

**SHOW OPEN**

Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFTv opening video is playing on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

**I'M OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THE FAILED "ARE YOU DEF?" AD CAMPAIGN  
REZIN AND TRUTT ON COMMENTARY FOR UNCUT 100 - MAKE IT HAPPEN, FS!!  
I NAMED MY FIRST-BORN "DEFIANCE"  
IS THE PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP SPONSORED BY DUNDER-MIFFLIN?  
CONOR + KEYES = DEFINAL FANTASY  
ADV GIVES ME HEARTBURN  
HOMETOWN HERO MATT LAKWAAGGHH  
MY NEW FAVORITE GROUP IS THE CALIFORNIA REZINS  
I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPSVINE  
I LOVE THE BIGGEST BOY  
KERRY KUROYAMA FOR FIST OF DEFIANCE  
I WANT MORE PENI\$\$\$**

The cameras go to the broadcast team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

Welcome everyone to our go-home DEFTv before MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Tonight is Night One and we're going to start right away.

**Lance:**

A big night tonight. We have Dex Joy in the main event but we don't know who he's facing!

**DDK:**

We also have the Favored Saints Championship on the line and more!

## REZIN vs. TITANESS

A gravelly voice booms from the PA system, snapping everyone to attention.

*"ARRRIGHT, YA SCUM! LISTEN UP!"*

The Faithful BOO the moment they recognize who the distinct and familiar voice belongs to.

♪ *"I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores.* ♪

There's no build-up as the song kicks in right at the main riff and REZIN emerges from the entry-way, with the mallet-wielding VICTOR VACIO in tow. Rezin, today wearing a Kreator muscle shirt to go with his patch-covered battle vest, already has a mic in hand as he wastes no time coming down the ramp.

### DDK:

The action is about to get underway tonight ladies and gentlemen, and it looks like we're starting things off with the Kabal making their presence known in the forms of the dastardly Rezin and Victor Vacio! Tonight, Los Tres Titanes will have the opportunity to get even against these two as the Goat Bastard comes face to face with Titaness!

### Lance:

This all came to be after a completely brutal and unprovoked attack on the Show of Force two weeks ago at DEFTV 155, which was the culmination of WEEKS of Rezin and Vacio antagonizing Los Tres Titanes. As a result, Titaness laid down the direct challenge to the architect of that assault, Rezin, to settle this beef in the one place it counts: in the ring!

### DDK:

Given the rising animosity building between these two groups over these past several weeks, it's hard to say just what's going to happen when Titaness gets Rezin in that ring alone to herself! For his part, Rezin doesn't look too concerned right now!

Rezin coughs loudly into the mic to clear his throat.

### Rezin:

Brace yourselves, you stupid, slop-slurping normies, cause the Escape Artist is BACK IN ACTION on DEFIANCE TV! So set the lock and start the clock, cause this shit is about to get PUNK ROCK!

*"BOOOOOOOO!!!"*

Rezin and Victor roll into the ring, where Darren Quimbey is waiting to make the opening announcements.

### Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the opening contest is scheduled for--

He's cut off when Rezin YOINKS the mic from his hand.

### Rezin:

Yeah-yeah-yeah, they all know who we are! Now beat it! VOTE QUIMBEY!

The ring announcer quickly leaves the ring as the Escape Artist is now double-fisting both mics.

### Rezin:

Vic and I got something SPECIAL for ya tonight, maggots!

*"BOOOOOOOO!!!"*

### Rezin:

Tonight, you will all get indisputable proof that EYE am the greatest high flyer in all of DEFIANCE! ME!! Not that shrimp, Minute!

The Faithful cheer at the namedrop of the Most Interesting High-Flyer in the World. Rezin sneers at this reaction.

**Rezin:**

You think your Favoured Saints Champ has me beat in the air game with his MINUTIAE?! Well I got the answer to that! TONIGHT... I unveil my OWN mind-blowing maneuver... **the REZINUTIAE!!**

*groooooaannn...*

**Rezin:**

OOOOHH YAAAAAA, that's the sound you're gonna make when I go straight up Hiroshima and drop this BOMB on ya! I'm gonna make you obedient little consumers SUFFER tonight!

The jeering gets even LOUDER. Nobody is buying Rezin's bullshit tonight. A snarky grin creeps across his face as he DEFIANTly scales a turnbuckle and leers over them from his perch on the top rope.

**Rezin:**

But not as bad as those FREAKS in Los Tres Titanes are gonna suffer! TONIGHT, I'm gonna remind them--and all you SHEEPLE out there--just why WE in the Kabal are the force to be FEARED in DEFIANCE!

♪ "BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

**Rezin:**

WHOOOAA GEEZ!!

Startled by the music, Rezin nearly collapses off the turnbuckle, forcing Vacio to have to run in and break his fall. As the two of them tussle, a massive pop fills the WrestlePlex as a set of words appears on the DEFTron in silver...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE...  
TITANESS*

The cheers escalate to a full on roar as TITANESS and URIEL CORTEZ step out onto the stage in tandem and immediately come charging down the rampway.

**DDK:**

And here we GO! Titaness and Cortez are wasting NO TIME!

Vacio darts through the ropes as Uriel hits the ring first. Cortez is like a beast unchained as he hauls out after him and chases the masked mauler around the ring and back up the ramp to the back. Rezin is so busy following the chase while rambling like a lunatic he hardly notices Titaness slide in behind him.

**DDK:**

Titaness in the ring... Rezin turns around--RUNNING BIG BOOT nearly takes his head off!

The roof nearly blows off the WrestlePlex as Rezin planks wildly across the ring off the impact, crashing into an awkward heap in the corner. Rex Knox wastes no time giving the cue to the timekeeper.

*DING DING*

**DDK:**

The match is officially underway as Los Tres Titanes get the drop on the Kabal! Cortez has seen to it that Victor Vacio won't be getting involved in this one as Titaness pulls Rezin off the mat with the waistlock... and a GERMAN SUPLEX folds him up like an accordion!

**Lance:**

Titaness is off to a strong start, and this crowd is practically on fire for her right now!

Rezin, with his eyes bulging wildly, tries in vain to crawl out of the ring. But escape isn't coming for the artist as Titaness takes him by the heel and drags him, fingers outstretched, back to the center of the ring, and locks him into a kneebar. Rezin HOWLS in pain, and Titaness can't help but grin in delight!

**DDK:**

Rezin is getting burned by karma as Titaness puts the pressure on the knee!

**Lance:**

Fitting punishment, after Vacio took out her knee from behind two weeks ago!

Titaness wrenches the hold a few moments longer to make Rezin suffer the extra bit before breaking the hold and pulling him back off the mat. The Escape Artist is mumbling pleas and apologies as she effortlessly hoists him overhead.

**DDK:**

Look at the POWER of Titaness, going for the MILITARY PRESS!!

Titaness pumps Rezin a few times in the air in a show of dominance, the Faithful cheering her on with every lift! Finally, she releases him high into the air, and Rezin bounces painfully off the mat before flopping over onto his back.

**DDK:**

Titaness with a strong start, going for a cover!

One!

Two!

And Rezin jerks the shoulder up! But still, the Show of Force has been nothing but dominant since the opening of this match!

Titaness lets Rezin flop around in a daze until he shakily finds his footing, before she pushes off the ropes and puts herself into motion. Rezin comes to at the last moment in yelps in surprise before BARELY ducking the running lariat. He cackles upon rising up again.

**DDK:**

Rezin thinks he dodged a bullet, but here comes Titaness OFF THE ROPES--LADY LARIAT right to the back of the unsuspecting Rezin's head! He's going to wake up tomorrow with a SERIOUS case of whiplash!

Again, Titaness reaches down and pulls the blubbering Rezin back to his feet by the head, this time throwing him into the corner. Rezin lies defenseless as she rears back with both arms and chops him so loud it damn near bursts eardrums in the front row.

*SMACK!!*

*"OOOooohhh!!*

**DDK:**

BIG DOUBLE-HANDED CHOP to the exposed chest!

Rezin's legs kick out so high off the impact he practically falls out of the ring. Titaness wrangles him back in over the ropes and sends him stumbling blindly to the opposite corner. Rezin's face takes a bonk off the turnbuckle, sending him careening back to the center of the ring, where the charging Titaness meets him...

**DDK:**

CLASH OF THE TITANESS!! That SPEAR practically ripped Rezin right out of his counterfeit Doc Martens!

**Lance:**

The Show of Force is showing all of DEFIANCE right now just how much of a force of nature she can be in that ring!

**DDK:**

Rezin looks absolutely broken on the inside! Titaness, going for the cover... could this be it?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Rezin just barely kicks out! That cockroach could survive anything!

Rezin gets a moment to regain his bearings as Titaness plots her next move. As she moves in, the Goat Bastard suddenly snakebites her with a blind chop to the throat. The Faithful jeer as Titaness clutches her throat and struggles to breathe, giving Rezin the perfect opening to use all of his strength to pounce to his feet.

*"BOOOOOOO!!!"*

**DDK:**

Rezin just CHEAP SHOTTED her in the windpipe! The official couldn't see, and now Rezin--COMPLETELY WIPES OUT TITANESS with the CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

**Lance:**

Oh no, that hit its mark perfectly!

Titaness' body falls to the mat with a loud and heavy THUD as she goes completely lights out. Rezin himself immediately falls into a sitting position, taking a moment to recover from his earlier beating while his brow now furrows and he begins to stew angrily.

**DDK:**

Rezin finally got a hit in, and it was a well-timed one as it has completely derailed Titaness' dominant momentum! But now there's a dark look in Rezin's eyes as he gets the chance at some payback of his own!

**Lance:**

He may not always seem like it, but the Escape Artist can be significantly dangerous when he gets motivated!

Rezin gets back to his feet. Titaness is shaking the cobwebs out as she gets to her hands and knees, but a running soccer kick by the Goat Bastard keeps her on the mat. Rezin lays in further with stomps to the head and neck, using the ropes as leverage whenever he can and ignoring the clear rope break Titaness is making.

*"BOOOOOOO!!!"*

**DDK:**

Rezin going down HARD across the back of Titaness' head! That's just SICKENING to watch! Rex Knox finally pulls him off after deliberately ignoring his warnings

**Lance:**

Titaness may be seriously hurt in there! That spinning heel kick really knocked her senseless!

The official gets brushed aside as Rezin moves in on his prey and pulls the groggy Titaness back off the mat. He tucks her head under his arm as he runs off the turnbuckle and drills her head-first into the mat with a Tornado DDT!

**DDK:**

OH, what a horrific looking DDT! Rezin knows to go right for the head now, taking this fight back to Titaness, and holding back absolutely no punches against the young newcomer! He hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Titaness keeps her hopes alive!

Titaness fights here way back to her feet, but Rezin finds his famed speed as he runs up to the top rope of the near corner and quickly comes off with the MOONSAULT!

**DDK:**

Rezin, FLYING HIGH with the MOONSAULT... NO!! Titaness CATCHES HIM!!

The crowd pops as Rezin's momentum stops dead as he crashes into Titaness' steeled body. For a moment, it looks like she might counter--until Rezin slips out at the last second and resets himself into a three-quarter facelock.

**Lance:**

He ESCAPED!

**DDK:**

NO!! Rezin with the INTO THE VOID!! Titaness thought she had him, but the Goat Bastard somehow got away!

The air is sucked out of the WrestlePlex as Titaness' fate becomes clear. Rezin staggers back to his feet and throws his arms out at his sides, cackling victoriously. However, he doesn't go for a cover, but sets his eyes on the turnbuckle near Titaness...

**DDK:**

Why isn't going for the cover?!

**Lance:**

Remember, Keeps? He had something "special" in store for us tonight. And if I had to guess, he's finally going to prove he can pull off Minute's amazing 630 degree splash.

**DDK:**

Ugh... THIS I gotta see now...

The Faithful are jeering as hot as the Chernobyl reactor as Rezin swaggers like a drunk to the corner and makes the climb to the top. Titaness is motionless and in perfect position. The Escape Artist, perched on top, milks the moment by waving to the booing crowd and pointing directly to the camera.

**Rezin:**

NOW, Minute... you're gonna WATCH... ME...

**DDK:**

Here it comes... the "REZINUTIAE"!

Rezin DISMOUNTS... flips TWICE for a full 630 DEGREES...

**DDK:**

HE'S DOING IT...!

*SPLAT!*

...and he completely overshoots his target by a good three or four feet, landing face-first on the open canvas!

**DDK:**

HA! Looks like I spoke too soon!

**Lance:**

He had the air this time, but miscalculated on the distance!

The crowd POPS as Titaness rallies and sees her chance to make a move. Quickly she gets up, peels the dazed Rezin off the mat, and hooks the arms...

**DDK:**

TITANIUM DRIVER!! She got all of it! Hooking the legs for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!

*DING DING DING*

♪ "BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful cheer loudly as Titaness's music hits, and the Show of Force rises to her feet to have her arm raised high!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, by pinfall... **TIIIIITAAAAANEEEEESSSSS!!!!**

**DDK:**

She did it! A glorious victory for Titaness, and Los Tres Titanes as a whole!

**Lance:**

Yet again, Rezin let his ego get in the way, again trying--and failing, spectacularly--to imitate Minute's own high-flying pride in the 630 splash! Try as he might, he'll never reach the aerial heights of the Most Interesting High-Flyer in the World!

The Faithful are giving her an ovation as Titaness celebrates her hard-fought victory. Meanwhile, a stunned and enraged Rezin rolls out of the ring, holding his aching neck. Like a man possessed, he grabs a chair from ringside and heads to the back.

**DDK:**

Now where is HE going?!

**Lance:**

You got me, Keebs, but I get the feeling this isn't the last we'll see of Rezin tonight! Knowing how crazed and obsessive the Goat Bastard can be, I doubt he lets off Los Tres Titanes this easily!

**DDK:**

Fans, we've only just begun to get into the action here on the first night of DEFIANCE TV! Stay right here as our next event gets underway after this short break!

On the lasting image of Titaness posting up on the second turnbuckle and FLEXING gloriously for the Faithful, we go to black.



## THE SLAYER RETURNS

As we shift backstage we see Christie Zane with her guests The Stevens Dynasty and they aren't patiently waiting as they snatch the microphone from her hand.

**Cary Stevens:**

Get lots toots!

Stevens yells at Christie as he sends the interviewer on her way.

**Cary Stevens:**

Another week and more disrespect.

Cary says as he shakes his head.

**Cary Stevens:**

Another week and The Stevens Dynasty is pushed to the side once again.

Cary says with a frustrated sigh.

**Cary Stevens:**

It's not our fault we have dominated for so long and when no one wants to face us you nothing for us.

Cary takes a moment to compose himself.

**Cary Stevens:**

We are tired of seeing the has-beens and never-wases coming in here and getting preferential treatment when we've been here putting in the time with our nose to the grindstone and whether you like us or not no one has done it better than us!

Cary shouts as he points to Bo and George.

**Cary Stevens:**

If we keep getting ignored we will continue to make an example out of anyone and everyone.....

Cary stops talking and turns his attention to off camera.

**Cary Stevens:**

What do you want?

Cary asks with a sickening in his throat. The camera pans away, revealing a well-rested and visibly annoyed Troy Matthews.

**Troy Matthews:**

Nothing much, old-timer. But seeing as you decided to give me a little drive-by beat down a few weeks ago, and you're *soooooo* confident that I'm one of those washouts that couldn't hold a candle to you and your boys, I figured that you'd be willing to put some heft behind your words and have one of your boys formally lock up with me at... Maximum DEFIANCE, maybe?

A buzz from the crowd as Cary stares at the former DEFIANCE Trios Champion, his eyes narrowing into daggers, before nodding.

**Cary Stevens:**

That's fine Troy. We accept your little challenge and you wanna talk about heft, you can take on my son, GEORGE!

The big man grins sinisterly.

**Cary Stevens:**

And when he's done with you, you'll be another portrait on his Wall of Pain!

Cary says with high assurance.

**Troy Matthews:**

Fine by me, old man. You oughta know that some folks in this company like to call me the Slayer of Giants, and your boy George falls under that definition.

Matthews chuckles and slowly walks away from the patriarch, before leaving some parting words...

**Troy Matthews:**

Bigger they are, harder they fall, right?

The camera closes in on Cary Stevens, stewing in anger as he watches Troy Matthews walk off.

**COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN**



## PLAY WITH ME

“CHECKMATE!”

A female voice screams in delight before the camera pans to show The D with his hands on his head and Klein behind him shaking his head no. The Faithful roar in appreciation of the Pop Culture Phenoms as Klein moves the white chess piece back to where it was.

**Elise Ares:**

Then king me! Whatever.

**The D:**

Elise, you can't be “kinged” in this game. This is chess, not marbles.

**Elise Ares:**

Excuse me, D, this is 2021... why should my Queen be forced to bow to the patriarchy and social norms and be relegated to being subservient to a man? This piece here... she's a boss bitch. She don't need no man to tell her how to rule this kingdom.

**The D:**

Klein! Tell her she can't do that! The black team is being Me Too'd!

The Boxman's head hangs in frustration. Suddenly, the pair are interrupted before Klein can give his official ruling.

*Knock, knock.*

The D and Ares stop in mid-argument as they look towards the locker room door. Conor Fuse cautiously appears to a big pop and subsequent !RANK chant. There's a brief silence before The D and Ares point to each other and then towards the younger Fuse brother.

**Elise Ares:**

Sorry nerd, I don't think we're ready for a doubles game yet.

**The D:**

HEY, be nice to our guest... eh, does he not talk anymore?

**Elise Ares:**

I meant nerd like... affectionately. Nerds are cool now, right? With the kids and their hot topic?

Klein tries to mime sign language toward Conor. Very little response even to the previous nerd comment. The Pop Culture Phenoms collectively look at each other puzzled.

**The D:**

Do you speak? Like, not online?

The attention goes back to The Ultimate Gamer as he's attempting to pull together some thoughts.

**Conor Fuse:**

Yeah... I still talk. Kinda.

Fuse kicks the ground lightly before going on.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'm sorry about what happened to your friend, Ophelia.

The D's taken aback, wallows for a moment and then half heartedly smiles.

**The D:**

I'm sorry about what happened to your brother.

Ares' ears perk up.

**Elise Ares:**

What happened to him?

The D is dismissive.

**The D:**

Some cult got in his head.

**Elise Ares:**

Ah, sorry to hear that... in Los Angeles that happens all the time. One time I knew this girl who was from Cuba, like me, and she got involved in this cult called Scient...

**The D:**

SHHHHH. Not now. We can't talk about Xenu when the cameras are around.

Klein covers his ears as Conor walks closer to the three of them.

**Conor Fuse:**

You know what, it's alright. I mean it's not alright but it's time to move on. Anyway... Better Future Talent Agency -and I use that term loosely, - you know they're NPCs.

Elise gives a puzzled look to her tag partner.

**Elise Ares:**

NP... C? Is that like those really expensive pictures people are buying on the internet?

**The D:**

They should really just be investing in PCPENI\$ anyway.

In the background, Klein unfurls a shirt advertising the newest and definitely most successful currency in the history of sports entertainment. You can buy yours today at DEFShop.com!

**Elise Ares:**

For real. What's an NPC? Pretend I'm interested.

**Conor Fuse:**

Oh sorry, I should clarify. NPC means Non-Playable Character. I'm mocking them for being useless, basically.

PCP stare at Conor with blank faces, almost as if trying to understand a foreign language.

**Conor Fuse:**

Annnyway, I'm here to say I'll help even the odds. You can count on me.

This comment seems to go over much better. Excitement crosses the faces of the PCPs as Conor continues on before they can speak further.

**Conor Fuse:**

*[Pointing to himself]* The C, *[pointing at The D]* The D, *[and now pointing at Elise]* and The E. Perfect trio.

For the first time in months, Conor gives a little giggle.

...Until Klein clears his throat.

**Conor Fuse:**

C-D-E... sorry buddy, K doesn't really fit. I could go with The B? The Boxman.

Conor pats Klein on the back.

**Conor Fuse:**

Look, all shenanigans aside, the four of us can handle the six of them.

Fuse is reminded of something as he turns to the locker room door.

**Conor Fuse:**

You can come in now.

The big, 6'6" hulking monster comes into the picture, popping veins, SNES themed luchador wrestling mask and all. Elise saunters up next to him and starts to rub his large tree trunk muscles. Even The D is amazed with a bit of a slack jaw.

**Elise Ares:**

OH... is this what a video game is? I get it now. How do I play... exactly?

Klein is a tiny bit jealous and The D smacks her hand away.

**Conor Fuse:**

Haha, this is my Game Boy. I guess that makes five of us. Or six. Or seven. He's HUGE! That'll even the odds!

Conor walks up to The Mini Boss and tussles the top of his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

Up next it's The Game Boy against ADV. *[Smacks Game Boy in the chest]* We've got this. And we are getting retribution for not only that beat down two weeks ago but for Flex Kruger and Henry Keyes. Then, maybe, if you guys wanna get together and Mario Party is up or something I'd be game! They have chess and checkers in Mario Party, albeit with fun and clever twists.

Conor grins from ear-to-ear.

**Conor Fuse:**

Shit, I can feel myself becoming more chipper already.

Conor approaches The D and tussles his hair. He approaches Klein next and tussles his... box. (Actual box, don't think like that.) And finally he approaches Elise Ares...

She pulls back as The D chimes in.

**The D:**

I wouldn't, Conor. It's the only part of her that's still in one piece.

Conor takes an apologetic step backwards, completely understanding.

**Conor Fuse:**

Makes sense, I love my hair too. Messy and chaotic, that's the way to wear it!

Elise mumbles something to herself in Spanish but is quickly mesmerized by The Game Boy once again and loses interest in the potential insult to her hair.

**Conor Fuse:**

Well friends, see ya in a bit!

Fuse nods to The Halo From Hell as the duo exit the locker room but can still be heard down the hallway.

**Conor Fuse:**

Hey Alvargo de Varsity, you think you're a HOSS? Wait until you see my handheld system! LET'S GOOOOOOO!

Elise Ares lets out a huff.

**Elise Ares:**

I thought we were about to have a Mario Party... whatever that is. Oh well... goodbye hot video game and his nerd! Did something seem off about that guy or was it just me?

The D shrugs.

**The D:**

Still better than Mikey...

## ADV vs. THE GAME BOY

### DDK:

What a slugfest we're gonna have next! A HOSSFITE! As my old broadcast partner Angus used to say. It'll be Alvaro de Vargas going one-on-one with all of all people... The Game Boy!

### Lance:

We haven't seen Conor Fuse's heavy, The Game Boy, since the aftermath of that Unified Tag Team Championship match at DEFCON when The Fuse Bros split up. We've seen Better Future Talent Agency court Conor any way they could, but after two weeks ago, ADV and company ASSAULTED the Pop Culture Phenoms and laid waste to them and Conor, too.

### DDK:

Conor is going to be in the corner of the Game Boy and we have seen The Pop Culture Phenoms ally with him. We'll see if any of that comes into play. This very PHYSICAL match is next.

The Faithful fire up the jeer machine as to no music, Alvaro de Vargas comes out in a black suit with flames adorning the legs and the back.

### Alvaro de Vargas:

LADIES! GENTLEMEN! PENDEJOS!

He smirks among the LOUD jeers.

### Alvaro de Vargas:

Conor Fuse, you fucked up BAD, pendejo. We could have given you and your roided gimp Game Boy everything... but you gave us NOTHING. NADA! So tonight, you get to watch your opponent come out and TRAMPLE him instead. Your opponent is six-foot eight! He weighs in at 271 pounds... and he is en llamas! Please welcome!

El Sol Dorado stops and walks to the back again.

### DDK:

Oh, God, not this again...

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

### Lance:

Ugh. Yes. THIS again.

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas... again! Just this time without his offensively loud jacket.

### Alvaro de Vargas:

ME, PENDEJOS! "EL SOL DORADO" ALVARO DE VARGAS!

He saunters to the ring and shows no fear despite his opponent being a monster of a man. When ADV gets to the ring, he scans the crowd and then climbs inside. ADV looks out and then absorbs the jeers.

### DDK:

Nobody can stand him, but you can't argue with the results. He helped Ophelia Sykes defect to Better Future Talent Agency right under the noses of PCP. He has helped lead The Lucky Sevens and Jestal to victories, along with Jack Mace. A fireball to Flex Kruger's face a month ago. It has been bedlam, but ADV and BFTA have been thriving in it

### Lance:

That they have. You can't argue any of that... but he's a prick.



ADV basks as he waits for his opponent...

♪ ["Original Metroid Title Theme" from NES Metroid](#) ♪

The ominous music plays Conor and his Game Boy out, even though the atmosphere is completely different than the tune over the PA. Conor jumps up and down, leading the way for his hulking henchman.

**DDK:**

We have not seen much of Game Boy in action but he's a hell of an athlete.

**Lance:**

Very true. He was originally scouted from our talent department a few years back. Given his size and agility, it's a combination tough to find.

The Metroid Title theme leads into ["Brinstar" from Metroid](#) which is much more upbeat and chipper.

**Lance:**

Good to see Conor upbeat again. Despite the "double cross" from Better Future and attack, he seems to be doing much better.

The Mini Boss enters the ring as Conor waits on the outside.

**DING DING**

The two massive men start to lock up and exchange some of the gr-ADV PUNCHES HIM IN THE MOUTH, WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN?

ADV fires off the first shot before the hulking beast can do anything, then boots him in the chest several times. He fires off a few more shots and then backs him up into the corner where ADV tees off on him with chops!

**DDK:**

de Vargas getting to use a rare speed advantage! He's going to town on The Game Boy!

**Lance:**

He is... but look what he's doing...

ADV doubles him over again with a STIFF right hand across the jaw, then looks down at Conor.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

I told you, pendejo! You fucAGGGGH!

The last sound is ADV getting spun around and GRABBED by both hands by The Game Boy! The big muscled ally of Conor grabs his throat and then HURLS ADV to the corner then ROCKS him with a massive headbutt to the delight of the crowd!

**DDK:**

As stated earlier, the very few times we have seen The Game Boy wrestle, he's shown that he can indeed do so! And Alvaro just got rocked!

The Faithful are all in on The Game Boy as he takes the de facto leader of BFTA to task with clubbing forearms across the head and back, each shot landing hard. Then to make it worse... THWACK! He CRACKS ADV across the chest in retaliation from the chops earlier! ADV howls in pain, but it gets worse when The DPad Destroyer sends him across the ring and then KICKS him with a big boot to the chest, knocking him down!

**Lance:**

The Faithful LOVE this! For weeks, BFTA tried to recruit Conor and after he turned them down, they took it out on him two weeks ago. Now, The Game Boy and Conor have payback in mind!

Conor gets a loud “!RANK !RANK !RANK!” chant going for The NPC Nightmare as he tries to pick ADV up to give him another thrashing. He gets body shots in the corner and then tries for a belly to belly suplex... but before he can land it, ADV claws his eyes! The Game Boy growls in pain and the official reprimands El Sol Dorado, but he doesn't give two fucks before he ones of one set of the ropes, then the other to get enough speed and force to BLAST The Game Boy with a huge flying clothesline to knock the giant off his feet!

**DDK:**

Flying Clothesline by El Sol Dorado! He knew likely going off one set of ropes wasn't going to be enough so he used two rebounds to finally get the 340-pound wall of muscles off his feet!

**Lance:**

And now look at de Vargas.

He smirks and makes a big “WHOOMP!” explosion with his hands, getting JEERS from the crowd for some of the fireballs he has lobbed at other stars of DEFIANCE. The Game Boy does try and sit up, but when de Vargas sees him coming he clocks him between the eyes with a boot. He does try and get up again, but de Vargas runs and nails him again with another low angled big boot. And just to make sure, he leaps and then STOMPS the chest of The Game Boy with a double foot stomp! And then another!

**Lance:**

Alvaro is 6'8” but he's having to throw everything at The Game Boy to keep this massive monster down!

Alvaro looks over at Conor and then smiles on the outside.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

I CAN STOMP BETTER THAN YOU, PENDEJO!

After taking a shot at Conor's finisher The Head Stomp, The Game Boy is left reeling, but ADV continues booting him until he stays down, then heads to the middle rope nearby. He looks out to the crowd... then leaps off and nails a third double foot stomp, this time from the second rope! The Game Boy grunts in pain after ADV lands on the mat to try his first cover...

ONE... TWO... BIG KICKOUT!

The Faithful applaud the efforts of The Game Boy as he gets the shoulder up! He's showing some pain now and ADV tries to make it worse when he twists the massive arm of Game Boy through his leg to apply a modified hammerlock, then a TIGHT facelock!

**DDK:**

Look at THIS! ADV busting out a new submission here! Not normally his realm but against a massive monster like Game Boy he can't hold back!

**Lance:**

No, he can't. ADV likely knows more than I think he lets on, but he's huge. And that Ardiendo has been a 100% success rate of a finish if he hits it.

ADV continues cranking back on both the arm and the neck of The Game Boy with the modified hammerlock/facelock combo, but another loud “!RANK !RANK !RANK” echoes loudly in the Wrestleplex! Conor slams his fists on the apron, leading the chants as ADV starts to show concern. The Game Boy gets his arm out... and what's worse, he POWERS ADV on his shoulder! The Cocky Cuban starts to freak out but before he can do anything, The Game Boy DROPS him down and breaks the hold with an electric chair drop!

**DDK:**

THAT WAS STRENGTH! He just freed himself! Now both men are down!

The Game Boy fights up while Alvaro tries to do the same. He holds his back in pain and tries getting to one side of the ring just as The DPad Destroyer gets to his on the other side. When both men are vertical again, ADV charges... but The Game Boy does also and BOWLS him right over with big shoulder tackle! ADV limps and tries to stand up in a daze, only to get knocked down with a second one!

**Lance:**

He's got him! The Game Boy is fighting back now with that raw power!

He whips ADV to the ropes and then when he comes back, he mows him down yet again with an engulfing Vader-like body attack! El Sol Dorado hits the mat while The Game Boy stands over him, now feeding off the crowd as well. The God of War picks up the Cocky Cuban and then throws him to the corner and follows that up with a ring-shaking corner splash before he goes out of the corner and then nails the big belly to belly suplex he wanted earlier!

**DDK:**

Cover by The Game Boy!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The crowd gets quiet like the collectively heard a fart in church when ADV's shoulder comes up, but Conor keeps yelling for The Game Boy to stay on Alvaro. He nods and then decides to try and end it.

**Lance:**

What's he looking for... a powerbomb? He's won matches with this devastating sit-out powerbomb!

He holds Alvaro in place and manages to get him on the shoulder, but ADV senses danger at the apex of the move and then delivers a flurry of hard rights even The Game Boy can't shake off before he lets him go! ADV hobbles back to his feet and gets to the ropes.

**DDK:**

No! ADV saves himself! Now The Game Boy goes after him...

He grabs ADV... but when spins Alvaro around...

FIREBALL TO THE FACE!

A collective gasp erupts from The Faithful as The Game Boy falls backwards and holds onto his face in pain! Conor is left shaken up and gasps as the official panics and then calls for the bell...

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

DAMN IT! DAMN IT! WHAT DID ALVARO JUST DO?!

**DDK:**

THAT SON OF A... HE KNEW HE WAS GONNA GET BEAT! AND HE RESORTS... TO THAT?! FIRST FLEX KRUGER... AND NOW THE GAME BOY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro rolls out of the ring still feeling every bit of his slugfest with The Game Boy and now two trainers rush to ringside to help him out! One of the trainers throws down a towel across the face of the masked monster while Conor slides into the ring to check on him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **THE GAME BOY...**

Darren doesn't make the announcement with his signature bass, but rather angrily watches ADV head up the ramp, smiling like he himself won against the monster.

**Lance:**

Was this part of his plan all along?

**DDK:**

I don't know! I wouldn't put it past this piece of garbage, though! With everything he has orchestrated in the past number of weeks to take down The Pop Culture Phenoms, take out Flex Kruger, attack Henry Keyes...

ADV gets JEERED all the way up the ramp, then he waves at Conor.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

Deberías haber aceptado nuestra oferta, pendejo!

And then he heads through the curtain as Conor and the trainers try attending to a burned Game Boy as the scene heads to commercial.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**



## BITING THE HAND

After a commercial break featuring the heinous assault by Alvaro de Vargas perpetuated on The Game Boy, the camera heads backstage. The crowd cheers for the appearance of “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez heading back from the locker room. As he starts walking back, he gets stopped by Christie Zane.

**Christie Zane:**

Uriel? A word?

The massive monster turns around and greets her.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Sure, but make it quick.

**Christie Zane:**

Earlier tonight, Titaness was victorious over Rezin, so send congratulations to her for us.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I can do that.

**Christie Zane:**

I wanted to get a word on your upcoming match with “The Lost Cause” Victor Vacio at Maximum DEFIANCE. Things have been really heating up lately between Los Tres Titanes and The Kabal.

He nods in agreement.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Yeah... they have. And at Maximum DEFIANCE, I'm gonna break Victor Vacio in fucking half. Him messing with the people I care about? That's gonna make him more than a Lost Cause... he's gonna be a statistic when I'm...

**Rezin:**

HEY! YOU BIG-ASS MUTHA FUGGA!

Uriel turns and sees Rezin, standing with a folding chair to demonstrate he means business. He stares at Christie Zane, who knows better than to stick around when something gets heated. She leaves as Uriel snarls at Rezin.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You need to turn and walk the fuck away.

**Rezin:**

Hold up there, Mr. Deadliest Hands in DEFIANCE! Just wanted a quick message for you to give your lil buddy, the “Most Interesting High Flyer in the World”, or whatever he's being called now!

Rezin sets the chair up at Uriel's feet and courageously stands upon it, boosting himself up to look the big man face to face.

**Rezin:**

You tell Minute... that I'm DONE with this pissing contest of ours! Come Maximum DEFIANCE, I'm officially taking the gloves off! And no matter how many times he flips around that ring, the only thing that's gonna flip is his goddamn MIND as soon as I--**BLEGHK!!**

Cortez isn't wasting time talking when he grabs Rezin by the neck and pulls him right off his stepping stool! DEFIANCE's Favoured Sinner starts to gasp for air when out of nowhere, Victor Vacio sneaks up from behind with a chop block to the left knee of Cortez! The big man grunts and falls to a knee. Rezin catches his breath and grabs the chair again! He CRACKS Uriel across the back and elicits a groan from the Titan, then jabs him in the knee with the

chair! He gets stunned, but STILL tries to shove Rezin away while on a throbbing knee.

**Rezin:**

OOF! Dambit, Vic, do I gotta do everything myself here! HIT HIM!!

Uriel tries to get his hand on a wall get himself back up...

THEN VACIO SMASHES HIS MALLET AGAINST CORTEZ'S HAND!

**Uriel Cortez:**

AAAAAAHHH!

Cortez falls to a knee again and favors his hand, seething with equal parts pain and rage!

**Victor Vacio:**

No me pongas tus putas manos... Los romperé jodidamente.

**Rezin:**

C'mon, Vic, CHEESE IT! We need to fucking go before Mr. X over here gets back up!

Vacio stares him down before he decides to follow Rezin's lead and both men storm off. Uriel breathes heavily as he clutches his now damaged left hand, angrily seated against the wall as Christie comes back.

**Christie Zane:**

We need help! Now!

Uriel tries to get up, but his knee still bothers him and his left hand may be damaged or broken. He slams his good fist against the wall as trainers rush onto the scene. Uriel tries to hobble up and rush past them as the scene goes back to ringside.

## KERRY KUROYAMA vs. BRONSON BOX

Fade in on the ring in the absolute center of the WrestlePlex...

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The Faithful en masse pop HARD as white and green spotlights fill up the stage and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA emerges from the entry-way at a brisk, no-nonsense powerwalk. He strides down the rampway like a man on a mission with nothing but raw determination on his face. The fans are a blur to him; he only sees the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, declaring this an open challenge... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... KEERRRYYYY KUUROOYAAMAAAA!!!

Kuroyama has already discarded his robe and entered the ring as his name is announced. He promptly checks in with the official, Carla Ferrari, before pacing the ring impatiently.

### DDK:

The action is well underway on the first night of this installment of DEFIANCE TV, and up next we have what promises to be an interesting contest! It was last week at UNCUT when Kerry Kuroyama laid down an open challenge to any opponent who is, I quote, "worth his time". And I'm told someone has volunteered for the spot, although it's not quite certain at this point just who that is!

### Lance:

It's hard to say just what qualifies anybody as "worth" his time, but with a claim like that, there's no doubt that the Pacific Blitzkrieg is looking to stir the pot in the locker room. It will be interesting to see who answers the call.

Kerry's music cuts. He continues walking back and forth in the ring, watching the entrance. A tense few moments of silence pass. Until...

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down (Ninja Tracks Remix)" by Johnny Cash ♪

### DDK:

WOW!!

The familiar dirge strumming through the PA system heralds the entrance of the Original DEFIANT, BRONSON BOX, who walks out onto the stage to a booming reaction from the Faithful. He marches down the rampway in a powerful stride that clearly says he means business tonight.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, hailing from Banff, Scotland and weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the former TWO TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE... the ORIGINAL DEFIANT... the STARMAKER... BOMABASTIC... BRONSON... BB000000000000XXXXXXXXX!!!!

### DDK:

Kuroyama wanted somebody worth his time, and he got all that he asked for in SPADES as the Starmaker himself answers the call to the ring! What do you think, Lance, has Kerry bitten off a bit more than he can chew?

### Lance:

It's possible, Keebs, but Kerry has been a man determined to redefine himself lately, and it wouldn't surprise me if a face-to-face encounter with one of DEFIANCE's most renown legends of the ring is exactly the kind of challenge he's looking for.

### DDK:

I can only speculate that for Boxer, this is an opportunity to give Rick Dickulous something to think about, when those



two inevitably collide!

Box steps to the ropes and poses for the Faithful, again earning another uproar from the capacity crowd. Then he levels his killer's gaze on the opponent waiting across the ring. In his corner, hopping back and forth between feet restlessly and stretching his neck back and forth, Kerry Kuroyama returns the stare with cold, unshaken determination.

**DDK:**

These two look ready to get right into it! The official has made her final checks, and she cues for the bell! Here we go!

*DING DING*

Both men immediately approach each other, Kerry looking for an opening, and Bronson opting instead to just meet him with a fist across the face. Kuroyama reels to the ropes as the Original DEFIANT quickly brings on the blows. Ferrari meekly warns him about the fists, but knows its basically falling on deaf ears.

**DDK:**

And right out of the gate, Bronson Box takes it to Kuroyama with a flurry of rights and lefts! Kerry can only cover up as the Wargod absolutely opens the floodgates to hell on him!

Box pushes Kerry off the ropes and puts him into motion. The Wargod waits for his return by lifting him up with a powerslam, but Kuroyama has other plans as he first grabs Boxer by the arm, floats through, and whips him to the mat with an arm drag.

**DDK:**

And there's a quick reversal by the Pacific Blitzkrieg, going right into an armbar to keep Bronson on the mat!

**Lance:**

He has to know the worst thing he could possibly do is allow Bronson Box to overwhelm him early on!

Nevertheless, Box works against the armbar and gets back to his base. A sweep gives him the chance to put Kerry to the mat and mount him for more clubbing blows, until Kuroyama slips out the back door and slaps on a hammerlock.

**DDK:**

Bronson comes back swinging, and Kerry trying to maintain control of that arm... but an ELBOW bumps him off! Here comes Box, slipping behind... and the Wargod with a BACKDROP DRIVER to put Kerry to the mat! Now he goes for the cover!

One!

Two--Kerry gets the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

He was smart to cradle his head with his arms on the impact of that move, or he would have gotten the worst of it!

Bronson looks to press his advantage, but Ferrari breaks things up as soon as Kerry instinctively reaches for the bottom rope. Box backs up, although not without flashing a devilish grin, and Kerry pulls himself to his feet, stretching out his neck. Once he's ready again, Box calls him forth.

**DDK:**

Both men back into the lock-up after the clean break, and the Original DEFIANT again blindsides Kerry with a HARD inside elbow across the cheek, and a KNEE to the midsection to double him over!

Kuroyama doubles over, but fights through the pain as he reaches out, hooks the legs, and blocks an attempted powerbomb by Box. The Wargod instead punishes him with a clubbing forearm to the back to knock him further to the mat and drops an elbow across Kerry's covered head.

**DDK:**

Powerbomb BLOCKED by Kerry, but Boxer keeps him in place with the elbow! Bronson again going for--No! KERRY REVERSES WITH THE SMALL PACKAGE!!

One!

T--KICKOUT!!

**Lance:**

Quick thinking by Kerry, but now Box looks even more irate!

The Original DEFIANT works his way to his feet first, catching the rising Kuroyama off guard with a headbutt that immediately puts him back to the mat. Box pounces upon him, and Kerry can only try and cover his head as fists rain upon him.

**DDK:**

Bronson Box is now laying into Kuroyama like a man UNHINGED! Kerry is doing whatever he can do to defend himself from the onslaught, but it hardly looks like it's having an effect!

**Lance:**

Anything is better than letting Box just bust his teeth right out!

**DDK:**

Here goes Box, pulling the stunned Kuroyama back onto his feet... setting him up for the SUPLEX--and Kerry is FIGHTING IT--and Bronson settles for a SWINGING NECKBREAKER instead!

**Lance:**

Like you said, Kerry is showing some fight, but Bronson Box has had an answer for every roadblock!

**DDK:**

Box floats over and makes the lateral press! Could that be all it takes?

One!

Two!

NO!! Kerry kicked out! But Box will continue to chisel away!

Bronson takes ahold of Kuroyama's head and pulls him to his feet. Kerry suddenly snaps to life, snagging an arm and wrapping up the Wargod's waist before planting his feet and lifting him off the mat.

**DDK:**

NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX from out of nowhere by Kerry Kuroyama, bursting back to life with a second energy!

**Lance:**

And he knew to save it once he found his opening!

**DDK:**

Kerry with the lateral press...

One!

Two--NO!

Bronson quickly pops up the shoulder, but puts his head into perfect position for Kerry to tuck it under his arm into a

facelock. Kuroyama uses the other arm to put Bronson's into a hammerlock as the Wargod angrily powers his way off the mat.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama trying to wrangle in Bronson Box like he were a bucking bronco, but he has him lassoed tight by the head and arm! Kerry circling as Bronson bulls into him... wait, he LIFTS--GOOD GOD, a SPINNING HAMMERLOCK DDT drills Bronson's head into the canvas!

**Lance:**

He used the Wargod's own momentum to pull him into that! And Kerry doesn't look like he's finished as he keeps the arm hooked!

Kuroyama switches from hammerlock to a side armbar to keep Box pinned down. Nevertheless, the Original DEFIANT tries to push himself off the mat. An elbow right to the back of the head stops that from happening. A second makes it definite. A third is thrown in there for good measure, cause why take chances?

**DDK:**

That's THREE elbows driven across the head of Bronson Box, and the former FIST of DEFIANCE is still trying to force himself up to the mat like a bloodthirsty mastiff!

**Lance:**

But Kerry Kuroyama is moving and reacting one step ahead of him!

**DDK:**

Kerry switching over to double underhooks now... Box trying to break free, but Kerry LIFTS--and MY GOD, DROPS HIM RIGHT ACROSS THE KNEE with the double-underhook backbreaker!

*"OOOOOooooohhh..."*

Bronson roars in anger and agony, but Kerry's face is absolutely cold and stoic as he quickly pulls him in and yet again hooks the arms... delivering a SECOND devastating backbreaker!

*"OOOOOooooohhh..."*

**DDK:**

AGAIN over the knee!! Kerry is absolutely DOMINANT right now, and... wait, hooking the arms AGAIN... lifting him up, AGAIN--

Kuroyama drives Box down across the knee for the third time. Bronson's legs spasm as his head and shoulders slump to the mat and Kerry immediately transitions to the prawn hold.

*"OOOOOooooohhh..."*

**DDK:**

THAT'S THREE CONSECUTIVE double-underhook backbreakers, and HE GOES RIGHT INTO THE PIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Bronson rolls out!

Box rolls through, but Kerry is again one step ahead of him as he immediately clinches the head and nearly caves in his skull with a knee strike that blasts the Wargod in the temple like a load of buckshot. Bronson reels off the impact and falls across the second rope. Kerry quickly slips out to the apron...

**DDK:**

GOOD GOD, what a knee strike to the left side of Bronson Box's noggin... and wait, Kerry is out to the apron--BLASTS INTO BOX WITH A RUNNING KNEE STRIKE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEAD!!

**Lance:**

Ever since Kerry snapped back into this match, he has been relentlessly overpowering! He knows that in order to earn the victory over the legend Bronson Box here tonight, he has to go absolutely all out!

**DDK:**

Even after those knee strikes to the head, Bronson Box is somehow still crawling on hands and knees and trying to push himself up! But here comes KERRY!

Kuroyama steps back through the ropes and runs into the back of Box's neck with a forearm. Then he lands another one. And another. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER...

**DDK:**

MY GOD, what does it TAKE to keep down the Wargod?!

...finally, Box stops moving.

Kuroyama doesn't wait as he pulls the former FIST off the mat into the pumphandle hold and lifts him off the mat...

**DDK:**

After that pummeling, Kerry could be in position to do it! Here he goes with the KUROYAMA DRIVER--

Only the Wargod sixth sense kicks in, and his free arm lights out and clips Kerry's knee on the lift. Kuroyama loses his footing and has to settle for a pumphandle slam.

**DDK:**

NO!! Box denied it, but he didn't come away empty handed! Kerry desperately pins down the arms for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Bronson kicks out! And Kerry hammers the mat in frustration!

**Lance:**

That entire sequence of maneuvers was all meant to culminate into the Kuroyama Driver as a devastating coup de gras to end the match, but Kuroyama didn't account for the veteran instincts of the Original DEFIANT, Bronson Box!

**DDK:**

Regardless, the damage has been done! But now can the Pacific Blitzkrieg capitalize on it?

Kerry doesn't waste a moment getting himself up and going again for the armtrap, but Bronson doesn't fall for it this time, catching him off guard with a sharp back elbow to the abdomen from his place on the mat. Before Kuroyama can react, Box pushes himself up with him over his shoulders.

**DDK:**

Hold on, here's BOX trying to rally, with Kerry set into the Fireman's Carry--and DROPS HIM right over the knee with the gutbuster!

**Lance:**

It only takes a second for a beast like Bronson Box to suddenly turn things around!

**DDK:**

Box is no longer taking this lightly as he straddles Kuroyama's back... and now it's HIS turn to try and finish things with the BOSTON MASSACRE--but wait, Kerry is FIGHTING IT!!

Kerry lunges forward, reaching for the ropes, as Bronson tries to wrangle him back over his knees. His two front fingertips graze the bottom rope... until the Wargod's hands locked across his face suddenly yank him back and set him right into the Camel Clutch.

**DDK:**

And Box pulls him back into the BOSTON MASSACRE!!

*TAP TAP...*

**Lance:**

And almost immediately, there's the tapout!

*DING DING DING*

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner of this match, by submission... BBRROOOOONNNSSSSOOOOONNNN  
BBBOOOOXXXXX!!!!

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down (Ninja Tracks Remix)" by Johnny Cash ♪

Even as his name is announced, Box wrenches back on the chinlock a few seconds more, unsatisfied with such a quick submission. Carla Ferrari finally breaks it up by nearly pulling him off. Bronson finally rises and pumps his arms victoriously to the cheering Faithful. Kuroyama sits up from the mat, looking more angry than hurt.

**DDK:**

What a turn of events! Kerry Kuroyama was on top of the Wargod for several minutes there, not giving him even a second to react! But unfortunately for the Pacific Blitzkrieg, Bronson Box only needs a HALF second to flip the tables!

**Lance:**

I can't help but notice that Kerry tapped out unusually quickly after Boxer had the Boston Massacre. It's almost as if he knew it was over right there, and he'd only end up getting more hurt trying to fight his way out of it.

**DDK:**

Definitely not the outcome he wanted, but at least Kerry can say he proved he can be dominant in the ring against one of the most dominant wrestlers in DEFIANCE's illustrious history! Box has once again proven himself as one of the company's top talents to beat here tonight, but what toll has his body taken tonight?

The camera catches Kerry quickly exiting the ring and toweling himself off as he goes back up the ramp, presumably back to the drawing board. Bronson Box smirks as he watches the defeated make his exit, cheekily rubbing the pain in the back of his neck as if it were an all too familiar feeling.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND**



## SPORTS BROS W/ GREG & THE CHUD

### DDK:

Coming up next we've got a clip from popular syndicated sports talk show Sports Bros, seen all over the south, south eastern United States, check your local listings. Greg and The Chud recently had a segment that featured two of DEFIANCE's wildest and STRONGEST competitors.

### Lance:

HA! I love The Chud! I've watched those guys since I was in college! They used to be in radio, ya' know.

Warner cracks open his button up shirt to reveal a bright green and yellow GREG & THE CHUD t-shirt.

### DDK:

Well, how about that... didn't know you were such a fan, Lance.

### Lance:

*WHAMMO!*

Warner snort-laughs as we cut to the video clip.

An overwrought graphic reading "SPORTS BROS W/ Greg and The Chud" flies towards us like so many sports balls, just right towards our face. As the graphic flies off, stage left, the lights fade up on your traditional cluttered SportsCenter style chit chat show set. Full of little bobble heads, a few jerseys and other sports nicknacks tucked away around the traditional big central screen between the hosts two big heads. Greg is a stylish looking African American man in a trim looking custom made suit, The Chud looks to be in his late 50's with that "I played football a long time ago"-glazed over-"I definitely have CTE" sort of look in his eyes.

And he's right there, boy, lemme tell ya'...

### The Chud:

*WHAMMO*-Sports Bros how ya' doin' this fine... well, whatever time it is, this show's pretty much run all day at this point. CABLE TV'S A (censored) GRAVEYARD, GREG!

Greg's worked with The Chud a long time, he doesn't miss a beat.

Putting up with The Chud bought Greg a garage full of cars and a big-ass pool, Greg transitions like silk.

### Greg:

HA! You crazy Chud... like my partner said, welcome to Sports Bros. We're starting out tonight with something a little different for you folks. Normally we'd be analyzing the latest stats and rumors from the world of team sports... but as we've done a few times into the past here on Sports Bros, we're delving into a world Chud and I both find fascinating... that of the wild and wooly world of professional wrestling. Tonights story, a lot like our first ever more than seven years ago at this point involves this man...

The middle monitor starts playing a clip from the aforementioned story, DEFIANCE's Bombastic Scotsman Bronson Box face pops up on the screen... a much younger, less viciously scarred Bronson Box. The video package is about the lead up to Bronson unifying his DEFIANCE Heavyweight Crown with Boston Bancroft's WfWA World Heavyweight. The absolutely obscene lengths The Wargod went to secure what then became the first ever Unified DEFIANCE World Heavyweight championship... the precursor to the current FIST of DEFIANCE.

### Young Bronson Box via video clip:

"... win or lose, you accept what comes to ye'... good or bad or (censored) devastatin'. That's part of what I'm ken it takes to survive here in Uncle Eric's little madhouse. I get the fookin' stakes. Do what it takes, let the blood, set the battlefield with fire, burn and drive your rivals to the brink of (censored) madness. DEFY the odds, as it were. Now...if and when retribution comes knockin' that's where you really prove yer' worth. Prove yer' actually... DEFIANT. If you can stay standin' and take yer' licks and come back fer' more. That's real DEFIANCE. I'll tell ye' this Mr. Chud, Boston



Bancroft and his whole stupid (censored) FAMILY were the first in whats gunna' be a TALL stack o' bodies... “

We pull back out to the hosts at their desk.

**The Chud:**

THAT guy, yeeeeeah I remember that guy now! EUROPEAN feller. BALD AS A CUE! Queer folks them Europeans... WENT THERE ON A PROMOTIONAL TOUR ONCE WITH COACH! I became a man on that trip, I tells ya'... (censored) name was LINDA or BELINDA or some such nonsense...

A goddamn professional, Greg is. Cuts poor ol' Chud off at the pass.

**Greg:**

You got THAT right, Chud! Recently Mr. Box returned to New Orleans based DEFIANCE Wrestling, the promotion he feels he helped... DEFine. And first rattle out of the... well, BOX, the old bull was challenged by the biggest new bull in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex... the absolutely enormous lumbergiant himself, Rick Dickulous.

A new video package starts to roll as it pulls in from the hosts. This one starts out with Rick and Bronson's heated but bloodless interaction in the Wrestle-Plex gymnasium months ago. Rick's insistence Bronson isn't as strong as he thinks he is. The Wargod rebuffed Rick's claims, insisting Dickulous go “do his research” and get back to him.

**Greg voice over:**

Much to Boxer's chagrin... that's EXACTLY what The Biggest DEFIANT did. And Rick came back with a challenge. A legit strength competition to decide if The Scottish Strongman was indeed that. Strongest.

The video continues and details the first few rounds of the competition. Bronson falling two to one and rallying back to tie things up. Rick hucking the enormous Atlas Stone through the announce table. The truck pull event where Rick assaulted Bronson's entourage in an attempt to distract The Wargod.

**Rick Dickulous voice over:**

I took the little half pints advice from that first day in the gym. I studied. I went back in the archives and watched how Captain DEFIANCE over there carved out his legacy around this joint... he crawled into people's heads, man. That's aaaaaall I been doin'. Followin' ol' Boxer's original playbook. That's why I started pokin' at the old man...

Exclusive security camera footage from Bronson Box's wrestling school and fight gym, The Conclave, shows Rick Dickulous' trip to the school tucked away in the hills of Northern Utah. Rick sauntering into the gym and cornering a clueless Spud Collins... picking Bronson's friend and trainers head for any detail he could scrounge up on The Wargod. After Collins eventually caught on to just who the lumbergiant was, Dickulous decided to test just how far he could go in this GAME with Box... trashing the gym, causing thousands of dollars worth of damage.

**Greg:**

Rick Dickulous thought he had this competition in the bag. That he'd build his own legacy of DEFIANCE to wield like a hammer as he builds his CAREER legacy... one that I'm sure Rick hopes involves the FIST of DEFIANCE championship. A title that means about as much about the attitude you hold it with as it does the matches you have as champion. And ATTITUDE is something Bronson Box has in spades. This clash couldn't have been scripted any better by Hollywood. So what's the tiebreaker? What finally settles this battle of behemoths? ... well, one behemoth and one odds defying forty plus year old Scotsman with a MASSIVE chip on his shoulder.

Chud comes to life. Pounds whatever was in his coffee cup and just blossoms like a beautiful flower.

**The Chud:**

Both of these fellers have something to prove, Greg! Rick wants to build his legacy out of the fertile ground of Boxer's long and storied history with DEFIANCE... A GOOD PLAN. But I'm not sure that big ol' guy quite realizes who he's tanglin' with. THE SHORT SIGHTEDNESS OF THE YOUNG, KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT, GREG, YA' SEE? Ol' Boxer though, some say he's SOFTENED in his old age, but he's been battlin' a mean ol' case of that there CLINICAL DEPRESSION for night on four years, keepin' him away from the ring! IT TAKES STRONG PERSON TO



WORK THROUGH THAT SORT OF STUFF, GREG! STRONG AS A (censored) OX! I think Rick realized he bit off a lil' more than he could chew when he saw a feller half his size and twice his age keepin' pace with him, lemme tell you WHAT!

Greg smiles and turns to the camera and winks the pleased wink of a proud partner. Zero percent shocked. This is season fourteen of Sports Bros, Greg and The Chud are a well oiled machine, baby.

**Greg:**

We caught up with both men... Rick starts us off with some mighty strong words for the two time FIST of DEFIANCE.

A pre-recorded sit down between Greg and the lumbergiant himself.

**Rick Dickulous:**

This is pretty simple. I'm bigger. I'm younger. And I'm a lot (censored) stronger. He's got weird old man strength, he's got that FIGHTING SPIRIT... whatever, man. He's got nothin' when you stack up the plain and simple irrefutable NUMBERS, Greg. So that's how I'm going to end this little pissing contest. He got LUCKY... that luck is gunna' run the (censored) out when we throw down in a BENCH PRESS CHALLENGE, BABY!

Dickulous looks straight into the camera.

**Rick Dickulous:**

YOU READY TO BE EMBARRASSED IN FRONT OF YOUR (censored) "FAITHFUL" OLD MAN?! YOU AIN'T READY YOU AIN'T... (censored, censored) ON TOP OF YOUR STUPID RED PUFFY (so so SO censored... I mean, Jesus Christ the mouth on this guy)

He rips the lapel microphone off and storms off set as we cut back to the desk.

**Greg:**

A challenge laid out. A simple but irrefutable bench press challenge.

**The Chud:**

BELLY-FIRE-FUELED MEAT-CRUCHIN' STRENGTH ON DISPLAY, GREG! WOOOOO! Gotta love it!

**Greg:**

You got that right, Chud my man. We also managed to catch Box on site at the Wrestle-Plex to get his response to the self proclaimed Strongest DEFIANT'S bench press challenge.

As Greg and Chud turn again towards the monitor, we're at the talent entrance to the aforementioned arena, deep in the heart of NOLA. Casually dressed in black slacks and a black DEF polo, tucking his smartphone into his back pocket, Bronson Box almost looks like a regular run of the mill human... almost. His broad shoulders and meaty honey baked ham sized hands give him away as someone unique. The poor on site "reporter" jogss up to The Wargod and almost gets his head taken off before he can regurgitate Rick's bench press challenge.

**Bronson Box:**

So this is his hail mary play? How he ties up his ridiculous challenge with a little bow? Ironic, the very same activity he initially interrupted my doing so many months ago, something I've done every day of my life since I was a wee boy... that's his challenge. Fine, boy'o... fine and dandy. Night two of DEFtv 156 you and me in a fookin' bench press challenge. An' hopefully afterwards ye' don't mess yer' diaper too bad when I send ye' packin' again ye' filthy fookin' child.

And back to the desk where Chud and worked himself into quite the tizzy.

**The Chud:**

WOOOOOW-WEE! THAT HOT BOLOGNE GUNNA BE ON THE TV? HOT DOG! Hey... Greg, can... can you... my ol' head can't work the... the, 'em... so many buttons on them ol'...

Oh man, poor old guy is getting really upset.

**Greg:**

Sure thing my man, I'll get your TV workin' for ya'. Those remotes can get confusing. Here...

He hands Chud a little bag of goldfish crackers from under the desk, which seems to settle him down.

**Greg:**

Two titans. One representing everything DEFIANCE has always stood for. Relentlessness, violence, in a strange way even a blood stained sort of honor. The other? Self obsession, insecurity, and unbridled anger. But regardless... for better or for worse... still representing the future of DEFIANCE. One has to wonder if this bench press showdown will end things, or simply add fuel to an already raging fire.

Through a mouthful of his goldfish ziplock snack pack.

**The Chud:**

THEM BOYS NEED TO FIGHT, S'WHAT THEN NEED TO DO LEMME TELL YA'. FISTECUFFS!

Greg again looks right at camera one. Proud as can be.

**Greg:**

From the mouth of babes, folks. Coming up next on Sports Bros, we'll discuss...

Sports stuff. Greg leads Chud along into talking about football and trades and stats and Tom Brady and what not. I don't know, I'm not a sports guy. The wrestling puff piece now done we cut back to the boys at the commentation station.

**Lance:**

I'm with Chud, man, I want to see Rick and Box slap a little meat.

**DDK:**

I'd personally like to see who really IS the strongest DEFIANT, partner. Even with as unscientific as this particular competition has been, the passion shown from the statistical underdog has been downright inspirational.

**Lance:**

UNBELIEVABLE FEATS OF STRENGTH, Darren. Always good for ratings.

**DDK:**

And on night two we'll have JUST THAT! As Rick Dickulous and Bronson Box throw down in one final contest of strength... A BENCH PRESS CHALLENGE!

## FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MINUTE (w/ TITANESS) Â© vs. HIGH FLYER IV (w/ARCHER SILVER)

### DDK:

Can you believe what Rezin and Vacio did to Uriel's hand earlier tonight? That was sickening. And of course they do it right before this match-up.

### Lance:

It was... and now, Minute has to find a way to put that out of his mind. On paper, you might think this match would be a slam dunk for Minute to score the third defense of his Favoured Saints Championship. But High Flyer IV is not only a top BRAZEN star, one of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, but he BEAT Rezin last week on UNCUT to earn this shot!

### DDK:

And if Minute's mind isn't fully on this match for even a second, the son of Jack Harmen could be one of the first active BRAZEN members to win a main roster title. Let's see what happens as Minute looks for successful defense number three of four.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing the challenger... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 188 pounds... representing Les Enfants Terribles, he is one half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions... **HIGH! FLYER! IV!**

♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The Faithful give off almost equal levels of heat as HIGH FLYER IV and ARCHER SILVER of LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES strut out through the entry-way, flashing their newly won BRAZEN Tag Team Championships. With Archer Silver behind him, dabbing fists with his partner in crime, the smug title holders of BRAZEN head to the ring.

### DDK:

The fourth man to hold the High Flyer moniker that his father Jack Harmen once held. Les Enfants Terribles have been a permanent fixture at the top of BRAZEN. First team to hold the BRAZEN Tag Titles on two occasions as well as being the inaugural champions. Their stablemate, Killjoy, isn't here but is first to hold the BRAZEN Championship twice and is the current titleholder as well.

### Lance:

I'm interested to see where this goes, indeed.

HF IV heads to the middle buckle and moonsaults backwards, landing on his feet to show off. He gives up his title to the official Hector Navarro and waits for his opponent.

A voice echoes loudly over the PA...

*HE IS ACTUALLY A 7'4" SKY GIANT READY STUNT ON ALL THESE OTHER VANILLA INDY MIDGETS...*

*HE DOES NOT "BOTCH" ANY MOVE. HE SIMPLY STOPS MID-MOVE TO GIVE HIS OPPONENTS A FAIR SHOT...*

*HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH-FLYER IN THE WORLD! HE IS...*

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

And where the two spotlights meet, Minute raises a hand out, then takes in a nice applause from The Faithful as he holds up the Favoured Saints Championship! He's now wearing a gold and diamond-themed t-shirt with the word "¡Mirame!" on the front!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by Titaness... From Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 164 pounds... he is representing Los Tres Titanes and is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion... **"TITAN DE LOS CIELOS" MINUTE!**

Minute looks to focus on the task at hand despite a look of concern on his face. He daps fists with Titaness, then fastens the championship around his waist and DASHES toward the ring like a missile. He slides into the ring with quickness! He leaps to his feet and looks out to the crowd. Minute then approaches his opponent and raises the title. Minute hands the title over to Hector Navarro to get ready. HF IV is ready as well. Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

**DING DING!**

Right from the get-go, High Flyer IV gets a bit overeager and tries to run at Minute with a dropkick, but Minute moves and he crashes into the mat. Minute then tries a running dropkick from the side on him, but HF IV moves out of the way of THAT! He rolls off to the side when The Littlest Flippy-Doo hits the ropes, then does a headscissors not once, but TWICE! And when the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion flips... He comes out of it with a front flip that pops the crowd!

**DDK:**

If Minute still has the attack on Uriel in mind, he's trying not to show it right now.

**Lance:**

The type of competitors that Los Tres Titanes are, Uriel would want him to.

Minute now charges off of High Flyer IV, but he leapfrogs over the attack. Minute comes back around the second time, but HF IV BACKFLIPS over as he runs then lands on his feet. When he comes back a third time, Minute gets booted in the gut, then whipped to a corner. Flyer 4 charges at him, but Minute leaps over, then does TWO front flips behind him and the crowd applauds!

**DDK:**

Both men are scary agile in that ring! That was amaz... OOOH!

Rather than give Minute the chance to show off any more, HF IV runs and finally finds his target then nails a shotgun dropkick!

**Lance:**

HF IV might have been losing that game of counters a bit and it just cost him there!

Archer Silver laughs and cheers on his buddy while Titaness watches the match closely in case anyone gets any bright ideas. High Flyer IV then waits and then runs off the ropes before FLYING over with a picture-perfect tornillo over the ropes to crash on the champion!

**DDK:**

What a tornillo! High Flyer IV looking to show what he's made of! He upset Rezin on UNCUT and he could very well be our next Favoured Saints Champion if this keeps up!

HF IV gets The Most Interesting High-Flyer in the World back into the ring, then leaps up and hits a slingshot senton with huge hangtime! Then he goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out strongly, but HF IV keeps up on the attack with elbows the back of Minute's neck.

**Lance:**

Good kickout by Minute, but Flyer knows how much this opportunity means!

HF IV goes for another whip in the corner, but Minute reverses that and sends him to the corner. He dashes forward then HF IV takes him over with a back body drop... but he lands on the ring apron. Minute leaps up and nails a jumping enzuigiri from the apron, rocking him in the head then comes back in with a huge springboard missile dropkick of his own! HF IV gets knocked back and then gets sent into the corner for Minute to stand and nail a HUGE double knee strike to the chest in the corner! He pulls HF IV up and then drops him on the mat with a slam then does a handstand in the corner... then DROPS both feet into a high-angle double foot stomp!

**DDK:**

Wow! A corner headstand into that double foot stomp by Minute! Innovative move and now a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Now HF IV kicks out, but Minute continues to bring the pain. He CRACKS HF IV across the back not one, not two, but three times with stiff kicks, then boots him back down to the mat. He poses for the crowd and hits a standing version of a 450 splash!

**DDK:**

Minute Detail! He's staying on Harmen now!

Minute then climbs over and then starts to go for a leaping moonsault, but stops himself when he sees Archer trying to get on the apron. The TJ Tornado stops himself and shoots him an icy glare, but Titaness tries to warn him that HF IV is behind him. But it's too late because he gets CRACKED with a jumping enzuigiri to the back of the head!

**Lance:**

Archer Silver there paying dividends. He didn't get directly involved, but shook up Minute just long enough for Harmen to take control!

He gets back up and when Minute tries to get up, HF IV NAILS a huge shining version of a yakuza kick!

**DDK:**

Yakuza kick variation! Kind of his own take on his father, Jack Harmen's old Locomotive!

**Lance:**

And the cover! Will that be enough?

ONE... TWO... NO!

The Faithful roar when Minute uses his legs to kick out, but Harmen is annoyed. He sets Minute up by the neck and then WAILS on him with knife-edge chops! The proprietor of Tres Equis gets doubled over in pain when he pulls him out of the ropes and then drops Minute with a huge corkscrew vertical suplex on the mat!

**DDK:**

He's got Minute down now! He could be closing in on the Favoured Saints Championship!

HF IV takes a moment to tell Hector Navarro to get ready and hand him the Favoured Saints Championship. He points at Minute's fallen body and then runs over to the corner to make not just any jump, but a triple jump version of his Moonshot Special...

MINUTE MOVES!

HF IV lands on his feet out of the missed triple jump moonsault and that gives time for Minute to get vertical as well. But when he gets back up, he charges ahead at Minute and then throws him outside of the ring in front of Archer Silver! He smirks that he's thought ahead of Minute once again, but this time he runs and tries another dive in the form of a huge tope con hilo... but Minute moves and Archer does not!

**DDK:**

NO! HARMEN JUST WIPED OUT HIS OWN PARTNER WITH THAT DIVE! MINUTE ESCAPED AND JUST SLID INTO THE RING!

**Lance:**

What's he gonna do... OH, MY LORD! MÍRAME!

High Flyer IV may have missed the mark with his tope con hilo, but Minute does not miss his with the Sasuke special, taking out BOTH Silver and HF IV! The Faithful go loco (pardon the pun) when Minute recovers from the amazing move! He gets back up and throws the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion back inside the ring.

**Lance:**

MÍRAME takes him down... what's he got lined up?

The Most Interesting High-Flyer in the World makes the leap and nails an AMAZING springboard Snap Dragonrana!

**DDK:**

SALTO DE FE! THAT'S IT! DEEP COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Minute lets go of the cover after his take on the amazing springboard snap dragonrana, then gets back up!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner and STILL the Favoured Saints Champion... **MINUTE!**

**Lance:**

Three down, Darren! High Flyer IV was super game tonight, but Minute had to get this win! Now there's nothing standing between he and Rezin at Maximum DEFIANCE! One win away from not only shutting up Rezin for good, but being able to cash in for a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship!

As Minute goes to celebrate, Archer Silver leaps back into the ring and nails a STIFF spin kick! The crowd jeers the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion for his cheap shot on Minute, but he leaves HIMSELF wide open for Titaness to head into the ring!

**DDK:**

Titaness coming to the aid of her friend! Forearms to Archer Silver!

He eats the blows, but fires one of his own that sends her into the ropes... but she bounces back with a pendulum and then CLOBBERS him with a huge rebound lariat, knocking the BRAZEN Tag Champion down!

**Lance:**

Lady Lariat! Archer thought she got rid of her, but Titaness came right back!

She fights off Archer and goes to check on Minute... but the jeers get LOUDER! Just as High Flyer IV goes to help Archer out of the ring, the Faithful BOO Rezin and Victor Vacio sneaking in! They both bumrush Minute as well as Titaness! Vacio puts the boots to Titaness while Minute gets pummeled with fists by a crazed Rezin!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

**DDK:**

NO!! Not these two jackals again!

**Lance:**

And with Uriel in the back getting his hand looked at after their attack on him backstage earlier, there's nobody to come to the rescue!

A few vicious boots keep Minute in place on the mat, and Rezin instructs Victor to keep an eye on him before he drops out of the ring and retrieves two items: first, a mic, and second, the Favoured Saints Championship. He slides back under the ropes and makes it to his feet before proceeding to circle around the helpless Minute like a hungry buzzard.

**Rezin:**

I tried to tell you buddy to pass a message, Minute... but he wasn't down to listen. So now I guess I have to deliver that message personally. So escúchame, amigo, because something occurred to me earlier tonight, going up against Brienne of Tarth over there...

Rezin winks in Titaness' direction as she lies pinned against the bottom turnbuckle with Vacio pushing his mallet against her neck. He grins in dark delight at how the tables have turned. The he redirects his attention to the Favoured Saints Champ lying wounded at his feet.

**Rezin:**

I thought I hated you because of the amazing things you can do in the air! But now I know I was wrong. Turns out, it's because I CAN'T do those things myself! And you doing the things I can't do reminds me that I still have LIMITS when it comes to my own high-flying techniques...

His grin melts into an unhinged snarl.

**Rezin:**

And if there's one thing that absolutely PISSES ME OFF to no end, it's having LIMITS! I HATE having limits! I'm the ESCAPE ARTIST, dammit! I don't abide by limits; I BREAK 'EM! And YOU, Minute... you're setting a limit I just CAN'T BREAK for some reason!

Minute is pushing himself back up, but a knee by Rezin puts him back to the mat and warns him to think better of it. The Goat Bastard kneels down next to the Sky Titan, to get nearer to his face.

**Rezin:**

So what point is there in trying to rise above you, when you're already flying so high? It'd be so much easier to just bring you down to MY level... and I know just how I'm gonna do it! I'm gonna take away the source of all your high-flying power!

He holds out the Favoured Saints Title in his hands.

**Rezin:**

THIS RIGHT HERE...

He drops it next to Minute's head and points down angrily at the belt.

**Rezin:**

Ever since you took this title, it put a chip on your shoulder as big as the company you keep! This belt RIGHT HERE... made you believe you could be more than Uriel Cortez's speedy little sidekick! This belt RIGHT HERE made you believe you could be your OWN kind of Titan!

Rezin gets himself down on the mat, staring at Minute from across the face of the Favoured Saints belt. The Escape Artist aggressively taps down on the belt.

**Rezin:**

THIS... is what gave you the confidence and validation to go beyond your own limits, Minute! When you became champion, you realized that your only limit was the endless SKY above your head, and you haven't stopped flying since!

Rezin pushes himself back to his feet, shaking his head.

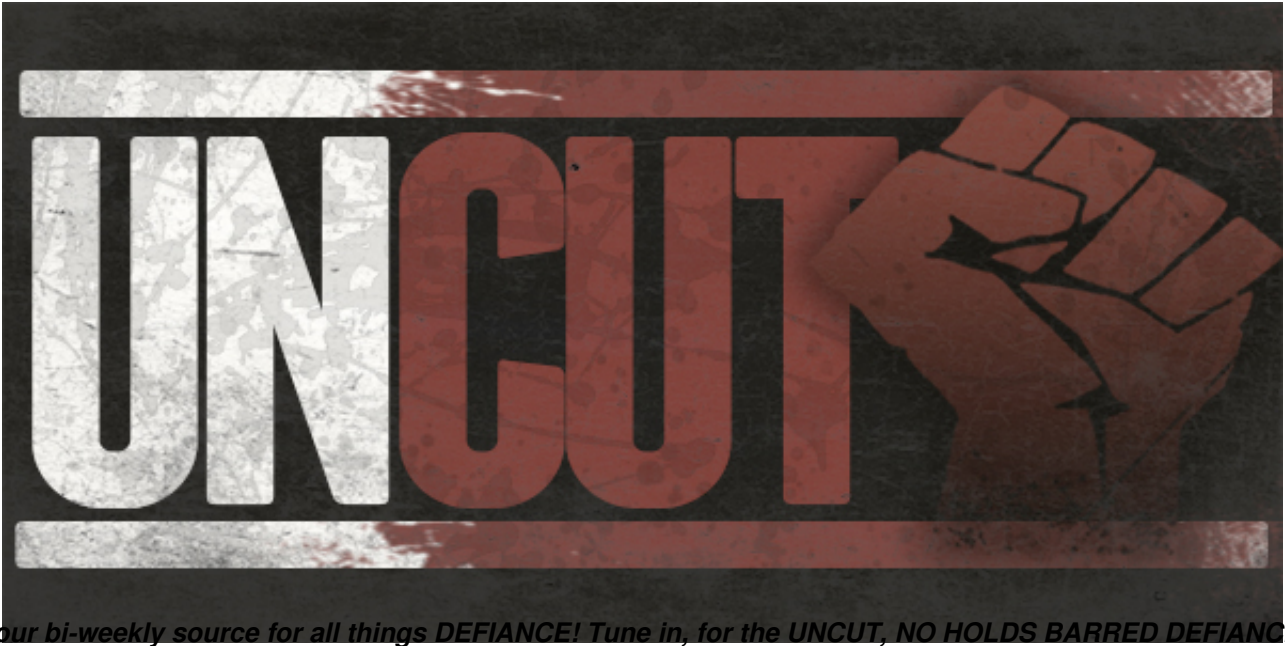
**Rezin:**

Well I hate to break it to ya, Minute, but I am NOT gonna let you be the glass ceiling to ME! And I am NOT gonna let you USE ME as your jumping off point to reach the heavens of the Southern Heritage Title! At Maximum DEFIANCE, MINUTE... I'm dropping a BOMB SO BIG, it will blow you out of the sky!

Continuing to stare down Minute, Rezin drops the mic and nods to Victor to release Titaness. The Faithful boo loudly as the Kabal's VOIDguard enforcers exit the ring. Minute and Titaness recover and regroup, helping each other to their feet and staring daggers at the attackers as they retreat up the ramp.



**COMMERCIAL: UNCUT**



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

## A BETTER LEAGUE

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The arena comes alive as Conor Fuse immediately walks out with Elise Ares, The D and Klein behind him.

### DDK:

We were not expecting this.

### Lance:

I doubt Conor was expecting his partner to get a fireball to the face upon his return, either!

Fuse skips his usual entrance "showing off" by jumping onto the apron and over the ring ropes. Instead, he asks for a microphone from the time keeper's table and slides into the squared circle. PCP follow, also looking rather sober by their standards. Fuse's theme cuts as he points to the back.

### Conor Fuse:

Okay, ADV, Jack, those Seven twins and that sad clown who thinks he has a significant and interesting singles player campaign on the go... *[turning to point to PCP]* you took their friend and you fireballed mine. Get your NPC asses out here so we can settle this for good!

*!RANK !RANK !RANK*

It doesn't take too long for the music to air.

Booing fills the arena when Alvaro de Vargas steps out onto the stage, still in his ring gear from earlier after what happened with The Game Boy. He's flanked behind him by The Lucky Sevens, Max and Mason Luck, as well as Ophelia Sykes and "The Mad Prince" Jestal.

### Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJO... we heard you were planning to come out here and dispara esa boca tuya. Did we not prove our point when I took out your little Game Boy or when we took out that gilipollas Flex Kruger? What you see right now...

Fuse rolls his eyes in disgust.

### Conor Fuse:

Yeah that's great. Real quaint little collection of talent Tom Morrow's got here. Speaking of Tom, how's he doing? Relegated to appearances on sCoTTy fLaSh's DEFIANCE Radio shows? That's all he's good for now, right? LOL. You know I don't listen to that shit. #SHOTSFIRE

ADV goes to open his mouth but Conor, pacing back and forth inside the ring, cuts him off again.

### Conor Fuse:

Shut your mouth, you angry, disgruntled Level 2 Boss. Here's the thing. When you and Jack propositioned me, I **was** listening. I didn't say a damn thing for a month while you two talked me into a Better Future. I mean... it was probably going to be a 'NO' regardless what but I was gonna hear you out. What else did I have to lose?

Jack Mace has the microphone.

### Jack Mace:

Your CAREER, you utter twat, that's what. All of you. You're sideshows. Us here on this ramp? All of us, mate. STARS.

Conor tosses the mic to The D.

### The D:

Stars?! STAR?!? You're not even the AQUAMAN of your group. Talkin' 'bout stars. Your leading lady was our BARNACLE. You only have a job because of Oscar Burns. Stars. You're CAST OFFs. LUCKY to be employed. Too STUPID to realize, I'm, urgh. I'm done with you! Take this -- *[off mic]* 'fore I show them what make a star.

The D hands Conor back the mic and climbs onto the middle rope, leaning over and pointing up the ramp.

**Conor Fuse:**

So, yeah, what are we doing out here? Well, in two weeks we have a pay-per-view, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. So I'm standing here with PCP challenging the group of you to a match. What do ya say? Game On?

Mason Luck and Max Luck stand by Ophelia Sykes and they look down at the ring. Max Luck speaks up first.

**Max Luck:**

You people really are gluttons for punishment aren't you? How many times have we beaten the Pop Culture Phenoms -- a team that many consider to be among the best of DEFIANCE Wrestling history? I lost count after like three or four! And if that wasn't enough, we took Micro D's girl down there and he can't do anything about it because unlike you you walking dick joke... we are real men! We can get it done anywhere even in matches you have chosen! We aren't playing around any more. At Maximum DEFIANCE if you really want to do this you are going to get hurt. We are knocking you off this pedestal the lovely "faithful" put you on and then we are going to take your place once and for all and put that money in our pockets.

Max hands the microphone over to Mason.

**Mason Luck:**

And you can run your little mouth all you like Conor but the facts are the facts. Time after time we have beaten the shit out of the bunch of you all week in and week out! It's getting embarrassing... for you. Little boys and little girls in that ring can talk all they want but at the end of the day, that ring belongs to Tom Morrow and it belongs to The Better Future! By making this challenge Conor all you are doing is getting more people hurt like Flex, Henry Keyes and even your roided up bodyguard... but if you want an official answer I think that we're going to let The Lucky Sevens new and official spokeswoman, Ophelia Sykes, give you our official answer for your little bull-shit challenge.

Ophelia smiles a devilish little smile.

**Ophelia Sykes:**

Thank you Mason and thank you Max... thank you for making me feel more appreciated in just one month than these ingrates ever did for me. Since you guys did a great thing for me saving me from going cold in the shadow of that little Cuban bitch Elise Ares... I can help you out. I would be more than happy to accept your challenge on behalf of Better Future! You're on!

She smiles even more evilly if that was possible and now all five members of BFTA head to the ring.

**DDK:**

I still don't like these odds. It's six-on-four. We saw what happened two weeks ago.

PCP and Conor ready for a fight as ADV jumps onto the apron. Mace and the Luck's walk around to other sides of the ring aprons and Jestal waits behind ADV, rubbing his hands together.

**Conor Fuse:**

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. So you brainwashed Ophelia and fireballed The Game Boy. That's it. That's all you've done to us, right?

Conor's voice drifts off until he winks towards the faction.

**Conor Fuse:**

Naaa. You guys **really** walked off the ledge when you attacked someone who was simply trying to help me out. He

wasn't offering me to join him, he had no secret agenda whatsoever. But that didn't stop you from beating him up and putting him in the hospital, did it?

Conor starts shaking with confusion as he runs the Better Future antics through his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

Did you not think I would end up finding out what happened? Christ, and I thought I was stupid. I'll play along... Jack, you tagged with me versus Hallmark Journey. Cool; we're cool. Let's say I joined Better Future after that match but all of a sudden I'm supposed to be okay with you taking Henry out?

ADV enters the ring. The rest of the group wait on the apron for their cue.

**Conor Fuse:**

PAUSE!

Vargas raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

If we're gonna do this, we're gonna do this right. Unlock the pirate.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

**DDK:**

He's here! He's okay!

Cabin pressure is lost as Henry Keyes sprints down the rampway and decapitates Jestal with a shoulder block that sends him FLYING into the apron! PCP and Conor disperse across the other BFTA members and a full out brawl breaks out!

**DDK:**

Fuse with a superkick to ADV, knocking him out of the ring! The D and Elise Ares missile dropkick The Lucky Seven's through the ropes and to the floor! And Klein with the Think Outside to Jack Mace!

With the Better Future Talent Agency on the retreat, Conor picks up the mic on the canvas and stands beside his upcoming tag team partners.

**Conor Fuse:**

Oh yeah, one final thing. At Maximum DEFIANCE it won't just be any match, oh no. It'll be The Lucky Sevens, Jestal, Jack Mace and ADV, also known as the Better Future Talent Agency versus Conor Fuse, The D, Elise Ares, Klein and Henry Keyes... who will be known for ONE NIGHT ONLY as the newest incarnation of the FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE.

There's a big nostalgia pop.

**DDK:**

FML is back! Albeit, new teammates!

**Conor Fuse:**

It's the Ultimate Alliance version. See ya in two weeks!

ADV fumes on the top of the rampway as the rest of Better Future gather themselves to the back. DEFtv goes to commercial with PCP, Conor and Henry celebrating inside the ring.

**COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE**

*CARD AS IT STANDS*

**UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS**

The Comments Section © vs. SNS

**SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP**

Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

**FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP**

Minute © vs. Rezin

FML (Conor Fuse, Elise Ares, The D, Klein & Henry Keyes) vs. BFTA (ADV, Jack Mace, The Lucky Sevens & Jestal)

**Three Stages of Hell**

Scott Stevens vs. Arthur Pleasant

**Triple Threat**

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse vs. Teresa Ames vs. Codename: Guardian

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez vs. "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio

Nate Eye vs. Dr. Ned Reform

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## SOUTHERN HERITAGE: DEX JOY Â© vs. ???

### DDK:

We have got a heck of a match coming up and it is going to be huge! Dex Joy and Matt LaCroix have been plotting their courses to Maximum DEFIANCE since Matt LaCroix cashed in the title shot he got for making four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints belt. Their games of one-upmanship escalated in a huge way ... both men were allowed to pick opponents for the other before meeting for the Southern Heritage belt!

### Lance:

Dex Joy picked Bronson Box! A legend in DEFIANCE Wrestling history in his own right. Tonight Matt LaCroix will do the same for Dex. We will see who Matt has picked out and if it can possibly rival Bronson!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!*

Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

*♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪*

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the SO-HER himself!

Dex pumps his open hand into the air and a shower of pyro falls from the stage with the prestigious DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship held up with his other hand. He walks to the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a special challenge set for one fall! Coming down the aisle from Los Angeles, California weighing three-hundred and fifty-five pounds ... he is the Southern Heritage Champion ... "The Biggest Boy" DDDDDDEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOOOOOOYYYYY!!!

The ovation for the big man is massive when he gets into the ring. He does that and when his music cuts out, another one takes its place.

*It begins with them, but it ends... with me  
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪*

The man bursts through the smoke wearing a black denim vest and a gray hood over his head, which is quickly pulled back to reveal the face of Matt LaCroix. The Faithful begin to chant "HEY!" and pump their fists in the air along with the music as the Orleans Outsider looks around him and nods. LaCroix is out to introduce the opponent but before he does Dex Joy wants a microphone.

### Dex Joy:

Pally ... before you introduce your opponent, I want to say something.

Matt LaCroix lets him do it and waves for The Biggest Boy to go on.

### Dex Joy:

You and Bronson Box tore this house down! That match ... I truly don't know if I can top it but I know that I have to try. Before I put this title on the line against you at Maximum DEFIANCE I still need to know that I am worthy to hold it. So I got the blessing of DEFIANCE Wrestling and Favoured Saints to make this match ... for the title!

### DDK:

So close to Maximum DEFIANCE?! Is he insane to put the Southern Heritage title on the line?



**Lance:**

You can never let it be said that Dex Joy isn't a fighting champion! He has defended it every show we have. DEF TV! Uncut! Pay-per-views! All of them! And he has done it proudly!

Matt LaCroix's eyebrow is raised but Dex tells him.

**Dex Joy:**

Don't you fret, pally! The name on the dotted line for the challenger still reads "Matt LaCroix" and your title match is safe. If I lose this so close to Maximum DEFIANCE then I don't deserve to hold it and that person will fight you instead. So whoever you got, they just got some extra incentive to bring the fight to me! So bring it, pally! Bring me whoever you got!!!

Matt is happy to oblige The Biggest Boy. He steps aside ...

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the already standing DEFIANCE Faithful let out a mighty roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage. She gives Matt LaCroix a nod then marches down the ramp, a confident smirk on her face. Dex is most certainly caught by surprise but he tries to shake it off defending the title against someone who once held the FIST of DEFIANCE.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Making her way down the aisle, his opponent and the challenger... from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds ... she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" .... LINDSAY TROY!

**DDK:**

He is defending the title against a former FIST of DEFIANCE holder! He's gone mad I'm sure of it!

Dex offers a handshake to the Queen of the Ring. She takes it and then doesn't let go almost to tell Dex that the title will leave with her. He mouths "we'll see" and then the match gets under way.

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

This is a big first time match! Dex a rising star! Lindsay a former world champion!

**Lance:**

And they are circling it out. Both are trying to be careful and not make a mistake with their first moves.

Troy has an inch height-wise over Dex but the Biggest Boy has the mass so Troy goes for kicking his legs. She strikes his left leg with kicks and then throws some chops but Dex shakes them off and just grabs the former champion and hits a scoop slam. Dex tries a running jumping elbow drop but Troy is quicker to the punch and she moves before he can hit it. She gets back up and then sees a chance to hit a drop kick so she does.

Dex is like a weevil. He wobbles but he doesn't fall down. Troy sees it so she hits a high kick to the face and the Biggest Boy is fazed from that but he still won't fall. The Renaissance Woman throws kick after kick into the chest of the Biggest Boy but he absorbs it and even dares Troy to hit him harder. She is a polite woman so she does just that and she hits more martial arts kicks to the chest. Dex will no doubt be feeling the kicks but doesn't let her know it. Troy charges again but the Southern Heritage champion is able to catch her and press her over his head.

**DDK:**

Troy came off with those strikes of hers but Dexy Baby's just eating punishment so he can fire off some of his own.

But Troy does not give him a chance to hit a big move and she lands back out. She goes for a roundhouse kick and Dex ducks the first one but not the second and he gets rocked with it. Troy kicks the legs again and she lands a few that topple Dex followed by a last kick again that sends him back to the corner.

**Lance:**

Lindsay Troy is showing why she is a former champion in DEFIANCE Wrestling. She knows where and when to hit you.

She wants the Queen's Gambit double knee strike but Dex does not so he catches her when she tries to hit and then throws her down to the mat with a big release rock bottom slam! The Biggest Boy beats his chest and looks all fired up from the sounds of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Matt LaCroix is enjoying the match and studying up on Dex's moves.

**DDK:**

Dex counters with that massive uranage slam! He turns the tide in one move!

**Lance:**

Big Dex Energy is getting fired up!

Lindsay Troy is seeing stars and even more so when Dex throws her up into the lights with a big free fall drop next. She hits the canvas with a big splat and Dex nails the running jumping elbow drop that he wanted to hit earlier then tries to pin her.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

Dex tries to pin her again but she escapes his orbit and she moves to the floor to try and get back into the game. Dex tries to not give her breathing room but when he is on the outside she goes back in. Dex tries to climb back in and then she hits a baseball slide kick to keep Dex from coming back in. The Biggest Boy is rocked and that gives Troy a chance to show what she can do in the sky with a running corkscrew over the top senton!

**DDK:**

Not only can the Biggest Boy fly but Troy can too! She refers to her style as an all-round style and she can hit you anywhere and everywhere!

**Lance:**

Yes she can! And yes she just did!

Dex has been toppled on the floor but Troy now finds herself with the hard task of having to get Dex Joy back inside the ring to try and win the Southern Heritage championship for her first time. Dex gets up and then she tries to get him back in ...

**DDK:**

No way ... Dex is back up! DEX-5 ON THE RING APRON!

Before Lindsay Troy expects it Dex nails a fireman's carry facebuster to the Chairwoman and hits it on the ring apron!

**Lance:**

Dex has been working on new moves and that's a big counter move!

Troy is hurt from the slam on the apron and Dex knows it. He gets her back into the ring and into a corner. He uses his



shoulder to strike her in the midsection a few times and then holds her on his shoulders. He hits a big move in the form of a fireman's carry flapjack! Troy gets the wind knocked out of her thanks to another big power move and Dex goes for the cover.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

Troy kicks out again but I am surprised this is what we are seeing! The Biggest Boy is dominating a former champion right now!

**Lance:**

He is ... but will that last?

Dex throws Troy into the ropes again and tries to catch her this time using the Dex Bomb but Troy gets tossed up and over and lands on her feet behind him. He turns but a super kick at his knee and then his face rocks him! He doesn't fall down all the way but Troy nails a step-up enziguri! Dex is rocked but he is *still* not falling down so Troy nails a spinning roundhouse heel kick! He is finally on his back!

**DDK:**

You called it! Troy with those kicks takes it over again! And she is going for the leg! That worked against Titaness two weeks ago!

Matt LaCroix is taking notes himself because he is watching Troy pick apart the leg of Dex and that may be something he can use if Dex somehow wins tonight. Troy kicks the leg and then she locks in the rolling knee bar!

**Lance:**

You called it Darren! The same rolling knee bar that she beat Titaness with may also get her the Southern Heritage title if Dex cannot fight out of it!

She has the hold on tight and that leaves the Biggest Boy in a flurry. He gives it a go by trying to push himself to the ropes. He tries to claw.

**DDK:**

He is almost there! Can he make it?

**Lance:**

Almost ...

And with the aid of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheering him on he makes it! But Troy switches things up! Dex has put himself near the corner and Troy grabs his leg to drag it now through the ropes.

**DDK:**

No! Dex pulled himself right into that corner. Joy thought he would save himself but she's got a figure four around the post!

**Lance:**

This won't be a legal submission and the ref is counting her out but it will do some more damage to the leg!

Troy holds on as long as she possibly can and then lets go but Dex may now be in a bad place to try and fight off any further attempts. He is holding his knee in pain when Troy comes back. Dex tries to pull himself up but Troy gets into the ring and targets him with a backflip into a reverse DDT from off the middle buckle!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

Crazy! Both of these talents are throwing everything they can at one another and they are just fighting back because the Southern Heritage title means that much!

**Lance:**

Yes it does! Troy wants it, LaCroix wants it, Dex wants to keep it!

LaCroix is still watching the action. Troy takes it to the leg again and she tries to go back for another submission but Dex uses his other leg and kicks her off. The former FIST stands back up and she tries to get the leg again but the Biggest Boy pushes her away a second time. Instead, she comes back with another strike to the leg. Troy goes to the ropes and she tries a springboard off the middle rope, but Dex comes back off the other ropes and knocks her out of the air with a GIF-worthy Dexy's Midnight Runner!

**DDK:**

THAT WAS INSANE!!! DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! TROY JUST GOT KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING!

**Lance:**

LISTEN TO THE OVATION!

Loud chants for "DEFIANCE!!!" start up! The replay shows Troy hitting the ropes but Dex coming off the side ropes to her and then knocking her out of the corner and then sending her flying with his powerful shoulder tackle move! Dex hobbles like a madman to get Troy back into the ring and then reaches through the ropes to get her back inside. He goes for the cover and then hits another Dex-Five but this time in the ring.

**DDK:**

The Dexy's Midnight Runner followed by the Dex-Five! I don't even think Troy is gonna kick out of those!

**Lance:**

Here we go!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

But the count stops when Troy is saved by being close enough to the ropes to get a foot on them. Dex Joy sees it and cannot believe his luck!

**DDK:**

I don't think she was kicking out of those big moves back to back but the ropes saved her!

Dex Joy goes back for the kill and then tries picking up Troy for a release german suplex. He throws her up but when he lands ... Troy lands on her feet instead of going down for the suplex. Dex starts to sit up and then gets hit with the Queen's Gambit to the back!

**Lance:**

No way! No way! Lindsay Troy hits the Queen's Gambit!

And Troy pushes Dex over and then goes to try and pin Dex by hooking the leg.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

The Queen of the Ring's attempt to win the title is unsuccessful this time around with a kickout by the reigning champion. Joy looks spent after the kick out but Troy can't believe her own luck this time around.

**DDK:**

Bomb after bomb coming but neither competitor will relent!

LaCroix is still intently watching with Lindsay Troy about to try and hit another big move. She hits a kick at his leg and then tries a Final Judgment but before she can fully hook the move Dex goes to back body drop her over. Once again Troy lands on her feet from being flipped but when she turns around she gets picked up by Dex in his arms!

**DDK:**

Is the Dex Drive coming?

He tries getting her out of that move but when he goes for the swing to set up the slam Troy slips out again and then uses a drop kick behind the same knee to work over Dex! He goes down and before Troy is about ready to pounce again ...

**SCROW PULLS TROY OUT OF THE RING AND SLAMS HER INTO THE POST!!!**

Dex turns around and in complete shock, Scrow comes out of nowhere and strikes Troy with a shot and the referee who calls for the bell!

**Scrow:**

Scrow told you on DEFRadio he will get his answer, now give it to him!

Matt LaCroix doesn't believe it either as Scrow likely appeared from the crowd to do this!

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

Scrow is attacking Lindsay Troy!

**Lance:**

What is this, sour grapes? He can't beat Dex so he won't give Lindsay Troy a chance to do it? Or is he making true on his demand on DEFRadio?

The bell rings and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are all over Scrow as he pounces furiously on the Queen of the Ring!

**Scrow:**

Give him his answer now!

LT tries to get her bearings...

**DDK:**

Fans we are running out of time here, Matt and Dex are making a beeline for Scrow.

**Scrow:**

Give him his answer.....NOW!

The feed cuts as Troy is about to say something...

As the words

***THIS.***

*IS.*

*DEFIANCE.*

Show up on the television screens all you hear is the screeching sound of Scrow for a brief second before a commercial for EWTees starts.