

DEFCON 4 (DOUBLE TAKE)

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick...

The broadcast opens on the image of the blue number '5' that began the last show.

Long seconds pass, with nothing being heard other than the quiet and steady ticking in the background.

Then with a loud electric SNAP, the blue '5' flashes over to a slightly brighter and remarkably green number '4'. Accompanying the new number is the lilt of a soft electric alarm.

BEE-doo... BEE-doo... BEE-doo... BEE-doo... BEE-doo...

Cut to black.

DDK: (v/o)

If there's one man in professional wrestling who's white hot coming into 2026, it's our FIST of DEFIA NCE, Henry Keyes.

The highlight reel from DEFtv 230 begins. The FIST of DEFIA NCE, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, strides confidently along the pink carpet down the aisle, accompanied by Bestie and DEFIA NCE Hall of Famer, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. In true Vae Victis fashion, they're slinging pancakes left and right.

After some glamour shots of the royal promenade, we end on the reigning FIST raising the microphone in the ring.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

....WWWWWWWWWWELLLLLLL--

Record scratch!

♪ "Beethoven's 5th" by Cole Rolland x Sophie Lloyd ♪

Cut to DR. NED REFORM stomping down to the ring, greeting by a resounding pop from the Faithful!

Ned Reform: (v/o)

I am, at my core, a man of my word - and at Immortals, I did exactly as I boasted. My gift to the Faithful is complete.

A series of black and white quick cuts show flashes of Dr. Reform and a confederacy of other people shoving Reverend Erik Black into the back of an ambulance, the ambulance filling up with smoke, then suddenly speeding off.

Ned Reform: (v/o)

My quest to become the GREATEST professional wrestler the world has ever seen continues...

The Good Doctor stands in the ring, mic in hand, facing off with the Besties.

Ned Reform: (v/o)

Mr. Keyes, I believe the correct protocol here dictates that I say: I want a shot at the championship... not at DEFCON...

Cut to the intensifying face of "The Kraken" as he reacts to Reform's request.

Ned Reform: (v/o)

...tonight.

The sea of fans ROAR approvingly!

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

Never let it be said that Henry Keyes is a coward...

A grin that is as dapper as it is dastardly crosses the face of Henry Keyes.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

If you wanted a fight, Doc, all you had to do was ask.

The FIST rebuffs the attempted handshake from his challenger.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

I'm going to give you two weeks to really, really stew over the choices you've made here tonight...

The Besties share a telling smirk.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

You're gonna have to climb this mountain at DEFtv 231...

The Kraken's grin widens.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

...in a HARDCORE MATCH.

A close on Dr. Reform's face is unreadable as he takes in the champion's proposal.

Lance: (v/o)

Did Ned get what he wanted...

Reform watches as the Besties walk to the back. Keyes and Troy are wearing matching ominous smirks.

Lance: (v/o)

...or did he walk into something he's not ready for?

Fade to STATIC...

SHOW OPEN



♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪

We are in Dallas, Texas at the American Airlines Center for DEFtv 231! There's a FIST logo at the entranceway, but it's colored in the Texas flag! 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!

#REZINSIGHTING

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ROOTING FOR NED REFORM

REZIN BODY SLAMMED SUPERSTAR SHIA LABEOUF

VERY VERY ADULT BRONSON

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN JONNY BOOYA AND CANCER JILES IN THE SAME ROOM?

[arrow towards previous sign] **PRETTY SURE, YEAH?**

#REZINSIGHTING

LANCE WARNER IS A MARK

ONLY MARKS HATE ON LANCE

ONLY LOVE CAN DRIVE OUT LANCE

SELL THE MAVS TO THE FAVOURED SAINTS

YOU'LL NEVER BE SO-US

MARK LUCK IS A MARK

#REZINSIGHTING

Hand Drawing of Rezin UR NEXT BIG BOSS DAN

BOO!

ADULT SHIT

We go to ringside with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Hello everyone and welcome! We've got a loaded show so we will get right to it! I'm Darren Keebler!

Lance:

And I'm Lance Warner!

DEX JOY & JANNA RAY vs. MIL VUELTAS & BROOKLYNN RIVERA

DDK:

What a HUGE opening match we have coming up to kick off tonight's show! We've got mixed tag team action! Just two weeks removed from one of the biggest singles wins of his career... "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas teams up with Brooklynn Rivera to take on The Lads of "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas and Titanes Familia have been making enemies left and right, including The Lads! Last year at DEFCON, Titanes Familia defeated The Lads in the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match! Dex Joy has pledged that he's done with Mil's tomfoolery going back to last year's DEF Row broadcast!

DDK:

Indeed and that match... is up next!

The camera cuts to ringside for the next match with Darren Quimbey hitting the intros!

DDK:

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

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIAtron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions! Words form on the screen made of blue and yellow lightning...

SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

One by one, DEFIACTION's friendliest group walk out! "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky! Punch Drunk Purcell, throwing his MMA-glove covered hands to the sky and rocking a blue and yellow boxing robe. Janna signals for Punchy to smile and he does, though half-heartedly... and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Janna Ray crosses her hands in front of her to shake hands with both Punchy and Dex...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And different shades of blue and yellow pyro explode on stage!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... Accompanied to the ring by Punch Drunk Purcell at a combined weight of a combined weight of 308 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of "THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNA RAY AND "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LAAAAAADDSSSS!!!**

The Biggest Boy and The Ray of Sunshine climb into the ring together with Ray jumping right into Dexy Baby's arms! The two get loud cheers from the DEFIACTION Wrestling Faithful and get ready for a fight...

♪ "Bigger Man" by Konrad OldMoney, Droox, Taelor Yung ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Dallas Faithful do not share the affinity for Mexico City did!

Lance:

WHAT A RECEPTION STILL AFTER MIL TALKED SMACK EARLIER! THE HOME COUNTRY BOY ARRIVES!

A white spotlight shines up on stage. Standing in said white spotlight, being taken to task by The Faithful! Dexy Baby and Janna Ray both look ready for the fight ahead!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...representing Titanes Familia! From Tijuana, Mexico and currently residing in... your hearts... "LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA... and The Man of a Thousand Flips! He is The GLOAT! He is DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero...

Pause.

Darren Quimbey:

And... quote... the guy who "OWNED OSCAR BURNS IN A STEEL CAGE ALL BY HIMSELF..."

Another pause.

Darren Quimbey:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL... VUELTA!!!!

Yelling to The Faithful like they were cheering him on (because you know they are not!) the GLOAT has on new gear! A fur cloak fastened around his neck with shining gold armbands and boots adorned in purple rhinestones! As he steps over the ropes, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero waves and blows kisses to The Faithful. Behind him, La Angelita has what looks like a spray can and shoots what looks like gold spraypaint into the air to keep the riff-raff away! She climbs over the railing along with Mil. They go to climb into the ring and just as Mil poses on the ring apron...

DEX JOY BIELS MIL RIGHT INTO THE RING!

DING DING**DDK:**

THE LADS AREN'T PLAYING AROUND TONIGHT! JANNA RAY GOES AFTER BROOKLYNN RIVERA!

The ROWDY Dallas crowd is all for the action tonight as Mil hasn't even gotten his cloak off of him when he stumbles to his feet. Dexy Baby charges full speed and CRASHES right into The GLOAT with a huge corner splash! Mil convulses in pain before Dexy Baby points to the other side of the ring! Mil is hurt and shaking his head that he wants to be done, but things get worse when he gets THROWN across the ring for the second time with another huge biel out of the corner!

Lance:

Good grief, I haven't seen anyone get tossed out of the ring like that in a long time!

Referee Hector Navarro has to get the two under control in the ring and all the while outside ring, Janna Ray and Brooklynn Rivera are trading NASTY chops outside!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

DDK:

We're several months away but it sounds like the Fourth of July between these two outside!

Janna Ray tries another shot, but Rivera blocks it by raking the eyes! Ray screams and then La Angelita tries to push the former rugby player. She almost does it, but Janna Ray puts on the brakes! The powerhouse has hold of Brooklynn over the shoulder while Dex Joy has Mil in his grip on the outside...

DOUBLE SNAKE EYES ONTO THE RING APRON!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Dex and Janna bump fists, then do the same with Punchy outside the ring as he cheers the duo on!

DDK:

This one is getting out of control super fast! The Lads are taking the fight to Titanes Familia!

Mil and Brooklynn both get thrown into the ring! Dex Joy and Janna Ray follow into them. From opposite directions, Janna and Dex hit the ropes...

STEREO SHOULDER TACKLES!

Mil gets KNOCKED out of the ring, just as Brooklynn gets knocked out from the other side by a big blow by Janna Ray!

Lance:

The Familia are getting their clocks cleaned tonight by Ray and Joy!

DDK:

Two of DEFIA's most positive forces are positively imposing their will on these two!

Having enough of the beatdown, Mil goes over to help up Brooklynn Rivera and the two start to head towards the back. Dex and Janna aren't having that! They both climb out of the ring and both start heading up towards the ramp...

Mil Vueltas:

HEROES LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

But as he tries to leave, Dex has him by the back of his mask! Mil flails his arms around and shakes his head in shock! Janna knocks Brooklynn down, then both Janna and Dex grab onto Mil and they both pitch him back into the ring! The GLOAT is left fumbling around inside the ring when The Ray of Sunshine follows him in!

DDK:

And now Janna after Mil Vueltas!

Lance:

I can't believe what we're seeing! The Familia is being dominated tonight! Janna Ray knocked down Brooklynn Rivera and

The 5'10" Janna bum-rushes The GLOAT and picks him up over the shoulders before ramming him with a corner spear! He's doubled over in pain and hurt while Janna Ray lands another chop!

Lance:

Mil is in a bad way! And Janna Ray has a spear geared up!

The former rugby player changes towards Mil in the corner as Dex Joy climbs into his corner and cheers her on. She goes for a spear...

BUT MIL IS PULLED OUT OF THE WAY...

BY SIOFRA!

DDK:

WHAT... WHAT THE HECK IS SIOFRA DOING?! WHERE DID SHE EVEN COME FROM!

Lance:

I don't know, but Janna Ray is hurt! She collided with the turnbuckle after Siofra yanked Mil out of the way of that spear!

Punch Drunk Purcell springs into action right away and corners Siofra! The Fury of the Familia pleads with the big man and runs away to the Familia's corner just as Brooklynn Rivera returns to Mil's side. He starts mocking Janna Ray's bad shoulder now and starts cackling as she's doubled over the ground. Mil looks over at Dex and waves to the other side of the ring before flying in with a slingshot senton! He quickly rolls back to his feet and runs to his corner, making the tag to Brooklynn, then hits a sliding dropkick to Janna!

DDK:

And here's the teamwork of The Familia on display!

Brooklynn measures up Janna Ray as she tries to sit up after Mil's dropkick and SMACKS her with a running penalty kick to the chest of Ray! The Ray of Sunshine cries out in pain as Brooklynn then goes right for the left shoulder she smacked the turnbuckle with earlier!

DDK:

And great strategy here! They cut off Janna Ray's chances of success going after that left arm and shoulder!

The judo practitioner grabs Janna Ray as she tries to fight her way back up! She hits a chop on Brooklynn, then goes for another only for Rivera to take her down with an ipponzei arm drag to the mat! The tag is then made to Mil Vueltas as she slaps the left arm of Janna back to the canvas! The GLOAT leaps over the ropes and delivers a slingshot STOMP right onto the arm! Siofra cackles from outside the ring like the banshee she is!

Lance:

What even is Siofra doing out here? Usually, we get her managing Kill or Be Killed or hanging out with Titaness and Uriel Cortez recently!

DDK:

Well, whatever the case may be, she paid dividends for Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera!

Mil positions himself over Janna Ray as she holds onto her shoulder. He inches towards Dex Joy and tries to get close, only to pull back when The Biggest Boy swipes away at him! The GLOAT laughs and then goes back to Janna... and gets doubled over with right hands using her good arm!

DDK:

Janna Ray still fighting back! But... no!

Ray goes to pick up Mil on her shoulder, but The GLOAT slips out and hits her with a HUGE pele kick as she turns! Ray is hurt and Mil flips back to his feet before posing over her body... then breaking out the "Take This L" Dance from Fortnite! He hits a handspring into the ropes and then connects with a backflip back elbow to the heart of The Ray of Sunshine!

DDK:

Oooh! Take this L-Bow from Mil Vueltas! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Janna Ray kicks out! She sits up, but Mil already is over to make the quick tag to La Angelita. The 5'11" judo practitioner and striker goes to work as they both have Janna on the ropes. She eats STIFF kicks from both Mil and Rivera right to the midsection as she hangs onto the ropes!

Brooklynn Rivera:

¡CHÓCAME AHORA, PERRA!

Mil laughs at Rivera's spiciness in the moment before hits Janna Ray with a snapmare! They both take a side of Janna Ray.

Mil Vueltas:

TRES... DOS... UNO!

And both CRACK Janna Ray from either side with basement dropkicks to both sides of the head!

DDK:

Ooooooh! Double basement dropkicks from both Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera!

Mil goes and taunts Dex again then goes back to his corner while Brooklynn Rivera goes back to work on Janna Ray's arm by locking in kimura!

DDK:

Kimura armbar! The submission is locked in on Janna Ray! Can she fight through the pain?

Lance:

Titanes Familia have done a great job working over that shoulder, but does Janna Ray even have the strength to escape!

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell both cheer on Janna Ray from their respective corner as Rivera tries to rip the arm off of The Ray of Sunshine! The former rugby player fights back and struggles against the hold!

LASS! LASS! LASS! LASS! LASS!

The Biggest Boy gets a "LASS!" chant going for The Lass of the Lads as she pumps a fist in the air with her free hand! Despite both Ray and Rivera being of close to equal height, Ray has the power advantage!

DDK:

Ray! She's getting up! Rivera has the legs scissored around her body, but Ray is fighting!

The kimura is locked in, but Ray fights and SLAMS Rivera into the corner! She slams her again to get her to break her grip! Janna Ray might be hurt, but Rivera comes swinging for a Goodnight Kiss elbow strike... Janna ducks... then TACKLES her off the ropes with a HUGE spear that turns Brooklynn inside out!

DDK:

WHAT... A... SPEAR! She calls that Into The Light!

Mil jumps in shock while Dex Joy cheers from his corner! He has a hand out! Janna may have hurt herself on the spear, but Into The Light buys her a chance to get to her corner as Mil pleads with Brooklynn to get to his corner! Clutching her ribs, she follows the sound of The GLOAT's voice!

DDK:

And here comes Mil... AND HERE COMES DEXY BABY!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The Biggest Boy hits the ring and slams right into DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero with a colossal clothesline! Dex Joy grabs Mil by his arm and pulls the smaller luchador to his feet before he pulls him into a short-arm clothesline! After he drops him, Vueltas goes for the ride once again when he picks up Mil! He spins him around and Mil shakes his head frantically not wanting the smoke... only to get smoked by a huge delayed spinning body slam! After the slam, he hits the ropes and drops his noggin right into the chest of Mil with a huge falling headbutt!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas is getting punished right now! That flurry of offense from Dex ending with the falling headbutt, but it's not over yet!

Lance:

And where is he going next?!

With Mil Vueltas still hurt, Dex points right at the corner! He hits a leaping elbow drop off the ropes to stun Mil! As the luchador is hurt, Dex Joy climbs through the ropes and goes up to the top rope! He taps his head and then takes flight...

DDK:

JUMP FOR JOY! DIVING HEADBUTT OFF THE TOP ROPE! IS THAT GONNA DO IT?!

Dex Joy pushes Mil's shoulders to the canvas and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Mil BARELY gets the shoulder up off the canvas, but Dex Joy points at the corner where Janna Ray wants the tag! Dexy Baby goes over and gives it as he sets up Mil for a doomsday device!

DDK:

Dex Joy has Mil on the shoulders... OOOOOH! THEY CALL THAT THE DOOMS-RAY DEVICE!

Janna Ray nearly takes Mil's head off as he's down! Janna Ray gets the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

SIOFRA YANKS HECTOR NAVARRO'S LEG!

Lance:

HEY! WHAT IS SIOFRA DOING?!

Janna Ray gets up and sees Siofra. She growls as Punch Drunk Purcell starts to give chase! He's had enough! He charges...

CALL OF THE WILD FROM KILGORE!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL... KILGORE?! WHERE DID KILGORE COME FROM?!

One half of Kill or Be Killed ROCKS Punch Drunk Purcell with his deadly running big boot square to the face! Dex Joy sees him and goes after the big man, but right behind him, Killjoy shows up as well and both swarm Purcell on the floor! Hector Navarro screams at the monsters, but they aren't hearing him as Dex Joy jumps at Kilgore!

DDK:

KILL OR BE KILLED ARE BOTH HERE! THESE MONSTERS HAVE BEEN UNLEASHED!

Janna Ray is caught between trying to help her friends or finish the match, then decides to try and grab Siofra by the hair! She rushes through and tries to grab Siofra, but Mil Vueltas pulls her away! Brooklynn takes the spray can from earlier and SPRAYS Janna Ray in the face!

Lance:

HEY! HECTOR, TURN AROUND!

Janna Ray is blinded as Mil reaches over and tags in Brooklynn Rivera! La Angelita sneaks into the ring and CRACKS The Ray of Sunshine upside the head with a reverse roundhouse kick to the head that drops her like a stone! Mil rushes and gets Hector's attention!

DDK:

NO! JANNA RAY WAS BLINDED BY THAT SPRAY... INTO THAT KICK! BROOKLYNN CALLS THAT HARD IN THE PAINT!

Brooklynn ditches the can and she hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Muerto Thrash" by Konrad OldMoney and FKxU ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **BROOKLYNN RIVERA AND "THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTA S!**

Brooklynn Rivera looks on wide-eyed as Mil rushes over and hugs her! Dex Joy goes after him and has him by the leg!

Lance:

The Familia steal another one from The Lads... DEX ALMOST HAS MIL!

He has Mil by the leg as the luchador tries to crawl away, but Kilgore and Killjoy ATTACK Dex Joy! Dex tries to fight them off, but the 650 pounds of humanity is too much! They both headbutt The Biggest Boy at the same time! He gets rocked, then THROWN...

CRASH!

...RIGHT INTO THE STEEL STEPS!!!

Lance:

MIL VUELTA S CAME IN TONIGHT WITH A GAMEPLAN! HE HAD SIOFRA AND KILL OR BE KILLED LURKING IN THE WINGS! AND THEY JUST TOOK OUT THE LADS!

Breathing a sigh of relief, The GLOAT climbs into the ring. Rivera stands over Janna Ray as both Punchy and Dex are laid out on the outside of the ring. Killjoy, Kilgore and Siofra join Mil in the ring as he grabs a microphone.

Lance:

What does this worm even want?

He taps the microphone. The Faithful jeer The GLOAT mercilessly but he taps a microphone

Mil Vueltas:

DEX JOY! YOU... YOUR LADS...

He SPITS on the ground right next to the fallen Janna Ray!

Mil Vueltas:

You say you tired of Familia? TOO BAD! WE TIRED OF **YOU!** YOU'RE BULLIES! AND YOU KNOW HOW YOU DEAL WITH BULLIES?!

Mil looks up at Killjoy and Kilgore!

Mil Vueltas:

YOU GET BIGGER PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH BULLIES!

Dex Joy is barely able to get up and hears the challenge.

Mil Vueltas:

DEFCON... you want to end this... and we do, too! The Lads! Titanes Familia! Four on four... FAMILIA FEUD II!

DDK:

WHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOAAAAAA! FAMILIA FEUD RULES III!

Mil drops the microphone! Kill or Be Killed, Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera stand tall over the Lads before they leave the ring together and head to the back to celebrate! Brooklynn cackles and sprays the spray can up in the air before leaving the ring!

Lance:

What a challenge! But with Butcher out on his own... Familia Feud Rules! Four on four! Who will The Lads even have with them?!

FALLING ON DEF EARS

Backstage.

The camera pans upwards...

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

And it's EXTRA LOUD for one of DEFIADE's loudest and proudest stars.

Texas' own Butcher Victorious!

The Microphone Fiend has on a pair of the brand new (and selling like hotcakes at defshop.com!) Aural D-Lights earbuds. He's dressed in his ring gear and addresses the camera as he taps on the earbuds to turn them off.

Butcher Victorious:

DALLAS, TEXAS!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... is home. Back where it all started! Just under three hours away in Austin, where your boy Butcher was born! Born with music in my head and a song in my heart and a fire that ain't goin' out! When I started here... I was nobody. No one important. Nobody that was worth a damn thing. Almost cut from BRAZEN. Almost cut from UNCUT, of all things. Almost cut from main roster... making sandwiches and fetching bags until Butch Vic said "NAH NAH" to Vae Vic... tis.

Then he points at the camera.

Butcher Victorious:

Then thanks to you, The BUTCH VIC CLIQUE... This nobody took ten years to become a somebody, but I am somebody now and I will NEVER forget that it was cause of y'all!

The Texan accent is really coming out tonight.

Butcher Victorious:

Two weeks ago, Butch Vic played Butch Vic's Greatest Hit Vol.2 for Corey Nunez and three seconds later, I walked out with that W! So I wanna ask you tonight... open challenge! Later tonight in front of my home state! Our GREAT state! I ask you... who's gonna get IT from Butch Vic?!

Butcher waits for a few seconds as if he's expecting anyone to come interrupt him.

...

When it doesn't happen right away, he shrugs.

Butcher Victorious:

All right, then. I'm gonna lace them up, I'm gonna hear the music, then I'm gonna hear the people! So say it loud and say it proud... I am...

And he doesn't get one word further.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You are boisterous!

Nigel sweeps into frame with pomp & circumstance, sweeping his black bowler cap under his arm. Butcher taps his

ear as he stares down Nigel.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You are exuberant! You are...

Nigel sticks a bony index finger into each oversized ear.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You are LOUD!

Arching an eyebrow, Nigel slinks closer to a skeptical Butch Vic.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

A man such as you, even self-made as you are... People might mistake your noise for bluster! All flash, no thunder! In fact... I must admit that it's hard not to look at you and wonder what might have been. What might have been had another hand lead you down the path? What might have been if I'd found you before the others? One thing is for certain, had I sunk my claws into you - you might have learned the value of silence.

Vic rolls his eyes and starts off before realizing Nigel isn't done. The old man's sickeningly friendly smile sours into a hateful scowl, slowly.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I wonder if I'm the only one who isn't certain you've earned all you have? I wonder if the powers that be might've given you whatever you wanted just to shut... you... up.

Now it's Vic who sours, squaring up on the comparatively frail old man.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I wonder if you might be bold enough... brash enough... to test yourself. Tonight. Against my man. One who has been overlooked. Ignored. Cast aside because of his...

Nigel chooses the word carefully.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"Tranquility". Villalobos. Face him tonight. Show the world, show me... that you're more than just NOISE. While he shows YOU, and the world, that silence... is GOLDEN.

Butcher eyes the handler for The Crown and then pulls out his Aural D-Lights from his ears.

Butcher Victorious:

So uh... I'm gonna be honest, Lordy... these things work. Butch Vic... didn't hear shit!

A cheer from the people!

Butcher Victorious:

At least, almost nothing until the end. Something about how you wanna accept my challenge on behalf of another Los Caidos geek? That sum it up?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes.

Butcher laughs.

Butcher Victorious:

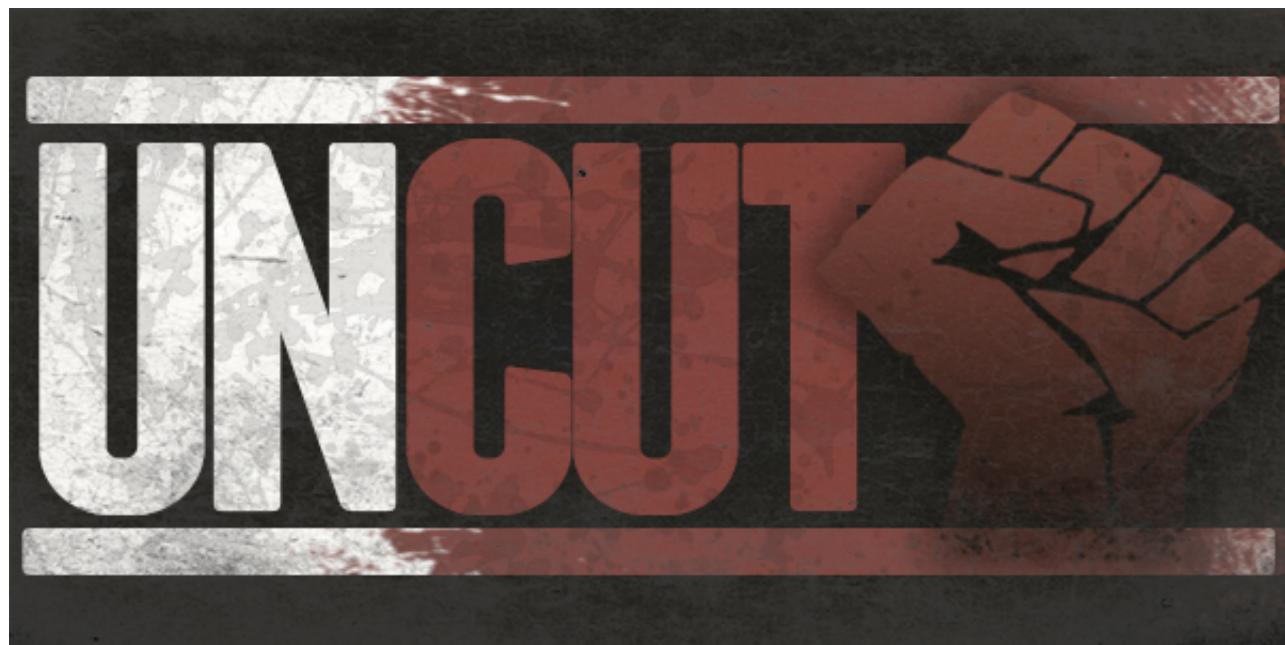
Then I'll tell you this... from Butch Vic, to Lord Trick... tonight... Big G's big ass is gettin' WHIPPED!

He starts to put his earbuds back in.

Butcher Victorious:

Bigger and better ain't been able to shut me up! Ain't NO ONE hearing him over me and the BUTCH.... VIC... CLIQUE!

Both Aural D-Lights are back in as he turns on his heel and walks away from Lord Nigel. Nigel simply watches Butcher leave before he departs the opposite way.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANC

TEAM SPORTS

Cut to backstage.

Christie Zane stands with a microphone in hand. The Faithful can still be heard rumbling faintly from the arena.

Scott Douglas stands beside her, dressed to compete ... or to he just got there. It's pretty much the same thing either way.

Christie Zane:

Scott, tonight you team with Corvo Alpha. Given that both yourself and Corvo are contenders for the SoHer... how confident are you heading into this match with Alpha as your tag team partner?

Douglas exhales and takes a beat before he offers an answer. He doesn't look at Christie, rather he looks straight down the barrel.

Scott Douglas:

I know exactly what I bring to the table, and I'm well aware of what Corvo Alpha is capable of. That's not to take anything away from Uriel Cortez or Titaness. I've fought that fight before. But yeah... Confident? Sure.

He finally turns toward her.

Scott Douglas:

Trusting? Not a chance.

Christie Zane:

That was going to be my next question. Do you think you can trust Corvo Alpha, and can the two of you coincide together long enough to secure a victory tonight against Titaness and Uriel Cortez?

Scott Douglas:

Corvo's never given me a reason to trust him. Never given me a reason to think he's got *my* back ...

Christie nods.

Scott Douglas:

But tonight? We need each other. Whether we like it or not. We don't need to trust one another ... we just need to get the job done.

Before Christie can follow up, a shadow falls across the frame as Corvo Alpha steps into view.

The energy changes immediately.

Douglas turns his head slowly, locking eyes with Corvo.

Scott Douglas:

No trust.

Beat.

Scott Douglas:

Just business.

Silence.

Corvo studies him for a long moment. No words or emotion ... just a stern and measured look.

Then he gives a single nod.

He turns and walks off.

Douglas watches him leave, wringing his wrist tape before walking off as well.

Christie Zane:

Well... there you have it. The tenous team of "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and Corvo Alpha face off later tonight with the Co-SoHer Champions Uriel Cortez and Titaness! And standing by... Chris Trutt with their opponents...

Cut to elsewhere in the arena... with Chris Trutt!

Chris Trutt:

And um... towering over me at this time... uh... THE SO... US... Titaness.

He looks off-camera, slightly petrified when the much taller Titaness walks into view wearing an all-white coat, pants, gold headdress and long coat with an inner fur lining. The SO-HERS is around her waist.

Titaness:

And? What'd we tell you to refer to him as?

Chris Trutt:

Oh... uh... DEFIA's Dad... "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez!

Stepping into view wearing a black version of the same coat as his wife and sunglasses, the 7'1" SO-US stands over Chris. He holds a hand out and makes Chris almost jump... until he gets a pat on the head.

Uriel Cortez:

Good boy. Let's hurry up and do the Qs so we can go get ready for the match.

Chris Trutt:

So tonight... you two challenge Corvo Alpha and Scott Douglas, both of them are former Southern Heritage Champions too! How do you like your chances of winning?

Titaness:

Honestly? Pretty damn good. I mean... how many times have Douglas and Corvo teamed together?

Uriel Cortez:

Zero.

Titaness:

And how many times have we teamed together, Uri?

Uriel Cortez:

At this point, all of the times.

Titaness:

And let me ask you... how many titles have we had together, love?

Uriel Cortez:

Well, a couple years ago, we slayed The Lucky Sevens just outside my hometown and won the Unified Tag Team Titles. What other ones do we have?

He starts tapping the place of the title right next to the head of Chris Trutt.

Uriel Cortez:

What other titles have we won and successfully defended against everyone and Henry Keyes' mother, Lindsay Troy?

In eye-rolling fashion, Titaness holds up the SO-HERS.

Titaness:

Right on tip of my fingers.

Suddenly, Chris Trutt snaps his finger.

Chris Trutt:

Oh, I know this one! You're the SO-US!

Laughter erupts from the arena as Trutt has no sense of sarcasm. Titaness just moves on.

Titaness:

But let's be serious. Tonight... Corvo Alpha and Scott Douglas are screwed. Douglas already found this out once, and Corvo's gonna learn who runs this house.

Uriel points to Titaness.

Uriel Cortez:

And Corvo and Douglas are going to find out why this Motherly Saint next to me, her strength is blessed from the heavens and their asses will be touched by the boots of an angel.

Uriel kisses Titaness on her hand and the two hold up their titles before storming off the set.

Cut to elsewhere.

ROWZILLA vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

A loud guitar riff fills the air.

♪ *Godzilla! Mosura! Sore! Sore! Sore! Sore!* ♪

The entire stage is bathed in a teal light and three teal stars shine across the DEFIAtron!

♪ *“Godzilla” by Bear McCreary feat. Serj Tankian* ♪

Teal lasers fire off on all sides of the arena from the stage. Two pillars of fire erupt on either side of the stage as a very tall monster that stands over all! With a teal headband holding his long brown hair back, he steps into the light and the monster appears. He now has on white pants with three teal stars running down each side, teal boots and a big teal and white overcoat! He taps each of the three stars on the coat and then throws his arms out to roar at the people!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! He hails from West Memphis, Arkansas! He stands at seven-foot-three!!! He weighs in at three-hundred and seventy-three pounds!!! He is “The Universal Monster” ... Oh, no ... they say he’s got to go ... ROWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!! ZILLLLAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

We get another look at Rowzilla and I have been super impressed in the short time that he’s been on the main roster! This man is truly a force and the sky is the limit!

Lance:

It was the last episode of DEFtv when we saw Rowzilla score a huge win over the former two time Tag Team champion, Game Face Cyrus! Cyrus did his best, but Rowzilla had him outmatched towards the end by hitting him with the biggest Uranage suplex I have ever seen!

The Universal Monster is heading towards with ring brimming with confidence. Inside, the six-five and two-fifty five Hurtlocker Holt accompanied by Brass Knux Byrd!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... he is accompanied by Brass Knux Byrd ... from The Bronx, New York weighing two-hundred fifty-five pounds ... HURTLOCKERRRRRRR HOLT!!!

Holt looks up at the twenty-one year-old giant and gets ready to bring the fight! Rowzilla

DING DING

Holt comes right at Rowzilla before he even get his coat off!

DDK:

Here comes Hurtlocker Holt! Catching the young rookie monster off guard might be the best way to gain some ground!

Holt has Rowzilla in the corner and lays in some punches but they seem to affect Rowzilla like someone bring a water gun to an actual gun fight ... in other words, ineffectual!

Lance:

Rowzilla doesn’t even look like he’s fazed!

He blocks one of Holt’s punches and spins around to throw him out of the ring using a big biel toss! Byrd can’t believe his partner is thrown around that easily. The DEFIAWRESTLING Faithful cheer on Rowzilla when he throws his arms out and has almost a giddy grin.

DDK:

Holt has been a BRAZEN star for a few years now! He's no rookie but Rowzilla is making this look easy!

Byrd stands next to the apron to guide his partner. Hurtlocker Holt is back up and he goes right for Rowzilla's leg. Rowzilla grabs the head of Holt and then hits him with a coconut crush face breaker! Holt flips over and lands on his back. Again Rowzilla plays to the people and beats on his chest like a gorilla who knows he runs the jungle!

Lance:

You can just see Rowzilla fueled by confidence. That nickname of "The Universal Monster" is for real!

DDK:

Rowzilla goes on the attack!

Hurtlocker Holt is whipped into the corner and then devastated with a big corner splash. Holt isn't off his feet yet. He grabs onto the arm and then whips Hurtlocker Holt to the other side of the ring. Rowzilla charges with big speed for a big man and he crushes Holt again. The BRAZEN hired gun has his arms grabbed by Rowzilla in the corner ...

Lance:

What the ... what is Rowzilla doing!?

Shaking his head to protest whatever happens next, Hurtlocker Holt has no choice! Rowzilla grabs onto Holt's arms, then falls back to the mat before using his legs to kick Holt three quarters of the way across the ring with a variation of a monkey flip that sends the DEFIA NCE Wrestling Faithful into a complete frenzy!

Lance: *[laughing]*

THAT ... WAS ... CRAZY?!? WHAT DO YOU EVEN CALL THAT!?

DDK:

The technical term would be a modified monkey flip?! The real answer would be "whatever Rowzilla wants!"

Holt is knocked out of the ring and he can't even believe what just happened! Brass Knux Byrd goes to lift up his partner and tries to get him out of the ring, but as they try and leave, Rowzilla sees what they are doing. He exits the ring by leaning over the ropes to put a hand on the apron and then executes a handstand to leave the ring! He stands and blocks their way which makes the crowd chant. Byrd can't believe it.

Lance:

This kid ... this is unreal! He even leaves the ring in style! He doesn't move like a typical big man!

Brass Knux Byrd looks up and the referee is counting out both Holt and Rowzilla. Seeing that, he tries going for a punch on Rowzilla and has brass knux on his hand ...

But he gets his hand grabbed first!

DDK:

Oh ... Byrd, what did you do?!

Rowzilla rips the knucks right off Byrd and drops them. He picks up with a military press then throws him into the ring! Then one for Holt comes next when he gets pressed into the ring right next to his partner!

Lance:

Oh, my God! I ... I'm speechless! Brass Knux Byrd tried to get involved and Rowzilla threw both members of Bash 4 Cash back into the ring!

Byrd and Holt are both hunched over as Rowzilla climbs back into the ring. He steps inside and both men are helpless when Rowzilla launches himself off the ropes and takes down *both* Byrd and Holt with a running front drop kick! One boot for each Bash 4 Cash member sends him flying across the ring yet again!

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

DOUBLE DROP KICK! ONE OF HIS LEGS IS ABOUT AS TALL AS EITHER OF THESE MEN!!!

Dallas is rowdy for Rowzilla when the Universal Monster is back on his feet. He kicks Byrd out of the ring and then calls on Hurtlocker Holt.

Lance:

I think Hurtlocker Holt needs to run! Now!

Rowzilla picks up Holt and he is devastated with a slam in the corner. The Universal Monster climbs slowly to the second rope. He holds his hands out ...

AND TOWERS OVER HURTLOCKER HOLT WITH A DIVING SPLASH!!!

DDK:

THAT IS IT FOR HURTLOCKER HOLT!!! ROWZILLA HITS THE FOLLY OF MAN!!!

Rowzilla counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Godzilla” by Bear McCreary feat. Serj Tankian ♪

Notching another victory in the books, Rowzilla stands up. The official tries to lift up Rowzilla’s arm but when he realizes how futile that might be, he just puts a hand on the Universal Monster’s back and points at him to declare the winner!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... ROWZILLAAAAAAA!!!

Rowzilla stands over Hurtlocker Holt. He wipes his feet in front of the BRAZEN star and then exits the ring again as he did before by flipping his way over the ropes with a handstand. He lands on his feet and smirks at Brass Knux Byrd who is on the ground.

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE

Catch DEFIA NCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

OUT WITH THE OLD

Backstage, Christie Zane stands in front of a waving DEFIAНCE FIST flag and holds a microphone. She's dressed in her usual elegant attire. She smiles to the camera.

Christie Zane:

Faithful... Your Favored Saints Champion, Jack Harmen.

The camera pulls out a little to reveal Jack Harmen walking into frame, wearing Matt LaCroix's vest and receiving a ton of boos for it. He's loudly and annoyingly smacking his lips upon some gum, and dismissively looks down at Christie. Lord Nigel pats him on the back every now and then from behind.

Christie Zane:

Since last DEFtv, the Faithful have been demanding answers from you about your heinous pre-match assault on the returning Matt LaCroix, and your eventual intentional DQ against him.

Jack Harmen:

Oh have they? People care about Matt LaCroix?

Harmen blows raspberries.

Christie Zane:

They do. Do you have anything to say to the Faithful who feel betrayed? Who waited for Matt LaCroix to come back for years only for you to ruin his eventual homecoming by being intentionally disqualified?

Jack Harmen:

First things first, I didn't get myself intentionally disqualified. Never count five at me. SECOND, Matt LaCroix has HAD his time in the limelight. He's what, 40 something? TOO OLD. He should just go retire and live in an old folks home, have room temperature soup served to him twice a day without a spoon because he might hurt himself. Watch reruns of MacGuyver and Matlock and what's that show with the old lady who solves crimes?

Christie Zane:

Agatha Christie?

Jack Harmen:

No no.

Christie Zane:

Murder She Wrote?

Jack Harmen:

Wow... you're so old Christie. I had no idea. You carry yourself well. Listen Christie, and the Faithful. If you're near the end of your career, good ol' boy Jack Harmen is going to push you over the edge of the cliff and send you packing. Make way for the new generation Christie, cause we're faster, we're stronger, and we're COMING for you cracka!

The Faithful ROAR in cheers as the camera zooms out. On Christie's other side is everyone's favorite Box-Man, Klein. He waves happily to the camera and then leans into Jack sternly.

Klein:

Jack, what the heck are you doing out here?

Jack Harmen:

Ah, yet another old foggy trying to tell the new young bucks what to do.

Klein is taken aback.

Klein:

You trained me. You ACTUALLY, trained me.

Jack Harmen:

Fake news. Go blow it out your pie hole Boxy Brown.

Klein:

What are you doing Jack. The fans loved you your entire career and THIS is how you're going to go out? I know you don't like to hear it...

Jack places both fingers into his ears and starts loudly shouting.

Jack Harmen:

LA-LA-LA I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

Klein:

You're fifty Jack! You're OLD. And you're never going to be YOUNG, again!

Jack slowly lowers his fingers from his eardrums, and you can see the rage swelling in his eyes and his flaring nostrils. Quickly, Harmen pounces laying in strike after strike into the box head of Klein. Klein fights back, but Harmen grabs him and tosses him into the DEFIAНCE Flag. The flag itself was propped in front of a large metallic storage sign, causing a loud clang to resonate backstage. Harmen turns to Christie and grabs the mic from her hand as she runs away screaming. Harmen leans in and just starts slamming the head of the microphone into Klein's box over and over. As he walks away and grabs a steel chair, DEFsec hits the scene and separates the two, but not before Jack strikes two guards until Wyatt Bronson steps in to calm him down. Harmen throws the chair down in a fit.

Jack Harmen:

I'm calm. I'm calm.

Things calm for a moment, and then Harmen lashes out again, trying to rush toward Klein. Wyatt's there to hook him by his waist along with two of his larger compatriots. Harmen finally relents, after additional coaxing from Lord Nigel. Jack throws his hands up in peace.

Jack Harmen:

I said... I'm calm.

Harmen walks off, as Security protects the fallen Box-Man. Iris rushes on the scene and starts shining a light into his box head as we fade to ringside.

URIEL CORTEZ & TITANESS vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS & CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

We've got strange bedfellows on at least one end of the next tag team match! Up next, we have our SO-US Champion aka The SOHER... "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez and Titaness about to take on two men who stepped up to their challenge two weeks ago... both men former SOHERs in their own right! "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and The Monster They Call Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Titaness had just come off defending the SO-US in back to back shows against FLEX on UNCUT, then Lonnie Luck on DEFtv two weeks ago! They said no one person could step to them... but got TWO of the very best to do it in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

We found out that earlier tonight, Uriel Cortez and Titaness said they'd take on BOTH Douglas and Corvo in a tag match, knowing full well there has been no love lost in the past between the two!

Lance:

They tout how big they are, but their cunning is equal in size! The way they manipulated Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy to help win that title in the first place! Now we take it to ringside. Can Corvo Alpha and Scott Douglas coexist...

DDK:

The c-word is banned for tag matches. Just ask if they can work together?

We cut to the ring with Darren Quimbey for the announcements!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall!

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

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

Two gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg in stained-glass colors! In the right spotlight, the tallest figure with gold-tinted sunglasses, black vest, pants and gloves. And an arrogant sneer.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... at a combined weight of 539 pounds... they are the... in their words... the parental figures this place DESPERATELY needs...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

They are YOUR SO-US Champion! She is "THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS! He is "THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Titaness holds her arms out to loud jeers and waves the SO-HERS title belt around. Behind her, Papa Tez himself simply pops the bones in his neck and gets ready for a fight. Once they reach the ring, Cortez pulls himself onto the apron, then holds the rope open with a foot for his better half to climb through. Once Titaness is inside the ring, Cortez steps over the ropes and poses behind her as they both hold their titles up and talk trash into one of the cameras near ringside.

Titaness:

TIME TO KEEP UP THE MOMENTUM THAT MIL AND BROOKIE GOT EARLIER TONIGHT! SMALLS DON'T BE

Douglas stops.

Corvo stops.

The Faithful stop.

Only a few feet apart, the pair stare at one another. The Faithful are on their feet and ready for the two to break out in a brawl, and so are the champions inside the ring, egging it on.

Lance Warner:

They aren't pals, they aren't friends ... just two guys who need the other one tonight.

A long second passes.

Douglas gives a short nod. Corvo answers with one of his own. They turn and hit the ring in unison, sliding in under the bottom rope.

DDK:

And we're getting this one started quickly!

DING DING

Uriel goes after his old rival, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, while Titaness goes after Corvo! The SO-US pick their targets and both start putting the boots to their potential challengers!

DDK:

Cortez and Titaness have the advantage. They covered it in their interview. Like them or hate them, they're a fine-tuned machine working together!

The Man of the House pulls up DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and puts him in the corner, driving a pair of knee lifts at one another as Titaness does the same to the monster, booting him in the head. Cortez continues to attack Scott Douglas when Titaness throws a back elbow and then a kick to the side of Corvo's face. They have both men down in a corner when they both check back to each other. With both of them down, Cortez and Titaness reach over...

And hug.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titaness:

Love you!

Uriel Cortez:

Love you, too!

Lance:

What are we doing here?! The SO-US have the early advantage so they stop to do THIS?

Back to their corners and the powerful husband-wife tandem have the same idea. Scott gets whipped out of the corner by Cortez just as Titaness does the same to Corvo...

Only for Douglas to LEAP right over Corvo and surprise Titaness with a flying forearm just as Corvo throws all his weight to gut-check Cortez with a battering ram that doubles him over! The Dallas Faithful rally behind Douglas and Corvo as they now take the fight back to the co-champions!

DDK:

No! The SO-US played around too long and they just paid for it!

With Titaness stunned, Douglas lands a huge dropkick that sends The Motherly Saint out of the ring! Corvo continues to throw shots at Cortez in the corner, but the big man fires back with a knee lift! Corvo backs up and Cortez rears up a chop...

BUT CORVO DUCKS!

Cortez turns around and eats a headbutt from The Animal! He staggers back, but remains upright so Corvo fires back with another!

DDK:

Uriel's still upright! But Scott Douglas is there, too!

Douglas and Corvo exchange nods and then run right at Cortez with a double dropkick that knocks the big man over the ropes and out to the floor!

RRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

I don't believe it, but they worked together to clear the ring! Scott Douglas and Corvo Alpha are holding court right now!

Cortez is just starting to get up when Douglas charges off the ropes and connects on the unsuspecting giant with a baseball slide dropkick through the ropes! Cortez is knocked back a couple of steps, but remains upright. But everyone is caught off-guard, including Douglas who just BARELY moves as Corvo Alpha FLIES right through the ropes to crash into Cortez with a huge running dive!

DDK:

THAT... THAT WAS WILD! CORVO ALPHA JUST FLEW THROUGH THOSE ROPES LIKE A MISSILE AT CORTEZ!

The big man FINALLY goes down! Corvo gets back up to his feet and stands tall over the Tall-Father as the Dallas Faithful are going mad! Douglas looks at Corvo with a look of "hey, you almost hit me" but Corvo pays him little mind as he returns to the corner at the behest of the official, Hector Navarro.

Lance:

These people are going crazy right now! Douglas and Corvo Alpha have just taken the fight to Cortez and Titaness when they were no doubt trying to pit them against one another!

DDK:

But Douglas doesn't look happy. Corvo almost hit his own partner before he landed that dive through the ropes. We'll have to see if that factors in or if these two can keep their attitudes in check.

Douglas eyes Corvo, but as he turns around, he sees Titaness charging again. He ducks out of the path of an oncoming clothesline!

DDK:

Titaness tries the cheap shot, but she misses! But Douglas doesn't miss with the drop toe hold!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son uses The Motherly Saint's own momentum against her, then hits off the ropes to land a basement dropkick to the side of the head! He then rolls over for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The SO-US kicks out, but Douglas continues the offensive. He waits behind Titaness for a german suplex attempt. He gets her up, but she kicks her legs frantically and turns things around. She pulls Douglas up for a german attempt of her own, but he blocks! Douglas with a dropstep and go-behind, but Titaness fights him off. Douglas charges and Titaness moves... and he BARELY stops short hitting Corvo in the face.

OHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Whoa, almost a malfunction at the junction so to speak.

Corvo angrily stares at Douglas. Sub Pop has words for Alpha, too, but things go from bad to worse when he catches a running knee strike to the back from Titaness, sending Scott right into Alpha and knocking him off the apron! As he's stunned, Titaness HURLS Douglas across the ring with a release german suplex!

DDK:

No! Titaness just took advantage of the momentary tension there! Douglas goes down off the knee strike and the german suplex...

With Douglas down, a seething Cortez heads back to his corner and wants a tag quickly. Titaness gets it!

Lance:

And here comes The Man of the House. There is certainly no love lost here between these two.

DDK:

Indeed. They had a very bitter rivalry just over a year ago. Douglas had to work with The Hollywood Bruvs and Mikey Unlikely of ALL people just to deal with the Familia! They won a DEFY off how big a shock that was!

Titaness holds DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son upright as Uriel warms up a hand...

THWACK!

...And lands a HUGE chop to the chest that knocks the former SOHER clear off his feet! The Seattleite is reeling in pain as he clutches his chest!

DDK:

Just ONE SHOT! Just one chop took Scott Douglas clear off his feet! Now the giants are in control!

The Man of the House hovers over Scott and then forces him upright to shove him into the corner. He measures up again...

THWACK!

And another chop doubles him over in the corner as The Faithful collectively wince from the impact! Corvo Alpha is just now getting up in his corner and sees what's happening to his partner.

Lance:

The SO-US are in control now and they've just turned this thing around! And Corvo Alpha is nowhere near for Scott Douglas to tag out now that he's isolated in the Familia's corner.

Cortez pulls up Douglas again... but DEFIANCE's Favorite Son fights back! He catches Cortez with a surprise flurry of right hands! Titaness tries to restrain the former SOHER only for her to catch a back elbow! Douglas tries to sidestep

past the giant, but The Man of the House grabs him by the back of his collar and pulls him right back around into the corner before landing a running back elbow in the corner!

DDK:

No! Douglas tried to escape, but Cortez just crushed him! Now the tag to Titaness! Uriel whips Douglas... OOH! Lady Lariat from Titaness!

After the running back elbow in the corner, Cortez whips the former SOHER into a lethal flying lariat from The Motherly Saint! Douglas is down and Titaness makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Dallas Faithful erupt when Douglas gets a shoulder up, but not for long when Titaness starts raining down forearm across the face of one of their potential challengers! Hector Navarro gives her until a count of five to break it up and she does just after four extra seconds. She looks up at Navarro.

Titaness:

I have kids! I know how to count, Small!

She lifts up Douglas by the neck and then makes another tag to Cortez. Scott tries to fight his way out, but Cortez gets a free shot by doubling him over with a boot! Sub Pop falls to a knee as the Tall-Father towers over him.

DDK:

Things are looking good for Scott right now! Cortez has him up on his shoulders... snake eyes... OOOH! And he follows that up with a huge running big boot off the ropes!

Lance:

Titanes Familia are picking Scott Douglas apart right now!

Cortez tells The Faithful that's it before he attempts a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Lance:

No! How the heck did he do that?! Scott got that shoulder up in the nick of time!

DDK:

That snake eyes-big boot combo has served Cortez well over the years, but Douglas' heart won't let him quit. It's not a cliche when I say he doesn't know what quitting is!

Douglas is then picked up and whipped across the ring into a neutral corner. Cortez grins and then runs at the corner, but Douglas gets an elbow up first that stuns the giant. Angrily, The Man of the House charges again, but Douglas moves...Cortez collides with the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Oooh! Douglas avoids damage! He climbs to the middle rope... OOH! Tornado DDT! He's got Cortez off his feet at last!

Feeding off the energy from the Dallas Faithful, Douglas looks over at Corvo who has a hand out... but decides against a tag and goes right for the cover on Cortez!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cortez kicks out with authority! Corvo coldly watches Scott over the ropes.

Lance:

I think Douglas thought he could get the win there, but... I don't know! Corvo looks pissed that he didn't tag out!

Douglas slowly pulls the big man off of the canvas and wills him upright before shooting him into a safe corner.

DDK:

What IMPACT!

Climbing up the turnbuckle, Douglas starts DRIVING fists into the top of Cortez's head, the Faithful counting along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SI- WHOA!

On the sixth impact, a frustrated Alpha SLAPS Douglas on the back, tagging himself in. Before DEFIAНCE's Favorite Son can fully register what's gone down, Corvo is in the ring, peeling Douglas off of Cortez and laying in POWERFUL kicks to Cortez's midsection, slowly and methodically forcing the big man down to the mat.

Lance:

You can see the frustration on the face of "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas! He'd finally turned the ride, was starting to build some kind of momentum and Alpha wanted in!

DDK:

In fairness to Corvo, I think he's wanted back in this match for quite some time!

Navarro corrals Douglas out onto the apron as Corvo takes over. Corvo goes to whip Cortez across the ring, but Cortez puts on the brakes and reverses the irish whip! Alpha stops Cortez COLD with a kick low, then hits the ropes and nails a scissor kick across Cortez's back that brings him down hard to his knees.

Corvo glares for just a little too long in Douglas' direction.

DDK:

I'm sensing just a tad bit of tension between Corvo and Douglas, Lance.

Lance:

Ya think?

Corvo drags Cortez upright by his chin and SLAMS a forearm across the bridge of the ultimate paternal figure's nose. Another across the jaw. And ANOTHER for good measure. Alpha snatches him and HURLS him into his own corner.

DDK:

Titaness just tagged herself in! Corvo might not have seen it!

She storms in and BLASTS Corvo across his own jaw. She backs him into the ropes but Corvo fires back with a STIFF headbutt that rocks and staggers her! From the apron, Uriel Cortez-

SLAP!

DDK:

Cortez, from the apron, just jacked Corvo in the mouth!

Lance:

And his lovely bride is about to capitalize! From behind, GERMAN SUPLEX!

Corvo rolls through, finding a knee instinctively, and shaking his head as he rises. She charges! And Corvo SURGES forward to meet her, grasping her by her throat! She claws at his wrist and eyes and his grip falters. She kicks him low and drives him into the ropes-

Lance:

Look!

DDK:

Douglas with a blind tag of his own!

-as Douglas inserts himself back into the contest without invitation! He barrels into Titaness with a running shoulder that breaks Corvo's hold on her. She HURTLES into the corner with Douglas landing a shoulder as Corvo stands bewildered, Navarro urging him out of the ring.

Lance:

Corvo SHOVES Referee Hector Navarro aside! Who's he going after?!

Navarro regains his footing and gets back in Alpha's way, warning him and finally gaining the Animal's attention. Frustrated, Corvo slides under the bottom rope, pacing at ringside...

DDK:

Meanwhile, Uriel Cortez has reached in for a tag and HERE HE COMES!

He BLISTERS Douglas with a clothesline!

Lance:

This unique championship combination, Cortez & Titaness, is particularly lethal! They know each other so well, better than any other being on the planet, they can read each other, can adapt, like the great relationships in history; when one is down, the other rises. Every time. All of the time. We are seeing that precision execution in real time before our very eyes!

Papa picks up and PRESSES Douglas overhead... and TOSSES HIM, like an adorable child, OVER THE TOP ROPE INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF HIS PARTNER, ALPHA AT RINGSIDE! The two COLLAPSE!

WHOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

DDK:

Alpha was not looking for that special delivery, partner, but he received it nonetheless!

The pair slowly find their feet in time, one glaring at the other before Douglas goes to slide back into the ring – but Corvo prevents him from doing so. He barks at Douglas. Douglas chirps back. Meanwhile, leaning through the ropes from inside the ring, Navarro has begun his mandatory ten count.

Lance:

Each of these men covet what the Golden Couple hold! Each of these men wants to carry that SoHER into battle! Each of them wants to carry the championship that is seen by so many across the globe as the “working wrestlers championship”! They’ve held it before! They’ve been there, they know what it’s like! They know what comes along with it, the good and the bad, and EACH of them is willing to do whatever it takes to capture that spot once again!

Corvo and Douglas suddenly find themselves nose to nose at ringside, Navarro gesticulating wildly above them. Corvo mutters. Douglas claps back. Corvo snarls. Douglas scoffs.

DDK:

I would say that “only one of them can hold it”, but...

Lance:

Right. An astute observation as is the norm, Darren.

From the apron, Titaness leans in and plants a confident smooch on her man’s cheek. Cortez stands up to full imposing height and struts as Navarro—

DING DING DING

DDK:

Oh NO!

At ringside, Corvo SHOVES Douglas, and Navarro leaps through the ropes to stand between them.

♪ “Familia” by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this contest... as a result of a COUNT-OUT... **TITANESS AND URIEL CORTEZ!**

Titaness leaps into her husband’s arms as if they’d just conquered the sport. Taking the gold belt from a ring attendant, they don’t wait for Navarro to raise their arms – they do it for each other. Holding the title between them, the dominant pair exits the ring and works their way up the aisle as, across the ring at ringside, DEFsec has also come between Douglas & Corvo.

Alpha leaps the guardrail, indignant, snarling in the direction of the Cortez’s. Douglas can’t mask his annoyance and frustration with his one-and-done partner.

DDK:

This didn’t go the way ANYONE wanted.

Cutting one last time to a shot of Uriel & Titaness holding their SO-US up, together... They smile at each other in the most sickening way.

DDK:

Well... ok... ALMOST anyone... HEY!

Titaness YOINKS the headset off Darren Keebler’s head as she and Uriel crash the commentary booth.

Titaness:

TALLS OVER SMALLS!

Cortez then takes the headset.

Uriel Cortez:

CAN'T HEAR YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN THERE! SO-US... OUT.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

DOPESMOKEY & THE BANDIT (PT. 1)

Sweeping news music heralds press footage of scenes of chaos and social uprisings across the world. One scene shows a crowd of fiery protesters crashing against a wall of riot shields held by military police.

“Washington...”

Cut to blurry fancam footage from the fourth quarter of the Superbowl, where we can barely make out a shirtless man in black pants leading security on a chase across the field.

“San Francisco...”

In the next shot, a group of youths on a city street point to a massive black “Circle R” emblazoned on the wall of San Siro Stadium.

“Even Milan...”

A bruised and bloodied cop laying on a stretcher is loaded into the back of an ambulance. As the camera pans over, we can see dozens more in a similar state laid out in rows like the wounded after a heavy battle.

“Sightings of the elusive ‘Escape Artist’ continue across the world!”

A twisted and hunched silhouette of a man stands juxtaposed against a flaming wreckage just as the tagline superimposes itself across the screen.

REZIN SIGHTING

We fade to junior reporter Chris Trutt casually walking through the bustling DEFIA NCE Command Center.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, Faithful... I am Chris Trutt, and I humbly welcome you all once more to another thrilling installment DEFtv. Before we delve further into tonight’s action-packed line-up, DEFIA NCE has breaking news in the ongoing search for the mythic Goat Bastard of wrestling.

Trutt comes to a stop and turns to face the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Earlier today, we received reports that an individual bearing the resemblance to Erik Black, aye-kay-aye REZIN, was **apprehended** by local law enforcement here in the state of Texas!

A superimposed graphic box appears next to Trutt’s head, showing a mocked up image of Rezin behind bars. The caption quite bluntly reads, “REZIN CAUGHT?!”

Chris Trutt:

We at DEFIA NCE have been scrambling all day for confirmation on this major break in the case. Obviously, it begs many questions. How was the elusive “Escape Artist” finally caught? Has Rezin’s worldwide rampage of chaos been brought to an end? And, most important of all, what happens next? Perhaps we’ll find the answers after we speak to the man who allegedly performed the impossible...

The graphic fades away, and Trutt turns toward the big screen dominating the far wall of the dispatch room.

Chris Trutt:

Right now, ladies and gentlemen, joining us through a satellite feed, I have with me Sheriff Snuttz of Portague County! Sheriff, thank you for joining us this evening...

Through a blip of static, the image comes through of an old and morbidly obese caricature of a Southern backwoods lawman. Sheriff Snuttz wears a khaki uniform and white cowboy hat. Beady eyes are barely perceptible through tinted aviators, and a pencil-thin moustache lines his sneering lips.

Sheriff Snuttz:

HALLO!! HALLO!!

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff Snuttz, can't you hear me!

Sheriff Snuttz:

Mind yerself, BOAH, and GIT YER ASS CLEAR of the LINE! I'm meant t' be TALKIN' to JUNYOR REPORTER CHRIS TRUTT!

Chris Trutt:

I am junior reporter Chris Trutt!

Sheriff Snuttz:

...beginnin' yer pardon, sir. Ya sounded taller on the phone.

Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff Snuttz... we at DEFIAENCE and millions of fans out there are dying to know if there are truth to the rumors. Did you and your deputies apprehend the wrestler known as Rezin earlier today.

Sheriff Snuttz:

SHEE-YUURRE AS SHIT WE DID, BOAH!! He's a real slippery one, I reckon... but GAWD WILLIN', after we stumbled upon him disturbin' the PEACE in our humble co-myoo-neh-TAW, I chased down through TWELVE COUNTIES and THREE STATES til' I dragged the yeller rascal in! Ain't NOBODY can outrun the LONG-REACHIN' ARM of SHERIFF HOLDEN D. SNUTTZ!!

Chris Trutt:

I see. Out of curiosity, then, what do you define as "disturbing the peace", exactly? What I mean to ask is, what's the charge you've brought him in for?

Sheriff Snuttz:

GYYAAAWWDD DANGIT, BOAH, ARE YER EARS BROKE OR DON'T YOU HEAR NONE GOOD?! I SAA-IID I WAS IN UH HAAGH-SPEED PURSUIT THROUGH TWELVE COUNTIES AND THREE STATES!! I'M A SHERIFF, DANG-NABBIT!!

Chris Trutt:

I hear you loud and clear, sir. The fact that you are a sheriff is not germane to the situation.

Sheriff Snuttz:

THE GOL-DANGED GERMANS GOT NUTTIN' TAH DO WIT IT!!

Again, Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff, how can we believe you're actually holding Rezin right now?

The sheriff grunts and looks off camera.

Sheriff Snuttz:

JOON-YORR!! GIT yer aass in here...

A mopey-faced deputy with a similar white hat awkwardly shuffles into the shot and holds up a blown up photograph.

Sheriff Snuttz:

This heeya is the incarcerated's MUGSHOT...

Chris Trutt leans in and squints. While it's clearly a mugshot, the photo is substantially blurry, making the details hard to make out. It almost looks like the subject absolutely refused to sit still long enough for a clear photo, requiring several people to hold him down.

What unmistakably be made out, however, are the piercing, bloodshot EYES and the bare-teethed SNARL.

Sheriff Snuttz:

Ain't much of a LOOKER, kin tell ya that! But this NASTY sum'bish ain't NUTTIN' but a whole bag o' BOOL-SHEEIT compared to HOLDEN D. SNUTTZ!!

Chris Trutt:

Well, I'd say it... certainly resembles him. Sheriff, if I'm to understand correctly, Portague County is not very far from our broadcast center. With your permission, and obviously under your authority, would you be willing to allow us to interview to the inmate if our team went there tonight?

Snuttz chuckles.

Sheriff Snuttz:

Heh heh... SHORE, BOAH!! Bring AWLL dem fancy cameras wit ya, too! I want the WORLD to see what HOLDEN D. SNUTTZ is ABAWUT!! And, uh, naturally... I'll be claiming that REWARD, too, heh heh heh...

Chris Trutt:

Reward? Wait, what--?

The screen suddenly cuts to black.

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff? SHERIFF?? Oh BUTTERSNAPS, we lost him!

The junior reporter whips his head back to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen... looks like I'll be going out into the field to follow up on this story. If all goes well, before this night is through, DEFIANCE will FINALLY hear from "The Escape Artist" Rezin for the first time since his disappearance.

Trutt steps out of view, making quick hand gestures to people off-stage.

Chris Trutt:

Get me a crew, and warm up the van! We're going to that jail!

RYAN BATT S vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

Up next in action, we have the man that seemed to be in on the take in DEFtv's Mexico City main event... Ryan Batts! He takes on Theodore Cain of the Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

What a REPREHENSIBLE act he put on! He helped Mil Vueltas escape the cage seemingly in return for the opportunity to attack both Oscar Burns and his manager, Sonny Silver! Burns would require fourteen stitches in his head from the bloody gash left from Batts attacking him with a chain while he was handcuffed to the ring ropes, while Mil Vueltas was free and clear to climb out the cage and become the winner!

DDK:

That sit-down interview hinted that somebody among the roster was the reason he got blackballed from DEFIA NCE and sent down to BRAZEN... then he attacks Oscar!

Lance:

We tried to get a word with Ryan Batts following that ending and fill us in on the whole story, but he hasn't been responding to requests for an interview. I heard when he was told he had a match tonight, he only smiled and walked off.

DDK:

Unpredictable behavior from a man who was once a respected fan favorite here and behind the scenes, but let's get to Darren Quimbey for the next match!

The camera pans to DEFIA NCE Hall of Fame ring announcer Darren Quimbey inside the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Static.

No... that's all that's on the DEFIAtron right now.

Static only as the arena lights flicker with white light.

♪ "Albatross" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The music kicks in and out from the back, walks the former MV2 himself. In brand new black gear with white trim on the tights and sides of his boots, Batts makes his way down to the ring. He's also wearing a black jacket with a hood over his face and wearing a chain over his shoulders!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Asheville, North Carolina, weighing in at 254 pounds... **RYAN BATT S!**

Ignoring the jeering from The Faithful, Batts heads towards the ring and shuts out everything around him as he calmly walks up the steps. He climbs inside and then sheds his chain and coat. Calmly, he waits.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from The Crescent City, being accompanied to the ring by The Crescent City Kid... weighing in at 246 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection red and white-colored jester hat coming out with CCK behind him for the Dallas Faithful! Once he approaches the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young child in the audience with his parents! Cain slides into the ring and stands on the middle rope, celebrating to a polite round of applause from The Faithful. Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING

Cain gets ready to lock up, but right off the... well, right off the bat, Batts goes low with a front chop block right to the knee of the taller Theodore Cain! He crashes to the canvas and immediately grabs onto his knee in pain!

DDK:

No! Five seconds into this match, Theodore Cain might have had his leg taken out! Batts came in like a missile right at that left knee!

Lance:

Theodore Cain might be hurt!

Like a pitbull off the chain, the Asheville native goes right for the left knee! He grabs the leg of Cain and drives a quick succession of stomps right into the leg, then follows with a pair of quick elbow drops! On the outside, Crescent City Kid jumps and shows worry for his friend!

DDK:

Theodore Cain was expecting a lock-up and Batts took the proverbial low road here! He's lost it!

Batts drags the leg of Cain over to the nearby rope. Carla Ferrari doesn't even have time to check out for injuries because Batts is already all over The Smash Surfer. He drags him over to the ropes then leaps up before dropping a seated senton over the ropes onto his leg!

Lance:

All that time that Ryan Batts spent under the MV2 mask... I dunno. It seemed to unlock this extra meanstreak in him!

DDK:

He's put on a lot of muscle since we last saw him, too. He's going on and he's putting a hurt on Theodore Cain!

Before he can attack the knee again, Carla Ferrari stands in between he and Cain before going to check on him. She asks the Smash Surfer if he wishes to continue and he does! He starts to pull himself up using the ropes when Batts comes in and cracks him in the side of the head with a running back elbow as he's in the corner!

DDK:

That might not have been wise! I get Cain wants to be proud, but there's a time and place for this in the state we've seen Batts in... ooh! And there's a chop/punch combination in the corner!

Batts fires off alternating chops to the chest and right jabs to the head of Cain as he's in the corner. He then gets snatched out of the corner by his arm. Batts lands a big chop to the chest, then follows with a stiff elbow to the face that knocks Cain clear off his feet! The Dallas Faithful let Batts have it as he climbs the middle rope and starts to bask in the jeering as Cain is down!

Lance:

This is turning into a one-sided affair for sure! Batts is out of control and Carla Ferrari may need to step in if he continues to go after the leg!

Sure enough, Batts goes back to work and crawls just behind Cain before he rushes in and takes the leg out from under him again with a chop block from behind! The Smash Surfer hits the canvas again and clutches his knee!

DDK:

Oooh! That's twice now a 250-pound man has just ran his full weight into that knee! This may need to be called off!

Despite being in pain, Batts almost EGGS Cain on by slapping him in the back of the head to goad him to try and get back to his feet. Cain is only on one good wheel as he has difficulty using the other leg, but when Batts comes in, The Faithful rally behind Cain as he slugs him with a right!

Lance:

There's some fight in Theodore Cain after all! He's coming back!

Stumbling around after the first punch, Batts gets rattled by a second, then a third! As he tries to get his bearings, Cain picks him up and scores with a front powerslam... but his knee is in too much pain to follow up! The Smash Surfer can't follow up with a cover!

DDK:

Theodore Cain just fought his way back into this... but I don't like his chances here!

Trying to get some feeling back into his knee, Cain taps on his leg and then tries to hobble back to his feet as Batts tries to get back up. Cain calls for his finishing move called High Tide, but as he goes for the fireman's carry, his knee gives out! Theo flinches in pain and he's left wide open for Batts to hit the ropes and then WALLOP him with a deadly lariat! Cain goes down hard and Batts picks himself up in the corner, prepping for what could be something big!

DDK:

Oooh! Big lariat from Batts! And now this might be it! A few weeks ago on UNCUT, he debuted a deadly elbow strike!

Batts pulls the elbow pad off his arm and waits. Cain can barely get up right fast enough when Ryan speeds forward and CRACKS the surfer right between the eyes with a sliding elbow strike to the head!

DDK:

He calls that The Asheville Slugger! And that might be all she wrote here tonight!

Hooking a leg, Batts looks out to a ringside camera.

Ryan Batts:

TELL THEM, OSCAR!

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ “Albatross” by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **RYAN BATTTS!**

Ryan rolls out from the ring and then yanks a microphone from ringside.

Ryan Batts:

OSCAR! BURNS! TELL THEM!

Just as Crescent City Kid is helping Theodore Cain out of the ring, the fans are jeering Batts as he rolls back inside and points up at the entrance.

Ryan Batts:

HAVE YOU REALLY CHANGED, OSCAR?! OR ARE YOU STILL SO HIGH AND GODDAMN MIGHTY ON YOUR PEDESTAL THAT YOU CAN'T HEAR THE LITTLE PEOPLE ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE?!

Lance:

What is he going on about?!

Batts takes a moment to gather his thoughts and almost calm himself down.

Ryan Batts: [breathing]

You know what? Yelling won't get me anywhere. I need to approach this differently...

The jeering Dallas crowd aren't hearing it, but Batts presses on anyway.

Ryan Batts:

People have asked me for the past two weeks why I did what I did... why did I help Mil Vueltas? I'm not answering the question because I don't want to answer it... I'm not answering the question... because everything I've been doing since I got back to the main roster. Everything I've been doing because I got back here...

He turns to the stage.

Ryan Batts:

OSCAR, IT'S YOUR STORY TO TELL! TELL THEM WHY I DID WHAT I DID! FILL IN THE BLANKS! FILL...

ENOUGH!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

No music, no fanfare, no Sonny Silver. Oscar Burns steps out from behind the curtain in a green and gold tracksuit and boots. The camera zooms in on the fourteen stitches on the side of his head as he has a microphone in hand.

Oscar Burns:

Ryan... GC... enough! I've...

Ryan Batts:

NO, NO, NO! GET THAT GC SHIT OUT OF HERE! TALK TO ME LIKE A PERSON AND TELL THE AUDIENCE WHY I'M DOING THIS, OSCAR! TELL THEM WHY I ATTACKED YOU! TELL THEM WHY!

Oscar Burns remains silent for a moment, unsure what he's talking about.

Ryan Batts:

What? Nothing to say for once? Cause you had PLENTY to say to me years ago when you ended our friendship! Come on! You say you're a good guy now? You want to start repenting for the shit you've done and the careers you've ruined the past four years? Come on! Tell them... TELL THEM!

Oscar Burns:

SHUT UP!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

Ryan... after what you did to me two weeks ago and cost me my last match against that little bastard Mil Vueltas... attacking Sonny... the ONLY reason that I don't come down there and snap your bloody ankle in two, BEAT you with it, and shove your own broken foot up your ass...

Sigh.

Oscar Burns:

...it's because you're right.

Lance:

What?!

This takes the collective arena back and even Batts a little as Oscar Burns heads towards the ring. He reaches the ring and climbs inside. Batts has his guard up, but Burns puts up a hand defensively.

Oscar Burns:

No... you wanted me to tell these people, so give me the damn space to tell it.

Batts cautiously backs up a step.

Oscar Burns:

When I came back, I said I was going Back To The Graps. That's not a catch phrase. That's not just something catchy going on a shirt. It's going back to what matters... but going back to what matters to me and to them doesn't change any of the horrible things that I did to them... to the locker room... and to you.

He turns back to the people.

Oscar Burns:

I told these people back at Home for the Holidays... I'm not DEFIANCE. I have to EARN their trust again. I have to EARN the trust of this locker room again. I have to EARN that spot back. I have to spend the entirety of my DEFIANCE Wrestling career atoning for the things I did... and that starts by telling the truth...

Batts watches him carefully.

Oscar Burns:

You did that interview with Jamie Sawyers a few weeks ago. You accused someone on this roster of using backstage influence to get you sent to BRAZEN. You want it out? You want me to tell them what people may already have guessed? Here it is...

Regretfully, Oscar looks out.

Oscar Burns:

That's EXACTLY what I did.

The Faithful display a mixed reaction to the news. Shockingly, the facial expression of Batts doesn't change.

Oscar Burns:

Ryan... you were one of the biggest casualties of me getting a big damn head about the things I've done here and feeling like my spot was being threatened. When I attacked Conor Fuse and betrayed these people a few years ago, you were the first person to ask me why I did what I did. You berated me for fifteen minutes straight backstage. And I took it... then I turned around, I made a few calls then... well, you know the rest. I did that. I did that, I messed up your career and all this...

He points to the stitches.

Oscar Burns:

I got what I deserved.

Batts looks confused by this revelation as Oscar continues.

Oscar Burns:

If I could change what I did... I would. If I saw how big a piece of shit I was gonna be... that I could... I'd take it back. I'd take it ALL back. No lie. You were only being a friend trying to tell me what I did was wrong and I should have listened. I should have.

With that, Burns unzips his track jacket and throws it outside the ring.

Oscar Burns:

I can tell you I'm sorry, but we both know... Ryan, we're past that. An apology does not fix four years. An apology doesn't fix your career... your bloody livelihood... your income being threatened like that. The things you had to do just to get back here... that's on my head. So with that being said... I can't change the past. Most I can do...

Burns carefully turns his back to Batts, who looks put off by what's happening. The people are even confused!

Oscar Burns:

Finish the job. Do what you gotta do. I ruined the career of somebody that used to be my best friend. Get your pound of flesh or whatever you feel like you have to do... because I'm not going to fight you.

He drops the microphone. With his back turned to Ryan, he throws his arms out and keeps them wide. Batts is put off by this and looks stunned.

DDK:

What Oscar did... that's despicable, no two ways about it... but I believe he's telling the truth here.

Lance:

He's just gonna roll over and take it?!

Ryan looks around... and shakes his head.

Ryan Batts:

No... no, no, no, no, no, no... no...

He points at Oscar Burns, who hasn't moved.

Ryan Batts:

Don't listen to him! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! This... this is just more of you LYING! This is just more of your manipulative, performative BULLSHIT!

Seething in rage, Batts points at Oscar, who still hasn't moved and is awaiting the worst...

Ryan Batts:

You're... you're just SAYING this to look good! You're just SPOUTING this to make yourself look like a saint! He's not a saint! HE'S NOT! You haven't changed at all, you lying FUCKER!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Batts turns to the crowd.

Ryan Batts:

And you people... you just... buy this? YOU BELIEVE THIS?! YOU'RE CHEERING... HIM?! THE GUY WHO JUST ADMITTED TO RUINING MY CAREER!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Even Burns looks perplexed by the Dallas crowd's reaction.

Lance:

I'm not going to condone anything Oscar Burns did to this man... but everything he's done... two wrongs don't make a right, Batts!

Batts balls up the chain...

He gears up...

...then laughs.

Ryan Batts:

No, no, no... I know what you're doing... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU COME OUT HERE AND ACT ALL NICE, BUT IF I ATTACK YOU, I GET HATED ON EVEN MORE AND YOU LOOK BETTER! NO!

Batts turns around and looks Oscar Burns in the eye.

Ryan Batts:

You haven't changed... you haven't changed one DAMN thing about you except the color of your gear. You're still the same lying, performative, backstabbing piece of shit...

He starts to leave the ring.

Ryan Batts:

...and I'm gonna PROVE IT.

Batts lets the microphone fall and then heads back up the ramp. Oscar stares him down and watches his crazed former friend head to the back. After Ryan makes his exit, Oscar turns to the people and gives them a quick salute before he collects his track jacket and leaves the ring.

DDK:

That was unreal. I remember when those two were tag partners, best friends, all of it... and to see what time can do to a friendship like that... it's startling.

Lance:

No way this issue is resolved, though. Batts has lost his mind!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

PAT CASSIDY vs. THE BIG BOSS DAN

DDK:

Up next, we've got a first-time ever match! The former Favoured Saints Champion and the uh... Shield of Titanes Familia, The Big Boss Dan goes one on one against the current and reigning Ace of DEFIANCE, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy has been clamoring to get his hands on Brock Newbludd since DEFCON, but Brock has found himself occupied with Hollywood projects! To that end, Cassidy demanded competition and it was The Big Boss Dan who signed on the dotted line!

DDK:

After coming off some recent victories, including a big one over Punch Drunk Purcell in a Lumberguard match at DEFIANCE Rising, what a huge opportunity that Dan has in front of him! With that, let's get to the ring for the next match!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "I Fought The Law" by Beyond The Distance ♪

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "BIG BOSS DAN" 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 in a burgundy-colored trenchcoat, black sleeveless turtleneck, black cargo pants and dark shades, The Big Boss Dan wields a retractable baton in hand and points towards the ring, jeered by the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 275 pounds... He is the Shield of Titanes Familia... THE BIG! BOSS! DAN!

DLJ aka BBD scans the jeering crowd and climbs down to the floor level. After stepping over the barricade, the 6'7" blue chipper pulls himself up into the ring! He points at Benny Doyle.

The Big Boss Dan:

HEY! SMALL! YOU HAVE YOUR TALL PASS TO OFFICIATE THIS MATCH?!

Benny Doyle has no earthly idea what Dan is talking about and shrugs. The Big Boss Dan eyes him down.

The Big Boss Dan:

You're lucky I need you to count three when I beat Pat Cassidy or I'd haul you in right now.

As Doyle wonders what short straw he drew to officiate this match, Dan folds up his baton and tucks it into his jacket pocket near ringside. The shades come off as he gets ready for action.

"GONNA BE A BLACK OUT!"

♪ "Blood" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The house lights dim except for some dark blue spotlights that pulsate across the Faithful. Immediately, all eyes in the arena begin to scan and heads turn on swivels, looking for the arrival point of the ACE of DEFIANCE. Dan does the same thing, his eyes narrowing as he scans the cheap seats. In fact, he's still looking up when...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Cassidy outtanowhere! Where did he come from!?

Lance:

Seems like he knows he needs an advantage against the giant!

Cassidy lights an unsuspecting Big Boss Dan with a flurry of right hands as his music abruptly cuts out. Although he's not happy with how this started, Benny Doyle nonetheless calls for the bell...

DING DING

Cassidy does not let up and give the big man a chance to regroup as he keeps the right hands coming. James tries to shield himself, but the best he can do is backpedal until his back hits the corner. Cassidy doesn't stop throwing bombs, and when Big Boss Dan seems stunned enough, Cassidy attempts to Irish whip him into the ropes... but the big man reverses, and Cassidy himself hits the ring ropes!

DDK:

Cassidy off the ropes... he ducks a clothesline attempt by Big Boss Dan... on the rebound... Cassidy with a leaping clothesline!

James is only slightly stunned, but Cassidy follows up with a big right... big right... big right... James tries to fight back, throwing a shot of his own... but it's stopped by Cassidy's elbow... and then...

DDK:

Big headbutt!! Boss Dan goes down!

Lance:

Jump starting this match is very much working in the ACE of DEFIANCE's favor!

Cassidy hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Trying to keep up the pressure, Cassidy again sends Dan into the ropes... and AGAIN it gets reversed. This time, however, instead of Cassidy coming back with something big... Dan impressively leapfrogs Cassidy on the rebound... and then The Saturday Night Special runs right into a BIG BOSS BIG BOOT!

DDK:

Cassidy hits the mat... James on him right away... oh come, that's a blatant choke!

Benny Doyle moves in to count the five, and James breaks the choke right before he's DQed. But Doyle has to count five again when Big Boss Dan uses the top rope for leverage and drives his knee into Cassidy's neck. Doyle gives Dan a stern warning.

The Big Boss Dan:

Watch your tone, small!

What follows is a lesson in big man offense: Cassidy is sent into the corner where he eats a running clothesline. And then another. And then another. With the ACE dazed, The Big Boss Dan takes him up and lets him fly with a release suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Big Boss Dan is turning up the aggression here!

Lance:

I spoke to him earlier today, Darren... he knows what a win over the ACE of DEFIAНCE would do for his career.

In the center of the ring, Boss Dan locks in the DEADLY CHINLOCK! As Cassidy's arms flail, Benny Doyle moves in to see if his fellow Boston native wants to give up. Surprise: he does not.

Lance:

One has to wonder if Cassidy has too much of his mind on the man he faces in a Street Fight at DEFCON: Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

I haven't seen Brock Newludd yet, which is probably a good thing. Remember: if there's any physicality between Newbludd and Cassidy prior to DEFCON, they're both outta DEFIAНCE!

In the ring, Cassidy begins to shake his arm and fire up a bit while caught in the middle of a world of chin-focused pain. He manages to get to his feet and fire some elbows right into Dan's side, breaking the hold. The Faithful begin to cheer for this seeming comeback... but the air comes out of their lungs when Cassidy rebounds off the ropes but runs right into a BOSS DAN SLAM!!

DDK:

Cover! I think he's got him!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! The ACE manages to power a shoulder up!

Dan follows up with a running leg drop and another cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Again, Cassidy shoots a shoulder into the air.

DDK:

Big Boss Dan is frustrated with two close near falls... look at him, getting into Benny Doyle's face!

Lance:

He's in control, but he'd better watch his temper!

Stomping away from Doyle, Dan marches over the the turnbuckle where his jacket is hanging. He reaches into his pocket...

DDK:

The baton!

Lance:

Maybe he figures if he can't keep Cassidy down, he'll put him down for good!

Dan marches over to Cassidy, who is just beginning to get back up. He rears back with the weapon... but his swing is arrested by Benny Doyle, who grabs the baton and refuses to let Dan swing it!

DDK:

And now we've got a tug of war!

Lance:

Dan is clearly stronger than Benny Doyle, but I think he knows enough not to turn full strength on and maybe hurt our head official!

Finally, with a sneer, Dan concedes and lets go of the baton, causing Doyle to stumble backwards with the weapon in hand. With that business done, Big Boss Dan turns...

...right into a leaping Cassidy who drops him face-first into the mat with a Reverse STO!!

DDK:

IRISH GOODBYE!!!

Cassidy rolls on top of Big Boss Dan, hooking the leg tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Big Boss Dan showed some real dominance in this contest... but he took his eyes off the ball for just a second, and Cassidy can hit that Irish Goodbye suddenly and unexpectedly!

Doyle raises Cassidy's hand as his theme begins to play.

TO DRINK YOUR BEER

Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope and walks over to Darren Quimbey. He motions for a mic and, being granted one, brings him back into the ring. He makes the "cut it" motion to indicate his music should stop. He leans against the top rope, looking toward the entrance and holding the mic nonchalantly.

Pat Cassidy:

Heah we ah, boys and girls. We've been heah before. I'm standing in the middle of this ring... and I'm calling out Brock Newbludd.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

Heah's yah chance, buddy. To prove to the world you ain't the chickenshit we're thinking you ah.

Cassidy waits. And waits. And waits. Finally, he shakes his head in disappointment. He brings the mic up and... seemingly changes the subject.

Pat Cassidy:

Yah know, my fatha was exactly the kind of guy you'd expect him to be. No-nonsense, hahd-working, and the emotional intelligence of a [BLEEP]jin' potato.

Some laughs from the Faithful.

Pat Cassidy:

I can count on one hand the times that guy evah showed any emotion. But I can tell one time I remember: it was 2004. Octobah 27. I'll nevah forget the chill in the air. I sat in front of our living room TV. My brother's Donnie and Chuckie on the couch. My fatha in his chair. Even my sistah came to get a piece of that action - they knew it was important.

At the mention of his sister, the fans boo.

Pat Cassidy:

No, not that one yah chuckleheads. She was like five. But anyway... that was the night the Sox broke the Curse. Eighty-six yeahs of heartbreak swept away as the Red Sox took home the World Series.

Some boos for that. Cassidy holds up a hand.

Pat Cassidy:

You don't have to be a Sox fan to get wheah I'm going heah, okay? Just that I'll never forget that memory. It kinda gave baseball a special place in my haht. So special...

Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope. He throws back the ringside apron.

Pat Cassidy:

...that I was nevah without a baseball glove again. Or...

Reaching under the bottom rope, he reveals a glistening aluminum baseball bat - colored dark blue and black. He holds it up to display to the camera and we can see the two words along the side: "Bat Cassidy." Smiling and with the weapon in hand, he rolls back into the ring.

Pat Cassidy:

My trusty sluggah heah.

DDK:

This isn't good. I don't like their odds of not getting into a physical confrontation if he has a weapon in his hands...

Cassidy takes a few practice swings.

Pat Cassidy:

Let me introduce you all to my NEW tag team patnah. A lot more reliable than my last one - and bettah conversation, too.

He stops the swings and turns back toward the entrance.

Pat Cassidy:

So how 'bout it, Brock? Maybe you can come down and meet my new...

Cassidy is suddenly cut off, and the crowd roars in surprise as a familiar rally cry echoes across the American Airlines Center.

BAAAAAALLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

As usual, the iconic opening to Quiet Riot’s cuts out to let The Ballyhooligans have their moment. Their response is immediate, loud, and anything but usual.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd is here, and the Faithful are letting him have it! Things might get ugly here in Dallas tonight, Lance!

Lance:

It better not, or else the DEFCON match will be called off, and I don’t think either man would want to risk that. Cooler heads must prevail!

With a jam-packed arena solidly behind him and his adrenaline still high from the match, Cassidy keeps his eyes glued to the stage as he paces the ring.

DDK:

That might be easier said than done, considering the parties involved.

A roar erupts from The Faithful, and Cassidy’s eyes widen in surprise as Newbludd appears on the stage in FULL ON GVP mode. The boots, the backwards baseball hat, the snarl, the patriotism, and of course, the eyepatch. Not a single detail missed.

Lance:

Correction, DDK! BROCK VAN PATTON IS HERE! What does this mean!?

The picture cuts to a close-up of Brock, and we learn that one minor detail is actually missing.

DDK:

Hang on a second! Is that? No! That’s not Brock Newbludd! What’s going on here!?

With the same shot being shown on the DEFTRON, The Faithful and Cassidy quickly catch on to the impostor on the stage. Cassidy sneers in disgust as he watches Temu Brock run through some of Milwaukee’s Beast signature poses.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

I remember now! That’s Chip O’Donnell, Newbludd’s stunt double from Born Over!

DDK:

A stunt double!?

Lance:

No mistaking that man. He broke 7 bones filming Born Over, according to the behind-the-scenes footage on the DVD release. One of the best in the business.

The stuntman points a finger at Cassidy and narrows his eye. A split second later, Chip breaks out in a wild sprint down the ramp! The crowd cheers wildly while Cassidy flashes a wicked smile as he watches Brock's stuntman hit the bottom of the ramp.

DDK:

That might be, but this isn't Hollywood! This is DEFIA

Not slowing in the slightest, Chip O'Donnell, stuntman extraordinaire, slides under the bottom rope and straight into the lion's den. He takes a swing at Cassidy who dodges. Another, and he moves out of the way again.

Pat Cassidy:

Relax, guy!

But Chip - er, "GVP" has no such intention of relaxing. With a mighty roar, he charges - and Cassidy sidesteps, sending him into the turnbuckle.

Pat Cassidy:

Yah a long way from Hollywood, my...

SLAP!!

Cassidy is cut off as Chip DECKS him across the face with a big open hand slap. Cassidy's head recoils and then sloooooowly turns with MURDER in his eyes.

DDK:

Uh oh.

Lance:

Not that I condone this... but this might be as close as he can come to getting his hands on Brock...

Chip realizes how badly he fucked up about two seconds before Bat Cassidy is jammed into his stomach. He doubles over, putting him in the perfect position to be hooked and DROPPED with the Green Monstah Bomb!

DDK:

And that's a wrap for Chip!

Once Chip's head hits the ground, Cassidy reaches down and YANKS the eyepatch off Chip's face. With a grin and a wink toward the audience... he puts it on!

DDK:

That's borderline blasphemy!

Now feeling the power of Pattonmania, brother, Cassidy moves into the mount position and begins throwing big right-hand bombs right to the stunt double's face.

Pat Cassidy:

Come oh, kid! Yah gotta make me BELIEVE!

Cassidy's barrage is suddenly interrupted by the DEFTron coming to life...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Sitting in a folding director's chair in full Lincoln Hawk costume, Brock Newbludd rolls his eyes and frowns.

Brock Newbludd:

CUT! This is terrible! Did you even read the script, Chip!?

With Cassidy holding his head up off the mat, the battered stuntman's eyes roll in the back of his head. The pathetic sight causes Newbludd to scoff loudly.

Brock Newbludd:

This was your chance, Chip, and you blew it, buddy. I knew I should have never trusted you with the eyepatch! Idiot!

Cassidy holds the sacred GVP eyepatch up to Newbludd, and the crowd cheers in approval while Brock scowls.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, look at the big man! You think you're ready for me, Cass!? You think your daddy issues and stupid baseball bat mean anything to me? I could give a shit less, buddy. The only thing I care about is the ACE of DEFIANCE, and if I have to shove that bat down your throat to do it, you better believe I will do just that.

A chorus of boos from The Faithful.

Brock Newbludd:

Chip, you're fired. Don't even bother coming back to Hollywood, you ingrate!. If dipshit there doesn't decide to finish you off because Papa Cass didn't hug him enough, here's what I suggest you do. Buy a ticket to DEFCON and come see firsthand how a real star takes care of business as I kick Pat Cassidy's ass and take back what's mine.

The news of his immediate termination gives Chip a jolt of energy, and he drunkenly staggers to his feet...

Brock Newbludd:

No, Chip! There's no saving this!

Chip lunges in desperation at Cassidy and is promptly doubled over by an aluminum bat to the stomach. Grabbing Chip by the back of the head, Cassidy tosses him out of the ring with ease.

Brock Newbludd:

You're a real piece of work, Cass! The man just lost his job! Ain't you supposed to be standing up for the common folk!?

Cassidy's reaction is one of the single finger variety, and it causes the crowd to show their approval.

Brock Newbludd:

You live it up now, Cassie-boy, because come DEFCON, Brock NewDad is gonna give you a long overdue lesson in respect!

With a smirk, Brock blows a kiss.

Brock Newbludd:

Thank you, Dallas! Always a pleasure!

The crowd responds with more boos as the DEFTRON goes black. Cassidy looks over at Cassidy.

Pat Cassidy:

Daddy issues he says. Huh. You know, I heard the best kind of therapy for that is beating your former tag patnah turned cowardly bitch half to death with a blunt object.

He smiles toward the coward.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, good news! Looks like DEFCON just got therapeutic! As for Newbludd... if he doesn't have the jam to come to me... well, maybe it's time I pay him a visit...

Cassidy takes the eyepatch, tosses it into the air, and hits it with his bat, sending it into the crowd. The front row fans scramble to reach it as Cassidy points to the cheap seats like Babe Ruth before his music fires up and he exits the ring.

DDK:

Pay him a visit... I don't like the sound of that...

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2026



DEFCON 2026: HOMECOMING Wednesday & Thursday, April 1 & 2 Caesars Superdome - New Orleans, Louisiana (82,000)

CARD AS IT STANDS...

Saturday Night Street Fight for the ACE of DEFIANCE
Pat Cassidy (c) vs Brock Newbludd



DOPESMOKEY & THE BANDIT (PT. 2)

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, before we continue on to our next match, we are getting breaking news right now that our own Chris Trutt has arrived at the Portague County Jail, and has a camera crew with him!

Lance:

Oh boy... is the search really over?

DDK:

Real quick, let's hand it over to Chris!

We cut to the live feed, on location outside of a relatively minuscule county jail. Trutt pulls the door to the van open and hits the asphalt before it even pulls to a stop. The camera hops out and follows after him as he turns and addresses the viewers at home.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, Chris Trutt here coming to you live from the jailhouse of Portague County! We had a REALLY hard time finding this place, actually! Took a wrong turn and ended up in Muerto County. Do NOT eat the barbecue there. Anyway, here we are... the location where I'm told they are currently holding Rezin. And, as I've been told, we've been allowed to have brief access to him. I don't know about you all, but I for one am quite interested in hearing from the irreverent Goat Bastard of wrestling, fallen from grace as the Reverend Erik Black and on a non-stop anarchy-spreading rampage ever since!

Waiting for him at the entrance are the fat and skinny combo of white-hats, Sheriff Holden D. Snuttz and Deputy Junior.

Sheriff Snuttz:

Heh heh hehhh...

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff? Chris Trutt, Junior Reporter of DEFIADE Wrestling...

In a show of absolute professionalism, Chris offers the hand. Sheriff Snuttz wipes his neck and forehead with a rag before squeezing his sweaty palm into Trutt's and giving it a shake. The junior reporter looks like he's on the verge of vomiting.

Sheriff Snuttz:

WHALEMUM, BOAH, t' AUWUR lil slice o' HEBBEN!

Chris Trutt:

Let's cut right to the chase, Sheriff. Is Rezin being held at this facility? And I don't mean some sort of bait a switch, like some Hollywood celebrity, or a random hobo who just happens to be legally named "Erik Black"; I'm talking about REZIN. Smokes dopes, punks rocks, and kills cops REZIN.

Sheriff Snuttz:

CAWLM DAWUN, BOAH, NO NEED t' GIT UPPITY! NOBODY makes HOLDEN D. SNUTTZ look like a POSSUM'S PECKER!

Junior Snuttz:

Except for that one time that--

Sheriff Snuttz:

SHEE-YUTT yer ass, boah...

The rotund lawman nods his head to the door, rippling his jowls in the process.

Sheriff Snuttz:

...C'MON, THEN! Lemme show 'im to ya...

The sheriff leads the way into the jail while Trutt and the camera follow close behind. They pass a desk, step through a security door, then begin walking down a long corridor of cell doors.

Sheriff Snuttz:

Mind ya don't git too close, naw... he done messed up couple boahs pretty badly. Hadda stick 'im in our SUPER DUTY cell.

The stop at the end of the corridor, just out of view of the last cell. Smirking in triumph, the sheriff gestures for the junior reporter to go ahead.

Sheriff Snuttz:

Here he is... awwlll yours.

Trutt creeps ahead. The camera begins following, but he initially gestures for it to hang back. Slowly, the junior reporter edges his way toward the cell.

Chris Trutt:

Um... Rezin? It's me, Chris. I'm just here to talk.

From the camera's angle, we still can't quite see what's in the cell. Trutt tiptoes ahead until he peeks in. Then he walks out in front of the bars... and stares.

And stares...

And stares...

Chris Trutt:

...Sheriff?

Sheriff Snuttz:

Heh heh... yee-ah?

Chris Trutt:

There's nobody in this cell.

Sheriff Snuttz:

...hwhat naow?

Chris Trutt:

There's nobody in this cell, Sheriff.

Sheriff Snuttz:

HWHUT t' HAIL YOU--

The sheriff quickly pushes his way past the camera and goes over to where Trutt is standing. When he looks into the cell, his eyes go wide, his jaw drops open, and his face turns several shades red.

Sheriff Snuttz:

HOT DIABLO SANDWICH AND DOCTOR PEPPER!!!!

The camera finally moves over to get a view into the cell.

Sure enough, it is EMPTY...

...save for a message scrawled in black slime splattered across the wall that reads "KILL ALL REDNECK PRICKS, with a trail that seems to lead into a vent shaft that is almost impossibly small for any human to squeeze through.

Chris Trutt:

Sheriff. There is nobody. In this cell.

Junior Snuttz:

He said they ain't nobody in the cell, Daddy!

Sheriff Snuttz:

DAANG-NABBIT, BOY, SHUT YER PAIE-HOWLE!! CAN'T Y' SEE WE'S GOT A CRISIS OF APOCALYPTIC PROPORTIONS HERE!! TH' DAMMB INMATE GOT AWAY!!

The flabby lawman is huffing and wheezing in a panic, practically tripping over his own feet as he hurries back toward the front desk.

Sheriff Snuttz:

SOUND TH' ALARM!! WE GOT A JAILBREAK!!

Chris Trutt sighs and leisurely walks himself out of the jail.

Chris Trutt:

Well, ladies and gentlemen... it looks like the Escape Artist strikes again. Not even Portague's finest were enough to hold him down for a mere evening.

In the background is a scene of administrative chaos. Deputies are running to and fro as Sheriff Snuttz spouts of orders.

Sheriff Snuttz:

HE COULDNA GONE FARR!! HIT THEM SPOTLIGHTS!! SIC THE HOUNDS!! ELECTRIFY THE TRIPWIRE!!

Junior Snuttz:

You want me to sound the alarm, Daddy?

Sheriff Snuttz:

GOL-DAMBIT, BOAH, YES, I WANT YA T' SOUND THE DAMB ALARM!! THEY AIN'T NO WAY AN IDJIT LIKE YOU COULDA COME FROM MY LOINS!!

The camera follows Trutt through the entrance and back out into the parking lot, where sirens are wailing, spotlights are scanning, and hounds are barking.

But the junior reporter looks completely calm. Almost as if he expected this to happen.

Chris Trutt:

I won't lie to you, Faithful... as I stand here and survey this scene of pandemonium around me... I feel an almost detached sense of boredom. I guess I've just seen enough to know that *this...* is just an absolute waste of resources and manpower.

Trutt turns to face the camera for a final time. In the background, Sheriff Holden D. Snuttz can be seen throwing down his cowboy hat and stomping the hell out of it.

Chris Trutt:

Tonight was another dead end, ladies and gentlemen. But so long as he's still out there, more chaos and disruption is

bound to occur. And when it does, you can be sure that we in the DEFIANCE news team will be hot on the trail. Until next time, Faithful... stay vigilant, and always believe.

The feed goes back to the arena.

DAN RYAN vs. GAME FACE CYRUS

The match graphic plays and the Texas Faithful give a VERY LOUD cheer!

DDK:

While it's not HOUSTON, we are still in Texas, so a Dan Ryan "homecoming" of sorts.

Lance:

You know they could be cheering for Cyrus Bates, too!

DDK:

Why is that?

Lance:

Well, Cyrus is from Forth Worth. Even CLOSER than Houston!

DDK:

Excellent point.

Lance:

I've also been told Conor Fuse specifically asked for this match. Maybe that's part of the reason why. Texas homecoming for both men?

DDK:

Two weeks ago, Conor asked Bates to wrestle Rowzilla, too.

Lance:

I believe so, yes.

DDK:

So Conor Fuse is basically booking everything for Cyrus Bates from now on?

Lance:

First off, it's Game Face Cyrus.

DDK:

Right, sorry.

Lance:

Secondly, since officially joining Outer Heaven, we know Game Face Cyrus has become some sort of a "pet project" of Conor's. Conor wants to shape Cyrus into one of the next great henchmen, so-to-speak. I guess. You know... just hearing me say this, I'm not so sure.

DDK:

We should've asked ADULT Conor when he was on commentary two weeks ago.

Lance:

I suppose you're right.

To ringside we go and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this match is... for... JUST. ONE. FALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!

RAAAAAAHHHH everyone loves it!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from FORT WORTH, TEXAS...

And, to the surprise of many, there ARE cheers. Reasonably loud cheers for the hometown guy.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing two-hundred-forty pounds... he is GAME. FACE. CYRUS!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

♪ "Game On" by Waka Flocka Flame feat. Good Charlotte ♪

"Game Face" Cyrus marches out with his arms in the air, soaking in the cheers! He sports way too much eye black, along with an even louder neon pink and lime green onesie than previously. Token dispenser on his hip, GFC makes his way down, slapping hands as he does.

DDK:

This new direction for Bates, the "Game Face" Edition, started off strong with a couple of victories. But losses to Klein and Rowzilla have really sent Cyrus back.

Lance:

Indeed. And he's got the biggest test yet, with all due respect towards Rowzilla and Klein. Both of them would tell you straight up the legendary Dan Ryan, the new DEFIAНCE Hall of Famer Dan Ryan, is one of the most established and decorated guys in the history of this sport!

Cyrus rolls under the ropes. He starts popping out tokens from his dispenser and tossing them into the crowd. One of The Faithful close by catches a coin and reveals it to the camera... on one side the logo OUTER HEAVEN is shown, which is a smoking skull with cracks down the center of the forehead. The other side is Conor Fuse hugging Game Face Cyrus.

The fan likes the token. Well, he covers up Conor's body and starts shaking his head no but the rest he seems to like!

Bates' theme dies down as the anticipation builds even more.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

There's already a RAAAHHHHHH. A very loud one. Sure, Cyrus Bates had a nice entrance but Dan Ryan is going to blow the roof off.

Darren Quimbey:

From Houston, TEXAS...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing three-hundred-five pounds... he is The Ego Buster... he is the legend... he is a THREE TIME FIST of DEFIAНCE and he is the newest member of the DEFIAНCE HALL of FAME... HE IS DANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN. RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!!

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

Light suddenly blasts downward from the ceiling over the imposing figure of impending DOOM. Dan Ryan is dressed in his full ring gear and dark aviator sunglasses. Looking brooding as always, he marches down. While Ryan walks, he sticks out his tree trunk arms, albeit just a little, for the fans to slap along the way.

Inside the ring, Game Face Cyrus takes a deep GULP.

DDK:

Much similar in his reaction towards Rowzilla, you can tell Cyrus Bates has lost some of his confidence.

Lance:

Some of? See, I think this is the problem Conor Fuse mentioned. I don't think Bates has EVER truly had "confidence". I think Cyrus Bates struggles. He doesn't know who he is. From his original demeanor... to Search Party Cyrus... to Quality Control Cyrus... the GAME FACE moniker is meant to try instilling confidence in a man who currently has very little and never had a clue who he's really meant to be!

Ryan arrives at ringside, staring a hole straight into Bates' temple before grabbing the second ring rope and pulling himself up on the apron. In one fellow swoop, still with his eyes locked on Bates, Ryan steps over the ropes and looks across at referee Mark Shields.

Ryan's theme ends, so Shields is about to call for the bell.

...The lights dim.

A lime green spotlights hits the entranceway.

Numerous men walk out, sporting three-piece suits while carrying brown leather bags. No doubt dressed for Wall Street, these men line the entrance way from right to left and down the rampway, top to bottom.

Keebler knows what's coming.

DDK:

Not this again.

Yep. This again.

♪ "Fantasy" by Aldo Nova ♪

Finally at the one-minute-twenty-six second mark, music picks up. But it's not just music on the PA, oh no. Aldo Nova, in the flesh, band and all, are revealed on the interview stage! They start playing the theme song as Dan Ryan crosses his arms in the middle of the ring.

One-minute-forty-seconds in, we are greeted with a screeching electric guitar by Aldo Nova himself and with it, the words on the DEFI-A-TRON clarify who's coming. To the beat of the cords, the words appear and then disappear each time.

*ADULT
Conor*

*ADULT
Conor*

*ADULT
Conor*

*ADULT.
Conor.
Fuse.*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOS follow, as a lift rises from the center of the stage where another man is dressed in a three-piece baby blue suit. He holds a similar brown leather bag.

ADULT Conor Fuse.

City nights, summer breeze makes you feel all right
Neon lights, shining brightly, make your brain ignite
See the girls with the dresses so tight
Give you love, give you love if the price is right
Black or white, in the streets, there's no wrong and no right, no!

Fuse discards the leather bag to the side, while the men who line the pathway to ringside dance around.

Outta sight, buy your kicks from the man in the white
Feels all right, powder pleasure in your nose tonight
See the men paint their faces and cry
Like some girl, like some girl, it makes you wonder why
City life sure is cool, but it cuts like a knife, it's your life!

Conor grins evilly as he starts to march down the ramp, spending a moment to point at Game Face Cyrus and clap him on and then point at Dan Ryan, clapping him on, too.

Bates looks like he needs the support, Ryan doesn't seem amused.

BOOM. BOOM. BANG!

So much pyro!

So, forget all that you see
It's not reality
It's just a fantasy

DDK:

I should've known this would happen.

Lance:

Another INSANE entrance!

Aldo Nova continues to play from the interview stage as the dancers dance around and Conor Fuse wants to smack hands with fans who actually retract theirs.

Can't you see what this crazy life is doing to me?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?

Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?

CRACKLE, CRACKLE! BOOM, BOOM, BOOOOOOMMM, BANG!

MOAR pyro!

The former gamer arrives at the bottom of the rampway, as he acknowledges the dancers and gives "the nod". They tuck their leather bags under their arms and march up the steps, while Aldo Nova MFing REVVVVVVVVVVS on his guitar. Conor points to him and the rest of the band as they finish up.

Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

F'N GIVE IT TO ME ALDOOOOOOOOO!!

Nova slams on his guitar once more. At sixty-nine years old, the rocker from Montreal shows he's still got it. Some of the crowd cheers him on but then they bring their attention towards the ADULT in the Room.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

Doesn't phase Conor. Fuse blows a kiss to Bates and gives a head nod to Ryan before power walking back up the rampway...

DDK:

Oh no.

Lance:

Oh yeah!

...And joining the announce team.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

HELLO fellow ADULTS!

Meanwhile inside the ring, Mark Shields is rocking out... until Dan Ryan stands in front of him and wants the bell.

DING DING

Game Face Cyrus immediately goes on the offensive, attacking Ryan from behind with a plethora of forearms and punches. Ryan doesn't seem too stunned at first, although there are enough blows that work him into the ropes.

Lance:

Conor, that was some entrance. WOW.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Thank you.

Bates delivers knees into the small of Ryan's back.

DDK:

I have never in all of my years seen a band play someone out... who's not wrestling.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Thank you.

GFC latches onto Ryan's arm and sends him for a ride into the ropes across the way-

RRRRAAAHHHHHH!!

Huge big boot by Dan!

Lance:

Welcome to the broadcast, Conor.

DDK:

Yes, nice to see you again.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Thank you.

The camera splits screens for a moment to show Conor Fuse extending his hand for the good ol' ADULT handshakes.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

It's always nice to be back. Did the two of you enjoy doing those ADULT things you normally do?

DDK:

Umm... okay?

Inside the ring, Ryan is putting the boots to Bates as the crowd counts along with each STOMP.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I did many ADULT things over the last two weeks. I put a solid four-leg parlay down on the Super Bowl!

Lance:

Did you win?

ADULT Conor Fuse: [laughing]

Oh god no. Who does?

DDK: [giving in a little]

That's fair.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I had Cooper Kupp with four receptions, totally got that early. Kenneth Walker, ninety rushing yards. Got that one early, too! Barner, forty receiving yards, in the bag. But that fourth leg...

Lance: [seems interested]

Go on.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Keyshon Boutte. Guy couldn't get me the extra NINE yards I needed to hit the parlay!

Lance:

Damn.

Ryan peels GFC off the mat and whips him into a corner. The legend comes bursting in with a back elbow smash, knocking the spit out of Bates' mouth in the process. This follows a hip toss to the center of the ring and then a perfectly placed missile dropkick from Ryan to Bates.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

That's such an ADULT thing to do, eh? [Laughs] Gamble your money away on the big game. Ha!

Lance:

That's rough, Conor!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Yes, well, I learned gambling is a very ADULT thing to do. Particularly losing at it. I kinda learned that shit from an ol' friend in Chicago... [chuckle]

Ryan fires a couple elbows into Cyrus and then tosses him into a corner. Dan marches over, steps onto the second buckle and reigns down the punches to the count of the ENTIRE arena once more.

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. And so on.

DDK:

Conor, sorry to bring your attention to the ring, but I guess that's another ADULT thing we can talk about? Wrestling?

Fuse takes a moment to think about it.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Yes, absolutely.

DDK:

Well, I have to say. Who are you cheering for, Bates or Ryan?

The split screen is shown, where the ADULT nods along.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Yes. Fine attention to detail, Keebler. You see, being an ADULT is multi-layered. The old Conor would've had to choose sides. But as an ADULT I've learned things are not always black and white...

Lance:

That's a good insight. So would it be fair to say you're supporting both men?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Indeed, Warner. I'd like Game Face Cyrus to learn a lot from this man. Dan Ryan is not only a legend, not only the most decorated wrestler of the last TWENTY YEARS... after this match, he's going to stand in the middle of that ring and make the BIG ANNOUNCEMENT.

Ryan is done with the punches (he got to twenty). Needless to say, The Ego Buster remains on offense. He hurls GFC into the corner across the way. Cyrus hits and sticks. Ryan gears up...

DDK:

What do you think the announcement is?

ADULT Conor Fuse: [laughing it off]

Oh, that's simple really. Dan Ryan is going to join OUTER HEAVEN!

Ryan races in, showing impressive speed for a man of his size and age. He leaps in the air and hits a wicked, ring shaking splash on Bates! Cyrus falls over, leaning right onto Dan's chest as the big man removes himself from the corner. Then Ryan moves to the center of the squared circle... and Bates crashes face-first on the mat.

DDK:

Are you sure about that?

We go to a split screen again, where Conor rolls his eyes at Keebler's comment.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I am positive, good sir. Dan and I have spoken about it for the past few months. You need to remember, Dan said he came back to DEFIA because of me.

Lance:

He did say that, Keebs.

Ryan lifts GFC off the mat and into a fireman's carry...

Then drops Cyrus head-first onto the top buckle!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Anyway, I don't want to get sidetracked. I'm an ADULT and I can stay focused. Dan Ryan is going to join Outer Heaven and right now, as I sit here with you fine gentlemen, I am cheering for both of these guys. I cheer for Cyrus Bates to learn something... to continue to show that newfound resiliency. And Dan? I mean, how can I NOT cheer for the guy who came back to DEFIA... just... for... me!

Ryan drags Bates off the mat and looks for a short-arm clothesline... but this time GFC ducks it. He kicks Ryan in the chest, leaps in the air and SCREAMS into the rafters before connecting with a hard implant DDT!

The crowd cheers because, of course, Bates is a hometown kid as well. Game Face Cyrus stands... eyes wide, looking into the crowd... like suggesting "holy fuck, I actually did that!?"

Bates keeps it going. He bounces off the ropes and lands a MASSIVE splash!

And a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

But Cyrus quickly latches onto Ryan's head and neck... trying to work in an anaconda vice!

At the announce table, ADULT Conor Fuse starts clapping.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Excellent work! That's my DPS submission right there!

Lance:

Conor, we were talking earlier about Cyrus' different monikers.

ADULT Conor Fuse: [quickly replying while Lance keeps speaking]

Yes.

Lance:

I had mentioned the "Game Face" Edition...

ADULT Conor Fuse: [already intervening with an answer before it's asked]

Confidence. Game Face moniker is about instilling newfound confidence. Because when you run with a needy snowflake for YEARS, your confidence gets shattered. Make no mistake good sir, it's a work in progress. But look!

Yes, Game Face Cyrus has the anaconda vice locked in. Middle of the ring. Nearly textbook!

DDK:

Is DAN RYAN of all people going to tap in Texas?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I doubt it.

Conor's comments ring true as no sooner than he says this, does Ryan start to drag himself towards the ropes. With the fans cheering behind the Hall of Famer...

The Ego Buster grabs them!

ADULT Conor Fuse: [shouting to GFC]
QUICK! QUICK, LIKE WE TALKED ABOUT!

Even though Game Face can't hear Conor amidst all the cheers, Bates is on schedule. He's on his feet quickly, he's waiting for Ryan to rise...

And then he snatches the Hall of Famer from behind and lands a picture perfect German suplex.

With a bridge and a pin!

DDK:
That was a LARGE MAN Cyrus hoisted in the air!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

ADULT Conor Fuse:
With all due respect, Keebler, GFC is a fine specimen too!

Lance:
No argument there.

ADULT Conor Fuse:
He just needs what Dan has.

DDK:
That's... not something many men can acquire.

ADULT Conor Fuse:
Pessimism. Honestly Keebler, from ADULT to ADULT, I expected more.

Bates rolls to his side. He shoots upright and takes it to Ryan again... but this time GFC comes in a little too hot, too fast, too recklessly. Ryan steers Bates into a corner of the ring and Cyrus' mouth-crunches against the top buckle as he loses balance. Ryan hits the ropes and delivers a sweeping roundhouse boot, knocking GFC to the mat.

Ryan looks into the crowd. He grabs the top rope and shakes it just once. HARD, though. He steers back towards GFC...

Cyrus with a low blow! Mark Shields doesn't see it and even the hometown fans start to boo...

ADULT Conor Fuse:
Yes!

Conor catches himself.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I mean, yes **AND** no! ADULT things are not black and white, gentlemen!

A desperate look crosses Cyrus' face as he plucks the token dispenser from his hip and cranks Ryan on the top of the head before tossing the dispenser into the crowd!

DDK:

How did Mark Shields not SEE THAT!?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

We all know Mark Shields is no real ADULT.

GFC tries for a roll up and hooks both feet around Ryan. The ref makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Dan Ryan is on his feet in a hurry. It's completely shocking for a man of his size.

WHAM!

OOOOOFFF.

DDK:

Ryan decapitates Bates with that clothesline from hell!!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

What a great shot by my excellent ADULT friend!

Ryan looks down at GFC with an annoyed expression. Is he annoyed because Bates got some shots in? Or is he annoyed with the cheap shot low blow?

Maybe both. Doesn't seem to matter. Dan pulls Cyrus off the canvas and throws GFC's head in-between Ryan's legs.

DDK:

Could this be it!?

Lance:

Game Face Cyrus is no small man!

Ryan goes for it...

And connects WITH EASE.

DDK:

Humility Bomb!

Ryan falls on top of Bates as the crowd counts along with the academic cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Conor claps along as the split screen shows him wrapping both arms around Keebler and Warner.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

That's the ADULT of ADULTS, boys. Get used to it.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... DAN RYAN!

Mark Shields waits to raise Ryan's hand, as Game Face Cyrus remains motionless in the center of the canvas.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

It was fine doing business with the two of you. Let's do it again sometime. But for now, if you'll please excuse me, I'd like to go celebrate with my fellow ADULT.

However, Conor waits at the announce table. He doesn't even take off his headset... until one of either Keebler or Warner catches on.

DDK:

Oh, you're excused, Conor.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Thank you.

There are two more handshakes before the ADULT himself starts walking down the rampway, clapping his hands in a sign of approval!

THE BIG ANNOUNCEMENT WHICH WILL DEFINITELY BE WHAT CONOR THINKS IT IS

ADULT Conor Fuse rolls into the ring and starts clapping his hands profusely. He walks right past Cyrus Bates as he does, even bumps into Bates rather hard when making a b-line straight for the Hall of Fame legend.

Fuse pats Ryan on the back. For a second there, it looks like Conor is going to even do the ol' tussle of Dan's hair but The Ego Buster is completely no-nonsense and it's as if a last second lightbulb goes off in Conor's head, remembering he doesn't do that shit anymore. Instead, Conor moves to the side and asks for a mic.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Dan, buddy. Wow, Dan, wow! This is just the shit I was telling Keebler and Warner about!

The crowd lightly boos... they likely don't want to go full BOO because, after all, this is in Texas and they support the man who won the match.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

So, while I am totally disappointed in Cyrus...

Bates lowers his head as he sulks in the corner of the ring.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

We don't need to wait ANY longer, bro! Why don't you tell the ENTIRE WORLD just what I've known this WHOLE TIME!? Make that BIG ANNOUNCEMENT! Let these fine people know you're joining Outer Heaven, where you will spend the last couple years of your career mentoring this man...

Head nod towards Cyrus Bates.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

While standing tall alongside myself and Tyler Fuse as the most ultimate faction in not only DEFIADE history... but wrestling history!

The crowd is booing.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

There is no man we won't run through! No title we won't win! Make no mistake, the ADULT side in me is the FINAL FORM I've always needed to be! I will not only make YOU proud of my merciless side, Dan. I will ensure you made the absolute right decision to come back to DEFIADE. After all, you told me DIRECTLY that you came back here for ME. To continue what WE built in the poverty fed... to do what WE were supposed to accomplish. Because in the end, Dan, you won't just be Cyrus' mentor. You've ALWAYS been mine, too.

Is Conor still rambling because he wants to or because Dan's body language is suggesting he doesn't have the same type of Level 10 energy and excitement Conor has at this very moment?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

So. Let's do it. Tell them all the BIG ANNOUNCEMENT. Tell them you're joining OUTER HEAVEN!

Almost reluctantly at first, Ryan walks over and takes the mic from Conor's hand. The legend stands in the center of the ring. He glances to his left, then his right. To Cyrus Bates. To The Faithful. Even to the announcers.

And then he looks at Conor Fuse.

The crowd remains silent.

Dan Ryan:

About that...

There is a shift within the audience. While many of the fellow Texans remain silent, Ryan has clearly piqued their interest.

Dan Ryan:

I do have a big announcement to make, Conor.

Conor nods, smiling and satisfied.

Dan Ryan:

I'm here to announce... my retirement from DEFIANCE.

Conor, Cyrus, Mark Shields, both announcers, and the entire arena all do a collective 'what the f—'

Fuse's jaw is on the floor. He's working through a million emotions at once... but ultimately, he starts laughing. Like "good one, Dan, good one. You really got me. Now tell the truth!?"

Apparently, Dan is.

Dan Ryan:

I told you I came back for you, Conor, and that was the truth. So here, now, my big announcement is that I want you for my last match in DEFIANCE. You and me, my last time in a DEFIANCE ring, at DEFCON.

The retirement comment still has the fans in shock, however they do cheer at the thought of this long anticipated match!

Conor Fuse, though... well he's still standing there, trying to laugh this away. Dan isn't serious. Oh, he is serious. Fuck, he's serious. What the hell is going on? This isn't cool. This is totally not cool. But Dan is his friend so it's gotta be cool, even tho it's not. Conor can't betray Dan. Like WTF. Seriously!

These are all things Conor might be saying with body language everyone's trying to interpret.

Finally, after a solid minute of standing there, Conor demands GFC give him his own microphone.

Bates places the mic carefully into Conor's left hand, as if to not upset his leader further. And then we have another solid twenty or so seconds of Conor now frozen in time.

Dan leans forward.

Dan Ryan:

Well?

Fuse raises his right hand, takes a deep breath... and exhales. It's almost like the ADULT has been knocked out of him.

Conor Fuse:

I- um- I- I- um- I- um- I-

Conor is like a record, skipping back over and over to the same five second loop. Fuse looks his buddy over, then takes a step back.

Conor Fuse:

I can't do this right now.

Fuse looks over to Bates.

Conor Fuse:

We need to go.

Then back at Dan Ryan.

Conor Fuse:

I'll get back to you.

Conor drops the mic in a huff and rolls out of the ring, storming up the rampway. Meanwhile, Game Face Cyrus trails behind, trying to make Conor feel better by saying something along the lines of DEFCON being in the Superdome of all places in front of the largest DEFIANCE audience of ALL TIME.

It's not working. Conor and Cyrus have already vanished behind the apron... leaving Dan Ryan standing in the middle of the ring. Ryan gives a small shrug, then leans on the ring ropes and peers into the crowd.

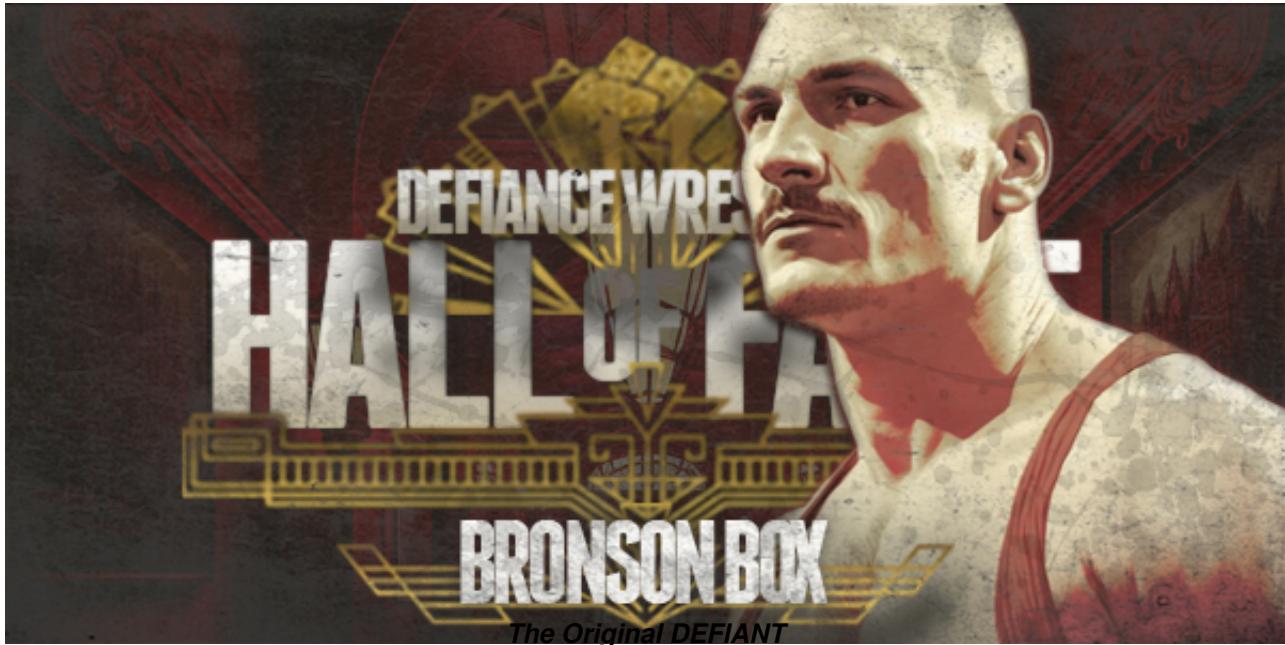
DDK:

Shocking. Retirement? Wow!

Lance:

Trying telling that to Conor.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIA HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. GERARDO VILLALOBOS

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got Butcher Victorious in action as he takes on another member of Los Caidos in as many shows... this time, he takes on the powerful Gerardo Villalobos!

Lance:

Ever since Butcher Victorious parted ways with The Lads, it seems that his new mission to make something of himself in 2026 has already earned him the attention of Victor Vacio and Los Caidos! Earlier tonight, Lord Nigel Trickelbush laid down the challenge to Butcher and he was quick to accept!

DDK:

Gerardo Villalobos is a big man, though! 6'5" and 330 pounds! This man is a tank! Butcher has really come into his own as a singles wrestler, but he'll have to use every clever trick in the book that he can think of if he wants to pull this off tonight!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey to announce the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

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

LIGHTS OUT.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The lights come up to a dim hue. The large screens on the stage show video of the flickering orange wick of dripping white candles. Walking out to the ring solo underneath a dark mask and dark ring gear, walks out the massive Los Caidos member to jeers from the Dallas Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, representing Los Caidos... he weighs in at 330 pounds... **GERARDO VILLALOBOS!**

Paying no attention to The Faithful, the mountainous Villalobos hits the ring. He brushes right past DEFIAНCE's head referee Benny Doyle! Gerardo simply comes to a stop in the corner and stands, arms folded under his mask ready to put a hurt on somebody. He will most assuredly get his wish as his music cuts and the arena becomes covered in darkness...

♪ "Bring The Noise" by Anthrax and Public Enemy ♪

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Standing on stage, wearing LED bluetooth speakers on his vest, the lights return and the bright sparkling blue and yellow gear of one Butcher Victorious shines as he throws his hands out! He is almost taken aback by the reception from his home state crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Butch Vic Clique! From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds... he is TEXAS' OWN... **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher gestures to the LED earbuds lighting up his ears but it's still not enough to block out the noise!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THIS OVATION FOR BUTCHER VICTORIOUS RIGHT HERE IN TEXAS!

DDK:

AND HE'S GONNA NEED ALL THAT SUPPORT AGAINST THE BIG MAN!

The music fades as Butcher Victorious whips out The Stick... you know, his signature microphone, you freaks. He taps the tip. (pause)

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating along]
BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He points to his skull.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating along]
BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

Then he points to the ring right at big Lobos!

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT, G. VILLALOBOS... I'M PINNING THOSE BIG-ASS SHOULDERS TO THE MAT WITH THE CHEERS OF MY VERY OWN FELLOW TEXANS... THE BUTCH... VIC... CLIQUE! AND WE'RE GONNA SHUT UP LORD TRICKY DICK!

Butcher sheds the speaker-clad vest and Aural D-Lights from his ears. He climbs into the ring...

DING DING

Despite giving up just over a hundred pounds to Villalobos, Butcher Victorious carefully circles the big man and doesn't look afraid of what he's been goaded into tonight from Lord Nigel.

DDK:

We'll see what Butcher Victorious can do against an opponent the size of Gerardo Villalobos!

Butch Vic and Big Lobos lock up, but quickly the powerhouse of Los Caidos shuts Butcher down by straight-up SLAMMING him straight down to the canvas face first! Butcher is reeling but things get worse for him when he STEPS over the body of Butcher! The Microphone Fiend is reeling around in pain while Gerardo takes in the jeers!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

This would be a huge win for Gerardo Villalobos tonight! He's got Butcher where he wants him just based on size alone.

Lance:

From what I understand, Butcher has been spending a lot of time these past few months when he was the BRAZEN Star Cup champion, really taking himself seriously and doing some training. He's been adding some more high-flying to his repertoire. If he has something new to bring to the table, now would be the time!

Big Lobos picks up Butcher off the mat and tries to go for a scoop slam, but The Dallas Faithful cheer when he slips out behind him! He lands a few shots across the broad back of Gerardo, the moves to the leg and kicks away!

DDK:

Chopping away at the big man with those kicks!

Butcher tries to hook the neck in a front facelock. Butcher twists around looking for a cutter-like maneuver, only to get launched off the ropes. When he comes back, Big Lobos CRASHES into the Texan with a running body block!

DDK:

Ooooooh! Twice now, Butcher has been shut down by the big man! He's fighting against a brick wall, but Gerardo Villalobos is a brick wall that can hit back!

Lance:

What can you do against a wrestler the size of Gerardo, Darren?

DDK:

Butch Vic was under the learning tree of Oscar Burns for two years. He's gotta find a way to either work a limb or outpace Villalobos!

But easier said than done as Big Lobos lays into Butcher with a pair of huge hammer-light rights into his midsection! Butcher is doubled over but his home state crowd goes wild!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

The heavy hitter of Los Caidos whips Butcher across the ring. He waits for him on the return, only for Butcher to slide underneath him! As he turns, he catches Big Lobos with a big European uppercut! He fires off two more shots and then charges off the ropes again... but for the third time, Gerardo WAFFLES him with a huge clothesline on the return!

DDK:

Ooohh! Fitting that we're in Texas! That was a nasty short-range lariat from the big man!

Gerardo follows up with a HUGE elbow drop to the chest of Butcher and then makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher gets the shoulder up, but right away, the heavy hitter is already on him! He pulls The Microphone Fiend up to a vertical base only to nail him with a big elbow to the back of the neck! The home state hero collapses to a knee! Villalobos hooks a leg and then gets ready before he chucks the former Favoured Saints across the ring with a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Good grief! Butcher Victorious is being picked apart by this big man! He hasn't scored much in the way of offense!

Lance:

Perhaps we're seeing Los Caidos really live up to their potential! If he can beat Butcher in his home state tonight?

The Dallas Faithful continue to cheer on Butcher, who is down on the canvas hurt. Gerardo thinks about going for the cover, but instead he continues to go towards the ropes. He runs off the ropes and then comes back looking for a big running splash off the ropes...

...

BUT NO WATER IN THE POOL!

DDK:

NO! BUTCH VIC MOVED OUT OF THE WAY!

Lance:

THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE IS OUT IN FULL FORCE TONIGHT!

BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!

With the Butcher climbs back up to his feet in the corner, Gerardo Villalobos struggles with pulling himself up. When he's fully upright, he charges at the corner only for The Man with IT to catch him with a European uppercut! He only staggers Big Lobos, who charges in again only this time he's met with a pair of knees to the face! The impact leans Butcher to climb the middle rope who takes flight and nails the heavy hitter right in the knee with a missile dropkick!

DDK:

There we go! Butcher has the big man chopped down!

After Gerardo is brought down to a knee, Butcher gets up and DRIVES the big down to the mat from his knee with a Snap DDT!

DDK:

What a combo! He calls it the Check 1-2!

Butcher quickly jumps on top of the big man and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

VILLALOBOS PUSHES HIM OFF!

Lance:

No! Not enough to put the big man away!

DDK:

Butcher gets back up! He's waiting on the big man for something!

Butcher charges off the ropes. He comes back looking for something big... only to get dropped off with a counter Samoan Drop!

DDK:

Ooooh! No! What a counter! Can this do it?!

Big Lobos goes for the cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

A shoulder inches its way off the mat to a HUGE cheer!

DDK:

Butcher kicks out! That was impressive! And now he's rolling away from the big man!

Butcher gets on the ring apron and tries to pull himself up using the ropes. The big man stands up and charges towards Butcher using a foot, but he moves! He grabs the ropes and hits a DRAGON SCREW to the leg! Gerardo yells out in pain and howls as he grabs at his knee!

Lance:

Brilliant strategy! He attacked that knee earlier with the same dropkick! He must have heard you, Darren!

The big man hobbles around the ring as Butcher climbs into the ring! Gerardo has his back turned when Butcher leaps up and DRIVES him back to the canvas with a running sling blade!

DDK:

He drops the big man with the sling blade!

Butcher then gets back to his feet Gerardo grabs his neck in pain. Gerardo is stunned as he starts to climb back to his feet, allowing Butcher to catch the staggering big man with a leaping reverse bulldog!

DDK:

Butch Vic with the Reverb! He takes the big man down!

With Gerardo on the canvas, Butcher hobbles over quickly to the corner and then heads to the top rope! He positions himself and fakes flight before DRIVING all his weight down into the chest of Villalobos!

DDK

BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT V2! RIGHT TO THE CHEST! COVER!

Butcher makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Bring The Noise" by Anthrax and Public Enemy ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butch Vic has been through it, but he still fights to his feet and gets LOUD cheers from The Faithful for his big victory!

Lance:

What a come-from-behind victory here tonight! He chopped down Villalobos slowly but surely and now he's walking out of here a winner!

DDK:

He attacked that leg and knee throughout the match and it finally paid off! That's now 2-0 against Los Caidos and I have to imagine this isn't going to sit well with Victor Vacio and Lord Nigel!

Butcher rolls out of the ring and jumps right into the first row! The Dallas Faithful start an impromptu mosh pit and celebrates!

Butcher Victorious:

WE'RE GETTING LITTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT WITH THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

A closer look at the professional careers of YOUR favorite DEFIANTS!

SILENCIO!

Cut back from commercial.

Backstage.

WHHHHAAAMMM-CRRRAAASHHH!

The sound is revealed to be a backstage monitor ... violently shoved to the ground. The cheap plastic flat screen explodes against the concrete floor, the plexiglass front splintering as the image disappears and warped digital static and the blinking of dying pixels are all that is left.

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio stands over the wreckage and he does not look happy.

The Faithful can still be heard faintly from the arena, still buzzing off Butch Vic's hometown win.

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

Corey Nunez rushes into frame with LIPS close behind him.

Both men approach cautiously, hands half-raised, unsure whether to steady Victor or restrain him. Corey reaches toward Victor's shoulder but ...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush appears suddenly and steps between them and the seething Vacio. Nigel gently waves the pair off.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

No, no... let him feel it.

He turns to Vacio.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

This is important. This moment. Feel it. Soak it all in, my boy.

Corey and LIPS hesitate but follow orders.

Victor's chest heaves with anger and his eyes remain locked somewhere far beyond the broken monitor, the camera or even his loyal following.

The Faithful now seeing a pissed off Vacio on screen ... know exactly what to do.

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

Nigel slowly circles Victor.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You hear them, don't you?

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

BUTCH VIC

Victor's eyes narrow and he clenches his jaw.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

How terribly fond they are of their little troubadour.

Nigel steps closer.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

This is what becomes of unchallenged noise...

BUTCH VIC

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It swells.

BUTCH VIC

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It festers.

BUTCH VIC

Nigel has Vacio worked to a fever pitch and he knows it... He leans in, almost whispering now.

BUTCH VIC

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Silence him.

Cut to elsewhere.

BONDING

Nursing his face with an ice pack, courtesy of being dropped on his face from Pat Cassidy's Irish Goodbye earlier in the evening, The Big Boss Dan roams the halls frustrated with his loss.

The Big Boss Dan:

DAMN DANG DARN!

With his other hand, he slams his baton into a nearby trash can and knocks it over, garnering the attention of some passers-by. He looks at the mess he's made, then looks back at the stagehand looky-loos.

The Big Boss Dan:

I'm not picking that up. I'm off duty

They continue to stare.

The Big Boss Dan:

Don't make me go back ON duty!

They stop and leave as The Big Boss Dan continues down the hallway, frustrated that he couldn't defeat the Ace of DEFIANC

The Big Boss Dan:

I swear... I'm gonna... HEY! Sir, do you have a Tall Pass! I... uh... OH!

He turns around...

And towering over him (which only a few people can do in DEFIANC, tbh) is none other than Rowzilla! The 7'3" rookie prodigy is in a big and tall Memphis Grizzlies hoodie and faded blue jeans looking down at Dan. Dan puts his hands up.

The Big Boss Man:

Oh... sorry, Zilla. My bad. I uh... tough night. I was trying to make mom and dad and Tio Mil proud... and I lost. But uh... good win for you tonight. You looked awesome.

If this was a sitcom, a big "awwwwww" would hit right here from the studio audience. Rowzilla doesn't really know what to say aside from patting Dan on the back once in a very awkward manner.

Then a light bulb goes off.

The Big Boss Dan:

It's okay, man. I, uh... I gotta go head back to the bus. We're about to leave...

Just off to the side, a bottle can be heard popped off the top of a beer bottle. Rowzilla comes back with two beers. He hands Dan one.

The Big Boss Dan:

Uh... oh, wow. For me? I mean...

He looks around.

The Big Boss Dan:

Heck, I'm off-duty! Cheers!

The two giants tap their bottles together and take a drink. Rowzilla chugs his. Dan takes a sip and then suddenly

remembers he's never actually HAD a beer before! The Universal Monster doesn't notice Dan quickly spit the beer back into the bottle. As he turns around, Dan gives him a quick thumbs up!

The Big Boss Dan: [fake excitedly]

Yeah... hops and bartley! My favorite... food groups...

He gets a blank stare from the former BRAZEN Champion. He nods and is about to leave when Dan suddenly has an idea.

The Big Boss Dan:

Hey! Uh... crazy idea but if you're done with the show... do you wanna hang out?

The Universal Monster gives it it some thought...

...then clinks the beer bottles together again, then invites Dan into the locker room.

The Big Boss Dan:

Great! Uh... so I wanna run something by you if you don't mind!

The two enter the locker room and the door shuts behind them as the scene heads elsewhere.

THE NEXT SCHEME

We quickly see a split screen with The Faithful inside the arena and then Kyle Shields backstage, mic in hand, before switching over to Kyle entirely.

Kyle Shields:

Let's forget about my recent loss to Pat. As [I told my brother a couple months ago](#), you're going to be seeing A LOT more of me on TV. And why is that?

Kyle grins.

Kyle Shields:

Because I am going to draw even MORE money for the Favored Saints!

He grins again.

Kyle Shields:

Think about it. All you see on television are advertisements. Well, get ready to see even more of them because from here on out I am no longer Kyle Shields! I have legally changed my name...

DDK:

Oh boy.

Kyle Shields:

I am Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime!

DDK:

You're kidding?

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime:

That's right. Like any sporting league DEFIANCE sells commercials, we sell ad space on the guardrail, and then some. All the normal advertising things you Faithful are used to. WELL this is the next step up! I am going to show the whole wrestling world an even better way to sell advertisement!

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime points an index finger into the camera.

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime:

You can say all the negative things you want, but I know the bottom line is money. And I am going to make the Favored Saints A LOT more money! Money runs the world. Do you remember a time when European soccer team's logos were on the middle of their chest and not a tiny little crest on the top left hand side? I do; it happened. Buckle up folks, 'cause Kyle Shields is going to bring a whole new dynamic to wrestling.

He stops himself.

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime:

Sorry that's Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime!

Kyle points ahead.

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon Prime:

To the ring! And then the bank!

MALAK GARLAND vs. KYLE SHIELDS SPONSORED BY AMAZON PRIME

An Amazon Prime logo conspicuously imposes itself in the lower lefthand corner of the DEFtv televised broadcast.

DDK:

As we transition from the backstage area, we get ready for our next match!

♪ “Diamond Life” by Tyga ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this next bout is a singles match! Introducing first, from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two hundred and thirty seven pounds, he is now known as KYLE SHIELDS SPONSORED BY AMAZON PRIME!

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME walks out on stage, flanked by beautiful Amazon PRIME delivery girls. They parade around with boxes galore as he makes his way down to the ring.

♪ “Big Dawgs” by Humankind ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds, MALAK GARLAND SPONSORED BY VERIZON WIRELESS!

Malak saunters out on stage, nose nearly plastered to his beloved phone. His signal is vibing right now. Gotta send that text. He’s got a Verizon logo on his trunks, too. Shameless advertising plugs aside, Malak does find the time to slap a few hands before climbing into the ring.

DING DING

Amazon’s American Airlines Arena in Dallas, Texas settles in for a barnburner as Garland and Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME size each other up.

DDK:

They lock up!

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME takes control with a side headlock but not for long as Malak swings his opponent around, breaking free with a jumping cutter!

Lance:

Smooth move there by the Snowflake Superstar!

Malak stays on the offensive, delivering some violent knee strikes to his opponent.

DDK:

Keep in mind that Malak is trying to rebound after suffering those losses at the hands of Tyler Fuse and Cecilworth Farthington. He did get a win this past UNCUT over George Othello but it’s clear Malak is, to quote himself, “WORKING ON HIMSELF”. When will he stop? Nobody knows.

Malak gator rolls while on top of Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME. The two tango, exchanging chops and blows until Malak lays in a knee to the midsection. He then overhead tosses his adversary halfway across the ring! Hector Navarro jumps upon impact! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Suffocating his opponent, Malak throws Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME into the corner where he receives a ten punch counting combo!

DDK:

This Kyle Shields sponsored stuff cannot be serious, right?

Garland watches his stunned opponent stumble out of the corner and right into a jumping cross arm breaker! Hector checks on Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME but it appears he's still good to continue.

DDK:

Do we have to say Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME in full, every time, Lance?

It's a given Lance is nodding with that notion.

Lance:

Sadly, yes. He went out of his way to tell me backstage that each time we say it, he receives a free day of PRIME. What a farce if you ask me.

Malak gut wrench suplexes his foe back across the other side of the ring. Wiping the sweat from his brow, it's clear he's WORKING ON HIMSELF rather hard at the moment.

DDK:

I'm not sure how many times we'll get to say it. Malak is dominating here but I'd also like to point out Malak Garland Sponsored by Verizon promised a victory tonight as he wants to do a live unboxing after the match!

One side slam later and Malak is dealing out mounted punches to Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME. Garland eventually gets pushed off and notices his leg is trapped. Next thing he knows, he's fighting for his life in a single leg crab!

Lance:

He's reaching for the ropes! Will he get there!!??

The fans give him the energy he needs as the Keyboard Master breaks the hold thanks to arriving at the ropes. Hector gets in there and separates the two. Garland checks his shin for damage as Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME looks to deliver a victory, pun intended.

DDK:

I think Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME has a new target!

Indeed as he stomps away at Malak's right leg. Garland tries to cover up but it's no use. Not until Malak manages to get to the ropes again does Hector Navarro step in to provide a little reprieve.

Lance:

Malak looks hurt!

Hector checks on the former FIST but he's okay, pushing through the pain and wailing away on Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME!

Malak Garland: [between punches]

I hate your stupid name! I only buy packages through UPS, FedEx, or the US Postal Service!!!

Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME covers up and, in the process, dons some coveted Amazon shipping gloves he had stuffed in his pockets. The tack on these bad boys are menacing as he shakes Malak off and nearly splits his peck open with a knife edge chop! Redness immediately swells in the area he was struck. Garland crumples to the mat like a rush delivery on a Friday night.

DDK:

Did you hear that!?

Lance:

I think my ears are bleeding!

Supremely confident, Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME stalks his opponent. He readjusts his gloves and slaps Malak across the other side of his chest! Malak pleads for the pain to stop.

DDK:

The Amazon gloves have turned the tide!

Malak Garland:

I might have to go to the competition committee about banning those gloves!

Looking up at another raised hand, Garland rolls out of the way just in time. Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME introduces his hand into the top turnbuckle. The tack of the gloves nearly comes completely off, as it's clear his hands are hurt. Malak takes advantage, throwing a shoulder block. He takes a second to gaze down at the red welts on his chest before wanting to kill his opponent.

Malak Garland:

That's it! No more mister nice flake!

Jumping DDT. German suplex. Finally, a swinging neck breaker and Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME is seeing stars. Malak plunges the head of his opponent between his legs.

Malak Garland:

Lots to unpack here! Literally!

With that, Malak hits the Brinicle, his jumping spiked piledriver! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland gets his hand raised in victory as Kyle Shields Sponsored by Amazon PRIME rolls off into oblivion.

LIVE UNBOXING SPONSORED BY AMAZON PRIME

With Malak huffing and puffing after a hard fought victory, he turns and notices multiple Amazon PRIME clad ladies storm the ring. He points to his Verizon decal embroidered on his tights before raising a microphone to his lips.

Malak Garland:

Shit guy, shit. I'm all for these Amazon ladies to come down here and serve me with a victory unboxing but truth be told, I've already completely sold out corporately to Verizon and seeing that I won tonight, Dallas, if you visit your local Verizon boutique tomorrow, you can get two lines and two phones starting at only fifteen dollars a month! Wow, what a splendid deal! Delectable, indeed.

He catches his breath as the Amazon ladies climb in the ring and persistently hand him a large PRIME branded box.

Malak Garland:

Look, so many ways this could go. Seeing the word PRIME on this has triggered my lived experiences but I'm trying to get beyond that as proof with my victory tonight. Do all you people from Dallas know why?

There are some cheers.

Malak Garland:

Say it with me, it's because I'm—

Malak Garland & Faithful:

WORKING ON MYSELF!

Malak nods in appreciation as the fans clap because they got to say his catchphrase with him. Garland shifts his attention back to the lovely Amazon ladies.

Malak Garland:

Okay, okay, you got me. Tickle me pink with excitement. Time to unbox this beast LIVE in Dallas, Texas! LOTS TO UNPACK HERE!

Malak goes to shred the box to smithereens when...

"OK... THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT."

The *painfully familiar* voice cuts through Malak's segment like a hot knife through butter.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The source of the voice strolls from backstage, microphone in hand, shaking his head.

Lance: *[quietly]*

Oh good grief...

The Faithful let the Motormouth of Malcontent know how they fell.

Clearly Angus Skaaland couldn't care less what the Faithful think. He sneers through the fans' deafening reaction. Malak is still clutching his parcel, eyes speculatively narrowed up at Skaaland. As the noise dies down Angus paces the stage and leans into his tirade.

Angus Skaaland:

So sorry to interrupt this spectacular example of utterly crashing out week after week on live television... nobody does it like you, bud... but this really does feel like the perfect time to do this. What, you standing down... *BASKING* in "victory." Just look at you, you just SCREAM former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Skaaland's words drip with sarcasm.

He pauses his pacing at the top of the ramp and leans into his words.

Angus Skaaland:

I never think it's *possible* for you to make more of a punchline out of yourself, Garland. But here we are. Week after embarrassing week we all get to sit down to the most unhinged, violent wrestling television show in the history of this great sport and what do we all see? Captain Underpants down there talking to a *GORMAN* cell phone! You continue to be a [censored] embarrassment, my boy! To this sport and more specifically and personally... this *PLACE*!

Malak's expression is hard to read. He tilts his head and narrows his eyes as Angus speaks.

Angus Skaaland:

Now. As per usual, whether... *all this* is just an act or maybe, just maybe you've actually gone and lost your mind this time. The way this next part is gonna go? Man, is it going to suck you you either way, bud. See, my client and I were approached recently by someone, someone who heard my man's clarion call and decided to come knocking, plan in hand. See, this guy... man, he came at Boxer like a real grown ass man, you know? Real *adult*.

He grins.

Angus Skaaland:

Long story short, here... you gotta realize Bronson wasn't gonna let that bullshit win you snaked over him in the WARCHAMBER of all places STAND did you? But just lookin' at you, watchin' how you operate it's pretty clear when someone is in your rear view that brain of yours is like shaking a [censored] Etch A sketch. You somehow managed to draw a huge Wargod-sized target on your back and forget about it. You had it there as you watched Gage Blackwood get himself crippled and heaved out of DEFIAНCE permanently, painfully crooked spine-FIRST! Considering the state of your career? Considering the utter NONSENSE you bring to the table? Connect the dots, pal and realize the corner you're currently backed into...

Malak hucks the package he was holding over his shoulder and approaches the ropes.

Malak Garland:

Oh yeah, is that right big boy? Well you know, if you've been following the highs and lows of my energy chakras, then you would've found out that my AI chat bot Missy told me to challenge DEFIAНCE's biggest and boldest and I'm pretty sure your little friend Bronson Box fits that description quite nicely! However, where is he? He's not afraid to get FULL RECEPTION from a Verizon customer now, is he??? WHERE YA' AT BO-*HURK*

ooooooooooooooooooooHHH!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

IT'S BRONSON BOX! He jumped the barrier from the crowd, Darren!

Dressed all in black Bronson sneaks up behind Malak and wraps his enormous arms around Garland's neck in a vice-like headlock. Malak flails as he's dragged backwards off his feet. Headlock still locked in, the Scottish Strongman backs up to the nearest available turnbuckle, stands tall on the second rope, pulling Garland's feet off the mat, essentially *HANGING* him.

Malak kicks and flails his arms, fruitlessly clawing at Boxer's redwood sized arms as his face starts to turn an absolutely charming shade of blue. He can't quite get his feet planted on the bottom turnbuckle, it's not long before even on his usually ironic, detached face that he might just be in real trouble here.

Box's face is a mask. A deep unwavering scowl. His eyes locked in the nondistance... like he doesn't even SEE Malak.

Angus Skaaland:

Hey Malak, bud, if you can hear me down there... when you come around backstage later in the trainers room, have your little Siri-[censored] thing you love so much there jot you down a little reminder, alright? Hands free crap, man. Amazing. But yeah... you tell ol' Alexa there to remind you that you have a receipt coming...

Bronson releases the headlock, Garland crumples to the canvas and the color returns to his face. Boxer hops down, casual as can be, and just steps over Malak like he wasn't even there.

Angus Skaaland:

You know what he wants, Malak. Lets get this big, scary bitch *booked*... what do you say?

Skaaland drops the microphone where he stands at the top of the ramp just as the Original DEFIANT reaches his manager. Bronson only at this point finally turning and facing the ring where Malak sits with his back against the turnbuckle trying to get his wits back about him after this near brush with death.

COMMERCIAL: DEFacts*DID YOU KNOW?!*

IN WITH THE NEW

Cut to the locker room where the Dallas Faithful cheer when the face of Nathaniel Eye appears on the DEFIANtron.

Inside the locker room, he appears to be writing something down in a black and white composite notebook before "DEC4L" Declan Alexander walks into the frame and looks over his shoulder.

DEC4L:

Pause champ. What am I missing out on over here, bruh? Your boy turns around for five minutes to do his Umamusume Pretty Derby dailies and suddenly Natty is starting our next best selling novel without me.

Nathaniel Eye:

Just a couple last second calculations to make sure the math checks out to M4NTRA becoming TWO TIME DEFIACTV Unified Tag Team Champions. Using your expertise in quantum rizzics, do you think the Sevens being twins means their integers should be doubled or squared?

DEC4L:

Allow me to consult with the Q-Rizz Society.

Declan takes a step back and looks over his shoulder. Behind him, "Tank Girl" Eva Vandegaar is sitting on a bench wearing an oversized plain black hoodie. She has on a pair of reading glasses and appears to be reading along with an audio book with wireless earbuds hanging out of her ears. Tank Girl glares over at Declan, annoyed before Declan steps back over to Nathaniel Eye.

DEC4L:

Squared, for sure. The Society agrees.

Nathaniel Eye opens up the notebook quickly and makes just a small mark on it before the door unexpectedly opens off camera. Both DEC4L and Eye pause as they look towards the door, and even Eva tucks her phone away into her hoodie pocket and sits up.

Jack Harmen:

Yo yo what it is fam!

It's the Favored Saints Champion, Jack Harmen, wearing what might have been cutting edge in the 90s but is considerably unfashionable now. Some baggy pants, a t-shirt with a POG on it, and his hat ever so carefully tilted to the side.

Jack Harmen:

Today has been stressful...

Harmen looks up, grabs the hat, and tosses it off screen.

Jack Harmen:

No hat.

Harmen plops down in a nearby seat and raids a cooler.

Jack Harmen:

Oh sugar snappie! You got mocktails? Mocky T's! I futz with a Mocky T.

Harmen pops off a cap and takes a sip as if he's always lived there. Alexander looks in silence before looking over at Nathaniel Eye. The two watch Harmen continue to dig through drinks like a 90s Sunny D commercial before they both turn around and look at Eva. Tank Girl looks back at them, slowly puts her earbuds back into her ears and then looks into her phone pretending as if she didn't see anything.

DEC4L:

That's uh... G FUEL and Gatorade, unc. Can we help you find something?

Nathaniel Eye:

Don't mean to rush you, Jack, but we do have a championship match in just a couple minutes so we're closing up. We got giants to slay, titles to win and then books to write! In tribute to Makayla who will be back with us soon ... we're gonna call it "Talk Less, Slay More".

Jack Harmen:

Oh that's cool fam. I'll keep this brief. At the dawn of time...

Off their reactions.

Jack Harmen:

Ha, got you. Listen, DEFIANCE is full of a bunch of old fog-hats, wet socks here, and us youngsters gotta stick together. I'm comin' here to say there's more of us than them. You want your spot, you take it, and good luck tonight in your championship match. Myself and Lord Nigel'll be watchin'. And y'know, if you need a lil' help young buck Jack here has got your back. No hat.

DEC4L looks back at Harmen in stunned silence before looking over his shoulder at Eva and mouths "Is he Delulu?" she simply shrugs as Natty Eyece takes control of the situation.

Nathaniel Eye:

Yeah... good to know, Jack. If we need an extra hand taking out the "old fog-hats" you said? You'll be the first one we hit up.

DEC4L:

Say less. It's all gucci, unc. Natty and I will keep your offer in mind, but for now... we gotta ghost this menty b and snatch our titles back. Feel free to take some of that G FUEL though. Sonic's Peach Rings are fire.

The duo approach the door and pause before looking back at Eva. Confused, Tank Girl gets up off the bench and quickly joins them... seemingly not wanting to be left alone with the Favoured Saints Champion.

Jack Harmen:

I'm a 29 year old gentleman! But you go watch your boys win the gold. I'll be cheerin' for ya!

Jack Harmen proceeds to grab about three G-Fuels and stuffs them into his oversized pockets in the background as M4NTRA rush off to ringside. Just as soon as they leave the door opens ...

Lonnie Luck stands there.

Lonnie Luck:

Hey guys, good luck with my stupid ass cousins and I ... oh.

He sees Jack Harmen tipping one of the G-Fuels towards him then dabs him up. Lonnie just stares at Harmen ... and then backs out of the door.

Slowly.

Jack Harmen:

Rude...like I did something to him...

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE TRIPLE 7s (C) vs. M4NTRA

DDK:

The Unified Tag Team championships are up for grabs! M4NTRA were declared number one contenders after their final defeat of Kill or Be Killed on Uncut several weeks ago!

Lance:

This will be the first time these teams have met up since the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams! This time, there's no Kill or be Killed, but M4NTRA better be ready because whatever combination of the 7s they get, we know the third will be lurking ringside!

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

The arena becomes awashed in a cascade of white and gold. M4NTRA Raying commences in every corner of the American Airlines Arena! Nathan Eye leads "DEC4L" Declan Alexander out in front of the OG Faithful. After their wars with Kill or Be Killed, the duo lead the charge with M4NTRA headbands and new M4NTRA jerseys. Declan's reads "DEC4L 4" and Nathan reads "EYE 251" (available now at DEFshop.com!) with the fans M4NTRA Raying along with them! They wave and out comes "Tank Girl" Eva Vandegaar at their side.

DDK:

The challengers look very confident tonight! And they're gonna have to be! The last two matches they have had with the Triple 7s have not gone their way but tonight might be the night that changes!

Lance:

M4NTRA have defeated the Triple 7s before as well. Thanks to Morrow's betrayal of both teams over the past two years there is plenty of history!

The M4NTRA Rays are out in full force with the camera catching fans flailing their arms all around. Natty Eyce and DEC4L rip off the headbands and jerseys, then point at different sections of the audience. They both flick the headbands out into the crowd for one section of fans to catch and then the jerseys go after too. Nathan and Declan are ready to fight with Eva Vandegaar at their side.

THIS ... ENDS ... TONIGHT!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The commentary booth is cut off by Tom Morrow power walking from behind the curtains to yell at the Dallas fans.

Tom Morrow:

Before my Seven Foot Savages rain hell fire upon all three of you New Age Gen Z dorks, let this be a lesson to *anybody* that eyes up our gold! M4NTRA are screwed!!! And if you try and take these titles from my giants, you take money out of our pockets! Tonight we show this locker room what happens to people that try to take from my giants in their record tying third run as the Unified Tag Team champions! Led by me ...

Morrow turns around to show off the name on his blue leather suit. "Tom The" then a picture of a Bomb emoji.

Tom Morrow:

TOM THE BOMB!!! The man that pulls the button ... CLICK ... and DETONATES the warhead will destroy the competition!

The American Airlines Arena lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up.

DDK:

The temperature's rising, **Lance:**!

Lance:

Here come the new champions!

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s. The twins, Max and Mason, along with brother in law Mark, spin around. Morrow leads the trio to the ring ...

DDK:

Here comes the Triple 7s and ...

Lance:

HEY ... HEY!!! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE RING?!

The arena lights are flashing for the 7s entrance but come to a stop in mid-entrance. Max and Mason climb into their ring, but a pair of chairs collides with the backs of the monsters!

M4NTRA look confused!

More chair shots collide with the back of the Triple 7s!

A third shot finally sends the Lucks to their knees, as the camera reveals...

DDK:

LES ENFANTS?!

High Flyer charges toward Archer who lifts him high enough so Flyer can strike Mason in the jaw with a stiff forearm shot containing his metal plate. Mason tumbles as Flyer lands in his spot. Flyer turns to Max and springs off the top dropping two knees into his chest, just as Archer grabs his legs and powerbombs him off the apron!

Lance:

What the hell are they doing?!

DDK:

Is the fix in?

Flyer and Archer first grab Mason and roll him into the ring, and then do the same to Max with some struggle. Archer gives M4NTRA a thumbs up as High Flyer shouts at Hector to ring the bell. M4NTRA just look at each other in shock.

DDK:

This wasn't how M4NTRA wanted to do this **Lance:**...

And with that, both DEC4L and Natty Eyece dive through and over the ropes crashing into LET to wild cheers from the Faithful. DEC4L on one side with Archer, Eye with Flyer on the other as they ram them into barricades and steel steps. M4NTRA tosses LET in under the bottom rope just as Max and Mason rise to their feet.

High Flyer:

We gave you the tag titles and this is how you repay-!

Flyer tosses his arms out and smacks Max in the chest. The Faithful are cheering the 7s as they both grab Archer and

Flyer by an Iron Claw.

DDK:

WINNING HAN-OH!

Archer goes low on Mason and Flyer racks the eyes on the upward slam and then kicks off Max's chest to backflip onto his feet. The two scatter instantly rushing out of the ring under the bottom rope as they look on at the 7s, growling in the ring. But it's M4NTRA who gives chase on the outside, sending both members of LET fleeing up the rampway. Hector meanwhile rushes to Darren Quimbey and whispers.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, due to the actions of Les Enfants Terribles, this Unified Tag Team Championship has been postponed.

Boos from the Faithful as M4NTRA turns around to hear the news, having chased LET completely backstage. Lucky 7s are handed their belts and raise them in the ring, as M4NTRA each make motions around their waists and shoulders for the Unified Tag Team championships they were cheated out of tonight.

DDK:

Faithful, we have to believe we'll get this rematch between the Sevens and M4NTRA, but what exactly were LET trying to do out here?

Lance:

M4NTRA said they wanted to do this themselves. I'm guessing LET thought that if they softened up the 7s, they'd win over M4NTRA's favor when they inevitably won. Turns out they narrowly escaped two beatings instead!

DDK:

You gotta expect the Unified Champions are going to want their pound of flesh from the Terrible Infants...

HOME INvASION ;)

We go to the announce table with DDK and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Faithful, we've got a very intriguing one coming up. In a moment we will be live from satellite with none other than Pierre Delacroix in his home of Toulouse, France!

Footage plays: the SHOCKING return of Flying Frenchie from DEFIANCE RISING. Tyler Fuse speaks to Jamie Sawyers at the interview stage with Frenchie's bloody beret resting on his head, before none other than the Flying Frenchie himself reappears in Paris and subsequently starts beating the ever living piss out of the OG Player!

Lance:

That's right, what a stunning moment! I never thought we'd see Pierre Delacroix ever again! Not after the state Tyler Fuse left him in almost TWO years to the exact DAY.

DDK:

It was December 20th, 2023. That was the last time we saw Frenchie lying face-down in a pool of his own blood at the Year End Awards Show. And now, December 18th, 2025, TWO years minus TWO days from the event...

The replay footage is done. And right on queue, we are LIVE in the living room of The Flying Frenchie via satellite to a HUGE ovation from The Faithful!

Frenchie sits perched on a stool in a large lounge that looks like a small museum to his storied career. Hung on the walls are a dozen different championship belts in glass cabinets next to framed ring gear. A nook in the background is the home to several iterations of his mask from the first few years of competition, and ever the professional there's a large poster advertising his match against Malak Garland at DEFCON 2023 just over his left shoulder.

Lance:

Pierre, let me be the first one to say... welcome back! I mean, I hope you're tapped into the audio and you can hear this tremendous response from our fans!

The Flying Frenchie:

I can, and it's great to hear it again, alt'ough if I know anyting about wrestling fans, I'm sure zey would have preferred to be in ze arena tonight.

DDK:

Frenchie, Darren Keebler. I just wanted to say a few words. In the end, it should be no surprise you finally sought retribution from Tyler for what he did to you. He only on-and-off wore that beret, YOUR beret, soaked in YOUR blood for two years. But I have to ask you, why come back now? And what are you hoping to get out of this?

The Flying Frenchie:

When Tyler Fuse beat me down two years ago, he hurt me worse zan I would have imagined. He broke five ribs zat night, and ruptured my spleen. I was foolish enough to fly home ze next day, and was lucky to make it back to France.

DDK:

So were you afraid of getting more of the same? Is that why you waited so long?

The Flying Frenchie:

Hardly! I've been at zis for over t'ree decades, and it took longer zan I ever would have guessed to recover from zose injuries and get myself back into ring shape. Tyler Fuse took me out when I was at full streng'. I couldn't rush a return and let him pick at me like ze jackal he is. Darren, you and ze Fait'ful can rest assured zat I am back at a hundred percent, and Tyler Fuse has only started to get what he has coming for him.

From just offscreen, Frenchie grabs the bloodied beret that Tyler Fuse had stolen from him two years back and which he'd retrieved at DEF RISING. He gently pushes the crown of it up before placing it on his head, squaring it away.

The Flying Frenchie:

What he got at DEF RISING was only the faintest of interest on what he owes me. I haven't even started on ze principal.

Lance:

Well, thank you very much for your time, Pierre. We really hope to see you back in a DEFIANCE ring sooner than later!

Frenchie smiles and nods at the camera.

The Flying Frenchie:

T-

Clap.

Frenchie moves his head to the right, off-camera.

Clap.

Now he looks to his left.

Clap. Clap. Clap.

Although seemingly unable to locate the sound, it is becoming stronger.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

And stronger still.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

From the far distance, a silhouette appears in the entranceway to the lounge, directly behind Pierre. Frenchie is finally able to track the location of the clapping.

???:

That's wonderful, it really is.

Still in the darkness, the voice also isn't clear enough to distinguish who it is but The Flying Frenchie stands upright, back to the satellite feed. On guard. It's serious.

???:

What a comeback.

The clapping from the silhouette man continues while Frenchie just stands there.

???:

It's sad to say, though, this "comeback" is gonna be short lived.

The satellite feed is able to show the man is done clapping and now he smiles sadistically. It's a toothy white grin of pure evil, glistening from the darkness in which he remains.

The Flying Frenchie:

Come here, putain. Je te brise le cou.

Laughter from the man in the dark.

???:

If you say so.

Tyler Fuse emerges from the shadows. He cracks his knuckles, he's still got that evil grin on his face. Meanwhile, Pierre Delacroix readies for a fight...

Until another shadow walks into the picture from behind Tyler Fuse.

Then another.

Another.

And one more still.

Tyler Fuse stands at the entrance to Flying Frenchie's lounge with Thurston Hunter, Percy Collins, Martin Evans-Everett and Alex Pietrangelo behind him, weapons in hand. A crowbar, a wrench, a steel baseball bat and then some.

Fuse's smirk still remains stuck on his face.

Tyler Fuse:

This is all really cute, Pierre. See, I thought I did you a favour... leaving you lying in a pool of your own blood. Yeah, I broke your bones, put you in the hospital. But bud... you still had your life.

Fuse pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

For the past two years you've been able to recover. Heal.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

I took one item from you. A... keepsake, if you will. And as the days became months and months became a couple of years... I thought that maybe, yeah, you got the message. I gave you your life back.

Tyler looks around the room. He eyes the fWo Championship belts in the glass cabinet.

Tyler Fuse:

And what a life!

Tyler takes a couple of steps forward, his crew stays behind. Pierre continues to ready for a fight, he's not going to back down in his own home.

Tyler Fuse: [heavy sigh]

But you... [shake of the head] you just had to be the hero. The legend couldn't stay down.

Tyler walks closer to Frenchie, he's about halfway there now.

Tyler Fuse:

This didn't have to go any further than it already did.

Fuse takes another few steps forward, finally reaching the Hall of Famer. They stand toe-to-toe, nose-to-nose, while Fuse's henchmen remain in the background.

Frenchie raises his fists.

...But Tyler takes a step back and extends his arms out of concern.

Tyler Fuse:

See, I am no idiot. For years I looked up to you. You're a cheater, right? Like to take the easy way out...

Tyler glances behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

Well tonight, I plan to take the easy way.

He smirks again.

Tyler Fuse:

See I'm not here to get blood on my hands. [Laugh at the thought] I already did that...

Fuse glances behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

Now I have enough help to do it for me.

And then, right on cue... one final silhouette walks into the room. This is a **LARGE** silhouette. It can barely fit through the living room entrance.

It steps into the light.

The hulking, massive, three-hundred-fifty-plus pound Bret Killings AKA The Game Boy. Luchador mask and all.

Unlike the others, Game Boy doesn't need a weapon. He simply cracks his knuckles while marching forward in a silent stalk of prey. Tyler Fuse steps aside and within mere seconds, Pierre Delacroix springs into action.

To fight for his life.

Frenchie ducks a sweeping right forearm from Game Boy and starts throwing punches. However, with a crack of his neck, Game Boy clobbers Pierre via a vicious right elbow, staggering the legend backwards. Frenchie comes in again, this time looking for a poke to the eyes. Pierre plants his index fingers **RIGHT** into both sockets, perfectly avoiding the luchador mask as he does. The typically mute Game Boy cries out and stumbles back.

Thurston Hunter bursts forward, crowbar and all, aiming right for Pierre's head when Frenchie ducks it and kicks Hunter in the stomach as he passes.

In come the other goons, all at the same time. Frenchie fends them off by ducking and rolling past-

CRACK!

But right into a strong left fist from The Game Boy, who regains his sight.

Flying Frenchie wobbles, blood immediately starts pouring from his mouth. Game Boy kicks Pierre down to his knees, as the legend leans forward, trying to catch his breath.

Tyler Fuse moves in front of him as Frenchie looks up.

Tyler Fuse:

See? Didn't have to lift a finger.

Tyler drops onto his own knees to get on the same level as Frenchie. He starts patting Frenchie on the side of the face.

Tyler Fuse:

Is this how you thought you'd die, Pierre? In your own home?

Fuse stops smacking Delacroix's cheek and grabs him sternly by the face.

Tyler Fuse:

You never should've come back. I am going to destroy **everything** you stand for.

Fuse looks around the lounge. The title belts... the framed moments of Frenchie's historic career.

Tyler pushes Frenchie's head back and stands.

Tyler Fuse: [instructing stoically]

Trash the place.

So they do.

Crowbars... baseball bats... any weapon in their hands is used on everything in sight. The fWo Championship display cabinet, wiped out in mere seconds. The title belts completely caved in soon after. The picture frames knocked off the wall. The memorabilia luchador masks ripped apart in a moment's notice. Alex, Martin, Percy, Thurston, all working their asses off to destroy every single thing in their environment... except the satellite feed. Except the man who remains on his knees, gasping for breath, blood pouring down his mouth.

Tyler Fuse stands beside The Game Boy, watching the trashing continue, all while Pierre looks around the room, helplessly.

CRASH!

BANG!

SLAM!

Tyler Fuse: [shouting overtop of the damaging noises]

You should've stayed home...

Fuse smirks again.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh wait, you did.

By now, the entire lounge has been caved in. Beyond the memories, title belts and pictures, the walls now have holes in them. For shits and giggles, Thurston Hunter decides to punch his baseball bat through the ceiling. He laughs. He hits Martin Evans-Everett in the shoulder to show him what he did.

Once again, Tyler kneels over to Flying Frenchie's level.

Tyler Fuse:

You're going to die here.

Fuse stands, a calculated walk away from the legend. The rest of his henchmen move towards the lounge entrance... all but The Game Boy, who looms overtop of Pierre.

Tyler circles back. He forgot something.

Tyler Fuse:

Oops, almost forgot.

Tyler plucks the fallen french beret from the floor and places it on his head.

Tyler Fuse:

That's better.

Tyler looks at Game Boy.

Tyler Fuse:

Do it.

Game Boy nods. He snatches Frenchie by the neck and hoists him off the floor before choke slamming the legend into it.

CRACCCCCCCCCCK!

The wooden floor panels break upon Pierre's landing, Frenchie starts coughing up more blood as he lies there. Meanwhile, Tyler marches towards the satlittle feed. He grabs the camera, removes it from the computer screen and now aims it closer.

Game Boy raises his boot. The hulking giant hovers it over Frenchie's head.

Tyler Fuse:

Goodbye.

The boot comes crashing down.

But the feed immediately cuts.

DEFIANCE goes to a shocking commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2026

DEFCON 2026: HOMECOMING Wednesday & Thursday, April 1 & 2 Caesars Superdome - New Orleans, Louisiana (82,000)

GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

DDK:

I cannot believe what we just saw before the commercial break but it's main event time, ladies and gentlemen... I do not think we will have a status update on The Flying Frenchie until we are off the air. Anyway, back to it.

Lance:

Right. The biggest prize in this company on the line. One of the most dominant FISTS of DEFIANCE of recent memory taking on - well, to call Ned Reform an unlikely hero is putting it mildly.

DDK:

Before we go to the ring, let's take a look at some words Ned had with Christie Zane earlier today.

Earlier Today

Backstage, Ned Reform sits on a crate of an unidentifiable nature. He's dressed in his wrestling gear - purple and white singlet - as he rolls his left knee pad up to the position to match his right. He begins to tie his boots when he notices someone approaching him and he arches an eyebrow.

Ned Reform:

Something I can do for you?

Into the frame steps Christie Zane with a mic in hand.

Christie Zane:

Big night for you, Ned.

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR...

Christie Zane:

Not everyday a man gets a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Reform sighs and stands up.

Ned Reform:

Indeed. And I suppose you'd... what? "Like my thoughts"?

Christie Zane:

Something like that.

Ned Reform:

Very well: here are my thoughts. Henry Keyes was once a Victorian Gaslamp Jules Verne nocturnal emission hanging around with a masked workforce of questionable credentials, piloting an aircraft straight of Kesinger piece, and foolishly attempting to domesticate a wild animal. And what happened? Lady McTroy gets in his ear and suddenly he's one of the most feared competitors to ever step into the ring. Vae Vicitis is a new type of delusion for sure... but an equally as dangerous one. And so I know exactly what I venture into, Ms. Zane. Mr. Keyes is larger, heavier, and indeed stronger. But no one believed I could survive Bronson Box, yes? Scott Douglas, Michael Unlikely, Corvo Alpha... all were the end of Dr. Ned Reform. And yet, I persist. Fear not, my dear. I, as always, have a plan to deal with Mr. Keyes.

Reform stops, and looks to the ceiling, reaching a hand out to... well, nothing.

Ned Reform:

"Though wise men at their end know dark is right, because their words had forked no lightning... they do not go gentle into that good night."

He looks back down.

Ned Reform:

And neither, Ms. Zane, shall Dr. Ned Reform.

Back to the present time - our commentation station.

Lance:

He certainly does not lack confidence.

DDK:

He was right about one thing, Lance. He HAS found ways to overcome being outclassed time and time again. Could we really be looking at Ned Reform: FIST of DEFIANCE?

FIST of DEFIACTION: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. NED REFORM

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple and begin to swirl as the opening keys to Beethoven's masterpiece transition into a modern guitar version. Through the curtain marches Ned Reform, dressed to compete in purple singlet and yellow "VERITAS" scarf around his neck. Reform stops at the very top of the ramp, slowly moving his head back and forth to look around the arena with an unreadable expression.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the FIST! Of! DEFIACTION!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger: from New Haven, Connecticut... weighing in at 242 lbs.... NED! REEEEEEEFORM!

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform!

At that, Reform's expressionless-facade breaks and he smiles. After cracking his neck, he begins a slow saunter to the ring looking focused.

Lance:

Ned is never in a hurray on his way to the ring, but one has to wonder if this time he's savoring it a bit.

DDK:

This goes down as Ned Reform's second ever chance at the FIST... his previous match was a loss to Dex Joy on our 2022 Year-End show.

Reaching the ring, Reform climbs the ring steps and hops briskly to the top turnbuckle. With one knee on the buckle, Reform slowly raises his both arms to the appreciative Faithful. He removes his scarf and tosses it into the crowd before jumping down into the ring and beginning to run the ropes as his theme dies out.

A KABOOM of fireworks erupts around the stage, pink and blue sparks shooting up in rows. As the guitar kicks off, the boos rain down.

I WANNA RIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANNA RIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

♪ "Ride The Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

The majestic running of Helen across the DEFIAtron garners no support for the Kraken - this crowd is firmly behind the challenger. He emerges in a resplendent pink military robe with black gears and chains, over electric blue longbois with golden tiger stripes running down the thighs. Big Blue is strapped tightly around his waist, as it always is when he's defending the FIST. Lindsay Troy is beside him in matching pink and blue, her LED sunglasses reading "NEDWARRRRRD".

Behind both of them, there are three Plague Doctors; two of them are holding an enormous wooden treasure chest that has been painted white with the IHOP logo splattered across every inch. The third is in front of the latch, waiting. Troy reveals the bedazzled Old Skool Mic.

Lindsay Troy:

HOWDY PARTNERS!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

The Besties are here to remind the world of professional wrestling that VAE VICTIS IS ON TOP, and no pseudo-intellectual try-hards can sit with us! And we come bearing gifts - nay, YOUR FIST OF DEFIANCE comes bearing gifts! Show 'em, boys!

The Plague Doctor in front of the chest opens the latch, revealing what must be dozens if not hundreds of pancakes, almost like gold dubloons. He begins grabbing them by the handful and flinging them out to the Faithful, some of whom take enormous bites like the marks they are, others throwing them back at the Besties or at the ring or at the stage. It's nearly turned into a food fight, with Keyes and Troy standing defiantly (DEFIANTLY?) shoulder to shoulder in the sea of flapjack flinging.

Lindsay Troy:

And his next gift to you all will be the END of NEDWARD! He runs San Francisco, California! He's a 4 percent bodyfat specimen of 249 pounds! And he's about to knee the good Doctor's brains in! THE FIST OF DEFIANCE! He! Is! HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEYES!

Boos rain down and there's just pancakes everywhere. Keyes bumps fists with Troy, and he heads down the ramp as she heads to the back. Referee Brian Slater does a fair job getting any stray bits out of the ring proper, but there's no removing everything - there's some on the floor, on the apron, on the barricades. In the middle of the ring, Henry holds Big Blue high in the air with a wry grin and a finger pointing to his winking left eye.

He hands his championship to Slater, who hands it to a ringside attendant. He checks both corners and signals for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

Here we go!

The two Defiants begin to circle each other, although their expressions couldn't be more opposite... Keyes looks amused while Reform wears a face of determination and focus. They circle a few times before the champion stops, motioning with his hand for Reform to come in for the lock. What Reform says back to him we can't hear... nor can we hear Keyes' response... but whatever was said, both men charge and meet in the center of the ring with a collar-and-elbow tie up!

DDK:

And the strength of Keyes on FULL display as he just MUSCLES Reform back into the corner!

Keyes holds Reform against the turnbuckle until Brain Slater steps in with the five count. The FIST breaks his grip, stepping backwards and grinning smugly at the Good Doctor. Reform IMMEDIATELY explodes out of the corner, catching Keyes slightly off guard with a second lock up! While his surprise attack does give him the momentary advantage, Keyes quickly gains his bearings and again muscles Ned back into the opposite corner. Rinse and repeat from before: Slater, five count, an amused Keyes backs off. This time, however, Reform doesn't charge. Instead, while staying in the corner, he mimics Keyes' grin right back at him.

Lance:

Not sure what he has to smile about, he's getting... oh! Keyes appears ready to wipe that smile off his face!

The FIST of DEFIANCE charges into the corner, unloading on Reform with forearms and stinging chops to the chest. When Ned tries to block the chops, he's met with a forearm to the head and the other way around. When he slumps down into the corner, Keyes meets him with a boot RIGHT to the face. The FIST snarls as he puts all his weight behind his boot and mercilessly crushes Reform's skull against the turnbuckle.

DDK:

And official Brian Slater again stepping in to make Keyes follow the rules.

As Keyes steps back, a dazed but determined Reform charges out of the corner to begin lighting up Keyes with big rights! The crowd comes alive for this momentary flurry... but deflates again when a while timed Keyes knee to the gut and clubbing blow across the back sends The Good Doctor to the mat.

DDK:

Keyes with his hands around Reform's neck... HUGE biel across the entire ring!

Lance:

Reform up... right into a SECOND biel! Keyes is toying with him now.

DDK:

Don't forget, Henry Keyes accepted this match in defense of his best friend Lindsay Troy, whom Ned insulted.

Reform sent into the ropes, and on the rebound he's brought up, flipped around, and brought back-first to the mat with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Bouncing off the canvas, Reform cries out in pain, clutching his back and quickly rolling to the side. He rolls under the bottom rope and spills to the ringside floor - where he remains, clutching his lower back and trying to clear the cobwebs.

DDK:

Reform taking a powder, perhaps to break the FIST's building momentum... but now Brian Slater is beginning the ten count.

As Keyes leans back in the corner, supremely amused, Slater begins the count. Reform doesn't stir at 1, 2, 3, or 4. At 5 he begins to roll over. At 6 and 7 he has started to shake the fog away. At 8 he has a hand on the apron. At right at 9, Reform manages to pull himself up on the apron. Smirking at Ned's moxie, Keyes walks over to bring him back into the ring... but he's surprised when Reform quickly slams his head through the middle rope and into Keyes' gut! Grabbing Keyes' head, Reform falls backwards, driving his neck into the top rope. With Keyes on the back pedal for the first time, Reform rushes back into the ring. With a hand around the back of the FIST's head, Reform gets a running start and leaps over the top, AGAIN driving Keyes' neck into the top rope with a slingshot hangman!

DDK:

And for the first time, the challenger building some solid momentum!

Lance:

Something to point out - for a hardcore match, not a lot of hardcore wrestling so far.

DDK:

Doctor Ned Reform is an innovator. He can turn any match into an academic display.

Reform gets back on the apron, eyeing Keyes in the ring. When the former Kraken gets back to his feet, Reform jumps up and springboards off the top...

DDK:

Springboard cross-body... NO! He gets caught!

Lance:

Big fallway slam!

As The Sage on the Stage tries to use the ropes to bring himself up and fails, a slightly annoyed Keyes gets back to a vertical base and looks down at his vulnerable challenger. To Keyes surprise... even as Ned struggles to get up... he makes a big show of holding something up...

DDK:

He's... he's got one of the pancakes.

Lance:

And he's... oh my!! This doesn't seem very scholarly!!

To the amusement of the crowd, Reform pulls himself up and makes a big show of wiping his... derrier... with the pancake! Keyes' eyes narrow... this little punk thinks this is funny? He charges at Reform... but The Good Doctor slinks away at the very LAST second and Keyes runs into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Keyes' chest meets turnbuckle... and there is Reform to meet him with a dropkick! Keyes tumbles over the top and to the outside!!

Lance:

If Reform EVER has a chance, this might be it!

As Keyes regains his vertical base on the outside, Reform gets a running start, leaps up to the second turnbuckle, and then leaps forward out of the ring and right onto the FIST of DEFIANCE! Moving quickly, Reform rolls Keyes back into the ring. He scrambles up to the top rope and takes a second to measure Keyes before leaping off...

...right into the BALL CLAP~!

DDK:

REFORM GETS ROCKED!

After Keyes hands snap together around Reform's much-vaulted brain, The Good Doctor actually manages to land on his feet... he stumbles around and turns in a full circle before taking a wild, unmeasured swing and falling to the mat. Keyes smiles as he places a single foot on Reform's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NOOOO!!

DDK:

That arrogant cover may have cost the champion!

Lance:

Keyes doesn't seem bothered...

The FIST brings the challenger up and wraps him up in a mighty Abdominal Stretch. He clinches it tight as Brian Slater moves in to see if Reform want to give up. Ned cries out, but also shakes his head no. Keyes, seeing Slater in the perfect position, grabs the top rope for a little extra leverage - but he lets go once Slater puts his head back up. Reform continues to refuse to give, but when Keyes breaks the hold, The Sage on the Stage crumples to the canvas.

DDK:

This was a valiant effort, but I'm not sure Ned Reform has much left...

Lance:

I think Henry Keyes might agree with you... he's pulling up Ned and seems ready to end this with Coin!

Controlling Ned by his hands, Keyes places him on his knees in front of him. Keyes takes a little too much time savoring the moment, however... as Reform headbutts him directly in both of his little pancakes!!!

DDK:

Oh my! Unorthodox... but effective... counter by Ned Reform!

With Keyes cradling his manhood, Ned stumbles to his feet... and he begins to untie one of the top turnbuckles!

DDK:

If Keyes wants to cheat... Ned Reform can cheat with the best of them!

Lance:

Two wrongs doesn't make a right...

Brain Slater agrees, as he intercepts and puts a stop to Ned's antics just as he gets the turnbuckle pad off. Reform throws his hands up in conceit - "aww, shucks... you caught me" - before hanging the pad back to Slater. Then, as the official goes to put the pad back on... Reform quickly sprints over and rips off another!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Reform outsmarting the official!

Just as Slater turns his attention back to the match, Reform grabs Keyes by the back of the head and he brings the FIST of DEFIACTE along with him as he runs across the ring with every intention of driving Keyes' head into the now-exposed turnbuckle...

...except...

...right before his face is about to meet the steel...

...Keyes puts on the brakes!! Reform tries again to push Keyes' head into the steel, but Keyes remains firm in place. Slowly, like a movie monster, Keyes face turns to look directly into Ned's eyes. The Good Doctor sees murderous intent, but is unable to defend himself in time as Keyes LEVELS him with a short arm clothesline!!

Lance:

Keyes sends Reform over with a belly-to-belly!!

Ned tries to take refuge in the corner, but Keyes follows him and begins to mercilessly stomp away. Reform can't defend himself as Keyes just stomps the life out of the challenger. With The Good Doctor's eyes glossy, Keyes lifts him up and looks directly into his face. What the angry FIST says we can't hear, but the next thing he does is Irish whip Reform across the ring... and right toward the exposed turnbuckle!

DDK:

Wait!! Reform puts the brakes on at the last second!!

Seeing that his irish whip didn't turn out the way he wanted, Keyes charges at Ned... but Ned ducks the incoming lariat... and answers with a dropkick that seconds Keyes back into the exposed steel!

DDK:

Reform has Keyes arms... he's behind him... what is he doing?

Holding Keyes arms from behind, Reform puts a single leg at the small of Keyes' back... and with that leg, he kicks Keyes forward....

...SENDING HIS FACE DIRECTLY INTO THE EXPOSED STEEL!!!

DDK:

FROM BEHIND!!! REFORM WITH THE SCHOOL BOY!!!

Lance:

This might be the damndest thing we've ever seen on DEFTV!!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

...NO!!! KEYES GETS THE SHOULDER UP AT 2.9999!!

DDK:

Ned Reform was less than half a second away from becoming the FIST of DEFIAANCE!

The Faithful are absolutely on their feet... they thought they were about to see a title change. But they stay on their feet as a woozy Ned slowly... slowly... climbs to the top rope!

DDK:

Reform might do this! He might do this, Lance!

Lance:

That's right, Darren!!

Still moving gingerly, Reform makes it to the top. He stands up, extending his body. He looks down at Keyes, laying in perfect position for the incoming Scholar and Elbow. With a deep breath, Reform readies himself...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WAIT!! LINDSAY TROY!!! Where did she even come from!??

Troy, seemingly appearing out of thin air, shoves Reform right off the top! The Good Doctor falls like a rock to the ringside floor below, catching the side of his body right on the guardrail!!

Lance:

Reform may have just broken some ribs!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The Faithful are LIVID and I can't blame them. Sure, there are no DQ's, but Ned Reform was RIGHT THERE!

Reform lays against the barricade, holding his ribs and with his eyes closed in agony. Smiling in a "did I do that?" way, Troy casually walks over to him.

Lindsay Troy:

Awwww, Nedward. Are you okay?? Do you need a... doctor?

With Reform unable to defend himself, Troy reaches down in a mock effort to help him up... but then...

DDK:

OH MY GOD... NO!!! DON'T!!!

The Queen of the Ring lifts Reform up in a suplex position... but she holds him there... and instead of a suplex, she sits down and DRIVES Reform's head into the FLOOR!!

Lance:

A brainbuster... but not just any brainbuster... did you see that form?!

DDK:

The Syllabuster!!! Troy just dropped Reform on his head with his own move!

Lance:

That's vicious, Darren. She might have just ended Reform's career!

DDK:

Career? I'm worried about his life!

Ned, needless to say, isn't moving. Troy sits up next to him and looks around with a smirk at the jeering fans. She applauds her own efforts before standing up and taking a mock bow. Then she looks down and pretends to realize what she did, her hands going up to her mouth in a "oh no, what I have done?" expression. Thinking quickly, she reaches down to again bring Ned to his feet

DDK:

Don't move him... somebody stop this... we need DEFsec out here now!

But she doesn't drop him on his head again... instead, she rolls him into the ring and she quickly follows. Inside, she pulls his carcass up to a kneeling position... right in front of an angry FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Oh no....

COIN!

COIN!

Two knees to the head leaves The Good Doctor sprawled and unconscious. As DEFsec and DEFmed appear at the top of the ramp, Keyes snarls and presses a palm to Ned's chest and a forearm across his face.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Medical personnel immediately enter the ring and Brian Slater bodily forces Keyes off of Reform. The Besties linger in the ring for one more moment, locking hands and standing directly over the destroyed form of Ned Reform... and Keyes holds the FIST of DEFIANCE high.

DDK:

I'm out of words. Somebody has to stop these two.

Lance:

Who, Keebs? Who??

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.