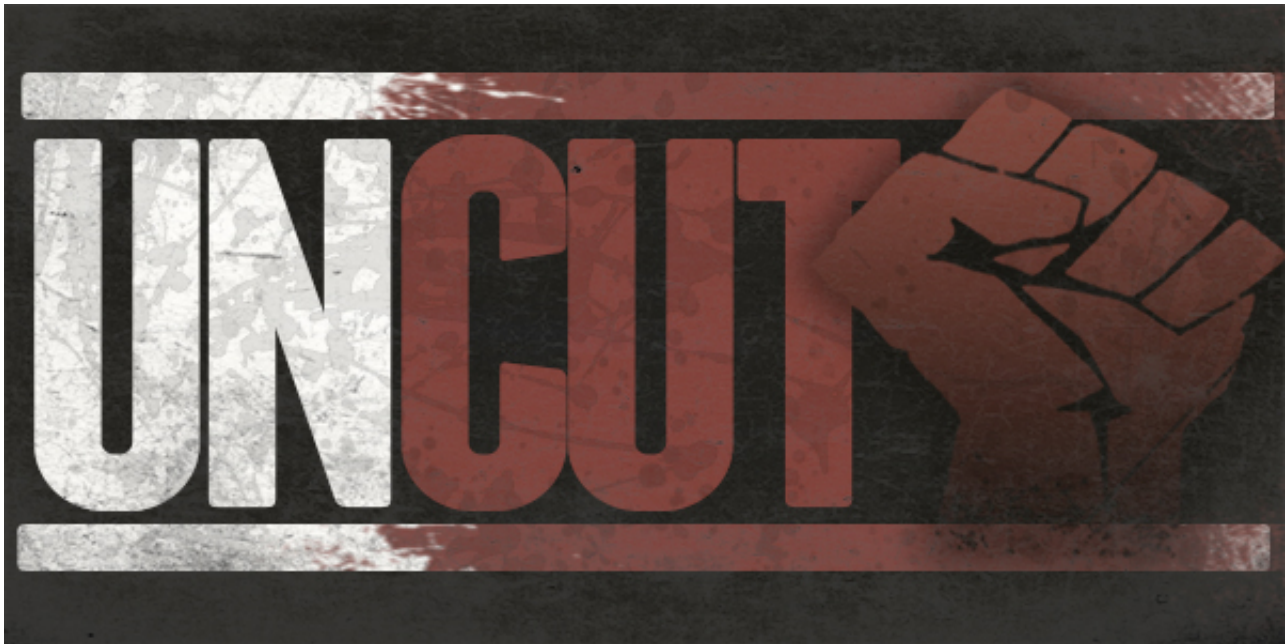


SHOW OPEN



PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me at the helm for tonight's action as always, Lance Warner!

Lance:

What! A! DEFtv! Malak Garland! Conor Fuse! FIST of DEFIANCE! So many matches are coming into focus!

DDK:

And another one of those matches is the story coming up! Punch Drunk Purcell of The Lads made his return in grand fashion by attacking Uriel Cortez! It will be Titanes Familia versus The Lads in a four-on-four tag team match with a stipulation to be named next week on DEFtv!

Lance:

That's right! Punch Drunk Purcell takes on Uriel Cortez with the winner allowing their team to pick the stipulation! But before we get to that... tonight, Punch Drunk Purcell is in singles action when he takes on a former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion, Aleczander The Great!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring with in-ring introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring -- notably, wearing a protective cast on his left hand. Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his red MMA gloves. After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for The Faithful before his opponent arrives.

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

The music plays out from the back wearing new dark purple tights, knee pads, boots and tassels with the flexing "A" symbol on the front!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England weighing in at 257 pounds... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

The BRAZEN coach and former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion gets a mixed reaction but still looks as chiseled as he always has. He heads down to the ring and then climbs up. He poses on the middle turnbuckle, flexing his tremendous biceps before he jumps back into the ring. He looks across from the ring and while he has the height advantage over Purcell, the tank-like Purcell keeps watch of Aleczander. Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING

Purcell tightens up his MMA gloves and just as he finishes, The Mancunian Muscle runs right at Purcell and delivers a kick in the gut and slaps on a headlock. Aleczander cackles that he's got a good grip on Punchy. He continues to crank back on the headlock, but Purcell leans back into the ropes and pushes him off. Aleczander hits the ropes, only to come back and hit a shoulder block. Punchy gets stepped back a little bit, but not off his feet. Alecz looks like a millions bucks as he stands in the ring and poses down.

Aleczauder The Great:

Look at them traps, mates! This dude can't even spell trap!

He turns around and when he does, he gets **BLASTED** with a huge charging shoulder tackle by Purcell that knocks down the unsuspecting Aleczander! As he's down on the canvas, Purcell decides to have a little fun and hits the double bicep flex, grinning with his mouthguard showing!

DDK:

Not smart on the part of Aleczander! He's been a veteran of DEFIANCE for a long time, but he's also a veteran of showboating!

Purcell grabs Aleczander by his hair (plugs) and runs him over to the corner by faceplanting him against it. He turns him around and puts his hands up in a boxing stance before firing off a series of of body blows to Aleczander using his non-braced hand! The Mancunian Muscle flinches with each shot delivered before Purcell reaches up and delivers a **HARD** smacking bionic elbow to the top of the head! The Faithful are cheering loudly for DEFIANCE's Rookie of the Year 2024!

DDK:

What a 2024 year Purcell had! Made his debut as a member of the roster after DEFCON mixing it up with "The Socialite" Ed White! Had a series of physical matches with Dex Joy including a win over Dex at Maximum DEFIANCE, forms The Lads where they have been a top tag team attraction since!

Lance:

Indeed! And he's looking to make up for lost time in 2025 after being off for two months with that wrist fracture caused by Killjoy and Uriel Cortez!

With Aleczander dazed, Purcell grabs his arm and twists him around before hooking and throwing him up and over his head with a release belly-to-belly suplex! Purcell sits up and losok pretty proud of his handiwork as Aleczander holds his back in pain!

Lance:

What a throw! Purcell clearly has been working on being more than just relying on that devastating right hands of his!

With Aleczander starting to get back to his feet in the corner while wincing, Purcell charges towards the corner and then hits a running back splash that knocks the wind out of Aleczander and when he turns around, he gets blasted with a big clothesline from the right side!

DDK:

1-2 Combo by Purcell! He just leveled Aleczander with that big clothesline!

Lance:

Punchy really taking control of things by sheer force! Aleczander is a powerful man himself, but that early hot dogging is costing him!

Aleczander climbs through the ropes and tries to put up a time out. The Mancunian Muscle hopes that Brian Slater will respect the timeout, but Punch Drunk Purcell doesn't give him the satisfaction. He reaches over the ropes...

DDK:

Oh! Rake of the eyes by Aleczander!

Purcell flinches, then Aleczander notices his wrist. He grabs the wrist and then yanks it down against the top rope! Purcell flinches in pain and clutches his wrist close to him, but that gives Aleczander a chance to strike! He enters the ring and then goes to grab Purcell...

THEN HITS A THRUST SPINEBUSTER!

Lance:

My God! That's three-hundred fifty pounds!

DDK:

He just struck Purcell down with that thrust spinebuster!

From the looks of things, even Aleczander can't believe his luck as he crawls on top of the former boxer in the hopes of pulling off an upset!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell kicks out and Aleczander looks up at Brian Slater like he can't believe it!

DDK:

And now he's got Purcell hooked up! He calls this move "Clangin' and Bangin'!"

While Purcell is sat up, Aleczander holds him by the head and then continues to rain down repeated clubbing forearms across the broad body of The Round Mound of Ground and Pound! He fires several shots until he's worn him down. Aleczander sits up and then charges off the ropes, only to come back and then connect with a sliding shoulder tackle off the ropes! He tries another cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Purcell kicks out just before two, but Aleczander decides he's going to end things.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Another kickout, but Aleczander The Great has that elevated camel clutch! He calls it the BPI - British Power International!

Trying to crank back on the hold, he tries to get the submission hold fully locked in, but Punchy continues to fight! He starts to get on a knee, then he's upright with Aleczander on his feet! He can't believe it when Purcell pushes him off! Aleczander turns around only to SMACK him upside the head with a nasty Headbutt!

DDK:

Purcell counters with the Bald Bull! What a headbutt!

Lance:

Now that Butcher Victorious is a member of The Lads, he might have been picking up some tips on how to perfect the headbutt!

With Aleczander stunned against the ropes. Purcell grabs Aleczander by the body while he's between the ropes! He pulls back both of his arms and points out to The Faithful... then RAINS down clubbing forearms of his own!

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

Punchy stops and twirls an arm around...

TEN!

DDK:

That's called Hitting The Bag... and now big suplex in the ring by Purcell! I think that he's about to take this one home!

Purcell hears a cheer from The Faithful as he gets Aleczander up before hitting a knee to the gut! He whips him to the ropes and when he comes back, hits the pop-up into a STIFF right hand to the jaw! A huge gob of spit flies out of Aleczander's mouth before he flops onto the canvas while Purcell yells!

Lance:

Punchy's... well, punching power! That's frightening!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! COVER!

He casually rolls Aleczander over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

The second that the bell rings, Purcell yells out and celebrates as Brian Slater raises his arm to celebrate! After the match, Punchy shakes his wrist and then points to The Faithful before he climbs out of the ring and then heads to the back!

DDK:

What a return win here for Punch Drunk Purcell! And next week, he takes on Uriel Cortez! But just like tonight, he's been cleared to compete, but that wrist is not 100%! Purcell has to be on his guard against one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous men!

Heading to the back, Purcell takes the mouthguard out of his mouth and walks through the curtains to the backstage area. Back inside the ring, Aleczander is holding his jaw and looks completely stooped as Brian Slater checks to see if he needs help.

EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDIAN TO PLAN

The scene opens up backstage, where we are instantly greeted by Chris Trutt standing before the basic DEFIANCE logo backsdrop.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Chris Trutt here, on the scene here backstage...

The shot gradually zooms out, revealing the motley crew in the company of the junior reporter. At the forefront of the group is TA Black, grinning insidiously and gently tapping his fingers in the classic scheme pose. Standing close behind him are the TA-dditions he recently introduced into the Honor Society, the recently rechristened TA Arsvinnar and the now magic-free Academic Amarettos.

Chris Trutt:

As you can see, I'm here now with none other than TA Black, along with, um... I suppose the "Department Of Pedagogological Efficiency". Or, more simply know as DOP--

TA Black: *(suddenly erupting)*

GYYYYARSHDARNIT, TRUTT, I SAID FORGET THE ACRONYM!

The junior reporter rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

Sure, Erik. Whatever you say. In any case, where these men were at one time members of the erstwhile "Rezistance", you have successfully managed to convert them over into the Honor Society.

On a dime, Black perks up once more.

TA Black:

INDEED, Trutt! NOW, hopefully, you finally SEE the power of the Reform Method! It's not just exclusive to ME!

He pats his fellow men in white on the shoulders. They are all beaming bright smiles that almost appear to be forced.

TA Black:

These FINE, UPSTANDING GENTLEMEN you see here can all PROUDLY say that now have a new lease on life! Because I have shown them the HOLY LIGHT of SOBRIETY and SALVATION! And they are putting these GIFTS I've given them to use... but furthering the long-reaching ambitions of the HONOR SOCIETY!

Chris Trutt:

Right. Just out of curiosity, though, did Dr. Ned Reform give you approval for this...

He gestures vaguely.

Chris Trutt:

...expansion, as it were?

Black visible bristles at the mention of this annoying detail.

TA Black:

Look, Trutt, whether or not the Doc approves is inconsequential here, because I KNOW that man of his GENIUS and INFINITE WISDOM will eventually SEE the incomparable VALUE these individuals bring to our sacred Society! Especially considering how those other three loopy layabouts were DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE for his losing the SOHER Title to that horrid and horrendous BROCK NYEEWWWBLUDD!!

Chris Trutt:

Really? You put the fault on TA Cole and Weighted Grade, and not because of, you know, the whole climbing into the cage and "accidentally" kicking the Good Doctor in the face?

The Good Doctor's "Good Patient" suspiciously glares at the interviewer.

TA Black:

I'm NOT SURE I like what you're implying, Trutt! That accursed NYEEWWBLUDD simply DUPED me into making FATAL ERROR! One that I ASSURE YOU will NEVER be repeated!

Chris Trutt:

I'm sure that remains to be seen, considering how as a result of your actions, you have managed to find yourself in a triple threat match for the SOHER Championship against the Good Doctor and reigning champion Brock Newbludd at DEFCON.

Once more, a grin spreads across Black's face as he begins rubbing his palms.

TA Black:

OH YES, dear Trutt! The situation could not be any more ADVANTAGEOUS than it is right now...

His hands clutch the air in front of him. He stares off into the distance, a dark twinkle appearing in the corner of his eye.

TA Black:

Ahhh... the prestigious, yet EVER ELUSIVE SOHER Championship... a title I've been chasing for YEARS, only to TRAGICALLY fall short in my every effort! But THIS TIME, all of my carefully laid plans are falling into place! And at DEFCON, my dear Trutt... I PROMISE YOU that that belt will FINALLY be in the hands of its RIGHTFUL owner!

Chris Trutt:

So then, I take it that these "plans" involve breaking away from Reform and claiming the SOHER Title out from under him?

Black double-takes Trutt so hard, it's amazing he doesn't give himself whiplash.

TA Black:

YOU THINK I'M--I NEVER SAID--WHO TOLD YOU--?!

For a moment, the suddenly enraged and filibustering TA Black looks like he might throttle the interviewer's throat. Then he reigns it in and calms himself, letting it go with a light chuckle while affectionately throwing his arm around Trutt's shoulders.

TA Black:

Ahhh, sweet, naive Trutt! Your young and supple mind couldn't POSSIBLY understand the machinations at work here!

Trutt stiffens up as Black pats his shoulder. His eyes shift nervously from side to side, looking for an avenue of escape.

TA Black:

I mean, yes, per the stipulations of this triple threat match, I could very possibly--and, mind you, VERY EASILY--BETRAY the Doc's trust, and take that precious, pristine, covetous, BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS, ILLUSTRIOUS CHAMPIONSHIP BELT for myself... but if that were my TRUE intentions, do you HONESTLY THINK I'd be that brazenly STRAWBVIOUS about it? I mean C'MAAAAAWN... is THIS the face of someone who'd LIE TO YOU?!

Black flashes him the insincere smile of a used car salesman trying to upsell a lemon. Trutt looks to the camera with a look of uncertainty that immediately reminds us of his longstanding history with this very unstable, almost always obvious, and extremely loosey-goosey with the truth individual.

TA Black:

NO, Trutt! All that MATTERS right now--both to ME, *AND* the Doc--is stripping that HOLY, VENERABLE, IMMACULATE TITLE from the greasy, grubby cheese-squeezing paws of that dastardly BROCK NYEWWBLUDD, and BACK into possession of the HONOR SOCIETY! I am NOT the Doc's enemy here! I am his ALLY! His LOYAL VASSAL! His TRUSTWORTHY MAN-AT-ARMS! When all is said and done at DEFCON, REGARDLESS of the result, the Doc WILL come to accept that in his heart! And IF I'M LYING, Trutt, then may the LORD ALMIGHTY STRIKE ME DOWN where I STAND!!

BONK!**TA Black:**

BLEGHK!!

Without warning, a large ring-shaped object seemingly falls into the frame from above, clonking TA Black on the head and sending him falling to the floor in a heap. In unison, Trutt and the TAs arch their heads upwards.

Chris Trutt:

What the heck...?

Trutt looks to the floor, and reaches down to pick something up. TAs Arsvinnar and the Amarettos continue to stare into the space above in wonder.

TA Arsvinnar:

By FAIR FREYJA'S BOUNTIFUL BAPS! It came seemingly from THIN AIR!

TA Carlo:

Could it have been... MAGIC?

TA Gomez:

Of course not, dear brother! As EVERYONE knows, magic is not real!

Trutt rises back up, holding something in his hands.

Chris Trutt:

This is... a TOILET SEAT?!

He stares at it in disbelief, until he notices something on the surface.

Chris Trutt:

Annd, hm... there appear to be words written here.

The DOPE converge around the junior reporter to read over his shoulders.

Chris Trutt:

"Dear... Buttmunches,"

He groans, realizing right away who more than likely penned this.

Chris Trutt:

"You all thought you could be lame and sell out but like, we're letting you know that some things in wrestling can't just like be walked away from so easily, because the cool ones are still here to be badass and stuff, and now we're gonna make you dick shitters live in like constant fear of having your butts kicked in for good by the *REAL* REZISTANCE, so like, keep one eye over your shoulders and stay fresh, cheesebags."

Trutt squints when he gets to the fine print at the end.

Chris Trutt:

"PS... huehuehuehuehuehue."

He squints harder at the line below that.

Chris Trutt:

"PSS... hell... yeah."

Trutt takes this in with a benign shrug, and promptly drops the toilet seat and rubs his hands against the lapels of his suit. From the floor comes an almost inhuman snarl...

TA Black:

CHIIIGGGEENNNTTEENNNNDDEEERRRZZZ...

Black rises up, hand clutching the back of his head and eyes full of murderous fury.

TA Black:

That PEON! That PILLOCK! That PUBESCENT PLAGUE to PUNCTUATION! He dares RESIST the LIGHT and SALVATION of the REFORM METHOD!?

Seething, he turns to and points at the trifecta of TAs in background.

TA Black:

You FIND that GOONING GOOF... and you BRING HIM to ME! Mark my words, I will SHOW THAT BOY the LIGHT!

Arsvinnar and the Amarettos fervently nod and hurry out of the shot to begin their aimless search.

Chris Trutt:

Well, Erik, this has been a surprising turn of events. By the sound of things, your Rezistance is still alive and kicking, presumably with Chris Chickentenders running the show!

TA Black:

OUTRAGEOUS, I tell you! Downright INTOLERABLE! The FOOL believes the insane dribblings of a DRUG ADDICT?! No... NO! He MUST be shown the RIGHT path! He must be PURIFIED!

Chris Trutt:

This doesn't throw a monkey wrench in your carefully laid plans for DEFCON, does it?

Black suddenly looks at the interviewer in a panic, as though this was something he had never considered until now.

TA Black:

WHAT?! Why... NO! Of COURSE NOT, Trutt! This juvenile INANITY is BENEATH the uncanny GUILF and SHREWDNESS of the Honor Society! This BOOTY-OBSESSED BUFFOON has but the strength of a FLY when stood against our masterful will!

We waves a finger through the air.

TA Black:

I ONCE AGAIN ASSURE YOU, dear Trutt... no matter what sort of unforeseen surprises may befall us, the Honor Society will begin its mission to CLEANSE all of DEFIANCE of these DEVIANTS and DETRITUS...

He smiles, hands gesturing maybe a bit TOO obviously at his own waist.

TA Black:

...and the SOHER Championship... will be the BEACON that LIGHTS OUR WAY!

Still chuckling to himself, TA Black walks out of the scene. Trutt is left looking at the toilet seat left on the ground, then back up into the space above the frame, questionably scratching his head.

Chris Trutt:

Where the heck *did* that thing come from?

GOTDAMN COWBOYS

We're in the birthplace of DEFIANCE, New Orleans.

Edward White's restaurant and private club The Black Pelican sits at one end of the cities famous French Quarter. Beyond the five star eatery is the "back room" a huge, opulent wood paneled room with a full bar, plush leather seating and at the center of it all a beautiful state of the art wrestling ring.

Inside which stands the aforementioned owner extraordinaire, "The Socialite" Ed White. Dressed in his classic crisp white custom made suit he stands with his arms folded across his chest with an uncharacteristic frown behind his perfectly quaffed salt and pepper beard.

Across from him stands his two enormous employees (for lack of a better word) the BRAZEN tag team champions "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne and "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby, who also happens to be the reigning and defending BRAZEN champ as well. They stand side by side in matching black and red track suits.

The two men share the Sophisticate's dower demeanor.

Edward White:

Gentlemen. Y'all got made to look foolish last week on UNCUT. You told me y'all didn't need Jane or Nicky in your corner, that you weren't concerned. Well. Those SCRUBS have made us look foolish for the last *GOTdamn* time, boys... the *LAST* time. How I can be this disappointed in two men holdin' that much gold is beyond me. Care to comment?

The enormous former Olympic weightlifter, Payne, steps forward.

Adrian Payne:

We had a plan, boss, it just... *shit*.

Houston Strong steps forward and claps his tag team partner on the back.

Felton Bigsby:

We'd have had Doubleday snuffed if it weren't for those two... those two...

The Socialite steps right on in.

Edward White:

GOTdamn cowboys. Two brain addled, range-riding mental patients that shouldn't be an issue. What we should be doin' is figurin' out the most extravagant way to crucify those two Doubleday boys, not two-steppin' with a tenured DEFIANCE *nobody* and his new YOUNG BOY! You feel me, gentleman?

Edward slaps his open palm on the face of the BRAZEN tag team title belt slung over Adrian Payne's enormous shoulder.

Edward White:

I'll answer for you, yes you do! And on DEFTv 217 you're gonna' show all them screamin' and hollerin' DEFIANCE Faithful by defendin' these beautiful BRAZEN tag team titles against these two *COW*boys.

Felton's face screws up into an out right scowl.

Felton Bigsby:

Excuse me? Those two punk-ass nobodies don't deserve a shot at the forever tag team champions!

Silence falls between the three men. Adrian's face resembles his daughters when mommy and daddy are fighting. Felton immediately takes a proverbial step back.

Felton Bigsby:

I mean. It aint no thing. They don't stand a chance... just sayin' is all.

Edward narrows his eyes with a quiet *"mmmmhmmmm."*

Edward White:

DEFtv, boys. I don't think it need be said, but after recent events I feel compelled.

He leans in slightly and pauses for emphasis.

Edward White:

This *really* wouldn't be the time or the stage to stumble. Understand? Make us proud to associate with y'all. Make ME proud for putin' my personal stamp on you. Make sure they all walk out of that arena with a spoiler of what the next few YEARS of this here promotion is gonna look like, why not?

We fade out to the next segment of the show as the camera zooms in on the determined faces of Money Talks.

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 5

The deck boards were soaked with rain and rattled loudly as the ship braved through the storm overhead. Left with his most intimate thoughts, feelings, and emotions, Malak Fuse sat alone in his dingy, candlelit quarters found in the bowels of the vessel. The lantern which housed the solitary light in his cabin swayed dangerously as the sea raged around him.

Malak Fuse:

Jocelyne. Where are you? Broc better not be getting all delectable with you. Please save yourself for me.

Malak fuddled with his hands in front of his face. He thumbed at his chin rather nervously, unsure of what was about to unfold. Suddenly, the rounded plank door to his room swung open and in ran a drenched broccoli minion.

Broc Tot:

Hey there, Malak! Land-ho! We're coming up on Broc Stalk Castle so long as we survive this treacherous downpour at sea! Want to come see?

The minion waved his leafy green broccoli stub towards the door, trying to lure Malak to come take a gander. It didn't take much for him to get up. He was looking for an excuse to venture port side, after all. With Malak in tow, the broc tot shuffled up some stairs and zig zagged around a mess of a ship. Finally, they broke out onto the main deck. Fresh air and a showering of rain drops pelted their faces. The wind swirled as the tot and Malak attempted to shield their faces from the storm.

Broc Tot:

SEE THAT THERE!?

The minion pointed, rather poorly.

Broc Tot:

That's Broc Stalk Castle. Where Broc Newbludd lives. I'm almost sure you can find Jocelyne there.

Through shrouded mist and low visibility, Malak did his best to visually locate the grand castle off the coast and keep his balance at the same time which took some effort but finally, it came into view.

Malak Fuse:

The castle. It's huge.

Fuse gulped hard at the sight of the menacing barracks but he knew he had to remain strong. He couldn't wait to get off the boat but he had to be patient as he knew he wasn't going to be able to save Jocelyne before this day ended.

Malak Fuse:

This storm is not relenting. How is she holding up?

The minion examined the area around the two of them. More minions were plodding around, trying their best to maintain a steady speed but most importantly, remain afloat.

Broc Tot:

Not bad but not great either. This storm has hit us pretty hard. Don't worry about us, though. We will get you ashore!

Overly concerned, Malak's gaze lingered from the castle to the steep cliff and skinny shoreline inclusive.

Malak Fuse:

You don't happen to have a map of the castle by chance, do you?

The broc tot shook its head no.

Broc Tot:

Are you kidding me? Broc Newbludd wouldn't share that information with anyone!

Thunder and lightning gains vigor as Malak continuously pushes his wet hair out of his face.

Malak Fuse:

Just get me as close as you can and I think I can swim the rest-!

Malak couldn't even finish his sentence before a bolt of electricity came in contact with the mast of the ship, breaking the floorboards in two! Everyone on the deck can't help but watch the crack grow from infantile to gargantuan in a split second!

Broc Tot:

RUN! SHE'S GOING TO BREAK!

The minion pushes Malak aside as the boat breaks in two! Tots and cargo crates go flying everywhere! Malak latches onto the railing and watches in pure fear as the storm sinks the ship! He's left with little choice as he can see boat fragments being pulled into a whirlpool of death.

Malak Fuse:

I gotta jump! It's the only way!

Fuse makes the death-defying leap off the opposite side of the boat and into the water below, narrowly missing the rock faces found in the shallow parts of the sea. Malak survives, catching his breath and spewing water laced seaweed from his mouth after surfacing. The storm seems to lighten up with most of the boat underwater. There's debris everywhere. Malak floats amongst the chaos. He looks up.

Malak Fuse:

The castle.

Knowing a final confrontation with Broc Newbludd looms imminently, Malak knows he must go to the castle to rescue Jocelyne and acquire the Key of Broccoli from Broc Newbludd in order to conquer this world.

Malak Fuse:

I can do this. I MUST do this.

Fuse swims to the shore with all his might knowing what kind of grisly beast awaits him for his next encounter.

TITANESS vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

We are right here with our main event, which is a grudge match of sorts from a few weeks ago. After a match pitting Titanes Familia against The Gulf Coast Connection, it was Killjoy who attacked Crescent City Kid and put him out of action indefinitely.

Lance:

What a heinous assault that was. We were right here calling it... but to that end, Theodore Cain challenged any member of Titanes Familia to a match tonight as payback and he gets "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness!

DDK:

It's main event time! Theodore Cain takes on Titaness... next!

The camera cuts to ringside with Darren Quimbey about to make the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City, being accompanied to the ring by "Wingman" Titus Campbell... weighing in at 246 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection red and white-colored jester hat coming out with Titus Campbell behind him for the Toronto Faithful! Once he approaches the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young child in the audience with his parents! Cain slides into the ring and stands on the middle rope, celebrating to a polite round of applause from The Faithful as he awaits his opponent.

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

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

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg. In the right spotlight, Brooklynn Rivera with a black mouthguard in her mouth. Wearing black tights with a gold line up the sides, a black and gold top with a Puerto Rican flag patch in the corner her hair tied in two long braids. In the center spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crow and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans all across his arms, a sleeveless button-up shirt and a gold "Familia" belt buckle.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied by Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera... representing Titanes Familia... introducing The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Bringer of Big Boots... Baroness of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS!**

Casually leading the monstrous trio down to ringside, the matriarch of Titanes Familia heads on down to the ring. A serious Theodore Cain waits and watches as Titaness walks up the steps and casually hands off her signature gold-tinted sunglasses to Brooklynn Rivera at ringside. She takes it off and then climbs into the ring. Shedding her gold weightlifting chain, she turns to face Cain. Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

Right away, Cain goes right at Titaness, but The Mother of Suplexes is able to duck and clips the knee of Cain with a kick. As he's weakened, she nails a huge double chop to the chest of Cain! The Smash Surfer gets hit back into the

corner before Titaness fires back with another double chop! Cain goes reeling when Titaness gets him back to the corner. A third double chop smacks him across his chest!

DDK:

Right away! Titaness goes on the attack with chops! A staple of the Familia, for sure!

When Cain is backed into the ropes, she tries a whip. Cain goes flying and when Titaness comes back, she tries a hip toss. However, Cain turns the tables on her by standing his ground before he DUMPS Titaness into the mat with a massive hip toss of his own!

DDK:

Listen to the people! They're behind the Gulf Coast Connection tonight! What a hip toss that was!

Lance:

Cain has the people going!

The Toronto Faithful cheer for The Smash Surfer as he gets on his feet and throws up the double shaka. Titaness is thrashing around the canvas on her back before she gets yanked back to her feet. It's Cain's turn to send her into the ropes following a kick to the gut. She comes off the ropes as he tries a clothesline that misses, but when she comes back, she knocks Cain clear off his feet with a huge running pump kick! Cain goes down as Titaness grins and takes in the jeers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Titaness showing what she can do with that height and power of hers... oh, no what's next!

Brooklynn Rivera and Killjoy both watch as she squats next to Cain before grabbing him by the side. He starts to kick his legs, but Cain gets MUSCLED up by Titaness and gets dumped with a low to the ground, but still effective gutwrench suplex to the shock of The Faithful! As Cain goes down, Titaness sits up and flexes her muscles. She then cups her ear and that gets the crowd jeering even louder towards her.

Lance:

What strength! Titaness really is one of the strongest athletes in DEFIANCE, regardless of gender!

DDK:

Agreed! And now a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cain kicks out! The ever-trusted Wingman remains on the outside and cheers him on, but they seem to fall on deaf ears as Titaness gets up and hits the ropes for a running senton! Cain gets hit with one, but leaves himself wide open for a second running senton! As The Smash Surfer is hunched over in pain, Titaness is on a knee and looks like she's having a ball by punishing Cain.

DDK:

Repeated attacks on the midsection by Titaness with that series of sentons!

Lance:

Titaness is such a force of nature in that ring.

Back on her feet, Titaness gets up while Cain is down. Titaness lightly painbrushes the back of Cain's head while he's down on the mat and it's starting to get under his skin.

Lance:

How disrespectful is this?!

Cain tries to get back to his feet, but Titaness is already on him with a sliding axe bomber!

DDK:

Lady Lariat! What a shot to the face! And Cain is down!

The Smash Surfer is down near the ropes. While he's down, Titaness uses the ropes to aid herself by standing on his back and choking him in the process while outside, Killjoy stands arms folded and Brooklyn Rivera stands with her tongue out, cackling like a hyena.

Lance:

That's a Familia Portrait if I've ever seen one! And there's Rex Knox coming in to warn Titaness!

Knox gets on Titaness and warns her against choking otherwise she'll be disqualified. Titaness ignores her and then pulls Cain away from the ropes. She gets ready to try and pick him up for a suplex.

DDK:

Suplex incoming from Titaness!

The Mother of Suplexes goes behind Cain and tries for a german suplex, but Cain fights back. He tries a back elbow, but Titaness ducks it and lays into him with a pretty powerful elbow! After getting smacked, she tries a standard suplex. She gets Cain up... but Cain fights last second and takes HER up and over into a huge suplex of his own that has The Faithful going!

Lance:

Great counter by Cain there!

DDK:

Yeah! He suplexes the Mother of Suplexes, but can Theodore Cain get something going here, offense-wise?

Rivera shouts at Rex Knox on the outside while Titus Campbell taps the ring apron frantically, getting behind Cain as he continues. When Titaness gets up to her feet, Cain finally pulls himself up using the ropes. He runs towards Titaness and sidesteps a big boot only to come back off the ropes and hit a big leaping shoulder tackle! He knocks her down with one, but he keeps on going and hits her with a second leaping shoulder tackle off the ropes just as she tries to get back to her feet!

DDK:

Theodore Cain is rolling with those shoulder tackles! He's got Titaness on the ropes!

He charges towards the corner that Titaness currently occupies and then hits a big running clothesline! After tossing her out of the corner, he throws up the shaka again to the cheering Faithful! When Titaness gets to a knee, he jumps to the middle rope and leaps backwards to connect with a flying shoulder tackle off the middle rope! After the impact, he sits up and slaps on the canvas beneath him! Rivera looks on while Killjoy continues to watch.

Lance:

That was a unique shoulder tackle variation! What's he got now?!

He goes to pick Titaness up and hits her with a big front spinebuster!

DDK:

Titaness is taken into the canvas with a spinebuster! What an upset this would be?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titaness kicks out and Cain looks angry with the decision, but Campbell yells at him to keep going!

DDK:

That was a close one! Cain's got her on the shoulders now!

Cain has Titaness up now! He tries for the fireman's carry jawbreaker called High Tide, but the second that he tries, Titaness slips out and then grabs Cain before hitting a release German suplex out of desperation!

DDK:

Oh, no! Titaness with the release German suplex! That looked vicious!

Cain holds the back of his head in pain while Titaness tries to catch her breath. While Cain is trying to stand, she runs off one set of ropes behind him and then comes back with another before CRASHING right into him with the rolling spear!

DDK:

No! Pretty Striking! What a spear off both sets of ropes for more speed!

After hitting her signature spear, Titaness gets back to her feet. She takes a moment before grabbing Cain by the waist again. Campbell looks on as he watches his partner get DEADLIFTED off the canvas into a picture-perfect deadlift bridging German suplex!

Lance:

WHAT A SUPLEX!

DDK:

THE WORLD'S PRETTIEST SUPLEX, AS SHE CALLS IT!

Titaness holds the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TITANESS!**

Releasing the bridge, Titaness sits up as Brooklynn Rivera claps and cheers outside the ring! Campbell goes over to help Cain out of the ring.

Lance:

What a win for Titaness tonight! Cain tried his best to get payback for Crescent City Kid, but she was just too strong!

Celebrating in the ring, Titaness allows Brooklynn Rivera to hand her back her gold weightlifting chain. Killjoy climbs into the ring and Titanes Familia celebrate!

DDK:

A very game Theodore Cain tried his best, but Titaness is just too much. Punch Drunk Purcell has his work cut out for him when he takes on Uriel Cortez next week on DEFTv! The winner will get to decide the stipulation for their eight-person tag team match at DEFCON against The Lads! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night, everyone!

Titaness, Brooklyn Rivera and Killjoy all pose in the ring to LOUD jeers from the Toronto Faithful before the show fades out!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.