

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

Montreal, Quebec, Canada welcomes DEFIANCE as the Centre Bell is hyped for DEFtv 217!

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

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

BESOIN DE QUELQUES SIGNES

I KNOW THE TRUTH, LORD NIGEL

LADS + LASS KICK SOME ASS

JE SUIS PLUS PRECIEUX

FUSE 4 FIST

BIENVENUE DANS BIZARRO WORLD

FREE SCOTTY FLASH

KEEP SCOTTY FLASH JAILED

WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS SPECIAL WITH THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

DEVRY IS MORE ACCREDITED THAN NED REFORM

BOX AND BLACKWOOD SHOULD FIGHT FOREVER OR AT LEAST TIL ONE DIES

ROOTING FOR YOU cOnOr

WILL OSCAR WRESTLE THREE SHOWS IN A ROW YOU THINK?

GLAD THEY AIN'T MI FAMILIA!

RCR > MANTRA

PARTI RÉFORMATEUR!!

SEVENS = PUNKS (THIS MEANS I THINK THEY ARE EQUALLY COOL, NOT THAT THEY ARE THE SAME TEAM)

A LI'L LUCK GOES A LON WAY!

MIL? MORE LIKE ZERO AMIRITE!

CORVO, TURN MP1 INTO MP-NONE

MP1 IS MP-DONE

CE PANNEAU EST-IL BIEN TRADUIT?



We go elsewhere.

TWO LONG MONTHS

After the usual DEFtv opening, we cut live as one by one, familiar (and popular faces) walk into view...

Butcher Victorious.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

“The Ray of Sunshine” Janna Ray.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

A returning Punch Drunk Purcell, dressed in new blue and orange boxing-themed gear and MMA gloves.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

And the ringleader of it all...

“The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy!!!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Dexy, Butcher and Janna are all wearing the gold and blue variants of their new “The Lads” T-shirt with lightning bolt, boxing glove, microphone and sunshine emojis in a square. Purcell is ready to fight. The four speak directly to the camera as they make the walk backstage towards the ring.

Dex Joy:

Titanes Familia! I’m sick of looking at the four of you! Mr. Victorious with the Sticktorious behind me? He’s tired of looking at the four of you!

Butcher Victorious:

THAT’S RIGHT! BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK! TITANES FAMILIA! MAKES ME SICK! ALL THEM GIANTS GIVE ME THE ICK!

Dex Joy:

That’s why we had to go outside the box! Butch Vic and I had a plan coming into our tag match ... that we won by the way!!! ... That’s why I recruited one of my proteges from BRAZEN! Ready for the big time! Ready for action! Say hello to “The Ray of Sunshine” Janna Ray!

With her hair tied back in a gold bandana and wearing black face paint under each of her eyes, the bright-eyed Janna Ray waves.

Janna Ray:

Thanks, Dexy! Titaness got to know me up close when I tackled her ass on DEFtv, but let me introduce myself to the rest of the Familia and to you, the DEFIANTS! I’m the first-ever “Lass” of the Lads, Janna Ray! Before I got into wrestling, rugby was my game! I was good at it! Too good at it! Wasn’t challenging enough! I had the chance to compete at the Olympic level, but I decided it was more fun with less rules so I jumped to the wrestling ring. What you don’t know was that guy you injured ... Dexy’s other protege, Tate Newell. That’s not just someone who jumped into wrestling with me. He’s my cousin! And the second you injured me family to get to Dex, you didn’t just piss Dex off, you pissed me off!

Dex Joy:

Tell ‘em Ray-Ray.

Janna Ray:

Now that I’m here on the main roster, my first goal is whooping Titanes Familia’s ass! I don’t care how big you are ... I

don't care how strong you are ... if you run up on me and I will knock your ass into the dirt!

And finally the camera is with Punch Drunk Purcell.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Two months... two LONG, DAMN months! I was on the shelf back home. Broken wrist. All cause of that big bastard, Killjoy and Titanes Familia! I'm going to get my hands on Killjoy and I WILL knock his ass out at DEFCON, but before I get there, I wanted the head of the snake itself. Uriel Cortez made jokes at MY expense about how I had to miss a few pay windows. And the more he kept ganging up on Dex, ganging up on Butcher. I was DONE sitting on the sidelines.

He notes the black wrist guard on his left hand in place of where he'd normally have an MMA glove.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

The office wanted me to sit this one out until DEFCON, but I told them that ain't happening and I told them either you get me Uriel Cortez in a ring, or I'd get him in a parking lot where I don't need a doctor's permission to mess his shit up. They agreed and I'm cleared enough tonight to fight. Tonight, ain't just about the pay window. Tonight, the winner gets to pick the stipulation for our match at DEFCON. Uriel Cortez... the bigger you are...

Purcell bumps his right fist with Butcher, Dex and Janna as they finally reach the Guerilla position and head towards the entrance.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

The harder your ass is hitting the ground.

The Lads (and Lass) head through the curtains... and to showtime...

URIEL CORTEZ vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! The winner of tonight's match will be allowed to pick the stipulation for The Lads versus Titanes Familia at DEFCON!

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIAtron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions!

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads! Behind him, Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray surround their friend!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied by Dex Joy, Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious...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. 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 glove on his right hand. 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 massive opposition arrives!

♪ 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. Behind them in a black vest, shirtblack jeans and gold-tinted sunglasses, Uriel Cortez stands in front of the Familia!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Famlia... accompanied by Titaness, Brooklynn Rivera and Killjoy... From The City of Industry, California, standing at over seven feet tall and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE POUNDS... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Marching towards the ring with evil intent, the patriarch of Titanes Familia storms down the ramp. Once he gets there, he pushes down the ropes and enters the ring. He casts a glance specifically at Dex Joy at ringside and the two leaders of their groups stare daggers at one another. He turns around... then gets SMACKED with a spinning back elbow by Purcell!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

PAY ATTENTION, YOU BIG BASTARD!

Head referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

What a match to kick off DEFtv tonight! Two of the more powerful forces in DEFIANCE colliding on the final show to DEFCON! As Darren Quimbey stated, whoever wins this match will put their side at a major advantage at DEFCON as they'll be allowed to pick the match stipulation when Titanes Familia collides with The Lads in a final confrontation!

As Uriel is rocked, he gets nailed with a second spinning back elbow under his massive jaw! As he stumbles backwards into the corner, Purcell points towards the corner and then charges to CRUSH Cortez with a leaping back splash against the ropes! The wind gets knocked out of The Man of the House when he backs up and charges forward, hitting Cortez with a second one! With the big man rocked in the corner, Purcell fires off a succession of right-handed jabs to the massive midsection of Papa Tez before ending the combo by forcing his neck down and JABBING him in the neck with an elbow! Cortez is winded while Purcell yells out to a ROWDY Faithful!

Lance:

Purcell is putting in the work tonight! Cortez had his eyes on the man he pinned at DEFIANCE Road, Dex Joy and Punchy caught him sleeping!

DDK:

Listen to The Faithful tonight! Over twenty thousand in attendance tonight for our FINAL stop towards our biggest two-night event of the year, DEFCON!

Dexy Baby, Butch Vic and Janna Ray all cheer on Purcell from their respective corner while Titaness, Rivera and Killjoy watch from theirs. Purcell pulls Cortez out of the corner and tries to take him off his feet early with what looks like an olympic slam attempt. He gets Cortez up barely, before The Man of the House counters with elbows to the back of the head. When Punchy turns around, Uriel jabs a thumb right into his eye! Benny Doyle yells at him to stop until he backs off!

Lance:

That was vile! Not just some eye rake or poke, he was trying to GOUGE the eye of Purcell!

With Purcell stunned, Cortez rears back... **THWACK!** ...a SICK open-handed chop across the chest that has Punchy wincing!

DDK:

OOOOH! Cortez has always been known in DEFIANCE for having deadly hands as well via those chops of his!

He rears back again after pinning Purcell near the ropes... **THWACK!!** Another brutal chop echoes through the arena! Cortez rears back a third time, now with both hands... **THWACK!** A double-handed chop so powerful, Purcell gets DROPPED on the canvas!

DDK:

Chop of Ages! Purcell is DOWN! I don't think we've seen ANYBODY take Purcell off his feet that fast in a match!

Lance:

It took someone of Uriel's size to do it, but he did it!

Purcell is down near the ropes, allowing for Cortez to STAND with all his weight on his back! As he does this, he shifts one of his feet to press down hard on Punchy's brace-covered left hand! Punchy yells out in pain as Titaness runs up the steps, walks over to her husband and kisses him over the ropes...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

PDA in the middle of a match? Really?

Janna Ray yells at Titaness, but she brushes off The Lass of the Lads and returns to her corner as Cortez stands over Purcell. He picks up the Round Mound of Ground and Pound by his arm, only to TWIST it and attack the same brace-covered hand with a hard elbow! Purcell flinches when Cortez once again grabs the hand and then pulls it over the ropes before CRANKING on the same left hand! He looks down at the rest of The Lads.

Uriel Cortez:

SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT A CRIPPLED BIG BOY TO TAKE ME ON, DEX! SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOU!

DDK:

Ugh! More trash talk! Remember, all this started last year when Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell stuck up for Butcher Victorious after being attacked by the Familia! Since then, Uriel Cortez has been obsessed with a top spot in the company!

Lance:

And it got worse after handing Dex Joy his first defeat in many months at DEFIANCE Road. Now he's just overwhelming Punch Drunk Purcell!

Purcell is SMACKED with another chop, followed by Cortez showing impressive speed for his size by running cross-corner and then coming back with a huge corner running back elbow! After flooring Purcell, he drags him mid-ring and then RUNS him over with a shocking running crossbody!

DDK:

Father Knows Press! He's won matches with this very move! Will he earn the advantage for his team at DEFCON?!

Cortez is right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

The first fall was almost the ONLY fall! How the hell did Punch Drunk Purcell kick out?!

Cortez sits up and looks over at Benny Doyle and if looks could do so, Doyle would spontaneously combust. He goes back to the arm of Purcell and SLAMS his wrist down on the canvas! Purcell yells out again, but it goes from bad to worse when Cortez stands up and PLANTS another boot into the hand, now grinding his heel into it!

Lance:

Purcell said this match was his idea, but with so much at stake I have to wonder if this was wise. This might have been better off with maybe Butcher or certainly Dex Joy!

DDK:

Purcell was just barely cleared for this match, but that left hand has a bullseye all over it!

With a bright red chest and a left hand that's not 100%, Purcell gets muscled up by Papa Tez and then whipped to the ropes. When he comes back, Uriel swings for a lariat, but Purcell ROLLS right under the lariat attempt to the shock of everyone! When he makes it back to his feet, Uriel turns only to get SMACKED by a jumping headbutt that rattles his jaw! Purcell holds the top of his own head in pain, but then slaps his head and points towards Butcher at ringside!

DDK:

Bald Bull! I think Uriel got the worst of that shot! And he's paying credit to Butch Vic and the skull that's thick!

Lance:

What agility by Purcell, too! For a man of his frame, he can be deceptively agile!

Uriel is in the corner cursing and holding his head while Butcher, Dex and Janna all start rallying The Faithful behind the big man. The other members of Titanes Familia watch on intently as Purcell looks to the nearby corner. He decides to go up to the middle rope. He looks out to The Faithful and then LEAPS off the middle rope, wiping out The Man of the House with a HUGE crossbody of his own to a big roar of approval from The Massive Faithful! Purcell favors his left wrist after rolling off of Cortez, but points to the rest of The Lads at ringside!

DDK:

Purcell pulling out all the stops tonight with such a massive opportunity at stake with that crossbody off the second rope! If he does what nobody else has been able to do in over a year and pin Uriel Cortez tonight, The Lads are gifted a major advantage for DEFCON!

Back to his feet, Purcell rears back as Cortez tries to get to his feet. Purcell shows off some of his rarely seen kickboxing background when he NAILS Cortez in the chest with a big kick! He hits him with another one and follows with a knee, catching Papa Tez in the center of the chest! With the wind knocked out of him, Purcell goes to the side and once again tries the olympic slam. He ALMOST gets Cortez up, only for Uriel to fight back and throw another elbow!

DDK:

He's tried twice now for that Sweet Science Slam, only to come up short!

Cortez goes for a chop... but Purcell GRABS his arm first! Cortez's eyes go wide when he eats another headbutt right into the chest, followed by being HOISTED off his feet to a tremendous ovation from The Faithful!

DDK:

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM WITH THE SWEET SCIENCE SLAM BY PURCELL!

Purcell still favors the left wrist, but he points towards Cortez and goes for the all-important cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Purcell sits up! He tugs at his beard and growls before he drops the hammer on Cortez with a number of hammer fists from his right hand!

Lance:

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is certainly living up to his name right now!

Cortez tries to shield himself from the oncoming blows, but Purcell brings the heat until Killjoy starts to head towards the apron! Titaness and Rivera both try to hold back the overprotective "son" of the Familia, but the monster wants in the ring, pointing at Purcell to get his attention!

DDK:

What's Killjoy doing?! If he runs in there, Cortez gets disqualified and Purcell wins!

Dex Joy doesn't give him the chance as he runs toward the other side to pull him back! Titaness and Rivera both get involved, but so do Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray! Fights are now breaking out all over ringside between both parties and The Faithful are loving it!

DDK:

Dex Joy and Killjoy! Rivera after Janna Ray! Titaness after Butcher! It's breaking down!

Indeed, Dex Joy and Killjoy are trading shots, as are Titaness and Butcher Victorious! Janna Ray charges towards Rivera, but La Angelita delivers a vicious knee to the chest!

Lance:

Having every member of Titanes Familia and The Lads at ringside was a powder keg and it was only going to be a matter of time before it went off!

Benny Doyle has his head through the ropes and threatens to eject everyone from ringside as brawls spill out all over the ringside area. Back inside, Purcell balls up a right hand and gets ready to give Uriel Cortez some free dental work! Punchy gets ready to swing, but out of nowhere, Rivera grabs his left arm in the melee and SNAPS the hand over the top rope!

DDK:

WHERE DID BROOKLYNN RIVERA COME FROM?!

Rivera gets PULLED off the apron by Janna Ray and thrown into the guardrail! Janna Ray yells out, but back inside the ring, Purcell is left wide open from a BRUTAL kesagiri chop to the neck by Cortez that knocks him off his feet!

DDK:

URIEL TAKES ADVANTAGE! CHOP OF AGES MAX!

Lance:

DOYLE NEVER SAW WHAT BROOKLYNN RIVERA DID!

Cortez hooks both legs of Purcell while the official counts!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez grits his teeth and laughs! Dex Joy has Killjoy stunned when he notices what's happened! Dex heads into the ring, but Uriel blows a kiss in the direction of The Biggest Boy and leaves the ring to regroup with the Familia! One by one, Dex, Butcher and Janna head into the ring as Uriel lords the victory at ringside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Just one opening in the melee at ringside and Brooklynn Rivera was able to help Uriel Cortez steal the win!

DDK:

What a win by Uriel Cortez tonight over Punch Drunk Purcell! And with this, he earns the right to name the stipulation at DEFCON for their match!

Cortez reaches over and hugs Brooklynn and Titaness both close to him as Killjoy rears back and remains with the Familia. As they remain on the ramp, Brooklynn reaches over and hands Uriel a microphone.

Lance:

We may not have to wait long!

Dex Joy grabs Purcell and helps him up to a seated position, but Punchy looks pissed with himself! Butcher and Janna Ray both check on him as Uriel can be heard huffing after his victory.

Uriel Cortez: *[huffing]*

I... told you! I TOLD YOU! I... RUN... THIS! WE... RUN... THIS!

Laughing boisterously between breaths, Cortez grits his teeth as Dex looks back at him.

Uriel Cortez:

I spent all week thinking... what stip would I choose? How can I make each... and every one of you... SUFFER... for siding with Dex Joy? I spent all last week thinking... and that's why... I AM CHOOSING THE FIRST-EVER FAMILIA FEUD RULES MATCH AT DEFCON!

Titaness and Brooklynn both look up at the incensed Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

What's that, you might be asking? This won't be a four-on-four tag team match... no, no, no, no. The match starts with one person from each team and keep alternating until we're all here... All weapons are legal! AND because I won this match, Titanes Familia has the man advantage, meaning, you Lads? You're fucking screwed! You're gonna be outnumbered the whole... way... through...

Dex Joy looks at Uriel angrily as he points at him.

Uriel Cortez:

I TOLD YOU YOU'D ALL FUCKING SUFFER FOR SIDING WITH DEX JOY! AND YOU'RE GONNA SUFFER ONE BY ONE UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF **ANY** OF YOU!

With the mic drop of mic drops, Cortez lets it fall and Titanes Familia head back up the ramp basking in this final victory before DEFCON!

Lance:

Familia Feud Rules... that's... that's gonna be anarchy!

DDK:

And with The Lads at a disadvantage during the process of the match? That's truly an uphill battle!

The Lads show concern for both Punchy and their current situation as the show cuts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2025

A DELUGE

We cut to a shot of the commentation station and our intrepid announce team of Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Folks, let me say right up front the following footage is... well, unnerving. But we expect nothing less from the Bombastic Bronson Box. Especially heading into DEFcon.

Lance:

Christie Zane is such a trooper, good-ness.

We cut away from Darren and Lance perched behind the commentary desk.

We immediately recognize the traditional DEFIANCE in-studio interview set-up. Probably at the studio tucked away in the heart of the headquarters in New Orleans. Two chairs, table between with mugs of water, the same old seven and six.

DEFIANCE-original interviewer extraordinaire, Christie Zane sits looking over her notecards as the camera zooms in slightly. Her blonde hair is up in a professional looking bun, she's wearing a deep-red colored dress with a black jacket. She looks up with a placid, professional smile.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Bombastic Bronson Box.

She nods off camera and the man himself steps into frame. His enormous shoulders fill the screen as he walks past the camera to his seat across from Christie. The Wargod is dressed in black slacks and a plain black turtleneck. He sniffs as he plops down, running his fingers across his facial hair and back across his freshly sheared head.

Christie Zane:

I know you weren't exactly enthusiastic when we initially reached out for this interview.

Bronson Box:

I was barred from the Bell Centre. Barred from even flying into Montreal. By these mysterious Favoured Saints bastards. Apparently they aren't convinced I won't do something awful to poor Gage and ruin one of the bigger matches now advertised for DEFcon. I understand their caution but even if I were there in Quebec tonight I wouldn't lay a hand on the ridiculous prick.

Christie Zane:

And why is that? You've shown time and time again your focus seems not on wins but this... well, *bloodlust*. The same bloodlust that seems to creep into all your endeavors here in DEFIANCE eventually. Some of your most high profile losses to legends like Dusty Griffith, Dan Ryan, Eugene Dewey and Cayle Murray can be blamed almost solely on your *temper*. What do you say to that? And how exactly are you going to operate in a regular one on one singles match considering where and how you and Gage have squared off in the recent past?

The Original DEFIANT sits with that for a moment, collecting his thoughts.

Bronson Box:

Miss Zane, you watch the show. Recount to me my problem with Gage Blackwood, if you would.

The long-time DEF interviewer looks vaguely uncomfortable at the return fire.

Bronson Box:

Humor me. Please.

Christie Zane:

You. Well, you claim Gage isn't "plugged into" DEFIANCE. I believe you at one point called him a tourist. You've claimed he's an example of what you and Ed White have referred to as the "rot" at the heart of DEFIANCE. I believe Edward called it a "plague of laziness."

Bronson Box:

Mmm, and you don't believe this, Miss Zane? Your tone betrays you.

Christie Zane:

I honestly try my best to stay impartial, Bronson. You know that.

The Wargod leans in slowly, resting his elbows on his knees.

Bronson Box:

I want to make DEFIANCE *better*. I want to give back to the Faithful out there a truer, purer DEFIANCE Wrestling product. I want to grab a hold of this company and drag it desperately back from the black hole of mediocrity, what's orbit it's been trapped in for *years* now. I want this place to make *art* again, Christie. But to make art you need real *artists*.

He leans back again, his eyes narrowing with disdain.

Bronson Box:

And this place is cluttered with anything but. Ed and I are doin' our best, raisin' up a few of our own but we can only do so much on that front. No. Nows the time to step up and be *brave* and *tough*, roll up our sleeves and make a little fookin' *ROOM* around here.

Christie Zane:

To be fair, you and Edward have been saying that all year, and all that's resulted is Dabney Doubleday and his friends making your business partners look like fools, becoming stars in the process. That and Gage Blackwood continuing to find ways to beat you in big match situations.

A mere twitch of the mustache. A slight curl of the lip is the only reaction we get. Christie bravely presses on.

Christie Zane:

When it's you and Gage across the ring from one another, one way or another presumably for the la...

Bronson Box:

Oh. It will be.

Christie Zane:

What?

Bronson Box:

The last time.

She folds her hands in her lap over her notecards.

Christie Zane:

I say that for a number of reasons. Why are you?

The Original DEFIANT smiles. The corner of his left eye twitches unnervingly.

Bronson Box:

I plan on *killin'* the bastard.

He reaches into his coat pocket and produces a brand new, shining silver Spike.

The railroad-spike shaped piece of metal reforged from the pits of hell from which it was thrown.

Christie gets visibly uncomfortable but waves off someone out of frame, clearly wanting to continue despite the now weapon wielding sociopath sitting across from her. She side-steps the strange threat of *lethal* violence and directly addresses the new elephant in the room.

Christie Zane:

You never did address Dabney and Douglas Doubleday's theft and... well, *melting* of your original one of those. That weapon meant a lot to you. Some say the blood on that spike was a little Hall of Fame all its own. *YOU* don't want revenge for that sort of insult?

The Wargod's eyes dart from the Spike in his hand back up to Christie.

Bronson Box:

I'll repeat myself. I'm walkin' out to that ring in Chicago and I'm gonna *KILL* Gage Blackwood.

He turns from Christie to the camera itself.

He's staring straight at *us*.

He stands suddenly, giving Christie a start.

Bronson Box:

I was told several weeks ago that I shouldn't engage the Favoured Saints. That it was a non-starter. That they weren't Kelly Evans or Elijah Goldman or *Eric Dane* or any of the other maniacs that've held the tiller 'round here. But you all were all too eager to give me exactly what I want. "*Regular singles match, one on one, we want to hear a ding ding ding.*"

He steps closer to the camera. We see Christie finally, carefully stand up and dart out of frame over Bronson's shoulder.

Bronson Box:

I'm feelin' so bloody generous. Maybe it's the season? I do get this way around DEFcon. A long, strange, sometimes very sad, very dark road has led Gage and myself here. In Chicago he and I will indeed wrestle one another for the *LAST* time. You board-member pricks'll get your *match*. I promise on the very soul of DEFIANCE itself you'll get your pinfall and your blessed *ding ding ding*. But after that?

Suddenly he rears back with his new Spike clutched in his hand and DIGS IT INTO HIS OWN FOREHEAD. Blood immediately begins to pour down across his eyes, down his nose. Dripping off the ends of his mustache.

No screaming and yelling.

He again looks towards the camera matter of factly. This display isn't some threat.

It's Bronson's truth.

Bronson Box:

The bastard Gage Blackwood *DIES*.

The camera lingers on the unnerving upclose shot of the Original DEFIANT's gnarled face coated completely in his own blood. The fresh forehead wound visibly pulsing along with Bronson's heartbeat sending small waves of red down and across the Wargod's face.

We finally cut to the next segment of the show.

REJECTION

Coming out of the break, we cut to Jamie Sawyers smiling in his best pressed suit, microphone at the ready.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and Gentlemen, he is our Most Precious One... **MP1!**

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Looking particularly irritated and brassed off, MP1 strides down the ramp with zero regard for the throngs of cheering & booing fans. Taking two steps at a time, MP1 bounds up to the interview stage and turns his back to the viewer, head hung low. Sawyers adjusts his earpiece, hesitantly taking a step towards the interviewee.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh... Thanks for joining us, MP1... Um... the camera is over here.

Sawyers thrusts the mic in MP1's face as the masked man sneers over his shoulder towards the hard camera.

MP1:

That lens destroys lives, Jamie. It captures the weakest moments of a man's life, the worst mistakes he's ever made and then passes them around for all of the world to see. For all of the world to pass judgment. I know where your camera is... and I'm done playing to it.

His tone is flat and annoyed. He grabs Sawyer's arm and pulls the mic closer to his lips.

MP1:

I'm done playing to these fickle scumbags.

Any support MP1 might have found in this upside-down, contrarian Canadian crowd is instantly lost.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

MP1:

For years you wore Our colors. Then, later, you held up the foam finger.

MP1 holds up a single index finger, while much of the crowd shows him a different one of theirs.

MP1:

For years you supported me. The absolute most horrific and most triumphant moments of my life played out in front of you all. Injuries and betrayal. Joy and elation. You stood with me. You pushed me forward. You made me BETTER!

The hard camera watches the back of the masked man's head as he scans the crowd.

MP1:

And then... then I made a mistake.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

MP1:

At my lowest moment, I lashed out. And you all turned on me. ALL OF YOU!! Betrayed me just like your camera. Can't you see how that might have felt for me? How jarring?

Sawyers nervously adjusts his weight, his outstretched arm likely going numb in its awkward, captive position.

MP1:

I know where your camera is, Jamie. I know where it stands now. I know where these Faithless stand. I play by

different rules now.

Jamie tugs the mic back and MP1 relents. Relieved, the interviewer brushes his brow with the back of his free hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Let me ask you, if I may... These past several months, it seems you've--

Sawyers' attention drifts past MP1 towards the entranceway at the same time the fans in attendance take notice.

DDK:

Oh lord...

Lance:

Quite literally, as the saying goes.

An aged, white-haired man wearing brown leather and corduroy draws the ire of the Faithful, slow he is to take the steps up the interview stage.

MP1 turns towards his Lordship, the masked marvel's level of annoyance somehow elevated even further. He barks at the old man upon his approach, but Lord Nigel Trickelbush brushes it off, taking a place on the other side of Jamie Sawyers. Sawyers, for his part, seems torn between the two, eventually leaning the mic towards Trickelbush.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Permit me the smallest of opportunities, dear boy! Let me speak!

Turned fully towards Nigel, MP1 wrenches Jamie's arm back in front of his own face.

MP1:

No one wants to hear from you, Nigel! I'm done with your smoke and mirrors. Madame Melton may've somehow found a use for you up until now, but as far as I'm concerned... you've got nothing to say that I want to hear!

Nigel holds up a hand.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, but I do! Haven't you been listening!? It's time you knew the TRUTH, my One!

Shaking his head, MP1 now snatches the mic cleanly from Sawyers grasp. Both the interviewer and the manager take a step or two back in surprise.

MP1:

You must not have been listening to ME, old man! You don't have a place here. I talked it over with Madame Melton and she agrees: You're done here, Nigel. You can consider the deal we made at ACTS of DEFIANCE six months ago NULL AND VOID!

Nigel is stunned.

MP1 points towards the curtain.

MP1:

GET OUT!

A strangely conflicted reaction from the Faithful rings out. Tears well up in Nigel's weathered eyes.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[half off-mic]*

You don't understand... I... I *can* fix it... I can... but first you deserve to know the *truth*!

MP1 turns his back to Nigel as the storm rages around them.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[half off-mic]*

I... I can bring you two back together. You and him! The two of you! Both of you! I can... *Please!*

Pleading, the man presses his wrinkled palms together in desperate anguish. MP1 simply points a single index finger again up the ramp. A hard swallow followed by a dignified adjustment of the beaten brown leather fedora atop his head and Lord Nigel Trickelbush summons enough stately dignity to walk down the Interview Stage steps and up the rest of the rampway.

With him gone, MP1 turns to face Sawyers.

MP1:

I'm sure you asked me out here with an agenda tonight, Sawyers. Maybe it was blindsiding me with Nigel. Well, I came out here with my own agenda, and it doesn't involve you either. Get out.

Pointing off the ramp, Sawyers doesn't need much coaxing to scamper off the Interview Stage. This leaves MP1 to take in the seething crowd. His back still to the hard camera, a floor camera shoots up at him from the opposite side. The masked man's eyes fall to the floor as he speaks.

MP1:

At DEFCON... There's only one thing I want. There's only one thing I need. And that's to end this long twisted story of ours, "Corvo"...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

MP1:

I'm bringing it all to an end. The **LAST CHAPTER**, friend! One way or another, this ends... and for better or for worse, we can both move on with our lives. With our careers.

His shoulders heave with a single deep breath.

MP1:

You and me, "Corvo"! For old times sake! Whatta ya say?

He doesn't wait for an answer.

MP1:

I'll see you there.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Laying the microphone down on the interview stage, MP1 doesn't offer the crowd one single passing glance as he exits.

DDK:

Whoa! If that match gets signed, that could be a BIG one for the BIGGEST show of the year, Lance!

Lance:

You heard the man! "The Last Chapter"!

DDK:

Will Corvo accept?!

Lance:

What do *you* think? That's as good as signed.

DDK:

Shaping up to be a HUGE show!

Lance:

Indeed! Let's go up to the ring!

BRAZEN TAG TEAM TITLES: MONEY TALKS (C) vs. GORDY LOVETT & JUN IZUCHI

As we come back from break the Bell Centre in Montreal is packed to the rafters, the crowd buzzing with excitement as the BRAZEN Tag Team Championship match is about to begin. On one side, the brawling powerhouse team of Money Talks—Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby—stand tall, holding their gold. On the other, the scrappy but determined Massive Cowboys—Gordy Lovett and Jun Izuchi—are ready for a fight. Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

The moment the bell rings, the tension is palpable. Gordy Lovett and Adrian Payne are the first to square off, locking up in the center of the ring. Payne, using his overwhelming size, shoves Gordy back into the corner with ease, the crowd booing the brute force. Lovett, however, immediately charges back out, throwing hard, heavy right hands to Payne's face!

DDK:

Lovett is starting this match with a fury! He's not backing down from Payne!

Lance:

Gordy's throwing hands like a Texas tornado! You can't teach that kind of fight, Keebs!

Payne stumbles, and Lovett grabs him by the arm, whipping him into the ropes. Payne rebounds and levels Gordy with a huge shoulder block that shakes the ring. Lovett is quick to get back up, but Payne charges in for another clothesline, only for Gordy to duck it and grab Payne in a full nelson—slamming him into the mat with a quick takedown!

DDK:

Big move from Gordy! A full nelson slam, showing that strength of his!

Lance:

That's the kind of power that could make Payne think twice, Keebs!

Lovett, still feeling the heat, stumbles to his corner and tags in Jun Izuchi, who enters the ring with a fierce look on his face. Izuchi immediately charges at Payne, meeting him with a series of clubbing blows to the back! Payne tries to throw a punch, but Izuchi ducks it and delivers a massive forearm smash to the chest, knocking Payne back into the corner.

DDK:

Izuchi's in now, and he's bringing the fight to Payne. It's all about the physicality tonight.

Lance:

That's how you deal with Payne! No fancy stuff, just fists!

Izuchi lifts Payne by the arm and whips him across the ring—SMACK! Payne crashes hard into the turnbuckle, and Izuchi charges in, unloading a brutal running elbow to Payne's face! The crowd roars, and Izuchi pulls Payne back out of the corner, attempting a big slam—but Payne fights back with a wild elbow to the side of Izuchi's head, forcing him to break his grip!

DDK:

Payne with a counter there, but Izuchi looks like he's ready for whatever comes next.

Izuchi staggers backward, but Payne grabs him by the throat—looking for a chokeslam—but Izuchi counters with a heavy knee to the midsection, winding Payne. He follows up with a headbutt, sending Payne stumbling back!

Lance:

Izuchi's showing he's got brains AND brawn! That knee really took the wind out of Payne.

Izuchi lunges at Payne, locking him in a bearhug, trying to wear him down, but Payne powers out with an enormous belly-to-back suplex that shakes the ring! Izuchi crashes to the mat with a grunt, and Payne tags in Felton Bigsby, who enters like a freight train. The crowd boos as Bigsby grabs Izuchi, lifting him into a standing bearhug of his own, squeezing tightly.

DDK:

Bigsby's got Izuchi in a bearhug now, and the big man's not letting go.

Lance:

Look at the size of Felton Bigsby, Keebs! Izuchi's gonna have a tough time getting out of this one!

Izuchi struggles, trying to land punches to Bigsby's head, but the giant doesn't budge. Izuchi finally drops his weight and elbows Bigsby in the ribs, breaking the hold! The crowd cheers as Izuchi drops to one knee, tagging in Gordy Lovett once again.

DDK:

Lovett's back in! The Cowboys have got to make something happen now if they want to take down Money Talks!

Lovett charges into the ring, taking out Bigsby with a huge clothesline that doesn't even faze the big man! Lovett charges again and lands another clothesline, this time knocking Bigsby off his feet! The crowd roars as Gordy picks up Bigsby, slamming him to the mat with a scoop slam that echoes through the arena!

Lance:

Gordy just picked him up like a ragdoll! That's the strength you need when you're facing guys like Bigsby!

Lovett begins to stomp Bigsby's chest, looking to wear him down, but Bigsby powers through the punishment, delivering a big boot to Lovett's chest! Gordy stumbles back, and Bigsby follows up with a sidewalk slam that flattens Lovett!

DDK:

Bigsby just turned the momentum around with that sidewalk slam! Lovett's feeling the effects now.

Lance:

That's the power of Money Talks! They're big, they're tough, and they play rough.

Bigsby tags in Payne, who comes in swinging with massive haymakers that keep Lovett down. Payne lifts Lovett up and places him in the corner, charging in with a shoulder tackle that almost knocks Lovett out of his boots! Payne backs off, looking for another charge—but Lovett lifts his knees just in time, slamming them into Payne's ribs! Payne staggers back, and Lovett tags in Izuchi again!

DDK:

A well-timed counter from Lovett! The Cowboys are firing back, but can they keep up the pace?

Lance:

Izuchi's back in! The Texans are digging deep to stay alive in this one, Keebs!

Izuchi rushes in with a hard chop to Payne's chest, then turns to Bigsby, landing a brutal forearm to his face that sends Bigsby stumbling to the outside! The crowd roars as Izuchi lands a few more heavy blows to Payne, backing him into the ropes. Izuchi whips Payne across the ring, looking for a running shoulder tackle, but Payne catches him mid-move, lifting him high for a slam—but Izuchi slips behind and lands a hard punch to the back of Payne's head, stunning him!

DDK:

Izuchi's not letting up! He's still in this, but Payne looks like he's got the Cowboys where he wants them!

Izuchi stumbles to make the tag to Gordy, but as he gets close to the corner, Bigsby pulls Gordy off the apron and sends him crashing into the barricade! Izuchi turns around to see Payne charging at him, and Payne lands a huge clothesline that turns Izuchi inside out. The crowd boos as Payne tags Bigsby back in.

Lance:

There's the dirty work! Bigsby pulled Gordy out of the way—this isn't fair, Keebs!

Bigsby lifts Izuchi up with ease and places him in a powerbomb position—he tags in Payne, and together, they powerbomb Izuchi down to the mat with brutal force. Payne hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That's it! Money Talks retains the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships, but they sure didn't win this one cleanly.

Lance:

The Cowboys fought like hell, but once again, Money Talks used every trick in the book to get the win. This is what happens when you play dirty, Keebs!

As Bigsby and Payne raise the titles in victory, the crowd continues to shower them with boos. In the ring, Gordy Lovett helps Jun Izuchi to his feet, both men clearly frustrated when Bigsby and Payne decide to add insult to injury and SMASH their belts in unison into the backs of the Massive Cowboy's craniums.

DDK:

Aww, come on now!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh, here we go...

As Felton and Adrian continue assaulting the Cowboys down in the ring Ed White's Associates make their entrance down to the ring to join the fun. The leggy submission siren Jane Katze and the seven foot tall former mob enforcer waste no time jogging down to the ring and joining in on the fun. Just as Jane begins digging her kicked off high heel into the forehead of poor Gordy...

"Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth?"

"Ooh, Heaven is a place on Earth"

♪ "Heaven Is a Place on Earth" by Belinda Carlisle ♪

The veteran indie weirdo "The Birdman" Walter Levy, second generation llave lucha wonderkind Hijo del Fishman Deluxe and the Nic Cage obsessed masked maniac CAGE enter from the crowd sliding into the ring from different sides almost immediately after their music hits. The Associates and Money Talks are taken off guard, if only long enough for Gordy and Jun to get their feet back underneath themselves and rejoin the fight.

Lance:

Was... was this a trap laid by the Wrestle House boys?!

DDK:

If so, where are the Doubleday's?

The huge four on five, Blood Diamonds versus Wrestle House brawl spills to the outside. Chaotic brawling, whips into guardrails, slams into the steps, powermoves onto the ring apron. Even outnumbered, the four Blood Diamonds hold their own. At one point the BRAZEN champion Felton Bigsby finds himself back up in the ring, FUMING, the veins in his neck and forehead pulsating as he turns to ask for a microphone...

WHAM!

Huge Felton Bigsby is taken off his feet by a picture perfect crooked arm lariat!

DDK:

BIGSBY EATS A BLOND BOMBER FROM DABNEY DOUBLEDAY!

Lance:

Out of absolutely nowhere, partner! WOW! Where did he come from?

As "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday sends Felton down to the mat, rolling back underneath the ropes to his now much beleaguered colleagues Dabs' little brother Douglas appears at his side shit-talking at the jaw-rocked BRAZEN champion as he goes. Felton leans on his tag team partner as The Blood Diamonds foursome starts backing up the ramp.

DDK:

Something tells me somewhere Ed White is blowing a gasket, partner.

The two exhausted Massive Cowboys and the three Midcard Experiment boys all join Dabney and Douglas up in the ring. Dabney reaches down to collect the microphone Felton was being handed from where it landed on the canvas before his roaring crooked arm lariat.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DAB-NEY! DAB-NEY! DAB-NEY!

The Faithful's collective cheers cut the young superstar off. All he can do is smile.

Finally he steps up onto the nearest available second turnbuckle and looks across the arena to the stage where the four Blood Diamonds are fuming. Corozzo holding back Jane who looks about ready to kill someone and the exhausted Bigsby still holding his neck still being supported by his tag title partner the similarly furious Adrian Payne.

Dabney Doubleday:

I hope we have your attention now, guys.

Walter, Fish Jr. CAGE, Gordy and Jun are all perched or kneeled around Dabney as he speaks. Dabs' brother and manager Douglas looks up at his big brother with pride.

Dabney Doubleday:

I said at the start of all this... *I hate bullies*. That's all you lot are. Which is sad, because one or two of you are genuinely talented pro wrestlers. It saddens me that even here on DEFtv, we apparently don't have the chief bully's attention. Ed White, I'm told, is elsewhere tonight...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dabney Doubleday:

You're darn-tootin' boo! Ed White thinks that with his supposedly bottomless checkbook, a gaggle of glorified henchmen and a proverbial chain around the neck of DEFIANCE's snarling, mustachioed final boss that he can waggle around this company and do whatever he pleases. Including oh so very rarely actually WRESTLING.

*ED'S A PUSSY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*ED'S A PUSSY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*ED'S A PUSSY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

Dabney Doubleday:

Hey! You folks said it, not me. Do you hear them Ed? All that money, all that man power, all those influential DEFIANCE Hall of Famers you rope into your orbit with false promises and empty bribes. Them? The Faithful? They don't respect you. You know why the Darren's Quimbey and Keebler are Hall of Famers and you're not, Ed?

Mrs. Doubleday's Perfect Little Gentleman looks directly into the camera.

Dabney Doubleday:

Because at the end of the day you're a darn coward. There's a lot of sinister folks around DEFIANCE, a lot of... well, *weirdos*. So many huge personalities packed into one tiny little backstage area. But there's heart, there's gumption, there's a palpable sense in that locker room that they all have something to PROVE and they aim to PROVE it by WRESTLING!

Mr. Fair Play pauses for emphasis.

Dabney Doubleday:

You have your vision for DEFIANCE? *Well, so do I*. So do my boys here. And so do they! And they love watching PRO WRESTLING!

*WE LOVE WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*WE LOVE WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*WE LOVE WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap**

Dabney points out towards the exuberant crowd as his manager and compatriots cheer and clap and whistle as the Faithful respond in kind, as loud as we've heard them in regards to this group of relative unknowns.

Dabney Doubleday:

You seem to love booking matches on the fly for your four JERKS up there, so the balls in your court, Ed. I want to get my hands on YOU at DEFcon in the windy city! This is mine and my brothers first year in DEF and we want to cap it off with something SPECIAL!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Here we go!

Dabney Doubleday:

One on one, five on five, one rule, no rules... I honestly don't care. Game the system all you want. I believe in my boys here, I believe in my brother, and I believe in me. The more you cheat, the more you set the table the more you prove to them that you're exactly what we all say you are... a darn coward.

Doubleday sets the microphone down as his music starts to play.

♪ [Southern Nights by Glen Campbell](#) ♪

Lance:

This is great and all, Ed backed into a corner, his jerk store henchmen all on the back foot. But...

DDK:

But.

Lance:

But, ceding control over the stip? I uhhh, I guess the kid knows what he's doing, right?

DDK:

Something tells me our fans should definitely keep an eye peeled on the next edition of UNCUT. My commentators intuition is telling me Ed isn't going to wait around to respond to Mr. Doubleday's challenge for DEFcon.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

MANAGING THE LOAD: PART THREE (WOE TO THE VANQUISHED)

DDK:

The long road to DEFCON ends soon, Lance, and one would argue that this is the most exciting DEFtv of the year! The Faithful have been looking forward to this one all year and it's sure to meet expectations.

Lance:

The night is still young! We still have a full tap of events on the schedule for you ton-

SHHHHHHHKKKKKKKKKKKT!

The Bell Centre plummets into darkness outside of a bright white spotlight shining down on the aisle. The Montreal Faithful buzz with anticipation as the platinum throne glitters, sparkles, and shines under the spotlight as it lifts from the floor. On the throne, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sits with her legs crossed and her back straight drumming her fingers on the arm of her throne as it continues to lift. Wearing her white and chrome attire with matching cropped leather jacket, her LED glasses flash "GIRL" "BOSS" as it comes to a stop. She uses the warped and beaten platinum shovel to lift herself out of her seat, places her tiara on the top of the throne, and descends down the aisle.

♪ "you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

Elise Ares drops her jacket onto the seat of her throne and begins her swag down towards the ring.

DDK:

DEFtv 217. The last stretch before DEFCON and Elise Ares, presumed favorite for a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE, doesn't even have a match.

Lance:

She may not have a match, Darren, but she's stacking up wins! She beat "Eugene Dewey" on 215 and well, she was supposed to face "Cayle Murray" on 216 but that didn't quite happen. What she did say was that she was going to stop wasting her time on people who don't want to be here. Well, maybe she actually said that she was going to be the one to get paid next for NOT being here.

DDK:

In some pointed words seemingly directed at our current FIST of DEFIANCE, her opponent from DEFIANCE ROAD OSCAR BURNS, and even the Favoured Saints... Elise's path through DEFIANCE and her future with the company seems murkier by the day.

Lance:

Well her contractual status has, if anything, put her in a unique situation to speak her mind. But so far all the talking has only gotten her on the outside looking in for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

A hush falls over the Montreal Faithful (for once) as Elise grabs the microphone. She paces back and forth for just a moment, running her hand through her long, thick, wavy locks before speaking.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBYs... listen, on the last DEFtv mama may have went a smidge too far. Just a teeny weeny bit. Just a little, but it's totes okay because I'm SURE we've seen the error of our ways and Oscar little O and Malak Whateverhislastnameisnow are back wrestling full time for all of the Faithful to see... right? Right?

The Faithful boo as Elise shrugs and looks directly into the camera.

Elise Ares:

But hey, at the end of the day... your girl can't make too big of a fuss over it because I've made a lot of money cutting as many corners as I could and let's get one thing PER-FECT-LY clear. OSCAR. Malak. Look right here into these gorgeous eyes. Nope, not down there, up here. Listen...

Elise gets right into the camera.

Elise Ares:

When it comes to accomplishing as much as you can while doing as little as possible, you two could NEVER fasten my bra strap. I'm entertaining as hell. You guys are just absent. You follow me, BBY?

The Faithful cheer as Ares smile back into the camera and turns around back at the Faithful.

Elise Ares:

Good. Now, let's continue "stacking up those wins" shall we? We're going to take a bit of a different approach tonight. You see I've been bringing out "legends" and as fun as it's been for me, The D, and our costuming department over at Pop Culture Phenom HQ... I want to take a different approach. If there is anyone in the back, anyone at all, who is still here in DEFIANCE who wants to actually show up and entertain these fine Faithful and doesn't need a parade because they decided to have a match tonight, come on down to the ring!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style adjusts her boyshorts and her top.

Elise Ares:

Let's see who the Leading Lady can make famous toni-

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

The Montreal Faithful erupts as Elise Ares' jaw remains open and she looks over towards the aisle in shock before the lights cut and leaves her in darkness as green and white lights fill up the stage. A fog rolls across the entrance, encompassing the platinum throne like a passing storm. The lyrics kick in and a robed figure walks through, taking a glance at the throne on the way past before focusing back on the ring.

DDK:

That's not "Kerry Kuroyama", that's ACTUALLY Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Judging by the look on her face, Elise Ares did NOT expect this!

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful, Lance! They're going bananas!

Lance:

Heck Darren, I'm going bananas! Are we getting Kerry vs Elise Ares RIGHT NOW?!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg ascends the stairs and steps through the ropes to a massive pop from the Faithful. In one swift motion he unties and pulls out the belt on his robe and drops it down to the canvas. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE measures up the man who has been the latest victim of OSCAR BURNS' ire as he approaches her and she responds with a smirk. Behind Kerry, Carla Ferrari slides into the ring officially setting the stage for a match of epic proportions between two of DEFIANCE's most popular and most tenured wrestlers. The music cuts as Elise beings to speak.

Elise Ares:

Now listen K-Cup, I know you've probably come out here to beat the person who beat the capital letters out of OSCAR BURNS, but BBY I'ma have to let you know... I'm NOBODY'S stepping sto-

In a flash, Kuroyama SWIPES the mic out of the Leading Lady's hand.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...people still calling me "K-Cup", huh?

He scratches his jaw and shakes his head with a slight chuckle.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Been hearing that name thrown my way for years. Kinda wonder if people even remember where it came from. Do you, Elise? Well, here's a refresher: that name came from a time when this company was run by and catered to a litany of snarky sycophants and edgelords. A time when the point for many people in DEFIANCE had less to do with entertaining these fans, and more to do with entertaining themselves with their own unique brand of dumb, juvenile, lowest-hanging-fruit humor.

He points over to the Commentation Station.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And then one night, between shots of cheap Scotch, that unfunny, unoriginal, casually racist bum of a commentator Angus Skaaland sat at that table, looked down at his notes, saw the name of a young wrestling prospect, and because he was either too lazy or too stupid to pronounce it the right way, he came up with a half-assed way to shorthand it.

In the act of pantomiming the former DEFIANCE commentator, Kerry bulges his eyes and buries his chin into his neck, creating a remarkably uncanny imitation.

Kerry Kuroyama: (imitating Angus)

"WHOA, too many consonants, pal! Let's see... K-U-R... Kur? Kur... Kur... AHA! Keurig! Like the coffee maker! THAT'S IT! I'm calling this guy K-CUP from now on!"

He caps off the imitation with a dismayed snort. It's clear that his anger is welling up.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So a stupid, unfunny name was born, through a glib, off-handed remark by an equally stupid and unfunny person who lacked the basic respect to just call me by my actual name. And it stuck... despite it lacking any and all wit or creativity. It stuck... despite three goddamn generations of professional wrestlers spending their entire lives in an effort to make the whole world recognize the name and the legacy of KUROYAMA!

He points down the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, though it's not immediately clear if she's paying him any mind.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I only say this to you now, Elise, because I know you mean no disrespect. But every time someone refers to me by that cute little nickname, they're saying to me exactly what that prick was suggesting to all of DEFIANCE all those years ago. That I'm not worth the effort of having my name remembered. That I always have been, and always will be, a bit player in this company. A supporting role for the stories of others, like Scott Douglas and Elise Ares, but never the starring role of his OWN store. Because, I guess, this Kerry Whatever-His-Name-Is guy is so stale and unremarkable that the only way we can properly identify him is by comparing his last name to a brand of fucking coffee makers.

He thumbs his chest and steps forward, looking her dead in the face.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Do I look like I'm here to make you a fucking espresso? Nah, Elise... I'm here for the same reason you are: to stack wins, until I build myself a ladder of bodies leading up to the FIST. And if you're thinking you're nobody's stepping stone, then I suppose we find ourselves at an impasse, because I sure as shit am NOT grinding in this ring every night to be yours!

Kuroyama tosses the microphone and it goes bouncing across the canvas. She watches as it rolls out of the ring and the Pacific Blitzkrieg maintains eye contact but backs into his corner. The FACE of DEFIANCE nods with a bit of a cocky smirk and begins to stretch in the corner. You can catch her mouth the words "Alright, let's dance" before the bell rings.

ELISE ARES vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DING DING

The crowd is already roaring in anticipation. Kuroyama comes out of his corner, cranking his shoulder a few times for good measure and getting into a shooting posture. Ares keeps light on her feet, encircling Kerry around the ring center. After a few moments of feeling each other out, it's Kuroyama who makes the first move.

DDK:

Kerry coming in for the tie-up... but no, Elise slips around and into a waistlock!

Lance:

Though she may not have a lot of leverage from that position.

Ares gambles on catching Kerry unawares, but the Emerald Apex instead quickly reacts by breaking the hold, curling up the arm, and countering with a hiptoss.

DDK:

Hiptoss attempt by Kuroyama, but Ares cartwheels through!

Kerry stalls a moment and nods, as though unsurprised. He moves in to tie-up once more, this time catching Ares around the waist as she moves to evade him once more. Kuroyama moves to counter with an overhead Northern Lights, tossing the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style overhead with ease...

DDK:

Kerry with the suplex... but Elise LANDS ON HER FEET!

Lance:

Her tiger-like agility is definitely on display here tonight!

DDK:

And considering the sheer disadvantage in weight, it may be her greatest advantage in this match!

Kuroyama twirls around, getting hand up JUST in time to deflect a high roundhouse from Ares' platform boot coming straight for his ear. He retorts by taking two steps forward and extending a boot of his own into a classic Yakuza Kick, only for Elise to rolls under it, parkour up the near corner, and come down on Kerry's calf with a sharp and piercing stomp!

DDK:

Ares avoids the boot, and instead lands a strike to the back of Kuroyama's leg, bringing him to a knee! Now off the ropes... FACECRUSHER BULLDOG to put him down the rest of the way!

Lance:

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is in perfect form tonight!

DDK:

Now she rolls Kuroyama onto his back and makes the cover!

One!

Two!

NO! It's going to take more than that to keep down the Pacific Blitzkrieg!

Ares traps Kerry with a headscissor to hold him in place, putting the Emerald Apex in a position most of the male demo of fans could only dream of being in. Kerry's face shows strain as her legs squeeze on his temples like a vice, but he

waves off the referee's query for a tap out, and works his way off the mat.

DDK:

Elise Ares is trying to keep Kuroyama held down, but I think the odds might be against her on this one! Kerry, diligently pushing his way back up...

Lance:

But Ares won't give up that headscissor!

DDK:

No, she won't... and now she finds herself in a bit of a precarious position as Kuroyama RISES UP on his feet with her on his SHOULDERS in the ELECTRIC CHAIR position!

Ares' outstretched arms wave around as she attempts to keep her balance. She is on alert, but panicked? Hardly. Instinctively, she rolls back and takes Kerry's head with her...

DDK:

Elise with a POISONRANA--

...except this time, some of Kerry's own athleticism is put on display, as he successfully rolls through onto his feet!

Kerry Kuroyama:

...God, I hate that fucking move.

Kuroyama steps forward just as Elise gets to her feet, hooking both arms, and sending her ragdolling across the ring!

DDK:

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!! He just THREW ELISE ARES HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING!!

Muscle memory kicks in as Ares takes the bump on the back of her head and shoulders. She's quickly back up, but has no idea of where she is or where she's happening. In her presently discombobulated state, Kuroyama has no trouble moving in behind her again.

DDK:

SECOND SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX, flinging Ares WITH ABSOLUTE EASE!

Lance:

Like watching a small child being thrown!

In pain and fighting to stay conscious after the vicious one-two combo of Kerry-plexes, Elise rolls over and makes a crawl for the ropes. Earning the empathy of the Faithful, the fans rally behind her. Methodical as always, Kerry reaches down and pulls her off the mat.

DDK:

Kerry looks to be in going into BEAST Mode on DEFIANCE's Leading Lady!

Lance:

I don't know if it was ever a question of if he was going to, as opposed to when.

DDK:

Ares is in a potentially rough spot here... Kuroyama grabs her from behind, LIFTS... and DROPS HER ON THE HEAD AGAIN with the DERECHOPLEX!! And a BRIDGE!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

A close one! Elise Ares just barely breaks free!

DDK:

Now Carla Ferrari is in there quickly to let Kerry know he only got a two count.

As she does, Elise rolls towards the ropes and Kerry follows. However, Ares throws the quick signal for a timeout... which is not a rule in professional wrestling, but the confusion on Kuroyama's face buys her just enough time to roll out of the ring and grab the back of her pounding skull.

DDK:

Well that's one way to catch a breather I suppose.

Lance:

Definitely not a rule I've ever seen before but if it works it works.

Suddenly the Faithful begin to stir from towards the aisle. As Carla Ferrari blocks Kerry's attempt to follow Elise outside of the ring, FLEX Kruger comes running down the aisle from the backstage area. He reaches the end of the aisle while Carla still has her back turned and Kuroyama just gets an inkling of what may be going on when...

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

FLEX came down to the ring and was planted IMMEDIATELY!

Ares rolls through on the outside of the ring and shakes her fist after it's hard impact with the thick skull of her former PCP brethren. The FACE of DEFIANCE makes eye contact with Kerry Kuroyama as FLEX rolls around feeling the effects of the Superman Punch out of nowhere. Elise then turns around and assists FLEX up to his feet and throws him into the ring. Carla Ferrari immediately begins barking at Ares to stop this.

DDK:

What is Elise Ares thinking here?

Lance:

I would imagine that she's thinking about letting up some pent up frustration with the GC Universe out on FLEX!

DDK:

I think she's not the only one who feels that way.

The Emerald Apex blows past Carla towards the downed FLEX who is trying to get back up to his feet only to be met into the back of the head with the Green River Revolt! The Faithful roar as Flex falls back down to the ground and Ares is now on the apron and flips over the top rope landing a senton across FLEX's back. She motions for Kerry to keep doing what he's doing and she'll watch.

DDK:

Ares look more than willing to sit this one out, Lance.

Lance:

She's been in this very situation recently! She knows how Kerry must be feeling!

Wary of his opponent and her trick, Kuroyama wants until Elise backs all the way into the opposite corner before he pulls FLEX back up into Kuroyama Driver and drops him right back on his skull. Elise begins to move in and Kerry quickly turns around, not trusting the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style who quickly shows her hands to convince Kerry she's not up to anything. It's not enough to make him take his eyes off of her as she walks over and then slams FLEX's head right back down onto the mat with an Extreme Makeover!

DDK:

FLEX seems to have found himself in just an awful situation here, he can't catch a break to even escape back!

Lance:

He needs help for sure and here it comes!

As Ares begins to shove FLEX back outside of the ring with her boot Sonny Silver is now power walking down the aisle, his tirade deafened by the roars of the Faithful. As FLEX's body falls limply back to the outside of the ring Sonny comes to collect the GC Universe Enforcer and Carla Ferrari is quick to toss him and FLEX both out of the match. The Montreal Faithful roar as Sonny protests. Kerry Kuroyama holds the ropes for him to come into the ring but is quickly admonished by Ferrari and forced to back away.

DDK:

This is turning into a party, Lance! The more the merrier!

Lance:

At this point I think Kerry and Elise would be welcome to the entire GC Universe coming down to join them!

Sonny helps FLEX back up to his feet and has a few choice words for Ferrari as they back away from the ring, and Kerry turns around to locate Ares who quickly drops him with a kick directly between the legs dropping him down to his knees. A mixed reaction falls over the Montreal Faithful as Ares pulls a flask out of the back of her boyshorts.

DDK:

He suspected it the entire time but still didn't see it coming.

Carla turns around just seconds after Elise realizes she's out of time to utilize the flash and tosses it away making it tumble onto the apron. Ares quickly runs against the ropes and then lands a flawless spike hurricanrana on the kneeled Pacific Blitzkrieg, bouncing his skull off the canvas and going for a cover!

One!

Two!

Thre-KICKOUT!

DDK:

The low blow and the spike hurricanrana is not enough to put Kerry away!

Lance:

Kerry was fired up before this match, Darren. He knows what's at stake here. Not only is he going toe-to-toe with the last person who was able to beat OSCAR BURNS, but everyone who has ever used the nickname K-Cup!

DDK:

A valid motivator is making Kuroyama look unbeatable!

Elise can't believe it as Carla continues to tell her it's only a two count. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pulls Kerry up off of the mat, using all of her strength to help lift the bigger opponent. She locks him in a side headlock and points towards the ropes motioning for the Cuban Necktie. Running towards the ropes, Kerry comes to and shoves Ares sending her awkwardly between the middle and top ropes and crashing onto the apron!

Lance:

The Emerald Apex has found his second wind!

DDK:

Ares might be in trouble here! This win for Kuroyama would be MASSIVE!

Elise tries to counter Kerry closing in on her with a shoulder thrust but comes up empty, leaving herself open to a kick to the head knocking her back down onto the apron. Kerry follows out onto the apron, grabbing Ares and setting her up for an inverted powerbomb on the apron.

Lance:

OH NO.

The Faithful roar for the big spot and Elise squirms to break free but can't get away as she's hoisted up onto Kerry's shoulder. Carla begins to count for them to get back inside the ring and doesn't notice Ares with the flask in her hand blast Kuroyama in the side of the skull! He drops her and she lands behind him as he collapses on the apron and Elise does as well, doing a superb acting job as her arm goes limp hanging off the side of the apron and discreetly dropping the flask onto the floor on the outside.

DDK:

There she goes again!

Lance:

You have to admit at this point, Darren. The way Elise continuously pulls these antics off despite everyone in the building knowing full well what she's going to try to do is an artform.

DDK:

Most of the time I'd agree with you, Lance, but with Kerry Kuroyama being on the other side instead of Oscar Burns feels a little worse. Some people deserve it more than others.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style "begins to stir" first, using the ropes to get up to her feet as Carla barks at them to take it back into the ring. Ares helps Kerry get there by rolling him under the bottom rope. He begins to get back up to his feet as Elise leaps to the top rope and goes sailing through the air with Amethystation, but Kerry moves out of the way!

Lance:

NO WAY!

DDK:

How is Kerry still up?!

The Faithful roar as Kuroyama dodges and Ares rolls through and gets back up to her feet vulnerable. She swings a panicked punch but Kerry grabs that and locks her into a pump handle into position for the Kuroyama Driver! He spins her up and she flips through and drills Kerry with a step up enziguri into the same spot she just hit him with the flask. Kerry drops to all fours right into...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Lance:

He's can't POSSIBLY survive this again, can he?!

One!

Two!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

♪ “you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)” by Billie Eilish ♪

Ares rolls off of Kerry Kuroyama and collapses onto her back. Helped back up to her feet by Carla Ferrari, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style has her hand raised in the air but immediately grabs the back of her head once again.

DDK:

A valiant effort from Kerry Kuroyama, but the distraction for the GC Universe and the opportunistic nature of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE was just too much for him tonight, but you could see on any given night, Kerry could win this match.

Lance:

I know he’s probably walking out of this one disappointed, Keebs, but he looked great out there and ready for whatever it is Oscar Burns and the GC Universe is going to throw at him. In a way, Elise was the perfect warmup because you know they’re going to pull out all stops to secure the win.

THE MOTHERLOAD

Exhausted Elise Ares takes the microphone from a crew member at ringside. Frustrated, she catches Kerry Kuroyama sliding out of the ring and slamming his fists down on the apron.

Elise Ares:

Hey, hey, hey...

She takes a moment to catch her breath.

Elise Ares:

I know you're pissed off and that's fair BBY, but if the other members of Vae Victis had even a fraction of the fight that you have, DEFIANCE wouldn't be in the shape it's in right now full of part-timers and absentee champions. So thanks for keeping things a buck, Kerry Kuroyama. Vowels and all.

Kerry takes a moment to acknowledge Ares and the Faithful take a moment as well.

Elise Ares:

Oscar Burns, I don't even need to tell you about that prick you already know. Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy took their ball and went home as soon as things got tough. You've stuck it out and gave me one hell of a match tonight. You lost, nothing to be ashamed of but you know... a girl's gotta "stack wins" around here. If you need help kicking that prick's ass again just give me a call BBY. PCP will be there.

The Faithful cheers in favor of a potential PCP/Kerry team up as Kerry gives Elise a knowing nod. Still exhausted and frustrated, he turns his back to the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style and heads up the aisle.

Elise Ares:

As a matter of fact, this is something I could get used to. Hell, I totes don't have anything to do at DEFCON. My schedule is SO open right now. I could complete the cycle and bring out a "Henry Keyes" and a "Lindsay Troy." You think that would be enough wins?

Out of air and still trying to catch her breath, Elise leans against the ropes and looks into the audience that give her a half-hearted cheer still coming down from the high of the match themselves.

Elise Ares:

Eugene Dewey. Cayle Murray. Vae Victis. Would that FINALLY "earn" me a shot at the FIST? You know, I bet even a "Lindsay Troy" wouldn't show up. That bitch has been an absentee "mother figure" since I debuted in PRIME. Yeah, I said it on DEFtv. Fine me. Cut my pay. Make me wrestle less so I'll still be on television twice as much as Oscar Burns. Sell twice the merch too. Instead of learning from "mom" I became mama, and mama wants to know, what's a girl gotta do around here to get some attent-

♪ It's okay to just admit that you're jealous of me ♪
 ♪ Yeah, I heard you talk about me, that's the word on the street ♪
 ♪ You're obsessin', just confess it, put your hands up ♪
 ♪ It's obvious, I'm your number one ♪

 ♪ It's alright to just admit that I'm the fantasy ♪
 ♪ You're obsessin', just confess it 'cause it's obvious ♪
 ♪ I'm your number one, I'm your number one ♪
 ♪ I'm your number one, yeah... ♪

The Grammy Award-winning banger "Von Dutch" by Charli XCX abruptly cuts Elise Ares off. Kerry Kuroyama stops at the top of the ramp and folds his arms over his chest, the hint of a smirk daring to show itself. The Faithful's buzz of anticipation turns into a roar of surprise as Lindsay Troy slowly appears from the back.

DDK:

Oh my word....first Kerry Kuroyama.....and now a returning Lindsay Troy? Did Elise Ares actually expect this??

Lance:

The Queen of the Ring has been on hiatus since Henry Keyes was injured in their tag match against the Rain City Ronin at last year's Maximum DEFIANCE, so I'd have to say no, Keebs. Look at Elise's face!

In the ring, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style closes her dropped jaw and rolls her eyes so hard the automated system called the EMTs.

Meanwhile, the Lady of the Hour looks the picture of poise and confidence as she stops next to her Vae Victis teammate on the stage. They dap it up while a stagehand passes a microphone to Lindsay.

"Von Dutch" fades out.

And The Faithful start up

"WELCOME BACK!"

"WELCOME BACK!"

"WELCOME BACK!"

The Queen looks around the Bell Centre, points to herself, and mouths "me?"

"RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Impressed, she nods her head and looks at Kerry.

Lindsay Troy:

That was unexpected. So we're the good guys now?

Kerry says something that the microphone doesn't pick up. Lindsay laughs.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh right. We were always the good guys. Just everyone's caught on now.

Elise Ares:

No. No. No. NO!

She points at Lindsay and fumes.

Elise Ares:

You don't just get to walk in here and pretend nothing happened. You don't get to pretend that you didn't leave DEFIANCE, then come back and tell me and all these people to go screw off, and then come back like you're some kind of long lost hero. Oh, it's Lindsay Troy! Where have you been? I'll tell you where she's been.

Visibly frustrated, Elise continues on.

Elise Ares:

DEFIANCE and all of you weren't good enough for Lindsay, but don't take it personally... no one ever is, so she packed up her things and made her own home somewhere else. Don't worry though, whenever she feels like she needs all of your attention again she comes back and parades out here and we're all supposed to bow down and be like "OH THANK YOU FOR COMING BACK, LINDSAY! WE TOTES MISSED YOU SOOOO MUCH. THE WORLD IS SUCH A BETTER PLACE NOW THAT THE QUEEN IS BACK."

Ares can't help but gag away from the microphone.

Elise Ares:

The difference between me and you EL TEE is that I've never hid the fact that I'm a narcissistic attention whore. Sometimes you just have to own it, "mom."

DDK:

Wow. That was...

Lance:

A lot.

DDK:

Yup.

Lance:

Did she even take a breath?

DDK:

I don't think so.

There's murmuring and chatter and a decidedly mixed reaction amongst the Faithful to what The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE had to say. Lindsay and Kerry look at each other, and Lindsay chuckles before replying.

Lindsay Troy:

You really think you did something there, didn't you? Going off on a stupid, nonsensical rant...projecting a bunch of BS...being mad at me for coming back when I wouldn't have had to if you showed a little backbone and *actually* went after the thing you wanted instead of playing kids' games for the last month and a half. How embarrassing for you, Elise.

The Queen frowns, then starts pacing a bit as she talks.

Lindsay Troy:

You *actually* let *Malak Garland* tell you that you need to get a few wins before he'll defend the FIST against you? Really? Malak Garland can't even order Doordash without having an existential crisis and you just...accepted that instead of beating his ass six ways to Sunday every week? Way to roll over and die, Elise; your little light-up glasses should say ROADKILL instead of whatever self-important saying you're trying to pretend you are this week.

Elise corrects her off-mic and says "GIRL BOSS." Lindsay rolls her eyes.

Lindsay Troy:

Dream big, I guess. Instead of getting serious, though, you decided you'd rather dress a couple clowns up for giggles to prove some half-assed point to Favoured Saints. Instead of remembering that Henry got injured last year, and remembering I wasn't going to compete in the tag division without him, you decided to cry about my "leaving DEFIANCE." Well, isn't it lucky for you that I'm back and about t-

Elise Ares:

Listen, Lindsay, I know you haven't been around for a while but there is a new fad sweeping DEFIANCE called "Load Management." It's something the Oscar Burnses and the Malak Garlands and the Lindsay Troys do when their best friends get boo boos and they get too sad to want to wrestle anymore. I wrestled for 9 months with a broken face, do you remember that? Or were you on load management during that period of time too?

Lindsay Troy:

That was five years ago, and I'm pretty sure I was beating Oscar Burns in matches that are still talked about today, and also The Teef Man who is better off being forgotten.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE is getting increasingly impatient.

Elise Ares:

Look BBY, we could spend hours out here telling each other how much we don't like each other... and TRUST ME BITCH, I could... but you want to come out here and give me a pep talk about taking things, I'm going to take something right here. Right now. Lindsay, I've been watching you for a loooooong time and you've been looking down at me from your pedestal but I KNOW I can beat you. I just need the opportunity. So you tell me, what does it take to take a shot at the Queen?

Lindsay Troy:

Well, before you interrupted me *again*, I was going to tell you that I'm about to solve your problem.

The noise level in the Bell Centre rises.

Lindsay Troy:

You, obviously, need an opponent for DEFCON...someone that if you beat will make an impression on the dipshit FIST of DEFIANCE. I could tell you that you already had your shot at me at DEFtv 174, and you blew it...

Elise Ares smirks, hiding aggravation as she shakes her head no, an unintentional reaction.

Lindsay Troy:

...but I'm not going to do that. You want to fight me again? You want to prove you've *actually* got what it takes to be the FIST? You got it.

Lindsay pauses, because of course she does.

Lindsay Troy:

Under one condition.

The Montreal Faithful roar as Elise's eyes widen, surprised but very interested.

Lindsay Troy:

It's not a secret that PRIME and DEFIANCE share some talent. Kerry's there, killing it with the rest of Vae Victis who aren't conceited shitheads WHAT'S UP OSCAR. (*Kuroyama nods, smirks*) Ned Reform and cOnOr fUsE are there...

Lindsay wrinkles her nose at both of those names. There are loud boos for Ned and louder cheers for cOnOr.

Lindsay Troy:

...but I'm on the hunt for some new tag teams. The Lucks decided they'd rather be big fish in a "regional company pond," and played it off like "LT didn't want to pay us" which is hilarious coming from two known liars and arsonists. Oh sorry, "alleged" arsonists. Pfft. There's no way in hell I'm signing any team associated with Tom Morrow; sorry Declan, but I taught you better. And I've already got one pompous jerkoff on my roster who wears sunglasses, I don't need a whole Familia. However, there is the matter of the Pop Culture Phenoms. I can't deny your multiple tag title reigns and the chemistry you and The D have in the ring, and Klein is a nice, sweet boy.

The Queen of the Ring smiles shrewdly.

Lindsay Troy:

What do you say, Elise? One DEFCON match for one PRIME contract? You all can still compete in DEFIANCE; I don't believe in exclusive contracts, but if you want to beat my ass so badly then I want something in return.

The Faithful give a mixed reaction, excited about the opportunity for Elise Ares vs Lindsay Troy at DEFCON... but slightly less excited about the prospect of Elise's contract vocally coming to an end soon and her signing a new contract with PRIME.

Elise Ares:

I want to make one things PER-FECT-LY clear to you BBY... I would totes rather retire than EVER have to spend my career with Lindsay Troy being my boss.

The Faithful give a mixed reaction once again. Lindsay shrugs.

Elise Ares:

But the chance to make you eat crow in front of the Faithful?

Elise spends a moment pondering the decision as screams from the audience happen on both sides of the argument. She taps her foot, purposefully dragging on the decision as long as possible to get LT's goat.

Elise Ares:

Sign me up. I'll see you in the ring, "Queen."

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE drops the microphone to the mat and rolls out of the ring. She begins making her way up the ramp, not even making eye contact as she walks past Lindsay Troy and Kerry Kuroyama.

"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor cues up after Elise disappears. The Pacific Blitzkrieg and The Queen of the Ring talk between themselves before turning to head towards the back. LT looks at the camera and mouths, "CROSSOVER" with a wink before disappearing behind the curtain.

DDK:

I...I'm still a little stunned at what we've just seen. Lindsay Troy is back in DEFIANCE after nine months away, and not only does it seem like she'll be taking on Elise Ares at DEFCON, but apparently the Pop Culture Phenoms are signing PRIME contracts too?

Lance:

I have a lot of questions, Keebs. Is Lindsay Troy back for good, or is this simply a one-off? We heard her say she left last year because Henry Keyes got injured, and we know he's still not cleared to wrestle. What are her thoughts on what's been going on between Oscar Burns and Kerry Kuroyama besides that call out to Burns? And with Elise accepting Lindsay's condition of signing PRIME contracts, will The D and Klein have any objections? She didn't even consult them.

DDK:

Hopefully we'll be able to get some answers to these questions. Until then, it's time to take a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: PRIME WRESTLING - NEXT REVIVAL

*Check out [PRIME Wrestling - ReVival 66](#)
LIVE from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada on April 11th!*

& ACCEPTANCE

Elsewhere. High up, in fact.

The night sky is clear and star-filled. From atop the Centre Bell, one might catch the faint outline of the Adirondack peaks to the south. To the North, Mont Treblant looms ever closer. But the most imposing figure in view is the one whose thick legs hang over the arena roof's edge.

A gentle wind tousles his long, tangled hair. Eyes wincing against the breeze but open to all the world, Corvo Alpha takes in the view.

The sounds of the bustling metropolitan nightlife below and the breathing city all around him are muffled by distance and by will. Sweeping drone shots capture the man perched on the edge from varying heights and distances. The only sound: the low, sighing sound of Montreal.

Corvo Alpha:

Quiet here.

He's right. Even with the drone and hum of life and machinery surrounding him, it's a comforting, quieting cocoon. The monster sits in that peace for another long beat.

Corvo Alpha:

Good place to think.

His face unpainted, but tired and ragged, glows faintly in the light of the crescent moon. He brushes a lock of hair from an eye. His voice is a low, grating growl. The words spill out unmeasured.

Corvo Alpha:

I think about the past. About everything taken from me. Ripped out of me. Torn away.

He aggressively taps his right temple with an index and middle finger. Again. Again.

Corvo Alpha:

All the damage done.

He draws in a breath. Lets it out.

Corvo Alpha:

I think about what was taken.... And I get angry.

A thick, heavy fist clenches. Then releases.

Corvo Alpha:

I'm still not the man I was... but **I know who I am**. I remember.

He lifts his head and meets wide, determined eyes with the camera.

Corvo Alpha:

Because of you. Because you didn't give up on me.

Eyes narrow, tone stiffens.

Corvo Alpha:

Until you *did*.

A car horn in the distance breaks the moment and he shifts his weight, looking away.

Corvo Alpha:

Nigel. Lord Nigel. Lord Nigel did this. He ruined me. He broke us. He's taken you and... ruined you. And we both let it happen. We let him write our story... up until now.

Frowning, he gazes out towards the winding St. Lawrence River.

Corvo Alpha:

Now I take control. My life. My destiny. My story. You want another fight at DEFCON? You want to close the book on you and I? I'll give you what you want... but on MY TERMS.

Steely eyes lock on the lens once more.

Corvo Alpha:

Anything goes. Must be a winner. Once and for all.

The drone camera peels back, taking in the massive arena and cityscape beyond. Before cutting to black.

WORK MEETING

Waiting in a well-furnished and equally well-catered backstage locker room within the Bell Centre, the GC Universe Spokesperson Sonny Silver can be seen pacing around an empty leather chair. Across from him, the other members of the GC Universe are present as well.

Favoured Saints Champion Mil Vueltas dressed for competition later tonight in a white and sky blue rhinestone-covered gear with an outlandish white fur coat that reaches the floor. Behind him, Bonita en Rosa I and BRAZEN Women's Champ Bonita en Rosa II are having a seat talking amongst themselves. "Giga" Dan Leo James is looking into his phone and doing some mewing (jaw flexing exercises) and is also in his ring gear for a match in moments. Lastly, FLEX is holding the back of his head after being taken down in a failed bid earlier in the evening to take out Kerry Kuroyama.

DLJ:

You okay, FLEX?

FLEX:

...Ow... no!

Finally, Sonny speaks up to the members of El Escuadron.

Sonny Silver:

Any of you guys heard anything? OSCAR's running late... well, later than usual. It's been a while since we've all checked in. And he ain't gonna be happy.

Mil stops checking his reflection in his title long enough to respond.

Mil Vueltas:

Nada. Said he'd be here soon.

DLJ: *[through clinched jaw]*

Haven't seen him.

Sonny looks at the Bonitas.

Bonita en Rosa I:

Nope.

Bonita en Rosa II:

No clue.

Sonny Silver then looks off-screen at something.

Sonny Silver:

Okay... next question. Who the hell is THAT and why are they stealing our food?

Off-camera, a man in a pink leather jacket, white pants and a white and pink lucha mask over his head is loading up a plate of chicken, rice, fruit salad and cookies. Mil looks at the man, who lifts his mask over his head.

Aaron King:

Oh, sorry, my guy! We haven't met yet. I'm The Pensacola Playboy and the LIT-ador! I'm Mil Vueltas' newest lucha pupil, I'm Aaron King!

He holds a hand out to shake Sonny's hand. Sonny looks at it, then back up.

Sonny Silver:

I know WHO you are... why the shit are you here stealing food before OSCAR has even had a chance to dig in?

He turns to Mil, demanding an explanation.

Sonny Silver:

You co-signed this guy. Tell me what the hell he's doing, Mil.

DLJ:

Well, I...

Mil Vueltas: *[interrupting DLJ]*

He's cool, he's cool! He helped bring Favoured Saints Title back to GC Universe after Danny lost...

He notices Danny's facial expression get sour by his choice of words, then corrects himself.

Mil Vueltas:

...arrepentido. I mean after Danny was CHEATED out of the title by The D. He cool with us.

DLJ: *[mutters]*

Yeahhe'sfine... hermanolguess...

Sonny looks at King growling. King returns with a smile and offers up a fruit cup off his plate.

Sonny Silver: *[Growling towards Mil]*

You know the rules... he can be a member of YOUR Squad, but he ain't a member of the GC Universe and this is GC Universe business. Get the hell out.

King looks at his plate, then back at Mil.

Mil Vueltas:

Todo bien, amigo. Nos vemos por ahí.

Aaron King:

Alto y claro, bud!

King takes his plate of fixings and leaves. Just as he leaves, he hears the door open again...

Sonny Silver:

You blonde bum, I said get the fu... OH!

Turning his attention to the door, in walks in OSCAR BURNS... and the sour expression his face is a surefire indicator he is aware and not happy with things.

Sonny Silver:

Ugh... sorry, I thought you were that Aaron King putz.

OSCAR BURNS:

I have no idea who that is, GC.

DLJ:

Uh... he's the guy that helped mi hermano, Mil Vueltas, win the Favoured Saints Tit...

OSCAR BURNS:

Let me rephrase, I don't CARE who that is. He can be one of YOUR guys, Mil, but he isn't one of the GC Universe. If I

see him in our locker room again, FLEX is gonna bend him in half. And SPEAKING OF...

He turns to FLEX.

OSCAR BURNS:

I recruited you cause you're The Strongest Man in the GC Universe! I TOLD you and Sonny what the job was for Kerry putting his hands on me... you take him out tonight! But... that didn't happen...DID it, GCs?

FLEX:

Hey, in our defense, Elise Ares was the...

OSCAR BURNS:

SHUT IT.

The entire room grows silent. OSCAR BURNS has a seat.

OSCAR BURNS:

First off, let me be bloody clear. I only called this congregation of the GC Universe because apparently, my presence was required to be at this show... AFTER those bloody Favoured Saints muppets made ME wrestle twice! On back to back DEFtvs! Savages...!

Mil Veltas:

Well... congrats on winning, at least!

OSCAR BURNS:

I don't NEED congratulations, Mil, I'm DEFIANCE! FAVOURED SAINTS! PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! I KNEW I was gonna beat Corvo Alpha and I knew I was gonna beat Scott Douglas, just like I KNOW I'm gonna beat Kerry Kuroyama, who can't even beat Elise Ares after I already did!

Silence.

OSCAR BURNS:

Danny.

He turns to "Giga" Dan.

OSCAR BURNS:

I've been watching. Listening. And after you lost the Favoured Saints title... and Mil Veltas here cleaned up your mess, I need you to produce on UNCUT. Next week, you've got JJ Dixon and you need to take him out to keep him away from that title. I hate Dixon. I hate that bloody BASTARD beat me once cause Declan Alexander flew a drone in my face! I need you to deal with him so he stops poking around the Favoured Saints Title.

DLJ:

...You got it, boss. Giga-Dan's your Giga-Man.

OSCAR and Sonny choose to ignore that and address Mil.

OSCAR BURNS:

And you've got Jack Harmen for that title tonight. Earned the title shot after he beat his kid at DEF Road!.

Mil Veltas:

Not worried about him. I beat that old dick on my FIRST match on the roster when I was a wee Gloat before I became THE GLOAT!

Sonny Silver:

Don't underestimate him. And... we gotta talk about one other thing... there's been some noise. The Favoured Saints took notice of how you've been retaining that title and how many enemies you've been making along the way.

Mil Vueltas:

Ehh... that's cause they're haters! Greatest Favoured Saints Champion of all time! These people couldn't touch my shit if I paid them to clean my toilet!

Sonny Silver:

I mean... we know that, but I'm serious. They're planning something big for DEFCON... like, BIG big with the Favoured Saints Title. You, Danny... Bonitas, King... all of you, do what you can but you NEED to keep that title in house. We lost it once and we aren't about to lose it again. Comprende?

OSCAR BURNS:

Titles are power. GC Universe IS power. So you make your defenses then after DEFCON, we'll talk about the Southern Heritage Title.

Mil Vueltas looks at the title and nods.

Mil Vueltas:

I'm ready. Harmen may have been OG High Flyer... but I'm THE GLOAT. I'm El Intocable. He can't touch me. NOBODY can.

Sonny Silver:

Good luck out there.

Mil dabs up with Sonny and then with OSCAR as he stands up.

Mil Vueltas:

All good. Let's fire up the limo. I'm not walking 500 feet to that ring on foot.

DLJ follows behind him along with the Bonitas. OSCAR BURNS and Sonny Silver watch them all go.

Sonny Silver:

And as for Kerry at DEFCON?

OSCAR BURNS:

...I'm gonna RUIN him. HE started this by putting his hands on me when all I did was tell him the truth he needed to hear and I'm going to repay his insubordination A THOUSAND FOLD!

There's a knock at the door. OSCAR ignores it.

OSCAR BURNS:

After everything you've done, Son. After everything I'VE done! After everything Vae Victis has done! I'm... I'm going to DESTROY him. I'm...

More knocking.

OSCAR BURNS:

I swear... it's that damn Aaron King again! I'm gonna get him sent back to BRAZEN...

He opens the door...

Sonny catches a YAKUZA KICKWAMI right to the face!

Kerry Kuroyama:

KNOCK KNOCK, MOTHERFUCKERS!

OSCAR CATCHES A DOUBLE-LEG FROM KERRY KUROYAMA! OSCAR IS TACKLED TO THE GROUND!

Sonny jumps back as the two start fighting across the floor of the GC Universe's cushy locker room!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sending Mil and FLEX to do your dirty work?!

He jumps on him, but OSCAR rolls and starts throwing shots back!

OSCAR BURNS:

I DON'T NEED THEM TO BLOODY BURY YOU!

The two continue scrapping until DEFsec swarms in the locker room to separate the two! Wyatt Bronson's giant self rushes in and gets in between the two. The two men are struggling to try and pry themselves free but continue screaming over one another!

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU'RE IN THE DIRT AT DEFCON!

Kerry Kuroyama:

NOT BEFORE I CAVE YOUR GODDAMN HEAD INTO THE MAT FIRST!

The two continue their explosive struggle as Kerry jumps right back at OSCAR! The two continue exchanging fists and go right into the catering table! Food and other snacks explode into thousands of pieces as the two continue trading shots! The fighting continues between the two DEFCON opponents as the scene abruptly cuts!

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. AURY PHILLIPS & WILD LOGAN BARRY

DDK:

Coming up next on the show, we have the Lucky Sevens about to take on BRAZEN stars, former Olympic swimmer Aury Phillips and brawler Wild Logan Barry! This is big opportunity for the two stars, but tonight the Lucky Sevens are on a mission to prove they deserve another shot at the Unified Tag Team titles!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens did something that shocked us all two weeks ago! A match scheduled against the Atomic Punks and the Dunson Clan ended up with the Lucky Sevens coming out, inserting themselves into the Punks' scheduled tag team match and then defeating their opponents before issuing a challenge at DEFCON!

DDK:

The challenge is set to be addressed some time tonight by Dr. Ayumi Sato, but we have yet to hear when. Until that time comes, we have the Lucky Sevens in tag team action next!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey is in the ring to introduce Aury Phillips and Wild Logan Barry, also in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

This tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing team number one ... already in the ring! At a combined weight of 481 pounds... Wild Logan Barry and Aury Phillips!

Aury Phillips, the big blonde swimmer with the lean physique is pretty much trying to assert authority over Wild Logan Barry who does not want to listen to him. Aury points to a gold medal around his neck and tells Logan to follow his lead.

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

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Pyros fire off from both sides of the stage! Standing tall on stage, DEFIANCE's Twin Terrors, Mason and Max Luck hold up the Winning Hand sign to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful filling the Bell Centre.

DDK:

Here come one of the most decorated and dangerous tag teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling history! DEFCON main eventers with those titles! The only two-time DEFIANTS of the Year!

Lance:

And they look like they mean business tonight Darren!

Max and Mason make it halfway down the ramp ...

...and the lights go out.

A buzz fills the arena for a moment before the lights turn back on, the crowd coming alive as The Atomic Punks are now in the opposite corner of Phillips and Barry, while Dr. Ayumi Sato stands at ringside, grinning from ear to ear at the Lucky Sevens!

Look out!

Fission leads off by rushing out the corner and leaping at Wild Logan Barry with a Thesz press, staying on him to unload a salvo of fists to the face! In desperation, Aury Phillips rushes towards the bigger Gigaton, only to get flipped

over with a back body drop. Dr. Sato cackles in glee as she signals to the Lucky Sevens to look in the ring, and the camera picks up something about “see how it’s done!”

DDK:

Fighting words laid down by Dr. Sato, after a similar incident happened last episode, with Max and Mason Luck stepping in before an Atomic Punks match!

Fission rolls off of Barry, leading him to his feet while peppering him with a stomp or two to the face, and Gigaton roars to the crowd, laughing as Aury Phillips wobbles around the mat before getting floored by a Gigaton chop!

Lance:

Dominant show of force by Gigaton, while Fission has Wild Logan Barry trapped in a classic wrestling hold, with a little umph thrown in!

Aury struggles to get to his feet, only to find himself by a neutral corner, in prime position to eat a corner dropkick from Fission, who follows up by grabbing Phillips by the leg and dragging him to the center of the ring.

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The fans loving the explosive offense of Dr. Sato’s Punks!

As Wild Logan Barry comes to and tries to make a move at Gigaton, he only gets swept into Gig’s arms, and planted to the mat with a hellacious Black Hole Slam!

With a mighty roar, Gigaton bounds off the ropes while Fission turns the Olympic swimmer over, face-down on the mat, holding his leg in a strange inversion of a single-leg Boston crab, cinching the hold in JUST as Gigaton flops down on Barry!

WHAM!**DDK:**

Gigaton nails the Atomic Splash on Logan Barry just as Fission locks Aury Phillips in the IsoTAP! It HAS to be over now!

The referee rushes in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Not that it matters, but Aury Phillips has also tapped out while in the IsoTAP.

♪ “Atomic Punk” by Van Halen ♪

The referee raises the hands of both Atomic Punks, as Dr. Sato slides into the ring and gently procures the mic from DQ’s hands and turns her focus to the Lucks at ringside.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

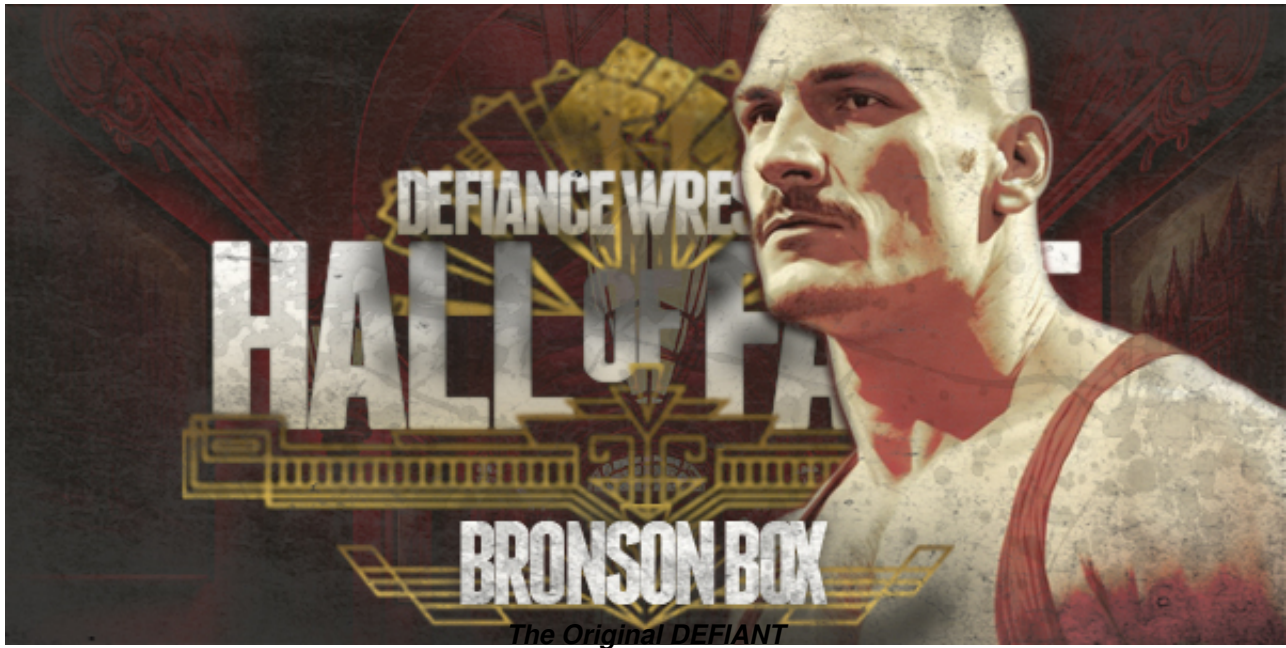
...DEFCON.

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

And there it is! The Atomic Punks and the Lucky Sevens will meet at DEFCON, in a match with heavy implications for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Division moving forward!

The camera focuses on Max and Mason Luck, smiling and talking trash as they make their way backstage, then to a grinning Dr. Sato, like a shark smelling blood.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

Saturday Night Vengeance

Following the quick break, DEFtv returns to the air as the picture fades in to show the dynamic duo of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sitting behind the announce table.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks! We're at our final stop on the road to DEFCON, and you can feel the excitement in the air!

Lance:

You sure can, partner! But DEFCON's not the only thing getting The Faithful amped up! Tonight, they're going to see a reunion over a year in the making when The Saturday Night Specialists take on The Honor Society in tag team action.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy's unexpected return a month ago helped even the odds for Brock Newbludd in that cage match against Ned Reform, no doubt about it. And even odds was all "Milwaukee's Beast" needed to fulfill his promise to The Faithful when he scored the pinfall and won the Southern Heritage title. It was an emotional moment and one that we're not soon to forget.

Lance:

Come DEFCON, Newbludd will have his work cut out for him as he defends his newly won title against both Ned Reform and TA Black in a triple threat match. It's right out of the frying pan and into the fire for Brock.

DDK:

I'd say that for Pat Cassidy, too. It's a heck of a situation he finds himself in after being gone for an extended period of time due to injury. He's promised to watch Brock's back at DEFCON but before he can do that, he's got to get through tonight's tag match. I'm sure the will is there, but is ring rust going to rear its ugly head for Cassidy tonight?

Lance:

Great question, partner. Not only that, but it's been a long time since Newbludd and Cassidy had to navigate the ring together. You gotta believe that might be a factor tonight.

DDK:

Excellent point, Lance. Right now, we're going to send it back to Christie Zane, who's standing by with Ballyhoo Brew's owners. Take it away, Christie!

The picture cuts backstage where a smiling Christie Zane stands in front of the interview backdrop, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time to answer a few questions before their big match against The Honor Society later tonight are "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and the Southern Heritage Champion, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd...The Saturday Night Specialists!

The camera pulls back from Zane, and The Faithful inside The Bell Centre let out a roar as SNS enters the picture. The reunited partners look as confident as ever as they each post up on opposite sides of Christie. Newbludd cracks a grin and adjusts the Southern Heritage title on his waist while Cassidy cracks his knuckles and flashes a smirk of his own.

Pat Cassidy:

Ya hear that, Zane? Sounds like Montreal's ready to see your boys here back in action!

S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S!

Newbludd leans in.

Brock Newbludd:

That's the sound of a freight train coming, Christie! The SNS Express is back on track and fully loaded with precious gold, baby!

Newbludd pats the title belt on his shoulder as the excited crowd emphasizes his point with another roar.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Christie Zane:

The people are certainly eager to see SNS back in the ring together, there's no denying that. My first question is for you, Brock. You didn't blink an eye at accepting the terms of the triple threat match at DEFCON, where you'll be facing Ned Reform AND TA Black. Why agree to a match where you're going to be at such an obvious disadvantage? It's hard not to see things turning into a two-on-one situation really quickly once the bell rings.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen, Zane. When I said that I'd give the people a champion they would be proud of, that wasn't bullshit. I gave them my word, and I plan on following through on it. And what better way to do that than by tearin' apart not just Ned Reform but also his prized pupil on the biggest stage of them all, DEFCON? The Ballyhooligans finally have their champion, and he's ready to go to war for them, Christie. I've already taken Ned's gold. At DEFCON, I'm gonna take everything else from him.

The Faithful cheer in support, and Newbludd bumps fists with his partner again.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, as far as this thing going down the way it's supposed to go down, with me at some sort of disadvantage...Well, I ain't buying it. Ain't no way my old buddy Rezin is gonna stick to his guns and help Ned win the one title he himself wants more than *anything* in the world! I mean, Reform's culty bullshit is strong but something tells me TA Black's desire for this belt is stronger. Too bad for him my desire to keep it is the strongest. So, however it shakes out between Ned and Black, the ending's gonna be the same for me. I'm walking into DEFCON with this baby on my shoulder, and I'll be bringing it back home to Ballyhoo Brew after I'm done successfully defending it. Then, we're gonna party, Christie.

Newbludd suddenly cocks his head sidewise and grins.

Brock Newbludd:

But before we get to that party, we're gonna tear it up in Montreal tonight and give The Honor Society a swift kick in the nuts right before DEFCON. I've been waiting to say this for way too long, but YOUR BOYS ARE BACK!

The wide-eyed and suddenly riled up Newbludd gives Cassidy a friendly shove on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

The worst karaoke singer I've ever heard and the best damn partner I've ever had is back! And he's HUNGRY, Christie! He's got that DAD STRENGTH now!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock Newbludd:

Ya know what!? Don't be surprised if Ned and Black don't even make it to DEFCON after we're done with them tonight! The Saturday Night Specials are BACK, and nobody does it better than us, Christie! Now, lemme hear ya, Montreal!

The crowd roars as Newbludd cups his hands around his mouth and tilts his head back.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

Montreal's chapter of Ballyhooligans doesn't miss a beat.

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOO!

Brock smiles and nods his head in appreciation of the crowd while Zane turns her attention to a visibly amped up Pat Cassidy.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm gonna shut up, Zane, and let these bad boys...

He holds up two balled fists.

Pat Cassidy:

Do my talking. Ned - you had the balls to come after my wife. My unborn child. You ruined what was supposed to be one of the greatest days of my life. So tonight - I get to make SURE tonight is the worst day of yahs. You [BEELP]ed around, now it's time to find out. And at DEFCON, I don't cah WHO is in the match - I'm gonna be right beside Brock, and I'm gonna make DAMN sure the SOHER stays around his waist.

Cassidy slams a fist into an open palm to emphasize his point, and Zane pulls the microphone back to respond, only to have it snatched out of her hand by Newbludd. The energized Milwaukee's Beast points a finger at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

You hear that, Ned!? Tonight ain't about gold! It's personal! It's about family! It's about REVENGE!

Brock flips the mic back to Zane and grabs Cassidy by the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, let's go get some, bro!

Cassidy responds with a wicked grin and a nod. Together, the reunited Saturday Night Specialists exit the picture, leaving Zane by herself.

Christie Zane:

Well, there you have it, guys! The Saturday Night Specialists are definitely ready for tonight's match!

DEFIANT TO A FAULT

Cut to a black screen. In the lower third;

AFTER DEFtv 216 WENT OFF-AIR

Scotiabank Arena – Toronto, Ontario

The screen lights up with some more detail of Scotiabank Arena's backstage area.

The only sound is the faint hum of the building's ventilation system and the distant murmur of crew members wrapping up for the night. The energy that fueled the night's raucous show is now gone, replaced by exhaustion, by silence, and for some ... by the weight of a loss.

The camera moves down the center block hallway, closing in on a figure pacing back and forth.

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

He's drenched in sweat, his damp hair hanging over his face. He's still in his sweat-soaked gear, his fingers sticking out of the medical tape rubbing at his temple. His jaw clenched. The frustration is obvious and he sees the camera and looks like he may have something to say.

But before he can, there is a noise. It catches Scott's attention. It catches the camera operator's attention as well and he turns to get the shot but - nothing.

CRACK!

The camera spins back toward Douglas in a hurry. A blur of motion, a barrage of forearm smashes and fists into the back of Sub Pop's skull. He stumbles forward as another shot, this time a knee, slams into his ribs! A boot connects with his shoulder, knocking him to the cold polished concrete floor.

As the action unfolds the three assailants come into clear view, although masked the three familiar builds are easy to pick out... especially together; Corey Nunez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez ...

Los Caidos.

Douglas tries to push himself up from the cold floor, but a stiff boot comes crashing down and stifles his attempt. Gonzalez wrenches Douglas' arms back and drives a knee into his spine. Villalobos delivers rapid, clubbing blows to his head, while Nunez steps back, measuring his target before delivering a hard soccer-style kick to Douglas' ribs.

A slow, deliberate clap cuts through the assault.

The camera shifts, and from the darkness emerges "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio.

Dressed in black, his face expressionless as if he never unmasked, he tilts his head slightly as he kneels beside Douglas being held prone by Gonzalez.

Victor Vacio:

You fought. You bled... y ahora que?

[Subtitle: ... and now what?]

Douglas coughs, his fingers clawing at Gonzalez's grip to no avail.

Victor Vacio:

Ellos animan porque necesitan creer... But belief? Belief is just a story we tell ourselves to soften the cold hard truth.

[Subtitle: They cheer because they need to believe.]

Victor Vacio:

But belief? Belief is just a story we tell ourselves to soften the cold hard truth.

Scott grits his teeth, glaring up at him, defiance still burning in his eyes but before he can get to his knees, Nunez delivers another swift kick to the mid-section. Gonzalez lets Douglas go and he hits the floor, rolling onto his side. Another boot stomp from Villalobos leaves the former SoHer lying on the cold floor.

Victor Vacio:

DEFIANCE passed you by, cabron.

Vacio barely moves, his words cold and measured.

Victor Vacio:

You tell yourself the work is what matters. That the fight ... the struggle ... ¡El sacrificio significa algo!

[Subtitle: The sacrifice means something!]

Douglas spits blood onto the floor, struggling against the pain. Vacio just smirks slightly, standing back up.

Victor Vacio:

But it does not. You're just as lost as the lot of 'em.

A rustle of footsteps from down the hall, DEFsec and DEFmed rushing in.

The camera swings to see security storming onto the scene, but Vacio doesn't resist. He doesn't run. He simply turns ... and nods once to Los Caidos, and walks away. The three lost souls follow suit and disappear from view.

The camera cuts back to Douglas, clutching his ribs, coughing as Iris Davine kneels beside him. The shot lingers on Douglas, grimacing as he pushes himself to his knees, before cutting to commercial.

FAVORED SAINTS: MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

We heard a little earlier tonight that Mil Vultas has his marching orders from the GC Universe to keep the Favoured Saints title at all costs. We've seen The GLOAT skate by Lonnie Luck via DQ and former champion "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon via countout to make his first two successful defenses, but tonight, he takes on a true veteran of the game... none other than Jack Harmen!

Lance:

Harmen made a surprise return back at DEFIANCE Road by defeating his own son, High Flyer! After recovering from the post match assault, that victory earned him this title match tonight! And funny enough... Mil's very first match on the main roster a few years ago when he was called Minute, was defeating Jack Harmen!

DDK:

But so much has changed since then! Harmen bleeds DEFIANCE when he once aimed to destroy us, and he remains the highly-respected veteran we've all grown to know and love. While Minute, well, he became a complete sell-out all in the name of gold and glory!

Lance:

That he did. And as Sonny Silver mentioned earlier, we've heard that following the conclusion of this match, whoever walks out as champion tonight... a major Favoured Saints Title match is set to be announced!

The camera pans over to the DEFIatron ad a train rumbles and smashes the fake screen.

"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA~!"

The laughter is that of none other than Jack Harmen himself.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

With a golden opportunity ahead of him, the longtime veteran of the squared circle heads towards the ring. He takes his time and milks the entrance for The Faithful, playing up before heading into the ring. He wears his new "My Son is an Asshole" t-shirt. Once he gets there, he rolls into the ring and steps up to a huge ovation! He tears off his shirt and tosses it out to the Faithful!

♪ "Get Money" by Akon feat. Anuel AA ♪

The curtains part in the packed arena as a throne on wheels bursts through the stage .Being pushed through the ramp by DLJ and Aaron King! Sitting on top of said throne... an arrogant and cocky Mil Vultas, wearing a black fur coat with red inner lining, red and pink rhinestone-covered pants, armbands and mask, along with what look like lipstick kiss patterns painted on his abs and chest! Lastly, the Favoured Saints Title is around his waist!

DLJ and King walk around to high-five Mil, then pushes the throne back through the curtain. Mil holds out his arms for Bonita en Rosa I y II to each take an arm and walk together towards the ring. Once they reach it, Mil leaps up to the ring apron, touches his fist to his forehead and leaps over the ropes. He holds up the title with DLJ watching him, a small hint of remorse for his previous loss to the D. Mil remains laying in the corner across the top rope with all of El Escuadron at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, the challenger! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 224 pounds...The OG High Flyer... **JAAAAAAAACK! HARRRRRRRRMEN!**

Harmen takes a moment on his side of the ring to mess with the turnbuckle pad... but doesn't take his eyes one bit off Mil Vultas. He's immediately admonished and protests before relenting.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the GC Universe and El Escuadron... accompanied to the ring by "Giga" Dan Leo James and Bonita en Rosa I y II... residing in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, by way of Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 179 pounds... he is the reigning and defending FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! He is El Intocable! He is the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE! He is **THE GLOAT... MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil holds up the championship and gazes at his reflection, liking what's looking back at him. He hands the title over to referee Benny Doyle. DEFIANCE's head referee holds the title up for the rabid Montreal Faithful and then calls for the bell.

DING DING

The GLOAT runs at the Snowman, but Harmen pushes him towards the ropes. He tries a hip toss, but Mil lands on his feet and takes a moment to saunter about to jeers from The Faithful. Mil rushes towards Harmen again, but Harmen sidesteps and Mil keeps running. The lightning-fast rudo comes back with a headscissors, but Harmen rolls through and cartwheels to his feet, doing a little bit of showing off as well to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

What a match we have in store tonight! And... hey!

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

The music plays and catches everyone's attention briefly! Making his way out from the back is none other than Lonnie Luck! The Son of Sin City waves towards the people and then heads to the Commentation Station where he pulls up a seat. The music fades.

Lance:

Lonnie, welcome to the table for this match!

Lonnie Luck:

Thanks, Lance. I wanted a front row seat for this. Mil and I ain't done whether he wants it or not! I deserve a rematch since he didn't pin me.

As Harmen's attention goes towards Li'l Lon at the Commentation Station, Mil spins him around and tries a kick. He throws Mil who backflips up and lands on his feet, only to catch an eye poke from Harmen for his troubles!

DDK:

Oooh! Mil tried catching Harmen off-guard, but Harmen has been there, done that, bought the ticket and learned all the tricks as a twenty-five-plus year veteran!

Mil stumbles to the corner where he eats an extra-STIFF chop to the chest! The GLOAT winces in pain and tries to get away. The rest of El Escuadron at ringside watch as Harmen leads him to another corner, smashes his face into the buckle he messe with earlier and then lays into him with another chop! The fans whoo in unison as Harmen pulls him out of the corner and scores with a huge swinging neckbreaker! He leans over and goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Harmen gets a two-count, but he's not letting up on Mil! He scores with another chop!

Lance:

He really does! Anything you are seeing strategy-wise, Lonnie?

Lonnie Luck:

Keep kicking Mil's ass and you win ... makes perfect sense to me.

Harmen lays into Mil again with his fourth consecutive chop, and then takes him up and over with a big corkscrew suplex in the middle of the ring! He wastes no time in going for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

No! Mil Vultas gets the shoulder up at two off the corkscrew suplex!

Harmen looks to continue the punishment...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Another interested observer comes out... "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and Madame Melton, coming out in her wheelchair! Harmen sees her and waves her a quick hello and blows her a kiss, to which Madame Melton responds by grabbing the blown kiss, throwing it down under her chair and running it over for good measure. Harmen is a bit stunned at the gesture.

Lance:

We've got more company! Former Favoured Saints Champion JJ Dixon!

Lonnie Luck:

Someone else on my list! You want more of DEFIANCE Road, bud, I'll drop you with a Pocket Ace, bud!

Dixon looks over at Lonnie Luck over at commentary and then looks back to the ramp. Back in the ring, Mil rolls up Harmen with a schoolboy, but instead of going for a pin he gets him to a seated position so he can CRACK him upside the head with a Listo kick! The blow knocks Harmen back near the ropes where the Lunatic is left wide open for Mil to get up and catch him with a HUGE rolling wheel kick! The blow sends The Lunatic flying through the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

Oooh! What a kick! He's down and out... Oh, come on!

Mil distracts Benny Doyle by pointing under his mask and claiming Harmen pulled his hair. As this goes on, DLJ gets ready to attack Harmen, only for Jack to get taken down by a flying headscissors on the floor by none other than Aaron King! King jumps in first and gives a thumbs up to DLJ, who gives him a half-hearted thumbs up right back.

DDK:

Aaron King with the cheap shot on the floor! Aaron King was a former stablemate of Harmen's a few years ago as part of The Scourge with Arthur Pleasant!

Lance:

And now, he's a stooge for a whole new crew! The more things change, the more they stay the same!

DLJ then throws Harmen back into the ring just as Mil finally stops diverting Benny Doyle's attention! As Harmen stands up in the corner pleading his case to Benny, Mil gets up and hits a cartwheel before CRACKING The Lunatic upside the head with a jumping high kick in the corner! The challenger crashes to the canvas while Mil stands over

him and connects with a running shooting star press!

DDK:

The cartwheel kick followed by the running shooting star! Cover by Mil!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Harmen gets the shoulder up to the delight of The Faithful which angers Mil!

DDK:

Great combination of moves, but Harmen has taken so much punishment over the years and survived!

DLJ and King both watch while the Bonitas stand beside them with Bonita II holding DLJ's hand. Behind them on the ramp, Dixon continues to watch.

Lonnie Luck:

That's what was so frustrating about Mil. You gotta have your eyes peeled. I could have asked my cousins to watch my back, but I'm out here on my own because I want to be Favoured Saints champion on my own!

Angrily, The GLOAT goes to pick Mil up, but he gets nailed with another chop by Harmen! The Lunatic fights back and throws a few strikes to the head of the luchador. Harmen heads for the ropes, but Mil shows off his own speed, by running directly behind Harmen and suddenly shifting direction. He confuses the challenger by slipping behind him to step off the ropes to DRILL Harmen mid-ring with a step-off tornado DDT!

DDK:

No way! Mil Vueltas just outmaneuvered the OG High Flyer and scores with the DDT... oh, no...

Lonnie Luck:

Ugh.. I hate this move.

Mil stands over the laid-out Harmen and gets JEERED as he does the "take the L" dance from Fortnite, then hits the ropes to hit a handspring backflip into an ultra-gaudy elbow drop!

DDK:

Take This L-Bow! And Jack could be taking the L if Mil gets the win! Pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Harmen gets the shoulder up to the delight of The Faithful! Mil sits up and looks pissed.

Lance:

Maybe less time showboating and more time trying to win!

Lonnie Luck:

Oh, don't worry if that doesn't do the job, the ditz blond guy they adopted, DLJ or one of the lucha ladies are gonna do it for him.

DDK:

Now what's he going for? And... hey! Even more interested eyes on this match!

Backstage, the former champion, The D, as well as Klein are continuing to watch the match on a monitor standing in an actually normal manner unlike other rinky-dink promotions do.

Lance:

The D and Klein, former students of the Lunatic watch their mentor against the man who defeated the D for the FS title! He's in a bit of trouble right now Keeps.

Back to the ring and The Lunatic finds himself doubled over with a low sole kick, followed by a fast spinning enzuigiri! Harmen slumps to a knee, and gives Mil a chance to pick him up. He has the challenger on his shoulders with a fireman's carry! With strength, Mil tries for the cartwheel DVD, but Jack slips out! Harmen shoves him to the ropes and when he comes back, The Lunatic SPIKES The GLOAT into the canvas to raucous roars from the Montreal Faithful!

DDK:

FLYERDRIVER! An oldie, but a goodie! He just bought himself some time, but Harmen needs to find something to follow up!

Lance:

Jack Harmen could be our new Favoured Saints Champion going right into DEFCON!

Harmen and Mil are both down in the center of the ring. The D and Klein continue watching backstage while Melton and Dixon do the same. The entirety of El Escuadron at ringside watch on in horror as Harmen fights to get himself back into the game by pulling himself up near the ropes!

Lonnie Luck:

Man ... I've always heard how good Jack Harmen is. True veteran of the game at work right there. I'd be rooting for him to take that title but I'd really like that honor.

With the challenger back on his feet just a hair ahead of Mil, he rocks Mil with a stiff chest chop! He tries a whip and sends The GLOAT into the corner. With Mil rocked by the move, The Lunatic runs towards Mil, only to get a back body drop. Harmen impressively leaps over and lands on his feet on the apron. The GLOAT spins around only to get knocked down by a big right hand! As Mil staggers back, Harmen leaps and hits his signature springboard thesz press, then starts bringing a torrential downpour full of right hands on top of El Intocable!

DDK:

For a man that calls himself El Intocable, meaning Untouchable, he's getting touched with right hands!

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

Jumping to his feet, a rowdy Harmen is fired up by the Montreal Faithful!

Jack Harmen:

GET TOUCHED BITCH!

He charges towards Mil and hooks him by both arms! He HOISTS Mil up...

DDK:

HYPOTHERMIA!

Lance:

We've seen this title change hands twice on DEFtv in recent months! Could we see a third one with DEFCON just on the horizon!

Mil gets SPIKED off of the double underhook brainbuster and Harmen goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

Barely... BARELY! Mil just BARELY got that shoulder up!

The Lunatic is stunned as Doyle points out the slightly raised shoulder! He slumps to the canvas and Harmen knips up, looking to go for a cover... but he sees Aaron King up on the ring apron first!

Aaron King:

That's OUR Title! Not your title! You were NOTHING without me in The Scourge, Harm... AH!

DDK:

NO! LOCOMOTIVE! LOCOMOTIVE TO AARON KING RIGHT OFF THE APRON!

Lance:

There goes Aaron King's night!

After scoring with his signature yakuza kick, Harmen turns to Benny Doyle.

Jack Harmen:

Is that who I thought it was?

Doyle shrugs, and then rushes down to Mil's side, who seems to be complaining of a loss of vision. Harmen notices DLJ running in from the other side, but the former Favoured Saints champion gets struck off the apron by a flying forearm smash from Harmen! Danny lands on his feet on the floor stumbling, but has The Faithful buzzing as he grabs the ropes. Bonita en Rosa I y II both try to warn Danny...

Lance:

Oh, goodness...

Harmen LEAPS...

SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR PRESS TO DAN LEO JAMES!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lonnie Luck:

Bro what?!?!

Lance:

HARMEN TAKES OUT DAN LEO JAMES! HE'S TAKEN EL ESCUADRON OUT OF THE EQUATION!

Harmen gets back to his feet while Benny Doyle is checking on Mil. As Harmen goes around, an unknown individual jumps from the crowd and PUSHES The Lunatic directly into the ring post!

Lonnie Luck:

Oh God, who else joined El Escuadron?! Another lucha cousin?!

DDK:

It's... IT'S HIGH FLYER! HARMEN'S NO-GOOD SON JUST ATTACKED HIM!

Harmen bounces off the post, stumbling and falling to one knee, before High Flyer takes the "Paper" Championship and SMASHES it into his face. High Flyer quickly picks up his father and rolls him into the ring.

Inside the ring, Doyle stands up from checking on Mil. Doyle looks confused, as the Montreal Faithful BOO the life out of High Flyer as he hides at ringside with a big grin on his face.

Mil hurriedly stumbles up to his feet. He steadies himself and shakes out the cobwebs before leaping to the top rope in one jump, then DRIVES both heels into the chest of Harmen with the moonsault double foot stomp!

DDK:

GLOATED! GLOATED BY MIL VUELTAS! NO, HE'S GONNA STEAL THIS! DOYLE NEVER SAW WHAT HIGH FLYER DID, EITHER!

Mil sits on Harmen's chest and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Mil takes the moment to flex.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Slumping backwards, Mil falls to the canvas and starts laughing his ass off in triumph like he did things all on his own! (Ron Howard's note: He didn't.)

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... and STILL Favoured Saints Champion... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Backstage, The D and Klein both shake their heads with disappointment that Mil barely makes it through the skin of his teeth.

The D:

I don't feel bad about unmasking that ugly poor anymore.

Klein nods.

At commentary, Lonnie Luck takes off his headset while High Flyer continues laughing at ringside! The FS title is handed back to Mil who celebrates like he just won the lottery.

Lance:

I can't believe it! Harmen fought through El Escuadron and he was closing in on that championship... then HIGH FLYER had to get involved!

The Bonitas go over to help DLJ back to his feet. JJ Dixon and Melton watch on while Lonnie Luck looks over to his right to see DDK on his headset.

DDK:

What's that... okay! It's about time! I'll let the people know!

DDK stands up from his headset and has a microphone. Mil is in the ring celebrating with the Bonitas while DLJ limps over and pulls the still-groggy King into the ring. El Escudron regroup to celebrate when tapping can be heard at the Commentation Station!

DDK:

Ladies... gentlemen... I have just been given a heads up! Up on the screen... Mil Vueltas... you have made it to three defenses of your Favoured Saints Championship! And as promised... DEFIANCE matchmakers have promised a major match for DEFCON involving the number of individuals who have been in the race to go for the Favoured Saints Championship! Please turn your attention... to the DEFIAtron!

Harmen grits his teeth and holds his chest in pain, but looks up at the screen...

DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP...

LADDER MATCH!

MIL VUELTAS vs. ...

That gets the attention of Mil Vueltas, who hugs the title close to him. He turns around... as a name appears...

THE D!

Backstage, The D pops his collar and holds his head high! But that's not all...

KLEIN!

The D looks at Klein confused, and Klein just rushes in and bear hugs the D backstage!

LONNIE LUCK!

Lonnie looks up and pumps a fist!

Lonnie Luck:

Hell yeah!

JJ DIXON!

Lonnie Luck:

Hell no!

Melton and Dixon look at exchanged glances. As each name appears, Mil's jaw drops just a little bit more...

HIGH FLYER!

High Flyer, a former champion himself, continues grinning at ringside!

JACK HARMEN!

...Then that frown goes away as he looks towards his father on the other side of the ring, camera center. Harmen grins and points two fingers at his own son, telling him he's watching him...

AND...

There's a brief pause...

DLJ!

DLJ starts to smile, looking at the Favoured Saints Champion! Then he looks up at Mil Vultas, who looks like his jaw is about to drop! Danny then realizes this as well and that smile becomes shock for Giga-Dan!

Lance:

MY GOD! AN EIGHT-MAN LADDER MATCH FOR THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE! ALL THESE PEOPLE THAT MIL VUELTAS HAS SCREWED OVER TO KEEP THAT TITLE... IT'S ALL COMING TO ROOST!

DDK:

AND DLJ! HE'S GOT TO DEFEND THAT TITLE AGAINST A FELLOW MEMBER OF THE GC UNIVERSE! HIS HERMANO!

Lonnie Luck:

Welp, it's been real guys! I gotta learn how to fall off ladders and prepare for this title match!

Lonnie takes his leave and then heads backstage. He passes by the D and Klein, the D looking particularly confused.

The D:

I don't think he knows how ladders work...

Klein mimes holding a ladder on his shoulders and just starts to spin.

In the ring, both Mil Vultas and DLJ look terrified of what they're seeing as the DEFIATron sees the names:

DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP...

LADDER MATCH

**MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. THE D vs. KLEIN vs. LONNIE LUCK vs. JJ DIXON vs. HIGH FLYER vs. JACK
HARMEN vs. DLJ**

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



THE PRICE OF DEFIANCE

Cut back from commercial to a loud reaction from the Faithful as ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

...cuts through the air.

DDK:

We are back on DEFtv, folks, and ... well, there he is.

Lance:

"Sub Pop" Scott Douglas was blindsided and assaulted two weeks ago after DEFtv as we just saw before the commercial break. That wasn't just a beatdown from Vacio and Los Caidos ... that was a statement.

The Faithful roar as DEFIANCE's Favorite Son marches to the ring with a determined look in his eye. He's already got a mic in hand and the gait of a man who's recently been beaten, but refuses to walk any slower.

He takes the ring stairs up to the apron, wipes his boots, and ducks under the top rope with a muted wince.

Scott Douglas:

Victor Vacio... you wanted my attention?

He paces around the ring.

Scott Douglas:

Well ... you GOT MY ATTENTION!!

The Faithful explode!

Scott Douglas:

You and your lackeys got me good. But you made one mistake...

He stops center ring.

Scott Douglas:

You didn't finish the job.

The Faithful pop once again, even louder and harder than before.

Scott Douglas:

So ... here I am. Still breathing... Still standing... Still DEFIANT.

Again the Faithful pop.

Scott Douglas:

You wanna wax poetic about pain ... about effort ... about how EVERYTHING is meaningless? About how my sacrifices amount to nothing!?

He takes a beat and scoffs just before he brings the microphone to his face.

Scott Douglas:

You pontificate a lot of pretty phrases in dark hallways... but I live it out *here*, under these lights.

Scott motions upwards.

Scott Douglas:

You want to prove your point? In the ring? ... just say the word, Vic!

Scott takes a beat before reiterating.

Scott Douglas:

Just say the **WORD!**

The arena lights dim as ...

♪ "Funeral Music" by Chopin ♪

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio steps through the curtain for the first time in quite awhile. Behind him... the masked trio: Corey Nunez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez.

Los Caidos... The former Barrio Boys fan out slightly as Vacio stands at the top of the ramp.

Victor Vacio:

You just don't learn, do you, cabron?

He starts walking forward, one slow step at a time.

Victor Vacio:

You keep standing back up. You keep fighting and bleeding... giving and losing. Ese corazón tuyo de Boy Scout simplemente no se rendirá.

The Faithful boo ... but hang on his every word.

Victor Vacio:

I'll give you credit, Scott. That takes guts. Takes conviction. Maybe even belief...

Vacio smirks devilishly.

Victor Vacio:

But will you wager that belief?

He gestures to the men behind him.

Victor Vacio:

You want to get to me? You gotta go through them.

Los Caidos step forward in unison.

Victor Vacio:

Tres contra uno ... at DEFCON... Batalla de Eliminación... if you win, I will fight you...

Scott doesn't hesitate. He nods vehemently.

Scott Douglas:

Done!

Victor Vacio:

But ... when ... you lose ... you don't just fall. You *become one of us*.

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

I don't know that Scott Douglas knows what he just signed up for!

Scott Douglas:

Book it!

Douglas steps on the bottom rope, leaning over the top rope and screaming toward the ramp.

Scott Douglas:

Be ready, Vacio! Me and you! Me and you!

DDK:

I've known Scott Douglas a long time, and I've never seen that look in his eye. This Faustian wager with Vacio can't bode well for the soul of Scott Douglas or the HEART of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Vacio might've lit a fire he can't control. And if Douglas does survive the gauntlet? DEFCON might become a funeral march ... just not the kind the Vacio had in mind.

Vacio just smiles... then backs away, disappearing behind the curtain again, Los Caidos slowly peeling off with him. The Faithful buzz with anticipation as the camera lingers on Douglas, staring down the ramp like a man already walking into hell.

Cut to elsewhere.

OLD FRIENDS

Backstage at the Bell Centre.

Henry Yamazaki sits, in an almost meditative state, as he looks down at the array of cards laid out before him, focusing on his game of solitaire. Fingers on his chin, the prodigal big man hums to himself as he picks up a card, only to put it back down on the same place.

Suddenly, there is a shadow hanging over him. Henry glances up.

Gage Blackwood.

Henry Yamazaki:

...as I breathe...

The mammoth sansei rises to his feet in bewilderment, his face betraying uncertainty as to what he should do next.

The long history between The Noble Raider and Mushigihara has been laid to rest for some time now - approximately six years. Nevertheless, Blackwood stands in front of Henry...

And extends his hand. Henry, for his part, immediately accepts it and the one-time rivals shake.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, it's good to see you again, friend.

He pauses briefly.

Gage Blackwood:

And foe.

Gage smiles.

Gage Blackwood:

I will admit, time is not on my side anymore. But even I never thought I'd see you again.

Henry's free clasps the linked pair, and he nods.

Henry Yamazaki:

It's been far too long, man. So many years...

A pause, followed by a soft chuckle.

Henry Yamazaki:

...and a sudden increase in vocabulary on my part, of course.

Blackwood smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

You can do the talking for me, too. Never was one to run my mouth.

Gage takes a moment to himself, which creates a sense of awkward silence between them. He is looking down at his right leg before cranking his left shoulder around. You can hear the cracks and clicks his joint makes.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm going into DEFCON against a mad man...

Blackwood pats Henry on the back.

Gage Blackwood:

Perhaps one last time.

Blackwood looks at the cards, then back up at his friend.

Gage Blackwood:

Anyway, it was good to see you.

And with that, he walks away, leaving Yamazaki at the table, alone.

Henry Yamazaki:

It was good to see you, too.

He sighs to himself.

The scene fades.

SNS vs. HONOR SOCIETY

DDK:

Well, folks, speaking of tag teams - it's time for tonight's main event!

Lance:

A record-breaking tag team - a team in contention for one of the most popular teams in DEFIANCE history - returns to the ring for the first time in a year when The Saturday Night Specialists hook it up against Ned Reform and TA Black of the Honor Society!

DDK:

Tons of intrigue heading into this match - as we've seen what appears to be the seeds of dissension between Honor Society leader Ned Reform and the former Rezin, we also have both of those men facing off with SNS' Brock Newbludd in a triple threat match for the SOHER at DEFCON!

Lance:

The same Southern Heritage Championship that Brock Newbludd defeated Ned Reform for weeks ago! The SAME Southern Heritage Championship that has been Erik Black's white whale since arriving in DEFIANCE! Suffice to say we WILL find out if TA Black's proposed loyalty to Ned Reform is legit or not!

DDK:

And what if it is? Even with Pat Cassidy in his corner, how does Brock Newbludd come out on top of what could essentially be a two-on-one affair?

♪ "Fur Elise" Cole Rolland ♪

The fans begin to jeer as the house lights turn purple and the music heralds the appearance of the man himself: The Sage on the Stage, The Philosopher King, The Most Prolific Man in Sports-Education, The Good Doctor: Ned Reform. Wearing his black "Mad Gadfly" t-shirt and traditional yellow scarf, Reform is all business as he walks toward the ring with more of a sense of urgency than usual. Although he does manage to throw a few dirty looks toward the crowd, it's a far cry from his usual slow, arrogant saunter.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 230 lbs... NED! REFORM!

You know Ned means business because he doesn't bother to correct Quimby. Instead, he marches up the steps and leaps up to the top rope, perched with one knee. He looks out the crowd in pure disdain as his theme intensifies and the purple lights begin to pulsate.

DDK:

The FORMER Southern Heritage Champion wants nothing more than to regain that championship... but in order to do so, he has to make sure that nobody is planning to metaphorically put a knife in his back!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

A single white spotlight cuts through a stage hidden in black shadows. The Man, the Myth, the MARTYR himself, TA BLACK, appears beneath the PURIFYING LIGHT, palms pressed together into a typical prayer gesture, grin stretching ear to ear, wide and crazed eyes staring up into the heavens above.

Then he extends his arm. As if by magic, a microphone twirls out of thin air. He slowly and dramatically brings it to his lips...

DDK:

No--

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!***Darren Quimbey:**

...and his partner, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... T... A... BLACK!!

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Black comes tearing down the air, fist pumping excitedly over his head.

TA Black:YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH LADIESANDGENTLEMENAREYOUREADY FOR YOOURL MAAAAAAAIIIIIIINNNN
EVEEEEEENNNTTT!?!?*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!***TA Black:**

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

*OMGSRSLYBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!***DDK:**

To our dearly dedicated production team... PLEASE stop giving this man a microphone. We're practically BEGGING here.

Lance:

Interesting to note that much like Ned Reform, TA Black didn't come down with the rest of his Honor Society colleagues.

DDK:

Can't help but think that he's been bringing a negative vibe to their study group sessions, or whatever it is they do. Maybe Black really IS on the outs with Doctor Reform right now?

Lance:

I suppose we'll come to find out, when we watch these two attempt to set aside their affairs for tonight and work together as a team.

TA Black slides into the ring, looks over to his corner as soon as he's on his feet, where he sees the Good Doctor pensively staring him down, and--

TA Black:

AAHH!!

--drops face first back to the canvas and profusely kowtows to Reform.

TA Black:

OH, DOC, I'M BEGGING YOU HERE, in ALL your INFINITE GENIUS, to CUT this LOWLY WRETCH some SLACK!!

Black rises up on his knees, smiling insincerely, pressing his palms into prayer once more.

TA Black:

I mean, C'MAAAAWWNNN... how can you look at this face and NOT trust me?!

He knee-walks over and grovels at the Good Doctor's feet. Reform swiftly kicks him away and Black's mic is close enough for us to hear his admonishment.

Ned Reform:

Enough theatrics!! You want my trust? Focus on winning this contest!

TA Black enthusiastically salutes and steps out onto the apron.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

And here they come!

Receiving a tremendous ovation from The Faithful, The Saturday Night Specials hit the stage looking fired up and ready to fight. Newbludd and Cassidy each run to opposite ends of the stage to work the crowd into an even bigger frenzy as Alestorm booms throughout the Bell Centre.

Lance:

It's been a whole year since we've seen The Saturday Night Specials walk the aisle. Clearly, they've been missed by The Faithful!

Meeting back up at the top of the ramp, the two friends bump fists and then raise them to the people. Newbludd grabs the Southern Heritage title off his shoulder and raises it, pointing a finger in Ned's direction as he does so. The camera quickly cuts to The Sage on the Stage to show him scowling at the man who recently took the belt from him.

DDK:

Ned Reform is distraught at the sight of Newbludd carrying the SOHER!

SNS hits the ramp, slapping hands with fans as they go. Cassidy gets an especially warm welcome from a female fan who manages to pull him in close enough to plant a kiss on his cheek. Across from him, Newbludd is wrangled into a quick selfie with a group of Ballyhooligans.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Weighing in at a combined weight of five-hundred and three pounds! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! The Southern Heritage Champion, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd! THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Both men slide under the bottom rope to enter the ring while Ned and Black exit to the floor on the opposite side. Climbing up separate corners, SNS soak in some final cheers as Alestorm fades from the arena's speakers. Referee Navarro quickly orders them to get to their designated corner before barking at The Honor Society to get back into the ring.

Ned and Black both slide back into the ring near their corner. Popping up to his feet, Black immediately spins around and holds open the ropes for Reform.

TA Black:

I'LL SOFTEN THEM UP FOR YOU, DOC! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MUCH LEAD I HAVE IN MY NO. 2 PENCIL!

Reform rolls his eyes and steps out onto the apron, much to the pleasure of his prized pupil.

DDK:

Looks like it'll be the overzealous student, TA Black, starting things out for The Honor Society while for SNS it'll be...

The picture cuts over just in time to see Brock earn the starting spot for SNS via a well-played rock over Cassidy's scissors. Despite his eagerness to get back into the action, The Scrapper from Southie takes it on the chin and steps out onto the apron. Newbludd gives him a quick fist bump and turns his attention to Black.

DDK:

Our new Southern Heritage Champion, Brock Newbludd!

Referee Navarro makes his way to the center of the ring and calls for the bell!

DING DING

A millisecond after the second ring of the bell, TA Black moves like a lightning bolt across the ring and hits Newbludd in the chest with a shotgun dropkick! The blow sends the surprised Brock stumbling backward into the ropes. He rebounds off of them and stumbles back in to be caught by a flying headscissors from TA Black!

Lance:

TA Black moving with purpose right out the gate! He sends Newbludd crashing into the corner head first, stunning him with the quick onslaught!

Hitting the top turnbuckle with his face, the doozy Newbludd spins around and receives a swift kick to the face courtesy of a spinning heel kick from TA Black. Milwaukee's Beast falls back into the corner and The Sacred Lamb follows after him.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd's first appearance as champion isn't going to plan for him as TA Black's got him on his heels in the corner!

Black leaps into the air and delivers a knee to Newbludd's midsection, driving him all the back into the turnbuckles. Standing on the bottom rope, he lands a sharp forearm that snaps Brock's head back. The prized pupil then gouges at Brock's eye with a thumb, drawing a warning from Navarro and a chorus of boos from The Faithful.

Lance:

I bet Brock's just happy that Black's not stabbing him with a pencil again!

The jeering fuels Black and he climbs up to the second rope. He raises his fist and snaps his head to look at Reform.

TA Black:

PLEASE, DOC! LET ME BACK IN!!

He grabs Brock by the face with his other hand and rains down with a heavy punch!

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHH!!

The Faithful boos intensify as Black raises his fist again and violently shakes it.

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

He hammers Brock again! Black rears back and winds up for another!

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEAAA—NOOOOOOOO!!!

The Sacred Lamb's eyes go wide when he's suddenly lifted off the second rope and carried out of the corner by

Milwaukee's Beast! With Black on his shoulders, Brock takes a couple of steps towards the middle of the ring and drives him into the mat with a powerbomb!

DDK:

BIIIIG RING-SHAKING POWERBOMB by Brock! Hooks the legs for the PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

And Black SCISSORS his legs across the face to break out! Both men get back to their feet and Black runs right into a crisp armdrag from The Saturday Night Special! The move sends Black into a comical tumble and he finds himself crash landing right in The Honor Society's corner! He stands up, wide eyed, looking at Brock like an angry, Evangelical Popeye...

...when Reform blind tags him by slapping him on the back! Black spins around, bug eyed and confused, but Reform brushes past him into the ring!

TA Black:

NO! DOC! I'm only just BEGINNING to COOK here!

DDK:

That is not a sign of a functional team, Lance!

As Black begrudgingly gets on the apron, Reform plants his feet and throws up his arms, challenging Brock to move in for the lock up. Newbludd eyes The Sage on the Stage up and down and smiles... before turning to tag in Pat Cassidy!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

"Black Out" Pat Cassidy in! His first time in a DEFIANCE ring since ACTS of DEFIANCE!

And if Cassidy has any ring rust, we'll never know, as not many wrestling moves are executed - instead, he charges at Reform and begins to unleash an absolutely flurry of thundering right hands! Reform tries to block and backs up into a neutral corner, but Cassidy just follows and continues the onslaught! At a point, Hector Nevarro tries to step in to order Black Out to break it up, but Pat uncharacteristically just shoves Hector away and continues to pound on Reform!

DDK:

Pat risking the DQ, but considering Ned Reform crashed and ruined his first child's gender reveal, I'm not sure anyone can't understand why he'd do this.

Finally, TA Black decides that he can't stand for this anymore, and he enters the ring and charges to save his mentor with a forearm. Cassidy, sensing the danger, moves out of the way and Black flies into the corner... nearly nailing Ned Reform square in the face! Luckily, he is able to put the breaks on at the LAST second. Time freezes for a second as Black and Reform make eye contact. Ned even allows himself a thankful smile until Cassidy pushes Black from behind and sends both Honor Society members into each other! Despite Nevarro's best efforts to stop it, Brock Newbludd enters the ring and he and Cassidy send TA Black into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a double back-body drop that sends Black SERIOUSLY high into the air!

DDK:

Reform charging in... right into a double SNS back elbow!

Ned hits the mat, and Cassidy and Newbludd stand over him and lock arms in a manly handshake (you know the meme) before dropping down with stereo elbows right into Ned's chest!

Lance:

Classic Saturday Night Special tandem offense!

As Brock moves away, Cassidy makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Ned kicks out!

Cassidy whips Ned into the corner before takes position in the opposite corner. He takes a second to rally the Ballyhooligans before he runs across the ring and leaps high into the air, crashing into Ned Reform with the Splash of Jameson! With the people cheering him on, Cassidy steps up to the second turnbuckle. He begins to unload on Ned Reform with right hands as the people chant along...

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

Before hitting ten, Cassidy raises his arm to the fans and mimes drinking a beer, prompting the Faithful to chime in with a cry of "CHEERS!" But as Pat goes to hit the final shot, TA Black appears on the apron to swing at him! Cassidy drops down off the turnbuckle and blocks Black's next shot, answering with one of his own! Black is dealt with, but the distraction allows Reform to catch Cassidy with a low blow!!

DDK:

Underhanded tactics aside, it appears that TA Black and Ned Reform might finally be on the same page!

Cassidy is taken down when Ned Reform executes an Impaler DDT!

Lance:

Reform with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

With Cassidy on the backfoot, Ned makes sure he's down by choking him on the bottom rope with his foot until Nevarro forces him to break. Following a body slam to make sure Pat is in position, Reform gets onto the apron and climbs up the top rope. Standing high over the canvas, Reform measures Cassidy.

Lance:

Ned Reform likely looking for the Scholar and Elbow...

OHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Wait!! TA Black hits Ned's leg and tags himself in!

The Sacred Lamb enthusiastically hops the ropes and charges across the ring, while Reform stands watching dumbstruck.

TA Black:

DON'T WORRY, DOC! I GOT THIS! I GOT THIS! JUST WATCH THIS, AND YOU'LL FINALLY SEE YOU CAN TRUST--*BLEGHK!!*

DDK:

And Black runs STRAIGHT INTO CASSIDY'S WAITING HEADBUTT!

Lance:

And Reform is livid! TA Black's overzealousness to prove himself to the Good Doctor could spell disaster for his team!

Black bumps off the mat and rolls right back to his feet. He rears back to strike, and... falls flat on his face after the delayed reaction hits like a ton of bricks. Cassidy pumps his arms and hypes the crowd before peeling the Good Patient back off the canvas, lifting him up, and laying him out flat once more with a pumphandle slam!

DDK:

Pumphandle Slam puts TA Black on his back, and now Cassidy to the corner... up to the second rope... POINTS... and a DIVING ELBOW DROP that strikes as hard as LIGHTNING!

Lance:

TA Black certainly looks like he just received a sharp jolt of electricity!

DDK:

Now Pat hooks the leg... could that be IT?!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY REFORM!!

Having pulled Cassidy off of TA Black by the leg, the Good Doctor promptly scampers back out onto the apron. Pat glares after him, but nevertheless pulls the groggy Black off the canvas by his hairplugs and leads him over to his corner. Dumping Black against the turnbuckles, he makes the tag to Brock.

DDK:

Tag to Newbludd, and in comes Miluakee's Beast to continue the work! The Specials are firing on all cylinders and perfectly in sync tonight!

Lance:

And if TA Black was trying to convince Dr. Reform that he can be relied upon come the SOHER Title match at DEFCON, I'd say he's failing spectacularly!

Newbludd punishes Black's rib with a series of shoulder blocks before grabbing him by the collar of his gaudy silver and purple bodysuit and giving him a ride courtesy of a biel throw that tosses him almost the length of the ring! Black sits up, clutching his back and his midsection, then reaches for his corner to tag...

...only for it to be answered by the cold gaze of Dr. Reform, who shakes his head and keeps his hands on the top rope.

Ned Reform:

NO, Erik... you have to EARN it.

Black's eyes BULGE in shock and rage!

TA Black:

...WHERE... is... the GOSH... DARNED... TRUUUAAAAGGGHH--OH NOO!!!

His speech devolves into moans of anguish as Brock's hands envelope his hand and pull him back to his feet.

DDK:

Reform REFUSED the tag?! But WHY!?

Lance:

I'm no doctor, Keebs, but it seems to me like he's repaying his "faithful" TA for all the blind tags he's made throughout this match.

DDK:

Or, maybe he's throwing TA Black under the bus to save his own hide! Newbludd from behind... and lands the COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX!

Black ragdolls off the mat and gets tangled into the ropes. Brock tries to pry him loose, but inadvertently sends the Sacred Lamb tumbling out the rest of the way. Black kisses the mats on the ringside floor, favoring the SOHER champ a few moments to turn his attention to the Bally-Faithful.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY...

"HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Newbludd standing tall in the ring! And look at Ned Reform... absolute disgust on his face!

Brock rolls backwards over the ropes to ringside to retrieve Black... only to find him missing!

Lance:

Wait... what happened to TA Black?

DDK:

I can't say, to be certain! That's the side of the ring where he fell out! Brock looks just as confused as we are!

Newbludd glances left and right, searching for some sign of the annoying pipsqueak, but only when he looks BELOW at the rustled edge of the ring apron does he realize what's about to happen. When he looks up...

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

He gets BLASTED with a baseball slide from TA Black, knocking him back into the barricade!

DDK:

WHAT?! Where did he come from?!

Lance:

Down under the ring and back inside when nobody was looking!

Brock pulls off the barricade, wincing in pain. In a flash, Black zips back into the ring, hits the opposite set of ropes, and goes AIRBORNE with a rope-clearing body splash!

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

DIVING CROSSBODY TO THE OUTSIDE PUTS BROCK NEWBLUDD FLAT ON HIS BACK! A quick bit of sleight of hand, and TA Black has suddenly turned the tides on the Saturday Night Specials!

Lance:

Not if Cassidy has something to say about it!

When Black climbs the apron to launch himself once more, Pat decides to take action by dropping to the floor and running around the ring to intercept him. Unfortunately, the Sacred Lamb sees him coming, and launches into an interception of his own.

DDK:

DIVING REFORMICANRANA OFF THE APRON!! Cassidy just tumbled over HEADFIRST onto the ringside floor, and just like that, TA Black has taken out BOTH of the Saturday Night Specials!

Lance:

And these fans are completely stunned by this turn of events, Keebs! Cassidy and Newbludd were just moments ago riding high in this match, and Ned Reform looked like he had the sour belches!

DDK:

Well what he's just seen has turned that frown upside down!

Black first rolls Newbludd and then Cassidy back into the ring and slides in after them. He rises up facing his corner, on his knees and once again folding his hands in prayer.

TA Black:

Do you see now, Doc? DO YOU SEE?!

This time, the Good Doctor looks upon his patient beaming with pride.

Then, he extends his hand for the tag.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

The moment we all dreaded we'd see... Dr. Reform and TA Black finally getting on the same page! Black reaches out and makes the tag!

Black and Reform keep their hands clasped as the Good Doctor steps through the ropes to enter the ring. Hands connected in a symbol of trust and unity, they DROP stereo elbow drops on the chest of Brock Newbludd! Then they stand up, and do the same to the chest of Pat Cassidy! When Reform rises back to his feet, he is pointing at his head. When Black rises up beside him, he is also pointing at Ned's head.

Lance:

The leading men of the Honor Society appear to have forgotten whatever it was that caused their falling out.

DDK:

And you almost HATE seeing it happen, Lance! Now they scoop Cassidy up... OUT GOES PAT to the ringside area!

Black steps back out to the apron, but doesn't stay there long as Reform tags him back in and points to the turnbuckles. The Sacred Lamb goes up top while Ned pulls Newbludd back up and shoves him into the line of fire.

DDK:

Old-school REZINSAULT by TA Black from the top rope!

Lance:

I guess now it's a... rehab-sault?

DDK:

Black hooks the legs for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT by Newbludd!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

TA Black:

NNYYYYEEEEWWWWBLUUUUUUUHHHDDDD!!!

Frustration begins to mount on the TA's face. Reform calls him back to the corner and requests the tag, which Black enthusiastically gives him.

Lance:

Now it's the Honor Society making the quick tags!

DDK:

And Newbludd is all alone in the ring! TA Black now locks up his legs, while the Good Doctor goes upstairs!

Brock wakes up, but can't free himself thanks to Black holding him in place. Reform dives off the top rope and NAILS him with the flying elbow with ease!

DDK:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOW!! Now REFORM with the cover... could THAT BE IT?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! NEWBLUDD KICKS OUT AGAIN!!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Reform wipes the sweat from his head, getting impatient but staying focused. He pulls Newbludd back up, tags back out to TA Black, and tells the Sacred Lamb to hold him in place. Black complies, just as the Good Doctor throws himself into the ropes coming back with a--

DDK:

RUNNING FOREARM!!

--that nails BLACK in the face!

Lance:

NEWBLUDD DUCKED!!

Black sprawls wildly off the impact! Reform stands in shock and horror at what he's just done. But before he can react, Newbludd spins him around and lariats him over the top rope.

DDK:

This time it was DOCTOR REFORM who hit the wrong man!

Lance:

It sure looked like an accident, but... you never know!

DDK:

The SOHER sends Ned to the outside... TA Black is stumbling around aimlessly, and walks RIGHT INTO BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

Shock and Awe!

TA Black's head meets canvas after Dragon Suplex and Brock maintains the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specialists are victorious in their comeback match!

As the SNS theme begins to play, Nevarro raises both Newbludd and Cassidy's hands. Ned Reform glares at them angrily as he walks backwards up the stage. The Saturday Night Specialists crack open a few cold opens, cheers each other, and climb the top rope to party with the Ballyhooligans!

Lance:

They might have to peel TA Black off the mat... I have to say, Darren, based on what we saw here tonight, it appears that DEFCON's triple threat might be every man for himself after all!

DDK:

TA Black has professed a desire to mend fences with Ned Reform... but is that legitimate? Or, if it was, does he still feel that way after tonight? And what IS Ned thinking, anyway!?

Lance:

And what kind of role will Pat Cassidy play on the outside?

DDK:

Lots of questions, not many answers... DEFCON will be interesting to say the least!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

THE LONG HALLOWEEN

The scene is laid out in the ring - a table with black covering and two large leather wheely office chairs at opposite ends.

DDK:

Tonight, right now, I believe we are going to have the main event signed for DEFCON - the champion, the snowflake, the FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garl- I mean Fuse, against the challenger, the gamer, the second player, Conor Fuse.

Lance:

I'm intrigued, since Malak has invited Tyler Fuse and Dan Ryan to ringside for the main event of DEFCON. He insists Tyler is going to secure Malak's own victory, believing that Tyler sees no other way than for him, Tyler Fuse, to end Malak's reign. So much so that Tyler is going to end up costing Conor the match and the FIST.

DDK:

Tyler DID cost Dan Ryan the FIST at DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

A very fair point. However, I'd like to argue Dan Ryan and Tyler Fuse don't have a history or a friendship. Dan and Conor have a friendship. In this case, Tyler and Conor are brothers. Malak might go by "Fuse" now but to anyone who is watching DEFIANCE for the first time, Malak is NOT related to Tyler and Conor. Tyler and Conor broke into the wrestling industry together. They've had extremely successful tag team careers. Very successful singles careers, too. Although Tyler has never held a world championship. Conor is a three time High Octane World Champion but has yet to achieve any singles gold in DEFIANCE, if you can believe that.

DDK:

Well, we're going to go to ringside. I'm sure this will be your standard, basic contract signing and nothing else to see!

Lance:

Ummm...

DDK:

That's sarcasm, by the way.

Lance:

Right, right.

The scene switches to the top of the rampway as the lights dim and then a green spotlight bursts into the sky.

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

The Montreal crowd is rabid as Conor Fuse eventually pops out from behind the FIST logo and the fans sing to the tone of his song. He has moved away from the typical "gamer" look, track pants and a t-shirt. Instead, he has some flashy, off-black dress pants on and a gray button-up shirt. However, the look is completed with a lime green bowtie. Fuse's typical ratty blonde hair has been combed.

DDK:

Looks like Conor's coming into some kind of *job interview*.

Lance:

Lose the bowtie and he's got the job.

Conor is excited to be in front of his Canadian Faithful but also isn't as chippy as per usual. While he walks down the ramp and smacks hands with a few fans, he's not bouncing over to them and has not yet shown a smile, either. He reaches the end of the ramp, looking into the ring and closes his eyes. Almost like Kirby, he sucks back air and puffs it

out as quickly, before leaping onto the apron... and entering the ring through the top and middle ropes.

DDK:

I have never, in my entire life, seen Conor Fuse enter the ropes without leaping over them!

Lance:

You're really rattled about this.

DDK:

I guess so!

Fuse walks around the ring, as the crowd chants !RANK !RANK !RANK in their loud, obnoxious Montreal manner. Conor can't help but nod his head, while trying to keep his game face on.

The crowd immediately boos the second Conor's theme comes to an end.

They wait.

And they wait.

Wait and wait and wait. The boos are louder and louder and louder.

GET YOUR ASS OUT!, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

GET YOUR ASS OUT!, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

GET YOUR ASS OUT!, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

Finally.

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

The almighty champion struts onto stage. Poutine in one hand and a file folder in the other, Malak parades around, thrusting his hips, showcasing the title belt wrapped around his waist.

DDK:

I didn't think he was going to be serious when he said he was going to sit back, not train and eat twinkies all day in preparation for this serious, high stakes main event, yet here we are.

Lance:

It's not quite twinkies but good old fashioned cheese, gravy and french fries, or as the Canadians here call it, poutine, can be quite fattening nonetheless!

Malak indulges in some poutine, making no effort to prevent spillage. A gob or two of melted cheese infused gravy stains the outside of the folder as he tries to eat his meal. Eventually, he discards the empty fry tray into the crowd, fork and all. He licks his fingers arrogantly before climbing the apron.

Lance:

It's clear Malak has the contract to be signed in his hands. You have to wonder what kind of silly little details it holds inside.

Malak strolls around, FIST of DEFIANCE now across his shoulder and the stained file folder in his right hand. Meanwhile, Conor has already taken a seat across the way but it's clear The Snowflake Superstar is working on HIS TIME. Malak saunters over and grabs a microphone, still dabbing and licking his fingers.

Malak Fuse:

MMMMMMMMMM POUTINE! Montreal knows how to do it right! It's finger licking good! That's where the catch phrase

came from, right?

He smirks, oozing a ton of cockiness.

Malak Fuse:

Now, before we get down to BRASS TAX, let me warm up this immaculate crowd a little. Montreal? HOW WE DOING TONIGHT?

They groan because of who it was who asked.

Malak Fuse:

Yeah, I would feel that way too if I lived in this SCREWED up little town, too. Don't worry though. I brought a translator for everyone here because I know this is FRENCH COUNTRY! You don't quite understand ENGLISH!

Malak points to the stage where none other than Percy Collins appears. He is sweating (naturally) as he begins signaling sign language symbols for some odd reason.

DDK:

I don't think that's the type of translation required here but go on with it, Malak. It's your world, we're just living in it.

Malak grins a big grin.

Malak Fuse:

Oh me, oh my. Now all you French speaking snobs can follow along when I roasty toasty this n00b across the ring from me.

Malak looks straight at Conor.

Malak Fuse:

cOnOr. Hi Budday. Great to see you. Glad you could make it to your own PWNING. Let's get started, Mr. IOckeR rOOm LeAdEr!

Malak slaps the folder down on the table in front of him but neglects to sit yet.

Malak Fuse:

Conor Fuse, you and I are going to make history as the first brothers to main event DEFCON for the FIST OF DEFIANCE, WAIT FOR IT, CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!!!!!!!!! HAHA!

Malak shuffles his neck annoyingly.

Malak Fuse:

Look, it's been a long time coming we have it out on the biggest stage of them all to settle the ultimate score of who is better. You know, I had this marked down on the calendar for a long time now. I kept checking it and checking it and checking it, in order to make sure what we had was real. You just continued to play into my hands. Each time I thought you were going to DEFY me while you were under my control, I ended up being quite surprised. You stayed. You subdued yourself and carried on like a prideful member of my clan. That only made hand selecting you as my opponent that much easier.

Malak leans on the table in front of him.

Malak Fuse:

So the days kept ticking away and I kept checking the calendar, inching closer to the time where I knew I could call upon you for the match of a lifetime but here's the kicker, cOnOr. At DEFCON, I'm actually not expecting a fight. Nay. I am DEMANDING you be a good boy, get down on your knees and accept your fate as my UNDERLING. You will lay on your back and deliver me a winning three in DEFCON main event record time so my reign may march forth as the

most ruined of all time!

The Montreal Faithful hate what they hear as Percy Collins is literally pirouetting on stage.

Malak Fuse:

If you don't follow my command, I will simply destroy you. By destroy you, I mean I will obliterate the name Fuse from the pro wrestling record books. Anything and everything you and OUR brother has ever done will vanish overnight. Like a promoter overlord drunk on power, I will ERASE your save data from the memory card or in this case, dare I say the HARD DRIVE.

Lance:

Does Malak realize his last name is currently Fuse?

Malak Fuse:

And I will change my name back to Garland and everyone will continue to play along as a hand puppet in my Mushroom Kingdom.

Lance:

He thought it through. Got it. Great.

Malak Fuse:

Everyone will forget you will have ever existed because wrestling fans only have a two week attention span. Why do you think DEFtv runs biweekly!?

The champ grins.

Malak Fuse:

It sure isn't because the creative team panic-writes segments on Tuesday nights, the day before shows go live, oh no!

He begins frothing at the mouth due to this wild rant.

Malak Fuse:

I mean, I write my own material, folks. Not to worry. I digress. cOnOr, I know I've listed a litany of reasons why I picked you but most of all, I wanted to face you at DEFCON because looking at you pisses me off. You're annoying as shit with your energetic positive attitude. You jump around like a virgin frat boy who FINALLY got invited to the big dance.

The crowd can't help but swoon a bit at the offside comment.

Malak Fuse:

Most of all. Most of all, I want to show you that I am you plus ten. I am you times infinity. Most of all, I want to take this—

Malak slides out of the ring and grabs a box from under it before returning. He places it on the table in front of Conor.

Malak Fuse:

I want to take this silly fantasy shit away from you and bring you into REALITY. MALAK'S REALITY. THE ONLY TIMELINE THAT TRULY MATTERS!

Malak moves his hands away from the box, revealing a powder blue question mark power up block. The crowd gasps. He begins to tap the top of the block.

DDK:

Those look oddly familiar!

Lance:

Conor used boxes like these when he first entered DEFIANCE!

Malak has Conor's full attention as he goes on.

Malak Fuse:

You see this is exactly why all these freaks like you and exactly why I hate you. I am going to channel, I am going to USE all this video game shit against you. It's childish. You're a child. I will shove a dualshock so far up your ass that when you try to talk, it vibrates.

Malak snatches the question block from the table.

Malak Fuse:

I'm going back to your roots, cOnOr. I am going to POWER UP PUMMEL THE PISS OUT OF YOU!

He slams it on the table with authority.

Malak Fuse:

There's nothing you can do about it.

One breath.

Malak Fuse:

And if all of what I just said isn't good enough, then come hell or high water, your jealous brother Tyler will do my bidding and ensure I retain my title over you, my forever rival.

The Montreal Faithful are worked up, as Malak finds his chair where he leans back, finished with the verbal assault. He places the microphone on the table and both hands behind his head, as he kicks his legs up onto the table, as well. No fucks in the world, the champion figures he already has Conor dead to rights.

The announcers stay on radio silence as Conor slowly leans forward. He's not smiling, he's rather expressionless. Almost like channeling his older brother, stoic and focused. He looks Malak over from toes on the table, to head resting in his arms. To the FIST of DEFIANCE on his shoulder, glistening in the light.

The fans have stopped booing Malak. By now, they are SCREAMING for *!RANKS*.

The support builds, so much that when Conor reaches out for his own microphone on the table, he seems genuinely moved. He brings the mic to his face... but looks into the crowd.

Their response gets only louder.

Conor closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and exhales. His eyes go back to Malak.

Conor Fuse:

You think you're special, you do.

Conor points directly at the champ.

Conor Fuse:

I can see it in your eyes.

Conor rises from his chair.

Conor Fuse:

I can see it when you laugh at me, look down on me and walk around on me.

Conor stares at the contract file folder on the table. Suddenly, Malak doesn't look so confident anymore.

Conor Fuse:

Malak, I want to tell you more about *myself*, because you actually don't seem to know me as well as you think.

Fuse lets the moment breath and for himself to calm down.

Conor Fuse:

I like video games, sure. But I *also* like comic books. And before you or any one of my other haters roll their eyes, I can assure you, there's a serious message I'd like to deliver if you can humour me for a moment and come along for the ride.

Conor rubs the back of his neck.

Conor Fuse:

Have you ever read the Batman story, The Long Halloween? I won't spoil the ending, I'll just tell you the plot. One Halloween night, there's a killing in Gotham City. Subsequently every holiday and special event thereafter, there is another killing. It doesn't take long to realize these deaths are performed by the same person, an unknown serial killer, casting a black cloud over the entire city. Through Thanksgiving to Christmas, New Years, Mothers Day, Fathers Day, *April Fools* and so forth, every single special day in the calendar, there is a high profile death. For one LONG year, Gotham City is systematically destroyed by a mysterious madman on the hunt.

Conor pauses and stares at Malak Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

Until the *following* Halloween, where the serial killer is finally apprehended.

Malak's eyes go wider.

Conor Fuse:

Now I said I'm not gonna spoil anything but allow me to translate this story into OUR reality. DEFIANCE is currently living its Long Halloween. Because last year, at DEFCON, you won the FIST of DEFIANCE from Dex Joy and have since proceeded to cast a large, snowflake black and blue cloud over this company. Every special event thereafter you drive this organization to be less and less DEFIANT. Make no mistake, Malak, we are currently suffering through your Long Halloween as you kill everything this company was initially founded on. Your arrogance, your neediness...

Malak's eyes go wider still.

Conor Fuse:

You have taken what this organization used to stand on - the backs of Bronson Box, Cayle Murray and Dan Ryan and shifted it into a laughing stock. Yeah, you're a good wrestler, I'll give you that. You're a good wrestler *when you want to be*. But you hide behind insecurities. You represent so much of what is wrong about this company at the moment. Otherwise, if we remove you, DEFIANCE is wonderful. But you don't align with its mission statement. And yet, you *are* the champion and we are in the midst of your Long Halloween.

Conor's hands are shaking with intensity as he holds the mic.

Conor Fuse:

I'm no Batman. Christ, I'm barely a hero. I've had the odd opportunity at *earning* an opportunity for that strap... and I've failed. I dream to be the hero, though. It's been the most predominant dream my entire life. As a small little kid I used to sit in front of the television and watch High Flyer in IWO. I wanted to be like him. I pushed my love of comic books, video games and wrestling ALL IN together. I thought it would be amazing if I could get into this very ring one day and perform in front of everyone. Inspire someone, like Jack Harman inspired me. Be a hero. *One of the boys*. Stand up for what's good, put my life on the line. I'm no real Locker Room Leader. Just a dude who wants to do good things and bring one or two people along the way...

Conor points into the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

I dreamt about earning one fan's respect. Just one. I thought that would be impossible. But hey, it's the only thing I wanted, right? One fan who believed in me. Sure buddy, you throw that question mark box on the table, you shove games down my throat. If you wanna call me *the video game guy* you're using a *paper thin* brain. Because I am so much more than that.

Conor rises from his chair.

Conor Fuse:

I'm an idea. I'm a kid living out his dream. I get to perform in front of everyone here... and for some reason, my act caught fire. I shot to superstardom in HOW. I never asked for it over there, but I worked my ass off for it. I busted my ass off in DEFIANCE, too and I guess it resonates with the people, because they tell me where I stand...

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor Fuse:

I try my best to keep this place going, but I am not arrogant or stupid enough to know I am the sole reason the wheels keep going. Newbludd. Alpha. Kuroyama. A ton of names back there who drive this place up. Hell, even Reform has more DEFIANCE in him than you. You're an NPC paper thin RPG because when push comes to shove, you don't step up. You slither away and find the easy way out.

Conor eyes the contract.

Conor Fuse:

You see that thing. You're going to sign it. Then I'm going to sign it. And come DEFCON your god damn Long Halloween is DOA. After I win the FIST, I'm going to do something unprecedented. But that's getting ahead of myself. In three weeks, I can play a small role in the big picture. I end the terror of Malak GARLAND, who is NOT my brother. I stop the killings. He will no longer taint the name of this organization. Rather, he will show the world exactly what he is.

Conor and Malak lock eyes.

Conor Fuse:

He is no serial killer. He's not even my mortal enemy. We are not destined to do this again and again. Because how can we...

Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

When I do what Batman couldn't do to The Joker. When I do what Superman should've done to Lex Luthor.

Conor smirks.

Conor Fuse:

I fucking kill you.

RRRRRAAHHHHH!!

Conor tosses the mic onto the table and Malak now stands as well, frothing at the mouth in anger and rage.

Malak picks up his mic.

Malak Fuse:

I DIDN'T TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT WHEN I PUMPED JOE CASSIDY!

Drool runs down Malak's face.

Malak Fuse:

I DIDN'T TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT WHEN I MADE A FOOL OUTTA GOR NEWBLUDD!

DDK:

Malak's so rattled he's getting their names wrong?

Lance:

I think so.

Malak Fuse:

OR WHEN I BEAT YOUR DIPSHIT BROTHER AT THE YEAR END AWARDS-

Hard pause.

Full stop.

Malak is grounded again with a shit eating grin.

Malak Fuse:

Oh, wait. Yeah, I took the easy way out on that one.

A wink and chuckle in Conor's direction, further pissing the challenger off. The champion reaches out and grabs the contract.

Malak Fuse:

You're so lucky the Favored Saints gave me an open contract where I could choo choo CHOOSE you. We've come a long way from HAMMOCK SHOPPING, cOnOr.

Malak opens the folder up to the signature page but momentarily seems puzzled as he looks it over.

Malak Fuse: *[mumbling]*

There's another signature on here?

The Fake Fuse shrugs and signs his name beside the open spaces anyway. He tosses the folder across the table to Conor.

The Ultimate Gamer leans over and signs the contract too.

Malak Fuse:

Wait. We're not done.

Fuse snarls at Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

That was a great speech, cOnOr. Round of applause.

Malak gives Conor a literal sarcastic round, while sticking the mic under his right armpit.

Malak Fuse:

What an amazing speech from someone who's done HALF of what I have. I told you, I am mailing this in. Because you failed to remember THE NUMBER ONE REASON AS TO WHY I WANTED THIS MATCH TO BEGIN WITH!

Malak is unhinged. He kicks the table to the side and marches over, getting right in Conor's face, nose-to-nose.

Malak Fuse:

Because I hold the cards, ALL OF THE CARDS! YOU WORK FOR ME! YOUR BROTHER WORKS FOR ME! THE FUSE BROS. WORK FOR ME, MALAK JONAS FUSE. M! J! F!

Malak pie-faces Conor with his free hand.

Malak Fuse:

You think you know your REAL brother!? You don't know Jack. Jack. Jack? Jack Harmen!? Your hero, right? TYLER "ENDED" HIS CAREER.

Malak cocks his head to the side.

Malak Fuse:

Yeah, sidebar, apparently he's alive again-

Now he throws his face and nose right back into Conor.

Malak Fuse:

BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!

Garland calms down, because a coy and clever smile once again crosses his face.

Malak Fuse:

You don't know Tyler. *I* know Tyler. He's been [obsessed with me](#) since the moment I ended the Fuse Bros. as a tag team once and for all!

Malak looks his upcoming opponent over, from head to toe.

Malak Fuse:

He is never gonna let YOU defeat me. It's not going to happen!

Malak shakes his head "no".

Malak Fuse:

Tyler doesn't care about you like the way you *think* he does. You're delusional, Fuse. What happened after Cyrus and I beat you and Tyler at DEFCON all those years ago? He [WALKED OUT ON YOU](#), 'member? Oh, I 'member. How fucking stupid are you!? Every time you talk to the guy, you give 100% and he's like MEH.

Malak starts poking his finger into Conor's chest.

Malak Fuse:

HE WILL SELL YOU OUT IN A SECOND IF IT MEANS HE CAN FINALLY GET WHAT HE WANTS. YOU'VE HAD YOUR WORLD TITLES. HE'S DONE NOTHING. JACKSHIT. THE ONLY THING HE'S DONE IS BE MY LITTLE PUPPET ASS MUPPET.

Malak is crying and screaming at once.

Malak Fuse:

This is OVER at DEFCON. O.V.E.R. And then you can lick your wounds, cry in the corner, and watch me beat Eugene Dewey's reign. Screw that guy. Another video game virgin.

Malak laughs rather sinisterly.

Malak Fuse:

All thanks to my brother, Tyler Fu-

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

The Faithful EXPLODE as Tyler Fuse appears. First, however...

CRASH!!!!

Tyler tosses Percy Collins (who was at the top of the ramp the entire time doing sign language) off it and through a table below. This significantly ignites the crowd as Tyler continues marching down the rampway without breaking stride. Malak immediately looks like he's going to piss himself.

Tyler power walks to the end of the ramp, rolls under the bottom rope and walks up right in front of Malak.

Malak Fuse:

So nice of you to show little broth-

WHAP!

Tyler smacks the mic out of his hands.

The FIST looks down at the canvas, then back up at Tyler.

Malak shoves Tyler.

So, obviously, Tyler shoves Malak!

The two start hockey fighting it out, until Conor tries to get in the way...

WHAP!

Malak pushes Tyler into Conor, and both real brothers bump heads. Tyler looks over, a slight show of concern on his face... before Malak scrambles around, landing his eyes on the powder blue OG Fuse Bros. question mark box.

SLAM!

He crushes it across Tyler's face!

Despite the fact that (legal) mushrooms fall out of it, in reference to exactly what Conor would munch on in the middle of their OG run, the box itself is made of some kind of metal. It's absolutely destroyed across the side of Tyler's right cheek.

With big bro staggering, Malak dives into his next weapon, the FIST of DEFIANCE that fell on the ground. He grabs it, measures Conor...

WHAM!

DDK:

A disgusting shot to the head!

The crowd is booing wildly as Malak Fuse stumbles around the canvas while both Fuse Bros. try to recover. Malak reaches over and takes hold of the big wheely chair they used for the contract signing and tosses it at Tyler. It's clear Malak's mind is racing, he needs to keep up against TWO brothers at once. So Garland slides out of the ring and snatches a steel chair.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

SMACK!

The FIST is back into the ring and clobbers Conor across the face with the chair! Malak proceeds to deliver a few shots while keeping his eyes on Tyler at the other side of the ring.

Malak quickly opens the chair and puts it across Conor's left leg. However, it looks like Tyler is coming to.

Malak Fuse: *[towards Tyler Fuse]*
STOP!

Malak catches Tyler's attention.

Malak Fuse:
If you take even ONE step forward, I'm gonna break cOnOr's ankle and then DEFCON is off the table because everyone else is already booked!

Malak smiles, it's like he thought of this on-the-spot. Meanwhile, Tyler is merely on his hands and knees, only taking in the information when Malak flinches.

Malak Fuse:
YOU MOVED! YOU F'N MOVED! HERE GOES NOTHING!!!

CRUNCH!

Malak leaps in the air and jumps on the chair legs, crushing Conor's left ankle in it!

As Conor rolls around the canvas in tons of pain, Malak leans forward and starts shouting at his next opponent.

Malak Fuse:
CoNoR, THIS IS WHAT TYLER WANTED! BLAME THIS ON YOUR **REAL** BROTHER!

By now, Tyler's on his feet and he races towards Malak... except the champion has already left the ring, title belt in hand. Tyler checks on Conor, while Malak has made his escape, running underneath the stage.

Malak Fuse:
AFTER TEN-THOUSAND YEARS I'M FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

Conor shouts in agony as he looks up at his brother, telling him the main event of DEFCON might be off. The younger Fuse looks pissed, slamming his hands against the canvas mat before trying to take the chair off his ankle.

The crowd grumbles. Dan Ryan slowly marches out from the back. Halfway down the ramp, Tyler sees what the commotion is about. He starts mouthing off at Ryan.

Tyler Fuse:
And where the HELL were you, huh? SOME FRIEND YOU ARE!

Ryan looks like he's ready to kill Tyler.

Then again, Tyler wants it.

Ryan steps over the top rope and into the ring. It seems as though Dan's first order of business is to check on Conor-

Until Tyler leans into him with a heavy push.

And all bets are off. The two start fighting with one another while Conor rolls around on the canvas, holding his ankle.

The cameras switch once again. To right underneath the rampway, below the stage.

Malak Fuse didn't run away, after all.

Instead, he stands in the dark, as members of DEFSec race down the ramp. Some check on Conor, others try breaking up Ryan and Tyler.

Malak Fuse:

How delectable.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand feed of the broadcast, as Malak cuddles his belt and the most diabolical grin crosses his face.

Malak Fuse:

How delectable, indeed.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.