



DEFIANCE

DÃ%JÃ€ VU

The words "*Earlier Today*" appear on the DEFIAtron and TV screens around the world as the scene transitions to the wrestlers' parking lot of the DEFplex. Lindsay Troy is shown exiting the drivers' seat of her SUV and grabbing her gear bag from the back. She slings it over her shoulder and heads toward the arena's entrance.

If this is feeling like déjà vu, you're absolutely right.

Troy has one hand on the strap of her gear bag and the other stuffed in the pocket of her jacket. Behind her, from between two pickup trucks, emerges a figure who walks silently toward her. His pace quickens, from a walk to a power-walk, then to a jog, and in his right hand is a long, thin, metal object.

When he's five feet from the Queen, he pulls the weapon - a tire iron - back and begins to swing, but Troy immediately whirls on her heel and blasts him in the eyes and mouth with a can of pepper spray she had in her pocket!

Cayle Murray:

AAAAACKKKKKKKK!

The tire iron clatters to the ground as the Starbreaker's hands immediately go to his face, trying to get the foul liquid out of his orifices. Troy drops her bag and tackles him to the ground, hammering away at him with hard shots, but Murray somehow manages to headbutt her and stem the tide. He pushes Lindsay off him and scrambles away, still half-blind, but alive to fight another day.

Cayle Murray:

Fuckin' hell...

The former FIST swings an arm around, trying to pinpoint his own location.

Cayle Murray:

Lads! Lads! Where are you?!

As if by command two of Cayle's security goons emerge from the parking lot's shadows. Summoned to their paymaster's side, they glare over at Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

Cayle Murray just got foiled! Remember DEFtv 152, when he laid Troy out with a lead pipe ahead of their DEFCON match, looking to put her at a severe disadvantage?

DDK:

He was successful that night, but no. Not here. Troy saw it coming!

Lance:

And would you look at him now, hiding behind those guys...

Cayle Murray:

Where were you?!

Goon 1:

You told us to stay ba--

Cayle Murray:

Shut the fuck up!

Doubled over, Cayle finally pulls a hand away from his eyes. There's little chance he can see a single thing. His voice is pained and strained, but he's definitely talking to Troy.

Cayle Murray:

You...

Momentarily, he was lost for words.

Cayle Murray:

Rot, dickhead. Rot. C'mon lads...

Cayle storms off, weaving blindly as he does, and his two beefy bois hurry to keep up and prevent him from walking into a car or a cement column. Troy smiles and calls after him, picking up her gear bag as she does.

Lindsay Troy:

Better luck next time, fucko!

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

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!

SIGN SIGN EVERYWHERE A SIGN

REFORM DEEZ NUTS

HEY I THOUGHT THIS WAS DEVIANCE WRESTLING - WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE IN A GIMPSUIT?!

I MAY NOT BE BLIND BUT I'M TOTALLY DEF

OSCAR BURNS WASN'T WRONG

FIRE LANCE WARNER, HIRE SCOTTY FLASH

LORD NIGEL GIVES ME THE HEEBIE-GEEBIES

DON'T BURY KERRY

COUNT NOVICK WILL RISE AGAIN, AH HA HA!

DOES NED REFORM REALLY HAVE TO COME BACK?

ARE WE THE DEFIANCE FAITHFUL OR OSCAR BURNS FAITHFUL NOW?

DONT COME BACK DOCTOR DICKHEAD

BALLYHOO OVERSERVED ME

BUY SCROW'S BOOK (J/K IT SUX)

STOP PRAYING FOR THESE GUYS AND INSTEAD ENCOURAGE A UNION, AM I RIGHT?

DEF RADIO HOLIDAY PARTY THIS SATURDAY 8pmEST

IT BURNS WHEN DEFIANCE PEES

DR. NED RETURN

GAME OVER, BURNS

PAT CASSIDY #4 IN DA WORLD!

LT #1 IN MY HEART

IF YOU GIVE BFTA AN ENEMA, TOM MORROW IS WHERE THE HOSE WOULD GO

IF YOU GIVE DR. NED REFORM AN ENEMA, THE HOSE WOULDN'T FIT CAUSE HIS HEAD IS UP HIS OWN

ASS

JUSTICE FOR COUNT NOVICK!

AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A CYRUS SEARCH PARTY

To the announce team...

"BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, our opening contest tonight is set to be a barn burner.

Lance:

We have a huge match booked for DEFIANCE Road... The Saturday Night Specials are booked to defend their tag team championship against both The Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes in a three way match! And if that weren't hectic enough, it's also going to be a ladder match!

DDK:

As announced last month, all members of those teams are set to face each other in individual competition leading up to the defense. At 162, we saw Elise Ares of the PCP squeak one out on Brock Newbludd.

Lance:

And up next, we see if his fellow Saturday Night Special can rally back for a big win. He's got a massive challenge though in big Uriel Cortez!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

And we're getting right to it!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

That unique crowd reaction that comes with not only being a hot act - but being a hot act that is the first appearance in front of the live crowd of the night! As the fans explode, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd march through the curtain, each holding a championship belt. Cassidy is dressed for competition while Brock is wearing street clothes. Both men pause at the entrance way to raise the titles high and soak in the cheers, before turning to each other, executing a quick fist bump, and Brock turns to walk back through the curtain!

DDK:

Because of the respect and friendship between The Saturday Night Specials and Los Tres Titanes, both teams have agreed to have no partners at ringside tonight and instead let the match be straight up competitor vs competitor.

Pat Cassidy has his game face on as he marches toward the ring with the championship slung over his shoulder. He pauses only to adjust his elbow pad before sliding into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 248 lbs... he is one half of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... "Black Out" Paaaaaat Casssssssidy!

Cassidy is on the top rope, holding his tag belt high. We see him spot something out of the corner of his eye, and he hops down into the ring. He rolls under the bottom rope and approaches some of The Faithful in the front row. We see a very... nice... looking young lady who is holding up a sign that reads **"So Nice & Sexy"**. Cassidy asks her for the sign and he holds up to the camera, nodding as if to say "not bad." Before handing the sign back to the camera, he asks for the young lady's arm... she extends it... and he plants a quick peck on her hand. She looks beside herself as Cassidy rolls back into the ring and the music begins to fade out.

Lance:

You can always count on Pat Cassidy to get the people going... but he's got a hell of a mountain to climb today!

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows a limo opening up from the outside, courtesy of the old Family Keeling Talent Agency. The door swings open and one by one, out come three of the opponents for tonight's match.

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask.

Titaness - wearing a white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

And lastly, the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand towel over his shoulders.

The three get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance... right into...

"I'M TROUBLE AND YOU WANTING IT!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Los Tres Titanes... from The City of Industry, weighing in at 339 pounds... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes OFF! wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! He quickly sheds the coat and the LTT towel before looking up at Pat from the apron. He plants a hefty boot on the ring apron then pulls himself up with the ropes before stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Cortez holds up a mighty hand to loud cheers from the crowd before his music quietly fades.

Neither Uriel Cortez or Pat Cassidy smile warmly at each other, as they've got their game faces on... but they do meet in the center of the ring for a quick fist bump and a nod before returning to their corners.

DING DING

And Cassidy is off like a shot! He runs at the bigger man, peppering "The Titan of Industry" with an absolutely flurry of big right hands. Cortez, seemingly caught unaware, is dazed by the nonstop offense briefly, until he visibly gets his head back in the game and answers Cassidy's punches with a BIG right meat hook of his own, causing "Black Out" to twist completely around and stumble back to the center of the ring.

DDK:

I know Pat Cassidy's style is generally all out offense, but if he tries to go toe-to-toe with Uriel Cortez in a brawl, I don't see it working out. I hope he's got another game plan.

Cassidy is back on his feet, rubbing his jaw and making an exaggerated show of cracking his neck. Cortez offers a small smile and a polite shrug. Cassidy holds out a fist for a begrudgingly respectful second fist bump, and Uriel obliges to a cheer from The Faithful!

Lance:

No bad blood here, Keebs. They both know how important the Unified Tag Team Titles are! Both men back at it with a lockup.

Pat has other plans, however. Although he makes a show of locking up, at the last second he ducks out of the way and uses the momentary confusion to drop down into a kneeling position and fire rapid right hands into the knee of Uriel Cortez! Cortez stumbles back and answers Pat's attempt to chop the big tree down by kicking The Scrapper from Southie square in the head! Cortez seems to be a little perturbed by Cassidy's tactic, as he grabs The Saturday Night Special by the head and brings him roughly to his feet. In a demonstration of pure power, he tosses Pat Cassidy into the nearby corner and begins to pepper him with devastating right hands!

Lance:

I don't think The Titan of Industry appreciated Pat targeting the knee - and he's sure making him pay now!

Pat tries to cover up as Uriel's huge forearms are coming at him non-stop. Rex Knox warns Uriel to stop beating on

Cassidy in the corner or risk disqualification. Uriel shakes his head in mild annoyance before grabbing Black Out and whipping him into the opposite corner. He follows up with a big running splash that causes Pat to stumble out of the corner and fall to the mat. Cortez off the ropes with a BIG elbow drop! The first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Pat powers a shoulder up. Cortez again brings Cassidy to his feet, and this time locks him from behind with a Full Nelson! He appears to be looking for a Full Nelson Slam, but Cassidy manages to break an arm free at the last second. The Scrapper from Southie slips behind the bigger man and quickly rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE!

NO!

Cortez muscles his way out of the pinning predicament. He's back to his feet, he turns to see Pat leaning against the ropes. The Titan of Industry charges... but at the last second, Pat pulls down the top rope! Cortez stumbles over the top and falls to the outside! Before Cortez can regroup, Cassidy is on the apron... running axehandle!

DDK:

For the first time in this match, Uriel Cortez is down!

Lance:

Wait... what is Pat thinking here!?

Cassidy looks around to the fans, who answer with a round of cheers. As Uriel is climbing back to his feet, Pat walks over and hooks him in a PILEDRIIVER POSITION!

DDK:

I think Pat Cassidy is desperate to win this one! If he hits this piledriver, this friendly contest is gonna turn not so friendly!

As the anticipation of The Faithful builds, Cassidy reaches his hands around Uriel's waist. He pulls... but can't quite get him up. He pulls again... but can't quite get him up. He tries a third time... but this time, Uriel not only lands back on his feet... but he back drops Cassidy off him and onto the arena floor! Pat lands with a thud and cries out in pain, but he doesn't get much of a break before he's lifted back to his feet. He has Cassidy by the scruff... and he brutally tosses the smaller man up into the nearby apron ropes, and when Pat bounces off... he meets him with the big REBOUND CHOP! The sound of Pat's flesh echoes throughout the arena and The Faithful let out a collective "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Cassidy is laying on the ground, holding his blistered chest and kicking his feet in frustration. He doesn't offer much resistance as The Titan of Industry rolls him back into the ring. Cortez follows like a hungry shark stalking his prey, knowing that the fight may have just been chopped right out of The Saturday Night Special.

DDK:

When Uriel Cortez is able to get his hands on you, your chances of winning the match drop considerably. Pat Cassidy is in a bad way here and Cortez knows it.

Cortez has Pat up - Fallaway Slam! Hooking the leg, Cortez looks to end it.

ONE!

TWO!

THR - NO!

Pat gets a shoulder up, and Uriel looks down at him and shakes his head. Cortez throws Cassidy into the nearby corner and fires a series of boots into Pat's midsection, causing him to crumple to a seated position. Uriel sticks his boot in Cassidy's face until he's forced to stop by Rex Knox lest he face a disqualification. Uriel throws his hands up to show the ref he'll stop before lifting Cassidy back up... and nearly **TAKING HIS HEAD OFF** with a big short-arm clothesline. Uriel shoots the crowd a look that says, "this is it, folks" before again hooking the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NOPE!

Cortez is pretty surprised by that. He checks with Knox to confirm, yes, that was a two count. He once again shakes his head in slight annoyance. In a seated position, he looks over to find Cassidy trying to crawl to his feet to regain his bearings somehow. Cortez doesn't waste time, wrapping his biceps around the smaller man's head in a modified chin lock!

Lance:

You can't deny that Pat's got spirit, Keebs.

DDK:

It might be his best quality. But so far, other than a small flurry at the beginning, this match has been all Uriel.

Cassidy's arms are flailing as he finds his oxygen being cut off in the chinlock. As he fights to survive, a small groundswell of support begins to build among The Faithful. That small groundswell grows slightly louder.

"LET'S - GO - BLACK - OUT!"

Clap, clap... clap clap clap.

Feeding off the chants of support, Cassidy's arm rotations take on a new vigor. Cortez tries to crank down on the hold, but Pat finds his footing with one knee! A second! Cassidy fires quick elbows in Uriel's stomach, causing the big man to break the hold as the crowd erupts. With The Faithful at a fever pitch, Cassidy gets a head of steam and bounces off the ropes...

.. right into a **BIG** running shoulder block by Cortez that knocks him head over heels back down to the mat! Pat lands awkwardly in the corner and grabs the nearby ring ropes to try to pull himself back to his feet. Uriel sees this and takes position in the opposite corner. He stands, watching Pat try to regain a vertical base, and when the moment is right, Uriel Cortez charges...

....but Pat Cassidy moves out of the way! The Titan of Industry hits sternum first into the turnbuckle. He clutches his chest and stumbles backwards, turning right into...

DDK:

Leaping Irish Goodbye!! Pat just drove Uriel's head into the mat!

Lance:

But Pat is barely coherent himself! Both men are down!

With both competitors down after the desperation finishing move from Cassidy, Rex Knox has no choice but to start the count...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Uriel is shaking his head, clearing away the cobwebs. Cassidy manages to roll over.

FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

Uriel grabs the nearby ropes and pulls himself into a seated position. Cassidy is crawling toward some ropes to try to do the same.

EIGHT! NINE!

Uriel Cortez is up. With Pat still flat on his stomach, Uriel seems annoyed that the match has gone this long... but still just watches, leaning in a corner, as Cassidy reaches the ropes and pulls himself up to his feet. Cassidy turns, and both men lock eyes. The crowd erupts.

Lance:

Both men giving it their all in a hard hitting affair!

DDK:

This is DEFIANCE!

Both men charge! Slugfest in the center of the ring! Big right hands! Cassidy! Cortez! Cassidy! Cortez!

Cassidy! Cortez! Cassidy! Cortez! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cassidy! Cortez! Cortez! Cortez! Cortez! Cortez! Cortez! With Pat reeling, Uriel whips him into the ropes... but Cortez telegraphs it on the rebound by leaning forward, and Cassidy manages a swinging neckbreaker! Pat Cassidy with a desperation cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

Uriel kicks out. Pat, looking to hold on to his advantage as long as he can, mounts the nearby second rope. Unlike his usual showboating, he doesn't gesture at all to the fans... instead he leaps off with a falling elbow drop right into the rising Uriel Cortez's face! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

The bigger man again powers out. This time, Cortez starts to get back to his feet right away - and he looks pissed. Cassidy springs off the ropes toward The Industry Standard... but gets caught with a massive powerslam! Cassidy is once again down and Cortez is back on his feet. He looks around to The Faithful, who are on their feet, and motions for the CHOP OF AGES MAX, drawing an even bigger round of cheers!

DDK:

I think Pat Cassidy has shown a little too much spunk for Uriel's liking... he's looking to end things right here and now with that devastating Chop of Ages!

Lance:

But wait... as Uriel is playing to the crowd...

In a seated position, facing away from Uriel who is riling up The Faithful... Pat Cassidy is removing his left elbow pad. He looks at the camera and makes a Bugs Bunny-esque "shhhhhh" motion.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy has a steel plate embedded in his left forearm thanks to an attack by The Lucky Sevens months ago. We've seen him knock people silly with that and I think he might be desperate enough to do it here!

The Titan of Industry turns to The Scrapper from Southie. Cortez makes a "get up" motion toward Cassidy with his hand cocked and loaded for the big chop. Cassidy is climbing to his feet, with his forearm at the ready. Both Defiants turn to face each other...

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Steel meets flesh as bionic forearm meets CHOP OF AGES!!!

Lance:

Both men recoil! I think they both took some damage!

Cassidy holds his forearm and howls in pain as Cortez nurses his now busted up hand. With both men holding their injured body parts... they again lock eyes. This time, it's an immediate charge!

DDK:

Both men collide... Pat Cassidy tries to hook Uriel for the Irish Goodbye...

But Uriel Cortez is just too damn big and he brushes Pat's arm away. Instead, he boots Black Out in the gut and locks him in for the Industry Standard!

Lance:

Cassidy may have taken Cortez's chopping hand out of the game momentarily, but he's still got The Industry Standard in his repertoire! This is it!

Cortez looks to lift Cassidy and hoists him up right so he's over the shoulder... but at the last possible second, Pat grabs him by the head and reverses into HUGE DDT on the way down!

DDK:

CASSIDY COUNTERS! HE COUNTERS THE INDUSTRY STANDARD!

Uriel is groggy to stand but he's left wide open when Pat leaps up...

DDK:

ANOTHER LEAPING IRISH GOODBYE AFTER THAT DDT COUNTER! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

Cortez gets DRILLED into the canvas and Pat hurriedly climbs over to hook the leg of LTT's powerhouse!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Cassidy rolls off of Cortez, who holds his neck in pain as he starts to sit up.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... "BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY!

Lance:

Amazing counter by Pat! Uriel has been on offense for most of this match, but Cassidy is so good at fighting from underneath!

DDK:

And a huge win for Pat! Uriel's list of singles losses is a very short list just by virtue of his size alone!

Cassidy is handed the portion of his Unified Tag Titles but looks over to see an angry Cortez already seated up, holding the back of his neck. Cassidy gets ready for a fight... but when The Titan of Industry uses the ropes to fully pull himself up...

...He offers a handshake! The crowd cheers when Cassidy takes it!

DDK:

Sportsmanship is not dead in DEFIANCE! Los Tres Titanes and the Saturday Night Specials have become good friends, but like Uriel has pointed out before... there are no friends with the title.

Pat goes to leave... but Uriel hangs onto his hand and doesn't let go. Cassidy turns around when Cortez mouths to where the camera picks up.

Uriel Cortez:

First round's on you after the show, Mr. Winner's Purse.

He lets go of Pat's hand and offers him a friendly(?) pat on the back strong enough to almost knock Cassidy over! Cortez still favors his neck as he slowly climbs out of the ring and heads to the back, giving Pat the rightful spotlight tonight. Pat smirks and then stands on the turnbuckle to celebrate his win.

DDK:

The SNS go 1-1 in these preview matches leading up to the big DEF Road main event, but we've got one more to go in two weeks and you might miss something if you blink! Pop Culture Phenoms member The D takes on the former two-time Unified and Favoured Saints Champion, Minute!

Lance:

But we've got a whole lot more to get through! Tonight is just getting started!

FIRESIDE FAVORED CHAT

The fireplace crackles between “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Malak Garland, as both sit adjacent from each other in big green leather chairs. The room has a high vaulted ceiling so their voices echo as they speak.

DDK:

Well Malak, thanks for joining me for this exclusive interview. Many DEFIANCE officials, including myself and the Faithful, have been wanting to know why you attacked Kerry Kuroyama so savagely with a light tube last DEFTv.

Malak sits forward. He rubs his hands together as he allows his eyes to focus on the flames.

Malak Garland:

Wouldn't you like to know.

His monotone, almost sociopathic voice resonates differently than his usual pretentious self.

DDK:

I would. Lots of people would, hence this interview. If you're not going to be compliant then the camera crew and I might as well pack up and leave. It was a nice gesture of the Favored Saints to get us this set, which I believe was at your request. It would be a shame if it went unused for this segment and the money was spent for nothing.

Malak leans back with a sinister smile on his face. He points upwards.

Malak Garland:

It was at my request. You see, the Favored Saints are scared of me. Or rather, I have them wrapped around my finger. I can say or do whatever I want, which I proved last week. Everyone was a witness. I am unstoppable with the Favored Saints on my side. Everyone fears me, Darren. Do you finally understand this? How could I have lasted this long without repercussions? How am I not held accountable for my actions? Threatening to crush everyone with lawsuits, that's how. I'm shocked no one has thought of this method before me, really.

Malak sits back and points at his clothing. He's wearing a graphic t-shirt of Aaron Rodgers and the Green Bay Packers logo.

Malak Garland:

I'm untouchable just like this person. I am at the top of the food chain. I can give veiled answers and still be on the card the next week. Not to mention, I'm a huge MEGA fan of the Green Bay Packers. I've been a fan of theirs for a long time now.

DDK:

I'm a bit confused. Will you give us the answers I'm looking for today?

Malak immediately snaps back.

Malak Garland:

Are you trying to steer the narrative, Darren? I don't appreciate that. I will speak to what happened to Kerry on my terms.

A few moments pass as sparks continue to shoot up the chimney, breaking up the awkwardness.

Malak Garland:

Let me be crystal clear about this, Darren. I have no regrets or remorse for what I did to Kerry. He's a puppet. He's a poor representation of the Favored Saints, WHO I OWN, so therefore I took it upon myself to show my newfound edge to the people.

Darren shows his palms to the sky.

DDK:

I don't think I entirely agree with that. Kerry is a fine champion and you blatantly robbed him of getting a shot at the SOHER when you smashed him over the head with a light tube.

Malak Garland:

And I'll rob him of his belt too, Darren. You know why? Because I'm challenging him for the Favored Saints title at DEFIANCE Road.

Malak rises from his seat.

Malak Garland:

In a Deathmatch.

Fade.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

LETTERS TO DANDELION

Ozmoses Greaves walks down the corridors of the ever turning Wrestleplex. Greeting fellow Defiants on his walk. Some shun him, some welcome him nevertheless this man who seems like a really jovial type individual presses on from all the negativity.

Whimpering stops the six foot seven man. He creaks open the door to find Dandelion sobbing.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Lede liÊ»iliÊ»i ??

Dandelion quickly tries to hide the tissues, and clean herself up before trying to put on a happy face. Oz however can see right through it.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I apologize for disturbing you Dandelion.

Dani looks up at him trying to keep her smile, and in her way trying to express that she doesn't mind. She quickly though takes a deep breath, looks away from him. Just realizing he probably doesn't understand her. Oz takes a seat by her.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Is something the matter Lede liÊ»iliÊ»i ?

Dandelion just looks at him, and looks away. All she can think of is how she can communicate with this guy.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Hey....*[he grabs her chin and forces her to look at him]* After our tour a couple weeks back, I took it upon myself to do some research on your wrestling career here. I know you can not talk, and I wanted to let you know neither could my makuahine.

Dandelion raises an eyebrow, Oz just smirks.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Makuahine means mother.

He lets go of her chin and stands up looking up at the ceiling for a moment, he has Dani's undivided attention.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Yea, she was born without her hearing. My makuakÄne learned signed language when he met her. It did not matter whether she could speak verbally to him, he knew she was the one he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

He looks over toward Dandelion.

Ozmoses Greaves:

When I was born, she was afraid I would have lost my hearing as well. She was relieved to find out I did not. So growing up I was taught at a very young age how to talk and understand her. So Dandelion, it's ok I can understand sign.

Dani seems relieved. Oz takes a seat next to her once more.

Ozmoses Greaves:

So do you want to talk about it?

Dandelion: *[in sign]*

Talk about what?

Oz just stares at her with blue pearls he has for eyes.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I can see it on your face, what are you crying about?

Dandelion sighs for a moment. She goes on to tell Ozmoses of her situation and the dilemma she is in.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I am so sorry for your loss.

Dani wipes a tear from her eye and smiles back at him.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I see, tell me do you still love him?

Dani seems to take a bit to answer that question. Then slowly nods, but looks away with a look of disgust.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Ah, I get it now you're afraid of what you did at Maximum Defiance he no longer feels that same way.

She puts her head in her hands and sobs once more, Oz puts his arm around her and she just buries her face in his firmly pressed Hawaiian shirt.

Ozmoses Greaves:

There, there Lede liÊ»iliÊ»i. Do not assume as much, you wanted an end to the conflict and you did what you thought would put an end to this. I don't know much of your brother, but I think you two need to get together and see if you can move past all this.

Dandelion looks up at Oz who has a warm smile looking down at her. She returns the smile, all the while all this has been happening. Jestal has been listening to this conversation through a crack in the door. He quickly turns away, softly saying to himself.

Jestal:

Oh...no not this shit again! She will reunite with that sexual predator over my dead bo....

As Jestal looks up he is face to face with another member of The PCP Flex Kruger. The jester quickly notices a letter in his hand. He then looks back up at Flex.

Flex just makes his pecs pop. Jestal gives him a look of pure disdain, of which Flex is oblivious.

Flex Kruger:

I have, uh, words, for, the flower lady.

He raises the envelope out to Jestal.

Flex Kruger:

You know her, right? It'd be really helpful if you could let me know where she is... or you could just take this letter for me and...

Jestal quickly snatches the letter. With a warm smile to Flex.

Jestal:

Sure, I will be glad to give her this letter.

Flex Kruger:

Alright. Cool. I don't know why everyone says you're such an asshole. You're really not. Here.

Flex makes his pecs pop once.

Flex Kruger:

One for the road.

With that, Jestal watches him leave as his smile turns into a disgusted look toward Flex.

Jestal:

Oh, she will get this letter, and trust me Klein she is going to know EXACTLY how you feel about her now.

Jestal walks away as he opens the letter gently.

PUTTING IT ALL ON THE LINE

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

A collective and audible groan rises from The Faithful.

DDK:

I'm sorry in advance, folks.

Lance:

For weeks, Ned Reform has been teasing his return to this program to confront... well, someone. I think maybe we're...

Lance is interrupted by a sudden and unexpected burst of **pyro** from the stage! After the flash, a large banner is released from the rafters - a banner that reads "NUMBER SEVEN!" Suddenly, Ned Reform appears in the entranceway. He raises one arm outward in a friendly greeting and in his other cradles a long bit of burnt umber cloth material. He's dressed in a maroon dress shirt and dark khakis and it's clear he's milking his big return for all its worth. Reform puts his free hand up over his eyes as if he's searching for something important among the legions of Faithful with a big smile on his face. He points to the Number Seven banner and flashes a shit-eating grin. The fans, for their part, are letting him know how much they hate him - but that doesn't seem to be getting through to The Pedagogue of Pain. He's just be really happy to be back.

Lance:

When last we saw Ned Reform at a live DEFIANCE event, it was in a losing effort to Deacon and Conor Fuse.

DDK:

Interestingly, there's no sign of the man who may have ended the DEFIANCE career of Count Novick last week on Uncut. TA Cole is usually right by his side, but tonight Reform is flying solo.

Ned slowly makes his way down the ramp - he stops several times to soak up all the "adulation" for his epic return, even going all the way around to the far side of the ring to give all the ringside fans a moment near his glory. Finally, he's up on the ring apron. Before he enters the ring, he turns to face the people and blows an exaggerated kiss. He hangs the burnt umber material over the top rope. After stepping through the ropes, he naturally motions for a mic as the music fades out and he turns and walks so he's facing the entrance rampway.

Reform goes to speak, but...

BOOO!

He lowers the mic, looking around at the fans who don't seem to be ready to allow him to speak. He raises his mic again...

BOOO!

Reform shakes his head in amusement.

Ned Reform:

...I can wait.

BOOO!

Now Reform is just straight up laughing at the fan's display.

Ned Reform:

B00!

Ned Reform:

Before I begin, I would like to thank my dear student, colleague, and friend Levi Cole. When I arrived today, I was not aware that he went through all the trouble of getting the DEFIANCE higher ups to spring for pyro and a banner that honors my recent award, but I was honored and touched. He truly is a thoughtful human being and I am honored to call him my partner.

Reform pretends to get choked up for a moment.

Ned Reform:

A lot seems to have transpired in my absence. Conor Fuse, bless his stupid little heart, finally recieved his just desserts thanks to Mr. Oscar Burns - a fellow who, I must say, has started making quite a bit of sense lately.

B000000000000000000 (urns)!

Ned Reform:

That miscreant Rezin appears to be having somewhat of an identity crisis - likely because his brain is roughly the size of a pea. Cayle Murray is trying to get his release from this god awful organization - a position that I can completely understand, I assure you. And, of course, TA Cole has popped a festering boil on the DEFIANCE landscape by removing Count Novick from the equation permanently.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Which brings me to a topic of much intrigue: namely, myself. I know many of you are waiting with bated breath. Who, Dr. Reform, have you returned to confront? Who is this “APPENDIX of DEFIANCE” you speak of? Well... fear not, children. You shall have your answers right now.

Reform turns from the ramp area and walks to the corner holding the burnt umber material. He reaches over the rope to grab an end, lifting it by what now appears to be a hood. He pulls it high, even as the rest remains touching the mat. He turns back toward the ramp and shouts—

Ned Reform:

DEACON!!! I would have a word with you.

A pause for the fans to process this call out, and then a cheer rises up at the prospect of The Mute Freak giving Ned Reform what he deserves once more. Spitefully, he throws the monk's robe onto the ring apron.

DDK:

Deacon? That's who Ned Reform has been hinting at in his videos?

Lance:

I don't know if this is a wise move on Ned's part...

Reform crosses the ring and leans forward on the top rope, intently facing toward the entrance.

Ned Reform:

I know you're back there. I've seen you. I assure you, I can wait all night if need be...

The Gregorian chant begins and the crowd pops. Magdalena steps through the curtain, dressed as normal with one

added accessory, a deck of cards she's mindlessly shuffling from one hand to the other. Almost absently, she glances up and "realizes" she's on the stage. She puts the cards in a back pocket (that's right, this girl has clothes with pockets!), then grabs a microphone.

Magdalena:

Sorry. Heard Fur Elise and decided I'd best entertain myself.

In the ring, Reform shakes his head in disappointment.

Ned Reform:

I was hoping for Deacon himself, not his Gal Friday. No matter, I suppose... you can listen and relay the message, yes? That's a good girl.

Magdalena:

Should I get my iPhone out? Use my thumbs to keep up with all your wisdom? You wouldn't mind if I used some emoji's, right? Got a feeling my singing poop emoji is gonna come in handy.

Ned Reform:

I'd like to begin with some concessions that I believe you will find amenable...

Magdalena:

Hold on. Hold on. Let me get the salutation. Dearest Appendix... is that one p or two?

Reform briefly huffs at the interruption, but then shakes his head as he continues.

Ned Reform:

As I was saying... I believe you will find these points agreeable when it comes to your dear friend Deacon. Firstly: I will absolutely agree with Deacon's legendary status within this sport. The man has had a vast, storied, and amazing career, and nobody - not even the great Dr. Ned Reform - can rob him of that glory. He should be proud of his tenure. He should be proud of his body of work. Someday, I imagine he'll have quite the memoir. I would be eager to read that story. But my dear Magdalena... stories eventually end, do they not? And I ask you: what exactly has Deacon accomplished lately? Oh, I know his theatrics entertain the masses and he's good for a nice shot of nostalgia on an otherwise dull program. But is that all that is left of the once great Deacon? Smoke and mirrors and pity approval from the crowd?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform shakes his head as one might toward a toddler throwing a tantrum.

Ned Reform:

You all know what I'm saying is factual... even if you won't admit it! The very frank truth is: Deacon's time is over. He is long past his prime. He will accomplish nothing else of any value or note. He is a relic: a holdover from a time that simply does not exist anymore. And I...

Reform is interrupted as a chant rises up from The Faithful...

I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!

Ned Reform:

Yes! Yes I know! You "believe"! That's the problem! You see: that is the difference between myself and the simpletons of the world: you all "believe"... but I *know*. I said it two weeks ago: it is time for The Good Doctor to perform some much needed surgery. To remove the appendix of DEFIANCE. And while in a perfect world, Deacon would set aside his emotional reaction to my speech, see the irrefutable logic in my words, and decide to walk away with what's left of his dignity... I know this likely won't be the case. So here is my proposal, my sweet girl: Ned Reform vs. Deacon, one-on-one at DEFIANCE Road.

The fans approve of this!

Ned Reform:

Oh, you like that? Well, I'm not done yet: if I win... when I win... DEACON WALKS AWAY FROM PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING FOREVER. His career in this squared circle is over. You see, it is time for the new to clear away the old. I will prove to Deacon that he has lost a step. That he is not nearly the competitor Dr. Reform is. For I will not only defeat him, I will demoralize him.

Magdalena, furiously thumbing away at her cell phone, glances up at Ned. She nods, motions for him to continue, then acting as if she's just realized he's finished, holds the cell phone out toward Ned and puts the microphone up to her mouth.

Magdalena:

That's it? Did I get it all?

Ned squints for a moment before throwing his hands in the air and mouths, "I can't see from that far away."

Magdalena:

You can't see from so far away. (Magdalena shakes her head woefully.) Truer words have never left your mouth, Doc. Seems this "good girl" will have to help you (she points at Ned then shoots her thumb up toward the screen). See.

On the screen is the, you guessed it, poop emoji, making as if it's singing as the words appear above the emoji -

"blah. Deacon past his prime. Blah, blah. More Blah from Doc who says others believe but he thinks he knows. Blah, if he defeats Deacon then Deacon has to retire."

Magdalena:

That pretty much cover it?

Ned Reform is not amused. He moves the microphone to his mouth. Magdalena doesn't give him a chance to speak.

Magdalena: You *know* that Deacon is passed his prime. You *know* that the Saint of the Squared Circle needs to ride off into the sunset? You *know* that the Mute Freak is a nostalgia act good for little more than a cheap pop for the crowd and some smoke and mirrors? (The robe continues to "fill out", the crowd reacting seemingly with each inch.) For someone who claims with such certainty to *know*, I don't hear you putting your knowledge up to the same degree you're asking Deacon to do.

On the mat, the slightest movement can be seen near the robe. Reform nods in agreement to Magdalena.

Ned Reform:

Fair point. Let it not be said that I am not a fair man.

The shadowed hood steadily lifts as if by a wire. While the crowd didn't notice it before, they're realizing it now.

Ned Reform:

So here you have it: if, by some act of happenstance, Deacon is able to secure the victory in our match, I will do something monumental. I will do something unheard of. I will...

The robe continues to "fill out". The crowd's audible buzz grows. The Doctor looks from Magdalena to the crowd as if he can feel their anticipation for what he will risk in this contest. He lets it linger, as the crowd's anticipation builds, as does the now fully filled out robe behind the Doctor. He smirks at the crowd then says,

Ned Reform:

I will publicly admit that I was wrong.

A hand reaches out from the robe's arms and throws back the hood to reveal the Deacon. The crowd EXPLODES as the Deacon glares down at Reform who is about arm's length away. Ned's face is aglow to the reaction.

Ned Reform:

So what do you say? DEFIANCE Road: the reputation of Dr. Ned Reform vs. the career of The Mute Freak?

Magdalena shrugs, shows her phone to Ned again.

Magdalena:

I'm just taking notes. I'll have to ask the Deacon. Give me a sec.

Normally, the crowd would boo such a heelish move as avoiding the immediate acceptance of a challenge, but they're in on this game. Magdalena types away at her cell phone, and once again, the words appear on the screen above her.

DEACON vs doctor. Career vs "I'm wrong".

Do U accept?

SEND

Nothing happens for a few moments. Ned throws his hands up, shakes his head, then turns—

Deacon grabs Ned Reform by the throat. The “not so good” doctor's eyes bug out as he frantically tries to rip Deacon's arm away. It's not going anywhere. Doctor Ned Reform is. Up. Down. CHOKESLAM! The crowd's deafening roar would easily drown out any answer Deacon might give. Fortunately, a “ding” echoes the loudspeaker and Deacon reaches into one of the robe's pockets. He pulls out a cell phone and hits a few buttons. With another ding, moments later a new phrase appears on the screen above Magdalena—

Do U Accept?

Yes

Lance:

It's official! Deacon vs. Ned Reform at DEF Road - with Deacon's storied career on the line!

DDK:

I don't like this, Lance. I hope Deacon isn't underestimating the cunning of Reform... I don't like this at all.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS vs. DAVID FOX

To ringside we go for the next match of the night.

Thump... CLAP. ThumpthumpCLAP.

Thump... CLAP. ThumpthumpCLAP.

A sudden rip of guitar chords precedes a herald of horns as an unfamiliar tune fills the DEFplex.

♪“Same Ol” by The Heavy ♪

The initial hum among the Faithful gives way to a chorus of cheers as David Fox emerges from the ramp, eyes gleaming with determination and teeth gritted for battle!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Fighting out of Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in tonight at 202 pounds...

DAVID FOX!

Dressed in red-orange-and-black gear covered in a variety of caution signals to fit the aesthetic of the recently-formed Dangerous Mix, Fox is full of pep, tagging hands and beelining his way to the ring. He hops onto the ring apron, waving a pointer finger at the Faithful, before stepping between the ropes and looking out to the crowd and to the arrival of his opponent.

With Fox in the ring, the house lights begin to flash as if they're losing power. Suddenly, the sound of a helicopter propeller cuts through the arena.

♪“Helikopter” by Fazlija ♪

HeLiKoPtEr

hElIkOpTeR

The so-bad-it's-good lyrics of Fazlija's smash hit about helicopters plays through the arena as Search Party Cyrus walks down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Forth Worth, Texas, SEARCH PARTY CYRUS!

Bates sports a seriously menacing look on his face as he stops once or twice to “peer” into the crowd as if he's looking for something when really he's just playing up his gimmick.

DDK:

This is a big matchup for Bates as lately, I guess you could say Mushigihara has gotten the best of him.

Bates doesn't hesitate to get into the ring and go face-to-face with one of Mushi's comrades. Cyrus pushes his weight around and gives Fox a good solid shove in the chest before barking at him.

Search Party Cyrus:

David Fox... Troy Matthews... the name we slap on a milk carton after you go *missing* won't matter, son.

DING DING

David isn't intimidated at all as the two lock up. Cyrus finesses his way into a hammerlock before landing a backdrop to Fox's skull. Fox, however, is quick to his feet where he delivers a shotgun drop kick!

Lance:

SPC sent into the buckle!

Fox follows it up with a fury of punches until Bates pushes his smaller foe away.

DDK:

SPC with a charging lariat out of the corner! He nearly took Fox's head off!

Happy about his handy work, Bates smirks, then jumps down for a pin. The Bellicose Brawler is sure to wrench his forearm into Fox's face in an effort to deter a kick out.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

David slips out of the pin and is quick to his feet. He tries to cut Bates down with some kicks but misses. Leaving himself open, Bates catches Fox with an uppercut. He then grabs David around the neck in the familiar running theme revolving around the uranage.

DDK:

Is SPC going to hit what I think he's trying to hit?

Lance:

I think so but David Fox is already out of dodge!

SPC points to his brain as David Fox collects himself on the outside.

DDK:

I must say, that's quite ballsy of Bates to try to hit the uranage, a new move Mushigihara has introduced for himself, on one of his very gifted pupils no less.

Lance:

You say ballsy, I say arrogant, in the end, it's all the same but remember last week where Bates came out and uranaged most of DEFsec all in an effort to get Mushi's attention?

DDK:

I do and that didn't end well for Bates. He ate a REAL uranage from the master himself.

While the commentary team bickers, the action picks back up inside the ring. Fox slides back in and takes the fight to Bates who gets overwhelmed with fists. David slings his opponent off the ropes but is met with a thunderous shoulder block!

DDK:

Another cover by Bates!

ONE!

TWO!

COUNTER!

ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE!

The crowd is left with a gasp as David Fox nearly steals the match with a reversal. Infuriated, SPC smashes his elbow into Fox's jaw. He then resumes his pursuit of the uranage by underhooking Fox around the neck. This time Fox can't get out of it.

Lance:

URANAGE!

The thud of two bodies bouncing off the canvas takes the arena by storm.

DDK:

I must say, that still didn't look as lethal as when Mushi hits it.

As if he could hear that remark, Bates pulls Fox up for a little more punishment. Uranage. Again. One more for good measure too.

Lance:

That's three uranages by Search Party Cyrus! You think he's trying to send a message!?

SPC hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Mercilessly, this one's over.

SPC gets his hand raised as he peers down at David Fox who is out of it.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by URANAGE, SEARCH PARTY CYRUS!

Bates grins and winks at the little extra heat DQ put on his announcement. Like a samurai completing a quest, SPC claps his hands at the crowd before taking a bow and exiting the ring.

DDK:

An impressive win, no doubt but how focused is Search Party Cyrus on that uranage? A move he didn't even introduce into this. He better be careful or else that will be his downfall.

Bates halts his momentum right before the ramp. The fans can feel what's about to happen as SPC promptly rolls back into the ring and grabs David Fox.

Uranage. The fourth.

Lance:

Unreal! Just stop it! It wasn't enough Bates won the match after hitting THREE uranages but he had to come back into the ring just to hit a fourth? Give me a break.

SPC finally exits the ring, much to the referee's relief. The Faithful boo as Bates chuckles a bit before heading to the back.

DDK:

I don't speak for Mushigihara when I say this but rest assured, I think the message is received loud and clear.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2021

DEFIANCE ROAD 2021



UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ladder Match

SNS © vs. PCP vs. LTT

WARCHAMBER

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

TONIGHT IS JUST THE BEGINNING

In the backstage area, Christie Zane is on her phone, perusing the latest Reddit thread, while she is still trying to understand what Reddit is all about, while wearing a nice black dress.

Around the corner appears David Noble, dressed and ready for his match.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Christie looks at him for a long moment before putting her phone away, and approaching him.

Christie Zane:

David Noble! You have a moment?

David looks around for a quick moment.

David Noble:

Is this deja vu?

Christie Zane:

No, this is DEFIANCE. Are you lost? I can probably find someone to help you with directions.

David takes a long look at Christie.

Christie Zane:

Though, I hear that Deja Vu is a great scene! I tried to get in there once and I was told I couldn't come in! Could you imagine that? Them not letting me in! Like, what was going on in there? Oh shit...

David continues to take a long look at Christie.

Christie Zane:

What do you think was going on in there? Was it like a drug deal? And they know I'm a reporter! That must be it. Or maybe a grisly murder. Oh man, this is going to really bother me.

David continues to look at Christie.

David Noble:

Christie, I said deja vu because we met in the same exact spot last show.

Christie Zane:

Did we? I really don't remember.

David Noble:

It's okay. I think. I'm worried about you. Anyways, what's up?

Christie Zane:

Well, you know, this guy stood me up last night and I was wondering if I should call him to see what's going on. We had gone out the night before and one thing had led to another and I think he may have gotten the wrong impression of me, which is really sad—

David Noble:

Christie, Christie, I really don't have the time for this. I figured you wanted to actually speak to me about the match tonight...

As the words leave David's mouth, Christie looks confused.

Christie Zane:

You have a match tonight?

David sighs before he looks over at the microphone that is about ten feet away from Christie.

David Noble:

Do you mind? You know what, I'll just grab this...

His voice trails off as he walks over to the microphone, lifts, and walks back to where he was standing before.

David Noble:

I'm just going to take this microphone and speak into it while looking at the camera. Why don't you take a break and go sit back over there?

Christie Zane:

Oh that's so nice! I work so hard every day that no one ever thinks to give me a break.

David Noble:

Glad I was here to help you out Christie.

Christie smiles as she walks back to her spot, pulling out her phone in the process, and beginning to scroll through Reddit again. David watches as she walks away, shakes his head slowly, and then looks back at the camera.

David Noble:

Tonight, I'm back in the main event. Against Lindsay Troy. Don't know the lay of the land between me and ol' twinkletoes? Let's just say we've been around the moon and back with one another and it is definitely a love/hate relationship between the two of us in the fact that we just can't help but love to hate one another. That's just the reality. That's just the facts. We've tried to put our differences aside, but, you know what, *fuck* that noise.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

I didn't show back up in DEFIANCE looking to make friends, I didn't show back up to potentially rekindle back frenemies, I simply came back to DEFIANCE to mow the *fuck* over some people and see who pops back up for a second dose of *fucking* reality. I can't stand Lindsay Troy. She can't stand me. So guess who wins out in the end? The fans because they're going to see two of the very best to step in that ring do what they do best, and knock the holy *fuck* out of one another.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

Thought you all might enjoy that. Let me lay it straight out there, just in case anyone is thinking about putting any money on me to do the big upset on LT. Don't. I know, that is shocking. The reality is that I'm getting back into ring shape, I'm busy knocking off this rust, and while I may have looked good against Rezin, I know there are several levels between the competition that Rezin brings to the table compared to Troy. There is no illusions dancing in my eyes like Mary *fucking* Poppins. Tonight is going to be the first battle in what I feel like are going to be a series of them in this war against Lindsay Troy and I.

Noble then motions for the camera to get closer to him.

David Noble:

I had a dream, Lindsay. A dream. This is our first time ever stepping foot in the ring with one another in the nearly fifteen years that I've known you, but something tells me our paths will cross again and much sooner than this one took. I had a dream that somewhere down the path, you and I will square up for much larger stakes than just bragging rights. I don't know if it's for the FIST of DEFIANCE title, for a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE title, but I saw it. That's

why when you challenged me last show, I didn't think twice about it. I simply knew I had to have that match. Not because that was the end game, but to help set up the end game.

Noble clears his throat.

David Noble:

Here's the reality Troy. You've been pouring your blood, sweat, and tears out to redefine who Lindsay Troy is. I've seen the footage, watched the tapes, and the Lindsay Troy in the ring today is not the same Lindsay Troy from six years ago. While you were doing that, I was off doing my own thing, trying to figure out my way back. We're not at the same level, not yet. Tonight, you may walk out of there with the victory, but tonight is setting me up for success in the future. Because tonight, I'm walking away with more knowledge than you could possibly imagine. I'm going to figure out where exactly I'm at, where exactly you're at, and I will be able to understand the gap that exists. Because tonight is NOT about tonight. It's about that night six months, nine months, twelve months down the road when we do battle again, but I will have the knowledge of HOW to beat you.

Noble pauses for a moment as he hears the chant of the crowd.

NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE!

David Noble:

Fuck, that feels good. Tonight is not about tonight, Lindsay. Tonight is just the beginning in a long road with us. Because we've been dancing around this for years now, and the reality is, it was only a matter of time until this moment happened. You're waiting for tonight, but I'm waiting for the next time. Bring everything you've got tonight, Troy, because I'm ready for it. Just know, you might put me down tonight, but in doing so, you're just setting yourself up for failure down the road. So thank you, for doing me a favor tonight.

Then it cuts to a commercial as Noble walks away.

FAVOURED SAINTS IS FOR WRESTLERS ONLY

Cut to backstage, outside the set of oaken double-doors leading into the DEFIANCE executive offices. The doors burst open as the Pacific Blitzkrieg KERRY KUROYAMA exits the offices in a huff. He's dressed in semi-casual business attire - gray slacks, forest green long-sleeve, with the Favoured Saints Championship draped over his shoulder.

Unsurprisingly, backstage interviewer Jamie Sawyers is waiting for him.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry! Do you have a minute?

Brewing frustration is etched on Kuroyama's face, but he nonetheless stops to let the reporter approach him. Jamie looks between Kerry to the doors to the offices behind them. He can put two and two together.

Jamie Sawyers:

I don't want to take up too much of your time, so I'll get right to it. Obviously, you can't be happy after that loss by disqualification two weeks ago at DEFTV 162, thanks to Malak Garland's interference. I take it you just met with the company bigwigs from Favoured Saints to talk on that issue?

Kerry slowly nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Correct, Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

And judging by your expression right now, I'm assuming that conversation didn't go well...?

Now he shakes his head and growls like a stewing volcano.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, Jamie, it did not.

Jamie Sawyers:

Could you tell us what happened?

Kuroyama groans as he unslings the Favoured Saints Championship and holds it out in front of him, now appealing to Jamie.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I tried to explain to the board of trustees to Favoured Saints Financial that I put a lot of work into this belt over those four weeks, fighting my way through a series of hard-fought matches against quality opponents. It wasn't easy getting those wins, I can assure you of that.

He angrily taps his index finger against the face of the belt.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I made the case that I was doing my job of making this title - the one with *their* company logo on the front - actually *worth* something in a competitive sense. Moreso than it was being handed around like a hot potato by that clown, Rezin

He points out in the direction of the ring, furiously shaking his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I told them that I have absolutely *no control* in who runs into that ring during my matches. DEFSec failed to do their job, and I'm the one getting punished for it, while that kiss-ass Malak gets away without any reprisal. It's bullshit, no matter

how you look at it.

Jamie Sawyers:

But... they didn't buy it?

Kuroyama sighs in defeat as he dutifully returns the championship to his shoulder.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Despite my best appeals, no, they did not. Apparently, they don't feel it would be "fair" to the spirit of the championship to undo the result of a match, regardless of the circumstances. Four wins for a shot at the Southern Heritage means four *consecutive* wins, period.

Rage fills the eyes of the Pacific Blitzkrieg as he grinds his teeth and stares off into space.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Meaning all that hard work, busting my ass week after week was all apparently in service to nothing. I have to start again from square one, all because Malak Garland couldn't get a hint, and decided to stick his nose where it didn't belong.

Jamie Sawyers:

Consequently, earlier tonight Malak challenged you to a DEATHMATCH for the Favoured Saints Championship at DEFIANCE Road.

Kerry scoffs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Yeah, of course he does. It's the only way he can stay relevant...

Jamie Sawyers:

Are you planning to take him up on his offer? Seems like it would be a good opportunity to get some payback against the man that derailed your plans.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Seems like it would, Jamie, yes. I can't deny that right now, in this moment, I would absolutely love to kick Malak's scrawny ass from pillar to post. Almost sounds too good to be true.

His eyes skeptically narrow.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thing is, Jamie... Malak may think I'm the kind of moron who doesn't see through his intentions, but it's clear as day to me that laying down this challenge is his way of baiting me into a trap.

Jamie Sawyers:

A trap? Do you think so?

Kuroyama nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

He knows he doesn't stand a chance against a superior athlete like me... but a Deathmatch? I mean, skill and strength don't really matter when all one has to do is find a heavy enough object to hit the other guy over the head and knock him out.

Jamie Sawyers:

You do make a point there. Extreme wrestling doesn't seem to mesh well with traditional, straightforward professional wrestling. A Deathmatch could give Malak the equalizer he needs to stand toe to toe against you.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Yeah, and it would be stupid of me to risk my health and my career walking into a fight like that. Not to mention, he did absolutely nothing to earn the right to a shot at this title, let alone to set it on his own terms. And something about that bothers me even more...

He glances again at the belt resting on his shoulder.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Is that really the kind of precedent I want to set with this title? Do I want to be remembered as the champion that chose to enable the mudshow antics of that thin-skinned wannabe influencer, by rewarding him with an opportunity that's probably deserved by better athletes?

He curtly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, Jamie... that's not going to be my legacy. I've spent my career pouring my heart and soul into this sport, and I'm not going to let that whiny little worm make a mockery of it.

Turning from Jamie to the camera, the Pacific Blitzkrieg unslings the belt once more and holds it up.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let me be clear to everyone listening in DEFIANCE land right now: as long as I hold this belt, the Favoured Saints Champion is for wrestlers *only*. Hacks, hucksters, and attention whores need not apply.

He takes a step closer and points to one person in particular.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And to the biggest whore of them all, Malak Garland... if you seriously ever expect to even be within sniffing distance of this title, you better start winning some actual *wrestling* matches against actual *wrestlers*.

He steps back and returns to his shoulder.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Until then... you can expect to hear from my lawyer.

He nods one last time to the interviewer.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie...

Kerry Kuroyama walks away, leaving Sawyers standing alone before the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, fans, based on what we just heard, it would appear the future of the Favoured Saints Championship is still up in the air, as Kerry Kuroyama will NOT commit to Malak Garland's challenge! We'll see how this develops in the coming weeks, but until then, let's get back to the action in the ring!

OSCAR BURNS vs. KLEIN

DDK:

We're up with our next match on the card and this is going to be the first time we see Burns in action since that loss to Conor Fuse on 161. Conor had his number and Burns lashed out at Conor because of that loss, plain and simple. That's how I feel... but clearly, Oscar doesn't see it that way.

Lance:

And this is Oscar Burns. A man who you could easily argue as THE best representative of what DEFIANCE is and what it stands for... but what I've seen since then has been a disappointment to me personally. He's as good as he's ever been between the ropes, but his conduct leaves much to be desired.

DDK:

Klein has a huge battle ahead of him. This is also the first match Klein has had since his loss to Jestal. He's been an emotional wreck, but we've heard The D and Elise Ares talked him up into this match. Any way you slice it, a win over the former two-time FIST is going to make your career. With that said... let's go to ringside for intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... he is to be referred to from here on out as "DEFIANCE Itself..." **OSCAR BURNS!**

The Faithful wait for a moment... then... Rapid-fire footage on the DEFIATron.

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

♪ "Invincible" by Escape The Fate feat. Lindsey Stirling ♪

Gone is the "Hi. I Like Graps" of old or even the more recent "We all like graps!" Now one shirt with a simple message: "DEFIANCE."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

And more so noted... gone is his colorful attire. All black attire. Trunks. Kneepads. Boots. All devoid of color, along with a black towel draped over his head with a noted logo as the camera catches it from behind...

"I AM DEFIANCE."

DDK:

Oscar Burns... never seen him this deadly serious before.

As the theme continues to play, Burns slowly approaches the ring, gazing out from under the towel for a moment. He stands on the apron and removes the towel over his head. He hangs it on the ropes, wipes his feet, and then climbs into the ring. With his entrance made, Burns waits for the arrival of Klein.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the Pop Culture Phenoms and accompanied by Flex Kruger... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 263 pounds... **KLEIN!**

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

The lights cut, as a soft fade spotlight shines onto the entrance ramp. Klein steps out from the curtain to wild cheers as Flex holds up a "GO, BOX, GO!" sign. He hunches his shoulders forward, throwing both hands into the air. He winces

a bit, nursing the tape still covering his ribs. The Faithful loudly cheer for the Man in the Box as Klein now takes a moment to wave to the fans.

Lance:

Look, Darren. Flex is trying to cheer him up. They both realize this is a big opportunity for Klein's career after the love of his life, Dandelion, turned her back on Klein to help her brother pick up the victory at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Klein is a former BRAZEN Champion and holder of the World Trios Titles at one point. He can get it done in that ring. He has a power advantage and if he can shut out his emotion and fight, he could give Oscar a run for his money.

Klein gets into the ring and Burns is clearly looking at this chance as just another match. He stands off with Klein and the bell rings.

DING DING

Burns and The Boxman lock up with the fans cheering Klein, but the former two-time FIST spins around behind him and manages to get the powerhouse Klein off his feet relatively quickly with a double leg takedown and then maneuvers around quickly to attempt a grounded cobra twist quickly!

DDK:

No wasted movement from Burns tonight! The crowd is all over him but he's shutting them out.

Lance:

He's trying to go after those taped ribs. We've been told that Klein was given a mostly clean bill of health to compete since Acts, but those ribs may not be fully healed.

Klein uses his power and fights his way out, throwing Oscar off to the side. When both men get back up to their feet, Burns is the first one to strike with a STIFF elbow smash to the ribs! Klein doubles over in pain and allows Oscar to push him back to the corner. He unleashes some vicious elbows into the rib cage of The Boxman and doubles him over in pain.

Oscar Burns:

I. AM. DEFIANCE. Not you, sideshow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The New Zealander tries to get Klein out of the corner with a whip... but Klein turns it around using his raw power and then sends Burns off viciously into the opposite corner. He comes back forward and then Klein takes him over with a huge back body drop!

DDK:

Burns wasting a little time there trying to talk trash to Klein and it backfires badly!

Lance:

And a big shoulder block by Klein! He knocks Burns down! Cover!

ONE... TW-NO!

Burns kicks out and pushes Klein away from him, but the lovable powerhouse from the Pop Culture Phenoms has Flex cheering him on outside! Klein feels the love from the crowd as he tries to take Burns up and over for a vertical suplex. He tries to get him up, but Burns blocks it with a foot and then grabs the arm! He tries to take Klein down with an armbar, but when The Boxman fights back, the man claiming to represent DEFIANCE CRACKS him in the chest with a huge knee lift!

DDK:

Big knee lift by Burns.. And a big running knee strike off the ropes! Klein is down!

Burns holds his back in pain and angrily tries to regain his composure after Klein showing him up moments ago... then he runs over and STOMPS on the back of Klein! The Boxman reels in pain!

Lance:

There's never been any doubt in my mind... Oscar Burns is likely the top technician in DEFIANCE. But... there's no excuse at all for his recent behaviour.

DDK:

And the fact he thinks he hasn't changed is even more disturbing.

The man claiming to be DEFIANCE Incarnate has Klein down on the ground with the crowd jeering him as he grabs hold of Klein's left arm. He tries to defend himself, but Burns fires off his signature STOMPS to the chest to work over the rib cage of Klein! He tries to block one, but Burns kicks his hand away and then fires off several more shots.

Lance:

He's working Klein apart with those shots!

The jeers are LOUD tonight for the former two-time FIST, but he shuts out the crowd again and then fires off another knee strike to the chest of Klein. He gets doubled over when Burns shows off impressive strength and takes down Klein with a huge exploder suplex! The big man bounces off the mat and writhes around in pain as Oscar carefully ponders his next move.

DDK:

Burns with the Exploder! He's up... Running European Uppercut to Klein, right on target!

After flooring Klein with the running uppercut, he goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Klein kicks out to cheers from the fans! The eyes of Oscar Burns show determination and not looking like an idiot when Klein kicks out of the big exploder... but he does follow up immediately. He grabs Klein by the side as he tries to stand. Klein tries to fight with a pair of elbows to the top of Burns' head.

Lance:

Klein trying to free himself... NO! Backcrackamajig!

The belly to back into the backbreaker NAILS Klein! Oscar favors his own knee from having a larger opponent fall on it, but it takes him only a few seconds to recover before going for another cover on Klein.

ONE... TWO... TH-KICKOUT!

The Faithful cheer on Klein (along with Flex from the outside!) but when he kicks out, he immediately switches up to a grounded Cobra Twist!

DDK:

That delay from Burns' knee might have protected Klein on the kickout, but now Burns goes right to the Cobra Twist variation! Cranking on the neck while going after the ribs! Double dangerous!

Lance:

He keeps on cranking the hold! Does Klein have enough power to escape this?

KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN!

The underdog fan favorite continues to get cheers from The Faithful while Burns now shows a little more disappointment in who they cheer for. Burns continues to crank back on the hold and tries to elicit a tapout. The official checks with Klein but when Flex continues to hold out the "Go, Box, Go!" sign, Klein sees it.

Lance:

Flex being there for his friend! And now Klein trying to power out!

He starts to fight through the hold and gets back to his feet with Burns now being shocked at his power. He continues to fight back... then KLEIN BREAKS FREE WITH A BIG HIP TOSS!

DDK:

KLEIN BREAKS FREE! THIS IS HIS CHANCE!

The Faithful are all in on Klein trying to pull off the big upset as he still favors his ribs. Oscar takes a moment to try and get to his knees. He moves a little bit quicker than Klein but before he can do anything, Klein surprises him by grabbing his ribs and THROWING Burns overhead with a big overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

Wow! What a toss! Klein has Burns on the defensive!

Klein's ribs feel like they've been set on fire, but he fights through it and finally makes it back to his feet with Burns still reeling. He gets knocked even more loopy from a big lariat! Oscar gets knocked down but when he's up a second time, he gets nailed with another one. The Boxman doubles over Oscar with a huge boot and then gets him on his shoulders. He rams Burns back-first into the ropes and then comes out of the corner with a HUGE Oklahoma Stampede powerslam!

DDK:

Big powerslam out of the corner by Klein! Cover! Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The two-time former FIST kicks out and deflates the crowd like a Patriots' football (allegedly). Klein doesn't believe it!

Lance:

Klein almost got him there! But he might have a chance with Burns down!

He tries to set Burns up again and puts him across his shoulders... he tries for the TKO, but Burns lands behind him. He turns... HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

DDK:

Oscar with the shot... then SHOVES Klein by his ribs into the corner!

The crowd jeers when Burns takes advantage of the injury by pulling Klein out of the corner... and going right into the Octopus Stretch! Quickly, the hold is latched on and Klein is brought to a knee while Oscar continues to work him over with the vicious hold!

Lance:

Graps of Wrath! Is that it? Does Klein have anything left in him?

Klein tries to fight out... but the pain is too great as he collapses to the mat! Oscar continues cranking on the stretch... after grounding The Boxman! He tries to fight, but when the pain is too great... he taps!

DING DING DING

After the match, Burns rolls out and lets go of the hold. He rolls back to his feet and then stands patiently, waiting for

the official to raise his arm.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **OSCAR BURNS!**

!DEFIANT

Oscar gets up then wants a microphone.

DDK:

Burns with the win tonight! Klein gave him a couple of fits, but the damage to those ribs was too great and Oscar does what he does best. Works over the body part and then earns the win.

Lance:

And now what does he want?

As Flex goes to check on Klein and help him from the ring, Oscar Burns has the microphone.

Oscar Burns:

You see that, GC's? You see what I just did? I came out here without an agenda... without an ulterior motive... without evil intent! I came out! I wrestled! And I won! That is what DEFIANCE is and should be! Another example of why I... AM... DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd continues booing as Oscar leaves the ring and starts heading to the back.

Oscar Burns:

That is why I have been your favorite for the past five years! Klein tried to overpower me and that GC is powerful... I won't take away from any of his accolades. If he'd stop running around with a box on his head moping after little clown girls, he could be even greater! But like a good fighter, I analyzed the situation. And just like when I won the WrestleUTA World Title, I fought from underneath against a more powerful opponent... and I won!

Lance:

Ugh... is he STILL going on about that?

The two-time FIST now ends up on the ramp.

Oscar Burns:

And with your help... you, the Oscar Burns Faithful... we're going to clean up my organization one match at a time! Voice your support for people like me and for "Number 7 himself" DOCTOR Ned Reform who wants to make DEFIANCE better!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

...Did he just throw a compliment the way of Ned Reform?

Burns continues through the booing.

Oscar Burns:

Stop booing. Now. I find it disrespectful, GCs. I'm trying to help you...

As the former FIST of DEFIANCE stands at the top of the rampway, looking out to all The Faithful who shower him in disapproval, Burns places his free hand on his t-shirt, pointing at it, reminding the crowd that he is, indeed, the ultimate DEFIANT.

Slowly but surely, the fans eases up on the boos.

Burns' frustration washes away. Oscar starts nodding his head, continuing to point to his shirt, realizing it's working. The Faithful remember. The Faithful know. They *are* on his side.

However, behind Oscar Burns a shadowy figure rises from a lift from underneath the entrance ramp. This is the person for whom the crowd cheers for.

The lift reaches the top. The shadowy figure raises his head and pulls back his lime green hoodie.

Conor Fuse, black eye and all.

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!!!

The arena is going apeshit. By now, Burns certainly knows he has the crowd in the palm of his hands. He bows, waves, does anything he can to soak in the cheers. He knew they would come to their senses.

He knew.

...Until the cheers *changed*.

No longer are they just wild screams and shouts. No longer does Oscar hear someone say "OH MY GOD!" or think he's convinced the ten-year-old boy in row number two he was right all along. No. The cheers aren't random noises anymore.

They are coherent. They are in sync.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Burns raises an eyebrow.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

He tilts his head slightly.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Oscar can feel someone's breath on his neck.

Lance:

Look behind you, stooge! Our DEFIANT has come back!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Oscar takes an extended gulp and slowly turns around to see Conor Fuse standing right in front of his face. The Ultimate Gamer smiles and then gives Oscar a wink.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man.

CRACK!

The crowd comes ALIVE as Conor Fuse drills Oscar Burns in the side of the temple! Fuse keeps the fists coming, working Burns all the way down the ramp, soon switching to kicks while the crowd !RANK chants along with each one of them.

The arena is deafening.

DDK:

This rivals a response similar to Oscar Burns!

Conor kicks Burns to ringside. He throws Oscar into the ring. Fuse leaps onto the apron and then leaps onto the ropes. Fuse flies across with a spinning pump kick but Oscar drops to his knees at the last second and rolls out of the ring! The fans boo mercilessly as Burns scurries up the rampway and Conor shouts at Oscar from inside the ring.

Conor Fuse:

YOU. I thought *you* were DEFIANT!? I thought you were our mascot!?

Burns is at the top of the ramp, looking like he might have tears in his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Well Mr. DEFIANT, the mascot of this company... I, Conor Fuse, am the LOCKER ROOM LEADER.

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!

Conor Fuse:

Big Match Burns...

Fuse pauses.

Conor Fuse:

Meet Last Level Conor!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

By now, Burns has already vanished. The Video Game Kid stands in the center of the ring, alone, firing up the crowd, walking to each corner of the ring and slamming the turnbuckle padding while powering himself up.

DDK:

Hell ya, Conor! Burns shows his true colours once again!

The show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



SCARED BEYOND BELIEF

Somewhere dark.

Despite a strong showing in the ring earlier in the night, none other than Search Party Cyrus sits cross legged, on a production crate, rocking himself back and forth. It's clear he's rattled.

Search Party Cyrus:

Uranage, uranage. All I see are uranages. Mushigihara. You will not grab me around my neck. You will not take my breath away. I am not scared even though every time I fall asleep, heck, every time I close my eyes, all I see is you and me and that forsaken move.

Bates allows his legs to dangle off the edge of the crate.

Search Party Cyrus:

I need to find a way out of this insanity. I need to find a way through you, Mushi. You think you're so bad with that uranage as part of your arsenal. You think you're so cute.

Bates notices the camera.

Search Party Cyrus:

I think you need to *search* further. You don't know how? That's okay. I will help you.

Bates closes his eyes. He lowers his bald head into his hands. He begins weeping uncontrollably.

Search Party Cyrus:

Uranage, uranage. I can't get it out of my head.

It's clear Bates is dealing with some inner demons as he continues to be enamored with the move of choice.

LINDSAY TROY vs. DAVID NOBLE

DDK:

And now it's time for our main event!

Lance:

And it's going to be one hell of a match.

DDK:

You're not kidding. The returning David Noble, who won his return match against Rezin last week, is going up against the Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

These two have known each other for quite some time, but have NEVER stepped in the ring together. This match is ten plus years in the making.

DDK:

You have to know that Troy is going to be on her A-game, and will be looking to take advantage of a returning David Noble who simply isn't back to the wrestler he was when he was previously in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Definitely not, but this will be a check for Noble, and he will be able to see where he's at and how far he still has to go to be back on his game.

♪ "Heaven and Hell" by Kanye West ♪

Instead of emerging from beneath the stage, David Noble comes storming out from the crowd as the fans around him go nuts. He makes his way down the stairs, wearing his blue jeans, white shirt, and black leather jacket, before he hops the ring barrier and makes his way into the ring, looking like he's ready for a fight.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Buffalo, NY...weighing in at 265lbs...DAVID NOBLE!

DDK:

You have to like the confidence from Noble right now. He is a man on a mission. You can tell how important this match is to him and he's not going to just let this one slip through his fingers.

Lance:

Definitely not, but LT knows how to bring it just as well.

Noble sheds his jacket and warms up in a corner as the DEF*PLEX is plunged into darkness. The rigging along the DEFIAtron slowly, eerily, lights up, helping to fuel the crowd's anticipation, then...

♪ "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 a raucous ovation from the DEFIANCE Faithful calls for the Queen of the Ring to appear. The fog grows thicker, white-hot spotlights snap to the entrance way, and from underneath the stage a red and white light shines bright, carrying their hero upward. Troy rises to the dais, head bowed, hands clenched, and once the platform locks into place an explosion of light and sound erupts around her.

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!

The DEFplex's lights come back up and Troy whirls on her heel. She marches down to the ring, blowing right past the

camera in the aisle, looking focused. Climbing the steps, she wipes her feet on the apron, slips between the ropes, scales the nearest corner to give the Faithful a much deserved photo op, then jumps off to face Noble, smirking as she does.

DDK:

This is going to be a battle for the ages.

Lance:

Any predictions?

DDK:

That we're all about to get our money's worth.

DING DING

Troy and Noble circle one another in the ring. They meet in the middle of the ring with a collar-and-elbow tie-up with Troy having the slight height advantage, but Noble has the weight and strength advantage, pushing Troy into the corner. Benny Doyle makes Noble break the hold and David backs away only for Lindsay to smack the shit out of him with an open palm strike across the face.

Lance:

Oh snap.

DDK:

Troy immediately raising the stakes, creating additional tension that probably wasn't needed.

Lance:

When have you ever known Lindsay Troy to shy away from ratcheting the tension up ten-fold?

DDK:

Well, that's a good point. I don't think David's going to just let that go, though.

Noble feels the shot as his head is cocked to the side and he takes a moment, feeling the sting across his face, before he goes after Troy only for her to roll under his arms. She gets to her feet, spins on a dime, and connects with a high kick to the back of his head.

DDK:

And Noble lets his anger get the best of him there.

Lance:

And that gives Troy the opening she needed to put Noble on his back foot.

DDK:

With her back foot.

Lance:

Touché.

Noble, dazed, comes out of the corner, and the two circle each other once again, this time into another collar-and-elbow tie-up with Troy managing to put Noble into a side headlock. Noble counters with a side suplex and as Troy rises to her feet, he rocks her with a spinning back elbow that sends her crashing to one knee. Noble backs up as he leans against the rope, plastering his own smirk on his face.

Lance:

And Noble showing what goes around, comes around.

DDK:

He's not shying away from the action here tonight. He wants to fight, clearly.

Lance:

A back and forth physical match between Noble and Troy, who has the advantage in that kind of match?

DDK:

Probably Noble, but this new edge to Troy has shown she's not afraid to mix it up and get right into her opponent's face, revving the temperature up considerably.

Lance:

Sounds like she likes to play with fire.

DDK:

Oh, she does.

Troy, grinning and unphased, rushes at Noble and blasts him with a series of forearm strikes, each one with more intensity than the previous one until she catches him across the face, sending him crashing to one knee as blood begins to drip from his nose. Troy, not caring that she has potentially broken David's nose, bounces off the ropes as he makes his way back up to his feet, wiping the blood from his face, and turns into a spinning roundhouse kick that lands flush against his jaw, who drops to the floor.

DDK:

What a flurry of action there from Lindsay Troy! She may have broken Noble's nose on one of those forearm smashes.

Lance:

Needless to say, Noble is feeling that shot considerably as well as the roundhouse kick to his jaw. Troy is lighting him up here in the early parts of this match.

DDK:

Noble is going to have to dig down deep to find some magic if he wants to be competitive.

Lance:

I wouldn't go that far. Troy may be the more accomplished wrestler, but Noble definitely knows how to match up with just about anyone.

Troy catches Noble as he rises to his feet and nails him with a brutal knife-edge chop across the chest. Noble winces in pain as he walks around the ring and Troy follows after him before spinning him back towards her, putting him up against the ropes, and connecting with a second sickening knife-edge chop. The pain is etched on David's face, but he pushes Troy into the corner and connects with several vicious knee strikes to the midsection before pulling her out of the corner and connecting with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex, sending her across the ring where she lands on her back. Noble makes his way back up to his feet and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TW--NO!

Lance:

Noble going for the cover there, potentially too early in this match, but he's firing back with his own offense.

DDK:

That's the kind of offense that Noble needs to bust out in order to have a chance. Troy is a striker, Troy has the athleticism, but Noble has the power advantage and he will need to use that to keep the Queen off balance.

Lance:

That could be the difference-maker, but when you look at the people Troy has battled, she finds a way around whatever advantage her opponent supposedly has.

DDK:

Great point.

Noble brings Troy back to her feet and connects with an uppercut across the jaw of Troy. Her head rocks back as she now is dazed while Noble bounces off the ropes and connects with a lariat that flips her inside out. Noble goes for the cover once again.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

What a hell of a lariat from Noble! He threw everything he had behind that one!

Lance:

Two back-to-back covers from Noble and he seems to be wearing Troy down just enough here.

DDK:

He's keeping the pressure up and that's critical.

Lance:

Troy though knows that the momentum is shifting and it will only be a matter of time before she looks to turn the tables.

Noble makes his way back up to his feet, and goes to bring Troy up only for the Queen to counter with a jawbreaker that connects beautifully. Noble rolls under the bottom rope, wiping blood off of his face in the process which gives Troy an opening. She comes flying through the middle rope with a tope suicida, sending Noble crashing into the guardrail. Troy takes the back of David's head and slams it repeatedly into the barrier, sending flecks of blood in the air.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

RAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Lance:

Hell of a counter from Troy to break Noble's momentum! He's still being bothered by the blood pouring out of his nose.

DDK:

He definitely is as he didn't even see Troy flying through the middle rope at him. Troy is one of the best at putting someone on their back foot and keeping them there as long as possible, forcing her opponents to make mistakes, and then she can capitalize on them.

Lance:

The intensity from Troy continues to increase and you have to wonder if this is a bit personal between Noble and Troy.

DDK:

Well, they've never liked each other. Even six years apart and it's like nothing has changed.

Noble catches Troy with a stiff elbow to the face only for Troy to whip him face-first into the ring post. David drops to one knee from the shot while Troy walks over to the ring steps and separates them before dragging Noble over, taking

his right hand, and pinning it against the ring post with the stairs.

DDK:

What's Troy doing here?

Lance:

Well, I think she's not content with just breaking Noble's nose, I think she wants to break his hand as well.

DDK:

Noble just got back and he might be on the shelf for a while!

Lance:

Well, if Troy had her way, he never would've returned.

Troy backs up and runs full speed at the ring steps, slamming her boot into them as hard as she can, but Noble manages to pull his hand out of the way at the last possible second.

BANG!

Troy turns towards David only to be met with an elbow across the face before he hoists her up into the air and slams her face-first across the ring steps. David then rolls her back into the ring.

Lance:

Noble dodged a bullet there!

DDK:

The face plant on Troy definitely took some wind out of her sails, but Noble was about to be in a big world of hurt if he didn't do something quick.

Lance:

He's going to need to apply more pressure and slow Troy down. He might need to get this match to the mat if he wants a chance at a victory.

DDK:

Wearing down Troy might be the only way to beat her.

As Noble makes his way into the ring, Troy charges at him, and slams her shoulder into his midsection, and drives him into the nearby corner. Lindsay then proceeds to slam her knee repeatedly into his abdomen. She then hoists Noble onto the top turnbuckle and makes her way up with him before Noble slams his head into hers and sends her tumbling from the top turnbuckle. He tries to get his bearings only for Troy to run up the ropes and connect with an enziguri to the back of his head. David slumps from the position, falling onto the mat.

CRACK!

DDK:

And some sickening moments there for Noble as Troy is just landing brutal shot after brutal shot. She's swinging for the fences and connecting like a--

Lance:

RAFAEL DEVERS BOMB OVER THE GREEN MONSTER!

DDK:

You've been saving that one, haven't you?

Lance:

You have no idea.

Troy brings Noble back up to his feet and nails him with a succession of kicks to the chest that pushes him to the ropes. Lindsay then rips the padding off the top turnbuckle nearest to her while Noble attempts to clear the cobwebs. Benny Doyle admonishes her but Troy ignores him.

Lance:

I think Troy might be going for murder here.

DDK:

That thought has crossed my mind a few times now.

Lindsay walks over to David and goes to whip him into the exposed turnbuckle, but Noble reverses at the last second only for Troy to use her athleticism to avoid the turnbuckle by going over the rope instead. She lands on the ring apron as Noble takes a moment to recover but Troy springboards off the top rope and connects with a flying front-flip neckbreaker. With Noble on the mat, Troy proceeds to drop forearm after forearm across David's face.

DDK:

David manages to counter, but Lindsay is two steps ahead there!

Lance:

Troy just knows how to keep the foot pressed against the gas pedal.

DDK:

Noble's trying to get out of second gear, but has been unable to do so as of yet.

Lance:

Those forearm smashes across the face definitely won't help things.

Troy gets back up to her feet and drops a knee across David's face. He rolls over onto his knees from the shot and the Queen proceeds to drop a knee across the back of his head. He collapses to the mat before she pulls him back up and nails him with another sickening knife-edge chop to the chest.

She then goes to whip him into the ropes, but Noble reverses it and connects with a spear on the return! Noble rolls off Troy and slowly makes his way up to his feet. He drags Troy with him and connects with a Saito Suplex. Noble goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH--NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Somewhere in New Orleans, Sonny Silver cackles knowingly.

Lance:

Hell of a counter from Noble! He may have just saved himself in this match and given himself the opening to do something.

DDK:

Troy was on a roll and Noble used the spear and the Saito Suplex to slow down the mack truck that is Lindsay Troy. David needed it in a bad way and he put everything he had into both of those moves to make a difference!

The two DEFIANTS make their way up to their feet at the same time with Noble rushing at Troy and pushing her into the ropes, pressing his forearm against her throat while he slams knees into her rib cage. Lindsay fires back with a

headbutt across the bridge of his nose, causing more blood to seep out. She comes up behind him, but David lands a spinning fist to the jaw, pushing her into the corner. Noble then retreats to the opposite corner before running at her and connecting with a knee to the jaw of the Queen of the Ring.

DDK:

The back and forth between these two great competitors is outstanding!

Lance:

Blood is just pouring out of Noble and he's not slowing down a bit!

DDK:

Neither is Troy. This one is going to go right down to the wire and who can catch a mistake from the other one.

Lance:

And the fans are eating it up!

Noble begins to drag Troy back up to her feet, the exhaustion showing on his face, with Troy nailing him with a back elbow of her own that sends him into the corner. Troy then insults Noble; the boom mic doesn't quite pick it up, but the look on Noble's face is one of rage. He grabs Troy by the neck and switches positions with her, connecting with a series of knee strikes to the abdomen that sends Troy to a sitting position in the corner.

Lance:

What a FLURRY of shots from Noble!

DDK:

Almost like the dam of fury just broke inside of him.

Lance:

And Troy is in a bad way here. She kept pushing Noble and pushing him until he had no option, but to snap on her.

DDK:

And now Noble has her right where he wants her, lining up for the double knees to the face!

Noble then makes his way to the opposite corner and goes for double knees to the face of the Queen of the Ring only for Troy to move out of the way at the last moment. Noble yells out in pain before making his way up to his feet and is met with a flying double knee strike of her own.

CRACK!

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

Lance:

It was almost over for Troy and then it wasn't! Troy with her patented double knee strike and Noble is DOWN!

DDK:

It's almost like she was baiting him to make that mistake, Lance, and he fell for it.

Troy then yanks him out of the corner and spikes him to the mat with the Package Piledriver!

Lance:

THY KINGDOM COME!

DDK:

That should be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner... LINDSAY! TROY!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

It looked like Noble might have this after turning the tables on Troy, but she managed to move at the last possible second, and took advantage of a dazed Noble!

Lance:

And there is no need for Noble to feel shame. He's still getting back into ring shape, but he definitely learned a lot tonight about the new Lindsay Troy and what he will need to do to top her the next time they square off.

Noble rolls out of the ring, wiping the blood off of his face as he looks up at Troy, victorious. Troy looks over at Noble and has the smirk plastered across her face. Noble shakes his head as he makes his way up the ramp.

ONE PHONE CALL

The Faithful are still cheering the end of the match but Lindsay Troy isn't making any moves to leave the ring any time soon. Instead she asks Darren Quimbey for his microphone.

DDK:

I wonder what's going on here?

Lance:

No idea, partner. Lindsay put on a heck of a performance against David Noble. I can't imagine she's going to sing his praises.

DDK:

Yeah, definitely not.

DQ hands Troy his mic and she slashes her hand across her throat; the universal "cut it" sign in. "Put 'Em in the Grave" dies out.

Lindsay Troy:

Now then...

Troy starts pacing the ring, one hand on her hip as the Faithful's excited buzzing grows louder.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't want to talk about the foregone conclusion that just happened in my ring. I want to talk about what happened earlier tonight in the parking lot.

She wipes the sweat from her brow, from her mouth, and continues.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't know why that simpering child, Cayle Murray, thought he could make history repeat itself tonight with another parking lot attack, but you're a dumb motherfucker if you think I wasn't gonna be prepared.

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lindsay Troy:

And let me tell you something else, Squid Boy, you're gonna have to do better than that if you wanna try and take me out before we meet in the WARCHAMBER. You'd better triple the security force, deploy the National Guard, and maybe even call in an air strike, because this shit is going down whether you fucking like it or not.

The Queen pushes a couple stray curls out of her face, adrenaline and anger coursing through her body.

Lindsay Troy:

I know you're watching somewhere in this city, because I know you can't help yourself. Everything was so much better without you around, Cayle, and ever since you popped up again, we're all reminded just how sick of you we are. You're Persona Non Grata in the DEFplex, you little shit, and it hardly took any convincing for Favoured Saints to sell your contract to me so I can take care of you once and for all. In fact, all I had to do was make *[she holds up an index finger]* one phone call.

DDK:

Really?

Lance:

That seems a little improbable.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, that's right. It took one phone call and one meeting with everyone's lawyers for me to own your ass. There's only one person I know with the resources and leverage to make this happen. So... without further ado, I want you all to prepare yourselves, because.. guess who's back?

♪ "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins ♪

DDK:

Dear God, no way....

Lance:

Wait, wait, wait... what's happening?? Is this some kind of trick?

DDK:

Anyone who's followed DEFIANCE over the years knows exactly who this music belongs to, but is this legit or is Lindsay Troy playing mind games?

Everyone stands to their feet, old DEFIANCE fans losing their shit, new DEFIANCE fans' jaws dropping all over the place as they try to maneuver to see this person they've only heard of.

The buzz grows and grows, and then finally, from the shadows of the entrance to the ramp, out walks none other than...

DAN....

RYAN....

DDK:

I can't believe my eyes! I never thought we'd see that man around here again! He retired...what, a little more than three years ago now?

Lance:

My God, it's really him. I don't believe this. Former three-time FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan... is on the stage and just soaking all of this crowd in.

Ryan smirks as he pans the crowd, nods, then holds up a single finger in front of his face, then wags it *no*.

DDK:

What's this...?

He puts two more fingers together, then ***SNAP***... and the arena goes DARK.

The crowd buzzes even louder and cameras flash all around the crowd. Suddenly a single spotlight shines from right above Dan Ryan's head, he's looking down, and some new music begins to play...

The big man stays in place as the music continues, then the lights flash back on, now with a blue hue, and with a loud "RAAAAAHHHHHHHH", he starts to stalk his way down to the ring. Lindsay makes her way over to the ropes nearest the ramp and sits on the middle cable, holding the top one up as Dan stomps up the stairs. He motions for a

mic of his own and a tech scrambles to hand him one, then the Ego Buster glides into the ring, smirking at his sister-in-law as he does.

Lance:

I never thought I'd see the two of them in the same ring again, Darren. The last time we did...

DDK:

Lindsay Troy ripped every ligament in his knee to win the FIST of DEFIANCE after he put her through our announce table with the Headliner and nearly broke her neck.

Lance:

He'd come back, albeit on crutches, to cost her the FIST against Curtis Penn...

DDK:

And then Eric Dane fired her.

Lance:

This is absolutely surreal.

"Daddy's Home" quietly dies out and the tag team once known the world over as the Inner Circle (before they graciously allowed some jagoffs in Jacksonville to use the name, with license fees and royalties paid, of course) stands before the DEFIANCE Faithful. Dan Ryan lifts his microphone up with a smarmy grin.

He opens his mouth to speak, and the cheers get louder. He pauses at this, chuckles to himself, then holds up a hand.

Dan Ryan:

DEFIANCE Faithful.... Oh, how I've missed you.

The fans erupt at this, and he stands there, soaking it in.

Dan Ryan:

But why here, and why now, right? Those are the cliché questions everyone always wants to know the answer to in situations like this. As you know, I'm a man of few words...

Lindsay Troy does a spit take, which causes Dan to look at her, frowning.

Dan Ryan:

LIKE I SAID... I'm a man of few words, so let's get right to the point. I'm not here because I heard that Mikey Unlikely surpassed my astonishing record of FOUR-HUNDRED-FORTY-FIVE COMBINED DAYS as FIST OF DEFIANCE, no no.

From the side, Lindsay Troy says something to him, which the ringside microphones pick up...

Lindsay Troy:

What about Eugene Dewey?

Dan Ryan: *[brings the mic away from his mouth and looks at her]*

Who?

She rolls her eyes.

Dan Ryan: *[shrugging]*

Anyway... here's the bottom line, people. When I walked away... or should I say, hobbled away.... *[he shoots a mock upset glare at his sister-in-law, then returns to a more pleasant expression]*from DEFIANCE the last time, I had every expectation that it would be THE last time. So I did what I thought needed to be done. I maneuvered myself into

position to be of some assistance in the war against an invading company, wrote a few checks, and left here knowing that I had done my part in making sure this great company continued on. I was content, satisfied, and other synonyms for happy.

Ryan pauses, then continues on.

Dan Ryan:

Now I know what you're thinking. Dan, didn't you break Lindsay Troy's ex-husband's leg or ankle or face? And didn't you turn on her to win the FIST of DEFIANCE? And didn't she tear every ligament in your knee to get it for herself? And I say, what's your point? It was five years ago. Water under the bridge. We hugged it out, it's fine. The important thing is, as far as any of you people are concerned, all of this little family drama doesn't matter anymore. We're past it. Oh, and by the way... the knee feels just fine. So to everyone out there in the crowd, from the front row to the rafters, and to every single man and woman backstage right now, here's all you need to know.... I'm back, fuck you Cayle Murray, Lindsay and I are gonna run this shit and we're just getting started.

Lindsay Troy:

There's no business like the family business, and Dan and I are making it our business to be at the very top of the mountain in this company. Nobody is safe. You think I've been running through people before?

A dark smile spreads across her face.

Lindsay Troy:

You haven't seen anything yet.

They toss their mics to the mat with a thud. Dan reaches over and pats Lindsay on the back. She looks up at him, her smile growing to a full-on grin.

Lance:

I don't like the sound of this, Darren. Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan on the same page again?!

DDK:

This is not good at all Lance, and we can't discuss it further because we are out of time! We'll be back tomorrow for another explosive night of action. For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Goodnight!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.