

SHOW OPEN

The show opens to the Ballyhoo Brew, where the cameraman is clearly standing on top of the bar. He pans across the “crowd” of people, which consists of the DEFIANTS, staff and other guests. Signs, signs, signs galore!

Uriel and Minute: TITANESS! ONE TALL GLASS OF WHOOP-ASS

Titaness: LTT SHOULD WIN END OF SIGN

Stevens Dynasty: THE STEVENS DYNASTY DEMAND A RECOUNT!

Pat Cassidy: BUY MORE DRINKS!

Henry Keyes: HELEN SENDS HER REGARDS!

Conor Fuse: HI EYE GAME GUD

Scotty Flash: TUNE IN 1/8 TO DEF RADIO AND A REAL AWARDS SHOW! IT'S THE SCOTTY AWARDS, sponsored by EWtees.com

Jonathan-Christopher Hall: I LOVE YOU VICKIE!

Vickie Hall: AWWWEE GOOSEBUMPS AND BUTTERFLIES WHEN YOU SAY THAT JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER, BABY!

Percy Collins: THIS SIGN IS TAKING UP SPACE

DEF Radio Producer, Joe Stats: THE KABAL ARE JUST MISUNDERSTOOD

Jack Harmen: I DON'T UNDERSTAND TIME ZONES

And now to “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner off to the side at the broadcast table.

DDK:

Hello everyone and welcome to the awards show! I’m your host, “Downtown” Darren Keebler and alongside my partner, Lance Warner we are bringing you the very BEST of DEFIANCE tonight!

Lance:

Yes that’s absolutely right, Keeps! Should be a fun one!

DDK:

We’re going to kick things off but first, if the truck can roll the graphics on all our awesome nominations!

DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Gage Blackwood ([bio](#))

Lindsay Troy ([bio](#))

Oscar Burns ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

DEFIANTS of the YEAR Finalists

Los Tres Titanes ([bio](#))

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

SNS ([bio](#))

FACTION of the YEAR Finalists

Better Future Talent Agency (*bio n/a*)

The Kabal ([bio](#))

The Scourge (*bio n/a*)

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Kerry Kuroyama ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

Titaness ([bio](#))

UPCOMING DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Arthur Pleasant ([bio](#))

Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))

Rick Dickolous ([bio](#))

MATCH of the YEAR Finalists

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy (DEFCON) ([match](#))

Favored Saints Championship, Favored Saints Fiveway: Rezin (C) vs. Titaness vs. Search Party Cyrus vs. Count Novick vs. Kerry Kuroyama (ACTS of DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Gage Blackwood (C) vs. Oscar Burns (ACTS of DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

UNIFIED Tag Team Championships: Comments Section (C) vs. SNS (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

UNIFIED Tag Team Championships, Platforms & Portals Match: Fuse Bros. One (C) vs. Comments Section (DEFCON) ([match](#))

SEGMENT of the YEAR Finalists

Deacon vanishes/run over by Stalker ([event](#))

Friendship Members League 2.0 Assembles vs. Better Future ([FML 2.0](#))

Henry Keyes & Rezin PUNK ROCK saga ([PUNK wars](#) / [PUNK awakens](#))

Malak Garland kidnaps MEE6 ([interrogation](#))

Malak Garland reveals Siobhan Cassidy and Brock Newbludd are dating ([reveal](#))

SHOCK of the YEAR Finalists

Dan Ryan returns to DEFIANCE ([return](#))

Tyler Fuse breaks Southern Heritage Championship ([event](#))

Tyler Fuse walks away from Conor Fuse and joins The Kabal ([last of us](#))

Mikey Unlikely retires Scott Douglas ([match](#))

Oscar Burns turning on Conor Fuse and DEFIANCE Wrestling ([twists & turns](#))

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR Finalists

DEFIANCE vs. 24K

Lindsay Troy's change in style & attitude ultimately bringing in Dan Ryan

Oscar Burns dissent to turn his back on The Faithful

The Reeves family saga

Tom Morrow's successful and unsuccessful attempts at signing talent to a Better Future

BRAZEN of the YEAR Finalists

Killjoy ([bio](#))

Michael Van Warren ([bio](#))

Sgt. Safety ([bio](#))

REVIEWER of the YEAR Finalists

Deb Warenstein

Tim Tillinghast

Ryan Scott

DDK:

It goes without saying but lots of EXCELLENT moments and talent from this past year. Not everyone can win but this is a list proving DEFIANCE is number one!

Lance:

Absolutely!

DDK:

Every award will be given out tonight except BRAZEN of the YEAR, which will happen on a special BRAZEN show shortly.

Lance:

We hope everyone enjoys the night!

****DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME****

The house lights dim and Lance Warner walks to the podium.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, if we can all take a moment. Chris King, who passed away late last year, is the first and only entry into the opening of the DEFIANCE Hall of Fame. This is a storyline Hall of Fame but Chris, the micro artist since the inception of DEFIANCE back in 2011, worked tirelessly at the art many of the characters in DEFIANCE still have on display in their bios. Many of these stories don't hold the same passion without character visualization and Chris was always ready to provide micros, edits to micros, etc, without a moment's notice. We know the turnover rate in this hobby is high. For every mirco you see, there are a lot more not visible on the website. He tirelessly worked on the majority of the NPC/BRAZEN micros and usually turned the graphics around within days or hours. Chris' loss goes well beyond micro art in this hobby. I simply explain to you the role he played here to the best of his abilities. As a person, Chris was extremely down-to-earth and everyone had positive things to say. In a hobby that can often be egocentric, Chris was the antithesis of ego. Everything he did, he did for others. In the later years of DEFIANCE, he declined to handle or receive money for his work, he simply enjoyed bringing a smile to everyone's face. This is what he often said. Chris has left a great gap in our DEFIANCE community. We ask that you take a moment to honor Chris King. There is no one more deserving of being inducted.

CHRIS KING

1980 - 2020

1st DEFIANCE Hall of Fame Inductee, 2021

The scene fades to commercial with the house in Ballyhoo Brew, heels, faces or otherwise, giving a standing ovation.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

Our first match-up will see two men looking for a win to close out the year 2021! "Wingman" Titus Campbell of the Gulf Coast Connection will take on Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

Butcher has a win recently over Sgt. Safety, but he's stepping up in weight class. He gives up a lot of weight to Titus and now we're about to see how he can do against the cunning Butcher. That match is up... now!

Darren Quimbey in the ring cause intros, you see.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Theodore Cain and Crescent Claus! Weighing in at 283 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid... wearing his mask, Santa suit, and beard, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience, then bumps fists with Titus.

DDK:

The Gulf Coast Connection getting into the holiday spirit tonight and Titus has a microphone!

Titus gets into the ring with a microphone along with Theodore and Crescent Claus as his music cuts.

Titus Campbell:

All right, all right, NOLA!

Loud cheer cause hometown mention, you see.

Titus Campbell:

Before Butcher's punk-ass gets to catching these wings, your boy Wingman and The Gulf Coast Connection have a few gifts to spread some last-minute Christmas cheer!

The Faithful's cheers get louder as Theodore Cain throws out a few special "Gulf Coast Connection" Christmas-colored masquerade masks while Crescent Claus throws a few beads.

Titus Campbell:

Take 'em home! And most importantly, when Butcher Victorious comes through the curtain, boo and maybe Crescent Claus may find a little something extra in his gift bag!

Crescent Claus holds up the bag while Theodore Cain - still with a broken nose from fighting ADV a few weeks ago - wears a mask and light-up reindeer antlers. But they don't get too far when...

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

The fans right away do not like the song that sounds like a rock band and a marching band in a trash compactor, but it plays Butcher Victorious heads out from the back... now wearing a purple sparkling sequined coat and a matching... yep, a top hat like a complete asshole. And of course, the microphone in hand. But before he can talk...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher looks incredulous.

Butcher Victorious:

SHUT... SHUTTY... SHUT YOUR MOUTHS! BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Campbell grins.

Butcher Victorious:

Nobody can hear a damn thing... you say Butch Vic is a prick? Cause we knew that!

The Faithful laugh while Butcher goes red-faced.

Butcher Victorious:

You know damn well what I said! I said Butch Vic has the stick! My catchphrase! The thing I say! None of you boners even have a catchphrase! And even if you did, no one could hear it while your heads are busy kissing swamp ass!

Butcher continues among the jeering.

Butcher Victorious:

And Crescent Claus? CRESCENT CLAUS? Everybody knows Santa isn't r...

Crescent Claus:

HE'S REAL, YOU BITCH!

The crowd gasps/laughs when Titus and Theodore look flustered at Crescent Claus' outburst. Grinning sheepishly under his mask, he looks sad.

Theodore Cain:

Uh... sorry... language. Santa sent us here, kids! He sent us here to tell you that he's gonna give The Faithful what they really want! Titus Campbell kicking your ass!

Titus looks on, arms folded, ready to fight while Butcher snarls.

Butcher Victorious:

The only thing you're getting is out-ran and out-wrestled by me, Wingman! But before I do, tonight is the DEFys... but Butcher here...

He takes an envelope out of his jacket.

Butcher Victorious:

Here in my pocket, I have the name here who won the first-ever Butchy Awards! Dedicated to the greatest and most talked-about wrestler in DEFIANCE today! The man who will own every award at the DEFys next year! Drum roll, please!

He doesn't get anything as he goes to open the envelope. He adds his own badly-done drum roll.

Butcher Victorious:

Dum dum dum dum dum dum dum...

Theodore Cain:

This is incredibly dumb dumb dumb dumb dumb...

The crowd laughs again while Butcher opens the envelope.

Butcher Victorious:

Shut it, boner! The winner of the Butchy awards is...

He opens the envelope... and his jaw drops.

Butcher Victorious:

...COUNT NOVICK! THIS IS RIGGED! RIGGED, I SAY! RIGGED!

Butcher throws the microphone down and then goes into the ring while the crowd continues laughing at him. Crescent Claus and Theodore Cain leave the ring and Titus gets ready while referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right at the bell, Butcher goes on the attack and tries to launch a series of punches to the head of Titus! The bigger Wingman continues to try and block a few, but eats a couple more before Butcher kicks away at the leg.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... RUNS THIS S...AGH!

Before he can finish dropping yet another catchphrase, Titus SOCKS him right in the mouth and drops him on the mat!

DDK:

Butcher out here trying to ruin Christmas, but Titus and the Gulf Coast Connection putting a stop to that tonight!

Titus basks in cheers from the crowd while Butcher is still reeling from the punch. Titus picks him up and launches him into the ropes before he levels him with another shoulder block that knocks him on his ass a second time before Titus hits the ropes...

Titus Campbell:

Like a G-6!

And then drops the G-6 Elbow Drop on the chest of Butcher!

DDK:

G-6 Elbow! Titus Campbell looking to end this right now!

Butcher is sucking wind and Titus goes to end it quickly. He sets up Butcher again for another whip into the ropes, but Butch Vic tries to go for a headscissors into a DDT on the way back... but the crowd cheers when he puts on the brakes!

Lance:

Titus blocks the Tornado DDT! And now trying a suplex!

He tries to lift up Butcher for a big suplex, but out of nowhere, Butcher adjusts himself and spins out into a quick jawbreaker! Crescent Claus and Theodore Cain both look on surprised as Titus falls to a knee while a desperate Victorious gets up and ROCKS Titus with a pele kick, knocking him finally off his feet! Butcher laughs and then goes for a cover on Titus!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

What a great counter! A suplex into that seated jawbreaker and then following up with the pele kick!

Lance:

Titus Campbell kicks out, but Butcher in control!

Butcher bounces off the ropes... and does a... moonwalk cause we don't know... and then jumps and hits an elbow drop of his own to the heart of Titus. The sarcastic-air-quotes "innovative" Butcher gets up and before Titus can fully get to his knees, he rocks him with a running spin kick to once again knock Campbell onto his back. The Wingman is in a daze when The Liberal City Landlord stands up and calls out to the crowd.

Butcher Victorious:

Christmas is cancelled!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Stay on him, Butcher! If you want to win, you kind of have to do that!

Butcher laughs and then tries for a running knee strike but the shot gets blocked by Titus! The Wingman growls and then throws him back, but when he comes back, he gets KICKED with a massive big boot to the chest! Titus starts to get himself back into the match as Victorious is stumbling around in a corner... but not for long when big Titus resembles more of a train than a plane and runs him in the corner with a big splash!

DDK:

Titus back in the game!

Titus throws Butcher out of the corner and then measures him up before slowly going to the middle rope. He has Butcher measured up and then dives off, looking for Take Flight... but the diving headbutt off the second rope misses its mark! Butcher moves!

Lance:

Butcher just barely moves out of the way!

DDK:

Titus moves and tries to get to the ropes... Landslide Victory by Butcher!

Butcher nails the big double knee attack to the back of Titus and then pushes him down for the cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Butcher almost steals the win with the Landslide Victory, but Titus kicks out!

The Wingman is still groggy when Butcher waits. He tries to go for a Small Package while Titus is hurt... but he BLOCKS! Victorious frantically shakes his head and can't believe it as Titus blocks the small package and then powers him up across his shoulders... and takes him for a spin!

Lance:

Butcher Victorious running into some Turbulence! The airplane spin is being cheered by the crowd... then the big front slam!

DDK:

And now Titus looks like he's going to wrap this up!

Titus is dizzy after dropping Butcher on the mat, but he smiles to the crowd with Crescent Claus and Theodore Cain cheering him on. Titus picks him up...

DDK:

The Hook-up! The elevated underhook facebuster connects!

Butcher gets flattened and Titus covers.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Titus celebrates after the win and pops to his feet while Theodore Cain and Crescent Claus enter the ring to join the party!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

Campbell takes the Christmas sack from Crescent Claus and then starts throwing some of the extra Christmas beads and masquerade masks into the crowd.

DDK:

Titus Campbell and the Gulf Coast Connection have saved Christmas from Grincher Victorious tonight!

Lance:

Hahaa. Good one.

Butcher is hurt and rolls out of the ring hurt while the Gulf Coast Connection continues to celebrate the win tonight!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

****ONGOING STORYLINE OF THE YEAR****

The scene switches to the podium.

Lance:

We're going to start the award part of the show. Up first is the Ongoing Storyline of the Year. The nominations are as followed...

The screen behind Warner shows clips of the following five finalists.

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR Finalists

DEFIANCE vs. 24K

Lindsay Troy's change in style & attitude ultimately bringing in Dan Ryan

Oscar Burns dissent to turn his back on The Faithful

The Reeves family saga

Tom Morrow's successful and unsuccessful attempts at signing talent to a Better Future

Warner reveals an envelope and opens it.

Lance:

We... uh... actually have a tie for the award. The winners of the award are... Lindsay Troy, for her change in style and attitude alongside the arrival of Dan Ryan and Oscar Burns turning his back on The Faithful!

The crowd collectively gasps as Troy and Burns rise from their seats on opposite sides of the bar and approach the stage. This time last year, the winners of this particular award were the 2020 Match of the Year winners and now here they are again! "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy wearing a midnight blue sequined bodycon dress. From the other side of the stage, "DEFIANCE Itself" Oscar Burns taking the stage in a dark blue dress shirt, black khakis and as he did last year, fancy black loafers because fuck laces. Warner hands them both a trophy and gets the hell out of there. Burns leans into the mic.

Oscar Burns:

You called it last year, Queenie, didn't ya? She said this time last year that she and I would be sharing the win in a different category and sure thing, GC's, that's EXACTLY what happened!

Lindsay Troy:

I love being right. Makes me all warm and fuzzy inside.

Still, for his part, Burns looks a little disappointed. He looks at the DEFy given to him and then back to the stage.

Oscar Burns:

First off, before I move any further, I want to thank my co-DEFy's winner in this category for the absolutely STELLAR work she has been putting in by making Cayle Murray's life a living hell. He tries to hold up OUR shows in OUR promotion because he doesn't want to work here? Well, I hope that there's nothing left of you in the WARCHAMBER when she's done, Cayle. You've talked a whole lot of gob about me for months and it's about time I respond in kind... there's no place for you in MY promotion, you shitbag.

He smiles and looks over at Troy.

Oscar Burns:

And if you and Dan Ryan need anything... you can count on DEFIANCE's help whenever you need it. You have an ally right on this side of the podium.

Burns looks and sees the award name, he shows slight disappointment about something.

Oscar Burns:

I should be enjoying this award, and I do. It's nice to be nominated by your peers for putting in the work... I am a little

chaffed at the name of this award. Oscar Burns... DEFIANCE... did not descend into ANYTHING, nor did I turn my back on anyone. I woke up. THAT is what happened, GCs. Too many people have used my name and DEFIANCE's name in vain for too damn long. And now those people are going to pay and pay dearly for besmirching the promotion I hold dear and the promotion I keep in my heart. And it starts with you at DEFIANCE Road, Conor, if you accept my challenge.

He smiles anyway.

Oscar Burns:

Regardless, I thank you all for taking the time to think of me for this award and I thank you for your consideration in other awards this evening. I was nominated in almost all the Match of the Year Categories last year and it's nice to see the inspiration I had in this roster stepping up their game after that. DEFIANCE... you're welcome.

Burns backs away. Troy leans into the mic.

Lindsay Troy:

You know, a year ago I was riding pretty high. Oscar and I had just capped off our classic best of three series, one of my closest friends in the entire industry had just come back [she motions to Henry Keyes, who waves], and I was going to ride that wave as long as I could.

She scowls.

Lindsay Troy:

But those good times didn't last. I started a losing streak, and people that weren't in my stratosphere were beating me. People like the Kabal, and Arthur Pleasant, and Scrow. It wasn't until right after this year's MAXIMUM DEFIANCE that I knew if I didn't do something to turn things around, I'd be left in the dust by guys like Oscar Burns. And Dex Joy. And Henry Keyes.

A nod of appreciation from Burns, Dex, and Henry.

Lindsay Troy:

So I did what I had to do to find that fire again. I shifted my whole focus, my whole attitude, and went back to basics. Went back to the time when I was just starting out and I had to run over and run through everyone in my path to get noticed and move up the ladder. Be a champion. Become a legend. Fiercely and unapologetically. I didn't stop then, I'm not stopping now, and if I were all of you?

Troy slowly narrows her eyes, gazing out to the crowded bar where, in the absence of Cayle Murray, they settle on other targets. She leans, ever so subtly, forward towards the microphone.

Lindsay Troy:

I wouldn't want to be trampled underfoot.

The Queen of the Ring leans backwards, nodding her head at Dan Ryan in the audience as she does. The Ego Buster acknowledges her with a smirk as she and Oscar Burns make their way off the stage to the intrigued chattering of the crowd in attendance.

BROTHER SICKO

Backstage

Jestal sits on a bench, the letter he received from Flex Kruger still in his hand. The jester with a sick smile on his face as he stares at the envelope. He carefully opens the envelope and starts to glance over it with his eyes. That sick smile slowly fades, he folds the letter up and places it back into the envelope. He flips it over and just stares at the handwriting of Dandelion written by Klein.

Jestal:

What am I doing? ... How could I do this to her? What a shit I have become? So wrapped up in my own personal vendetta, that I have not stopped and considered her needs. Why have I neglected her happiness? Why, oh why?

Jestal just slowly shakes his head while still staring at the letter.

Jestal:

To think I would be the type of person to not care for a child. To be a man that loathed her love between this box man. What did I do when she lost the child? I put the blame on Klein. Who does that? I have been trapped in a cage of my own self-loathing. I never even thought of what she was going through.

He looks up from his glance at the letter, now with an expression of determination.

Jestal:

Well, as golden of an opportunity as this is, for once I am gonna think of her and not myself!

Jestal stands up and just as he is about to walk forward, he is blocked by none other than Ozmoses Greaves.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Aloha, Mr. Jestal.

Jestal looks up at the tan bleached skin of Ozmoses Greaves.

Jestal:

What do you want?

Ozmoses Greaves:

I thought you and I should get a chance to get to know each other.

Jestal:

I have no desire to get to know you!

Jestal walks past Oz and stops suddenly.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I guess all that talk was just to make you feel better about yourself.

Jestal quickly turns around.

Jestal:

You were spying on me!

Ozmoses Greaves:

I just so happened to be walking by when I heard your little confession.

Greaves turns toward Jestal.

Ozmoses Greaves:

I hold no hostilities toward you friend. Nor do I hold them toward the Lede liÉ»iliÉ»i. All I wanted was to be friends.

Jestal grumbles under his breath for a moment.

Jestal:

I do not wa...

The jester stops mid-sentence and thinks about what he said just a few moments ago.

Jestal:

Alright, you want to pal it out fine, humor me.

Oz holds out his hand for a handshake, Jestal pauses for a moment then returns the handshake.

Jestal:

I have been an overprotective brother far too long, so if it's a relationship you are looking for in my sister I won't do the same mistake I did when it was Klein. You have my blessing...know this though you giant palm tree if you hurt her then you will answer to me!

Oz shakes his head.

Ozmoses Greaves:

You have me all wrong my good fellow, I have a HoÉ»opalau, I am not looking for a new girlfriend.

Jestal releases the handshake and seems a bit baffled at what exactly a HoÉ»opalau is?

Ozmoses Greaves:

Forgive me, I have a fiancée. As for Miss Dandelion, she just looked like she needed a shoulder to cry on. I hate to see someone as lovely as her to be so sad.

Jestal:

Oh, well then...Uh...thank you I guess....ya know for being there for her.

Ozmoses Greaves:

It was no trouble, my friend. Let's go cheer her up together. What do you say, buddy?

Jestal just stares at the man for a moment.

Jestal:

You know why not. I have a letter to deliver to her anyway.

Oz's eyes widened for a moment.

Ozmoses Greaves:

A letter you say, were you going to write down your apology in a letter rather than tell her face to face?

Jestal:

No...no, Klein had his juiced steroid friend Flex Kruger deliver this letter and the moron obviously lost a few brain cells giving it to me instead of her. I was going to not give it to her and just be the selfish jackass I have been to her over these last few months.....

He looks up from the letter to Oz.

Jestal:

I am not going to be that...I got to try this turning over a new leaf ya know.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Baby steps my friend let's see to it that she gets the letter.

Jestal slowly cracks a smile at Oz and nods. He begins to walk and suddenly is nailed in the back of the head! Oz is shouting off-camera.

The camera pans up from Jestal face-first on the ground and the letter by his side. It quickly catches Oz running back from whoever he was chasing to call for help as he tries to assist Jestal.

We return to the next award "Reviewer of the Year"

****REVIEWER OF THE YEAR****

And to the podium.

Lance:

Reviewer of the Year is a new award. DEFIANCE has received quite the following for years but in 2021, our attention exploded! From Yannick, to Craig, Deb, Ryan and Tim, DEFIANCE has its fair share of reviewers. The top three finalists are...

The screen behind Warner plays.

REVIEWER of the YEAR Finalists

Deb Warenstein

Tim Tillinghast

Ryan Scott

Lance:

And the winner is...

Opening the envelope...

Lance:

Tim Tillinghast!

Tim Tillinghast, a scrawny balding man with thick glasses and a sweet mustache, stands from his seat. He's dressed in a nice suit and moving rather awkwardly toward the stage. He very stiffly makes his way up the stairs and to the podium, accepting his DEFy. He takes a moment to clean his glasses before turning to look toward the crowd. When he speaks, his voice is low and shaky.

Tim Tillinghast:

Um... well, thank you. Thank you very much. This is... this is very cool.

Awkward pause.

Tim Tillinghast:

I... I, uh, really enjoy DEFIANCE.

Awkward pause.

Tim Tillinghast:

There are... there are many good wrestlers.

Awkward pause.

Tim Tillinghast:

I'd like to also acknowledge the... uh... the other folks who were... who were nominated for this award. The teenage girl, the hamburger kid, and Ryan Scott. Uh... great job.

Awkward pause.

Tim Tillinghast:

I'd also like to thank...

Tillinghast pulls a card out of his breast pocket. He squints as he reads.

Tim Tillinghast:

Scotty Flash... Oscar Burns... Matt LaCroix... Lindsay Troy... Conor Fuse... and Rezin.

Awkward pause. Tillinghast puts the card back in his pocket.

Tim Tillinghast:

Also... um...

He leans in, close to the mic. Suddenly, his quiet and mousey demeanor changes and he yells like a mad man.

Tim Tillinghast:

FUCK ARTHUR PLEASANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YEAH I SAID!!!!

Tillinghast lets loose a wild howl as he suddenly turns and darts off the stage, laughing like a mad man. He's through the door and out in the cool night time air, still laughing wildly. ****½

Lance Warner takes back the podium.

Lance:

Well now sounds like a good time to take a commercial break. Be right back everyone!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



KYLE SHIELDS vs. NO FUN DEAN

With both men in the center of the ring, Shields and Dean lock up but immediately Shields drops the hold and slides away. Dean charges, Shields gets his knee up. It looks like Kyle pokes Dean in the eyes but because Kyle's brother, Mark, is the referee, it isn't called. Shields hits NFD with a DDT and starts working on Dean's legs with various holds. Eventually, Dean gets into the ropes but Mark is checking out some hot chick in the front row so the submission isn't broken. Dean shouts at Mark to pay attention, Mark eventually does and administers a five count. Kyle breaks the hold at three and goes for a stroll around the ring, checking out the crowd himself. Dean stands up and pushes Mark hard. The referee considers calling for the bell on DQ ruling but Kyle bursts in and crushes NFD under the jaw with a knee while Slightly Fun Jen shouts at Mark Shields from outside the ring. Kyle goes back to work on Dean's legs, finally applying a Boston crab. Dean finds the ropes, Mark does his job and tells Kyle to break the hold. Kyle rolls his eyes, tells his big brother the match will be over quickly anyway and not to worry. Kyle tries for a German suplex but can't lift Dean, he's too heavy. Kyle immediately gives up, looks to exit the ring but Dean charges him. Shields was playing possum, however, as he pokes Dean in the eyes and grabs The No Fun Man in a handful of tights. One. Two. Three! Kyle nonchalantly slides out of the ring and calmly walks up the rampway while No Fun Dean has no fun words to say about Mark's refereeing. Slightly Fun Jen tries to calm Dean down but he's really rattled. Kyle enters the ring, tells Mark they should do blow in the back but then eats a No Fun back elbow smash to the jaw! Dean leaves with Jen, slightly pissed off. Crowd cheers Dean on. Match went 6:07.

****SHOCK OF THE YEAR****

Warner is at the podium.

Lance:

It's time for the Shock of the Year! There were SO many amazing moments and great segments in 2021. Not all of them could be captured on the finalist lists. I've been told there will be a special DEFIANCE Spotlight show revealing all the awesome events from 2021, coming in a few days. Anyway, here are the finalists...

SHOCK of the YEAR Finalists

Dan Ryan returns to DEFIANCE ([return](#))

Tyler Fuse breaks Southern Heritage Championship ([event](#))

Tyler Fuse walks away from Conor Fuse and joins The Kabal ([last of us](#))

Mikey Unlikely retires Scott Douglas ([match](#))

Oscar Burns turning on Conor Fuse and DEFIANCE Wrestling ([twists & turns](#))

Lance:

And the winner... *[opens envelope]*... well...

Warner has an awkward look on his face.

Lance:

The winners are the Fuse Bros., with Tyler turning his back on Conor and joining The Kabal.

The camera immediately switches to Conor Fuse, seated with some BRAZEN talent such as Sgt. Safety, the Louisiana Bulldogs and Declan Alexander. Conor's eyes dart around the room, although he doesn't stand up. The camera zooms out and finds Tyler Fuse across the way, at his own table alongside Princess Desire (and Teresa Ames is in the fair corner texting aimlessly). Tyler looks disinterested, like he didn't even register what Lance just said.

Lance:

Gentlemen?

Neither of them budge. Princess Desire is also doing her own thing, filing her nails.

Conor Fuse finally stirs. He stands to a faint hush as he strangely walks towards the podium.

DDK: *[from the announce table]*

This is certainly an awkward one...

Conor cautiously approaches the podium as Lance Warner hands him a DEFy award. Fuse stands at the mic.

Conor Fuse:

Uh, okay, thank you. *[Looks down at the trophy]* Guess I have a knack for these kinda moments. Last year, I beat up Trashcan Tim and Pat Cassidy and we win Segment of the Year *[Conor with an extremely awkward laugh as the camera switches to Pat Cassidy slightly shaking his head but offers a begrudging "cheers" tip of his drink afterwards]*, this year my brother walks out on me to the hotmess nonsensical poor man's version of a comic book villain's gathering who use special maple syrup to inject themselves with super powers.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two stares directly at his big brother, who still hasn't acknowledged what's going on. Neither has The Princess. Neither has Teresa Ames.

Conor Fuse:

Soooooo, proud I could share the end of the Fuse Bros. forever with all of you. Brothers who would never be apart... are apart.

Conor starts to walk away from the podium but then comes back.

Conor Fuse:

No. You know what, it's cool, I'm good with it. Look at what The Ultimate Gamer has achieved here in DEFIANCE 2021 instead. I CONTINUED to clean up my act. I found new friends, joining alongside the greatest tag team in the history of DEFIANCE, the Pop Culture Phenoms and a man who thinks he's a pirate to reinvent the Friendship Members League 2.0! Then I made amends with The Deacon and we pounded "the doctor" into oblivion! And now, there's... YOU!

Conor points his left index finger directly at Oscar Burns. Burns' eyes go wide as if insinuating he's caught off-guard. Oscar pushes his chair back and stands.

Conor Fuse:

You're so god damn lucky I don't beat the living piss outta you right here but Imma save my comments for DEFtv. You don't deserve any more attention than you've already gotten!

Burns shouts in return but DEFSec is quick on the scene to tell Oscar to keep his mouth shut or he might get booted. Burns still mouths off but in a quieter tone while slowly finding his chair. Conor continues to power through whatever kerfuffle is happening with Burns and DEFSec...

Conor Fuse:

It's been a good year for The Power-Up King. I wouldn't trade it for anything. And in 2022... Last Level Conor... MAIN EVENT Conor... finally arrives to DEFIANCE!

Fuse pauses, smirks and raises his DEFy trophy.

Conor Fuse:

Can I get a... !RANK!?

Some of the crowd gives a !RANK cry in reply.

Conor Fuse:

!RANK!?

!RANK

Conor Fuse:

!RANK!?

!RANK

Fuse looks directly at Burns with a sarcastic smirk on his face.

Conor Fuse:

Bahahaha I'm awesome. Locker Room Leader, eat your heart out.

And now Fuse leans away from the mic.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you everyone. Tyler, go to hell!

Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I still love ya, bro. Thank you everyone!

Even though Tyler Fuse continues to stare off into space while Princess Desire files away at her nails, Conor takes the

trophy and happily marches away.

****SEGMENT OF THE YEAR****

Warner returns to the podium.

Lance:

The finalists for Segment of the Year...

SEGMENT of the YEAR Finalists

Deacon vanishes/run over by Stalker ([event](#))

Friendship Members League 2.0 Assembles vs. Better Future ([FML 2.0](#))

Henry Keyes & Rezin PUNK ROCK saga ([PUNK wars](#) / [PUNK awakens](#))

Malak Garland kidnaps MEE6 ([interrogation](#))

Malak Garland reveals Siobhan Cassidy and Brock Newbludd are dating ([reveal](#))

Lance:

And the winner is... PUNKROCK, Rezin and Henry Keyes!

♪ "Weapon of Choice" - Fatboy Slim ♪

Henry Keyes, looking surprisingly dapper in a navy 1800s military suit (complete with gold-tasseled shoulder pauldrons), rises from his seat in the crowd. Perhaps alarmingly (or not, given that it looks ornamental), there is an ornately-handled ceremonial sword hanging from his hip. He gives best pal Lindsay Troy a firm double-clasped Roman handshake as his eyes beam. He makes his way to the stage, and as Lance Warner hands him his DEFY, Henry pulls a few note cards from inside his jacket pocket.

Henry Keyes:

Wow, everyone is looking SHIP-SHAPE here tonight now that I can properly see you all! Thank you for your consideration and for honoring myself and my compatriot Rez with this award. I'd like to first extend a hearty toast to Miss Troy...

We don't know when the hell he pulled this out but a metal flask is in Henry's hand and it's been raised in the general direction of his table.

Henry Keyes:

...the woman who brought me back to this hallowed company just over a year ago, and who gave me one piece of sound advice tonight. She told me, 'Henry, if you win something tonight, DON'T. IMPROVISE.' Loud and clear! Cheers to you, Miss Troy.

There's a small chuckle rumble from the crowd as he dramatically lifts his note cards, followed by a smattering of clinking glasses.

Henry Keyes:

To that end, I've prepared some remarks, and first and foremost, I'd like to talk about The Esc-

A gravelly, prolonged voice suddenly calls out, cursing the very air in the room.

"KEEEYYYYEESSS..."

The shot cuts to the maniacal face of the Goat Bastard REZIN, decked out in his steampunk top hat, villain's monocle, and belt-buckled longcoat. He is apparently seated in an elevated position, his hands wrangling over a series of levers. A loud cacophony of metallic creaking and hissing can be heard rising up around him.

Rezin:

KEEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEESSSSSS!!!

The camera smash zooms out to reveal Rezin seated upon a giant ROBOTIC METAL SPIDER with the body of a

dumpster and legs made of garbage cans haphazardly duct taped together.

The self-made chaotic contraption sputters, belches, and farts from what is presumably a motorboat engine strapped behind his pilot's chair. His creation comes across as paradoxically both innovative and laughably pathetic at the same time.

Rezin:

THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT IS UPON YOU, HENNERY KEEYYEESSS!! REVENGE WILL NOW BE MINE!!

The Escape Artist's pitch-stained hands wildly tug down on two of the levers before him, and the robot trash spider shudders and rattles violently beneath him.

Rezin:

COME ON, you piece of shit... MOVE!! HOUR of JUDGMENT, and all that!

He yanks down on another lever, but rather than moving, the robot trash spider emits even louder grinding noises as various cobbled-together mechanisms fail within its structure. Black smoke begins billowing out of the dumpster body as the abomination of mobilized junk shakes and rattles on the verge of breaking apart.

Rezin:

DAMNIT!! This wouldn't be happening if my dastardly plan to steal the Elon Musk baby hadn't fallen through!

Henry Keyes:

Everything ok up there, Rez?

Rezin:

EVERYTHING IS FINE, HENNERY KEEYYEESSS!!! Just give a me second here to figure this shit out and then PREPARE FOR THE SWEET, DASTARDLY REVENGE that I have in store for--*BLEHGK!!*

CRRAASSSHH!!

All at once, Rezin's robot spider chariot made of disused garbage receptacles COLLAPSES into a heap of twisted aluminum and oily sludge. The Escape Artist escapes our view as he becomes buried in the wreckage. DEFSEC hurry in with fire extinguishers and expunge the black cloud of smoke into a white mist of CO2.

Fearless man of action that he is, the Airship Pirate promptly hops off the stage and runs directly into the chaos to pull his friend out of the wreck. At the podium, Lance Warner shakes his head pitifully as he watches the disaster occurring offstage, then leans into the mic.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, please forgive us as we take a few minutes to, uhh... clean all this up before the next presentation. We will hear the acceptance remarks from the winners of this category hopefully at a future date.

Henry Keyes:

Heeeere we go, big cat, Henry's gotcha, just pullll with me now, here we go - nice and easy - EASY, REZ, COME ON MAN.

Rezin:

YOU HAVE AHOLD OF MY BEARD!! HOW THE HELL IS THIS EASY?!

Henry Keyes:

YOU'RE MOSTLY BEARD, MAN, WORK WITH ME.

The camera cuts to wide shots of the crowd before fading to black.

****MATCH OF THE YEAR******Lance:**

Match of the Year is often a tough one with SO many excellent matches to choose from! The recent [DEFIANCE Spotlight](#) episode proves this with fifteen of the top ranked matches, leaving out so many others. This year's five finalists are...

MATCH of the YEAR Finalists

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy (DEFCON) ([match](#))

Favored Saints Championship, Favored Saints Fiveway: Rezin (C) vs. Titaness vs. Search Party Cyrus vs. Count

Novick vs. Kerry Kuroyama (ACTS of DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Gage Blackwood (C) vs. Oscar Burns (ACTS of DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

UNIFIED Tag Team Championships: Comments Section (C) vs. SNS (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

UNIFIED Tag Team Championships, Platforms & Portals Match: Fuse Bros. One (C) vs. Comments Section (DEFCON) ([match](#))

Lance:

And the winners are... SNS vs. The Comments Section for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Malak Garland inconspicuously finds himself on the other end of a television camera being pointed right at him. His deer-in-the-headlights stare oozes with ignorance as his fingers fidget with a spinner. Unsure about the announcement he just heard, he peers over his shoulder a few times before the people around him give him a friendly nudge as if to direct him to get up and go on stage to collect the award. Awkward at first, Malak takes a moment before rising from his seat. He is soon joined at the side by Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates, Martin Evans Everett VI, ALEX, Game Boy, Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter because wherever Malak goes, his entourage is never too far behind and seemingly pop up out of nowhere.

The Comments Section in its entirety slink their way on stage. Each one is decked out to the nines differently.

Malak begrudgingly clasps the DEFy award in his hands before assuming the podium. He peers outwards to the crowd with a look of disgust on his face.

Malak Garland:

If everyone would allow me the time and space to exist right now, that would be preferred.

Some feedback echoes through the microphone.

Malak Garland:

So ummm, I guess this award is a thing, huh? I am reluctant to accept it primarily because it symbolizes a memory I would rather repress from time and space. This does not steer my narrative in heartwarming fashion so you should all feel lucky I got out of my seat.

Thurston throws up the double guns to the crowd and begins mouthing off for some reason.

Malak Garland:

Glad we could remedy this debacle by having the losing team accept this award because that makes sense. I guess the sUnDaY nlgHt sPeCiAlS are too busy drinking the night away but who am I, right? Who am I? I'm just trying to keep my stick on the ice and here is everyone reminding me about past failures. Real professional.

Malak goes to leave the stage until he takes one step and realizes he has the chance to go on a soapbox with an open mic and time to fill. How can he pass this delectable little opportunity up to have his voice heard and thoughts acknowledged? He grips the DEFy award intently. Garland slouches his head down as his eyes examine the trophy he's getting for all the wrong reasons.

Malak Garland:

No.

He reassumes the podium with prominence and a scathing smirk on his face.

Malak Garland:

This is my moment. This is my time to shine. I have been gifted this time to have my voice heard!

The groans grow louder throughout the crowd as the Snowflake Superstar settles in for the rant of the century.

Malak Garland:

Right. Let's get some things straightened out while I have graciously been given this platform. First, I heavily dislike the hors d'oeuvres catering has been serving. I've hated them for the longest time but only now have I felt the strength and confidence to speak up about it so I'd like the Favored Saints to take notice and make some changes with that. The catering team really feels like they've just been mailing it in lately and I don't know if anyone has noticed but I'm a supreme talent who needs to be kept happy and shake 'n bake finger foods simply won't cut it. Second, like my idol Michael Jordan and my favorite basketball team, the Chicago Bulls, which I've been a hardcore fan of for a long time now, what you see is an equally menacing team standing before your very eyes. The Comments Section has grown with many more users joining the fray and believe me when I say that we're not done stockpiling the best, most fierce athletes in the world of pro sports. Third, I have another aching issue I need to go off about. It has to do with this paper thin award. Obviously, no one cares about looking good on paper. That's a given. I mean, I'm better than that. So it pains me endlessly to receive this award and for it to be forever linked to those dweeb alcoholics known as Patrick Cassidy and Brocklyn Newbludd. Rest assured, if I ever have the displeasure of going face-to-face with them again, I will end them. I will get health and safety New Orleans to shut this bar down due to a rat infestation. I will take all that is nice and good from their lives and strip it away. I will make sure Siobhan marries poorly and moves to Canada. I will ruin their lives just like how this award is a reminder of what they took from me. Fourth, if anyone else ever thinks they have the courage to stand up to me, don't. I will also end you just like I ended the tender Fuse Bros. Those idiots still aren't doing anything relevant. I haven't heard from cOnOr in forever and who knows what that mute nimrod Tyler is doing. I mean, quiet people piss me off. They might be brothers but they couldn't be more polar opposites. If I had it my way, I'd put Conor on a leash because I'd own him. Simply put, The Comments Section is superior than SNS and the Fuse Bros. in every conceivable fashion. Fifth, I need everyone to know how much of a trash panda Kerry Kuroyama is. The guy has been passed around the midcard more than Princess Desire, am I right? Haha. What a goon. Anyways, if I were him, I'd literally surrender the Favored Saints belt because it's finding a new home shortly anyway. It'll be around my waist, hugging my hips so fine. Kerry, you're going to end up being just another victim on my social media page of 'you got pwned' and it's going to feel so good to allow all my anger, rage and pent up anxieties to release from my body when I beat the absolute urine out of you. With that, I signal farewell but not before I wish all you voters the worst nights sleep of your life for choosing this as match of the year. I don't think it was and therefore it's outside my scope. Thus, I am steering my own narrative from here on out. Get cordially bent, thank you.

Malak hastily walks off the ramp, followed by his gang before things mercifully move on.

DDK:

I think now is as good of a time as any to take a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2021**FIST OF DEFIANCE****Gage Blackwood © vs. Crimson Stalker****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****Ladder Match****SNS © vs. PCP vs. LTT****WARCHAMBER****Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy****Big Match Burns vs. Main Event Conor****FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE****Henry Keyes vs. Alvaro de Vargas****Deacon vs. Dr. Ned Reform*****if Deacon loses, he retires****The Lucky Sevens vs. The House**

TITANESS vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

Up next on our UNCUT Year-End Special, we've got a rematch made two weeks ago! We have one-on-one in a rematch from DEFTv 162 in Jack Mace versus Titaness on deck!

Lance:

The bad blood between the two has been getting more intense over time. Jack Mace stole the win away from Titaness after some cheating and has wanted a rematch for weeks... now she's about to get it.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the next match!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from The Bronx, weighing in at 200 pounds... she is **"THE SHOW OF FORCE" TITANESS!**

A set of words appears on the DEFIatron in silver...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage! Titaness then heads down the ramp, shedding her vest and slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat while her music fades.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Grewelthorpe, England... weighing in at 268 pounds... he is **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

The music plays and out comes the monster... however, he appears to not be dressed to compete and instead, wearing brown khakis and a new DEFIANCE Los Tres Titanes ugly Christmas Sweater with the pictures of the three members on the front.

DDK:

What... what is this?

Lance:

And how much merchandise can Los Tres Titanes really have on our site?! ... oh, also, why isn't he dressed to compete?

Mace walks out and Titaness wonders what the hell is going on while he smiles.

Jack Mace:

Titaness, Titaness, Titaness... love, you must've lost the plot. I... I think I misheard you. You said you wanted a rematch with me and... well... I told you that wasn't happening.

DDK:

Oh, come on! You know exactly what was said!

The Show of Force looks angry, but says nothing and sits on the middle rope, offering him the chance to get down to the ring and fight as promised.

Jack Mace:

No, love... you think I'm going to come down there and fight you after you jumped me TWICE now?

Lance:

How many times has he jumped HER from behind now too? She's only been fighting fire with fire.

Mace paces around the ring still wearing the sweater.

Jack Mace:

Ugh... this shite is itchy. Anyway... since it's the holidays for you Yanks and you clearly want to fight, I've found something more your speed. I also promised him an audience with Tom Morrow if he beats you tonight. Let me bring out your opponent, love...

He points to the stage.

Jack Mace:

Justin Sane... ta Claus!

♪ "Down With the Sickness" by Disturbed ♪

DDK:

Oh no... I thought this guy quit...

Lance:

Again...

Tearing through the curtain as the main riff hits is the seven-foot giant JUSTIN SANE. His hair is dyed not one but TWO shades tonight... one half red and the other half green and he is likewise wearing one red and one green contact, opposite sides of the colored hair.. He moves down the rampway with a smile that suggests nothing less than absolute self-confidence. Some of the Faithful are on their feet and some are on their feet already... to the restrooms. Jack Mace is almost on the floor belly-laughing right now and he'd be the only one while Titaness looks half concerned, half... well, "WTF" is an expression, right?

DDK:

Jack Mace is more like a jack-ass tonight. Titaness has more than proven her worth as a competitor especially since Acts of DEFIANCE, but tonight, Mace isn't taking her seriously.

Lance:

This will come back to bite him.

Justin Sane is cutting a promo without a microphone to some fans nearby.

Justin Sane:

You're looking at the next member of Better Future Talent Agency! Merry Christmas to my fans and Merry Fuck You-Mas to my haters!

Mace starts to laugh and then leaves to the back, dropping his microphone on the stage. Meanwhile, Justin Sane continues to laugh it up on his way to the ring. He starts to stand up to the ropes and then tries to climb over, but before he can, he get caught in the mouth with a big jumping pump kick from Titaness to the face! Seeing a match about to break out, Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

I... I guess this is happening! Titaness coming straight at the seven-footer that lives in his own world!

Justin Sane-ta Claus is still on his feet on the outside, still a bit rattled from Titaness' earlier pump kick. She slingshots over the ropes using a plancha... but to the amazement of the crowd, Sane still catches her in mid-air!

Justin Sane:

No fucking way am I losing to a GIRL...

He tries to set Titaness over the shoulder and runs toward the ring post like an idiot... the Show of Force slips out and then he smacks right into the post!

DDK:

Titaness saving herself! She has found ways to use power and leverage to get around people the size of Sane, but... this is a task even I don't think she can pull off.

Lance:

Lest we forget, Sane is overconfident at many times... like ALL the time. But that doesn't change the fact he's seven-foot tall and 330 pounds!

Sane is still trying to smile through having his bell rung after hitting the post as he goes back inside to try and win his match. Titaness looks out to a cheering crowd and shakes the ropes before heading up top. Titaness perches herself up high, then comes off with a missile dropkick! Justin Sane doesn't go down immediately, but he wobbles back to the corner. Titaness takes a moment to get back to her feet while Justin Sane is still teetering.

DDK:

Titaness taking to the skies more in order to beat Justin Sane tonight! That might be her best bet tonight!

Lance:

We haven't seen Jack Mace play a lot of mind games as he's been more of a straight-up wrestler, but he has been enjoying putting Titaness through hoops to get this rematch.

She runs from one side of the ropes to the other to hit a running double knee strike to the chest of Sane followed by running off the adjacent set to come back with another pump kick to the chest! Sane is still staggered out of the corner while Titaness tries to weigh her options. She tries to go for a... body slam?

DDK:

No way...

No way indeed! Sane is still smart enough to drop an elbow across her back and then slamming her down with a big body slam of his own! He gets jeers from the crowd, but ignores them.

Justin Sane:

Ultra-Mega-Badass beating up this GIRL here! YEAH!

He gets more tepid boos than anything, but he picks up Titaness again and then lets her have it with another big body slam. She's dead center in the ring when he runs off the ropes and delivers a devastating leg drop to her midsection! Titaness doubles over in pain but instead of going for a cover... Justin Sane-ta Claus is in the ring on one knee posing.

Justin Sane:

Wake up, New Snorleans!

DDK:

Wasn't... wasn't he just kissing up to them before?

Lance:

I heard backstage he's a lone wolf that wears both white and black hats.

DDK:

What?

While Titaness is still hurt, the Ultra-Mega-Badass from BRAZEN stands to his full height and then tries for a third slam. He gets her up in the air, but before he can hit the HELLRAZOR, she frantically kicks her way free! The Show of Force then goes low with a chop block to the back! Sane flinches and a low dropkick nails the front of the knee, finally bringing him down. Titaness runs off the ropes and then finally nails a third pump kick for this match right between the eyes to finally bring Sane down to the delight of the crowd!

DDK:

Titaness has him! Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The giant powers out and Sane sits up, gritting his teeth that he's being shown up. The red and green-haired maniac is about to get picked up as Titaness tries to get a fireman's carry on him.. But no avail!

DDK:

I don't know what she's thinking here! Titaness can't possibly lift Sane! She needs to stick and move!

Lance:

And I think it's going to cost her!

Sane picks her up and then plants her with a sidewalk slam! But instead of following up like he really should, Sane stands up and then looks out to the fans and puts up his fists like an asshole.

Justin Sane:

Prepare for your halls to get decked with THESE boughs of holly!

He gets ready in one corner of the ring while The Show of Force is on the other, trying to stand after the slam with nowhere to go.

DDK:

I can't believe he actually said that... but here comes Justin Sane! Is he thinking of a spear?

Justin Sane:

Get up! I don't even need no bitch-ass jackhammer!

He runs full speed ahead... but Titaness is already up and moves, sending Sane shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:

MAJOR miscalculation by Sane! I think he's hurt now!

He comes stumbling out of the corner as Titaness looks out to a crowd and then says a quick prayer... THEN HITS AN UGLY, BUT EFFECTIVE BODY SLAM ON JUSTIN SANE AT LAST! THE FAITHFUL GO NUTS!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! TITANESS JUST BODY SLAMMED JUSTIN SANE AFTER HE WENT INTO THE RING POST! LISTEN TO THE CROWD!

The Show of Force holds her own back in immense pain, but she guts it out and then slowly crawls to the top turnbuckle. She heads up top slowly and then gets to the top.

Lance:

What... what is this?

She gets to the top rope while Sane is still down... and then leaps off the top turnbuckle with a high angled moonsault! Then stays on Sane for the cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Titaness rolls off the big body of Sane and breathes a sigh of relief!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TITANESS!**

The Show of Force slowly gets back to her feet and then celebrates with Rex Knox raising her hand.

Lance:

I can't believe she did that! Titaness is a genetic freak at six-one, but I can't believe she pulled that off!

She finally leaves the ring and then starts to head away from the ring while Justin Sane sits up and looks shocked...

Justin Sane:

What... what... I LOST TO A GIRL!

He rolls out of the ring and runs up the curtain, not believing that he lost yet again! The ragequitter of BRAZEN does just that while Titaness is breathing a sigh of relief felling a giant opponent.

DDK:

Titaness doesn't get the match she wants... but she gets the win here tonight.

The Show of Force leaves the ring and starts to head to the back... **BLINDSIDED BY A LARIAT FROM THE SIDE BY JACK MACE!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

What... WHERE DID MACE COME FROM? HE WALKED AWAY!

He stands over a battered Titaness to jeers from the crowd before he rips off the LTT ugly sweater off of himself before throwing it to the ground and then locking in the Jack of All Holds on the floor!

DDK:

I don't know! But this is enough! Back and forth, these two have gone with post-match attacks, but this is the worst one yet from Mace! Titaness is out!

He continues to torture her with the Jack of All Holds... but when he sees both Minute and Uriel Cortez coming down the aisle, he lets go and then gets the hell out of there!

DDK:

Here comes Minute and Uriel Cortez! The other members of Los Tres Titanes! And now Mace beating a hasty retreat!

Mace heads through the crowd while Minute stares down The Killer Bear and Uriel goes to check on Titaness. But the last shot shown is The Killer Bear, sinister smile on his face before disappearing into the night.

****UPCOMING DEFIANT OF THE YEAR******Lance:**

Upcoming DEFIANT of the Year is the award for DEFIANT rookie. The finalists are...

UPCOMING DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Arthur Pleasant ([bio](#))

Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))

Rick Dickolous ([bio](#))

Lance:

And the winner... *[off mic]* oh boy... *[back to mic, begrudgingly]* Dr. Ned Reform.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The camera hard cuts to TA Cole, dressed sharply in a black tie tuxedo. The announcement of Reform's victory has not resulted in much approval from the crowd... but curiously, Reform doesn't seem to be anywhere in the bar. Cole stands, takes a moment to look around and adjust his cufflinks, and walks up to the stage. He nods toward two stagehands who begin to roll a big screen TV on wheels onto the center of the stage, right next to the podium. As the music dies down, TA Cole makes a "shhhhh" hand motion and points to the screen.

The screen comes to life... and there is Ned Reform's smiling bald face. He's dressed in a Bill Cosby sweater and appears to be sitting in front of a blue curtain.

Ned Reform:

Well... would you look at that! Ned Reform has won the DEFy for Upcoming Defiant of 2021. Hold it up, Mr. Cole.

TA Cole holds the award up for all the crowd to see.

Ned Reform:

I must be honest and forthright with you, children. I considered being honored by this. I almost... oh so very nearly... considered this accolade a beacon of hope. Surely, if Dr. Ned Reform has won an award rightfully naming him as the most refreshing competitor to bless DEFIANCE in... well, ever... then perhaps the people have begun to see the error of their ways? Could it be that after a solid year of hard work, sacrifice, and sweat... my efforts have begun to show promise?

Reform pretends to wipe a tear from his eye.

Ned Reform:

Perhaps Dr. Reform is not Sisyphus! Perhaps this mission to better DEFIANCE, to enlighten all of you, to tear down the dysfunctional systems is not all for naught! Perhaps Dr. Reform's day has COME!

Reform looks thoughtful before he closes his eyes and shakes his head in disappointment.

Ned Reform:

Sadly, the explanation is far less appealing. I saw the other candidates for this award.

Reform mouths, "Yikes."

Ned Reform:

And then I remembered the overall quality of the DEFIANCE roster in general, and I realized that winning this award was comparable to making the Honor Roll at a State College. Sure, it may technically be an accolade... butttttt...

Reform makes the "so so" hand motion.

Ned Reform:

So you see... I do not value this award. I do not care that I won this award. Your opinions - your uninformed, underdeveloped, short sighted opinions - mean as little to me as your praise. I was unable - and perhaps unwilling - to make the journey to the rundown, vermin infested den of villainy in which you are holding this ceremony because I have traveled back to Yale to be a keynote speaker at some academic events... because unlike many of you, I have a day job. However! This is not a total waste of my time! Believe it or not, there is a reason I am happy to be in front of you today.

A beat.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Cole, toss the award away please.

With a slight smile, TA Cole throws the DEFy for Breakout Defiant over his shoulder like a piece of garbage.

Ned Reform:

You see... even though it would be extremely generous to call this award show a "farce," I am happy to invite you to a real ceremony. An event with some depth. Some prestige. At DEFtv 164, on Wednesday, January 5th in the new year of 2022 - you are ALL cordially invited! Join myself, Dr. Ned Reform, as I present a special dedication ceremony honoring the lengthy and storied career of our very own Deacon. As you all know, Mr. Deacon's career will be coming to a respectable close at DEFIANCE Road when he faces defeat at my hands, and I thought it only fitting that we take a moment to appreciate all Deacon has done in the professional wrestling business. So!

Reform spreads his arms wide and smiles.

Ned Reform:

I invite you all to join us! There will be special guests, a few surprises, and more than a few tears I am sure. See you all on the 5th, children. I wish you all a happy holiday and restful new year.

The screen goes black. Only TA Cole is clapping.

****BREAKOUT DEFIANT OF THE YEAR****

The shot fades in on the smiling Lance Warner once again on the stage at the podium, with a mic in one hand and the next DEFy to be awarded in the other.

Lance:

The category for this next DEFy is the Breakout DEFIANT of the year, awarded to the individual who has been recognized for the gains made this year in becoming one of DEFIANCE's top stars!

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Kerry Kuroyama ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

Titaness ([bio](#))

He pulls the card from the envelope and reads off the name.

Lance:

And the award goes to...

...REZIN!!

The projection screen lights up, showing an array of colors fluttering by. The shot slowly zooms out to reveal the WHEEL OF GENRES spinning on its axis...

Click-click-click-click-click-click click click click click click... click... click.....

The Wheel slowly stops spinning, coming to a stop on a single black panel that simply portrays a stylized "Anarchy R" logo...

KA-BOOM!

The Wheel suddenly EXPLODES into a raging ball of fire!

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

Face-melting extreme thrash riffage begins to play over the PA, while over the projection screen, we get a quick montage of Rezin's greatest moments over the past year: Trading blows in the ring in the culmination of the Punk Wars with the Airship Pirate Henry Keyes at DEFCON... leaping through the air in his high-flying battle with the Sky Titan Minute at Maximum DEFIANCE... leading his entourage of Reapers to the ring as the "Favoured Sinner" of DEFIANCE...

The montage plays through more maniacal Rezin memories, showing him terrorizing junior reporter Chris Trutt backstage during the typical Uncut interview... slouched upon his trash throne during his end-of-the-world party during his final reign as the Favoured Saints Champion... driving out onto the stage in his Roadwarrior-themed "golf cart of apocalypse" at Acts of DEFIANCE... slipping and sliding down a sludge-soaked rampway during what could have been any of his Pay Per View entrances...

We see multiple angles of mesmerizing Rezinsaults, decapitating Cloven Hoof Kicks, and hope-ending Into the Voids... then finally, we see an iconic shot of him cackling madly with his arms outstretched before the blazing DEFIANCE merch booth, which he just torched at DEFtv 150...

Then the screen goes black as the montage reaches its end. Then, a fire escape door in the distance corner swings open, and REZIN bursts into the room in a frenzied rush before stumbling into a standstill. Appearing in his classic

black battle vest and pants ensemble, he looks around somewhat stupefied, as if unsure of what he just walked into, and seemingly unaware that he was just called onto the stage moments ago.

Lance:

Uhhh, Rezin?

The Escape Artist spies the commentator on stage, holding up the trophy, and suddenly everything becomes clear, as he swaggers over to the stage and climbs the steps. Lance is waiting with the DEFy in hand, but Rezin instead snatches the mic from the commentator's hand. Sensing the situation going south, Lance leaves the DEFy on the podium and exits quickly. Mic in hand, Rezin walks to the end of the stage and gazes out into the crowd of applauding DEFIANCE talents and staff. His face is showing a cocktail of emotions ranging from confusion to revulsion to just plain delirium. He raises the mic to speak...

Rezin:

ARRRIGHT, YA SCUM... PIPE DOWN and LISTEN UP!

The audience DEFIANTly responds in kind with another round of applause. Rezin can't help but chuckle at the reaction.

Rezin:

Okay look, as much as it warms this shriveled, black heart of mine to know that the spirit of PUNK ROCK is finally catching on around here, don't think for a second that I'm feeling honored to be called out here to take part in this materialist wank-fest going on tonight!

Rezin takes a beat to thoughtfully scratch his beard while he ponders over his newly awarded DEFy, still sitting untouched on the podium. Then he raspberries loud and hard.

Rezin:

Seriously, are any of you really surprised to see this ol' bastard win the BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the year? Who'd you think they were going to give it to? That try-hard, Kerry Kuroyama?!

Brief cut to Kuroyama, dressed formally for the occasion, sitting at his table and indignantly shaking his head. Back on the stage, the Goat Bastard furiously jams a thumb into his hairy and heavily tattooed chest.

Rezin:

I'm the ESCAPE ARTIST, DAMBIT!! It's right there in the name! BREAKING OUT is what I do best! Holds, locks, stretches, throws, cages, cells, handcuffs, paddy wagons, straight jackets, rashes... you name it! I've spent a lifetime breaking free, whether it be from the constraints of a bourgeois society or from the laws of gravity! What chance did a glass ceiling have against a mind-blowin', high-flyin', smoke-dopin' sum'bish like ME?!

He wags a finger to the crowd while shaking his head.

Rezin:

But don't get me wrong here... I didn't throw my body around that ring and off of that post all through the last year - risking my body, my health, my goddamn SANITY! - for the outside chance to be awarded some cheap plastic fist with my name etched on it!

He sneers down at that DEFy, still innocently standing on the podium, as if it had somehow just insulted his mother.

Rezin:

Do any of you really think I'm being "honored" by being given THIS? This tribute to a parasitic culture of vanity, materialism, and greed? Has anyone listened to what I've been SAYING all this last year?! All the awards, all the championships, all the rankings out there in the world... it's all meaningless bullshit! Empty tokens of achievement to give the glory-hounds of this industry a false sense of "pride"...

Finally, he snatches his DEFy off of the podium and holds it out in front of him at arm's length, his eyes filling up once again with that strange crackpot rage that has been known to overtake him on occasion.

Rezin:

I don't need THIS to know I'm the most PUNK ROCK muthafuggah in the company! I don't need a trophy to be proud of a body of work that is second nature to me! Hearing those normies out there CHANT MY NAME even after all the madness I put this company through gives me more pride than any cereal box prize you give me!

Rezin finds the camera and DEFIANTly points out into the invisible heart of The Faithful.

Rezin:

With or without the Kabal, I do what I do because I am forever the agent of CHAOS and ANARCHY here in DEFIANCE! Wherever in the world there is a squeaky, clean order put into place, I make it my business to dirty it up with a little black spot of REZIN!

The Goat Bastard's contemptuous sneer finds the DEFy clutched in his hand once again.

Rezin:

I don't accept this award! To accept this would make me COMPLICIT to the broken hierarchical system that I spend my every waking hour TRYING TO BURN DOWN!! There is NOTHING that is PUNK ROCK in accepting this paltry offering from the corporate overlords! You know what I think of this AWARD?! HERE!! THIS IS WHAT I THINK!! HYAAAAHH!!

Rezin grabs the trophy by the FIST and the base and proceeds to strain for several moments as he tries to break the DEFy in half... but to no avail.

Rezin:

HNFF!! HNNNFFF!! ...damn, what the hell did they make this out of?

Rezin steps back and SPIKES the DEFy against the stage. Again, the trophy remains perfectly intact, but the force instead puts a dent into the stage panelling at his feet.

Rezin:

FUCK!!

Now frustrated beyond all belief by his inability to DEFIANTly shatter his own award, the Escape Artist gives it a spiteful KICK, which causes him to immediately spring back in pain.

Rezin:

YEE-OUCH!!

Rezin hobbles around in a small circle to get the feeling back in his foot, scowling down at the seemingly impervious FIST trophy that barely moved from his attempted football punt. Then he begrudgingly sighs before going over and picking the trophy up once again.

Rezin:

So after some consideration, I think maybe I'll just go ahead and accept this... BUT ONLY IN AN IRONIC SENSE!! This isn't me saying I'm grateful for the recognition and I'll use this as inspiration to keep up the great work into the next year, or anything!

Clutching his DEFy close (even if it's in an "ironic" sense), Rezin's crazed and deranged grin again finds the camera as he once more points out into the heart of the Faithful.

Rezin:

Mark my words, DEFIANCE... if you thought THIS was my BREAKOUT year, then you haven't seen anything yet! It's

been a fun past twelve months, this has only been the initial spark to the coming INFERNO I intend to bring to the squared circle! So strap yourselves in for 2022, cause the crazy train has left the station, and this conductor doesn't believe in sticking to the rails!

The music hits again as Rezin raises the rocker horns to salute the crowd, finally acknowledging the love and support he's earned from them over the last year. They applaud him once more before he hops off the stage and quickly cuts a path through the tables to the exit through the doors at the far end of the room. As he leaves, he triumphantly holds his DEFy over his head once more, albeit upside-down.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



****FACTION OF THE YEAR******FACTION of the YEAR Finalists**

Better Future Talent Agency (bio n/a)

The Kabal ([bio](#))

The Scourge (bio n/a)

Lance:

The next category is for most prolific stable in DEFIANCE for the year of 2021 and folks I've been excited all evening to give this award out. Some great stables have made their name in 2021 from The Scourge to Better Future Talent Agency, but one stable has continued to dominate DEFIANCE as the top group. And that is NONE other than The Kabal!!

Lance steps away from the podium as the screen behind him displays a running visual of The Kabal's greatest moments of 2021. First up is the emergence of Teresa Ames, The Queen of The Kabal, from the surprise victory she had at Mr. Fear's Invitational Battle Royale, to the strange relationship developed between her and The Kabal's greatest threat 'Crimson Stalker'.

The chaotic swirl of Rezin's stint with the Favoured Saints Title is shown next, from his surprise win to immediate loss, to the re-crowning of Rezin as the Favoured Saints Champion for the unprecedented third time, highlighting the chaotic hilarity of Rezin's matches and promos from the craziest and wildest ride of 2021.

Unfortunately for him, The Kabal's chemist Scrow had alternative plans for Rezin and The Kabal's future. A barrage of clips showing the separation and kick out of Rezin from The Kabal, rewound through Scrow's SoHeR championship win to his hand in creating the famed 'Red Death' serum that unleashed The Kabal's most potent weapon.

A quick hit of the big moments of The Kabal stream through on the DEFytron such as Tyler Fuse's donning of Red Reaper's costume, Rick Dickulous being swarmed into the shadows and the most recent establishment of the new tag team, dubbed The Cerberus a direct namesake to the famed three headed beast that are the mysterious shadows pulling The Kabal's strings in the background.

Lastly, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves body is being carried into The Kabal's lair by despondent members of the villainous group. On his last breath and fading fast Scrow provides Stalker with the Red Death serum. A cure but also a curse as the muddled visuals show flashbacks of Jason's descent into the ranks of The Kabal. Suddenly the screen turns a crimson red before switching to the fateful night where Crimson Stalker was born.

Lance:

Well there you have it folks, some of the best clips from The Kabal's 2021 run and here to accept the honor is none other than I'm told... Mr. Fear!

Lance Warner awkwardly adjusts his pose next to the podium and gestures towards the big screen behind him. The DEFIAtron turns red and a shadowy figure appears on the screen. House lights dim down as does the crowd's background chatter.

Mr. Fear:

This is an acceptance from--

SHATTER!!

Lance:

OH WOW! WHAT WAS THAT!?!?

The commentator for DEFtv's voice is shrill and abrupt as he stands backing away from the podium and the now shattered screen behind it. Mr. Fear's acceptance speech is cut short by a thrown object into the screen as the house lights of the DEFy's awards show flood back on.

Voice:

SCREW THE KABAL!!!

It's a female voice, slightly slurred and very angry sounding. Lance's head turns towards the direction of the voice as cameras shift around to attempt to get a glance at who shattered the screen of the DEFY Awards.

Lance:

Thank gosh we have a replacement screen backstage! Security!! Please get this riled up fan!!

Voice:

I'm NO FAN!!

Charging up the stage in a hobbled motion, is none other than Jessica 'Guardian' Fear. The daughter of Jason Reeves' face is all bruised up, her arm is in a sling and the girl who grew up to be a Reaper is also favoring a walking boot.

Jessica Fear:

You celebrate them!?! YOU CELEBRATE THEM FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO ME!?!?

Jessica's tone is fierce as she approaches Lance Warner with an angry glare. Yanking the microphone from the DEFY awards host, Jessica stares DEFIANTLY into the crowd gathered for this prestigious award show. The superhero want to be is dressed in a white 'Codename: Guardian' hoodie (coming soon to EWtees.com) with bluejeans; it's clear she didn't dress for the occasion.

Jessica Fear:

You all should fire them - get them out of DEFIANCE for good. They... they've got my DAMN Father hypnotized... You all don't understand what THE KABAL are! They are not normal, they... manipulate and use you. They... meddle with your mind and experiment on you if you say their... forsaken pledge!

Staring into the lights of cameras, it's clear Jessica has seen better nights. She is worn down and definitely inebriated at this moment. As the cameras pan over the scene it appears the object used to shatter the DEFY awards screen was a whiskey bottle of sorts.

Jessica Fear:

HOW CAN NONE OF YOU SEE THAT!?! FREE HIM! WHERE ARE THE HEROES AT?! YOU ARE LETTING HIM MURDER EVERYONE! Look what he did to our FIST champion GAGE BLACKWOOD! Look what he did to Dex Joy but you all sit here and pretend like he will simply go away....

Movement in the distance of the ensemble catches Jessica's eyes, it's Wyatt Bronson finally with DEFSEC. They seem eager to remove Jessica from the stage but the young guardian drunkenly seems eager to restate her case.

Jessica Fear:

I tried... NONE OF YOU FALSE HEROES TRIED! BUT I DID! The GUARDIANS DID! I WARNED all of you... from when I was Reaper... to even now. But you don't listen... NONE OF YOU LISTEN! IF YOU DON'T FEAR THE KABAL they will END DEFIANCE in a wake of ruin! Don't put them on a podium, band together, END THEM! FREE MY FATHER! DON'T BE A BUNCH OF DAMN FALSE HEROES! FAKES!!

Slamming her fist into the podium, this is enough to draw Wyatt in with DEFSEC to close the deal, the cameras pan out as Jessica is quietly escorted away from the podium and microphone, she looks despondent and argumentative but sees that she is outnumbered and abides by the orders.

While Jessica goes on her crazy woman rant. High above New Orleans, inside an office looking room overlooking the DEF Plex. Crimson Lord, dressed for success, watches Miss Fear go off. Ravanna enters the room. The screams of Jessica echo in the room from his tv on the wall.

Crimson Lord:

A descent into madness. I'll say this about Mr. Fear's daughter, the apple does not fall far from the tree.

Ravanna:

It appears our organization is turning heads.

Crimson clicks the remote, turning off the destruction of Jessica.

Crimson Lord:

Awards are for people who have to be in the spotlight all for fear of being forgotten. Did you hear from Mr. Greaves yet?

Ravanna:

As a matter of fact, just now.

Crimson walks over to his desk and sits in his leather chair. He fires up a cigar.

Crimson Lord:

So what of my precious freak show

Ravanna:

He believes he has gained the trust of Miss Dandelion...although Mr. Jestal is a problem.

Crimson Lord:

Well, then he better double his efforts. I want The Toybox back under my thumb!

Ravanna:

I will relay the message. Will there be anything else?

Crimson spins his chair around looking at a beautiful view of the city, while taking a puff of his cigar.

Crimson Lord:

As of right now no, now leave me.

Ravanna bows her head and leaves the room.

Crimson Lord:

Soon all will come to be.

Cut.

LOS TRES TITANES (Minute/Uriel Cortez) vs. ONLYFLIPS

DDK:

Next on tonight's show... we've got one-third of DEFIANCE Road's main event in action! Fellow Los Tres Titanes member Titaness gets her hands on her rival of the last few months, Jack Mace, but right now, Uriel Cortez and Minute take up the mantle against the new BRAZEN team of OnlyFlips!

Lance:

Two of the youngest members of BRAZEN, Seattle natives Lee Laz and Kenny Yi, have been in BRAZEN for a little under a year, but the young high flyers formed this partnership with another star, Liz Icarus. They've been impressing brass and have been given this opportunity!

DDK:

Indeed! We'll see what they can do tonight against the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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:

...Weighing at a combined weight of 503 pounds... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the screen. 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! And along with that, Minute is back in his white and gold LTT-themed gear! Minute leaps into the ring with a front flip and then does several front kip-ups across the ring before landing on his feet to a huge pop from the crowd! Uriel pulls himself onto the ropes, then enters. He stops with Minute as they get ready to fight.

♪ "Rocket Fuel" by DJ Shadow and De La Soul ♪

The music plays and the members of the crowd familiar with BRAZEN cheer on the trio. One Asian-American in a blue hoodie, a Caucasian man wearing the same and a girl sliding between them, pointing at the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... accompanied by Liz Icarus, at a combined weight of 402 lbs... the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz... They want you to like and subscribe... **ONLYFLIPS!**

Kenny and Lee both run to the ring and head inside. Cortez and Minute both watch the young team hit the ring and

clearly have their game faces on. Minute starts for his team and nods to his partner while Lee Laz does for his team.

DDK:

Our first look at OnlyFlips. We'll see what they do against Minute, who might have they both beat for biggest high flyer yet.

Lance:

And the tallest man in DEFIANCE behind him!

DING DING

Minute and Lee Laz lock up and then get into a quick exchange with Laz trying to pick up Minute, however the TJ Tornado flips out behind him and poses with a cheeky grin underneath his mask. He runs at Lee, but sidesteps and then pushes him to the ropes. When he leaps up, he lands a headscissors, but Laz rolls through the move and then pops back up to his feet before he runs Minute over with a quick shoulder block.

DDK:

Wow, Laz goes for... whoa! Nope!

The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World kips back up. Lee Laz knocks him down again... but Minute pops back up and then smiles again. The younger Lee gets angry and charges, shoving Minute back into the ropes, but finds himself hanging through the ropes and waving at Laz. He charges at Minute, but Minute hangs over and Lee goes flying to the outside! The crowd cheers the former Favoured Saints Champion as he runs again... but hits another fakeout by backflipping off the top rope and landing on his feet before taking a bow to much applause from The Faithful!

Lance:

Incredible! Minute is a regular highlight reel in that ring.

DDK:

And Minute and Cortez showing their experience right now! They got under the skin of Laz!

An angered Lee runs in and tags the slightly bigger Kenny Yi. Yi is a well put-together athlete standing six feet even and two-hundred ten-ish, bigger than the typical flyer. He rushes at Minute, too, but he ducks down and Yi keeps going. When he gets back up, Minute leaps and then hits a hurricanrana, sending Yi over! He starts to double up when the Littlest Flippy-Doo thrust kicks him in the gut and then nails a leaping enzuigiri to the corner where Uriel tags in.

DDK:

Uriel about to give these two their first welcome to DEFIANCE!

Uriel rubs his hands together and grins while he has Kenny Yi pinned to the corner... CHOP OF AGES! The double chop completely doubles Yi over and holds his chest in pain!

DDK:

Kenny Yi is a former gymnast and a lucha libre practitioner in his own right... that has nothing to do however with Uriel Cortez chopping his soul right out of his body!

Lance:

And tag to Minute! Cortez with the splash in the corner!

The Titan of Industry crushes Yi in the corner, then hits an assisted whip of Minute into a corner dropkick! Yi gets nailed hard and Minute goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO...

But Lee Laz makes the save not by ordinary means, hitting a rolling senton on Minute to break the cover up!

DDK:

OnlyFlips trying to live up to their moniker! No Fists, just Flips... which sounds kinda familiar to me?

Lance:

And Yi makes the tag back to Laz after he goes back to his corner!

On the outside, Liz Icarus cheers on her guys! Laz leaps over the ropes and goes right for Minute with a volley of forearms before throwing him to the ropes and then a slam. He makes the tag back to Kenny Yi before both men hit a double team where Laz hits a rolling thunder into a standing 450 Splash on Minute! He leaps off as Yi leaps up to the top cable on his knees then rolls off with a delayed slingshot senton! The crowd cheers as Yi goes for the cover!

DDK:

Innovative double-team! Will that do it?

ONE... TWO... NO!

Kenny Yi is shocked but Liz tells him to stay on him. He nods and then goes for a springboard moonsault... Minute moves... but Yi lands on his feet right into a standing moonsault on Minute instead!

DDK:

Wow! Impressive move by Kenny Yi! Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Minute gets the shoulder up while Kenny rushes over and makes the tag to Lee Laz. Laz gets in and the two try a double back suplex... but The TJ Tornado is able to flip and land on his feet and then comes back with a handspring enzuigiri on Yi! Laz tries to stop him, but Minute rolls under and then tags Uriel to the cheers of the crowd!

DDK:

We'll see if they have any flips that can stop a giant!

Cortez steps over the ropes and runs right THROUGH both Yi and Laz, sending them flying with double shoulder blocks! The Titan of Industry first goes after Lee Laz and picks him up by the neck with both hands and throws him into the corner...

CHOP OF AGES!

Laz falls to a knee while the crowd collectively cringes. Kenny Yi tries to get up and nails Cortez in the chest with a dropkick, sending him back into the ropes... only for him to bounce right back with a STIFF discus chop to the chest, knocking Yi off his feet in one shot! The next chop echoes through the building!

DDK:

Cortez now cleaning house!

He picks up Yi and throws him in the corner with Laz, then NAILS another huge chops to his chest, then another for Laz before he grabs him and PLANTS him mid-ring with a huge gutwrench powerbomb!

Lance:

You said it, partner! Cortez now tags out to Minute and heads up top!

Cortez kneels in the corner as Minute leaps from the top rope, onto Uriel's shoulders, then DIVES with a huge frog splash from the heavens!

DDK:

THIRTY STORY SPLASH! THAT'S IT! MINUTE WITH THE COVER!

Minute stays on while Uriel stands by and keeps Kenny Yi from saving his partner.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World gets on his knees and pumps his fists in the air, happy with the victory while Uriel looks on proudly.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **LOS TRES TITANES!**

Liz Icarus heads over to greet her friends, beaten and battered while Los Tres Titanes stand tall in the ring.

DDK:

A big win tonight to kick off the show! A few bright spots for OnlyFlips! Now Minute turns his attention in the New Year to the last of the three singles bouts before the Unified Tag Title match at DEFIANCE Road! Minute takes on PCP member The D! That should be a great one!

Lance:

I'm looking forward to it! Elise scored the win over Brock Newbludd while Cassidy took one from Cortez. Now Minute looks to get Los Tres Titanes on the board!

Minute leaps up and Cortez places his best friend on his shoulders to celebrate mid-ring as the show moves on to the next DEFy Awards presentation.

****DEFIANTS OF THE YEAR******Lance:**

And now the final two awards. DEFIANTS of the Year, the tag team of the year. The finalists are...

DEFIANTS of the YEAR Finalists

Los Tres Titanes ([bio](#))

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

SNS ([bio](#))

Lance:

And the winners... the currently reigning UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd the Saturday Night Specials!!!

The rafters of Ballyhoo Brew shake as the newly crowned DEFIANTS of the Year stand up and soak in the ultimate hometown crowd pop. Swept up in the excitement and emotion of it all, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy both scramble on top of the table they were seated at. Standing shoulder to shoulder and wearing matching Santa hats, The Saturday Night Specials raise their beers first to the crowd and then to each other. The tag team champions of the world roughly clink their mugs together, causing a decent amount of beer to spill everywhere, and proceed to down the remainder in a victory toast.

Hopping off the table, the two friends are immediately grabbed by Davey LaRue and Siobhan Cassidy. Davey gives a congratulatory handshake to each man and then raises Mojo the alligator high above his head, garnering another cheer from the crowd. While that is happening, Siobhan exchanges a few words with her brother before giving him a kiss on the cheek. She then turns to her fired up boyfriend. Before she can react, Brock grabs her, dips her backwards, and plants a kiss right on her lips. Newbludd keeps the liplock applied for a few seconds before pulling Siobhan back upright. The two share a quick laugh before Pat grabs Brock's attention by handing him a fresh mug of beer. Slapping his partner on the shoulder, the grinning Cassidy raises his mug in the direction of the podium and together the tag team champions of the world make their way towards it to accept their award.

Upon reaching the stage, The Saturday Night Specials replace the drinks in their hands with microphones. Pat Cassidy swings the white cotton deal at the end of his Santa hat from one side of his face to the other before looking out into the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:

NEEEEEEEWWWWW OOOOOOLLLLLAAAANNNNNNSSSS!!!

A cheer.

Pat Cassidy:

Hell no hell no hello. I said...

He draws back, bending slightly backwards and holding the mic high over his mouth.

Pat Cassidy:

NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW OOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLAAAANNSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

A bigger cheer!

Pat Cassidy:

Fucking A, that's what I'm talking about. Look at this. Look around! A year ago, this place was celebrating its grand opening. A year ago, Newbludd and I stood on top of that bar right over there...

Cassidy points.

Pat Cassidy:

And named ourselves The Saturday Night Specials. We said we'd take the tag division by storm, didn't we buddy?

Brock Newbludd:

We did.

Pat Cassidy:

And we said we'd win the tag titles, didn't we amigo?

Brock Newbludd:

We did.

Pat Cassidy:

And we said we'd be voted the DEFIANCE tag team of 2021, didn't we dude?

Brock Newbludd:

We sure fuckin' did.

Pat Cassidy:

Well. Call me Casstrodomeus cause here we are. But we sure as shit didn't do this alone, did we Brock? And it's the Christmas season, and let it never be said that the Saturday Night Specials don't give credit where it's due. So... we've got some people to thank.

Cassidy makes the "hold up" motion to the crowd as he digs in his pocket, producing an index card. He squints at the card as he begins to read.

Pat Cassidy:

We'd like to thank that dinosaur Cary Stevens for managing one of the downright stupidest pair of wrestlers DEFIANCE has ever seen and for allowing us to whoop their asses last year in the Saturday Night Street Fight.

Cassidy hands the card over to Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

Next we would like to tip our hat to Tom Morrow. Your drive and dedication to cement yourself as the premier douchebag in DEFIANCE was a true inspiration to us. Just like Cass and I were born with natural talent in the ring, he was born with one of the most punchable faces I personally have ever seen. Anytime I'm feeling down on my luck, maybe a bit hungover, Cass reminds me that things could be worse. I could be you. So, thank you, Tom. Thank you for inspiring me to be the exact opposite of you, which apparently is a winner.

Wiping away a mock tear from his face, Brock hands the card back to Black Out.

Pat Cassidy:

Let's see... let's see... oh yeah! We'd like to send a special thank you to Malak friggin Garland. The biggest bitch in the history of bitches. If being a lil bitch was an Olympic sport, you'd be a twenty-six time gold medalist. If you weren't such a terrible wrestler and even worse human being, we might not be tag team champions today. We heard your little tantrum earlier, and I can speak for both my partner and I when I say we can't wait for another chance to beat your ass all around the Wrestle-Plex.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't threaten me with a good time, buddy. Finally, we want to thank The Lucky Sevens. You two identical idiots gave us everything you had when you tried to take our belts. We can respect that. But, when you came up short, you decided to try and take us out for good. Well, as you can see, you failed at that too. We're so thankful for everything that it would be rude of us to not return the favor. And believe me, we will. So, I'd recommend you boys keep those basketball sized heads of yours on a swivel because The Saturday Night Specials aren't done with you yet.

Pat Cassidy:

No, we're not. But, first things first, we should probably get a couple of refills..

Pat shakes his empty mug at his partner and Brock nods his head in agreement. As an unseen staff member takes their cups to top them off, Brock motions past all the seated guests at the round tables toward the regular bar more in the back of the room.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey! We didn't do this alone... Shiv! Davey! Get your asses up here, too!

In no time at all, The Saturday Night Specials are joined by Siobhan Cassidy and Davey LaRue. Hugs and high fives all around.

Pat Cassidy:

That about does it for us, folks.

Cassidy turns to walk off stage... then stops. He boinks himself over the head like he's being forgetful. Why a sly smile, he returns to the mic.

Pat Cassidy:

I almost forgot... the grand finale...

With a snap of Cassidy's fingers, a banner falls down behind the crew. The banner reads: "The 2021 Defiants of the Year" and features a blown-up picture of Malak Garland crying after his tag title loss. The crowd has a good laugh at the snowflake's expense.

Brock Newbludd:

And that ain't all! Oprah ain't going nothing on SNS... everybody look under your seats!

There is a murmur from the crowd and we hear shuffling... followed by gasps of surprise and laughter. The camera cuts to the front row, where some unnamed DEFIANT employee reveals that under his seat is a t-shirt with Malak's crying face on it.

Pat Cassidy:

You get a shirt! You get a shirt! Everyboddddyyyy geeeeettsss shiiiiirrtttss!

Brock Newbludd:

Goodnight everybody! Tip your waitress!

****DEFIANT OF THE YEAR****

For a final time tonight, Warner reaches the podium.

Lance:

The last award. The DEFIANT of the Year. The finalists are...

DEFIANT of the YEAR Finalists

Gage Blackwood ([bio](#))

Lindsay Troy ([bio](#))

Oscar Burns ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

Lance:

And your winner for the 2021 DEFIANT of the Year...

He opens the envelope...

And his eyes grow wide!

Lance:

Ladies... gentlemen... I don't believe it... we... we have another tie!

The room explodes into murmurs over another tie in perhaps one of the most important categories of the entire evening.

Lance:

Unprecedented for sure! Your winners for DEFIANT of the year... FIST of DEFIANCE Gage Blackwood...

The crowd gasps.

Lance:

And Oscar Burns!

Oscar Burns sits up from his chair and can't hide his sheer joy at the prospect as he stands! He gets some applause and some murmurs over the unprecedented situation, but with Gage Blackwood out due to his injuries, Burns happily marches up to the stage and walks past Lance Warner. Already walking up to the stage with his earlier DEFy for Ongoing Storyline of the Year, the former two-time FIST smiles at the crowd and then holds up a DEFy that would likely belong to both winners.

Oscar Burns:

GCs! GCs! I did it again! I did it all by myself! Who else other than DEFIANCE Itself is YOUR DEFIANT of the Year?

Lance tries to intervene.

Lance Warner:

No... it's a tie... you and Gage Blackwood! DEFIANTS of the Y...

Burns politely shitcans Lance by gently nudging him out of the way and then takes both DEFy Awards!

Oscar Burns:

I'd like to thank my peers for this award this year! Many champions have come and gone, but you see these? NO ONE has won more DEFys than DEFIANCE Itself! When I say that I Am DEFIANCE, this is not just a catchy quote, GCs. This is not just a tagline to put on a shirt to make a few extra dollars. This is everything. This is my life's work in our great sport. And I give 1000% every single night to you, The Faithful and to you, my fellow roster. DEFIANCE is proud to have you all... I am proud to have you... and a few of you like Conor Fuse to a much lesser extent.

He holds both DEFys up.

Oscar Burns:

I take nothing away from you, Gage Blackwood. You're one of the most physical opponents I've ever faced. I'm sorry you couldn't be here tonight... but I'm not sorry either because you're everything that I say you are and the fact that you have tied with me for DEFIANT of the Year only proves further that I carry you not only to great five-star matches, but to great heights that you'd never be without me. So it is my honor to accept BOTH of these DEFy awards while he is out because I'm told being curbed by the Kabal really hurts... Course, I'd never be put in that situation anyway....

He rolls his eyes.

Oscar Burns:

So I thank all of you for Oscar Burns once again breaking records! THREE-TIME DEFy Award holder! I thank my fellow nominees. Lindsay Troy, keep up the great work. Rezin... keep being funny on the radio, I guess... and Gage Bl... Troy and Rezin, everyone! Have a great night, GCs! Enjoy your evening!

The self-anointed voice of DEFIANCE leaves the stage with his DEFys... and one that rightfully belongs to Gage.

AWARD WINNERS RECAP

The scene switches over to the broadcast table where Lance Warner joins DDK.

DDK:

We want to thank you all for being here tonight! What a tremendous 2021 and 2022 will only get better!

Lance:

Dan Ryan just returned! We can only wonder who else will come back in 2022 and what new talent will arrive!

The scene reveals the DEF crew clearing the tables for the after party. Some DEFIANTS are already shitfaced. (Take a guess.)

Lance:

I'm going to get my drink on, have a great New Year everybody and thanks for being so Faithful to DEFIANCE!

DDK:

For me and my partner, Lance Warner... We Are DEFIANCE. Goodnight everyone!

The scene fades to a final recap of the winners.

DEFIANT of the YEAR -- TIE

Gage Blackwood ([bio](#))

Oscar Burns ([bio](#))

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

SNS ([bio](#))

FACTION of the YEAR

The Kabal ([bio](#))

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR

Rezin ([bio](#))

UPCOMING DEFIANT of the YEAR

Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))

MATCH of the YEAR

UNIFIED Tag Team Championships: Comments Section (C) vs. SNS (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE) ([match](#))

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Henry Keyes & Rezin PUNK ROCK saga ([PUNK wars](#) / [PUNK awakens](#))

SHOCK of the YEAR

Tyler Fuse walks away from Conor Fuse and joins The Kabal ([last of us](#))

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR -- TIE

Lindsay Troy's change in style & attitude ultimately bringing in Dan Ryan
Oscar Burns dissent to turn his back on The Faithful

REVIEWER of the YEAR

Tim Tillinghast

SHOW'S OVER, GO HOME

The scene switches to the Ballyhoo Brew parking lot, in what looks to be emptying after everyone else has called it a night. There, Teresa Ames waits idly beside two randomly masked Reapers and Jason "Crimson Stalker" Reeves whose arms and legs are bound in chains and a face shield across his mouth, eyes fixated simply on the darkness ahead. The drama television star takes her newly acquired pink iPhone from her pocket and opens up the Uber app.

Teresa Ames:

I can't believe I didn't win a personal award tonight, Stalky! I also can't believe they didn't let you into the bar!

Ames's voice drifts away as she calls for a pickup. Meanwhile, silence fills the area, Stalker's eyes continue to be simply locked in front of him since he is unable to do much.

Teresa slips the phone in her pocket. She looks over at Crimson Stalker with a grin.

Teresa Ames:

It's okay. We will take the FIST from Gage Blackwood come DEFIANCE Road, Stalky Talky, my delicious Crimson Flower.

Ames pats the top of his head.

Teresa Ames:

My adorable little plush animal, teehehehe.

Ames giggles and twirls her hair.

Teresa Ames:

People say we're a joke. With Scrow as the Southern Heritage Champion and you as the soon to be FIST of DEFIANCE, I will have manipulated final revenge on my ex-husband and you and the Reapers control of DEFIANCE forever. Muhahahaha, I am so evil.

The sounds of a van pulling into the parking lot overtake Ames' attention momentarily.

Teresa Ames:

Such a shame Gage couldn't be here tonight. Too bad Oscar collected DEFIANT of the YEAR for him.

Teresa flags the uber and it arrives in front of them.

Teresa Ames:

The Favored Saints are saying Gage might not be in shape for the pay-per-view. He will have to forfeit. Joy.

The side door of the uber van opens. Ames' eyes go wide in excitement.

Teresa Ames:

Joy to the world!

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl claps her hands abound in ASMR fashion as Teresa turns to the random Reapers.

Teresa Ames:

You two can go now. I will bring Stalky back Mr. Fear. Then I will check into my hotel with a nice bubble bath.

The Reapers vanish into the night. Ames motions for Crimson Stalker to march forward. Although Reeves' feet and arms are locked together, he can still walk, albeit slowly. The number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE is helped into the back seat by Ames and then she prances around to the other side of the van before jumping in.

Teresa Ames: *[to Stalker]*

I'd say buckle up buckaroo but you're already buckled up enough, teehehehe, my silly stalky scary man!

The van doors automatically start to close as Teresa Ames pulls out her iPhone again. The feed cuts to Ames' camera and her OnlyFans LIVE streaming service.

Teresa Ames:

Hello to all my followers out there and welcome back to my channel. It's me, the T treat you all salivate for. Just checking in with all my wahoos and weirdos to see what everyone is up to. I see the usual amount of special tributes in my DMs which obviously warms my heart.

Ames laughs maniacally before the engine turns back on and the uber driver speaks up.

Uber Driver:

Somebody call for an Uber driver?

Teresa immediately lowers the phone. Her eyes slowly rise to the uber driver's direction.

The driver's voice sounds... familiar.

Uber Driver:

Aye so where do you want to go?

Ames' typical rosey cheeks become pale.

Uber Driver:

Straight to fucking hell? I can do that.

The driver EXPLODES from the back seat, right in the middle of Stalker and Ames, throwing haymakers abound! The driver grabs Ames' head and hurls it into the seat in front of her, then the driver takes Stalker by his head and smashes it into the window!

The van doors automatically open, Ames screaming a bloodthirsty cry as she falls out of the car and crawls on all fours.

Teresa Ames:

HELP!!! ANYONE, HELP!!! JOCELYNE!?!? KAYDEN PAULTON!?!? AZRAITH DEMITRII!?!? GVP!?!?

The driver leaps out of the van and punts her HARD in the chest!

Uber Driver:

Baw juggler.

The driver races to the other side of the van, where a helplessly bound Crimson Stalker lays on the parking lot cement, blood dripping from his forehead. The Uber driver drags Stalker to his feet and throws the number one contender into the van before bouncing Stalker's head off the hood of the van over and over and over and over...

The driver discards Jason Reeves to the ground and then lifts his head.

It's Gage Blackwood.

The FIST of DEFIANCE roars as he props Crimson Stalker to his feet. Stalker is still conscious, his eyes lock with Gage's for a moment before Blackwood takes three steps back.

Gage Blackwood:

Fuck your Kabal. Fuck Mr. Fear. Fuck your stupid serum. Fuck. You.

BOOM.

Gaelic Storm.

The sound of Blackwood's knee echoes throughout the desolate night as Stalker falls to the cement, out cold and Gage limps away. The scene cuts over to Teresa Ames, who's trying to crawl around like something out of a horror movie. Ames struggles to find her phone but isn't able to reach it. She attempts to scream but nothing comes out of her.

Suddenly, two feet are beside the drama queen. She glances up to see Gage Blackwood standing there. The FIST of DEFIANCE kneels down to her level.

Gage Blackwood:

Whatever you do, however you do it, it won't keep me down.

Blackwood crushes Ames' cell phone with his foot, abruptly ending her transmission.

Gage Blackwood:

Don't forget to leave me a five-star review on the app. Aye.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the feed as Ames, still on all fours, shakes with anger, pain and fear all in one while Blackwood vanishes into the distance and eventually, into the driver's seat of the uber.

Gage Blackwood:

And be thankful I didn't show up in a *bus*... fucking belligerant cunt.

The van peels out of the parking lot and drives away.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.