

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!

**SIOBHAN DRINKS O'DOUL'S
SERIOUS CRISIS ON INFINITE DEFS!!
THE BADDEST BOY JEX DOY!
KERRY KUROYAMA'S GONNA GET BEAT BY A MAMA!!
IT'S THE EYE OF THE HELEN
IT'S THE THRILL OF ALVARO
RISING UP TO THE CHALLENGE OF THESE PENDEJOS
KEYES DONT ACCEPT ANY INVITES FROM ADV TO EAT A NICE PEPPER STEAK DINNER
CRISIS ON INFINITE DEFS
JESSICA DICKOLOUS
OPHELIA CASSIDY
GAMEBOY GARLAND
REZIN'S TOMFOOLERY HAS GONE TOO FAR
I HOPE SCROW TURNS ARTHUR INTO A GIANT TALKING VENUS FLYTRAP
CONOR NEEDS A HUG
KERRY IS THE ONLY ONE WITH A BRAIN
I LOVE MY PAPER SIGN SO MUCH, THEY CALL ME MALAK GARLAND!
SWARM ME INTO THE SHADOWS
CALL ME, KERRY, I CAN FIX WHATEVER AILS YOU
A-D-V is B-A-E**

To the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone. We have a great night lined up!

Lance:

We should get to it quickly so there's less to read on the DEF.com transcript!

DDK:

Sounds good, partner!

Lance:

To ringside!

HENRY KEYES vs. JACK MACE

Ring announcer Darren Quimbey stands by with referee Brian Slater in the middle of the ring as the first sound of DEFtv bursts through-

WHIRRRRRRR~~~~~~

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from San Francisco, California...THE AIRSHIIIIIP PIRATE! HENRyyyyyyyyYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Keyes's mustachioed face is resolute as he marches to the ring, saluting to the odd fan here and there but otherwise wasting little time. The boisterousness of some of his recent entrances is nowhere to be seen.

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey

And his opponent...from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... He is a DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER...Jack...MACE!

Mace is SUBSTANTIAL standing at the top of the ramp with his huge hooded black cloak draped over his face and his silver trunks. He sheds the cloak and flashes a menacing cackle at the general direction of Keyes before making his way to the ring.

DDK:

No love lost between these two competitors, Lance, and I have a feeling we're in for a good old fashioned slobberknocker!

Lance:

Fans will remember that in the lead-up to Maximum DEFIANCE, it was Mace and his Better Future Talent Agency leader, Alvaro de Vargas, who mercilessly attacked Keyes before his scheduled DEFtv tag team match alongside Conor Fuse, leaving him unable to compete! BFTA failed to recruit Conor over the following weeks, and well, we ALL saw what happened when ADV faced Conor one-on-one!

DDK:

It wasn't much of a *match* - it was a MUGGING!

DING DING

The two men are like opposing poles of magnets and CHARGE at each other right away, each throwing haymakers! Keyes starts to get the better of the exchange of clubbing rights when Mace hits Keyes with a thrust kick to the kneecap, sending Keyes back a step. Mace seizes the opening and goes for a lockup, pivoting his hips sharply and launching Keyes into the corner! Mace goes for a clinch in the corner and starts throwing knee strikes! Referee Brian Shields gives Mace the count, which Mace breaks on three before Keyes grabs MACE in a lockup, pivots HIS hips sharply, and tosses MACE into the corner!

Lance:

Keyes throws those HEAVY Propeller Edge Chops to Jack Mace! I think you hit the nail on the head earlier, Keesb - OOH, I think some of Keyes's slobber literally got knocked out with that forearm strike from The Killer Bear!

Mace moves quickly and cinches Keyes, lifts him - BELLY TO BACK FACEBUSTER! Mace rolls Keyes over for a quick one count, and before Keyes can gain his footing, Mace begins digging into his classic wear-and-tear arsenal, locking in a front facelock and Gator Rolling Keyes around the ring. After a few rolls, Mace locks on a TIGHT

headlock. Keyes grits his teeth and begins throwing elbows into Mace's ribs, both men slowly getting vertical, before Mace snaps into action and PLANTS Keyes to the mat with an explosive German Suplex! Keyes's momentum from the move forces him to roll out of the ring and splat on the mat outside!

DDK:

I'm gonna be honest, Lance - I was NOT expecting Jack freaking Mace to be the one with the early advantage against Henry Keyes tonight. Keyes was the Favoured Saints Champion, for Pete's sake!

Lance:

You're not wrong, Keebs - oh, would you LOOK at Mace in the ring now??

Mace has his hands held out in front of him like they're tiger claws, and he begins "rawring" (for lack of a better term) at the Airship Pirate, to BIG OL' BOOS.

DDK:

Don't forget the other part of the story here - Rezin stole Keyes's tiger, Helen, in order to get a rematch for the Favoured Saints title, and now she's in the hands of Better Future Talent Agency!

Lance:

Say what you will about tigers, and wrestling, and our illustrious sport's historical origins in carnival settings...if my beloved pet was in the hands of someone that I don't just mistrust, but who are actively antagonizing my life?? I imagine I'd be off my game too! Let's see if Keyes can dig deep and -

Almost on cue, Keyes springs to life and dives beneath the bottom ropes back into the ring. Mace goes in to engage, but Keyes quickly shoves him off and throws a series of elbow strikes straight into Mace's mush! Keyes switches, locks his wrists, and plants Mace with a German Suplex of his own! Before Mace can make his own escape to the outside, Keyes pounces and launches mounted strikes to Mace's face and torso before Brian Shields is forced to pull Keyes off of his prone opponent. Shields succeeds in gaining that separation...for about two seconds, before Keyes launches forward once again, burying Mace's face with a Front Chancery and digging and digging before finally dropping Mace with a thud of a DDT. Keyes goes for the cover, but only gets a 2 count.

Lance:

Keyes is finding his footing here!

Keyes picks up Mace and seems to be working towards some kind of submission maneuver, but Mace isn't done fighting and frantically counters with a go-behind. Keyes with a go-behind of his own, Mace reverses AGAIN, drops Keyes with a Russian Leg Sweep! Mace cinches the arm -

DDK:

HE'S GOING FOR THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS!!!

Keyes's eyes go WIDE for a moment before he's able to wriggle and reposition his body close enough to the ropes to force a break. Mace, looking to seize on his advantage, runs to the opposite ropes and bounces off. He leaps into the air, thrusting his shoulder in the general direction of Keyes's face - KEYES COUNTERS WITH A EUROPEAN UPPERCUT THAT ROCKS MACE!! Keyes grabs his own head scalp and jaw and seemingly cracks his neck before bringing Mace into the standing headscissors - with much strain, he brings him up in a Gotch lift! - GOTCH-STYLE PILE DRIVER! Keyes goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner-

Before DQ can finish his thought, a six foot eight Cuban wearing orange and black tiger-striped Zubaz has entered the ring and chop-blocked Keyes, immediately taking him down. Boos rain down as the beatdown commences.

DDK:

Aw, HELL!

Lance:

Maybe it was inevitable, but Alvaro de Vargas of the Better Future Talent Agency has decided NOW is the time to launch into a sneak attack on Keyes!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

ADV:

Te dije que vendría, DIRIGIBLE PIRATA PENDEJO! Pinches idiota, you took Conor Fuse from us!

ADV rains down stomps and kicks all up and down Keyes's body, and by now, Mace has recovered and decides to join in the action with stomps of his own. ADV takes a step back and basks in the boos of the crowd, performing a shit-eating hip swizzle in his Optimized Messaging Zubaz.

ADV:

And now, WE have taken something from YOU!!

ADV cackles maniacally as Jack Mace locks in the Jack Of All Holds on Keyes, who is frantically struggling to escape. Brain Slater does his best to try to take control of the situation, but BFTA is not listening.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

Ring bells and rope breaks are proving ineffective, until FINALLY Mace releases the hold and rises to his feet. Keyes is clutching his arm and taking many quick deep breaths as Brian Slater checks on him. And then...

Lance:

Oh, this is just salt on the wound at this point!

ADV and Mace do the most outlandish, cartoonish, this-shit-is-the-stupidest-thing-on-Earth handshake the FAITHFUL have ever seen. We're talking skipping around in a circle, twirling fingers, and thumbs on noses with tongues sticking out, punctuated by the limp-wristed "kiss the ring" style hand presentations you'll see from members of some royal families. At the conclusion, ADV and Mace flip Keyes stereo double-birds.

DDK:

Enough of this, Keyes won the damn match clean as a sheet but BFTA are acting like they're kids in a candy store...let's leave the ring now and take a look at what's next!

ADV and Mace bail from the ring and wave goodbye to Keyes as the scene heads elsewhere.

KAREN AND CHAD

All around loveable scamp, Malak Garland, sits like a good boy at Teresa's ASMR arts and crafts table in their locker room as a camera crew catches up with his latest antics. Malak swivels on a stool in wonderment with a feathered quill pen in hand and a blank sheet of paper in front of him.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmm. Should I write the truth? Should I write my feelings? Which voice should I find to channel? This letter to her has to be perfect.

The end of the feather gently tickles Malak's baby smooth chin.

Malak Garland:

Actually, screw her. I want to get under her skin. Dumb hen.

The camera operator gets a good shot of what The Source of Envy is writing down.

Malak Garland:

Dearest Elder, I am NOT willing to acknowledge how lethal you looked in your accidental victory over Ned Reform last show. Something inside my gut tells me that I shouldn't ever respect you and my gut is NEVER wrong about anything, even if I have no experience with what I'm talking about. In fact, I am writing you this handcrafted letter to tell you something directly.

The announcers' voices overlay the broadcast.

DDK:

If Malak wanted to tell Lindsay Troy something directly, then he should find her face-to-face, not write her a letter. This isn't the 1890s for crying out loud.

Lance:

I think you know as well as I do that Malak's going to do whatever he wants, whether it's in his best interests or not.

Malak Garland:

I no longer respect you. I never have and with this declaration, I have decided not to call you by your given name. Nay. To me, from now on, you will simply be known as "Karen" because that's what you are. You're an old, washed up hag who still clings to your glory days which was decades ago. You also complain a lot which is so off-putting in today's world. Yuck. Grow up.

DDK:

LT complains a lot!? Isn't that the pot calling the kettle black?

Lance:

If Lindsay Troy complains a lot, then I'm Skip Bayless.

Malak continues his superb penpersonship.

Malak Garland:

I swear to only call you Karen moving forward. I understand you're wrestling again tonight. Neat. Tickle me intrigued. Watching your match on the monitor last time wasn't good enough for me and wasn't a true indication of who you are as a wrestler, so this time, I will be unpacking the action on commentary for a closer look. Forever yours, MagnumG.

Garland smiles, self soothing himself as he finishes the letter. He quickly folds it up, places it in an envelope, deposits the pen back in its ink bottle and goes to exit the locker room but just as he opens the door, the one and only Lindsay Troy fills the doorway with her legendary presence.

Malak Garland:

Oh snapple! KAREN! It's you! Here, take this!

At first, Malak is taken aback at the sight of Troy, who is ready for her match against Kerry Kuroyama, but he quickly pivots by giving her the letter. She first looks down at the envelope, then locks eyes with Malak.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not taking that.

Malak's lower lip begins to quiver.

Malak Garland:

WHY NOT!? I just spent the last five minutes HAND CRAFTING a letter for you, when I could have been scrolling through my timeline. How rude. You know what? That's fine. I'll just tell you what I wrote. You'll be known to me as Karen from now on because you're an old washed-up has-been who complains nonstop. How does that feel?

He probably expected the barb to cut the Queen, or for her to scowl or kick up a fuss. Instead, she smiles disconcertingly, and leans in close to the Keyboard Warrior.

Lindsay Troy:

That's very cute. Since you're projecting your neurotic, self-absorbed, pissbaby tendencies onto me, I guess I'll be calling you Chad from now on. Won't that be fun?

Flustered, Malak runs his hands through his silver hair.

Malak Garland:

Go ahead, see if I care, KAREN. I'll be watching you later. Oh, and if you go to catering, I'll save you a complaint. The battered fish is stale.

Malak pushes past Lindsay, envelope still in hand, and exits screen left before the broadcast moves on elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE***FIST of DEFIANCE*****Gage Blackwood © vs. Oscar Burns****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****SNS © vs. Lucky Sevens****UNIFIED Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Los Tres Titanes**

GREGORIAN FAILURE

DDK:

It's been awhile since we have been able to catch up with Deacon's crew and so tonight, we have a Magdalena via satellite.

The scene cuts from Keebler and Warner to a split screen - one side DK, the other Magdalena. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail and an "I Believe" shirt is worn over torn jeans. Her eyes dart a bit more than normal, as if she's unsure what to say. DDK seems similarly not certain but finally breaks the silence.

DDK:

Magdalena, it's so good to see you. How is the Deacon holding up?

Magdalena pauses for a moment then with a nod, speaks.

Magdalena:

He's keeping busy. He's...

Her voice fades away.

DDK:

I'm sure that's... *[pauses again, his head dropping to his desk, as he scans a paper]* Any talk of getting back into the ring anytime soon?

Magdalena:

Yeah, ya know. When the timing is--

The feed is immediately cut and replaced by Tyler Fuse with Princess Desire behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

There are so many failures in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Uhh...

Tyler Fuse:

They come, they go. The story of the wrestling industry.

DDK:

Sorry, folks. We'll try to get Magdalena back on here asa-

But Tyler continues.

Tyler Fuse:

Where is Black Panda? Where is Chris Richards? Where, oh where, is the person Cyrus Bates' Search Party is looking for?

Fuse gives a clever grin.

Tyler Fuse:

And the one they call Legend, the giant from Egypt. The man has failed DEFIANCE. He did not defeat 24K, nor did he defeat The Kabal.

DDK:

We're sorry, everyone.

Tyler Fuse:

And where are these Gregorian chants now? I'll tell you where, they are whimpers! They are muffled by an ignorant crowd. BELIEVE me when I tell you, Deacon, not only have you and that TiKToK teenager FAILED DEFIANCE...

Tyler flips over his Reaper Red mask. His voice is instantly modulated.

Tyler Fuse:

You two are a joke to the entire industry!

Fuse pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

But I'll do you one better. Soon enough, you won't be here to witness this company's fall.

The scene cuts.

DDK:

Well, okay then.

Lance:

These are false statements by a false "hero". How's that for irony?

DDK:

We'll try getting Magdalena back but I've been told we've lost contact. If we DO get her back, we'll let you know. For now, DEFtv moves on. Thanks, Tyler.

ONLY ONE ANSWER

♪ *Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone}* ♪

DDK:

And I guess we'll be joined by the man that thinks Klein is responsible for Dandelion losing her child.

Lance:

Jestal has been on a rampage, a personal vendetta against Klein since his relation with Dani began to bud. This is what happened earlier in the day.

While Jestal and Morrow head to the ring, to a chorus of jeers. Dandelion appears on the Deftron. She stands in front of the locker room with Better Future on the door. She takes a few deep breaths and knocks on the door. Jack Mace opens the door, to the surprise of Dandelion.

Jack Mace:

Oi... hey there, love... Jes, it's your sis.

Jestal:

She is ...well let her in.

Jack turns to the side, inviting her in. She just stands at the door emotionless and stares into the room.

Jack Mace:

Well come on in.

She looks up at Jack and then takes a deep breath once more and enters the room. The door shuts behind her.

Moments pass and she finally exits the room, and Jestal is in a huff standing in the doorway.

Jestal:

I will not let this go! Dani, he has been trying to separate us since he gave you that flower over a year ago. Look, join our team, let's put an end to this PCP issue.

Dandelion looks at Morrow in the back of Jestal and then back at her brother she shakes her head. Then tries to plead with Jestal, who quickly interrupts her.

Jestal:

No, I will not get along with Klein! I will make him pay for what he has done to you!

Dandelion lowers her head and walks away.

Jestal:

Come on, where are you going? Dani.....DANI!

DDK:

Later in the day Dandelion, I would guess trying her best to get both her brother and her boyfriend on good terms paid a visit to PCP's locker room.

We return back to the DEFtron and Dandelion knocking on PCP's locker room. After a moment, it's the D who answers.

The D:

Oh. It's you. How... How you farin'?

As ever, Dandy responds with only gestures. Usually animated, now, she's half-heartedly so.

The D opens the door up a bit further, and buried deep in the locker room is Klein, sitting on a bench. Flex looks to be talking to him about something, with great exuberance.

Flex Kruger:

- So that's why you control the center, so you can cut off a flank -

Klein quickly stands to his feet, too quickly, as Jestal's attack reverberates throughout his body. He groans, clutching his side. But even still, he won't be stopped. He pulls off his cardboard box, revealing a gruff almost boyish charm for a near forty-year-old. He shakes his blonde hair out of his face and rushes toward Dandy's side, shoving Flex out of the way.

But she puts both hands out, keeping him at arm's length. Klein's extended arms lower as his gentle big man bear hug goes to waste. His shoulders slump. He shakes his head and decides to put the box back onto his head, taking a step back himself.

The D:

We'll, leave you two. Flex. C'mon.

Flex nods and he exits the locker room with the D. Leaving only the two mutes alone.

Until Klein speaks up.

Klein:

I'm sorry.

Dandy sniffles, trying to hold back the tears from starting.

Klein:

I told the D to stand down. But you know your brother won't. He's hurting. I'm numb. Let him take his pain out on me. I won't even really feel it, and maybe we can all move past this...

Klein reaches out and tries to touch Dandy's arm. She reacts like a jolt of electricity, twitching to bring her arm closer to her body. Klein relents.

Klein:

I'm sorry about a lot of things... but I'm not sorry about the flower.

The two stand there, heads hung low, before Dandy reaches out and gently grabs Klein's hand. She looks at Klein, and mouths the words "I'm sorry too" before dropping Klein's hand and leaving the room.

DDK:

Heartwarming. It's tragic. Our hearts and prayers do go out to Klein and Dani in this tough tumultuous time.

Lance:

It doesn't help that Dani's brother is out here demanding Klein's head on a plate. Dani may have to make a choice eventually Darren. Is it the family you've known, or the family who now knows you?

DDK:

The Mad Prince, well, he's going a bit Mad in the ring, wouldn't you say Lance?

Indeed, as the video clip ends, Jestal kicks the bottom rope and stands on the turnbuckle, pointing to the backstage area.

Jestal:

Klein get your ass out here, you have tortured my sister enough!

Jestal slams the microphone on the ring mat and motions for Klein to come to the ring.

♪*Man in the Box* by Alice in Chains ♪

The Faithful pop as the tapped ribbed Klein stumbles out of the back. He throws one arm into the air but seems to brace and wince a bit in pain as he does. Klein takes two steps out and suddenly, a hand reaches out and grabs his broad shoulders.

It's Dani. The music stops. The Faithful quiet. Dani just shakes her head "No" at Klein. Her eyes seem to well up with tears. Klein just nods.

And then storms to the ring with a brisk walk, leaving Dani in the dust. She hop skip and a jumps to catch up, caught off guard. Klein reaches ringside before she can, as Klein climbs up the steel steps by the time keeper's station. He looks back, motions to Quimbey, who tosses the Box man a mic!

Jestal, meanwhile, paces back and forth in the ring. Klein climbs onto the apron edge but doesn't get into the ring, as Jestal looks ready to pounce.

Klein:

This isn't what Dani wants Jestal.

Klein finally climbs into the ring. Dani just gets to the ring steps and quickly climbs up.

Klein:

But if you want it--

Dani catches up on the ring apron, grabbing Klein by his shoulders and spinning him around. She just shakes her head no one last time. Klein hesitates, unsure how to convey his reluctance, but acceptance of the situation.

Jestal clocks Klein in the back with a microphone to a heavy thud heard over the loudspeakers. The Faithful jeer in response as Dani barely avoids a tumble off the apron herself. Jestal unloads on the prone Klein as Morrow encourages his client on. Dandelion gets in the ring, grabs Jestal and tosses him off Klein.

DDK:

Dandelion is now standing between Jestal and Klein!

Lance:

Jestal is in shock. His own sister stopped him.

Jestal is shouting at Dani who has taken a knee beside Klein and holding her hand out toward Jestal.

DDK:

Klein is in no condition to defend himself.

Jestal: *[off mic but clearly can be heard]*

You are going to have to make a choice between him or your own brother!

Jestal exits the ring, Morrow doesn't seem pleased with his decision but follows the jester up the ramp as Dani checks on Klein.

DDK:

I don't think this was what Dandelion had in mind when she arrived here tonight.

Lance:

Jestal is now giving her an ultimatum to Dani, Klein or him. She definitely is in a tough spot right now.

The camera moves to the interview stage.

LINDSAY TROY vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

We've got singles action on the way between a former FIST and a rising star, both of whom have been looking to make some moves in DEFIANCE as of late... Lindsay Troy against Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Kerry recently had some pointed remarks toward a few of the former FISTs and some of the shortcomings they've had of late, particularly toward Troy and Scott Stevens. As a result, the Queen of the Ring laid out this challenge to see if Kuroyama can be just as bold in the ring as he is on the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 244 pounds... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG, KERRY KUROYAMA!!

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

With almost little to no delay, KERRY KUROYAMA tears through the entrance and makes his way down the ramp at a brisk powerwalk, ignoring the fans. Removing his robe as he enters his ring, Kerry goes to his corner and squats, telling the official to be ready to begin at a moment's notice.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds... she is the Queen of the Ring, and your High Queen DEFIANT ... LINDSAY TROY!

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" - Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous, opening chords to "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks blasts through the DEFplex's speakers as Lindsay Troy strides out from the back amidst cheers and pyro. She storms down the ramp with purpose and intent, keeping her eyes focused on Kerry in the ring. She slips between the ropes, and motions for Kerry to meet her in the center and get things going.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DDK:

What's this?

Lance:

Don't you remember? Sadly, I do. Malak Garland is coming out here to join us on commentary for this match so he can get a closer look at Lindsay Troy.

Malak walks over to his spot at the commentary table with a caring grin on his face.

Malak Garland:

Hello, nimrods! Ready to unpack lots on commentary? Joy.

DING DING

At the bell, both competitors crash into a lock-up and fiercely struggle with one another for leverage. Kuroyama eventually tries to force his way into an armlock, but Troy instead ducks under, slips behind, and takes him down by the ankle.

DDK:

Fast-paced action right out of the gate, with Troy getting the first official takedown and going for the headlock--no, Kerry slips under and keeps behind LT into a waistlock!

Malak Garland:

The ref might want to check to see if her hip slipped out of place.

Lance: *[ignoring him]*

Troy is all business tonight, but Kuroyama looks to have come ready for a fight himself.

Kerry uses his advantage in strength to lift Troy and drop her to the mat, going right into a side headlock of his own. Kerry cinches in the hold and puts his weight into LT to make her work for it. She gets her feet under her, but Kuroyama quickly whips her to the mat with a headlock takedown.

DDK:

Troy trying to free herself, but Kerry rolls her back to the mat, and puts her on her shoulders!

ONE

TWO

And Troy gets the shoulder up!

Malak Garland:

I thought the headlock takedown finish was going to do it because Karen is so old.

Lance: *[still ignoring Malak]*

Kuroyama has a definite advantage in strength here, so it's within his best interest to slow down the pace of this match and force the Queen of the Ring to expend as much strength as she can early on.

Another attempt to get to her feet prompts Kerry to flip her to the mat again. She stays on her side as Kuroyama holds her in place, squeezing down and chipping away. The Faithful, getting restless, begin to cheer on LT, rallying her to work her way back to her feet.

Malak Garland:

Can these putrid annoyances known as Faithful please shut the hell up?

DDK:

Troy, hearing these fans in her corner tonight, won't stay down for long! Kerry's kneeling, but Troy has her base... she backs into the ropes, sends Kerry into motion... DUCKS the running lariat, and reverses with a SHOULDER THROW that nearly tears Kuroyama's arm off!

Malak Garland:

That wasn't a scary move at all. Not worried in the slightest.

Lance:

It's LT's moment to take control of this, but the undaunted Kuroyama is right back up!

DDK:

Troy moves in, but Kerry catches her with a Japanese Arm Drag! They're firing on all cylinders, and the fans are loving it!

Kerry keeps ahold of the arm, but Troy reverses by locking the wrist and leg-scissoring up to the elbow to bring him down with a Fujiwara armbar. Kerry impressively cartwheels out of the hold and tries to slap on a front facelock, but Troy dips out and instead catches him with a forearm across the jaw that leaves the crowd *OOH-ing*.

DDK:

OUCH!! STIFF forearm strike to the face ends the grappling battle and forces Kerry to reel through the ropes and drop to the outside to regain his bearings!

Malak Garland:

Come on, Kerry. SHE'S TWICE YOUR AGE!

The crowd is buzzing as Kerry shakes and paces around ringside, shaking the feeling back into his face, while Troy stands tall and defiant in the ring, beckoning him to come in and try his luck again. Kuroyama can't help but chuckle as he takes his time, milking the ten count as he calls for a towel to wipe his face and calmly steps back up to the apron.

Lance:

Kerry is learning first-hand that the Queen of the Ring is not above throwing him a few curve balls, but he's still intent on keeping this match going at his pace.

Malak Garland:

Solid timeout by Kerry though. He got caught off guard cuz he had some sweat in his eyes even if it's hard to miss Karen. She could probably use the weight watchers program.

DDK:

What did you just say?

Lance:

Y'know, Malak, you could've just watched tape like a normal person, why are you even out here?

Malak Garland:

And take away time from TikTok, are you kidding???

Kuroyama's face is stern and serious as he scales the steps to the apron and waits for Troy to step back and give him the chance to enter the ring. The Queen obliges, somewhat mockingly. Kerry shakes his head, impatient and annoyed, as he steps through the ropes into the ring once again.

Lance:

Let's see if Kerry can get back into this?

They lock up once more, this time with Kerry pulling off a standing switch. Kuroyama clasps his hands around Troy's waist and promptly executes a smooth German suplex on the Queen!

Malak Garland:

Bingo! Right on her head!

Troy is resilient as she bounces back to her feet, albeit somewhat groggy, she still manages to slug Kerry across the face with a diving forearm! Kuroyama is on the mat as LT advances, and he instinctively goes for a kick to the right knee that collapses the Queen on the mat. Seeing his opening, Kerry moves in and grasps the same leg before Troy can react.

DDK:

Kuroyama, with the kick to that bad right knee of Troy, suddenly locks in a FIGURE-FOUR LEGLOCK!! Troy has nowhere to go in the center of the ring!

Malak Garland:

She has a bad knee? Wow, lots to unpack there.

Lance:

Gutsy of Kerry to go after that knee, but he no doubt realizes it's the safest bet to win this match. Troy's not wearing that knee brace again; she didn't against Ned Reform either. She'll have to tap if she doesn't want to incur further damage!

Kerry locks in the figure-four, causing LT to scream not in pain, but in rage. She reaches up for the hand holding her

foot in place, and he tries to bat it away. Instead, he gifts her his hand, and she fiercely grasps his fingers...

SNAP!

DDK:

My God, she just BROKE HIS FINGERS!

Malak Garland:

No she didn't. I am not willing to acknowledge broken fingers in my narrative.

Now Kerry screams, and Troy breaks free from the hold. He rolls away and sits up, grasping his hand and looking in disbelief at the two crooked fingers that are clearly broken. Doing this leaves his head exposed for an uncompromising spin kick that leaves him groggy on the mat.

Lance:

All of a sudden, things have turned around, as Troy has him right where she wants him!

DDK:

Troy scoops Kerry off the mat... THY KINGDOM COME!! Right into the cover!

Malak Garland:

KICK OUT KERRY! PLEASE!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall... **LINDSAY TROY!!!**

DDK:

A very spirited back and forth between two fantastic wrestlers, but the turning point came the moment Kerry targeted the very knee that Troy has had nagging injuries with as of late.

Lance:

She sent a clear message to everyone in DEFIANCE tonight: if you go for that knee, she WILL make you pay. As for Kuroyama, he learned the hard lesson that not all former FISTs have lost their touch. Not the Queen of the Ring, at least.

Malak Garland:

COME ON! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The sound of a headset dropping is heard on the broadcast as Lindsay Troy gets her hand raised in a hard fought victory. Kerry, meanwhile, rolls from the ring and calls over a member of the DEFMed staff, his face red with anger as he glares at his now crooked fingers.

Malak Garland:

DO NOT PLAY ANY MUSIC!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As The Source of Envy's voice is heard over the arena speakers, both Troy and the Faithful can't help but turn their attention to the rampway where the snowflake resides.

Malak Garland: *[trying to keep his composure]*

Congratulations, Karen. You won yet another match and with me on commentary no less. Wow. You must be tired. Tell you what, why don't you come swing by my COMPLIANCE Warehouse and spend some time in a sensory deprivation pod so you can recover from such savagery? Sounds good? I'll text you the directions.

Malak goes to walk away but stops dead in his tracks.

Malak Garland:

Silly me. You're old and probably don't use a phone. I'll write them out with pen and paper and leave them for you at the go position. Don't be late. You need to rejuvenate.

Malak drops the mic and heads through the curtain. Troy watches him go with a smirk on her face, then drops out of the ring and heads to the back.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT 100

CATCH THE REPLAY [NOW!](#)

THE TOP OF THE GAME

DDK:

Well, I'd call this quite the night so far with a lot more to come. But the one thing we need to talk about right now is our main event for Acts of DEFIANCE. If Gage Blackwood can keep the FIST until then, he will defend against the former two-time holder of that title, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! A match that many fans have wanted out of two of perhaps the best pure technicians in our organization today.

Lance Warner:

And I had the chance to speak this last weekend with both champion and challenger for this huge title fight. Coming up, you'll see the interview I had with Oscar and tomorrow night, we'll hear from Gage Blackwood. After a very tense challenge laid out by Gage, I wanted to get the thoughts of both competitors, so let's get to it. This is my sitdown interview... with "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

The camera then goes to a posh studio set-up where seated in one chair is DEFIANCE's former head journalist and current play by play announcer, Lance Warner, dressed in a dark brown suit. In the other, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns sits wearing a button-up green dress shirt, dark khakis and loafers (cause fuck laces).

Lance:

Oscar Burns, thanks for joining me tonight.

Burns greets Lance with a shake of the hand.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you for having me, GC. I'm ready to go when you are.

Lance looks over at his notepad with questions.

Lance:

Oh, we definitely will. Let's start with the obvious question. FIST of DEFIANCE. Defending champion if he still has the title by then, Gage Blackwood. And you, the challenger. "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. What are your thoughts on this match?

The New Zealander doesn't waste any time with his answer as he leans towards Lance.

Oscar Burns:

A few things, Lance. Gage touched on this a little. Both of us came up at roughly the same time, but we took two very different paths to get to the top. We both came into DEFIANCE and around that time, that bloody shitbag Mikey Unlikely led the UTA invasion that nearly drove DEFIANCE to extinction. Gage Blackwood was getting beat down, roughed up, tossed around, bloodied, battered, and beaten within an inch of his miserable life. I was baptized by fire. I fought against Scott Stevens, then their UTA World Champion Crimson Lord. Nobody gave me a chance in hell of toppling that big bastard, but I knew how good I was... and it didn't take me long to show the rest of the world that, too. Right from the jump within my first year in DEFIANCE, I not only defeated Crimson Lord to win the UTA Title, but I went on and beat Cayle Murray to unify both titles and win the FIST.

Lance:

That you did, Oscar, that you did.

Burns looks pretty proud of himself, recalling the experience.

Oscar Burns:

I did all that, all the while Gage Blackwood was getting scraped off the bloody sidewalk by anybody wanting to fight him. Then he grew even more bitter and bitter cause he wasn't getting respect he thinks he's owed, while I fought from an injury by Scott Stevens, beat Scotty, then went on to rip Kendrick's arm out of the socket to win my second FIST. I EARNED respect, Lance. Every last damn bit of it. He just bitched for it time and time again.

Lance:

Right, yeah... but back to my original question, what are you thinking going into this match?

Oscar Burns:

Trust me, Lance, we're gonna get there. Fast forward to now. By hook or by crook, he has the title that I want. The FIST of DEFIANCE. We took two very different paths to get where we are now. He chose the path of being a self-serving piece of garbage on two feet and while he got some fans in his corner, there's people in the locker room that doubt his motivation and his intentions. Not a soul doubts me back here in this locker room, Lance. Not a one. Everything I do is for DEFIANCE. Every person back there, every student down in BRAZEN and every and when I win my THIRD title, I can right the ship again. THAT is where my mind is on this match.

Lance nods.

Lance:

Powerful words. Now, let's go back to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Mikey Unlikely put the FIST on the line in an eight-man elimination tag where he had to be pinned to lose the belt. Gage put together a team of you, Jay Harvey and Deacon against 24K. The match comes down to you, Gage and Mikey. Looking at that match... what were you thinking then?

The question visibly makes Burns pause for a brief moment... but a moment all the same.

Oscar Burns:

If I can be perfectly blunt, GC... I was pissed. For one day shy of 500 days, I was still churning out great match after great match with Lindsay Troy and anyone else who fought me, or having BFTA try and come after me to make a name for themselves. As that all happened, Mikey was on top, lording the FIST over our heads. But all that time, I never had a proper rematch. Not a single one. So when I finally get a chance, it's in some gaga elimination tag Mikey Unlikely cooked up to screw with Team DEFIANCE... and it's GAGE holding the title at the end. I'm pissed. I'm still pissed that it wasn't me. Me... the guy that has literally SAVED this organization from the brink and pulled it back, isn't the one righting the ship. And that don't sit well with me, Lance. Not at fucking all.

Lance looks a little caught off-guard by the rare f-bomb by Burns, but he understands his sentiments.

Lance:

And with all that said, what are your thoughts going into this match, if it's Gage you do indeed face for the title? Personally and professionally, what do you want to achieve out of this when it's all said and done?

Burns looks up at Lance after taking another moment to gather his thoughts.

Oscar Burns:

Three things, Lance: History. Payback. Redemption. History would be the least of my concerns here, but I would love to put myself in even more rarified air as a three-time FIST. Payback, Gage has coming. The only other time we collided, as he pointed out, was June of last year over the Southern Heritage Title. And he won... even though it took three Gaelic Storms to do it when most people don't survive one. He ran me down for months and I had to listen to it... but now, after dealing with people like BFTA and people like Mikey and 24K, I'm not holding back.

Balling up a fist, the intensity in his voice becomes more apparent.

Oscar Burns:

Most importantly... Redemption. Because for far too long, undeserving twats like Mikey and... the man who has it now lucked into that title. Right place, right time. At ACTS of DEFIANCE, it will be MY right place, right time. I've studied counters to the Gaelic Storm and I'm ready now, Gage.

He turns towards the camera.

Oscar Burns:

Gage Blackwood... you are talented. No one can take that away from you. You have hardened up over the years to be

one of the toughest bastards DEFIANCE has ever seen... but there's a reason that EVERYONE from Nathan Eye, Corvo Alpha, BFTA and anyone else comes after ME and not YOU... they recognize who's truly at the top. And at Acts of DEFIANCE, you will, too.

Taking the mic off his shirt, he tosses it aside and then heads off set as the scene fades else.

WHY GAME, BOY

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

Although Conor Fuse's theme song is upbeat, he walks out subdued. He's not seemingly as sad as he was after the Fuse Bros. ended at the hands of The Comments Section. However, he's nowhere near as frantic as normal, either.

Fuse wanders down the ramp, taking the odd moment to turn his head and acknowledge fans with a nod.

DDK:

Another real tough week for Conor Fuse.

Replays of UNCUT 100 play, where Conor fought Malak Garland for the Paper Championship. Just as Conor hits the top rope, his henchman, The Game Boy, knocks him out with a stiff right fist. Garland drapes his arm over Fuse for the one-two-three.

Lance:

We don't have answers as to why The Game Boy has chosen Malak Garland over the man who brought him into DEFIANCE and the one who stood by The "Mini" Boss' side. Perhaps, one day, we will know...

Fuse rolls under the bottom rope and asks for a microphone as his theme song closes. Immediately, the theme is replaced with *!RANK* chants. Loud *!RANK* chants.

DDK:

Booming support for one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars!

Conor looks appreciative but powers through.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, everyone. Last week, I was blindsided. This hurt more than losing the Fuse Bros. as a tag team because it's an outcome I never saw coming.

Conor turns to the cameraman on the apron. He looks into the lens.

Conor Fuse:

Malak Garland, this is nowhere close to being over. Game Boy, I don't know why you decided to leave me but you will never be more loved than with me. Malak is a snake. He victimizes himself. Cyrus Bates, Teresa Ames, Thirsty Hunter and whoever else The Keyboard King has at his fingertips... they don't matter. He doesn't care about you. / care about you, my Game Boy. Maybe you will need some time over there to understand this.

Conor walks it back to the center of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I will address Malak and company better another time. In a moment, I am up against one of DEFIANCE's newcomers, "Dr." Ned Reform. I will continue to FIGHT and not be kept down just because someone else turned their back on me! Ned, I heard what you said and the video game display you put on during UNCUT 100. I don't know what your issue is here, buddy. You're pretty new and calling anyone out isn't the way to make FRIENDS here.

DDK:

We have Conor Fuse against Ned Reform coming up shortly, folks.

Conor Fuse:

But if you want to be a know-it-all-

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Conor's promo is interrupted by the opening chords of Beethoven as the crowd begins to boo. Ned Reform, dressed to wrestle, appears from the back with TA Cole closely behind him. Reform has a mic and he signals for the music to abruptly cut.

Ned Reform:

Children! Today, I will prove to the world... and more importantly, to the Favoured Saints... why Dr. Ned Reform deserves to be the General Manager of DEFIANCE when I take this so-called "locker room leader" and I reduce him to...

Suddenly, Conor interrupts!

Conor Fuse:

Hey, Ned?

Reform's eyes narrow.

Conor Fuse:

Has anyone ever told you that you talk too much?

The crowd applauds as Reform's eyes nearly bug out of his head at the disrespect.

Ned Reform:

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO TALKS TOO MUCH YOU LITTLE...

We'll never know the rest of that sentence, as Reform tosses the ring aside and begins to sprint toward the ring! Mark Shields, somewhat confused per usual, signals for the bell as Reform rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring.

CONOR FUSE vs. NED REFORM w/ TA COLE

DING DING

And Reform runs right into an armdrag! He pops back up... another! He pops up again... another! Reform stumbles up a fourth time, slightly disoriented... and walks into a Conor Fuse dropkick! The fans are ON FIRE as Reform flies backwards and tumbles out of the ring.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

On the outside, Reform is able to steady himself... only for Conor to get a running start and soar over the top rope with a dive! Conor's frame takes Reform down hard. The Ultimate Gamer is back to his feet and he shoots Levi Cole a warning look before the TA can come to The Good Doctor's aid. Conor rolls Reform back into the ring and follows him in.

DDK:

Conor Fuse is not messing around tonight!

Lance:

Ned Reform has had some pretty nasty things to say about The Former Player Two and I think with the week Conor has been having it might be just a little too much.

Inside the ring, Reform is begging off in the corner, throwing his hands up and asking Conor to calm down. He gets no quarter, though, as Fuse begins unloading on Reform with kicks that rock him. Conor whips Reform across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle and follows up with a leaping clothesline! Reform stumbles out of the corner into a superkick! Ned is loopy so he falls backwards and actually bounces off the ropes... into a second superkick! Reform does the exact same thing: he's out on his feet but doesn't go down, instead falling backwards into the ropes and bouncing off toward Conor again... only to take a THIRD SUPERKICK! Now The Pedagogue of Pain is flat on his back!

DDK:

This match has been all Conor, and the fans are loving seeing Reform get his butt kicked!

With Ned down, Conor runs off the ropes and connects with a rolling thunder splash. Fuse goes for the cover, but out of the corner of his eye he sees TA Cole hopping up onto the apron to get involved. Quick as ever, Conor abandons his cover and instead leaps off the turnbuckle, catching Levi Cole with a springboard missile dropkick! Cole flies off the apron and crashes to the ringside floor. With Reform's muscle taken out, Conor takes a second to bask in the fans...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Before grabbing Ned Reform and planting him with a tilt-a-whirl DDT!! Conor is looking toward the turnbuckle!

DDK:

We're about to see the Super Splash 450 - and this is going to be a dominant victory for Conor Fuse!

Conor is climbing to the top with the fans cheering him on. Suddenly, TA Cole, who seems to have recovered quickly, is back up on the apron attempting to stop Conor's ascent. Mark Shields, actually doing his job for maybe the first time ever, moves to stop Cole from interfering. But with both Shield's and Conor's attention on TA Cole, Reform is able to lunge out in pure desperation and shake the ropes enough to crotch Conor on the top! Fuse grabs his little consoles and tumbles to the mat. With Conor down and Reform on his feet, TA Cole hops off the apron and allows Mark Shields to focus back on the match.

Lance:

Reform has got to mount some offense here if he wants to have any hope of winning this contest.

Ned grabs Conor and manages one sneer to the fans before hooking both his arms for The Syllabuster. As he lifts Fuse for his underhook driver, Conor struggles enough to break his arms free... and reverse the move into a hurricanrana and then into a roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

At the last second, TA Cole pulls Mark Shields from the ring... but then he turns into a baseball slide from Conor! TA Cole is down and out... but Conor Fuse turns into a right hand from Ned Reform!

DDK:

Wait a minute... a single punch from Ned and Conor is down...

Indeed: Conor Fuse appears to have been knocked loopy and he isn't moving. Reform falls backwards on top of him, hooking a leg and crying out for the referee. Mark Shields enters the ring, gets into position...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

DING DING DING

DDK:

What!?

TA Cole enters the ring, picking up Dr Reform and raising his hand in victory. Ned looks ready to cry he's so happy! Conor still hasn't moved.

Lance:

Something isn't right here. Did Ned Reform just knock Conor Fuse out with a single punch?

DDK:

I'm in communication with the back right now to get a look at the replay...

Reform is celebrating up the aisle like he just won the FIST of DEFIANCE as the screen suddenly fades into a replay of the match... this time from an angle we didn't see before. And this time, we can clearly see that while Conor was readying himself for the baseball slide, Ned Reform pulled a large, gold ring out of his singlet and put it on his fist!

DDK:

Look at that! That's a huge piece of metal...

Lance:

Wait... is that a class ring? Come on.

In the ring, Conor is just starting to clear the cobwebs as Ned Reform and TA Cole continue to over celebrate right in front of the gorilla position.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

RECUPERATION AND RECOVERY

Malak Garland:

Where is Karen? She should be here by now. I put myself out there by inviting her here.

Malak checks his wrist, even though he's not wearing a watch as he stands on guard by the main reception desk within his COMPLIANCE Warehouse. Angry young lady Jocelyne sits nervously behind the counter, praying no one enters the lobby because then she doesn't have to deal with anyone.

Jocelyne:

Maybe she's not coming. Maybe we can go home early.

Malak Garland:

Shhhhhhhhhh! Nonsense. I invited her to come use a sensory deprivation pod to recover from her vicious match and I don't think I authorized you to speak, Jocelyne. Give it another five minutes and then we will close things down.

Luckily, or unluckily depending on how you look at it, Lindsay Troy enters the warehouse, albeit hesitantly.

Malak Garland:

WELL IF IT ISN'T KAREN GERTRUDE TROY! WELCOME!

It's clear Lindsay doesn't want to be there, and truth be told she actually debated whether to show up or stand the little mouthbreather up. But since Malak started this little tête-à-tête last week, the Queen figured this might not be a half-bad scouting exercise.

Now that she's here, though, Malak's not allowing her a moment to breathe.

Malak Garland:

Let's start the tour, shall we? I bet your old bones could use a rest, am I right, Karen? This way to rest, relaxation and recuperation. I promise your inner chakras will be aligned with my patented therapeutic techniques.

Malak and Jocelyne take Troy by the wrist to her *clear* annoyance to the sensory deprivation pod area. The seemingly endless rows of pods feel like something straight out of The Matrix.

Malak Garland:

Please, I implore you to rest in the pod of your choosing. I promise it will repair and recharge your old body.

Lindsay looks rather irritated at the whole song and dance.

Lindsay Troy:

Fine, whatever. That one.

Troy points to a random pod. Malak pauses. He looks displeased.

Malak Garland:

That one? No, no, no, no. Not that one. Tell you what, why don't we put you in this one over here?

Troy rolls her eyes but is literally dragged over to the pod before she knows it.

Lindsay Troy:

Get your filthy little 4chan hands off me, Chad, unless you want to wind up with a mangled hand like Kerry's.

Malak, not knowing what a "boundary" is, continues to get super handsy while trying to force Lindsay into the pod.

Malak Garland:

WHY MUST YOU FIGHT WITH ME OVER EVERYTHING? GET. IN. THAT. POD. IT'S RELAXING.

Malak tries tripping and shoving Lindsay while Jocelyne tries pushing her at the same time, hoping this will force the Queen into the pod. They nearly succeed when the door bursts open and someone else runs over.

Voice:

What the hell is going on here?

Kazuhiro Troy, on his way to Ballyhoo Brew after a late night gym session, grabs ahold of Malak and tosses him away from his mother. Jocelyne takes a couple steps back, her night of physicality coming to an end.

Malak Garland:

HEY! How dare you put your hands on me! Who are you?

The Source of Envy brushes himself off and scrutinizes his new guest.

Malak Garland:

Wait, I know who you are! You're that kid that teamed with Karen and beat Thurston and I at the Tag Party.

Kaz looks disapprovingly at the awkward situation in front of him. Lindsay walks over to her son and places her hand on his shoulder, letting him know without words that she's fine.

Kaz Troy: *[scowling]*

I'm not *that* kid. I'm *her* kid.

Malak Garland:

Oh okay, wow. So I guess there is no rest and relaxation for Karen then but seeing as you're a cool, young, hip guy, any chance of wanting to be my friend?

Kaz Troy:

Hard no. And get fucked.

The Troys take their leave, while Garland turns to Jocelyne for emotional support.

Malak Garland:

So, was that a no? I feel like all my Twitter followers need to know exactly how I'm feeling immediately!

ADV vs. NO FUN DEAN

DDK:

We've got more action coming up in just a moment when No Fun Dean goes up against the man we saw attack Henry Keyes earlier tonight... Alvaro de Vargas. Things have reached new levels of audacity between Alvaro and Henry Keyes since Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Alvaro has squarely placed the blame of BFTA being unable to recruit Conor Fuse on Keyes himself and because of that, Alvaro has singled him out. On UNCUT 100, ADV cost Keyes the Favoured Saints Title back to Rezin when he revealed he bought the tiger off of him and in return, Keyes cost ADV a chance at the Unified Tag Team Titles.

DDK:

Earlier, we saw ADV attack him, but now he has to worry about his own match. That is up next!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, in the ring from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 250 pounds.... Accompanied by Slightly Fun Jen... he is **NO FUN DEAN!**

No Fun Dean is already in the ring, arms in the air while Slightly Fun Jen tries to garner more cheers for her husband. And when that's done, the Faithful jeer as none other than Tom Morrow walks out from the back in a dark blue and black-striped suit. At his side is the heater for BFTA, "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace.

Tom Morrow:

You saw what happened earlier tonight to Henry Keyes... and it's gonna be the exact same thing that we see happen momentarily to this guy in the ring. You think that you got one over on us when you beat Mace earlier tonight, but all that earned you was a two-on-one stomping. And these beatings will continue week after week after week after week... in fact, you can go ahead and call us the Mario Bros because we're gonna stomp the shit out of you until we get back every last penny you've cost us you stuck your nose where it didn't belong.

He points to the back as The Faithful jeer even louder!

Tom Morrow:

Introducing Yannick Fillimore's Favorite Wrestler! And introducing... Helen's New Owner! Standing at six foot eight! Weighing in at two-hundred seventy-two pounds! He is El Sol Dorado! **ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!**

♪ "Let 'Em Burn" by Freddie Gibbs â€œ~♪

More boos as Alvaro de Vargas comes out... wearing a massive tiger fur coat...

DDK:

What the... ? What is he wearing?

Lance:

I... what the hell?

The Faithful jeer as a smile creeps across the face of Alvaro de Vargas. He shows off the coat proudly as Morrow lends him the mic and the music cuts.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Ladies, gentlemen y pendejos... excuse my language... BOTH of them... but No Wins Dean or whatever the hell you call yourself... all I see in this ring is Henry Keyes getting destruido! After that gilipollas dirigible pirata cost US the Unified Tag Team Titles and a main event spot with our friends, The Lucky Sietes... I decided to get some payback but hurting y0ou wasn't So...

He flashes the coat wide open.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I'd like you all to say hello to Helen...

DDK:

NO WAY! OH, MY GOD, HE DIDN'T...

The Faithful HEAVILY jeer... until a blonde, stacked woman in a bright purple blouse and dress walks onto the stage and smiles, patting ADV on the back.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Helen Gutierrez, one of our beautiful fashionistas that helped me pick out this coat for tonight... de qué carajo pensaste que estaba hablando?

He grins evilly as he struts towards the ring while Helen smiles and leaves the ringside area.

Lance:

Monster...

Alvaro hits the ring and climbs up the apron as No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen continue.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Oh, stop clutching your perlas, pendejos. No harm has come to Henry's little tiger... I've never owned a tiger before. It's awesome... but I can't say the same for YOU, No Fun Dean. Tonight, I'll beat you... then I'll give your wife Slightly Fun Jen, all the fun she can handle in my hotel later! Deja de desnudarme con tus ojos, pendeja!

The crowd lets out an "OOOOOOOOH!" as Alvaro starts to climb into the ring, tiger coat and all... until No Fun Dean snaps to life and runs at him with right hands!

DING DING**DDK:**

Look at this! He just woke up No Fun Dean!

ADV gets hit with a few rights... all while wearing the tiger coat... but he shoves No Fun Dean away. But the normally rigid and slow Dean gets cheers from the crowd when he runs at ADV and nails El Sol Dorado in the chest with a big splash in the corner! Even Slightly Fun Jen looks impressed!

DDK:

I don't think I've seen that much fire out of No Fun Dean in ever, but talking about another man's wife... not a line you cross!

Lance:

That's right!

The crowd cheers on Dean as ADV comes rushing out of the corner, but much to his surprise No Fun Dean manages to stun him with a back elbow, a kick to the gut and then a huge DDT on the mat! Tom Morrow looks quite surprised for the moment as The Faithful cheer on Dean!

DDK:

And a huge DDT right there by No Fun Dean! He has that one maneuver in his back pocket called You Quit. Can he use it?

Lance:

Looks like he's gonna try!

ADV tries to limp back to his feet, tiger coat and all still on, when No Fun Dean charges again and nails another splash in the corner to rock El Sol Dorado! Slightly Fun Jen gets a bit more animated and slaps the ring apron as her husband tries for You Quit...

DDK:

Is this it? Crossface... NO! ADV with an elbow!

El Sol Dorado gets pissed off and palms the back of No Fun Dean's head before **NAILING** him with a huge elbow to the back of the head. The blow rocks him, but it gets worse when ADV **CRACKS** him in the chest with a running knee strike sending him through the ropes and out to the floor! The crowd jeers as the Crown Jewel of BFTA shakes his head, then rolls to the floor along with him. He grabs Dean by the back of the hair and then sets him up for something...

Lance:

Where is he going to take him now?

He hoists up Dean... **THROWING CRUCIFIX BOMB ONTO THE RING APRON!**

DDK:

NO! BOMB ON THE APRON! I THINK DEAN IS DONE!

The Faithful jeer for ADV's actions as Dean now writhes along the floor in agony. Still wearing the tiger jacket, he throws Dean back under the ring with the quickness and then steps back over the ropes. He dusts off the nice jacket and then pulls NFD back up... only to **BLAST** him on either side of the head with Henry Keyes' own **BELL CLAP!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh come on! Enough of this!

As the crowd jeers the disrespect, ADV then holds him upside down... the crowd knows what's next...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! That is it!

The piledriver connects and ADV puts all his weight on Dean's shoulders.

ONE... TWO... THREE.

DING DING DING

ADV gets up and when the official tries to raise his hand, Tom Morrow slinks in with Jack Mace and then shoves the official aside so he can have the honors.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

Mace boots No Fun Dean out of the ring and Slightly Fun Jen goes to check on her husband as the three members of BFTA depart the ring.

DDK:

An even night for BFTA here. Mace loses to Henry Keyes, but ADV gets the win over No Fun Dean after a little turbulence at the beginning. And still wearing that dumb coat.

Lance:

The issues between Alvaro de Vargas and Henry Keyes are really heating up now. And you have to think it will only be

a matter of time before they collide.

Alvaro heads back up the ramp as he holds out the coat. He bumps fists with Mace and Morrow.

ADV:

EL TIGRE CUBANO, PENDEJOS! ALVARO ES... HOW YOU SAY..... GRRRRRRRRREAT!

THE END OF THE ROPE

The scene switches to the same backstage location where Lance Warner previously interviewed Oscar Burns.

However, instead of The Technical Spectacle sitting across from the interviewer it's the FIST of DEFIANCE. Gage Blackwood sports black jeans, his trademark "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt and the FIST across his shoulder.

Lance:

Thank you for meeting me here today, Gage.

Blackwood nods.

Lance:

I wanted to get to it. So we know it's going to be yourself, Gage Blackwood, defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against Oscar Burns come ACTS of DEFIANCE. What are your thoughts on this match? After all, you proposed it TO Oscar.

Blackwood leans back in his chair, looks at his championship title and takes his time. Lance seems a little uncomfortable and is about to ask another question but Blackwood speaks right before Warner opens his mouth.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar Burns was once everything Gage Blackwood wanted to be. We entered DEFIANCE at the same time. While I was stuck teaming with Mushigihara, wrestling Lisil Jackson and getting the piss knocked outta me by Scott Stevens, he got to run the ropes with Cayle Murray and Mikey Unlikely. As an aside, you would think someone so familiar with Mikey Unlikely would have been able to defeat him for the FIST. Nae bother, I did it myself.

Blackwood pauses to collect his thoughts.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar Burns was everything Gage Blackwood wanted to be.

He flips the title onto his other shoulder.

Gage Blackwood:

Until now.

Lance consults his notes but Blackwood continues.

Gage Blackwood:

I exposed Oscar for the fraud he was when we battled over the Southern Heritage Championship. June 3rd, 2020, Maximum DEFIANCE. [Look it up](#); great match. Fastforward to THIS Maximum DEFIANCE and when Mikey applied that sleeper hold on Oscar, he was done. I saved Oscar the trouble of tapping out, aye.

Lance nods, albeit uncomfortably, feeling the tension in the room and Blackwood's change-on-a-dime attitude.

Lance:

Well, I wanted to go there. Maximum DEFIANCE 2021, Burns is in that sleeper, you make the tag, hit the double knees and pick up the victory. Burns said he's pissed it wasn't him who walked away with the championship. He said he felt like he deserved a real title match, not in an eight-man elimination-

Blackwood puts his hand up.

Gage Blackwood:

Boohoo. That was my first EVER championship opportunity. Oscar's had more chances than Teresa's had love interests. As far as I'm concerned, you have ONE shot in this company. Get it done or get the fuck out. Burns was a great FIST. I would say he's the best FIST of all-time but he lost the belt to Mikey and should get no rematch. There were others in line. Scott Stevens, Scott Douglas, Elise Ares and my personal favour, shit-vanilla Jay Harvey. All

failed, too. As for the elimination, I ALLOWED Oscar to be the legal man. If he pinned Mikey, I would not have intervened. Oscar let his guard down and was trapped in Mikey's sleeper. At that point, I'm looking out for myself. Can you blame me?

Lance places his hands on his knees.

Lance:

I'm not blaming anyone.

Blackwood smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

Good.

And Lance consults his notes again.

Lance:

So ACTS of DEFIANCE, you two will meet-

Blackwood cuts Warner off.

Gage Blackwood:

That's if I make it there. I said I was going to be a fighting champion. I have the first person on my list: TERESA AMES, you cunt. At UNCUT 101, we are going to sort through details. Oscar Burns is one person. He is no longer someone Gage Blackwood wants to be. He is just a person. I will see him at ACTS of DEFIANCE but he is not the be-all end-all of DEFIANCE.

Blackwood stands.

Gage Blackwood:

That's me. Aye.

And the champion exits the scene.

Gage Blackwood:

I've got plenty of blokes lined up, Lance. I am going to knock them all down.

The scene fades.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: REZIN Â© vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

For our main event this evening, ladies and gentlemen, the Favoured Saints Championship is ON THE LINE in what is sure to be a spectacular battle!

Lance:

Thanks in part to the distraction made by Alvaro de Vargas, Rezin has resumed his so-called "Reign of the Favoured Sinner" by retaking the title from "the Airship Pirate" Henry Keyes in their rematch last week at UNCUT 100.

DDK:

But there's never a dull moment for a fighting title like the Favoured Saints Championship, as the ever unpredictable Escape Artist is slated to meet the very next challenge to his reign here tonight!

Lance:

Who could it be?

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! But for this big pay-per-view...

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 former SO-HER himself! He gets to the ring with haste tonight. After losing one championship not long ago, it is about time for Dex Joy to get back into the title picture! He makes it to the ring and then waits for the champion to make his entrance.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

A mushroom cloud pyro EXPLODES on the stage as the DEFIATron lights up into a mix of the Kabal's video package, Rezin highlights, and random scenes of CHAOS. Emerging from the smoke is the Favoured Saints Champion REZIN, newly retaken title held upside-down around his waist. He greets the Faithful with his usual Christ pose as his posse of Reapers Chartreuse, Magenta, and Cyan step out to join him.

The group proceeds down the ramp as a unit, with Rezin breaking away as he scales to the apron and holds the Favoured Saints Championship high over his head before stepping through the ropes to enter the ring. Darren Quimbey is there to make the official introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following one-fall contest is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the challenger... hailing from Los Angeles, California, and weighing in at an astounding three-hundred and fifty-five pounds... he is THE BIGGEST BOY... DEEEEEEX JOOOOOYY!!

The crowd pops HARD in support of the Biggest Boy, who thumps his chest and pumps his arms to get them even more fired up.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent--

Yoink!

Rezin:

ARRRIGHT, KEEBS, GIVE IT A REST!! We all know who I am by now!

Darren Quimbey:

Again, I'm Quimbey.

Rezin:

WHATEVER! Beat it!

The ring announcer rolls his eyes and exits as Rezin brandishes the mic and takes up the center of the ring, positioning the Favoured Saints Title to his shoulder. Dex looks appealingly to official Benny Doyle, who can only shrug.

Rezin:

Now LISTEN UP, ya scum! They tell me the purpose of this title is to successfully defend it FOUR TIMES to cash it in for a shot at your precious Southern "mUh HeRiTage" Championship. And right now, to get that shot by ACTS of DEFIANCE, I got...

He tries to do the math on one hand and fails. He glances back to see Reaper Magenta holding up four fingers. Rezin's eyes pop in surprise.

Rezin:

Damb, seriously? Only FOUR more shows?! Shit, I'm gonna be busy this month! I didn't realize being a champion required so much WORK!

He twirls around and savagely points down at the challenger, still patiently waiting in his corner for this show of egomania to run its course.

Rezin:

Well, nevertheless... tonight, the REIGN of the FAVOURED SINNER... *REZUMES*... with YOU, Dex Joy! Yeah, you may be twice my size, and you may have your "BIG DEX ENERGY"... but ya know what EYE got, DEX?!

Rezin:

PURE! UNHINGED! UNPREDICTABLE! UNCOMPROMISING! CHAY-OSS!!

The Favoured Sinner tosses the strap to Reaper Chartreuse as the patch-covered Reaper trio exit from the ring and Rezin stomps over to his corner, psyching himself into his battle-mode mindset. Satisfied things are good to go, official Benny Doyle cues for the bell.

DING DING

Rezin is brimming with energy, bouncing impatiently in place as Dex Joy moves the center of the ring. With a rebel yell, he charges straight into the big man, attempting to wrap up the waist and take him down. This goes about as well as you might expect.

DDK:

Here goes Rezin, immediately trying to take the Biggest Boy to the mat... and not surprisingly, Joy doesn't budge!

Lance:

It's like watching a monkey try to take down a hippo.

Joy drops his arms to his sides and goes into idle mode and curiously looks down at the Goat Bastard's spastic attempts to take him to the mat. Rezin switches over to one of the arms, attempting to slap on something of an arm lock. Joy mockingly raises the arm to cover his mouth as he yawns, and Rezin is flung nearly halfway across the ring.

DDK:

Rezin goes FLYING like a ragdoll, as Dex Joy absolutely does not budge!

Lance:

There's a weight difference of a hundred and fifty pounds in that ring. I know Rezin is hardly the sharpest tool in the Kabal's shed, but even a burnout like him has to realize the futility of trying to out-grapple DEFIANCE's Biggest Boy

Back on his feet, Rezin runs straight into Joy with a shoulder block, but the Biggest Boy puffs out his chest and the Escape Artist runs into a brick wall that sends him sprawling wildly back to the mat. Rezin pops to his feet again, and gets a bit more momentum going off the ropes.

DDK:

Dex Joy is like an unstoppable force in that ring, but undaunted, Rezin once again goes into motion... high-flipping dropkick gets NOTHING as the Favoured Saints Champion bounces harmlessly off of Joy's chest once again!

Lance:

What's it going to take?

Rezin is practically frothing from the mouth at this point, shouting and raving like a madman as he busts back off the mat and now climbs the near turnbuckle. Dex smirks slightly as he remains statue-like in the center of the ring. Rezin's eyes are wide as he perches himself onto the top rope...

DDK:

Rezin to the TOP ROPE, as Dex Joy stands waiting... here comes Rezin with the MISSILE DROPKICK right to the chest!

Lance:

Almost!

Dex teeters slightly and has to take a couple steps back, but doesn't quite go down, earning a wide-eyed look of sheer incredulity from the Goat Bastard. The Biggest Boy simply flicks his fingers, beckoning for the next shot. Waving his hands across his face, Rezin drops under the ropes...

DDK:

Rezin, now going outside the ring... where's he going here?

Lance:

I don't know, but he's rallying his Reapers over to help him with something, so I assume he's cooking up a scheme of some sort.

Dex patiently waits in the ring while watching the proceedings as Rezin orders his Reapers around and they soon procure a STEEL LADDER out from under the ring.

DDK:

Oh, boy...

Lance:

I guess he feels he has no choice but to pull out the big guns here.

The Reapers set the ladder up as Rezin scales to the second-to-last step and commands them into position at the base. He points DARINGLY to the Biggest Boy, standing unimpressed in the center of the ring with his hands on his hips.

Lance:

Surprisingly, Joy is going to let this play out. I think he's taking some amusement in seeing these futile efforts continue

to escalate.

DDK:

Can't say he's alone in that aspect, but it's a dangerous game to play, given Rezin has proven he can be an unpredictable and devastating force through the air.

On either side of the ladder, Reapers Cyan and Chartreuse grab ahold of the ladder, and push to tilt it toward the ring. As it falls into the ropes, Rezin scales to the top step and VAULTS HIMSELF forward at high altitude!

DDK:

FRONT FLIPPING DROPKICK from the TOP OF THE LADDER, and DOWN GOES DEX JOY, FINALLY!

Joy hits the mat with a WHUMP! Huffing and wheezing, Rezin slowly works back up to his feet and cackles triumphantly...

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!!

...and then as quickly as he fell, Dex Joy is back on his feet! The moment he hears the Faithful pop LOUDLY, Rezin's entire demeanor suddenly melts into absolute dread. Behind him, the unphased Biggest Boy looms over him. Rezin slowly turns around to see the confident smile still on Dex's face.

Dex Joy:

My turn, pally!

Before Rezin can get away, one of Dex's massive hands grabs him by the beard and whips him straight into an inside short-arm clothesline that sends the Goat Bastard twirling through the air and landing into a broken heap of contorted limbs.

DDK:

HELLACIOUS CLOTHESLINE by Dex Joy, puts Rezin into a shape that shouldn't be possible for a human being!

Lance:

There's a print in the shape of the Goat Bastard's face pressed into Joy's arm!

Joy backs into a corner as Rezin shakily gets back to his feet. As soon as he's up, Dex charges forward, throws all three-hundred and fifty plus pounds into the air.

DDK:

RUNNING DROPKICK by JOY, and the Favoured Saints Champion gets violently ROCKED into the corner!

Rezin "Flair flips" off the middle turnbuckle and tumbles over the top to the outside, his fall only being broken by the trio of Reapers busy panicking at ringside. Taking up the ring, Joy pumps his fists into the air and gets the Faithful roaring.

DDK:

The full force of BIG DEX ENERGY is ALIVE in the WrestlePlex!

Lance:

Definitely not a good place for the champion to be in right now. Once a man the size of Dex Joy gets momentum on his side, it's no easy task in slowing him down

Rezin is helped off the floor by his Reapers, although he's clearly only half there. They quickly try to slap some sense into him as Joy takes a bounce off the far set of ropes. Rezin comes to, only to see a human-sized boulder hurtling through the ropes directly over him.

Rezin:

AAAAHHH--BLEGHK!!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, DEX JOY WITH THE SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!! HE HITS THE WHOA-PE! He took out Rezin and his entire crew like a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY POUND BALLISTIC MISSILE!!

Lance:

He saw the opportunity present itself, went for the high-risk maneuver, and it paid off in spades! This match has been nothing short of completely one-sided!

Dex nudges the scattered scraps of Reaper from his path as he peels the Goat Bastard off the floor and military presses him through the ropes to put him back on legal ground. Joy uses the steps to climb back into the ring as Rezin struggles to get back up, flopping across the mat in a half-crawl as he attempts to get away.

DDK:

It doesn't appear there will be any escape from the clutches of Dex Joy tonight for DEFIANCE's own Escape Artist!

Joy's footsteps are heavy and deliberate as he bears down on the Goat Bastard. Rezin digs deep, sprawls out a few more feet, and falls into the middle rope completely exhausted. Dex shakes his head as he pulls him back to his feet by the waistband, when suddenly Rezin snaps to life with a Spinning Heel Kick!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!! And that actually ROCKED Joy right in the skull!

Joy's balance wavers as the direct kick to the head rings his bell. Rezin takes a second to stagger, barely falling back to the mat were it not for the near ring ropes to fall into, and he quickly lashes out again.

DDK:

ANOTHER Cloven Hoof Kick right to the head! Dex to a KNEE now... and Rezin lands a ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT TO THE TEMPLE to FINALLY put the Biggest Boy to the mat!

Lance:

That was a RAVEN'S CALL, shades of Rezin's Kabal compatriot and Dex's own rival, Scrow!

His desperation strength reserves spent, Rezin now collapses to the mat and finally has a chance to recover as Dex lies on his back, blinking up to the lights as he slowly comes to.

DDK:

For a moment there, it looked as though Dex Joy was about to run away with this, but the Favoured Saints Champion is showing yet again that when he's on his last legs, he can scrape down deep and find a way to survive!

Lance:

Rezin is nothing if not unpredictable. Dex may have been feeling a little too overconfident there, and a second is all the Escape Artist needs to bare his fangs and strike like a poisonous viper.

After a few moments, the Favoured Sinner eventually works his way up to his feet and stands with his back to his opponent, thumb pointing to his shoulder with his right arm while stomping with the left.

Stomp...

Stomp...

Stomp...

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Champion finally has his opportunity to put away the challenger Dex Joy, as he starts knocking on the gates of the abyss to take the Biggest Boy INTO THE VOID!

Lance:

It looks like he's giving away a free shot, but we've seen this before. The disorienting effect of the Cloven Hoof is a natural set-up to bait somebody into the Asai DDT.

Rezin's foot stomps faster and his thumb points harder into the mat. The fans in attendance can't help but stomp in time, escalating the mounting tension in the room.

Stomp!

Stomp!

Stomp!

Stomp!

Stomp!

Rezin's leg is now like a piston slamming into the canvas, rousing Dex off the mat as he slowly pushes himself up, still in a bit of a daze. He sees Rezin's back, and moves in; the Goat Bastard, anticipating this perfectly, snatches his head over his shoulder and flips himself backward...

DDK:

INTO THE VOOOIII--OOHH NOO!!

Lance:

Not so fast!

Rezin doesn't make it back to the mat, as Joy stands as firm as a sequoia, leaving the Goat Bastard draped over his shoulder with the most useless of facelocks applied. Rezin and Dex Joy briefly lock eyes, the former stunned in frozen terror and the latter absolutely beaming with pride and confidence.

DDK:

Dex Joy BLOCKS THE ASAI DDT, and now Rezin is in the WORST PLACE he could imaginably be!

Lance:

It's like the last thing a worm sees while dangling on a hook.

Joy tosses the flailing Rezin HIGH into the air before catching him and planting him into the mat with a Swinging Powerslam that nearly shatters the ring. Rezin disappears beneath Joy, save his arms and legs sticking out like the legs of a dead insect. The Faithful don't explode, as much as they DEX-PLODE!

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!! DEX DRIVE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!!

Lance:

Wow, he got ALL of it!

DDK:

We're seeing a NEW CHAMPION IN THE MAKING!! Dex Joy with THE COVER!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!! DEX JOY HAS DONE IT!!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE WRESTLING... **"THE BIGGEST BOY"...** DEEEEEEXXXX JJOOOOOYYYYY!!!!

Dex stands up triumphantly, leaving Rezin a black stain on the canvas beneath him, and the Biggest Boy pumps his arms high into the air while his music pumps through the PA. Benny Doyle raises the arm and hands him the Favoured Saints Championship, which he likewise puts into the air. With the title raised he starts to celebrate like there's no tomorrow and basks in the reception of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful!

DDK:

Just as quickly as it "rezumed", the Reign of the Favoured Sinner once again comes crashing to an end just as it did two weeks ago, without even a single successful title defense! Meanwhile, the Reign of the Biggest Boy begins TONIGHT with Dex Joy claiming the Favoured Saints Championship! All told, that was pretty one-sided from beginning to end!

Lance:

A very one-sided affair, Keebs. Shades of his victory over the current FIST Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage Title at Ascension last year. No doubt, he has eyes on taking that belt back!

DDK:

If he ends up being as dominant a Favoured Saints Champion as he was with the SOHER Title, then I don't think he'll have any trouble picking up those four consecutive wins! As for Rezin? Who knows how he'll respond to this failure...

Lance:

I doubt Dex Joy has a pet tiger he can kidnap to barter for a rematch.

DDK:

In any case, a monumental way to end our first night of DEFIANCE TV, and we still have another night of action! Good night ladies and gentlemen! The night ends with Dex Joy ... the **BRAND NEW** Favoured Saints champion!!!

The show comes to a close with Rezin still on the mat wondering how his night got so wrong. And while this happens Dex Joy is happy with the title being won and in his clutches again. With a camera close to him catching his title win he holds it up.

Dex Joy:

I'm rooting for you tomorrow night, Arthur! Win that SO-HER tomorrow and I will see you on the other side with this title pally! But tonight ... CE-LE-BRATE BIG BOY COME ON!!!!

He leaves the ring and celebrates the win in the sea of happy fans before the show fades out.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.