

SHOW OPEN

The Vegas Sphere is ready to go! Signs, signs everywhere!

IS IT TOO LATE TO VOTE?

THERE'S AN ODOR WHERE FRESH AIR SHOULD BE

SWEATFEST

MY DEFCOM WAS FEATURED ON DEF RADIO

SCOTTY FLASH IS HIDING IN MY SHED

OSCAR BURNS IS LAS VEGAS

I SAW SCOTTY FLASH ON THE STRIP AND WANT MY MONEY BACK

I DONATED TO THE WRESTLECARE FUND AND WANT MY MONEY BACK

THAT THING WE FEARED - ITS HAPPENING

ED WHITE IS A FAVORED SAINTS

BIG TROUBLE BROCK 420

I SAW MALAK PUKE AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL

NOW WITH RADIOVISION

IT WAS BARLEY ANY MONEY AND ITS BARELY MINE!

OPTIMUS LUCK

SCOTTY FLASH STOLE THE MONEY MEANT FOR MY PROSTHETIC LEG

SCOTTY FLASH STOLE MY PROSTHETIC LEG I WAS GOING TO SELL FOR MONEY

SCOTTY FLASH STOLE THE MONEY I HAD HIDDEN INSIDE MY PROSTHETIC LEG

SCOTTY FLASH LAST SEEN AT A TACO BELL WITH A PROSTHETIC LEG

OR WAS IT A DECORATIVE, FRAGILE LAMP? WHO IS TO SAY?

IT'S A MAJOR AWARD!

WE WANT REZIN BACK

DEATH TO MALAK GARLAND

WRESTLECARE SENT ME A MANNEQUIN LEG AND DUCT TAPE

MAYBE EVERYONE SHOULD GET PARTICIPATION RIBBONS

The scene finds the broadcast booth, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Apparently, I'm being told we have an award to give RIGHT THIS VERY SECOND!

Lance: *[trying to get his introduction in]*

Okay, well, hello everyone! I'm Lance Warner and this is my partner, Darren Keebler-

Warner is cut off as we go to the entranceway!

****DEFIANT of the YEAR****

The stage lights focus on the podium where Jamie Sawyers is perched. He shuffles what appears to be a few cue cards in his hands before plunging his index finger against the earpiece in his right ear. His face scrunches as he receives direction to start the show immediately.

Jamie Sawyers:

Faithful, Faithful, if you may please take your seats and get settled. I am just getting word that due to enormous demands, the award for DEFIANT OF THE YEAR will get handed out right now so it can be done and over with because apparently, the recipient can't wait all night long in order to receive the award. So, without further ado, let's get to it!

There is a bit of a groan of concern that permeates throughout the arena as fans, staff, family and friends put a bit of pep in their step and hustle to their seats.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the annual DEFIANCE YEAR END AWARDS SHOW! It is my pleasure to hand out this first award, which is typically reserved for the end of the show but again, we're switching things up this year to appease higher powers! It is time to present the DEFIANT OF THE YEAR AWARD! The nominees are; DEX JOY, DOCTOR NED REFORM AND THE FLAKE OF DEFIANCE, MALAK GARLAND!

A quad screen shot shows Jamie Sawyers at the podium and the nominees nestled in their respective spots in the crowd. Malak Garland is bracketed by two very pregnant *looking* ladies in Teresa Ames and Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe. Garland's hands are white knuckling as he cannot squeeze the hands of the mothers of his children hard enough.

Malak Garland:

I hope I win, I hope I win, I hope I win, I hope I win, I hope I win, I hope I win! My whole MOOD is dependent on this outcome.

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

Jamie opens a golden envelope as a mini DEFIANT trophy is brought to the podium by a lusty ring lady.

Jamie Sawyers:

Who could have guessed it, Malak Garland.

Lights start to dance around and celebratory trumpets play as Malak Garland looks SHOCKED TO ALL HELL. He springs up to his feet, drops his ladies' hands, gob smacks his cheeks like he never knew it was coming and proceeds to prissy foot around on the spot, like a loser dancing in his parent's basement. Cyrus Bates gets up, cracks his knuckles and looks around, ensuring he provides QUALITY security to the newly crowned 2024 DEFIANT OF THE YEAR.

Malak Garland:

IT'S ME! I WON! DID I WIN? IS THIS A DREAM!? OH ME, OH MY! I MUST GO COLLECT MY SPOILS! I GET A TROPHY FOR PARTICIPATING THIS YEAR! LET'S GO!

Garland nearly sprints to the podium, politely shoving Jamie Sawyers out of the way. He grabs the DEFIANT mini trophy and nuzzles it against his babysoft snowflake cheeks.

Malak Garland:

WOW! LOTS TO UNPACK HERE! First off, I'd like to thank the spirit entity and chakra energy aligner of your preferred denomination, dominion, stratosphere and archetype. This, without a doubt, proves I am the greatest of all time. Wow. Just wow. What a remarkable calendar year I've had. Let's recap, shall we? I promise I will make this short and sweet.

Malak pulls out a highly wrinkled foolscap page of scribbles.

Malak Garland:

I couldn't have gotten here alone, yet here we are. Aside from my initial thanks to spirit mongers and chakra overlords, if a team would have done anything to put myself in this position, I would undoubtedly owe thanks to many, many individuals. Too many to be named, in fact. People like Percy Collins who works with me on a sports psychology level. Thank you. We've had many talks about getting right mentally and look at me now. Not fragile in the slightest. I would also hypothetically thank Thurston Hunter for being such a street fought bad nut. Dude's got bruises on bruises that would make normal bruises look like freckles. Thank you. I would thank Cyrus Bates for messing up my marriage. If it wasn't for him, I don't think I would have realized my worth and gotten as far along as I have been. I would have valued a stagnant relationship with a lower class person and I would have been happy with that. So, I know I cussed you out a while ago behind closed doors but thank you for breaking us up. Thank you. I would also thank Teresa Ames and Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe for carrying my future Cassidy children. Thank you. I know what the world needs and that is DEFINITELY more Cassidy spawn running around. I would thank so many more individuals. Gosh. I would thank the Faithful for cheering me on during my time of need. Look at how far we've come. I don't think there is anyone else that is worthy of my HIGHLIGHTED thanks beyond that. Nope. Can't think of one. OH! WAIT! YES THERE IS ONE MORE.

The fans are growing restless.

Malak Garland:

Game Boy. I would thank you if I were handing out thank yous because of the countless times we've passed the time on the road playing video games together. Joyous.

His eyes keep reading down the page as it's clear he's taking more time than he deserves.

Malak Garland:

Hmmm let's see. I don't want to hold up the show or anything but this moment means a lot to me. Let me bask in it. Give me the time and space to exist in this vacuum of victory. Oh yes, here we go! In light of this monumental victory, I will be introducing a few new things into my arsenal. First of all, saddle up, even though I don't think I am allowed to say this, I am going to anyway. Tonight, I will debut a brand new theme song! Wow, okay! It's important everyone listens along! So I kinda spilled the beans on that one. Oh well. Also, and this is a BIG ALSO, tonight, when I am fighting my cold little heart out against Tyler Fuse, collecting my final piece of the BRO puzzle, be on the lookout for my BRAND NEW finishing maneuver called The Brinicle. Don't know what that is? Look it up or ask my dear friend Ned Reform, that's DOCTOR Ned Reform for the definition. Ask him to use it in a sentence and I know it's okay that I speak for him at this moment by saying that he would say, "Malak used The Brinicle to castrate Tyler Fuse into oblivion."

He pauses.

Malak Garland:

Hmmm that's a great segway! Speaking of The Good Doctor, a fellow nominee for this prize, I feel compelled to comment on the awkwardness of this situation, given our friendship. So yeah, Neddy rules. His time with this award will come and I only feel FURTHER supported from him by beating him for this award. I guess that means I have to COMMENT on the OTHER loser, I mean finalist but let's be real, this guy is a true loser. I beat him in his hometown on the biggest stage of wrestling for my coveted FLAKE OF DEFIANCE Championship. Dexy Baby, I hope you NOT WINNING this award inspires you to go on the Siobhan Cassidy diet. Lose some weight, gain some confidence and come back stronger than ever. Maybe there is a nice little tag team program waiting for you? You know, something where we can hide your in-ring shortcomings? There. I nailed it. I think I've said all that needs to be said here. I accept this award with passion, humility and awe. Thank you.

Barely a clap emanates from the crowd as Malak holds the trophy up before being whisked off stage.

SIN CITY STREET FIGHT: THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. FRENCH CONNECTION

DDK:

We have a grudge match that's going to kick off tonight's show in a major way! The Lucky Sevens, represented by Max and Lonnie Luck, will take on The French Connection of Jean Pierre de la Reeves and Raiden in a Sin City Street Fight!

Lance:

It was back at Tag Party Six where Max Luck and Rowzilla eliminated "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon! Since that time, Madame Melton and her Most Precious Gems have spared no expense in making life hell for the Lucky Sevens! Mason Luck was bitten by Melton's pet snake, Algernon, and was put into a medically induced coma weeks ago!

DDK:

Max Luck tried to get revenge on Dixon a couple of weeks ago, only to be cheated out of the win by the French Connection which leads to tonight! It was Melton who issued the challenge by wanting to do away with the Sevens for good right here in Sin City! But that is easier said than done! That match will kick off tonight's final show of 2024!

The camera gets a good look at most of the Vegas-themed implementations at ringside. An entire Vegas-themed set up is now all along ringside. Several poker tables around, a roulette table, a slot machine, a Vegas-themed bar set-up with different types of drink mixes and several beer glasses, just to name some of what can be used legally.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a SIN CITY STREET FIGHT set for one fall! All weapons are legal, but the pinfall or submission must take place inside the ring!

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

WE'RE HOME!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Words flash all along the Sphere and the response is deafening! Lonnie Luck comes out first and receives a hero's welcome! He's wearing dirty black jeans and Vegas themed shirt with the sleeves cut off! The Pocket Ace moves and behind him the response is even larger for one half of the seven-foot twins! Both men throw up the Winning Hand for everyone in the Sphere and there isn't a single person who isn't standing or throwing up the Winning Hand in return!

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

They are a combined weight of four-hundred seventy-seven pounds! They are the team of "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck and "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! THEY ARE PROUD NATIVES OF THE SIN CITY ...
 THEEEEEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYY SEEEVVVVVENNNSSSS!!!

DDK:

THIS RESPONSE IS WILD! MY GOD, WE MIGHT HAVE TO TALK LIKE THIS THE ENTIRE MATCHUP!

Lance:

AGREED!!!

Max is also dressed for combat in black Timberland boots, black jeans and the sleeveless vest of the Lucky Sevens sporting playing card patterns! When Max and Lonnie both point to the massive group in attendance tonight they throw up the Winning Hand again and everyone in attendance throws it right back!

Lance:

The last time that the Sevens competed in Las Vegas for DEFIANCE Wrestling was back in 2022 when they were the Unified Tag Team Champions! They were hated monsters back then, but still beloved by these people! But tonight, they're fighting for the honor of themselves and for their fallen brother Mason!

DDK:

Whether they are loved or they're hated, the Lucky Sevens are proud members of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster and the last thing they tolerate is being screwed with like the Gems have done to them in the past several weeks!

All the cheers and all of the love shown for Sin City's native sons goes away in an instant the second their opponent's theme hits:

♪ "Le Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The DEFlatron shows the Tri-Color French flag (along with swirling blue/red/white spotlights) followed by various shots of French propaganda -- the French football world cup team, various French Gold Medal champions, the eiffel tower, Napoleon, Audrey Tautou, Gerard Depreadieu, etc. Out from the back with the spotlight (of course) on her is Madame Melton in her Silver Vixen getup, although one with a shawl in French flag colors, along with a miniature French flag in her hand -- and her usual smile and eyes of madness.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ... weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred twenty five pounds! Being accompanied by Madame Melton, they are the team of "The Cause of Concussions" Raiden and "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre de la Reeves ... THE FREEEEENNNNCCHHHH CONNNECCCTIOOOONNNN!!!

DDK:

As far as Las Vegas is concerned, Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems are Public Enemy Number One tonight!

Lance:

Her tag team specialists The French Connection, along with stable mates JJ Dixon and MP1 have made no shortage of enemies. And this would no doubt be one of the biggest wins tonight if they could defeat the Sevens in Las Vegas!

Raiden and Reeves are now in the ring with Max and Lonnie Luck barely able to contain themselves. The two men look at each other ...

Then they spring into action by jumping all over the Lucks!

DING DING

Raiden launches right at Max Luck with a yakuza kick to his chest while at the same time, Reeves goes right to Lonnie Luck and attacks. The two fights are happening simultaneously across the ring from one another. Raiden is striking Max Luck with palm strikes. Max swings with a right, but Raiden is the quicker of the two strikers and he kicks the leg of Max next. Reeves is attacking Lonnie in the opposite corner and uppercuts him.

Lance:

The French Connection are shockingly taking control right now! They've got the Sevens off of their game!

DDK:

Max Luck's synergy with his cousin Lonnie will be a true test tonight. We know they have trained together and they've wrestled together a few times, but this may be their highest profile match together.

Lonnie is picked up by Reeves and tries a German suplex. He lets go but Lonnie flips over and lands on his feet, then drop kicks the back of Reeves's head first! Lonnie gets up as Max finally blocks a strike from Raiden and fires back

using a throat thrust! Max whips Raiden into the corner and then he helps Lonnie up and the stack up Reeves and Raiden in the corner! Max Luck points at the corner and gets a colossal ovation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as smashes them both with a big splash in the corner!

DDK:

Big splash in the corner by Max!

Lonnie points at the corner and runs towards Max. Max picks him up and throws his much smaller cousin into a flying drop kick to the face of Reeves! Raiden gets struck by another uppercut from the Beast of the Bright Lights! Raiden and Reeves stagger around when Max tells Lonnie to run. He runs again and Max throws his cousin in the air, who drop kicks both Reeves and Raiden at the same time!

Lance:

We wondered how Max and Lonnie would work together since they're a far different team from Max and Mason — the answer is "pretty good" so far!

Reeves and Raiden are both down on either side of Max Luck. He grins like the mad man that he is and hits the ropes before hitting a pair of running jumping elbow drops to the hearts of the French Connection!

DDK:

Two of a kind with the Box Cars elbow drop by Max Luck!

Madam Melton is stunned by what is happening while she watches the match on the stage. Max throws off the vest, revealing his abs and gets some cat calls from some of the ladies in the house tonight. Dashing Max's mind is all on business when he grabs Raiden and throws him out of the ring. Reeves is next and when both are down, Max points up and Lonnie. Lonnie nods and then heads over to the ring ropes.

Lance:

I think this might be another two for one special! What is he gonna do with Lonnie Luck?!

Lonnie Luck lives up to one of his names as the Lonn Dart. He springboards to the top rope and he flies with a springboard rolling senton onto *both* members of the French Connection outside the ring!

DDK:

BANK ROLL BY LONNIE LUCK!!! HE JUST TOOK OUT THE FRENCH CONNECTION!!!

Madame Melton is outraged! Lonnie rolls around and then gets to his feet and is in his natural element of a good scrap along with his large cousin!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are in complete control right now!

Not one to be left out of all the fun, Max Luck climbs over the ropes and goes to the floor to help his cousin with dishing out some damage to two of the men responsible for what happened to Max's brother and Lonnie's cousin, Mason. Max grabs Raiden over the shoulders ...

Max Luck:

Snake Eyes, bitch!

And hits him with a running snake eyes on one of the dice tables propped at ringside! Raiden drops off the set with a thud and then hits the floor. Lonnie Luck is fighting with Reeves and introduces his face to the nearby slot machine prop! Again! And again! And again! And soon, coins fall out as "Jackpot" displays on the screen!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck just earned some extra pay right there!

Madame Melton has seen enough and springs into action by grabbing Lonnie Luck and raking the eyes! Lonnie screams out and holds onto his eyes but Max Luck turns around and sees what just happened to his cousin.

Max Luck:

You wanna dance, Grandma? You're gonna Luck around and find out, too!

He goes to lunge at Melton as she runs and he grabs her by the back of her hair!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are some of the very *last* people that Madame Melton should antagonize! They're equal opportunity revenge seekers!

Max Luck holds out the Winning Hand and he's prepared to do something that Madame Melton will certainly regret ...

BUT A LOW BLOW FROM RAIDEN STOPS HIM FIRST!!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The low blow stuns Max as Melton runs up the ramp! Max is bent over and Raiden now has himself a steel chair in hand ...

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

And he strikes Max Luck several times in the back until the seven foot Beast of the Bright Lights has his lights turned out by Raiden on the floor!

DDK:

Listen to those shots! Max Luck may be out!

Lance:

RAIDEN MIGHT HAVE SAVED MADAME MELTON'S LIFE THERE WITH THAT CHAIR!!!

Five vile shots from the steel chair are the perfect equalizer and Raiden tosses the dented chair into the ring for possible future usage. Jean-Pierre de la Reeves makes Lonnie Luck pay for his own attacks from earlier. He grabs him by the waist and then lands a belly to belly overhead suplex on the floor! Lonnie is hurt bad and in agony!

DDK:

The French Connection take over in a big way! Some dirty play by Melton there, but it's a Sin City Street Fight! Everything is considered above board to get the win tonight!

Lonnie is not thriving as well as he was at the start of the match. The French Connection grab some of the card tables and pick them up to bury Max Luck under them! Reeves grabs some extra chairs and throws them onto the pile as well!

Lance:

I don't want to give anything resembling credit to Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems, but this is the way to beat them! Separate Max and Lonnie and they are doing it!

With Max buried under a wreckage, they focus on the Pocket Ace and put him back inside the ring where they are free to continue their punishment. Reeves and Raiden each grab some cups of beer from the ringside bar set up and then a deck of playing cards and go into the ring. Everyone in the Sphere is jeering the Connection right now!

DDK:

Listen to these people. They are not liking this one bit.

Lance:

After a big opening by the Lucky Sevens, the French Connection have just take over! Wait ... what is Reeves doing?

Reeves points at Raiden to grab Lonnie's hand. He holds Lonnie on the mat and strikes him until his hands are pried open! Reeves grabs one of the playing cards ... an ace of diamonds no less ...

HE RUNS THE CARD ACROSS THE INSIDE OF HIS FINGER!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! DID ... DID REEVES JUST SCRAPE THE INSIDE OF LONNIE'S FINGERS?! PAPER CUT WITH THE CARD?!

The Pocket Ace is hurt bad, but Reeves does it again and runs the card quickly along the inside of his finger!

Lance:

This is sadistic!

Lonnie Luck is screaming in pain, but it gets worse when Raiden grabs the open cup of beer and pours it on Lonnie hand – right on the open cuts! Luck screams out in pain and the French Connection are booed out of the building!

DDK:

This just got bad for Lonnie!

Raiden grabs the chair he used on Max Luck moments ago and props it up. The French Connection pick Lonnie up and use a whip to lead to Jean-Pierre de la Reeves hitting a drop toe hold that sends Lonnie's face *smacking* right into the chair!

Lance:

Oooooohhhh!!! Drop toe hold! And ... yeah, Lonnie Luck just got his face busted open!

There's a bad cut on his forehead that's bleeding badly after being dropped into the chair! The official cannot do anything but watch or count a fall. Raiden jumps up onto the middle rope and comes off with a double knee drop and lands right on the Pocket Ace's chest!

DDK:

Brutality is on full display by the French Connection tonight! Madame Melton meant everything she said when they were going to end the Lucky Sevens in Vegas!

A confident Reeves goes to the top rope on the other side of the ring. With a big leap, he lands a diving headbutt right into the chest of Lonnie Luck!

DDK:

Diving double knee drop followed by a diving headbutt from Reeves!

With a snooty grin on his face Reeves calmly goes for a cover on Lonnie Luck.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

To everyone's shock, Lonnie kicks out first!

Lance:

No way! Lonnie kicks out! How the heck did Lonnie Luck kick out?!

The French Connection don't believe what they're seeing, but a bloody Lonnie Luck is slowly getting back to his knees. Raiden looks amused by this and so does Reeves ... Until Raiden gets slapped! Then Reeves gets slapped!

DDK:

He's a Luck, all right!

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves gets mad and tries to grab Lonnie, but Lonnie blocks by grabbing his wrist and starts *biting* his arm! Reeves is screaming and it takes Raiden to deliver nasty kicks to the back of Lonnie to finally get the pitbull-like grappler to stop! Reeves is hurt but Raiden helps out his partner with a big running boot to the jaw of Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

Raiden and Reeves have taken over! Max Luck is still down on the outside and buried under a set of tables!

Lonnie gets snatched up by both French Connection members and picked up for a spine buster from Raiden. Reeves comes off the middle rope and they hit a clothesline and spine buster combo onto the dented chair from earlier!

DDK:

No! I think this is it! No way Lonnie survives this!

Now it is Raiden's turn to cover the Pocket Ace for a cover.

One ...

Two

NO!!!

Raiden nearly jumps up when he doesn't have the win! He's near the ropes with his eyes bulging out of rage when he points up at the referee.

DDK:

HOW IS HE STILL IN THIS?!

Lonnie is barely up but as Raiden and Reeves are both yelling at the official ... the camera catches Max Luck behind them rising from the wreckage he was buried under earlier. The crowd response is explosive when he makes his way out ...

Lance:

Max Luck is back in this! And the French Connection don't know it!

Boiling with rage Max Luck reaches through the ropes ... WINNING HAND ON RAIDEN!!! The Cause of Concussions is flailing around with a massive hand wrapped around his skull!

DDK:

And he looks pissed at what's happened to Lonnie!

Max Luck enters the ring while still holding Raiden! Reeves tries to stop him, but he gets the Winning Hand locked in as well! Max throws Reeves into a corner and then does the same to Raiden! With him standing between the two he charges and Raiden is the first to get a running splash in the corner! The Beast of the Bright Lights dashes in the opposite direction to Reeves! He hits another splash to Raiden! Then he hits another splash to Reeves! Both of the French Connection are down when Max decides he's going to go to the top rope!

DDK:

Max Luck is a one-man army right now! He's on the top rope and he's waiting on the French Connection ...

CHECK-RAISE!!!

A flying double clothesline off the top rope almost decapitates both men! Max Luck sits up and he's ready to take things home when he sees the bloody Lonnie ready for action!

Lance:

Lonnie is back up! And he's going up top?!

Madame Melton goes crazy when she sees Max Luck grab Lonnie off the top rope. He picks him up and the two hit an assisted frog splash on top of Jean-Pierre de la Reeves!

DDK:

There's the Pocket Ace!!! There's the cover by Lonnie Luck!

Max counts along with everyone in the arena!

One ...

Two

BANG

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

JJ DIXON HITS LONNIE LUCK WITH A CHAIR!!!

Lance:

Wait! Where the hell did JJ Dixon come from?! Where was he this whole time?!

DDK:

I don't know! No idea where he came from, but judging from the look on Madame Melton's face, she had him on standby just in case something went wrong!

Madame Melton does have a look on her face that suggests that a well-laid plan is coming together. Max was counting along with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and didn't notice JJ, but he does when a chair is driven into his gut by JJ! The Fatal Attraction hits him with two more big chair shots and Max is brought to his knees. Raiden comes back into the ring with a table.

DDK:

NO!!! IF IT WASN'T FOR JJ DIXON, THEY WOULD HAVE WON THIS!!! NOW THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER POKER TABLE IN THE RING!

Lonnie Luck is down and so is Max. Raiden goes to help Reeves up and once his partner is okay, Dixon and the French Connection are taking turns kicking Max Luck while he's down ... They start to prop Max up and set him up on the table ...

But suddenly, something has their attention ...

Lance:

OH MY GOODNESS!!! DARREN!!! DARREN!!! LOOK!!! IT'S ...

IT'S MASON LUCK!!!

HOLDING A SILVER TRAY IN HAND!!!

THE FAITHFUL ERUPT!!

DDK:

MASON LUCK!!! MASON LUCK IS BACK!!! MASON LUCK IS BACK!!!

Max's twin brother is in a snake-skinned vest and ripped blue jeans as he holds out the tray and heads to the ring with it! Melton shouts at Dixon and the two head out of the ring! Dixon goes running toward him but Mason *kicks* Dixon with a big boot! Madame Melton is right behind him when Mason opens the tray and shoves her down with what looks like ...

Lance:

Is that ... is that a burger?!

The French Connection are stunned, allowing Lonnie Luck to run up behind them near the ropes and hit a double Bluff Catcher, hitting them with a springboard moonsault into falling reverse DDTs!

DDK:

LONNIE LUCK WIPES OUT THE FRNECH CONNECTION!!!

Max grabs Reeves ...

WINNING HAND SLAM THROUGH THE POKER TABLE!!!

The table busts into a pieces and poker chips everywhere! Max then covers Reeves and Lonnie piles on into the cover as Mason joins up with the Sevens!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

It's *wild* for the Lucky Sevens! Melton has mashed-up burger all over her face while the Lucky Sevens are rejoined! Max gets up and goes over to hug his twin brother to a *ha-yuuuuuggge* pop!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE LUUCKY SEEEEVVVVEEEENNNSSSSS!!!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS ARE BACK IN FULL FORCE TONIGHT! MASON IS BACK!

DDK:

WHAT A WAY TO KICK OFF TONIGHT'S SHOW!!! THAT BRAWL WAS WILD!!!

Mason Luck helps Lonnie to his feet and then pats his bloodied-up cousin on the back then he retrieves a mic.

Mason Luck:

Cut the damn music!

The music cuts. Raiden has pulled his partner out of the ring and the limping Gems are regrouping outside. Madame Melton wipes the pieces of burger off her face while Mason is addressing her.

Mason Luck:

MELTON!!! Your *first* mistake? It was trying to poison me! You know *damn well* that if you play with fire, the Lucky Sevens *will* burn you right back!

Max Luck:

ALLEGEDLY!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful pop huge! Mason is pointing at the tray.

Mason Luck:

Your *second* mistake ... was hiring a snake handler who would take a bribe.

DDK:

Wait ... what?!

Mason Luck:

And your third and *final* mistake?

Mason holds up the tray. Max and Lonnie Luck each start helping themselves to the burgers.

Mason Luck:

In this business, it's "eat or be eaten" and when I woke up just a couple days ago from that coma your snake put me in ... I woke up super hungry. You inspired this recipe, so I hope you enjoyed my meat, Melton cause I'm calling these ... ALGERNON BURGERS!!!

Melton's eyes grow wide ... then she goes *crazy*!

Lance:

No way ... is he saying what I *think* he's saying?!

DDK:

It's the Lucky Sevens ... I don't want to know! I just ... legally, I don't want to know!

Melton is about to come unglued! Dixon holds her back and they regroup while in the ring, Lonnie takes a bite out of one of the burgers.

DDK:

This night didn't turn out how the Gems thought it would! Mason is wearing a snake-skin vest and ... this night is just getting *started* Lance!

Lance:

It's already a memorable awards show!

The Lucky Sevens help their bloodied cousin out of the ring and start handing out some free burgers to fans in The Sphere!

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

COME TOGETHER

The scene switches backstage as Tyler Fuse enters the Sphere through the parking lot. It only takes him a couple of steps before Conor Fuse is in his face.

Politely.

Tyler takes a moment to scan his brother up and down, before slumping his shoulders and rolling his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

You really are annoying sometimes.

Conor smiles.

Conor Fuse:

Only sometimes? Because I feel like it's almost all the time! Well, for some people. Some people find me annoying twenty-four-seven! So, hmmm, okay, I guess then I really am only annoying sometimes, to some people!

Conor stands there. Tyler stands there. It takes a few seconds for Conor's lights to click on.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, buddy. Isn't it neat? I'm waiting for YOU to enter the arena this time! You always seem to do that thing where you're waiting for others to arrive? LOL. I'm just here to wish you good luck tonight. You haven't lost a singles match since January 6th, 2022!

Conor puffs out his chest.

Conor Fuse:

Looked it up on DEFonDEMAND myself.

Conor glances into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

You, too, can subscribe to DEFonDEMAND for a low price! Check out [DEFIANCEWrestling.com](https://www.defiancewrestling.com) for all your holiday deals and subscriptions!

Conor lowers his chest. He stares back at Tyler, as if he's expecting some kind of pat on the back, either physical or verbal.

Conor receives neither.

Conor Fuse:

But yeah man, HEY, get this! I'm facing Edward White tonight! Don't you guys have some kinda... little friendship going on???

Tyler merely shrugs to his younger brother and marches down the hall. The Ultimate Gamer smiles and waves goodbye, as he moves to his right-

But walks right into Dan Ryan's chest.

Conor takes a moment to figure out what's up. He takes a couple steps back and looks directly at his tag team partner and a man he's rebuilt a friendship with.

Conor huffs.

Conor Fuse:

Bro! Good to see you! But... well... but... well...

Conor's voice becomes more depressed as he keeps going. By now, he's staring at the floor, kicking "fake" dirt around.

Conor Fuse:

I guess you've seen. Malak has "called me back" into The Comments Section. Maybe this means you and I can't tag anymore...

Ryan barely seems phased by the comments. So little bothered at the notion, he doesn't even flinch.

Conor Fuse:

Malak's annoying. I know, I know, I should've left The Comments Section when I had the chance, but bro [lets out another huff] I really don't like quitting things. Or people.

Fuse leans into the stoic Dan Ryan.

Conor Fuse:

The issue is, I don't even mind Malak. There's a decent wrestler inside there... uh, somewhere. He's an okay person, too. He's just so bloody insecure. But I saw the rundown of matches tonight, you've got Cyrus Bates later on. I hope you waste him!

Conor shrugs, looking off to where his brother walked away from him moments ago.

Conor Fuse:

'Cause nothing really makes sense anymore. I just...

Ryan holds up a hand, stopping his friend in his tracks.

Dan Ryan:

It's okay. You can stop. Don't worry about all of that. Don't get down, and don't give up so easily. Things may not be how you want them to be right now, but I've been around a minute or two. Things don't stay the same around here for very long. It may seem hopeless to you right now, but a wise man once said, "there's many a slip 'twixt a cup and a lip."

Conor Fuse:

Wow. Who said that?

Dan Ryan:

A wise man.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, right.

Dan Ryan:

Anyway... I asked for Malak's QC guy for a reason. I have a message to send the poor boy. For now, cheer up. I have a feeling everything is gonna be just fine.

Conor Fuse:

Now... when you say poor boy, you mean...

Dan just looks at him, and without a word, smirks.

Somehow this boosts Conor's spirits just enough, and he manages a wry smile. Dan gives a little wink, then turns and

walks away.

HE'S IN A MOOD

Earlier in the day, before the doors opened.

The unusual shape and structure of the Vegas Sphere makes for a slightly visually off backstage area from what we're used to with your run of the mill sports arena.

We find none other than the Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling, "The Socialite" Edward White making his way down one of the twisty little hallways of the technological marvel that is this wild looking venue. Clad in his usual crisp white suit with his perfectly quaffed salt and pepper hair and beard. Edward is clearly looking for someone.

After a few moments he finally spies the familiar face he was hunting for.

Edward White:

Angus Skaaland, what's the good word my friend?

Ed firmly claps the Motormouth of Malcontent on the shoulder. Angus is in a black t-shirt and a sharp red blazer. His sunglasses are perched atop his slicked back platinum blond hair as he fiddles with his phone.

Skaaland glances down at his beautiful gifted Rolex before meeting Ed's gaze and trying his best not to look as annoyed as he feels at the overly chummy gesture.

Angus Skaaland:

Eddy. Oh you know me, cleaning up messes and trying my best to corral my dear friend, the most *infuriating motherfucker* to ever walk that aisle. And I've know Eric friggin' Dane for decades, so that's really gorram sayin' a mouthful.

Edward White:

Where is our intrepid Wargod this evenin' praytell?

Skaaland hooks a thumb farther down the hallway and turns back to what he was doing on his smartphone.

Angus Skaaland:

Workin' out. Good fuckin' luck. He's in a *mood*.

Edward fearlessly marches a few more paces down the hallway to where his Blood Diamonds business partner is brooding, shadowboxing all by his lonesome. Bronson Box is dressed in his usual workout gear, black sweats and an old yoked DEFIANCE logo t-shirt. He has a couple rubber resistance bands hanging around his neck. Sweat beads down his forehead, he's clearly been at it for a while now.

At Edward's approach Box stops and grabs a towel he had sitting on a nearby road crate.

Edward White:

Bronson, if you ain't busy my friend I'd love to have a little gab sesh about some of the recent events that have befallen our little organization.

The Original DEFIANT sniffs as he wipes down his face, tossing the towel over his shoulder as he turns to square up with The Socialite.

Bronson Box:

If I'm about to be reprimanded for my reckless behavior and antisocial attitude ye' can save yer' breath, Ed. Angus already had at me about "keepin' my head in the game" so...

White stays silent and gives a clear "well, and, go on" sort of look to which Box annoyedly acquiesces to.

Bronson Box:

I'm fookin' sorry that after pokin' at BRAZEN as a whole for months and months on end a few of the lost and broken children associated with the brand decided to band together and crawl into your shorts, Ed, I really am. I'm sure you and Jane and the boys have it covered, I have more...

The Socialite has always stayed pretty *polite* when dealing with Bronson.

We can tell by the way he cuts in and interrupts Box that ol' Eddy is getting a little frustrated.

Edward White:

What do you *HAVE*, praytell?

The two men stare in silence at one another for a few breaths.

Edward White:

Gage *got DAMN* Blackwood backed into a corner? Well la dee goddamn da. Why, I ask? Ultimate goal here? Why are you STILL chewin' on this particular bone? Because he's from the same damned *country* as you? Because he *resembles* Cayle *Squid Boy* Murray in some God forsaken schizophrenic way to you? Maybe it's because he shrugged off your *nefarious* blasted plans and got the best of you? Bronson, I get it. You KNOW I get it because I've done the same thing over and over throughout my career. I haul off without thinkin'... it's why I always have Jane in my corner, why I listen to her and trust her input because time has shown me she will always have my actual best interests at heart even when I myself *don't*.

The Sophisticate takes a step towards Boxer and puts a hand on the Wargod's shoulder that's immediately shrugged off with a grunt. Ed just shakes his head with a tired half smile and carries on.

Edward White:

Please let me be that sort of compatriot to you now as it relates to this current *crusade* of yours. I have no reason to lie to you. You know my ultimate goals stickin' around here. I ain't lyin' when I say I love this blasted company. For better or for worse it's in my damndable veins now. On that single issue you can be sure, you and I are in *lockstep*. It's what the Diamonds are all about... we know that our vision for DEFIANCE is *clear*. We've put in the time, we've been here since jump street. We know what's best so give us the wheel and *back the hell off*. You and me, Hollis. That was the plan. You and me kickin' in the door on this new establishment and makin' a ruckus... but a ruckus that benefits the *group*. One that benefits *our vision* for the brand.

Uh oh. Shoot name time.

Bronson Box grimaces at Ed using his given name.

Edward White:

That all bein' said how exactly is this single minded crusade against the unquestionably *less-than talent* of Gage Blackwood goin' to benefit us in the long run? How is his presence more egregious than any of the other less-thans that have stepped on your toes lately?

The Socialite pauses for emphasis and to make sure Boxer is really listening to what he's laying down. He is.

Edward White:

Malak Garland *embarrassed* you in your own speciality match. Used you as a damn steppin' stone to the FIST. Dex Joy, Ned Reform, those ridiculous Luck brothers how many others that've slighted you have you let slide since you came back here? Hell, at least they're stars. Former champions, former and current FISTS. Movers and shakers...

He pauses again and widens his eyes.

Edward White:

Those green-as-goose-shit Doubleday boys took your precious Spike and *melted* the bastard, Boxer! MELTED IT. It's goddamn gone! That blond himbo and his mushroom headed little brother shouldn't have been able to do what they

did to me at my “first and still best” FIST remembrance fund raiser the other night because in a just and right world you’d have already stuffed them in a tiny uncomfortable little box weeks prior and sent them packing to their undertaker daddy down in Florida after they had the AUDACITY to step up and insult the Godfathers of DEFIANCE in such an audacious *gotDAMN* way!

Throughout the tirade Edward got incrementally more heated with every word.

Box stands resolute, unmoved, jaw locked tight. But most importantly, *still listening*.

Edward White:

We were supposed to do this thing *together*. Kick the Favoured Saints door down *together*. Run the rejects and actors and comedians and underachievers out of this place on a rail *together*. Where the hell have you been at, partner o’ mine? Hm? Where? Because from where I’ve been sittin’ you’ve gone and left me and Jane and the boys in the damned dirt to chase *nothin’ at all*. To chase some *idea* you’ve assigned to that cretinous little Scotsman!

He and Bronson are standing about an inch from nose to nose now.

The tension, thick as big city smog, is surprisingly cleared when Bronson breathes a heavy sigh. His previously tense shoulders drop a little, his head bows slowly.

When he picks his head up we see in his eyes something completely foreign.

Desperation.

Bronson Box:

I have to END that fookin’ reprobate, Ed. *I have to*. Violently. Publicly.

The uncharacteristically vulnerable tone of voice actually sets Edward back a step.

Bronson Box:

I’m bloody *sorry*. Is that what you want to hear? Bronson fookin’ Box is sorry, Ed. But Blackwood’s wormed his way into my GUTS, brother. The hatred I have fer’ that... that BOY... it’s *festerin’* in me. This’ll blow yer hair back but during my hiatus? I actually saw a therapist, aye, believe it or not. Fella’ down the road from Banff down in Aberdeen. He called it bi-polar one with a healthy dollop of obsessive compulsive personality disorder, and a *couple* other things. Big shock, aye, but I’m a bit of a basketcase believe it or not. But knowin’ all that and what did it change? Hm? Not a *bloody thing*, that’s what.

The Wargod snarls and grimaces at that.

Bronson Box:

The black highway between my head and my heart was still just as dark, just as frightenin’ as ever before after learnin’ all that medical mishegas. I wander up and down that highway as I’ve done so many times before but now all I see is that little bastard’s smug, overly confident fookin’ face starin’ back at me from every dark avenue.

Boxer’s open honesty about his mental health struggles leaves Ed just stone-ass silent.

Bronson Box:

The whys and the hows of it all have bled into the background like a watercolor left out in the rain, Edward. All that’s left is this open blackness in the middle of me that I KNOW can only be closed up by smearin’ that smug little prick’s person across that sacred mat in front of he and I’s countrymen. Beatin’ him there? That’s how I *reclaim* myself, Edward. Reclaim that which I’ve lost. I... it’s difficult to explain, mate. Truly. I just... I *need* you all to let me finish this.

Again, Edward puts a hand on Bronson’s shoulder. This time it’s not shrugged off.

Edward White:

So, you and Gage Blackwood one on one in Edinburgh no holds barred and that's the end of it? You close the door on this Gage Blackwood mess and step back by my side and we get back to our good works makin' DEFIANCE a better healthier version of itself for those that deserve the honor. Yes? DEFroad is the last stop on the Bronson Box Gage Blackwood express, I'm correct in sayin' this?

The Wargod nods to the affirmative.

Bronson Box:

That's the beginning and end of it all now, Ed. *It has to be.*

Edward White:

Well. You better hope the purse for this eventual maulin' is worth all this time, trouble and effort it took to book the bastard. Come on, this is an awards show, damnit, and here you stand lookin' like some sort of sweaty reprobate. Come on now, let's go collect ourselves our Angus and go prepare for this evenin's festivities. Shall we?

With that we cut away to the next segment on the show.

??? vs. AARON KING

DDK:

What a night, ladies and gentlemen, and we've got more in-ring action coming our way!

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

The theme gets a respectable round of boos from the Faithful in Vegas as The Pensacola Playboy himself - Aaron King - appears on stage. Wearing a white and pink leather jacket, King looks into the camera and raps a few bars before arrogantly making his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from Pensacola, Florida... weighing two hundred and thirty one pounds... He is the "PENSACOLA PLAYBOY"... AARON!! KING!!!

DDK:

A huge spotlight for Aaron King here - he doesn't get featured on big cards very often, and he'd better be prepared to maximize his TV time!

Lance:

And we have no idea who he'll be facing... this whole match came about when he tried to... um... proposition Siobhan Cassidy. We assume she's bringing someone for him to face off with, but so far mum has been the word on who exactly that will be.

King enters the ring and shows off all his stuff for the ladies before his theme fades out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Lights out.

The arena has gone dark - and it remains that way for several seconds as The Faithful begin to grow a little restless. Finally, a single spotlight turns on, shining down toward the entrance stage...

...where we see a figure. A smaller, very feminine-looking figure in a dark red cloak that covers her face Emperor Palpatine style. She's dressed in an almost witchy black leather outfit covered in ancient-looking gold Celtic symbols. All we can see is her chin and mouth... and she's grinning wickedly.

DDK:

Wait... is that?

The woman reaches to her side, producing an ancient viking-type battle horn. She raises it to her lips and dramatically throws back her hood... revealing Siobhan Cassidy! Her hair has been dyed jet black... but it's her! She blows into the horn, sending an eerie low-pitched horn sound echoing throughout the arena. As she does, a mist begins to creep in on the stage. And then...

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

The screen flashes between images of an ancient battlefield, of wolves on the prowl, and finally settles on one word: KILGORE.

Siobhan throws her head back and laughs maniacally as a huge figure walks up behind her. He's not the tallest man DEFIANCE has ever seen, but as a moving mass of pure muscle he might be one of the most physically impressive. Wearing a Viking fur cloak, with long black hair tied into a ponytail, and a face covered in black war symbols, the man known as Kilgore folds his arms stoically as Siobhan stands in front of him and continues to laugh.

Lance:

Wait... I know who that is, Darren! That's Freddy Kilgore!

DDK:

Fans of the now-defunct Classic Wrestling will know the name of "Feral" Freddy Kilgore well... but I remember Freddy Kilgore being... well, much different than this!

The ominous-looking duo begin to make their way to the ring, with Siobhan looking crazed and holding imaginary conversations with herself as Kilgore walks confidently and stoically. In the ring, Aaron King looks confused as all hell.

Darren Quimeby:

...from Parts Unknown... he is KILLLLLLLLLLLGOORE!

Siobhan enters the ring first, doing what appears to be a ritualistic dance around the ring as the lights turn red and begin to pulsate. Kilgore enters next, standing in the very center of the ring and showing the first signs of emotion all night when he leans back and howls viciously into the air. He beats his chest wildly as the lights begin to pulsate red. Siobhan, laughing as if she's lost all her senses, hangs off Kilgore's giant frame as he does so.

DDK:

I have no idea what's become of Siobhan Cassidy... but this display is certainly not what we were expecting!

As Siobhan looks deeply into his eyes, Kilgore removes his cloak. Siobhan takes it and exits the ring after shooting Aaron King a devilish look. King looks the statue-esque Kilgore up and down, seemingly wondering what the hell he's gotten himself into. Referee Brian Slater checks with The Pensacola Playboy, who uneasily says that he's ready to go. Slater also checks with Kilgore. While the newcomer to DEFIANCE does stare down his opponent like a predator might his prey, he gives no other indication to the official. Slater shrugs and calls for the bell anyway.

DING DING**Lance:**

Here we go, ladies and gentlemen... we have what appears to be a DEFIANCE debut from a man the world of professional wrestling thought they knew... but not like this.

King marches up to Kilgore, attempting a lock-up. While he does get his arms around the monster of a man, a mere shrug from Kilgore jostles King off. Looking a little pissed, King instead opts to go for broke and just fire some punches to Kilgore's head... but they are promptly no-sold! Eyes growing wide, King runs the ropes to get some momentum before launching at Kilgore with a shoulder block... but it's like hitting a brick wall and appears to cause more damage to King!

DDK:

This Kilgore is an impressive specimen!

Lance:

He was never known for his catch-as-catch can style, Darren, but he's always been an impressive power wrestler.

Not to be denied, King dusts himself off and hits the ropes again, looking to perhaps come at his opponent with something different... but we'll never know as he's caught by a crisp powerslam that DRIVES King into the canvas and shakes the ring!

DDK:

Did you hear that!?

King sure did. Kilgore lifts The Pensacola Playboy back up and presses him high into the air! His face that of a snarling beast, Kilgore holds King over his head and presents him to all four corners of the arena before releasing him and catching him on the way down with a powerslam!!

Lance:

This... this one might be over!

Brian Slater seems to think so as he takes position for a cover... but instead, Kilgore again brings the dazed King up. He whips King into the ropes before hitting the opposite ropes himself and meeting The Pensacola Playboy in the middle with a charging shoulder block that sends King ass over teakettle and with enough force to send him sailing under the bottom rope and to the outside! Kilgore moves to follow him but Slater steps in the way, telling the DEF newcomer to give King a moment to catch his breath. With Slater's back turned, however, Siobhan takes the opportunity to get a running start and punt King right in the ribs!

DDK:

Look at her, Lance! Do you think she sees Malak Garland when she looks at Aaron King?

Lance:

I've noticed Malak is no longer in his seat... probably a wise move to get lost!

Kilgore exits the ring, lifting up Aaron King and holding him over his shoulder. With a primal roar, Kilgore runs forward and DRIVES King's back into the steel ringsteps! The noise echoes throughout the arena, the stairs go flying, and Siobhan cackles something fierce!

DDK:

I think it might be time for referee Slater to consider stopping this...

Not yet. Kilgore again presses King over his head, but this time tosses him like a sack of potatoes over the top rope and into the ring. King hits the mat and tries to scramble to his feet to mount some sort of comeback, but he can't quite get there. Instead, Kilgore enters the ring and stalks him like a lion on the safari. King manages to crawl into a corner and uses the turnbuckle to pull himself up. Kilgore takes position in the opposite corner, practically licking his lips.

Lance:

I don't like where this is headed...

When King turns around, Kilgore beats on his chest a few times before charging across the ring and planting his giant foot RIGHT between King's eyes with a vicious running big boot that nearly takes the man's head off. His eyes roll back and he crumples to the mat and THAT's when Slater has seen enough. The wise referee waves his arms, signaling for the time keeper.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

That was the right call!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout as a result of referee stoppage... **KILGORE!**

Slater moves in to check on King... but Kilgore suddenly stands in his way. Despite the referee's objections, the monster AGAIN grabs King by the scruff and lifts him roughly to his feet.

DDK:

Enough is enough! The match is over!

Slater tries to demand Kilgore stop, but he ain't listening. He locks the unconscious King in a full nelson before throwing him up ridiculously high into the air and driving him down back-first into the mat with a force unlike many we've seen! King literally bounces off the mat before again falling unconscious. Swarms of officials and DEFsec are on the scene now and Kilgore, seemingly confident that he's made his point, takes a step back.

Lance:

This was pure brutality! I don't know what Siobhan has unleashed here, but...

DDK:

Look, Lance!

Siobhan has entered the ring with a mic. She and Kilgore move to the opposite side of the ring from where King is being tended to. Siobhan, wearing dark black eye-liner and black lipstick, snarls into the camera.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I guess no one is laughing at me anymore, are they!?

The fans (and DEFIANTS) in attendance respond with boos, but she doesn't let that stop her.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Oh yes... I have been mistreated. Abused. And yet somehow you've all found a way to make me the bad guy, haven't you? But I'm not surprised. Women like me used to be burned at the stake for having too much spirit. But we've also always resisted. We thought he was gone forever... and maybe he was, but it took a lot of evil promises to resurrect this man you see before you...

She smiles and rubs her hands on Kilgore's sizable chest. The monster, for his part, remains stoic.

Siboan Cassidy:

Oh yes, some of you know him. But Kilgore is not a man... Kilgore is a primal force of nature. Kilgore becomes what it needs to be. Maybe once, in some other place, he needed to be a catch phrase spouting cartoon character... but here, in DEFIANCE, as my right hand of vengeance... Kilgore needs to be a monster. And one by one, DEFIANCE, we will be coming to make sure that none of you are laughing at either of us... anymore.

She smiles a wicked smile before handing the mic over to Kilgore. He takes it, looking into the camera with a face that is half serious and half demonic.

Kilgore:

...The Wild Hunt Has Begun.

Mic drop. Siobhan wraps her arms around him and throws back her head and laughs and the music and light show again kick in.

DDK:

This... this has been one of the more auspicious debuts in recent memory, Lance!

Lance:

I don't know what these two have planned... but I have a strange feeling that all of DEFIANCE had better take notice...

****ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR****

Cut to Jamie Sawyers smiling on the interview platform.

Jamie Sawyers:

Up next, we have an award that is defined by drama, excitement, emotion, and long term fan connection. The category in question is "Ongoing Storyline of the Year"! The nominees are...

The screen scrolls through the wrestlers, with Sawyers half-screaming to be heard over the varied fan-reaction.

Jamie Sawyers:

Elise Ares "FIST or bust"! The Malak and Siobhan relationship drama! Corvo Alpha and MP1's continuing issues! Ned Reform "saves" Rezin... and Uriel Cortez builds a Family!

Jamie Sawyers:

Certainly a tough category.

Sawyers tears the envelope open.

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is... CORVO ALPHA and MP1!

The Faithful's cheers quickly sour...

Cutting to the massive concave screen, MP1 stands before a black and red backdrop with his back to the camera. He seems to be looking up at the sky.

MP1:

I imagine this was meant to be a compliment; this "award".

He holds the DEFy up with his left hand, regarding it.

MP1:

It doesn't feel like a compliment. "Ongoing Story".

He hurls the award against the wall with a shocking fury. His back still to the camera, he glances over his right shoulder with something approaching a scowl beneath his cowl.

MP1:

Is that what this all has been to you? A "story"?! Something to gossip about with your buddies. Our "continuing issue"?!

He spits out those words, distasteful as they were coming out of his mouth.

MP1:

To you it's just something to anonymously critique on some message board. This is people's lives you're talking about, do you realize that?

His voice drips with frustration.

MP1:

You're trying to rub my failure in my face. You all know why I came back to DEFIANCE all those years ago. You know the story.

He chuckles, head falling.

MP1:

You know the story. Well, yeah it's "ongoing". I haven't been able to set things right. We all know that. Makes me think... Would you be able to say the same, if you stood where I'm standing? Would you still be here? Would you still be fighting?

He shakes his head,

MP1:

I admit, I've messed up along the way. I've let a lot of people down. But I'm still here.

A snicker.

MP1:

Lucky for you, this story... isn't over.

Without ever once turning to face the camera, MP1 marches off screen and the massive screen fades to black.

****SHOCK of the YEAR****

Cut to Jamie Sawyer on the stage. He leans into the podium mounted microphone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the next Year End Award! The category is: SHOCK OF THE YEAR!

A small pop from the Faithful, Sawyers takes a second before continuing.

Jamie Sawyers:

The nominees are...

He turns to the screen showing clips that represent the moments for each of the nominees.

Jamie Sawyers:

Bronson Box backstabbing Gage Blackwood (DEFtv 202 Night 2) ...

Short clip package plays.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dan Ryan comes back to DEFIANCE and confronts Conor Fuse (DEFCON) ...

Short clip package plays.

Jamie Sawyers:

Malak Garland files for divorces from Siobhan Cassidy two weeks later...

Short clip package plays.

Jamie Sawyers:

MV1 becomes MP1...

Short clip package plays.

Jamie Sawyers:

Rezin is sober and joins Dr. Ned Reform...

Short clip package plays.

Jamie Sawyers:

Scott Douglas comes back from retirement and teams with The Hollywood Bruvs...

Short clip package plays. Sawyer opens the envelope and pulls out the winning name.

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is... Scott Douglas' return from retirement and teams with the Hollywood

♪ "Smiling And Dying" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Scott makes his way to the stage however, notable in their absence are the Hollywood Bruvs.

Lance:

It's not like the Bruvs to miss accepting their own awards. Those boys love compliments and acknowledgements.

Scott takes one last glance over his shoulder to check for his co award winners but no one else appears from behind

the curtain. With a shrug of his shoulders as the music dies down, he takes in the applause from the faithful.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

The fans love him.

Douglas, holds his hand to his heart appreciatively and signals for a moment as he leans into the mic.

Scott Douglas:

Wow, thank you guys. You know...

♪“F*cking In the Bushes Remix” - Oasis/Kerstall ♪

Lance:

Better late than never I guess.

Dressed to the nines but with the added decor of their oversized bug eye glasses, the Hollywood Bruvs rush out quickly from the curtain and to the stage, each holding what looks like two awards each.

DDK:

They look the part, dare I say it, fashionably late, but those aren't DEFIANCE awards in the grasp of the Bruvs. This is the only award they have won so far tonight.

Lance:

Whatever awards they are, Kendrix is cradling his two in his arms as if they were his babies.

Douglas taps his wrist a few times at Mikey subtly letting him know he's late. Mikey, taking the hint whilst catching his breath, holds his hand up apologetically before placing his awards down and makes for the mic.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's ok, It's ok everybody. We're here. The Bruvs are here. We can start the awards show now. Where are my queue cards? Teleprompter? Guys, where do I look!?

Kendrix, setting his babies down next to Mikey's, looks through his pockets for the cards but no dice.

DDK:

Do these guys even know how far into the show we already are?

Mikey loosens his tie before leaning into the tiny microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the DEFIANCE AWARDS 2025! Let's get this show rolling baby!

JFK makes a filming motion to the cameraman.

Kendrix:

Our eyes are up here Bruv.

As the cameraman's camera rises up, Scott Douglas tried to let The Bruvs know the show is rolling and they won. Mikey slaps his head in surprise, before slapping Scott Douglas in the chest with excitement.

Mikey Unlikely:

We won!? Really? I mean...WE WON! OF COURSE WE WON! Where is the....

Scott Douglas sets the award in front of Mikey, next to the other two.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh wow! That's a nice trophy! We'll set it right here next to the ones we won earlier tonight for "The Hollywood Bruvs: Bruvs in Space" movie releasing everywhere January 2nd! In fact we just picked up 4 pieces of hardware! Show em off bruv.

JFK holds the four gold trophies in his arms and walks along the stage so everyone can see them. He nearly drops one on his way back to the podium.

Kendrix:

I think I'm most proud that we won the most handsome gruesome twosome award. Followed by Space Actors of the Year.

Mikey Unlikely:

So very proud. Although the Best Alien Deathscene, and Greatest Zero Gravity Hair Flip are not without their charms. But this onee.....

He holds up the DEFIANCE award.

Mikey Unlikely:

Biggest shock! We haven't won this award since.... Well a couple of years ago! We're going to take this back to the Hollywood Bruvs Frap Cave, and we're going to put it in our awesome glass display featuring all of our trophies. In fact we call it "Hollywood Bruvs: Trophies In Case"

Scott Douglas rolls his eyes.

Scott Douglas:

Of course, you'll keep it... I should have known.

Mikey Unlikely:

Right next to my DEFIANT of the YEAR award, The 24K Biggest Shock Award, and the Stable of the Year award as well. Can't wait to see it shining there in all it's glory. But we would be remiss if we didn't thank the people who helped us get here. JFK, tell em who we're thankful for!

Jesse pulls out a piece of paper from his inside pocket and clears his throat right by the mic.

Lance:

At least this time it's only a small piece of paper.

JFK then unfolds the paper...several times, the sheet almost touching the floor.

DDK:

Oh no...

Kendrix:

The Hollywood Bruvs are thankful for...We, Us, I's, and Ourselves.... Also an assist by Scott Douglas. The Hollywood Bruvs. The Hollywood Bruvs super fans, Betsy, the little people who played the aliens in our multi award winning movie called the Hollywood Bruvs: Bruvs in Space, a Hollywood Bruvs story, starring the Hollywood Bruvs. We want to thank Space. We really couldn't do this movie without space.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean, we could but, we can't hog all the glory.

Kendrix:

We want to thank Titaness Familia for being big enough jack asses that we had to pull Scott Douglas out of retirement.

Mikey cuts him off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Really there's too many to thank for the allotted time we have tonight! Thank you to all the FAITHFUL who stood by the Bruvs for the last year. It's been a great run, we're so glad to be back in DEFIANCE!

JFK nods along with him. Scott Douglas reaches for the trophy but Mikey picks it up and moves it away from him, out of his reach. An audible groan can be heard.

Mikey Unlikely:

So thank you everyone, glad we could kick off the show the right way! Now on to all the other awards!

♪ "Smiling And Dyin'" by Green River ♪

Scott Douglas walks off stage to many applause, but the Bruvs alarmingly stay put behind the microphone. They golf clap Scott Douglas as he leaves. Acknowledging his small role in their accomplishment.

The music dies out and the lights start to fade on the stage. Until JFK speaks up.

Kendrix:

Listen... Yeah!?

The lights ping right back onto 100. The Music stops. JFK leans into the mic.

Kendrix:

Before we go... we have one more award to give out tonight.

DDK:

Wait... they do?

Lance:

This isn't on the runsheet? What are they going to do, award themselves something else!?

Jesse nods and points out to the crowd either side of the stage.

Kendrix:

You lucky people. That's right, and it's probably the most prestigious award of the evening, I mean, apart from all of the ones we won. Tonight we will crown the Stand Out Up and Commers...

Mikey Unlikely:

Dude, you can't say that.

Kendrix:

Say what? Oh.

Lance:

These two, seriously. We're already over time.

Kendrix:

Stand Out up and coming? Wait, I think that's worse.

Mikey grabs a marker and crosses out something on the award before writing on it. Jesse takes a look and nods in agreement with his tag partner.

Kendrix:

That's better. Tonight the Hollywood Bruvs will be presenting the DEFIANCE Tag Team Rookie of the year award. And here are the nominees.

Mikey and Kendrix hold their arms out towards the screen behind them.

A video begins to play that shows 4 nominee screens... but all have the same photo. The Rain City Ronin with Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

Oh what is this!?

Mikey Unlikely leans back into the microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nominee number one.... The Rain City Ronin!

The crowd cheers for the group before Mikey leans back in again.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nominee Number two... Rain City Ronin!

Lance:

Rain City Ronin are no rookies, they've been making a major mark in DEFIANCE especially picking up the wins they have in 2024. This is a bit egregious.

Mikey Unlikely:

Nominee Number three....

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow and Run the Jewels ♪

The crowd POPS! Without any frills or fanfare, the Rain City Ronin stride out through the curtain.

Lance:

Here come the "winners" of this ramshackle "Best Up and Comer" award, but I doubt they're here to accept!

DDK:

OH BOY! They look like they may have something to say... but as we know, they have only one way of saying it! This could get ugly REAL fast!

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett aggressively approach the Bruvs. The latter slaps the "award" out of Mikey's hands, and without provocation the two immediately begin throwing rights and lefts!

DDK:

Here we GO! The Ronin come out swinging, and the Bruvs are swinging right back!

Lance:

We've got a Pier-Six brawl on our hands! Mikey and Kendrix couldn't help but poke the bear, and now Daymon and Burnett are giving them their honest rebuttal!

DEFSec pours out of the entryway as Mikey and Zack pair off in one direction while Leo and JFK go the other. The Faithful are cheering on, some chanting "LET THEM FIGHT", while head of security Wyatt Bronson and his crew of

black shirts do everything in their power to keep the four of them apart.

DDK:

It's utter pandemonium on the stage right now! Officials are doing everything they can to keep these two teams from disrupting the event!

DEFSEC is able to separate the two, and carry the Bruvs to the back, while they take Rain City Ronin off the stage in the opposite direction.

DDK:

All hell has broken loose at the awards show!

ED WHITE vs. CONOR FUSE

DDK:

We've got a really interesting battle coming up. Conor Fuse is going to take on Ed White!

Lance:

It was only a few months ago where Ed White and Tyler Fuse built a rather unique friendship. Now, Ed will take on the younger Fuse, Conor.

DDK:

I don't think there's anything personal going on here between Ed and Conor. We also know Ed White **is** a participant in the RUMINATION CHAMBER at DEFIANCE Road, Malak Garland's "named" event, which is an eight-person cage match for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Malak might not even be champion after tonight, either!

DDK:

Lots going on. Let's go to ringside.

The scene switches to ringside and Darren Quimbey in the middle of the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match... is for... ONE. FALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yes! ONE FALL!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is THE ULTIMATE GAMER... CONOR FUSE!

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

Conor Fuse comes bouncing out the entrance way. With the short trek to the ring, he doesn't have many Faithful hands to slap. He leaps onto the apron, leaps over the ropes and lands smack-center on the canvas.

DDK:

Fuse, sporting his trademark lime green tights, shooting sleeve and bandana.

Lance:

You know, there was a time when Conor was branded in a white outfit and Malak Garland hashtags all over his gear.

DDK:

Despite Fuse still being a part of The Comments Section, times are different now, no doubt. Malak has bigger things to worry about.

Fuse bounces off the ropes a number of times. In fact, it doesn't look like he's going to stop. He just keeps bouncing and bouncing as his theme song ends and Ed's begins.

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

After the initial fanfare of Chasing Sheel, we see the oh so familiar figure of the self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling emerge onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Making his way to the ring... originally from Louisville, Kentucky and now residing in the home of

DEFIANCE New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing two-hundred-thirty-one pounds... The Socialite! EDWARD! WHITE!

DDK:

Well well well, is Ed going at it alone tonight? I'm not seeing Jane or Nicky here.

Lance:

I'd guess Ed feels he has something to prove. Show that he can still go, pre-cage match maybe? He doesn't exactly compete here on a weekly basis, Darren. Far from it in fact.

DDK:

Valid point, partner. Valid point.

Edward takes his time making his way out. He's wearing his usual crisp white gear. His salt and pepper hair and beard immaculately coiffed, as per-usual. As he reaches the ring he stops for a second and watches his opponent running the ropes like a madman. The Socialite shakes his head and rolls his eyes, hooking a thumb with a "how 'bout this joker over here, am I right" sort of gesture. He takes each step very deliberately, stopping several times to jaw with the ever-vocal front row Faithful.

DDK:

He is clearly stalling for time.

Lance:

Would you expect anything less?

DDK:

The funny thing is, this is the shortest entranceway we've had in a WHILE.

When White FINALLY enters the ring, he looks across the way at Conor, who's stopped running the ropes. As soon as Ed's boots meet canvas, the jovial joking and jawing with the fans quite noticeably stops. The Socialite seems to square up his shoulders, his eyes narrow at the equally zeroed-in Ultimate Gamer.

Lance:

This is as focused as we've seen Ed in ages, Keebs.

Despite there being no documented animosity between the two, there's definite tension between them. Both competitors are clearly keen to prove themselves heading into DEF Road.

DDK:

Well he better be. Our referee is Buffalo Brian Slater, who will take no shit today. Or any day for that matter.

Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

Conor circles around the ring at a quick and easy pace. White, meanwhile, is much slower and methodical, but never lets his guard down. Conor lunges forward, looking for an opening but for as quick as he tries to move in, he moves out just as fast. The two circle around the ring for a good minute, the crowd cheering Conor on as he does.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

White moves forward, attempting a lock up with Fuse. However, The Power-Up King leaps over White's head and lands behind him. Ed grumbles, trying to spin around-

Conor with a roundhouse kick that so narrowly misses White it clips him on the bridge of his nose.

White stumbles back a number of steps, as Fuse jumps in the air again, this time catching the former and first ever FIST of DEFIANCE with a dropkick square in the chest. White falls into a corner, as Fuse raises both hands and charges in.

Big **canonball** splash!

Conor holds on and locks White's head underneath his right arm. Conor sprints out of the corner and lands a bulldog!

DDK:

It's not the running bulldog up the turnbuckle padding we typically see from Tyler Fuse, which is also Tyler's finisher, but a solid maneuver nonetheless!

Fuse kips to his feet. Feeling it, he hits the ropes in a flash and jumps over Ed White. Conor hits the ropes on the other end-

WHAM!

Ed White with a wicked European uppercut! Conor shoots in the air, arms and legs dangling wildly as he crashes to the mat. White scoops Fuse and slams him back down, then drops an elbow into Conor's heart!

Lance:

IF he has a heart!

DDK:

What?

Lance:

Always wanted to say that after a move like we just witnessed.

White snarls as the younger Fuse, before tossing Conor into a corner and charging in with a splash himself. Except unlike Conor, White doesn't leave his feet. Instead, he barreled into The Character Formerly Known as Player Two with more of a shoulder block splash. White peels Conor from the corner, hoists him in the air and looks for a sitdown powerbomb-

When Conor wiggles free and escapes! Fuse hits the ropes again and lands a roundhouse kick on White! Conor claps his hands together, getting the crowd fired up as he sends a thrust kick into White's check, doubling Ed over. Conor hooks his arms around White and goes for a DDT.

But Edward pushes off. He breaks free and shoves Fuse into the ropes. White attempts a clothesline from hell... but Conor swings around White's arm in an amazing aerial display! It's got the crowd on their feet! Fuse also ends up on his feet, standing right in front of The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE, completely unphased and in no pain whatsoever.

Conor giggles and smiles mischievously.

Conor Fuse:

Guess that clothesline didn't work.

White looks **PISSED**. He lunges at Conor but The Ultimate Gamer instead kicks Edward in the stomach, wraps both arms around him and lifts the bigger man into the air.

Elevated DDT!

DDK:

I believe Conor is now calling that version of his DDT combos the DeDeDeT!

Lance:

That's King DeDeDeT. I think he named it after some video game character called King DeDeDe.

DDK:

I'll take your word for it.

Fuse kips to his feet. He points to the top rope and then in a flash he's already up there.

FROG SPLASH!

...

...

...

CONNECTS!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Conor wastes no time and kips up again. He fires into the ropes and looks for a dropkick to Edward White's chest. Boom! Nails it.

DDK:

This is NOT going well for Ed. A match at this pace, there's no way half our roster could keep up.

Lance:

You HAVE TO keep Conor Fuse grounded. He's so quick!

DDK:

The match is going at a speed which is the total opposite of Ed's walk to the ring!

Lance:

Fast, fast, FAST!

As Warner explains, like lightning, Conor leaps into the second rope and proceeds to flip off it with a lionsault. He lands on Ed White's chest. Maybe he could go for a pin, maybe he needs to do more. Needless to say, Fuse is already on the top rope again.

Side Scrolling Senton.

NO!

WHITE ROLLS AWAY AT THE VERY LAST SECOND!

Fuse stumbles around on the mat, the air obviously being knocked out of him. Meanwhile, Edward White is trying to catch his breath. He slowly gets on his feet, as Conor is attempting to get on his...

Wham, White with an elbow into the side of Conor's face.

Wham, another one.

Wham, Conor is thrown into a corner.

White knocks his own teeth together, seething as he takes Conor's right arm and with BOTH of his hands, he hurls Fuse into the corner across the way.

Conor hits the buckle, flipping upon impact to sit directly on top of it and then flips back down onto his feet, the way he came, stumbling backwards, towards the center of the ring.

Ed White nails the inside-out clothesline.

DDK:

We have a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

White applies an arm bar on Conor, so The Armlock Aristocrat gets a taste of one of his own nicknames but also more importantly, it grounds the super quick kid. White mouths off to fans in the front row and then to his opponent. The crowd rallies their feet and hands, getting Conor to a knee, a leg and then both feet. Fuse uses his free arm to slam Edward in the side of the head. Not once, not twice, not thrice. A bunch of times.

Fuse breaks away but White grabs Conor's hair, which forces the gamer SMACK on the canvas.

Knee drop by White. White peels Conor off the canvas and hits a spike piledriver, aka Market Failure.

Conor's body goes limp.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

White hurls Fuse into a corner but instead of hitting the buckle this time, in one fluid motion, Conor swings up on top of the ropes and leaps off just as fast with a crossbody block.

That's caught!

Into a swinging sidewalk slam by Edward White!

Which MISSES because Conor swings so far around Ed White, he connects with one of his Resolution DDTs!

The crowd pops! Conor kips up! Fuse shakes his tiny little balls of fists around as he fumbles into a corner and slams the top buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He races over to another corner and hits that padding.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

And then the third corner.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP!

The Faithful are going bananas as he makes it to the fourth corner-

NO!

CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL, via Ed White.

DDK:

We have a pin! This match is OVER!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

White can't believe it. He looks at Buffalo Brian Slater with fury in his eyes but it's too late because Conor comes in with a backslide pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Sphere bites on the finish as White BARELY escapes! In doing so, Ed stumbles into the ropes, bounces off them rather lightly but with at least enough momentum he can roll Conor into another pin.

And snatch Fuse's tights for good measure!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The fastest Edward White has been this entire match, he lets go of the tights, rolls out of the ring, and walks to the back like nothing even happened.

Conor is on his knees, shocked at what took place.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... ED WHITE!

DDK:

Who knew, Edward White of all people capitalized on the quick counters!

White's theme plays, but The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE is already gone. Conor looks at Brian Slater. Fuse is not going to argue, he's just making sure it was three.

Which it was.

DDK:

A real tough break there for Conor.

Lance:

He's been battling recently but the wins aren't stringing together.

Conor hangs his head, looks into the crowd and gives a shrug.

DEFIANCE's Year End show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

****SEGMENT of the YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

Up next, your Segment of the Year... the winner is...

He reads from the card...

Jamie Sawyers:

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS LEAVES VAE VICTIS!

*♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪**RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!*

Stepping onto the stage in a sparkling purple suit and tie with a black dress shirt, the wild-eyed Texan walks onto the stage and throws up a fist in the air to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful! He opens the jacket to reveal the utility belt full of cans of his Mic Dropz Energy and holds out a can! He mouths "thank you" to the people and walks over to the podium. He shakes the hand of the presenter and then accepts the golden fist-shaped trophy. The Microphone Fiend now stands in front of the podium and gets cheers.

Butcher Victorious:

I... wow.... Holy hell. It's... its' my first DEFy. Seriously... I...

He keeps looking at it and gets lost for a moment, caught up emotionally. The Faithful respond in kind with chants...

*BUTCH VIC!**BUTCH VIC!**BUTCH VIC!**BUTCH VIC!*

Butch Vic can't help but smile and lets himself get caught up in the moment.

Butcher Victorious:

All right, come on! BUTCH VIC... DON'T LOSE YOUR SHIT!

Laughter erupts from the people as Butcher continues.

Butcher Victorious:

But seriously... right now, I may not have my own trusty microphone, The Stick... but thanks to all of you... BUTCH VIC... HAS HIS FIRST-EVER DEFY AWARD! ALL MINE!

Applause.

Butcher Victorious:

If you want to be technical, this would be my second one. Maybe some of you remember, maybe some of you don't. But one year ago at the last DEFy Awards, I won as a part of Faction of the Year with Vae Victis... only for that DEFy to be given away to Kerry Kuroyama when he didn't even work here at the time! He was over in PRIME and them bastards gave him MY award!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

You know me and you know my story... Damn career underachiever. Somehow avoided getting fired long enough to be on UNCUT. Then somehow avoided getting fired enough to be on the main roster before Oscar Burns... and I'm saying that with lowercase! Oscar Burns found me, he trained me, but he constantly kept dangling that carrot on a string that if I kept on listening, that BUTCH VIC WOULD BE IN VAE VIC... TIS. And for a little while, I was. I was Favoured Saints Champ and life was good... till it wasn't.

He continues recollecting.

Butcher Victorious:

I lost the title to Uriel Cortez, then lost my full-time membership. Oscar kept promising me I could work my way back, but like an obedient animal, I kept listening. Following bad advice. Hanging out with the wrong people. Letting Vae Victis take turns beating the hell out of me in singles matches, only for Oscar to give my spot to DLJ. I listened to all the wrong people when the only people who mattered are the ones who actually accepted me for ME with open arms...

He looks out.

Butcher Victorious:

And that was all of you.

RRRRRAAAAAAHHH!

Butcher Victorious:

At DEFtv 200, ENOUGH WAS E-GODDAMN-NOUGH! I gave Oscar the BIGGEST headbutt I could throw! I beat him at DEFCON and after that, I became my own man! I vowed to NEVER let anyone bully or control me again! I earned one of DEFIANCE's major sponsorship deals with the fine folks at Mic Dropz Energy! I've had arguably my most memorable year in DEFIANCE yet... but I promise in 2025, the best is yet to come! I beat DLJ! I beat Oscar! I beat Scott Hunter! All them people who did me wrong in Vae Victis are gone now and I'M STILL HERE! AND I'M NOT GOING **ANYWHERE!** THE ONLY PEOPLE WHOSE VOICES MATTER TO ME NOW ARE ALL OF YOU!

Another roar of applause!

Butcher Victorious:

One last thing... I've already made the challenge, but at DEFIANCE Road, Titaness... I'M BUTCH VIC... AND I'M GETTING BACK MY STICK! THANK YOU!

He holds up the DEFy Award and nods for the applauding crowd as he walks off the stage to his music.

****MATCH of the YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

Okay, up next we have MATCH OF THE YEAR. The nominees are; The FIST Battle of the Brothers, Malak and Pat Cassidy, Dex Joy versus Malak Garland for the FIST, Corvo Alpha versus Ned Reform for the SOHER at MAXDEF, Corvo Alpha versus JJ Dixon for the SOHER at DEFCON and Tyler versus Conor Fuse.

Jamie opens the sparkling golden envelope and nearly facepalms.

Jamie Sawyers:

The winners are Pat Cassidy and Malak Garland BUT before anyone claps, there's a note here saying ONLY Malak will be accepting the award on their behalf.

The cameras find Malak again who looks EVEN MORE SHOCKED than when he won DEFIANT OF THE YEAR to start the show. Malak literally jumps for joy, screaming profanities towards the other wrestlers in the crowd who nearly get out of their seats to stuff a sock in the Keyboard King's mouth. The FLAKE rifles up to the podium and grabs the pair of mini DEFIANT trophies, once again shuffling Jamie Sawyers out of the way.

Malak Garland:

WOW, WOW, WOW! TWO TROPHIES FOR THIS ONE! WOW, OKAY! LET ME UNPACK!

He tries to catch his breath.

Malak Garland:

I will be MUCH shorter on this speech because this award includes someone who, quite frankly, isn't deserving of any shine at all. In fact, the only spotlight this dude should be seeing is the glare of the sun on the bottom of his empty beer bottle as he lays in a piss soaked downtown Boston alleyway. Let me make this clear, I carried this story entirely. Pat was just a mechanism for my ascendance to GREATNESS. He was a byproduct, a victim if you will, of my rise. I discarded the name of Cassidy like spoiled lunch meat in a school cafeteria, feeding it to the heathens of desperation. I EARNED THIS! I DID! ME! THIS IS MY AWARD ONLY! Where is he even? Do you see him here? Nah. There's a reason for that and that's because I ENDED HIS LIFE. Forget about ending his career, I put him in the BOZO ZONE. He's a bum. A washed up, useless hack. He's a homeless piece of scum who walks the streets of Boston at night, offering up his body for cash to make ends meet. While I am in the penthouse of pushes. I am the champion. I am the glory. I am THE BE ALL, END ALL! Now we're unpacking!

Malak nearly slams the podium as he cannot contain himself. He's gone mad with power.

Malak Garland:

If Pat wants his half of the award, which is still mine, then he can track me down and find me at the closest Cracker Barrel stuffing my face with endless waffles! YUM YUM, TICKLE MY TUM TUM!

Malak leaves the podium in a flurry, still talking to himself in a manic sort of outburst. The power has gone straight to his warped little head.

DAN RYAN vs. CYRUS BATES

DDK:

We have an interesting one coming up next. I believe this match was requested by Dan Ryan himself.

Lance:

Yes. Seems as though Ryan has taken exception to Malak's claim of "owning Conor Fuse" in his Comments Section.

DDK:

I think it would be in Malak Garland's BEST interest to keep Dan Ryan as far away from him as possible. Garland's already got Tyler to deal with. Dan Ryan is a legend, a masterclass killer and twice the size of Tyler.

Lance:

Luckily for Malak, he's not the one facing Ryan tonight. It's his Quality Control, Cyrus Bates. I'm being told Bates willingly and happily agreed to the match because he wanted to assess Ryan's in-ring "quality". See if he's "up to snuff".

DDK: [trying hard not to laugh]

Really? C'mon.

Lance:

I kid you not.

The scene switches to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

The fans love knowing it's not for seven falls.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Fort Worth, Texas... weighing two-hundred-forty pounds... he is QUALITY CONTROL... CYRUS BATES!

Lance:

We've got two Texans going at it, partner!

DDK:

Bates is the furthest thing from a Texan with the way he carries himself.

Lance:

Maybe this is also a reason why Dan Ryan wanted to wrestle him.

DDK:

I wouldn't put it past Dan.

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

The Quality Control Officer walks out with a quizzical look on his face, as if he is scanning and inspecting everything he sees. He stops about halfway down the ramp to give it a jiggle. It doesn't budge. That's such good shit. Bates smiles with glee before marching into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Houston, Texas... weighing three-hundred-five pounds... THE EGO BUSTER... DAN RYAN!

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

A casual stroll out, like it's business as usual. Ryan appears at the entranceway to the Sphere and doesn't have long to go. After what only seems like a couple of paces to the big man, he's at the apron. Using one arm to snatch the middle rope and pull himself up there, Ryan steps over the top rope and into the ring. His theme music dies down.

DDK:

Look at Cyrus Bates, trying to "size-up" the legend. I have to hand it to these Comments Section folk, they are certainly oblivious to reality.

Lance:

Bates has missed a lot of time over the past couple of years. Only this past year has he been back in semi-regular action. Between April 2022 and October 2023, he didn't wrestle.

DDK:

Yes, I'm aware. It was a "Search Party", he was nowhere to be found!

Dan Ryan looms in a corner of the ring, eyes burning a hole through Bates' forehead as the referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

The Ego Buster takes a few steps forward... and then runs full charge at Cyrus, wasting no time and knocking Quality Control down with a clothesline!

Bates looks up from the mat. He blinks a couple of times to gain an understanding of where he is and what he was hit with. He runs his right hand across his face and then nods through pain.

Cyrus Bates:

Yep, that's a quality clothesline-

But before Bates can finish his sentence, Ryan picks Bates off the mat and hurls him into the ropes. A big boot follows, as spit flies from Bates's mouth and he crashes into the mat. The crowd gives a cheer, while Ryan looks into the Sphere of Faithful.

Leaping leg drop!

DDK:

For a big man, and many would say an aging big man, the legendary Dan Ryan hasn't lost a step.

Lance:

Not one. It looks like Ryan's here to send a message.

DDK:

Exactly. Aging? Pft, no big deal. We all get older each day!

Bates is no small man, either but Ryan makes it look easy. He scoops Cyrus off the mat and slams him into the center of the ring, right where Dan wants him. Ryan proceeds to bounce off the ropes and connect with an impressive springboard leg drop!

DDK:

Wow!

The fans give a cheer. Cyrus is no longer outright assessing for "quality" since he's being hit so hard. Ryan lifts Bates and throws him into a belly-to-belly suplex.

Cyrus Bates: [trying to speak]

Strength, solid. Power, decent.

Well, maybe Cyrus **is** still trying to assess quality.

And somehow through all this, Cyrus stumbles onto his feet, showing an impressive display of resilience. Bates hits the ropes, ducks a short-arm clothesline from Ryan and hits the next set of ropes. Bates connects off them and shoulder blocks Ryan a couple steps back.

Bates nods to himself. He hits the ropes again and lands another shoulder block. Ryan goes back two more feet, but doesn't fall over.

Bates slips behind Ryan and tries to deliver a ripcord clothesline but Dan ducks it, hits the ropes and aims for a big boot.

No! Cyrus ducks it. Bates lands a jumping knee to the face, followed by a DDT! He's got Ryan down!

Quality Control stands, hands on his hips, proud of himself. The response, obviously, are boos.

DDK:

Cyrus better get his head on straight.

As Keebler mentions this, Ryan sits up, mostly annoyed, looks at the back of his opponent and rises into his feet, without taking his eyes off Bates.

Cyrus doesn't know what's up.

Lance:

He's got it coming!

Bates spins around at the last second, but Ryan lifts him into the air with an audible growl and drives him back down to the mat with a wicked spinebuster slam! The entire squared circle shakes upon impact as Ryan lifts himself onto a knee, a leg and then both feet. The legend cracks his neck, proceeding to pull Bates up along with him and display the sheer power he has.

Ryan has Bates in a vertical lift.

Holds him.

Holds him.

DROPS HIM.

Brainbuster.

DDK:

Like we said earlier, Cyrus Bates is no small man! Six-four, over two-hundred-forty pounds. WHAT a showing of strength by Ryan!

Lance:

QUALITY. That's QUALITY right there. I hope Cyrus has it in his report.

Bates doesn't move. This actually gives Ryan pause for a split second because he doesn't know what to do. Pin the guy... or send one more message?

Dan collects Cyrus and throws Bates' head in-between his legs.

High angle layout powerbomb. Or, in other words, the Humility Bomb.

DDK:

It's academic!

Ryan drops to his knees, shaking his head in disgust, and places his palms on Bates' chest as Benny Doyle counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Ryan's theme plays as The Faithful cheer.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... DAN RYAN!

As simple as that, The Ego Buster takes one last glaring look down at Cyrus Bates and shakes his head again before rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

If I'm Malak Garland - message RECEIVED! One-hundred-percent!

Lance:

We'll see about that.

Ryan walks up the rampway giving just a slight glance over his right shoulder back at the ring as DEFIANCE goes to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



****MANAGER of the YEAR****

Once the announcement is made, Madame Melton does not flinch nor react. She has a cold scowl on her face as the spotlight -- he spotlight -- beams on her in the crowd. The rest of The Most Precious Gems sit beside her, also with the same sullen look considering the earlier results of the evening. There's a very noticeable eye roll from her before she begrudgingly gets up and stomps up to the dais. She snatches the award and glares at it.

Madame Melton:

You'd expect that I'd be elated to be recognized for the second year in a row as the best manager in DEFIANCE! Well, you'd be wrong. First, what other choice did you have? I have shown time and time again that I am the most devious mind in this industry today! Look at all I have done in 2024. I worked as a commoner mired in drudgery, scrubbing the locker room urinals in the arena in the dreary city of Seattle just to lay claim to humiliating Michael Unlikely! I smiled as I slapped the most intimidating wrestler of his era, Corvo Alpha, across the face and smiled even further when we splayed him in a cage of his own making! Brock Newbludd is still tasting the kiss I gave him after he so crudely used my body -- a kiss where I smeared his own blood across my lips first, mere seconds after I danced on top of the skull of that wretched Dr. Saito!

She looks into the far horizon as she remembers her accomplishments of the past year.

Madame Melton:

But, alas, the primary reason you chose me for this award is because you think I am foolish enough to allow you back into my good graces! If you truly loved me, then you'd see "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and The Most Precious One and The French Connection and my dear Lord Nigel sweep these awards as we deserve! Yet you choose not to nominate us at all! Well, your meek attempts to placate me fall upon deaf ears! In fact, the sounds I hear are from earlier this evening when you cheered the inhumane treatment of that brute Mason of my poor, dear...

The tears start flowing from her eyes as she can't bare to think of the memory.

Madame Melton:

Algernon...

She closes her eyes and finds the strength to continue.

Madame Melton:

You've seen my dark wrath leashed upon your so-called heroes -- people who you venerate when your love and fealty should be to me and My Most Precious Gems! Well, you have not seen ANYTHING yet! It's not a matter of if, but when we hold this company by its proverbial throat and reshape everything you thought you once held dear! And then, only then... will you learn to love us! BECAUSE YOU WILL HAVE NO ONE ELSE LEFT TO LOVE! And the eviscerations start with those human herd animals known as The Lucky Sevens... because my venom stings much worse than my beloved Algernon's!

Melton holds up the 2024 Manager of the Year award high over her head and looks at it, laughing with madness, before she drops it like trash and lets it break on the floor.

****ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR****

Back to Lance Warner at the podium.

Jamie Sawyers:

Up Next... Rookie DEFIANT of the Year... the nominees are... THE ATOMIC PUNKS...

CHEERS!

Jamie Sawyers:

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL...

CHEERS!

Jamie Sawyers:

LONNIE LUCK!

CHEERS!

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

Drum roll...

Jamie Sawyers:

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco feat. Charli 2ne ♪

A big round of applause erupts for one-half of The Lads! Walking out onto the stage with him is his tag partner and one of DEFIANCE's top stars, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! He holds up a hand and the two shake hands, Predator-style and pose on stage! Dex is wearing a blue suit with yellow lightning patterns all around. Punchy is sporting a light gray suit, black dress shirt and gray jeans. Dex nods and walks backstage as The Brick Hithouse walks up to the podium to accept his DEFy Award.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Damn... no, really. I wasn't expecting this. Thank you, DEFIANCE. I... oh, thank you.

More applause for Punchy as he pauses to let the moment breathe.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Honestly, any of the others in this category deserve this, too. Lonnie Luck has been killin' it and earnin' his keep with a team as decorated and badass as The Lucky Sevens. The Atomic Punks have been rackin' up win after win and they were almost the Unified Tag Team Champions a few weeks ago if M4NTRA actually could put enough twigs and berries together to make a complete set between 'em.

There's some laughter at the dig, but Purcell presses on.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I'm a simple Georgia boy with a love of knocking' teeth down throats... but only if they deserve it, of course. I'm not the kind of guy that looks back, I'm usually the guy that's for what's next... but I've been told that I've had an incredible rookie year. I made my DEFtv debut by KTFO'in and pinnin' Edward White and that got me brownie points with you

guys right away. I beat Alvaro de Vargas in my first match after gettin' promoted to the main roster. Engagin' in my favorite pastime of beatin' the hell outta Blood Diamonds! And all that without mentioning what me and Dex have done...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Oh, y'all heard of him, too, I take it? Same here... The Biggest Boy AND The Biggest Pain My Fat White Backside...

He looks backstage, then holds up the DEFy Award as the fans erupt with more laughter.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

But honestly... without him, I wouldn't have THIS. I wouldn't have a lot of what I have now for me, or for my kiddos. When I first met him, I didn't like him. I didn't like how sickeningly sweet that guy was. He told me off a time or two. We beat the PISS outta each other all over the US and Puerto Rico. Fought to a draw the first time. He beat me the second time, I beat him the third time. And after that, we gained respect and with that, a friendship was made. We shook hands... and became Lads! A friendship that's stronger than anything, no matter what a certain FAMILIA thinks... they ain't gonna break it!

Cheers for the dig at their current rivals.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I'm dedicatin' this award to the people that helped get me here. My pain-in-the-ass tag team partner. I'm dedicatin' it to some friends in BRAZEN. Logan, Antonio, Wes, Ryan, who helped get me here. Even to that pain in the ass Adrian Payne. To my wife, Evelyn, for puttin' up with my mess and packin' my bags so I don't gotta do it when I hit the road. My boys, Mitch, Mike, Morgan! Daddy's goin' to the Pay Window tonight with a little somethin' extra! Thank you, DEFIANCE.

Punchy's theme plays him off the stage as holds up the DEFy Award one more time! He pauses for a picture and balls up his famous right hand before taking his leave as the show moves on!

MIL VUELTAS vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

This next match has been brewing for weeks and it's finally coming to a head when Kerry Kuroyama finally gets his hands on "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltras!

Lance:

It all started when Sonny Silver and OSCAR BURNS had been reaching out to Kerry, possibly to join their side. For some reason we don't know about, Mil Vueltras seems to have taken exception to this. Jealousy? Something else? We don't know.

DDK:

But what Kerry won't forgive is Mil deliberately sticking his nose where it didn't belong. He fought Bronson Box in an incredible main event, only to slide a pair of brass knuckles Kerry's way after Kerry declined any help from the GC Universe. Kerry declined, but lost the match in the process.

Lance:

To make matters worse, Mil ducked out on a challenge from Kerry in favor of wrestling Chris Chickentenders, only for Kerry to go to DEFIANCE's matchmakers to get this to happen. As fast as Mil Vueltras is, there may be no running from Kerry tonight! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

To Darren Quimbey, we go!

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!**

The Silver-Tongued Devil himself is on stage, ready to do what he's paid to do by the GC Universe.

Sonny Silver:

Later tonight, I'll give you a spoiler when Dan Leo James retains his Favoured Saints Championship... but right now, on this night of Awards, this night of both pomp and/or circumstance, you will bear witness to "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, humbly speaking, "The Greatest Luchador of All Time"... **MIL VUELTAS!**

The lyrics start kicking in and the camera switches to the interior of what has become his signature SUV limo through a section on the far floor near the arena.. 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 it way out... Decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask all covered in gold and silver rhinestones, Mil Vueltras heads out of the limo.

DDK:

We've seen a lot of bravado out of Mil Vueltras since joining the GC Universe. He's undefeated so far as a member, but this is going to be his toughest challenge to date.

Lance:

One of the very best today in Kerry Kuroyama, who is in no mood for Mil's games.

In his fur coat, Mil leaps to the top rope, then lands on his feet in the ring. He leaps to the middle rope and poses with

his head to the sky while on the ring apron just beneath him, the BRAZEN Women's Champion Bonita en Rosa I and Bonita en Rosa II both pose for all the cameras in one of the largest venues DEFIANCE has taken place in! Mil stands with his arms out, allowing the Bonitas to remove his fur coat before his music cuts and makes way for that of his opponent...

The lights dim. Thunder rumbles. The barometric pressure in the SPHERE suddenly plummets. The surrounding led dome of the Sphere instantly becomes awash in rich, robust GREEN when the massive lights up with a view of a raging stormfront rolling in over Death Valley.

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney and Sleep Steady ♪

"BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

"BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

"BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

"BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!"

The music thumps. Silver and green fountain pyros erupt across the stage. The spotlight hits the entry-way, revealing "The Emerald Apex" KERRY KUROYAMA the moment he twirls around, punches the air, and begins his descent down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... he is "The Emerald Apex" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg strides down the aisle with a defined balance of conviction and swagger. He moves like a man ready to go to war. Reaching the ring, Kuroyama scales the steps to the apron, scales up the turnbuckle, and raises himself up to pose for the photo op.

The rudo luchador is laying across the top corner of the ring ropes, a full bastion of (perhaps false?) confidence. Kerry is simply laser-focused on making the lucha malcontent pay for his actions over the past few weeks.

DING DING

Mil hops off the ropes and goes SPEEDING towards Kerry! He fakes out The Emerald Apex and goes towards the ropes! Kerry tries to prepare himself, but Mil slips through his legs and comes back to his feet. Kerry turns...

SLAP!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The self-proclaimed GLOAT isn't playing nice tonight!

Kerry takes the slap in stride and tries to contain any potential rage he might be feeling in the moment, trying to not show any cracks. El Intocable runs towards Kerry again and tries to go for a go-behind on the Seattle native. Instead of going for any sort of grapple...

SLAP TWO ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

This slap hits Kerry in the back of the head! He doubles over and Mil leapfrogs right over him to pose and preen for the jeering Las Vegas Faithful!

Lance:

I REALLY don't know how wise this is of Vueltas. He's made a habit of getting under the skin of his opponents and it has paid off in recent matches, but Kerry Kuroyama isn't the guy to do this with.

Sonny tries remaining neutral due to his present ties to both men, simply watching along with the Bonitas. Kerry once again tries to keep composed in the face of the highly antagonistic Vueltas. They lock up again with Mil going behind again. This time, Kerry is ready when he NAILS Mil on the side of the head with an elbow and then SLAPS the taste out of the luchador's mouth so hard, he falls to the canvas to huge applause!

DDK:

Goodness! Mil Vueltas may not have any tastebuds left after that slap!

K-Double goes to his bread and butter by mat wrestling the little prick luchador! He grabs him with a rear waistlock and pulls him straight off the mat, up in the air and SLAMS him down! Mil bought the ticket and now has to take the ride whe Kuroyama lifts him up for a second one and slams him down! He transitions around to a front facelock and gator rolls Mil all across the mat until he has to hang onto the bottom rope with his foot to make Hector Navarro go for the break!

Mil Vueltas:

Make him break it, Hector! Temo por mi vida!

Hector Navarro:

You... you fear for your life?

Kerry breaks off and stands over Mil while the luchador tries to stand, only for Kerry to strike him square in chest with a running kenka kick! The blow sends The GLOAT tumbling to the floor!

DDK:

That kick had something extra behind it! Kuroyama has only been trying to do his own thing since he returned to DEFIANCE, but something about this doesn't sit right with Mil at all.

The GLOAT starts to try and stand, waving to The Bonitas for help, but Kerry isn't giving Mil a chance to play his little games. He's already behind Mil on the outside and when he turns, he catches a NASTY open palm strike to the jaw that knocks Vueltas flat out on the ringside floor! Sonny looks nervous, but when Kerry turns Sonny's way, he gives Kerry a somewhat nervous thumbs up.

Lance:

And where DOES Sonny sit on this match? Obviously, he's close these days with Mil Vueltas through the GC Universe, but he's close with Kerry since Vae Victis, as well as outside the ring where Sonny does business with Rocko Daymon in Seattle.

DDK:

Who knows? Sonny's trying to keep a poker face, but he'd rather not see these two fight at all, it seems.

Kerry picks Mil up and SMACKS him with a huge chest chop! Mil reels from the shot and gets thrown back into the ring. Before he even tries to get back inside the ring, Bonita I y II both approach him and start batting their eyes.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm not Chris Chickentenders. You both need to move... NOW.

He shoos the twin luchadoras away, but the very second he turns back to the ring, a speeding bullet named Mil Vueltas is already back in action and ZIPS right through the bottom and middle rope, sending Kerry CRASHING into the guardrail!

DDK:

Good LORD, that speed of Mil! It's uncanny!

The GLOAT realizes he has his opening and slides back into the ring. Kerry is still getting his bearings and has no time to move when Mil LAUNCHES himself up off the middle rope and hits a HUGE springboard tope con hilo!

DDK:

Mil hits The Come-Up! Such a spectacle of a move from such a wormy wrestler!

The Faithful are taken aback by how fast Vueltas has popped off his moves, but he gets back up and laughs before he forces Kerry up to his feet with some force, then tries shoving him back into the ring. After he gets K-Double back inside, Mil climbs back inside. He measures up Kerry and rocks the Seattle native with a big rolling wheel kick upside the head!

Lance:

Mil finally has Kerry on his back! He's going for a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Kerry gets the shoulder up just after two while Mil rubs both hands over his mouth. He angrily looks over at Hector Navarro.

Lance:

That was a clear two-count, Mil. Hector isn't gonna change that! Stay on him if you want to win so bad!

The rudo looks out to Sonny Silver, who also gives him a slightly nervous thumbs up for a job well done so far in the match. The GLOAT goes back over to Kerry and starts peppering him with kicks upside the head. The boots don't seem to be doing much other than pissing Kerry off, but Mil switches it up and nails a low sole kick to his chest. Like a rocket, Mil hits the ropes again with impressive speed... but Kerry catches him with a huge back elbow first!

DDK:

No! Kerry nails him first! Lot of force behind that back elbow!

The Emerald Apex shakes off the earlier rolling wheel kick, then charges and throws Mil into the corner where he rocks him with a big elbow smash! He spins and hits a big back elbow, then hits him with a HUGE release exploder suplex out of the corner!

DDK:

Oooh! Strike combo in the corner followed by a massive release exploder! Kerry with the cover of his own!

He buries a forearm into Mil's mask and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Vueltas gets the shoulder up this time. Kerry looks only slightly annoyed with the persistence of his smaller opponent, but knows better.

Lance:

Kerry is staying focused even when Mil kicks out! Oooh! What a big elbow!

Another big, meaty elbow smash catches The GLOAT on the jaw and rocks him up against the ropes. Kerry grabs his arm and whips him across the ring, then tries closing the gap by running right behind The GLOAT. Despite this, Mil still slips right through the ropes and Kerry comes up empty in the corner with a big elbow! Mil rolls out of the way, then CRACKS Kuroyama on the jaw with a flying kick that sees Mil land on the apron. He kicks Kerry's leg out from under

him to get him in a seated position, then quickly launches himself back over into a HUGE slingshot dropkick on the jaw! Mil rolls out of the move and heads back to his feet!

DDK:

What a combo! Mil calls that three-kick combo Tres Patadas!

And Mil follows up with a charging double knee strike to the face of Kerry in the corner! The Seattle Native is hurt when Mil Vueltas tries to drag him out of the corner with great urgency!

Lance:

All those shots from all directions! Mil might take this!

He lands on the chest of The Emerald Apex for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH.. NO!

The Las Vegas Faithful roar as Mil angrily yells in Spanish at Hector Navarro for not counting a three!

Lance:

Closest fall of the match yet! And what's Mil doing now?

Mil waits as Kerry tries to push back onto his stomach, only for Mil to kick him in the chest several more times!

Mil Vueltas:

Quédate abajo, renuncia! No puedes tener mi lugar!

Measuring up Kerry, Vueltas hits the ropes again as he's groggy. He leaps up and tries a tilt-a-whirl DDT... but Kerry uses his strength and hangs on! Mil looks SHOCKED and shakes his head frantically as Kerry underhooks his arms and spins Mil around into a VICIOUS double underhook backbreaker!

DDK:

MY GOD! What a counter! Kerry countered the tilt-a-whirl DDT into the Black Mountain Bomb! Both men are down now!

Lance:

It's anyone's game now! These two men have thrown a lot at one another!

Kerry is still reeling from the kicks earlier to follow up immediately while The GLOAT is holding his back in pain and gritting his teeth. The Bonitas watch on worried while Sonny Silver is doing his best to Switzerland this and remain as neutral as he possibly can.

LET'S GO, KERRY!

LET'S GO, KERRY!

LET'S GO, KERRY!

On opposite sides of the ring, Kerry and Mil slowly climb back to their feet with the help of the ropes. Rallied by the crowd, Kuroyama wills himself up first, and charges before the rudo can get to a vertical base. Without warning, Vueltas springs to life with a burst of speed, dodging a discus lariat coming for his head.

DDK:

Mil DUCKS the Squall Line Lariat! Unbelievable speed! He hits the ropes--no, SPRINGBOARD CUTTER--

Or so Mil had planned, had Kerry not shifted his momentum the other way.

DDK:

COUNTERED INTO A BRIDGING BACKDROP DRIVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOOOO, Mil Vueltas rolls the shoulder up!

Lance:

The GLOAT hasn't shown any signs of slowing down since the opening bell rang, but Kerry Kuroyama finally seems to be getting up to speed with his timing!

Kuroyama powers back up to his feet, looking for Mil's legs. The GLOAT desperately tries to boot him off, but Kerry forces his way forward, wraps the legs into a kneebar, and turns him over into the elevated cloverleaf. The crowd pops at the sight of the cocky rudo now thrashing at the mat trying to escape.

DDK:

Kerry with the CASCADIAN CLOVERLEAF!

Lance:

A bad spot for Mil Vueltas! Kerry is absolutely torquing the back right now, making sure that the next time he's back on his feet, those feet stay ON the mat!

Mil, doing everything he can to mentally fight through the pain, gets some traction going with his hands digging into the canvas in an effort to pull his way to the ropes. Inch by inch, he gets closer and closer. With the bottom rope only feet away, he reaches out...

...only for Kerry to pull him right back to the ring center!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama isn't letting him get away THAT easily! And the Faithful are loving every second of seeing the arrogant GLOAT of the GC Universe finally getting his comeuppance!

Lance:

The ropes may be a longshot by now! Are we going to see a tap-out here?

Vueltas continues to groan in agony, his arm reaching out as if preparing to tap... when at the last moment, he pushes himself up, curls in, and MULE KICKS the ribs of Kuroyama to break the hold!

DDK:

Vueltas BREAKS FREE!

Kerry staggers back, clutching his chest, giving the GLOAT the half second of time he needs to slip under the ropes out to ringside for a breather. Mil hisses in pain, clutching his back while trying to walk it off.

Lance:

Once again, putting distance between himself and Kuroyama... but this, for a completely different reason!

DDK:

I'd say that's exactly the case, Lance! Kerry has Mil on the ropes, and he knows it! Navarro begins the ten count... but

here comes KERRY! He's not going to wait!

The Faithful pop again as Kuroyama rolls under the ropes, right in Mil's path. Vueltas waves him off, to feckless results, and slides back into the ring to get away. Kuroyama follows him in, but the GLOAT pops to his feet in the blink of an eye!

DDK:

Vueltas waiting with the ENZIGURI--NO!! Ducked by Kerry!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas may have baited him right into it, but the Emerald Apex was expecting it!

Vueltas recovers quickly, but not quick enough to prevent Kerry from slipping behind him and slapping him into a full nelson.

DDK:

DRAGON SUPLEX by Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

He can smell blood in the water!

Mil ragdolls off the impact of the snap Dragon Suplex. Kerry, firing on all cylinder, roars back to his feet and peels the GLOAT off the canvas.

DDK:

Kerry's signalling for the Kuroyama Driver! He's got Mil on the SHOULDERS!

Lance:

But Mil's fighting him in a last ditch effort!

Machine gun elbows tag Kerry in his exposed temple prompting him to drop the GLOAT on the spot. Vueltas falls straight into a front facelock, only for Kuroyama to immediately wrap him into a waistlock.

DDK:

Mil escapes the Kuroyama Driver! But Kerry's not about to lose this fight!

Kerry bullrushes Mil into the corner. Navarro steps in, calling for a break. As he does, Mil leans in and whispers something close to Kerry's ear...

Mil Vueltas:

[indistinct]

Without warning, Mil breaks the hold...

...and SPITS on Kerry!

DDK:

UH OH...

Kerry Kuroyama begins HAMMERING the GLOAT with unrelenting right hands! Hector Navarro quickly steps in, repeating his call for the break.

DDK:

OH MY! Kerry Kuroyama is throwing hands on Mil Vueltas while trapped in the corner!

Lance:

It almost looked as though Mil said something to Kerry just now! I couldn't hear it over this crowd, but it seems to have triggered something in the Pacific Blitzkrieg!

DDK:

I don't imagine he takes kindly to being spat upon either! But regardless, Kerry ought to consider the official right now!

Kerry pounds away on Mil, who is covered up and weathering the storm. Hector's calls get progressively louder, but the Pacific Blitzkrieg doesn't seem to hear him...

Hector Navarro:

That's enough, Kerry... KERRY!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!!

DDK:

NAVARRO IS CUEING FOR THE BELL!!

DING DING DING

Only the ringing of the bell seems to pull Kerry out of his sudden onset of bloodlust. He backs away from Mil in the corner, but it's too late. Without hesitation, Vueltas drops out of the ring and rejoins Sonny at ringside, barely able to stand!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the official Hector Navarro has declared that Kerry Kuroyama... is DISQUALIFIED!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Darren Quimbey:

As a result, the winner of the match... MIIIIIIIL VUUUUUEEEEEELLLLTTAAAAAAAASS!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

Flanked by the lovely Bonitas at ringside, the GLOAT pumps his arms in victory as he and his entourage escape up the rampway, while being helped away. The camera can't get a good look at Sonny Silver's expression as he brushes by the crew on his way to the back.

DDK:

What an anticlimactic finish to what was turning out to be a spectacular match! For whatever reason, Kuroyama lost all control there in those final moments, prompting the official to call for the disqualification! You'd almost never expect that out of a consummate athlete like Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

I couldn't agree more, Keebs. Be as it may, Mil Vueltas succeeded in pushing every one of Kerry's buttons tonight. It may not be the most glorious of victories, but a win is a win, and tonight, the GLOAT walks away with a win after a psychological victory over the Emerald Apex.

Still in the ring, Kerry Kuroyama expectedly reacts to the result with rage and lividity, and continues to argue with Hector.

DDK:

Time will tell what sort of fallout we'll see after this! But for right now, ladies and gentlemen, this special End of Year episode of DEFtv continues! Don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

****BRAZEN of the YEAR****

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this year's BRAZEN of the Year award...

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The opening portion of the man in question's singles action entrance song plays through. Right as Rick Ross starts laying down bars the massive, broad shoulders of "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby are seen emerging from the side of the stage. Over one shoulder one half of the BRAZEN tag team championships and over the other the BRAZEN title itself.

DDK:

Again Felton Bigsby finds himself a double champion over in BRAZEN, partner.

Lance:

He was blazing a trail in BRAZEN before he associated himself with the Blood Diamonds, but once he threw his hat in with Box and White? It seems like nothing on earth can stop him!

Looking like a million bucks, it's clear Ed White funded Felton's wardrobe tonight. A slick burgundy colored custom tailored suit, black dress shirt left open to show a little pectoral action. Big beautiful watch, expensive and tasteful jewelry. The whole nine yards. As Felton steps out onto the stage we see his Money Talks tag team partner Adrian Payne, also nominated for this award by the way, coming up behind him dressed in similar finery with his half of the BRAZEN tag team titles strapped around his waist.

DDK:

The success these two men collectively had in BRAZEN can not be overstated, Lance.

As Money Talks approaches the podium Felton hands his tag team title over to Adrian, then propping the BRAZEN title up in front of him. He wraps his huge hands around the corner of the podium and just silently glares out at the Faithful for a few moments.

Felton Bigsby:

I get asked constantly "you've been here forever man, what are you doing in BRAZEN"...

He motions with his head towards the big blue and silver title sitting in front of him.

Then to his massive tag team partner and the tag team titles in his possession.

Felton Bigsby:

Dominance. Pure and simple. Yeah, when I was sent down to BRAZEN I was pissed the hell off. I trained with Bronson Box. I trained with Lindsay Troy. But after a little while I realized all they did was put a damn lion in a cage with a bunch of clip-cloppin' prey animals. I'm the most decorated athlete to ever stand in a BRAZEN ring! Me and my boy here are your forever BRAZEN tag team champs! WE ARE BRAZEN, DAMNIT!

Adrian Payne: [shouting off mic]

MONEY TALKS!

The BRAZEN champ grins with clear unkind intentions.

Felton Bigsby:

And we're not quite done with DEF's precious little blue brand. We run that shop top to bottom, clearly. That cheap ass used up MARK Angel Trinidad's sniffin' this gold like some sort of hounddog. Rowzilla, another big meaty chump ass punk sniffin' this gold like he's even READY for this. There's aint one single soul I'm sweatin' on that entire roster!

BRING YO' BEST! BRING YO' BIGGEST AND MEANEST, BRAZEN! Watch 'em all get cut the hell down by Houston Strong, son! So stay tuned because... well, bein' associated with the Blood Diamonds? We go where we want, we show up where and when we want.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Felton Bigsby:

And we DO what we want...

DDK:

Oh, Good lord.

Lance:

Oh my...

He turns towards where he and Adrian made their entrances where we see the leggy assistant of Ed White Jane Katze and the massive seven foot tall bodyguard of the same Nicky Corozzo emerge with several bodies in tow. Some of Dabney Doubleday's friends, the tenured BRAZEN duo of "Birdman" Walter Levy and Hijo del Fishman Deluxe, the Midcard Experiment.

Both men are battered, bleeding and nearing lights out from what looks to have been a hellacious beating.

Lance:

I knew it. I knew this wasn't going to be just an acceptance speech. Not when Ed White's damned PEOPLE are involved!

DDK:

Oh boy. We're going to need medical out here at some point, guys.

The portly Fish Jr's mask is ripped and torn to the point of almost falling off.

Blood pours from a deep wound on his exposed forehead.

Felton Bigsby:

As honored as I am to accept this recognition? Business never sleeps. Business continues to need doin' feel me? And I'm nothin' if not a loyal and dedicated employee. Mr. White gets what he wants. And what he wants is Doubleday and his little brother to get a proper old school welcome to DEFIANCE. Those two thought they were going to march in here and make some big ol' names for themselves by dickin' around with Mr. White's business. Dickin' around with BRONSON'S business. Heh, well...

Adrian Payne strolls over and lays a stiff straight boot across the temple of Walter Levy, sending the indie journeyman sprawling back against his partner who is clearly worse off. Fish Jr lolls around on the stage on his hands and knees, blood still dripping at an alarming rate from his head and down what remains of his green and yellow mask. Nicky and Jane loom over the scene with smiles on their faces.

Felton Bigsby:

This right here, DABS? Just a taste of the messed up can of worms you and your ugly little brother just opened. Couldn't find y'all's braindead little friend in the Nic Cage mask but believe me, he's due for a receipt just as nasty from Ms. Katze over there. Believe. Now you two smilin' cowboys? The fat one and the Japanese one, Lovett and Izuchi? This here finally get you two bit-players mad? You done smilin' and cavortin' around with fools like this? Done wastin' time standin' in the goddamn background? I heard you two want to be some sort of tag team down in BRAZEN? Well get your shit together and step up, fools. Me and Adrian? We're the two big motherfuckers holdin' all the gold. We aint hard to find.

Jane makes her way over to the podium and Felton graciously steps aside.

Jane Katze:

Thank you Dabney Doubleday. You've given Edward and Bronson a whole faction of clear and concise, living breathing examples for all these braindead fans of exactly the sort of lazy, shameful talent we're trying to erase from the rosters of BRAZEN and DEFIANCE alike. You and your little coalesced sideshow of all the lost and broken things in the BRAZEN toy box are about to get the authentic main roster experience you all THINK you want so badly. You just welcomed upon you and your friends heads anything but Fair Play Mr. Doubleday. Keep one eye on the horizon, boy. When you mess about with Bronson Box and Edward White's business interests? They pull out ALL the stops.

The BRAZEN champ leans in and grabs his title belt still sitting atop the podium.

He pauses near the mic. A shared sinister smile with Jane Katze. She nods.

Felton Bigsby:

By any funds necessary, son.

He laughs a very Edward White-adjace laugh.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jane helps clasp the BRAZEN title around Felton's waist.

♪ "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

With that, Felton and Adrian's Money Talks tag team entrance music plays and the duo hoist their collective pile of gold to a chorus of boos and jeers from the Vegas Faithful.

Nicky and Jane continue assaulting poor Walter and Fishman Jr in the background before all four Blood Diamonds decide, thankfully, that's enough BUSINESS for this evening. Once they've cleared the stage area Dr. Iris Davine and her med team rush out to tend to Walter and Fish Jr's wounds. The uncle of the latter, referee Hector Navarro, joins them clearly worried about his nephew. He puts a towel around Fish Jr's head both to help hide his lucha identity and to stem some of the bloodloss.

DDK:

Well. Point made and shots fired, folks.

Lance:

We said it when that kid put these Wrestle House weirdos together and started jostling Ed White's tree that it was a baaaad idea, Keebs.

DDK:

It's not like their ire came out of nowhere, Lance. Ed and his associates have long had their fingers in the BRAZEN pot, stirring said pot for their own nefarious ends. Ed's been a thorn in the side of the training staff and students at the WrestlePlex for years. And Dabney Doubleday has been clear, for better or for his own ill, he doesn't stand for unfairness or for bullies.

Lance:

Well, regardless. Dabney and his brother's presumptuousness coupled with their inexperience has opened the door to literal wrestling hell. Right now they ONLY have Ed and his Associates, and Money Talks to deal with. What happens when Bronson Box clears his schedule and one day comes to collect over their MELTING his Spike the way they did? It'll be a massacre, Darren!

DDK:

This little cross-brand war only seems to be heating up, partner. We'll have to wait and see how it develops. Something tells me Dabney Doubleday isn't the sort to not take an assault on his friends like this deeply personally.

****BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR****

Cutting to Jamie on the stage, Jamie nods as he steps up to the microphone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the next Year End Award! The category is: BREAKOUT DEFIANT OF THE YEAR!

An ovation breaks out and Sawyers allows it a beat or two for it to swell and fall.

Jamie Sawyers:

The nominees are...

He turns to the massive screen all around him which shows the individual performer as he announces their name.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler Fuse! ... Brock Newbludd! ... MP1!

Still smiling, he loudly opens the envelope and pulls it out.

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is... MP1!

A cascade of disapproval echoes through the cavernous arena as the concave screen again alights, showing MP1 once more with his back to the camera. He pauses long enough for the booing to subside.

Glancing over his left shoulder, he might be smiling - it's hard to discern from the angle and the mask.

MP1:

It's funny... on one hand, it's nice to be recognized for your effort. But on the other... what's changed? I'm the same damn man I was two years ago. The same work ethic. The same drive, the same skills, the same talents. So why now, huh?

He half turns, showing his profile.

MP1:

What's changed for me in 2024? Gee, I wonder.

His bitterly sarcastic tone suddenly shifts to something flatter.

MP1:

In 2024, I chose to change my direction. I chose to surround myself with people who VALUE me. People who put me first. People who want to see me succeed. You boo'd me. You STILL boo me. For bettering my position, for taking a chance on ME. You want to give me a trophy for that now? This "award" should really go to Madame Melton. It should really go to my friend, JJ Dixon. THEY believed in me. THEY cared. ...but you want to give it to *me*?! Seems to me... you people might secretly be proud of me.

Taking a half step, he wheels around – putting his back fully to the camera once more.

MP1:

Seems to me... you're recognizing my achievements and awarding me for doing the things you claim to revile me for. Feels like maybe you wanna live vicariously through me. Like you lack the temerity and audacity to be BOLD. You boo me... after everything I gave you, people... You boo me... then reward me. You miserable, fickle bastards.

He raises the Award up in his hand. Reads the inscription silently. Then pitches it against the wall – it shatters. MP1 doesn't appear to flinch.

MP1:

I reject your acclaim. Give it to someone who cares. I don't need you people anymore.

Eye never meeting the lens, the Most Precious One storms off the set the scene on the screen fades to black.

KNOW ME

...but not completely black. A dim glow grows in the upper right corner of the colossal, curved screen of the Sphere.

A full, radiant moon slowly creeps out from behind dark, hulking clouds. Beneath them, a boundless ocean churns and roils. Even at its apex, the moon struggled to illuminate the tempest of crashing waves. Amid the unruly chaos, a solitary row boat cuts through the foam, its frame gently groaning at the ocean's fury. At the helm, an old man sits, the weathered face under worn leather fedora is carved with deep lines.

Gnarled hands grip the oars with determination, tendons taut ropes under his pale skin. The wind pulls at his brown blazer, but his eyes laid locked straight ahead with a dangerous glint that seemed to match the sea's fury. The camera seems to have taken a seat across from him on the boat.

The dazzling display on the screen gives those in attendance the intense feeling they are set to be swept away. The man rowing begins to laugh, despite the hazard he faces. He sings to himself.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

*Oh, gather ye round, and I'll sing ye a tale,
Of a man who was honest, yet destined to sail.
With a heart pure as gold and a glimmerin' eye,
He set forth on the waves 'neath the vast open sky.*

A soft mandolin joins in, from somewhere beyond the veil.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

*He once swore his oaths to the brothers aboard,
But a storm brought a whisper, a dark, mighty chord.
"Cast off their chains, take the wheel as your own,
Rule not with kindness, but power alone."*

*He rose, oh he rose, to the tempest's demand,
Left the weak to the tide, seized the power in hand.
From the light to the shadow, his course he did steer,
A bold-hearted master with nothin' to fear.*

Arms working, Nigel's energy seems limitless. A cello joins in, low and powerful. The old man croons clumsily.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

*With thunder he roared and the lightning did gleam,
His eyes burned with fire, his ambition supreme.
He laughed at the cries of the friends left behind,
For glory was forged by a much darker mind.*

*Oh, the waves bow before him, the sea sings his name,
Captain Blackheart, unyielding, unshackled by shame.
A hero to some, to the meek he's a blight,
But power's a beacon that burns ever bright.*

The mandolin fades as the row boat lurches. The old man chuckles to himself as the last low, sustained note from the deep cello dissipates.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

A fine evening, no?

A glimmer in his eyes shines under the bright moon. Water sprays up into the boat. He pays it no mind.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

A steady hand and a steady mind can see a brave man through any tumult, I always say. And those words have served me well.

Nigel looks at us as though we'd asked him a question.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What's that? The tune. Just something to inspire. To spur the oars, right? I wonder what tune you sing when things get hard. I wonder what song my old dog sings. My Corvo....

The name rings out in the arena, a vibration that lingers. Nigel's gray eyes are clasped upon the camera's lens.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

My Corvo has forsaken us all, hasn't he?

Nigel smiles up at the bright-lit night sky.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He'll find his way home. A good sailor can always use the stars as his guide. And don't ever doubt it, don't let anyone imply otherwise... I taught him well.

Nigel pauses rowing long enough to tip his brown fedora back on his head, stretching his back for a moment.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

As for you, for my new "first mate"... well, I've charted quite the ambitious course. For all the accolades you've received for 2024, now... finally... with my influence, you're sure to surpass all expectations, to exceed every expectation. The Most Precious Star in my sky.

The undulating waves heave the boat too and fro, but Nigel is heedless. He smiles up at the brightest celestial body above - brighter even than the moon itself. A single star. He wheels his boat towards it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You'll end this year by proving yourself against one of this world's most proven commodities. Scott Douglas is still dangerous even two steps slower. And he isn't two steps slower. It will be a test... but nothing you can't handle, eh?

Nigel beams, rowing with renewed energy

The camera slowly, deliberately peels back and we see another figure in the rowboat, seated across from Nigel. His back to the arena, he wears a black and gray wrestling mask and matching singlet. His head hangs, eyes at his feet as, suddenly, it's raining. And not softly.

The rain pelts them both as Nigel pauses rowing long enough to reach down between his own feet.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Here, my boy.

He hands MP1 an umbrella.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I'm always prepared. It's going to be a long trip. But, trust me, it'll be worth it.

And with that, the camera holds in place and the boat pitches and reels away. On that dark, foreboding horizon, a twisted bolt of lightning opens its clawed hand down towards the boat. MP1 opens the umbrella. And before long, the boat is pulled into the darkness and out of sight.



Thunder crashes. Cut to black.

HIGH FLYER OPEN INVITATIONAL

DDK:

Faithful, after those ominous words from Lord Nigel Trickelbush, we have our next matchup scheduled for this very special edition of Uncut.

Lance:

While M4NTRA is still blissfully vacationing, the newest members of the fivesome are here tonight. "The Pacifist" Archer Silver and "Supafly" High Flyer, former three time BRAZEN tag team champions, are here tonight for another edition of the High Flyer Invitational.

DDK:

High Flyer, who's taken his namesake from his father full on, has challenged anyone who fits the definition of a cruiserweight per DEFIANCE management. So far, he's skated by Conor Fuse with the help of Archer at his side, and utterly demolished CAGE!

♪"Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO♪

Lance:

Well I guess we're not waiting!

The large "M4NTRA letters" appear on the DEFIatron as stepping out from the back are the former LET members. Archer Silver is first, the nephew of Sonny Silver being stoic and silent. It's the third generation High Flyer who's loud and brash as he parts the curtains, shouting at the jeering Faithful. He tosses his arms out and holds out a M4NTRA flag as if it were his wings. His attire most closely resembles that of Rocket Raccoon, a full body suit worn without the sleeves, but using the white and gold color scheme of M4NTRA. He throws the towel in the air, and Archer nonchalantly catches it. High Flyer jaw jacks with the front row as he hits ringside, sliding under the bottom rope. Archer swings around the outside and mimes for the mic from Quimbey, who tosses it. Archer catches and slides in.

As Archer lifts the mic, the Faithful's jeers rise and he takes a moment to take in the jeers.

And then he just takes a deep zenful breath in.

High Flyer walks up and grabs the mic, tapping it loudly and abrasively.

High Flyer:

ALRIGHT. All focus on us now. Thank you.

The crowd reacts with boos.

High Flyer:

Oh tonight I've got something special for you all. I'm here for my third High Flyer Invitational, in the coolest looking arena I've ever seen...

High Flyer spins around and takes it all in.

High Flyer:

... But tonight, this Invitational isn't exactly OPEN. See, I have one man in mind for this night.

High Flyer climbs onto the ropes closest to the entranceway.

High Flyer:

VICTOR VACIO! I know you're back there, pendejo!

DDK:

Woah!

Lance:

High Flyer and Victor Vacio feuded for months, and they were looking to have a rubber match, only for Tyler Fuse to break High Flyer's arm in three locations!

DDK:

Do you think Vacio even cares enough to acknowledge this challenge?

Lance:

I don't know if Vacio cares enough to come pick up his paycheck.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

With slouched shoulders, a disinterested Vacio steps out from the backstage area. He looks over the sea of Faithful, annoyed he even has to be there. He has a microphone, and just stares at the ring toward his former nemesis.

But says nothing.

High Flyer:

Oh. I brought something. Figured you might want it back.

High Flyer reaches into his trunks to produce Vacio's old black mask. Flyer leans in to smell but backs away and makes a stink face.

Victor Vacio:

¡Pendejo!

Vacio shakes his head.

Victor Vacio:

¿Tu entrepierna apesta?

High Flyer:

It only stinks cause your mask was touching my balls! Now come down here and fight me or I'm going to come up there and shove this down your throat.

Victor Vacio:

No.

Vacio drops the mic and smiles. He watches as Flyer starts getting angry and shockingly reacts to Archer in the ring. Vacio then turns his back on the ring. He makes a slow walk.

High Flyer shoves the mic into Archer's hands and slips out of the ring. He breaks into a sprint, rushing all the way up the HUGE ramp only to catch Vacio in the back of the head with an elbow JUST as he reached the backstage area. High Flyer grabs Vacio and drags him back out, tossing him onto the ramp.

DDK:

Remember! Flyer has that surgical plate in his arm, and he just clocked Vacio in the back of the head with it!

Indeed, on the ramp, Vacio bleeds from the back of his head. High Flyer grabs Vacio just as he realizes and hip tosses him down the entrance ramp, back toward the ring.

Archer Silver:

Remember to breathe!

High Flyer takes a moment, and takes a deep inhale to boos from the Faithful. Then, as Vacio recovers to his feet,

High Flyer just shotgun dropkicks Vacio down a third of the rampway. Vacio, back rolling, tries to stand only for the third generation Harmen to charge and just CANNONBALL himself at Vacio. Victor stumbles and High Flyer lands with a thud in a ball on the outside.

Archer looks over at Quimbey and shouts to ring the bell. Quimbey motions for Archer to leave the ring, just as BRAZEN's Luchador ref, the Ref, slides into the ring.

High Flyer climbs onto the ring apron toward the hard camera and waits for Vacio to get to his feet near where the entrance way meets the ring. As Victor climbs to his feet, High Flyer runs the apron, grabs the steel turnbuckle post, and uses it as a pendulum to 619 a recovering Vacio. Flyer lands on his feet. He quickly grabs the profusely bleeding Vacio and tosses him under the bottom rope.

He follows in, and Archer demands Darren ring the bell. Darren tries to explain that's not his job, but Archer is insistent. The BRAZEN Ref checks on Vacio and motions to the timekeeper's table.

DING DING

DDK:

I dunno Lance. This doesn't seem like a fair fight anymore.

Lance;

Vacio has to at least have a concussion.

High Flyer stands over the fallen Vacio and slaps the back of his head once, then twice. The third one is caught, as Vacio locks in a crucifix.

One.

Two.

Flyer barely struggles out. Both men to their feet, Flyer charges for an elbow and misses the mark, into a backslide.

One.

Two.

Again, a kick out. Again, both men back to their feet, another elbow attempt by Flyer is ducked by Vacio. Into a go behind for a German, but Flyer rushes toward the ropes and hooks them. Vacio tugs, but Flyer stays upright and Vacio backrolls out. From a kneeling position, he charges toward Flyer and catches him flush with a superkick. With Flyer down, Vacio leaps to the top and turns.

DDK:

Causa Peridada!

Lance:

Well scouted! Flyer got the knees up!

Vacio looks winded, hobbling on his feet. Flyer knips up, and rushes forward.

THWACK.

Flyer catches Vacio in the jaw flush with a rushing elbow. Archer looks on proudly as Vacio lays flat on the canvas. Flyer looks down at Vacio, and leaps up onto the top rope.

He steadies himself, looks back at Vacio, and then...

Archer Silver:

BREATHE!

A deep inhale. And then Flyer flies.

With a double moonsault, landing flush on Vacio's chest, directly into the cover.

DDK:

WOW!

Lance:

The Double Moonshot!

One.

Two.

Three.

DING, DING, DING

♪“Misfit Lunatic” by MISSIO♪

High Flyer shoots to his feet and immediately demands the BRAZEN lucha ref raise his hand. Archer slides into the ring, and gives one quick kick to Vacio's bloodied head before exchanging a patented hand shake with his former LET brethren.

DDK:

Well tonight, the odds were stacked against Vacio from the very beginning. Los Caidos, of course, not in the building tonight.

Lance:

I don't think anything's truly been settled here Darren. Vacio was jumped from behind after refusing to fight, and then went through with the match anyway only for Flyer to capitalize on his weakened state.

DDK:

Needless to say, this won't be the last time these two phenomenal athletes face off. I can't believe Flyer's elbow is even legal!

Lance:

It's been pretty brutal and decisive so far Darren. If it works, I'd say keep on keeping on!

DDK:

Regardless, it's another win for High Flyer in his “High Flyer Invitational.” Let's just hope the next opponent has the right combination to end this nonsense once and for all!

Lance:

Let's just breathe.

DDK:

Alright Archer. Let's take it to some commercials. I can't keep watching these two hand shake.

Lance:

It goes on forever.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

ALIVE

The severe sounds of bagpipes wheeze and rise into a startlingly beautiful melody. Distant snare drums meet it, punctuating the drama of the majestic tune. From darkness, the scene opens on a glorious vista; sweeping hills, misty mountains, and daunting cliffs. The Scottish Highlands expand before us.

A single drop of blood red falls and paints a blade of tall, swaying grass in stark crimson. Then another. A worn, weathered, and wizened voice cuts through the image.

Narrator:

He has walked uncounted miles. Through lush, vibrant jungles teeming with life and promise. And through barren, harsh deserts, ruled by snakes and vipers.

Another drop of red falls and a boot follows, crushing the red grass beneath it. A figure trudges forward.

Narrator:

He has fought; won and lost. He has proven that no obstacle is insurmountable when the fire of passion burns within. He has embraced the cheers of the Faithful, knowing they are the fuel that drives him forward.

A blue speck of color falling past the lens surprises us. Then a yellow. And another red. The camera pans back to see a harsh, bulky frame lumbering through the thick jade brush. His thick hands are slick with red, blue, and yellow paint.

Narrator:

He has climbed the mountain of recovery, step by agonizing step, and now stands ready to reclaim his place at the top. He has learned from his failures and grown into the warrior standing before you today. He has returned not just to compete but to dominate, to inspire, and to remind the world what a true fighter looks like.

He reaches the edge of the bluff and halts to take in the incredible view of the Scottish hills stretching on, it seems, forever.

Words appear on the screen, as if to echo the narrator.

Narrator:

Corvo Alpha is Coming for DEFIANCE Road.

Fade.

****FACTION of the YEAR****

Back to the podium once more for the next award!

Jamie Sawyers:

Up next... we have Faction of the Year! The nominees... TITANES FAMILIA...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jamie Sawyers:

M4NTRA...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jamie Sawyers:

And The Pop Culture Phenoms...

RRRRRAAHHHHHH!

Jamie Sawyers:

And your winners...

He opens the envelope...

Dramatic pause...

Jamie Sawyers:

TITANES FAMILIA!

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

One by one, the members of DEFIANCE's First Family walk out onto the stage...

An ever-cocky Titaness, wearing a form-fitting gold and black sequin catsuit and gold heels with the stolen microphone aka The Stick, belonging to Butcher Victorious! She waves behind her. Along comes the newest member of Titanes Familia debuting only weeks prior, Brooklynn Rivera wearing her ring gear for competition. The monstrous Killjoy lumbers behind them, actually dressed up (for him, anyway), wearing his gold and black mask, black dress jeans and a black button-up shirt with the sleeves torn off, the 6'10" monster stands behind the ladies of Titanes Familia.

Finally, out comes "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez, wearing a black suit with gold pinstripes and a gold tie along with his signature gold sunglasses. With a smug look, the other members of the Familia clear the path for the 7'1" giant to make his way to the podium. He nods to the presenter and then each member of the group accepts their DEFy Award trophy. Titaness looks giddy with hers, Brooklynn has a smirk on her face and Killjoy remains his usual stoic self. Uriel Cortez walks in front of the podium when the music drops. Uriel starts to talk when The Faithful boo them almost out of the building.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

You can boo me, but I told you all... I tell the truth. Last year... we were nominated for this same category and that old Familia was in disarray. We were a punchline for Kerry Kuroyama and Vae Victis who won this award last year. Dan

Leo James was a goody-two-shoes dipshit. Mil Vueltas was a deserter...

He holds up his trophy.

Uriel Cortez:

Now... I'm taking my belt to the asses of all of your favorites! The Man of The House is disciplining DEFIANCE's Favorite Sons AND its Biggest Boys! I said that after I beat Scott Douglas -- which I did CLEAN, by the way -- that I would put my name on the fucking lease and MY NAME IS ON IT! THE PROOF IS RIGHT HERE WITH THIS TROPHY! YOU HAVE NO CHOICE **BUT** TO RECOGNIZE THAT I AM A PROUD FAMILY MAN WHO SPEAKS NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The booing does little to sate Cortez, who takes a step back. He composes himself and puts a smile back on.

Uriel Cortez:

Boo me all you want. But look at the facts... last year, I told you all that the new Titanes Familia would RULE this place. We'd take whatever the hell we wanted.

Uriel gestures to his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

This year, my wife beat Elise Ares! Speared her right out of her boots! She's been a BRAZEN Tag Team Champion alongside our very own Brooklynn Rivera! She's got Butch Vic's stupid Stick! AND on top of that? She's got more live show charisma in her pinky than most people do in their entire body!

Titaness does a twirl once around the stage, puts her hands on her hips and winks towards her husband.

Titaness:

Damn right. Thanks, babe!

The Man of the House points at Killjoy.

Uriel Cortez:

Not only has this been our year, but OUR children smoke YOUR children. Killjoy in his first year... dominated EVERYONE. He defeated a former FIST in Kendrix earlier this year! Have YOUR kids beaten a member of the legendary Hollywood Bruvs? Did any of YOUR favorites give the Bruvs so much dread, they had to team up with a rival they HATED in order to survive?! Cause mine did!

Uriel then points at the newest member, Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

Brooklynn Rivera... La Angelita... Our Little Angel! She won an award BEFORE EVEN HAVING HER FIRST MATCH ON THE MAIN ROSTER! How many of YOUR kids won Student of the Year at school just for showing up and why is the answer NONE OF THEM?!

Brooklynn jumps onto the microphone holding her DEFy Award up high.

Brooklynn Rivera:

It's true! Bésame el culo, perras! DEFy Award-Winning BORICUA!

Uriel Cortez:

You'll be seeing her debut match here in just a little bit! But to my main point... back to the beginning. The old Familia was imperfect. The old Familia had cracks. The old Familia was apart. The old Familia did everything for everyone but themselves... But Mi Nueva Familia...

He holds out his hands. Uriel embraces arms with Titaness, who embraces next to her with Brooklynn Rivera. Behind them, Killjoy slowly walks forward. Once the foursome stand at the podium, they all raise their DEFy Awards.

Uriel Cortez:

It's Familia First... and if you insert yourself into Familia Business... just like what happened to Dex Joy in California...

He tugs at his waist with a grin as the fan boos.

Uriel Cortez:

You will get the fucking belt.

The group raise their DEFy Awards in unison to loud jeers!

****DEFIANTS of the YEAR****

Jamie Sawyers:

For DEFIANTS of the Year ... the nominees are PCP ... M4NTRA ... and the Lucky Sevens ... your winners ...

Lance is opening the envelope and reads the team name allowed.

Jamie Saywers:

M4NTRA!!!

Booing showers the stage with Lance Warner waiting for the current Unified Tag Team champions to come up and accept their DEFY awards. Bring Me The Horizon's "MANTRA" is playing ...

Nobody shows up.

Warner gestures for the music to quiet so he can announce them again.

Jamie Saywers:

Again ... your winner for DEFIANTS of the Year ...

Pause again.

Jamie Sawyers:

M4NTRA!!!

"MANTRA" plays a second time but it can barely be heard over the sounds of the booing DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

TAP TAP TAP

Nathan Eye:

M4NTRA Rays! DEC4LLION! EYE-LUMINATI! Hey! Up here on The Sphere screen thing!

The big screens on The Sphere are now live with Nathan Eye clearly not at the arena right now. Rather they are poolside at an unknown retreat. Nathan is only wearing white and gold swim trunks, a towel over his neck and third eye sunglasses (yes at night, if you are keeping score). DEC4L is relaxing with his phone in hand in the chair next to him and "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste looks like she's finishing up a swim.

Nathan Eye:

Hi! I'm Nathan Eye! The Golden State Guru and one-half of *your* DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team champions! I'm just sitting here with a good book in my lap! We regret to inform you that M4NTRA cannot be there in person to accept our DEFY Awards since we decided to *finally* go on that retreat we've been trying to book for months.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan Eye:

That's right! Boo the Atomic Punks for denying me, DEC4L and Makayla the chance to finally unwind and unplug from the pressures of championship success. Blame Dr. Sato's failed science experiments for constantly getting in our way. They already had their shot and they didn't walk away with the gold, so new year ... new teams!

DDK:

They got disqualified and the Punks actually won that match, so ...

DEC4L reluctantly turns away from his phone to address the camera.

DEC4L:

M4NTRA Rays! Flaps up!

Declan does a M4NTRA Ray dance in place.

DEC4L:

Nathan ain't cappin'. We won these titles and we've been going for a long time without a break. Your champs have *earned* this R&R. Your boys wanted to book this resort earlier, but it's boujee and even wrestling royalty had to pull some strings to get a reservation in a tight window in a place this exclusive. We might have even been back by now but we were blocked by betas. Don't fret DEC4LLION, we secured that dub and made it just in time before the off-season ended.

Lance:

What? There's like two weeks between shows.

DEC4L:

But thank you all, the M4NTRA Rays, for voting us! Deadass, you put us here on top of the Tom Morrow Memorial Division and we thank you for making us the team that ended the Lucky Sevens streak of hogging these awards.

Makayla Namaste finishes her swim and has a towel wrapped around her body.

Makayla Namaste:

So cheugy.

DEC4L:

Be salty, Sevens.

Nathan Eye:

And don't worry. I just texted Archer Silver to come collect our award. He's been such a good self-defense instructor for us that he deserves a DEFY Award for being the baddest guy we know.

In the arena in real time, Archer Silver walks up the the podium. He takes the DEFY awards on behalf of M4NTRA, raises them both over his head and then leaves.

Nathan Eye:

Welp we gotta go cause this retreat is amazing ... but between me and all of you, the WIFI is pretty spotty, so ...

Declan Alexander lowers his third-eye sunglasses and looks down the barrel of a finger gun.

DEC4L:

Boom.

Alexander pauses for a moment.

DEC4L:

Hey... I just lost monitor. Did we get that last shot? That "Boom" was DANK AF.

InstaFamous holds her phone up above her head in the air.

Makayla Namaste:

I think I lost signal. Did the WiFi go down?

DEC4L:

Natty... dude... can you go restart the router? I can't R&R under these conditions. I need to stay connected.

Nathaniel Eye:

Are we online guys? That was NUMBER ONE on our rider. Internet. AT ALL. TIMES.

DEC4L:

I've lost the vibe, Makayla. This is high-key stressing me out.

The camera pans away from the panicking DEC4L and his cohorts trying to put out this metaphorical fire, off to the side behind a wall in the corner, where a certain mad scientist looks us in the eye with a grin like the cat who caught the canary.

Dr. Ayumi Sato covers her mouth with her left hand, trying to stifle a giggle as, on either side of her hand, we can see the pearly whites from either corner of her mouth.

And in her right hand, she holds what appears to be a comedically thick Ethernet cable.

The feed goes black and it is back to the commentary team!

DDK:

Did ... Lance? Did I just see Dr. Sato cut off M4NTRA's internet?!

Lance:

Serves them right! M4NTRA have been ducking the Atomic Punks and got themselves disqualified in the one match they've had to keep the gold! Dr. Sato and the Punks' pursuit of gold will not end!

DDK:

We have to move the show along. Congratulations are in order to M4NTRA for DEFIANTS of the Year, but if the Punks have their way they're gonna cement themselves in next year's ballot when they get their hands on them again!

BROOKLYNN RIVERA vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

What a major show we've had thus far and it's only promising to get larger! Up next, we have the DEFtv debut of the newest addition to Titanes Familia, Brooklyn Rivera, in tag team action alongside Titaness!

Lance:

It was an incredibly chaotic ending to DEFtv 212 which saw Rivera aid Titanes Familia in attacking The Lads - Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell - in that tag team main event. Purcell was speared through the barricade by Killjoy, followed by Joy getting attacked four-on-one... and whipped with Uriel Cortez's belt.

DDK:

We haven't heard from The Lads or Butcher Victorious since Titanes Familia has attacked them on separate occasions, but I'm told that "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez will be joining us on commentary to discuss the newest addition to their group.

Lance:

Brooklynn Rivera makes her DEFtv debut up next alongside Titaness in tag team action up next! Let's take it to ringside for the next match with Darren Quimbey!

The camera cuts to the ring with Darren Quimbey for introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

*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 ♪

Once again, the members of Titanes Familia approach the stage to loud jeers. The three of them move to the side and look out to the masses in The Sphere. Titaness holds up the stolen The Stick v.2 and laughs as she motions for the group's theme to cut.

Titaness:

Las Vegas... YOUR HIGHNESS, TITANESS... AND YOUR FACTION OF THE YEAR 2024 is here to introduce to the world... the in-ring debut of our proud baby girl...

The Man of the House jumps over and chimes in.

Uriel Cortez:

La Angelita... AND the DEFY-AWARD-WINNING...

They both hold their hands out to the entrance behind them.

Uriel Cortez and Titaness:

BROOKLYNN RIVERA!

♪ "Squabble Up" by Kendrick Lamar ♪

The lights swirl back and forth between red, blue and gold as out from the back, comes a woman of close to equal height to Titaness. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in, her hair tied into two long braids, black and gold pants, Rivera takes in the jeers from the masses and sneers back at all of them, looking completely unnerved as she heads to the ring with Titaness and Killjoy accompanying her to the ring.

DDK:

We've had one massive debut earlier tonight and we're about to see another! The in-ring debut of Brooklynn Rivera!

Lance:

Five-foot eleven and almost a hundred and eighty pounds of bad attitude. She has a black belt in judo, along with a background in Muay Thai, using elbow strikes. She's also not opposed to fighting dirty.... ANYTHING to score a victory.... And here comes Uriel Cortez.

The Man of the House has a seat at The Commentation Station as Titaness and Killjoy both accompany Rivera. She looks completely in her element, even with ten-thousand plus in attendance tonight. La Angelita climbs into the ring and looks ready to fight, throwing a few elbows in mid-air as she awaits her opponent.

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Chicago, Illinois weighing in at 220 pounds... he is Officer of OSHA and The Safest Man in DEFIANCE... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans cheer as Sgt. Safety comes out with a shiny new noise meter just for the LA Crowd! The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After he does, he steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before handing off the noise meter. Once he reaches the ring, the Las Vegas Faithful cheer him on. Brooklynn doesn't look concerned at all as Safety enters the ring.

DDK:

Let's welcome our guest to the booth, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez. Uriel, welcome. And we have to say, congratulations for winning Faction of the Year.

Uriel Cortez:

About fucking time we get our due... and since only one of The Lads showed up to work tonight, one of them better have an answer for our DEFROAD challenge. Till then, I'm going to sit back and help call this important occasion. Our girl's first-ever singles match.

Rivera gets ready for action, as does The Sarge as the bell rings.

DING DING

La Angelita and The Sarge go to lock up, but before he can make his first move, he gets WHIPPED right over the shoulder a Ipponzei judo arm toss, throwing the 220-pound Safety up and over onto his back! The Faithful gasps as a cocky Rivera circles around the ring. Titaness claps proudly while Killjoy watches stoically.

Lance:

Wow! What a takedown by Rivera to start this off! I have to say, I'm incredibly impressed with her poise. A lot of newcomers will show their nervousness, but not Rivera thus far!

Uriel Cortez:

Damn right. T and I raise killers only. Like her and... well, Killer.

DDK:

Rivera on the attack... OOH! Sliding knee strike before The Sarge even has a chance to get up off his feet!

Safety is hurt and holding his nose on the mat while Brooklynn stands up and looks like she's having the time of her life. Titaness and Killjoy both watch La Angelita as she hovers over The Sarge while talking trash. When he tries to get up, she clips him in the chest with a series of stiff kicks! Each shot takes its toll as she starts laughing!

Brooklynn Rivera: *[between laughing fits]*

Get up! Get your dumbass up!

Uriel Cortez:

There's our little angel. She's doing great out there, don't you think?

DDK:

She really is! Sgt. Safety has yet to get out of the starting gate after that overhead judo toss! And it looks like more punishment may be coming his way.

The Officer of OSHA gets batted with a running elbow smash that sends him staggering against the ropes. The Las Vegas Faithful jeer as Rivera holds her arms out, encouraging them to jeer her louder. Titaness continues to cheer her on from ringside as she grabs Safety's arm and uses a modified wristlock while tying the arm up in the ropes! Referee Carla Ferrari starts counting down from five!

Uriel Cortez:

That's right! You got five extra seconds to wreck his ass! Use every chance you can, Brookie!

Lance:

She doesn't want to get disqualified, though! She may want to back off...

Brooklynn does back off at the count of four while Sgt. Safety is nursing his left arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Did... did you just tell La Angelita what she can and can't do, Lance? Are you trying to override MY parenting advice? Do you want this belt like I gave it to Dex Joy?

Lance:

No... no, sir. I was only stating...

Uriel Cortez:

I'm only stating for you to shut the hell up, Lance. Darren, you're good. Keep on calling the action.

DDK:

There may not be much more for me to call left at this rate! She goes back to the modified armbar in the ropes and Carla with another five-count!

The five-count continues again with Brooklynn backing off at the count of four. He holds his arm in the corner, but he can't take much of a reprieve as Brooklynn nails him with a series of big kicks to the chest! Another kick catches Sgt. Safety in the chest before he stumbles backwards and continues to nurse the arm. He gets pulled out of the corner and gets taken down with a huge STO legsweep! The Officer of OSHA holds the back of his head now while Rivera kneels over him and looks like she's having the time of her life.

DDK:

Ooh! What an STO! Like he said, this might be an easy night for Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

Hey, all we did was put out the open contract for someone to face our sweetheart. If someone decides to jump on it, they take their life into their own hands.

Rivera waits on The Sarge to get up and even starts trying to slap the back of his head to get under his skin. Rivera calls for something and goes for a running elbow... but Safety moves! He runs the ropes and collides with a running crossbody off the ropes that knocks Brooklynn down!

Uriel Cortez:

Hey! No! What the shit was that?!

DDK:

Turns out there's some fight left in The Sarge after all! He might have bought himself some time using that running crossbody!

Uriel can be heard growling over commentary as Safety tries to get back feeling into his arm. When he gets back up to his feet, Rivera tries to swing for another elbow, but she gets taken down with a big arm drag! She's back up, but a second one takes her down! When she's up a third time, he catches her with a body slam! Titaness can't believe what she's seeing as Safety measures up Rivera and then takes her down with a well-placed dropkick!

DDK:

Safe and effective by Sgt. Safety! Where's he going now?

He goes up top and gets cheers from The Faithful as a dizzied Rivera gets up, only to catch a flying crossbody off the top rope!

DDK:

CRASH PAD! Are we going to see Brooklynn Rivera's debut spoiled?!

Uriel Cortez:

SHUT UP!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Rivera gets the shoulder up! Sgt. Safety doesn't waste energy arguing with Carla and instead, he gets up and signals for the Safety Pin!

DDK:

The Crash Pad failed, but will The Safety Pin work here?

He tries hooking the arm of Rivera, but she fights back with a stiff palm strike to the jaw that rocks him first! When he comes back, she WHIPS him down with a lightning-fast judo headlock takedown!

DDK:

No! That's the Harai Goshi! Goodness, there might be some whiplash off that move!

He gets taken down the hard way and that allows Rivera to run a thumb across her throat. Safety doesn't know which way is up, especially when he gets nailed in the face with a rolling back elbow smash! Safety is stunned when Rivera manages to show some strength by scooping him up right into a nasty northern lights driver!

Uriel Cortez:

I got this one, Lance! That was the Goodnight Kiss elbow followed by the New York Knockout! N-Y-K-O!

Rivera hooks a leg and flashes a sneer.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Squabble Up" by Kendrick Lamar ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

La Angelita pops back to her feet and Carla Ferrari tries to raise her hand, but Rivera wants none of it! Instead, she walks over to greet Titaness entering the ring to let The Pretty Powerful have the honors. Sgt. Safety is helped out of the ring.

DDK:

Good debut here by Brooklynn! She took control after Sgt. Safety tried to surprise her and walked away with a big win.

Uriel Cortez:

The first of many, Darren. The first of many. Now, if you'll excuse me, we're gonna go cele...

???:

BUTCH VIC HAS... A STICK...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The music stops and Titaness, Brooklynn Rivera and Killjoy all look around. It takes a few moments before a spotlight shines on an area towards the front of the audience in The Sphere where a familiar form comes out. 2024's Segment of the Year winner, Butcher Victorious!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC IS HANGING OUT WITH THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE...

And finally, Butcher Victorious is standing in all his glory in a purple leather jacket, black jeans and a holster for his MIC DROPZ Energy Drinks, along with his DEFy Award from earlier! He points at Titaness in the ring from a distance as he speaks.

Butcher Victorious:BUTCH VIC... WANTS BACK **HIS** STICK!**Uriel Cortez:**

Oh, great. The redneck is back... I guess we gotta stomp him out harder this time.

Titaness turns towards where Butcher is standing among The Faithful. She has The Stick v.2 in hand and starts tapping the top to make sure it's on before she speaks.

Titaness:

What? This old thing? You want this back?

Butcher Victorious:

You're damn right I do! Ever since I pinned your ass back in the dusty field in Wyoming, all you've done is bully and take what's not yours. Cause you know that in this ring, between you and I... BUTCH VIC DON'T QUIT!

That gets a rowdy ovation!

Butcher Victorious:

So I'll tell you what... since Titanes Familia is out making challenges, let me make one to YOU, Titaness! DEFIANCE Road! You and me, one-on-one in a battle for BUTCH VIC'S STICK! We hang that thing above the ring and the only

way to win is being the first person to retrieve it! That's right! Titaness vs. BUTCH VIC... IN A STICK ON A POLE MATCH!

That gets cheers from everyone! Titaness, Brooklynn and Killjoy look confused, but she shakes her head.

Titaness:

If it means I get free reign to kick your ass once and for all with no rules... it's your funeral, you idiot. I accept.

RRRAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

That one might be a first! Butcher Victorious and Titaness in a Stick on a Pole match!

Uriel Cortez:

That sounds like something only a dumbshit would come up with... so of COURSE Butcher Victorious would suggest that.

Butcher Victorious looks pleased. He's about to leave, but he suddenly snaps a finger.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh damn! Sorry, one more thing! I came out here for two reasons. First thing was to make this challenge. Second was... oh, hold on. I'm parched and I need some Feedback Freeze to help me remember what the hell I came out here for? Excuse me, darlin.

Butcher reaches into his utility belt and snaps off the top of his Mic Dropz Energy! As he sips, Titaness grows impatient as he pauses.

Titaness:

I already know what the second thing is... you want to get your ass stomped out before DEFIANCE Road, right?

After taking a sip of his drink, the Mic Dropz jog his brain.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh! Right! I was asked to send y'all a message from some friends of mine. VIC COMMA BUTCH... SAYS MADE YOU LOOK!

Titaness, Brooklynn and Killjoy all exchange glances. Uriel Cortez up at the booth looks annoyed.

Uriel Cortez:

Excuse me. I gotta go pummel that little dork for disrespecting Mi Familia.

He throws off his headset and stands up from the desk, but when he turns... Uriel gets SOCKED by a stiff right hand, courtesy of another DEFy Award winner... this year's Rookie of the Year, Punch Drunk Purcell! Cortez is staggered as Purcell backs up and Dex Joy comes running through the curtain!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! THE LADS! THE LADS ARE HERE!

Lance:

WE NEED TO MOVE, PARTNER NOW!

Uriel is stunned on his feet from the surprise right hand! THE BIGGEST BOY comes running and hits Cortez with a Dexy's Midnight Runner, POUNCING the giant right through the announce table! Dex Joy jumps right into the wreckage and starts wailing on The Man of the House and unleashing right after right all over the giant!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

THE LADS... LADS... HERE... BREAKING UP!

TitaneSS looks up at Butcher Victorious, who tips his can and has another drink. His distraction works perfectly just as DEFSec comes pouring through the curtains trying to get the group separated! The rest of Titanes Familia leave the ring to go after The Lads and to try and protect Uriel! Dex Joy continues to batter Uriel on the ground before DEFSec head Wyatt Bronson and other members try to pull them back!

Lance:

WE GOT--- ORDER RESTOR--- TAKING... BREAK...

DEFSec continue to pull him away as The Faithful are on their feet, cheering The Lads for getting back at Uriel Cortez for what The Familia did to them in Dex's home state! As they get dragged away, Dex yells out just before the chaotic scene cuts to break!

Dex Joy:

WE ACCEPT! WE'LL SEE YOUR ASS AT DEF ROAD PALLY! WE'LL-

Black.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



RESISTING THE TEMPTATION TO REZIST

The feed goes backstage, in the catering area. A set of hands, one of which holding an empty styrofoam cup, reach for the dispenser at the bottom of a stainless steel coffee percolator.

At the last moment, the hands suddenly freeze.

“OPE!”

The camera pulls out, revealing TA Black holding the cup. He looks over to a similar looking percolator standing next to the first, bearing the label DECAF. A smile forms on Black’s face.

TA Black:

Thaaaat’s the one...

The self-styled “Sacred Lamb” of the Honor Society pours himself a cup. He sniffs the aroma before taking a sip, savoring the taste.

TA Black:

Mmmmm... PERFECTLY and PURELY drug free!

Right around this time, junior reporter Chris Trutt steps into the shot with a mic in hand.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, Rez... err, Mr. Black.

TA Black:

TRUTT, my stalwart friend! A GOOD evening indeed!

Chris Trutt:

I see that you made the trip here to Las Vegas to be in attendance for this special end of the year event.

TA Black:

Of COURSE I’m here, Trutt! Wouldn’t miss it for the WORLD! After all, I know I’m due to win SEVERAL awards this evening!

Chris Trutt:

I believe the majority of them have already been handed out...

TA Black:

Trutt, this is ME we’re talking about here! How could I possibly not be recognized for my VAST contributions to DEFIANCE this past year! I didn’t leave Brian Thompson’s funeral early and fly all the way over here on my PRIVATE JET for NOTHING! I’m sure they’re just waiting to call my name! Nothing quite SELLS like building up the right amount of tension, after all! Right? RIGHT??

Chris Trutt:

Right. In any case, while you’re here, I wanted to follow up on the big announcement that was made on this most recent installment of DEF Radio. Live on the show, you proclaimed that you’ll be competing in Malak Garland’s “Rumination Chamber” for the FIST at the upcoming DEFIANCE Road premium live event.

Black is beaming ear to ear, holding his arms out wide and recklessly spilling decaffeinated coffee everywhere.

TA Black:

INDEED, Trutt! Who BETTER to compete in the Rumination Chamber other than the man who has been RUMINATING on his life these past few months more than any other! Aren’t you EXCITED? It’s the PERFECT

comeback story! After years of wallowing in drug-abuse, abject failure, and misery in this industry, the world will at LONG LAST see me FINALLY claim the glory and gratification that I have been unjustly DENIED for so long!

Chris Trutt:

It will definitely be interesting to see what happens when this new “revitalized, rehabilitated, and reformed” version of you steps into that chamber with so many other top DEFIANTS. I have to ask, though, how is Ned Reform taking all of this?

Black throws him a glare of warning.

TA Black:

That’s *DOCTOR* Reform, Trutt! While the Good Doctor and the rest of the Honor Society may not be here tonight, I am going to have to INSIST that you respect the man’s credentials!

Chris Trutt:

My apologies... but again, I ask, how is *Doctor* Ned Reform reacting to the announcement?

TA Black:

How ELSE would he react, Trutt? The man is filled with PRIDE and JOY! He reached down and pulled this poor wretch out of the muck and turned him into a certifiable MASTER of WRESTLING! I am his MAGNUS OPUS... the EMBODIMENT of his life’s work! To make this sport AND this industry the better, smarter, and CLEANER form of entertainment that the intellectual and morally upstanding fans across the world have been clamoring for!

Trutt thoughtfully scratches his chin.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, but, you don’t think there might be a bit of... I don’t know, resentment or jealousy on his part? Considering if you were to win the FIST, you’d more or less be surpassing him as the reigning SOHER Champion?

Black smiles, shaking his head.

TA Black:

You’ve got it all wrong, Trutt! As you know, the Good Doctor is HARDLY a man of ego and vanity!

Trutt gives the camera a deadpan look. We’re all feeling what he’s thinking.

TA Black:

The Honor Society is a collective of individuals with shared ideals! What I do in that Ruminant Chamber, Trutt, I do on behalf of EVERYONE! Including my fellow TA’s, Cole, Owens, and Horrigan! Because unlike the horrible and absolutely selfish person I was for so many years, I am now a man who looks out for his FRIENDS!

“Cool, so like, um, does that include ALL of your friends?”

Black double-takes in the direction of the voice. His face fills with immediate shock.

TA Black:

CHRIS...!

Chris Trutt:

Yes?

TA Black:

No, not you, HIM!

The camera pulls back, just as CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS walks into the shot, complete in denim, shades, and a

tinfoil hat.

Chris Chickentenders:

Sup, butt-munches?

The young Chickentenders stands with his arms folded over his chest, tapping a foot, looking pointedly at the supposed leader of the Rezistance.

TA Black:

CHRIS! HOW did you get here?!

KA-POOMF!

Through wisps of purple smoke, a pair of twin magicians suddenly appear!

Carlo Amaretto:

AMAAZZIIIIING!! Have you FORGOTTEN, you silly man?

Gomez Amaretto:

LAS VEGAS the DOMAIN of the AMAZING AMARETTOS!

KER-CHOMP!!

A nearby door explodes into splinters from the force of a seven-foot tall Norseman's battle axe! The mighty Olvir Arsvinnar strides into the scene.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

Not to mention, the home of the world's most FAMOUS Pornstar Viking!

Rounding out the crew, the Amarettos' dumpy assistant unceremoniously wanders into the shot.

Suzie:

Uhh, hey. I'm also here, I guess.

TA Black looks anxiously among the faces of the members of his own assembled Rezistance. They look nonplussed, as though expecting answers.

Except Suzie. As always, she could give a shit.

TA Black:

Umm... GUYS! Uhhh, how's it going?

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh, like, I don't know, maybe you could tell me, or whatever, cause like it's been a long time since you checked in with us, like maybe you forgot we exist, or we're just not cool enough to hang with anymore, which totally sucks taint, dude, so we figured we'd swing by and get to the bottom of it, even though it kinda sucks taint also that I'm still a year too young to gamble, cause I'd totally be killing it in the casinos and picking up chicks right now.

The Viking nods in agreement.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

What he means to say, Erik, is that we are concerned. All of us chose to join the Rezistance and follow you in the GLORIOUS CRUSADE to rid the wrestling world of treachery and evil! But lately, ever since your rehab, it feels as though you've left us to twist in the wind!

Carlo Amaretto:

Seriously! You fly out to LAS VEGAS -- the ENTERTAINMENT CAPITAL of the WORLD -- yet you somehow FORGET to get us a spot on the show?!

Gomez Amaretto:

For crying out loud, we're in THE SPHERE! Could you imagine how AMAAAAZING the magic show would have been?!

Suzie:

...uh, I don't really got an issue here, but I was wonderin', you gonna do anything with your weed stash?

Beset upon by the sudden appearance of his old friends, TA Black sweats nervously. This is clearly something that he, in all of his newfound genius and "ruminations", never considered he'd have to handle on the spot.

TA Black:

Gee, uh... wow, I... hmm... Trutt, help me out here.

Chris Trutt: (*flabberghasted*)

The heck do you expect ME to do here?

Chris Chickentenders:

So yeah, man, everybody's restless and like the bills are piling up, and everybody's wondering when we're gonna get back to REZISTing and all that stuff, cause it almost seems like you've gone all snooty and prissy pants, and we're all just kinda confused as to how that works into being a REZISTANCE when we're supposed to be like fighting the power and stuff.

With the panache and quick-thinking wit of a Harold Hill type, TA Black suddenly conjures up the perfect way to get himself out of this pickle.

TA Black:

Guys! GUYS! You got it all wrong here! I wasn't ABANDONING you! I was just leaving you alone, giving you time, to...

He wanders, searching for something to fill in the blank. He glances back at the stainless steel coffee dispensers on the table behind him.

TA Black:

PERCOLATE! That's it! You see, a proper resistance cell can ONLY grow and prosper when they prove they can exist and thrive without their dear leader! If I had been hanging around, I would have just gotten in the way of things!

Olvir Arsvinnar:

But what about fighting the power for the GLORY of VALHALLA?

Chris Chickentenders:

Yeah, and, like, for the CHICKS?

Carlo Amaretto:

And for the MAGIC!

Gomez Amaretto:

And, most important of all, for the MONEY!

Everybody looks to Suzie to chime in. Perhaps she's already gotten into Rezin's stash, because the reaction seems a bit delayed.

Suzie:

Oh, right, um... and for the cigarettes, I guess?

TA Black desperately waves his hands to silence the rabble.

TA Black:

Nah, nah, see, in order to FIGHT the power, sometimes it's necessary to BECOME the power. Follow me?

Olvir, Carlo, Gomez, and Chickentenders all look amongst each other in confusion. Suzie is eyeing Trutt, giving him the "hey, stud" look. The junior reporter shudders.

TA Black:

Sure, it may SEEM like I just up and ditched you guys to join the Honor Society, but guys, this is all part of the PLAN! Once I win the FIST, we take over! Once we take over... we've WON! There's nothing left to resist! We'll have all the glory and chicks and magic and money and cigarettes we could ever WANT!

Everyone in the Rezistance quietly considers this... except for young Chickentenders, who rather DEFIANTly shakes his head.

Chris Chickentenders:

Nah, man, any way you try to like twist it around and stuff, there ain't anything about what you're doing that's BADASS, cause this eats like ALL of the butt, and like if Crimson Stalker were here, he'd shake his head and weep in shame before smashing you over the head with a glowing kendo stick or something cool like that, and hopefully that'd jog your memory and remind you that you're supposed to be the most punk rock motherfucker alive and stuff.

Black quickly cups Trutt's ears.

TA Black:

CHRIS! LANGUAGE! There are CHILDREN present here!

Chris Trutt: (*swatting him away*)

Oh, for crying out--

Chickentenders sighs and shakes his head in disappointment.

Chris Chickentenders:

Well dude, you can keep doing your thing with all your other smarmy-pants pals, but as for the rest of us, I guess we're just gonna like keep on REZISTing and stuff, cause like somebody's gotta be the one stand in the face of tyranny, control, and butt-munching behavior, and if you're not going to be the one to lead us, then I guess I have no choice but to step up and be the man to do it, cause like apparently I'm the only one left that remembers what it means to be BADASS.

He turns, gesturing to the rest of the Rezistance.

Chris Chickentenders:

Stay fresh, cheesebags... we're outta here.

Chickentenders leads Olvir and the Amarettos out of the shot. Suzie lingers a moment longer to mouth "call me" to Trutt, poking a tongue into one of her exceptionally sagging cheeks before turning and following the others out.

Chris Trutt:

Well... that was certainly an interesting encounter. This does beg the question, however, what will you do if--

TA Black:

WAIT, Trutt! Did you HEAR that?

Chris Trutt: *(confused)*

...hear what?

TA Black:

I think I just heard my NAME being called!

Chris Trutt:

I didn't hear--

TA Black:

SHUT UP! I WON! I WON! I KNEW they wouldn't forget me! YES! YES! TRIUMPH! EXCELSIOR! It's MY YEAR, Trutt! MINE, I tell you!

Before he can elaborate further, TA Black hurries out of the shot, heading for the stage. Or perhaps the exit. It's not clear which. The junior reporter sighs as soon as he's gone.

Chris Trutt:

Well, it would appear that for all the changes, one thing that remains the same is his ability to escape...

We fade to black.

A GENDER REVEALED

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're now going to head over, via satellite, to New Orleans... were two familiar Defiants plan to share some happy news!

In the corner: "Live via Satellite."

We're seeing a live feed from Ballyhoo Brew, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd's DEFIANCE-themed bar in good ol' New Orleans. The bar has been closed off from regular patrons and instead has been done-over with several baby-themed decorations. Most of the guests are women, save for one rather large individual who stands out like a sore thumb: Pat Cassidy, a man whom the Faithful haven't seen for months due to an injury. Cassidy doesn't appear to be in bad spirits, however... he's grinning from ear-to-ear with a beer in one hand and the other hand over the shoulder of the soon-to-be mother of his child, Ophelia Sykes. Both of them wearing cheesy and poorly-made "MOM" and "DAD" t-shirts, Sykes' belly is showing noticeably. Next to the couple, wearing a purple dress, is a blond woman familiar to fans of BRAZEN: Sweet Sanders. Sanders holds a clipboard, giving the distinct impression that she is the master of ceremonies.

Sweet Sanders:

Oh! Oh! We're live!

She visibly fixes her dress and her hair.

For a moment, we cut back to the live crowd and Defiants in attendance in Vegas, to see several people smiling and lightly applauding.

Back to Ballyhoo.

Sweet Sanders:

Thank you all for coming to the Baby Cassidy Gender Reveal! As you all know, one of DEFIANCE's premier power couples is expecting, and in just a moment we're going to find out exactly what this little bundle of joy is!

Sanders pats Sykes stomach as she speaks.

Sweet Sanders:

But first... I think we should hear from the new parents-to-be!

Sanders gestures toward the couple, taking Ophelia's hand and squeezing it affectionately.

Ophelia Sykes:

Oh... oh, sure. Well, um... first, I really want to thank my good friend Sophia for putting this all together!

The girls share a look of friendship.

Ophelia Sykes:

I also want to thank everyone who came out, and all our friends watching back in Vegas. We miss you all and we wish we could be there for the year-end awards!

At this moment, Pat interjects.

Pat Cassidy:

Especially my boy NEWBLUDD! Next SOHER baby!! WOOO!!

The camera cuts to Brock sitting in the crowd, and he smiles at his friend's encouraging words.

Ophelia Sykes:

That's right, Brock! Pat will be back soon enough and all of us - including

She rubs her stomach.

Ophelia Sykes:

...your god son-or-daughter - will be cheering you on every step of the way! So... should we find out which it's gonna be!?

Sweet Sanders:

Yes! It's time!

Sanders steps out of frame for a second and returns pushing a wheeling cart with a large, three-tiered purple cake on top and with a shiny silver knife next to it.

Sweet Sanders:

Okay, Mom-and-Dad to be! It's time for both of you to cut into the cake and see what your future holds! If the cake is blue, it's a boy, and if it's pink, you're having a baby girl!

Just as Pat and Ophelia go to reach for the knife...

???:

Wait, wait, wait.

A familiar voice interrupts the proceedings. From out of a shadowy corner of the bar walks the Southern Heritage Champion. Reform is dressed in his finest and smiling while holding a card in an envelope. As he walks closer, Pat immediately moves in front of Ophelia and nudges her back. Cassidy grabs the knife and holds it threateningly up in front of him.

Pat Cassidy:

I don't know what the [BLEEP] you think you're doing heah, but I suggest you walk yah ass right out that doah.

Reform feigns mock surprise.

Ned Reform:

Wow! I simply came to help celebrate the occasion! But... if it's aggression you want...

Ophelia cries out in surprise as TA Cole rushes past her to blindside Pat from behind. He puts him in a hold that forces Cassidy to drop the knife. Pat, defiant to the last, headbutts behind him as hard as he can and nails Cole in the nose. He begins to light Cole up with right hands, but seconds later both members of Weighted Grade are on the scene, teaming up to beat on the wild Saturday Night Special. It doesn't take long before they have Cassidy subdued. Ophelia clearly wants to help, but knows she can't in her current situation.

Ophelia Sykes:

Stop! Stop! Someone!!

Ned Reform:

Sophia... be a dear and make that stop, will you?

Catching Sykes by surprise, her "friend" Sweet Sanders comes up behind her and locks her in a hammerlock!

Sweet Sanders:

I'd suggest you be quiet, "Mama!"

Ophelia Sykes:

Sophia!? What the [BLEEP]??

Sweet Sanders:

Ned is my ticket out of BRAZEN - friendship only gets you so far.

Grinning, Reform flicks the card toward Sykes. He then walks up to Cassidy, who has been dragged to his knees and held in place by both TAs Horrigan and Owens. Reform stands in front of him and then looks into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Newbludd? Oh, Mr. Newbludd? It's a shame that I could not be there in Las Vegas, but I thought it more pressing to be here. Yes...

Reform spreads his arms wide as the camera cuts back to Newbludd who is now standing up, his crystal blue eyes wide and blazing with anger.

Ned Reform:

Back in good ol' New Orleans! A vile and WRETCHED corner of the Earth. And here we have your closest ally and tag team partner, yes? An old friend of mine as well! It's a shame he is injured and unable to be by your side in your quest to take my championship. Still, in the spirit of the holidays, I thought it a good idea to make him feel involved, yes?

Pat Cassidy:

Hey Jimmy, go [BLEEP] yourself...

At the sound of that name, Reform instantly turns and smashes Cassidy in the face with his foot. He continues kicking and kicking at Pat's head as Cassidy is held in place by Weighted Grade. Eventually, Cassidy goes unconscious and blood is pouring from his nose.

Ophelia Sykes:

STOP!! STOP!!

Finally, Reform stops his assault and nods to his TAs who let Pat crumple to the ground. Reform looks back into the camera.

Ned Reform:

This is a war *you* started, Mr. Newbludd, and one that I intend to finish. At DEFIANCE Road, you will be left in worse condition than your compatriot. And as far as I'm concerned, his blood is on YOUR hands... or foot, as it were.

Unable to contain the fury inside of him, Brock let's out a guttural roar that snaps the stunned audience out of their shock and they begin to boo loudly at the smirking Reform. The attendees sitting in the same row as Newbludd quickly make room for him as he moves past them to stand in the aisle. Shaking with rage, the distraught Brock wipes tears away from his eyes and forces himself to look back up at the screen.

Ned Reform:

Take a good look, Brock. This is what awaits you at DEFIANCE Road. This is what happens to those who try to take what is mine.

Reform nods to his goons who step over Pat and walk toward the exit. Sweet Sanders releases Ophelia and joins them. Sykes immediately rushes over to Pat and starts to check on him. Reform turns to leave... but pauses when he notices the cake. In a rather uncharacteristically uncouth move, The Good Doctor drives his hand into the cake and rips it apart. He puts it to his mouth for a taste before we notice the color of the cake itself: it's pink. Looking disgusted, Ned flicks the crumbs and frosting onto the head of Ophelia Sykes and Pat Cassidy's prone and bleeding body.

Ned Reform:

Congratulations. It's a girl.

The screen suddenly cuts out. Still standing in the aisle with clenched fists, Brock takes a second to compose himself, but it's clearly a struggle. Those around him try offering some consoling words, but he ignores them as he continues to

stare at the black screen. Another couple of seconds pass, and Milwaukee's Beast swallows down his rage, keeping it for Ned Reform. Keeping it for DEFIANCE Road.

Turning away from the screen, Brock walks up the aisle, and the audience watches in silence as he exits the building.

FAVORED SAINTS: DLJ (C) vs. ELISE ARES

Lance:

Ugh... we're back from a brief break, but... I ask you, how low can Ned Reform go?

DDK:

He changes the answer to that question each time, partner... but we have to focus right now and get to the first of two major title matches tonight as we head to the end of this already tumultuous evening. Next up, the Favoured Saints Championship is on the line when the GC Universe's Dan Leo James puts the title up... and we understand he's challenging ELISE ARES?!

Lance:

That's what this next match is being billed as, but unless they know something we don't, we understand that Elise Ares has not been 100% cleared for competition after the relatively one-sided beatdown suffered at Acts of DEFIANCE back in October.

DDK:

It's either they know something we don't, or this is just all a game to OSCAR. Remember, too, that challenge is hovering in the air for Elise Ares to have a rematch at DEFROAD... OSCAR BURNS will only agree to it if Elise agrees to become a member of The GC Universe!

Lance:

I don't know what kind of games OSCAR BURNS is trying to play tonight, but we understand that he is here and will be watching this match closely. So I guess, let's get to ringside for the first of our two title matches of the evening!

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 ultra-hot Las Vegas crowd.

Sonny Silver:

You spent a fortune to get here, but you'll be handsomely rewarded... by getting to see the man that makes the GC Universe all possible! Up there in the stands! It's a bird! It's a plane... no! It's PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF! It's OSCAR BURNS! And his trusty bodyguard, FLEX!

Up in a private section among the audience, OSCAR BURNS is wearing a tailored dark green suit and sits with a drink in hand. Standing at his side as always, the muscular former PCP member-turned-GC Universe member, FLEX. The Strongest Man in the GC Universe, along with the Center of the GC Universe, have a nice seat to watch the next match.

Sonny Silver:

We're finally taking a much-deserved break from watching a bunch of blowhards walk up the stage, say pretty words, and get into a fan-favorite pissing contest called the DEFys while fisting themselves with their trophies. We're breaking from all that so you will get to see a REAL man... and a real DAN defend something of actual value... a CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE!

Sonny motions to the stage behind him. Flashing across the amazing spectacle of screens across The Sphere, 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...

Sonny Silver:

He stands at 6'7" and he weighs in at 270 of 100% pure Danliness! Tonight, he defends the Favoured Saints Title with a select challenger in mind... welcome... **"GIGA" DAN LEO JAMES!**

♪ "Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix" by Caramerii ♪

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

Has Elise Ares been cleared and we don't know it yet?

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.

Sonny Silver:

Let's go, Elise! You interrupted a challenge a few weeks ago that had nothing to do with you, but this one, you are cordially invited to get stomped out by Giga-Dan!

Dan Leo James:

MY PECS ARE CLEARED FOR COMPETITION... BBY!

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The Vegas Faithful erupt into cheers as the lights shift into hues of hot pink and baby blue. The layout at the Sphere doesn't lend itself well to Ares' typical throne-rising-from-the-ground entrance, so she's foregone that immediately marches out onto the stage flanked by Pop Culture Phenom members The D and Klein who look a tad reluctant to tag along. Immediately DEFsec swarms the trio and the music cuts to a series of jeers from the Faithful. Wyatt Bronson emerges from the crush of security and his words are off mic, but can be heard through the feed.

Wyatt Bronson:

Stop. Stop the bullshit. Elise, we just had this conversation with Iris. You're not medically cleared. You're not competing tonight. End of story.

Elise Ares:

How much does it cost to pay you off, Wyatt? What did Oscar promise you, BBY? Head of GC Security? A raise? A mustache trimmer that doesn't make you look like an 70s adult film actor? If you're looking for cash hun, I have a lot more money than I got time. I can make it worth your while.

The D:

Elise, listen, I hate Wyatt's pornstache just as much as you do... but we've been telling you that you need to take this concussion seriously.

The Vegas Faithful hear none of this and begin to jeer in frustration of the pause in the action.

The D:

I can win that title back, trust me.

The former Favoured Saints Champion begins to march forward as Ares throws her arms up in the air in frustration.

Sonny Silver:

Hold on, hold on, HOLD. ON.

The Master of the Old Skool Mic raises his voice as The D takes a few steps forward.

Silver:

Not him. He had his chance. He's proven himself to be a lesser D. Waste of our time. Who wants The D when you

already have the Giga D-A-N in all his majesty?

The Faithful groan and boo in more frustration as The D goes to challenge anyway... but an arm quickly lays across his chest. The Faithful roar as The Boxman cometh. Klein steps in front of both The D and Elise Ares and heads into the ring!

DDK:

Wait... is KLEIN stepping in?!

Lance:

He is!

Klein marches right into the ring and goes nose-to-nose with the Favoured Saints Champion, who looks shocked at this development, but Sonny talks to him off-mic to build up his confidence. DLJ then nods and turns to Klein.

DLJ:

You're on, Box Guy!

DDK:

What an opportunity for Klein tonight! DLJ clearly wasn't expecting this development, but his confidence has been at an all-time high especially since becoming champion!

Referee Carla Ferrari stands in between the two. DLJ hands over the title and she holds the belt overhead. After handing it off outside the ring, she calls for the bell!

DING DING

The Box Man CHARGES right for DLJ! The two massive men fight for the chance to get the first advantage and DLJ ends up spinning Klein around to put him into a corner. The official, Carla Ferrari, tells DLJ to break. He does... then SMACKS Klein on the top of his box-covered head.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The D and Elise both look unhappy with DLJ while Sonny laughs. Giga-Dan starts mewing in the ring, trying to tone his jaw. Up far away, OSCAR BURNS is seen with FLEX standing over him, grinning at the scene and applauding DLJ.

DDK:

I can't believe we'd ever see a disrespectful Dan Leo James, but he's done it. The GC Universe have turned him from a once-shy giant into this vapid monster.

Lance:

But he better not turn his back on Klein... OH! Too late!

James turns around and gets SOCKED with a massive right hand! He belts DLJ with a few more and knocks him back into the ropes before stepping back and charging with a HUGE running clothesline that knocks Giga-Dan over the ropes and out to the floor to a BIG ovation! Klein stands tall in the ring with the other PCP members cheering him on! Danny is stumbling around on the floor, pointing at his jaw and protesting with Sonny Silver.

DDK:

Dan took his eye off the ball and Klein made him pay for it! He's here fighting for Elise Ares' honor tonight!

Lance:

I don't think DLJ was honestly ready for Klein!

Klein climbs through the ropes and heads out to the floor. Sonny tries to warn his protege of what's coming, but by the

time he turns around, he gets bopped with another big right and then slammed face-first into the ring apron. James stumbles around again and then gets Irish whipped into the barricade with a loud thud! The rowdy Las Vegas Faithful are enjoying the show and enjoying watching Danny get his comeuppance!

Lance:

Klein is taking DLJ to task tonight! And what a win this would be for him! Danny's whole title reign thus far has been about outdoing The D after he couldn't make the four defenses required to cash in for a Southern Heritage Title shot.

DDK:

If Klein keeps this up, he won't make it to two!

Carla is counting out both me, so Klein grabs Danny and rolls him back inside to the ring. Klein follows him in by climbing up the apron, but James is back on his feet. He tries to take another cheap shot on The Box Man, but Klein beats him to the punch with another literal punch upside the head. James stumbles backwards, allowing Klein to reenter the ring. He hits the ropes and then SLUGS DLJ with a huge rushing lariat!

DDK:

Oooh! What a big-time lariat! And Klein goes for the win and the title!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DLJ kicks out as large waves of disappointment flood The Sphere! OSCAR BURNS and FLEX both watch from their private section up in the higher portion of the arena as The D and Elise both cheer on their best friend. Sonny Silver starts egging on the GC Universe's self-professed Brightest Star.

Sonny Silver:

Don't let him show you up, Danny! You're a freak athlete! Start using it!

Klein grabs DLJ by the leg as he hangs onto the bottom rope. James finally takes advantage by using his free leg to kick Klein in the knee! The blow makes him hobble, allowing Danny to finally get on his own feet and BLAST Klein with a huge running forearm smash to the back! That blow stuns The Box Man, allowing James to rest briefly before he starts hitting the ropes.

Lance:

Uh-oh... here comes trouble when DLJ hits those ropes...

DDK:

OOOH! Dash and Bash by DLJ! That shoulder tackle is the stuff of nightmares!

The Faithful CRINGE from the brutal impact of the 270-pound Danny running off both sides of the ropes before completely leveling the challenger with his signature shoulder tackle! Danny sits up to his knees and hits a smoldering look for the hard cam before he goes for a cover of his own.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The D and Elise both look relieved for their friend as Carla holds up two fingers!

DDK:

Shoulder up by Klein! Dan shouldn't have wasted those precious seconds preening or he might have had the win.

Lance:

Sonny's trying to keep him on.

Danny SMACKS him in the chest with a big chop as he pulls Klein to his feet, then whips The Box Man into the corner. DLJ goes to the opposite end of the ring and charges in quickly with a HUGE corner clothesline! The big blow stuns Klein as DLJ walks over to the corner and looks right at Klein.

DLJ:

THREE LETTERS BETTER THAN YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE D, YOU'RE JUST **A D**!

The D tries to charge in, but Elise tries to hold him back while Sonny laughs from the other end of the ring.

DDK:

DLJ talking trash to The D. He runs towards the corner... NO! Klein moves!

The time he takes to trash-talk The D at ringside now haunts DLJ as he collides with the corner! He holds his chest in pain and as he turns around, Klein charges in and RAMS right into Danny with a big spear in the corner!

DDK:

Look at Klein go! Look at him go!

The Box Man gets up to his feet with The Faithful lending their full support! OSCAR BURNS and FLEX are now both turning their backs to the ring deliberately as Klein gets up to the middle rope! He starts raining the ten punches of doom down on the sculptured body of James!

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

Klein pauses and waves a hand to the Faithful as the cheering builds...

TEN!

Ten punches rock DLJ, allowing Klein to pick up the 270-pound James and THROW him overhead with a huge exploder suplex! James gets thrown around and staggers back up into another suplex by Klein, this time a release German!

Lance:

Klein is taking James to task right now! What a suplex!

James is loopy and when he gets up, Klein grabs him by the body and slams him down with a side belly-to-belly suplex in the center of the ring!

DDK:

What a volley of moves! Klein is about to win the Favoured Saints Title! Cover! Cover by Klein!

He hooks the leg of DLJ tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- KICKOUT!

Klein is in shock, as are The D and Elise!

Lance:

No! James kicked out! How'd he kick out of that?!

DDK:

Giga-Dan showing his own toughness tonight!

Klein looks up and grabs Danny before throwing him back into the corner. He starts throwing chops to the chest of Dan (an already sore spot from DEF Radio!), then he goes into more punches! Sonny yells at Carla and Carla does do the right thing by separating the two... but the much taller James reaches and jabs a thumb into the eye hole of Klein, blinding The Box Man in the process! James gets BOOED for the illegal shot!

Lance:

Hey! What the...?

Klein is stunned and holding his eye when DLJ comes running out of the corner and BLASTS him with a running front dropkick!

DDK:

Sigma Kick! Sigam Kick by DLJ!

But he's not done! He grabs Klein by the throat, hoists him up and DRILLS him into the mat with a massive sitout chokeslam!

DDK:

NO! NO! Giga-Dan Slam! Carla never saw the eye poke from James!

The booing is loud as James hooks the leg and looks out to both The D and Elise with a grin on his face!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix" by Caramell ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and **STILL** Favoured Saints Champion... **"GIGA" DAN LEO JAMES!**

James is giddy as he's handed the Favoured Saints Championship! Klein rolls away towards the edge of the ring where Elise and The D both check on their friend. Sonny Silver comes in to join Danny and helps raise his hand. The camera takes one more shot of OSCAR BURNS and FLEX watching on in approval of DLJ's match and cheering on The Brightest Star of the GC Universe.

DDK:

What an effort by Klein tonight! He came close to wrestling that title away from Dan Leo James, but sitting under the learning tree of guys like OSCAR BURNS and Sonny Silver have taught him a few dirty tricks and he used those to retain the title!

DLJ looks down at the PCP members outside the ring, then holds up the title to stick it to them.

Lance:

He did. He did give it some eff... hey, wait!

DLJ's back is turned and The D has had enough! He runs into the ring and catches DLJ with a dropkick to the back, making him drop the title in the process! The crowd goes crazy for the former champion taking the fight to Giga-Dan!

DDK:

The D has had enough! He's had enough of DLJ lording that title over him after Mil Vueltas and the GC Universe helped him win it!

Elise cheers on The D as he attacks James with a number of chops! Sonny tries to stop The D, but gets shoved back! Danny comes to the defense of his manager by slugging The D with a right and throwing him into the corner. James runs... NO! HE MISSES! But The D doesn't miss DA-DICK-PUNCH-AH!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHH!

Lance:

THAT'S what dirty play is going to get you! James taunted The D and Klein all match long and he just paid for it!

The Faithful go CRAZY! James falls to his knees and rolls out of the ring! Elise helps Klein to his feet slowly and the trio regroup inside. OSCAR doesn't look happy with this as Elise looks straight-up into the audience where OSCAR and FLEX are watching. Meanwhile, The D holds up the Favoured Saints Title and screams that he wants it back!

DDK:

For weeks, DLJ has taken every shot about taking the Favoured Saints title from The D and he's signaling that he wants it back!

He throws the title outside the ring, which is caught by Sonny. DLJ is limping out of the ring holding the... Giga-Chads... closely. They limp away from ringside with DLJ raising the title to show he's still got the belt! But as all this goes on, Elise still hasn't taken her eyes off of OSCAR BURNS, and vice-versa.

DDK:

PCP have been victims of The GC Universe for months, but they're fighting back now and won't stand for this! Will Elise and The D get the rematches they want?

One last staredown before the scene cuts to commercial.

****HALL of FAME****

The Faithful roar as the lights dim, and a video package rolls on the massive DEFIA-tron. Highlight reels flash across the screen—historic matches, emotional moments, and career-defining triumphs. The camera cuts to the Hall of Fame podium, where Jamie Sawyers stands ready.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen of The Faithful, tonight, we celebrate LEGACY! We honor those who've shaped DEFIANCE into the juggernaut it is today. Two names—two ICONS—who've etched their place in history. Let's start with our first inductee.

A video package plays on the big screen: clips roll of Darren Quimbey at ringside—introducing champions, announcing main events, and standing tall in chaotic moments. His voice echoes through the footage.

Jamie Sawyers:

For over two decades, Darren Quimbey's voice has been the heartbeat of DEFIANCE. From world title victories to shocking betrayals, he's been there to make it official, to give voice to every triumph and tragedy. Tonight, we honor him as one of DEFIANCE's very own. Ladies and gentlemen—the one, the only—DARREN QUIMBEY!

Quimbey steps out, misty-eyed and overwhelmed. The Faithful chant.

QUIM-BEY!
QUIM-BEY!
QUIM-BEY!

He waves as the graphic appears on the screen.



Darren Quimbey, long-time ring announcer.

Jamie Sawyers:

And now... the man who dared to dream. The man who **built** this house. The man who IS DEFIANCE. He's been the architect, the leader, the STAR...

Jamie takes a beat.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tonight, we welcome to the HALL OF FAME... 'THE LAST STAR' ERIC DANE!"

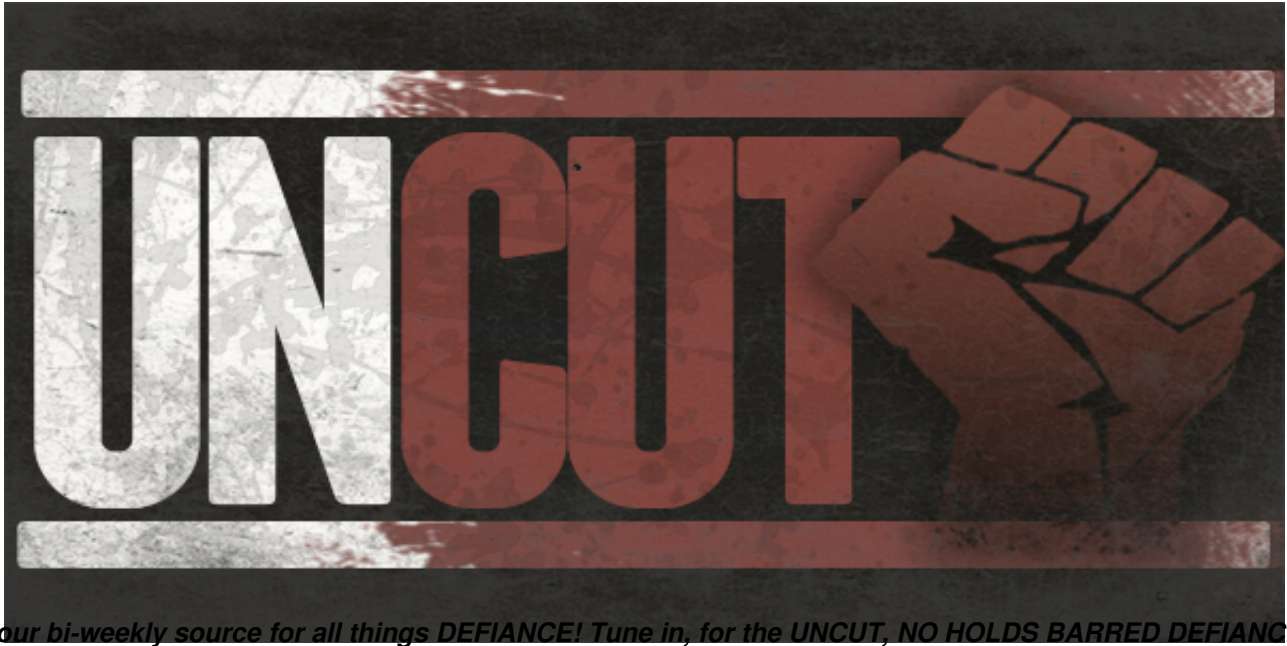
Cut to the HOF graphic.



"The Last Star" Eric Dane, the architect of DEFIANCE.

THANK YOU, DANE!
THANK YOU, DANE!
THANK YOU, DANE!

The scene fades out as the celebrations continue.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

****AWARD WINNERS RECAP******2024 WINNERS****DEFIANT of the YEAR**Malak Garland ([bio](#))**DEFIANTS of the YEAR**M4NTRA ([bio](#))**FACTION of the YEAR**Titanes Familia ([bio](#))**BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR**MP1 ([bio](#))**ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR**Punch Drunk Purcell ([bio](#))**MANAGER of the YEAR**Teri Melton ([bio](#))**MATCH of the YEAR**FIST of DEFIANCE, BROTHER vs. BROTHER: Malak Cassidy (C) vs. Pat Cassidy ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))**SEGMENT of the YEAR**Butcher Victorious Leaves Vae Victis ([DEFtv 200](#))**SHOCK of the YEAR**

Scott Douglas comes back from retirement and teams with The Hollywood Bruvs

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Corvo Alpha & MP1

BRAZEN of the YEARFelton Bigsby ([bio](#))**HALL of FAMERS**

Eric Dane

Darren Quimbey

FIST of DEFIANCE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. TYLER FUSE

The match graphic airs and the Sphere is ready to rock.

DDK:

Okay, as Malak would say, we have a lot to unpack here. [Shivers] The bottom lines you need to know: this is for the FIST of DEFIANCE, after Tyler defeated Conor for the ACE of DEFIANCE at this year's DEFCON. If Tyler Fuse wins, of course, he will become the FIST. However, if Tyler Fuse loses... he's agreed to join The Comments Section, alongside his brother Conor, in Malak's painfully awful faction.

Lance:

Telling it like it is, I respect that.

DDK:

Pretty sure that's the skinny, outside of everything else going on. But it's showtime. Let's go to ringside with our newly minted Hall of Famer, Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey, in the ring, all smiles.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Massive cheer!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Tyler strolls out, sporting black trunks, boots and elbow pads. No ACE in sight, as it's been handed over for this contest to be booked. In one of the most no frills entrances in DEFIANCE, Tyler is already at ringside and rolls into the ring.

DDK:

So different from his brother, in this respect.

Lance:

In MANY respects, Keebs. There's a place for Tyler, though. He reminds me of what DEFIANCE used to be like, years ago. Built on wrestling and less "characterization". Look at our champion now, he is the complete opposite of what this company stood for! If Eric Dane was dead, I'd say he'd be rolling in his grave!

DDK:

Rolling in the Hall of Fame now.

Lance:

That, too.

Tyler's theme closes as an unfamiliar beat begins to drum throughout the arena.

♪ ["Big Dawgs" by Humankind](#) ♪

With fans sitting on the edge of their seats in anticipation, Humankind steps out through the FIST entrance and starts rapping the ominous lyrics to his smash hit song. The Vegas crowd is vibing hard as Malak Garland walks out, quickly shifting to a smattering of boos. He clutches his title belt tightly in one hand and a mini DEFIANT Trophy award in the other as he swag dances alongside Humankind.

The massive Sphere screen behind Malak has switched into a wrestling snowglobe.

DDK:

Nothing like a year end awards show with a musical performance! It's Humankind! Unfortunately though, he's singing Malak Garland's BRAND NEW theme song, debuting tonight!

Malak does what he calls the frost foot, a ludicrously odd crunk step dance move that lights up the arena in his mind and his mind only. He is FEELING himself something fierce. His rizz be rizzin', if that is even possible. He puts the belt on Humankind's shoulder as the song hits its apex. They embrace in a hug before Malak gently takes his belt back and heads to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from Cheyenne, Wyoming, taking a residency at the MGM Grand Hotel... he smashed records at the Wonder Woman slot machines... he is being serenaded to the ring by none other than hit recording artist Humankind... HE IS THE FLAKE OF DEFIANCE... HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

Garland can't help but be as pompous as usual. He shutter shakes his shoulders to his badass cold beats before sliding into the ring where he is met by one of his best friends, Mark Shields.

DDK:

Ugh.

Garland hands his beloved title and trophy over to the zebra before the song fades. The crowd acknowledges Humankind and Malak throws up a hand gesture in appreciation towards the rap star. Malak finds the corner that best identifies with him and begins limbering up, periodically gazing over to Tyler Fuse in a sort of half-fear, half-confident state of perma-flux.

Mark Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

HERE WE GO! This is YEARS in the making after Malak Garland banished the Fuse Bros. as a tag team FOREVER in the main event of DEFCON 2021!

The Faithful remain on their feet, as a tentative Malak Garland removes himself via one foot from the corner he resides in. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse remains deadpan in his corner, arms draped across the ropes to each side, radiating vibes like "no fucks given". Upon seeing this, Garland shakes with intensity as he pussyfoots forward once more, looking to his left and then his right, sweat now pouring off his face. Garland takes another step forward, but then three steps back and straight into the corner where he came from. It's clear Malak wants nothing to do with Tyler Fuse.

Even though Tyler hasn't moved.

Garland looks over to referee Mark Shields. Malak asks if he has to go through this match.

Malak Garland:

Do I have to, Mark?

Mark Shields:

Shit guy, I think so? I'm not sure, I just work here? It's not like I have any authority or anything.

DDK:

Gone is the confidence Garland displayed a couple weeks ago. You could say it completely faded when the song by Humankind ended.

Lance:

It's just like Tyler said, partner. Malak doesn't know who he is. One minute he's crying and ready to quit, the next he has full blown, serious intensity because he thinks he's the king of the world.

DDK:

Unfortunately, he's beaten both Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, and those are no easy mountains to climb.

Lance:

True. Listen, Malak **is** a good wrestler, when he wants to be. He wouldn't be the FIST otherwise. But he's a snake, he's a wimp. He's everything these Faithful hate. Tyler is locked and loaded. This is going to be a massive task. As I don't need to remind anyone... Tyler Fuse has NOT taken a singles match pinfall or loss since OVER TWO YEARS AGO.

DDK:

Incredible streak.

Finally, Tyler Fuse stops staring past Malak Garland and instead is looking right at him. Noticing that Tyler indeed notices him, Malak GULPS heavily and waves a Conor Fuse-like hello to Tyler, in the hopes this wave will befriend the angry Fuse Bro. and they can leave the ring together, holding hands, or whatever the fuck is going on inside Malak's fragile little mind.

Tyler mumbles something but Garland is way too far away to hear, so Tyler mumbles it again. But once more, the crowd is roaring loudly, wanting these two men to get it on. As a result, Garland can't hear Tyler. It's not an unrealistic comment to say there are cheers thrown in Tyler Fuse's direction, because most of The Faithful are dying to see Malak's reign come to a close.

Tyler mumbles the same sentence. This time, Garland lifts his right ear towards Fuse, hoping to pick it up.

Nope. Still can't hear, so Malak politely asks Tyler to say it one MOAR time and the champion will creep a little closer. Tyler does, but, of course, Garland can't hear shit.

Malak with another step forward. Garland's sweating like a mother fucker under the pressure to listen. Tyler mumbles out the words for what has to be the sixth time.

Garland shakes his head no. Now he's getting **really REALLY** rattled.

Tyler tries to speak up for try number seven but even with Malak halfway across the ring, the FLAKE of DEFIANCE can't figure it out.

Finally, the champion snaps.

Malak Garland:

I CAN'T HEAR!! I AM TRIGGERED WITH ANXIETY, TYLER!!

Tyler smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

[Inaudible]

Malak Garland:

I SAID I CAN'T HEAR, GOD DAMMIT!

Tyler Fuse:

[Inaudible]

Malak Garland:

TYLER, PLEASE! STOP IT AND TALK LOUDER!

Tyler Fuse:

[Inaudible]

Garland starts crying. Yes, actually.

Tyler Fuse:

[Inaudible]

Garland starts screaming.

Tyler Fuse:

[Inaudible]

Garland starts pulling out his hair!

Tyler Fuse removes his arms off the ring ropes. He smirks once more and winks in Malak's direction. This time, the crowd has quieted down a little, because they want to hear too, and the challenger's voice is much more clear.

Tyler Fuse:

Weapon Get.

Garland stops crying. He looks up with raised eyebrows. Tyler said it so nonchalantly.

Malak Garland:

Wait- what?

But before the FLAKE can even finish pondering, Tyler FULL BLAST SPRINTS out of the corner and clocks Garland in the side of the head with an I TRIGGER.

The crowd ROARS! Everyone is on their feet! The announcers don't even know what to say! Mark Shields is in a motherfucking P-A-N-I-C and not because he owes his life to the Ladies of Luxor (if you know, you know) as Tyler rolls Malak over and hooks a leg!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

Fuse raises his arms as the crowd goes batshit insane!

However.

HOW.

E.

VER.

Mark Shields stands, waiving the entire thing off!

DDK:

Hold on just a second here, Malak Garland was PINNED and Mark Shields COUNTED THE THREE!!

Lance:

Indeed he did, Keebs!

Fuse marches over and snatches Shields by the shoulders, facing him directly. Tyler is mouthing off at Mark, but the referee is trying to tell him what happened. Shields points to Malak's free, unhooked leg.

Lance:

Is Mark... is Mark saying Malak's foot is under the ropes? That would count for a rope break!

The apron camera runs around to that very side of the ring, revealing Malak Garland's left foot, the one that wasn't hooked during the pinfall...

Well, maybe the pinky toe, the very, very, VERY edge of the boot is under the ring ropes. Maybe. Perhaps. It's plausible.

DDK:

What the hell!? I've seen closer foot placements NOT called!

Lance:

Same.

Shields looks like he's apologizing for slamming the mat three times but he's trying to tell Tyler Fuse he didn't mean to!

Lance:

I am being told through my headpiece by Darren Quimbey that, yes, this match is still going on!

DDK:

Tyler needs to calm down. Tyler REALLY needs to chill! He's still got Malak out-

MALAK GARLAND WILL A ROLL UP FROM BEHIND AND A HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse leaps to his feet, hits the ropes and SMASHES Malak Garland in the head again.

WHACK!

...With another I TRIGGER.

Fuse props Garland up and hits the ropes again.

WHACK!

I TRIGGER.

Tyler lifts Malak onto his knees. Off the ropes he goes.

WHACK!

I TRIGGER!

But THIS TIME the sheer force of the move causes Malak to stumble into the ropes and fall out of the ring!

Fuse's eyes go wide. He screams at Mark Shields once more (something along the lines that Lindsay Troy was right, Mark should've been fired a long time ago) and quickly exits the ring. Fuse looks into the squared circle, and then decides no, he's not throwing Malak back in there.

Yet.

The steel stairs look nice.

CRUNCH!

Tyler HURLS Malak face-first into the steps. Garland absolutely eats the metal with his mouth and right cheek. He falls down, face-first on the ground, as Tyler looks up at Mark.

Tyler Fuse:

You useless prick!

Mark mistakes this for meaning he should start the mandatory TEN count.

Mark Shields:

Oh shit, right, yeah. ONE! TWO! THREE!

Fuse strolls over to the fallen Malak Garland. He lifts the champion up and Irish whips him into the ring post across the way.

PING!

Garland's head bounces off the post as he falls to the ground. Fuse pounces over, peels Garland off the mat and runs alongside the champion this time, using all of Tyler's strength to toss Malak into the guardrail.

CRACK!

Breaking it apart!

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

Tyler isn't anywhere near finished. He tells Mark to "look over there", while the idiot does. So Tyler snatches the DEFIANT of the YEAR trophy off the time keeper's table-

CRACK!

And pops it over Garland's head!

Fuse discards of the trophy, which is now in two, through the crowd. The OG Player dusts his hands off and drags Malak to a vertical base. The FIST has a crimson mask so crimson, you'd think his white hair was dyed the DEFIANCE colour red.

DDK:

I think we are witnessing the death of Malak Garland.

Fuse walks the champion back to ringside and tosses him inside the squared circle at the count of EIGHT. Tyler enters as well, never too trusting of Mark Shields and his counting.

Stomp.

Stomp.

STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.

The Angry STOMPS of DOOM have commenced!

DDK:

Yep. I think we really ARE going to witness a killing here tonight.

Lance:

At this point in the game, Malak Garland should've wished for the match to have been over at the first I Trigger!

DDK:

Agreed.

Fuse's stomps are relentless. There's almost no end in sight. But amidst the gushing blood and agony Malak Garland seems to be in, he's still alert. Barely. And he's trying to make it into a corner.

He does.

Mark Shields immediately gets in Tyler's face to break the stomps.

Tyler Fuse:

You've gotta be [explicit] kidding...

But Mark's not. He's an idiot, yes. Useless? Absolutely. However, his ego was knocked down a few pegs by Tyler Fuse at the start of this match so, perhaps, this is a chance to get some of his status back by telling Tyler to back away "or else".

Fuse marches into his own corner and waits for a terrifically bloodied and already destroyed Malak Garland to get on his feet.

The FIST of DEFIANCE does get on his feet, with use of the ropes. The second The King of Cold spins around, though, Fuse comes charging.

SPEAR!

Garland literally loses a boot in the process. His right boot flies into the crowd as his back slams the mat!

The crowd cheers loudly as The Vegas Faithful watch on. Tyler screams into the rafters, lifts Garland onto his feet and looks for CQC, the running bulldog.

He lands it in the center of the ring, perfectly.

Mark Shields falls to the mat and makes the count!

ONE.

TWO.

WHERE'S THREE?

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

That's Cyrus Bates! I think he came from under the ring and he dragged Mark Shields out of there!

Lance:

I bet Bates found his way down during Malak's entrance!

The crowd is hot AF because Bates HAMMERS Shields with a right fist on the outside. While Tyler tries to figure out WTF is going on, the crowd continues this whirlwind of commotion since **Conor Fuse** comes sprinting out of the entrance! It's not a far distance to go, being inside the Sphere and all. The Ultimate Gamer shoots into the air and lands a SUPERKICK square against Cyrus' nose!

DDK:

All hell as broken loose!

Tyler rolls out of the ring. He has Cyrus Bates laying at his feet and his younger brother standing in front of him. The two begin a conversation the apron camera picks up.

Tyler Fuse:

Thanks bro, but I got this.

Tyler has some edginess in his voice, although he also seems grateful for the support.

Conor nods along.

Conor Fuse:

Man, I know you do. I know, I know.

Conor points to inside of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Go finish it!

Tyler merely stares at his brother, as if to say "no shit". But before Tyler rolls back into the ring, he notices Malak Garland remains motionless. Tyler can't help but smirk sadistically. He leans down, throws back the ring apron and reaches underneath.

He pulls out a black bag.

Tyler Fuse: [looking over to where Cyrus Bates lays]

Dipshit didn't find this down there.

Tyler can't wipe the shit eating smile off his face. He slides into the ring and spills out the bag.

...Of thumb tacks.

The crowd cheers for blood, death AND killing. Tyler pours the entire bag in the middle of the ring and then tosses the empty bag into the crowd. He marches over to where Malak Garland lies, lifts him up and walks both of them towards the tacks.

Fuse sticks Garland's head between his legs. Tyler hooks one arm... then the other.

DDK:

No way...

Lance:

Oh my god.

As blood continues to pour out of Malak Garland's forehead, Tyler Fuse has the FIST of DEFIANCE in position for a pedigree.

DDK:

I don't know if I can look.

Fuse tugs up on Garland's arms and jumps while he does.

SPLAT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND IS DEAD!

Lance:

He told us! Tyler TOLD US he was going to destroy Garland!

DDK:

WELL TYLER IS DOING IT!

The OG Player rolls Malak onto his back, showcasing a plethora of thumb tacks driven into Malak's face and chest. Garland is wildly convulsing on the canvas, and The Vegas Faithful don't seem to give a flying fuck.

Of course, there's no referee. So instead of dwelling on the fact Tyler Fuse can't win the FIST of DEFIANCE, he slides out of the ring, snatches the FLAKE title belt and looks under the apron again.

A sledgehammer.

The crowd catches on. Fuse rolls back into the ring, placing the custom made FLAKE belt on the mat and proceeds to hoist the sledgehammer in the air.

DDK:

He did this with the SOHER Championship years ago!

Tyler screams as he DRIVES the sledgehammer down, straight into the front metal plate!

CRACK!

Fuse grins.

CRACK!

Fuse laughs!

CRACK!

In a practically unhinged display, Fuse kicks the FLAKE belt out of the ring and screams into the rafters.

Tyler Fuse:

FIRE ME FOR IT!

The match takes a more... twisted road. Tyler still has the sledgehammer in his hand.

He raises it.

This time, however, he hovers it over Malak Garland's head.

DDK:

Wait...

Tyler froths at the mouth while his brother remains on the outside of the apron, suddenly concerned.

Conor Fuse: [shouting to Tyler]

Just pin him, bro! Hook the leg! I'll go get someone out here!

Drool spills out of Tyler's mouth as he stands over top of Malak Garland, the sledgehammer ready to go. And for a **very** split second, the crowd seems unsure if they should cheer or boo.

Tyler Fuse:

I TOLD YOU... [breathing heavily] I FUCKING TOLD YOU... [breathing heavily] WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU...

But The OG Player can't finish. The crowd now knows they CAN boo, as the rest of The Comments Section spills out towards ringside. Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter, The Game Boy, Alex Pietrangelo and MEE6.

Tyler Fuse drops the sledgehammer. He slides out of the ring and attacks Hunter with a clothesline from hell, completely decapitating the "thug". Conor comes back from backstage (he was going to find a referee) and superkicks the living piss out of The Game Boy.

The Fuse Bros. make pretty quick work of the hooligans. All of them finished with a couple of hits.

Tyler and Conor exchange a glance.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to do what Brock... what Pat... what YOU... should've done. A long, long time ago...

Tyler cracks his neck and enters the ring. His eyes frantically search the canvas for the sledgehammer... but it's nowhere to be found. Garland is still DOA, he hasn't moved an inch. As Tyler Fuse continues to search for that sledgehammer... he figures it out from the corner of his eyes.

Cyrus Bates. He's outside the ring. **He** has the sledgehammer.

And he's snuck up behind Conor Fuse.

WHAM!

Clubbing Conor with it in the back of the head!

Tyler takes one step forward-

But Malak Garland slithers underneath the elder Fuse with a desperation low blow.

DDK:

NO!

Tyler falls to his knees. He's not completely out of it, the low blow didn't have a ton of power. Needless to say, Malak Garland is shaking from head to toe, crawling on his chest, shouting a bloodthirsty cry to Cyrus Bates.

Bates nods. He rolls Conor Fuse into the ring and hops in himself, sledgehammer in hand.

Malak screams as blood dribbles from his mouth. He's yelling at Bates to "END IT". So Malak's Little Bitch takes a couple steps back, sledgehammer winding around in the process.

DDK:

No way. Cyrus, don't do this. DON'T DO THIS!

It looks like he's going to take a baseball-like swing to Conor Fuse's head.

Bates goes for it! Half the crowd gasps, the other half spins away in horror-

SWOOSH!

Tyler Fuse tackles his brother into safety as the sledgehammer flies out of Cyrus' hands in the process!

Conor falls out of the ring, as Tyler ricochets off the ropes and steers back into Cyrus Bates with a spear!

There's just one problem...

Tyler Fuse falls face-first on the mat. He wasn't going for a spear. Instead, he was hit in the head with the sledgehammer, saving his brother from the shot altogether.

The crowd catches on. Replays show that while Bates wasn't able to get all of it, upon missing Conor Fuse with the blow, the backswing ended up connecting with the side of Tyler's head, before the weapon fell out of Cyrus' hands entirely.

Garland, blood still absolutely gushing from his face and thumb tacks stuck to every orifice of his body... crawls on his hands and knees towards the fallen Tyler Fuse.

With help from Cyrus Bates, Malak Garland stands. Barely.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Tears of blood roll down Malak's eyes as he somehow, someway, has just enough strength to take Tyler Fuse off the mat (with Bates' help of course)...

DDK:

Don't tell me...

Lance:

He talked about it earlier, Keebs. His "new" finisher, the Brinicle, the MDK jumping spiked piledriver.

Oh, Malak's going for it alright.

On the thumbtacks, too.

Garland walks Tyler Fuse over there. He lifts Fuse up...

CRUNCH!

And lands the piledriver!

Neither man moves. Too much blood has been lost from Malak Garland's forehead and, on the other hand, a sledgehammer shot and a spiked piledriver thereafter, it doesn't matter how tough Tyler Fuse is...

He ain't getting up, either.

Bates exits the ring, grabs Mark Shields and throws the fallen referee into the squared circle. The crowd watches on in stunned silence as Malak places a lone pinky finger on top of Tyler's right shoulder. It's all he could do.

DDK:

Not.

ONE.

It takes Mark forever to lift his arm again.

DDK:

This.

TWO.

Shields tries to lift it for the third and final time.

DDK:
Way.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The air is completely sucked out of the arena. Bates slides into the ring with the broken apart FLAKE of DEFIANCE Championship, before placing it over Garland's back. Even though Malak won, Cyrus is soo fucking stressed out, he backtracks into a free corner of the ring, hands on his face, surveying the madness around him.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE...

The boos are audible and loud, Quimbey's voice can barely be picked up.

Darren Quimbey:

Malak Garland.

The announcers stay on radio silence, mostly because no one knows what to make of this. Malak's new theme plays, Tyler Fuse hasn't moved and Conor Fuse is only now, on the outside of the ring, starting to awaken.

Bates rocks back and forth in a corner, an anxiety riddled mess.

And the FIST of DEFIANCE, well, he's crawling to the edge of the apron, apparently asking for a microphone.

Garland's theme stops as Quimbey has to literally place the mic in Garland's hands. The Snowflake Superstar folds like an accordion in a free corner, eyes staring back at Tyler Fuse. The champion has tacks sitting in his right cheek but somehow, he speaks.

Malak Garland: [breathing heavily]

The streak is over. You're mine, Fuse. Like Thanos, I have collected ALL OF THE BROS.!

Garland takes a moment to puke up blood.

Malak Garland:

You're ALL mine! YOUR NAMESAKE IS MINE!

DDK:

For a man who has been enamored with collecting, discarding, and trading around surnames this year, Malak has truly lost it on this one.

Garland coughs and coughs and coughs. It's like he's bathing in his own blood. His white hair has long since dyed red. His eyes are glossed over. His hands can't stop shaking.

Malak Garland:

You say... you say you don't know... who I am...

Malak spits out more blood.

Malak Garland:

I know **EXACTLY** WHO I AM!!!

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast feed, as 2024 comes to a close with a few haunting words.

Malak Garland:

I am the eldest... strongest... toughest.

Through the sheer pain in his voice, there's maniacal laughter.

Malak Garland:

The most resilient... adaptable... DEFIANT...

He closes his eyes. He's about to pass out.

Malak Garland:

BROTHER!

Malak's eyes SHOOT open, amidst a full red blooded face, hands, body and soul. He can't take his eyes off Tyler, he's completely transfixed. It's like a defibrillator was used on him. He's come back from the dead, it's a side of Malak nobody has ever seen before.

The champion screams as more blood spills from his mouth and the broadcast comes to a close.

Malak Fuse:

I AM THE FIST, THE FLAKE, MALAK JONAS **FUSE!**

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.