

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

Kansas City welcomes DEFIANCE as the T-Mobile Center is hyped for DEFtv 227!

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

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

RIP CARDBOARD DAN RYAN

SO-US IS SO TERRIBLE

WHY CONOR WHY?

THEY'LL FUCKIN' LET ANYONE INTO LAW SCHOOL NOW, WON'T THEY?

VAE VICTIS WAS RIGHT, cOnOr HAS ALWAYS BEEN A HEEL

BUT WHERE'S JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER HALL?

SOMEONE HURT MALAK!? I AIN'T BOOIN'

THEY DID -- THEY RIPPED HIM TO PIECES

CAN I POOP IT OUT NOW ROLAND OR SHOULD I KEEP HODORING IT?

We go to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

SOHER: TITANESS (CO-C) vs. ???

DDK:

What a match to kick things off tonight! The Southern Heritage Title is on the line in what is being called... the SO-US Open Challenge! Not only did we have to witness Uriel Cortez and Titaness manipulate their way into major victories over Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, but now, after branding themselves as co-champions... this is just ludicrous, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed it is. DEFIANCE management were going to shut this whole co-champions thing down, but after threatening legal repercussions, they ultimately came to an agreement with this match: Titaness will have to defend against a mystery opponent here tonight. Should Titaness win, DEFIANCE will allow this co-champion status to stand. However, should she lose... that's it for the Southern Heritage for her AND Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

We know how important that title is to Titanes Familia. It represents status. It represents power. Cortez and Titaness are just using it to flaunt themselves, but if they lose tonight, these shenanigans can blow up in their faces!

Lance:

It certainly could, so Titaness better be confident in her chances. That match begins... now!

The lights drop out to pure darkness.

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

One spotlight shines at the edge of the stage with Siofra, front and center. The Fury of the Familia turns and puts her hands into a praying motion. She smiles, then turns to the screen behind her as the LED lights around the stage start to light up and cover the arena in colors reminiscent of a stained-glass window. Then a new image appears on the screen... Then in the center of the stage, Titaness stands with her back to the ring, arms flexing with her name displayed on the front, also in a stained-glass window logo with the words "HER SWOLINESS" beneath.

Lance:

Oh, brother...

Siofra leads the much taller Titaness to the ring with the Motherly Saint smiling and waving to the jeering Kansas City Faithful. When they arrive, Siofra moves to the side and watches The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia walk up the steps. The hood and sleeveless jacket she's covered in come off, revealing brand new black top and leather pants with various sparkling red, blue, yellow and green lines. She gets booed by The Faithful as she heads to the corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage...

Titaness marches right up to Darren Quimbey and yells at him.

Darren Quimbey:

The uh... excuse me... the SO-US Championship...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia and being accompanied by Siofra... she has been asked to be referred to for her recent actions in bringing families together... she wishes to be referred to as "The Patron Saint of Suplexes"... "Strength From The Heavens"... "Her Swoliness"... "The Motherly Saint"... but you may call her... **TITANESS!**

Titaness holds out both hands and flexes for all to see before the glasses and the hood come off. She hands them off to Siofra...

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

She waits...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Eric B and Rakim ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Titaness lets out an audible "DAMN IT!" when a VERY confident Butcher Victorious walks out from the back, with both The Stick and the rarely seen AMP! One created just for her! Behind her, his fellow Lads member/LAs. "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray holds out Butcher's currently won BRAZEN Star Cup as he makes his way out to the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, the challenger... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 230 pounds... he is the current BRAZEN Star Cup Champion... **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!"**

Lance:

Titaness doesn't look happy to see Butcher, does she?!

DDK:

These two know each other VERY well in that ring! They fought last year over Titaness attacking Butcher Victorious and stealing The Stick, culminating in the first-ever Stick on a Pole match, won by Butcher at DEFIANCE Road in Scotland earlier this year! That AMP megaphone Butcher has was made because he didn't have The Stick until he beat Titaness to win it back!

Lance:

And here these stats... Butcher has 2-0 over Titaness in singles matches! His Favoured Saints win came from pinning Titaness! Something she hasn't forgotten! So tonight, to become an official champ, she's gotta beat someone she's never beaten one on one!

An angry Titaness watches a confident Butcher head to the ring.

Butcher Victorious: *[with the people chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

Butcher Victorious: *[with the people chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points to Titaness in the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... SAYS THIS SO-US CHAMPION BUNK IS GIVING US ALL THE ICK!

Butcher Victorious heads up the steps.

Butcher Victorious:

Tell you what I'm gonna do for you tonight, Muscle Mom! I'm gonna do tonight what Uriel claimed he was doing for Brock! I'm gonna take that SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE off your hands! Then y'all can cry about it together! Then tonight... BUTCH VIC... BRINGS THE GOLD TO THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

Titaness holds up her "SO-HERS" title claiming Butcher can't have it as referee Benny Doyle stands in the middle. The title is raised as Butcher hands off The Stick and The AMP to Janna Ray at ringside. Butcher looks confident.

Titaness, slightly less so, but puts her "Saintly" airs back on...

DING DING

...And tries to hit a clothesline on Butcher, but Butch Vic ducks and fires off with a series of forearm smashes to the side of Titaness' head to back her into a corner! He unloads with a few stomps in the corner like any good Texan wrestler would, then backs off as he gets cheers from the Kansas City Faithful firmly in his corner!

Lance:

Butcher's been on a real tear lately! He was the last person to pin Tyler Fuse of all people a few weeks ago just before he committed his recent atrocities against Malak Garland!

DDK:

Not to mention OSCAR BURNS at last year's DEFCON! He looks ready to take that next step and become Southern Heritage Champion tonight!

Butcher heads back into the corner when Titaness surprises him with a boot to the gut and slams his face into the corner! She SMACKS the chest of Butcher with a huge Familia signature, the open-handed chop! After he's left reeling, she Irish whips Butcher to the opposite corner and charges in. Butcher lands on the corner and then jumps over Titaness. She stops herself in the corner, but turns right around into a huge snap scoop powerslam!

DDK:

Great counter out of the corner! We're seeing some new moves from Butcher tonight!

He runs off the ropes quickly and lands a huge corkscrew elbow drop to the heart of The Motherly Saint and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Titaness kicks out and quickly rolls to the outside! The Kansas City Faithful jeer her as she heads out of the ring.

DDK:

Titaness has been caught unaware tonight! She didn't know who her opponent was going to be... it has to be getting on her that it's an opponent she has not done well against in the past!

Outside the ring, the Motherly Saints gets fanned off by Titaness, but runs when Butcher connects with a huge slingshot plancha over the ropes! There's no games tonight for the BRAZEN Supersenior as he picks up Titaness and leads The Motherly Saint back into the ring.

Lance:

You can tell Butcher's serious about taking home this title tonight. Can't win the title outside the ring!

Titaness tries to stop Butcher as he's on the apron with a shoulder thrust, but he moves and lands another elbow smash to the side of her temple! She staggers back into the ring as Butcher climbs through the ropes and charges in with another running uppercut in the corner!

DDK:

Butcher has her on the ropes!

He grabs her by the head in a headlock and then tries to run out of the corner with a bulldog, but The Motherly Saint is able to shove him away. Butch Vic recovers and turns around, only to get hooked by Titaness and then THROWN into the corner upside down with an exploder suplex that makes the Kansas City Faithful cringe!

DDK:

The Patron Saint of Suplexes might be an appropriate nickname for the defending SOHER... sorry, SO-US Champion! Butcher just got rocked with that exploder suplex into the corner!

Lance:

I don't believe it! One move! Just one move was all it took for Titaness to turn this match around!

Titaness is still reeling from the offensive Butcher Victorious has been able to muster and hurriedly tries to get her bearings back! Janna Ray watches on in shock for her bestie in the corner while Butcher is halfway dangling from the corner. The vengeful matriarch of the Familia walks over and STOMPS viciously into the back of Butcher as he tries to stand!

Titaness: *[in between stomps]*

HOW... DARE... YOU... MOCK... OUR... TITLE... AND... OUR...LOVE!

Benny Doyle has to step in and pull Titaness back to then check on Butcher, but she doesn't stay away too long. As soon as Butcher is able to get back to his feet, Titaness rushes across the ropes and CRACKS Butcher in the side of the head with a massive running big boot that knocks him between the ropes and sends him crashing out onto the floor! Siofra is on the outside cheering on her sisterly figure with Butcher out on the floor looking up at the venue lights.

DDK:

It was certainly a rocky start for The Motherly Saint of the Familia, but now Titaness has the advantage.

With Butcher trying to fight back to his feet outside the ring, he doesn't have any idea of the danger looming in the form of the defending champion(?) running across the ring...

Lance:

I think Titaness is about to fly!

SUICIDE DIVE FROM TITANESS!

DDK:

That's a new wrinkle to her arsenal we just saw her use at Acts of DEFIANCE! Can Titaness follow up that win with one tonight to cement her status as Co-Southern Heritage Champion?

After the landing, Titaness quickly gets Butcher back into the ring. The Microphone Fiend is considerably rocked from the suicide dive, but it goes from bad to worse when Titaness follows after him, then hits the ropes. She runs past Butcher for momentum and then CRACKS him with a huge flying lariat off the ropes!

DDK:

Lady Lariat by Titaness! Can she make herself official co-champion tonight?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher's shoulder shoots off the mat! Titaness is clearly irritated and gets in Doyle's face.

Titaness:

Count faster, Doyle!

Lance:

Arguing with Benny Doyle won't earn you official co-champ status, Titaness!

She turns back to see Butcher trying to get back to her feet, then cuts him off with a huge double-handed chop to the chest! The blow sends him back a couple of steps into the corner where she fires back with a running uppercut in the corner of her own. With Butcher disoriented, she turns around and shakes both hands...

THWACK!

...and CRACKS the chest of The Microphone Fiend with a big double-handed chop! Janna Ray finds herself wincing at ringside with The Faithful collectively doing the same. Titaness shakes her hands and yells out to Siofra.

Titaness:

I felt that one!

Lance:

I have to give it up to Titaness! She was frazzled when this started, but she found her groove and she's stayed in it since!

Titaness puts a boot to Butcher's neck in the corner and holds it there while she flexes her arms to a huge negative response!

TITANESS SUCKS!

TITANESS SUCKS!

TITANESS SUCKS!

TITANESS SUCKS!

Titaness:

You only WISH I did.

After Doyle makes it to the count of four, Titaness removes her boot but Butcher has been battered by The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia! When he tries to stand up, Titaness leaps and rocks the jaw of Butcher with a STIFF running pump kick!

DDK:

Ooh! Pump kick right on the button from Titaness!

Flopping forward out of the corner after the kick, Butcher falls to the canvas then Titaness turns him over onto his shoulders for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher gets the shoulder up again and Titaness looks extra-irritated!

Titaness:

Stressing me out, Benny! Come on! I'm just a hard-working mom working for her Familia!

DDK:

It's been all Titaness in the past few minutes! He better find a way out of this predicament soon or we'll never hear the end of Uriel and Titaness as CO-SOHERS... CO-HERS? CO-US?

Titaness stands up and waits for Butcher to get back to his feet, but when The Microphone Fiend doesn't make it up quick enough, Titaness helps him put. She pulls him out of the corner by his neck and drags him up to his feet before wrapping a hand around his neck for a chokeslam! Titaness may only have an inch over Butcher in the height

department, but she's strong enough to lift him up... but Butcher is savvy enough to counter into a DDT on the way down!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC... DID IT! HE FOILED THE CHOKESLAM ATTEMPT AND BOUGHT HIMSELF SOME TIME HERE!

Cradling the back of her neck, Titaness is disoriented while Butcher hears The Butch Vic Clique! Outside the ring, Siofra tries to yell out to Titaness about Butcher's whereabouts as Janna Ray leads the pack in getting Butch Vic the cheers he needs to bring the SOHER to The Lads!

Lance:

He's said it many times, but it rings true! Butch Vic won't quit! And with the Southern Heritage Title on the line, he can't!

Titaness is the first one up as Butcher nears the ropes. She charges towards him, only for Butcher to fire off a back elbow to catch her on the jaw. With The Motherly Saint stunned, Butch Vic hits the ropes! Titaness swings and misses with a clothesline, but off the return, Butcher comes back from the other way with a big flying clothesline of his own to knock the SOHER hopeful clear off of her feet! Running a hand through his matted mohawk, the tattooed Texan leaps back to his feet. He runs at Titaness to stun her with a running uppercut that knocks her into the corner, then Butcher applies a headlock and charges out of the corner with a running bulldog!

DDK:

Butcher's back in this! Stringing together some great offense, but he's gotta come up with something to bring the title to The Lads!

Titaness has been rocked from the running bulldog and when she tries to stand, Butcher leaps behind her and DROPS her down on the back of her head on the canvas with a reverse jumping bulldog!

DDK:

That's a new one for Butcher! He calls that the Reverb!

The Kansas City Faithful are going mad! He crawls over and hooks the leg of The Motherly Saint while counting along with a free hand!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Titaness fires a shoulder up and nobody can believe it! Benny's two fingers might as well be one finger to Butcher right now because he was sure he had the title won!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious was less than a second away from becoming Southern Heritage Champion for the first time in his career!

Butch Vic and Janna Ray are both stunned that the match continues on as Titaness crawls around the mat in shock! The BRAZEN Star Cup champion goes into launching another attack towards Titaness as she uses the ropes to try and get back to a vertical base but when she sees Butcher coming, she ducks back around again to the outside!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Titaness just barely got out of harm's way!

She ducks around to another corner of the ring, but Butcher runs through the ropes and catches the champion with another running boot through the ropes! Titaness gets kicked into the guardrail so Butcher heads outside to go throw her back inside! When she's there, Butcher tries to follow her back in as soon as possible... but Titaness chop blocks the left knee of the challenger as he re-enters, sending him crumbling to the mat!

DDK:

Quick thinking by Titaness! Butcher's been all over her, but attacking that leg might do it!

She grabs onto Butcher by the neck and then to a suplex position before lifting him up and then DROPPING him with a twisting cutter on the way down!

DDK:

Cutter From Another Mother! This might be it for Butch Vic!

Titaness pushes The Microphone Fiend away from the ropes and then hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Equal parts rage and panic are on the face now of The Motherly Saint as she makes it up to her knees and can't believe that Butcher has kicked out again of one of her better moves!

DDK:

No way! Butcher finds a way to kick out again! This is an unbelievable performance tonight!

Lance:

Titaness doesn't seem to think so! In fact... wait, what's she doing?

Titaness yells at Siofra to go grab her SO-HERS title belt from ringside. She nods and runs to go snatch it. She goes to try and get the title into the ring, but Janna Ray won't have it! Janna grabs onto the title and then chases after Siofra up the ramp! Titaness shouts out loud!

Titaness:

NO! GET BACK HERE! GIVE ME MY BELT!

DDK:

Whatever Titaness was going to have Siofra do just got foiled!

Titaness turns around and sees Butcher starting to rise before looking for a spear! She charges for The Pretty Striking spear, but Butcher moves at the last second! Titaness has to stop herself from hitting the buckle, but Butch Vic hits IT! IT, being a big saito suplex!

DDK:

Saito suplex! Titaness is down near that corner!

Butcher looks out to The Faithful and then climbs to the middle buckle. He smiles, then grins before he leaps to the top rope and then off the top rope with a flying elbow drop right into the midsection of the defending SO-HERS!

DDK:

MIC DROPZ DROP! HE'S WON MATCHES WITH THAT VERY MOVE!

Butcher has the cover and The Faithful come unglued!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

DID SHE KICK OUT... DOYLE SAID SHE HAS! TITANESS KICKS OUT!

Rubbing his face with both hands, Butcher is as shocked as anyone else! He throws his arms out to the DEFIANTs to ask what the heck it's gonna take, but he doesn't completely give up hope! He holds his hands out in a headlock-like fashion!

DDK:

The Reverb and The Mic Dropz Drop didn't work, but he's still yet to play Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

In grand fashion, both arms are out wide as Titaness tries desperately to push off the canvas! When the Patron Saint of Suplexes is on her feet, Butcher locks in!

DDK:

Butch Vic's Great... NO! Titaness pushes him at the corner!

Butcher gets pushed off, but stops himself from a full head-on collision! He charges again at The Motherly Saint, but she ducks the big lariat and hits the ropes! Butcher turns around... then gets TURNED inside-out with a colossal high-impact spear off the ropes!

DDK:

PRETTY STRIKING! THAT'S HOW SHE WON AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

The Faithful are SHOCKED as Titaness turns Butch Vic over and then hooks the leg for dear life, hoping to finally beat him!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

Finally able to catch her breath, Titaness sits up and turns over. Benny Doyle is quick to retrieve her SO-HERS Championship and snatches it close to her!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILLLLLLLLLLL Southern Heritage... er, Co-Southern Heritage... sorry, SO-US Champion... **TITANESS!**

Lance:

That Pretty Striking spear has been a game-changer for Titaness in her last few matches, and tonight, it proved the difference maker again! And not only that... as agreed upon by DEFIANCE management, we have to now acknowledge Titaness as the official co-holder of the Southern Heritage Championship!

Heading down the aisle to meet his wife in the ring, "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez walks inside and then goes to give wifey a MASSIVE hug! With his own SO-HIS title belt in hand, the two co-champions clink their titles together and then share a nauseating, long Greco-Roman lip lock in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious really gave it his all tonight, but Titaness found the opening she needed and scored the win tonight! Uriel defended the belt successfully against Punch Drunk Purcell and now, this!

Lance:

I miss Brock Newbludd's SOHER reign. Not... whatever this is.

As a beaten and disappointed Butcher Victorious is helped away from the ring, Uriel Cortez has a microphone and for the gloat sesh to begin!

YAPPING

With the ring now to themselves after Titaness' hard-fought win over Butcher Victorious, she and Uriel Cortez both have microphones. Titaness takes a moment to collect herself while The Man of the House starts up.

Uriel Cortez:

I say this with all the respect that this roster deserves...

A disappointed look.

Uriel Cortez:

EAT SHIT, DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titaness:

Don't you DARE... boo us! We are officially OFFICIAL as YOUR SO-US Champion! Singular... because we fight as one!

Uriel Cortez:

Damn right, babe. I don't know how many times that we have to say it, but I'll KEEP saying it until you REALLY get the picture. DEFIANCE? This place is OURS now. WE own the lease. WE own the ring. WE own the Southern Heritage Championship! All your favorites have been disciplined by ME! Scott, Dex, OSCAR, Elise... even our best bud, Brock...

Titaness:

DISCIPLINED!

Taking a moment to breathe after the victory to cement her official status as SO-US Champion, Titaness can't help but smile.

Titaness:

But... but it's okay. Maybe you don't know it yet... Titanes Familia... have been making DEFIANCE what it should be with SO-US in charge! Mil Vueltas and our sweet, sweet kids, Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera, ran that giant egomaniac, OSCAR BURNS, out of here!

Uriel Cortez:

Angelita... Danny... proud of y'all! Mil, keep setting a great example for los ninos.

Titaness:

My husband and I SAVED a friendship by taking the very title that was tearing Brock Newbludd and the other guy apart!

Uriel Cortez:

That's right! Now that he doesn't work here anymore, he has nothing BUT free time to figure out his life and being a good dad... like me! You guys have champions that you can actually be PROUD OF!

The booing is louder than ever before, but Uriel does his best to speak over it.

Uriel Cortez:

Unlike OTHER champions in this company... We take our responsibility of holding championship gold SERIOUSLY. There is no FLAKE of DEFIANCE. There IS no Big Blue or Pretty Pink or Purple People-Eater or Green Baby-Shit Belts jacking ourselves off with breakfast-sponsored parties. There are simply ROLE MODELS that this place needs holding titles like ADULTS! And since nobody else wants to make those tough decisions about what's best for this company... we're just gonna have to do it.

Titanness:

Yeah. We're just two parental figures that are desperately needed to beat this roster into shape and making the hard choices that no other group is going to do so. And it takes a steady, stable partnership to do it. Because...

She looks at Uriel.

Titanness:

It's not about SO-HIM.

Uriel looks back at his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

It's not about SO-HER.

They both look out to The Faithful.

Uriel and Titanness:

It's about SO-US!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

Good night, Smalls. Talls out.

Uriel walks over to help his wife leave the ring by pushing the middle rope down with his foot like a giant gentleman should. As she steps to leave...

♪ "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous opening chords to "Put 'Em In The Grave" trickle through the T-Mobile Center and a collective "OHHHHHHHH!" of surprise erupts from the DEFIANCE Faithful. Within seconds, Lindsay Troy saunters out from the back, her eyes locked on Uriel Cortez and Titanness.

Or, they would be, if they weren't covered by LED sunglasses. The same LED sunglasses the Queen wore in the opening segment of DEFtv 226 two weeks ago. The same LED sunglasses that Elise Ares used to wear, that she won't be wearing any longer because she is no longer a DEFIANT thanks to LT's Bestie, Henry Keyes.

The sunglasses are blinking out "Y'ALL ARE CORNY," by the way.

LT stops right at the top of the ramp, lifts her arm in the air, and waits for the pink and blue bedazzled OLD SKOOL MIC~! to be lowered into her hand. Once it's in her grasp, "Put 'Em In The Grave" slowly fades out. Uriel and Titanness have paused their exit from the ring, instead opting to lean against the top rope, their curiosity piqued.

The Queen taps her mic. Tilts her head. Smirks.

Lindsay Troy:

This is cute.

Titanness smiles back at The Queen, then back to her husband.

Titanness:

Right?

Uriel Cortez:

I thought so, too. His, Hers belts?

The Queen has a good chuckle at this.

Lindsay Troy:

If that's the way you want to spin it. Sure looks to me like your wife can't win a singles belt on her own, and you couldn't win it without her help, so now you gotta make her feel a lil' better by doing...whatever this is.

Uriel Cortez glances at their collective title (singular) and laughs.

Uriel Cortez:

So the Almighty Lindsay Troy comes out here to ruin OUR time to do... what? Lecture us on how WE became Champion in this company? The same bestie of the guy who backdoored his way to the FIST through some bullshit open contract? The same LT who wrestled Sgt. Safety and Count Novick and injured people before HER matches before Dex Joy squashed her ass and lost the FIST? That one?

Titaness:

Sounds like it. You know, the same Dex Joy YOU beat twice?

Cortez turns back to Lindsay Troy.

Uriel Cortez:

Right. That guy. But anyway... let's talk about US. We were Unified Tag Team Champions once, and we just made it official tonight with this title, too. We ARE Southern Heritage. Lindsay, if you want to come out here and have a crack at the SO-US, we're not hard to find. Unlike most of the guys in the back, we're not afraid of Vae Victis. Kerry Kuroyama, Henry Keyes, even Dan Ryan... as great all all of you are... you look... well, you still look pretty SMALL to us.

He holds out the title, along with Titaness proudly dangling her title over the ropes.

Titaness:

So if you want a piece of the SO-US... Then try and take it. Maybe if you win it, the thirty-five cats that keep you company at home can share this title with you!

Cortez and Titaness laugh like assholes. LT... not so much.

Lindsay Troy:

It's easy to run your mouths with all this space between us.

She smirks.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's see how much you yap when I'm standing in front of you and beating your asses.

The Queen releases the OLD SKOOL MIC~! and proceeds to charge down the ramp! The DEFIANCE Faithful roar as Titaness and Uriel look at each other, surprised at the audacity. They back up a bit from the ropes and prepare themselves for a fight when...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO~!

Wyatt Bronson and DEFSec come pouring out from the back and get inbetween the parental figures of Titanes Familia and the Co-Consul of Vae Victis!

LT yells at DEFSec to let her through, while Uriel and Titaness also yell at DEFSec to let her through, and laugh behind the safety of the security wall.

It takes a few moments for order to be restored, with Troy finally being convinced to head to the back. Uriel and

Titaness raise their SO-US titles in the air and parade around the ring, boos raining down around them!

DDK:

I gotta say, I didn't expect Lindsay Troy of all people to come out here and challenge the SOH... ugh, SO-US! But these people want it!

Lance:

We'll have to see if DEFIANCE matchmakers will let this happen, but we have to go to commercial! Stay tuned!

LT continues to shout through DEFSec while Uriel and Titaness do the same from inside the ring as the scene fades out!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

ALL GROWN UP

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The DEFI-A-TRON is clear: The Comments Section is coming out. However, there are no longer clips of Malak Garland in the OG entrance package. They've been replaced...

By Tyler and Conor Fuse.

DDK:

Faithful, I've been waiting for this.

Lance:

Same, partner, same. It seems like the DEFIANCE landscape has flipped so much, in so many ways. And yet this one was just as shocking. Can you believe we support Dr. Ned Reform now?

DDK:

I can't believe a lot of things lately. Not saying I'm *against* any of it, just saying if you told me where we'd be six months ago... I'd have laughed you out of the building.

Slowly but surely, The Comments Section appears, walking out from behind the large LCD FIST logo. There's Alex Pietrangelo, followed by Martin Evans-Everett VI, then Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter and The Game Boy. All five typical "cronies" are dressed very respectable tonight, all of them sporting different muted coloured dress pants and button up shirts. Next, Teresa Ames and Cyrus Bates emerge from the back. Ames is wearing black and red business attire and Bates sports black pants and a black dress shirt, perhaps a couple sizes too small for himself, as he's almost busting out of them.

Finally, Tyler and Conor walk out. Tyler wears black jeans and a plain black shirt. Conor, on the other hand, is wearing what seems to be the exact same outfit he did two weeks ago. Similar to the rest of them, he's got black dress pants on and an off-gray button-up dress shirt with the last couple of buttons undone at the top. His usually messy blonde hair is slicked back, too. Tyler and Conor walk out in front of the rest of the group, as they make their descent towards the ring.

It's a solemn pace, one where everyone keeps their eyes ahead and there is no internal chatter. However, Bates and Ames drag at the back and are the only two who display any kind of emotion. Bates looks sad, hanging his head low while Ames bites her bottom lip, her eyes also suggesting she's trying to hold back tears from spilling out.

The crowd boos, but not outwardly *too* loud. It's still a sight to behold - perhaps an impossible one to imagine only a mere two weeks ago.

The Fuse's arrive at the apron first, Tyler rolls under the bottom rope while, for a moment there, it looks like Conor is going to jump on the apron. Instead, he pauses, glances around and finds the steel steps. He marches to the top, stoically, just like his brother. He slips between the top and middle rope, then the rest of The Comments Section goes to follow suit.

Once inside the squared circle, the Fuse's stand in the center of the canvas. Conor leans over to Hunter and mouths "fetch me a mic". Hunter seems VERY eager to do so, breaking his own stoic demeanor. He sprints to the edge of the ropes and SCREAMS towards the announce table and Darren Quimbey. Quimbey is rattled, but eventually gets a mic in Hunter's hands. The Thug Gangsta Wannabe arrives at Conor, dropping to a knee and holding the mic out like he is giving a sword to Link, or something along those lines.

Conor casually looks down at the mic. He takes it and nods Hunter back to an upright position. Fuse steps forward from the group as The Comments Section's theme music ends.

Conor Fuse glances around.

Boos. Lots of them.

Is he soaking it in? He is trying to understand the repercussions of his actions? There are still *a few* cheers in the crowd, but the longer Conor stands there, mic in hand, not saying a word, those are easily drowned out.

Finally, The Ultimate Gamer lifts the mic to his face.

Conor Fuse:

Good evening.

Boos, but he stands there stoically, frozen in time until he is willing to speak again.

Conor peers into the crowd. He points at a sign.

Conor Fuse:

"Why Conor, why?"

Fuse shifts focus to a different side of the bleachers and points at another sign.

Conor Fuse:

"Why Conor, why?"

Fuse looks behind them. He picks off one more.

Conor Fuse:

"Why Conor, why?"

And now, back to the center of the ring, the gamer calmly collects himself... he was *almost* getting worked up there for a second.

Conor Fuse:

Perhaps I should be asking something similar.

He pauses, he looks into the crowd once again, this time surveying all of them.

Conor Fuse:

Why *Faithful*, why?

Boos.

Conor Fuse:

Some of you cheered when Henry Keyes magically appeared and ruined the end of my DEFCON. **MANY** of you booed when I wrestled him at MAX.

Conor shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

I see the online chatter, I wasn't born yesterday.

Another disgruntled shake of his head.

Conor Fuse:

"Conor Fuse has ALWAYS been a bad guy". Why? Because I like to have fun? Because I'm...*talkative*? Because I've always thrown my body on the line to try and entertain each and every one of you?

Conor looks dejected.

Conor Fuse:

All of you see what you want to see. In one of the fan discords... where I have one of my many burner accounts... a poll was recently posted. "Who is the GREMLIN of DEFIANCE?"

Fuse spits on the canvas. He looks up, his eyes are bloodshot red.

Conor Fuse:

MY NAME WAS ON THERE. Twenty-percent of you voted for me!

Conor closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Conor Fuse:

Another poll; more nonsense. "Who is the FAN FAVOURITE of DEFIANCE?" Conor Fuse gets ZERO votes. Scott Douglas, who's been like DOA for years, got some. Whatever. Whatever. This is a sidebar, this isn't even the real answer to "WHY CONOR, WHY?"

Conor lowers the mic, he's breathing too heavily. Everyone behind him hasn't expressed one singular emotion, outside of Bates and Ames who hang at the far back with sadness in their eyes. Needless to say, Conor collects himself once again, brings the mic to his face and returns to the stoic demeanor he initially presented.

Conor Fuse:

You ask me "Why Conor, why?". Let me flip the script and ask YOU a very serious question.

Fuse sneers.

Conor Fuse:

Why Malak, why?

Hate fills his face.

Conor Fuse:

Do you forget what he's done to this company? For YEARS Malak Garland has made DEFIANCE a joke. He TAINTED the FIST. He brought SHAME and RIDICULE onto every hard working wrestler in that locker room. And now... you've *chosen him*?

Disgusted, but he's trying to keep it measured.

Conor Fuse:

Over the past six months I learned something, boy did I ever. Every single one of you took the genuine Conor Fuse for granted. Nothing I could ever do was gonna be good enough, there was always a pocket of you that hated me. Then it grew. Larger and larger, like the elephant in the room. I play video games; I read comic books. But those are considered 'poor qualities' for the working DEFIANCE man. All of you would rather cheer Brock Newbludd, proud supporter of alcoholism. Or get behind *[almost looks like he's gonna puke]* Dr. Ned Reform. I can't even fathom that nonsense.

Pause.

Conor Fuse:

Well, I guess we all change and I'm here to tell you I most certainly have. When I was laying on my back in the middle of the ring and MAXIMUM DEFIANCE came to a close... when I rolled onto a knee and peered into the crowd... when I listened to the Henry Keyes cheers... cheers for a man who for YEARS has selfishly looked down on this company... I started to understand.

A calmness sweeps over his face.

Conor Fuse:

The Conor Fuse you were supposed to know and love can no longer exist.

He nods to himself, ever-so-slightly.

Conor Fuse:

I'm pushing thirty, so it's time I grow up. The person I was before was NEVER going to accomplish my ultimate dreams. See, a child dreams because he cannot yet do. And for the past eight years in DEFIANCE, I was a perpetual child. I understand this now. I never had it in me to go to the absolute depths needed in order to reach the top of this company.

Conor points to the men who surround him inside the ring.

Conor Fuse:

Tell me now, dear Faithful, did I go to such depths? I am purposefully, maliciously, deliberately turning my back, walking away from everything I HAD dreamt to accomplish **with** you. Wrestling is cutthroat. This industry will eat you alive without a second thought. I am here to tell each and every one of you that I am ALL GROWN UP now. I am cold, I am calculating. I understand reality.

Fuse closes his eyes for a brief moment before opening them wide.

Conor Fuse:

You're looking at NO MORE GAMES Conor Fuse. You're looking at my brother, the badass, scariest mother *[beep]*er on the planet. A bond that will NEVER be broken. This isn't a fake, self-serving friendship like Pat and Brock. This isn't an MV1-2 bullshit clone thing, either. It **definitely** isn't an Elise Ares quits on her team and takes her ball home embarrassment. This is REALITY. This is ACTUAL FAMILY. While Tyler and I may be completely different people, he will never leave my side and I will never leave his.

Conor points to the other men around them.

Conor Fuse:

These boys have grown up, too. Every single one of them are on board for a FRESH START. Malak, when you granted Tyler and I the ability to team again, you also granted us the freedom to leave The Comments Section. However...

Conor points into the apron camera, while trying to maintain his stoic demeanor.

Conor Fuse:

The Comments Section leaves YOU. Every person in this ring is done with YOU.

That same smile Conor showed two weeks ago, when Tyler was attacking Malak, spreads across his face.

Conor Fuse:

The OG Comments Section as you know it... is dead. From now on you're looking at our Outer Heaven. A place where each of us can become the most revered versions of ourselves.

Another smirk. A sinister one at that.

Conor Fuse:

This isn't even our final form.

Perhaps hinting at more? No one is sure as Conor flips the mic to his brother.

More boos roll in as Conor takes a step back and Tyler marches forward. He, too, surveys the crowd. But unlike his younger brother who's only now getting "used to" keeping his emotions in check, Tyler is able to rather easily. Too easily.

Tyler looks into the apron cam.

Tyler Fuse:

It's real simple. Malak, I told you from the start that I would take **everything** from you. I've said this many times.

Fuse puts one finger up.

Tyler Fuse:

I took your theme song.

Tyler points to the men behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

I took your friends.

He points into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

And if you ever come back here again, I promise you... I *swear* to you... I will take your life.

Tyler walks back to stand beside his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

So don't even bother showing up.

Conor takes the mic back for a final time. He peers into the bleachers, as boos come rolling in. It looks like Conor might say something but, instead, he drops the mic and the original Comments theme music plays.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

'No More Games' Conor Fuse?

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs. I still don't believe what I'm seeing. In a way, it's kinda heartbreaking.

DDK:

Same, partner. It didn't have to go this way.

Lance:

Do you- do you ever think we'll see Malak again?

DDK:

I don't know. Like Tyler said, he's taken everything from Malak. There was no way Garland was cleared to take that beating two weeks ago. I'm hearing he's going to be out for a very, very long time...

Lance:

Yeah, I guess if I'm Tyler, I gotta say mission accomplished.

Outer Heaven starts to make their exit out of the ring, as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

NO HARD FEELINGS?

The scene shifts to the backstage area, where “Milwaukee’s Beast” Brock Newbludd has commandeered a small room for his “open interviews” to determine who will be his opponent at DEFIANCE Rising in the ACE of DEFIANCE match. Sitting behind a small folding table, Brock flips through a thick binder with an eyebrow raised. Sitting across from him, dressed in a full suit with his trademark yellow hard hat on, Sgt. Safety sports a nervous smile as Newbludd flips through the impressive resume.

Brock Newbludd:

I appreciate you putting all this together, Sarge. Clearly, you’ve put a lot of time into this, and while I don’t know what any of these certifications mean, it seems like some important shit.

Sgt. Safety straightens up a little in his chair and smiles proudly.

Sgt. Safety:

Yes, well, like I said, my OSHA certification is in line with statute 14.9, subsection B, to keep things up to date with the recent changes to the new state bylaws. If you could flip to page 207, I think you’ll find my knowledge of...

Newbludd closes the binder and drops it onto the table, cutting Safety off.

Brock Newbludd:

And I look forward to reading it all when I have to take a dump. Listen, it’s been a pleasure, and I thank you for your time. I’ll be in touch.

Brock stands up and sticks his hand out. Sgt. Safety stands up out of his chair and salutes Newbludd, causing his hard hat to jostle sideways on his head. An awkward moment passes between the two before Brock pulls his hand back and returns the salute.

Brock Newbludd:

Godspeed, sergeant.

Turning on a heel, Sgt. Safety exits the room. As soon as he does, Newbludd rolls his eyes and slides the binder off the table and into a waste basket. Not a second after he sits back down, the door opens again, and Brock’s eyes widen in surprise. He laughs nervously as an imposing figure enters the room.

The Faithful watching on the DEFtron cheer loudly at the sight of Dex Joy. Still dressed for the Halloween occasion as Ted Lasso and waving around the “BELIEVE” sign in his hand, he blows his whistle.

Dex Joy:

Brock. You and I got something to talk about, pally.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh shit. Dex. Listen, I hope there aren’t any hard feelings about the battle royale. I was trying to eliminate Mil Vueltas, I swear! He was like a little spider monkey and wouldn’t let you go, man!

Dex marches closer to Brock. The look on his face is stone-cold serious.

... then he puts out a hand and offers it to the former SOHER!

Brock shakes it!

Dex Joy:

Pally, things happen. Some people can be grown-ups and understand that in this crazy world that we call professional wrestling, that “every man for himself” is a factor. Unlike little prick-asses like Mil and giant surly prick-asses like

Bronson Box, I'm a firm believer that the sun will rise again.

Brock Newbludd:

True, true!

Dex Joy:

So I understand you get to pick the opponent for the ACE, the singles edition? That right?

Brock Newbludd:

That's right, my man. It's a tough situation to be in, but I'm managing.

Newbludd grins at the mountain of a man.

Dex Joy:

Well pally ... look, if you get to pick ... you and I have never had the chance to lock up and ACE on the line or not ... I've been in the tag team realm for a while with my good Lad, Punchy, but since he's made it a point to bitch-slap Uriel Cortez's "boy" from here to Timbuktu, my dance card's free. I'm gonna respect whatever decision you make, but just FYI ... I think you and I would tear the house down. Ballyhoo versus EveryChamp!

His grin morphs into a genuine smile, and Newbludd nods his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

It's hard to argue your logic, brother. We would tear that shit up, no doubt. And believe me when I say that it would be a damn honor to share a ring with you. Oh, and I do appreciate Punchy slappin' the shit out of Cortez's baby boy.

Newbludd sticks his hand out, and the two shake hands again.

Brock Newbludd:

Tell you what, my man. Let me think on it. While I doubt I'm gonna get a better offer than yours, I still have the rest of the night to hear anyone else out. Gotta give everyone a fair shake, right?

Joy nods his head in agreement.

Dex Joy:

Fair enough, pally. Fair enough.

With that, Dex lets go of Newbludd's hand and slaps him on the shoulder before exiting the room. Brock watches Big Dex leave and puts a hand to his chin.

Brock Newbludd:

Ballyhoo vs. EveryChamp...man, that could be a legit Brockbuster of a match...

Nodding his head as the idea really sinks in, Brock goes and sits back down behind the table as the picture fades out.

NATHAN EYE vs. KILGORE

DDK:

After what went down two weeks ago between M4NTRA and Kill or Be Killed, I'm honestly shocked that Nathan Eye stepped up to the challenge he's about to undertake next. He goes one-on-one with Kilgore of Titanes Familia!

Lance:

It was quite a site to behold, Darren! This stems back to M4NTRA eliminating Kill or Be Killed from the Ace of Tag Teams tournament in the semi-finals! Killjoy and Kilgore would ultimately get payback by attacking M4NTRA during the finals and costing them in return. Two weeks ago, M4NTRA set a trap for Kill or Be Killed leading to Killjoy getting sprayed with that Beta Blocker Plus compound that Makayla Namaste likes to use!

DDK:

We would then see Killjoy attack members of our medical team, which earned him an undisclosed fine and what's being called a "medical suspension" from this show. The fine was paid for by "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez and this next match was made as a result! Will M4NTRA answer for what they did or can they stay one step ahead of the Familia's Attack Dog?!

The camera cuts to the ring with Darren Quimbey ready to make the announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

This next singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

A spotlight shines on the entrance day where we see Siobhan Cassidy, now known as 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.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia, being accompanied to the ring by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 300 pounds... **KILLLLLLLGORE!**

The modern-day viking makes his way towards the ring with Siofra leading the way in a giddy fashion as if she's about to enjoy watching what Kilgore might do to Natty Eyce in a few minutes. The look on Kilgore's face suggests that nothing but pain is the name of the game tonight.

DDK:

Kilgore usually has his game face on. Not that he usually doesn't.

Lance:

And how about Siofra's actions?! She has a lot to answer for what she did to her brother at Acts of DEFIANCE and now, leading this charge against M4NTRA.

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. The lights return to normal and they get ready for the arrival of M4NTRA!

M A N T R A

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses.

Behind her DEC4L and Natty Eyce come out in matching blue leather shorts with gold third eye patterns. DEC4L is wearing gold third-eye sunglasses while the advanced master of enlightenment, Nathan Eye, has on four lens on his sunglasses! Tonight, unfortunately for the fans, there is little M4NTRA Ray dancing at least where M4NTRA themselves are concerned. Nathan Eye heads out from the back and throws his arms up in the air wearing the same shirt marked "DEAD-ASS" from last week to show off how serious he is tonight about payback on Kilgore!

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent is representing M4NTRA! Accompanied to the ring by Declan "DEC4L" Alexander and "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste! Weighing in at 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance ... NATHANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN EYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Nathan and DEC4L both take off their respective glasses and hand them over to fans in the audience, but it's game time when Nathan Eye runs right into the ring and goes right after Kilgore!

DING DING

Nathan rushes in for the attack, but the beastly Kilgore doubles him over with a quick knee to the midsection and then SNAPS him down to the mat by the back of the head! DEC4L and Makayla already look shocked at the state of things as the 6'7" and 300-pound Kilgore is already asserting dominance.

DDK:

Killjoy or no Killjoy at ringside... that doesn't change the fact that Kilgore is a straight-up BEAST.

Natty Eyce gets picked up, only to get walloped...

THWACK!

...by a huge chop to the chest that has him staggering back to the corner! Nathan is reeling as Kilgore throws up a hand and gets BOOS from The Faithful!

Lance:

Oooh! Right off the bat, Kilgore is looking good right now.

DDK:

On top of being a force as one-half of Kill or Be Killed, Kilgore is also undefeated in singles action and has been since last year!

The Familia's Attack Dog grabs onto Nathan Eye by the arm and LAUNCHES him across the ring. When Kilgore runs right behind him, he gets shocked when Nathan hits the corner and leaps up and clear over the big man. The agile and athletic Eye hits the ropes. He comes back with Kilgore running for a clothesline that Natty Eyce ducks. Both men keep on running and it's Eye who gets the better of the exchange with a running dropkick that knocks the big man off his feet! Kilgore clutches his chest with Nathan being the first to his feet!

Lance:

Great athleticism on display!

The disoriented Kilgore struggles to get back to his feet, but when he does, Nathan Eye runs past him and pops up to the top rope before leaping backwards to wipe out the big man with a HUGE corner springboard crossbody! The

Faithful are cheering fully for one-third of DEFIANCE'S most enlightened trio as he kips back up to his feet after the landing!

DDK:

Eye In The Sky!

He goes after Kilgore for a pinfall, but the Attack Dog of the Familia rolls under the ropes and retreats to the floor to be near Siofra.

Lance:

Both Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have been touted as two of the best to graduate from BRAZEN and it is due to moves like that!

Nathan measures up the monster and then climbs out to the floor. He waits on the apron and when Kilgore turns around, he runs towards him with a thrust kick from the apron, but Kilgore stops him by grabbing his leg! He pulls Nathan off the apron and CATCHES him in his grip before DROPPING him on the ring apron with a huge belly-to-back suplex! Eye arches his back in pain and writhes in agony as DEC4L and Makayla Namaste are both wearing matching fits of worry!

DDK:

That was POWER on display! He caught a 251-pound man in his arms and dropped him with a suplex on that apron!

Lance:

This is exactly why I have to wonder if M4NTRA really wanted to start this fight with Kill or Be Killed. I understand what happened at Acts of DEFIANCE, but this may have been a mistake.

Kilgore pushes him back into the ring. He's about to go for a cover, but Siofra yells out.

Siofra:

No, love. Don't pin him! Make him HURT.

Kilgore nods. He measures up Nathan Eye as he tries to get on all fours, only to PUNT him with a massive kick to the ribs! The Golden State Guru doubles over in pain as the massive Kilgore faces over him and gets ready to fight.

DDK:

Both M4NTRA members are two of the most pure athletes I think we have, but Kilgore is just pure brutality.

Seeing Siofra approve from the outside of the ring, he grabs Eye by the neck and forces him up just to ram him as hard as he can in the corner. Kilgore rears back...

THWACK!

Even Kilgore has to shake the pain out of his hand from the sheer force of a chop that echoes through the T-Mobile Center! Nathan Eye tries to get out of the corner where he's a sitting duck, but Kilgore drags him over to the corner again. He rears back...

THWACK!

DDK:

Oooh! I don't know how much more that Nathan Eye is going to take! Kilgore is picking him apart right now with his bare hands!

Before Nathan can get his bearings, Kilgore whips him cross-corner and follows him right away with a NASTY corner clothesline! Nathan is hurt from the impact, but Kilgore isn't done. He whips Nathan Eye across the ring back the way he came and crushes him with another corner clothesline! Natty Eyce looks like he's about to fall, but Kilgore doesn't

let him as he picks him up across the shoulder and runs out of the corner with a gritty and effective running powerslam! After landing, Siofra gives Kilgore the thumbs up and he finally goes for the cover.

DDK:

Siofra gives Kilgore the green light to end Nathan's suffering!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Nathan Eye gets the shoulder up first! Makayla and DEC4L cheer on Eye!

Lance:

Maybe he should have stayed down after that powerslam!

DDK:

Nathan Eye better get something going now. Kilgore has just dominated this match!

Said dominating monster forces said dominantee back to his feet partially, but not before dropping a series of quick hammer and anvil elbows to the side of Nathan's head! He almost slumps over after the shots, but Kilgore keeps him upright. The Attack Dog of the Familia whips Nathan across the ring and then charges as fast as he can...

CLANG!

...but Nathan moves and Kilgore eats the steel post!

DDK:

Good grief! Nathan Eye just saved himself from what looked like a corner spear! Kilgore might have moved the ring from that impact!

Kilgore pulls himself out of the corner catching his shoulder while seething with both rage and pain! Nathan Eye pulls himself back up to his feet!

When Kilgore turns around, he takes a chop to the chest and Nathan follows up with a punch to the face. The big beast is rocked and then eats a straight-on super kick to the jaw that knocks him off his feet completely and takes Kilgore to the outside of the ring!

DDK:

That's a new combo in the book of Nathan Eye! He calls that one Third Eye Blind!

For the moment the monster has no idea where the heck he is when Nathan Eye looks around to the north and south ends of the arena. He holds his hands out and DEC4L and Makayla all hit the M4NTRA Ray Dance to get the fans behind them! The M4NTRA Rays in attendance do the same when Nathan decides to take flight. 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance go flying right over the top rope as he comes crashing down on Kilgore with a huge tope con hilo!

Lance:

What a comeback we are seeing! Kilgore dominated this match for a good stretch, but Nathan Eye is putting some moves together!

DDK:

Kilgore is undefeated in singles action, but we could be seeing that streak snap if he can keep the pressure on!

Nathan pushes Kilgore back inside the ring and things don't look good for La Familia's Attack Dog! Some panic starts

to set in for Siofra at ringside when Nathan goes to the top rope and takes flight with a a flying senton bomb off the top rope!

DDK:

And there's 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance with a senton bomb!

Nathan crawls backwards into hooking the leg of Kilgore!

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Kilgore kicks out with less than half a second to spare!

DDK:

Nathan Eye knows that he's close!

Lance:

They were the first team to defeat Kill or Be Killed since they became a team and if he can beat the undefeated Kilgore, too, what a way for M4NTRA to keep sticking it to them!

When Kilgore is up to his knees near the ropes, Nathan Eye hits a drop kick to the back of Kilgore that knocks him forward into the middle rope. Eye gets up and points to the third eye on his forehead with the M4NTRA Rays knowing what may come next.

DDK:

I think Nathan Eye is about to go for the 251!

Nathan comes running ...

But Siofra jumps in and tries to shield her monster which makes Nathan stop running!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan runs and then he yells at Siofra to get off the apron. She does with a smile on her face, but knows that she's just bought Kilgore a few seconds. Nathan jumps on the monster while he is in the ropes! He gets aggressive and starts throwing punches until the referee has to step in!

Lance:

Siofra just kept Nathan from hitting the 251, but he's taking out frustration that we barely see from MANTRA like this!

Nathan has the beast in the corner. He runs in for a splash, but Kilgore pulls the referee right in between then, forcing Nathan to stop again! Nathan does the right thing and moves him out of the way, but he leaves himself open to a short-range lariat from the monster that flips him inside out!

DDK:

Lariatoooooooooooo! Kilgore just changes this match back around in his favor thanks to that assist from Siofra!

Siofra is smiling like the bruja she is from ear to ear when Nathan is trying to get up again only to get destroyed in the corner with the Call of the Wild big boot!

DDK:

Call of the Wild! And we know what that could lead to!

DEC4L can't believe it when Nathan is then picked up and dropped by the three-hundred pound brute with a powerful full nelson slam!

DDK:

The Hounds of Anwnn!

Kilgore goes right into a cover and Siofra sits on the apron to count the fall.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The La Familia Attack Dog stands defiantly and victoriously over Nathan Eye.

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match ... **KILGOREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!**

Lance:

There's definitely more to these monsters than it seems! Kilgore was smart enough to use the referee's ring positioning and took advantage of that to land that series of power moves.

DDK:

It's admirable what M4NTRA wants to do, but we've seen how dangerous Kilgore and Killjoy are with Siofra at the helm and they're finding out first-hand.

Kilgore leaves at Siofra's request and he heads out of the ring which gives DEC4L and Makayla a chance to get into the ring. DEC4L checks on his partner as Kilgore starts to leave.

Lance:

Nathan Eye gave him a good fight tonight, but Kilgore had him figured out ... no ... come on, you won!

DEC4L and Makayla are so focused on helping Nathan Eye out that they don't notice the crowd's reaction until it's too late! DEC4L gets back up and he turns right to face the Call of the Wild kick from Kilgore as well!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

KILGORE ATTACKS DEC4L!!!

Makayla looks petrified when she's the only one standing against La Familia's Attack Dog. Siofra decides now enough is enough.

Siofra:

She doesn't even fight! She just streams and cries or something. Let's go!

Kilgore looks pleased with single handedly taking out M4NTRA through a combination of power and cheap shots, but he's done it. He and Siofra both exit and head to the back behind the curtains. Siofra waves a little goodbye before heading to the back right behind Kilgore.

Lance:

This was all Kilgore and Siofra tonight, but when we come back in two weeks, Killjoy will be back. What's going to await M4NTRA then?!

SATO-WEEN 2: ELECTRIC BOO!-GALOO

Backstage.

A woman's soft humming of what sounds like a dramatic tune fills the air as a familiar figure twirls about that familiar mobile science lab. Dressed in an elaborate, strange alternate costume for Lune from the hit role-playing game Clair Obscur: Expedition 33, she arranges various platters of hors d'oeuvres about a pair of tables, while also checking various decorations, flitting between both duties.

She stops for a moment, a brief look of tension on her face. Unmistakably, this is DEFIANCE's own Mad Science Queen herself...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...what else am I missing? The party is almost due to begin...

Meanwhile, in the distance a pair of robotic-looking humanoids of differing sizes put the finishing touches on a pair of what appear to be slushie machines bearing semi-frozen goodness of tropical colors.

Gigaton:

ADULT. SLUSHIES. ARE. GO.

Well, there's the Atomic Punks, dressed as the much-missed French house music duo Daft Punk. The big man gives a firm, hearty slap to the side of one of the machines as it stirs up frozen slush, and Fission nods in approval.

Fission:

It took us three days, but we figured out how to actually make it make hard slushies and not just icy slop.

The smaller Atomic Punk turns back and calls out.

Fission:

Dr. S, we're ready when you are.

The Matriarch of Mad Science is in mid-pour of a Jackhammer of her own, the mango slush sliding into a plastic cup, and as she finishes she cracks an almost-inhuman grin as she looks to her men and cackles.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

SPLENDID! Now, then!

She strides to the door (which, for those of you just joining in, stands alone without walls holding it in place) and sees the crowd of DEFIANCE talent patiently assembled on the other side, before smiling from ear-to-ear and excitedly calling out...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

SATO-WEEN IS _HERE_ !!!

The assembled wrestlers hoot and holler as they all enter through the door in single file, with Dr. Sato standing off to the side and clapping with glee as the Atomic Punks stand side-by-side, looking each other in the face. Across Fission's robotic visor, the word "PARTY!" crawls across in LED lights.

The lab fills up quickly, with the likes of The Lads, the current DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions the Rain City Ronin, BRAZEN champion Rowzilla, and others getting comfy and partaking in the delights Dr. Sato and company have provided.

Standing on one side of a wheel contraption in one of the corners of the party zone, Punch Drunk Purcell is sipping on some quite-possibly spiked punch (as made noticeable by Butcher Victorious handing him a flask) dressed as King Hippo of Punch-Out fame, despite Fission pointing both of them in the direction of the adult slushie machines. Dex Joy

is dressed like Ted Lasso complete with the mustache, soccer ball and coach fit while holding a yellow sign with "BELIEVE". Janna Ray is dressed as Rumi from K-Pop Demon Hunters complete with the long purple ponytail. Butcher has on a purple and white-stripped Carnival Barker suit and tie with The Stick being subbed this evening by the AMP. Still recovering from his match earlier with Titaness, he has the signature megaphone at low volume when he starts belting out.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK AND TONIGHT, DLJ'S ASS IS GETTING KICKED! STEP RIGHT UP, STEP RIGHT UP! AS AGREED TO BY BOTH PARTIES FOR TONIGHT AND WITH THE BLESSING OF DR. AYUMI SATO HERSELF...

Dr. Sato nods approvingly in the background.

Butcher Victorious:

TONIGHT, WE SPIN THE WHEEL AND MAKE THE DEAL! AS ALL PARTIES AGREED, NO PHYSICALITY UNTIL TONIGHT AND WE SETTLE THIS IN THE RING!

Purcell takes an extra-aggressive sip from his flask and gestures out to others.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Any of y'all even SEEN the world's biggest momma's boy? I ain't see him all day and he was supposed to be here to spin this dang wheel.

The Gulf Coast Connection in the corner - with all three men dressed as Gambit of X-Men Lore -- don't ask, shrug.

Wingman Titus Campbell:

Ain't seen him.

Theodore Cain:

Yeah, mon ami... like... he gone!

Crescent City Kid shrugs, then The Lads go back to congregating near the wheel.

Dex Joy:

Come on, now, Punchy... we all know that it takes time for a diaper THAT BIG to be changed! It's probably past his bedtime!

Dex taps his sign.

Dex Joy:

Believe *that!*

Butcher, Janna and even Punchy can't help but crack a smile.

Mil Vueltas:

MAKE WAY, MAKE WAY, CABRONS! REAL HEROES COMING THROUGH!

As the standing laboratory door swings open, Mil Vueltas dressed as... well, himself. Brooklynn Rivera dressed in a Freddy Krueger hat, claw and sweater set and finally, DLJ comes in...

Dressed as a prison guard.

Dan Leo James:

Here to spin the wheel! Hey! Punch guy! Look familiar?!

DLJ twirls around to show his costume. Janna Ray and Brooklynn Rivera look like they're about to rip into one another. Punchy wants to sock him, but... he will have his chance.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Oh, think you're got-damn hilarious? You gonna be getting some free dental work, boy.

Dan Leo James:

Buddy, I brush my teeth and floss TWICE a day! Respectfully, I decline your offer for free dental work!

Dex Joy:

And mommy gives you a gold star each time you do it, right?

DLJ:

Well... yeah, I mean how ELSE am I gonna know I did a good job! You might be The Biggest Boy, but you're not the sharpest one!

He turns to Brooklynn.

DLJ:

Get a load of this guy.

Brooklynn just sighs, Kif Kroker-style. Mil looks up at Dex.

Mil Vueltas:

Funny, cabron! Also big talk for someone I beat last week!

Dex Joy:

Hey, congrats to you AND Bronson Box cause it took both of you to win... by countout. And after I deal with that giant stooge of his and Boxer, you best bet I'm gonna run through you, too!

Mil scoffs.

Mil Vueltas:

A win is a win, amigo! And maybe The Lads can learn to be real heroes after I get done helping Scott Douglas out!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

All right, ENOUGH YAPPIN'. Someone flip that damn coin. Winner gets to spin the wheel and pick the stip tonight.

The Lads space out for Dr. Sato to grab a coin.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Call it in the air, IF YOU DARE!

She throws the coin up...

DLJ:

HEADS!

The coin flips through the air, then lands in the palm of her hand before flipping it around...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Tails! Punch Drunk Purcell gets to spin.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Shit yeah, gimme.

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound SPINS the wheel with all his might, each containing different stipulations! All eyes watch the wheel cycle through them all multiple times...

Strap. No DQ. Cage. Street Fight. Casket Match. Lumberjack. Submission. KO Only.

And keeps going...

Then it lands on...

TABLES MATCH.

The Lads clap and cheer while Mil and DLJ both look all sorts of not happy with the result.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Better tell mommy and daddy Tez to fire up the tweezers. You're gonna be picking splinters out of your simple ass for the next week.

Punch bumps fists with Dex, Punch and Janna before they go head off to another part of the party! Mil Vueltas looks up at Danny, who looks back at him and Rivera.

DLJ:

Uhh... tables match? That sounds... uh, not fun. Got any advice, guys?

Brooklynn Rivera:

Don't let him put your simple ass through a table.

Mil waves it off. In the background, Fission can be seen tilting his head back as the LED visor shows "HA HA HA HA" crawling slowly across.

Mil Vueltas:

Ehhh... don't worry about cabrons, Danny. You got this! Six-seven! Two hundred seventy-five pounds! You the fittest! Punch the fattest! You can tire him out, then put King Hippo through table! Remember... go for the Band-Aid. He falls. You put him through table! You win!

Dan Leo James:

Yeah... YEAH... **YEAH!** I'm two-seventy five! And I'm even a meme! SIX-SEVVVVVEN! I GOT THIS! I'M GONNA GO GET SOME PUNCH... the drink, not the big scary boxer dude.

Dan walks off.

Brooklynn Rivera:

You know homie's dead, right?

Mil Vueltas:

Angelita... have faith, okay?

The two are about to leave and they are about to head out the door. Helping himself to some punch is a very giant figure. BRAZEN Champion Rowzilla. Dressed as Lurch from *The Addams Family*. Mil looks up and is amazed by the size of him.

Mil Vueltas:

Big guy!

Rowzilla:

RUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Mil and Brooklynn leave. The 3rd Gen Giant has a sip of punch. Dr. Sato and the Atomic Punks, with a cup of Jackhammers in their hands, silently toast each other and take a swig. Dr. Sato stops in her tracks and looks to her cup, before making a slightly bewildered “oooooh~” sound before taking another sip and giggling.

???:

Ding dong!

This is NOT the sound of an actual doorbell, but someone literally shouting “ding dong” at the doorway as we see its source enter... and it’s Randall Schwartz, dressed up as Mario Mario of the Super Mario Brothers. Standing close behind is Kenny Freeman, looking none too pleased to be stuck in a Luigi Mario costume as he shakes his head.

Dr. Sato looks at the newcomers and beams with (slightly) tipsy glee as she dashes towards them.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

GREETINGS! Oh, I am so thrilled you could make the trek across universes to join us tonight! You are in for a most SPLENDID occasion, and I am just ITCHING to show you around! I’m Dr. Sato, and it is most certainly a DELIGHT to make your acquaintances...

Kenny raises his hand, cutting the good Doctor off.

Kenny Freeman:

Let’s be clear on something... we took a nice long drive from Raleigh to get here, not...

Randall Schwartz:

From this Earth, of course. Greetings to you, from uh... Earth-3000!

Randall nods with a smile before turning around, facing someone we can’t quite make out from beyond the doorframe. The Entertainer reaches his arms out, retrieving a box from the “void” to reveal a Food-O-Matic 3000 food processor. He hands the box over to Sato, who looks equally curious and confused by the gift.

Randall Schwartz:

Consider this an early Girthmas present from the Masters of the Moscowverse. Girthmas, that’s what we call the holiday y’all call Christmas on Earth-3000.

Randall tries to hold back a laugh as Kenny just rolls his eyes with a sigh. He wanders off as Randall begins giving Sato a sales pitch... for the thing he just gave the Doctor.

Randall Schwartz:

Yes, this beauty slices AND dices like it’s nobody’s business. Able to withstand the toughest of meats and soggiest of veggies, that’s the Food-O-Matic way! Looking forward to the rest of this shindig, but if I may ask... where are the drinks?

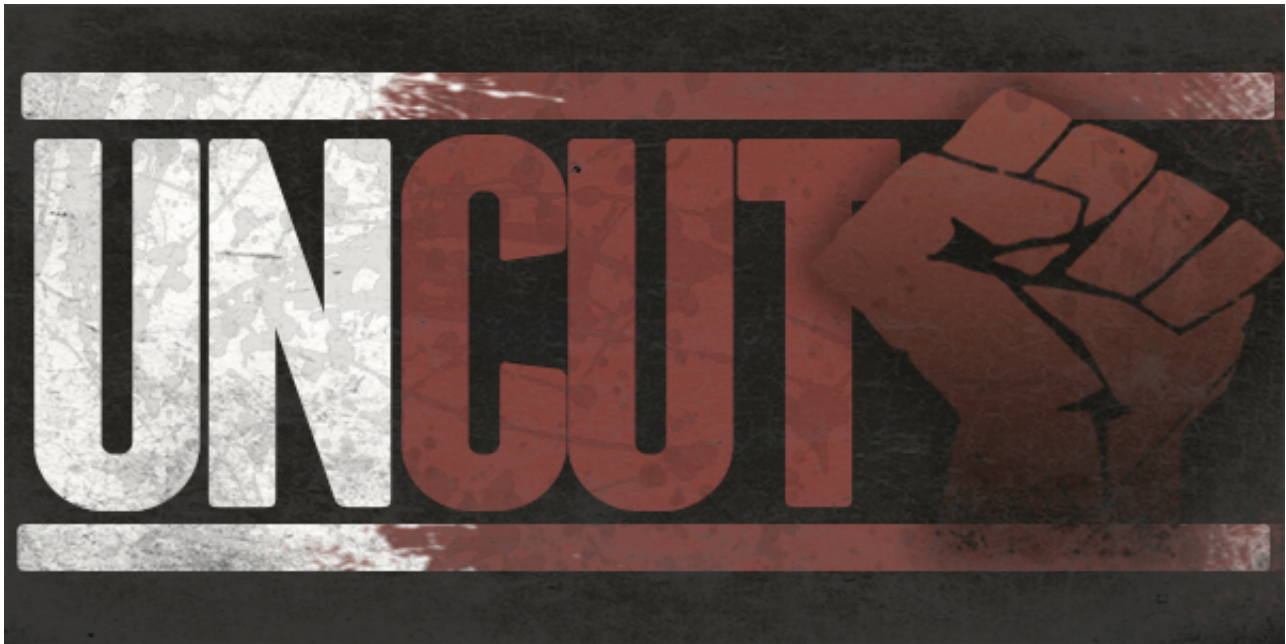
The Doctor points to a table where the adult slushie machines stand, all bright and busy.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Right there. Be careful, they are quite potent...

Randall rubs his hands, ready to partake and try his luck as he walks off.

Cut.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

FLYOVER STATE STINK

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

As the chamber music rings out, it's immediately dwarfed by the reaction from the DEFIANCE Faithful. Fans old and new know the devil dressed all in white this particularly bouncy track heralds. First out of the entrance tunnel is the left and right hands of The Socialite, the equal parts brilliant and sultry Jane Katze and the enormous moose of an enforcer, Nicky Corozzo. They both step out onto the stage and take their place to either side of the top of the ramp.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The reaction doubles in size as the man himself steps out onto the stage with his subordinates. Dressed as usual from shoulders to shoes it's all white with VERY expensive looking gold accents. That big insincere, toothy smile on full display. Behind which we sense his usual general sense of disgust for his fellow man.

Epecially for the DEFIANCE Faithful.

"The Socialite" Edward White saunters out onto the stage and makes a slow beeline towards the ring. Jane takes a position at the bottom of the ramp. Nicky paces around the ring like a guard dog, his eyes on the crowd. Edward nabs a microphone from ringside and scales the steel steps and steps through the ropes.

Edward White:

I'm gonna need you slack jawed, inbred, flyover state, Kansas City nobodies to kindly shut your mouths! One percenter talkin' here, by God! That's the long and short of this here visit to the so-called heartland... to reiterate to a certain young upstart and his pocket-sized sibling the pecking order not just around here but life in general in this day and age! Greed has WON, business smarts WIN, ruthlessness and distrust toward and of your fellow man in all GOTdamn things WINS! PEOPLE don't matter... I MATTER! Turn on a TV! Open a damn window! My personal philosophy now rules the day and I didn't have to lift a finger! This country feels like it's finally on the right track, see I think we all need to say a big thanks to our pre...

♪ *"Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell* ♪

"Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday himself is the first out, leading the charge for the entirety of Wrestle House. Dabs is in his traditional souvenir jacket with his logo on the back over a baby blue t-shirt and jeans. Directly behind him, his diminutive brother Douglas in his usual tacky brown suit.

As the Doubleday brothers walk out to the top of the ramp The MASSIVE Cowboys, Gordy Lovett and Jun Izuchi enter and both stand to the left hand side of the stage. Bringing up the rear, the Mixcard Experiment trio of indie journeyman and bird obsessed Walter Levy, ref Navarro's protegee and nephew El Hijo del Fishman Deluxe, and the enigmatic Nic Cage-masked man known only as CAGE.

The three men taking the right hand side of the stage.

Down in the ring Edward is fit to be tied.

Edward White:

Alright alright, enough of his *gawdawful* music, enough I said! Glenn by God Campbell, what are you 80 years old, Jesus Christ, son. My *grandmother* listened to Glenn Campbell.

The Sophisticate snarls his words, dripping with contempt.

Edward White:

I was gonna bring you out boy, when I was done talkin', seems your sainted mamma Doubleday didn't teach you simple ma...

Lil' Dougie had already heard quite enough.

Douglas Doubleday:

YOU KEEP OUR MOMS NAME OUTTA YOUR DOUCHEY MOUTH, HEAR ME BUB?! Gale Doubleday is a friggin' SAINT! You wish you had HALF the gumption and heart of our mom. If you did, maybe you wouldn't be on such a *spectacular* losing streak, Eddy! Gosh, what must that ol' grump of a partner of yours think about all this "WINNING" you're doing lately come think? Did he send you a get well soon text while you were away wasting time and money avoiding your job on your little "sabbatical?"

The members of Wrestle House all share a laugh at Dougie's dressing down of the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE. From what we can see beyond his perfectly quaffed salt and pepper beard, Ed's face is beet red. Dabney pats his brother on the shoulder and takes up the mic.

Dabney Doubleday:

That's not a bad question, what DOES Bro...

The Sophisticate leans into his interruption.

Edward White:

SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH BEFORE I COME UP THERE AND *STAPLE IT SHUT*, YA HEAR!

White has stepped up onto the second rope and leaned out over ringside. His jaw set, his lip quivering his eyes wide as dinnerplates. Dabney narrows his eyes and takes a few small but authoritative steps down the ramp.

Dabney Doubleday:

No.

Somehow Edward's eyes grow even wider. He tries to shoot back but Dabney beats him to the punch.

Dabney Doubleday:

No. I've watched wrestling since I was a kid, Ed. I know the unwritten rules of pro wrestling... me and the Cowboys here, we beat YOU at DEFcon! You and the two fellas your business partner seems intent on making flippin' *murderers out of*, watchin' what he had them perpetratin' on poor Henry Yamazaki. That whole thing was *disgusting*, Ed.

Edward steps back off the rope, his factual reaction to the mention of the brutal, over the top assault from the other half of the Blood Diamonds at the last PPV is difficult to track.

Dabney Doubleday:

No, after a victory like that on a stage as big as that, you gotta' cut the bologna and ask for your rematch like a man, face to...

Edward is again incensed.

Edward White:

REMATCH?! *pffff* *kuh* *cough* *pffff*

He reaches over and fake-gufaw-snort's into Nicky's shoulder.

Edward White:

This mealy mouthed little greenhorn thinks a first ballot hall of famer like myself, first FIST ever, DEFIANCE legend would LOWER HIMSELF to askin' some indecisive wet behind the ears curtain-jerkin' act like him for a REMATCH?! BOY PLEASE! No, no. Scratch that... you know what? Clearly you're achin' to get back into the ring with the ol' Socialite, here. And who can blame ya' it is NEW ERA, BY GOD! For I am returned to MY ring with a damn generous disposition, I tell y'all what!

Dougie sidles back up to his brother, the two Doubleday's exchange a couple raised "yeah, ok pal" eyebrows. They allow Ed to continue his spin, however.

Edward White:

Next episode of this here show we're gonna' be in beautiful Marseille, France! Thank God, I hope I don't have any flyover state stank left on me by then...

Douglas Doubleday:

Jeezum crow. Ok, we get it "King of Heels" your're such a dick, now please get on with this dog and pony show if you would?

The Socialite narrows his eyes at the interruption.

Edward White:

Little goddamn gremlin, FINE... Dabney, my boy. Next we gather yonder on the beautiful, cultured streets of Marseille how about we go ahead and book ourselves a little OPPORTUNITY at greatness for y'all! You step in the ring with my Submission Siren JANE here with all her jujitsu trainin' and black belts and what not and you SUBMIT HER clean as a whistle by MY CHOICE of referee? By God. I'll graciously gift you another opportunity to dance with the devil himself, Edward White! Now what do you have to...

Dougie almost drops the microphone in his clear excitement.

Douglas Doubleday:

DEAL NO TAKE BACKS! HAH! Oh, Ed, Ed, Ed... wowzers, you big dumm...

Dabs again pats his little brother on the shoulder.

Mr. Fair Play himself smiles down at Edward White with all the sincerity Ed himself lacks in every way conceivable. Dabney isn't cocky. He doesn't talk down to Ed nor point out his obvious line of utter bullshit, flipping the situation like he just did so blatantly. No. Not Dabney.

He just smiles that sincere smile and nods.

Dabney Doubleday:

Well, that sounds like a fine plan, Edward. Thank you for the opportunity. We'll see you folks next week.

♪ "Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell ♪

The Socialite's grandma's favorite song plays once again as the members of Wrestle House reconverge around the Doubleday brothers and head to the back. Leaving Edward White and company to stew. By the immediate reaction from Jane as the segment wraps, we can tell she clearly wasn't in the know about this booking. Edward pats her somewhat dismissively on the shoulder as he brushes past in a huff. She looks to Nicky who can only shrug as he and then she follow after their long time employer with confusion on their faces.

DEFIANCE FAN FEST - PRE-TAPE

EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON

DEFIANCE FAN FEST

KANSAS CITY CONVENTION CENTER

DDK: [voiceover]

We have to take a look at what transpired earlier this afternoon at our local DEFIANCE Fan Fest just down the road at the Kansas City Convention Center. Some of DEFIANCE's biggest names were signing autographs and doing meet and greets with our fans prior to tonight's show.

Lance: [voiceover]

One such incident involved none other than "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and someone who has their interest after his freedom Los Caidos... the self-proclaimed "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vultas. Here's some footage from an altercation that took place between DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and The Man of A Thousand Flips...

Lines are forming fast at the various autograph sessions for the stars of DEFIANCE. The camera makes its way over to one of the busier lines for "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, complete with a large posterboard behind him with his name displayed prominently. He finishes an autograph...

???:

THAT ONE, TIO MIL?

???:

YEAH, THAT SPOT ON THE END! VAMOS!

The commotion is enough for even Douglas to hear in the busy Convention Center. Parking themselves in the table right next to the DEFIANCE legend, three familiar faces are there to make Scott Douglas wish that he wasn't there...

Titanes Familia's Golden Children, Brooklynn Rivera, wearing her usual black jacket and white leather pants, but with what looks like a Secret Service-style earpiece. Next to her, the massive Dan Leo James in a black turtleneck and gold coat.

DLJ:

All right, we're clear! You may Signal Boost.

Marching around the corner, Mil Vultas - decked out in the gaudiest of white fur coats, a gold and white luchador mask, white and gold glittery pants and white and gold fur boots, Mil props himself up on the table and looks at the size of the signage in his makeshift booth compared to that of the booth behind Douglas. He looks back at what looks like a piece of binder paper with the words "MIL VELTAS" spelled out in Sharpie. He turns to Brooklynn.

Mil Vultas:

That the best sign they have? For the only guy to beat OSCAR BURNS and Dex Joy in back to back matches?

Brooklynn Rivera:

I ain't makin' no damn signs. Your ass wants a better one? Go to Party City.

DLJ:

Are they even still around? I hate that I have to go all the way to the other side of town for helium.

Mil shrugs.

Mil Vultas:

You know what? Is okay! Spider-Man like me. He one of the biggest heroes of all time. He only needs a mask and builds all his own stuff, too. We heroes just tie up bootstraps and get to work. Right, Scott?

He turns to Scott Douglas, who hears him but knows better than to acknowledge.

Mil Vueltas: [feigning surprise]

OH! Scotty! My dude! Mi amigo! Didn't see you there! Qué tal? How's it hanging?

The Man of a Thousand Flips reaches over to give Scott a dab... and gets left hanging as Scott goes back to signing for the next autograph in line. Mil puts his hand down.

Mil Vueltas:

You know what? All good! Us heroes aren't heroes for perks, amigo... The REAL heroes like us don't have to even exchange words to know what the other thinking, you know? Now that I'm sitting next to you?

He holds his arms out.

Mil Vueltas:

You get big signal boost!

As DEFIANCE's Favorite Son does his absolute best to ignore the peanut gallery next to him, a young fan approaches the booth of The GLOAT.

Mil Vueltas:

Hola, pequeño. Quieres un autógrafo?

Kid:

Where's Sgt. Safety? They told me he was gonna be here?

Dan Leo James.

DLJ:

Pffff. Everybody knows that guy is a fraud! I'm pretty sure the real Sgt. Safety was killed on UNCUT a few years ago by Malak Garland in the hospital.

Brooklynn gives him a look of "seriously?"

DLJ:

No, for real. Like... I think the real Sgt. Safety's dead.... OOOOOOH or Count Novick bit him and brought him back to life! OF COURSE!

Mil and Brooklynn both sigh at the same time. Mil turns back to Scott, completely ignoring the kids standing in front of his booth.

Mil Vueltas:

Look, amigo... two reasons I'm here. First... of course, to signal boost. Second thing... remember what we talked about last week? Okay? I know you and Uriel... you no see eye to eye. But I spoke to Uriel after a couple weeks ago and it's all water under bridge. You're a hero. I'm a hero. We be hereos together! We take ALL of DEFIANCE! There's gonna be no more OSCAR BURNS! No more Los Caidos! No more Victor Vacio! Ehhhh how you say... you scratch our back, we scratch yours?

DLJ:

Yeah! Heck, you can even watch me take down that fat bully, Punch Drunk Purcell later tonight! Tried to knock me out when I was in the ring to help Mi Familia and Tio Mil! What do you say, bud?

Douglas hands back a signed 8 x 10 glossy print to the last patron before capping his paint pen and setting it down on the table. He holds a finger up to the next person in line and slowly turns to Mil.

Scott Douglas:

Are you about done?

Mil cocks his head to the side.

Mil Veltas:

¿Qué?

Scott Douglas:

Well, I feel I've been more than patient with you ...

Douglas clears his throat as he looks to Brooklynn and DLJ flanking Mil.

Scott Douglas:

... and your little entourage of underachievers here. So either sign some shit for the people or move the hell on ... cabron.

Brooklynn's brow furrows, and DLJ's chest bows out, but Mil holds a hand up, calling for James to stand down. Mil is nonplussed and has a bit of a laugh at Douglas' response.

Mil Veltas:

You'll see, hermano. We heroes. You. Me. One in the same.

Scott Douglas:

... keep telling yourself that, bud.

Douglas turns back to the line of fans waiting for his autograph, waving them on. Mil looks like he's having some sort of realization.

Mil Veltas:

You know... Scotty, you're right. Maybe we aren't the same. I actually took OUT the trash in DEFIANCE getting rid of OSCAR BURNS. You? You're just disappointment.

Scott stops signing an autograph in mid-scribe when he hears this.

Mil Veltas:

We extend olive branch after this company did you dirty the past few months? Maybe you should go put Victor Vacio's mask back on... FRAUDE!

Hearing that, Douglas throws his pen down and stands right up from his seat. The stores of patience have run out. Mil turns to Brooklynn and DLJ.

Mil Veltas:

You see this? He looks like... LOST CAUSE to me!

Annnnnnd that's when Scott's had enough! He grabs Mil by his mask and starts throwing hands at The GLOAT!

Mil Veltas:

VIOLENCE... NOT ALWAYS ANSWER! AGH!

Security swoops in as fans either back away or start filming on their phones! Scott Douglas almost drags Mil, but Dan Leo James swoops in and grabs Mil by his arm to finally pull him away from DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Scott Douglas:

You wanna

shoot your mouth off? Get back here and finish this!

Still trying to catch his breath, Mil shouts back as Mil and Brooklynn start to carry him away!

Mil Vueltas:

No! A hero knows when to walk away from a fight! I'm the bigger man, cabron!

More members of event staff and security have to break things up and try to keep the situation contained!

Mil carried by Brooklynn, and DLJ are finally ushered out of frame by security as Douglas paces, seething. The Faithful in attendance start a faint chant, but it doesn't carry like it does with numbers in an arena.

DDK:

Well... that escalated quickly.

Lance:

Yeah, I don't think Mil Vueltas showed up at Fan Fest to make friends as much as to troll ... but Scott Douglas sure wasn't in the mood for his games, either.

DDK:

No, he wasn't. There are obviously bad blood between Douglas and Los Caídos... and now it looks like Mil is using that to get a rise out of Douglas.

Lance:

We'll keep an eye on this one, folks. For now, let's get back to the action here tonight on DEFtv

PEN PALS

The giant doors of the VVIP Room burst open under the weight of Dan Ryan, startling Lindsay Troy, the first of the group to arrive.

Dan Ryan:

He's here.

Lindsay Troy:

Gotta be more specific than that.

Dan tosses a slightly crumpled-up piece of paper in her direction. She opens it, looks down, and reads the words, stylistically printed in Cyrillic script, with the translation underneath.

"Let every drop of our blood be repaid with tenfold from theirs. Za Rodinu!"

Lindsay Troy:

Ah. I see.

The Queen balls the paper back up and throws it in the trash.

Lindsay Troy:

First, Cece isn't here. She's with Kaz and Ami getting ready for Ami's match. Second, I told you this would happen after you decided to drop by *my show* unannounced and play mind games with that dickhead.

Dan snarls and, without another word, spins around and dashes back through the doors, shoving them open. They thud closed behind him as he runs through the hallways with a hurried jog, rounding the corner and almost running into Ami Troy, Cecilia Ryan, and Kaz Troy as they leave the dressing room area and head toward the ring.

Cecilia Ryan:

Whoa, Dad... what's going on? Everything good?

Cecilia's face registers a slight expression of concern, while Ami and Kaz stare at their uncle curiously.

Dan softens the corner of his eyes just a bit, trying his best to keep the trio from registering his own sense of alarm.

Dan Ryan:

Everything's fine. Just uh... wanted to catch you before you head out there.

Ami Troy:

Oh yeah? Come to give me the ol' Dan Ryan 'win one for the gipper' pep talk?

Dan smiles down at his niece.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah, give 'em hell, kiddo.

Ami Troy:

It needs work, but I'll take it.

Ami smiles big and slaps her uncle on the shoulder, then skips by. Cecilia and Kaz look up at him with a little bit of suspicion, with Cecilia in particular frowning at him, not really buying his story. Still, they walk past him, and he tenses up, watching them go, waiting until he sees them disappear through the curtain to the roar of the crowd before he moves so much as a muscle.

ARCHER SILVER vs. AMI TROY

DDK:

I can't believe the match that we're about to see, Lance. We've seen this issue between Les Enfants Terribles and The Heirs to the Throne become incredibly personal! Archer Silver goes one-on-one against a Troy... but not Kaz! He goes one-on-one with Ami Troy who makes her DEFIANCE in-ring debut!

Lance:

LET defeated the Heirs at Acts of DEFIANCE with Archer using Ami as a human shield to ultimately get the drop on his and Flyer's former stablemate, Kaz Troy. Kaz and Cecilia Ryan aren't going to let that loss slide like that. LET tried to move on until Ami herself stepped up to make the challenge to Archer!

DDK:

I understand that Ami Troy is sticking up for her family! Like Kaz, she's got a strong background herself in terms of her training... but we have seen Archer literally BREAK opponents in the past few months. He broke the nose of Nicky Synz. He injured Strong AF's jaw in a recent outing. He's incredibly volatile and I hope Ami knows what she's signed up for.

Lance:

We also know that if you have the last name Troy in DEFIANCE, the word "no" is not in their vocabulary when they have their heart set on something. Archer Silver versus Ami Troy... NEXT!

The camera pans to Darren Quimbey in the ring to introduce the competitors for this grudge match!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ 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 Kansas City Faithful, arms wide open, he then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Les Enfants Terribles... being accompanied to the ring by High Flyer, from Seattle, Washington weighing in at 243 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 what has become the signature LET "I BOO YOU!" shirt, 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 the backstage area. Silver unzips his jacket and tosses it down to the floor for High Flyer to catch. Uncharacteristically, he has a smile on his face.

Archer Silver:

Let's go, Ami! You wanted this fight!

♪ "Highway" by Bleeker ♪

Guitar chords and hand claps kick off the up-tempo tune before the drums and bass come crashing in. The song is catchy, lively, and carefree; a perfect choice for the person making her way out now.

♪ "Baby, take the highway" ♪

Ami Troy skips out onto the stage to a mighty cheer from the DEFIANCE Faithful! The tiniest member of the Heirs to

the Throne is dressed for combat in a white cut-off tank top with "Heirs to the Throne" written in neon-purple spray paint font, long black tights with a white and neon purple camo design, white and black Nike high top sneakers with a neon purple swoosh and neon purple laces, and neon purple MMA gloves.

She also has a T-shirt cannon in her hands, and she shoots a few rounds out to the crowd, cackling as she does. Kaz Troy and Cecilia Ryan walk out behind her as waves of gold and purple pyro explode behind the three second-generation superstars. Ami eventually puts the T-shirt cannon down and walks purposefully down the ramp, slapping hands with as many members of the DEFIANCE Faithful as she can.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the Heirs to the Throne...being accompanied to the ring by Kaz Troy and Cecilia Ryan...from Tampa, Florida...weighing in at...(Quimbey pauses, looks down at his card)...at least a few 30 packs of Four Lokos and a crap load of buffalo wings, geeze Quimbs, I'm not giving you my weight...(Quimbey shakes his head, then continues)...she is "THE MERRY MISCHIEF MAKER" AMI TROY!!!!

Ami takes a lap around the ring and hops on the guardrail to sit in-between two women - one, Bex Savage, who's tall and muscular with a black undercut, and the other, Angel Quinley, who's shorter with a blonde and neon blue fauxhawk and holding a sign that says "WE LOVE OUR WEED DAUGHTER!" Collectively, they're the New World Trash, whom Ami also manages in PRIME.

Ami kisses her Trash Sisters on the cheek, hops off the guardrail, and slides under the bottom rope. She pops to her feet, climbs to a turnbuckle, and throws her arms into the air to a big pop! Kaz and Cecilia give a respectful nod to Bex and Angel, then turn their focus to Ami and Archer.

DING DING

Right away, Ami marches right up to The Prince of Pricks without any sense of fear. Still, the sight difference is something as the 5'5" Ami looks up to the 6'5" Archer.

Lance:

We've asked the question since this happened... we don't really know what Ami can do in terms of in-ring competition. She better hope she has an ace up her sleeve.

Silver steps away from Ami...

THEN SHOVES HER TO THE GROUND!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Instead of going in for the proverbial kill, Silver walks over to the middle buckle and starts to hold his hands out, looking at Kaz on the floor.

Archer Silver:

Sending sis to fight your battles, dude?

Kaz wants to rip his head off, but Cecilia talks him out of taking the bait. The New World Trash don't look happy either. Meanwhile, Mark Shields is his useless self watching the match mostly play out. He doesn't even check on Ami, who picks herself up. Silver gets ready to fight...

Then he gets on his knees and starts putting his dukes up.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, good grief. He's not even going to take this seriously, is he?

Ami's Cheering Squad watch on at ringside, annoyed by the antics of Archer as Flyer is on the outside gesturing once again to the LET's money-making shirt.

High Flyer:

DON'T MAKE ME TAP THE SHIRT!

The Tiniest Troy is now irritated with Silver's antics as he's still on his knees twirling his fists around in a playful manner... and SLAPS him across the face to a huge cheer! The slap even catches Archer off-guard! CeCe, Kaz, Bex, and Angel all have a laugh at what's happening as Silver looks up enraged at Ami Troy! She talks some smack towards The Prince of Pricks!

Lance:

Another Troy family trait... they don't do well with disrespect to their name!

Silver lunges at Ami, but The Merry Mischief-Maker slips out of the ring. The third-generation Silver rushes out of the ring and goes after Ami by chasing her around ringside. She slips back into the ring first and when Archer tries to follow her, she catches him with a sliding dropkick to the temple! Archer is reeling!

DDK:

Ami showing that she's got some in-ring smarts! Archer Silver is a hothead, plain and simple! Another Silver trait!

Holding himself near the barricade, Archer yells and then turns around... right into a tope suicida from The Tiniest Troy! The blow sends Silver backwards into the barricade and almost falls on his ass! Ami picks herself up and runs over to the other Heirs to the Throne and her New World Trash sisters, giving them high-fives for a job well done! After her victory lap, she rolls back into the ring and waves at Archer.

DDK:

Never underestimate ANY opponent. This is a business predicated on seconds and moments! It only takes three seconds to make a moment happen!

Archer is just coming around and KICKS the barricade with his foot, then realizes that kicking barricades hurt and hurts his own foot! Flyer goes over towards Archer to try and get him to calm down. LET both look over at Kaz and see Kaz and Cecilia watching with trademarked Troy and Ryan snarky expressions.

Lance:

The resemblance is uncanny sometimes!

Mark Shields is an incompetent fuck, and therefore, slow to count. Archer then decides to take a quick walk around ringside. He starts to slide in when Ami goes for another sliding dropkick... but it's a trap! Silver moves this time and it's too late for The Tiniest Troy when Archer grabs her leg and pulls her out of the ring! He grabs Ami in a snake eyes and then drops her down across the ring apron before she falls back to the floor!

DDK:

Methinks the fun and games are over here! Silver used the experience edge over Ami and now she's out on the floor!

Now concern is shown for Ami with her allies watching on. Silver walks over towards them and lightly taps his own face with his hands.

Archer Silver:

You better do something, Kaz! Sissy ain't looking so good!

Kaz won't take the bait, but he really wants to when Silver rolls back inside the ring only to climb back out and reset any potential count from Mark Shields. Silver then picks up Ami again and then throws her back to the ring. Silver climbs over and runs towards Ami with a full-on penalty kick... then stops, jumps over her and simply opts to deliver a quick back kick to Ami's back instead! Ami looks hurt by the kick and Silver simply leans over the ropes.

Archer Silver:

This is what you do to people, Kaz! You let others get hurt and fend for themselves like you did to LET!

He goes to pick up Ami and sets her up for a belly-to-back suplex, only to stall for a few extra seconds. He smirks back to Kaz then hits the move!

DDK:

Silver with a suplex! Ami's a trained wrestler herself, but Silver is just taking his time here and taunting Kaz while he does this!

Silver even rolls into a cover with both arms folded, looking right at the other Heirs outside the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Ami kicks out, and Silver sits up. In the history of wrestling, he may be the first that looks happy for someone to have kicked out!

Lance:

Ami Troy's showing us something here, but... why does Silver look happy for this?

DDK:

Cause this means the match goes on and he can prolong this just to get under the skin of Kaz and Cecilia.

The Faithful start cheering Ami and clapping. She gets herself up and even TRIES to grab Archer from behind! She tries to take him off his feet with what looks like a German suplex, but he's far too fresh and simply shakes her off by throwing her back to the mat!

Lance:

I've heard that Ami is called the Pint-Sized Purple Powerhouse, but Archer hasn't been worn down nearly enough to try any move like that!

Ami is in the corner and despite the recent punishment, she pulls herself up slowly. Silver looks at High Flyer, who even gets in on the cheering being started in the T-Mobile Center.

High Flyer:

AMI! AMI! AMI! AMI! EVERYBODY! AMI! AMI!

Ami tries to get back to her corner Silver is locked in on whatever he's about to do next. He jumps towards the corner... and comes up empty on the corner knee strike!

AMI MOVES!

Silver hobbles around with a bad knee! Ami then runs over as quick as she can...

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ami sits up and gets a big cheer from The Faithful while pumping her fists in the air! CeCe and especially Kaz look shocked while Bex and Angel start pounding the barricade to cheer her on!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SHE REALLY IS A POWERHOUSE!

DDK:

He missed the knee strike in the corner and left himself wide open!

Silver holds the back of his head and is near the corner where The Heirs occupy. He sees Cecilia cheering on Ami and then sees Kaz hiding a smile. Silver's face trembles, then he sticks his head through the ropes...

PFFT!

...and hocks a loogie right on Kaz's shirt!

Lance:

HEY!

CeCe tries to keep Kaz back, but that's the last straw! He BLASTS Archer with a forearm and jumps right into the ring, attacking him in full view of Mark Shields!

Mark Shields:

Oh, shit! Uh... man, the brass are already on my ass after the whole Elise Ares thing...

He calls for the bell as Ami turns and sees what's happening!

DING DING DING DING DING DING**DDK:**

It was only gonna be a matter of time before Archer Silver and Kaz Troy came to blows and it's happening again! I don't blame Kaz at all!

Quimbey makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **ARCHER SILVER!**

But the announcement falls on deaf ears! As High Flyer tries to get involved in the scuffle mid-ring, Cecilia Ryan's had enough of sitting on the sidelines and goes after Flyer! Ami Troy starts to stand and cheers on her big bro for laying a beating on Silver in the corner with multiple forearms to the face!

DDK:

Archer Silver wins this on a technicality, but right now, LET aren't looking much like winners...

As Ami starts to cheer on her brother, she stands up, but The Faithful's cheering reaction starts to change quickly when she turns around...

AND GETS SPEARED OUT OF HER BOOTS!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! AMI TROY! AMI TROY JUST GOT LAID OUT! WHO IS THAT?!

Kaz Troy turns around and stops attacking Silver for a moment, then turns out of the corner and sees a tall, strong young woman who may be familiar to fans of BRAZEN now standing over Ami...

Lance:

DARREN! I KNOW WHO THAT IS! THAT'S MS. MASSACRE FROM BRAZEN! SHE'S A FORMER BRAZEN

WOMEN'S CHAMPION! SHE'S BEEN TOUTED AS A BIG PROSPECT FOR THE BRAND... BUT I'M CONFUSED AS YOU ARE!

DDK:

WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE, THOUGH?!

Kaz goes to help his sister out, but gets spun around suddenly and then STRUCK under the jaw by Archer Silver with an Arrow In Flight! The unexpected shot tags Troy on the jaw as he crumbles to a knee and hits the canvas!

DDK:

ARROW IN FLIGHT! SILVER BLINDSIDES KAZ WITH THAT KNEE AGAIN!

He looks at Ms. Massacre and mouths something to the effect of "took you long enough!" Outside the ring, the action has Cecilia Ryan caught off-guard, allowing for High Flyer to push her right into the ring post! Bex Savage and Angel Quinley look like they're about to hop the guardrail, but High Flyer quickly scurries out of harm's way.

Lance:

LET might have just set another trap for The Heirs to the Throne! They're laid out all over the ring! And now... this Ms. Massacre, may I... may I say she just proved to be the difference maker here tonight!

High Flyer reaches out and gives Ms. Massacre a big hug to loud jeers from the Kansas City Faithful! Silver checks his lip and wipes some blood of his lips, courtesy of the earlier attack from Kaz, then stands over the laid out Troy tandem as High Flyer cackles like a hyena at them.

High Flyer:

SINCE YOU WON'T STOP BRINGING YOUR FAMILY INTO THIS... WE DECIDED TO DO THE SAME!

With those ominous words, Archer and Flyer both throw their hands up and laugh like the jackasses they are while the mysterious new ally to LET looks pretty happy with the damage done.

Lance:

What did High Flyer mean by that?!

DDK:

I don't know, but it doesn't look like they're sticking around to answer questions.

LET leave the ring with their newest ally not far behind and the potentially devastating new trio of young talents to DEFIANCE's roster head back up the ramp, looking back at the damage caused tonight!

HOW YOU SAY? HELLO.

A few minutes earlier, as Ami Troy v. Archer Silver ends in the ring.

Dan Ryan is pacing back and forth in the Heirs to the Throne locker room, having let himself in as soon as he made sure the group made it safely out to Ami Troy's match. He looks up from time to time at the monitor, seeing the match end, and waits patiently for them to make their way back.

After a moment or two of watching them make their way up the ramp and through the curtain, his pace quickens as he anticipates their return. After a few moments, he hears a light rapping at the door, and he stops. Quickly, he rushes to the door and pulls it open.

What he finds, however... is a seven-foot-one-inch, four hundred pound Russian by the name of Ivan Stanislav.

Ivan Stanislav:

Dobryy vecher.

In a flash, Ivan blasts him in the chest with a double forearm strike that sends Dan Ryan flying backward. His eyes register shock as Ivan is on him in an instant, faster than his size should allow. Suddenly, Ryan is grabbed by hands bigger than his head, and he's thrown back into the metal lockers behind him.

Ryan slumps to the ground, eyes wide in shock, but Ivan stands his ground, not making any further move.

Ivan Stanislav:

You know, Dan, you thought you might say hello by attacking Speedy Riggs? He is a soldier. He knows the danger. I am not an animal like you.

The two-time PRIME Universal Champion spits on the floor.

Ivan Stanislav:

I am not sort to attack your daughter. I am not a coward like you. Find your yaichki and face me like a man, or do not face me at all.

The massive Russian turns to leave, walking to the door. He pauses, fishes in the front pocket of his uniform jacket, and produces a piece of paper. On it is a list of addresses, phone numbers, and other pieces of sensitive information.

Ivan Stanislav:

Of course, I cannot say my comrade, Alexei, isn't the type to hit you where it really hurts.

He snorts and tosses the piece of paper on the floor.

Ivan Stanislav:

In case you forget Cecilia's phone number, frequent addresses... or anyone else who might be special to you. Da svidaniya.

With a smirk, the Russian Bear leaves as quickly as he has entered and shuts the door tight.

Dan finally rises to his feet and mutters to himself. His face registers something between surprise at the big Russian's strength and respect for the threat. After all, 'mind games' is Dan's native language.

Dan Ryan:

Jesus... big son of a bitch...

Dan cracks his neck and moves with purpose to the door, and once again nearly runs into the returning Heirs to the Throne. They all look at the dented locker, then back at him.

Dan Ryan:

Sorry, I uh... slipped.

Without another word, he moves past them down the hall and disappears around the corner, leaving the three of them looking at each other in surprise and confusion as we head to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

WELL, ISN'T THAT SPECIAL? (SATO-WEEN 2, PART 2)

We're back in the backstage mobile lab of Dr. Ayumi Sato, where the annual DEFIANCE Halloween party continues. After the tensions leading up to the Spin-the-Wheel-Make-the-Deal Match, things are much calmer once again, and everyone seems to be enjoying themselves once again.

The Tag Team Championship tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, in particular, hover around the catering tables. Daymon wears a yellow tank top with black shorts and Burnett wears a blank tank with red shorts, respectively playing tribute to the Balboa and Creed training montage from Rocky III.

Despite lightly bobbing and juking to the music, the Rain City Ronin are mainly there serving as wallflowers and silent observers to the party. They couldn't speak if they wanted to because they are too busy filling their mouths with every last ounce of corn chips and buffalo ranch chicken drip they can find.

Fission and Gigaton are chilling out at one of the tables, playing cards, with Gigaton getting particularly spirited about a hand that went his way, if his cackling, roaring laugh is any indication. Fission can only hang his head and shake it derisively.

Entering the festivities is none other than the current Favoured Saints champion, wearing a red unbuttoned flannel overshirt with a t-shirt that reads "Wrestling [?]Wrestler" t-shirt with incredibly baggy Jnco jeans and a sideways hat. He carries a skateboard over one shoulder, and the FS title around his waist. He bursts into the room like Jack Nicholson in the Shining and shouts "How do you do, fellow DEFIANTS!"

The room chills to a confused silence, before random chatter starts to cacophony. Harmen looks around at all the participants, and scratches the back of his neck. "Oh man. It's Halloween?" Harmen looks from side to side, wildly. "I shoulda wore a costume..." He shrugs and heads over to the punch bowl to grab some drinks and food.

???:

HOW'S IT GOING, ALLYS?!

Walking into the party and celebrating amongst this year's festivities walks what looks like Dex Joy...

But he's got a more... chiseled physique?

???:

BECAUSE NOBODY WREX... LIKE... FLEX!

Sure enough... it's FLEX. Dressed up like Dex Joy in one of his body suits.

FLEX Joy:

That's right, allies! "The Flexest Boy" FLEX Joy! They're pretty much gonna HAVE to make me one of The Lads after this!

Sgt. Safety and Count Novick are both congregating in the background along with the Gulf Coast Connection helping themselves to some appetizers.

Sgt. Safety:

Dex... uh? Sir, you're looking pretty cut! Nice work!

Count Novick:

Neck muscles look... strong... and... tasty...

Sgt. Safety:

We said NO to that, Count!

FLEX Joy looks over.

FLEX Joy:

Thanks ally! Had to cut weight right before Winter time so I could pack a little more for Thanksgiving. Let's gooooooooooooo

Walking back into the party, Dex Joy is dressed to wrestle for his match later with Nicky Corozzo.

Dex Joy:

Hey, pallies, I wanted to grab another punch before I punch Nicky Corozzo in his fat head and I ... uh. Oh.

He is face to face with FLEX Joy. He waves a hand. FLEX waves a hand at the same time.

FLEX Joy:

So weird, allie! It's like I'm looking into a funhouse mirror.

Dex Joy:

Hey first off, suck an ass. Second I say "pally!" FLEX ... what is this?

FLEX looks at his costume.

FLEX Joy:

Sorry, sorry, sorry... look, man. I'm not gonna lie... things are kind of the drizzling shits around here, you know... I had a nice cushy job just sitting back and looking good when I was with the GC Universe until Mil Dumbass and Dumb-El-J ruined that gig for me! And on top of that, the only people around here... PCP? That I think I actually WAS friends with?

He makes a POOF motion with his hands.

FLEX Joy:

Gone, bro. I got no one.

Dex whistles.

Dex Joy:

Pally, I'm not gonna lie, you did a lot of people wrong around here working for that douche canoe, Oscar. Before that, you tried to screw over PCP. You don't gotta dress like me. You wanna help? Do something good for someone. Now ... I gotta go box with Box's guy so ... go FLEX Joy somewhere else bud.

Dex leaves the party to get ready for his match. With some food for thought, FLEX Joy takes what Dex said to heart and starts to leave the party himself.

As he reaches the door, he hears a familiar voice calling out.

"REPENT, SINNERS!!"

All eyes turn toward the entry-way to see a figure dressed all in white wielding a Bible in one hand and a picket sign in the other that reads "HALLOWEEN IS THE WORK OF STAN!! (I MEAN SATAN!!)".

Rev. Erik Black:

This masquerade is the DEVIL'S ART! Indulge yourselves in such CARNAL WICKEDNESS, and you will be DAMBED by the LOARD GAWD AWLMIGHTY!!

The other party-goers stare in awkward silence as Reverend Black does everything in his power to kill the vibe.

Rev. Erik Black:

“TRICKETH or TREATETH, lest thee breathe in the bouquet of thine tarsus!” Mezekilkiah SIX-SEVVEEEENNN!!
(*makes hand gestures*)

The familiar voice of Fission can be heard in the background, saying something about...

Fission:

...zoomer memes on DEFIANCE TV, huh? So *that's* what we're doing now?

Rev. Black remains unfazed, as he continues his sermon.

Rev. Erik Black:

I have no doubt that this absurd holiday is the sole reason the world is plagued with so many PODOPHILES these days! You DISGUSTING cosplay enthusiasts! You FILTHY furry conveners! I say, NO!! Unless you happen to be Kat Dennings, I will NOT SMELL your FEET! Nor will I GIVE YOU something GOOD to EAT! HEAR ME NOW, o misbegotten children! Only the LIGHT of the LOARD JAYZUS can save your condemned souls for partaking in SATAN'S annual *danse macabre*!

In the distance, the Unified Tag Team Champions look each other in the eye and shake their heads derisively before making their way to the center of the... well, “action.”

Rev. Erik Black:

Right now, you all could be READING THE HOLEY BIBBLE, or PRAYING, or CONFESSING SINS, or MAINTAINING SOBRIETY, or SELF FLAGELLATING, or SOMETHING PRODUCTIVE like all those other things! HEED this WARNING, ye foolish and impressionable peoples! ALLOW ME to be the SHEPHERD to your INTELLECTUAL SALVATION! Follow me NOW, those among you with the COURAGE and PIETY to make the journey, to the arena rectory, where we can PRAY on our good, noble, Christian values in the HOLEY and VAUNTED NAME of--BLEGHK!!

The Reverend Black's sermon is suddenly halted by stereo superkicks from Apollo Burnett and Rocky Daymon, who have broken away from the buffalo ranch chicken dip bowl for the sole purpose of putting down this walking, talking party foul incarnate.

The Sacred Lamb reels off the dual impacts, bursting through Dr. Sato's lab door and disappearing altogether from the party.

An eerie silence falls upon the party as everyone looks at each other awkwardly, until Dr. Sato is the first to speak up.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Well! That unnecessary interruption was thankfully short-lived!

She then raises a cup towards Apollo and Rocky.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Here's to our tag team champions for settling that nuisance! But never mind that, there is still more party to have, yes?

A hum of agreement fills the air. Fission and Gigaton walk up to the Rain City Ronin and give them each a gentle punch on the arm, as if to say “good job, fellas,” before taking their own share of the buffalo dip.

Cut.

A MEMOIR, A MESSIAH, AND A PROCLAMATION

We return to the backstage area and Brock Newbludd's temporary office. Sitting with his legs kicked up on a folding table, Brock is wearing headphones and holding a small microphone up to his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

One doesn't simply slide into the shoes of a man like GVP and "act" like him. No, one must embrace the Lycan. One must live the life of an alpha wolf to understand a creature so complex. This wasn't a remake like Over the Top or Big Trouble in Little China; this was a love letter to freedom. And the only way I was going to pull it off was to live like GVP...*become* GVP. For an entire month before filming, I slept in the woods with nothing but my animal instincts and a whole pallet of Monster Energy drinks to sustain me. The hallucinations started after about 5 days, and I found myself eating my own...

Newbludd's memoir comes to an abrupt halt when the door bursts open, causing him to flip backward in his chair. Headphones hanging off one ear, the startled Brock quickly pulls himself off the floor, and he narrows his eyes at the person standing in front of his table.

Reverend Black.

Brock Newbludd:

You know...When I said you needed to break free from The Honor Society, I didn't mean start a cult, man.

Grinning ear to ear, the Sacred Lamb extends his arms out to his sides.

Rev. Erik Black:

BROCK, baby! May the LOOAARD be with you, my child! How are we FEELING on this bright and blessed evening?

Newbludd opens his mouth to answer, but Black doesn't let him.

Rev. Erik Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHH -- JAYZUS BE PRAISED, HOLLY-LOO-YAW! I'm having a pretty good night myself, let me tell YOU! LET ME TELL YOU! Actually, no, I won't tell you, but LAST NIGHT is the night I want to talk to you about!

Black's palms slam into the folding table as he leans in.

Rev. Erik Black:

LAST NIGHT, Brock Lobster, I was VISITED by GAWD HIMSELF! And HE said to ME that EYE should convince YOU to give ME the opportunity to fight YOU for the ACE! THAT'S RIGHT! He told ME this, Brock Ness Monster, because the ONLY WAY his HOLEY WORD can be spread upon the masses is for a man of STATION and STATURE to be standing at the helm of this company! It's not fulfilling my own PERSONAL AMBITIONS that brings me here before you, Hunt for the Red Brocktober, I can ASSURE you of that! Which I am asking you -- nay, DEMANDING -- that you fight ME for the ACE, because it's the WILL of LOARD GAWD up HIGH!

The rambling Reverend pushes away from the table and stands there entreatingly, hands folded together before his chest.

Rev. Erik Black:

So... what's going to be your decision, Brock of Ages? Are you going to fulfill your CHRISTIAN DUTY to the GAWD-fearing people of DEFIANCE... or will you choose ETERNAL DAMNATION for refusing my -- I mean, *HIS* -- HEAVENLY WILL?!

Brock blinks a few times, processing the sermon that was just bestowed upon him. He makes the sign of the cross in the entirely wrong order.

Brock Newbludd:

Powerful stuff, Reverend. And who am I to stand in the way of the J-Man?

Rev. Erik Black:

EXACT-A-MUNDO, Brocktopussy! This is your CHRISTIAN DUTY!

Brock fetches a can of beer from a cooler he had stashed in the corner of the room. He holds one up to the Reverend.

Brock Newbludd:

Blood of Christ, father?

Black dubiously eyes the cold one in Newbludd's hand.

Rev. Erik Black:

UhhhhhhHHNFORTUNATELY, I'll have to decline, Brockodile Dundee! I'd rather MAINTAIN my sobriety for... strawbvious reasons.

Cracking the can of beer, Brock places a hand on Black's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

To make a decision right now would be hasty, no? In fact, I believe Mr. J teaches us patience...

Newbludd puts his hands together in prayer, cupping the can in between them.

Brock Newbludd:

Let me pray on it.

The Reverend is once again all smiles and positive energy.

Rev. Erik Black:

YYYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!! That is JUST what I want to hear from you, Harper Lee's *To Kill a BROCK--ing Bird!* May GAWD BLESSYA, my child! May GAAWWD BLESSYA, and help you to SEE the LIGHT! LOARD, HELP ME... Bally-HOOOOOOOO-JAH, JAYSUS!!

Bowing graciously, Reverend Black sidles out of the shot. Newbludd stands silent for a moment as he processes what the hell just happened. A grin slowly spreads across his face.

Brock Newbludd:

Ballyhoojah...now that's something I can get behind, Reverend! Yes!

Invigorated by Black's proclamation, Newbludd fetches another beer from the cooler and cracks it open as the picture slowly fades out.

DEX JOY vs. NICKY COROZZO

DDK:

The ring had to be reinforced for the next match we have tonight! A battle of the super heavyweights! “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy takes on a foe that he has been familiar with in the past when taking on ‘The Socialite’ Ed White: that’s his *giant* of an enforcer, Nicky Corozzo!

Lance:

Dex has tangled with this giant once in tag team action last year with Punch Drunk Purcell at Acts of DEFIANCE! The Lads would defeat White and Corozzo on that occasion, but now Dex Joy has found himself in the crosshairs of the DEFIANCE Hall of Famer, Bronson Box!

DDK:

Box cost Dex Joy a victory by count-out to ‘The GLOAT’ Mil Vuelas two weeks ago. Then he had a massive size advantage over the speedy Vuelas. Tonight, he finds himself as the underdog against Corozzo!

♪ “The End” by The Doors ♪

Without warning, Nicky Corozzo, designated “muscle” of the Blood Diamonds, slowly strides down the rampway alongside Edward White’s personal assistant, Jane Katze.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Jane Katze... he hails from Brooklyn, New York, and weighs in at three-hundred and sixty pounds... representing the Blood Diamonds, please welcome “Il Giudice”, NICKY COROZZO!

DDK:

After Dex Joy was suplex on the outside of the ring by Bronson Box costing him that match to Mil Vuelas, Dex demanded a match with anyone, including Box ... but tonight it was Il Giudice that signed on the dotted line.

Lance:

One of the rare times that Dex Joy is going to be outsized by his opponent, but he also has the experience of fighting Corozzo in the past. He knows what he’s capable of first hand!

Reaching ringside, Katze gives Nicky a few final directives before he climbs up to the apron and steps over the ropes to enter the ring. When “The End” comes to an end, the lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIAtron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

BIG

Another lightning bolt!

DEX

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

ENERGY

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of Kansas City ...

**NO ONE
WREX**

**LIKE
DEX**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is set for one fall! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... he is the DEFIANCE Triple Crown winner ... THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXX JOOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Standing on the stage, the Halloween outfit is gone and replaced with his body suit covered in blue and yellow lightning! Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed arena!!!! His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise! Once he reaches the ring, Dex Joy is ready for singles action!

DING DING

The battle of the Biggest Boy and the Biggest Hit-Man starts out ready to lock up ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Look who's here Darren!

DDK:

The only active competitor from DEFIANCE's Hall of Fame ... Bronson Box.

Out comes Bronson Box, along with steel chair in hand. With an eerie look fixated on Dex Joy, he props the chair down and then sits in the chair backwards, leaning forward on the back of the chair to have a front row seat of the Biggest Boy.

DDK:

You can tell that loss to Dan Ryan at Acts of DEFIANCE didn't sit right with Box. He's been fixated on Dex Joy.

When Box doesn't move from his spot, Dex turns to the focus at hand. The bad news for the Biggest Boy however is that the focus at hand is focused on taking his head off with a big punch!

DDK:

Dex Joy took his eyes off the prize, to quote a M4NTRA member! He just got tagged by that powerful right hand of Il Guidice!

Bronson Box continues to watch the fireworks on display from Ed White's enforcer, who is getting jeered out of the building by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Dex checks his jaw to make sure that he can still function properly and then gets back to his feet.

Lance:

Dexy Baby better have a game plan against the big man! I don't think he's been in the ring with almost anyone as big as Corozzo!

Corozzo lands a big knee into Dex's rib cage and then some heavy clubbing shots across the back of Ms. Joy's Baby Boy! Dexy Baby looks like a baby compared to the massive Corozzo when he sends Joy to the other end of the ring. Corozzo sees him there and runs for a big splash in the corner ... but his problem is Dexy Baby rolling out of the corner in the nick of time! Bronson Box even finds himself shocked by Dex's in-ring movements.

DDK:

Dexy Baby does what brought him to the dance! Il Guidice is out of the corner!

Dex flies off the ropes and then collides against the body of Corozzo using a running body block. He is knocked for a loop, but the seven-foot two enforcer is still vertically upright. Dex gets ready and then swings for another shoulder block. The former defensive tackle puts that background to good use and lands another big shot on Il Guidice, but he doesn't fall. Dex decides one more time might be what the doctor ordered. Dex hits that rope again. Corozzo gets a boot up, but Dex crouches and lands against the ropes with a handspring and then catches Corozzo using a big flying back elbow to smack him off his feet!

DDK:

The former Triple Crown winner of DEFIANCE does it with the handspring back elbow!

Lance:

Timbeeeerrrrrrrrr!!!

Box shoots a cold, deadly look towards the commentary booth that stops any more chatter among them. He turns back to the ring with Nicky Corozzo holding onto his face outside the ring to consult with Jane Katze. In the ring Dex Joy asks the Wrecking Crew a question.

Dex Joy:

WHO WREX LIKE DEX?

Crowd:

NO ONE!!!

DDK:

Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo are trying something new! And Dex Joy's ready!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAA!!!

Dexy Baby has the WHOA-PE on his mind! Dexy hits the ropes but before he is able to stick the landing, Corozzo sticks him first using a big, big right punch!

Lance:

No WHOA-PE for Joy! Nicky Corozzo just canceled that flight!

Studying what makes the Biggest Boy tic, Box watches Nicky step back into the ring before he takes a disoriented Dex Joy's head off using a big clothesline!

DDK:

There's not a lot of technical prowess where Nicky Corozzo is concerned, but you need it at that size! He's gonna use what brought him to the dance.

Dex struggles to get anything going and Nicky is already on the attack. He drops the biggest leg drop across the back of the Biggest Boy's neck! Joy is reeling and kicking his legs frantically!

Lance:

I think that's gonna do it!

Nicky covers the former Triple Crown winner!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

That was almost the highest profile win in Nicky Corozzo's DEFIANCE Wrestling career!

After Dex's shoulder rises up, Nicky gives the referee a cold hard stare similar to what Bronson Box has been doing all match long. The steel chair that he's sitting in has not budged an inch. Dex Joy is pulled up but he fights back! He catches Corozzo using his bread-and-butter heavy elbows! Two elbows catch Corozzo, but he is somehow able to take them and fire back with a kick and follow it up using another short arm clothesline!

Lance:

Sheer power here on display from Corozzo! He's just been giving Dex Joy the business!

DDK:

Dex Joy might have been hitting one too many punches at Dr. Sato's Halloween party earlier tonight!

Corozzo hasn't let go of Dex's arm this whole time. He slowly yanks on the arm and that forces Dex up on his feet whether he wants to be or not. Corozzo forces him into another clothesline but the EveryChamp ducks that first! He spins Corozzo around and then tries a scoop slam, but this is not the showcase of the Immortals here and all that does is force Corozzo's weight down on top of him!

DDK:

Dex Joy's slam attempt came up empty! Corozzo is up! He jumps off the ropes and then hits a huge towering splash!

Another pinfall attempt follows that!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

That's another kickout by Dexy Baby, but how impressed has Nicky Corozzo looked! Being able to just shut down the Biggest Boy like this!

DDK:

He's just one more move away from taking this home!

Box watches Jane Katze give the proverbial order to go in for the kill. Nicky has the tombstone attempt called the End of the World, but instead of it being the End of the World, it might be the beginning of Dex Joy's comeback when he sneaks out behind Corozzo! Corozzo turns and this time, Dexy Baby *PICKS UP COROZZO* and then forcibly removes him from the ring this time hitting the scoop slam he wanted earlier! Corozzo is dropped on the ring apron and then he hits the floor to an incredible ovation from Dex's Wrecking Crew! Dex can't even believe it leaning up against the ropes and pointing out at Bronson Box watching on the aisle!

DDK:

THAT ... THAT ... I'M AT A LOSS FOR WORDS! DEX JOY JUST PICKED UP NICKY COROZZO AND DUMPED HIM OUT OF THE RING!

One more time, Dex Joy points to the left and right of the arena and then builds up his signature "WHOA-PE" chant from the Wrecking Crew. Energized from the crowd's response, the WHOA-PE is successful as he flies clean through the top and middle rope to take Corozzo off his feet a second time for the WHOA-PE!

DDK:

THERE'S THE WHOA-PE BY DEX JOY!!!

Replays flash all over the arena of Dex Joy's incredible one-two punch of the body slam to drop Corozzo out of the ring and then following up with the WHOA-PE suicida. He collects himself outside the arena and then sees Bronson Box lurking. This time, his chair appears to be about halfway down the ramp from where it was before.

DDK:

In all the excitement, I don't think I even saw Bronson Box move! When did he get down that ramp?!

Box remains fixed on Dex taking the fight back inside the ring by pushing the large enforcer back inside the ring. Katze tries to grab his leg, but Dex Joy stops that with a quick stomp of the hand!

DDK:

Jane Katze just paid for that attempt to interfere on Corozzo's behalf!

Lance:

Look! Corozzo is back up!

Dex Joy turns and then gets struck by a cheap shot to the back of the head! Dex ends up in the corner with Corozzo taking a quick moment to recover from Dex's offensive. Corozzo tries using a big boot but Dex moves and he lands with his boot on the top rope. He pulls it down, but turns right into Dex Joy using all his strength to pick Corozzo up but turn and slam him the opposite direction with tremendous power!

DDK:

THE DEX DRIVE!!! DID YOU HEAR THAT RING SHAKE?!?!

The reaction is *loud* after hitting the biggest Dex Drive on record! Ms. Joy's Baby Boy looks at Bronson Box and invites him to the ring when he covers the Blood Diamonds enforcer!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING*♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪*

Dex Joy sits up and Bronson Box has seen enough!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your win ...

But he doesn't even get far enough to announce Dex Joy as the winner! Box hits the ring and he launches a full-scale assault on the Biggest Boy! He starts to lob some bombs and Dex throws them right back!

DDK:

BOX!!! DEX!!! BOX!!! DEX!!!

Lance:

Listen to this place erupt!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are bloodthirsty spectators watching Joy and Box throw hands at one another! They

continue to watch the two men slugging it out! Box goes low and he tackles Dex into the corner! He tries unloading in the corner with more body shots and wild, unruly blows, but the larger Dexy Baby is able to meet him right back by turning him around and firing back!

DDK:

Dex fights back!

The bombs keep being thrown until Jane Katze tries to get involved! Dex pushes her away but that is all that Bronson Box needs to land a shot by sticking a thumb into the eye of Dex as if he's trying to gouge it!

Lance:

Box is fighting dirty here! Jane Katze gave him that opening!

He has Dex down to a knee and removes the thumb from his eyes. He yells at Corozzo to get back up but before he's able to do anything ...

DDK:

HELP'S ON THE WAY!!!

Not only does Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious leap into action and start heading down the ring, but not far behind them... so does DABNEY DOUBLEDAY AND THE MASSIVE COWBOYS OF JUN IZUCHI AND GORDY LOVITT!

Lance:

AND THE BLOOD DIAMONDS SCATTER!!!

Box screams at Katze and Corozzo to leave. Dex Joy is helped up by Butcher and Janna checking to make sure that his eye is okay. Dex's left eye remains shut, but has a good eye open towards Box and the rest of the Blood Diamonds heading to the back!

DDK:

This is wild!!! Dabney Doubleday and the Wrestle House are out here with The Lads! Who knows how this might have gone if they didn't get involved!

Dex Joy looks at Dabney Doubleday and they watch an angry Boxer leave. The Wargod's plan to do some more damage to the Biggest Boy appears to have been ruined. He leaves quickly and heads behind the curtain enraged at both Corozzo and Katze! Dex, Butcher and Janna look at Dabney and the Cowboys ...

And like good Lads ...

THEY SHAKE HANDS!!!

DDK:

What a moment between these two groups! The Lads and Wrestle House come together to thwart whatever Bronson Box and the Blood Diamonds had planned!

Lance:

No way this is over. Dex standing up to Box twice now like his has really gotten the Wargod enraged!

A WEE NUDGE

Cut to backstage.

Los Caídos stand against a cement block wall, masked and menacing. “The Lost Cause” Victor Vacio sits on a locker room bench with his elbows on his knees and his head hung low.

The quiet gives way to the slow, measured click of a cane approaching...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah, yes... There you are.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush steps into frame, smiling like a man who already knows how the story ends. He takes his time approaching, cane clicking every few seconds. Vacio looks up, annoyed, briefly, but doesn't acknowledge him any further.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Quite the night... *[chuckles]* Busy night, as it happens. You'll pardon me if I dispense with pleasantries. To wit ... Victor, if I might borrow you for a moment.

Vacio doesn't move. Nigel looks to Los Caídos briefly and back to Victor before pressing on.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Very well... It seems the Favoured Saints have found themselves a new challenger for their namesake championship. One that might pique your interest ...

Vacio nostrils flare. Los Caídos exchange small glances with one another.

Nigel notes it, the faintest hint of satisfaction showing in his tone. He knows the hook is set.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The object of your ire ... Kerry Kuroyama, close personal friend of your betrayer ... Scott Douglas... is scheduled to challenge Jack Harmen on this very night.

Vacio grunts with a deep exhale.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah, yes... I do so admire your economy of words, Victor. Quite enviable, really. I'll not detain you further.

Nigel taps his cane once ...

CLACK

... and turns to leave.

The camera holds on Vacio, pulling back he stands. He steps forward as Los Caídos fall in behind him.

DDK:

Well... I think it's safe to say Lord Nigel Trickelbush just lit a fire under Victor Vacio.

Lance:

“Lit a fire”? He practically handed him the matches, Keebs. Nigel knew exactly what he was doing. Even the slightest mention of Kerry Kuroyama is enough to set Vacio off. The man who cares about nothing ... is obsessed!

DDK:

You've got to wonder, though, what is Nigel's play here? He drops that little nugget about Kerry facing Jack Harmen

and then strolls off like he's done his good deed for the day.

Lance:

True, and if we know ANYTHING ... Lord Nigel Tricklebush doesn't do *good* deeds!

DDK:

If I'm Jack Harmen, I'm keeping one eye on Kerry Kuroyama... and the other over my shoulder for Victor Vacio.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME - DARREN KEEBLER

Historical Play-by-Play Announcer and the VOICE of DEFIANCE!

THIRD ROUND'S ON ME?

♪ *Ballyhoojah...Baaaaalyyhooojaah...BaaaaAAAaallyhoooOOOoooojaaah...♪*

DEFTv continues rolling as the scene slowly fades in to Brock Newbludd and his makeshift office for the third time tonight. Sitting behind his desk with an acoustic guitar on his lap, the man who sang to the world and taught them “Margot’s Lessons” starts strumming the chords to the classic song “Hallelujah”.

Brock Newbludd:

♪ *Ballyhoojah...Baaaaalyyhooojaah...BaaaaAAAaallyhoooOOOoooojaaah...♪*

Apparently, The Last Action Hero caught a bit of inspiration after Reverend Black proclaimed “BALLY-HOOJAH!” during Black’s passionate sermon earlier. One in which Black stated that GAWD himself told him that he was the chosen one to become ACE at DEFIANCE Rising. Powerful stuff that also inspired Newbludd to have six more cans of the Blood of Christ, otherwise known as Miller High Life to those of little faith.

Brock Newbludd:

♪ *Ballyhoojah...Baaaaalyyhooojaah...BaaaaAAAaallyhoooOOOoooojaaah...♪*

Newbludd stops strumming and chuckles to himself as he grabs his can of beer off the table to take a drink. Just as he lifts it to his lips, the office door opens, and he raises his eyebrows in surprise at the figure standing in front of him.

One of his most bitter rivals that Brock’s ever had in his long career, Dr. Ned Reform. The two lock eyes and stare at each other in silence for a few tense moments until Newbludd starts playing the guitar again.

Brock Newbludd:

I heard you finally had that stick up your ass removed. I even heard you stopped in at Ballyhoo and had a beer. Not some pretentious bullshit drink... an honest-to-god, normal beer...

Before Reform can answer, the buzzed-up Newbludd starts singing again. He smiles at Reform, looking almost proud of his rival.

Brock Newbludd:

♪ *Ballyhoojah...Baaaaalyyhooojaah...BaaaaAAAaallyhoooOOOoooojaaah...♪*

Finishing off the chorus, Brock slaps the top of the guitar and stands up. Newbludd’s bad guitar playing did little to lessen the tension in the room.

Ned Reform:

Firstly, you heard incorrectly. I wouldn’t be caught dead in that establishment. But...

Reform gestures behind Brock to a Ballyhoo cooler.

Ned Reform:

I wouldn’t be opposed to a frigid adult beverage right now.

Newbludd ignores the insult directed at Ballyhoo Brew as he processes Reform’s request for a beer. No doubt, Ned’s history of always having some sort of nefarious ulterior motive with things crosses Brock’s mind, and he raises a suspicious eyebrow.

Brock Newbludd:

Come again? You, Dr. Ned Reform, want a Miller High Life from *me*?

Ned Reform:

It is the champagne of beers, no?

A genuine chuckle escapes from Newbludd.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, shit. I suppose it is, Ned...

Brock grabs a can from the cooler and tosses it to Reform, who catches it with one hand and cracks it open. Wiping the white foam off the top of the can, the Sage on the Stage takes a sip...and immediately grimaces.

Brock Newbludd:

Maybe you should stick to actual champagne, chief. You don't drink High Life for flavor if you catch my drift...

Ned wipes his mouth and raises the can back up to his lips.

Ned Reform:

Duly noted...

Throwing his head back, Reform CHUGS down the can of beer in remarkably quick fashion, causing The Faithful watching on the DEFtron to let out a cheer. Newbludd's jaw drops in astonishment.

Brock Newbludd:

Ballyhoo the hell is this guy!? What!?

Reform slams the empty beer down on the table.

Ned Reform:

Lest you ever forget that Wisconsinans have the market cornered on functional alcoholism, let me remind you I hail from New England!

Another laugh erupts from Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

Cass says the same shit whenever we tie one on, so I'm gonna tell you the same thing I tell him. At the end of the day, where you're free doesn't make you drunk. It's what's in here that does...

Newbludd taps a finger against his own chest and can't help but smile.

Brock Newbludd:

And I can't believe I'm saying this, but it looks like you got it.

Reform crosses his arms.

Ned Reform:

There. I've met you on your terms. Gone through this little "ritual." I am well aware of our history, Mr. Newbludd, and I'm more than aware that we are not "friends." However, we were... are... rivals. And as we've spilled blood in the same ring, dare I begrudgingly say perhaps a smidgen... a miniscule... an extremely microscopic respect has been fostered between us.

Brock Newbludd:

After that display, I'm going to have to say you're right. I won't bullshit you, Ned. You're a damn formidable opponent and know what you're doing in the ring. The ability and talent I respect. It's everything else that I had a problem with. I mean, you did try to steal my bar and make it into a coffee shop at one point.

Reform dismisses that last part with a wave of his hand.

Ned Reform:

Despite any other feelings, you know what I can do in the ring. As I do you. And I might ever-so-humbly suggest that Reform vs. Newbludd Round 3 is something the fans of this company might be inclined to see?

Brock thinks for a second before nodding his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

It would be one helluva rubber match, I'm not going to argue that. And we did blow the roof off the place every time we locked up. Whoever I pick it's going to be someone I know can give the fan's their money's worth and we definitely know how to do that...

Ned eagerly looks on as Brock ponders for a few seconds. Locking eyes with his rival, Brock puts a hand on his shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

I appreciate you coming in here and not being a total dick. And slammin' that beer like a champ certainly helped your cause. You've given me a lot to think about, Reform.

Ned Reform:

And?

Brock Newbludd:

And I'll let you know. I'm not shooting from the hip on this one, Ned. I'll be making an educated decision on who I pick. A man such as yourself can appreciate that, right?

With a wink, Brock lets go of Ned's shoulder and fetches another beer from the cooler. He offers it to Reform.

Brock Newbludd:

One for the road, chief?

Reform reaches and then hesitates slightly. The years-long rivalry between the two has been bloody and personal, with nothing "friendly" about it.

Brock Newbludd:

It's a beer, bro. Don't overthink it. We can still hate each other.

Reform raises an eyebrow at Brock and "reluctantly" snatches the can from his hand. The Faithful let out a cheer as Reform examines it closely with a raised eyebrow before tucking it under his arm.

Ned Reform:

Yes, well. I should probably confiscate this. Purely to prevent you from destroying what brain cells you have left. When you choose your opponent, you should have a clear head. In fact...

Reform helps himself to another cold one.

Ned Reform:

I should probably take this one, too. Now think hard!

The two beers in hand, the Good Doctor makes a hasty exit left. Newbludd stares at the open door for a moment before shaking his head and chuckling. He opens the cooler again as the picture fades out.

FAVOURED SAINTS: JACK HARMEN (C) vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

Coming up in our next match, ladies and gentlemen, the Favoured Saints Championship will be on the line! At the last DEFtv, reigning champion Jack Harmen was directly challenged by former champion, Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Did... Jack Harmen ever actually respond to that challenge?

DDK:

Now that you mention it, I don't know if that was ever made clear on the recent Uncut, he was too concerned trying to get everyone to call him a twenty something... but I can see Hector Navarro waiting in the ring, and the match is here on our itinerary, so let's just assume it's going down.

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

The T-Mobile Center shakes to the beat. Through a swath of green and pink thunderstorm animatics playing across the DEFIATron and LED screens on the stage, KERRY KUROYAMA strides out through the entry-way. At the head of the ramp, he pauses and pumps his fist, heralding the obligatory pyro.

BA-BOOOM!!

The Kansas City Faithful are *d'accord* with this.

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Smiling wide, Kerry descends the aisleway...

DDK:

Here comes the challenger on his way to the ring now. At the last DEFtv, when asked about where he plans to go with his DEFIANCE career after Acts of DEFIANCE, "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama spoke about "getting serious".

Lance:

He certainly looks serious tonight about earning himself another run with the Favoured Saints Championship.

DDK:

Indeed, Kerry has a confident look about him this evening as he makes his way to the ring, and I'm sure that has to do with his recent triumphs over "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio, and the members of--LOS CAÍDOS!?

Lance:

...uh, is there a reason you yelled that last part?

DDK:

Yes, there is a reason, Lance, and it's because THEY'RE HERE RIGHT NOW!

KA-POW! The running double axe-handle smash belonging to Gerardo Villalobos clocks the Emerald Apex blind in the back of the head, sending him sprawling down the rampway. A second later, the tandem of Corey Nunez and Hugo Gonzalez come streaking around him, bringing him the stomps in stereo format.

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?! Los Caídos are outright assaulting Kerry Kuroyama on his way to the ring before a title match!

Lance:

Getting a bit of payback, no doubt, after what went down at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Is there no end to this incessant harrassment?! Kerry has been dealing with these creeps for months now!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The jeers rain down as Victor Vacio himself steps through the entry-way and stands on the stage, watching the assault commence. Corey and Hugo eventually get Kuroyama by either arm and haul him back to his feet, right before whipping him straight into the waiting arms of Villalobos who powerslams him **HARD** on the ringside floor!

DDK:

Come on! This is totally uncalled for!

Lance:

I'm being told Ami Troy is currently preoccupied backstage following her earlier match with Archer Silver!

DDK:

Which means Kerry is completely on his own right now... oh, for crying out--now would you look at **THIS**?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

With the Favoured Saints Title hanging at his side, a grinning **JACK HARMEN** slinks through the curtain and hurries down to the ring -- but not before flashing Vacio a not-so-subtle wink and thumbs up for the assist.

DDK:

And naturally, here comes Harmen... putting the **JACK** in **JACK-yl** as he runs out here to reap the benefits!

Lance:

I reckon an athlete of his tenure will take up any offer for an easy night. Especially at his age...

DDK:

You're saying he's old? He's only twenty-nine, Lance.

Lance:

What are you saying? Clearly, he's--

DDK: *[stomping down on Lance's foot]*

He's *twenty-nine*, Lance!

As he breezes by the ongoing beatdown at ringside, Harmen encouragingly claps on the handiwork Los Caídos as they continue to work over Kerry. Then he slides into the ring where he first hands over the FS Title to Navarro, and then prods Darren Quimbey into earning his paycheck for the night.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is a **FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP** contest!

Harmen aggressively winds his arm in broad circles, telling the ring announcer to pick up the pace. Meanwhile, Villalobos traps Kuroyama's arms from behind while Nunez and Gonzalez exchange chops to the exposed chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, representing **VAE VICTIS**... he hails from Seattle, Washington, United States, and weighing in two-hundred and forty-four pounds... the **EMERALD APEX, KERRY KUROYAMA**!

The pop is muted for obvious reasons. Nunez, Gonzalez, and Villalobos roll in the beaten Kuroyama under the bottom rope before retreating up the ramp.

Harmen grabs Quimbey by the lapels of his suit and begins aggressively shaking him, insisting he hurry the hell up. Time is of the issues, as across the ring, Kerry Kuroyama is recollecting himself and shaking out the cobwebs.

Darren Quimbey:

AND-THE-CHAMPION-FROM-LOS-ANGELES-WEIGHS-TWO-TWELVE-ONE-QUARTER-FRIENDLYNEIGHBORHOODLUNATICJACKHARMEN!!

Harmen practically launches the ring announcer through the ropes as he swats him aside, then turns his aggravations onto Navarro.

DDK:

Harmen is doing everything he can to get that bell rung! Kerry is getting back to his feet!

Harmen points at Kerry rising up in his corner while running in place in his own, insisting that NOW is the time. Rolling his eyes at the Lunatic, Hector just gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell! Kuroyama finally back up after that unwarranted attack, and--

In a blur, the Lunatic streaks across the ring. Like being struck by a cannonball, Kuroyama hits the mat once more.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!! RIGHT OUT OF THE GATE!

Lance:

Kerry had absolutely no time to react!

DDK:

This was OVER before it BEGAN! Harmen HOOKS THE LEG...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Unbelievable...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Cackling mad, the retaining champ pops back to his feet and "allows" Navarro to unenthusiastically raise his arm in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... and STILL FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... JAAAAAAAAACK
HAAAAAARRRRMMMEEEEENNN!!!

Harmen hops out of the ring and retrieves his Favoured Saints Title from the timekeeper before going to the back to celebrate.

Meanwhile, Kuroyama rolls himself out of the ring, clutching his jaw and looking pissed off. I mean, really, *really* pissed off. In the way where he has total “what the eff was THAT?!” face.

DDK:

Easy night indeed for the new Favoured Saints Champion... although Jack Harmen can't hide from the fact that Los Caídos did all the heavy lifting here tonight!

Lance:

I think he fully acknowledges that, and he probably doesn't care, Keebs. He's not involved in Kerry Kuroyama's ongoing animosity with Victor Vacio and Los Caídos, but he's more than happy to take advantage of the circumstances.

DDK:

He took advantage of them, all right... and with that, Harmen earns the first successful title defense in his reign as Favoured Saints Champion. Real quick, let's take a commercial break! Don't go anywhere, ladies and gentlemen, because DEFtv is rolling right along!

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME - ANGUS SKAALAND

Historical color commentator and Manager

HANDICAP MATCH: NED REFORM vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

DDK:

Up next, ladies and gentlemen, we have a tag team match that seems to be - or all intents and purposes - a handicap match.

Lance:

Ned Reform, fresh off a return and just barely escaping the trap of his former running mates The Honor Society, may have nowhere to run when he faces off against Professor Horrigan and Professor Owens. Two men that he personally recruited to the Honor Society, I might add.

DDK:

We saw both Ned and Reverend Black make their cases to Brock Newbludd tonight. I'd have to assume the immaculate lamb will be making an appearance sooner rather than later.

Lance:

This very well may be the final class of The Sage on the Stage.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The songs of Beethoven's classic echo throughout the T-Mobile center as the house lights turn purple. And much like Ebenezer Scrooge on Christmas morning, something miraculous happens: for the first time in history, the Faithful are not awash in jeers and boos. Don't get me wrong, they're not going insane with cheers - we ain't there yet - but the reception is generally positive. Ned Reform, dressed for combat, appears through the curtain. As is his custom, he pauses at the top of the ramp and looks slowly around the arena. But there's less contempt in his snarl and more tempered excitement.

Lance:

Big fan favorites Ned Reform and Malak Garland. What a brave new world...

Ned begins his slow saunter to the ring. Nothing has changed about his pace or stride, but when he stops to look at the Faithful the smirk seems somewhat more... playful.

DDK:

As The Good Doctor makes his way to the ring, we have some pre-recorded comments from earlier tonight!

Ned continues down the ramp as a small mini-box promo appears in the left hand corner of the screen. The chyron reads "Earlier Today." In the box stands Reform, dressed in his gear and looking contemplative.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Horrigan and Mr. Owens... two men who owe everything to me, and two men looking to repay me in bloodshed. No matter. I am well aware of my status in the locker room as far as allies go, but I fear not. What Heavy Artillery have in raw power, they compensate by having the IQ of a brontosaurus. Combined, that is. I don't help to deal with those half wits, and then... I'll be paying you a visit, Mr. Black.

The box disappears and Ned is in the ring. He runs the ropes as his music continues to play and Quimbey raises the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match and set for one fall... introducing first, from New Haven, Connecticut, weighing in at 229 lbs... NED! REEEFROM!

Ned is running the ropes when something VERY odd happens. It's certainly not every fan, but a notable contingent of the audience fills in the rest...

DOCTOR Ned Reform

Reform stops running. Turns to the Faithful wide-eyed. Did he just hear that? Try as he might, he can only half suppress a smile.

Ned's music fades. And then...

Darren Quimbey:

And his tag team partner....

Crickets.

Nothing.

Uncomfortable silence.

In the ring, Ned rolls his fingers in a "let's get this show on the road" motion.

Darren Quimbey:

Very well... then his opponents...

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Here come the two absolute behemoths: Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens. Surprisingly, there is no purple. No white. They have shed every indication of their Honor Society allegiance, instead reverting back to their OG ring attire: street clothes - tanktops, jeans, and a leather jacket or two. The pair pound their fists into their hands and point towards Reform as they march toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at nearly ONE THOUSAND pounds... Bobby Horrigan and Rosie Owens... Heavy Arrrrtillery!

DDK:

No "Professors" in sight tonight... I wonder if there's trouble in Honor Society paradise...?

Owens pauses at the bottom of the ramp while Horrigan walks slowly around the ring, eyes trained on Reform... and the Mad Gadfly stares right back. Horrigan takes position on the opposite side and Ned's head snaps back and forth as he tries to keep both members of Heavy Artillery in his sight.

Lance:

Owens and Horrigan have spent a LOT of time with Ned Reform... despite what he said about their perceived lack of intelligence, they may in fact have a pretty good idea of how to deal with him!

Quimbey, sensing some stuff is about to go down, makes a hasty exit from the ring. He's replaced by Carla Ferrari, who joins Ned in trying to keep an eye on all the action. She appears ready to call for the bell when suddenly...

♪ "Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen ♪

Lance:

Wait just a minute! That's the music off...

DDK:

Could it be??

Both members of Heavy Artillery stare with confused faces toward the entrance. Ned does the same... and Reform's eyes bug out with shock when LEVI COLE marches through the curtain toward the ring! And he's not in the Stars & Stripes... he's wearing the Purple & White!

Lance:

I don't believe it!

DDK:

Ned publicly apologized to Cole two weeks ago, but I never thought...

Reform continues to stare with a combination of shock and giddiness as Cole (with a dress shirt and mini skirt sporting Sweet Saunders) walks down the ramp with purpose. He brushes right by a confused Rosie Owens and marches around the ring until he reaches the spot where Quimbey sits. Bewildered, Quimby picks up what Cole is non-verbally putting down.

Darren Quimbey:

And uh... introducing Ned Reform's tag team partner... LEVI COLE!

Cole SNATCHES the mic from Quimbey! He looks up toward the ring - and his former mentor.

Levi Cole:

That's **TA COLE**.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Reform breaks out in a slow smile... but the moment is ruined when Owens jumps him from behind! On the outside, Cole is similarly under assault by Bobby Horrigan! Carla calls for this one to get started!

DING DING

Cole and Horrigan brawl on the outside while Reform takes a clubberin' from Rosie in the ring. Ned tries to backpedal and create some distance, but all he does is trap himself in the corner to eat more of the big powerhouse shots. Snarling, Owens wraps his big mit around Ned's neck and begins to choke! The Good Doctor's arms flail as Carla moves in for the count and Owens breaks the choke just before five.

DDK:

And now we have a match between the four originals of the Honor Society... before Erik Black and his "expansion."

On the outside, Horrigan goes to whip Cole into the ring steps... but Cole reverses! The mass of humanity that is big Bobby SLAMS into the steps and sends them flying!

DDK:

Wait a minute... COLE WITH AN OVERHEAD SUPLEX ON THE OUTSIDE!!! BOBBY HERRIGAN IS CLOSE TO FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS!!

Lance:

We've always said it, Darren... Levi Cole is a FREAKISHLY strong athlete.

In the ring, Owens sends Reform off the ropes and looks for a back body drop on the rebound. The Good Doctor, however, is able to float over and grab the knees of the bigger man, looking to pull him down in a sunset flip. The sheer mass of Owens, however, makes this damn near impossible and the member of HA won't go over!

Lance:

Uh oh... Rosie looking to take a seat and squash Ned flat...

DDK:

NO! Reform moves and Owens' sizeable posterior meets canvas!

Owens holds his butt in pain and tries to scramble back to his feet... where he's met by a pointer finger to the eye by

Ned Reform!

DDK:

Just because he's had a change of heart doesn't mean he's going to change his tactics I suppose.

Lance:

The Faithful don't seem to have a problem with it!

Indeed, Reform's cheating, once cause for scorn, earns a positive reaction from the live crowd. Ned soaks this in before he turns and spots TA Cole on the apron, leaning over and asking for a tag! With a nod and wink... Reform makes the tag!

DDK:

Cole leaps over the top rope... big clothesline to Owens! But he doesn't go down!

Cole tries another. Owens stumbles but doesn't fall. Finally, Cole gets a big head of steam and DROPS the big man with a final lariat straight outta Nebraska!

DDK:

Levi... excuse me, TA Cole is on fire... wait a minute...

A sudden camera shift! It appears unplanned and takes a few seconds to come into focus. It's pointed at the upper deck... sitting amongst the Faithful, not making a huge spectacle of themselves but otherwise watching intently... is someone known all too well to the world of PRIME! There's no mistaking the black hair with the pink and neon highlights...

Lance:

That's RIA! Darren! She doesn't work here!

The Faithful pick up on this unexpected famous guest in their mist and pull back, beginning to make a circle and take pictures and point. RIA is unperturbed... instead, she stares silently toward the ring, thoughtfully stroking her chin.

While Cole works over Owens, Reform remains on the apron... but he seems to have forgotten about the match, instead his attention seems to be 100% off into the stands and on RIA. While the mic isn't close enough to hear what he's saying, his gestures give us the distinct impression he's trying to goad her to come down to the ring.

DDK:

Fans of our distinguished competition know that Ned Reform recently made an appearance on their program and issued a challenge for the upcoming PRIME vs. DEFIANCE supercard. He also invited PRIME to come take him up on it during this very program.

Lance:

Is that why RIA is here?? Is she accepting his challenge?

DDK:

If she is, she doesn't seem ready to clue us in... or even Ned.

As Reform continues to bark up at her stoic face, Cole gets attacked by Horrigan and the double team commences. The Faithful urge The Good Doctor to turn around and help his partner. Reform does, and attempts to enter the ring himself - but of course Carla Ferrari is there to cut him off. Ain't that always the way.

DDK:

Horrigan stomping away at TA Cole in the corner. A few big forearms and Cole is stunned!

Lance:

Irish whip into the opposite corner... Horrigan charges... NO! Cole moves and Horrigan meets turnbuckle!

Horrigan stumbles out of the corner... BIG T-BONE SUPLEX!! Horrigan nearly dents the mat!

DDK:

And Cole tags Reform back in!

The Good Doctor doesn't even enter the ring, instead opting to climb to the top rope. He stands over Horrigan, looking down at his fallen former friend. He appears to be calling for the big elbow... but before he drops, he turns to shoot one more menacing glance at the guest from PRIME...

...but RIA is gone!

Lance:

Where'd she go!?

Reform takes only a second to be surprised before refocusing on Horrigan. He leaps off the top...

DDK:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOW!

Lance:

Ned covers... Owens tries to break the count but Cole is there to cut him off at the pass!

As Carla drops down to count the three, on the outside Sweet Saunders pounds the mat in rhythm...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And they've done it! A reunion between Levi Cole and Ned Reform sees them victorious over their former team mates in Bobby Horrigan and Rosie Owens!

In the ring, Carla raised both Ned and Cole's hands. After she releases them, Cole smiles and holds out a hand for a shake. Reform's face suddenly goes dark and he SMACKS Cole's hand away to everyone's shock.

DDK:

Uh oh...

...and instead Ned goes in for the hug!! Big pop!!

DDK:

I never thought I'd see..

"NOOOOOOOO!!!"

The camera swoops over to the stage...

...where REVEREND ERIK BLACK is standing with a mic in hand!

Rev. Erik Black:

You HEATHENS! You WRETCHES! You ATHEIST, INTELLECTUAL SCOUNDRELS! You were meant to be ONE OF US, Leviticus! I could have made you a SAINT! But INSTEAD, you've taken to the FORKED TONGUE of the SERPENT... REEEFOOOOORRRRRMMM!!!

¼ of the Faithful:

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform...

Upon hearing them, The Sacred Lamb balks as if he's just been doused with ice-cold water.

Rev. Erik Black:

You DARE mock the word of LOARD GAWD JAYZUS!? Well HA!! The two of you have just WALKED INTO my CLEVERLY PLANNED TRAP!! Now my HEAVENLY SOCIETY will BESIEGE you wanton pagans, and send you straight to AYCHe-EEH-DUBBLE-HOCKEY-STICKS!!

As he says this, the trio of Carlo Amaretto, Gomez Amaretto, and Olvir Arsvinnar step out through the entry-way.

Erik Black:

HEAVENLY SOCIETY... ATTAAAAAACK!!!

And Black's goons charge! Reform and Cole make a show of readying to defend themselves... but just as their enemies hit the ring, they both slide out! Over the barricade they go with Black and his "Heavenly Society" giving chase!

THE MISSIONARY POSITION

DDK:

Doctor Reform and Levi Cole are on the run, Reverend Black and the Heaven Society are in pursuit! Real quick, let's jump to the back and stay on the action!

The feed cuts to backstage, where a camera catches the pair of Dr. Reform and Cole rounding a corner and ducking through a door leading out to the loading dock.

Rev. Erik Black

AFTER THEM! GET THEM! GO-GO-GO-GO-GO-GO-GO!!!

The Angelic Amarettos, Carlo and Gomez, come barrelling down the corridor, flopping over one another like dogs running for the bowl at feeding time. Olvir Arsvinnar, the Viking of Virtue, is right on their heels.

Reverend Black chases after the pack, anxiously jumping up and down and shaking his fists over his head.

Rev. Erik Black:

RUN THEM DOWN! SMITE THE SINNERS! Let them FEEL HIS HOLEY WRATH!!

The camera pursues the remainder of the Heavenly Society as they invade the arena's loading dock.

Rev. Erik Black:

THERE they are!

Black points, and his congregation turn to look. The faces of Reform and Cole are briefly seen fading into a darkened entryway.

A nearby sign explicitly reads, "NO EXIT".

Rev. Erik Black:

NOW we've got 'em! GO! GET IN THERE! Leave NO QUARTER!

Arsvinnar and the Amarettos dash recklessly into the unknown. Soon after, the Reverend Black finds a set of double doors and slams them shut, sliding a bar in place to latch them shut.

Rev. Erik Black:

HA-HAAA!! TRAPPED like the RATS you are! Condolences, Doc, but there's NO ESCAPE for the likes of YOU!

Ned Reform:

Yes. It appears we are in quite the pickle.

Reverend Black glances off camera. Double takes. *Triple* takes. Then reacts as though he's just been shot with an invisible bullet.

Rev. Erik Black

AAAH!!

The camera swings around to reveal... DOCTOR REFORM and TA COLE standing mere feet away!

Rev. Erik Black:

But YOU -- if not IN THERE -- but HOW -- says WHY -- what the HECK?!

TA Cole:

Looks like you gotta keep on TRUCKING, Black.

A beat.

TA Cole:

Um... I'm sorry. I tried...

Reform puts a reassuring hand on his friend's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

Quite alright, Mr. Cole. You tried and it's the effort that counts. Witty puns can be difficult...

Rev. Erik Black:

What are you talking...

A diesel engine revs...

Reverend Black turns back to the door he just sealed shut to see it suddenly PULL AWAY from the wall. The "room" he ordered his crew into is revealed to be a trailer attached to a truck, slowly rolling away from its place of concealment.

Rev. Erik Black:

HOLY LAST CRUSADE!!

Through the open bay door, the camera catches the semi-trailer rolling out through the arena's parking lot and turns out into the street. Reverend Black stands at the precipice, gawking in shock and horror.

Rev. Erik Black:

WHERE is that TRUCK HEADED TO?!

Ned Reform:

I've done you a kindness, Mr. Black. Your flock will certainly be of the highest and most holiest of calibers after spending three months in Abu Dhabi during missionary work.

Rev. Erik Black:

ABU DHABI?! But I CAN'T TAKE OVER DEFIANCE if THEY'RE OVER THERE!! What am I to DO without a HEAVEN SOCIETY to PROTECT ME?!

A lingering silence follows, as the apathy for the Ungood Reverend's plight becomes abundantly clear. Doctor Reform and Cole exchange glances, then look to Black...

Rev. Erik Black:

...

Dr. Ned Reform:

...

Rev. Erik Black:

...

Levi Cole:

...

Rev. Erik Black:

...WHOASHUCKS!!

Realizing he is suddenly alone and defenseless, Reverend Black turns and runs from the original Honor Society.

TA Cole:

Should we follow?

Ned Reform:

Not yet, my dear Mr. Cole. I have a plan. I think it best to let Black stew for a few weeks. However...

Reform makes a big show of thoughtfully stroking his chin.

Ned Reform:

It does occur to me that our dear friend the Reverend is now ally-less. Which, if I follow the line of thinking to its logical conclusion, would mean that the Honor Society is no more, yes?

TA Cole:

I guess so, Doc...

Ned Reform:

Then that would also mean... the name is up for grabs?

It dawns on Cole where this is going. He breaks out in a slow smile.

TA Cole:

Why... I suppose it would!

Reform extends his hand.

Ned Reform:

Then Mr. Cole, welcome back to the Honor Society. And I mean welcome as the co-director. Shake my hand... partner.

Beaming, Cole obliges. Reform perks up as a thought just occurred to him.

Ned Reform:

Say, Levi, what are your plans next week? I'm wondering, say, Friday evening? I hear Morgantown is lovely this time of year.

TA Cole:

I could be up for a road trip for sure...

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

A closer look at the professional careers of YOUR favorite DEFIANTS!

CALLING IN THE VVINGMAN

Cut to backstage, where Jamie Sawyers is patiently waiting outside the large iron double doors of DOOM leading into the VVIP Room. Before long, a very irate Kerry Kuroyama approaches, coming back from the ring.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry?

Kerry Kuroyama: *[growling]*

Jamie...

Kuroyama walks right by the interviewer, headed for the doors in the background.

Jamie Sawyers:

Care to offer a word on what just occurred out there?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Oh, I got a word I can offer you...

He shoves the double doors open, revealing the palatial, column-lined suite within.

Kerry Kuroyama:

HORSESHIT!

Kerry stomps in. Jamie tails after him.

Kerry Kuroyama:

For months, I've had those assholes hounding me... gnawing at my taint... sticking their nihilist noses where they don't belong!

Kerry Kuroyama:

When does it end!? Who's ass do I have to kick, and how hard? How many people need to be dropped on their heads for these scumbags to finally and forever fuck off out of my life?

In the center of the room, Ami Troy is redressed after her earlier match and lounging on a semi-circular pink sofa.

Ami Troy:

Not enough, evidently...

Her eyes never leave her phone as she casually passes Kerry a freshly fixed tumbler of some obscure Japanese whisky, on the rocks. Kuroyama throws it back in a single gulp.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Never enough! And it's HORSESHIT, Jamie! *(aside to Ami)* Thanks babe, you were great out there tonight, Archer can eat shit *(back to Jamie)* Absolutely HORSESHIT, I tell you!

Jamie thoughtfully pinches his chin.

Jamie Sawyers:

I guess this then begs the question, Kerry, what's your next move? I mean, how will you respond to this latest offense?

Kerry disappears behind a folding screen with a lot of badass Japanese art and dragons and shit embroidered on it. After a moment, his tights appear draped over the top.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Good question, Jamie. How *will* I respond? Because the tried and true methods of just beating the shit out of the people who have wronged me don't seem to be getting the point across.

He emerges from behind the screen mere seconds later, already showered and fully dressed in a mint green suit. His tumbler has also been inexplicably refilled.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But as I told you two weeks ago, the time has come for me to *get serious* here in DEFIANCE.

Kerry points to a wall speaker. By some magic, music begins playing on cue.

[!\[\]\(4088dee54a5106d33572f5614995d965_img.jpg\) "Train" by the Buddy Miles Express !\[\]\(747f35be0e3f829f62d2d682b02a107a_img.jpg\)](#)

Kerry Kuroyama:

And *get serious* I shall... on Victor and his boys.

Sawyers looks around in confusion. What the hell is happening right now?

Jamie Sawyers:

Okay, um... would you care to elaborate on that concept?

But Kuroyama's stride doesn't falter.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm afraid there's not much to elaborate on, Jamie. It's just one of those things that's easier to show rather than tell. A vibe that normal words can't really dictate. A wavelength that human language could never decipher.

Jamie Sawyers:

Huh?

Kerry Kuroyama:

The point is, Jamie... we're Vae fucking Victis. Kicking all of the ass in DEFIANCE is not any sort of outstanding achievement for us. It's simply the norm.

Kerry marches over to a golden bust of Dan Ryan set near the fall wall.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But piss us off...?

Pulling back the head reveals a hidden button underneath.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...then you get to watch us go fucking **nuclear**.

Upon pushing it, a section of the wall slides aside, revealing two fire poles leading down through holes cut into the floor.

Kerry Kuroyama: *[gesturing to the poles]*

After you, sir...

The interviewer leans in over one of the holes and looks down into the imperceivable black below.

Jamie Sawyers:

Um... is this... is this all built into the arena, or something?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie, listen to me...

Kerry pulls Jamie within inches of his face and looks him right in the eye.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I am being very, very *serious* with you right now. Grab that fucking pole, and enjoy the ride.

Jamie gulps...

...then does exactly as told, gripping his mic tight as he hugs the pole and disappears through the hole in the floor.

We abruptly cut to an unknown level of the arena. Coming down the pole, Sawyers touches down in what appears to be the bustling office of a secret intelligence agency.

A giant bronze seal hanging on the wall reads "V-VIA".

Kuroyama descends the pole next to Jamie. At some point during the trip, he acquired a mustache and aviator sunglasses. Of course, his tumbler hasn't lost a drop.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Welcome to the dark purple heart of the Vae Victis beast, Jamie. Let me show you how *serious* we get down here...

Kerry hooks his arm around Sawyers' shoulders to lead him ahead. Paralyzed with the absurdity of the situation, Jamie's eyes anxiously dart around in ever escalating bewilderment.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Truth is, Vae Victis has affairs that extend beyond DEFIANCE. We have our hands in many pies.

Jamie Sawyers:

...gross.

Kerry Kuroyama:

DEFIANCE has long been acquainted with the merciless wrath of The Besties. But they aren't the only tandem of terrors that Vae Victis has to offer. I think it's high time this company became acquainted with the VVingmen.

Jamie Sawyers:

The Wingmen?

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, Jamie, *VVingmen*. Huge difference.

The two approach a cubicle occupied by Scott Hunter and his marsupial sidekick, Kerry Koalayama. Scott is rocking his own baby blue leisure suit, moustache, and aviators.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Agents Hunter and Koalayama... what's crackin'?

He exchanges a high five with Hunter. Kerry Koalayama answers the greeting with a belch, and goes back to eating his eucalyptus burrito.

A eucalyto, if you will.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Unfortunately, tonight's operation was a wash, and I feel the time has come to bring out the big guns. What do you

think, VVingman?

Scott Hunter:

If by 'guns' you mean the killer biceps I've been carefully sculpting in the gym lately, I would have to say you may be right. I also think Simon Tillier looks very different from how he usually does.

Kerry Kuroyama:

That's because we're in DEFIANCE right now, and this is Jamie Sawyers.

Scott stares at Jamie Sawyers.

Scott Hunter:

Are you sure this isn't Simon in disguise? Simon always dresses in ridiculous outfits and tries to look cool.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, this is definitely Jamie Sawyers.

Scott Hunter:

Oh, right. I see it now. This guy doesn't look remotely cool.

Jamie Sawyer reaches out his hand with a smile.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hi Scott, it's nice to meet you, I'm.... *[something clicks]* ...Hey, whattya mean I don't look remotely cool?

Scott looks up at Kerry.

Scott Hunter:

Should I punch him in the face just to be sure?

Kerry Kuroyama:

NO. I told you, this is DEFIANCE, not PRIME. This isn't Simon, it's JAMIE SAWYERS.

Scott Hunter:

I still want to punch him in the face.

Sawyers pulls back, frowning.

Kerry Kuroyama:

That won't be necessary. He's my guest, after all. And like I said, this... is... DEFIANCE.

Scott Hunter:

Oh, this is DEFIANCE. Is that why we're getting along right now?

Kerry facepalms, but quickly recovers, as if he's been through this many times by now.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, it's best if you don't question the premise, and I don't mean just because historically you struggle with certain concepts.

Scott Hunter:

I do not!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Scott, the first time you met Dan Ryan, you asked him if he was the old man in the Cracker Barrel logo, and almost got

killed.

Scott Hunter: *[nodding]*

Yeah, that was on me. I just got excited. I love that place. Where else can you buy independently crafted soaps and quilts, and chicken-fried steak, all in the same establishment? And to be fair, Dan Ryan does like to whittle pieces of wood an awful lot.

Kerry just stares at him for a moment, then blinks.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Needless to say, it's best you just play along.

Kerry Koalayama belches again.

Scott Hunter:

Oh, right! I mean... *[gettin' surrious] ...riiiiiiiight.*

Through all of this, Jamie Sawyers just looks back and forth between the two men, and somewhere along the line, wonders if someone spiked his coffee.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Anyway, in light of recent events, we may have to move forward with Operation Le Devenir Sérieux by the time we reach Marseilles. How do you feel about winning the Favoured Saints Title, Scott? Think you're up to it?

Scott Hunter:

I don't see why I wouldn't be up to it! I don't even know what it is, technically, so I would say I definitely don't see why I wouldn't be up to it! Do you see any reason why I wouldn't be up to it??

Kerry Kuroyama:

No.

Scott Hunter:

Then yes, I'm up to it! Let Operation Le Flooftypoodle Slipperynipple commence!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Good to hear. Knew I could rely on you, VVingman.

Jamie Sawyers:

Um... gentlemen? What is... what is happening right now?

Kerry Kuroyama:

What do you mean, Jamie? We're planning a very important top secret mission.

Jamie Sawyers:

Okay, but--

RRRRRIIIIIINNG!!

Without warning, an alarm bell sounds, and a wall-mounted red light begins flashing.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hold that thought, Jamie. That signal means there's outlaw mudshow garbage wrestling bullshit happening somewhere nearby. And we have to put a stop to it. Ready to rock, Scott?

Scott slams down his thermos of YooHoo.

Scott Hunter:

Ready to roll!!

Kerry throws back his tumbler and downs the rest of his whisky, and the two get moving. Literally five feet away from where they were standing, a royal purple Ford Gran Torino is idling.

Jamie Sawyers:

What the--?!

Hunter hops behind the wheel, where Kerry helps their koala sidekick into the backseat and straps him in before settling himself into the passenger side.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let's make trails...

Kuroyama places a single domed flasher on the top of the car as Hunter slams down on the gas. The Gran Torino furiously (and some would say SURRIOUSLY) peels out, disappearing up a concrete rampway that leads out into the street.

Jamie Sawyers is left alone in the V-VIA office, looking around his surroundings in even more confusion.

Jamie Sawyers:

Wait a sec... where am I, and how do I leave?!

A MEMBER OF THE TRIPLE 7S vs. A MEMBER OF RCR

DDK:

We've got a preview of a possible match to come in our next bout! The Triple 7s would go on to win the Ace of Tag Teams at Acts of DEFIANCE and on two different occasions, they've already been taunting Rain City Ronin with it. Tonight, we will see what that match could look like!

Lance:

Tom Morrow challenged one member of RCR to take on a member of the Triple 7s! We've come to learn earlier today that the members have been chosen. The powerhouse of RCR, Leo Burnett, will take on the newest member of the Triple 7s looking to prove himself in singles action, Mark Luck!

DDK:

Mark Luck has been pivotal to the success of the Triple 7s in their brief time! He scored the winning fall over M4NTRA in the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams and then was the man who injured Lonnie Luck with multiple Winning Hand Slams! Leo Burnett will have to do what he can to keep his guard up!

~♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow w/ Run the Jewels ~♪

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Without delay, the Rain City Ronin stride out onto the stage, greeted with a massively supportive ovation from the DEFIANCE Faithful. Leo Burnett, dressed for competition, takes point. Zack Daymon, clad in a Dojo Cascadia tracksuit, holds the back end. They acknowledge the love from the fans by way of raising their Unified Tag Team Champions, never breaking stride as they descend the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, representing Dojo Cascadia... hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-two pounds... he is one half of the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE... LEEEOOO BUURRRNNETT!!

DDK:

They may be silent, but this crowd is not! What a huge ovation for the tag champs!

Lance:

Leo Burnett looks absolutely on point tonight. Though usually the more stoic and cool half of the Rain City Ronin, the Chicago-born powerhouse looks intensely focused on his way to the ring. I'd almost say, borderline *pissed off*.

DDK:

Almost as if he's been waiting these last two weeks to get his hands on their next challengers! The Ronin have made it clear that they aren't interested in trading barbs with Tom Morrow or the Lucks.

Lance:

Nope. They'd rather trade blows.

Upon reaching ringside, they promptly climb the steps to the apron. Burnett mechanically sits on the ropes to hold them open for Daymon, who likewise holds them open for his partner after he enters first.

The Rain City Ronin walk to the north side of the arena, and hoist their titles.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

RCR walk to the other side of the ring, facing the south. Rinse and repeat.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Burnett hands over his half of the championship belts to Daymon, who quickly quits the ring. Leo goes to his corner and keeps himself limber, staring at the curtain in anticipation...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Leo Burnett is in the ring when he hears the Kansas City crowd. They do not waste any time jeering Tom Morrow when he walks out.

Tom Morrow:

Oooooooooohhhhhh ... Leo. You and Zacky Boy over there have no idea the world of deeeeeeeeeeeeeeep fecal matter, my mute amigo! You would have been better off not taking us up on this challenge. Instead ... I told you all that I was going to make you both *suffer* for what you both did to me at 2024's DEFCON! You tried to poison my guys against me! And now ... you won't die, but after the Triple 7s get done with you, you'll only *wish* you were!

Tom Morrow waves the metal clipboard around containing the contract.

Tom Morrow:

We literally hold your fate in our hands, young blood and tonight, you'll get a taste of what's coming your way when we cash this bad boy in. Introducing ... the man accompanied by his good twin brothers, Max and Mason Luck! He stands at an impeccable seven feet tall! He weighs in at a scale-tipping three-hundred and five pounds! He is the spark that will start the fire we use to *burn* this tag team division to the ground so we can rebuild in our image ...

Morrow stands aside and points at the stage.

Tom Morrow:

MARK THE SPARK ... A ... K ... A ... MAARRRRRRRRKKKKKKK LUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKK!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The arena is quickly washed over with orange flame lighting all over ...

One spotlight appears on the stage with a man holding up the Winning Hand! Dressed in a black vest and black pants with orange flame designs all across and orange hued glasses, Mark Luck tilts them down, winks to the camera and then inches them back on his face. Behind Tom Morrow, Mason and Mark Luck are both wearing their dark green and dark red suits and rich designer shades.

Lance:

I heard the Triple 7s used some of the cash prize from the Ace of Tag Teams to buy themselves a whole new wardrobe.

DDK:

How many green and red suits do these two own, you think?

Tom Morrow sings the monster's praises as he walks to the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Mark's gonna *beat* an entire vocabulary's worth of pain right outta you, Leo!

Mark Luck shakes both his hands, pulls the ropes and then pulls himself up into the ring. Mark Luck stands across from Leo Burnett. The Blonde God as he calls himself runs a hand through his slicked hair and gets ready.

DING DING

Leo Burnett guns right for Mark Luck at the bell! The two lock up and even though the Iceman is a renowned technical power house, he gets shoved backwards into the corner by the seven foot power house. Mark Luck hears the booing

from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as he puts his arms up.

Mark Luck:

Gonna have to do better than that my dude!

Burnett goes at Mark a second time but this time he side steps the oncoming monster. One of Morrow's prized Seven Foot Savages gets kicked in the leg by the Iceman to try and chop Mark the Spark down to size. He throws a series of kicks for the legs that make the giant wince. Mark tries returning the favor by throwing a punch that Leo is able to duck. He throws one the other way and Leo evades that as well then goes back to the leg. He tries to shoot him off his feet for a single leg and almost does until Mark's tall frame lets him make the ropes.

DDK:

The Iceman's coming in hot! We've seen Mark Luck in singles matches on Uncut, but this is our first look at what he can do on DEFTv!

Mason and Max are both giving Mark words and telling him not to mess around. Mark charges blindly at Leo once again but Leo ducks and then hits a kick that drops the big man then hits a low running shoulder tackle at the leg! The Blonde God almost loses his footing completely but the ropes save him again! Leo tries to pick at the leg again but with Mark in the ropes the ref makes him break the contact. Leo observes the rules and looks pretty sure of himself waving at Mark the Spark to bring it.

Lance:

The champs are brimming with confidence these days! I can't remember the last time that these two men have lost a tag team match, can you?

DDK:

They are confident, but they have to be careful. We know what Tom Morrow can do with a contract in hand since the Lucky 7s did it twice over when they were previously Unified Tag Team champs. That Ace of Tag Teams contract makes them super dangerous.

Leo guns right at the leg again but this time Mark is able to cut him off by plastering the Iceman with a knee to the stomach from the other side. A big overhead shot to the top of the back follows and then Burnett finds himself thrown back into the corner for Mark to follow with an elbow shot.

DDK:

Mark Luck is showing off he does have a former fighting background. He did cut his teeth wrestling in some MMA organizations in Las Vegas before jumping into pro wrestling with both feet.

Mark lifts back and swings with another punch that has one half of the Unified Tag champs seeing stars. Mark balls up his fists and he arrogantly blows on them with a chuckle under his breath. He goes back but Leo Burnett already explodes out of the corner with boots thrown to the leg of Mark again and then some big elbow shots to the head. He has the giant reeling but a whip goes wrong for him when Mark reverses it. Luck ducks and Burnett leaps over to try and take the giant off his feet for a sunset flip. Luck is teetering in place, but he grabs Leo with both hands!

Lance:

He's got Burnett by the neck! And he's lifting him up high!

DDK:

Burnett's locked in that double overhead choke ... no! No! There's plenty of fight in the Iceman!

Kansas City cheers him on for elbowing his way to freedom from the choke. He kicks Mark again at the knee and then tries to hit a gut wrench. Mark is just too large and he spins around to counter into one of his own and then picks him up in his arms to land a fall away slam that earns Leo Burnett some great frequent flyer mileage. Mark sits up and looks back at how far he threw him and talks trash with his in-laws.

Mark Luck:

See how far that dumbass flew?! Sick!

Mason, Max and Morrow all give a thumbs up from ringside. Zack Daymon is far less amused and more concerned for his tag team partner's health and well-being.

DDK:

Mark shouldn't be wasting time. Now he's in for the pinfall.

A lateral press by Mark Luck!

One ...

Two ... no!!!

Lance:

Time was wasted there. We know that this match isn't for the Ace of Tag Teams tonight, but Mark Luck should be looking at this as an opportunity to soften the champs up for a future match whenever Morrow calls the shot.

Tom Morrow tells Mark Luck some sort of game plan and the youngest member of the Triple 7s executes the game plan. He is able to pick Leo up into a bear hug and then runs him right into one of the open corners! Leo is reeling but Mark Luck keeps him locked up in the bear hug. He walks Leo back to the middle and then picks him up to run him into another corner. Shoulders to the chest follow!

Lance:

Mark Luck is just brutalizing Leo Burnett now!

Burnett get thrown out of the corner with ease. Mark Luck gets ready to set up Burnett for another move, but Leo lives up to the name of the promotion that both men work for and defiantly fights back to break Mark's grip from the bear hug!

DDK:

Burnett breaks things up. He comes off the ropes and hits a running shoulder block! Mark isn't moving!

Mark doesn't fall off his feet. Leo goes again ...

DDK:

Another one coming ... no!!! MARK LUCK HITS A DROP KICK!!!

Mark the Spark jumps off the canvas and kicks Leo Burnett right in the chest on the way back! Even the other members of the Triple 7s look shocked he was able to pull it off. Mark moves over and then tries pinning Burnett again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mark looks up and sees a two count and then sees Leo's shoulder escapes!

DDK:

That might have been a rookie-like move on Mark's part. The drop kick was excellent but that lateral press needed a hook of the leg as well!

Morrow twirls his finger and tells him to keep up attacking Leo Burnett and to make him suffer. Mark Luck gets the idea. He sets Burnett in a fireman's carry and then places him on the shoulder, but at the last second Burnett is able to get out and then drop him with a reverse DDT on the way down behind him!

DDK:

The bottom just fell out from Mark Luck with that DDT counter! Leo Burnett has finally gotten this giant off his feet!

Lance:

The Rain City Ronin don't know when to stop in singles or tag team action! They will find a way and they are proving it here!

Max and Mason scream to Mark to get up. Zack Daymon silently points at his partner to watch out for Mark Luck who is already back on his knees and almost standing upright again. Leo Burnett is in the corner and when Mark comes running like a massive train Leo elbows his face first. Leo takes off like a bullet himself and when he swings for a big clothesline, Mark Luck stops him using a knee. Leo is cut off when Mark goes for another move but he takes the big man off his feet using a huge spine buster!

DDK:

How did he do that?! Burnett scores with that spine buster! Is he going to pull off the win?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mark kicks out and Leo goes flying back but the Iceman remains as cool as his nickname implies and goes right back to the action. Leo Burnett goes right to Mark and it's clear he has a gotch pile driver in mind.

Lance:

He's not gonna ... no! Mark Luck takes him out!

The Blonde God rises up to take Mark out with a back body drop but he is shockingly able to land on his feet. Leo hits the ropes but he walks right into a high round house kick from the seven footer! Leo Burnett slumps over and then collapses like dead weight! Morrow screams like a banshee to get Mark to pin him.

DDK:

Here's the Kicker ... that's not a statement, that's the name of the move! That fighting background we talked about earlier just paid dividends!

Luck is super cocky with the cover but now has the leg!

One ...

Two ...

Thre — no!!!

It's an official two-point nine-nine-nine but it's not a three count, so says the referee! Mark stands up and he gets in the face of the referee and looks like he's seconds away from swinging but Tom Morrow climbs the apron and tells him not to do it!

Tom Morrow:

Focus! Focus on him! Focus on Leo! Hurt him!

Morrow's words lead to Mark putting his attention back to Leo Burnett. Mark lands a big boot to the jaw and Leo gets kicked right into the ropes and lands outside the ring at the feet of Tom Morrow. He almost does a jig outside the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Oooooooooooooo you're gonna get it!

He moves away when Mark goes out of the ring. Leo is picked up again and is about to get dropped with a snake eyes but Burnett thinks quickly on his feet and Mark gets pushed into the ringpost instead!

Lance:

Burnett just saved himself!

Mark Luck looks in need of Extra Strength Advil after taking a header into the post. Burnett pushes him back into the ring. When Burnett tries getting back into the ring, Tom Morrow grabs his leg! Zack Daymon tries to help his partner, but Max and Mason stand in front of him to keep him from getting in the way!

DDK:

What are these two doing?! And what is Morrow doing!?

Morrow is clearly trying to keep Burnett's attention off the match but someone grabs him by the arm and starts *biting* the arm of Tom the Bomb!

"RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He's dressed like Jack Skellington for tonight's event, but it is clear who it is!

Lance:

TOM MORROW JUST GOT BIT BY JACK SKELLINGTON ... I MEAN ... DARREN! IS THAT ...

DDK:

YEAH! IT'S LONNIE!!! LONNIE LUCK IS BACK!!! HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TONIGHT DUE TO INJURIES AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE! MARK LUCK ATTACKED HIM AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM UNTIL NOW!!!

Morrow pulls himself away from Lonnie Luck who is looking at his cousins and giving them both the middle finger! He jumps into the crowd and the twins go after the Son of Sin City!

Lance:

Back in the ring!

Mark Luck sees what's happening! He tries to kick Burnett in the corner with a second big boot from earlier, but Burnett catches the leg and then rolls him up with a school boy pin!

DDK:

Burnett has Mark rolled up!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Mark is finally able to kick out but is too late and the three count is official! Mark sits up and Burnett immediately pops to his feet, punching the air in triumph!

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow w/ Run the Jewels ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... **LEO BURNETT!**

"RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

What a win! Tom Morrow's plan to try and soften up the champions tonight before using the Ace of Tag Teams just backfired with a little assist from Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

And instead, the reigning Tag Team Champions picked up even more momentum and confidence with a Leo Burnett victory. You have to wonder, Keebs, if Lonnie is going to factor into the Triple 7's bid for the titles.

DDK:

I wonder the same, Lance. And given how hot the Rain City Ronin are right now, I think it's safe to say that the Triple 7's have no patience for a potential distraction.

Zack Daymon slides into the ring to join his partner, handing him his half of the belts. The Tag Team Champions stand firm, making it clear that for tonight, they own the ring.

Still flustered by the result, Mark rolls out to tend to Tom the Bomb, who is clutching his arm while wincing in pain. As they retreat up the rampway, the Rain City Ronin entreat the crowd once more by hoisting their belts high overhead.

"RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THAT'S IT!

After the commercial break the camera is with Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen ... I'm Chris Trutt and after we just saw Leo Burnett defeat Mark Luck in a stunning match, I'm hoping to get a word with Tom Morrow. I...

Tom Morrow:

THAT'S IT!

Chris Trutt:

Here he comes!

Screaming at the top of his lungs after walking through the curtains to the backstage area, still holding his arm that has a bite mark on it, Tom Morrow is about to pop a vein. Behind him, the towering Mark Luck is furious.

Chris Trutt:

Tom, Mark ... tough break to ... AAHHHHHHHH!!!

Mark Luck picks up Trutt by the collar and holds him right up against the wall! Using his good arm, Tom Morrow grabs the microphone that Chris dropped on the ground.

Mark Luck:

LITTLE SHIT!!! LONNIE!!! YOU SEEN HIM?!?!!

Chris Trutt:

No! No! No! I haven't seen him!

Tom Morrow:

That little son of a ... PROBABLY GAVE ME RABIES!!! HE BIT ME!!! HE BIT ME!!! AND RAIN CITY RONIN REAPED THE BENEFITS!!!

Tom sees the camera filming this. He points at Mark and he puts Trutt down.

Tom Morrow:

Get outta here! I'm keeping this mic, too!

Trutt runs as far away as he can and takes the chance to live to see another day. Tom Morrow looks into the camera.

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie Luck, you made a big, big mistake sticking your nose where it didn't belong tonight! You think that you did something by biting me ... but the only thing that you managed to do was make sure Rain City Ronin get destroyed!!! I was gonna wait until the next DEFtv to announce this ... but I'm going to do it now!

He still has the Ace of Tag Teams contract in hand.

Tom Morrow:

Rain City Ronin ... as the authorized super agent! I, Tom "The Bomb" Morrow ... am announcing the death of your Unified Tag Team Title reign! On behalf of the Triple 7s, we will burn down everything that you have achieved this past year ... at **DEFIANCE Rising!!!** And in two weeks. I'm going to stand in the middle of the ring with this Ace of Tag Teams in hand! I will put pen to paper! I will take the next two weeks to confer with my clients and we will let you know what match stipulation we will choose!

Tom Morrow chucks down the stolen microphone and Mark Luck fumes behind him.

Mark Luck:

LONNIE LUCK!!! YOU SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT TONIGHT!!! AND WHEN I CATCH YOU, YOU SCRAWNY LITTLE BITCH ...I **WILL** COLLECT!!!

Mark follows Tom Morrow away.

DLJ vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

Like we saw earlier tonight during the ongoing Satoween event tonight, DLJ and Punch Drunk Purcell agreed to a rematch of their UNCUT match a few weeks ago after DLJ cost Purcell a shot at the SOHER back at DEF Row! And tonight, we are about to see a rare Tables Match!

Lance:

We're not gonna waste any more time! Things have gotten personal between Purcell and one of the Familia's Golden Children in DLJ, so let's get to it!

The camera pans around the ringside area where several folded wooden tables are lined along the barricades for the usage of the competitors coming out next!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Tables Match! The only way to win is by placing your opponent through the table using an offensive maneuver! Introducing first...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

But tonight... people get a new theme!

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by LL Cool J ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Faithful make some noise for the big man rolling in with the newer theme, still dressed in his Halloween costume as King Hippo from Punch-out! Complete with crown and bandages taped in an X over his bellybutton, Purcell hands off the crowd to a young kid in the front row and points at him before heading to the ring.

DDK:

The issues between The Lads and Titanes Familia have gone back months to that Familia Feud Rules match. Purcell blamed himself for that loss even though it wasn't his fault.

Lance:

And things still haven't stopped between Purcell and DLJ. He beat DLJ at UNCUT 188 a few weeks ago, but DLJ returned the favor by costing him the Southern Heritage Title. After Purcell got his rematch, he kept DLJ from using a chair and laid him out with that right hand, bringing us to now!

Purcell hits the ring and yells into the camera.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Come on, mamma's boy! Let's go!

He won't have to wait long!

♪ "Holding Out For A Hero" by Little V. ♪

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "DLJ" flashing over and over again... The camera finally flashes up somewhere high in the crowd on the steps. Making his way through the concourse, dressed as a prison guard with tactical gear and twirling a baton.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 275 pounds... He is DAN LEO JAMES... but for tonight, he has asked to be referred to as the Shield of Titanes Familia... **BIG! BOSS! DAN!**

Lance:

Big... Big Boss Dan? Really?

DDK:

DLJ dressed up as a prison guard and cracked Purcell open with one of those batons! Now taunting him with his own Halloween costume!

James waves his hands to get the crowd all "fired up" but all this gets him jeered on the return! Finally making their way to the ring, DLJ climbs over the barricade and then climbs into the ring where Purcell goes on the attack!

DING DING**Lance:**

Purcell wants payback tonight and isn't wasting any time!

DDK:

The referee only has one job tonight! Rex Knox has to watch for one of these big men to put their opponent through a table to win!

Purcell powers the taller DLJ... Big Boss Dan into the corner immediately! He throws some heated jabs into the stomach of James and continues throwing the shots before ending in dropping a HUGE elbow across the top of Big Boss Dan's head! James goes reeling against the ropes as The Faithful want to see Purcell kick his ass!

DDK:

He's calling himself the Shield of the Familia, but right now, he might need some protection from Purcell and those hands of stone!

James is knocked over the ropes with a big clothesline and spills out to the apron, but doesn't fall all the way off the apron. The 275-pound Dan starts to get up when he feels Purcell's massive bear paw-like hands grabbing him! The Big Boss Dan shakes his head as Punchy restrains him in the ropes. He looks out to The Faithful... then starts Hitting The Bag with the fans counting after each clubbing forearm to the chest!

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

Punchy kisses his right hand, then throws some extra OOMPH into a tenth shot to Danny's chest! Big Boss Dan crumbles to his chest and falls to the floor holding onto his chest like his heart might have stopped! Purcell climbs through the ropes and goes out to the floor.

WE WANT TABLES! WE WANT TABLES! WE WANT TABLES!

Purcell hears the chant.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I HEAR Y'ALL!

He grabs one of the tables and starts setting it up ringside!

Lance:

Purcell is coming out of the gate in this one! Imagine this Tables Match ending this fast if he can put Danny through that table!

The table is up! But when he turns around, DLJ delivers a big punch of his own right to the bandaged X on his stomach! The blow stuns Purcell as Danny throws up both hands!

DLJ:

GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE WEAK SPOT! HE'S GOING THROUGH THIS TABLE!

Some fans start laughing but when he turns around, Purcell has already recovered and James eats a NASTY spinning back elbow to the face!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas fed him some bad intel! Just because he's dressed like King Hippo for Halloween doesn't mean that he'll go down like King Hippo!

DDK:

This isn't a video game, Danny! This is real life and you might be really going through a table!

James is still rocked from the elbow when Purcell grabs him by the side! He's about to try the Sweet Science Slam to put him through the table, but Big Boss Dan blocks the incoming olympic slam by elbowing Purcell on the top of his head and pushes himself away!

Lance:

Danny saw that coming! But running away isn't going to save you, kid!

Purcell angrily follows Big Boss Dan as he tries walking away from the ringside area entirely. As James starts hobbling away, Danny tries to climb over the barricade, but Purcell grabs him by the arm only to catch an eye rake! Rex Knox can't do anything but watch as it is perfectly legal... and so is shoving Purcell face-first into the steel ring post! After a loud thud, Punchy is hurt.

DDK:

Dan Leo James is doing everything he can to avoid this beatdown, but he just realized he's gonna have to fight back!

Knowing that tonight he's got to make his Familia proud, James then goes for another table and adjusts it so the table is leaned up against the barricade. Big Boss Dan props it up and then grabs Purcell with an arm. He tries to whip the 351-pound former boxer right into the table, but Purcell reverses...

BUT DANNY BARELY STOPS HIMSELF FROM GOING THROUGH!

Lance:

WHOA! He got his foot up in time!

Danny blocks by putting a foot on the table to keep Purcell from putting his head into it, then reverses by doing the same to Purcell, ramming his head into the table! The table shockingly doesn't break but Purcell goes cross-eyed from the shot. Dan then climbs onto the apron as the big man is stunned. When he's clear, he runs across the apron and takes flight to WIPE OUT Purcell with a huge flying crossbody off the apron!

DDK:

LORDY! BIG BOSS DAN HITS THE GOLD RUSH OFF THE APRON!

Big Boss Dan rolls off of Purcell and climbs up to his feet with a cocky look on his face.

Big Boss Dan:

YOU'RE DOING HARD TIME TONIGHT, PUNCHY!

A random fan in the crowd hearing what was just shouted yells "AYOOOOOO!" in response, getting some laughs, but Purcell isn't smiling right now. Dan gets the big man up by the neck and struggles but eventually gets the Brick

Hithouse back in the ring. After he's there, Dan grabs another table and then pushes it underneath the ropes before heading back into the ring!

DDK:

Punchy is in a bad way right now! Dan has that table... OOOH!

Dan has a rare bright idea by simply picking up the table and CHUCKING it on top of Purcell's back! The Brick Hithouse is feeling pain shoot across his back as Dan moves the table over and props it back up in the ring.

Lance:

Like him or hate him, that's a smart way to use this table! And... what's he doing now?

Dan flips the table upside down and then grabs one of the table legs to prop up. He then grabs Purcell's hand and then SLAMS the folding table leg down on the right hand! Purcell bites his lip to keep from shouting, but that clearly did some damage to the hand!

DDK:

I can't say that I saw this coming! Dan Leo James using that table to attack the hand of Purcell! And he's doing it again!

He puts a foot down on the table leg, pressing it down into the hand of Purcell! Purcell tries to pull the hand away, but Big Boss Dan's big boot is pressed onto it! He finally lets go after ten of the most painful seconds of Purcell's life.

Lance:

AND keeping him from using that right hand! Big Boss Dan has twice felt that right hand in the past few weeks and looks like third time might be the charm finally!

After working over his arm with the table, Dan pulls the table legs out and quickly turns the table outright before he points over to slam Punchy through it.

Big Boss Dan:

I'M YOUR MAITRE D' OF PAIN! TIME TO SHOW YOU TO YOUR TABLE!

Dan picks up Purcell into a suplex position, but not before throwing a few knee lifts into his stomach before trying. He goes to pick him up for a suplex... but Punchy counters! Purcell grits his teeth and lands a jab with his right hand. He catches Dan with it, but Purcell shouts out after the hand was just worked over! Dan returns fire and SMACKS Purcell upside the head with a huge running high knee that knocks him back into the corner!

DDK:

And the damage to that hand just paid off! Punchy tried to fight back and used that right hand to block the suplex, but it might have just cost him dearly!

Big Boss Dan holds his hands out to The Faithful...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He charges at the corner and slams right into Purcell with a huge running chop in the corner that knocks the wind out of Punchy! He then rushes cross-corner and comes back with another running corner chop! Purcell is hunched over in pain as Dan Leo James climbs out to the apron. Purcell is on his knees when James takes flight off the top rope and 275 pounds crashes into him with a diving clothesline!

DDK:

This match started out so one-sided, but now look at Big Boss Dan go! And after he's worn down Purcell like this, it might be a matter of time before he goes through that table!

The Brick Hithouse has been roughed up and Dan look ready to end the match for good when he props another table up in the corner! Pointing at the corner, he tells the people what he's about to do when he grabs Punchy and tries to slam him through the table. He AMAZINGLY gets Purcell up on his shoulder with some efforts with a fireman's carry!

Lance:

This could be it... NO!

Purcell elbows his way free and lands behind Big Boss Dan! As he turns, the man dressed as King Hippo CRACKS him under the jaw with the Bald Bull and both men go down! The Kansas City Faithful cheer for Purcell as he holds his head and Dan looks out of it on the canvas!

DDK:

How's that for irony! King Hippo with the Bald Bull! And now Purcell has a chance!

Lance:

That he does! And this payback would be so sweet!

After taking a moment to recover, Punchy grits his teeth and goes after James! Purcell grabs onto the Familia's Shield with a rear waistlock as he tries to get up, only to THROW him up and over with a huge release German suplex! Big Boss Dan flops over and Purcell finally has the opening he needs!

DDK:

Purcell has this! He's got another table!

Another table goes into the ring and Purcell props it up in the middle. After setting the table up mid-ring, he waits on the self-professed Big Boss Dan to stand. The moment he does, Purcell grabs his arms...

DDK:

Here we go!

He has Dan set up and powers him up for the Sweet Science Slam through the table...

...Or he would have, if the table hadn't been moved first!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

HEY! IT'S BROOKYLNN RIVERA!

La Angelita gets booed by the Kansas City Faithful as she moved the table prior to Purcell landing the move! Purcell looks up and sees Rivera out of the corner of his eye when he sits up. The Freddy Krueger-dressed Rivera waves, but Purcell sits up and goes after her!

DDK:

She's dressed like Freddy Krueger for the occasion, but it might be HER worst nightmare if Punchy catches her!

He snatches her by the sweater, but she tries to fight back! She turns and clips Punchy with a roundhouse kick! The blow staggers him, but as she runs off the ropes for a flying knee strike, Purcell WAFFLES her out of mid-air with a big clothesline first!

DDK:

Rivera's down! And the other Lads are preoccupied with their own respective matches tonight!

He goes back to Dan and looks around for his opponent, but he gets ROCKED against the side of the head from Mil Vueltas, courtesy of the baton that Dan originally brought out!

Lance:

IT'S MIL! MIL VUELTAS IS HERE AND HE JUST CLOCKED PURCELL IN THE FACE WITH THAT BATON!

Purcell gets doubled over just as Big Boss Dan gets back up into the ring! He lines up Purcell and SPEARS him clear through the table in the corner, exploding it into pieces as the bell rings!

DING DING DING***BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*****Lance:**

NO! NO! PURCELL HAD THIS WON! THE FAMILIA SCREWED HIM OVER AGAIN!

Hunched over in the wreckage of the table, Dan is helped out by Mil Vultas. They both go over to Brooklynn to help her up, too!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **BIG BOSS DAN!**

Giddy as giddy can be, Dan stands up and then Mil Vultas jumps into his arms with a HUGE hug as the fans jeer the hell out of him!

DDK:

It took a three-on-one situation, but... I don't believe this! Dan steals the win tonight!

Mil Vultas jumps back down onto the canvas, then points down at Purcell.

Mil Vultas:

Bullies never prosperan, cabron! Mil Vultas es para los niños!

Rivera is finally up and along with Mil and Danny, the three start putting boots to Purcell in the wreckage of the table!

DDK:

Titanes Familia have been wreaking havoc all night long tonight! And... HEY! WAIT!

Zooming down the aisle in a black body suit with familiar lightning, The Faithful cheer on...

FLEX JOY!

DDK:

IT'S "THE FLEXEST BOY" FLEX JOY!

Mil turns around and gets walloped by a huge clothesline from FLEX Joy!

Lance:

Remember, it was Mil Vultas and The Golden Children that originally put FLEX out of action for two months after the GC Universe disbanded!

FLEX Joy swings at DLJ and the two get into a fist-fight! FLEX Joy and The Big Boss Dan fight until Brooklynn sneaks up behind FLEX with a low blow between the legs! FLEX is hunched over, then Dan smacks him with a massive headbutt and follows up with a huge lariat of his own!

DDK:

FLEX tried making the save... NO!

Now speeding down the ramp with a chair in hand, "**SUB POP**" **SCOTT DOUGLAS**! comes flying down the ramp! DLJ and Brooklynn start to stand their ground, but realizing the need to leave, they see Mil waving to get out of the ring, and they clear it just as Scott Douglas gets inside! He goes over to help Purcell back to his feet and out of the wrecked table pieces in the corner.

Lance:

Seems Mil Vultas has realized they've made more than enough enemies tonight!

Mil, DLJ, and Brooklynn both climb over the barricade and start to leave, but not before Mil Vultas looks back at Douglas in the ring.

Mil Vultas:

YOU NO HERO, CABRON! I AM!

The trio hightails it out as Purcell looks at -- and is utterly confused by FLEX Joy -- before turning to DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

The hell? He with you?

Scott Douglas:

Hell, I'm as lost as you are, Purcell.

Purcell shrugs and then extends a hand to Douglas, as a good Lad should. Douglas accepts the handshake and the two get a HUGE ovation from The Faithful!

DDK:

Oh, no... what have Mil Vultas and Dan Leo James just done? They may have just started a new alliance that could spell trouble!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and The Brick Hithouse are about to leave, but then Punchy decides to go over and also help FLEX Joy up to his feet. He dusts himself off...

FLEX Joy:

Thanks, mallie!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Pally. Dex says "pally."

FLEX nods and even whips out a sharpie to write notes on his open palm. Purcell and Douglas leave the ring.

DDK:

Dan Leo James walks away with the win tonight, but this issue isn't finished between he and Purcell! They're one match a piece in this rivalry now and I have to imagine both men will want to settle this once and for all.

Lance:

And Mil Vultas' attempts to recruit Scott Douglas might just be a lost cause and something tells me they aren't done, either!

A BROCKBUSTER BRAWL

We return to the backstage area and Brock Newbludd's temporary hiring office. Sitting behind the table with his eyes closed, the Die-Hard Defiant looks to be resting his eyes, and the pyramid of beer cans on the table in front of him is no doubt the culprit of his spell of drowsiness. A copy of the latest "Hollywood Digest" lies spread open across his chest while his acoustic guitar lies propped up on the wall behind him. On the magazine's cover is a picture of Brock as GVP, holding a baby in one hand and a machine gun in the other.

SLAM!

The door to the small room suddenly flies open and bangs against the wall, jolting Newbludd back to life as two figures enter. He shakes his head and let's out an annoyed growl.

Brock Newbludd:

What the!? Can't anybody knock around here!?

Dismissing the question, Lord Nigel Tricklebush drifts into view, coming to a rest at Newbludd's table. He eyes Brock with a morbid, amused interest. Behind the small, old man is a blocky silhouette, broad of shoulder and scowling. The bright colors MV2 wears stand as a stark contradiction of his demeanor.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

My, my, my... if it isn't the famed and much-ballyhooed star of silver screen & squared circle himself. Mr. Newbludd. You've certainly climbed higher than any might have imagined. Your acting... it leaves much to be desired.

Newbludd rises to his feet, barely acknowledging the little man and focusing instead on the mean, masked mug behind him. He finally turns to Tricklebush and points a finger right between his eyes and sneers.

Brock Newbludd:

Get your facts straight, crypt keeper. I'll have you know that my acting skills are, in fact, VERY much desired by women aged 40-plus. I OWN that demographic, so cut the shit!

Nigel demures.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

How rude a reception! And to think... I sought you out to offer a proposition.

Brock lowers his singer and scoffs, he ain't buyin' it.

Brock Newbludd:

Get to the point, Tricklebush.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Rumours abound that you will hand-select your opponent at DEF Rising... the man who will challenge you to decide the ACE. I put forth that my Masked Violator #2 is deserving of that spot.

Folding his own arms across his own chest – mirroring the masked man – Brock turns back to the more imposing of the two figures facing him.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, well, "rumors abound" that, at DEF Rising, your masked monkey here is gonna have his shit kicked in by my good buddy, the OGMV2: Corvo Alpha. So I'd say the point is moot.

Nigel steps back between the two wrestlers, kneading his bowler cap in his anxious, bony hands.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Moot? MOOT?! No. NAY, I say. In fact, I'd dare say that, at DEF Rising, my "masked monkey", as you put it, will make HISTORY. He will dispatch and dispense with your "good buddy" one-on-one, and later in the program, face you and defeat you – taking the ACE with him.

Newbludd snickers.

Brock Newbludd:

That's just about the dumbest thing I've ever heard in my life. And I listen to DEF Radio. Actually, it's dumber than that because you're basically asking me to wrestle a corpse since that's all dingus here is gonna be when Corvo's done with him. I plan on stealing the show, and I'm gonna need a breathing opponent to do that. And as much as I love the Corvo, I draw the line at sloppy seconds, especially on the same night. No dice.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I insist. I INSIST you consider it.

Newbludd glances at the folding table he'd been seated at.

Brock Newbludd:

Tell you what. If that smelly-mask-wearing goon can beat me in a good ole' "Over-the-Top" arm wrestling match, right here, right now, then screw it... I'll give you what you want, Sir Tribblenuts.

He beckons MV2 with his index finger while reaching behind him to pull a ball cap out of his jeans pocket. The Faithful let out a roar as he turns that shit backwards and drops down to the table, his eyes full of intensity.

Brock Newbludd:

Slap that noodle arm on the table! You want the shot? He's gotta earn it!

Lord Nigel goes to protest the terms, but MV2 is quick to nudge the man aside. Taking a seat on either side, Newbludd and MV2 plant elbows into the table, clasp hands aggressively, and – without warning– the contest is begun.

But before it can drag out, MV2 unleashes with a BRUTAL headbutt, sending Newbludd reeling! He falls backwards off his chair and lands in a heap on the floor!

Trickelbush sneers and points a finger down at him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have a line as well, Mr. Newbludd. My MV2 will not degrade himself with this barbaric nonsense! If he can't have the opportunity, neither shall you!

Lord Nigel steps away and begins to backpedal to one of the tiny room's far corners. He motions for MV2 to finish the job, and the maniac grabs the folding table, hurling it into a wall. MV2 bends down and roughly grabs Brock by the side of the head, slamming it hard into the wall!

DDK:

Hello? Hello!? Are we on!? Yes? Ok! We're jumping in here folks, as this scene unfolds in the back! MV2 has just assaulted Brock Newbludd!

MV2 slams Brock's head a second time and keeps it smashed to the wall. With his head pinned against the wall, Newbludd frantically searches the floor with his hand, looking for anything to help him avoid getting crushed again by his attacker. His probing fingers find a full can of beer!

Lance:

That's enough! We need DEFSEC on the double!

MV2 cocks his fist back as far as it can go. Before he can fire it off, Brock swings his arm up and cracks him in the side of the head with the beer can! It explodes on impact, sending beer spraying all over the room, including Lord Nigel! His face curdles in disgust from the cheap beer dousing him, and he angrily grabs the woozy MV2 from behind. He spins his groggy client around and shakes his shoulders.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

DISMANTLE HIM!

Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, MV2 growls and turns back around to go back after Brock. His eyes immediately go wide at the sight of an acoustic guitar suddenly consuming his vision. He tries to throw his hands up in a last-minute defense, but he's just a second too late!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLYHOOJAH!

SMASH!

The DieHard Defiant SHATTERS his acoustic guitar over MV2's head!

DDK:

Rack up another music hit for Newbludd!

The Faithful watching inside the T-Mobile Center cheer at the sight of the shellshocked MV2 swaying on his feet with the busted guitar wrapped around his neck. Still looking a little groggy from MV2's initial attack, Newbludd shakes his head and takes a step back. He lines up with MV2 and charges at him, pushing Trickelbush out of the way as he goes...

Lance:

This is escalating quickly! Look out!

Lowering himself, Brock drives his shoulder into MV2's gut and picks the 270-pounder off his feet. Driving his legs forward, Newbludd SPEARS HIM THROUGH THE DOOR! The door and its two occupants crash into the backstage hallway's concrete floor with a loud BANG!

DDK:

That they did, Lance! It went from zero to property damage in a heartbeat! Newbludd just bulldozed MV2 through that wooden door and out into the hallway!

Lance:

It's one way to send a rejection letter. I think these people had better get to a minimum safe distance immediately. I don't think this over, not without DEFSEC to tear them apart.

With MV2 serving as an airbag in the crash, Brock only takes a few deep breaths before rolling off of his crushed foe. Propping up to a knee, Newbludd sneers at the coughing MV2 lying on the door, and a surge of adrenaline hits him. Powering up, Milwaukee's Beast leaps in the air and drops him with a Medium Elbowski square in the chest.

DDK:

Ooo! You could hear the breath leaving MV2's body with that elbow.

Grabbing MV2 by both sides of his head, Brock slams him against the wall.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna do Corvo a solid and take out his trash, asshe...

MV2's not letting get in his action movie one-liner tonight! He cuts Brock off by reaching up and yanking his head

down, nailing him with a jawbreaker!

DDK:

The 5'7" MV2 uses his stocky stature to his advantage with a wicked jawbreaker and still no DEFSEC in sight!

Brock staggers backwards, and MV2 lets out a roar as he surges forward, driving Newbludd's back into the concrete wall. Keeping a grip around the stunned Brock's waist, MV2 yanks him away from the wall and slams down to the ground.

Lance:

MV2 is as ruthless as they come. He's shown it time and time again. This might be a situation Brock regrets getting himself into when it's all said and done.

Grabbing the writhing Brock by an arm, MV2 yanks him off the ground and immediately Irish whips him down the hallway, straight at a utility cart with two large speakers and other A/V equipment stacked on it. As the DEFStaff member pushing it bails to safety, Brock crashes headfirst into one of the large speakers! His momentum sends the cart flipping over, leaving him buried under the rest of the equipment!

DDK:

Oh my! Newbludd hit that equipment with a full head of steam and now finds him in trouble!

MV2 reaches into the pile of toppled speakers and metal cases, seizing a handful of Brock's shirt. He drags him free from the wreckage, laughing behind the mask as Brock coughs and staggers upright.

DDK:

What began as an arm-wrestling contest has quickly devolved into full blown, unsanctioned WAR between these two men!

The moment MV2 steadies him, Brock lunges forward and tackles him into the nearest wall, forcing a technician to dive out of the way.

Lance:

Look out!

A length of heavy audio cable lies across the floor, and Brock snatches it up. Wrapping it tight around MV2's neck, he yanks backward with both hands.

Lance:

Don't doubt the fortitude of an actor who does his own stunts, Keebs!

The masked man thrashes, boots scraping against the floor, arms clawing at the cable as Brock bears down. Spit flies from Newbludd's mouth as he leans in, pulling tighter, the veins in his neck bulging.

The two crash backward into another wall, and Brock releases the choke just long enough to hurl MV2 by the cable. The masked man crashes through a pair of metal double doors, bursting into the dimly lit parking garage beyond. The heavy doors swing wildly in the aftermath, echoing through the space.

DDK:

I think a change of venue would do as all quite nicely.

Lance:

Indeed!

Brock storms through after him, tossing the cable aside. Fluorescent lights hum overhead, reflecting off rows of parked vehicles. MV2 crawls toward a nearby car, clutching at his throat, and as Brock reaches down to grab him, MV2

suddenly spins on his knees and drives an arm up between Brock's legs. The low blow drops Brock instantly, his face contorting in pain.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Finish him! Finish him here and now! End him and we can take the ACE for ourselves! DO IT!

MV2 hesitates, glancing towards Trickelbush. Perhaps for more direction. Perhaps for clarity. It doesn't matter. MV2 hesitates a moment. He hesitates just long enough.

DDK:

What the—

Lance:

WHOA!

Like a shot, Corvo Alpha STREAKS into view.

DDK & Lance:

CORVO CUTTER!!!

Alpha LEVELS MV2 with a charging, haphazard running ace crusher onto the hard concrete as Newbludd stirs behind him.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha just PARKED Masked Violator #2 right there in that garage!

Alpha takes a moment to help Newbludd to his feet when Trickelbush creeps behind him and BLASTS the painted savage with his closed umbrella with all of his minimal might. Corvo shrugs it off and slowly pivots to face his former handler and forever tormentor, eyes smoldering with long simmering anger.

Lance:

Lord Nigel may have made a grave miscalculation!

DDK:

Maybe his last!

Eyes agape with terror, Nigel melts away, sprinting at a nigh-hilarious speed and manner deeper into the parking garage, abandoning his masked charge to his fate. For a moment, Alpha considers giving chase, then returns his attention to a stirring MV2.

Newbludd, finally regaining his footing slaps Corvo on the shoulder in thanks.

Brock Newbludd:

Good lookin' out, buddy. Hey, go get that goofy old man. I've got diaper face under control.

Alpha snorts. He fist bumps Newbludd before taking off into the dim darkness of the arena parking garage. Newbludd turns back to MV2, kicks him in the gut for good measure then crouches down beside him.

Brock Newbludd:

Best case, he puts you in a wheelchair. Worst case, he puts you in the dirt. Ain't no way your ass is gonna be able to take me on after Corvo's done with you at the pay per view. But, I am a man of my word and a bet's a bet, right?

He points to his backwards cap, which had amazingly stayed on his head during the heated brawl.

Brock Newbludd:

And besides, once this switch is flipped, there's only one way to shut it back off...

Newbludd grabs MV2's limp arm in an arm wrestling-clasp and SLAMS it into the ground – “defeating him”, as it were.

Brock Newbludd:

And that's by going Over the Top. You lose, dickhead!

Newbludd wipes a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth, wincing as he stands. He kicks MV2 one more time before nodding towards the camera with a camera-ready smile, and heading down the corridor.

DDK:

Talk about adding insult to injury! Looks like Brock Newbludd STILL hasn't found his opponent for DEF Rising!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE RISING

LIVE from Paris La Défense Arena in Paris, France, December 10 & 11th

Unified Tag Team Championships

Rain City Ronin (C) vs. Triple 7's

Corvo Alpha vs. MV2 w/ Lord Nigel Trickelbush

AND more matches when they are announced!

END IT

We shift to Jamie Sawyers backstage standing before a dark red DEFIANCE backdrop. He raises the mic on cue.

Jamie Sawyers:

DEFtv is on fire tonight and we still have an incredible main event as the march towards DEFIANCE Rising in December–

Off-set, there is a commotion that halts Sawyers in his tracks. The camera lurches backwards and to the right, tracking an emerging tempest bursting onto the set.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Give it to me! GIVE IT TO ME!

His thin white hair a tousled, sweaty, matted mess on his head, Lord Nigel Trickelbush aggressively SNATCHES the microphone from Sawyers' hand. Jamie stumbles backwards and out of shot as Nigel turns his attention to the lens. His white dress shirt is half untucked, his black tie loosened.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

LISTEN TO ME! HEAR ME, DEFIANCE! **HEAR ME, Corvo ALPHA!**

The arena crowd boos at the sight of him but he plows forward.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You have interfered, you have interloped, you have INSERTED YOURSELF into our affairs, into MY AFFAIRS for the last time! THE LAST TIME!

Breaking through with a maniacal laugh, his face is flushed. He edges closer to the camera, a terrifying expression on his wrinkled face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

...the absolute LAST time.

Whispering now, a slow bead of sweat travels down the winding canals of his leathery face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I will finish what *I* started. It is you and my MV2 at DEFIANCE Rising. Once. And for ALL. We are coming for you, Corvo Alpha. And when we come, we aren't coming just for victory...

A step closer, the bony man nearly fills the screen.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

...we aren't coming just to defeat you...

Another. His cadaverous fingers outstretch for either side of the camera, slow on approach and foreboding.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

...we are coming to END you. *I* am coming... for your very CAREER in this sport. Do you HEAR me?!

He presses his face in close, his hot breath fogs the lens.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I WILL END YOUR CAREER!

Black.

GAME FACE

We go backstage to the Outer Heaven locker room, where Tyler and Conor stand in the center of it.

Conor Fuse:

That was good work today, people. I think we got our message out there loud and clear.

While the locker room is solemn, it looks like everyone's on board.

Conor Fuse:

Let's go home.

From Percy to Game Boy, Hunter to Ames, the group start to collect their belongings and head out the locker room one-by-one while Conor holds the door open for each of them and they pass by both brothers.

Alex Pietrangelo walks out first with a nod to Conor as he gives one right back.

Martin Evans-Everett is second, as both Conor and Martin exchange a nod, too.

Percy Collins is next. He smiles faintly and then exits.

While Teresa Ames is sullen, Conor pats her on the back. She's the next to leave.

Thurston Hunter is about to go by, but he stops at the doorway and can't help but break the stoic demeanor.

Thurston Hunter:

Brap, brap, brother! So you mean it, huh? No more watching and waiting in the shadows!? I can't wait to CRACK SOME FACES! Evrrryone gonna get STREET FIGHTED!

Hunter is nearly frothing at the mouth as he waits with bated breath for Conor to reply. Instead, the younger brother looks stoically over to his older brother and then eventually back at Hunter.

Conor Fuse: [sincere? super quick roll of the eyes?]

Like we said, everyone who sides with us is going to have their chance to shine.

Conor pats Hunter on the back, which seems to do the situation justice.

Conor Fuse:

It's a new beginning.

Hunter has a shit eating grin on his face as he starts smacking his thumb, index and middle fingers together with more BRAP BRAP sounds. He exits.

Finally, Cyrus Bates is about to exit the locker room-

When Tyler suddenly puts his arm out and blocks Bates from leaving.

Cyrus takes a step back and raises his eyebrows. He looks confused... until Conor places a hand on his shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Don't worry. It's all good. Say, you're really the only guy we haven't sat down and talked to yet...

Bates remains at a standstill, maybe a little on guard.

Conor Fuse:

You know it's funny, being in this group for a couple of years now... I always knew Malak had no idea who he was. But

like... do you know who you are, Cyrus?

Cyrus looks like he might answer, but Conor keeps going while Tyler's arm remains blocking the doorway.

Conor Fuse:

'Cause you've gone through a number of identity crises, too. Search Party Cyrus... Quality Control Cyrus. There are all quaint little gimmicks you had going on but we're grown ups now, Cyrus and I want your game face, okay?

Bates looks over to Tyler and then back at Conor.

Cyrus Bates:

We'll see.

Conor nods along, liking what he hears. Meanwhile, Tyler (clearly) is deadpan.

Conor Fuse:

That's great, Cyrus. That really is. I'm super excited we're on the same page because for a second there when I watched our in-ring segment back, ya looked a little rattled. After all, you were the one who convinced Malak to come out of hiding. You did well, bud. You did great.

Conor glances at his brother and then back at Bates.

Conor Fuse:

Just wanted to make sure we're golden because for the next couple of months, I kinda don't wanna wrestle. I don't think Tyler does, either. We've gotta get ready for the PRIME-DEFIANCE joint show in January. Fuse Bros. vs. Kael Fam. I made the tagline myself. Anyway... like I said, it's your guys time to shine. And I would most certainly hope you would shine. Like a diamond. Shine like a diamond, those are lyrics to a big boy song, aren't they?

It was rhetoric.

Conor Fuse:

You're our guy, Cy. However, if for some reason you don't end up being our guy...

There is a large shadow now looming behind Bates.

The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

We wouldn't want any uranages happening now, would we?

Immediately triggered, sweat pours down Cyrus' face. (Bates suffered PTSD at the hands of Mushigihara's uranages a few years ago).

Cyrus Bates:

No sir, we wouldn't want that!

Bates salutes Conor, as Conor pats Bates on the back and Tyler removes his arm from blocking the door. Bates makes his exit, followed by Game Boy who makes eye contact with Conor as he leaves as well.

The Fuse's now stand in an empty locker room and DEFtv moves on.

AFTER THE PARTY IS AFTER THE PARTY

Later.

Sato-ween has finally come to an end, and Dr. Sato is relaxed on her office chair as it leans up against a wall-mounted table with a laptop and several laboratory instruments, a silly smile across her face as she sobers up.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

This... this was even better than last year, I think.

She giggles to herself as she slowly staggers to her feet, and joins Fission in Gigaton in their efforts to clean up the lab.

The door bursts open ...

“LONNIE!!! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!!!”

Mason and Max Luck both take a peek in the lab. When they don't see Lonnie Luck.

Mason Luck:

Little f[censored] shit!

Max Luck:

Lonnie! You're gonna get bodied when we find you!

They both slam the door. Almost thirty seconds passes and one of the leftover Halloween figures that looks like Jack Skellington from *The Nightmare Before Christmas* comes to life.

Possibly Lonnie Luck as Jack Skellington:

Gonna have to catch me first!

Possibly Lonnie Luck as Jack Skellington looks at Dr. Ayumi Sato and waves good-bye, leaving in the opposite direction of his twin cousins.

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCK

Gigaton:

A CALLER. AT THIS HOUR?!

He walks towards the door, turning to Fission in the other direction.

Gigaton:

DIAL. NINE-ONE. AND WHEN. GIGATON. SAYS SO. DIAL. ONE. AGAIN.

He opens the door, revealing the Masters of the Moscow-Verse, once again, looking at the Punks and their Mad Science Matriarch.

Gigaton:

WHAT.

Kenny pulls a folded sheet of paper out of his overall pocket, reaching out to hand it to Gigaton before Randall snatches the paper out of Kenny's hand, purely for the sake of being the one to hand it over himself. Yeah, it's a headscratcher.

Randall Schwartz:

My pal Kenny here reminded me that we still had some bidness to attend to, while we're here on uh... Earth-Not 3000. So, this is for you.

The Entertainer hands the paper to Gigaton with a smirk, and he can't quite help himself as he reveals what the paper is while Gigaton opens it.

Randall Schwartz:

Consider yourselves served... as in summoned, across the multiverse to Earth-3000 for a battle to find out who is the best tag team in all of space, time, and reality!

Kenny lets out a sigh, but also nods in agreement with his compatriot.

Kenny Freeman:

With all the talk of PRIME and DEFIANCE going at it, we opted to throw our hats in the ring. We are, as my friend is saying, fixin' for a fight.

Randall Schwartz:

For the Multiverse!

Kenny just stares at Randall, another sigh escaping his mouth before he nods once more.

Kenny Freeman:

For the Multiverse.

Randall Schwartz:

For Moscow!

An even heavier sigh from Kenny, this time.

Kenny Freeman;
I... yeah, for Moscow.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I have to ask, gentlemen...

The Mad Science Queen looks into Kenny and Randall's eyes as her sobering process continues, and she chuckles.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

What technology did you boys use to be able to cross universes to join us here tonight? That arrow I sent my invitation to, that was a proprietary tech I have been tinkering with for some time, but you had me quite curious. Care to divulge?

Kenny is quick to respond with a nod before Randall can chime in.

Kenny Freeman:

Sure thing, we uh... we got here by way of a 2012 Chevy Camero, with--

Randall Schwartz:

A flux capacitor! And a Mr. Fusion to convert common household waste into the plutonium necessary to power the drive.

Dr. Sato lets out a hearty laugh that only a woman who's a few booze slushies into the night can provide, before leaning in to the Masters.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Oh, you're just pulling my leg, aren't you? Very funny, lads. But seriously, what was the trick? LT and Henry Keyes get booed to high heaven here, but are cock of the walk in the PRIME world, so I KNOW there is some kind of advanced multiverse theory going on here. C'mon. Spill it.

Randall starts to respond, but Kenny cuts him off quickly.

Kenny Freeman:

Entertainer, I got this.

Kenny turns his attention back to the good Doctor.

Kenny Freeman:

It's actually quite simple, Dr. Sato. On our... well, that is, where we come from... the most hated thing you could be is either brutally handsome, incredibly entertaining, or a Communist.

Randall Schwartz:

And we happen to tick all three boxes.

Kenny Freeman:

So to answer your question, we got here by the sheer power of comradeship. I think that's a word.

Dr. Sato looks into Kenny's eyes, a tipsy grin across her face, and nods firmly.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I'm still not convinced you're not pulling my leg. So I'll tell you what.

She reaches out and gently takes the summons from Gigaton's meaty paws.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

On behalf of the Atomic Punks, I accept this challenge.

A pause.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Once the details of the where and the when are farther hashed out, my boys will take on the both of you. And if we win?

Her grin widens.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You have to tell us the REAL secret to how you were able to cross universes so easily. I think that is a fair prize for the battle of two tag teams vying for supremacy across temporal and cosmological borders, don't you think?

The Masters look at each other for a moment, really thinking long and hard about it... and nod in response.

Kenny Freeman:

What the hell, I'm sure that can be arranged.

Randall Schwartz:

I know a lunch lawyer that can get the papers drawn up.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

SPLENDID!

She cackles with delight as she smiles at them both.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

We'll get the paperwork signed up as soon as we get it. Good luck, Multiverse Traversers!

With a gleeful handshake for both of them, she nods in acceptance of this arrangement.

Randall Schwartz:

With that, we depart for our journey back... to the fut--I mean, to Earth-3000!

Kenny watches The Entertainer make a beeline for the Chevy Camaro waiting down a distance, giving a nod to the Punks.

Kenny Freeman:

We'll be seein' ya soon, then. Real soon.

As the Masters and the Punks go their separate ways, the camera focuses on the Punks and Dr. Sato as they slowly make their way back to their lab. Suddenly, off-camera to the right, a bright flash of light lights the side of our screen, causing all three of them to look back in that direction.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...oh, wow, maybe it really was that simple aft-

WHAM!

She turns back around in time to see Fission collapsing to the concrete...

WHAM!

...and for Gigaton to get nailed in the head with a heavy steel briefcase.

WHAM!

Big Gig manages to land on all fours, only to get crowned once more on the noggin by the briefcase before plopping face-down.

The camera follows the pair of suited figures now standing over the Punks, revealing "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne, the team of Money Talks. Dressed as Jules Winfield and Vincent Vega from Pulp Fiction respectively, the pair sneers down at their targets before turning on their heels and walking away.

Dr. Sato is LIVID, rushing in to check on her boys before looking back at Money Talks, rage in her eyes.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You BASTARDS! You really think you can crash this party that so much work has gone into, and just walk away?

Money Talks doesn't seem to pay her any mind, even as Gigaton slowly starts to stir.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

This isn't over! You'll pay for this! Just like ALL of you creeps under Box and White! Do you hear me? ALL OF YOU!

The camera fades on Dr. Sato, alternating between trying to bring her men back to, and staring daggers of fury towards their assailants.

DEATH TRIANGLE

We return from backstage to a wide shot of the ring. Three separate wooden tables are covered with DEFIANCE-branded black and red cloths, arranged in a triangle. A bunch of steel folding chairs are set up too, and "Downtown" Darren Keebler is ready to go with a mic.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, at the top of our most recent broadcast of DEFtv, there were some absolutely massive developments. Two titanic challenges featuring three of the most important figures in the world of professional wrestling are on the table: one for our inaugural DEFIANCE Rising pay-per-view, and another for the groundbreaking supershow featuring competitors from the two top wrestling companies in the world. Tonight, we make those matches official.

Without further adieux.....

.....The lights slowly draw to a dim. A COOL breeze makes its way throughout the audience. Tension. Suspense. Drama. Intrigue. Pomp. Circumstance. The thousands in attendance.

All rise.

Up on the Crumbotron, the coolest montage of superkicks this side of the astral plane plays. Lindsay Troy, Bronson Box, Eric Dane, Jeff Andrews, Brandon Youngblood, Cecilworth Farthington, Brian Hollywood, Darin Zion, Dan Ryan, you name him or her, and they're a part of it.

Ha.

Afterwards, well, after what seems like forever, a guitar riff capable of bending both space and time hits like a category five hurricane named Screamin' Jay.

*"I'm the one your mama warned you about,"
"When you see me, I will leave you no doubt."
"I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth,"
"I've been the coolest since the day of my birth..."*

Up at the top of the ramp the recently retired PRIME Hall of Famer and former DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, Cancer Jiles, emerges with his lovely and always vivacious Valkyrie, Vickie Hall, in tow. They are both donning matching electric-blue jumpsuits. They both are smiling. Jiles has on an obnoxious pair of sunglasses to go along with a tip-top hairdo, and Vickie has the old big belt once again strapped around her waist.

"...I AM THE COOL!"

The lovely couple slowly makes their way down the entrance ramp. Along the way, Jiles takes a moment to exchange pleasantries with a few of the patrons sitting along the aisle. The Philadelphia native even goes out of his way to belittle a younger fan wearing a Lindsey Tray t-shirt. Upon reaching the ring, King COOL enters it by slyly sliding under the bottom rope, while his significant other takes the classy route via the steel steps. Once inside the ring the two look at the setup before them and find their assigned seat. Before the forever petty manchild takes his, he makes sure to kick both Henry Keyes and Dan Ryan's over.

Ha.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Lightning and thunder crackle as the musical tones fill the arena. The music breaks into the first verse as Dan Ryan

steps out onto the stage, sunglasses down over his eyes, lightning effects reflecting, wearing black slacks and a long-sleeved white button-down collared shirt.

Ryan keeps his eyes on Jiles and Vickie in the ring as he slowly walks the aisle, giving no attention to the numerous hands of the DEFIANT faithful reaching out to slap him on his shoulders as he walks by. Reaching the apron, he pauses, looking into the ring, his eyes still hidden behind dark shades. He turns toward the corner, takes a few steps, then climbs the ringsteps into the ring and stands still, no expression, no extraneous movement. The lights come up, and the two men in shades just stare at each other until...

♪, ♪, ♪ ♪ ♪...

♪, ♪, ♪ ♪ ♪...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy emerge in matching blue military-style longcoats with gold pauldrons and buttons. Keyes wears a bright pink button down with tailored white slacks and, for the eagle-eyed, black combat boots. Big Blue is strapped tightly around his waist, and he looks like he spent at least a few days in between DEFTv episodes working on his tan. The Queen is wearing a T-shirt of The Office's "They're The Same Picture" meme featuring Jonny Booya and Cancer Jiles, bright pink hot pants, and black boots. Her LED sunglasses are blinking "DRONE" "STRIKE" "JILES." Troy is absolutely gassing up her guy and is an order of magnitude more animated than Keyes, whose eyes keep shifting between Jiles and Ryan; he's trying to give Stoic Zaddy energy and is unaware that his natural haunch-strut looks stiff and rigid in a way he doesn't usually present himself.

Nerves?

They step through the ropes and claim space behind the third table.

...

No one wants to sit in the chairs they've been provided, except for Jiles (though to be fair, Dan and Henry's aren't currently upright.) Everyone else in the ring is on edge. It's a Mexican standoff with two wildcards and a commentator thrown in. Keebs tries to begin the proceedings.

DDK:

Well, gentlemen, we're only...

Dan Ryan:

Shut up, Darren.

Darren Keebler pauses in place, mouth open, hand holding an invisible microphone. The real microphone is now in Dan Ryan's hand after he swiped it away.

Dan Ryan:

We know what we're here for. Get to it.

Dan slowly and methodically hands the microphone back to Darren Keebler and gestures for him to get on with it.

DDK:

...we're only a few w-

Henry Keyes:

SHUT UP, DARREN.

Keebler freezes again as the microphone is swiped once more, this time by the FIST.

Henry Keyes:

You've got four world champions and a ham sandwich in the ring, Keebler. We all know what's at stake. We all know when we want to fight. Get ON with it.

There's dread and sorrow in Keebler's eyes as Keyes exaggeratedly mimes Dan Ryan, placing the microphone back in Keebler's hands with the delicate touch of a man playing a high-stakes game of Operation.

DDK:

...weeks away from some...

Before Keebler can continue on, the poor guy is distracted by the COOL guy sitting down with his feet up on the table. See, said COOL guy is motioning for him to come over to him, since he's way too COOL to be bothered to stand and swipe the microphone for himself.

Presumably.

It should be noted that it's being heavily insinuated that if Darren doesn't comply he's going to catch a curious case of a crazy lady gouging out his eyes. As such, The King of COOL simply extends his hand, and, much to everyone's chagrin, Darren places the microphone in it.

Cancer Jiles:

It's okay, Darren, you gotta cut these guys some slack. Look at them. They are on edge. Well, not the edge of their seats, but on edge nonetheless. As they should be. It's not every day someone like me comes along, who has been gone for so long and then returns still at the top of the food chain.

The King of COOL snorts.

Cancer Jiles:

It's not common, that's for sure. Still, you might want to hurry it up. I can smell the coward on both of these crumbs. They ain't gonna attack me for dragging ass, which means...

In an odd, kind gesture, Jiles doesn't throw the mic back at Darren, or launch it into the crowd, he simply hands it to him, and lets him get on with what he needs to do.

DDK:

...some very major...

Henry Keyes:

Hang on, Keebler.

The microphone, once again, hath been yoinketh'd.

Henry Keyes:

Miss Troy hasn't had a turn.

Jiles sighs and Vickie rolls her eyes. Keebler meanwhile, regretfully understanding the assignment, locks in place as Keyes returns the microphone to his hand. In the blink of an eye, Lindsay Troy pushes forward, pivots, and throws a

spinning Muay Thai kick that sends the microphone flying out of the ring, clattering to the floor.

Her LED glasses now read “BOOM” “THREE” “POINTS.”

Dan Ryan motions over to a ringside attendant for a fresh microphone, all the while giving Darren Keebler a side eye. Once he has the microphone in hand, he walks past Keebler, shaking his head in a very fatherly ‘I’m so disappointed in you’ manner. Still looking at Keebler, Ryan holds the microphone out to Henry Keyes and says off-mic, “Maybe you should just start.”

Dan keeps his eyes on Keebler, looking at him like he just brought the family car home with a dent in it, as Henry raises the microphone to his lips.

Henry Keyes:

Well, well, well, well, well. Welllllll, well, well, well, well. WELLLLLLLLLLL, WELL, W-

Lindsay Troy puts a hand on his shoulder. Keyes reins it in.

Henry Keyes:

Welllllll, gentlemen, we’re only a few weeks away from some very major events, eh?

Keebler looks PISSED for a second - Keyes shoots him a hard look, and Keebler turns away to hide his face. Keyes points to Jiles.

Henry Keyes:

I’ve been waiting for you to speak up. Been waiting for WEEKS. I was genuinely worried for a minute that the rumors were true, that you had actually retired in the biggest hissy fit wrestling’s seen this side of Conor Fuse. And after all that waiting, who’s the one to actually answer the Kraken’s call? Who speaks on behalf of the King of Cool? This...

Keyes motions vaguely in the direction of Vickie Hall, she snarls at him in return.

Henry Keyes:

...haggard adult woman. Look here - you know why I threw down the challenge for PRIME’s most notorious man? It’s because NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT HENRY KEYES IS A COWARD. Big fish recognize other big fish, even if it’s been a decade since the last time we were in each other’s spheres. And I look at you now, this seated and entitled pile of trash, and I wonder...am I going to have to fight Vickie Hall, too? Does she do everything for you, cut your meat, wipe your ass? Did she teach you how to spit yolk properly?

Dan turns and looks at Jiles as though watching a tennis match. Jiles is unperturbed, which visibly angers Keyes.

Henry Keyes:

I don’t want to hear it from *her*, I don’t want to hear it from some *other* Bandit dipshit that hasn’t abandoned ship, I want to hear it from YOU. What say you??

Darren Keebler has resigned himself to his only remaining useful duty, distributing contracts and pens to the assembled wrestlers. It seems that the ringside attendants have realized that the safest course from here is to provide all parties with their own microphones in order to reduce the risk of more electronics being kicked.

Dan Ryan:

Look, I think we both know he isn’t gonna say a thing, so why don’t I just chime in and get to the bottom line here? First, Henry, I can see how nervous you are. Between the fact that I may have drained Bronson Box of his remaining blood recently, maybe killed a friend of that weird giant Russian guy, and have this undeserving reputation as something of a killer, and... this weird little mute dude with the hair gel and the apparently recently released from a mental institution harpy next to him, you’re probably a little worried this is gonna go South.

A half-perturbed Jiles tries to voice his opinion; however, unlike Darren earlier, Dan Ryan refuses his simple, cockish,

hand gesturing.

Dan Ryan: *[clearly choosing to ignore Jiles altogether]*

Let me be clear. You and I? We're fighting for that belt around your waist because I earned this opportunity. This isn't about anything other than that. If you can beat me to defend that title, we're square. No hard feelings. And anyone who wants a piece of you will have to go through me first. But you are gonna have to beat me. I'm not giving you so much as an inch. Unfortunately... I don't think you'll get the same offer from Marcel Marceau. Vae Victis is a **family**. Sometimes, we gotta fight. That's just the way it goes. Iron sharpens iron. And I want you at your best, my friend. I'll be damned if this turd is waltzing his slimy ass in here and throwing a wrench in my plans. In fact, I have half a mind to send him about six-seven rows deep into the crowd.

The Faithful light up at this proposal from The Ego Buster. Keyes is visibly more subdued as he listens to Ryan. After a beat, looks to Jiles, who's stoic as hell. He looks to Lindsay Troy, who nods, and then he turns back to Ryan.

Henry Keyes:

...you're right, Vae Victis is a family. And sometimes, we gotta fight. It's why I fought Kerry - he earned and deserved his shot, too. I just hate that it's you, Dan. I HATE that it's you. We've been through more than a lot of these fans may know - hell, we've been through more than maybe even YOU know. The first time we ever locked horns was practically a lifetime ago - you, on top, me, a struggling rookie, ready to do anything to make a name for myself. A lot's changed since then. When I joined Vae Victis, I wasn't just introduced by Miss Troy here - you were there, too. And then, you weren't. And I was ready to kill you over it.

Henry pauses and looks over to Lindsay Troy. Her LED glasses now read "THE" "DARKEST" "TIMELINE." He turns back to Dan, all the while ignoring Cancer Jiles, whose stoicism is just dying to get the best of him.

Henry Keyes:

Lately, it had felt like you and I had come to a sort of peace and friendship, like it was in the very beginning of Vae Victis...and I look at you now. Strong as you ever were. Intimidating as you ever were. I know the history of Dan Ryan, and the history of Dan Ryan is LITTERED with the bodies of men and women who once trusted the Ego Buster before he stabbed them in the front, back, side, or anywhere else. You can talk all you want about this being a friendly competition, iron sharpening iron. When Kerry said it, I believed him. With you...

Dan Ryan:

...with me... yeah, you don't have to say it. You're a smart man, Henry. I remember everything you're talking about. I remember the struggling rookie. I remember making an open challenge and that struggling rookie stepping up to take his shot. You're not a struggling rookie anymore. You're on top of your game. I'm proud of you. You're the FIST of DEFIANCE, and that still **means** something.

Jiles, unable to contain his stoicism, blurts out a laugh. It's not completely out loud, but it is audible, and it certainly is obnoxious. However, it's not enough to derail Dan.

Dan Ryan:

It means something to me. I sure as hell hope it means something to you. But words are meaningless. You're right. You shouldn't trust what I'm saying. Only actions mean anything around here. Most of my career, I haven't known what I was gonna do right up until the moment I did those things, and I never bothered thinking about regret. For example, if Cancer Jiles doesn't shut the fuck up, I'm gonna put my boot through his skull, and then not regret a single second of it. Either way, I earned a chance to become the first four-time FIST of DEFIANCE, and I don't intend to let that opportunity pass me by.

The crowd swoons. Henry nods righteously. Lindsay nods approvingly. Jiles, the third wheel, well, he sighs, and in doing so brings all of the eyes upon him. In other words, it's his time to talk. However, before doing so, now both smug and smitten, he rises from his seat, grabs the contract in front of him, finds the dirtiest, charcoaliest loogie he can hack up, spits -- right where he is supposed to sign mind you -- and then slides the contract over towards the FIST of DEFIANCE.

At least in his direction anyway.

Cancer Jiles:

Consider that signed, crumbo. Word of advice, maybe bring a phonebook next time to sit on so it at least looks like you belong at my table. I know a guy. And you, Danny boy...

Keyes is livid. The disrespect. Troy is annoyed, but definitely not surprised. Ryan's head rattles like a snake's tail as he sits there, awaiting his judgment.

Cancer Jiles:

.....I don't remember saying you could leave the Gallows.

Vickie's thunderous cackle explodes the eardrums of both the near and the far. Dan winces at the shrill siren's spell. Jiles shoots Lindsay a pucker that lights all remaining FUSEs.

It's then that the Queen lifts her arm into the air and the bedazzled pink and blue OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered from the rafters for the second time tonight. She levies her glare at Jiles.

In the distance, an owl hoots.

Lindsay Troy:

You don't have a ship or a crew anymore.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Everyone in attendance is dead. No need to check pulses. Even Vickie. That, or she passed out in the ring. Can never really tell with her.

Lindsay Troy:

"Captain."

It is then that Dan and Henry retrieve their chairs, sit down upon them, cross a respective leg, and share a bowl of some imaginary popcorn. Ryan peacefully signs his name to the DEFIANCE Rising contract as Keyes signs his name to the loogie'd supershow contract; Dan then passes over his papers, and Henry signs a second time. Match contracts accounted for, they dig deep into that imaginary popcorn bucket and *observe*.

Jiles smiles, but don't let him fool you, he is not happy. It's purely there to deflect and hide his shame. You can tell because you can see all of his teeth and they are grinding the fuck together like he is on meth.

Lindsay Troy:

What's wrong? Forget your retainer? *Ha*.

The grit is real. The possibility of Jiles' teeth cracking into pieces, like pieces from a broken egg shell, is real. Vickie, his Valkyrie, even asleep, senses this. She springs upward from the floor like a positive pregnancy test, and places her hand upon his shoulder. The Greek God of COOL instantly calms. His blood, once boiling, now runs COOL. He turns to his better half and whispers something in her ear. Whatever he says causes Vickie to leave the ring. Before she steps through the ropes she calls back to her man, and immediately afterwards for a split second the focus shifts to her.

Henry is still sitting. So is Dan. They both turn their heads to look at Vickie because what she just shouted was so alarming, and so crazy it's almost hard to believe those words came out of a woman's mouth.

Ha.

Lady Troy, however, is standing. Not only is she standing, but she is standing right where she doesn't want to be. Her

attention turned to Vickie, and Cancer Jiles about to creep into her DM's.

CRACK~!

It doesn't take long. Jiles might be retired, might be a little rusty, but he'll always be a pro. And when it comes to kicking people in the face when they least expect it, well, Cancer Jiles is always going to be a pro at that.

Consummate.

It's not the first time Lady Troy has sniffed his salts.

It won't be the last, either.

That said, it's also not the sort of thing that gets easier over time. Being so, The Queen of the Ring goes back and to the left, and toppling over a table. Ryan swings wildly, without fear of consequence. Keyes topples his chair as he gets to his feet, lunging after King Crumb for delivering a Terminal Cancer to his Bestie - but it's all for naught. By the time Keyes is on his feet and charging forward, Jiles has already slunk out of the ring, a half-of-a-half of a wry grin across his face as he heads up the ramp with his beau. Keyes may have spent some time getting tan, but there's no hiding the beet red of anger welling up in his face.

Then, out of the corner of Keyes's eyes, something triggers his instinct. He turns.

Dan Ryan is checking on his family, Lindsay Troy, to make sure she's ok. Keyes can't tell how it's going.

The Kraken turns his attention back up the ramp and sees that Vickie Hall's tongue is already doing a gag reflex check on Cancer Jiles a good thirty feet away. He turns back towards his downed Bestie and launches forward to see how she's doing, actively shoving Dan Ryan out of the way.

OHHHHHHHHHH

Ryan, understandably, is a mixture of confused and pissed at this action; how dare Henry Keyes shove Dan Ryan out of the way when his relationship to Lindsay Troy is clearly the more important of the two? Ryan's face can't hide the incredulity of it all, and after a beat, he rips Keyes away so he can get a better angle on seeing how Lindsay is doing.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

If Dan Ryan couldn't hide his emotions, then Henry Keyes is exacerbating his own - his face is rage-filled wildfire. He rips Dan Ryan off the mat, and the two men are suddenly face-to-face. Nose-to-nose.

Keyes is extremely heated in whatever he's relaying to Ryan; the Ego Buster, for his part, seems like he's trying cool things down and relay that Vae Victis is all on the same team; Keyes either isn't hearing it or isn't believing it, based on his facial expression.

Lindsay Troy, for her part, has not been slain by the superkick from Cancer Jiles. She gets to her feet, rubbing her jaw as she sees two of the most important men in her life on the verge of coming to blows. She forces herself in between Keyes and Ryan, admonishing both men. Dan Ryan holds his hands up, trying to convey that he's not trying to start shit. Keyes is wild-eyed in a sort of Max Scherzer On Game Day way.

No one has a microphone in hand anymore, but the cameras are close enough to pick up the exchange between Vae Victis brethren.

Henry Keyes:

She's MY Bestie! She's in MY corner! Back off!

Dan Ryan:

Listen, dick - you don't trust me? Fine. Let's team up, you and me, next DEFtv - I'll *prove* to you where I stand, alright? Iron sharpens iron, and I'm a man of my word.

Keyes is unintelligible in response, but after being scolded a bit by Lindsay Troy, he nods and agrees. They give their nose-to-nose standoff a solid centimeter of real estate. Cancer and Vickie, meanwhile, are pleased as punch at this in-fighting. We linger on the pair as we fade out.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.