



## MY SPOT

**DDK:**

What a show we have on tap for you tonight! In our main event... The Saturday Night Specials collide! Southern Heritage Champion Brock Newbludd puts his championship on the line against his very own best friend and tag team partner, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

**Lance:**

The challenge was issued on UNCUT by the champion himself! And accepted by the challenger! Favoured Saints Champion Lonnie Luck is testing the very limits of his luck by challenging the former FIST of DEFIANCE Malak Garland! And in a battle of GC Universe vs. Titanes Familia, as first announced last week, GC Universe member FLEX goes one-on-one against Titanes Familia's newest member, Kilgore!

**DDK:**

This and a whole lot more tonight on DEFtv, but first we're taking a look at how we got to FLEX versus Kilgore! In a completely shocking twist, we saw both Uriel Cortez of Titanes Familia and OSCAR BURNS of the GC Universe sharing heated words following the Familia welcoming Siofra and Kilgore into the fold! Uriel has been warning OSCAR to tread lightly after issuing a warning of his own and... well, we're gonna see how the GC Universe responded to that warning.

**Lance:**

Monday of this week, there was a confrontation between the GC Universe and Titanes Familia! OSCAR BURNS. I have it on good authority that Uriel Cortez and Titaness of the Familia were originally scheduled for press with one of the local radio stations, CJAY 92 with local rock radio icon, Ike Castle, but well... things got heated pretty quickly.

**DDK:**

The term "scheduling conflict" was what Lance and I were told, but a camera crew was on hand to capture this footage. You can judge for yourself what happened and see exactly how GC Universe responded to the Familia's own warning.

Monday Afternoon

CJAY 92 Headquarters

Seated on the radio studio, local rock icon Ike Castle is working on his second can of Monster Ultra Sunrise. Dressed in a black "Slayer" t-shirt and dusty jeans while rocking a hideous middle-aged greying mohawk, Castle tips his can to his guests.

**Ike Castle:**

Welcome back, rock-a-holics! I'm Ike Castle and coming THIS WEDNESDAY to the Scotiabank Saddledome, we have DEFIANCE Wrestling! With me in the studio to talk about their upcoming show... we have wrestling legend and PRIME Hall of Famer, Squared Circle Hall of Famer, former fWo star, Sonny Silver!

**Sonny Silver:**

Hey, Ike. Love "Slayer". Dead Skin Mask is still in my workout playlist.

**Ike Castle:**

Nice, nice. We've got a few wrestlers here with us right now. Care to introduce them?

**Sonny Silver:**

Sure do. Several of DEFIANCE's most talented individuals! This big, red-headed blue-chipper in the dapper blue floral suit seated next to me is "The Brightest Star in the GC Universe" Dan Leo James!

**DLJ:**

That's right! Dan Leo James! Jacked, tan and ready to throw hands! Check one-two, check one-two, Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Um... I got p-pops on Pepper. Are we live, my GLOAT?

**Sonny Silver:** [annoyed]

And speaking of GLOATs, The Greatest Luchador of All Time! He IS LUCHA LIBRE and that is also in all caps, The Fastest Man in the GC Universe! "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas.

Mil Vueltas is dressed in a snazzy white suit and white mask, the entirety covered in small blue rhinestones and a white fur coat.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Gracias por tenernos! Es un placer, Ike!

**Ike Castle:**

Eh... could be worse. And Sonny, you've asked to introduce one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars here in studio right now?

**Sonny Silver:**

No, no... not "one of." He's DEFIANCE Himself. He's the reason why this company got out of its home base in New Orleans, Louisiana and his work is what's bringing this show to Calgary this week! From the dirt to the Dome. He's All Caps, All Graps! He is... OSCAR BURNS.

Sitting across from the both of them, OSCAR BURNS is in an olive green suit, dark tie and black loafers adjusting his headset.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

It's your pleasure, GCs. I am OSCAR BURNS and I must say... this is a much, MUCH, **MUCH** more professional radio station than this silly little one that they got going on locally. We had a guy, Scotty Flash, it was a whole thing.

**Ike Castle:**

Ugh... don't get me started on THAT useless bum. I put in a good word for him once for our nightly show here last year. No-showed an interview and saying he had some "other business" to attend to. Next thing I know, he's being arrested for embezzlement?

**OSCAR BURNS:**

I'm not quite sure. I just know the judge did the right thing and I might just sue what's left of their little circus into the dirt one day for calling themselves OSCAR BURNS Radio when I'm the only man with the credentials to call himself DEFIANCE. But another story for another time.

**DLJ:**

Man, I hope Joe Stats is okay.

**Mil Vueltas:**

As long as he's okay and Lance Warner loses his job, amigos, I'm happy. Lance probably cause his cardiac event.

**Ike Castle:**

I have no idea what you guys are referring to, but we're gonna jump right into things! You, OSCAR, a former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, a former one-time Favoured Saints Champion, and one of the highest-paid wrestlers in DEFIANCE history. That's quite impressive! And you hail from New Zealand, do we have that right?

**OSCAR BURNS:**

All correct, GC, all correct. The journey of one OSCAR BURNS is a great tale that would make that bloody mouse company a whole lot of money if they adapted my story to the big screen. Was but a Kiwi with a dream. Grew up in New Zealand idolizing wrestling! Loved it so much, I learned how to do it all around the world! Japan! UK! Mexico! Anyone that would have me and all of that made me the man I am today.

**Ike Castle:**

And what does DEFIANCE do different from lots of other wrestling promotions?

**Sonny Silver:**

One word, Ike: Grit. Grit and lots of it on the biggest stage. The kind of grit you want in your wrestling product that isn't hours of commercialized, homogenized crap you get from other places.

**DLJ:**

We don't even like Travis Scott here!

**Mil Vueltas:**

Quién diablos es ese?

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Yeah nah. We don't do any of that here. Somebody tried an Elon Musk thing once, but that was a giant publicity stunt, from my understanding. But I don't do publicity stunts here in DEFIANCE. We WRESTLE. And we give you the best of all styles!

**Mil Vueltas:**

Si, Ike. I do the LUCHA with a capital LUCHA. They also call me El Intocable. Untouchable. Becuase nobody as fast as me!

**DLJ:**

That's right! And I can like... I can shoulder tackle a mofo! That's right! I said mofo live on air!

He turns to Sonny.

**DLJ:**

I... I can say mofo on air, right, Mr. Silver?

**Sonny Silver:**

Probably.

OSCAR dabs fists with Mil and DLJ.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

And what I bring is top-tier technical wrestling! You know, when I feel like it... and they pay me enough... and I don't feel like using one of my PTO days...

**Sonny Silver:**

He's important, if you didn't get the hint, Ike.

**Ike Castle:**

Oh, I did. Sounds like a tough gig you have going on there.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Really and truly, Mr. Castle. When you get to the spot I'm at through hard work, you can attract some real irritants. People talk. People get jealous. People get...

**YOU LITTLE BITCH!**

OSCAR looks up from his seat in the studio. Just outside the doors lurks a very tall woman accompanied by very much taller husband, pounding the door. The forms of **Uriel Cortez** and **Titaness** stand in front of the door. Uriel rocking a black suit with a gold tie and Titaness wearing a dark sculpted suit of her own.

**Uriel Cortez:**

LET US IN! THIS IS OUR GODDAMN TIME!

**Titanness:**

THIS WAS OUR INTERVIEW TIME, NOT YOURS!

Castle jumps out of his seat!

**Ike Cortez:**

Holy craps, those two are huge.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Told you, Sonny.

**Sonny Silver:** [grinning]

Like clockwork.

One of the show producers tries to get in the way of the parental figures of Titanes Familia, only for Uriel grab him by the arm.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Open the door, small, or I'm going to break your wrist and I'll do it myself!

The producer does as he's told and opens the door. Titanness storms in first followed by The Man of the House ducking down to fit into the doorway. They both get in the face of the GC Universe members, then stare down Mil and DLJ as they stand up out of their seats as well.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You little shits. You know that we were supposed to be here doing this interview to promote the show.

**Ike Castle:**

Uh... um... language? Live radio.

**Titanness:**

Shut up, small, or my foot's going in your mouth.

Ike goes quiet as OSCAR looks over at Sonny.

**OSCAR BURNS:** [thinking]

Oh... were you supposed to be here? I don't remember it quite like that, giant, GC. Besides, if you guys were supposed to be here, then why are WE doing this interview? Sonshine? Any ideas?

**Sonny Silver:** [also thinking]

Hrm... I mean... last weekend when we heard you call us out on DEF Radio, I mean I MIGHT have floated an idea to Favoured Saints that this interview needed some star power and they agreed.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Si, I was there. They wanted GLOATness. They wanted Giga-Dan. They wanted OSCAR BURNS. Your big ass barely fit in studio! They don't want you breaking things.

**DLJ:**

Yeah! And you know what? They've done more for me than YOU ever did. So ex-Mom? Ex-Dad? ...Kiss my ass.

OSCAR and Sonny's eyes both go wide and then OSCAR laughs before he spins his chair towards Uriel.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

See? There's more to my spot than power, GC! Brute force can get you real far, Uriel. But how are you gonna be the so-called Landlord of DEFIANCE when \*MY\* name's all over the bricks that make the place what it is today?

**Titaness:**

Are you STUPID? Have you not seen what my husband has done to...

**Uriel Cortez:**

You're right.

Titaness stops when she hears the words come out of her husband's mouth. Uriel Cortez looks down.

**Uriel Cortez:**

The one thing you're good at? Being a wrestler AND a politician. And fair play, you pulled this off. And yeah... maybe there is more to life than brute force...

**THWACK!**

Cortez CHOPS Sonny Silver in the chest so hard, he goes flying backward and falls out of his chair! Ike Castle jumps back out of his seat while Mil and DLJ stand up out of theirs to check on the GC Universe's Official Spokesperson.

**Uriel Cortez:**

But we also know WHERE to apply force. You're gonna regret pulling this shit.

Titaness turns to Mil and DLJ.

**Titaness:**

And you're gonna regret being on his side of things.

The husband and wife storm out of the studio with Uriel ducking under the door again to leave. OSCAR grits his teeth.

**OSCAR BURNS:** [growling]

One of you, get me FLEX... I've got a special assignment for him.

He storms out of the studio while Mil nods. He nods to Danny and leaves the studio while DLJ checks on Sonny and tries to help him up.

**Sonny Silver:**

...OW...

## OKAY, TAKING A JUMP BACK

The show cuts backstage where Christie Zane stands promisingly holding a microphone.

### Christie Zane:

Faithful, as you know, I have been upping my interviewing game as of late and the last two weeks on DEFtv and Uncut respectively I have gotten two of the bigger scoops of my career. First, I interviewed Malak Garland hot off his FIST loss where he challenged Brock Newbludd the same night for the SOHER. Then, on Uncut, I interviewed Lonnie Luck who tossed out a challenge to the very same former FIST of DEFIANCE. Now, I present to you this interview that was recorded earlier today at the talent hotel. Take a look.

A static clip changes the locale to a decadently arranged private hotel suite. Everything looks pristine from the empty fireplace to the mirrors too large to be hung so they lean on the walls. Two large upholstered armchairs sit adjacent to each other. In walks Christie Zane first and then Malak Garland flanked by Percy Collins second.

### Malak Garland:

Christie, we really need to stop meeting like this. I mean, the instatweeters are going to have a field day with this.

Percy chuckles as he stands behind the seated duo with a hand to his face, trying his best to mask his intentions.

### Christie Zane:

Oh shoot, I don't want anyone to think that my journalism contains any biases but nonetheless, I thank you for taking the time to join me today.

A 'Previously Recorded' chyron appears in the lower left hand corner of the broadcast.

### Malak Garland:

That's okay and you're welcome. You'll be sure to know I've had Percy here personally respond to each and every rumor post online about us. I've told him to tell the haters that I wouldn't touch a flighty, unintelligent woman like you with a ten foot pole but please, proceed with the presentation of this interview.

Zane nods, not entirely sure she understands the jabs Malak just threw her way.

### Christie Zane:

Okay, well, DEFtv I interviewed you and you said you wanted to 'take a step back' and challenge for the SOHER as you thought that would have been easier to obtain seeing you were just the FIST. Later that night, you were soundly defeated by Brock Van PattonBludd or whatever his gorgeous name was.

Malak shivers from head to toe being reminded of his previous failure.

### Christie Zane:

In fact, some people have said you lost in a rather embarrassing fashion—!

Percy interjects, stepping between the two and karate chopping the air.

### Malak Garland:

Percy, thank you for the interference. Christie, we're done here. You can vamoose.

Percy silently waves his hands at her before she has no choice but to give up her seat and stand off to the side. Percy swipes the microphone from her hand and takes things over.

### Percy Collins:

Malak, before we begin this exclusive interview, I would like to conduct a kindness acknowledgement.

This is more Malak's pace. He settles in with a big fat smile on his face.

**Percy Collins:**

Malak, you are the greatest of all time, no doubt. With that out of the way, the floor is yours. What are you up to next and why was this interview arranged?

**Malak Garland:**

Wow okay, lots to unpack here, Percy. Plenty to take stock of. Listen, first and foremost, I will not be analyzing or recounting anything that happened in my recent past. Nothing. I am looking forward with blinders on my face.

He crosses his legs.

**Malak Garland:**

A little birdy told me to watch last week's Uncut because there was an interview on there of interest. So I did and much to my dismay, Christie I am looking at you, some dumb duck thought it was wise to call ME out and issue ME a challenge. Must be because he thinks he can strike while the iron is hot because I'm on a losing streak of a lifetime. Well, Lonnie Luck, you're in luck and not because your name is Lonnie Luck which sucks.

Percy leans in with intentful listening.

**Malak Garland:**

I'll admit, originally, two weeks ago, I didn't take enough of a step back when I challenged for the SOHER. That was STILL shooting too high too soon for someone like myself who is literally just looking for a 'a nice breezy program to ease back into things' after handling the devastation of having the FIST removed from me so unceremoniously.

**Percy Collins:**

So where does that leave us and what does that mean, sire?

**Malak Garland:**

It means this.

Malak whips out his phone which hasn't been seen on television in quite some time. In fact, the last time it made an appearance, Malak just became the newest freshly minted FIST of DEFIANCE. He lazily scrolls through dozens of unread text messages to arrive at one thread of interest in particular.

**Malak Garland:**

I was going to cut a rancid promo and challenge for the Favored Saints title later tonight but someone beat me to it. My script must've been leaked by someone and Lonnie Luck got ahead of me. Again, looking at you Christie.

Malak glares menacingly at Christie before looking back into the camera.

**Malak Garland:**

The Favored Saints have granted me a shot at the Favored Saints title tonight because that's the most gettable gold in the land. It's a JUMP back, not a STEP which is what aligns with my needs to flourish right now.

**Percy Collins:**

And the personal message for Lonnie Luck sitting duck?

Malak smirks.

**Malak Garland:**

Heh. Yeah. That schmuck. Thinks he's so bright for jumping the shark on my vision to success. He's not challenging me! I am challenging him! Erase his challenge from the history books because this is the official challenge! Tonight, I'm going to show him what he's dealing with. Truthfully, if I may speak it, that's why I'm not at the arena tonight. At least, I won't be until the very moment my entrance needs to take place. There's no need for me to show up until then because the belt Lonnie totes around is the lowest of DEFIANCE's singles titles. Should be an easy pickup. Cake walk. I only flew into town and came to the hotel in order to collect a paycheck but believe me when I say I'll be leaving

the SaddleDome and climbing Mount Aberdeen with my new piece of gold in tow before the night is over. This interview? Also over.

Malak gets up and disconnects himself from his microphone. Percy stands and applauds as Christie is left in confusion. The two walk off as Christie Zane gets more facetime but just back in the arena, in real time.

## A TWO MAN OPERATION

To the interview stage! No in-rings here, baby.

The Calgary fans begin to boo in earnest as standing on the very crowded stage is the FULL Honor Society: TA Cole stands close to Miss Sanders. Cole looks slightly worried while Sanders seems to be reassuring him. The two monsters TA Horrigan and TA Owens - Horrigan with his arms folded smirking at the crowd and Owens punching one hand into another in a threatening manner. The Academic Amarettos, TA Carlo and TA Gomez, flourish and pose, sans the pep and flair of their usual magic gusto. TA Arsvinnar keeps to the back of the ground, looming tall and threatening beneath his Viking-horned mortarboard. In the center of it all, looking flummoxed and outnumbered, stands Christie Zane.

**Christie Zane:**

Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time: the Honor Society! Mr. Black...

**TA Black:**

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Zane grabs at her forehead, trying to fend off the onset of a sudden headache.

**Christie Zane:**

...last week we all saw what went down between yourself and The Lads. I've given up trying to guess at your thought process on anything, so I thought I'd just ask directly: what exactly are you up to?

**TA Black:**

What am I UP TO, CHRISTIE?! LOOK AROUND YOU!! There's like HALF A DOZEN Honor Society members on the stage right now, Christie, and THAT IS NOT ENOUGH!! What I am UP TO, Christie, is EXPANSION! EMPOWERMENT! EVOLUTION!! What I am UP TO, dear, dreadful CHRISTIE, is--

**Ned Reform:** *[off screen]*

HALT THE PRECEDINGS!

The Faithful unleash a fresh round of jeers as Ned Reform, dressed in his academic-best, marches through the curtain with a scowl on his face.

**DDK:**

We haven't seen the leader of the Honor Society since DEFCON!

**Lance:**

Lots of questions regarding his current relationship with TA Black. In that triple threat match, Black tried more than once to win the SOHER for himself... despite Reform's orders.

Reform marches up the steps and quite rudely snatches the mic out of an indignant Christie Zane's hand.

**Ned Reform:**

Now is not that time for your nonsense, journalism school dropout! For...

Still holding the mic, Reform opens his other arm wide and throws his head back, closing his eyes as he triumphantly (and dramatically) proclaims

**Ned Reform:**

DOCTOR NED REFORM HAS RETURNED!!!

As if on cue, the Honor Society erupts into applause. The fans, it goes without saying, have a different reaction. Zane, shaking her head in disgust, makes her way off the stage. Reform steps up - rather aggressively mind you - to TA Black.

**Ned Reform:**

Well well well... if it's Mr. Black.

TA Black appears to go to retort, but Reform roughly jerks the mic out of his reach.

**Ned Reform:**

No... I believe you've said quite enough, Erik. MORE than enough. Your philosophical musings have more commas than a Dickens novel. It is time for The Good Doctor, The Sage on the Stage, The Mad Gadfly, the Philosopher King to have his say. And believe me, this must be said.

Reform moves right into Black's face. He pauses to milk the tension for a moment. To everyone's shock, his scowl melts into a look of happiness and glee.

**Ned Reform:**

...I have never been more proud of you.

**DDK:**

What?

Even Black seems taken aback by this sudden turn. Reform warmly puts a hand on his prized pupil's shoulder.

**Ned Reform:**

Yes, it's true that for a moment your darkest demons were unleashed during our contest at DEFCON. For the briefest of flickers, the twisted drug-addicted lowlife buried deep in your subconscious made an appearance - but LIKE the flicker of a candle, it was gone nearly as soon as it arrived. No, my boy... in the end, you made the right choice. You sacrificed your personal glory for the good of our Honor Society. I cannot fault a man who wrestles with his demons and win. You've shown once and for all where your loyalties lie...

And then, of all things... Reform gives him a HUG!

**Lance:**

My God...

**Ned Reform:**

You've done it, Erik. I am proud to look across at perhaps my biggest success story. At my most ingenious ally. At my most loyal friend.

Astute observers will notice TA Cole's fists clench at this.

**TA Black:**

LOYAL?! ABSOLUTELY! INGENIOUS!? COMPLETELY! BIGGEST?!? AAh-uhhh... well, MOST SUCCESSFUL, YES!! You say *EYE* have done it, Doc? YOU DID THIS! The REFORM METHOD did this! You revealed the ROAD to WELLNESS to this forlorn soul, and I have WALKED IT to a PATH of GLORY!

**Ned Reform:**

Quite true! Quite true! Which brings me to my next point...

Reform looks past Black to the mass of humanity that is The Honor Society.

**Ned Reform:**

While Mr. Black does indeed walk this path of glory... I have NEVER been more disappointed in the rest of you.

The surprise on each man's face is evident.

**Ned Reform:**

While Mr. Black and I were fighting for our very lives against those two booze-riddled ruffians, where were you exactly? Oh sure, Mr. Cole, you attempted to assist... and you were thoroughly trounced and embarrassed by the Boston barfly. An elite athlete defeated by a half-drunk nitwit. You and YOU TWO... Mr. Horrigan, Mr Owens: how utterly kind of you to appear after the contest was already finished, yes? Just bravo. Your greatest strength is surely your impeccable sense of timing.

Reform does a mock golf clap. Cole looks absolutely devastated. Owens is confused. And Horrigan looks a wee bit miffed.

**Ned Reform:**

And the magicians: how odd of you not to APPEAR when we needed you the most. As for you...

Reform looks at TA Arsvinnar.

**Ned Reform:**

...erm... carry on I suppose. But I will say this in summation: I have spent the last month in isolation. I retreated to my office of solitude back in New Haven while I was thinking and planning... trying to brainstorm how I would sufficiently convey my disappointment in this unit. And "unit" is perhaps a stretch, no? For this is no team, gentlemen. Oh no.

Ned again puts his arm around Black, pulling him to his side in an embrace.

**Ned Reform:**

The Honor Society has quite clearly become a TWO MAN operation.

**DDK:**

I can't believe what we're hearing...

**Lance:**

I don't believe it, Keebs. He's laying it on too thick. Something is amiss here.

**TA Black:**

You know something, Doc, you're EXACTLY RIGHT! In fact, I've been thinking the SAME THING all through this past week! For the LEAPS and BOUNDS I've made under your tutelage, it's BAFFLING to me why the REST of the class keep OFF-SETTING the GRADING CURVE! But maybe -- MAYYYBEEEE -- with some FRESH BLOOD among our ranks, our fellow colleagues will find the MOTIVATION to ASPIRE for MORE!

**Ned Reform:**

Quite right, my loyal number two. And I tell you this: I give you my full permission to continue your quest to swell the ranks of the Honor Society! Socrates knows we need it. I applaud your attempts to force The Lads to see the light. Perhaps if you're successful we might find worthy allies. What a rarity THAT would be, yes? But be warned: as you've no doubt seen, pulling any of those simpletons from the influence of Dex Joy will be difficult. Don't let Dex deceive you: behind that rotund perpetual blank stare of dimness lies a true schemer. A Machiavellian mastermind who has played the DEFIANCE Faithful like a fiddle. A man who claims to be "The Every Champ" and convinces the legions of brainless dolts that he cares for them all while he cashes those merchandise checks and performs a giant-sized cannonball into his comically large money-bin. A man of the people... bah.

Reform turns to look into the camera.

**Ned Reform:**

That's right, Mr. Joy. DOCTOR Ned Reform has diagnosed you: you are a textbook narcissist. You've gathered your little minions tightly to your side under the guise of mentorship, but your true goal is to prevent them from ever overshadowing your star power. Think on this: is it a coincidence that you allied yourself with Mr. Purcell shortly after he defeated you on PPV? That you convinced Mr. Victorious - a man who had successfully programmed the mindless masses to chant his nursery rhymes more efficiently than YOU ever had - to follow in line behind you? The fact is, Mr. Joy, is that you have a habit of making sure you are attached to the momentum of the next big star, do you not?

Perhaps Mr. Black can make your minions see this. When they do, know that the Honor Society awaits you all with open arms. You will no longer be "Lads"... you will be "Scholars."

**Lance:**

Some BIG accusations being thrown around here!

**Ned Reform:**

I've said my piece. Mr. Black... the floor is yours. Take us home.

And, in perhaps the biggest shocker of the night, Ned Reform hands the mic over and actually cedes his time to TA Black. For the first time ever, The Good Doctor has given someone else the spotlight.

**TA Black:**

TRUST, ladies and gentlemen! THIS RIGHT HERE is the EPITOME of TRUST! The REFORM METHOD is the WAY! A PLACE among the HONOR SOCIETY is the RESULT! DON'T FIGHT IT! DON'T REFUSE IT! DON'T DENY IT!! EMBRACE IT, Lads! EMBRACE THIS with OPEN ARMS! DON'T be "NO" PEOPLE! Be YES PEOPLE!! Say it with me RIGHT NOW!! EVERY LAST GOSHDARN ONE OF YOU!! SAY IT!! SAAAAAY /TTTTT...

Black plants his legs, balls up his fist, and thrusts it over his head majestically. In another surprising move, Reform mimics his motion along with him!

**TA Black:**

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

**DDK:**

Well... THAT was unexpected!

**Lance:**

We've never, in his four years as a member of the DEFIANCE roster, see Ned Reform treat anyone that warmly... particularly after the person tried to pin him in a match!

**DDK:**

I, like yourself, have to doubt his sincerity here, Lance. But does TA Black doubt it? It doesn't appear so.

**Lance:**

I... I don't know what the endgame is here, partner. But I don't think I like it.

**DDK:**

And what about The Lads? Reform's twisted logic has worked on people before. I'd hope both Purcell and Butch are smart enough not to fall for it, but the man does have a way with words...

**Lance:**

More questions than answers at this point! But let's move on!

## SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. NO FUN DEAN

**DDK:**

Up next... Scott Douglas takes on No Fun Dean here in Calgary... but after what we've seen from DEFIANCE's Favorite Son two weeks ago ... I'm not sure what to expect here tonight.

**Lance:**

Let's call it what it is. This isn't Scott Douglas fighting to win... this is Scott Douglas obeying orders.

No Fun Dean is already in the ring, standing in his corner with a flat expression. The six-foot-two Canadian leans against the turnbuckles, arms resting on the ropes. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd... and they don't seem to mind.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring... from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at 250 pounds... NOOOOO FUUUUUUNNN DEEAAAANNNNN!!!

Dean doesn't react. He's no fun.

The arena lights dim.

♪ *"Funeral March" by Chopin* ♪

The eerie piano echoes solemnly through the Saddledome as the boos begin to rain down. Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, arms tucked behind his back. Flanking him, the masked trio of Los Caídos: Corey Núñez, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, and Gerardo Villalobos.

And behind them... Scott Douglas.

The procession moves slowly down the ramp, cold and coordinated. Once at ringside, Douglas takes the ring stairs up to the apron, where the camera lingers on him just long enough for the Faithful to take in the sight of their new normal. Same stripped-down all-black gear... same haunting mask first revealed two weeks ago.

The broadcast cuts to "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama standing and watching a monitor backstage, arms crossed, jaw tight. The image quickly shrinks down to picture-in-picture.

**DDK:**

And take a look at this...

**Lance:**

That's Kerry Kuroyama, there in the lower right-hand corner of your screens...

**DDK:**

He took notice of this whole situation last week, and clearly, he's keeping a close eye on it.

**Lance:**

I imagine we'll be keeping an eye on him ...

The PIP fades away.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent...

Now at ringside, Vacio lifts a single hand ... a sharp signal.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...accompanied to the ring by LOSSSS CAAAAAIIDDDOOOOS!!!

Corey, Gerardo, and Lips hit the apron and step through the ropes. No Fun Dean is on guard but quickly realizes the trio isn't there for him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

... hailing from Seattle, WASSSHINGTON and weighing in at ...

They are here for ... Darren Quimbey, mid-breath and mic in hand, he halts as Los Caídos close in. They don't touch him, they don't have to. The presence alone stops Quimbey in his tracks. He lowers the mic, eyes darting toward Vacio, who remains motionless at ringside.

No name is spoken.

No announcement made.

**Lance:**

Vacio imposing his will here... Trying to prove that Douglas, under the mask and the allegiance to Vacio, is nameless... Faceless. Forgotten.

**DDK:**

That is "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, folks ... as much as Victor Vacio may not want you to know it ... or as hard as it may be to believe.

**Lance:**

And that man across from him may not say much... but he's about to find out what this new version of Douglas is all about.

Benny Doyle checks both men and calls for the bell.

***DING DING***

Dean approaches cautiously and initiates a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Douglas obliges and immediately transitions behind into a waistlock before snapping Dean over with a sharp German suplex.

Dean sits up slowly, nursing his neck, only for Douglas to drive a boot into the small of his back.

No Fun Dean ... isn't having any.

He instinctively moves away, crawling to the ropes and pulling himself up to a knee but Douglas is right on him, drilling a knee into Dean's face against the middle rope. Dean's head ricochets off the stiff rope, and he slumps back to the mat, dazed.

Douglas doesn't follow up immediately. He stands over Dean... silent... still.

**Lance:**

Every move is deliberate. Calculated. It's like he's on some kind of grim autopilot.

**DDK:**

Did you just say *GORRAM*?

**Lance:**

...grim, Darren... grim. Like the reaper - no, strike that example. We're moving into who's on DEF first territory.

**DDK:**

...ok, sorry... I think Angus being back around has triggered some post-traumatic stress or something.

The camera finds Victor Vacio at ringside watching along just before Douglas grabs Dean and hoists him up...

**DDK:**

Sub Pop Suplex!

**Lance:**

He covers...

ONE!...

Douglas, down in the pin position, locks eyes with Vacio...

**Lance:**

... but we've seen this before!

And without words, his orders are clear. Douglas sits up from the pin and pulls a nearly unconscious NFD with him.

**DDK:**

That could've ended it... but that's not the goal.

Douglas gets back to his feet, dragging Dean along with him.

Second Sub Pop Suplex.

No pin. Just a glance toward Vacio.

Vacio doesn't move. Doesn't signal.

PIP returns, Kerry's still watching. Same position. Expression growing much more annoyed.

**DDK:**

Still watching...

**Lance:**

Yeah... I don't think he's just passing the time back there, either.

Douglas pulls Dean up for a third time...

The PIP fades to give way to the action in the ring.

Sub Pop Suplex number three...

The Faithful begin to boo loudly.

**DDK:**

This is nothing but punishment...

A quick glance between Douglas and Vacio gives the go-ahead.

Now... the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

Douglas sits upright from the pin. Unblinking.

Benny Doyle attempts to raise his hand but Douglas pushes him away and rolls out.

**DDK:**

Once again ... this wasn't about a wrestling match as much as it was Victor Vacio trying to make a statement... a statement we've all heard now -- ad nauseam.

Outside the ring, Scott Douglas starts up the ramp before Vacio and the rest of Los Caídos.

Rather than picture in picture, this time we cut to the backstage monitor where Kerry Kuroyama has been for the entirety of this match.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

This ain't you, Scott...

Kerry exhales sharply, then walks out of frame, shaking his head.

Cut to comm --

Not yet.

Nigel Tricklebush enters the frame.

He doesn't follow Kerry. Doesn't even look at him.

His eyes are locked on the monitor, the broadcast of Douglas on the ramp ... like he's been watching the whole thing from over Kerry's shoulder.

His expression ... unreadable. Calculating.

Now we cut to commercial.

**COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2025**

## GUESS WHO'S BACK

The members of M4NTRA are backstage in a private locker room paid for by none other than the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency's main man Tom Morrow. DEC4L is pointing at his phone and doing a livestream to pass the time until Morrow shows up.

**DEC4L:**

I'm gonna hop out the stream at any moment, fam, but I'll keep you updated!

As Declan Alexander is doing that, Nathan Eye is getting ready to pen his next book.

**Nathan Eye:**

I got it! *502 Pages of Pure Resurgence!* Twice as many pages as *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* with twice the story! M4NTRA make a harrowing comeback after losing their titles! They go on a journey of self-discovery, greatness, and M4NTRA Ray Dancing! What do you think, Makayla?

**Makayla Namaste:**

This would be life changing. I think that the good vibes *always* sell themselves! People love a good comeback story!

**DEC4L:**

Big facts.

**Makayla Namaste:**

I'll call the publisher. How many weeks do you think you'll need for this one?

The conversation stops when the door opens beside them.

**Tom Morrow:**

GUYS, GUYS, GUYS!!!

Tom turns to Makayla with much less gusto.

**Tom Morrow:**

Makayla.

**Makayla Namaste:**

Tom.

Nathan and DEC4L both get up to greet Tom.

**DEC4L:**

TOMMAY!!! How's it go Big Mo?

**Nathan Eye:**

Fellow enlightened one! How goes?!

They each greet Morrow with a quick handshake.

**Tom Morrow:**

Nathan, Declan, I apologize for not being for you here when you needed me last week. I had to conduct some off-site business but I'm back now! And I'm sorry about leaving you alone with the Lucky Sevens last week ... but congrats! You guys beat those bloodthirsty ogres! And I got some good news about that ...

**DEC4L:**

We thought they had us! Deadass! But we kept fighting and we did the math! Play of the Game plus Eye Opener

equals three-count!

**Nathan Eye:**

Nothing at all, Tom! The team that works together wins together and that's what they did! If the Lucky Sevens even knew how to string three words together without lighting things on fire, they would have known that! We lost, but you don't see us crying about it! Speaking of that ...

Makayla speaks up.

**Makayla Namaste:**

That's what you're here about right? The Rain City Ronin have been handing out golden tickets. Did you get one from them for M4NTRA so they can get back their belts?

**Nathan Eye:**

Yeah, we're gonna give our M4NTRA Rays the rematch they deserve so they can see us take back what belonged to us and we can re-retire the belts!

Tom Morrow looks like he's about to deliver some bad news.

**Tom Morrow:**

Well this is awkward guys ... that's actually why I called this meeting. The Unified Tag Team champions are gold and gold is power in this company! I know how much those things meant to you, but I think two young, strong blue chip athletes like yourselves should maybe turn your attention elsewhere?

**DEC4L:**

I'm... I'm high-key confused. Like what?

**Nathan Eye:**

Turn our attention to what?

Tom Morrow smiles and then places a very very uncomfortable hand on the shoulder of DEC4L.

**Tom Morrow:**

We need to turn our attention to singles gold, guys! And since you're both Luck Killers, I got you a match, Declan! You, one of BRAZEN's greatest-ever home grown prospects are no stranger to singles gold! I know you can bring it home! That's why I got you a match next week for the Favoured Saints title against the winner of Lonnie Luck and Malak Garland!

Nathan and DEC4L look incredibly confused.

**DEC4L:**

Appreciate the glow up, Big Mo, I really do... but I don't want to leave my spiritual guide salty without a dub of his own. We have to have a rematch clause or something, you can't finesse another shot for us?

**Tom Morrow:**

My boys, you've already left your mark on the Tom Morrow Division for the past year and I am in awe of your achievements. But I think we have to switch focus now! BRAZEN Future Talent Agency is about the future and the future is in singles gold, too! And think of it this way ... it's a win win for you! If Malak Garland walks into that title match as the Favoured Saints champion that puts you in the same ring as a DEFCON main eventer! And if you beat him? That makes *you* better than him!

Tom's other hand is out.

**Tom Morrow:**

And if somehow, somehow, Lonnie Luck pulls off the miraculous upset of the century tonight .... Well you two have

already proven you have the number of anyone with the last name "Luck". So win-win!

**Nathan Eye:**

Look ... uhh Tommy. This is a huge, huge opportunity and DEC4L should take it. But after that, when we walk away with singles gold, we should make another play for the Tom Morrow Division! On behalf of all of our fans doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance! On behalf of all those who follow what we do! The M4NTRA Rays demand it!

**Makayla Namaste:**

They've gone viral and it's all over social. They even have their own hashtag. #SummerRays

**Tom Morrow:**

Look ... I hated to tell you guys this ... but you gotta forget about that M4NTRA Ray stuff okay. Look ... I follow the metrics. I know that it's getting some attention on social media. It's getting some of these more casual viewers. And we want ratings and attention, we do! But we also don't want the wrong kind of attention! Anyone who is doing this silly dance are just doing it ironically! They're doing it because it's the closest they'll ever be to something they aren't and that's true top tier talent like you and DEC4L!

This seems to be news to the trio but Tom Morrow smiles at them to try and turn things around.

**Tom Morrow:**

Hey ... you guys enjoy the night off! Go relax, have fun, livestream, whatever you Gen Zers like you do. Come back refreshed and recharged and in two weeks, we're gonna bring the Favoured Saints title home!

Tom Morrow leaves and the members of M4NTRA seem to be very mixed on this news from their manager. Alexander walks over to Nathan Eye and they pound it.

**DEC4L:**

No cap, if I win the Favoured Saints Championship... I'll make sure my boy Matty Eyce gets the first shot.

**Nathan Eye:**

Your first step on the way to GOAT status. Just like I always expected.

**Makayla Namaste:**

He's not serious about the M4NTRA Ray... is he? He can't be.

**DEC4L:**

He just doesn't understand because he's a Boomer. He'll come around. I'm sure of it.

The PogChamp reassures his spiritual life coach as the scene fades to black.

## THE SAME PAGE

**DDK:**

Folks, back at DEFCON, Lord Nigel Trickelbush shocked us all when he returned with another, different Masked Violator #2 in tow after years of the world believing that Corvo Alpha had been the man under that yellow mask all those years ago!

**Lance:**

Yes, he claims that the MV2 he appeared with is THE MV2. The original and only, and that Corvo Alpha is not at all who he has lead him and us all to believe he is! It's a shocking revelation with very little details! That is, until Jamie Sawyers sat with Lord Nigel in our studio yesterday afternoon!

**DDK:**

I think it's safe to say that Jamie wasn't the only one looking for answers!

**Lance:**

Let's roll the tape.

We cut to the inside of a cozy, well lit studio stage. Two leather chairs are positioned opposite eachother with a small table between them. On the left sits Jamie Sawyers, who flips through note-cards in his hand as upbeat, journalism-tinged music pulses. On the right, Lord Nigel Trickelbush smiles broadly, his white hair tousled, his bowler cap perched on his bony lap.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Lord Nigel Trickelbush, I appreciate you taking the time to sit with me and discuss what went down at DEFCON and what it means to all the parties involved.

Nigel nods. His grey eyes are emotionless. His voice trembles with practiced, measured melodrama.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Oh, Jamie, my child. What an opportunity this is for you! And for I to finally shed myself of the guilt and shame that has plagued me for nearly a decade. It is not you who appreciates me, but I who appreciate you AND this chance to tell my tale.

Awkwardly adjusting his weight in his seat, Jamie's eyes go to the note-cards in hand.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

So let's tell the tale. I'll jump to the questions that fans most have on their mind: Who is Corvo Alpha?

Nigel's eyes fall to his lap.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

He is who I've always said he was: a disappointment. He is an experiment that, sadly, went horribly awry. He is a crude, cruel tool I devised as a way to manipulate and hurt people. I am ashamed to say that he was effective in that role.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Yes, fine, but WHO is he? Where did you find him? If he isn't the original MV2 then just who IS he? Because it seems as though HE believes he is the man who once wore that mask.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

With all due respect, Dear Jamie, you are asking the wrong questions.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

So... what questions SHOULD I be asking?

Nigel considers that for a long moment, pursing his lips and gazing up at the lights.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

You should be asking WHY, my child. For what purpose? To what end? All of this heartbreak, this anguish, this grief... all of it for WHAT? THAT is the question, is it not?

Sawyers waits a moment then lifts both eyebrows.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

So... why?

A thin, dry smile creaks across the old man's weathered face.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I've made no secret my aim to bring MP1 under my... >ahem

## ARCHER SILVER vs. STRONG AF

### DDK:

Up next on the show, we've got Archer Silver in singles action when he takes on the returning powerhouse, "Strong AF" Allen Fosters! The third-generation star went on an absolute tear that none of us expected over Nicky Synz two weeks ago!

### Lance:

I don't know what's going on in that head of his, but Archer Silver has lost it. After he scored a knockout win over Nicky Synz, he shoved our official Rex Knox, and Hall of Fame ring announcer Darren Quimbey! I'm told that he was not only fined for those action, but the next time he lays his hand on an official, he is looking at a suspension.

### DDK:

He seems to think that doing things his uncle, Sonny Silver's way is the right way, but Sonny made a Hall of Fame career out of being a complete monster with lack of regard for the well-being of others. But he's coming up against a brick wall named Strong AF! Let's take it to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

The camera pans to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Power" by H-Blockx feat. Turbo B ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders and a dark green singlet, he turns around and shows off the word "STRONK" on the back! He actually gets some cheers from The Faithful!

### Darren Quimbey:

...From Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 260 pounds... **"STRONG AF" ALLEN FOSTERS!**

Fosters hits the ring and gets some modest cheers from the Canadian Faithful before waiting on his opponent...

The lights go dark...

♪ I'm a bad motherf\*\*\*er! ♪

♪ "The Sh!t" by Danger Mouse and Jemini The Gifted One ♪

The opening trumpets to the arrogant start to blast throughout the arena. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Calgary Faithful, arms wide open, he then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in.

### Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... being accompanied to the ring by High Flyer, from Seattle, Washington weighing in at 242 pounds... he has asked to be referred to from here on out as "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"... **ARCHER! SILVER!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. In a classic Les Enfants Terrible shirt and jeans for the occasion, High Flyer walks alongside Archer acting in a "cornerman" type of role as he makes it down the ramp. Archer climbs up the steps, through the ropes, then sits on the top rope facing his opponent. The hood comes off and Archer holds the jacket as Carla Ferrari gets ready to the ring the bell...

### DING DING

SILVER THROWS THE JACKET AT FOSTERS!

**Lance:**

Another aggressive start here by Archer Silver!

Strong AF swats the coat away, but leaves himself wide open for a HUGE running elbow smash upside the head from Archer Silver! The big man stumbles back into the corner and Archer rocks him with a few free shots with a barrage of thundering right hands! The 6'5" Archer continues to wail on Strong AF's barrel chest with a STIFF series of round kicks aimed at his chest!

**DDK:**

This new hyper-aggressive style by Archer! He's just caught another opponent off-guard!

He holds a boot to Strong AF's throat and then stomps him down to a seated position in the corner. After that, he jumps up with a corner slingshot and then hits a double foot stomp right to his chest! Archer continues to keep his feet there and chokes the life out of Strong AF until Carla Ferrari starts to warn him about what he's doing!

**DDK:**

I had the chance to talk to High Flyer before the show about Archer Silver's new aggressive attitude! He said, quote, "it's about damn time! That's the Archie I know!" And he calls this move Standing on Business!

Archer continues to talk trash while Strong AF is in the corner.

**Archer Silver:**

Strong A-F?! STRONG A-F?! MORE LIKE BITCH A-F!

He hears the tail end of Carla Ferrari's count and decides to back off at the count of four and a half! The Calgary Faithful don't take kindly to Silver's brash attitude but he takes in the jeers and it brings a smile to his face.

**Lance:**

I'm honestly shocked Archer backed off from that corner count! I think he actually wants the win here to prove a point!

**DDK:**

Archer back on the attack now... wait!

Archer closes in again for another knee strike, but the former powerlifter catches him off-guard by catching Archer on his shoulders! Silver looks shocked as a groggy, but able Fosters is able to turn him around and ram him into the very same corner with a corner tackle! He hits the corner and then gets left wide open for a number of shoulder thrusts to the midsection! The Faithful are behind Allen Fosters as he continues to go on the offensive!

**DDK:**

I think Archer spent too much time admiring his handiwork! Now Fosters has the advantage!

He continues to throw more shoulder thrusts before he throws Archer into the ropes and then BLASTS him with a huge clothesline! He kisses his bicep and points out to The Faithful!

**Lance:**

Archer got the jump on Nicky Synz but let's see what he can do with an opponent who can fight back!

Being cheered on by the people wanting to see Archer get shut up, Fosters grabs Archer by the arm and tries to set him up in some kind of pump-handle slam, but Archer fights out of it in a rather unorthodox way... throwing his head backwards and catching Fosters in the bridge of the nose! As he's stunned, Archer grits his teeth, spins around and SMACKS Fosters flush in the face with a stiff roundhouse kick! The blow rocks him and drops him to a knee, but the first thing that fans catch is that he's clutching his nose!

**Lance:**

OH, MY GOD! I... I THINK THAT KICK CAUGHT FOSTERS IN THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE!

**DDK:**

That looked REAL bad!

Carla Ferrari goes to check on Fosters and the worst suspicions are confirmed; blood running out of nose like a faucet. She goes to check on him, but she jumps instinctively when she sees Archer coming right at her! She moves, but Allen is not so fortunate when he catches a STIFF jumping knee strike under the jaw that dims the lights of his fellow Washington State native!

**DDK:**

GOOD GRIEF! HE CALLS THAT KNEE THE ARROW IN FLIGHT! THE SAME ONE HE KNOCKED OUT NICKY SYNZ WITH TWO WEEKS AGO!

Seeing red, Archer jumps all over Strong AF and starts waylaying the barely conscious powerhouse with a number of overhand rights and ground and pound elbows! With no way to defend himself, Carla Ferrari has no choice but to step in and call for the bell!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "The Sh!t" by Danger Mouse and Jemini The Gifted One ♪

On the outside of the ring, High Flyer is the only one clapping and cheering for his best friend and long-time tag team partner while the Calgary Faithful continue to boo him! High Flyer points over to Darren Quimbey near the timekeeper's table.

**High Flyer:**

Say it! Say the things, Quimbey!

Archer stops when he hears the bell and stands over a practically unconscious Strong AF. Darren Quimbey looks at Archer with a hint of annoyance while Carla Ferrari leans over the ropes to tell Quimbey the decision.

**Darren Quimbey:**Your winner as a result of referee stoppage... **ARCHER SILV...** Hey!**High Flyer:**

YOINK!

The "Hey!" comes from High Flyer jacking his microphone this time and then throwing it into the ring for Silver to catch.

**Lance:**

Prince of Pricks, huh? Crass, but... appropriate.

Archer points down at Strong AF getting checked on by medical.

**Archer Silver:**

Two weeks ago... TWO WEEKS AGO... I told all of you... I told ALL OF YOU that I am DONE pretending to be something I'm not. That hokey "self-defense" bullshit I was doing with M4NTRA was me trying to play their game... but I was never true to myself. I was never true to what I could be... and what you're seeing now?

Silver points at himself.

**Archer Silver:**

THIS IS THE REAL ME!

***BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***

**Archer Silver:**

I'm the successor to the Silver Legacy! Three generations of ruthless cutthroat bastards who broke bones... injured anyone put in front of them... fought with EVERYTHING and stopped at NOTHING to be the absolute best! And now... IT'S MY GODDAMN TURN!

He leans forward.

**Archer Silver:**

And unlike OTHER little... emphasis on LITTLE... undeserving bitches holding titles while living off a family legacy THEY don't deserve and having a spot at DEFCON they didn't deserve... High Flyer and I will live up to OUR LEGACIES!

Archer flips the mic and catches Strong AF in the face with it unsuspectingly! He jumps back in pain while Archer shrugs and mouths "OOPS!" before he and High Flyer leave!

**Lance:**

Archer Silver and High Flyer are just coming off like a couple of whiny wrestling nepo babies right now. And those comments... he talked about Lonnie Luck two weeks ago, as well?

**DDK:**

I take huge issue with the fact he says he doesn't deserve any of the opportunities when Lonnie EARNED them... but that's for another time, partner.

Archer Silver and High Flyer both head back up the ramp as the scene moves on.

**COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT**

## SOMEWHERE IN CANADA

We return from the commercial break to a sight we haven't seen in a great deal of months. It's a long corridor with floor-to-ceiling cedar, with a few doors on either side. The cameraman brings us further and further down the halls until towards the back, we see a door with a white square sign featuring a red cross. Below it, "MEDICAL - DR. PLAGUE DOCTOR". As we approach, we start to hear laughing voices - a man's and a woman's. Did we say laughing? It's more like cackling.

We see a caption across the center of the screen:

THE AIRSHIP  
SOMEWHERE IN CANADA

The door opens. Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy are almost cry-laughing as they sit across from each other on benches, a half-empty bottle of green sitting between them. In the back, we see the husk of what was once colloquially known as "[the Cocoon](#)", a novel bed & bandages apparatus designed to help Henry recover from the infamous Balcony Bulldog back in 2022.

**Henry Keyes:**

And then...and then...ALL HE COULD THINK TO SAY TO ME WAS "DUDE!"

**Lindsay Troy**

He said "dude," and then you murred him like the dummy bimch he is. You should've seen Kerry's and my faces. Pure joy.

Keyes turns towards the camera.

**Henry Keyes:**

Oh, hello there! Thank you for joining us on this lovely...evening? I think? What time is it?

**Lindsay Troy:**

Eveningish.

**Henry Keyes:**

...where are we going again?

**Lindsay Troy:**

Toronto.

**Henry Keyes:**

Toronto! Thank God, yes, that's right. We're heading to Toronto. Big PRIME show in a couple days, you see - where *real* wrestlers are having *real* matches. We caught wind of the tripe they're unleashing upon you poor Calgarians tonight, and we just - cOnOr and whatever the hell a "TA Black" is?? We can't be associated with that. It's too sad. It's not on brand for the Besties.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Speaking of "on brand for the Besties," big news, kids! I was inspired by Henry over here reclaiming something that really should always be with Vae Victis. He took the FIST away from someone it shouldn't belong to, and I decided it was time to take back another thing that shouldn't belong to someone.

She reaches beneath her bench and slowly, dramatically, and with big wide eyes that are popping Keyes's funny bone, she reveals the McGuffin.

A retro dynamic microphone on a long cable. An old school mic.

Sonny Silver's Old Skool Mic, in fact.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Sonny, you Fuckhead, I'm not going to mince words: **you fucked up**. You had ONE JOB while Henry and I were on sabbatical, and that was to keep Vae Victis going. Instead of doing that one simple thing, you decided to let Oscar's leash go slack and his ego to get even MORE out of control. So now that the Besties are back, I want you to think about what you've done, and I want you to think about what might have been. You could have managed The Kraken at the very peak of his powers in DEFIANCE, but since you decided to sign off on whatever GC Universe BS Oscar cooked up, your privileges have been revoked.

She grips the microphone tight in her hand and gives it a little shake for emphasis.

**Lindsay Troy:**

The Good Queen giveth, and the Good Queen taketh away.

**Henry Keyes:**

In other words...Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver?

**Keyes & Troy:**

YOU CAN'T SIT WITH US!

Troy cackles some more.

**Henry Keyes:**

But you know something? The most dynamic, most shocking, and most boundary-pushing star in professional wrestling today still deserves the best manager in the business. And so we decided to dig into a little brainstorming sesh...

The Queen of the Ring picks up the absinthe bottle and gives it a little jiggle.

**Henry Keyes:**

Called in a few favors...

She whisper-mouths to the camera, "Thanks Hank! Tell my bb Cecilworth I'm rooting for him!"

**Henry Keyes:**

And behold - the newly-licensed manager for your FIST of DEFIANCE, The Queen of the Ring herself - Miss Troy!!

She holds the Old Skool Mic up and strikes some very managerial poses - your "commanding finger point", your "stern hand on hip", your "double deuce." The classics.

**Henry Keyes:**

Miss Troy and I are escaping the horror of the Petulant Manchild versus The Scrub I've Beaten Five Times in the battle of Who Do These Guys Think They Are that's featured tonight in Calgary...but trust me, at DEFtv 220 in Edmonton? There's a good shot you'll be blessed with the presence of the Besties. Until then...

He takes the bottle of green liquid and sloshes back a shot.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Eat shit, cOnOr.

He immediately spit-takes and falls over laughing. Troy shakes her head and sighs before turning to the camera.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Catch UltraViolence on the ACE Network, dorks. Friday and Saturday night. Not a Fuse or a Rez in sight!

Henry howls again with more laughter. Lindsay chuckles and takes a closer look at that bottle.

We cut elsewhere.

## FIRST IN LINE

Dan Ryan is walking through the hallway at the Saddledome. He's casually dressed, with dark sunglasses over his eyes and a bag slung over one shoulder. After a few moments, he turns a corner and saunters into an open dressing room, where he tosses his bag haphazardly on a small couch in the corner.

Dan takes a gander around the room, nothing special about it, and is just about to turn back around and close the door behind him when he hears someone else's footsteps.

Henry Yamazaki.

The one-time God-Beast of DEFIANCE is dressed like he's about to take the runway, in a basic black vest and pants, with a gray dress shirt beneath. He is all business and has little time for pleasantries.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

Ryan.

**Dan Ryan:**

Henry. You look rather dapper this evening. Nice vest. Are you here to ask if I'd like any appetizers?

Henry is not amused. He shakes his head and sighs before leaning into Dan's face.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

You can quip and banter all you want, "Ego Buster," but I'm not leaving until I speak my peace. What goes on between me and Box? That's OUR business. That man decided to spill a defenseless man's blood at DEFCON, and I'm taking a receipt the second I get my hands on him. MY hands, not yours.

**Dan Ryan:**

By going out there alone and taking the entire crew on by yourself? I don't know why you're so mad. Before I came out, it looked to me like you were about to get face-stomped by like, eight people. I couldn't let that happen. I had to come out and even things up.

Dan smirks but sees the steam figuratively coming from Henry's ears, so he holds up a hand.

**Dan Ryan:**

Okay, okay, enough with the jokes. I get that. You're upset. I know Bronson Box as well as anyone, probably better than most. If you wanna take the first shot, I'll step aside. And hey, if there's anything left of you after he and the boys are done, maybe you can be in my corner when I take my shot. How's that sound?

Henry can only blink in indignant shock before chuckling and cracking a smirk.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

You know what? Yeah. Sure. And when I'm done with him and start carrying his head around like a trophy, maybe we can lock up and see who gets to keep it.

**Dan Ryan:**

I'm pretty sure his severed head will start to smell really bad really quickly. I'm not looking to fight you, Henry. I can see that this is very important and very serious to you. But have no doubt, I will get my piece of Bronson Box... figuratively, not in the morbid way you just said. I don't have vengeance on my mind. I just want some violence. But sure, go get your pound of flesh first. I'll be super happy to watch and see what happens.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

Good. Because this? This is about more than just giving Box what he deserves.

A pause, as Henry straightens back up and clenches his jaw.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

This is about making up for lost time and establishing myself the way I should have years ago. No use complaining or wondering why it didn't happen then. But now, it's time to start living up to my potential. And that means being the one to purge that cancer from this business.

Dan nods.

**Dan Ryan:**

That sounds like a great idea. I'm sure if anyone is up to the challenge of finally putting Bronson Box out of the wrestling business for good, you're the man to do it. There's no way that taking them all on by yourself is a bad idea. After all, you're a smart man. Certainly, you wouldn't do anything foolish.

Henry chuckles and shakes his head.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

Your obvious sarcasm notwithstanding, I'm not afraid of them. You remember the things I've done my last time here. I've ripped steel chains apart with my bare hands; a bunch of meandering goons, an ex-jailbird, and a former color commentator who had a temper tantrum and quit the business when Mikey Unlikely of all people won the FIST? They don't scare me. Not one bit.

**Dan Ryan:**

Angus is about as frightening as day-old bagels, it's true. But Henry, for one thing, steel chains don't fight back. The Blood Diamonds do. I've teamed with these guys. I've already been to war with them, too. And for another thing, I remember Mushigihara being a monster. I don't have any recollection of Henry Yamazaki doing anything that rises to the level of Bronson Box's propensity for violence. So, which one is coming for this vengeance anyway? You? Or the God-Beast?

Henry simply smiles to himself and closes his eyes.

**Henry Yamazaki:**

Why don't you stick around and find out? Watch me send a message; a message to the Faithful, and to the locker room, that this will not fly anymore. That the future of DEFIANCE is in good hands, that it doesn't need some pretentious wannabe zealots dictating what belongs and what doesn't, trying to hold on to their place as this company and this business grow and evolve. And when it's all said and done, then we can talk about butting into each other's screen time and resolve it like men, alright?

Dan listens and thinks it through, then finally cocks his head to one side and nods just a bit.

**Dan Ryan:**

Alright, Henry. You go send that message. I'll wait. You can have all the screen time you want.

There's silence as they stare intently at each other.

**Dan Ryan:**

Will that be all?

Henry's eyes narrow, then he lets out an exasperated sigh that accompanies a roll of his eyes while turning and heading back out the door.

Dan watches him go, shrugs, and sits down on the couch.

**Dan Ryan:** *[to himself]*

He doesn't look like a Henry. He looks more like a Steve...

## KILGORE vs. FLEX

**DDK:**

Earlier tonight, we showed exactly how we got here, so we're going right to the action! Titanes Familia's Attack Dog, Kilgore, goes one-on-one with the self-professed "Strongest Man in the GC Universe" FLEX, up next!

**Lance:**

Let's go to ringside wi... oh. Nevermind. I think I see Sonny Silver...

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey with an index card in hand.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! First, here to introduce FLEX, the OFFICIAL Spokesperson for the GC Universe... and it is contractually obligated per one OSCAR BURNS, to remind you that this man is a Wrestling Hall of Famer, multiple-time World Heavyweight Champion and has an AMAZING head of hair and pleasing baritone voice...

Darren Quimbey rolls his eyes at the introduction he's been asked to read.

**Darren Quimbey:**

**SONNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY... SILLLLLLLLLLLVVEEEEERRRR!**

Normally ready to ruffle feathers, Sonny Silver instead looks at his hand and has a common mic, not his usual OLD SKOOL MIC~! Gifted upon to him from Lindsay Troy once upon a time.

**DDK:**

Huh... he's got that normal microphone. And he can't be feeling good after taking a chop to the chest from Uriel Cortez.

Two days removed from the radio show incident ending with being chopped out of his seat by "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez, Sonny Silver is still holding his chest underneath his suit. He looks at his common mic and looks disgusted.

**Lance:**

I understand it was confiscated by Lindsay Troy? I'll have my sources check out more on that story.

**DDK:**

Needless to say not a few good days for the GC Universe's Spokesperson.

**Sonny Silver:**

Titanes Familia might have firepower... but the GC Universe has STAR power! Those two giant dipshits, Uriel Cortez and Titaness, might have adopted a bunch of kids, but me and Michael Jordan have a lot in common other than being Hall of Fame-level talents, jerseys retired because nobody could follow our work, but also... like Michael Jordan, I say... **FUCK THEM KIDS!**

He points at the ring.

**Sonny Silver:**

And watching from up high as he should be... he IS DEFIANCE! He is FAVOURED SAINTS! He is PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! He is ALL GRAPS, ALL CAPS! **OSCAR BURNS!**

Receiving a very mixed response, though mostly booing, OSCAR BURNS sits proudly from one of the private skyboxes. He has a glass of bourbon in hand and swirls it around as he leans forward in his seat to watch the inevitable HOSSFITE.

**Sonny Silver:**

You now know this man as a bodyguard to the CENTER of the GC Universe itself! And tonight, you're gonna know

him as the man who put down the Familia's Attack Dog, Kilgore! He is a former Unified Tag Team Champion... BRAZEN Champion... Trios Champion... inaugural Tag Party winner... and now he is... **THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE**... weighing in at 278 pounds...

He points to the stage behind him as one word appears on the DEFIatron in gold...

**Sonny Silver:**

**FLEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!**

♪ "Flexecution" by Logic ♪

Walking out from the back with a newfound swagger, FLEX walks out from the back with a hood covering his head and a golden shroud covering his body. He throws the shroud off, to reveal the amazing physique that he has been famous for! Wearing bright gold tights and wrist tape, along with white kneepads and boots with gold lines, FLEX basks in the jeers. He points to both sides of the stage with a fountain of sparks erupting! The camera does an entire 360 degrees around him to catch every last glistening muscle before coming back to face him. FLEX makes his way out to the ring.

**Lance:**

FLEX has his marching orders tonight! Take out Kilgore at all costs!

FLEX climbs into the ring and gets himself psyched up for what's to come. Sonny Silver stands by at ringside with FLEX as the camera cuts to the stage...

♪ 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 ♪

One gold spotlight begins to shine on the stage, revealing the TITANIC form of one Uriel Cortez. Wearing his signature golden rounded sunglasses, a black vest and pants and red ojo bracelet, he walks to the side of the stage. OSCAR BURNS nearly stands up from his chair as Uriel waves up to him.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Don't mind me. I'm just here to get a good luck. Let's go. A spotlight shines on the entrance day where we see Siofra, standing in her leather druid-inspired attire. In her hand is a war horn that she brings to her lips... and she blows. It echoes throughout the arena as...

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore slowly walking behind her.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Parts Unknown, being accompanied by Siofra and "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez... **KILLLLLLLGORE!**

Siofra enters the ring first as the lights begin to pulsate red. She dances around, seemingly in a trance, as the fans boo. Kilgore steps into the ring, finally breaking his stoic-ish trance as he begins to beat on his chest savagely and snarl at the Faithful. Siofra poses next to him as he roars into the rafters as the song reaches a crescendo and Kilgore removes his cloak. Uriel Cortez and Siofra remain at ringside and the two beasts get ready to lock up...

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

FLEX goes about six-four and 275! Kilgore has to be about, I dunno, six-six or six-seven! Close to 300 pounds!

**Lance:**

And look at them go!

Both men crash into each other violently like two big trains in a head-on collision! Neither monster gets knocked off their feet. They charge a second time and it's the same result! Neither man budes. FLEX dares Kilgore to take his best shot. The monsters hits the ropes and then charges towards The Strongest Man in the GC Universe, only to get knocked back! Kilgore, without saying a word, points at the ropes and he dares FLEX to take his best shot.

**DDK:**

We're at a stand-off for the moment! Who is going to be the first to knock the other off their feet!

FLEX gets ready to run...

Then stops to STOMP on the foot of Kilgore. The beast winces as FLEX hits the ropes and comes back with a HUGE shoulder tackle that takes Kilgore off his feet to the amazement of the Calgary Faithful! FLEX pumps himself up and Sonny yells as OSCAR BURNS looks pleased up in the skybox.

**Lance:**

Oh, my goodness! I think that's a first! Nobody has been able to stand up to the force of Kilgore, but somehow FLEX just did it!

**DDK:**

Flex knows how to play dirty. You don't hang around Pop Culture Phenoms for as long as he did without picking up a few tricks!

The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection spins around... but Kilgore is ALREADY on his feet and does the same thing to FLEX by running right him when he least expects it and RUNS right through him with a huge running shoulder block of his own! FLEX goes down and Kilgore stands over him as serious as a heart attack! The smiles once on the faces of Sonny Silver and OSCAR disappear while Uriel Cortez and Siofra look pleased as punch (not the boxer).

**DDK:**

It was a very brief celebration by FLEX, but Kilgore is on the attack now!

He rears back a hand just as FLEX gets back to his feet, only to SMACK him in the chest with a tremendously LOUD chop! The shot has the former BRAZEN, Trios and Unified Tag Champion stunned while Uriel looks on like a proud Papa.

**Lance:**

You can tell who's worked with Titanes Familia! That chop was next-level!

The chop knocks FLEX around and with his back turned to Kilgore, the beast wraps both arms around the body of FLEX and sends him flying back with a MASSIVE release german suplex! The Strongest Man in the GC Universe bounces off the canvas and ends up near the corner!

**DDK:**

Almighty! That suplex was more raw than technical but he landed it!

**Lance:**

This is unreal!

Limping upwards, FLEX retreats to the corner as Siofra gestures towards her ward to go on the attack. Kilgore heads towards FLEX in the corner when his trick thumb acts up and catches Kilgore in the eye! Referee Brian Slater

reprimands FLEX for what he's just done, but FLEX ignores him and circles behind the Familia's Attack Dog in order to unleash a HUGE release german suplex of his own!

**DDK:**

These two are matching one another move for move so far! And FLEX follows with the big leaping elbow drop to the heart into a cover!

ONE...

TW... KICKOUT!

**Lance:**

Not even a full two-count there!

Getting back to his feet already, Kilgore starts trying to stand. At Sonny Silver's urging at ringside, he points at FLEX and he charges, tackling the big monster into the corner! FLEX then goes to town with a series of shoulder thrusts aimed right at the midsection of Kilgore! Siofra and Uriel Cortez both watch on as he rears back and SMACKS Kilgore with a big series of chops!

**FLEX:**

You ain't stronger than m... AHH!

Kilgore grabs him and turns him around before he starts wailing away on the side of FLEX's head with a series of hard elbow strikes as he's trapped in the corner! Brian Slater gives the beastly Kilgore until the count of five, but it's Siofra that warns him to break and not get disqualified. It's clear the Familia are aiming for a win here tonight! He grabs FLEX by the arm and leads him to the ropes to deliver a knee to the gut. He goes to the other side and hits a second knee strike to the gut from the other side and then pulls him right into a STIFF short-arm clothesline!

**DDK:**

Oooh! I could hear AND feel that shot, Lance!

Uriel motions for Kilgore's to go for the cover! He nods and goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

FLEX kicks out, but Kilgore almost looks a little bit pleased that the fight continues. He batters the Strongest Man in the GC Universe with stiff clubbing blows across the back as he tries to get upright! Kilgore whips FLEX across the ring and then charges right behind him with intent to crush him with a big splash in the corner. He charges at FLEX...

AND GETS CAUGHT IN HIS ARMS BY FLEX!

**Lance:**

WHOA! HOW THE HECK DID FLEX DO THAT?!

The Scotiabank Saddledome gets LOUD for the feat of strength by FLEX! Uriel and Siofra - and heck, even Sonny Silver at ringside and OSCAR up in the skybox - can't believe FLEX's strength! He spins Kilgore around so he's on the shoulder and then DRILLS him into the mat with a big running powerslam! FLEX goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**Lance:**

I don't believe that! He caught Kilgore... CAUGHT him and slammed him and that was barely a two-count!

Sonny Silver gestures to FLEX for a full nelson at ringside and FLEX gets the picture.

**DDK:**

FLEX has that dragon suplex finisher called Flexecution! If he hits this, it very well could be over!

FLEX has the end in sight when he goes for the full nelson. He tries to lock in the complete full nelson, but the wild monster gives him too much fight! He ducks over and runs towards the corner, sending FLEX head-first into the turnbuckle! Sonny Silver jumps and yells while OSCAR BURNS is caught on the skybox camera taking a bigger swig of Bourbon than one should.

**DDK:**

That... that was genius! Kilgore just inched himself towards the buckle and sent FLEX headfirst into the post!

**Lance:**

For such a beastly competitor, that was was an incredibly smart move on his part!

Siofra gestures to end things. With FLEX staggering backwards on his feet towards the corner, Kilgore knows he has the proverbial kill shot lined up. He charges off the adjacent rope and then SMACKS his boot directly into FLEX's temple with the Call of the Wild!

**DDK:**

Call of the Wild! And that usually is the precursor to that wicked full nelson slam he likes to use!

He locks his hand behind FLEX. Unlike Kilgore, there's no escape by FLEX as he gets tossed into the air and spiked into the canvas...

**DDK:**

Hounds of Anwnn! That has to be it!

Kilgore hooks the leg of FLEX. The Fury and the Father of the Familia both look pretty happy at ringside while Sonny buries his face into his hands.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

**Lance:**

That was a firefight! FLEX came at Kilgore differently than any of his past opponents and threw him off his game, but only briefly.

**DDK:**

Ultimately, this is probably the biggest win so far in the young career of Kilgore to defeat a former Unified Tag Team Champion!

Up in the skybox, a pissed-off OSCAR BURNS tosses his glass to the side and then stands up and walks directly out of the skybox. Uriel and Siofra both walk into the ring and join Kilgore in celebration of his huge win!

**DDK:**

The GC Universe thought they were cute when OSCAR BURNS hijacked the scheduled radio interview of Uriel Cortez and Titaness earlier this week... but tonight, the Familia score the win where it matters most - in the ring!

Uriel taunts Sonny about the chop he threw at him a few days ago and laughs while The Silver-Tongued Devil looks very unhappy with FLEX's output tonight. FLEX is still hurt and hasn't even been able to get up when Sonny leaves him high and dry!

## THE PAST STAYS IN THE PAST

After witnessing the conclusion of the Kilgore/FLEX match on one of the backstage monitors, "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas watches with DLJ next to him. Behind them, Aaron King is tugging on the collar of his pink shirt while watching Kilgore stand victorious with Siofra on the screen.

**Aaron King:**

Oof.

**DLJ:**

Erm.... he's gonna be okay? I like FLEX. He gives me good mewing tips. This jaw, guys? 77% more chiseled cause of him!

**Aaron King:**

Yeah... yeah! I see it! You, Mil?

Mil Vueltas shakes his head and sighs.

**Mil Vueltas:**

No offense, Danny? This... a little more important than mewing... he hurt Sonny and he hurt FLEX.

DLJ sees Mil and the normally cocky, antagonistic little man he knows all too well... he looks angry.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Bastardo Uriel thinks he can throw us out of Familia and act like we're sloppy seconds? There wouldn't BE Familia without you or me, Danny. Todos esos grandes bastardos van a pagar! How many titles they win since we got kicked out.

**DLJ:**

None!

**Mil Vueltas:**

And how many WE get, Danny?

**DLJ:**

I was Favoured Saints Champ! You were Favoured Saints Champ!

**Aaron King:**

YEAH! And I was like... you know, THERE at ringside, but yeah, you did both become champs! We don't need no Familia! We got us! El Escuadron!

Mil and DLJ both turn to King.

**Mil and DLJ:**

YEAH!

All three dab their fists, but as they do, they hear footsteps approaching. They hear laughing and as they turn, they see Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera walking from the opposite direction.

**Titaness:**

What? We interrupt your bro-out?

Mil Vueltas looks up to Titaness.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Princesa.

He turns to Brooklynn.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Princesa Bastardo Number Two. Where Bastardo One?

Brooklynn laughs.

**Brooklynn Rivera:**

They're calling you out, bro-bro.

Snarling, the MASSIVE form of Killjoy walks from the around the corner. DLJ, Mil and King get ready for a fight, but Titaness stops the gold masked monster.

**Titaness:**

We're not here to fight, we just came back here to check on you all after FLEX became Kilgore's bitch.

**DLJ:**

Hey! FLEX ain't no B! You're the B!

He points at Titaness.

**DLJ:**

And you're like... you're the biggest B who ever B'ed for what you and your whole Familia of B's did to me and mi hermano, Mil!

And then he turns to Killjoy, but stops.

**DLJ:**

And you're just a big, scary B!

**Titaness:**

Sorry you feel that way, guys. But uh, hey. We were just on our way. We just wanted to stop by and say hey for old times sake. Let you guys know about that little car stunt earlier... well, we took that personally.

Walking past the trio, Titaness, Brooklynn and Killjoy start to leave...

**Brooklynn Rivera:**

Oh! Y'all better go say hi to the Bonitas! We just did!

Titaness and Brooklynn both cackle as they leave. As they do, El Escuadron finally pick up what she's putting down. King, DLJ and Mil zoom around the corner...

**Mil Vueltas:**

!! Bonita!

**DLJ:**

Girls! Girls...

His heart sinks.

**DLJ:**

No...

The camera catches a glimpse past the three of El Escuadron into the open locker room...

Masks ripped, beaten and battered on the floor, Bonita en Rosa I and II are both hurt!

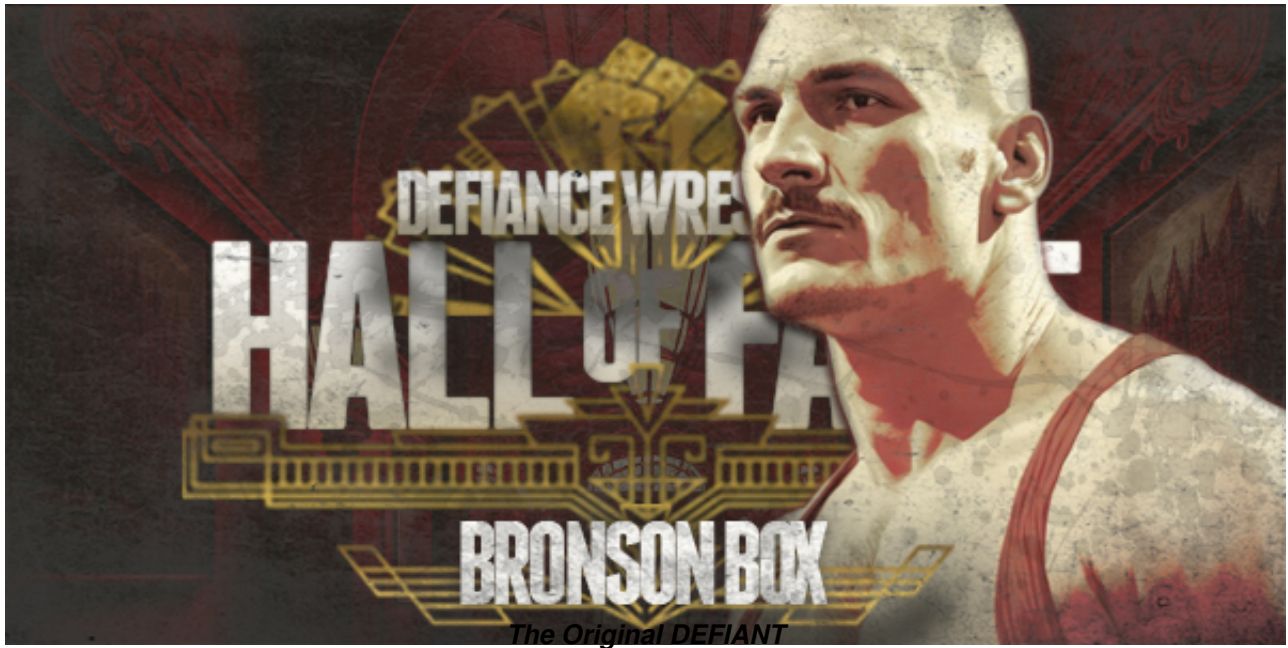
**Mil Vuelas:**

Shit!

Rushing over to the other members of El Escuadron, Mil rushes to the side of Bonita I while Danny over to II, with Aaron King shouting down the hall.

**Aaron King:**

Hey, yo! Lucha girls down! Lucha girls down!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX**

## IDENTITY CRISIS - I

Corvo Alpha stands before a filthy mirror, dressed to fight, his paint fresh. The reflection staring back at him is not him. Not exactly. The face is close but wrong. The two squint their eyes at each other warily. Alpha snarls but the monster in the mirror smiles, bearing pearly white, perfect teeth. It reaches for him and the mirror-glass SHATTERS before he can be touched.

The shards fall to the ground like rain.

Now he sits at the head of a long dinner table, laden with a massive feast. The guests lining the table, patiently waiting to eat, are all men or boys of various ages. The air is full of chatter and noise, so much that none of it can be made out. Someone on his left passes him a plate of some indecipherable over-cooked slop. The painted beast eyes it with confusion before politely passing it on to his right. Suddenly he realizes the men and children at the table are him. Him at various ages. In various states. From an infant drooling onto his chest to an old man drooling in his gnarled gray/black beard – all of them are Corvo. Versions of him. Pieces of him. Aren't they?

But who is he?

His head sweeps the room, beaten brain struggling to process. One of the attendees, a child of no-more-than-nine with a mess of shoulder-length dark hair, leans in and whispers a name Corvo doesn't recognize.

Everyone else at the table laughs. He doesn't get the joke.

Opening his mouth to speak, he hears someone else's voice come out. He tries again. Still wrong. It's less harsh. Almost familiar. Then higher, lighter. Different. He stands up from the table, confusion mounting. The Corvos at the table dig in, reaching over each other to tear into the food in front of them.

A door swings open and Corvo staggers backwards into it, eager to get away. It SLAMS shut behind him and he wheels back around to face it – but now it's a cage door, locked up tight. His thick, painted fingers grip the bars. He struggles against them but there is no give. No escape.

Eyes wide with fear and despair, with recollection, Alpha slumps to the dirty ground. Outside the cage, a spotlight falls. A figure dressed in yellow trimmed with blues and reds stares at Corvo. The mask is familiar. The body is his. The figure walks away. The spotlight dims. Alpha bellows in desperation...

...and the cage door clicks open. Blinking and disoriented, Alpha claws up to his feet and scrambles from the cage, running now down a narrow hallway. Peeling yellow wallpaper is covered by framed photo after framed photo. There must be hundreds lining both walls, all meticulously placed to fill up the space quite nicely. His run slowed to a haggard, frazzled walk, he struggles to take in all the faces in the photos. Families. Smiling, happy memories. Emotions he isn't sure he's felt, captures and ensnared in candid portraits. Suddenly all of the faces are the same. Corvo stops in his tracks. Every photo, every face, is him.

The door in front of him creaks open, bathing him in a white light. It seems to pull him in.

He finds himself now in a child's room. On the floor, a young girl plays with blocks. She lines several up on the shag blue carpet. Corvo approaches her cautiously, not wanting to startle her. Seeing that her face is crudely painted yellow, red & blue like his, he softens. She looks up at him, an amber ponytail bobbing atop her head knotted with a yellow bow. Smiling, she hands him the final block to place.

Alpha finds a rare smile himself, leaning forward to set the last block down in the line. When he does so, pulling his wide hand back, he reveals what word he's just finished spelling:

**“LIES”**

In shock, he looks up to see the girl is gone, a half-torn photograph left where she sat. Alpha picks it up and it disintegrates between his fingers before he can see who was in the frame. A tear rolls down his cheek.

He closes his eyes and more come. The door slams SHUT with a bang.

Black.

## THERE'S NO EARTHLY WAY OF KNOWING, WHICH DIRECTION WE ARE GOING

Backstage, Klein is trying to shove a sandwich down his box hole as the D leans against the nearest wall, contemplating life.

**The D:**

So, who do you think has it out for Elise? I mean, I know we're gonna find out later tonight and all.

Klein just shrugs, and continues eating.

**The D:**

They've gotta give her a shot at the FIST. She beat Lindsey Troy CLEAN at the biggest show of the year. No way they aren't going to reward her hard work and effort. And if they aren't, then I think we've gotta get creative with our Elise... plus FIST... push...

The D trails off, looking off camera.

The camera pans over to reveal DEF Tag Champions Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett -- the RAIN CITY RONIN -- standing tall and austere off to the side. The two of them appear once more in their finest threads, with the belts proudly displayed over either shoulder.

**The D:**

Congrats you two. We couldn't shake your hands last time we fought in the ring, but you give me the chance I'll do it right now.

The D extends his hand to Zack. After looking at it for a moment, Daymon accepts it and shakes. Burnett does likewise.

**The D:**

So what brings you fine mute boys onto Television outside of a ring setting? You must wanna jump outta your own skins bein' here.

Klein reaches out and offers Leo a sandwich. It's half eaten. Or three quarters eaten. Leo politely declines.

Zack looks to his partner. Leo sighs, and with a shrug of his shoulders, procures an envelope with the Roman numeral "II" printed on the front. He looks to Daymon, who nods affirmingly, then hands it over to The D.

With the invitation delivered, the Ronin turn and exit. Expectedly, without a word.

**The D:**

That was weird, wasn't it?

Klein nods enthusiastically. The D takes out his Oscar Envelope letter opener and quickly slits the side, pulling out a Golden Ticket, a shot at the Tag Team championships. He does a double take, looking back where the RCR walked off.

**The D:**

Good news Klein! We got a shot at the straps!

The D then does a triple / quadruple take as he sees what's replaced the RCR, looming in the distance.

♪ "Oompa Loompa" by Leslie Bricusse & Anthony Newley ♪

With phantom music suddenly lilting into the air, phantom figures in shades of green, cyan, magenta, and chartreuse suddenly EMERGE from the shadows. Still holding their golden ticket, The D and Klein stare at the Rainbow Reapers in confusion while they begin to dance a circle around them and entreat them to a song.

**Rainbow Reapers:**

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DASH! ♪  
♪ WE have a-NO-THER PAYCHECK to CASH! ♪  
♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DUP! ♪  
♪ IF you're not STU-PID, YOU'LL list-en UP! ♪

Green and Cyan huddle up around Klein.

**Reaper Green:**

♪ WHAT do you GAIN from a HEAD of CARD-BOARD? ♪

Klein chomps on his sandwich.

**Reaper Cyan:**

♪ RE-strict-ed VIS-ION and JUNK left UN-STORED! ♪

Magenta leans into The D.

**Reaper Magenta:**

♪ HOW are you STRONG when you're NAMED af-ter DONG? ♪

**The D:** (quickly)

My dong's strong dawg.

**Rainbow Reapers:**

♪ OR did you GUYS just HIT... THE... BONG? ♪

Chartreuse pops up in between both members of PCP. Klein reacts startled.

**Rainbow Chartreuse:**

♪ YOU GUYS MUST BE HIGH AS FUCK!! ♪

The Spectrum of Death take their two-step stomp dance single file through the exit.

**Rainbow Reapers:**

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DUNG! ♪  
♪ IF you are SMART, YOU'LL hear what WE SUNG! ♪  
♪ YOU will LIVE in CRAPPI-NESS TOO! ♪  
♪ LIKE the REAP-er CREEP-ers REAP-a-DEE DO! ♪

As the last one out, Reaper Chartreuse suddenly spins around to punctuate the message.

**Rainbow Chartreuse:**

♪ REAP-a-PEE POO!! ♪

The door automatically closes behind him as he follows the other Reapers back into the darkness from whence they came.

The D lowers his head and rubs the brim of his nose.

**The D:**

I swear to God Klein. This is why I tell you to stop hanging out with the riff raff.

The D smacks Klein with his Golden ticket on the side of his box.

**The D:**

Let's go tell Elise the good news, while we wait for DEFIANCE's version of Watergate to play out.

The duo wander off to check in on Elise.

## TALK THERAPY

The interview stage has Christie Zane standing with a microphone in hand for her next guest.

**Christie Zane:**

Ladies and gentlemen ... one of the big stories we have seen play out over the past month is a rift we have been seeing in the Lucky Sevens. One of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most dominant teams seem to be on a losing streak and we have seen infighting between the brothers. I was asked to be ready for the brothers to appear. Please welcome ... Max Luck.

No music welcomes Max Luck. The seven foot Beast of the Bright Lights stomps toward Zane's direction in a sleeveless blue gym shirt and white workout pants. He's not in the mood to make any sort of grand entrance and wants to get down to business. He picks up a microphone from the podium on stage next to Christie.

**Christie Zane:**

Max Luck, thanks for ...

**Max Luck:**

Christie ... Christie. Don't thank me please. I'm not out here for anything good. And right now, I'm not asking you to do this for anything other than your own safety. I'd like you to leave because I have some things I need to get off my chest with my brother and if something breaks out, I'm not trying to hurt anybody unless Mason makes me do it.

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!

The attitude changes quickly when she respectfully hands over the microphone and then walks off the stage. This leaves Max all alone.

**Max Luck:**

MASON!!! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!!! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE!!!

It takes a moment and there is no response.

**Max Luck:**

Come on! You've been ghosting Lonnie and me for weeks now and I'm sick of it. I haven't seen you since you walked out on me two weeks ago. We're gonna settle this and we're gonna settle this tonight, Mase.

There is still no response.

**Max Luck:**

Nothing huh? Nothing for your twin brother? Nothing for me but snide comments during matches under your breath? You can make all the little smart-ass remarks but when I'm calling you on it, you got nothing?

Nada.

**Max Luck:**

Last warning, Mase. Since you won't talk to me privately, I'm calling you out. I know you got here before the show. I don't know where another seven foot guy hides but we're handling this tonight! We're ...

**Mason Luck:**

You happy with yourself?

Finally, Mason Luck steps through the curtains with a black t-shirt and faded light blue jeans. He makes a beeline to the entrance and then heads right for his brother on the DEFIANCE interview stage! He becomes the target of boos from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

**Mason Luck:**

What the hell are you doing, Max? You want to air out our dirty laundry like this? You want to do this out here, in front of all these people right now?

**Max Luck:**

Well, leaving me on Read for two weeks makes me have to change it up. How are we gonna do this. You gonna talk to me?

Mason doesn't say anything. Max waits.

**Max Luck:**

Fine ... if you aren't gonna talk to me, then you can shut the hell up and *listen* cause I've have to hear your f[censored] shit for the past month!

The crowd is buzzing.

**Max Luck:**

You know what? I'll say it, Mason. Yeah ... we're on a losing streak. 0-3 since DEFCON. You and I have *never* been on a losing streak in DEFIANCE Wrestling like that ever. *We dominate! We destroy! We defeat* the competition ... but that hasn't been how things have gone. We lost to the Atomic Punks when we thought for sure we had that win. They earned it. But when we lost to the Lads on Uncut and we lost to M4NTRA on the last DEFtv, that's cause we weren't on the same page. It's cause *you* knocked us off that page with this hissy fit bullshit. And I'm tired of it.

He points directly at Mason.

**Max Luck:**

What? You're criticizing me for wanting to shake hands with the Atomic Punks after we went to war at DEFCON? Telling me I'm not looking a leg here? If you have a problem with me, we've got two choices, Mase. If you don't want to tell me what the hell is going on with you, then either we shut up, we move on, we get back on the same page and do exactly what we need to do to get back on the winning track ...

He looks at Max.

**Max Luck:**

Or we fight it out.

For the first time since Max has spoken, Mason looks put off by what he's hearing.

**Max Luck:**

How are we gonna do this, Mase? How do you wanna move past this? It's up to you big man.

Mason's stone face now is full of shock.

**Mason Luck:**

Max ... no. I don't wanna fight you. I ... you're the last person I wanna fight! This ain't about that ... yeah. We've had missteps. But this ... this ain't about you or even about me ... it is about *us*!

Mason is now painting his picture while his twin brother listens.

**Mason Luck:**

We flash our credentials every show when we make our entrance! Two times Unified Tag Team champion. Two-times DEFIANTS of the Year! The only team that's done that! You're a Tag Party Winner with Rowzilla. But right now, Max ... right now, are you happy with where we're at right now? Cause I'll be honest with you right now: I f[censored] hate where we're at! I HATE IT ALL!!!

Mason Luck points to the center of the ring.

**Mason Luck:**

That ring down there ... people signed up to stand the other side of us in that ring; they used to be *afraid* of us man! This locker room used to be afraid of us! We were at our absolute *best* whenever it was you and me against this locker room and the locker room couldn't do shit but smile and like it when we came around! If people wronged us, we took it to em! We did it to Tom Morrow! We did it to Madame Melton and her stupid Gems! But lately? We're ... we're *shaking hands* with people that beat us? No ... No ... NO ...

Mason Luck shocks him.

**Mason Luck:**

No! That's some bull-shit, Max! That is bull-shit! You and I aren't meant to be shaking hands and hugging fat fans. That's the Lads thing! Our thing? Our thing is burning through the competition and you and I both know what I'm talking about. We lost to those guys ... but what *really* took this over the top? We lost ... to M4NTRA! WE LOST TO M4NTRA, MAX!!! Tom Morrow's little pet projects that we roughed up last year when we put him on the injured reserve for almost a year! Now they're back and making a play on our name cause they beat us! No ... we need to do something about it. People need to get hurt. People need to be afraid of us! We need to go back to who we used to be!

**Max Luck:**

NO WE DON'T!!!

Max has heard enough.

**Max Luck:**

*That* is bull-shit Mason! No we don't have to go back! No, we don't need to go after M4NTRA! We don't have to get involved with Tom Morrow! And this is how you come to this epiphany? You know what we should have been doing, Mase? Congratulating Lonnie for winning the biggest match of his career at DEFCON and winning his first championship on his own! He's in an even *bigger* match against Malak Garland! You know the Malak Garland we never beat! I should! I should kick your ass right now for even putting us through ...

**Lonnie Luck:**

GUYS, GUYS, GUYS!!! ENOUGH!!!

Dressed with a t-shirt and the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist for his upcoming match, Lonnie rushes on the stage.

**Lonnie Luck:**

STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH! COME ON! LOOK, YOU GUYS ARE WAY TALLER THAN ME BUT IF I GET STOMPED OUT BY EITHER OF YOU THEN I'M GONNA DO IT FOR SAYING WHAT I SHOULD DO ... GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER!!!

Mason backs off and Max Luck inches back for Lonnie to have space.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Mason! This isn't you! Come on! We've been able to do everything you're saying while these people have been cheering us because you aren't that guy any more! Stop, Mase. Just stop. You guys need to make this right! Come on!

Max Luck points right into the chest of Mason.

**Max Luck:**

Until he gets his head out of his ass, I got nothing else to say to him.

Mason Luck turns back to Lonnie and then points at his cousin.

**Mason Luck:**

Lon ... nobody asked you! This is between me and Max! What ... you think cause you have a title now, that you're just gonna talk to *us* that way? That you're gonna talk to *me* that way? You think you're eight feet tall now or something? Title or not I will knock you on your ass if you talk to ...

**Lonnie Luck:**

Bring it!

He starts squaring up to Mason, but Max gets in between them.

**Max Luck:**

MASE! ENOUGH!!! YOU'RE DONE!!!

Mason Luck looks at his brother and then Lonnie.

**Mason Luck:**

Oh, I'm done. I'm done with this shit. I'll talk to you when you finally come to your damn senses and see I'm right, Max! I'm outta here.

Mason looks right down at Lonnie.

**Mason Luck:**

Good luck with Malak Garland big man. You asked for that match.

Mason leaves and gets booed out of the building. Max and Lonnie talk off the microphones and Max nods to his cousin before he leaves. Lonnie is the only one left on stage before he heads to the ring for the next match!

**DDK:**

That ... that was intense, Lance. The brothers tried some talk therapy, but it only seemed to make things worse!

**Lance:**

And is this what Lonnie even needs right now? We have to cut to commercial break but when we come back, Lonnie Luck wants to make the first successful defense of the Favoured Saints championship against Malak Garland!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**

## FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. MALAK GARLAND

### DDK:

We heard from Lonnie Luck on Uncut and we just heard from Malak Garland earlier tonight! The time is now for Luck to defend the Favoured Saints championship against the man who just came off a year long run as the FIST-slash-FLAKE of DEFIANCE!

### Lance:

Malak was mad that Lonnie Luck made the challenge first which is a bit unorthodox as the champion. I absolutely admire the spirit of Lonnie Luck but can he be fully focused on this match? Just before the commercial break, we saw Lonnie try and play peacekeeper between Mason and Max Luck!

### DDK:

He'll *have* to be focused. Malak Garland has made a career out of being able to manipulate and exploit weaknesses. Former Unified Tag team champion, former Ace, former Paper champion, former FIST! All of that and so much more achieved through Malak being Malak!

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

The focus is now placed on the ring. After the commercial break, Lonnie Luck is in the ring wearing his new "With A Li'l Luck" slot machine themed tee shirt! He is taping up both of his wrists and getting ready after breaking up the confrontation between his much larger cousins. The music cuts and then allows time for Malak Garland to make his grand entrance.

♪ "Big Dawgs" By Humankind ♪

As Malak Garland walks out on stage, flanked by Percy Collins, he looks very confident in his chances of walking away with gold tonight especially when he sees Lonnie Luck!

### Malak Garland:

Wait wait wait ... *that's* what a Lonnie Luck looks like? I've wrestled and survived his cousins! They're *monsters*! Brock Newbludd was a *monster*! That's ... that's a troll at best!

Malak saunters to his theme with Percy Collins behind him. He climbs into the ring and punches the air a few times. When he takes a spot in the corner opposite the champion he leans up and lays across the top rope like he knows the title is coming home. His theme song goes away and the big time title match introductions begin.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is for one fall and it is for the Favoured! Saints! Championship! He is accompanied by Percy Collins! Introducing the challenger ... he is a former Unified Tag Team champion! Paper champion! Ace of DEFIANCE! Former FIST of DEFIANCE! From Cheyenne, Wyoming and weighing two-hundred and ten pounds!  
MALAAAAAAAAAAAAAKKKK ... GARRRRRRLLLLAAAANNNDDDDDDD!!!

Percy acts as Malak's hype man and talks him up.

### Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent ... he is the current and defending Favoured Saints champion! From Sin City, Nevada ... he weights in at one-hundred and seventy pounds! "The Son of Sin City" ... LONNIEEEEEEEEEEEEE ...  
LUUUUUUUUCCCCKKKK!!!

With the title up over his head Lonnie Luck climbs onto the middle buckle and gets a big response from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! He goes to take his foot off the second rope but Malak has grabbed it first and drags him right off the buckle first! Lonnie hits the ground and Malak feigns ignorance.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**Malak Garland:**

Look at this little troll! Tripping over his own two feet!

The referee steps in and inches in between Malak and Lonnie. He turns to Lonnie to check on him, but Lonnie nods that he's okay and wands the match to start! The referee acknowledges this and signals for the bell to ring!

**DING DING****Lance:**

Malak isn't even waiting for the match to officially start!

When Lonnie Luck tries to pick himself up, Malak makes the most of having the size advantage over his opponent by running the ropes and hitting him with a shoulder block.

**Malak Garland:**

That title is already mine, Make-a-Wish reject!

He runs for the ropes again and when he gets there he knocks over Lonnie with another big shoulder block. Lonnie's flat and looking up and Malak Garland is standing tall.

**Malak Garland:**

Has anyone lost their child here? Probably lots of single moms in Alberta.

The bad joke gets him some more hatred thrown at him from the lovely Calgary Faithful. He picks up Lonnie Luck and introduces Lonnie's face directly into the corner.

**Lance:**

When Malak Garland feels like he has the advantage, we have seen him at his most dangerous! Something that Lonnie Luck is currently feeling right now!

**DDK:**

Malak Garland with the charge ... but no! Lonnie gets his feet up first!

It takes two feet from Lonnie to stop Malak in his tracks but he does. Luck gets cheered on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he jumps onto the middle buckle and then jumps off with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that takes Garland off of his feet! Malak is dizzy and doesn't know where the heck he is when Lonnie runs by him and hits a basement drop kick to the leg! Malak is knocked to his knee when Lonnie comes off the ropes again and hits him with a second basement drop kick to the temple!

**DDK:**

Lonnie Luck is just unloading on Malak Garland with those basement drop kicks! And now he's trying to beat a hasty retreat!

Malak goes over to Percy Collins after being kicked in the face twice and wants to know if he's the new Favoured Saints champion. Percy tells him no and tells him to look out. Malak spins around to face the ring and Lonnie Luck who jumps through the ropes with the Bank Roll!

**DDK:**

What a Bank Roll dive! Lonnie Luck is now rolling and the pun is entirely intended!

**Lance:**

Malak Garland had the chance to win some gold, but he greatly underestimated Lonnie at his own peril!

Lonnie gets up and finally the "With A Li'l Luck" shirt comes off! He tosses the shirt into a frenzied group in the first few rows looking to take home some merch. Percy starts checking on Malak while he's on the ground, but he backs off

when he sees Lonnie coming his way.

**Percy Collins:**

No! Don't come near me! I heard that guy bites people!

Malak is picked up by Lonnie and then put on the ring apron. Lonnie looks at the top rope nearby and it looks like his next plan of attack is starting to form.

**Lance:**

What the heck is that kid thinking?

**DDK:**

Only Lonnie Luck knows the answer, Lance!

He gets onto the top rope while a winded Malak rests on the apron. Lonnie takes a dive with a rolling senton off the ropes to hit Malak on the apron ...

BUT HE ONLY HITS THE APRON!!!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

Percy just snatched Malak off the apron to avoid the big dive and leading Luck to be the only one to absorb the gruesome impact! Lonnie falls off the apron and he lands on the floor below!

**DDK:**

OH NO! OH NO! THAT WAS BAD FOR LONNIE! PERCY COLLINS JUST PULLED MALAK GARLAND OFF THE APRON AT THE LAST SECOND!

**Lance:**

We might have to end this match! I think we could see Malak Garland awarded the Favoured Saints title if the referee has to step in and call this!

Mark Shields looks at the action and doesn't seem to be in any particular hurry to end things. When Malak Garland finally sees where Lonnie Luck is, he goes right towards him and gets the Lonn Dart back inside the ring. Now both competitors are back into the squared circle and it's Malak who takes some time to milk the danger that Lonnie Luck is in.

**Lance:**

This is bad! Lonnie Luck can barely stand!

Seeing that he has Luck where he wants him the Snowflake Superstar goes into motion with his next plan of attack by planting the barely standing Lonnie with an extra nasty sling blade neck breaker! Malak confidently scoots over.

**DDK:**

Malak goes for the first and possibly the last cover of this match!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

**Lance:**

What a kick-out from Lonnie Luck! I ... I don't know how he did that!

Malak Garland looks unnerved for a second when he sees Lonnie's shoulders up but he talks himself out of a premature panic.

**Malak Garland:**

Nothing to see here, folks! Just a little uh ... delay. That belt will be mine in just a sec!

**DDK:**

We now see Malak back on the offensive. He plants Lonnie in the middle of the ring with a reverse DDT!

**Lance:**

And that's an excellent strategy! Luck missed that senton and took that impact all across his body on the apron! and he could be hurting anywhere from his neck to his legs!

Malak has him down and goes to the top rope. When he is able to get to the summit he jumps and hits a huge Snowfall falling head butt from the top turnbuckle!

**DDK:**

SNOWFALL!!!! We might be seeing a new champion!

The skull of the King of Cold is throbbing after the head butt but Luck has taken the worst of the impact! Malak crawls over and hooks the leg and head of Luck.

One ...

Two ...

NOOOO!!!!

Lonnie kicks out miraculously and sends Malak into a spiral!

**Malak Garland:**

No! No! I ... top rope! Head butt! Snowfall! Argh!!! This stupid! Little! *Troll!!!!*

Garland starts to lose it and kicks a foot on the canvas. Malak turns to face Lonnie and then locks on FOMO!

**DDK:**

Malak switching up his gameplan! He has that modified camel clutch called FOMO locked in and if this keeps up, Lonnie is going to suffer from fear of missing out on the Favoured Saints title!

**Lance:**

Pretty solid play on words Keebs!

Shields checks on Lonnie Luck but he's shaking his free hand to indicate that he's not giving up! The neck and back get wrenched with Malak Garland fighting to try and pry the title from the body of Lonnie Luck! He continues to apply the pressure, but Lonnie tries grabbing the hands of Malak to pry them apart.

**DDK:**

Look at Lonnie! He's doing his best ...

*LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!!*

Chants ring through the Saddle Dome from the Calgary DEFIANCE Faithful! He grabs the hand of Malak ... and BITES HIS HANDS!!!

**Lance:**

That's *one* way to break up that FOMO feeling!

**DDK:**

Never count out Lonnie Luck especially when he can bite you!

The Snowflake Superstar howls so loud the mezzanine can hear him as Lonnie continues to bite his way free, but Malak quickly hits a knee to his gut and snaps him by his hair with a mat slam! Malak shakes his hand and sees the bite mark on his left hand!

**Malak Garland:**

How dare you! Now I'm gonna need a tetanus shot! And I hate needles! They make me break out!

Malak has Lonnie and he throws the champion at the ropes. He waits for him to come back and catches Lonnie in a wheelbarrow, but Lonnie flips up and then face plants him with a reverse STO out of that position!

**DDK:**

That was an amazing reversal by Lonnie Luck! He counters with the Burn Card!

*LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!! LONNIE!!!*

Lonnie Lucks hears the chants and he turns to look at Malak.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Ughhhh why do you taste like sweat and regret, man?! Wash your hands!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful will Lonnie back to his feet. When Malak Garland tries to do the same, Lonnie flies at him with a big forearm and it stuns Malak. When Malak is still on two feet Lonnie jumps again and a second clothesline hits him. Malak takes the shot and fires back with a punch but the Son of Sin City ducks and then super kicks the knee. As he is doubled over, Lonnie Luck jumps behind Garland to land on his shoulder and then flip forward with a big standing diamond dust!

**DDK:**

And there's the Bluff Catcher! Lonnie Luck follows that up ... sunset flip power bomb! Can Lonnie score the big upset tonight?!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Malak brings his legs together to box Lonnie's ears to break the cover! Malak looks like he's losing a lot of energy while the beaten up Li'l Lon looks up at Mark Shields only to see two fingers back!

**Lance:**

Lonnie Luck almost had him! Don't give up, kid! Don't stop now!

Lonnie decides that he's going to grab the neck of Malak as he tries standing again.

**DDK:**

If Lonnie Luck hits the Pocket Ace, this one is over!

With the corner in clear sight, Lonnie Luck takes off for the running corner cutter, Malak Garland pushes him and then he hits the corner with a bad impact. Lonnie teeters back into the grip of Malak who hooks his neck and then takes him for the ride to bring him down with an inverted suplex stunner called the Osaka Street Cutter!

**DDK:**

Where the heck did Malak Garland get *that* move from! He comes back with a stunner variation just like Lonnie did earlier with the Bluff Catcher!

Malak makes a desperate cover with a high stack on Lonnie Luck!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

**DDK:**

How the heck did Luck kick out of that great move! This ... this kid is putting on a performance, but Malak Garland might have him where he wants him if he can follow up!

**Lance:**

That kick-out was a little on the weaker side, but it was just enough to escape!

Lonnie doesn't so much kick out as he does roll backwards, but it's enough to break the high stack and land flat on his back. Malak Garland is on the verge of having the mother of all tantrums.

**Malak Garland:**

Shields, I find your counts a little on the slow side! I'll talk to management if this keeps up!

When the Keyboard Master is done getting on the case of Mark Shields, Malak drags Lonnie up again and then drives his face into the middle buckle nearby. He keeps driving Lonnie's face up against it and makes sure there are no more surprises from the Son of Sin City! Lonnie remains up against the turnbuckle and Garland gestures to his knee to tell the people what he's going for.

**DDK:**

I think Malak Garland is about to have the I Trigger queued up! If he lands that knee, that Favoured Saints title's good as gone!

Garland feels super confident in his chances and runs full force. He's committed for the knockout knee strike that claimed him the very FIST against Dex Joy at 2024's DEFCON ...

But the difference is that Lonnie moves first! Malak's knee hits the corner first!

**Lance:**

Malak misses the I Trigger!

There's a golden opportunity in front of him and Lonnie sees it! As Malak grabs at his right leg, Lonnie snatches his neck and runs off the buckle to plant him face first with the running cutter out of the corner to a *huge* explosion of applause!

**DDK:**

POCKET ACE BY LONNIE LUCK!!! POCKET ACE!!!

Lonnie hooks the leg!

One ...

Two ...

THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

**DING DING DING**

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

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

**Lance:**

NO WAY!!!! NO!!! DAMN!!! WAY!!!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner of this match ... AND STILLLLLLLLLL Favoured Saints champion ... LONNNIIEEEEEEEE LUCK!!!

Lonnie has to be sure that was a three count by Mark Shields and looks completely shell shocked. Shields' less than pristine reputation as a referee warrants some confusion on Lonnie's part but he does have the three and raises the arm and returns the title to him! Lonnie's hunched over in pain when he stands up but he does grab the Favoured Saints title and he throws it as high as he can!

**DDK:**

I'M ... I'M STUNNED!!! WE JUST WITNESSED A MAJOR UPSET!!! MALAK GARLAND LOOKED LIKE HE HAD THE TITLE WON, BUT LONNIE LUCK SAW THE I TRIGGER COMING AND HIT THE POCKET ACE TO HIT THE JACKPOT!!!

Percy Collins tries fanning off Malak Garland in the corner, who looks dejected and about ready to break!

The Son of Sin City limps up the middle buckle and holds the Favoured Saints title up!

**Lance:**

THIS MIGHT BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST WINS FOR ANYONE TO HOLD THIS TITLE!!! LONNIE LUCK HAS JUST DEFEATED THE FORMER FIST OF DEFIANCE TO KEEP HIS BELT!!!

## RECRUITMENT DRIVE

We fade to the social hub of backstage activity known to the world as catering.

Punch Drunk Purcell stands alone over a smorgasbord of charcuterie, holding an empty plate and looking completely uninterested in his options. Tonight, his mood is noticeably despondent. Unresolved matters are clearly eating away at him, in a way that is affecting the heavyweight's appetite.

"No."

He looks to the source of the voice, and we pan over to TA BLACK standing further up the table, loading up his plate with triangle-cut club finger sandwiches.

**TA Black:**

No... no... no sir, I don't like to see it. All that sadness and uncertainty. Reminds me too much of the feeling within me throughout all those years where I was lost and wandering. That feeling of ineffectiveness. Impotence. **WEAKNESS!**

Purcell turns his head up towards TA Black.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:** [angrily]

Boy, you keep flapping them gums my way, them gums gonna be missing some teeth.

Black pitches the plate, wastefully sending finger sandwiches flying through the air, and defensively throws his hand up.

**TA Black:**

Hey, Punch, c'mon now, big guy! I'm just saying I can **RELATE** to the **FEELING** is all! I was **THERE**, Punch! Now I know I was probably coming on a bit too **STRONG** a couple weeks ago, and Punch, I **APOLOGIZE** for that! No ill will here, Punch! No bad feelings! I **SWEAR** it, Punch! I can **TOTALLY UNDERSTAND** why your friends would want to stick up for you, Punch! And believe me, Punch, those are good, supportive friends to have! I **MEAN** that, Punch!

The Sacred Lamb's face puckers into faux and forced sentimentality. It's the face of a snakeoil salesman appealing to a mark's most desperate emotion.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

That's the only thing we can agree on, Black. They're good friends and if you say anything unbecoming towards them, this fist gonna be coming towards you.

Black quickly waves him off, desperately trying diffuse any aggression from the conversation.

**TA Black:**

Hey hey! They're good friends! I agree... but **GOOD FRIENDS** will never **ADMIT** to a harsh truth, Punch! And Punch, I think we **BOTH** know that whether or not they **TELL YOU** that harsh truth, you already **KNOW** it's true, deep down. You, Punch... you **KNOW** you're the weak link...

Purcell winces at the suggestion. Black, ever the opportunist, can smell blood in the water.

**TA Black:**

It's nothing to be ashamed of, Punch! After all, Punch! You made the jump from one sport to another. There's **BOUND** to be a difficulty curve when it comes to adjusting that, Punch! But let me ask you, Punch... **WHAT** are those **GOOD FRIENDS** of yours **REALLY** doing to **HELP YOU** get **BETTER** between the ropes? **WHO AMONG THEM**, Punch, has **EVER** offered the **HELPING HAND** you **NEED** to become a **FULL-FLEDGED WRESTLER** that can **HOLD HIS OWN** and **CONTRIBUTE TO HIS GROUP??**

Punch listens in silence. It's clear that the gears are turning upstairs. Black leans in close and drops his voice, bringing the conversation to a more personal level.

**TA Black:**

Your friends can't help you get any better, Punch. But WE can! And I'm willing to HELP YOU not only FEEL strong once again, but also understand TRUE strength! And I'm not doing this because of your fists, Punch. I'm offering this to you solely because of THIS right HERE...

Black points to Purcell's head.

**TA Black:**

All I'm offering you is the chance to HELP a fellow competitor struggling in this crazy world of wrestling! Your friends in the Lads will always be there to catch you when you fall... but the Honor Society? Punch, my friend... we want to show you HOW you can STAND on your OWN TWO FEET!

Running a hand through his beard, Purcell huffs a heavy breath. And when he's about to say something...

**HEY!**

Coming from down the hall, not just one, but ALL The Lads come storming down the hallway.

**TA Black:**

WHOA SHUCKS! That's my cue... but just THINK about what I said, Punch!

Black scampers off in the direction opposite from where the Lads are approaching. Purcell watches him go just as Butcher Victorious grabs a bread roll from off the table.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS TAKE THIS!

He throws the roll down the hall and a hard thud is heard.

**TA Black:**

BLEGHK!!

**Dex Joy:**

Wow ... good arm, pally!

**Butcher Victorious:**

Damn... them rolls are hard, guys.

When they're sure that TA Black is gone for good, Butcher adds in.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Guy shouldn't be allowed near any of us OR within 500 feet of a school. What'd he say to you anyway, Punchy?

Purcell looks at his friends. He rolls his eyes.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Nothing...

Looking more crestfallen than before, he grunts.

**Dex Joy:**

Punchtofer ... buddy, come on. We know that DEFCON's been eating at you. It's been eating at all of us. We haven't had a chance to talk about it, but you gotta let us in, bud.

**Janna Ray:**

Yeah ... none of knew the Familia were gonna add a zillion members to beat the four of us! That says more about them than us.

When it looks like he wants to talk ...

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

I need some air, guys... sorry...

**Butcher Victorious:**

Punchy, wait... what'd he say?

But the Round Mound of Ground and Pound is already gone and out the door. This leaves Butcher, Janna and Dex in front of catering all by themselves. Dex, almost out of character, kicks a table and sends food flying!

**Janna Ray:**

WHOA!!! Dex, calm down!

**Butcher Victorious:**

Yeah ... we gotta cool it!

Hearing what his friends are saying Dex looks at the remnants of food now splattered everywhere on the floor.

**Dex Joy:**

I want to, guys ... I really do ... but I have HAD IT!!! Dexy Baby is sick and tired of being sick and tired of all these guys flapping their gums. Cortez talking about how he's adopting children at an alarming rate. Ned Reform running his mouth about me! TA Black running his mouth ... saying whatever he just said to Punchy. When he's doing this to me, that's one thing, but when they're trying to get into our Laddy's head? When they're hurting my friends? The Honor Society have Summa'ed their last Cum Laude! Talking ain't working, so it's time to do what pro wrestlers do ... we wrestle these problems away!

Dex puts his hand out.

**Dex Joy:**

You in?

Butch and Janna are feeling inspired and fired up too.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Dang right! Butch Vic ain't gonna hear it!

**Janna Ray:**

You're right! They're messing with our friend, so we're gonna fight for our friend. I'm with whatever you guys wanna do. If whatever you guys wanna do involves running into things real fast and knocking them down, that's even better.

Janna puts her fist into the circle with Dex. They both look at Butcher.

**Dex Joy:**

Atta-Lass, Jan! How about you, Mr. Vic? Feel like giving some Honor Society ass a kick?

Butcher grins!

**Butcher Victorious:**

Hell yeah! I say since they ain't stopping this recruitment drive, I say we go talk to somebody in charge, we take this to the damn ring and we MAKE 'EM STOP! WE'RE GONNA BULLY THEM BULLIES!

All three fists are in.

**Dex Joy:**

J-Ray, Butch Vic, and Dexy Baby versus whatever members of the Honor Society want this work. Let's go.

The members of the Lads walk away from catering.

But then Dex comes back and fixes the table.

**Dex Joy:**

Let's talk to the brass after I clean this up. I feel like a jagoff for doing that ... but then after that somebody's gonna pay.

Dex pulls a roll off the floor.

**Dex Joy:**

These rolls are hard. They cookin' these with Bluechew?

## AN OFFER YOU CAN'T RE-FUSE

**DDK:**

Well, TA Black has a match later tonight with Conor Fuse. This could have some big repercussions for our FIST of DEFIANCE picture, Lance. Any thoughts on that one?

**Lance:**

Hard for me to focus when Pat vs. Brock is also on the docket. That said, Conor has to be reeling from “losing” the FIST. And speaking of the FIST... and who else is looking for their shot...

**DDK:**

Yes. We also have a mystery hanging out here still, Lance. On DEFtv 218, Elise Ares was preparing to come call out the FIST of DEFIANCE but before she could do so she was given a note by an anonymous individual letting her know that they knew the secret for why she’s been passed by for her opportunity and they will reveal themselves and the conspiracy in the middle of the ring tonight.

**Lance:**

Well they’ve had all night and they haven’t shown up yet, makes you wonder if maybe this was a certain champion trying to keep Ares off of his tail?

**DDK:**

It could be anyone.

**SHHHHHHHHHHHHHK!**

The lights in the arena go off except for a single bright white spotlight shining down onto the entrance. The synth echoes around the arena as a door opens and the Calgary Faithful cheer in appreciation. A hidden door opens and slowly a platinum throne begins to rise up from the floor. Inside the throne, Elise Ares sits leaning against her right fist with her legs crossed wearing her white and chrome ring gear with cropped white leather jacket. Her LED sunglasses flash “TIME”, “TO”, and “FIST” as it comes to a stop. Suddenly The D and Klein appear flanking her, The D takes off her tiara and sets it atop the throne and Klein assists up to observe her kingdom.

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

**DDK:**

It looks like we might find out yet!

**Lance:**

My guess that the Elise and the Pop Culture Phenoms are done waiting around and want to get their answers right now.

**DDK:**

The fact that Elise Ares has not yet had an opportunity at the FIST of DEFIANCE since making her proclamation is a bit of a mystery itself, Lance. Victories over OSCAR BURNS, Kerry Kuroyama, Lindsay Troy, and more is quite the resume.

**Lance:**

Hopefully we find out our answers tonight!

Now that she’s swaggered her way down to the ring, Elise launches her LED sunglasses into the crowd from the top rope as The D and Klein also pose to hard camera side before The D requests a mic, meeting the rest of the Phenoms in the middle of the ring, and hands the mic over to the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style.

**Elise Ares:**

Hey BBYs!

The crowd cheers as Elise smirks back at her adoring Faithful.

**Elise Ares:**

I'm sure you all saw the last DEFtv. I was ready to march down here and claim my rightful claim to the FIST of DEFIANCE... before I was sooooo rudely interrupted by some old man totes trying to take my personal office away from me. Next thing you know, that rude old man is knocked out and there's a note confirming my suspicions that there is a conspiracy preventing me from becoming the FIST. Which was just totes obv's.

The D and Klein agree, nodding their heads and boxes in approval. The D even shouts "OBVS BRUH!"

**Elise Ares:**

So I've been in the back all night waiting for this mystery person to meet me in the ring but they haven't shown up. Let this be a lesson that mother is patient, but mother can only wait so long before it becomes disrespectful. So I'm here. The PCPs are here. The Canadian Faithful are all here. Where are you?

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Given the Canadian backdrop, the crowd explodes in cheers for the otherwise typically "disliked" brother. Tyler Fuse walks onto the stage, wearing black jeans and a black t-shirt. He makes his way down the ring, while The D expresses a glance to Klein like he doesn't know why Tyler's involved. Clearly, they're going to find out.

Fuse rolls into the ring. What's become as commonplace as Conor liking video games or Ned Reform thinking he's an academic, Tyler wants to get down to business ASAP. His theme comes to a close and he reveals a mic already in his hands.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Good, you?

Fuse pauses as he looks the trio over, with a bitter expression on his face. Elise measures Tyler up and down, confused.

**Tyler Fuse:**

First of all, allow me to apologize, Elise. Sending *Christmas cards* isn't really my thing, but I wanted to stay out of the spotlight two weeks ago. See, I was not going to overshadow Conor's *shocking* appearance. He deserved to have the night to himself, Tyler Fuse free, seeking revenge against the guy who took the FIST of DEFIANCE off him. But that brings me to my point, Elise. You said a shot at the FIST is your "rightful claim". I say...

Tyler grins as he looks Ares over, head to toe.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Where do you go getting off?

Fuse's smirk remains stuck on his face, as the Calgary crowd ponders what Tyler means. A few fans cheer him along, but most are intrigued and want to listen clearly.

**Tyler Fuse:**

For the past, what, six months?, I hear you sucking sour grapes when it comes to the FIST. Good lord, I've never seen so much cringeworthy, horrific propaganda since Malak Garland thought he was tough. Make no mistake, Elise, your piss poor attitude makes me sick to my stomach.

**DDK:**

The energy in this segment has clearly shifted.

**Lance:**

The second Tyler's theme song hit, I knew he wasn't out here to make friends, Keebs.

Tyler leans forward, taking a hard glance at Elise.

**Tyler Fuse:**

You think you're owed the FIST of DEFIANCE? You honestly think you're the next "rightful" person to battle for it? Please, stand in line with the rest of us.

Tyler shakes his head.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Just because you *want* something... just because you *say* it, doesn't mean it's gospel. Great, you beat Oscar Burns in a singular match and think you're next up? And you cry and you cry, and you bitch and you moan, and if you don't get that FIST opportunity... you'll, what? Walk out the door?

Fuse starts waving goodbye.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Okay, sure. Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.

Some of the crowd cheers Tyler on. Others aren't so sure.

**DDK:**

Need to remind you Faithful watching at home, we are in Canada.

Fuse peers into the crowd and smirks again, hearing their response.

**Tyler Fuse:**

God almighty, what a terrible way to call your shot. Have some god damn patience, Elise. I understand you've been here a LONG time and make no mistake, I **respect** everything you've accomplished. I do. I mean it. But I can stand on my soap box too and say the exact same things. Does that make *me* special? Does that mean *I'm* the next in line? Does this mean Tim Tillinghast gets all hot and bothered over me? News flash, Ares. You are NOT the main character.

The crowd comes with an OHHH.

But Tyler shakes his head.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I'm not saying *I* am. Just saying *you're* not. And yet... I've had to watch you for nine bloody years act like you're the only thing going. It's painful. Makes me want to vomit.

Fuse makes a pukey face.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Now, I will say you've got, what, almost 100% of the Faithful outside of Canada backing you up? You've got ssssooooo many of them fooled with your propaganda, I'll give you that.

Tyler gives a round of applause.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Me? Well, I'd love to see it, too. See you get your *title shot* that is.

Tyler winks sarcastically.

**Tyler Fuse:**

It stops there, though. Because when you lose, and you WILL lose, you can straight up fuck off.

The DEFIANCE television feed was unable to [BEEP] the comment out of the broadcast.

Meanwhile, Elise is becoming more agitated, while The D and Klein have taken a step back, certainly letting the two of them focus on their problems. Klein is explaining to The D which of the Fuse brothers this is, but it's hard to explain something to someone when they aren't paying attention.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Na, before you say anything, I'm not done. It's not *often* I have **a lot** to get off my chest but I've been waiting for this moment. I told you 'have patience' when it comes to the FIST. Elise, I've exercised 'extreme patience' in regards to you...

Fuse takes a moment and looks into the crowd, collecting a little more support as he does. Tyler's clearly not used to pandering, but it's working in his favour, given the city they reside in.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Your sob stories, they make me wanna carve out my eardrums. When my brother and I first entered DEFIANCE as a **tag team**, you and Derek over there were the ones on top of the world. Do you hear me, Edwards? I'm talking over here.

Fuse lets out a huff and brings his attention back to Elise.

**Tyler Fuse:**

When I take a step back and look at your career in this company, it's given you everything you've wanted. Except ONE thing.

Fuse shakes his head in embarrassment.

**Tyler Fuse:**

But if you don't get that ONE thing in the next calendar year, you're gonna take your ball and go home?

Fuse spits on the canvas.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Na, all you're gonna do is reveal the true you. You're the furthest thing from DEFIANT. DEFIANT means that if you don't get what you want - you keep fighting. Keep going. Time and time again, NEVER taking no for an answer.

Tyler points to the back.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Go ahead, like I said, there's the door. I have no doubt that eventually you'll get an opportunity for the FIST and then you can slither your way over to PRIME when you lose.

He tilts his head with sarcasm.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Wait, you already signed there.

The OG Player continues to stroll around the ring, until he walks back to the dead center of the canvas and stands toe-to-toe with Elise.

**Tyler Fuse:**

So why am I here; I need to explain myself. Why does Tyler Fuse exhibit EXTREME PATIENCE? All I've done so far is provide an alternative, realistic explanation about your attitude. ...And then I made a prediction on how your shitty story will end. But what brings me, Tyler Fuse, of all people, to your front door?

Fuse slowly peers over Ares' shoulder at The D and then Tyler stands upright, directly back in Elise's face.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I never got what I wanted, either.

Pause.

A quick flash of fury brushes over Tyler's face.

**Tyler Fuse:**

And I'm not talking about the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Another pause.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I'm talking about PCP vs. The Fuse Bros., Derek and Elise versus Tyler and Conor. The match that never happened. The match EVERYONE wanted. The match you were too scared to deliver. And now, since you're less than a year away from walking your own pathetic, disgusting, 'boo hoo I got the sads' ass out of DEFIANCE forever, that match will never happen.

Suddenly, it looks like Tyler isn't angry anymore. He's calm, relaxed, subdued.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I guess I'll just have to settle for the *consolation prize*. Elise Ares one-on-one versus Tyler Fuse.

He reaches out, thinking about patting her on the shoulder but doesn't go through with it.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Win or lose, however, I'll still be here. Because I'm not stupid enough to work myself into a corner I can't get out of. You've said you're bouncing if you don't capture the FIST. You're basically telling every single one of these fans you don't give a shit about them.

Tyler points his left index finger at Ares.

**Tyler Fuse:**

You only care about you.

The arena isn't cheering for Tyler at this point. Everyone's listening.

**Tyler Fuse:**

And you... you have never been good enough to be the FIST of DEFIANCE. You are no longer a viable option as part of this roster.

Tyler starts laughing.

**Tyler Fuse:**

And when you finally leave DEFIANCE, you can thank your nine-year run on nothing but a pretty face and a famous dad.

Elise does a big fake yawn before reaching her hand back over her shoulder. The D hands her the microphone back, literally the only reason Tyler Fuse probably got a word in.

**Elise Ares:**

Are you done?

The crowd gives a mixed reaction as Elise gives him a few seconds to respond.

**Elise Ares:**

First off, BBY, I don't think I'm *owed* anything... well, that's not true I deserve A LOT, but this one... this one I've EARNED. Second off, d-

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style doesn't even bother to finish her sentence before clocking Tyler Fuse across the dome with the microphone. Some of the Faithful boo as Fuse takes the shot and falls to the mat. He sits right back up and smirks as Elise and the Pop Culture Phenoms walk right past him and leave the ring. Ares, normally unflappable but clearly bothered by the entire ordeal, speaks again as she backs up the entrance.

**Elise Ares:**

Whoopsie, I totes forgot to finish my thought! Where was I? Oh, right, second off... don't waste my time, BBY. If I wanted another notch on my belt, I would've called out your brother. Have your people call my people. If I can fit it into my schedule, I'll beat you for the tax write off. We have PRIME money to declare this year.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE drops the mic and waves goodbye to Tyler Fuse who continues to lean against the ropes staring down the Pop Culture Phenoms with a shit-eating grin. A subsection of the Canadian Faithful are upset with Elise's comments as she, along with The D and Klein, turn their backs to the ring and head backstage to the trap base of Billie Eilish.

**DDK:**

Well that went from zero to... whatever that just was, real quick.

**Lance:**

I understand wanting to get back on track after a heartbreaking loss at DEFCON, Darren, but I'm not sure this is the train you want to try and stop.

**DDK:**

Whatever Tyler said looks like it hit home for Ares, regardless. A rare "strike first, speak later" from a woman who has never had any issues sharing her opinions.

Tyler Fuse just sits on the ring apron, rubbing his temple with smile on his face as the scene fades to black.

**COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!**

## CONOR FUSE vs. TA BLACK

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one--

**“YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!”**

♪ “Ode to Joy” by Marcin Jakubek ♪

An ivory WALL of white pyrotechnics fills the stage from end to end. The silhouette of TA BLACK suddenly appears at the head of the rampway, basking in the heavenly rain of sparks in a Christ-pose.

For some reason, some idiot backstage agreed to hand him a microphone before heading out.

**TA Black:**

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Sacred Lamb, in vestal white robes, pumps a fist over his head. He’s soon joined on the stage by the Academic Amarettos and the Viking of Virtue, TA Arsvinnar. Then, like a captain leading a calvary, Black leads the charge down the aisle.

**TA Black:**

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**Darren Quimbey:**

From Indianapolis, United States, weighing two-hundred and five pounds... TEE... AYE... BLACK!

**DDK:**

The prized pupil of the Honor Society appears to be taking a break from his recent “recruitment drive” for some in-ring action here tonight.

**Lance:**

Can’t say I’m all that surprised to see coming out accompanied by the DOPE brigade.

**DDK:**

After the public reprimanding Dr. Reform gave them out here earlier tonight, there pressure must be on the other members of the Honor Society to start pulling their weight within the group!

**Lance:**

That can’t be a good thing in regards to this match...

TA Black reaches the ring and zips around from turnbuckle to turnbuckle, attempting to send waves of positivity through the crowd but instead repulsing them. TA Gomez and TA Carlo skulk around the apron while the Pious Plunderer stands vigilant at ringside.

**TA Black:**

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

OMGSRSLYBRO--BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

As Black’s theme song dies down, the crowd knows who’s coming up next. Anticipation builds.

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds even... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!!!!

Fuse marches out from behind the curtain but he's not popping and jumping like he normally would. This is an entrance that dare we say mirrors the intensity of his brother, Tyler. While Conor looks into the crowd and seems appreciative of the support from his fellow Canadians, he closes his eyes, lets out a huff and marches down the rampway. He is sporting white glossy tights, perhaps the same tights he had on during DEFCON. However, unlike two weeks ago where he appeared on a motorcycle and proceeded to not only interrupt Henry Keyes' victory speech but fight him tooth and nail, Conor has definitely showered since. Thankfully. For the fans and also for him. While there's no more dried blood over his body or his tights, his tights aren't as white as his mom would want them to be.

**DDK:**

You have to feel for Conor Fuse.

**Lance:**

I do, Keebs, I do. But it's safe to say Conor is going to get a chance to redeem himself.

**DDK:**

Yes, eventually. However, the man's DEFCON moment was taken away from him.

**Lance:**

That's how the game plays out sometimes. I am looking at Fuse right now and I see a fire in his eyes I don't think I've ever witnessed before.

Conor is at the bottom of the rampway. Yes, on closer view those white glossy tights still have hints of washed out blood throughout it. Conor's white glossy shooting sleeve on his left arm has been sewed back together in numerous places, since it was ripped apart at the hands of Malak Garland during the DEFCON main event. Even Conor's white bandana is off-white. It might be the most marked up piece of clothing on his body, since it was completely blood soaked a month ago.

Conor looks at the TA in the ring and then the TA's surrounding him. It's like the extra help doesn't even register. He may already be dead inside.

Or fuming.

Fuse leaps onto the apron and clears the ropes with another jump. He SCREAMS at referee Mark Shields to "RING THE BELL" while the incompetent ref does what he's told, even before The Renegade Formerly Known as Rezin realizes what's up.

**DING DING**

Erik Black sees Conor Fuse coming and gives a "WHOA!" before Fuse tramples Black with a flying forearm smash, flipping the TA inside-out in the process. The Calgary Faithful are full *!RANK* chants as Conor goes into the HAPPY STOMPS of DOOM, looking much more like the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM his brother would perform.

*STOMP, STOMP, STOMP, STOMP...* Conor has worked Black into a corner of the ring. The gamer keeps going but in a stunning display, Mark Shields shows he is competent, albeit for a millisecond, and asks Conor to back away or he's going to start a FOUR count!

Okay, Shields isn't *that* legit. It's clearly a count of FIVE but he's an idiot and thought it's FOUR.

Regardless, Conor backs away. The gamer is seething at the mouth while Black reaches up, holds onto the top ropes

and slings himself up and right out of the corner.

Fuse goes for another forearm shot but this time “Rezin” ducks and bounces off the ropes on the far end. Black leaps in the air, landing his right leg across Conor’s neck with a modified leg-clothesline, and this time it’s Conor who flips inside out in the process.

**DDK:**

Strong shot from Erik Black!

**Lance:**

TA Black.

Black looks on at his Academic Amarettos before clapping his hands together and receiving boos instead. Black bounces off the ropes and sends Conor into a corner with a head scissors takedown. Fuse is on the second buckle as Black comes charging in...

**WHAM!**

**DDK:**

An incredible superkick from Conor!

**Lance:**

It almost took Black’s head off!

The Teaching Assistant is on the mat and hasn’t moved. Conor shoots towards the top rope- oh wait, he’s already up there. No showboating from Conor, no basking in his country’s support. He quickly measures Black and goes for the kill...

A HEAD STOMP from the top rope as Black rises to his feet... but NO! At the last second one of the TA’s on the outside screams at Black to move, and The Sacred Lamb does! Fuse’s boots narrowly miss the crown of Rezin’s skull but Conor uses the momentum to his advantage. He rolls forward on the canvas mat and pops back up, spins Black around and connects with a jumping double knee strike (codebreaker) to the face!

Black SHOOTs into the air, bicycle kicking his feet before he crashes down, back-first on the mat. Conor slings himself into the ropes when TA Arsvinnar snatches Conor’s right boot, tripping him up!

Adding insult to injury, Mark Shields blatantly sees what happened and doesn’t do anything about it!

Conor’s irate! He’s frothing at the mouth now, screaming at Shields to start ejecting Black’s help. The rest of the Honor Society goons merely clap for sticking around, and that Mark Shields is, in fact, the smartest referee! In fact, Mark should become TA Shields if he so desires!

Okay, maybe no one is *explicitly* saying this but that’s what’s implied.

It doesn’t matter. Nothing else is going to happen with regards to ejections, as Conor Fuse goes back to TA Black...

INSIDE CRADLE FROM BLACK!

**DDK:**

He was playing possum!

ONE!

TWO!

**LAST SECOND KICKOUT!**

The Calgary Faithful give a huge sigh of relief as Conor rolls onto his feet at the same time Black does. Conor tries for another superkick but Black has it scouted and slides to the side. Black looks to run up Conor's body and knee him under the jaw but right before the TA gets his knee up there, Conor tilts his head back.

Fuse bursts into the ropes on his end of the ring and Rezin does the same on the other side. Both men duck a clothesline and hit the next set and then both come flying at each other with cross body blocks.

**WHAM!**

The air is knocked out of each man!

...Except Conor kips to his feet almost immediately! The crowd goes wild as Fuse is clearly gasping for air but running on fumes in the meantime. The gamer screams for Black to stand and receive what's coming to him...

It takes the Teaching Assistant a good moment or two... he's on his knees... and that's good enough for Conor.

**SMACK!**

Knee to the face!

Conor is on the top rope already!

There's no Weapon Get here, at least Conor's not saying it but a Scholar and Elbow drop later, and it's taken right out of Ned Reform's book.

So is the next one.

The Syllabuster.

NO!

Black wiggles out at the last possible second, stumbling backwards into the ropes and ultimately out of the ring.

Fuse cracks his head to the left, then to the right, and almost robotically spins around to see where TA Black is on the outside. Conor sprints to the far ropes, bounces off them and looks for a baseball slide to Black's head.

Except Conor stops short... and TA Black has already run away, leapt over the guardrail and checked his head to make sure it's connected.

Fuse rolls his eyes and screams for Black to get back inside.

**DDK:**

You think Conor saw Ned Reform scolding these boys earlier?

**Lance:**

I think he watches the programming, yes.

Eventually, however, Fuse's patience ends. He leaps over the ropes and lands perfectly on his own two feet. The Academic Amarettos are closing in but Conor is ready to fight them off in a moment's notice...

When Black leaps over the guardrail and runs at Conor with a rolling somersault neckbreaker!

The crowd boos but Fuse is down. TA Black, with help from AA, roll Conor into the ring.

**DDK:**

Mark Shields is useless.

**Lance:**

We've known this forever.

Black claps his hands together again, almost oblivious to the boos from The Faithful as he does. TA Gomez and Carlo are the only ones cheering when Black knocks Conor back down with a leg sweep... then back down again with a roundhouse kick... and down for the third time with a wheel kick.

**DDK:**

You have to give it to Conor, he's trying so hard but right now Black has control.

Black shoots into the ropes and upon the fourth time Conor gets up-

FUSE CONNECTS WITH A POWERSLAM OUT OF NOWHERE!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Fuse also KIPS up almost at the same time Black's shoulder rose off the mat. Conor zen cries into the rafters, pounds on his chest and drags Black up with him.

BRAINBUSTER.

Or, in other words, that allusive Syllabuster that Conor was looking for earlier.

COIN.

COIN.

These aren't just *any* coins, the Ultimate Gamer is irate! He stands over the fallen TA Black and races into the ropes. The crowd goes bonkers.

Except Conor isn't hitting the ropes. No. Instead, he CLEARS THEM WITH A SUICIDE DIVE.

Right onto the other TAs!

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

With the goons crushed, Conor is back onto the apron with one jump and over the ropes with another jump-

**SMACK!**

Square into the Oxford Heel (fka Cloven Hoof) Kick!

**DDK:**

BLACK'S GOT HIM! DAMMIT, BLACK'S GOT HIM!

**Lance:**

Conor let the outside distractions get the better of him!

TA Black with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

The Calgary Faithful give a LOUD sigh of relief, as Black looks over to referee Mark Shields and wonders how Conor even did that.

No matter, Black pulls the fallen Fuse to his feet and into the middle of the ring.

Into the Light???

NO!

The Power-Up King moves away at the last second. He's wobbly and barely on his two feet as Black pulls himself upright and catches Conor's left knee to the side of the head.

**CRACK!**

**DDK:**

Black is hurt!

With Ned Reform's best reclamation project down on one knee, Fuse is already on the top rope. Conor flips and performs a corkscrew dropkick, meeting Black square in the face!

Conor shoots to his feet again. This time, with TA Black seemingly down and out, Conor looks to leap onto the top rope again.

But he doesn't.

Instead, Fuse drags Black to his feet, bounces off the ropes... bounces off the next set... and then bounces off the ropes ONE MORE TIME.

Full head of steam.

As fast as Fuse can go.

**BELL CALP CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCKK!**

TA Black is DOA.

**DDK:**

Fuse with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

**Lance:**

Black beaten by “punk rock” again!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... CONOR FUSE!

♪ “*King Dedede Remix*” from Kirby’s Dreamland ♪

Mark Shields raises Conor’s hand to a thunderous ovation. However, Conor doesn’t seem too thrilled. As TA Black is rescued by the other TA’s, the King DeDeDe remix dies down...

## NOW WHAT?

**DDK:**

I can see Conor asking for a microphone.

The Ultimate Gamer is, ultimately, handed one. His theme song shuts off, Mark Shields has left to smoke a dart and the Honor Society is working their way backstage.

Conor looks in at his surroundings as he lifts the mic to his face and hangs his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'm sorry.

He allows the moment to breathe. He also needs a second to catch his breath and keep his cool.

**Conor Fuse:**

This is the Western Canadian tour. I figured I was going to walk into Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary... and carry the FIST of DEFIANCE with me. So for that, dear Faithful, I **am** sorry.

The crowd cheers Fuse on, not wanting to accept his apology.

**Conor Fuse:**

There are a lot of good wrestlers back there. You just saw my brother, as one of them, interrupting another. Shots at the FIST of DEFIANCE don't come often and don't come cheap. Unless, of course, you're Henry Keyes.

Audible boos for The Kraken.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'll get to Keyes in just a second. First of all, look at Dex Joy, Gage Blackwood, heck Lindsay Troy for that matter. Once you lose the FIST, you're not looking at another chance for years.

Conor solemnly nods along.

**Conor Fuse:**

So once again, from the bottom of my heart, I am sorry.

*/RANK* chants develop.

But Conor Fuse shakes his head no.

**Conor Fuse:**

Not really. Not this time.

He slowly strolls around the ring.

**Conor Fuse:**

When I was a kid, I wanted to be a wrestler because I wanted to inspire someone else, like Jack Harmen aka High Flyer inspired me. I thought if I could only get JUST ONE singular fan during my career, it would be successful.

Fuse pauses, the crowd keeps cheering.

**Conor Fuse:**

I am grateful for every single one of you. My disappointment on not walking out of DEFCON with the FIST has more to do with the fans I've failed than the idea behind failing myself.

Conor stops in the middle of the ring, head lowered.

**Conor Fuse:**

But I did fail myself. While I defeated Malak Garland, my sworn, long-term enemy... I forgot there was another one lurking.

The fans boo, referring to Henry Keyes.

**Conor Fuse:**

There's always been that other one lurking, am I right? We might not share the 'every, single, day' history that Malak and I do, but make no mistake about it, this man is a fierce rival, as seriously predominant of a Rogues' Gallery villain as one could imagine. I mean, let's call it as it is. He was once BELOVED by everyone. The Faithful adored him.

Conor shakes his head in disappointment.

**Conor Fuse:**

And he stabbed everyone in the back when he stabbed ME in the back, first.

Conor alludes to the time Henry Keyes beat the piss out of him, becoming the mega heel he is today.

**Conor Fuse:**

And I should've known better. Like any 'good guy' -and I use that term loosely-, the second you defeat one enemy, another swoops in.

Conor peers into the crowd.

**Conor Fuse:**

Yeah, Keyes took the easy way out. Some may say he even stole the FIST of DEFIANCE right outta my hands.

The Power-Up King contemplates that very comment.

Until he decides that's not the truth.

**Conor Fuse:**

But the reality is, Henry Keyes is just doing what any villain would. He was successful. He is the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Conor lets out a huff, before looking at his now washed wrestling gear, albeit still covered in his stained blood.

**Conor Fuse:**

And I am not.

It looks like Conor's defeated. He's about to walk out of the ring.

But then he marches back to the center, holds his head high and works the crowd into a frenzy.

**Conor Fuse:**

I *can* sulk. I *can* cry. I've already spent the month doing that so I WON'T BE DOING IT ANYMORE!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

**Conor Fuse:**

Sometimes you win, **MANY** times you'll lose but one thing I don't disagree with is what my brother said a mere fifteen minutes ago. To be DEFIANT means to fight. To never quit. To never take the easy way out!

Conor looks into the apron camera lens.

**Conor Fuse:**

HENRY KEYES. For a long time now you have shown DEFIANCE your true colours. Well now I will show mine. HENRY KEYES, too good to make it out to Calgary tonight, so I'm sending a carrier pigeon in your direction. In two weeks time, I am calling for something you and I should've done A LONG time ago. God knows I have talked circles around Malak Garland. But you and I, ever since our 'misunderstanding'... we have NEVER sat down and spoken to each other, face-to-face, man-to-man, FIST-to-challenger?

Conor smirks, still looking directly in front of the camera.

**Conor Fuse:**

There's a lot of deserving challengers back there, so if you'll agree to it, I've only got one more shot and then I'll stand at the back of the line and wait another five years.

Fuse shakes his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

But believe it or not, when I meet you face-to-face, it isn't going to be about the FIST. At least not at first.

Conor takes a couple steps back from the camera.

**Conor Fuse:**

It's going to be about something WAY more important.

He drops the mic, his theme song plays and Fuse makes his exit out of the ring.

**DDK:**

Well there you go.

**Lance:**

I am on pins and needles, partner. Conor Fuse and Henry Keyes FACE-TO-FACE? For the past few years, these two have HATED each other and let their situation blow up.

**DDK:**

Sounds like a perfect time to sit down and talk it out, doesn't it?

**Lance:**

My over-under is ten seconds before Keyes and Fuse try ripping each other's faces off.

**DDK:**

Going with the under.

**Lance:**

Bet.

Conor walks up the rampway as he gives a couple of 'slight head nods' to fans in the front row. DEFtv goes to its last commercial break.

**COMMERCIAL: PRIME ULTRA VIOLENCE 2025**



## SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY

### DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... up next we have a very anticipated match up for the Southern Heritage Championship!

The match graphic tells the story: *Brock Newbludd (C) vs. Pat Cassidy*

### Lance:

One of the most popular tag acts in DEFIANCE history faces off with gold on the line! It's worth noting that Pat and Brock have only faced each other once before, way back on DEFtv 146 in December of 2020... right before the men opened Ballyhoo Brew. And Brock won that match, too.

### DDK:

All signs point to this being a friendly exhibition between two men with great respect for each other... but that doesn't take away from the fact we could very well crown a new champion tonight!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Blood" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The slow, haunting beginning of the Boston-based punk rock song begins to echo throughout the arena as the lights dim and flash a bright blue. The song picks up in intensity as the camera focuses on the entrance... but no sign of anyone! Eventually, there is a stir from somewhere in the stands, and the camera shifts to the seventh row, where we see Pat Cassidy emerge from an arena entrance! Cassidy is dressed to compete in his usual attire black and dark blue "BOPC" trunks and "SNS" ring vest. The fans - especially those close enough to touch Cassidy - show their appreciation for the returning Saturday Night Special. Pausing at the top of the lone arena stairwell, Cassidy raises his arms over his head and howls back at the appreciative Faithful.

### DDK:

Pat Cassidy arrived to DEFIANCE in July of 2020... and although his reign as one half of The Saturday Night Specials resulted in gold... he's admitted that his inability to capture a singles title is something he wants to fix.

### Lance:

He came within a hair this past October against Malak for the FIST in Boston, but an unfortunately timed injury put a stop to that. And now, he faces NOT a hated enemy, but his closest friend!

♪ *Trouble underground in Kenmore Square*  
*You'd better watch out, you'd better beware*  
*It's time to go, goodbye good luck*  
*They said people like you screw everything up* ♪

Cassidy begins an intense run/skip down the steps as the nearby Faithful all reach out to touch him. Right before he hits the arena floor, he stops... and we realize that standing in the row next to him is Ophelia Sykes holding baby Erin!

### DDK:

And for this big match, Pat has brought the family!

Cassidy leans in to plant a peck on Ophelia's cheek before holding up his daughter and doing the same. Ophelia takes Erin's tiny hand and makes her wave bye to her dad as Cass resumes his journey to the ring, hopping the guardrail and rolling into the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first, the challenger: weighing in at 242 lbs... from Boston, Massachusetts... PAT! CAAAASSSIDY!

♪ *If you want blood, we'll give you some! (Blood, blood)*

*Straight from the heart till the job is done  
If you want it now, then here it comes! (Blood, blood)  
If you want blood, we'll give you some ♪*

Leaping up to the top rope, Cassidy raises his arms to soak in the applause. He points to someone (unseen) in the crowd and winks before laughing. He gets down and removes his vest as his theme fades out and he runs the ropes in preparation for the contest.

*“BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLL YY!”*

*♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Alestorm ♪*

*“HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”*

With the SOHER held high above his head, Brock Newbludd makes his way out onto the stage to a tremendous ovation. Throwing the belt over his shoulder, the man who adopted the name Van Patton two weeks ago stops at the top of the ramp to soak in The Faithful's cheers as he sets his sights on the ring.

#### **DDK:**

A couple of weeks ago, Brock Van Patton made his presence known in a dominating title defense victory against Malak Garland. Tonight, Brock Newbludd returns to defend the SOHER against his best friend, Pat Cassidy.

#### **Lance:**

Brock's been walking in high cotton these last few months, no doubt about it. Between winning the SOHER and the success of his latest movie, Born Over, the man has simply been on a roll.

Hitting the ramp, Newbludd slaps hands with fans as he marches towards the ring. Stopping in his tracks at the sight of two fans cosplaying as GVP, the laughing SOHER takes a second to sneak in a quick selfie.

#### **Darren Quimbley:**

And his opponent! Hailing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two hundred and fifty-nine pounds...he is the Southern Heritage Champion... “Milwaukee's BEAST” Broooooock Neeeeewbluuuuudd!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope, Brock pops up to his feet and climbs up the nearest corner to raise the title one final time. Dropping down to the mat, he meets Benny Doyle in the center of the ring and surrenders the belt to him. Moving past the veteran ref, Brock approaches Cassidy and offers up a hand. Pat takes it, and the two friends shake, drawing an appreciative cheer from the crowd.

#### **DDK:**

Nice showing of sportsmanship between SNS before the match.

#### **Lance:**

You love to see it, partner.

With both SNS members finding themselves standing in separate corners rather than together, an anxious buzz begins to emit from The Faithful as Benny Doyle raises the belt in the middle of the ring. Champion and challenger both look at it and then at each other. Brock nods his head respectfully, and Cassidy gives him one back.

#### **DDK:**

Alright, here we go! The SOHER is on the line here in The Saddledome for our main event!

#### **Lance:**

In a match that's about as brother vs. brother as you can get, partner. How far is either man willing to go to secure the gold? That's the question on my mind, DDK.

The picture suddenly cuts away to show a live feed of Ballyhoo Brew. The home of SNS and the Ballyhooligans is packed with fans watching the show, all of them with their eyes glued to the closest TV.

**DDK:**

Things are looking tense at Ballyhoo right now! Who's going to bring the belt back and hang it behind the bar?

Doyle lowers the belt and hands it off to Quimbley, who quickly exits the ring. Benny gives each man one final check and calls for the bell.

***DING DING***

Both men quickly exit their corners, circling each other with smiles on their faces. They exchange a quick slap of the hands to establish the friendly nature of the contest before going back on the offensive. Newbludd waves for Cassidy to come in, and the eager Pat is more than happy to oblige, taking a quick step forward to engage in a collar and elbow tie-up. The two jockey for position in the middle of the ring for a few seconds before the veteran Newbludd drops his hips to gain leverage. Pumping his legs, he pushes Cass on his heels towards the nearest corner. The fiery Black Out knows what's coming and acts quickly, breaking the hold and reversing into a standing hammerlock. Brock cries out in surprise as he's stood up straight by Cassidy.

**Lance:**

Crisp hammerlock by Cassidy stops Newbludd in his tracks on the get-go. Brock wanted to power him into the corner, but Pat saw it coming!

**DDK:**

I expect to see that happening a lot tonight. These two know each other in the ring better than they know themselves.

Cassidy goes to torque the hold again, but Brock reverses and turns the tables on the challenger by snagging a hammerlock of his own. A hammerlock that he quickly transitions into a schoolboy pin!

Before Doyle can even get on the mat, Cassidy kicks out almost instantly.

**Lance:**

Brock made sure Cassidy is on his toes with that flash pin. Smart move considering Cassidy's only recently returned from injury.

Moving with urgency, Pat beats Brock to his feet by a second and pounces on the opportunity, wrapping Newbludd up in a snug small package!

And just like before, the kick out is almost instantaneous.

**DDK:**

And Pat returns the favor! Probably seeing if Brock's still feeling the effects of the Born Over premier after-party!

The crowd is alive as Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd meet in the center of the ring. Cassidy flashes that signature smirk as he looks out into the crowd with a "getalloadofTHISGUY" look. Still smiling, he offers Newbludd a handshake. Brock nods, grips it tight, and they break clean.

**Lance:**

The two men back at, tying up again. It's refreshing to see some sportsmanship!

The two are back at it again, locking up with Brock quickly transitioning into a headlock. Cassidy backs him into the ropes, shoves him off— on the rebound, shoulder tackle from Newbludd! Cassidy immediately pops back up. He makes a "aw, ya got me" motion to Newbludd and begins to golf clap. Brock grins and does a bow as the fans give both men a round of applause.

Second tie-up—Cassidy slips behind with a waistlock, but Brock counters with a standing switch and rolls him down into a front facelock. Cassidy scrambles to the ropes, forcing the break.

**DDK:**

It's no surprise this contest is still in the feeling out stages - neither man is interested in hurting the other and like we said, both are reluctant to make a mistake against someone so familiar with their usual gameplans.

Cassidy gets the advantage, managing to send Brock off the ropes and paying him back with a WICKED back elbow right to the mush that makes some of the front row Faithful go "ohhhh." Brock's head snaps back and Cassidy drops right down for the cover!

ONE!

**Lance:**

Brock with a quick kickout!

Both men get right back to their feet and Brock again flashes his buddy an appreciative smile... but instead of getting it back, he's caught off guard with a BIG Cassidy right hand!

**DDK:**

Oh, my!

**Lance:**

Pat may have decided the time for mutual appreciation has passed!

Cassidy stays on a now grounded Brock by bringing him to a seated position and firing elbows right into his head! Brock cries out as there is absolutely no joy in Cassidy's eyes now.

**DDK:**

Those shots are vicious.

**Lance:**

I think it's dawned on Pat that while he is facing his friend, if he wants to take this belt in front of his wife and kid he's got to get serious.

With Brock dazed from the elbow, Cass leaves him in a seated position and locks on a rear chinlock. Benny Doyle moves into position to check on Milwaukee's Made Man who shakes his head in the negative - he ain't giving up. With the support of the Faithful, he is eventually able to power up to knee while Cassidy tries to bare down on the chinlock with more leverage. Newbludd gets to his feet and fires several elbows into Cassidy's gut. Breaking free of hold, Brock hits the ropes, ducks a clothesline on the rebound... but runs into a kitchen sink knee to the stomach! Pat is on him in a flash and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

Undeterred, Cassidy extends Brock's leg out before firing a sharp kick right into the champion's knee! He repeats this a few times before changing tactics and dropping elbows into Newbludd's same knee.

**DDK:**

You do not see a lot of limb work out of Pat Cassidy as he's more of a brawler... maybe he's thinking he needs to

switch it up against someone who knows him so well?

Cassidy drags Newbludd over to the corner. The Boston native rolls under the bottom rope to the floor before reaching back in and grabbing Brock's leg again. He pulls Brock until he's positioned right in front of the turnbuckle, and he rears back, ramming Brock's knee right into the steel! In an unforeseen turn of events, a few spattered boos can be heard!

**Lance:**

This... this is a side of Pat Cassidy I don't think we've seen before.

**DDK:**

Well, we *have*... but usually against The Lucky Sevens or Malak Garland or someone who has wronged him greatly. This is very unusual against someone he considers a friend!

Back in, Cassidy tries to end things with a pumphandle slam... Brock slips down his back, hooks him from behind, and takes his tag partner over and down on his head with a German Suplex OUTTANOWHERE!

**Lance:**

And maybe Brock has now realized he too needs to take this to the next level!

The move bought Brock time, and now both he and Cassidy are back to their feet and trading right hands... no more hammerlocks here folks, they're throwing bombs!

**Lance:**

This contest isn't so friendly anymore! It's a hockey fight!

Brock gets the better of the exchange, rocking a dazed Pat Cassidy. When Pat tries to rally with another right hand, Brock ducks and hooks up... taking him over with a big Exploder Suplex!! The champ with the cover!

ONE!

TWO

NO!

**DDK:**

Brock Newbludd needs to keep the pressure on - his friend has shown him he's willing to do what it takes to get that title, and he needs to be ready to do the same.

With Cassidy down, Brock pops the crowd by going onto the apron and climbing up to the top... the people are looking for his signature big elbow!

**DDK:**

But wait... Cassidy sees it coming! He shoves Benny Doyle into the ropes!

And Brock slips on the top and falls right on his two GVPs!

**Lance:**

This is a desperation out of Cassidy that I'm frankly finding shocking.

With Brock straddling the turnbuckle, Cassidy climbs up the second rope and hooks him... sending him back to the mat with a ring shaking SUPERPLEX!! Cassidy makes a very intense cover!!

**DDK:**

WE MIGHT HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!! Brock kicks out at the last second!!

Cassidy pounds his fist into the mat in frustration for just a few seconds before getting back to his feet. He stands over his buddy like a hungry predator, hands on knees as he measures Brock and waits for his fellow Saturday Night Special to get back to his feet.

**Lance:**

Pat Cassidy's signature move, his Reverse STO that he calls the Irish Goodbye, has proven to be a guaranteed match ender over the years. If he can connect here, we've got ourselves a new champion!

And Pat proves himself to be patient as he remains in this "ready position" until Brock clears the cobwebs and gets back up. The Boston native moves in for the kill, hooking his buddy around the head and looking to drive him down with the Irish Goodbye... but Brock pulls a fast one, slipping free and grabbing Cassidy by both arms before falling forward and planting his shoulders to the mat with a backslide pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy frantically kicks his leg - but Brock has it locked in tight!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

**DDK:**

A heck of a contest here - we saw a fire in Pat Cassidy that has come out only rarely before and he came within an inch of taking this one!

**Lance:**

Brock caught him... it happens. But he should still be proud of this effort.

As Brock's music begins to play and Benny Doyle hands him the championship belt, Cassidy pulls himself up into a seated position. He runs one hand through his hair as he sighs deeply and shakes his head - clearly frustrated. Brock stands up and throws the SOHER over his shoulder before walking over and extending a hand to his buddy. Looking at him, Pat takes it and Brock brings his fellow Ballyhoo proprietor to his feet in a friendship hug as The Faithful begin to applaud.

**DDK:**

Things may have gotten heated in the middle of battle, but there's no doubt that these two are always thick as thieves.

Brock calls out to a ringside attendant who provides him with an item that has become synonymous with The Saturday Night Specials... a cooler! With a grin, Brock swings it open and grabs a can of Ballyhoo Brew. He extends it over to Pat Cassidy... who just stares at it.

**DDK:**

What's this?

Pat shakes his head ruefully and waves dismissively before turning and leaving the ring! A confused Brock is left standing handing a cold one to nobody.

**Lance:**

I don't like this, Keebs. The outcome may have taken a bigger toll on Pat than we thought. The man is refusing a beer with his buddy..

Cassidy walks up the ramp as The Faithful begin to boo. Not a full on "we hate you" boo, but more of a "we're disappointed we're not getting what we came to see" boo. In the ring, Brock opens his hands wide in surprise as he calls after his friend. Cassidy reaches the top of the ramp and stops. With his hands on his hips and his head down, he turns slowly to look back toward the ring. Then he looks out into the booing Faithful. He milks this for a few minutes before sighing, taking his hands off his hips, and marching back toward the ring!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

There we go!

Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope and marches up to his friend, looking him in the eye. Although he doesn't speak, Brock's eyes ask the question: "do we really have a problem?" Cassidy stares daggers through Newbludd until he slowly breaks out into a smile and extends his hand. Brock mirrors his smile and takes it and they shake. Cassidy doesn't let go of Brock's hand, instead raising it into the air in a celebratory acknowledgement of Brock's win.

**Lance:**

Things got a little tense, but it would appear that all is right with the world and The Saturday Night Specials are as inseparable as ever!

Final shot: Pat Cassidy holding Brock Newbludd's arm high in victory with the Southern Heritage Championship slung over Newbludd's shoulder. Only the most astute viewer might question the sincerity of Cassidy's smile.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***