's what my role as Quality Control Officer is all about. Ensuring Malak succeeds and that's where you come into play, Mr. Douglas. You see, I am setting Malak up for future success BEYOND when he is forced to defend his title inside this chamber.

Bates stands extra tall.

Cyrus Bates:
You see, I've been ruminating on you HARD. Watching and waiting and you know what? You're absolutely ripe for the picking. I discard what you did to Thurston Hunter. You got lucky. I know for a fact you're still injured and that bodes perfect for me and my kin. Hear me, Scott. At DEFIANCE ROAD I am going to take you out. I am going to test your quality and should you pass, then you will be suggested as Malak's next suitable challenger because make no mistake, he will survive this.

QCO points to the chamber and smiles.

Cyrus Bates:
He will endure as our forever champion because he always overcomes all the odds ALWAYS ALWAYS ALWAYS! And after he retains in the chamber, you will be his next canon fodder.

Near shouting, Bates regains his composure by adjusting his hard hat.

Cyrus Bates:
Sub Bubbly Pop, you have no idea what's in store for you. I am challenging you to a match at DEFROAD where I will expose you to the world. You should have stayed retired because you are still injured. I know it. The world knows it. You're washed. All I need is one match with you in order to complete my final quality report to supply to my MASTER and get back into his good graces. The question remains, will you accept? The ball is in your court. Check its quality.

Cyrus turns away from the camera and back towards the sweaty workers.

Cyrus Bates:
LIFT THAT BAR! WELD THAT CROSSBEAM! IS THAT UP TO CODE!? THESE MATERIALS BETTER BE HOME GROWN! HEY YOU, I NEED THESE SPECIFIC PLANS IMPLEMENTED! MAKE IT HAPPEN!

Bates hands a random worker a set of blueprints before walking over to a work table littered with stained coffee cups, half eaten donuts, paint covered rulers and an assortment of other construction related tools but the item he hones in on the most is a small monitor connected to a cable box. He stares at it.

Cyrus Bates:
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to watching the rest of DEFtv. I understand THE GAME SPOT is coming up shortly and I never miss my Malak material. Scott, I await your reply. Talk soon, love.

FAVORED SAINTS: DLJ (C) vs. ???

Lance:
It has been a VERY BAD month and a half for PCP. Elise Ares engaged in a war against OSCAR BURNS, only for him to hand her a mostly one-sided defeat. The D's attempt to defend the honor of Elise went up in smoke. And later tonight, OSCAR BURNS has put together a special… "Make A Wish" Challenge for later tonight to rub salt in their wounds.

DDK:
Indeed. And coming up next on the show, DLJ looks to make the first of four successful defenses of his newly-won Favoured Saints Championship. Thanks to some help from El Escuadron members Bonita en Rosa I and II and his best friend, Mil Vueltas, Dan Leo James walked away with the title and in effect, blocked The D from a singles match against GC Universe's leader, OSCAR BURNS.

Lance:
And this will be a special open challenge! Dan Leo James earned his first-ever title in DEFIANCE two weeks ago and he's so confident in himself now as "Giga" Dan Leo James, that he thinks he can beat anyone! We'll find out if that's true… NEXT!

The camera cuts to the stage where Sonny Silver walks out to loud jeers.

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 San Diego crowd.

Sonny Silver:
Hold onto your avocado toast, you stupid assholes! Cause tonight, you no longer have to deal with a walking dick joke holding onto the prestigious Favoured Saints Championship! Now, this title is in the hands of not only a REAL man… but a real DAN! He is all that is Man because he is all that is Dan!

Sonny motions to the stage behind him.

Sonny Silver:
He stands at 6'7" and he weighs in at 270 of 100% pure Giga-Dan! Tonight, he defends the Favoured Saints Title in an open challenge because there is NO ONE who will take this title from him! Please welcome…

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 Carameii ♫

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

Sonny Silver:
He is your current and spoiler alert after this match he will STILLLLLL be your 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 the Favoured Saints Title around his waist, 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:
Dan Leo James has come a long way from the BRAZEN rookie who graduated by winning a battle royale and didn't

even have a dedicated finishing move on the main roster! Now… he's one of the cockiest young talents on the roster.

Lance:
OSCAR BURNS has found ways to simultaneously bring out the worst AND the arguable best in people.

DLJ is in the ring and flashes his title confidently. The 6'7" and 270-pound James unstraps the title, then RUNS the ropes several times before stopping in place to pose one more time! His music cuts as he waits for his opponent…

♫ "Biggest And The Best" by Clawfinger ♫

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and getting a nice reception is the giant wrestling journeyman! Angel Trinidad slowly walks through the smoke and jumps in place, taking in the reception of his hometown crowd that seems happy to see him back! Sonny looks on in shock from ringside, as does DLJ who clearly didn't expect t

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent… from right here in SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, weighing in at 297 pounds… **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

DDK:
OH, BOY! SAN DIEGO'S OWN ANGEL TRINIDAD!

Lance:
DLJ and Sonny Silver were NOT expecting this! Someone BIGGER than Dan! Trinidad made it all the way to the Tag Party VI finals this year with Ned Reform as his partner, he scored a win on UNCUT last week and former Team HOSS member!

The 6'10" Cali native starts storming towards the ring and slaps hands with a few fans before he reaches the ring. He throws his hands up to pull himself onto the ring apron, then climbs into the ring! Angel has his game face on tonight and looks like he knows he's caught Danny off-guard! Rex Knox holds the title up and then calls for the bell!

DING DING

Right at the bell, DLJ wants to lock up, but Angel tees off on him with a big uppercut to the jaw! Angel's hometown crowd cheers huge as he grabs the champion and slams Giga-Dan's head into the top turnbuckle in the corner! Angel points out to his San Diego Faithful and charges forward to SMACK the young champion in his chest with a huge corner clothesline!

DDK:
Some big shots by Angel Trinidad! And what a return this could be to DEFIANCE after a layoff! Tag Party, hired back to help train in BRAZEN and win the Favoured Saints Title!

Lance:
And he's not done!

Angel swings for the fences and starts wailing away on Giga-Dan with repeated clubbing shots in the corner!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE… TEN!

Ten heavy shots bring James to his knees while Angel Trinidad hops in place to mock DLJ and gets cheered heavily by his hometown crowd! Sonny Silver seethes outside the ring!

DDK:
DLJ has been on the roll of his career in 2024, but it could all be over in a matter of three seconds!

Angel Trinidad grabs DLJ by the arm and leads him to his feet before whipping him across the ring! James hits the corner and when he bounces out, Angel hits a HUGE dropkick that knocks Danny down! Angel takes in the cheers of The Faithful and climbs over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DLJ kicks out! Angel sits up and asks Rex if he's sure it was two! Sonny is breathing uneasily at ringside and looks like he's about to collapse, Fred Sanford-style.

Lance:
Angel Trinidad has clearly caught DLJ unaware! Danny thought he would be getting an easy first defense right now, but Trinidad is making it anything but so far!

DDK:
He's 6'10", is in fighting shape just under 300 pounds AND came in with the element of surprise! A deadly combo for sure!

Angel rolls back near the ropes and when he gets to the corner, he stomps his foot on the mat repeatedly getting his hometown crowd to clap along. He charges forward and looks to kick Dan's head off with a Size 16 Special, but DLJ MOVES out of the way of the oncoming bicycle kick!

DDK:
No! Angel misses the Size 16 Special!

Angel turns around, only to get STUNNED by a massive Fastball Chop from the three-sport athlete! The entire Pechanga Arena lets out a collective groan from the shot and as Angel is doubled over, DLJ takes to the ropes and takes Angel CLEAR off his feet with a powerful leaping shoulder tackle! DLJ sits up to his knees and starts smoldering directly into the nearby camera at ringside while Sonny is clapping along joyfully!

Lance:
No, DLJ takes control with the Fastball Chop followed by that massive flying shoulder tackle! Both men have somewhat similar styles, and DLJ is making the most of his gifts right now… well, beyond the posing.

Danny gets up and as Angel tries to get back to his feet, The Front Runner leaps to the nearby middle rope and LEAPS backwards to completely wipe out Trinidad with a springboard back elbow! Angel goes down in a heap and DLJ confidently goes for a lateral press on the former Team HOSS member!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:
What an amazing leap by DLJ off that ropes, but it's only a two-count! He should have hooked a leg there.

Lance:
But DLJ isn't done! He's back on the attack at Sonny Silver's behest.

Danny waits for Angel to try and stand, only to CRACK him with another forehand chop! He brings it to the San Diego Giant with another shot! He fires a third! Angel winces in pain while he's on his knees, but fires back with another shot

of his own! He doubles Dan over with another punch, but James fires back with a big running forearm smash that sends Trinidad back a few steps into the corner.

James runs cross-corner and stuns Angel with a huge corner clothesline of his own, but he can't at just one like a bag of Lays. He Lays (puns!) into him with a second running clothesline! Angel takes the hit, then DLJ gets gasps from The Faithful for his own strength when he picks Trinidad up for a standing sidewalk slam, then hits a jumping splash!

DDK:
What a series of moves by James! He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Trinidad kicks out again! James looks at Rex Knox with an angry smolder this time and tells him it was three, but Knox says otherwise with two fingers up. Sonny twirls his finger and tells Dan to wrap the match up!

Lance:
It's been DLJ in control since this match started! Giga-Dan may want to smolder less and focus more!

DDK:
Sonny Silver is telling him the same! And wow! A Cobra Twist submission! OSCAR no doubt taught him that move!

DLJ goes with a grounded Cobra Twist while Angel is seated, working both the neck and the side of Angel. Trinidad tries to fight through the pain while DLJ looks at the camera at ringside and flexes his jaw muscles. Angel tries to fight his way upwards, but Dan's doing a shockingly decent job of keeping the giant grounded. Trinidad fights up as The Faithful chant for their hometown boy!

ANGEL!
ANGEL!
ANGEL!

The former Team HOSS member grits his teeth and fights while DLJ has the hold locked in. Angel struggles, but manages to fight way way out…

DDK:
NO WAY! ANGEL JUST HIP-TOSSED HIS WAY RIGHT OUT OF THAT COBRA TWIST!

The Faithful can't believe it as Angel falls backwards into the nearby corner, trying to catch his breath after being locked in a submission. DLJ holds his back in pain with Sonny Silver telling him to get back up.

Lance:
DLJ has been in control after that initial shock wore off, but Angel Trinidad has a chance to rebound!

The former World Trios Champion waits on DLJ to stand, then RUNS him right down with a huge clothesline that knocks him off his feet! James tries to get back up again, but Angel kicks him with a shot to the gut and then runs the ropes to hit a big running knee lift upside the jaw! The staggering blow sends the Favoured Saints Champion back into the buckle for Angel to come in and hit a huge back elbow! He pulls DLJ out of the corner and then WIPES HIM OUT with a massive running bicycle kick that gets loud cheers!

DDK:
SIZE 16 SPECIAL! WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

Angel hooks both legs and The Faithful count along with their hometown monster!

ONE!

TWO!

THR…FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Lance:
NO! JAMES MAKES THE ROPES! HE JUST SAVED HIS TITLE!

The groaning is arena-wide as Sonny Silver yells at Rex Knox to make sure he sees the foot on the ropes! Angel can't believe the rare mistake he's made, but the former Team HOSS member gets back up and takes Danny with him by two handfuls of hair!

Lance:
Angel made a rare veteran mistake, but he

DDK:
Great ring positioning by Danny! But James is on the ropes now and Angel knows this is his chance to shine!

Angel has The Faithful cheering as he signals for his finishing sitout scoop slam driver called The Tall Order! He goes to get DLJ up on his shoulders… but at the last second, Giga-Dan slips his way free and lands behind Angel! He grabs the giant out of desperation and THROWS him shoulder-first into the nearby post! The thud is loud all throughout the arena and DLJ gets jeered as he backs away from the monster.

DDK:
No! Dan counters the Tall Order!

For good measure, he pulls the giant out, then THROWS him into the post a second time! Trinidad howls in pain and gets pulled out of the corner before DLJ has a hand wrapped around his throat! He POWERS him up and nearly spikes Trinidad into the canvas with a massive sitout chokeslam!

DDK:
Twice into that ringpost! And The Giga-Dan Slam! Cover!

DLJ hooks the leg and counts along for the fall! Sonny does the same from ringside as The Faithful jeer!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

♫ "Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix" by Carameii ♫

DLJ sits up and wipes sweat from his brow, breathing a huge sigh of relief that he has defeated the DEFIANCE veteran. James sits up and then slowly gets back to his feet to await being handed his title.

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner… and STILLLLLLL Favoured Saints Champion… **"GIGA" DAN LEO JAMES!**

Lance:
It took two times being thrown right into that ringpost and the Giga-Dan Slam, but DLJ makes his first successful defense of the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:
Definitely not without some controversy! But we can't argue with results and this is a hell of a big win for Dan Leo James under his belt!

All lights darken in the arena, save for a series of spotlights for DLJ to pose with the Favoured Saints Championship now safely nestled in his arms. Sonny Silver enters the ring and he smirks alongside the GC Universe's Brightest Star! Danny grins and starts flexing his jaw again.

Lance:
Angel Trinidad had nothing to be ashamed of after what's been a string of successful performances from him since his return to the company.

DDK:
And we've still got a lot of show left to go! In our main event, Titanes Familia versus The Lads in what promises to be a brutal affair!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

THE CLOCK IS TICKING, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Off the commercial break, we have Jamie Sawyers in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop as Gage Blackwood walks into the picture beside him. The fans give a ROAR but it's clear Gage isn't here to soak in the response.

Jamie Sawyers:
Gage, I can only imagine what's on your mind. After being backstabbed by Bronson Box, as it was Box all along who took you out a couple years ago…

Gage nods but Jamie is a pro and realizes he shouldn't be talking anymore. He doesn't need to recap everything that's happened, he just needs to give The Noble Raider some space.

Gage Blackwood:
Aye. I know Bronson Box isn't here tonight. After our most recent *interaction*, the Favored Saints said we are not allowed to be in the same arena *together*.

The Faithful boo at the thought of this. However, Blackwood grins.

Gage Blackwood:
Until DEFIANCE Road that is. Edinburgh. My hometown. Where my career started. It will be Gage Blackwood versus Bronson Box, one-on-one, and I WILL get my revenge.

Blackwood looks directly at the interviewer.

Gage Blackwood:
Jamie, aye. David Hightower was the first wrestler I ever battled here and you were his manager.

Jamie gulps like he remembers it clearly, as he was the agitator and even though Blackwood ended up winning the battle in the end, Sawyers and Hightower laid down a beating.

Blackwood grins warmly.

Gage Blackwood:
Nae bother, Jamie. I'm not here to hurt you. I know you were here since the start of my DEFIANCE career.

Gage closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Gage Blackwood:
If DEFIANCE Road is indeed the end of Gage Blackwood, so be it. I'm willing to end my life, to end the man who tried to kill me first.

Blackwood pats Sawyers on the back.

Gage Blackwood:
It's been a long and winding road, pal. I've got a lot of injuries now and the doctors *are* in my ear. I don't have much time left…

Blackwood smiles. This time, it's not a warm smile. It's an evil, sadistic one.

Gage Blackwood:
And that's a problem for Box.

Just like that, Blackwood walks off the set, potentially leaving a lot more questions than answers.

Lance:

Did he say… “he doesn’t have much time left”?

Keebler doesn’t reply, however, because DEFtv moves elsewhere.

NEED A RIDE?

The live feed fades to backstage, to a secluded corner of the locker room area, where a triad of DEFIANTs are quietly lounging in a space to themselves.

In folding chairs positioned face to face are the Rain City ronin, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, hunched over their respective Nintendo Switches. Close by, Kerry Kuroyama is sitting on the bench with his arms folded across his chest.

All three are dressed in matching black trainers with green, white, and blue chevron patterns. Kuroyama's jacket is removed, with a webbing of Kinesio tape visible past his black "CWS" tanktop. Lingering remnants from his battle two weeks ago against the Original DEFIANT, Bronson Box.

Zack Daymon:
[immersed]

Leo Burnett:
[engrossed]

While Daymon and Burnett lose themselves in the gaming world, the visual of Kuroyama at rest looks about as out of place as a luxury sports car engine being left to idle. One of his legs restlessly bounces as he looks between Zack and Daymon.

Kerry Kuroyama:
[...increasingly IMPATIENT]

A beat later, Kerry loses the battle, and pushes himself to his feet.

Kerry Kuroyama:
I'm going for a walk…

The Ronin don't even look up from their screens, but free up a single hand apiece to acknowledge the elder Seattle Dojo alum with confirming hand gestures.

Zack Daymon:
[thumbs up]

Leo Burnett:
[okey-dokey]

The camera stays with Kerry as he plucks his training jacket off the bench and puts it on while leaving the Ronin behind and making his way out of the locker room. Upon exiting, he glances over to the near corridor wrapping its way around the corner. After a moment of thought, he turns the corner and steps through the door leading to the parking lot.

Something is clearly on the mind of the Emerald Apex as he proceeds along the rows of parking vehicles, many belonging to some of the company's other talent groups, Kuroyama arrives at his destination when he finds the flashy stretch limousine bumping with music. The license plate clearly bears the letters "GCU".

Drawing in a breath to steel himself, Kerry knocks on the window.

The door opens and one can hear giggling from the other side. Suddenly, a masked head pokes out of the GC Universe limo.

Mil Vueltas:
Señoras, señoras! I didn't think you'd be here alre… Ah!

He looks up and sees this is definitely not Bonita en Rosa I y II as he expected… but rather a pretty pissed-off Kerry Kuroyama who has clearly not forgotten about Mil's involvement in his business.

Kerry Kuroyama:
Got a minute?

Mil Vueltas:
What the hell are you doing here?!

Kerry Kuroyama:
Wanted to talk. About what went down at the last show. Because I didn't ask for your help, nor did I want it. But because you were out there, I had to take my attention off one of the most dangerous men to ever enter this profession and suffer the kind of consequences that come with that mistake…

Kuroyama lightly rubs at his shoulder, a slight wince showing ever-so-briefly on his stoic face.

Kerry Kuroyama:
Maybe you don't realize this--or maybe you don't care--but that ring is a sacred place for me. I'm not putting my time and effort out there to indulge in distractions and bullshit; I'm there for the sport. Even when Vae Victis was reigning supreme over this company, I held true to that belief as best I could. So, I appreciate the gesture, but if you could please… stay the hell out of my affairs from here on out.

Mil tries to man up to the larger Emerald Apex as the door swings open a little more.

Mil Vueltas:
Mi sincera opinión, cabron? I don't care what the ring is to you.

He looks up.

Mil Vueltas:
Between you and me, I don't even know what Senor Silver and OSCAR BURNS still see in you… but because WE'RE amigos now, I tried to do them favor by helping you…

Mil coldly shrugs… and even has a hint of a smile.

Mil Vueltas:
Not my fault you lost.

Kerry Kuroyama:
You don't need to patronize me, Mil. I know well enough when I'm not liked. I don't know what your issue is, and honestly, I don't really care, because I'm only tolerating you to keep things cool with Sonny and OSCAR.

A slight smile forms on his face, combating one permasmirk for another.

Kerry Kuroyama:
But hey, seeing as how I've got nothing better to do tonight, why don't I give you the chance to do something about it? Let's be wrestlers here, and settle things out there in the ring, one on one.

Caught off-guard by the challenge, Mil's head darts around.

Mil Vueltas: [stammering]
Wait… you? Me? Ring? Tonight? Ehh…

Light bulb.

Mil Vueltas:
How you say… that doesn't work for me, hermano. Just remembered…. I have match tonight. Yeah. Against uh…

Second light bulb.

Mil Vueltas:
Chris… Chris Chickentenders! Yeah! That little cabron you beat a few weeks back… wanted another shot at big time. Me desafió a una pelea! He even challenged me before you did, so… yeah. I'll show him AND you what Big Time really is!

Kerry wants to strangle him, but before any physicality can take place, Sonny Silver pokes his head out through the door.

Sonny Silver:
Mil, hey… aw, damn it. Kerry. I was hoping to catch you later, but if you're here now…

Kerry Kuroyama:
Sonny…

He notices the tension between the two.

Sonny Silver:
Look, I'm sorry to do this. I gotta talk business with Mil Vueltas, but I promise that OSCAR and I are gonna make up for what happened in your match. We know you didn't want help out there and I promise…

Sonny scowls towards The GLOAT, whose jawline tenses up, realizing he did bad.

Sonny Silver:
We'll find a way to make this up to you.

Kerry Kuroyama:
It's all cool, Sonny… just wanted to get my point across. I appreciate the gesture, though.

Sonny Silver:
Anytime. [turning to Mil] Mil, let's go. We need to have a chat…. NOW.

Mil eyes Kerry one more time as Sonny shakes his head.

Sonny Silver:
Again. Sorry. We'll talk soon.

As the door shuts to the limo, words that sound like "Get me match with Chris Chickentenders now!" can be heard from within. Kerry folds his arms and walks away before the scene cuts elsewhere.

THE GAME SPOT: VINTAGE EDITION

DEFtv moves to ringside where the canvas mat is covered with a lime green XBOX rug, there are two bean bag chairs, a gaming chair (a Naz Tachi Ergonomic high-back faux leather red gaming chair to be exact), a coffee table, a retro tube television and an SNES hooked into it.

Before the announcers can introduce what's happening, a familiar theme song begins.

♫ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♫

The Faithful go ballistic as Conor Fuse comes out, sporting a lime green suit with lime green dress pants, a white shirt and a lime green tie. While Conor is dressed nicely, and he has a little energy flowing through him, it doesn't look like he's particularly his happy, chipper self. Needless to say, Fuse strolls down the rampway, knocks fists with some of The Faithful and arrives at the apron. Instead of leaping onto the apron and clearing the ropes with another jump, he simply rolls under the ring and reveals a mic in his hands. Conor's theme song comes to a quick close.

Conor Fuse:
Hello… Faithful!

Cheers. However, a moment after, Conor looks down at the lime green XBOX rug and shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:
Welcome to The Game Spot, my old interview segment from years ago…

The Ultimate Gamer struggles to squeak out the following sentence.

Conor Fuse:
Brought back because Malak Garland wanted it for NoStAlGiA purposes.

Hard boos follow from the crowd after hearing Garland's name.

Conor Fuse:
After all, I guess I really *am* still part of The Comments Section, so therefore, what Malak says, goes.

More boos as Conor looks to the back.

Conor Fuse:
Without further ado, let me introduce to you my first guest…

♫ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♫

Malak Garland strolls out, bumping and thrusting to his hardcore, badass theme song. Of course, the FLAKE of DEFIANCE title belt is over his right shoulder, while Garland sports his ring gear but wears a baby blue snowflake inspired robe, too. Malak strolls down the rampway, a lot happier than his counterpart Conor. Eventually arriving at the edge of the apron, Garland looks up with a stunned, yet warm and fuzzy look on his face. He acts as if this is a surprise, to see The Game Spot interview setup… how the ring is on display like a teenager's bedroom and how Garland never saw this coming (even though Conor just outed him as the idiot who wanted this to begin with). Garland struts up the steel steps and slips into the ring. He b-lines it right to Conor and offers his hand.

Conor, reluctantly, agrees to shake it.

Malak Garland: [under his breath]
Joy.

The Garland theme comes to a close as Conor moves to the middle of the ring.

Conor Fuse:
And now my second guest…

Conor rolls his eyes and takes a gulp.

Conor Fuse:
My brother, Tyler Fuse.

♫ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♫

The crowd gives a much stronger mixed reaction for Tyler, who eventually emerges from behind the FIST logo. Sporting black jeans and a black shirt, the typical 'No Fucks Given' Tyler Fuse marches down the rampway, rolls under the bottom rope and stands in the middle of the ring, right in front of Conor.

Tyler's theme comes to a close, while Malak is trying to get the elder Fuse's attention.

Lance:
It looks like Malak wants Tyler to sit in one of the bean bag chairs so Malak can choose the other one. Leaving Conor with the obvious gaming chair.

DDK:
The desperation from our world champion, it reeks so badly.

Tyler, however, isn't going to choose to sit anywhere. Plus the longer this drags on, the more it seemingly rattles Garland.

Conor Fuse: [minorly insincere]
Thank you both for being here-

Garland walks over and leans into Conor's microphone.

Malak Garland:
Conor, aren't you going to tell your brother to take a seat? He's triggering my anxiety.

Conor rolls his eyes yet again. He looks over at his deadpan brother, obviously knowing Tyler is not going to take direction from anyone, not even him. Conor looks back at Malak and shakes his head no.

So, instead, Malak snatches the microphone out of Conor's hands.

Malak Garland:
I'll be taking this.

The crowd boos.

Malak Garland:
Conor, thank you for organizing all by yourself.

More boos because we all know who was behind this.

Malak Garland:
I feel like my inner chakras have aligned because of the spine tingling nostalgia on display.

Tyler takes a step forward, so Malak takes a step back.

Malak Garland:

For a while there, I was feeling needy but now, being in this ring, with all your vintage stuff around me, Conor, I am feeling whole. I am feeling-

Garland was getting into rhythm. So much rhythm he didn't see Tyler take a couple MOAR steps forward and snatch the mic right out of his hands.

Tyler Fuse:
Dude, shut up. Do you even know who you are?

Garland shakes with anxiety after realizing he doesn't have the mic anymore and Tyler is verbally laying into him.

Tyler Fuse:
I mean this question. It's an honest question. Do. You. Know. Who. You. Are? One minute you've got confidence, the next you're doing exactly what you're doing now… shaking in your boots. I leave you a shell of your former self in the middle of the ring, in your hometown one month ago and then two weeks ago you've got this newfound confidence again because you've pulled Conor back by your side.

Malak starts shaking his head like "that's right, I do" and suddenly he doesn't have anxiety.

Until Tyler starts up once more.

Tyler Fuse:
From rage rooms to lucha libre, from trying to be Kerry Kuroyama to Mil Vueltas, from marriage to divorce in the span of ONE WEEK. You're a Cassidy, you're a Garland… you know what I think you REALLY are?

Tyler steps right into Malak's face.

Tyler Fuse:
You're an insecure loser who has no honest idea who he is, so you have to latch onto anything you think is even remotely interesting -which for the record is literally EVERYTHING you come across when compared to how bland you are- and hope these changes make you believe you are important, even though you're not.

Tyler looks at the FIST.

Tyler Fuse:
Yes, you're the champion, you beat Dex Joy last year. I will say the most hilarious thing about you is…

Tyler looks Malak over, from his shoes to the top of his head.

Tyler Fuse:
…Is you actually have talent hidden deep inside there. If you were okay with being so insecure, you'd actually stop being it. You'd realize there's [looking over at Conor with the reference] MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE. Malak Garland isn't just a boring idiot… you have wrestling ability. You can convey a solid message when you want to. And you have this incredible ability of getting under other people's skin, forcing them off their game.

Tyler winks.

Tyler Fuse:
But you're a "snowflake", as you say. Obsessed with the psychological idea that you have to know absolutely everything about what makes you tick, you have to be everything, you have to do everything, you need to know ALL the answers.

Garland shakes his head like Tyler absolutely gets it!

Tyler Fuse:

Except that's impossible, dipshit.

Well, this certainly rattled Malak.

Tyler Fuse:
I walk to the ring, day in and day out and I ooze confidence. I'm stoic, I'm laser focused, I **am** intensity personified. But I'm also… flawed.

Tyler nods along.

Tyler Fuse:
Yeah, you're god damn right I said it. I acknowledge. It's not something I'm going to say often or maybe ever again. The bottomline here, Malak, is I **know** who I am. And you don't have a clue how to actually define yourself.

The OG Player smirks.

Tyler Fuse:
That's why I'm going to take the FIST. Because unlike Brock and Pat, who are world renowned athletes themselves and two wrestlers who know EXACTLY who they are, they were blinded by rage. Revenge. YOU, Malak Garland, had the psychological advantage on them. You have NOTHING on me.

Tyler motions to Conor.

Tyler Fuse:
Want to bring my brother into this? Do you think that's going to "throw me off my game"? [Looking at Conor] Bro, no offense, but we're totally different people. I'll always have your back but I also know you won't get in my way. And I won't get in yours. [Bringing his attention back to Malak] Congratulations on arranging this little interview segment. It does nothing for me; you're delaying the inevitable. I am going to win the title in three weeks time and you are going to cry like a baby and then find another way to reinvent yourself while I just go on being me… the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Fuse flips the mic directly into Garland's chest. Malak catches it as the crowd gives a cheer for Tyler's slander.

A tear rolls down Malak's eyes but then he closes them both, rubs his face profusely and pulls the mic up to his face.

Malak Garland: [speaking quickly without pauses]
You're a dick, you're a bully and this is where it ends!

Garland screams into the microphone.

Malak Garland:
You're WRONG. Conor ***HATES*** you. Do you remember when you and Conor lost to me and Cyrus at DEFCON? YOU WALKED OUT ON HIM. You left him HANGING. What for, Tyler? The Kabal? LOL, get fucked.

The swear word happens to leak through the censorship amidst more of Garland's nervous tears.

Malak Garland:
You say you know who you are? What's that? The Tyler who joined The Kabal and backtracked his career a few years? Or the Tyler who fought old man Jack Harmen? Anyone could've ended grandpa Harmen's career, he was practically begging for it. Hell, my ex-wife Siobhan could've done it AND I HATE HER!

Lance:
Um, okay…

Malak Garland:
Conor cares for you, Tyler. Every single time you two meet backstage in a segment HE'S the one who's trying to be

YOUR friend. You take things for granted, Tyler. You're a narcissist. I am triggered. You're a gaslighter. I am triggered. You are a mean SOB. I am triggered.

Garland's entire body is shaking. He walks right into Tyler and bumps him on the chest.

Malak Garland:
I AM TRIGGERED. I AM TRIGGERED. I AM-

WHAM!

Tyler pops Malak right in the nose! The crowd cheers but Conor is there to jump in the middle of both of them.

Conor Fuse:
ENOUGH!

Conor pushes Malak into a corner of the ring and then looks over at his brother.

Conor Fuse:
Malak isn't going to fight you tonight, your match is coming up. None of this shit on my segment, eh?

Conor glances over to Malak.

Conor Fuse:
As for you, dude, yeah whatever. Maybe Tyler isn't always the greatest to me but he's not manipulating me, either. He is who he is. He doesn't get me to tag with him versus Pat and Brock against my will. He doesn't demand I be the enforcer for his FIST match versus The Deacon. He doesn't screw me over and force me to join The Comments Section to begin with, then leaves me alone, then DEMANDS I come back…

Garland leans into the mic that Conor now has.

Malak Garland:
But we are destined to do this forever, Conor. You and I…

Conor stops, raises an eyebrow and stares directly at Malak.

Malak Garland:
You're my Fight Forever, my Ring-Around-The-Rosey kinda guy. You're my Batman, I'm the Joker. I know you like comic books too, Conor. I know you've always wanted a mortal enemy…

It looks like these words really start sinking into Conor's mind. Malak gives him space for a moment but then points the finger at Tyler.

Malak Garland:
But HE'S supposed to be your best friend and he's abandoned you time after time. To be honest, the ACE of DEFIANCE was supposed to be yours! YOU were on the trajectory! Not him. He stole your spot! TYLER! TYLER DID IT! I'm your Ganon! I'm King Koopa! Me vs. you, you vs. me! ALWAYS AND FOREVER, CoNoR!! ALWAYS. AND. FOREVER.

Garland drops to his knees and rolls out of the ring to an even louder chorus of boos. It's clear he's too rattled to continue. Act or not? You decide. But the FIST is marching up the rampway, leaving Conor standing there, staring at his brother. Meanwhile, Tyler shrugs it off.

Tyler Fuse: [off-mic]
He's an idiot.

Conor nods along.

Conor Fuse: [also off-mic]
I know.

Wait, there's more.

Conor Fuse:
But he has a point.

Conor's words don't exactly phase Tyler, the older brother merely shrugs them off, drops to his own knees and rolls out of the ring, too. He walks up the rampway. Malak Garland is long gone.

DDK:
Well in three weeks, we've got the match.

The graphic shows: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. TYLER FUSE for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:
I have a feeling- well, you know what? I don't have a feeling. I don't know what's going to happen.

Conor watches his brother walk up the rampway as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFy AWARDS

FIST of DEFIANCE
Malak Garland (C) vs. Tyler Fuse

MIL VUELTAS vs. CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS

DDK:
What a match we have next… kind of impromptu, I'd guess? Mil Vueltas is apparently going to be taking on… Chris Chickentenders up next.

Lance:
It's wild to me that Mil Vueltas stuck his nose in Kerry Kuroyama's business two weeks ago, potentially costing him one of the biggest matches of his career. Then when Kerry wants Mil in a match himself, he suddenly remembers he has a match tonight.

DDK:
Funny how that works, huh? Well, anyway, let's get to more in-ring action! "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas takes on Chris Chickentenders next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing the official spokesman for the GC Universe… a multiple-time world champion! A PRIME Hall of Famer! A Silver Lining Wrestling Hall of Famer! And here to please your eardrums with his pleasing voice… his words… **SONNY SILVER!**

Once again, Sonny Silver is on the stage. After successfully managing DLJ to his first successful defense of the Favoured Saints Championship, he smirks.

Sonny Silver:
Earlier tonight, you saw the Brightest Star in the GC Universe, "Giga" Dan Leo James, kick Angel Trinidad's big ass in no time flat to retain his Favoured Saints Title! Now, tonight, you're gonna see "The GLOAT"! The Fastest Man in the GC Universe! Accompanied via SUV limo by BRAZEN Women's Champion Bonita en Rosa I and Bonita en Rosa II… please welcome "The Greatest Luchador of All Time"... **MIL VUELTAS!**

The lyrics start kicking in and the camera switches to the interior of what appears to be some sort of limo. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but four shadows can be made out. All three appear to be masked. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage…

♫ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♫

The front door opens… Two young luchadoras walk out from the SVU limo first, wearing matching pink flower-themed costumes - with one of them having the BRAZEN Women's Championship around her waist… finally making is way out… Decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask all covered in red and blue rhinestones, Mil Vueltas is trying to hurry and throw on some wrist tape, then quickly puts on his coat.

DDK:
Hmm… for a match he already had scheduled, seems like he's taking forever to get ready.

DDK:
He did put this entrance together awful fast, I'll give him that.

Sonny tries to get into manager mode.

Sonny Silver:
THERE HE IS! THERE'S MY GLOAT!

Mil walks over and high-fives Sonny, then resumes his walk with the Lucha Lovelies walking arm in arm down the aisle. Once he reaches the stage, he holds his arms out to allow Bonita I y II to take his fur coat off. He slowly walks up the steps, paces on the apron for the girls to kiss either cheek, then he leaps to the top rope in one jump and does a

360 flip to land on his feet! Casually smirking, he waits for the arrival of one Mister Chickentenders…

♫ “Moving in Stereo” by The Cars ♫

A slender silhouette appears on the stage. Even backlit, we can see the individual wearing sunglasses and a jacket with a clearly popped collar. When the stage lights come up, Chris Chickentenders is revealed in all his cringe-inducing glory. While he struts his stuff from one end of the stage to the next, his beleaguered trainer Rocko Daymon walks out, sighs at the sight of his charge, and leads him down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing the opponent, accompanied to the ring by Rocko Daymon, hailing from “your mom’s bedroom” by way of New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing in at one-hundred and forty-three pounds… the last surviving member of THE REZISTANCE… please welcome... CHRIIIIIIIIS CHIIIICKEEEENTEENNDERRRRRRRRRRSSSS!!!

DDK:
Seriously? A hundred and forty-three pounds?

Lance:
That’s actually five pounds more since his last weigh-in.

DDK:
Well, at least we can credit Rocko Daymon for bulking him up a little bit. Still, I don’t know what anyone can possibly make of this young man, who only got into DEFIANCE because of his love of psychopaths like Crimson Stalker and Arthur Pleasant.

Chickentenders struts down the aisle. The moment he locks eyes with the Lucha Lovelies, he stops in his tracks and his jaw nearly hits ramp.

Chris Chickentenders:
Dude, look at those lucha-chicks, I bet they’re TOTALLY into me, and hey, why does Mil get chicks but I don’t get any, is that like a thing I have to sign up for?

Rocko Daymon:
Damnit, Chris, get your head in the game here, and stop thinking of your downstairs longnose!

Chris Chickentenders:
…uhhhhhh what’s a “downstairs longnose”, is that like a Seattle thing?

Rocko Daymon:
Focus, kid! It’s time to get into plumber mode here!

Chris Chickentenders: [plumber-voice]
Yeah… dope… badass…

Chris ascends the steps and goes through the ropes to enter the ring, leaving a wary-looking Daymon at ringside. He scales a turnbuckle and poses, although the fans (ladies especially) find the flavor of these Chickentenders to be rather mild.

DDK:
Well, he didn’t lose his balance this time…

Lance:
I guess that’s some improvement?

The entire time that Chris makes his entrance, Mil is laying across the top turnbuckle in a corner, blowing kisses to his

beau, Bonita en Rosa I on the outside and then pointing over at Sonny Silver. After looking pretty amused at his competition tonight, he finally leaps out of the corner and gets ready for the match.

DING DING

Mil holds his hands up for a classic lock-up with Chris. The second that the DEF Radio cult favorite tries to lock up… MIL RUNS INSTEAD!

DDK:
Goodness! Look at him go!

The GLOAT speeds off the ropes and before Chickentenders can even respond, Mil suddenly moves off the adjacent ropes. He zooms around and behind Chickentenders to run the adjacent ropes. Chickentenders looks almost lost when Mil runs past him again, only to zip right outside the ring to jump to the floor, and then over the barricade to the front row where he waves to the Lucha Lovelies at ringside. Chris Chickentenders can't even believe it as he looks at Rocko Daymon outside.

Chris Chickentenders:
Whoa… like… okay, that was pretty badass, cause like first he was over here, then there and now out there, and dude, I gotta learn that!

Rocko Daymon:
Just stick with what you know for now and STAY FOCUSED, kid!

Lance:
Mil is just having a grand old time tonight, isn't he? He managed to talk himself out of a match and possibly a reckoning with Kerry Kuroyama for… this.

The Fastest Man in the GC Universe yells out at Chris.

Mil Vueltas:
Cabron! Come catch me and I'll show you how I did that!

Chris Chickentenders: [plumber-voice]
Bitchin'...

Rocko is yelling at Chris not to fall for it cause when he does, he exits the ring, only for Mil to shoot right past him and head into the ring! Chickentenders looks at Rocko, but before he even realizes what's happening, Vueltas LEAPS OVER the ropes and even does a dab mid-dive before crashing down with a springboard tope con hilo! The San Diego Faithful may not like him, but the move was impressive!

DDK:
We've seen a few flashes of brilliance from Chickentenders with Rocko Daymon coaching him, but right now, this kid might be out of his depth speed-wise.

The GLOAT points over to Sonny and The Lucha Lovelies again before he grabs Chris and sends him back into the ring. He slingshots over the ropes and crashes down with a picture-perfect senton! As Chris pops up from the impact, Mil keeps running and then SMACKS the taste out of Chickentenders' mouth with a sliding dropkick!

Lance:
From one move to the next in lightning-quick fashion!

Daymon has his face buried into the palm of his hand. Mil pulls Chris away from the ropes and then connects with a running shooting star press! Chris gasps for air after the impact as Mil goes for a rather lazy cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Chris Chickentenders gets the shoulder up, but The GLOAT does not appear to be the least bit concerned. Rocko Daymon continues to try and coach his protege into a comeback, but Mil sits up and starts to disrespectfully paintbrush Chris with light shots from his rhinestone-covered boots.

DDK:
It's amazing but it's also unfortunate what OSCAR BURNS and GC Universe have done for people like DLJ and Mil Vueltas. These were one much-beloved favorites who've been lured in by money and greed.

Lance:
Locking PCP in their locker room for the GC Universe to attack Elise Ares and Butcher Victorious. Lying his way to get out of serious matches. All this excessive partying we've seen out of El Escuadron….

Mil sits up and laughs, then offers a free shot to Chickentenders as he tries to get up. The GLOAT slaps the side of his mask, offering it up. When Chris swings, Mil steps back and Chris hits the canvas. Mil starts laughing…

But the smile wipes away from his face the second that he sees someone that he doesn't want to see…

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:
It's Kerry Kuroyama! What's he doing out here?

Lance:
I mean, Mil Vueltas stuck his nose where it didn't belong a couple weeks ago. Why can't he?

Kerry is content hanging on the stage for the moment. He briefly locks eyes with his former mentor Daymon, but remains focused on the action in the ring. Sonny Silver looks surprised by this turn of events, but Mil does not look pleased in the slightest. Bonita I y II are both warning Mil about what's behind him. He turns…

RIGHT INTO A SPINEBUSTER BY CHICKENTENDERS!

DDK:
NO WAY! NO WAY! DID I JUST SEE WHAT I JUST SAW?! CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS TAKES DOWN MIL VUELTAS WITH A SPINEBUSTER!

Chris is down on the mat while everyone in the arena is in pure shock! Even Rocko Daymon can't believe it, but he claps his hands and continues supporting his charge. Kerry has his arms folded, but he's trying to hide a smirk. Mil's mouth is twisted in a pained expression while Chris slowly pulls himself up with the nearby ropes… and then SHAKES THE ROPES VIOLENTLY!

Chris Chickentenders:
AWW YEAH I'M FEELIN' THE POWER NOW, AND LIKE, THESE CHICKENTENDERS ARE GETTIN' EXTRA **EXTRA** CRISPY RIGHT NOW, DUDES!!

Lance:
I don't know what's going on, other than I think the beast has been unleashed!

Mil tries to get up and by the time he makes it to his feet, he eats a pair of feet from Chris Chickentenders courtesy of a big dropkick! The Faithful are completely in the corner of the DEF Radio fan favorite as he stands up and starts

feeding off the energy of the San Diego crowd!

DDK:
This is one of those flashes of brilliance we talked about earlier! It only takes three seconds to change the trajectory of your career!

Lance:
Mil's unwillingness to take this match seriously may come back to haunt him!

The GLOAT doesn't look so great at the moment as he tries to get back to his feet again in a daze! Vueltas tries to get up a second time, but he gets hit with a clothesline that knocks both men off their feet! Kerry looks out to Chris Chickentenders, who looks for advice from Rocko.

Rocko Daymon:
Focus on Vueltas! You got a chance to win, kid! Do it!

Chris gets up and tries to pick Mil up! He has him in a powerbomb position, only to JUMP forward and ROCK him with a picture-perfect destroyer!

DDK:
NO WAY! NO WAY! WHERE THE HECK DID HE PULL **THAT**?!

Chris Chickentenders: [plumber-voice]
Badass…

Chickentenders is giddy and looks amazed at himself for what he's just done! The Faithful are as well… but he fails do one major thing and that's pin Mil… who has already rolled out of the ring! Chris realizes this, with Rocko yelling at him to go get him back in the ring!

Lance:
Chris Chickentenders just hit a Destroyer on Mil Vueltas! I've seen EVERYTHING!

DDK:
But he's gotta hurry and get back in the ring!

Sonny and the Lucha Lovelies look completely stunned at what's happening! Kerry is still silently observing. Chris hurries and goes outside the ring to get Mil back on the inside. It takes him a few moments, but he goes outside and gets him back in. Chris starts flexing some more and chuckling under his breath about how badass his last move was! He gets back into the ring and is in the corner, now giving his attention to Mil's Lucha Lovelies.

Chris Chickentenders:
Sup, ladies, you two like, doing anything after the match or whatever?

The Lovelies look to one another.

Bonita I
Oye, ese es El Gallo Blanco?

Bonita II
Sí! Es tan guapo como dicen!

They begin to swoon.

Chris Chickentenders:
Yeah, thought so, I'm totally popular with the chicks down south of the bord--OOFF!!

OOOOOOHHHHHHH!

Out of nowhere, Mil hits a cartwheel into a STIFF jumping high kick in the corner that knocks spit out of Chris Chickentenders' mouth, sending him spiraling to the canvas! Mil holds his neck in pain and doesn't stop, but it's clear he's LIVID now after being shown up a little by the upstart!

DDK:
He calls that move The Greatest Kick Known To Man! Very humble of him!

Mil looks up at the top turnbuckle. His neck is still bothering him, but The GLOAT goes to the top rope, then hits a moonsault double foot stomp!

DDK:
And that's GLOATED! This one is it!

Angrily, Vueltas is still clutching onto his neck but he uses his other hand to hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♫ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner… "**THE GLOAT**" **MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil is pissed off in spite of the win, but is helped a little when The Lucha Lovelies and Sonny Silver join him in the ring. Mil looks at the Lucha Lovelies with a quick scowl.

DDK:
He's not happy at all! We all know why he took this match last-minute tonight, just to get out of having to fight Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance:
And he almost got shown up in the process! And speaking of…

Sonny raises Vueltas' hand, but as he does this, Kerry is heard clearing his throat and has a microphone.

Kerry Kuroyama:
Congratulations, Mil. Take it from me, overcoming a student of Rocko Daymon is no easy task in that ring…

He exchanges a look with Daymon, walking by him and returning to the back with the unconscious body of Chickentenders draped over his shoulder. Even he can't suppress the urge to roll his eyes.

Kerry Kuroyama:
But I'm interested to see if you can do it again against another of his students. Specifically, me. Because I was serious when I offered you the chance to step into the ring and settle whatever issue you have with me.

He wrinkles his nose and shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Unfortunately, you couldn't give me a serious answer. And that didn't sit right with me. So, I admit, I got a bit restless. And, I took matters into my own hands… by going directly to the Favoured Saints board of directors.

Dread falls over Mil Vueltas and Sonny Silver as they realize what's about to be announced. A smile forms on the face of the Emerald Apex.

Kerry Kuroyama:
Turns out, Mil, they were just as serious about my offer as I was. So we came to an agreement. In two weeks, at DEFIANCE's special Year End event in Las Vegas, you and I will finally get an opportunity to hash things out. One on one. In the ring.

Mil's jaw drops. He looks over at Sonny and starts yelling at him in Spanish to do something, but Sonny throws his hands up!

Lance:
Whoa! Mil Vueltas just got more than he bargained for! Kerry Kuroyama! Mil Vueltas, first-time ever for the first time when DEFtv takes place from The Sphere in Las Vegas!

DDK:
That's what he gets for barking up this tree!

Kerry Kuroyama:
See you in Vegas, gentlemen.

Kerry nods at the pair and then leaves the stage as Mil and the Lucha Lovelies all protest to Sonny, who has no idea what to do as the scene heads backstage!

QUALITY OR COMPLACENCY

The camera cuts to the interview stage, where Christy Zane stands, microphone in hand.

Christy Zane:
Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome at this time… “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas!

♫ “Smilin’ and Dyin’” by Green River ♫

The Faithful pop for DEFIANCE’s Favorite Son.

The camera widens as Douglas approaches the interview stage, his usual stoic expression in place.

Christy Zane:
Scott, earlier tonight, Cyrus Bates had some strong words about your performance. Specifically, he insisted that you’re still dealing with injuries … and even implied that they’ve kept you from being at your best in the ring, questioning the *QUALITY* of your abilities in the ring. What’s your response to that?

Douglas adjusts his stance, as he leans toward the microphone slightly. A flicker of irritation crosses his face before he responds.

Scott Douglas:
I wasn’t too hurt to beat Thurston Hunter two weeks ago on DEFtv, was I? Bates can keep talking like my body’s breaking down, but the fact is, I’m still standing and still winning. He’s welcome to come down here and take notes on that if he wants.

The Faithful erupt, rallying behind Douglas’ assertive response. Christy gives a moment to let the noise die down before following up.

Christy Zane:
And we saw Bate’s do, *just that*, two weeks ago. This week … he’s laid out a challenge to you Scott. Cyrus Bates vs. Scott Douglas at DEFIANCE ROAD, where he insists he’ll expose you to the world. And I’m sure the Faithful here in San Diego …

Hold for the obligatory town name pop.

Christy Zane:
… want to know; what do you have to say about that!?

Without hesitation, Scott replies.

Scott Douglas:
Book it! I don’t have any problem --

Scott suddenly frowns as the lights dim. Peering over his shoulder and towards the entranceway as the soft, woeful sound of a string quartet begins to play, Douglas instinctively squares up with the top of the rampway. Smoke rolls through the curtain before the emergence of Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Looking a tad more rough-and-tumble in his beaten corduroy jacket and khakis than he might have in his black pressed suit and matching bowler, Nigel flaps a worn brown leather fedora onto his head with an immeasurable smile smeared across his face. The lights come back up and the music fades.

The camera catches Douglas’ eyes slowly narrow at the old man’s appearance. Nigel fawns, the smile unbreaking.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
Forgive me. Forgive me for the intrusion, Christine. Absolve me from this crime, Great Scott. But I fear that you do have a problem. Your peers are doubting you, Scott. Your very colleagues are questioning whether or not you can “still

go", as the parlance parleys.

Nigel feigns sympathy.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
This must feel like such a betrayal. It's a brotherhood, isn't it? Isn't it meant to be so? To hear they feel this way; It must hurt. Your brothers. Who else can you trust? Who else's trust can you EARN?!

Shaking his head, Nigel's gaze trails off into the crowd… as if he can't bring himself to look Douglas in the eye.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
The very men you split meals with, gas fare, that you share the locker room with, that you share the ring with, they question whether you should still be in their sport. If you truly listen, they're questioning if you should have STAYED gone.

The crowd boos the Lord's words, Douglas ignores them, and Nigel plows forward.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
It bears mentioning that there isn't a soul alive wondering the same of ME.

The collective displeasure reaches a cacophony and Nigel raises his voice to be heard over it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
Unanimously, everyone agrees that I have much to offer this and the next generation. Everyone agrees that they are glad to have me back in DEFIANCE.

Nigel blinks back the boos, eyes locked on Douglas across from him on the interview stage.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
…but you? Aren't you, yourself, questioning? Isn't there some ember of doubt flickering within you?

Suddenly, the smile is real.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
What if you can't do this anymore, Scott? What if this isn't home anymore, Scott? What if this is no longer the DEFIANCE you remember?

Nigel pins the top button on his brown corduroy closed.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
What if you don't FIT anymore, Scott?

Taking a step forward on the interview stage, it's clear that Douglas' patience wanes. The faithful egg him on.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
"What if it's too late", you must be asking yourself. I implore you: It's never too late. I urge you. Do accept the challenge of the eager and lively Cyrus Bates for DEFROAD. Face him in the ring. EXCEED his expectations and his stringent standards IF YOU CAN!

Douglas takes a moment to listen to the support of the Faithful. On the entrance ramp, Lord Nigel scowls at his counterpart.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
But FIRST! You'll test yourself, you'll measure your very QUALITY, against my Most Precious Commodity.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
You've seen what MP1 is capable of.

The boo's become too loud for Nigel to press through. He pauses, scanning the arena with dismay. The Faithful take up a low-toned, slow chant.

COOOOORRR-VOOOOOOOO!!!
COOOOORRR-VOOOOOOOO!!!!
COOOOORRR-VOOOOOOOO!!!

Nigel shakes his head. He speaks directly to the crowd, silencing them.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
Maybe you've noticed, San Diegans, but Corvo Alpha is GONE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:
Corvo Alpha is but a memory… A memory that will only hurt you when you look back. And you, Scott…I worry that your career might suffer the same fate, Scott. And offer you an opportunity to quiet the critics before DEFROAD. Before you meet Bates. Face MP1 at DEFtv 213 and, once and for all, perhaps we'll both earn the trust of those we seek. Mr. Bates can thank me later.

A mixed reaction as Zane meets Douglas in the center of the interview stage. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son wisely measures his response, smiling just slightly.

Scott Douglas:
I'll tell you what, Nige…

Douglas politely takes the microphone completely from Christie's hand. She melts into the background as Douglas steps forward.

Scott Douglas:
I'm done listening to your sermons, Nigel. So, yes - next DEFtv bring MP1 … bring *anyone* you want.

The Faithful roar their approval as Douglas stares down Lord Nigel Trickelbush, who remains smug and unfazed on the rampway.

Scott Douglas:
I don't need your approval, your doubts, or your dime-store psychology to prove who I am. I've been proving it my entire career.

The Faithful erupt into cheers, chanting "SUB POP! SUB POP!" as Douglas steps closer to Tricklebush. Douglas holds the microphone back toward Christy Zane, who takes it, as Douglas maintains eye contact with Nigel.

♫ "Smilin' and Dyin'" by Green River ♫

Douglas exits as the camera lingers on Lord Nigel Tricklebush, his smug grin unwavering. With a self-assured tilt of his fedora, he revels in what he has sown here tonight. Turning on his heel, Tricklebush strides confidently back through the curtain, the devious glint in his eye hinting at plans yet to unfold.

Christy Zane:
Well, there you have it! Not only will we see "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in action on the next DEFtv against MP1 but also

Cyrus Bates at DEFRoad! And one has to wonder, what does Nigel Trickelbush have up his sleeve?

Cut to elsewhere.

JJ DIXON vs. MAX LUCK

Lance:
Up next in action, we have “The Beast of the Bright Lights” Max Luck, looking to avenge his twin brother, Mason Luck after being bitten by Madame Melton’s snake, Algernon! As Mason Luck remains in a medically-induced coma from what last we heard, it’s up to Max and Lonnie Luck to uphold the Luck Family name against JJ Dixon of Madame Melton’s Most Precious Gems!

DDK:
Max made the challenge from his twin brother’s bedside and Melton accepted! The Fatal Attraction is a very bad man, but we *know* what the Lucks can do when someone crosses them.

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE’S Hottest Tag Team
&
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!

♫ “World On Fire” by Corrosion of Conformity ♫

Red and green lights fill the arena and colored red and green pyro explodes! Max Luck marches out on a mission to hutr. Behind him, Lonnie Luck is the last to follow, feeding off the response of the fans but also trying to match his much larger cousin’s intense pace.

Darren Quimbey:
This next match is set for one fall! Introducing first … accompanied by Lonnie Luck! From Sin City, he weighs in at three-hundred and eight pounds! He is “The Beast of the Bright Lights” … MAAAAAAAAX LUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!

DDK:
A *huge* response for Max Luck tonight! There’s only one thing on his mind and we know once the Lucky Sevens have their mind set on revenge, there are no lengths they won’t go to in order to get it!

Max Luck is in ring now but he isn’t waiting. He is currently waiting in the ring like a lion ready to devour his next meal. Lonnie is hanging back at ringside.

The lights go out dark. The DEFiatron shows an old-time black-and-white film countdown from 5-4-3-2-1 --

♫ “How Soon Is Now” by The Smiths ♫

The eerie 80s alt guitar riff echoes as the arena lights go out. Then, dramatically, at the top of the entrance ramp a spotlight illuminates The Most Precious Gems. Flanking on the left, dressed in his beret and faux-French garb, is “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre De La Reeves. To the right, cracking his knuckles and snarling, is Raiden. In the front, on his knees and clad in his brown mask, is “The Fatal Attraction” JJ Dixon.

Standing in the middle of the storm is Madame Melton, her silver flapper curls styled to the highest degrees, in her sliver gown/shawl that sparkles under the glow. And slithering around her arms and neck is Algernon -- her beloved pet Indonesian Komodo Black Cobra, which hisses at each side of the arena.

DDK:
I don’t know if there is any more fearsome or loathsome entity in DEFIANCE today than The Most Precious Gems and their mastermind, Madame Melton! Who now adds with her a “pet” that also doubles as a weapon capable enough of killing a man!

Melton holds him up over his head as a snakehandler dressed in all black, with a black leather mask and black leather

gloves up to his wrists, takes Algernon from her as he holds out a large tree branch that the asp slides around.

Lance:
Her pet snake Algernon is so deadly that a licensed snakeholder must be on the premises at all time. And to show how lethal the Indonesian Komodo Black Cobra can be, even men trained to hold rare snakes wear masks and leather gloves to protect themselves from a potentially deadly snakebite!

The Gems mark to the ring and JJ hops up on the apron first. The second that he does, Max comes right at him! Dixon moves and cuts him off with a big right hand, then when both men are in the ring the match begins!

DING DING

The Fatal Attraction has the jump on the much larger Max Luck early and jumps all over him with punches incoming from all over the place. He climbs to the middle rope with Max in the corner to unleash more fury, but Max pushes him back. JJ Dixon backflips out of the shove and lands on both feet to show off his wicked athleticism, but as he runs right back at Max in the corner. Max tries hitting him with a back body drop …

But Dixon lands on his feet a second time!

DDK:
Max is coming at him with everything, but JJ Dixon is doing well on the defense right now!

Dixon goes for a big drop kick coming off the ropes, but Max is now one step ahead of him for a change and swats him flat on the canvas! Dixon groans under his mask, but that's the least of his problems. He gets grabbed by the neck with both hands and then picked up high in the air! Max is trying to take him out of this world in Homer Simpson-type fashion.

Lance:
You call the action, Darren, but I have to guess there won't be many wrestling holds traded in this match! Both men are starting off this fight quickly!

DDK:
You're right! And Max has JJ Dixon with both hands by the throat!

The Beast of the Bright Lights tries to lift JJ into the lights as high as he is and then throws him into a big slam against the corner. Max brings it with a big lariat in the corner and Dixon is hurt. It gets much much worse for him when Max Luck goes low and buries many shoulders into his chest. Max grabs Dixon's waist and then plants him with a side walk slam.

DDK:
Both men are large but both men are incredibly athletic for their sizes as well! And I think we're about to see an example in action!

Luck does not pin Dixon, but he does grab the Fatal Attraction by the neck and rolls him into a snapmare so he's back on the mat. Madame Melton and the French Connection watch the crown jewel among her Most Precious Gems get a basement drop kick from the seven-foot Luck!

Lance:
You called that one!

Max pins Dixon's shoulders to the canvas!

One …

Two …

No!!!

Max doesn't even argue with the referee and just starts completely teeing off on JJ Dixon with overhand rights. JJ can't protect himself from every shot but the referee does step in to stop Max from what he's doing. He stands up and tells the ref he'll stop, but not for long. He kicks Dixon by near the ropes and then steps on his body and puts all his weight on him. He steps on the Fatal Attraction and then puts a boot down on his head!

Lance:
No five star classics tonight. This is just revenge on Max Luck's mind! Max is putting that boot down on Max's head.

DDK:
The referee has to step in a second time.

Luck is being scolded by the referee and Max yells back at him, but also signals with his fingers to Lonnie as the referee's attention is on him. The Pocket Ace sees it and runs over, grabs the wrist of JJ Dixon and starts *biting him!!!* San Diego is cheering Max for what has just happened!

Lance:
Lonnie is getting himself a piece of JJ Dixon for what he's done as well!

Li'l Lon moves away as fast as he can to keep the ref from seeing what he's done. Madame Melton protests with the official but nobody is listening. Max tosses JJ Dixon out of the ring and then climbs the ropes to go out to the floor with him. Dixon is grabbed by his arm by Max and then he is led by the arm and an all-expense paid trip directly into the barrier!

"ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!"

DDK:
Max Luck hears the people! He grabs Dixon again … OOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!

Dixon gets thrown upside-down into another barrier! The Fatal Attraction is a completely sadistic person, but tonight a vengeful Max Luck is a completely different animal.

He wants one more … but now The French Connection and Madame Melton now try and shield their stablemate from further harm.

Madame Melton:
You should be in a coma with your brother! You shoul … AHHHH!!!

Max grabs Madame Melton by her gown with both hands!

Lance:
Madame Melton picked the wrong time to get in his way!

DDK:
Bad choice!

The Beast of the Bright Lights throws Melton down to the floor! He's a beast possessed when out from nowhere, Dixon blindsides him with a super kick!

DDK:
Dixon to the rescue!

The Fatal Attraction jumps on the apron and then to the middle rope to land a big-time springboard asai moonsault that completely wipes out Max Luck and takes him off his feet for the first time! The French Connection both surround

Melton to protect her from further harm while Dixon is finally up and he's furious.

Lance:
Things almost turned out incredibly bad for Melton and the Gems, had it not been for JJ Dixon! What's Dixon have planned now?

With things now in his control Dixon helps get the big seven foot Sin City monster back inside the ring. Max doesn't know where he is when he's up in the corner which is the perfect place for Dixon to come out of nowhere and hit him with a running leg lariat!

Lance:
Dixon is trying to press his advantage for the first time. There's a running leg lariat!

The Fatal Attraction is back on his feet while Max Luck is still dazed in the corner. Dixon gets back up and then he connects with a corner big boot and finally grounds the Beast of the Bright Lights!

DDK:
JJ follows up the running leg lariat with a hell of a kick in the corner! There's a … no, no pinfall attempt!

Dixon fires off his 400 Blows combo, dropping bombs left and right in the form of forearm shivers down on the head of Luck.

JJ Dixon:
WHY! DON'T! THEY! LOVE! ME! LIKE! THEY! LOVE! YOU!

Lance:
Both of these men are brutalizers without a doubt and now Max is getting a taste of his own medicine!

The referee now warns JJ Dixon against his continuous attacks and starts counting to disqualify him. JJ Dixon retaliates by jumping up and almost leaping out at the ref.

Lance:
Whoa! Dixon is going to get disqualified if he keeps this up!

DDK:
I don't think he even cares. We've seen this man just be an uncontrollable monster time and time again. Madame Melton has really turned him into a tool of destruction

Dixon waits for Max to get up and then he jumps up to hit The World's Most Athletic Double Foot Stomp on the back! Max is left vulnerable as Dixon climbs to the ropes and jumps up with a top rope moonsault!

DDK:
What an incredible moonsault! It's insane that there's such athletic prowess behind him!

Melton instructs Dixon to pin Max. He hooks a leg for the win!

One …

Two …

NO!!!

San Diego loses it when the Lucky Sevens member kicks out first! Dixon almost loses it!

Lance:

I thought that was it!

DDK:
It still could be! I think Sunset Boulevard is coming!

Dixon stands behind Luck as he starts to get up and tries to interlock his fingers for the full nelson front leg sweep. He tries to end Max when Lonnie warns him what's coming! Max throws Dixon off of him and he hits the ropes. He comes back only to be caught and planted with a tilt-a-whirl into a powerslam! Melton and the Gems don't believe it.

DDK:
That was a perfect counter by Max! Max calls that slam Catch Perfect!

Lance:
But Max is still reeling from Dixon's assault! He isn't making the pin.

Max Luck is supported by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful with Lonnie Luck leading all of the cheers outside the ring! He gets up and Dixon is already in a corner. He hits a stinger splash, and then takes him out of the corner using a big rib breaker slam. Max Luck goes to the corner and he goes all the way up top. When Dixon gets up, he is nearly decapitated from a seven foot clothesline from the top rope!

DDK:
Check-Raise! There's the Check-Raise! And there is a cover by Max!

One …

Two …

No!!!

DDK:
How the heck did he kick out of the Check-Raise?! That diving clothesline was right on target!

Lance:
It was and I think Max Luck has this match finished!

Max gets up and he holds the Winning Hand up! Lots of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful raise it up as well! Lonnie does the same … but he doesn't expect it when Madame Melton pushes Lonnie into the ring post that's close by!

DDK:
What was *that* for?! Madame Melton takes the cheap shot on Lonnie Luck!

An outraged Max turns towards the two with the referee warning Madame Melton to get away from ringside. But with his attention diverted, that allows the French Connection to slip into the ring! Jean-Pierre de la Reeves sneaks in and attacks the left leg of Max with a chopblock!

Lance:
Hey! Ref! Turn around! The French Connection are in the ring!

Max is on his knees when Raiden comes in and knocks the daylight out of him with a swinging back fist!

DDK:
Suddenly Last Slumber!

Lance:
Raiden caught Max Luck right along the temple with that expertly placed blow!

The combined blows from the French Connection have taken the Beast of the Bright Lights out of commission! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are letting Melton's Gems what they think of them!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

JJ Dixon sneaks up from behind Max and the second time's the charm when he hits Sunset Boulevard!

DDK:
JJ DIXON WITH THE SUNSET BOULEVARD!!!

He rolls big Max over and is trying to steal the win …

One …

Two …

THREE!!!

And he does steal the win!!!!

♫ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Your winner of the match … "The Fatal Attraction" … J!!! J!!! DIXONNNNNNNNN!

Lance:
Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems stole this one! It took all three of them to steal the win from the revenge-seeking Max Luck, denying him his payback in the process!

DDK:
Lonnie Luck was sent into the post by Madame Melton and that allowed the tables to turn in JJ Dixon's favor!

Lonnie gets up and he's still smarting but still rolls into the ring to check on Max. The Most Precious Gems are already up the ramp with Dixon's arm being raised by Melton. She has a microphone.

Madame Melton:
Max, Max, Max … your hunt for your revenge has just been *denied!* But … just because JJ Dixon here has avenged Tag Party doesn't mean we're done with you still!

Lonnie looks at Max who just now looks up at the ramp.

Madame Melton:
We took your brother from you! We took tonight's win from you! And at the end of the year … when DEFIANCE Wrestling goes to your home town of Sin City from the Sphere for the first time ever, my French Connection will finish the job! Lonnie, when Max wakes up, tell him the French Connection have challenged the both of you in your very own Sin City Street Fight! The choice is yours!

The Most Precious Gems leave and are booed to a high degree when they leave. Lonnie looks like he's telling Max in the ring about what just happened as he comes to.

DDK:
What the … what a challenge laid down by Madame Melton! She's right! In a few weeks, DEFIANCE will host a Year End Special live from the Sphere in Las Vegas! Right in the Lucky Sevens' back yard!

Lance:

What a challenge that is! Since DEFtv 210, the Gems have had the number of the Lucks. Will the French Connection hold all the cards in Las Vegas, if the Lucky Sevens can even accept the challenge

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

LIVE VIA SATELLITE

DDK:
Folks I'm being told we're going to go live via satellite back to DEFIANCE's home of New Orleans to… oh lord, to Edward White's club The Black Pelican for some sort of special celebration. Any idea what this is about Lance?

Lance:
Well, I do in fact. It has been twelve years almost to the day since Edward White became the very first FIST of DEFIANCE. It seems Ed's "people" are keen to acknowledge that fact.

DDK:
Not to diminish the moment but I might remind our newer viewers the FIST wasn't always the pinnacle here like it is now. Not to mention Ed's winning of the thing was under dubious circumstances at best.

Lance:
Didn't Box beat the tar out of him after that match, come to think?

DDK:
It was twelve years ago, their relationship has gone through several iterations since then.

An unmistakable voice cuts in over the broadcast.

Edward White:
Gentleman, if you could kindly finish up your boggled little history lesson I'd love to get this particular shindig started. If y'all would.

We cut to the resplendent private back room of The Black Pelican where it's comfortably packed to the gills with all sorts of DEFIANCE notables both past and present. Former champions and retired somebodies all in their Sunday best. In addition to a few famous non-wrestling faces peppered in here and there. Every low slung leather sofa filled, the bar packed end to end.

The clink of drinks and a cacophony of laughter and conversation fills the air.

"The Socialite" Edward White stands at the center of it all dressed to the absolute nines in a crisp all-white tuxedo. His salt and pepper hair and beard immaculately coiffed just so. His fingers, neck and wrists all sparkling with what must be thousands of dollars of various bling and bobbles. He's standing in the very expensive looking wrestling ring at the very center of the extravagant chamber with its high ceilings, speaking of the ceilings… the camera pans up and catches a huge mural mimicking the Sistine Chapel by Michelangelo. Edward depicted jacked beyond belief, the FIST of DEFIANCE clutched in his outstretched hand.

Ed gazes up at the mural with a genuine smile on his face.

Edward White:
Beautiful, aint it? Had it commissioned a few months ago. Took the little bastard artist forever to get it done. It's in recognition of those wonderful heady days when we were all flyin' by the seats of our collective pants as this wonderful experiment we call DEFIANCE unfolded at a neck breaking rate of speed in front of our eyes. But I'm getting ahead of myself, aint I?

He looks around the room at his guests with pride.

As the camera pans around…

Lance:
Hey, was that *Jon Hamm*? What the heck, how does Ed know *Jon Hamm*?

It is indeed, Don Draper in the flesh. Wow.

DDK:
Money buys you a lot of “friends” bud. Clearly. *Lots and lots of money*.

Edward is joined in the ring by his personal bodyguard the big seven foot former mob enforcer Nicky Corozzo and his personal assistant and girl Friday, the submission siren Jane Katze. Ed tries and fails to get the attention of the crowd, prompting Jane to tuck her fingers in her lips and emit an ear piercing whistle. That’s all it took, every eye is now trained on Edward.

Edward White:
Thank you, Jane dear. Ladies and gentleman, thank you for coming this evening. Tonight is more than an acknowledgment of my achievement twelve years ago. When I single handedly christened a new era of sports entertainment by winning the FIST of DEFIANCE and christening it the top prize in this glorious sport of mine.

Lance:
That’s not how that went down, I mean…

DDK:
Just let it go, Lance.

Edward White:
No, tonight is also a celebration of this country finally getting back on the right track, a hopeful indicator we might start seeing the same sort of positive changes in my dear DEFIANCE. This here gathering is a clarion call, an inspiring appeal to those negligent fools the Favoured Saints group that better, more profitable days could lie ahead if they'd just pull their collective heads out of the dirt and listen to those of us with clear eyes and bold hearts!

A voice shouts from the crowd.

Voice:
And big bank accounts!

The Sophisticate smiles and guffaws.

Edward White:
Goddamn right! Who was that, one of the Koch’s? Bless your heart dear. In-goddamn-deed! These opaque fools and their “hands off approach” to runnin’ this fine company has proved absolute BUNK. Where has it gotten DEFIANCE, I ask you? Just look around what pathetic waist my once proud FIST of DEFIANCE now resides! Absolute travesty, by God! A social media obsessed little worm, diminishing a once glorious prize…

He waves an emphatic hand upward to the mural above him.

Edward White:
That’s why, in an effort to shine a light on…

RAAAAAWWWORRRP

From the back of the room near the bar we hear the loudest, longest, most tirade interrupting belch we’ve any of us ever collectively heard. Some of the more upper-crusty attendees look just absolutely shocked and taken aback. The camera crew turns and zooms in on none other than “The Texas Stampede” Gordy Lovett and his new tag team partner “The Texas Dragon” Jun Izuchi bellied up to the bar enjoying some libations betwixt some mighty confused looking one percenters. Gordy wipes his mouth with a little grin.

Gordy Lovett:
Sheeeeoot, sorry about that Mr. White! This here fancy beer yall got on tap here is somethin’ else!

Izuchi sips his beer with a cool, sly smile and lets Gordy take the lead.

Edward White:
Who let those two idiots in here?!

Jun Izuchi:
Awww, heck Ed! We were just in the neighborhood and thought we'd pop over and give y'all our best wishes on this happiest of occasions!

Before Ed can even motion for Nicky to go take care of it we hear a shriek from some older hoity-toity woman shamefully wearing enough glittering jewelry to feed several small southern towns.

Again the camera turns and zooms and we catch all three members of the Midcard Experiment helping themselves to the food. "Birdman" Walter Levy and Hijo del Fishman Deluxe stuffing rolls and sausage links and other appetizers into plastic bags, and CAGE… well, CAGE is the reason the lady shrieked. The brain-addled Nic Cage-masked spot monkey is standing just a little too close, getting a little too familiar with the woman's very expensive looking jewelry.

CAGE:
Too fancy… it MUST be part of the Freemason's lost treasure horde! RELEASE THE JEWELS TO ME NOW YOU SNEAK THEIF! THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE DEMANDS IT!

Walter Levy:
Jesus. Would you stop? You're freaking out the normals. Ma'am, please stop screaming, he's *utterly* harmless. CAGE, down, release, release! Sit! SIT! Stay. Staaay.

CAGE pouts a little and releases the lady's jewels, sitting back on his haunches with a "harumph."

Still stuffing food into his plastic sack, Fishman Jr turns to address the now furious multi-millionaire across the throngs of people up in the ring.

Hijo del Fishman Deluxe:
Mr. White, this spread is something else, hermano!

Walter Levy:
We heard you were throwing a little party, we just figured our invites got lost in the mail or somethin'...

Edward White:
I don't even know who the hell you mongrels are, goddamnit! PUT THAT FOOD DOWN, BY GOD!

The cagey veteran, The Birdman Walter Levy just smiles.

Every single bewildered eye is on the now five weirdos ruining Edward's ceremony.

Walter Levy:
Yeah, that's our fault. We've slacked ass our whole dang careers. Never really put ourselves out there, never really stepped on any toes, ever did anything other than lose, honestly. Cashed some meager little paychecks and figured that was it. It was good enough. In recent days some new friends have reminded us we have a lot more to give to this place than just "pin me, pay me."

At this point Nicky has finally pushed his way through the crowd and made his way to the bar where Gordy and Jun are still laughing it up over a couple more beers. Jane is similarly making her way towards the Midcard trio at the other corner of the room.

This of course leaves Edward all by his lonesome in his very expensive looking ring.

Walter Levy:
And, uhh, those friends? Well they gave us a little nudge that we desperately needed, see? They reminded us that to

get ahead you don't have to be a creep. You don't have to be some vicious monster. You don't need to be rich and famous. All you have to do is make a little noise, get some eyes on ya'... and *whistles* right now, boy howdy is there a lot of eyes on me. How ya' doin' folks, don't forget to tip your waitress and or henchman tonight, alright?

A tap on Ed's shoulder as Walter works the crowd like he's a Borscht Belt comedian from the 50's.

Walter Levy:
But I digress. Eddy, those friends I mentioned? Man would they'd love to holler atcha real quick, pal.

The Socialite turns and ends up face to face with none other than "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday and his diminutive, mushroom haired little brother Douglas.

Dougie Doubleday:
Howdy Ed, hows tricks? Sorry Bronson couldn't be here for this, but one's better than none!

Lil' Dougie proceeds to stomp as hard as he can with the heel of his little shoe right atop Ed's foot.

Edward White:
WHAT IN THE GODS DAMNED HELLFIRE?!

Ed hops around holding his now aching foot.

Dabney Doubleday:
Gosh that looks like it smarts, bud! Sorry about crashing your shindig like this, Mr. White but, well… you know, this IS pro wrestling after all. And my brother, when he gets goin' there's no stopping him, really. I've found it's easier just to go along with the ride. Anyway…

With a friendly smile and little shrug Dabney hauls off and starts peppering the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE with lefts and rights forcing White back into the corner pads. Across the room Nicky and several nameless security goons are already throwing hands with Gordy and Jun in a legit bar room style brawl. Gordy smashes a beer stein across the head of one of the goons and hops up onto the bar with a loud celebratory holler.

Gordy Lovett:
YAAAAAAAAAHOOOO! LET'S GET IT ON, FELLERS!

The Texas Stampede launches himself off the bar and just waylays Nicky and his cohorts, the entire pile of humans tumbling back into the crowd taking out a couple far too wealthy for their own good so-and-so's along the way. Jun deftly ducks a bottle hucked at his head by the bartender, The Texas Dragon cracks his knuckles with a smile as the now terrified mixologist gulps in terror.

Back over at the catering table Jane Katze is just now emerging from the crowd. Clearly now having a bad time the usually ice-cold Katze is wide eyed and fuming.

Jane Katze:
I'm going to asphyxiate you idiots!

SPLAT

A legit, cartoon-ass coconut cream pie directly to Jane's beautiful kisser care of none other than CAGE.

The primal yell that emerges from the submission siren's face could peel paint. She wipes as much of the slop from her face and charges the Nic Cage-masked luchador only to be cut off by Fishman Jr who proceeds to wallop Jane with his plastic bag full of misappropriated appetizers… I mean, to very little effect obviously. Fish emits a little "yipe" sound as he prepares to trade holds with Katze. As that situation develops, back in the ring Ed White has his hands full with the young Floridian showman Dabney Doubleday.

DDK:
I suppose we can pipe in here, partner! Seeing as we essentially have something of a *match* developing here via satellite!

Lance:
I don't know if I'd call this mess a match, but. We saw last week on UNCUT Dabney and Douglas officially forging this little *collective* here in an effort to uplift talent that has gone ignored, left by the wayside amidst a growing, youthful roster… little did we know, Keebler! Wowee!

Dabs tries for an irish whip only to have it reversed by The Socialite sending Doubleday slamming into the turnbuckle. Ed tosses his tuxedo jacket aside and rips his shirt off in one quick, impressive motion before launching himself at Dabney in the corner with a running splash.

As Dabney stumbles out of the corner to his knees in pain. Douglas makes his presence known once again. He hops out in front of White in his little, ugly brown suit and fire in his eyes.

Dougie Doubleday:
Nice dad bod, tubbo! Guess that ripped prison six pack you came back with is hard to maintain when you're a rich, pampered piece of shit, huh?

Ed scowls, takes his eyes off Dabney and takes a single hostile step towards the littlest Doubleday only to be caught off guard by a wild Atomic Drop from a rallied Dabney!

Lance:
Dabney was playing possum, Keebs!

DDK:
He's sweet but he's a sly one, partner! He calls that Atomic Drop the Hot Seat!

Ed stumbles, clutching his now aching tender-region. He steadies himself against the ropes and croaks in pain.

Edward White:
I am… *wheeze* I am gonna' god*DAMN*… goddamn ERASE you little bastards! Oh sweet Jesus, my nuts... caught 'em just so.

Across the room the two separate cacophonous situations have merged into one all out brawl as Gordy, Jun, Walter, Fishman Jr and even CAGE are all fighting the Associates and a whole legion of security rent-a-goons. The present and former DEFIANCE notables peppered throughout the crowd seem unaffected and thoroughly entertained by the madness. The ultra-rich normies all seem just utterly disgusted and confused by the violent food fight slash bar room brawl unfolding in front of them. Not their usual scene, clearly.

Through fists flying and headbutts landing and deserts and beer flying this way and that CAGE finds a moment to single out one face in the crowd.

Lance:
Well THIS just got surreal.

We hear Downtown Darren Keebler snort laugh as the Nic Cage-masked mystery man hooks an arm around A-list actor and star of the hit series Mad Men, Jon Hamm.

CAGE:
Mr. Pig-flesh, I'm told by my cohorts you know a bit about advertising. Is this true, sir?

Jon Hamm:
Ummm… I don't, I'm not… my agent said this would be a good networking opportunity.

He's so uncomfortable.

We spy Jane Katze's eyes narrow as she stomps her way towards CAGE through the throng.

CAGE:
Pardon me for a moment, if you would. Gotta' go powder my nose.

He winks and takes a moment to tuck a single dinner roll into Jon Hamm's jacket pocket and give it a sweet little pat before disappearing into the crowd to avoid contact with the very angry woman with the very very dangerous legs.

Back up in the ring the self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling is on spaghetti legs as Dabney gives him the ol' Ham n' Eggs as he jukes and jives and lands a series of sharp little punches to Ed's chin. Sufficiently wobbled Dabs takes a big step back and waffles the multi-millionaire with a crooked arm lariat he calls the Blond Bomber, leveling White.

DDK:
Dabney Doubleday & Friends have officially ruined Ed White's shindig, folks!

Lance:
Did NOT see this coming, but ain't it sweet to see, Keebs?

DDK:
Couldn't have happened to a more deserving individual, partner!

The brawl is sprawling and hard to capture with one single camera to catch the action.

As the crowd starts to thin out with more open space available we finally get a clearer view, the first thing we spy is big Nicky Corozzo sprawled out atop what used to be the catering table. Now just a splintered mess covered it what was left of the food after the Midcard boys were done with it. Big Nicky is in absolute dreamland. Gordy and Jun stand over the Judge with big satisfied smiles on their faces.

Jun Izuchi:
Sleep tight, big, tall and ugly! Now this is what I call a party, y'all! Come on! Let's hear it for our host!

Jun laughs to himself as Gordy reaches down and plucks a little mini-quiche from atop the motionless body of Nicky Corozzo and pops it into his mouth.

Gordy Lovett:
Shoot, you can say that again, brother!

Jane Katze:
GET OFF ME, DAMN YOU!

The camera pans over to where Hijo del Fishman Deluxe has clearly put his extensive llave Mexican submission style knowledge to good use, somehow catching the submission siren Jane Katze sleeping, locking her in the inverted Boston Crab he calls the Catch of the Day. As he bears down on the submission hold CAGE slides up and starts tossling Jane's hair. She looks up with one of her eyelids clearly twitching with anger and frustration.

CAGE:
You interrupted my conversation with the pig-flesh man! Now he's leaving! BLAST! Advertising is my passion, Jane! You know this! MY PASSION! I was going to be best friends with Pete Campbell and I was going to ride the elevator and say "NOT GOOD BOB" and you RUINED IT ALL!

Katze's grits her teeth and seethes.

Jane Katze:
You're all the walking goddamn dead! You have no IDEA how fucked you all are!

Hijo del Fishman Deluxe:
Yeah, yeah. Hush your gob Mrs. Sinister.

As several more fresh security goons burst through a back door Walter Levy hollers across the room to the Doubleday's that it's *"probably time to go, guys"*... a fact the keen eyed Douglas has already clocked, nudging his brother. Dabney takes a moment to kneel down to where Ed's head is lolling this way and that barely conscious.

Dabney Doubleday:
Shots fired. Tell your business partner he's still in our cross-hairs too. If you and he think you can just stomp all over DEFIANCE and she wouldn't fight back? Well, now you know how dead wrong you are. Me and my friends? And I have a lot of friends, by the way. From this moment on? We're officially standing in your way, every step of the way. No more history lessons, no more DEF now versus DEF then malarkey. Consider this the DEFIANCE of today you say you loathe so darn much officially putting its foot down and saying "enough is enough."

Dougie Doubleday:
Dabs, I love the intensity bud but we need to split posthaste!

Dabney smiles that genuine, sincere smile of his.

Dabney Doubleday:
See ya' Mr. White!

With that the intrepid Doubleday brothers exit Edward White's very expensive looking wrestling ring and hastily make their way over to where their five cohorts are waiting by the quickest available exit. Walter and Fishman Jr looking like they just came from the grocery store with the amount of misappropriated bags of food they have collectively in their arms.

Dougie Doubleday:
Really guys? Really? Makin' us look like FOOD bank robbers, over here.

Walter Levy:
Cut us some slack! The fridge at that big weird house you bought us is empty as sin, Dougie! Fishy's a growing boy, he needs his nutrients! And if we don't feed CAGE everyday the ASPCA might come after us, man.

With that Dabney and friends make their hasty exit leaving behind them an absolute mess. The probably paid to be there former pro wrestlers in the crowd all look more than entertained at Ed White's woe. The elite one percenters all looking at the cacophonous mess with utter disdain. As Ed gets to his feet and finally surveys the damage. His face is a mixture of embarrassment and absolute stone cold, skin blistering rage.

That image is the last thing we see before the satellite feed is cut and we're back across the country in the Pechanga Arena in San Diego. Lance and Darren both look more than a little pleased with what they just witnessed via satellite.

DDK:
Well partner, gotta admit. I'm, uhhh, a little speechless over here.

Lance:
Dabney and Douglas Doubleday wanted to elevate the lost and broken toys in the BRAZEN toybox and give them a chance to shine… well, shine away boys! Wowee! That was incredible! Only way it would have been more satisfying is if Angus had been there in the middle of it all!

DDK:
Something tells me Angus doesn't have a lot of time for parties considering the mood his number one client has been

in lately.

Lance:
Did you see The Socialite's eyes at the end there? Something tells me we're about to see violence on par with Box and Blackwood perpetrated against those poor fellas. As much as I applaud Dabs and Dougie's initiative they just opened a Pandora's box of pain and suffering, Keebs.

DDK:
We'll just have to wait and see how this situation develops, folks. Ed White certainly won't take an insult this egregious lying down. That's for sure.

"MAKE-A-WISH" MATCH, WINNER FACES OSCAR BURNS

Lance:
So, I don't think I entirely understand what this match is about…

DDK:
I'll do the best I can based on the information that was given to me by Sonny Silver, the official GC Universe spokesman… "Talking heads… OSCAR BURNS is officially done with PCP. After following through on my promise of putting Elise Ares on the injured list and The D losing his Favoured Saints Champion to the Brightest Star in the GC Universe, DLJ, there is nothing further I can take from them. By DEFIANCE/Favoured Saints/OSCAR BURNS ' decree, GCs, tonight's match is a special "MAKE-A-WISH CHALLENGE! If you pronounce this in lowercase, please start at the beginning of this advert and read again."

Lance:
Oh, boy…

DDK:
"...Two men who have never fought OSCAR BURNS in their careers have been selected at random and will face each other in this sport of kings. The winner of this match will earn the chance to make their measly little careers mean something and will earn a singles match against OSCAR BURNS: ALL GRAPS, ALL CAPS at a future date. I have chosen only the finest competitors. Only athletes of the highest caliber are welcome, which is clearly NOT anyone associated with the Pop Culture Phenoms. You may now do talking heads business, talking heads."

Lance:
Well, that's nice of him at least.

DDK:
Let's get to it… Darren Quimbey will be reading the introductions.

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a special OSCAR BURNS MAKE-A-WISH CHALLENGE, PRESENTED BY THE GC UNIVERSE! The winner of tonight's bout will earn a future match against OSCAR BURNS at a time and place of his choosing! Only the best athletes in the world have been selected, by order of OSCAR BURNS! Introducing first…

The fans wait to see who will take the challenge first…

♫ "Turn The Page" by Metallica ♫

Out from the back, all alone in plain black trunks, black knee pads and white boots, out comes Paul Dunson and the fans groan. The former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion and BRAZEN's oldest active competitor looks pretty happy he's been chosen for this match.

Darren Quimbey:
From Mt. Hope, Virginia, weighing in at 230 pounds… **PAUL DUNSON!**

Lance:
With respect to Paul Dunson, leader of BRAZEN's Dunson Clan… this has to be a joke, right? What happened to all that talk about the finest young athletes?

DDK:
It's clear what this is. Just more insults fired at PCP cause he hasn't already done enough to them over the past several months.

Paul Dunson gets into the ring and the crowd jeer him as he throws his hands in the air, leaning against the ropes as he waits for whoever he will be facing.

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent…

♫ “Statues” by The Foo Fighters ♫

The crowd have no idea what to make of the second man coming out… a man wearing silver body paint from head to toe, wearing common wrestling gear as he poses like a statue.

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent… from Times Square, New York and performing for crowds between the hours of 1-4 on Saturday afternoons rain or shine… weighing in at 209 pounds… he is **WES THE WRESTLING STATUE!**

Lance:
He’s a wrestling street performer, I’m told. Like one of those living statue performers, but… you know, wrestling.

DDK:
Ah.

The people have no idea what to make of the BRAZEN star. When he doesn’t walk in place, he gets tapped on stage by a stagehand telling him to get to the ring. Wes nods and continues to walk towards the ring, albeit slowly. Paul Dunson looks incredibly impatient at the wrestling street performer.

Lance:
Do we have to call this, Darren? I mean… if we just say our comms are out and we go grab a drink, maybe they’ll be gone?

DDK:
Not if you tell people your plan live on air, partner.

Lance:
Aw, duck cake.

Wes FINALLY makes it to the ring and slowly walks up the steps. He poses for The Faithful and climbs through the ropes, getting silver paint everywhere in the process. Dunson looks annoyed and just wants a chance for him and his boys in BRAZEN. Head official Benny Doyle calls for the bell…

DING DING

The people genuinely start booing. Paul Dunson wants to lock up… but Wes just stands in place doing nothing.

Lance:
We’ve still got time, partner. Wanna grab a bite?

DDK:
I really would, Lance. I really would.

Another spotlight shines up high in the skybox section of the Pechanga Arena…

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The brainchild of the OSCAR BURNS MAKE-A-WISH CHALLENGE is seen up in the rafters… OSCAR BURNS himself. Wearing an olive green designer suit and glasses, BURNS is observing with Sonny Silver seated to his left and his bodyguard, “The Strongest Man in the GC Universe” FLEX standing guard right behind him.

DDK:
At least OSCAR is nice enough to grace us with his presence.

Paul locks in a headlock on Wes The Wrestling Statue, who is still not moving. The people might start thinking now is a fine time to hit the restrooms or merchandise stands…

But…

THWACK!

A thunderous shot drops Dunson deadweight down to the canvas, leaving Wes frozen in statue form. A figure wearing a black hooded sweatshirt and a pair of oversized sunglasses holds a very bloodied, bent, and battered platinum shovel in their hands. They take one look at the Wrestling Statue and begin to rain down shovel shots until Wes is forced to evacuate the ring.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Benny Doyle immediately calls for the bell and runs for the hills, not wanting to suffer the same fate as Wyatt Bronson last time the shovel came into play. The Faithful roar as the figure kicks Paul Dunson out of the ring and throws the shovel down onto the ground before pulling back the hoodie. Long brown hair flows out and a button is pressed on the side of the sunglasses lighting up the phrase “I’M BACK” on trademark LEDs..

From the Skybox, OSCAR BURNS is LIVID. So also is DEFsec who immediately begin to make their way down from the entrance. This time however it isn’t Wyatt Bronson leading the charge. It’s Iris Divine.

E-LISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**
E-LISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**
E-LISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**

Unzipping the hoodie, Elise Ares reveals a crop top PCP logo shirt and strong-arms a microphone from ringside. FLEX has more than once attempted to leave the Skybox but has been blocked by Sonny Silver as OSCAR BURNS’ commands to DEFsec are silenced by the will of the Faithful. He begins motioning for a microphone of his own.

Elise Ares:
Hey BBY.

The typical playful, nasally tone of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is gone but the phrase remains the same. DEFsec begin to surround the ring as the medical team attends to Paul and Wes. Iris waits back on the stairs, seemingly to get a better view of medical treatment and also to keep a distant eye on Ares.

Elise Ares:
Did you miss me? Have you seen a ghost? Did you think that dropping me on my head a few dozen times was going to make me give up on everything I’ve started here the past few months? I’ve said it once BBY and I’ll say it again… if I quit, I’m quitting on my own terms and not because some self-righteous Eric Dane impersonator in a cape tells me I’m done. I’m done when I say I’m done and BBY… we’re not done.

OSCAR looks outraged by the dig! The Faithful roar in approval as Elise holds up a finger.

Elise Ares:
As a matter of fact, we’re so totes not done that not a second of this show is going to proceed until you give me that rematch, princess. So what do you say? Do you have the GCs to leave the Fortress of Solitude to get back into the ring

with the girl voted most likely to end your cosplay career or are you going to keep hiding behind my sloppy seconds in my old skybox with your weird, wannabe Sports Entertainment Guild? Which is just… ew.

Sonny Silver looks down at Elise Ares from the skybox they occupy and starts to hold his microphone up…

Only for OSCAR BURNS to hold his hand out first.

DDK:
You heard it loud and clear. Elise Ares wants OSCAR BURNS in a rematch after what he did at Acts of DEFIANCE. How will he respond?

Lance:
Is she even supposed to be here tonight?

Sonny reluctantly hands the microphone over to The Center of the GC Universe. He raises it slowly to his lips.

OSCAR BURNS:
First off… don't you ever… EVER… compare me to anyone else. EVER. There is NOBODY on this roster who is my peer. There is NOBODY on this roster that has my value to this company. Nobody has done more for this company than the man you're flapping your gums towards. Not the guy who founded the company and bounced. Not the Hollywood quote-unquote "stars" of SEG who step in and out of this company as they see fit. ME. I'M NOT JUST DEFIANCE… I'M NOT JUST FAVOURED SAINTS…

He gets angrier.

OSCAR BURNS:
To be blunt… this company would be SHIT without ME. I'M **PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF.**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He looks down on Elise in the ring in every sense of the word.

OSCAR BURNS:
You call yourself the FACE of DEFIANCE, but are you? Really? When the last time we met up, that face got WRECKED. Your back got WRECKED. Your spirit got WRECKED. And don't tell me that it didn't. Otherwise, it wouldn't have taken you two months to finally make your move tonight, wouldn't it? That's why Iris Davine is trying to talk you off the ledge right now… you aren't cleared, are you?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Elise is simply taking in every word being thrown her way with an eye roll as OSCAR continues. Sonny and FLEX stand behind him.

OSCAR BURNS:
Let me refresh everybody's memory… YOU started this, Elise. YOU attacked ME. And every moment from that point on was REVENGE. Revenge that I already got when I handed you the single-worst one-sided BEATDOWN of your entire career at ACTS of DEFIANCE. You've fought against the best of the best and you've even won some… but NOBODY did to you what I did. And now, you want a rematch? With me? Why? Cause a little pep in your step and some extra P&V means you're going to win the day next time? Let me tell you what reality says, Elise…

He pauses.

OSCAR BURNS:
That if you cross me a second time… there won't be a third time. Cause you'll be dust. This narrative you've bloody made for yourself where you'll be at the top of this company or you'll quit? You'll be DONE long before 2025 is over.

OSCAR BURNS puts his mic down.

Elise Ares:
Oscar… BBY… hun, if you could've deleted me I wouldn't be standing here right now because you tried. The only "one of one" in this company is the girl you're looking at in this ring. I might've had my bell rung but it sounds like you're the one confused, which one of us took our ball and went home to hold out for more money again? Anyone? Anyone?

The silence is deafening as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE fails to get verbal confirmation from her inside baseball comment. "Smart marks" amongst the Faithful respond with appropriate "Oooooohs" as Ares tilts her head sideways with a playful shrug.

Elise Ares:
If you want to shut me up "Mr. Professional Wrestling" I'm standing right here between these ropes. Come on down and I'll sports entertain you back down to Twists & Turns. It'll be great! You can have your little video game music back, hell you can even have your shovel back!

RAAAAAHHHHHHH!

OSCAR continues to angrily hold the microphone, so hard it looks about ready to break. Iris takes a step into the ring between the ropes to try and force Elise out, but OSCAR stops when Sonny nudges his arm and whispers something in his ear. OSCAR purposely covers the microphone so their convo can't be heard.

They continue to speak…

Then Sonny takes the microphone.

Sonny Silver:
Well… BBY… After listening to my counsel, I've been authorized by The Center of the GC Universe to tell you this… you weren't "deleted" because The D threw in the the towel for you. He stoppped that beatdown or OSCAR would have kept on going. You were beaten so bad, OSCAR was Kendrick Lamar and you were Drake. I'm shocked you didn't take him to court after that!

He looks down.

Sonny Silver:
But since you want the court of law to be that very ring, then at DEFIANCE Road, you are meeting your judge, jury AND executioner. If you REALLY want a rematch, it will be on OSCAR BURNS' terms!

Elise holds up her shovel and looks happy with the rematch seemingly being approved! But Sonny holds up a finger.

Sonny Silver:
No, no, no… not that simple. Elise, we want you take some time to think about this. Have a good think about whether or not you want this match. In fact, take December. Take the holidays. Take time to get cleared. Because, this is on OUR terms now. Cause if you accept this rematch… WHEN you lose…

Dramatic pause.

Sonny Silver:
…You won't have to worry about being the FACE of DEFIANCE. You won't even have to worry about being a part of PCP anymore… cause whatever OSCAR BURNS leaves left of you… will be property of the GC Universe!

Elise's facial expression changes as OSCAR, Sonny and FLEX all walk away from the skybox to massive booing! As the Faithful are lighting up the GC Universe, The D and Klein sneakily run their way down from the backstage area and into DEFsec trying to get into the ring.

DDK:
No way… if she loses… she's gonna be forced into the GC Universe?!

Lance:
No way she's going to take that deal… right?

Elise watches them leave without saying another word. Her Pop Culture Phenom partners slide into the ring with Iris and Elise. The Faithful continue to boo away BURNS and his people as the trio appear to have a brief conversation with Ares, who reluctantly hands the microphone over to Klein before she departs the ring and the scene heads to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

WILL HE MAKE IT DOC? (II)

Cheyenne Regional Medical Center

Beep … beep … beep … beep …

An extra-sized hospital bed sits an unconscious Mason Luck once again. A young male nurse and the same doctor that has been watching over his case from the last show, Doctor Vanderspeigle (not the guy from Resident Alien played by Alan Tudyk) are both conversing.

Male Nurse:
He's got family coming soon. How's he doing, Doctor?

Doctor Vanderspeigle:
It's really hard to say. His condition has been about the same these past two weeks. He's been in this coma to allow time for the anti-venom to take effect.

Male Nurse:
Wild … what a wild coincidence the anti-venom for that particular snake happened to be here in Wyoming. What are the odds?

Doctor Vanderspeigle:
This young man is lucky enough to be alive that's for sure. Has his girlfriend called again?

Male Nurse:
Only once today, but she's been really worried. I don't blame her.

Doctor Vanderspeigle:
Yeah … look, let's go talk about this outside. I'll gonna finish my rounds then I'll check back later, okay?

Male Nurse:
Sounds good, doc.

The two leave the room. The beeps from Mason's monitoring equipment are the only sound in the room.

The camera lingers on his eyes just a little bit longer …

…

… And his eyes open.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: M4NTRA (C) vs. ATOMIC PUNKS

DDK:
After weeks of excuses, M4NTRA are finally going to put up their Unified Tag Team championships on the line against the Number One Contenders, the Atomic Punks!

Lance:
The Atomic Punks have been incredibly successful in their recent pay-per-view outings against The Blood Diamonds back at Maximum DEFIANCE and more recently they took out the French Connection in no time flat! M4NTRA should take their challenge very seriously tonight!

Darren Quimbey has the mic in the middle of the ring, ready for the next bout.

Darren Quimbey:
The following match is for the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAAAAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

♫ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♫

The familiar "brushing" sounds from the guitar of the late Eddie Van Halen fill the Pechanga Arena, as do the glowing spotlights amid the darkness that come with the arrival of DEFIANCE's resident Mad Science Queen and her band of brolic beastly brawlers.

Lance:
Massive opportunity tonight for the Atomic Punks, Darren, and they best take advantage of this situation. Last time we saw M4NTRA, they were ready to take a vacation. If they don't take this match seriously, we could see new tag team champions here tonight!

DDK:
That's the problem though, with M4NTRA you just know they have something up their sleeves for tonight. They don't just pass out tag team title shots for no reason. The Atomic Punks are going to have to keep their head on a swivel to have a shot at keeping this one fair.

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first the challengers from Three Mile Island! Being accompanied to the ring by Doctor Ayumi Sato. They are the ATOMMMMMIC PUNKS!

Emerging from the smoke are the irradiated warriors themselves, Fission and Gigaton, looking ready for battle, and flanking them, of course, is their ringleader, Dr. Ayumi Sato herself. She cackles maniacally making a championship belt motion around her monsters before leading their charge down towards the ring.

Lance:
Well at least they have Dr. Sato to work as a neutralizer. A third set of eyes desperately needed whenever you face M4NTRA.

DDK:
Sure she can keep an eye on Makayla, but what about High Flyer? What about Archer Silver? And at this rate who knows who else they're going to steal from BRAZEN to try and strong-arm these titles away from the rest of DEFIANCE?

The Punks steadily march to the ring, as Dr. Sato tries to rally the Faithful on their way to the ring. The trio enter and play it up before the crowd before retreating back to their corner. They appear to start a conversation about strategy before they're interrupted by a familiar herald of the champions.

M A N T R A
♫ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♫

Darren Quimbey:
And their opponents! Accompanied by High Flyer, Archer Silver and “Good Vibes Only” Makayla Namaste…

The Atomic Punks wait in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:
…They are the most enlightened! They are streamer famous! They are as unified as the titles they hold now! They are the reigning and defending Unified Tag Team champions … Nathan Eye and Declan “DEC4L” Alexander… M4NNNNNNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, “DEC4L” Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste. Archer Silver and High Flyer complete the cocky quintet who have dubbed themselves as DEFIANCE’s Future. White lights join the frey as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. DEC4L and Eye hold the gold and they walk towards the ring with their titles. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* in hand!

DDK:
As much I don’t agree with their overall attitude you can’t deny that M4NTRA have been arguably the team to beat in 2024! From a reluctant team to defeating the Lucky Sevens, Pop Culture Phenoms, Rain City Ronin, including a super-team of Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan … they’ve been unstoppable.

Nathan climbs into the ring and holds up both his books and his portion of the Tag Titles. DEC4L and Makayla stand on an edge of the apron each and pose along with Archer Silver and High Flyer at ringside. After their entrance music quiets down, Declan Alexander starts the match with Fission. The referee raises up the Unified Tag Team belts.

Lance:
Will Dr. Sato and the Atomic Punks have the winning formula to overcome the numbers of M4NTRA to win the titles tonight?

Fission and Declan meet up.

DING DING

Declan tries to catch Fission but the technical wizard quickly moves past him and catches DEC4L with a school boy!

One …

Two …

Declan kicks out quickly and the two get to their feet, but Fission then catches him in a rolling cradle.

One …

Two …

For the second time, DEC4L kicks out. The Intrepid Influencer is getting angry and launches forward with a clothesline, but Fission ducks it and takes DEC4L’s leg out from under him with a drop kick! He grabs his arm and tries to use a la magistral pin!

One …

Two …

No!!!

The entire group of M4NTRA are almost stunned that Fission has gotten the best of DEC4L as he gets the third consecutive two-count in a row! Fission keeps calm but Declan is pissed and he kicks at the bottom rope closest to him.

DDK:
Three close falls back to back to back! Do you think M4NTRA are going to take the Atomic Punks seriously now?

Lance:
It would be a mistake for them not to.

Nathan Eye tells DEC4L to calm down and the two start practicing a quick breathing exercize with Makayla jumping on the apron to spray a spritz of Beta Blockers. DEC4L gets his mind right, then runs right at Fission again. He moves and he ends up in the corner of the Atomic Punks. Fission follows him in by hitting a corner drop kick that then tags Gigaton. The big man of the talented tandem enters the ring and hits a stunned Declan using a big corner splash.

DDK:
The Atomic Punks are showing out tonight! That splash really knocked the air out of DEC4L!

DEC4L is taken to the mat with a snapmare and Gigaton taunts to get ready for the Atomic Splash … but DEC4L rolls away fast just as Gigaton hits the ropes and then escapes to ringside.

”BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

DEC4L:
Pause! Pause! Pause!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L join Makayla. Archer Silver and High Flyer look to see if they should get involved yet, but Nathan tells them things are okay.

Lance:
I don’t knwo who they’re trying to fool.

DDK:
M4NTRA aren’t seeing what’s happening in the ring! Gigaton tagged Fission back into the ring!

Gigaton and Fission quickly work together while M4NTRA are huddled up in a prayer circle outside the ring. They chant about good vibes but the vibes get bad really fast. Gigaton throws his tag partner right over the ropes and sends the smaller half of the Punks crashing into Eye, Alexander and Makayla!

DDK:
Gigaton just used his own partner as a weapon! He wipes out M4NTRA completely!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on the Punks and are in full support of the group taking the titles tonight! Dr. Sato watches *evilly* with Fission picking up DEC4L and putting him back into the ring. Gigaton drops a big elbow drop and then moves away. Declan tries to sit after being hit with the big elbow and Fission comes in to hit a DDT while he’s on his knees. He covers DEC4L.

One …

Two …

DDK:
No! Nathan Eye makes the save with that flying leg drop to Fission’s head!

Nathan breaks up the pin fall and then he rolls back to his corner. Eye is ready with a hand out for Declan to tag in the

Golden State Guru. Nathan comes in and circles around so he's behind Fission but turns and surprises Gigaton on the apron with a corkscrew back elbow. Gigaton is knocked away!

Lance:
M4NTRA are finally taking this match seriously! Nathan had to make the save for DEC4L.

Nathan takes Fission for the ride back to their corner and he hits the cruiserweight with a running elbow from one side. He runs the ropes again and hits a second elbow followed by wiping Fission out with the t-bone suplex!

DDK:
Third Eye Blind! He never let him go with that t-bone suplex!

Fission is on the canvas when Nathan gets back up and tags DEC4L. DEC4L climbs in and hits a big C-C-Combo Breaker and Fission bounces off both of his knees in a very violent fashion!

Lance:
Geez! M4NTRA got humiliated and now they're fighting back in a very brutal fashion!

Declan now has the chance to cover Fission after the series of their big moves!

DDK:
Will M4NTRA hang onto to the Unified Tag Titles tonight?!

One …

Two …

No!!!

Fission somehow kicks out surprising DEC4L.

Lance:
How the heck did he kick out of that?! That backbreaker had some force behind it!

DDK:
It really did, but the Punks are still fighting! Dr. Sato is trying to get Gigaton back in!

Dr. Sato points at the apron and leads the angered Punk back to his corner where he can be ready if Fission has the chance to give M4NTRA the slip. But now that M4NTRA appears to be playing for keeps where their titles are concerned. DEC4L has a sleeper hold on Fission and starts muscling around his cruiserweight opponent. Declan is standing up while Fission is on his knees.

Lance:
That sleeper is locked on tight!

He almost has Fission choked out. The referee lifts his arm up once and it goes limp. He does it a second time and it falls limp a second time. One more … but he has it up! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer the Punks to take the titles away from M4NTRA when Fission uses the last of his strength to hit a jawbreaker on DEC4L to break the sleeper!

DDK:
He's free from his grip!

Eye raises his hand as Declan goes back to the ropes and grabs his lower jaw. Declan tags his partner and both try and stop Fission from tagging Gigaton … but it is too late!

Lance:
Gigaton is in!

Gigaton gets in to the ring, but M4NTRA try and throw water on the hot tag. They both put boots to Gigaton and they use a double irish whip. Nathan and Declan look for a double clothesline, but with his prior lucha background, he is able to roll like a graceful boulder under their double clothesline. Gigaton lucha rolls to his feet and takes out both members of M4NTRA with a massive rolling cross body first!

DDK:
Gigaton hits a 7-10 split on M4NTRA! That was incredible!

He throws a huge punch to Nathan as he stands, then one to Declan. He repeats this and hits both men with big punches. Nathan is picked up and scoop slammed and then Declan is scoop slammed by Gigaton onto his own partner!

Lance:
This place is going wild! The Atomic Punks have been overlooked by M4NTRA for the past month and it's about to cost them the titles!

Declan is out of the ring when Gigaton starts to pull Nathan up, but the Golden State Guru blocks with a big upper cut. Nathan goes for the Side Eye shoulder tackle, but Gigaton hangs by the ropes. When Nathan stumbles up, he gets wiped out with a massive spear!

DDK:
Nathan tried the Side Eye but he got gut checked first by Gigaton with the spear!

Gigaton hits both ropes across the ring and then he comes crashing down and it hurts inside for Nathan when he hits the Atomic Splash to a big pop!

DDK:
ATOMIC SPLASH!!! WE MIGHT HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS!

Gigaton grabs the legs of Nathan and pins him after the big splash!

One …

Two …

But Archer Silver and High Flyer jump in and start kicking Gigaton!

Lance:
No! That was about to be a title change!

Archer pushes the ref down and that calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
Your winners by result of a disqualification … The Atomic Punks!!!

Lance:
Silver and Flyer once again have helped M4NTRA by the skin of their teeth! They did it when they won the titles and helped them beat Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan!

Decal and Makayla help Nathan out of the ring and tell Archer and High Flyer to deal with things. They nod and keep

attacking Gigaton with kicks and punches while Dr. Sato tries helping Fission up! He goes into the ring to help his partner.

DDK:
Look! M4NTRA are walking away with the Unified Tag Team titles while Archer and Flyer do their dirty work.

Fission rescues his partner with a drop kick to the back of High Flyer that knocks him out of the ring. Archer turns around and tries to kick him with a roundhouse, but Fission ducks it and pushes him right at Gigaton, who wakes up and levels him with a huge lariat!

DDK:
No! The Punks are back!

Dr. Sato and the Punks are standing tall! They want M4NTRA to come back! Archer and Flyer think about rushing in again, but Makayla screams for them to retreat.

Makayla Namaste:
We need to go! We gotta get to our retreat or our plane's gonna leave us here in this toxic environment!

M4NTRA get booed out of the arena while they try and flee the arena as quick as they can! The Atomic Punks look disappointed by the result but the response of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful soothes the stings.

Lance:
M4NTRA almost lost their titles tonight because they failed to take the Punks seriously from the start! The Punks win by DQ, but we know the titles won't change hands.

DDK:
This won't be their last shot at the Unified Tag Team titles. The Punks just put M4NTRA and the entire tag team division on notice!

THE WILD HUNT BEGINS

Backstage in front of a DEFIANCE banner stands Jamie Sawyers, mic in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:
DEFIANCE Faithful, my guest tonight has requested this TV time… ladies and gentleman: Siobhan Cassidy.

Siobhan steps into view of the camera, looking determined.

Jamie Sawyers:
Ms. Cassidy, it's been some time since we last saw you on DEFIANCE television. We all remember you helping your injured brother out of the ring at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Siobhan Cassidy:
Yeah. You did. And you can say it, Jamie. No need to beat around the bush. You all sawh me get played like a fool by Malak Garland, didn't you?

Sawyers looks slightly flustered.

Jamie Sawyers:
Uh, well, I'm not sure I'd say…

Siobhan Cassidy:
It's okay. I know what the people in the lockah room are saying. First Brock, then Malak. Poor little girl Siobhan got brought into the wrestling business by her brotha and it ate her up and spit her out. I'm a fool, right? That's what they say.

Jamie Sawyers:
I haven't heard…

Siobhan Cassidy:
SHUT IT, Jamie. I'm here to tell you… to tell everyone on the rostah… to tell Brock… to tell Malak… and to tell all The Faithful that Siobhan Cassidy ain't nobody's punching bag. I ain't whimperin' off into the night. In fact… very soon…

???:
Woah, woah, woah, baby girl.

Into frame walks, of all people, The Pensacola Playboy: Aaron King!

Aaron King:
I hate seeing you like this, baby. Listen here: forget Brock Newbludd. And for sure forget Malak Garland. What you see before you is the Pensacola Playboy… a REAL man… a man who knows how to take care of you. What do ya say, baby girl?

Siobhan's eyes narrow. She steps up to King so that they are face-to-face. A moment of tension goes by.

Aaron King:
Are we… are we gonna kiss?

Siobhan's cold stare suddenly turns into a sinister smirk.

Siobhan Cassidy:
"Real man" huh? I'll tell you what, Mr. "Playboy"... why not prove it to me? Say, in Las Vegas? December 18 at the DEFIANCE End of the Yeah award show? You take on an opponent of my choosing and you show me what you got.

She says that last part semi-seductively and Aaron gets visibly excited. No, not in that way you perv.

Aaron King:
You got it! Bring him on! You're gonna see what Aaron King is made of!

Happily, he darts off. Siobhan watches him go with a smile before turning back to Jamie Sawyers.

Siobhan Cassidy:
As I was saying… payback is coming. And I think I just found my first victim.

BURST OF STATIC.

A deep, booming voice.

"THIS IS THE NIGHT… TO FIGHT!"

Quick, rapid fire images interspersed between the static: the eyes of a predator. A sword. A medieval battle on a beach. And most interestingly: a painting of what appears to be an army of warriors on flying horses.

"THIS IS… WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!!!"

BURST OF STATIC.

In gold lettering against a black screen: **THE WILD HUNT BEGINS.**

12.18.24

End segment.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

The DEFIANCE Hall of Fame

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

DEFtv continues to roll along after the quick break, and the picture fades in to show an outside shot of the sun setting over a nondescript office complex somewhere in San Diego. The expansive parking lot is empty except for a single black van parked in front of one of the building's many entrance doors. Suddenly, a fast-moving white convertible appears on the street leading to the building. It doesn't hit the brakes as it turns sharply into the parking lot, causing the passenger side tires to lift off the ground.

SCREEEEEEEEEECCCHHHHH!!!

The car nearly flips onto its side from the breakneck maneuver, but the driver manages to maintain control of things, and the two wheels return to the pavement. The instant they do, the car's engine revs, and it tears across the parking lot toward the black van. With only a few feet to spare, the car's brakes lock up, and it comes to a smoking stop next to the van.

The wheelman, **Brock Newbludd** , kills the ignition and looks at himself in the rearview mirror, determination etched across his face.

Brock Newbludd:
You got this, dude. TV commercial today...lead role in a Marvel movie tomorrow.

Giving himself a thumbs up, Brock takes a deep breath and looks at the door. Taped on the inside of it is a sign and he squints his eyes to read it.

Brock Newbludd:
“Handsome Dan Films…”

His eyes scan the empty parking lot, and he frowns as he looks at his phone.

Brock Newbludd:
Where is everybody? I'm at the right address...

He glances at the black van parked beside him and shrugs his shoulders.

Brock Newbludd:
Whatever, let's do this.

Exiting the vehicle, Newbludd approaches the door and pulls on its handle only to find its locked.

Brock Newbludd:
You gotta be shittin' me! I knew this gig was too good to be...

CLICK

Newbludd abruptly stops himself at the sound of the door unlocking, and he reaches for the handle again. This time, it opens for him.

Brock Newbludd:
...true.

Newbludd walks through the door and immediately stops in his tracks at the sight in front of him.

Brock Newbludd:
Ummmmm...

Standing in front of him in the small entrance lobby are two MASSIVE individuals in turkey costumes. The full Goobedly Gooker, from head to toe.

Brock Newbludd:
Gobble gobble, fellas. I take it you're here for the shoot, too? I'm Brock; nice to meet ya.

Newbludd sticks a hand out and the two towering birds look down at it for a long second before looking back up to him. Brock opens his mouth to speak but is cut off when one of the turkey's grabs a pile of folded black clothes off the lobby's front desk and holds them out to him.

Titanic Turkey #1:
Put this on. Wardrobe...

Confused, Brock takes the clothes.

Brock Newbludd:
Ok...

The other turkey grabs a black wide-brimmed hat off the desk and sticks it on Newbludd's head.

Titanic Turkey #2:
Change. Then, the fun begins.

The costumed giants share a laugh and Brock looks around the room.

Brock Newbludd:
I heard you TV guys play shit fast and loose, but whatever, right? Which way to the dressing room?

The two turkey's stop laughing and turn their heads to Brock.

Titanic Turkey #1:
No dressing room. Change here.

Titanic Turkey #2:
Fast and loose, right?

Brock takes an instinctive step away from the two before glancing over his shoulder at the blacked-out van parked outside.

Brock Newbludd:
Hang on a second! Is that your guys' creepy ass van? Is this some weird dark web video shoot!? I know it says "open to nude scenes" on my resume, but I didn't mean whatever weird shit you guys got going on here! This is some bullshit!

Brock's eyes narrow in anger as he takes an aggressive step towards the two, and both birds throw their wings up innocently.

Titanic Turkey #1:
Everything's on the level! No weird stuff! We swear! Just a commercial!

Titanic Turkey #2:
Dressing room is out of order! Toilet's broke! Very bad, but the show must go on!

Newbludd shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:
What kind of dressing room has a toilet? Whatever, sorry I flew off the handle. Just turnaround and I'll throw this shit on.

Both birds do as instructed and the scene fades to black as Brock begins to take his shirt off. It fades back in a second later to show him standing in front of his two new avian friends wearing a pilgrim's costume that looks to be a few sizes to small.

Titantic Turkey: #1
Looking good, superstar. Ok, let's go make some magic!

Brock Newbludd:
I'd like to have a word with your costume designer.

Both turkeys laugh again as they turn on and walk through the door behind them. Annoyed and still slightly confused, Brock follows after the two as the picture fades out again.

"Yes! Yes! There's our star! And looking dapper in his pilgrim outfit, I must say!"

The picture fades back in to show a well-built man with shoulder-length brown hair and a matching beard walking up to Brock excitedly. Wearing a classic black director's beret on his head and sunglasses, the man sticks a hand out towards Brock. Being led by his two feathery friends towards a brightly lit stage that screams QVC infomercial, the bewildered Newbludd instinctively accepts the man's outstretched hand.

The Director
An honor and a privilege, Mr. Newbludd! Your body of work precedes you! I'm thankful someone of your stature was willing to take a chance on my little production here. Are you excited?

Brock Newbludd:
Um, I think I'm excited? Honestly, you'll have to give me a rundown here, boss. All my agent told me was we're shooting a commercial about edibles and Thanksgiving...which sounds pretty cool on paper but some actual paper AKA a script might help...

The director nods his head and puts a hand on Brock's back as they step onto the stage. Newbludd can't help but lick his lips a little at the full spread of food arranged on the long table set up in front of the two cameras. Everything from turkey to cranberry sauce is laid out to represent a traditional Thanksgiving meal.

Brock Newbludd:
I ain't seen a spread this majestic since the last time I was at Malak's house. Too bad Margot can't cook like this, though.

Brock gives his director a playful elbow in the ribs as his eyes focus on the center of the table and he grins. The magical brownies he's about to shill are arranged in a decorative pyramid on top of an elevated display case. He reaches for one and the director gently grabs his hand to stop him.

The Director:
No script and no special snacks, Brock. At least not until the wrap party!

The director lets out a hearty laugh, and the crew eagerly joins in. Newbludd uses the momentary distraction to stuff a couple brownies in his back pocket before turning to face the director.

Brock Newbludd:
Whaddya mean no script? We callin' this one in the ring, boss? I have been working on my improv a little bit.

The Director:

I wouldn't dream of limiting a thespian such as yourself with the written page. That's for rank amateurs, Mr. Newbludd! Simply…

The Director points to a nearby teleprompter.

The Director:
…read off the screen. And please: you are the expert in this particular… uh… leisurely activity. Make it your own!

The pair walk by the camera operator, a large blond haired man with an equally large blond beard. Brock squints at the guy, seemingly thinking about something for a moment, before The Director shuffles him off to his spot.

Brock Newbludd:(reading)
"Hello! Ballyhooligans and… ladies?"

Brock pauses to frown at the director.

Brock Newbludd:
Uh, Ballyhooligans isn't gender-specific…

The Director:
Please, Mr. Newbludd! We're filming! Please continue!

Brock shrugs

Brock Newbludd:(reading)
"Hello! Ballyhooligans and ladies! It is I - Brock Newbludd. I come before you today like the ignoramus that I am…"
Wait, what?

The Director's eyes narrow. They're decidedly less jovial. Almost… sinister.

The Director:
Please. Go on.

Brock Newbludd:(reading)
I have come to publicly apologize for my behavior and admit… the superiority… of Doctor… Ned…

Brock stops. It sets in.

Brock Newbludd:
Shit.

Behind Brock, the two massive individuals in turkey costumes suddenly appear and stomp towards him. As they do, they both rip their masks off to reveal TA Horrigan and the man who broke Brock's back a little under two years ago, TA Owens. Newbludd spins on a heel to face them.

Brock Newbludd:
You gotta be kidding me…

With nowhere to run, Brock instinctively reaches behind him and grabs the first thing he can off the table, which so happens to be a giant bowl of mashed potatoes. TA Owens lunges towards Brock and receives a face full of potatoes in return!

TA Owens:
GAAAAAAAAAAHHH! MY EYES!

Brock attempts to follow up with a desperation haymaker to the stumbling Owens but Horrigan is there to stop him. Lowering his head and charging, Horrigan lifts Brock off his feet...

SPINEBUSTER ONTO THE TABLE! EIGHTY-SIX THE YAMS!

Horrigan begins to push himself off of Brock, and in his desperation, Newbludd reaches out and wrenches a leg off the actual turkey that's now tipped over on the table next to him. He attempts to stab Horrigan in the eye with it but his arm is suddenly pinned to the table by one of the camera operators!

Not a camera operator, TA Cole!

Ripping off his wig, Cole keeps Brock's arm pinned down while grabbing a dinner plate with his free hand. Without a second thought about it, TA Cole SHATTERS the ceramic plate on Newbludd's face!

The Director:
Yes! Let's do it again! This time with FEELING!

Cole smiles greedily and grabs another plate. Blood starts to trickle down the woozy Brock's forehead and he tries to escape but Owens and Horrigan each grab an arm and pin him back down. Cole takes a second to line up with his target before leaping in the air with the plate raised above his head. Coming back down with a sledgehammer like swing, TA Cole busts a second plate on Newbludd's face!

The Director:
Beautiful!

Cole backs away and smiles at the sight of the blood now pouring down Brock's face.

Brock Newbludd:
You…mother…

Unable to finish his sentence, the bloodied Newbludd weakly tries to escape but the combined strength of Weighted Grade is far too much for him. And as if things couldn't get worse… a shadow falls over him.

When he looks up, Brock finds TA Black standing over him. By some unspoken sacrilege, the erstwhile Goat Bastard and one-time leader in wrestling anarchism sports a crown, cape, and regalia fit for a king!

TA Black:
HA-HAA!! It's ME! KING JAMES!! I've just stomped out the Gunpowder Plot, and now I've come to get my REVENGE against you heretic Separatists!

Black procures a King James Bible and SMACKS Newbludd across the face, right before stomping a mudhole into him with a jewel-encrusted royal shoe!

TA Black:
Foolish PILGRIMS! NOBODY outruns the Church of England! Consider this our official… THANKS-TAKING!!

As Horrigan and Roosevelt each take an arm of Brock, TAs Cole and Black step aside as "The Director" hops down off his chair. He dramatically rips off his fake beard to reveal… well, his real beard. But the wig and director's hat goes too, and to the shock of no one… it is the Southern Heritage Champion, Ned Reform. Reform cockily walks up to the dazed and bleeding Brock, grabbing him by the hair and forcing The Saturday Night Special to look up into the Good Doctor's wild eyes.

Ned Reform:
You want to play childish games!? Well, behold: I too can play. Only I play much, much better… yes? It appears that you don't have the physical advantage without drugging me, yes? You may have tricked me into granting you a

championship opportunity, Mr. Newbludd, but it matters little: you were foolish enough to walk into this pedestrian trap because you are a stupid, stupid man. And stupid men…

TA Cole helpfully hands Ned the Southern Heritage Championship.

Ned Reform:
Do not take championships from learned men. So, yes, Mr. Newbludd: we have a rendezvous in Scotland. And there I will humiliate you once more. For this…

Reform holds the belt close to Brock's face.

Ned Reform:
…is as close as you shall come to my championship.

With that, Reform rears back and CLOCKS Brock right in the head with the belt's faceplate. Brock goes down and The Honor Society share a laugh at his expense. Reform puts the belt over his shoulder as he stands over his fallen and bleeding foe with a sneer.

Ned Reform:
Cut. Gentlemen, that's a wrap.

Instantly, his mood brightens.

Ned Reform:
Well… that was fun. Who's for Chinese!?

TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE LADS

DDK:
After what's been a hell of an evening, we've finally come to our main event! After weeks of standoffs between each time, the time has finally come for The Lads and Titanes Familia to collide!

Lance:
It was The Lads who came to the aid of Butcher Victorious on DEFtv 210 after he defeated Titaness in a singles match and got jumped as a result. It was on DEFtv 211 when The Lads defeated Weighted Grade in singles action, then Titanes Familia exchanged words before trying to jump them. That time, Butcher came to the aid of The Lads…

DDK:
But there is no Butcher tonight. Last week on UNCUT, he had a chance to become the Southern Heritage Champion when he took on Ned Reform, only for Titaness and Killjoy to brutally assault The Microphone Fiend. He's not cleared to appear for DEFtv tonight.

Lance:
Over the weekend, The Familia visited our training facilities in New Orleans, Louisiana where Uriel attacked Dex Joy's protege in BRAZEN, "Young Bull" Tate Newell. And Uriel left a chilling message that he would be going, in his words… "Nuclear" tonight. As if these two teams didn't have enough reasons to collide, it comes to a head tonight!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:
The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first…

♫ "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 Pechanga 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 and the roof comes off the building!

It was last seen floating over the Pacific Ocean.

Dex turns around to show off the message on the back of his robe…

"I'M BAAAACCCCCKK!!!"

Darren Quimbey:
At a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE POUNDS… They are the team of PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL… AND CALIFORNIA'S OWN…. **"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY… THE LAAAAAAAAAAADS!!!**

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. Dex and Punchy both look serious as heart attacks at the moment with Dex out to avenge his protege and shut the Familia up once and for all.

Darren Quimbey:
And their opponents…

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 ♫

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the “Familia” logo written down the leg and wielding The Stick v.2, that typically belongs to Butcher Victorious. In the right spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crow and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans all across his arms, a sleeveless button-up shirt and a gold “Familia” belt buckle. And in the center, the tallest figure with gold-tinted sunglasses, black vest, pants and gloves. And an arrogant sneer.

Darren Quimbey:
And their opponents, accompanied by Killjoy, at a combined weight of 539 pounds… They are the team of The Mother of Suplexes… Breaker of Backs… Baroness of Big Boots… Bringer of Bombs… She is ”THE PRETTY POWERFUL”… TITANESS! And ”THE MAN OF THE HOUSE” URIEL CORTEZ … **TITANES FAMILIA!**

The powerful trio make it to ringside. The mammoth Killjoy remains at ringside while the husband and wife of Titanes Familia pose in the ring! Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell as Uriel offers to start for his team…

DING DING

AND DEX JUMPS ON HIM AT THE START WITH A SHOTGUN DROPKICK! THE PLACE GOES BERSERK!

DDK:
Uriel has been running his mouth for weeks and now Dex Joy is gonna make him pay!

Uriel is blinking as he can’t believe what’s hit him! Dexy Baby is already up and rushes at the Titan in the corner with huge rights to the jaw! He continues pelting the big man with several more shots and Uriel finds himself in the rare position of being out gunned for the moment as he teeters in the corner!

Lance:
Uriel Cortez crossed lines by calling Dex Joy a liar after losing the FIST and attacking his protege who had nothing to do with any of this. Now Dex is making him pay!

Cortez is staggered in the corner when Dex Joy rushes forward and CLOCKS Dex with a big bicycle kick in the corner! Uriel falls to his knees as Dex climbs up and starts laying into Uriel with a number of rights! The Faithful are counting along with each shot!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Dex pauses to build the cheers…

TEN!

Uriel falls to his knees after the ten punches in the corner, eliciting a HUGE cheer from Dex’s own California Faithful!

Lance:
What a homecoming this will be for Dex Joy! He lives just two hours away in Los Angeles, but he grew up playing football here in San Diego! They know him well here!

DDK:
This is Uriel’s home state as well, but he’s done absolutely NOTHING to endear to his people with his actions lately!

Dex goes over and tags in Punch Drunk Purcell and the two big men team up on Uriel! Titaness can’t believe that The Lads have gotten the better of the Titanes Familia patriarch, especially when they both charge at Uriel from either side as he tries to stand and CRUSH him with stereo standing splashes! Cortez rocks backwards and lands in a nearby

corner where Purcell now has the chance to continue the fight!

DDK:
I never thought I'd see a team be able to come out swinging against giants like Titanes Familia like this, but The Lads are doing it! They're in no playing mood tonight!

Purcell lines up with Uriel Cortez trying to get up in the corner, then barrels in to throw a 351-pound corner back splash to the 7'1" Cortez! He holds his ribs in pain, but things get worse for him when Purcell fires off a series of alternating body shots! Killjoy and Titaness can only watch as The Man of the House gets his home foreclosed on by the two big brutes. Punchy continues throwing jabs until he lifts up a right, only to SMACK Uriel with the left! A gob of spit gets knocked out of Uriel's mouth to big cheers before he stumbles around!

DDK:
That Rope-A-Dope punch had some extra mustard on it!

Uriel crawls over, leading to Titaness to tag in for herself. Purcell looks a little surprised, but he shrugs since his hands are rated E for everyone.

Lance:
Titaness doing the right thing by stepping in for her husband after The Lads have teed off on him at the start of this match! She's one of the most powerful stars on our roster, but can she match up physically with Purcell?

Purcell gets ready to fight, but Titaness has a different tactic in mind… she SPITS on Purcell! Purcell wipes the gob away slowly, then chases after the Bringer of Big Boots! She heads out of the ring with Purcell climbing out to give chase! Dex screams at Purcell not to follow, but he does. Titaness runs and hides right past Killjoy! Killjoy and Punch Drunk Purcell come face to face and The Faithful take notice.

DDK:
Titaness hiding behind The Good Son of Titanes Familia… but good lord, listen to these people!

Purcell looks straight up at the masked monster, Killjoy and the two look like they get ready to come to blows.

Lance:
Look out!

Purcell turns right into a NASTY running pump kick by Titanesss! The blow staggers the former boxer! Titaness climbs on the apron and protests to Brian Slater that she'll take the action back in the ring… all the while, Killjoy picks up Purcell and BODY SLAMS HIM ON THE FLOOR! The Good Son howls as he stands over the body of Purcell while people are gasping!

DDK:
My God! What strength by Killjoy! He made that look so easy body slamming Punch Drunk Purcell!

Still taking Slater's attention, Titaness protests while Killjoy picks him up and rolls him into the ring. Titaness finally stops conversing with DEFIANCE's largest referee and hurries for the pin on Purcell.

ONE!

TWO… NO!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound kicks out! Titaness looks up and a spiteful Uriel - still nursing his jaw from the punch he took from Purcell earlier - looks ready for the tag. Titaness rolls over to make the tag to her extra-large husband, who doesn't take his eyes off Purcell at all as he steps over the ropes with intent to dole out damage.

DDK:

I haven't seen Uriel look this angry. This man defeated "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas with his bare hands and yet, nothing seem good enough for him.

Purcell tries to get up, but the second he does, Uriel's hand is up…

THWACK!

DDK:
OH, MY GOD! WHAT A CHOP! ONE SHOT JUST KNOCKED PURCELL OFF HIS FEET!

Dex looks worried for the state of his tag partner being pummeled by The Man of the House. Sure enough, Purcell is quickly starting to wear a big hand mark across his bare chest! Uriel pops the bones in his neck as The Round Mound of Ground and Pound tries to fight back up…

THWACK!

Like a gunshot, the second chop is heard through every last inch of the Pechanga Arena as Purcell falls back to the canvas a second time. A FURIOUS Uriel grabs Purcell and starts putting his large knee across the back of his head, CHOKING the life out of Punchy in the process!

Lance:
Uriel is turning up the brutality here after The Lads put a hurting on him to start this match! He's returning every shot in kind!

Brian Slater tells Uriel to back off the choke, but Uriel replies nice and kind that he won't do it.

Uriel Cortez:
Shut the fuck up, Slater.

Purcell is gasping for air while Dex Joy tries to reach out to help his partner, only for Uriel to ROCK The Biggest Boy with a big boot out of nowhere, knocking him off the apron!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel is booed out of the building as he leans over the ropes and shouts at Dex to get back up and fight.

DDK:
This is a nastier attitude from Uriel Cortez than we're accustomed to lately. And it's what makes him so dangerous.

He goes back to picking Purcell up by his bald head, but Punchy fights back! He throws a series of jabs that garner an "oof!" each time he lands a shot on Cortez. Purcell gets back to his feet and tries to fight his way back up, but before he can do anything, The Man of the House buries a knee in his chest and muscles him over to the corner for Titaness to tag in! Uriel grabs Purcell and lands a Big Business Chop that brings him down to the mat!

DDK:
Ouch! Big Business by Uriel! And here comes Titaness!

Titaness climbs the top rope and with help from her husband, she gets extra elevation into a HUGE diving splash on the big man! Titaness hooks the far leg!

Lance:
Double-team by Titanes Familia! Will they become the first team to defeat The Lads?!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Purcell pushes Titaness and tries to sit up, but The Pretty Powerful member of Titanes Familia hits the ropes and comes back with a sliding lariat on the big man, knocking him back to the canvas! Dex gets back up on the apron, eager and waiting to get into the fight! Killjoy paces like a monster on his chain ready to finally be free; to the point where Uriel motions for the monster to relax.

Lance:
What a hard hitting main event this is! Uriel and Titaness have done a great job cutting this ring in half and keeping Purcell away from his side!

DDK:
You can tell how bad Dex wants to get in and gets his hands on Uriel Cortez.

The Pretty Powerful leaps up and delivers a double foot stomp to the midsection of the big man! As he pops up from being hurt, Titaness heads to the corner and looks to nail Titan-knee-am as he slaps her knee, signaling for it. She charges towards Purcell… ONLY TO GET TAKEN DOWN FIRST BY A RUNNING BODY BLOCK FROM THE BIG MAN FIRST!

DDK:
KING HIPPO! TITANESS GETS FLATTENED BY THE KING HIPPO!

One of the rare times that Punchy leaves his feet, he takes Titaness off hers! The Pretty Powerful is out of it as she looks up at the lights! Uriel looks horrified for his wife's well-being, then switches to anger right away as he tries to get to her! The San Diego Faithful cheer on Dex in a big way when he crawls to his corner.

Lance:
This place is about to come unglued! They want Dex! They want The Biggest Boy in that ring!

Titaness crawls over and gets to Uriel, then gets the tag. Purcell does the same… TAG TO DEX!

RRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Lance:
HERE HE COMES! DEX JOY IS IN!

The Biggest Boy charges right at The Man of the House and the two go shot for shot, punch for punch in the middle of the ring with The Faithful making enough noise to blow the roof off the building! They continue to fight until Uriel goes for a knee strike, then an eye rake on Joy! With Dexy Baby blinded, Uriel charges the ropes and looks for a big boot, but Dex ducks and runs the ropes. He comes back and ducks under a wild clothesline by Uriel, only to CRASH onto Killjoy outside the ring with a massive WHOA-PE dive through the ropes!

DDK:
WHOA-PE OUT OF NOWHERE! KILLJOY HAS BEEN WIPED OUT BY THAT DIVE BY DEX!

Lance:
That was incredible!

Dex gets back to his feet! Uriel remains stunned by Dex's dive, but snaps out of it and tries to cut him off before he returns to the ring. Dex blocks a right and fires back with one of his before hitting a shoulder to Uriel through the ropes! The Biggest Boy heads to the top rope and then takes flight with a MASSIVE Diving Crossbody!

DDK:

Unreal! Dex with that massive diving crossbody!

Dex rolls through and gets back to his feet before hitting the ropes for a HUGE running senton across the body of Uriel! Uriel gasps in pain as Dex once again goes to the apron! Not a single person isn't making noise as he heads up top and hits the diving headbutt across the chest of Uriel!

DDK:
Dex hits the running senton for good measure, followed by Jump For Joy! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR… TITANESS MAKES THE SAVE!

Titaness scores with a huge elbow to the back of Dex's head and the Pechanga Arena can't believe it!

Lance:
Dex is attacking the Man of the House from all angles, but Titaness with the save!

DDK:
Purcell is back!

He comes back into the ring! Titaness runs for another big pump kick towards Purcell, but this time he's ready for it! He catches Titaness over the shoulder and dumps her onto the mat with a big double leg spinebuster! He yells at Dex to finish the match and then climbs out of the ring!

Lance:
Purcell disposed of Titaness! Killjoy's out, too! We're down to Dex and Uriel!

Dex Joy gives the thumbs up to Purcell and then gets ready to finish the business he started with Papa Tez. Dex heads up top to look for his patented top-rope moonsault… but when he makes it to the top rope… he gets KICKED square in the face by a masked attacker on the ring apron!

Lance:
WAIT! WAIT! WHO IS THAT?!

In full view of Brian Slater, the masked stranger's attack is also noticed by Uriel as he starts to stand, then hits a huge lariat on Dex! Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING

Uriel looks down at the stranger… and grins!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:
Here are your winners as a result of a disqualification… **THE LADS!**

But Titanes Familia don't care! Uriel holds up Dex, allowing the masked attacker to hit the rope and come back with a BIG sliding elbow smash to the face!

Lance:
What the heck is going on in there?!

Uriel delivers forearms and the masked assailant locks in a chokehold on the downed Dex! On the outside of the ring, Purcell shoves an attacking Titaness out of the way, but when he tries to get back to help Dex in the ring…

CRASH!

DDK:
MY GOD! KILLJOY JUST TACKLED PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL THROUGH THE BARRICADE!

Killjoy picks himself up off the wreckage and then towers over the downed Purcell! Uriel calls for The Good Son to get back into the ring. Titaness joins him and from there, all four are surrounding Dex.

DDK:
The Lads were about to win this match when Dex got attacked by that masked individual!

Titaness walks over to the person that's almost equal height to her; at least six feet. Titaness motions for the individual to come close and has the stolen Stick of Butch Vic in hand. Killjoy then towers over Dex and has him by the throat…

DDK:
FREEFALL! FREEFALL ON DEX JOY!

Joy gets FLATTENED with the brutal powerbomb variation that Killjoy has used to befall so many others! After the bomb, Titanes gathers them together, along with the masked individual.

Titaness: *[huffing]*
Ladies and gentlemen… YOUR HIGHNESS, TITANESS… is here to make a special announcement!

BOOOOOOOO!

Titaness:
TITANES FAMILIA IS NOW WELCOMING… OUR BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL!

The individual unmasks themselves…

Uriel and Titaness:
BROOKLYNN RIVERA!

The MMA fighter and brawler from BRAZEN stands next to Titaness, arms out and basking in the jeers of The Faithful with a sadistic smile on her face!

Lance:
DARREN! THAT'S BROOKLYNN RIVERA! HIGHLY-TOUTED BRAZEN PROSPECT! SHE AND TITANESS WERE BRAZEN TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS TOGETHER LAST YEAR! SHE'S THE NEWEST MEMBER OF TITANES FAMILIA?!

Brooklynn Rivera walks over to Titaness and the two tall ladies share a hug to LOUD booing! But it's not all fun and games; Uriel Cortez isn't done. The booing continues as he starts to undo his belt slowly. Killjoy and Titaness now hold a struggling Dex down…

Lance:
No… no… he did this to his own manager, Thomas Keeling a few months ago… and we haven't seen him since!

Dex still tries to struggle… But Uriel BRINGS THE BELT DOWN ACROSS HIS BACK! OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

DDK:
No! No! Come on! Stop this! Stop this now! This is over the line!

Uriel brings the belt down several more times across the back of Dex! The Biggest Boy yells out with each shot, then Uriel grabs the belt and ties the belt around his fist with the metal buckle against his knuckles. Killjoy holds up Dex, then Uriel BASHES Dex in the face with the metal end of the buckle wrapped around his fist! Dex collapses to the canvas, not moving any longer. The Man of the House stands tall with Titaness, Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera now joining in while raising a fist across their chests.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:
Uriel has been promising this for the past week! He's promised to anyone who will listen this would be the worst experience of Dex Joy's life in front of friends and family... And tonight, I think The Final Hoss was true to his word.

DDK:
Folks… this is now how we thought tonight would end. But Uriel Cortez also promised that he'd go "nuclear" tonight. We're looking at a nuclear Familia now.

Cortez, Titaness, Killjoy, and now Brooklynn Rivera stand tall with the jeers reaching a fever pitch. The camera cuts briefly to Purcell laid out in the wreckage outside the ring, followed by Dex laid out at the feet of the now complete Familia!

Happy (post) Thanksgiving, pilgrims.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.