

SHOW OPEN



[♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪](#)

For the first time in YEARS, DEFtv travels outside the US as Toronto, Canada welcomes DEFIANCE! Scotiabank Arena is FILLED to the brim with wild Canadian Faithful for DEFtv 181 as pyro explodes from the top of the rampway! There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**WELCOME TO CANADA WHERE WE CHEER FOR WHOMEVER AND THE TITLES DON'T MATTER
I'M STARTING TO THINK NED REFORM ISN'T A REAL DOCTOR**

WELCOME HOME CONOR FUSE

KEEP ON WRECKIN, DEX!

PCP FOR TAG CHAMPS

DANGEROUS MIX FOR TAG CHAMPS

LITERALLY ANYONE ELSE FOR TAG CHAMPS

THE LUCKY SEVENS' BONUS WILL BE USED TO BUY A NEW PROMOTION

YOUR PAL DEC4L

GO SCROW GO

THANK YOU, BRONSON BOX. YOU TERRIFY ME & I MISS YOU

WHERE WOULD WE BE WITHOUT THE EUGENE DEWEY DECIMAL SYSTEM?

REHIRE GREEN REAPER

DROPPED THE BALL WITH RCR DEFIANCE

DID I HEAR RUMORS OF DEFIANCE BUYOUT?!

I'M ONLY JOINING DEF FOR THAT SWEET MIKEROS ART

JUSTICE FOR NIGEL LOLJK

I HEARD KERRY KUROYAMA IS BUYING DEFIANCE WITH HIS FAVOURED SAINTS MONEY

LORD NIGEL HAS BLUE BALLS

AARON KING MAKES ME FEEL THINGS. THINGS I HAVEN'T FELT SINCE...

CORVO ALPHA COULD USE A NICE BATH AND A HAIRCUT

DIXON/ZOLTAN 2024

THE ONLY THING THICC'ER THAN THIS ROSTER IS NED REFORMS SKULL

HENRY KEYES DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TENTACLES

THE NAME OF THIS STABLE IS UN CUT GEMS

WE DO NOT DESERVE MV1

THE CLOSEUP HAS ARRIVED

POWER UP WITH MAPLE SYRUP

WE WANT PCP! AND THE FACTION IS PRETTY COOL TOO!

OSCAR BURNS IS A N00B

DON'T GO CHASING STRANGER FRUIT, PLEASE STICK TO THE FRUITS AND THE VEGETABLES YOU'RE USED TO

NICK OTTO PAID ME TO HOLD THIS SIGN

I THOUGHT THIS WAS AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT RALLY

FTRCR

IF THE COVID KRAKEN VIRUS IS ANYTHING LIKE DEFIANCE'S KRAKEN IT'LL BE WEAK AF AND HIDE BEHIND LINDSAY TROY

IF THE SEATTLE KRAKEN ARE ANYTHING LIKE DEFIANCE'S KRAKEN THEY'LL BE WEAK AF AND HIDE BEHIND LINDSAY TROY

WE'RE HERE SO WE DON'T GET FINED

The Scotiabank Arena is PACKED for DEFIANCE's first trip outside of the United States in years. The fans are rabid, there are chants for nearly everyone on the roster. "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are about to introduce themselves to the broadcast when...

Lights. Music.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

DDK:

What!? I didn't have time for an introduction!?

Lance: [talking quickly]

Welcome-to-Canada-we're-very-excited-to-be-here-and-can't-wait-to-get-started!

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

The fans jeer as six motionless figures stand on the stage amid the shroud of red lights and knee-deep fog. The FIST of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy then leads the group towards the ring. Behind her is SOHER Champion Henry Keyes, followed by Kerry Kuroyama, Clay Byrd, Butcher Victorious and the group's advocate, Sonny Silver.

DDK:

I guess we can officially take a moment now and say welcome to DEFtv! We have a big night for you including, in our main event, the hometown kid Conor Fuse going up against long-time rival Clay Byrd!

Lance:

That's not all! The BRAZEN Championship will be on the line as Declan Alexander defends against Nick Lotto Otto. We'll see Dr. Ned Reform, Levi Cole and Teresa Ames versus the Titanes and so much more!

Troy enters the ring while the rest of VV follows. The crowd continues to boo wildly, the Toronto crowd showing DEFIANCE is going to be in for a loud night to come.

DDK:

It's one of our largest crowds of ALL TIME and then again in two weeks we will come to you live from Madison Square Garden for DEFIANCE Road with another massive crowd!

Lance:

Speaking of which, we don't have a main event FIST match set for DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

And I have a feeling Vae Victis is going to address this very point. At the awards show, Conor Fuse laid out a challenge to all of Vae Victis. But it was vague...

Lance:

It certainly was. Lindsay Troy and her crew have had problems with Conor Fuse, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. Also Malak Garland by association.

DDK:

Lots going on. At the Year End Awards Show, Troy defeated Newbludd, retaining the FIST and Keyes defeated

Cassidy, retaining the SOHER. Not to mention VV taking home FACTION of the YEAR and Troy winning DEFIANT of the YEAR.

Lance:

There's also the recent reveal by Butcher Victorious; none other than Malak Garland is dating Pat's sister, Siobhan!

Vae Victis' theme comes to a close. The crowd, once again, does not let up.

Lindsay Troy:

Good evening, [sneering, annoyed] TORONTO.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The champion doesn't let the reaction phase her.

Lindsay Troy:

Thank you for such a warm, friendly Canadian welcome. I expected nothing less from a bunch of gap-toothed, simpleminded puckheads who don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

Last week we **proved** that we're the best in DEFIANCE. Faction of the Year. Yours truly, DEFIANT of the Year. And still, you boo. You all don't deserve to see us up close and personal, but since **SOMEBODY** on this roster needs to move tickets and merch, here we are, in our ring, making our Contractually Obligated Appearance in front of people who don't appreciate us. Makes me sick.

Troy spits on the canvas and snarls.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm done wasting my breath.

The Queen lowers the microphone, but out of the corner of her eye she sees Clay Byrd motioning for it. She tosses it over to him and the Cowboy Colossus takes front and center.

Clay Byrd:

LT, ya know, this whole city smells like cheese curds and disappointment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Clay Byrd:

Now, don't y'all go apologizin' fer the smell, y'all ungrateful meat sacks can't help that yer city's greatest, most prominent feature is its stench, and its proximity to the dirtiest, nastiest, biologically unsafe body of water; Lake Erie.

WHAT'STHATABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

Clay Byrd:

I mean somehow, the fact y'all out reek that body of fuckin' water, that's also attached ta Cleveland and Detroit I'll never be able ta figure out. It's one a them fancy puzzles that they need ta get all the fancy scientists with all their fancy gear in ta figure it out. They'll bring their test tubes, all them big giant beakers... and they'll work really, really, hard. All in the name of Canadianismschizm or somethin' like that. And while they're here, they can figure out why Tim Horton's coffee tastes like purified piss mixed with Folger's and why Conor Fuse is so fuckin' stupid.

HOOOOOO-SER!! HOOOOOO-SER!! HOOOOOO-SER!! HOOOOOO-SER!!

Clay Byrd:

I KNOW, I KNOW. Timmy Ho's is sacred, I get it. But when you've tried Dunkin' ya just know Timmy Ho's might as well be dog water. Ain't that right, LT.

LT nods and smiles while laughing.

Clay Byrd:

Oh, y'all were mad I said y'all shared a drinkin' water source with Cleveland and Detroit?

NOT-IN-OUR-HOOSE!! *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

NOT-IN-OUR-HOOSE!! *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

NOT-IN-OUR-HOOSE!! *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

NOT-IN-OUR-HOOSE!! *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

Clay Byrd:

OH I GET IT! I GET IT! Y'all are mad 'cause I was insinuat'ing what made Conor Fuse so fuckin' stupid was sharin' the same water source as the rest of you fuckin' goblins-

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

The Scotiabank Arena EXPLODES as Conor Fuse's theme music blares on the PA while a disgruntled look crosses Clay Byrd's face. The rabid Canadian Faithful sing along to the Kirby remix as Conor strolls out from behind the FIST logo to an even louder reaction. He's sporting his green wrestling tights, green shooting sleeve and green headband, branded with various hashtags of Vae Victis insults, a typical Comments Section directive. Fuse is also wearing an 8-BIT BADASS t-shirt but branded with the CN Tower and rest of Toronto skyline behind it as an 8-bit background.

The theme dies down, Conor has a mic in his hand... but he can't get a word out.

!RANK !RANK !RANK, the chants are loud and furious. Fuse himself is taken back, he smiles and bows to the warm reception he receives. He raises the mic to his face...

!RANK !RANK !RANK, he still can't speak. Meanwhile, Lindsay Troy looks like she wishes a meteor would hit the arena and end this nonsense.

Finally, the hometown video game kid powers through and talks over the cheers.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, thank you, thank you and go Maple Leafs, this is our year!

Big, cheap pop.

Conor Fuse:

Now onto another game... okay Lindsay. First off, calling all of MY people "gap-toothed, simpleminded puckheads", uh, we're not in Wyoming or whatever rural spot in Texas Clay's from. Sometimes I don't get it with you Americans, you literally have no concept of geography outside your own country and that's even questionable. There's ten-million people living within a four hour radius in Southern Ontario so get yourself a fucking Legend of Zelda Sheikah Slate, unlock the map of Canada and actually pay attention to your surroundings.

Troy chimes in.

Lindsay Troy:

It's a hockey reference, dipshit. If you had a clue about anything besides video games, you would've picked up on it.

Conor Fuse: [ignoring her]

Now YOU...

The Ultimate Gamer looks over Clay Byrd.

Conor Fuse:

I guess you've done your homework. Detroit... Cleveland... those are mighty fine places Clay but what an unfair gut shot when you ripped on Tim Horton's. Like the actual, no doubt aBOOT it, hands down bestest coffee shop in the world and you take it down a peg? PFFFFTTT. Anyway it's great to see you in DEFIANCE, it really is. After all we've been through outside this game, I never thought you'd come seek me out elsewhere. Yet here we are...

More !RANK chants start up but they are quickly cut off.

Lindsay Troy:

Jesus H...you got your shitty little cheap pops, cOnOr, so what the hell else could you possibly want? Clay's gonna kill you in the face later so it ain't about that.

Troy walks to the ropes and sneers.

Lindsay Troy:

Or maybe you want to talk about that sham of a call out at the DEFY awards. Five of us against five of you?

A chuckle into the microphone.

Lindsay Troy:

You can't even get two drunks and a snowflake on the same page. Some LoCkEr RoOm LeAdEr you turned out to be.

She scoffs and looks back at Butcher Victorious, who is proudly pointing to himself and shouting off-mic, "BUTCH VIC....IS A DICK! Wait..."

The Queen shakes her head and looks back at the Gaming Guru.

Lindsay Troy:

If you're looking to lose again like you lost against me in the tournament and for the FIST of DEFIANCE last month, that's fine with me. In fact...

She motions Henry over and the two converse quietly. The Kraken nods, agreeing with whatever Troy said.

Lindsay Troy:

...Henry and I will even put our titles on the line in an elimination tag match. That is, IF you can even find four other partners who WANT to work with you.

The crowd begins another chant for Conor Fuse, as The Power-Up King starts pacing across the rampway. He seems totally game, which might not be wise...

Conor Fuse:

You're on, Lindsay!

Nobody inside the ring looks impressed, or scared. Henry Keyes doesn't stop shaking his head in embarrassment. Keyes even takes a moment to mouth something over to Kerry Kuroyama, something along the lines of "why did I ever put up with this guy?"

Conor Fuse:

I WILL rally the troops and we WILL take you and the rest of your Putty Patrol crew down! RUHHH RUHHH RUUUUHHHHHHH!!! Pat Cassidy, Brock Newbludd and I, we get along now. We have a common enemy. All of YOU.

Fuse continues powering through thoughts.

Conor Fuse:

Malak Garland... [starting to lose some confidence] well, Malak Garland wants revenge against your n00b NPC Butcher for trolling him about Siobhan. I know it, Lindsay. I know deep down you're scared of us. That's why you wanted to recruit Pat and Brock. That's why you've got your group to begin with! You came back to DEFIANCE to win the FIST and realized you couldn't do it on your own.

The entire time Conor's talking, Troy is feigning sleep.

Conor Fuse:

DEFIANCE Road, we'll take you down. And tonight, Clay... I'll remind you of the outcome of our matches in High Octane. A Conor Fuse victory. As always.

The crowd roars but before Conor's theme music plays, the FIST of DEFIANCE chimes in once more.

Lindsay Troy:

Yes yes, big good guy speech, wonderful. But in the middle of all that, you forgot how to count. We can field a team of five...

She stops to count herself, then reaches the number four on her left hand.

Lindsay Troy:

And there's only four of you.

A smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

I think I like our odds.

Troy drops the mic as The Ultimate Gamer's theme music plays. The crowd continues to show support and Fuse is thankful for the extremely warm reception... but there's a sense of concern spreading across his face because Lindsay Troy is right. There are five of them and only four on his side.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

DRUNKS TO THE LEFT OF ME, SNOWFLAKES TO THE RIGHT, HERE I AM

Conor Fuse:

So what the hell am I gonna do?

The Power-Up King paces back and forth furiously in the middle of the Scotiabank backstage hall. Placing his hands on top of his head, he walks forward and finds a door reading 'MALAK GARLAND'. Conor pauses before reaching out for the handle... and then spinning away from the door and making his way to the other end of the hallway where he finds the Special's locker room. He places a hand on this door handle and is about to push it down when he decides otherwise and takes a few steps back. Conor marches to the middle of the hall again, where he was when DEFtv first came back from commercial. He looks in both directions, trying to figure out what to do. He seems totally overwhelmed.

???:

What's up?

The deadpan voice says as the camera pans to find Tyler Fuse calmly standing behind his rattled younger brother. The Faithful inside the arena give a major cheer for the OG Player.

Conor Fuse:

Oh-hey-nothing.

Tyler doesn't buy it.

Tyler Fuse:

Having a hard time keeping your friends together, huh?

Conor shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

Honestly, they're not even my friends...

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

That's why I do things by myself.

Tyler is about to walk away but Conor stops him.

Conor Fuse:

Tyler, wait! Ummm...

The younger brother is trying to find the right words.

Conor Fuse:

Did you, uh, happen to listen to the opening segment tonight?

Tyler nods yes.

Conor Fuse:

So then you kinda got the hint about the fifth guy I need on my team?

Tyler, once again, nods yes.

Conor Fuse:

So you're in?

Tyler doesn't motion either way.

Conor Fuse:

Ah, okay. No worries, nevermind. It's all good, I-

Tyler cuts Conor off.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't think we can team together, bro. Remember when we lost the Tag Titles to Malak Garland? It came with the stipulation we -that means you and I- would be done as a tag team forever.

Conor lets out a huff, knowing these words are true.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I know man. But you can at least say hi from time to time.

Tyler looks his brother over from head to toe. There's a long, awkward pause.

Tyler Fuse:

Hi.

Another awkward pause.

Conor Fuse:

Well yeah, hi. Play any good video games lately? I just finished my tenth playing of Sonic Mania and man, that might be the greatest Sonic game ever! Sonic Frontiers came out so I was in the mood you see, totally feeling Sonic and then-

The elder Fuse begins to casually walk away.

Tyler Fuse:

Good luck getting them all on the same side. If you happen to pull off the impossible, I'll be around...

The feed goes elsewhere.

D-U-N... DONE!

DDK:

Welcome back to more DEFtv 181! We are not far now from DEFIANCE Road! The final big show before we get to our show of shows later this year, DEFCON! And one of these matches has been made based off social media very recently. Oscar Burns will go one-on-one against the BRAZEN Champion Declan "DEC4L" Alexander!

Lance:

Weeks ago, the former student of Lindsay Troy and Tag Party IV co-winner Declan Alexander pulled off the 2022 upset of the year over Oscar Burns by beating him clean in the ring after an open challenge! Since then, Declan has been a thorn in his side.

DDK:

Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver strung Declan around for a few weeks with promises of being able to join Vae Victis, only to turn around and deliver a savage beating to Declan. Declan responded in kind by costing Oscar Burns yet another match on DEFtv 180 to JJ Dixon. After that, their match for DEFIANCE Road was made after Declan accepted Oscar's challenge.

Lance:

We understand that Oscar Burns will be out here to speak on that match momentar...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

Lance:

...ily. I guess it's starting now!

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win and his recent SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! More recently, his TWO DEFy Award wins for Stable of the Year as part of Vae Victis and for Match of the Year with Dex Joy at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

But after the typical opening spiel to "Ultimate Battle," the music cuts... then...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. And out from the back, Oscar Burns appears wearing a burgundy-colored dress shirt, black dress pants and black loafers. Behind him, Butcher Victorious is dressed in a much less dapper fashion, wearing a Vae Victis t-shirt and torn jeans. Burns looks at his attire and sighs with quiet disgust before the duo head to the ring amid MASS jeers from The Faithful.

DDK:

Ever since gloating about running Rezin out of DEFIANCE, we have seen Oscar Burns almost tormented by Declan Alexander. A savage beating wasn't enough to turn away Declan from making his presence felt on the main roster so I imagine he's got something to say about that.

Lance:

Declan Alexander has shown that yes, he might be a popular gaming streamer, but he's not playing game where his DEFIANCE career is concerned. He belongs with the best of them in that ring and he's already proven that in my eyes.

Oscar waits at the steps for Butcher to wipe them off quickly before patting them down. Burns walks up the steel steps, then waits for Butcher to hold the ropes open for him. Oscar climbs inside and puts two index fingers in the air while Butcher poses behind him. The music fades as Butcher holds out his microphone level to Oscar's mouth so he can speak.

Oscar Burns:

Cut the music! Canada, cut the booing! I will NOT tolerate disrespect in MY ring, GCs!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

For once, Burns isn't hitting the "-urns" to antagonize the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

...I SAID SHUT IT, PONCES! NOW!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful continue to fill the arena with nothing but jeers, but Burns has had enough. He snaps Butcher's microphone from his hands and decides that he's gonna do it for himself tonight.

Oscar Burns:

I am trying to help you! DEFIANCE is trying to help you! Vae Victis is trying to help you! And what do you people do to thank us? BOO us? You DARE boo DEFIANCE? Then you might as well get the hell out of MY arena and go home! I AM DEFIANCE! And when you boo me, you might as well be taking a pisser all over the company that *I* put on the map! That *I* have saved TWICE from invaders! That gives the people you cheer for the platform *TO BE* cheered! Your Dex Joys, Conor Fuses, Brock Newbludds, Pat Cassidys, your Declan Alexanders and all those other goobers you people have chosen over hard-working, honest people that care about this promotion LIKE ME!

Lance:

Is he for real?

DDK:

Look... Oscar Burns played a pivotal part in turning back the UTA invasion and the 24K takeover. You can't refute any of that. He's made his name synonymous with this company, but it's gone to his damn head over the last year.

Burns continues his tirade while Butcher Victorious watches.

Oscar Burns:

You're booing me because I care too much about this company. I care because NONE of the people you cheer for can do what I do and shoulder what I shoulder. I don't have a girlfriend because this business IS everything to me and to do anything other than causally date right now would be grossly unfair to anyone because they would be second to what I do in this ring and for this company. I have spent YEARS away from my home of New Zealand to help pull this company up from a swamp in Louisiana to help it travel! Help it make money! Help it be PROSPEROUS, GCs! This company owes EVERYTHING to me! YOU owe everything to me! This company getting over the border to Canada for the first time in over five years... THAT'S! ALL! ME! I DID THIS! I DID ALL OF THIS CARRYING THIS COMPANY ON MY BACK!

Burns' veins start to bulge in his forehead as he's continuing his rant.

Oscar Burns:

And now because of YOUR ungrateful attitudes, you keep cheering on Declan Alexander any time that he has crossed my path! When he beat me! When he defended his BRAZEN Championship against Butcher here...

He stares at Butcher with nothing less than disappointment, forcing Butcher to look away.

Oscar Burns:

And when I tried to beat some sense into him because there was no other way, you people CHEERED when he accosted me with a damn DRONE and cost me another match! You keep on cheering this kid for the things he does! I thought you were the DEFIANCE Faithful! The Oscar Burns Faithful! You're MY Faithful!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Another ear-piercing round of jeers goes right through Oscar's ears and looks like it is on the verge of breaking his heart.

Oscar Burns:

Well... if we're going to go that way, then so be it, GCs. At DEFIANCE Road, what I do to Declan Alexander... that's on you. That's on EVERY. SINGLE. PERSON. HERE. Every single person that cheers and supports Declan on the path he's heading towards is culpable for what I do to him. Not me. YOU are leading a young career to ruin before it even gets going. You are leading a kid down the path of no return. Now, there's no going back, Declan. I'll let you honor your commitment later tonight when you defend your BRAZEN Championship against Nick Otto... I want no excuses when I beat you.

He continues.

Oscar Burns:

But make no mistake, Declan... at DEFIANCE Road, I mean it. I am not responsible for the harm you'll suffer at my hands, GC. You did this. You did this by slapping my hand away, you ungrateful little...

...A-LIVE!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The slightly shortened intro to DEC4L's entrance music takes the Toronto Faithful by surprise as the Intrepid Influencer marches out into the arena with a GoPro Camera attached to the top of his head. On the DEFIatron behind him, you see a first person view of that camera with the word "LIVE!" flashing in the upper left corner. Hearts of what seems like a dozen different colors float across the video screen as Oscar Burns looks directly into the camera with a look of disgust. With the BRAZEN Championship resting atop his blue and yellow varsity style jacket (now available in the DEFshop as well as DEC4Lgaming.com), the PogChamp produces what appears to be quality streaming microphone from his pocket as he looks across the Faithful.

DEC4L:

What's up DEC4LLION?! It's your boy DEC4L here LIVE in Toronto, Ontario, Canada for DEFtv 181!

The cheap pop does its job.

DEC4L:

With nearly 20K in attendance and thousands more watching at home, this is a can't miss opportunity DEC4LLION. Get on the DEC4Lgaming mobile app fam and you can watch everything happen LIVE from my perspective with thousands of other fans in the chat talking about everything from upcoming releases to Oscar Burns' receding hairline. Personally I don't see it, I think it's cap, but chat thinks you have a little Rezin thing going on.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, GC. Laugh it up tonight, enjoy your last moments in the big leagues, kid. It's going to be hard to kiss ass with your jaw wired shut after DEFIANCE Road.

The PogChamp adjusts his jaw a bit and shrugs before continuing on.

DEC4L:

I can't WAIT to step into the ring with you at DEFIANCE Road, Burnsy. Truly, whether you believe me or not, it's an honor to share the ring with one of the all-time great ring generals of this business. I haven't been shy about the fact that I've been an Oscar Burns stan since I was a kid. So I wanted to say thank you for the tremendous opportunity you've given me, and now I'm out here to thank chat for their donations and Tier 3 subs with a dono-goal I promised last week and that, DEC4LLION, is MEME. REVIEW.

Suddenly a 10-second jingle plays over the Scotiabank Arena and lights dance around as a MEME REVIEW graphic

rolls across the DEFIATon behind the BRAZEN Champion. Oscar Burns looks back at Butcher Victorious with a “WTF?” expression as the understudy shrugs with equal confusion.

DEC4L:

I've spent the last four days going over your submissions on DEC4Lgaming.com and I've picked some of the memes that I personally feel are the best. Lots of dubs fam, I ain't gonna lie, this was a tough choice. STOUT competition. So let's get started with a submission from @LittleDexEnergy shall we?

The Faithful begin to laugh as Oscar Burns squints to process what he's looking at.

DEC4L:

Big Yikes... but low key I agree. As I told you guys, I'm a big fan of Vae Victis even if they don't think your boy has “it”. That theme song is ass though. If you guys ever want to change it I know a guy who can freshen things up for you. Maybe drop a remix or something. Have your people talk to my people. Next up a banger from @xXxSeXySnlpEr69xXx

A slow reaction of cheers come across the Toronto Faithful as they read the meme.

DEC4L:

I mean... that happened. Look, Burnsy, we all have bad days, GC. I'm sure I caught you off-guard because you'd spent all night putting the finishing touches on that Platinum Shovel. The thing must've cost you a fortune because I ran a tester on it fam and let me tell you... REAL. I have a FORTUNE on my hands. I could sell that thing tomorrow and buy MrBeast. Hey.. hey...

Butcher Victorious goes and opens the ropes beginning Declan to come down the aisle and step into the ring.

DEC4L:

I owe it to my fans, they worked hard for this donation goal and I have to follow through. Fans like @HailToTheQueenFan...

The Faithful “Ooooooh” as the image appears behind the Intrepid Influencer.

DEC4L:

They forgot Clay Byrd and Sonny Silver but let's be honest, don't we all?

The PogChamp smirks as he continues on.

DEC4L:

No no no, but seriously here we have Coach Troy and Henry Keyes at the top of the DEFIANCE mountain with their championships. Kerry Kuroyama... exists. Somewhere. He's somewhere in the background hitting someone hard I suppose but then we have Oscar Burns having his hands full with the BRAZEN Champion, which I respect because I put some respect on its name. I see you out here every DEFtv with Butcher Victorious and Sonny Silver following you around like a couple of stans but where's Coach Troy? Where's Keyes? Where's Kerry?

Oscar Burns:

Out here each and every night keeping this company in business. Saving DEFIANCE from green upstarts like you who think they're owed respect because they've been in the ring a few dozen times. Remember you're the one who couldn't make the cut, GC.

Alexander pauses for a moment, contemplating his next words carefully.

DEC4L:

Right, you were trying to teach me how things are out here in the real world. That sometimes people can be deceiving and don't have your best interests in mind? I'll admit I took an L. You got me. That's why this last meme from @DEC4Lexander hits particularly close to home:

The Faithful react but Declan immediately begins talking over the reaction. Burns is SEETHING as an "OOOOOH" reaction blasts through the arena.

DDK:

For context here... Scott Stevens, a former FIST of DEFIANCE in his own right was arguably Oscar Burns' key rival coming up together.

Lance:

That's a low blow. Look at Oscar.

DEC4L:

I'm a fan, remember? I stan Oscar Burns so hard. I'd fight for you, fam, I would've. You talk about defending DEFIANCE from people who were coming in and trying to change what it was. Back in the day it was you standing up to Scott Stevens walking around with his #FUCKDEFIANCE shirt, yeah? Now look at you. Walking around DEFIANCE defining who and what this business is. This business takes all kinds, mate. When you stabbed me in the back Oscar, I was heartbroken. The rumors weren't cap. Not because I wasn't good enough for Vae Victis, but because I looked into the eyes of one of my heroes and I saw them turn into the very thing they hated. The thing they stood up against. The thing that made me so proud to call home and say "I DID IT, MOM! I GOT SIGNED TO DEFIANCE!" stabbed me right between the shoulderblades and let me tell you Oscar is fucking HUUUUURT.

The PogChamp bites his lip and nods his head.

DEC4L:

That's where this story fails to repeat itself, *mate*. When you stood up to Scott Stevens you lost. When I stand up to you, I'm going to make things right. I'm going to put this company on MY back, wear it with pride, and tell you that THIS IS DEFIANCE NOW and we aren't going ANYWHERE.

The BRAZEN Champion raises the championship above his head staring down his Vae Victis adversaries in the ring as "Brachyura Bombshell" plays over the speakers once again. The Faithful rally behind the BRAZEN upstart as he paces backwards before turning his back to man who calls himself DEFIANCE and exiting the arena. Burns turns red in the face...

And spikes Butcher's microphone down. With nothing more to say, he storms off without so much as a word to Butcher, leaving the hapless toadie to follow along behind him.

DDK:

Wow... powerful... AND defiant words from Declan Alexander! He is not backing down from Burns tonight or at DEFIANCE Road! But first, he defends the BRAZEN Championship against a fellow BRAZEN star making waves in his own right, Nick "Lotto" Otto!

Lance:

But next... six-person tag team action!

TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY & TERESA AMES

DEFtv's theme leads the way as the show comes back from commercial break.

DDK:

The sordid issues between Uriel Cortez, Titaness, Ned Reform and Teresa Ames are about to boil over here momentarily! We've got a six-person tag team match on deck between Titanes Familia of Cortez, Titaness, and Minute against The Honor Society of Ned Reform and TA Cole, joining forces with Teresa Ames!

Lance:

And just made official...

A graphic for DEFIANCE Road plays and the crowd pops!

DDK:

Based on Ned Reform getting disqualified to retain the Favoured Saints Title over Uriel Cortez a few weeks ago, this match has been made official!

DEFIANCE ROAD

FAVOURED SAINTS FATAL FOUR-WAY!

Dr. Ned Reform © vs. Teresa Ames vs. Titaness vs. Uriel Cortez

DDK:

What a match and what a deck being stacked against The Good Doctor! He'll have to defend his title against BOTH Cortez and Titaness, as well as the former two-time Unified Tag Champion Teresa Ames!

Lance:

And how will The Honor Society get along with Teresa Ames tonight based on this news?

DDK:

I guess we'll find out... right now!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd pisses down boos as TA Cole and Ned Reform walk out on stage. Cole leaps from foot to foot, licking his lips and flexing in preparation for competition. Reform banishes the Favoured Saints Championship over his shoulder, smiling at the booing Faithful and tapping the faceplate a few times.

DDK:

Have we ever had a Favoured Saints Champion who defended that champion less than Ned Reform?

Lance:

I guess that's the benefit of friends in high places...

Reform and Cole begin to walk down to the aisle, but to their surprise...

WE WANT AMES!

WE WANT AMES!

WE WANT AMES!

WE WANT AMES!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is a trios match! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined four hundred and ninety-two pounds, TA Cole and DOCTOR Ned Reform, THE HONOR SOCIETY!

The Honor Society stops in the middle the ramp as they wait for their tag team partner. Reform looks around to the cheering Faithful, furrowing his brow in a combination of surprise and disappointment.

DDK:

It would appear this crowd is frothing at the mouth for Teresa Ames for some reason.

♪ "The Ending" by Papa Roach ♪

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Scotiabank Arena EXPLODES unexpectedly as Teresa Ames saunters out on stage in her usual red leather wrestling suit. She's looking extra hot as the Toronto crowd ignites at her sight. Obviously, this perturbs Reform and his lackey who look out amongst the masses, stunned in disbelief. Ames splits between Cole and Reform and gives the crowd a HUGE smile and a wave.

Lance:

Who knew Teresa would be so big here?

DDK:

It is Canada, after all! Typically a bizzaro land of wrestling.

Ames links arms with her men as they walk down to the ring together.

Darren Quimbey:

And their tag team partner, adding a total of one pound to their weight, from Joilet, Illinois but for tonight only she is residing in TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA, she is TERESA AMES!

The crowd can't get enough of Teresa for some odd reason as the trio settle down in the ring. Reform gives the Favored Saints Championship a quick kiss before handing it off.

*This is everything
The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it*

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES!

Left side of the ramp: The silhouette of Titaness! Wearing a blue top with gold trim and pants of the same color held together by a gold belt design. Her hair is tied up in a small series of ponytails in a mohawk style with two titles, one on each shoulder.

Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Wearing a brand new set of blue and gold thigh length trunks, kneepads and boots. Wrists taped in a golden color!

Front of the ramp: Gold and blue lucha mask with blue and gold tights!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponents, weighing in at seven hundred and two pounds, Titaness, Minute and Uriel Cortez, TITANES FAMILIA!

They slap hands with those along the first row of the rampway before finding their respective ring corner. Hector Navarro asks for a representative from each trio to enter the squared circle and start the match. Uriel climbs in and cracks his knuckles. Naturally, Reform shoulder taps Cole and tells him to get in there. He does but the crowd

responds poorly to the decision.

DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOO!

WE WANT AMES!

WE WANT AMES!

WE WANT AMES!

DDK:

Teresa Ames is DEFINITELY over here in Canada! It's actually quite astounding! It's so loud!

Lance:

Just a pure guess, but I think her OnlyFaithful account might rake in the Canadian currency. They have cold winters up here you know and leave it to someone like Ames to heat things up!

DDK:

Well, she is "healing" after all and what better way is there to heal than posting suggestive pics online!?

Cole's head is on a swivel as the fans BEG for Ames to tag in. Cortez doesn't seem to care, readying his stance to charge at anyone.

TAG!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Teresa reaches over and slaps Cole on the shoulder, then motions for him to get the hell out of her ring as Ned Reform stands on the apron, palms to the sky and a confused look on his face.

TASTY GURL!

TASTY GURL!

TASTY GURL!

TASTY GURL!

TASTY GURL!

Ames gets in there and stands across from Cortez. She doesn't want him to tag Titaness in. Not yet, anyway. Uriel shrugs, seeing as it's her death wish as he runs in and goes for a spear but the spry woman in recovery quarter rolls away, leaving Cortez to hit nothing but the middle turnbuckle! Once Teresa is on her feet, she lets out a galvanizing squelch towards the rafters.

Teresa Ames:

I AM IN RECOVERY!!

The crowd ROARS back as Reform looks menacingly at his pupil.

Ned Reform:

Wonderful! Now tag TA Cole back in!

Ames doesn't do as she's told. Instead, she turns her back and focuses her attention on Cortez. She locks in a waistlock with an S grip and tries her best to deliver a German suplex but Uriel obviously doesn't budge.

DDK:

That's not going to work! Despite not knowing Teresa's weight for the last several weeks, anyone with eyes can see there's a big enough disparity between the two that would cause her enough trouble with executing a move like that to

Uriel Cortez!

Uriel calmly and collectively wraps his hands around the dainty wrists of Ames. He easily separates her waistlock, twists, gathers her and slams her back across his knee!

Lance:

Huge backbreaker there by Uriel Cortez! Ames got completely bent the other way!

Writhing in pain, Ames rolls to the safety of her corner where TA Cole reaches in and tags himself in. Fittingly, Titaness tags in with consent from Cortez.

DDK:

Now it's Cole facing off against Titaness! Let's see how the femme fatale of the Familia fares.

Titaness shows fearlessness as she stands toe-to-toe with TA Cole. The Junior Scholar throws himself forward but Titaness ducks the grapple attempt. She delivers a few calculated kicks to the leg area of Cole! He shoves her away and when she comes back, he makes with some mat wrestling and hits her with a big rear waistlock takedown!

DDK:

Great takedown by the former amateur standout!

The former Unified Tag Champ tries to free herself from TA Cole's grip, but he picks her up a second time and then hits another takedown. He muscles her over into a big side suplex! Right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Lance:

TA Cole using that incredible amateur background of his!

He tries to pull Titaness up again, but she counters with a big seated jawbreaker to free herself! Cole stumbles back as Titaness comes back up. Cole tries a big clothesline, but Titaness ducks and hits the ropes. Cole misses an elbow off the return... the third go-around allows her to NAIL Cole with a HUGE spear right into a jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Ames breaks it up before running back to her corner.

Teresa Ames:

That's for not texting me back!

Titaness rolls her eyes and screams at Teresa to get her ass back to the apron! She stays on the attack as she locks in a sleeper on Cole who can't help but flail his arms.

Lance:

Look at Titaness dictating the pace here!

Cole struggles but eventually gets to his feet and downs Titaness with a backdrop which breaks the hold! The two crawl to their respective corners. The Show of Force rolls over and tags Minute in who sprints over and prevents Cole from tagging out to anyone by way of a springboard missile dropkick! .

Lance:

Minute storms the ring with a flurry of kicks to the knees of TA Cole!

Ned Reform yells at his charge to try to block, but when Cole swings back, Minute ducks only to return fire with more kicks! Ames tries to cheer the Junior Scholar on as he shoves Minute off the ropes... only for the agile former Favoured Saints and Unified Tag Champ to come off the ropes with a spinning hurricanrana! The crowd loves the aerial array as Minute doesn't stop there. He hits a springboard leg drop from the middle rope! Cole's limp body lays on the canvas as Minute hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Just barely getting a shoulder up, it's apparent now, more than ever, that TA Cole needs to get the heck out of there. Minute continues his breakneck pace as he propels himself off the ropes and hits a handspring enzuigiri to the head of TA Cole!

Lance:

I think the Familia are doing a splendid job of cutting off the ring and truly isolating TA Cole! He needs to tag out badly but Minute isn't giving him a minute to breathe!

Cole attempts some feeble elbow shots in order to gain separation but Minute is stuck to him like super glue. The two tumble into The Honor Society's corner and it doesn't take long for Teresa to start grabbing at Minute's mask. This prompts Hector Navarro to start his count and encourage Teresa to let go. With the ref distracted for a mere moment, Ned Reform naturally takes charge by poking Minute in the eyes!

DDK:

Reform breaks Minute away from Cole with a blatant eye poke! Looks like his eyes were a wide open target thanks to Teresa clawing at his mask!

Lance:

And of course Hector didn't see it because he was trying to get Teresa to settle down on the apron!

Minute stumbles away, holding his face. Cortez and Titaness both scream at Navarro to pay attention, but he's still distracted with Teresa's antics. Cole graciously tags out to Reform who walks into the fray. Like the big man he is, Ned walks up to Minute and slaps him across the head which gets a negative rise out of the fans.

DDK:

Vertical suplex by Reform to Minute! That looked like it hit crisp!

Reform smiles as he hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Minute manages to kick out despite being in obvious pain.

Lance:

Now it's Minute who is the one who could use a tag! TA Cole is recovering in his corner and a fresh Ned Reform comes into this match when the advantage is in his favor. Figures.

Reform poetically pulls Minute up, throws him off the ropes and hits him with a tilt-a-whirl side slam which rocks the ring. The apron goes aflutter as Ned points to his bald chrome dome, indicating just how smart he is. He rolls down to Minute's feet and cinches in an ankle lock!

DDK:

Minute is in a bad way here! If he can't walk, then he won't be able to fly!

The TJ Tornado slams the mat in front of him once as he can feel the pain being inflicted on his ankle. He tries to reach to his corner in desperation as both Titaness and Uriel Cortez have their arms extended. Ned Reform blows his scholarly version of kisses at them as he smiles and remarks something coy about his superior intelligence level.

Lance:

Reform has him dead to rights in the middle of the ring and he's not going anywhere anytime soon!

DDK:

Ned Reform has been playing some dangerous games with Titanes Familia lately and one day, it's going to come back to bite him hard.

Reform cranks the ankle back and forth before falling to the mat himself. It's here where he wraps his legs around Minute's. To the crowd's astonishment, Minute begins dragging both his and Reform's weight towards his corner. He gets close enough to tag Uriel!

Lance:

AND HERE COMES CORTEZ!

The crowd pops as Uriel storms in! Reform breaks the hold immediately and runs to his corner to tag Ames once more. Teresa is much slower to enter this time around as she's more than aware that Uriel is a heaping pile of power. Ames stands in her corner, mulling over her options and life choices. She wisely tags Cole because Uriel is looking extra pissed off. Teresa darts past Cortez and dives through the ropes, picking Titaness off from her corner! The two take a nasty spill near the ring steps as the crowd is left in awe.

DDK:

Teresa just took out Titaness there! Those two are down and out!

Teresa is all over Titaness on the outside, but the One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass fights back! As they battle on the outside, TA Cole just stares at Cortez in sheer fear. He refuses to move from the apron so Uriel walks over and grabs him by the scruff of his neck! The Titan of Industry LIFTS Cole over the ropes and into the ring!

DDK:

Cortez is PISSED!

He picks up Cole... THWACK! A massive chop sends him to the corner where Cortez follows with a big splash in the corner! Cole is hurt when he gets pulled out of the corner right into a HUGE short-arm clothesline next! The Titan of Industry looks FIRED THE HELL UP when he lets out a roar!

Lance:

Cortez has him down!

He picks up Cole by the back of the head and DROPS him with a huge chop to the chest called Big Business! He goes to cover Cole!

ONE...

TWO...

SAVED BY TERESA AMES!

Ames hits a dropkick to the side of Cortez's face! He's hurting for the moment, but when Teresa is back up... she gets SLUGGED with a huge pump kick by Titaness!

Lance:

There goes The Tasty Gurl!

But before Titaness can follow up, she turns to get a boot to the gut, then the Thinking Man's Uppercut from Ned Reform! The crowd jeers as he returns to the corner and smiles while getting massive jeers from The Faithful!

DDK:

This one is breaking down quickly! Reform now shouting instructions at Cole to finish things off!

Cole tries to get up and then pummels away at Uriel with a number of clubbing forearms, then a kick to the chest. He boots Cortez in the chest and then tries a suplex... but Cortez fights back! The Titan of Industry shakes him off and then pushes him back to the corner where he smacks right into Reform's open palm as he shouts instructions!

DDK:

Wait... did he? Was that... a tag?

Lance:

It looks like Hector is calling that a tag from Cole to Reform! Ned doesn't look ready though!

Uriel latches onto a pleading Ned Reform and pulls him into the ring. He smacks Reform across the chest so hard that the echo escapes the arena! Reform doubles over in pain as Cortez bounces off the ropes and delivers yet another chop but this one has a little more gusto to it!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES! I THINK URIEL JUST SPLIT REFORM'S NECK IN HALF!

Ned crumples to the mat in a heap as Cortez hits the ropes... ONLY FOR MINUTE TO TAG HIMSELF BACK IN!

DDK:

WAIT... what was that? Uriel Cortez doesn't look like he expected that!

Lance:

I think you're right! Uriel got screwed out of the Favoured Saints Title a few weeks ago and I think he wanted that pin!

Before Cortez can react, he rushes over and blocks Cole with another chop from getting back into the ring! The Titan of the Skies takes to them as he nails Reform with a 630 senton splash!

DDK:

Minutiae connects! IT'S OVER!

It's clear there's no one to break up the pin fall attempt as Titaness and Teresa are comatose on the outside and Uriel has a boot on TA Cole who is still belly up on the apron.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

DING DING DING

Minute slides off Reform and out of the ring, elated that he's just pinned the Favoured Saints Champion! Titanes Familia gather outside and bask in their victory, much to the delight of the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

DDK:

Whatever that was... the story is this! Minute has just pinned the Favoured Saints Champion!

Lance:

And Titanes Familia get a measure of revenge for weeks of torment by this alliance between The Honor Society and Teresa Ames...which... that's looking a little rocky right now!

Cortez and Minute have words between them while Titaness follows them up the ramp, allowing them their moment tonight!

DDK:

Ned Reform wasn't expecting that attack... and he just got pinned by Minute!

Lance:

What does this mean for The Favoured Saints Fatal Four-Way?!

Reform slams the mat in frustration as Ames is the first to rush in. They're all in pain as concern is painted across her face as she tends to her mentor. The crowd disagrees with showing that much care to someone so callous. Teresa gently rubs his bald head and asks if he's okay.

Teresa Ames:

I'm sorry, my counselor! We lost because of me! It's my fault!

Reform remains deadpan with his expression. He sits on his rear and wraps his arms around his bent knees as Ames tries her best to console him.

Teresa Ames:

I need to do better. On all fronts. I am still in recovery but I believe you, we, us, we're all working towards something great here. I no longer want to sit on objects for pleasure, so I mean, at least there's that!

TA Cole jumps into the ring, holding a microphone as the three losers watch Titanes Familia disappear to the back. Ames gets to her feet and graciously takes the microphone from Cole.

Teresa Ames:

Doctor Reform, please. Allow me a moment to speak. I am deathly sorry that we lost this battle tonight. It is all my fault.

The fans don't like that response but Reform does. He lifts his head from buried in his knees and looks to Ames with curiosity.

Teresa Ames:

Please. Here. Take my hand.

She speaks in sentence fragments between catching her breath. Arm extended, Reform makes his hand meet hers. Cole gets in there too and helps The Good Doctor to his feet. Ned dusts himself off as if being on the dirty mat for more than three seconds causes sin to creep over his body.

Teresa Ames:

I just want to take a moment to acknowledge that we've all been through a lot recently and, and, and, losing tonight to Titanes Familia has only strengthened my feelings towards you. Towards my recovery because you know what? You're right.

She peers out towards the crowd.

Teresa Ames:

These wonderful people warmly got behind me tonight for some reason and I can't thank you all enough but I know I still have a lot of work to do. My counselor has told me so and I am working on my active listening skills as well as my desire to sleep with inanimate objects. I have to leave that life behind and never look back because of how poisonous it was for me.

Reform agrees by shrugging a shoulder up with an arrogant head tilt. Teresa turns back to Reform and Cole.

Teresa Ames:

And to be honest, I owe this all to you, Ned.

Ned Reform:

That's Doctor Ned.

Teresa Ames:

I don't usually find bald dudes attractive but what you've done and what you continually do for me is magnificent. I am slowly seeing the light and I will continue to follow until my dying breath. I am UNVEILING a NEW Teresa Ames! Thank you.

She promptly drops the mic and begins heading to the ropes.

But.

No one follows.

She's half out of the ring when TA Cole walks over and puts a hand on her shoulder. Frozen, she looks back from her twisted position between the ropes and apron. She mouths the word "what?" as Cole pulls her back into the ring.

DDK:

What's going on here? I don't like the look of this.

Reform adjusts his neck as he looks at Teresa, relatively unpleased. They exchange some words off any mic before Reform points to the entrance way, presumably telling Ames to go there on his command. She says "Okay, okay" and turns her back on both Cole and Reform once more.

THUMP!

Near dead silence consumes the arena as the lifeless body of Teresa Ames smacks the mat. Standing above her is Doctor Ned Reform with the evillest of grins on his face and a balled up fist at the ready to strike again.

Lance:

No! No way! Ned Reform just STRUCK Teresa Ames in the back of the head!

DDK:

He clubbed her with a brutal forearm! UNBELIEVABLE!

TA Cole wrings his hands as if indicating he wants a shot at her too. Slowly, methodically, Reform grabs the microphone Teresa discarded a mere moment ago as he gets Cole to hold it to his lips.

Ned Reform:

Is this what you filthy hogs cheer for? A broken woman who simply cannot, or rather will not be fixed?

The fans REALLY get behind Teresa and reign down hate on Reform now.

Ned Reform:

I should have known coming to this putrid country was a mistake. Your cheers for this hedonistic heathen have worn my patience thin. Plus, let's be honest, I've simply grown tired of being tied to this useless tramp. The money she spends on lattes while on the road is appalling.

DDK:

THAT'S COMPLETELY UNCALLED FOR! Teresa is far from perfect, yes, but she's literally been changing her entire life because of Reform's "counseling!"

Lance:

It's brainwashing, Darren! Call it like it is!

Reform kneels at the motionless body of Ames. Blood from the back of her head begins soaking into the canvas.

Ned Reform:

I am not surprised a second rate country like Canada is behind you, Ms. Ames. You believe yourself to have mad progress, but I am sad to report: you are a failure. You are beyond even my help. You are an ignorant freak of nature... and you always will be.

He drops the microphone emphatically before he and Cole exit the ring to a chorus of boos. A DEFmed team rush the ring to check on Ames as Reform basks in their jeers. DEFtv goes to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2023



CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED

Inside the ring, a table has been set up with Jamie Sawyers in the ring to serve as the moderator of the pending contract signing between The Lucky Sevens, the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Dangerous Mix!

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen! By virtue of the victory from the Pop Culture Phenoms and David Fox, we are going to be having a contract signing to make the Unified Tag Team Title match official! It will be The Lucky Sevens defending their titles in a triple threat match against both the Pop Culture Phenoms *and* the Dangerous Mix at DEFIANCE Road in the mecca of wrestling, Madison Square Garden!

A loud cheer erupts from the fans in the Scotiabank Arena.

Jamie Sawyers:

To make this all official we have asked all three teams out here to sign the official contract. They have asked to go first for this signing ... please welcome Aaron King, Tom Morrow and the Unified Tag Team Champions ... The Lucky Sevens!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

Wearing striped dark red and dark green suits respectively both Mason and Max walk out with sour looks on their faces. Despite this, they take their place on the ramp! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal! Aaron King finally brings up the rear and he doesn't look happy.

DDK:

The body language of the Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow is telling me they aren't happy. For weeks they tried to drive a wedge between the Pop Culture Phenoms and Dangerous Mix only to have it blow up in their faces. Their Triple 7 Express was commandeered by both tag teams.

Lance:

Then on the last DEF TV episode, a six-man All or Nothing tag match happened where The Lucky Sevens and Aaron King had a chance to shut out both teams but that failed as well! David Fox pinned Aaron King to help both teams earn their shot at DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

But they can't say the same at DEFIANCE Road. There won't be any working together. They will have to all fight it out to win the coveted Unified Tag Team Championships!

Mason Luck and Max Luck enter the ring first followed by Aaron King and then Tom Morrow. They drop the titles on the table and refuse to sit down. Tom Morrow turns the BFTA headset on and speaks to the crowd.

Tom Morrow:

Jamie Sawyers ... you're an idiot.

Sawyers gives him an "what did I do?" look when Morrow speaks.

Tom Morrow:

Before we get to those grand theft auto-loving assholes out here, I have some internal housekeeping that I need to

address real quick.

He turns to Aaron King.

Tom Morrow:

YOU!!!

The Pensacola Playboy looks shocked.

Tom Morrow:

It was *you* that got pinned and got us into this mess in the first place! What do you have to say for yourself?

King takes Jamie Sawyers's microphone.

Aaron King:

What ... what? Hey! The D hit me in the nuts! David Fox rolled me up! They cheated! *They* are the reason we're all in this mess now! They ...

Tom Morrow:

ENOUGH!!!

King goes silent. Mason and Max both look down at Aaron King each with hateful stares with Morrow in front of him. .

Tom Morrow:

I have a question, Aaron. Mr. K-I-N-G. King. How badly do you want to be a part of Better Future Talent Agency huh? How bad do you want it? How bad do you want to make up for what happened?

The Pensacola Playboy looks up at the twins and then at Morrow.

Aaron King:

Look ... you're right. Those sons of bitches cheated but I got pinned. I'll do whatever I need to do to make it right, but I know The Lucky Sevens could kick all their asses any day of the ...

Mason takes the microphone away from King and gives it back to Sawyers.

Tom Morrow:

I'm gonna give you one chance to not screw this up, King. You've wanted an opportunity and at DEFIANCE Road, you're gonna have a chance to prove that loyalty to me and to the Lucky Sevens. You've got a singles match set up. You won't know who the opponent is until bell time and you better win. If you win ... you can keep your spot and all will be forgiven. Understood?

King realizes he's in hot water ... but he nods.

Tom Morrow:

Good. Now ... bring out the rest of the peanut gallery so we can get this crap over with. I promise that my guys are gonna be on their best behavior Jamie. We don't hand out Five Star Beatdowns for free.

Jamie Sawyers:

Very well. Introducing the other two teams. First ... David Fox and Mushigihara! The Dangerous Mix!

"Run Rabbit Junk" by Hiroyuki Takahashi

Without much fanfare, the Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushigihara saunter out of the entranceway, and tap fists before making their way to the ring where the champs await.

DDK:

The Mix has made waves in recent months, climbing the tag ranks enough to draw the attention of the Lucky Sevens, and now they're here to sign their dates with destiny!

Jamie Sawyers:

And the third team that will be competing for the titles ... the first ever DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions... The D and Elise Ares! The Pop Culture Phenoms!

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The Toronto Faithful roar in approval but are shocked when it's not Elise Ares leading the Pop Culture Phenoms down to the ring, nor is it The D... but instead in full business suit and tie, and "official business" box under his arm, Sir Reginald Boxington III, Esq. The royal purple and gold lights reflect off of his monocle as he is followed to the ring by Elise Ares, The D, and Flex Kruger. Klein, err... I mean Reginald Boxington holds the ropes open for his clients as they enter the ring.

DDK:

Well it looks like the Pop Culture Phenoms brought legal representation for this very professional and legally binding contract signing.

Lance:

Smart move, Darren. No legal loopholes. You have to be careful when you're dealing with documentation written by the Better Future Talent Agency.

DDK:

You couldn't be more right. If it wasn't for shady documents we wouldn't be in this situation right now.

Now all three teams are in the ring and seated around the table as amicably as they can be ... which is The D and Elise Ares each casually flipping the double birds to The Lucky Sevens. Mason Luck wants to jump over the table but Tom Morrow motions not to give them the satisfaction. The D blows him a raspberry. With all three parties now in the ring, Jamie Sawyers begins the moderation.

Jamie Sawyers:

First we are going to allow the Dangerous Mix to sign the official contract and if you would like this time to say a few words, you may do so.

David Fox smiles and takes the mic with one hand while reading over the contract with the other.

David Fox:

Well, folks, it's come to this. All the shouting, the fighting, the grand theft auto... all the way down to DEFIANCE Road, and those sweet tag team straps.

That reference to stealing the bus does NOT sit well with Tom Morrow's camp, a fact that Fox acknowledges with a smirk.

Fox pauses as he reviews the contract page by page.

David Fox:

Yeah, this all looks good. So I guess there's nothing left to do but sign and quote my boy Mushi here when I say...

A pause, before the Fox Among the Lions taps the God-Beast's shoulder and hands him the mic, then signs the contract.

Mushigihara:

Gold will look good on us!

An awkward silence, as David Fox gives his partner the “really?” look, before Mushi finally gets the message

Mushigihara:

Oh! I mean... OSU!

“OSU!”

The monster enthusiastically signs in kind, and hands both the contract and the microphone back to Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you, David and Mushi. At this time, we will allow The D and Elise Ares to read over the contract and sign and if they have any words they would like to say to their opponents, the floor is all yours.

Without breaking eye contact with the 7s, the D snaps his fingers and Klein steps forward. He adjusts his monocle, before taking it off and instead pulling a pair of reading glasses from his “official business” box and placing them across his face. After a couple seconds of spectacle adjustment, he picks up the contract. Carefully he begins to look it over, flipping the pages through and reading adamantly.

The D:

While Sir Reginald Boxington the Third esquire reads the paper work to make sure it’s all aligned, I just wanted to say one thing.

The D leans forward, and motions for the Sevens to lean in toward him. Tom Morrow is the only one to do so.

The D:

Fuck your bus.

Mason really wants to reach over the table and Morrow has to convince him not to. Elise grabs her mic and drops it onto the table, and then slaps her cheeks with her hands in shock. Klein finishes reading, makes a few language changes with a red pen and a highlighter, then nods to the D, and slaps the contract on the table. The D picks up a pen in the shape of the letter “D,” and signs his name. Elise proceeds to do the same. From this camera angle you can see that Klein just drew a giant penis in the margins with a highlighter.

Elise Ares:

That’s \$25. I accept cash and I have a square if you only have a card.

Sawyers looks back at her confused as Sir Reginald Boxington III, Esq. produces a card reader from his “official business” box.

Elise Ares:

That’s the going rate right now, the market is kind of down on autos and high on trading cards but I’m not a basement dweller or an elementary school child so I don’t do the whole trading card thing. However, if you want something a little more memorable I’ll take a picture with you from six feet away for an additional \$75.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oookay. A.. And now if the champions, the Lucky Sevens, can add their signatures to make this official. If they have anything they’d like to say to their opponents, this time belongs to you.

Tom Morrow does just that and hands the contract over to Mason Luck and Max Luck to sign. Mason takes it first and scribbles his name on it first, then Max does the same without hesitation. After making everything legal via signature Max throws the contract into the face of Jamie! He barely catches it. Mason Luck takes the microphone and turns to address both teams.

Mason Luck:

Short and sweet. DEFIANCE Road. Madison Square Garden. *None* of you are going to be challengers.

Max Luck is given the microphone by his twin brother.

Max Luck:

You're going to be *examples* of what happens when you try and take these titles from us.

Max pushes the microphone back on Jamie. Tom Morrow adjusts his jacket and then calls for the BFTA crew to leave. The other teams watch the champions

Jamie Sawyers:

And with that, it is official! The Lucky Sevens will defend the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships against Dangerous Mix and the PCP! And look at that, we completed a contract signing without someone--

It's here, where Klein jumps up and then slams himself through the contract signing table. Sawyers shockingly backs away as the D golf claps. Elise holds up a sign like a diving judge, giving Klein an 8 on his belly flop. Flex also holds up a sign, giving Klein a 9. To his right, strangely, is Aaron King, who's holding up his own piece of paper with a big fat "ZERO" scratched on it. Elise and Flex look at Aaron, angry. King skitters away and shakes his head. David Fox and Mushigihara do not look amused with any of this and their only goal is watching the champions leave.

Jamie Sawyers:

Short and sweet from the champions tonight! They need to put all of their focus on DEFIANCE Road in a few weeks!

Lance:

What a match that has potential to be to steal the show! The Unified Tag Team Champions are on the line when the Lucky Sevens defend against the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Dangerous Mix!

DDK:

And how about that blockbuster announcement from Tom Morrow putting Aaron King in a singles match at DEFIANCE Road to keep his spot in Better Future Talent Agency! He better hope he can keep it!

PLAYERS TWO AND THREE HAVE JOINED THE GAME

Back to Conor Fuse in the middle of the hallway and it seems like he's made his choice. Fuse cautiously wanders towards the Special's locker room. Without hesitation, he grabs the handle, pushes it down and walks into the room. Before the camera can even follow Fuse in, the gamer begins his pitch.

Conor Fuse: *[speaking very quickly]*

Okay so like I know I signed you guys up to be in this ten man elimination tag at DEFIANCE Road and I didn't talk to either of you directly about it beforehand but we've got a common enemy here and both of you were screwed at the awards show Pat you should be SOHER and Brock you should be FIST and like DUH you two and I don't always see eye-to-eye but c'mon I was a way better evil villain than Lindsay Troy and her henchmen are but by better I mean like I wasn't THAT BAD to begin with because last year in the safe space match I totally let you pay back Malak Garland because he deserved it but now Malak isn't THAT BAD either I know he's dating Siobhan and I'm all like WTF too but he's misguided and I actually think he likes her?

It's astonishing Conor was able to get all of that out without taking a break and hammering through his ideas at a rapid pace. Brock and Pat continue to stare at Conor dumbfounded before turning to each other and then looking back at Fuse. Brock speaks, although he doesn't look very motivated.

Brock Newbludd:

You're right, Cass and I should be sitting here as the SOHER and FIST. We got screwed, plain and simple. Speakin' of screwin'...did you just ask us to team up with the dude who's screwin' my crazy ex-girlfriend?

Newbludd scoffs while Cassidy shakes his head.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, I wasn't listening. You lost me at Malak.

Brock looks thankful.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah...it's probably better for everyone if you keep Garland away from us, dude.

Conor lets out a deep huff.

Conor Fuse: *[trying so hard to talk slower]*

Dudes, look, none of us teaming together is perfect but that's what Lindsay wants. Imperfection. A weak team. Even I'm smart enough to realize Lindsay saw you two as threats, offered you to join them... like, OBVI that's a no go on your end, you guys are good dudes! But then she sees we might ACTUALLY be on the same page so she gets Butch to do some "investigative journalism" to try to splitting us apart...

The Ultimate Gamer pauses. He knows he might regret what he's going to say next but goes for it anyway. He changes tones. No longer is he speaking at a fast/frantic pace. He's much more grounded. He's making sense and using proper sentence structure.

Conor Fuse:

Pat, your sister is smart enough to make her own decisions AND her own mistakes. Maybe this is what she needs before she realizes how annoying and needy Malak is and what a real man Brock was. Also don't forget at one point you hated Brock for dating her, too.

Conor adds more before any potential harm can come his way.

Conor Fuse:

Don't totally lose your shit on me, you called out the relationship I have with my brother. I'm just saying, we all go through learning experiences and periods and phases so let's just team up for DEFIANCE Road. Then, whatever you

wanna do to Malak afterwards, go crazy! Hell, you could even have the FIST or SOHER in your hands while you do it.

Conor crinkles his face together and closes his eyes, waiting for Pat to stand up and perhaps smack him across the cheek or punch him in the nose.

...But the Black Out doesn't.

Slowly, Fuse opens one eye. Then the other. He's still in one piece and Pat hasn't moved. Brock glances at his partner and nudges him.

Brock Newbludd:

We could just use Garland as a human shield or something...whaddy think?

Newbludd shrugs his shoulders and Cassidy sighs as he turns his attention back to Conor.

Pat Cassidy:

I think Malak Garland is due the ass-whipping of a lifetime. Maybe it'd be alright if Vae Victis softened him up a little bit before I rip his damn head off. Maybe...

Breathing a sigh of relief that he wasn't decapitated, Conor slowly starts to regain his confidence.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight out there in the main event, I'll be outnumbered. You don't HAVE TO be there, it's cool, I can handle it. But after the match, when all hell breaks loose because obviously it will... just know I was there two weeks ago for you guys. It wasn't because I needed to call in a future favour, either. No tit-for-tat with this gamer. I was there because I WANTED to be there. I respect you guys and the wars we've had against one another. Plus I don't care if I win a title at DEFIANCE Road, there will be a time and a place for me to reach the last level one day. I just want those belts off... probably the most arrogant group I've seen in some time. It's kinda annoying, it's not right and they ain't worthy of shit. You two know it. So do I. Malak does, too.

Fuse is about to leave before Brock Newbludd interjects.

Brock Newbludd:

No matter what, Conor, there's four of us and five of them.

Fuse nods, like he's well aware of what Lindsay Troy called them out on earlier.

Conor Fuse:

And I'm going to fix that.

Conor eyes Pat, who still doesn't look fully convinced of their team but nevertheless isn't going to push away now.

Conor Fuse:

You wanna talk about family? Well I got family and I know a guy who would love to get his hands on Kerry Kuroyama.

Fuse lowers his head and starts to pump himself up.

Conor Fuse:

I just need someone to approve it...

The gamer says his goodbyes to the Specials as he leaves their locker room. Brock shrugs, looking over at Pat.

Brock Newbludd:

Approve it? With who?

Cassidy shrugs in return.

Pat Cassidy:

Who gives a shit.

Brock Newbludd:

Not this guy, that's for sure.

Brock offers a fist and Cassidy gives him a bump as the picture slowly fades out.

NO DISQUALIFICATION: DAN LEO JAMES vs. STRONG AF

DDK:

We've got a big match on deck! For the past few months, we have seen two of DEFIANCE's young powerhouses exchange personal words and powerful punches. Each man has one win a piece in this rivalry between Titanes Familia member Dan Leo James and recent BRAZEN Graduate Strong AF!

Lance:

On DEFtv 179, it was Strong AF that cheated to take the first victory with a low blow and the Deadly AF Chokeslam. On DEFtv 180 in a blockbuster big man tag team match, Dan Leo James teamed with one of his career idols, Deacon, to defeat the team of Strong AF and Alvaro de Vargas with Dan pinning Strong.

DDK:

And that leads us to tonight! These two were originally scheduled to end this rivalry at DEFIANCE Road, but neither man wanted to wait. This match is No Disqualification! Who will win out in the battle of the former powerlifter and the giant former three-sport athlete? We will find out... right now!

And to Darren Quimbey we go for a rowdy, sold-out crowd in the Scotiabank Arena!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks. The drum beats blast loudly and the big protege of Los Tres Titanes regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and whips out a jar of the Young Titan Protein Powder! Instead of wearing typical wrestling attire, DJL is dressed more for combat with torn black jeans and a sleeveless Titanes Familia tee!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 262 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and even gets more cheers from the crowd as he jumps over to The Commentation Station and rocks out to his theme! The proprietor of Young Titan Protein Powder throws up the jar!

DDK:

Dan Leo James is all fired up tonight! He's dressed for a street fight tonight!

Lance:

After that big confidence booster he got from teaming with Deacon, the former FIST of DEFIANCE and veteran of many ring wars, he is ready to put this feud to rest with Strong AF!

Dan Leo James grabs the protein powder, opens the top... and starts THROWING big tufts of powder into the air randomly like he's trying to throw it to the fans as a gift!

DDK:

Uh... is he trying to just throw that stuff out at people?

Lance:

That... appears to be the case, yes.

Once DLJ approaches the ring, The Young Titan jumps inside and then throws another big cloud of protein powder in the air, Kobe Bryant-style! He gets rid of the jar and gets ready for a fight.

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the front, he marches with a golden plate on a pedestal at the entrance. He smirks, and then rubs his hands in the bowl full of weightlifting chalk before THROWING it up in the air in a cloud of his own!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 267 pounds... he is ALLEN FOSTERS... **STRONG! A! F!**

The Seattle Strongman rubs his hands together and then starts heading towards the ring with intent to hurt somebody. He stomps a foot on the steps, poses with a flex, then heads up the ramp. When he gets into the ring...

DAN LEO JAMES ATTACKS WITH A BIG SHOULDER TACKLE!

DING DING

The crowd cheers when Dan Leo James knocks Strong AF into a corner and unleashes a loud roar for The Faithful!

DDK:

Here we go!

James goes to attack Strong AF, but he doesn't expect for The Seattle Strongman to fight back with a NASTY knife-edge chop! He turns DLJ around in the corner and waffles him with one more... then another... then another, channeling his inner DJ Khaled!

Lance:

Strong AF turns the tables!

Strong AF tries to whip Dan Leo James across the ring, but The Young Titan gives him a shock when he spins him around and reverses the whip. Strong AF hits the corner and DLJ follows up with a big running shoulder thrust in the corner! He doubles over Strong AF with the big shot! When the wind has been knocked out of The Seattle Strongman, Danny hits the whip for the other side and then spikes another running shoulder thrust into his rib cage! After doubling him over a second time, he grabs Strong AF and dumps him through the ropes to send him out to the floor!

DDK:

Dan Leo James not playing around tonight!

Lance:

No, no he isn't! What the heck is he thinking?

Danny looks out to the crowd and then starts to climb to the middle rope... then the top! He perches himself carefully while Strong AF floats just outside the ring...

DDK:

What is he doing?

Danny Three Sports perches himself up top...

DIVING CROSSBODY TO THE FLOOR!

The Toronto Faithful go CRAZY as DLJ wipes him out!

DDK:

THE YOUNG TITAN TAKES FLIGHT! PERHAPS TAKING A PAGE OUT OF THE BOOK OF HIS... giant bonus dad...

Lance:

That's Deacon, for those keeping score at home.

After Danny wipes out Strong AF with the massive dive, the 6'7" Young Titan picks him up and ROCKS him with a Fastball Chop to the chest! Strong AF doubles over and lets out a groan in pain as he doubles over. Danny clubs him across the back and head several times before throwing him back under the ring. Danny climbs in and then measures up Strong AF before delivering a huge running boot to the side of the head!

Lance:

Big kick by Dan Leo James! Right into the first corner of the match!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Strong AF gets the shoulder up first!

DDK:

Big kickout by Strong AF, but this match has been almost all Dan Leo James so far!

Lance:

James has listened to Strong AF run him down for weeks and steal a victory that wasn't his! He's beyond fed up with this!

Danny raises a hand and signals for the Titan's Orbit! He waits for Strong AF to try and get back to his feet. He clutches him by the neck and tries to get him up, but Allen Fosters elbows his way out first with a volley of elbows to the back to save himself. Strong AF stumbles back to the ropes while Dan tries to shake the cobwebs out. When he has The Seattle Strongman in his sights, he gets ready to charge with another running shoulder thrust...

NOTHING BUT BUCKLE!

DDK:

No! Strong AF moves out of the way! Danny posts himself!

Lance:

He just gave him an opening! Now what does Strong AF do from here?

The former powerlifter has recovered from the earlier beatdown long enough to pull Danny out from the corner. He spins him around, only to throw him back into the corner and follow him in with a big corner clothesline! Danny gets stunned when Strong AF runs off the ropes and explodes right back with a HUGE flying shoulder tackle that knocks the taller man off his feet!

DDK:

Strong AF gets him down! Now where's he going?

The Seattle Strongman takes a dip out to the floor while Danny is down. Strong AF reaches under the ring and starts to introduce some plunder. A few trash cans, a pair of steel chairs, a fire extinguisher, a toolbox... and yes, a kitchen sink. Strong AF shrugs and throws it aside. He grabs the trash cans first and then slides back into the ring. He grabs the lid...

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

FOUR stiff shots of the trash can lid catch Danny upside the head and double over the big man. The crowd jeers as Strong AF throws away the dented trash can lid to flex.

DDK:

Probably not the time or place to be showing off the guns, kid!

Lance:

He doesn't care!

Strong AF waits as Danny tries to limp up. He grabs the fire extinguisher and gets ready to use it...

SMACK! SMACK!

Danny grabs another one of the trash can lids and gives Strong AF a pair of receipts! The Seattle Strongman stumbles to a knee as Danny gets ready to grab a trash can!

Lance:

Dan Leo James fighting back! He's got the trash can...

OOOOOH!

...But before he can make use of it, Strong AF has grabbed the fire extinguisher and rocks him right in the ribs! Danny lets out a loud groan in pain and falls to the mat!

Lance:

Good grief! James might have a busted rib after that shot!

DDK:

And now where does Strong AF plan on taking him?

After dropping the fire extinguisher, he measures up Danny and then drops a huge elbow drop to the ribs! Danny is doubled over in pain when Strong AF gets up a second time and drops another elbow! Then a third! Right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Dan Leo James, but Strong AF has just taken control here!

Strong AF takes a knee while hovering over the defiant Danny and then levels him with a volley of right hands! The Faithful jeer the former powerlifter as he continues his assault onto Danny with more right hands! He decides to stop after landing several shots so he can grab another trash can and bring it down right on the ribs of James!

Lance:

That fire extinguisher shot changed this match in a big way for Fosters! He's got James where he wants him and has a big bullseye on that rib cage.

Danny gets picked up by Strong AF and to the surprise of the crowd, he's got Danny hoisted over his right shoulder. He turns towards the corner and RAMS Danny between it and his own shoulder! Danny is hurt when Strong AF pulls him out of the corner and then hoists him up...

Five seconds...

Ten seconds...

TWENTY seconds!

Lance:

OOOOH! DELAYED SUPLEX ONTO THE TRASH CAN!

The trash can is bent under Dan Leo James when Strong AF moves him off of the bent receptacle. James is hurt when The Seattle Strongman confidently goes for a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

TH-NO!

The shoulder comes up first!

DDK:

Allen Fosters lives up to his in-ring moniker of Strong AF... but Dan Leo James is not going to go quietly.

Lance:

For weeks, Strong AF mentioned that he felt Dan Leo James was getting preferential treatment on the main roster by getting his spot in Titanes Familia, but he earned it!

Strong AF decides that enough is enough (and it's time for a change). He grabs Danny and nails him with a boot before he hooks him by the neck. He flexes an arm for the jeering Canadian crowd, then rocks DLJ with a number of clubbing forearms to the chest!

DDK:

He is wearing out Dan Leo James in that ring tonight! He calls this move Rough Waters!

After the succession of shots has done its part in wearing down The Young Titan, Strong AF grabs a chair and then puts it over his chest. He then starts to climb the second rope and looks like he has bad intentions in mind.

Lance:

What is he thinking? A splash off that middle rope? It might do some damage to Strong AF as well, but Danny's ribs can't take too many more shots.

DDK:

He's going to take flight... Wait!

Strong AF takes a moment to position himself... but Danny surges to life and **THROWS** the chair right into the face of Strong AF first! The chair bounces off his skull to the delight of the crowd and stuns him in place, seated on the top rope! DLJ is still hurt and trying to fight through the pain of perhaps bruised ribs or more, but The Faithful are fueling him on!

DDK:

Where does Dan Leo James go from here?

Dan starts to climb to the middle rope, then grabs Strong AF. He looks behind him and then looks like he has a big move in mind...

Lance:

WHOA! HE'S GOT STRONG AF IN HIS ARMS...

Dan falls back...

SECOND ROPE FALLAWAY SLAM!

Strong AF COLLIDES with the mat at full force! Dan pops up after the impact and clutches his ribs even more, writhing about in agony, but the worst damage has been done to The Seattle Strongman!

DDK:

That was impressive! Both of these men are two of the bigger and more powerful competitors in DEFIANCE today and they are throwing one another around like it's going out of style!

Lance:

But can Dan Leo James follow up?

Dan tries to do just that and slowly crawls over to Strong AF...

But he rolls out of the ring first, much to his disappointment!

DDK:

The Young Titan almost had him, but Fosters smartly rolls out of the ring first!

Lance:

This match is indeed No Disqualification and No Countout, but this is not Falls Count Anywhere! The pinfall has to take place in the ring!

The Faithful cheer James on as he goes outside and then hurriedly goes to pick up Strong AF! He gets the big man back into the ring and underneath the bottom rope. Danny gets into the ring, still cradling his ribs, but ready to fight and put an end to this issue with his physically powerful detractor once and for all. He gets a running charge off one side of the ropes...

Then the other...

DDK:

Dash and Bash! Dan Leo James DESTROYS Strong AF with that shoulder tackle!

Danny goes right into a cover by hooking both legs!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

Strong AF gets the shoulder up! Danny can't believe it!

DDK:

He nearly KNOCKED Fosters out of his boots with that powerful shoulder tackle, but he kicked out!

Lance:

He's not done, though! Look!

Dan goes outside once more... and has the table!

WE WANT TABLES! Clap clap clap-clap-clap *WE WANT TABLES!* Clap clap clap-clap-clap *WE WANT TABLES!*
Clap clap clap-clap-clap

The Young Titan is happy to oblige as he grabs the table and starts to slide it back into the ring. He takes a moment to recover and then climbs back inside. He turns the table over and starts to prop it up... only to get CRACKED in the back with the toolbox from earlier!

DDK:

Danny took too much time setting up that table! And now look!

Strong AF grabs Danny from behind as he's wobbled against the ropes... then picks him up on his shoulders before running and SPIKING him down with a running samoan drop!

DDK:

The Cooldown! Cooldown by Strong AF! That has to be it!

He rolls over and hooks the leg of Dan Leo James in the middle of the ring!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful CHEER for The Young Titan when he kicks out with his legs! He tries to sit up with Strong AF shooting Brian Slater a stunned look!

Lance:

Dan Leo James kicks out! How did he kick out of that?!

DDK:

Strong AF wants to end this!

He rolls away and then props the table up in the corner as quickly as he can, learning from Danny mistake just moments ago. He keeps an eye on Danny Three Sports, still crawling around on the canvas and trying to find his bearings. Once the table has been set up, he smugly turns. Danny is trying to grab for something on the outside while Strong AF limps over and grabs his leg.

DDK:

What's he going to do?

He tries hooking the legs of Danny for the Deadly AF chokeslam variation... but before he can get it, a HUGE plume of powder hits Strong AF directly in the face! He howls out in pain!

DDK:

WHOA! JAMES JUST THREW THAT PROTEIN POWDER IN STRONG AF'S FACE! NO RULES AGAINST THAT!

Lance:

The Young Titan Protein Powder really works!

The Faithful roar as Danny CRACKS Strong AF with a knee lift to stumble him! He then grabs him by the throat! He holds him up... then sends him CRASHING straight through the table in the corner with the Titan's Orbit!

DDK:

TITAN'S ORBIT CONNECTS! THAT RUNNING CHOKESLAM SHATTERS THE TABLE!

The Canadian Faithful CHEER as he pulls Strong AF by his leg out of the wreckage! He hooks the legs!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

Dan Leo James rolls off of his adversary and slowly rises to a knee. His ribs feel like they are on fire right now, but the sweet taste of victory makes it at least feel a little better.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

DDK:

What a hard-fought win by Dan Leo James! He gutted it out! Both of these men wanted to start their 2023 with a big win, but tonight, that accolade goes to The Young Titan!

Lance:

Performances like that are how Dan Leo James earned his spot on the main roster and how he earned his spot as a member of Titanes Familia!

After looking at the fallen Strong AF, Dan raises a hand and then starts to limp out of the ring! He starts to slap hands with some of The Faithful in the front row when he's met by Uriel Cortez, Minute and Titaness, all there to help celebrate the big win tonight! The Titan of Industry pats James on the back, making him wince in pain while Titaness gives him a hug! Minute taps him on the shoulder with a fist!

DDK:

We've still got plenty more action to come, so stay tuned, DEFIANTS!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME



PUTTING YOUR NECK OUT

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are at the commentary table ready to talk about what is going to happen next on the show!

DDK:

We've got a very special guest about to address the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful for the first time in almost two months. The co-winner of the 2022 Match of the Year - "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy will be out here!

Lance:

Dex Joy was put out of action almost two months ago by Corvo Alpha after dropping two straight matches to the monster thanks to a lingering neck injury from prior battles with Vae Victis members. Dex took a piledriver from Corvo Alpha on steel steps and hasn't been seen since ... until tonight.

DDK:

From what we've been able to ascertain from Dex's injuries, he was asked by his doctor to see how the injury heals on its own, but the news that Dex told us doesn't seem to be anything good.

One by one in the arena the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful in the Scotiabank pop huge!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

Finally, Dex appears on the ramp.

But he is in a buttoned white shirt, jeans and the most unfortunate piece of the attire.

A neck brace.

DDK:

That's not good. Dex Joy appeared by video with that neck brace. He's been asked to wear this to see how his injuries heal on their own.

Lance:

Not at all. He looks so uncomfortable being out here.

The Biggest Boy looks like he might have lost a little weight in the time off of television as well looking a little slimmer than he was before, but the added weight of the neck brace might as well be an anchor. He walks to the ring and keeps on to the ring. He reaches out carefully and high fives fans going across the aisle. When he gets to the ring, he goes up the steps and gets in the ring slowly. Dex has a microphone and he taps it in his open hand. His music fades quietly.

"DEX!!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!!!"

The reaction touches him. Dex looks like he is still trying to form whatever words that he has to say.

DDK:

It's been very rare that Dex Joy is left at a loss for words. I can't even imagine what he's thinking right now.

Lance:

Yeah. He would normally be coming out here guns blazing and voice booming all over the place but tonight he doesn't have any of that Biggest Boy swagger we know and love.

Dex scratches an eye and then looks out to the crowd.

Dex Joy:

Uh ... hey pallies.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer him on.

Dex Joy:

First off ... I need to say thank you. In the past two months Dexy Baby ain't had a whole lot to smile about but the fact that not only did you guys not forget about me, but you also voted me as the Match of the Year? You picked me in two matches. Winning that brought a smile to my face. Thank you. I really mean that.

Another cheer echoes the Scotiabank. Dex silently tells the crowd with another "thank you" when they cheer him.

Dex Joy:

I tried to fight the good fight and get ahead of Vae Victis before they could do all that they have done in the past few months here. I had just beaten Kerry Kuroyama in another Match of the Year candidate. I'd beaten Henry Keyes and as you already know, I beat Oscar Burns in two big matches. If that doesn't qualify a guy for a shot at the FIST I don't know what would. Then ...

He bites his lip.

Dex Joy:

Corvo Alpha happened.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Dex Joy:

You can boo him. You can boo him and Nigel for what they did but I've had nothing but time to think, pallies. Kerry Kuroyama did a number on my neck. Not only was Kerry Keurig a pain in the ass, but he was a pain in my neck, too. Doctors told me after that match to take it easy on my schedule, but I told them to stuff it. I had every intention of challenging Lindsay Troy for the FIST that night but Nigel baited me into taking that first match. My neck got wrecked and Corvo choked me out. Then I tried to dust myself off again. Dexy Baby was gonna have some payback ... but Corvo stopped me again. The referee had to step in and award that match to Corvo because I was hurt that bad.

He is recounting the night that he was taken out.

Dex Joy:

All of that was my fault. Corvo and Nigel goaded me but it was me who accepted their challenge. They played me and now thanks to those stupid decisions ...

Dex stops. He grabs the neck brace.

Dex Joy:

Every damn day since I left the hospital ... I've had this around my damn neck. And I need to tell you all something ... I had to come out here to Canada because what I have to say, I need you all to hear me.

The Biggest Boy looks like he can't even get the words out but he has to anyway.

Dex Joy:

It's looking like ...

He has to tug the neck brace.

Dex Joy:

... I might have to get used to wearing this thing for a while longer.

Loud mixtures of booing and shock fill the complex! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe what they're hearing.

Lance:

Oh, no ... horrible news.

DDK:

I ... you know ... we have to be biased at times. But I don't even know what to say. I was secretly hoping for a better resolution to this whole saga, but it doesn't sound like that's going to happen.

Dex finds himself with his whole front body leaning over the ropes. There's no words or anything to make this any better.

♪ *"Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath* ♪

But someone could come along and say things to make this all worse.

DDK:

Folks, that music you hear can only mean...

On cue, the curtain slowly parts and Lord Nigel Tricklebush emerges through it slowly.

Lance:

The good news is: I don't see Corvo Alpha with him!

DDK:

That might be the only good news we get tonight!

Dex tenses in the ring, a hand instinctively going to his neck brace as he turns to face Lord Nigel. Dressed in an uncharacteristically wrinkled all-black suit and tie, Lord Nigel is sans bowler cap this evening – his white hair ruffled and unkempt across his head. He pauses atop the ramp to work it into place, but much of it fails to cooperate. Eyeing the fans with disdain, he walks towards the ring with a glint – and exhaustion – in his eye. He produces another microphone from inside his coat.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Dexter, you don't know how much I need this.

Lord Nigel regally ascends the ring steps.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I'll spare you the salacious details... but let's just say... I've had a few trying weeks.

DDK:

I'll say! He was publically jilted, and bilked out of a hundred grand, by Teri Melton at our awards show!

Nigel steps through the ropes to a wall of sustained hatred from the Faithful. Dex's eyes are steeled and narrowed in Nigel's direction. Nigel, on the other hand, is unbothered. Pouring on the "crestfallen", the faux english faux lord theatrically sweeps an arm.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I've been positively *beside* myself. The days have been dark and the nights have been longer.

Swollen, puffy eyes flitting towards Joy, Nigel quickly shakes the self-pity.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I imagine you know a thing about that, don't you, Dex?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Look at us. Kindred spirits. And it's in the spirit of that... likeness... that *brotherhood* that I came out alone on this fair evening to hear your sad tale. I think I've earned that much. I think I've earned this moment. So, please, do go on. Say your bit. And know that I might have brought Corvo with me... but he isn't half as good a listener as I am.

Nigel takes a purposeful step towards Joy.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And I want to be sure I hear every... word... you have to say.

Dex Joy finally turns to acknowledge the man that has plagued him for the past few months.

Dex Joy:

... I should have known you couldn't help yourself, Nigel. It's not bad enough that your attack dog does this to me ... but now you want to kick me while I'm down, huh? You want a front row seat when I tell these people what the future holds for Dex Joy? You want to hear me say that I'm going to be out for at least six months? Maybe longer while I hope that this stack of dimes that is my neck can somehow heal from what Corvo did to me?

He takes a step towards Nigel with the DEFIANCE Faithful gasping all around him at this sudden news.

Dex Joy:

Is *that* what you wanted to hear, Nigel?

Nigel looks pleased.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I do, Dexter. That's exactly what I needed to lift my spirits.

DDK:

This ... I can't believe this. I can't believe what I'm hearing? Six months?!

The only one thoroughly pleased is Lord Nigel himself with a smile for the first time since the Uncut End of Year Awards Show.

... but he notices the air in the room change.

Behind him, Dex Joy slowly starts wrapping his hands around the neck brace ... and rips it off.

Lance:

Oh my God ... wait? What's happening?

Nigel hasn't turned but the rest of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are seeing Dex twist his neck in a number of different directions and then rolling it a few times to show that his neck may indeed be fine after all. Now it appears Dex Joy may have submitted his own Golden Globes consideration. He has the biggest, cheekiest smile on his face and when Nigel turns ...

POW!!!

He sends Lord Nigel Trickelbush clear over the top rope with a massive clothesline!

DDK:

Wait ... WAIT?! DEX IS OKAY! THE BRACE IS OFF!!! THE BRACE IS OFF!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have gone so electric that their energy could be felt several cities over! Dex Joy picks up the microphone again and looks down at a confused and flabbergasted Nigel.

Dex Joy:

Well, I can't tell you any of that, you sorry sack of ass! That would be a big fat lie and Dexy Baby's Momma didn't raise a liar!

He twists his neck again!

Dex Joy:

Don't get it twisted! Your monster came close ... *real close* to ending my career! If my neck hadn't landed the way it did, then it might have been all over! But my neck was able to heal on its own in the last several weeks! I don't need this ...

Dex grabs the neck brace and throws it at Lord Nigel's feet!

Dex Joy:

But *you* will!

Flat on his ass and completely disoriented, Lord Nigel is sprawled at the end of the entrance ramp.

DDK:

What the-

The energy in the arena abruptly shifts and heads turn towards the rampway.

DDK:

CORVO ALPHA! CORVO ALPHA IS HERE!

Stomping down the aisle, a blood red smear of paint across his chest, left hand dripping with the same, Alpha is incensed.

Lance:

I... I know Dex says he is ready to go, but-

Alpha pauses at the foot of the ring to help Nigel to his feet. Lord Nigel, as disheveled as he has ever been in his life, wobbles upright, clinging to Corvo. Four eyes wide and crazy, they both glare up towards Dex. Tricklebush awkwardly and vainly works to hold Corvo back.

Lance:

Is this going to happen AGAIN?!

DDK:

Dex looks as ready as ever for a fight!

Nigel pleads with Corvo but the beast hears nothing.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

NOW ISN'T THE TIME! NO!

Before Corvo can shove Nigel out of his way, slide into the ring, and violently meet Dex in the center of the ring, Lord Nigel sharply takes Corvo Alpha out of his moment.

SLAP!

The Faithful gasp. Alpha transfers his focus to Nigel's face. And Nigel appears to regret his decision, wilting in his suit. He grabs Corvo's shoulders and pulls him in.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

N-n-now is not the time! NOT TODAY!

Something like vacant recognition passes the jagged, ugly face of Corvo Alpha. And he melts backwards, eyes fluttering between Dex and Nigel. In the ring, Dex Joy sits on the middle rope, politely gesturing to the retreating pair to come in the ring as the Faithful once more voice their displeasure.

DDK:

This is a nightmare if your name is Corvo Alpha or Nigel! Dex Joy is back! He's healed and he's ready to fight!

Dex Joy still has the microphone.

Dex Joy:

CORVO MOTHER-LOVING ALPHA!!! YOU, PALLY, ARE GOING TO *REGRET* NOT FINISHING THE JOB YOU STARTED WITH DEXY BABY! YOU WANT A BIG-TIME FIGHT?! YOU WANT A MAIN EVENT?! YOU WANT A BIG OPPORTUNITY?! THEN I'LL SEE YOU AT DEFIANCE ROAD!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go ape wild!

Dex Joy:

DEXY BABY IS TAKING THIS FINE ASS BACK ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE FIST ... AND YOU ARE GETTING RAN THE [BLEEP] OVER!!!

Dex treats the mic like a football in the end zone and spikes that thing!

DDK:

The mood has just changed! Dex Joy! Corvo Alpha! DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Dex Joy better know what he's doing or have a game plan! Two previous matches with Corvo Alpha put him out for two months. A third one may not go his way if he doesn't.

Dex Joy leaves the ring in grand fashion and hands out high fives like candy to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

"SAY WHAT?!"

The shot fades in, slow and artfully, with the camera trained on a smorgasbord of snacks, entrees, and other assorted foodstuffs laid out on a table backstage. A familiar off-screen voice greets us, accompanied with a stately and professional level of candor.

Chris Trutt:

Catering. The tasty benefits of the job for some. But for others... career purgatory.

The tight shot on the row of appetizers zooms out to reveal the DEFIANCE backstage fixture that is Chris Trutt, standing dapper in a new jet black suit and greeting the Faithful watching at home with a pensive expression.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Chris Trutt, and tonight, as a part of DEFIANCE Wrestling's new initiative in the year 2023, I'd like to formally introduce you to... "Say What?!" with Chris Trutt.

He pauses a beat to let this sink in, then an awkward clearing of the throat later, he presses on.

Chris Trutt:

Still working on the title. In any case, this will be the first of what I hope to be a longstanding series of in-depth reports and spotlight exposés, where I will guide you, the Faithful, into DEFIANCE's oft unseen and unheard stories that take place on the outside of the squared circle.

Trutt waves a hand across the nearby table of food.

Chris Trutt:

For this inaugural episode, I'm here on the scene, in what is arguably the very heart of the backstage area at a wrestling event. Because it's here in catering where talent, staff, and crew members alike converge both for the acts of consumption *and* conversation.

Smooth as the butter melting in its dish on the table beside him, he snaps and finger-gun points to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

ANYWHOOZLES... why not join me then, ladies and gentlemen, for a quick, juicy bite of the latter? Let's just see what we have on our plate tonight...

He glances over, and perks up as he immediately recognizes familiar faces.

Chris Trutt:

Ah, here we are!

Trutt moves, and the camera moves with him, discovering two figures standing at the far end of the table.

Chris Trutt:

I see here we have Kerry Kuroyama and Butcher Victorious, both of Vae Victis!

The self-styled investigative reporter finds Vae Victis' official baggage handler going for the world record on how many deviled eggs can be fit into the human mouth. Nearby, but not so near that anyone might actually think he's there *with* him, Kerry is doing his very best impression of a wood-carved statue.

Chris Trutt:

How rare a sight to see members of DEFIANCE's self-proclaimed elite inner circle grace our presence here in the wrestling commons! Tell me, gentlemen, what brings you two out here amongst us other "riff-raff"? I figured the fresh caught Atlantic salmon planks and avocado toast of the Vae Victis personal lounge and dressing room area would have satisfied your ever-voracious appetites.

Butch Vic is looking sick, glancing up from the catering table with a mouth completely stuffed with white and yellow.

Butcher Victorious:

MM-MMFF BRRM MRRFF MRR-MRRRM-BRRFF!

Chris Trutt:

I see. And how about you, Kerry...?

Something is off with Seattle's BEAST, idling standing by like a cyborg awaiting a kill order. His eyes stare out into space, but it's clear there are gears cranking internally. Everything about him, from posture to demeanor, gives the vibe that he's a mountain on the cusp of blowing its top.

Naturally, Trutt misses these recognizable indicators and presses in.

Chris Trutt:

Not hungry, like your compatriot here?

Kerry stares straight ahead, unblinking. Doing everything he can to ignore this plebeian from his reality.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...no.

Trutt's lips inquisitively purse as he continues to pull on this particular thread.

Chris Trutt:

Well, I have to admit that I find that rather interesting, with you being *here* in catering, of all places. The area where talent typically comes to eat and/or socialize. When they're not busy elsewhere, of course. But clearly, Kerry, you aren't all that busy this evening.

Nothing from Kerry, who continues to brood like a storm.

Chris Trutt:

I would normally figure that any wrestler not here would be busy elsewhere, getting dressed in the locker room or otherwise preparing for a match later in the evening. However, *you* aren't scheduled to compete tonight...

Oof. Chris, buddy... read the room.

Chris Trutt:

So I suppose it makes sense to see you here. Standing around. Just killing time. With your compatriot, and I assume equal, Butcher Victorious.

There is finally movement in the stoic Kuroyama, as his eyes roll their way.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...just what exactly are you getting at, Trutt?

Delivering a casual and not-so-innocent shrug, Chris is wearing a triumphant smirk lathered in wit and confidence, knowing he finally hit on something.

Chris Trutt:

Oh, nothing... I just find it slightly interesting that you, a stalwart member of *Vae Victis*, to be out here while...

He trails off... because he has become aware that a shadow has fallen over him. At some point, Kuroyama has pivoted himself toward the interviewer, now looming over him with mere inches separating their chests.

Kerry Kuroyama:

“Interesting”, huh?

Trutt’s smile fades. He now realizes he poked the bear one too many times.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Tell me, Trutt, just *what* is so damn interesting about seeing me back here? Just what are you suggesting? Stop beating around the bush here, because I’m growing tired of the taste of bile that fills my mouth every time I have to look at your face.

The reporter stands paralyzed for a moment. He didn’t expect this hard line of questioning to blow up in his face so quickly. And yet, here he is.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You think I want to be back here in catering, Trutt? Standing around with absolutely nothing to do? Because there’s no place for me on the show tonight? Even though I’m one of this company’s most tenured premier talents? Pushed to the side, to make way for such hot, marketable talents like Sun-Twist Skylar and Strong AF? Having to spend the evening listening to *this* guy’s incessant chewing, minute after long, grueling minute?

Butcher Victorious freezes up and sheepishly flashes Kerry a look of apologetic remorse... before reaching for the tray of deviled eggs once again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Truth be told, Trutt, I’d rather *not* be standing back here, “killing time” as you put it. I’d much rather be out in that ring, being the very best of myself, killing the *careers* of this industry’s bottom feeders. Be as it may, there’s little I can do about the situation given the circumstances.

Chris Trutt:

Circumstances? What sort of circumstances are you referring to?

Either Kerry is either extremely pissed, or Butch Vic ripped something that was silent by deadly, because the look crossing the Pacific Blitzkrieg’s face is one of rancid reproach.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Conor Fuse, forever trapped in his state of arrested development, wants to begrudge the fans and this sport with the same overdone, juvenile gang war for supremacy between “good guys” and “bad guys”. Something more fit for a schoolyard game of cops and robbers than a *real* and *professional* sporting event.

Grinding his teeth, Kuroyama turns his attention from the interviewer back to the room.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So rather than Vae Victis doing what we *should* be doing in that ring, the FIST and Southern Heritage Champion are currently hunkered down and strategizing how best to prepare for this pointless waste of our time called a “challenge”, and I’m back here. Eyes and ears open... being vigilant. In case Conor and his boys decide to get cute tonight and try hitting us before we hit them.

Trutt thoughtfully rubs his chin as he

Chris Trutt:

Well, truth be told, I feel if anyone should worry about a preemptive strike, it would be Fuse, Malak, and the Saturday Night Specials. After all, given the bevy of interferences perpetrated on behalf of--

Kerry Kuroyama:

HEY.

The face of Seattle's BEAST fills with fury as he snatches the reporter by the tie and yanks him in close.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Absolutely *NONE* of that was my call!

A tense beat passes... before Kerry realizes he's exposing a bit more of himself than he'd rather let out, and finds the will to cool himself. He releases the interviewer and attempts to rectify his outburst by patting the wrinkles out of his suit, although it's clearly a half-hearted gesture.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let me be clear, Trutt... I said months ago that we in Vae Victis do not have neither the need nor desire to debase ourselves into cheating to win. I still stand by that statement.

Chris Trutt:

Then, uhm... may I ask what caused that policy to change?

Kerry coldly stares him down for several long moments, before finally looking away with a gruff sigh of defeat. It's clear he doesn't quite know how to answer the question.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's been a weird past couple months, Trutt. All I can tell you is, despite what our critics want the public to believe, we are *not* the "bad guys" here. And regardless of what our recent actions may suggest, it doesn't change the fact that the members of Vae Victis have no trouble winning their own battles. That's all I have to say... now leave me alone.

Kuroyama's arms fold across his chest, and he returns to his idle state. He's apparently done with the interview. Unfortunately for him, Trutt is not quite there himself, as a burning question still lingers in the back of his mind.

Chris Trutt:

Per your own words, you don't like to beat around the bush, so why don't I come out and ask: do you have any *regrets* in joining Vae Victis?

Silence from Kerry, as the Pacific Blitzkrieg is lost in thought...

...

...until he glances over to Butcher Victorious, destroyer of deviled eggs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Tell LT and Henry I'm cutting out early tonight. I've got better things to do with my time.

Butch attempts to say something in protest, but his words come out unintelligible as Kuroyama promptly heads to the exit and walks out. The camera retrains itself on the host interviewer.

Chris Trutt:

Well... that got rather... *tense*, I should say. Though this leads me to wonder, is everything in order in the house of Vae Victis? Because suddenly, this united front of DEFIANCE's elite suddenly appears a bit less united. What will this unfold, when the group ultimately answers Conor Fuse's call to battle? I guess we'll find out at DEFIANCE Road, when these two sides finally clash in the ring!

Trutt plucks up a deviled egg--earning a sideways glance from the incessantly eating Butch--and toasts it toward the camera, and by extension the viewing audience at home.

Chris Trutt:

Fans, this was "Say What?!" with yours truly, Chris Trutt! This was certainly an insightful experience, so join me next time while we *chew the FAT*, so to speak, with more DEFIANCE stars!

Smiling endearingly, Trutt sends off the fans by taking a bite out of his deviled egg...

...and immediately spitting it out.

Chris Trutt:

Good God, that is AWFUL!!

He turns to Butcher Victorious in bewilderment.

Chris Trutt:

How in the HECK are you EATING all of those?!

Butch shrugs innocently... popping yet another egg into his mouth

EYES ON THE PRIZE - 2

See previous installment here:

[Eyes on the Prize - 1](#)

"A long time ago ... I wasn't strong enough to help my friend."

November 10th, 2021

The cameraman remains in place as Nathan gets up and throws a right cross at Pleasant! He decks him but Harmen and King quickly brutalize him with stomps before he can do anything else. They grab Nathan's arm as Arthur grabs hold of a rolling production crate. Arthur motions for his arm to be put against the wall and then he does it ...

SMASH!!!!!!!

The crate goes barreling and Nathan's arm and shoulder get crushed against the wall! But once isn't enough!

DDK:

Where's security? Someone needs to stop them!!!

Nathan gets the crate smashed into his arm multiple times!

"I still never got that night out of my mind. I've watched this footage an unhealthy amount of times. I heard a bone break after the first time Arthur slammed that crate against my shoulder, but that psycho kept on doing it. It's a wonder I was able to come back at all."

Different angles play of Nathan Eye being carted away in an ambulance. The grueling rehab process. Having to do it twice.

"I lost over a year of my career that night and I couldn't do anything to save Dex. Like I said before, the first surgery didn't completely heal the injury. I had a staph infection from that. A second surgery set back my rehab. But every cloud has a silver lining."

What is the silver lining here, you're asking?

That night helped make me the best version of myself that I have ever been."

Much like the first trailer that aired days ago on the defiancewrestling.com website, this footage shows more time lapse between April and December of 2022.

Endless hours put into a gym in his home.

Never leaving the house.

Always training.

Always working.

"Eyes on the Prize. It's the thing that kept my mind going even when my body didn't want to. Eyes on the Prize isn't some clever buzzword or some catchy hashtag. This is the real deal."

Nathan Eye's Instagram.

"Eyes on the Prize means that you focus on your goal. You envision it. You feel it. You taste it. And when you make yourself as strong as you can possibly be ... you can make that prize yours."

The numbers once again blowing up and up with each photo, each pose and each Bible verse he probably doesn't know the meaning of but passes off like he does.

"I failed once. I wasn't strong enough to help my friend ... but now? I can now show you how powerful that the mind and body working as one can really be. And with the help I have now getting back into fighting shape ..."

Nathan Eye walks into full view of the camera out from the darkness of his basement home gym. Jacked as jacked can be with a neat cut of platinum blond hair.

Nathan Eye:

Now? I'm strong enough to do *anything* I want.

SCROW vs. SUN-TWIST SKYLAR

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Scrow's DEFTRON video plays as the Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain about a couple of moments later. His wet black hair draped over his right eye, his monocle now with an etched Raven's eye in the glass. He is in red ring gear with black trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo is of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat.

Darren Quimbley:

Making his way to the ring at this time, from the Fields of Torment..... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!!!!

Scrow makes his way to the ring, while the Faithful cheer him on. The focus on Scrow has him paying no mind to the people.

DDK:

On the last DEFTV of 2022, Scrow attacked the House of the Harvest in the parking lot. It was revealed who was Reaper the Grey's tag team partner was, none other than the rising Brazen star Sun Twist Skylar. Apparently, their last meeting left a good impression on Crimson Lord leaving Scrow a bloody mess.

Scrow steps through the ropes and removes his jacket and monocle. Warming up a bit before sitting in the corner running his forearm across his nose for a moment with a blank stare at the entranceway.

Lance:

Scrow got the jump on them, but they had the last laugh when yet again they reminded the Raven's Eye of there being more members of HoH, not just Defiants but even the actual DEFIANCE crew as well. Scrow has been avoiding any sort of interview or for that matter has secluded himself from anybody in the backstage area. Only to be seen for matches only to disappear after his match.

♪ "See you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

RG, dressed in a black suit, steps from behind the curtain first, then followed by Skylar shirtless, with HoH design tights, and no footwear; he is barefoot. His hands wrapped in white tape, and his black hair pulled behind his head. That signature Coconut with a gold chain draping across his neck. The duo makes their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbley:

His opponent from the House of the Harvest, is accompanied by Reaper the Grey. He is from Cruz Bay in the Virgin Islands... "Sun Twist" SKYLAR!!!!!!

DDK:

Lord has changed his strategy this time around. It seems like he figured if brutality was not going to get the job done, then he would focus his attack on a mental attack.

Lance:

Knowing the severe mental illness Scrow has, it seems to have been very effective. Like I said earlier it has made Scrow a recluse now.

The moment STS enters the ring, Scrow attacks, and the referee quickly calls for the bell.

DING DING

Scrow unloads with stomps and then gets to one knee and starts raining down clear closed fist blows. This quickly gets referee Benny Doyle to stop Scrow from using his closed fist, the brief distraction is enough to get Skylar enough time to tackle Scrow and unload with his own closed fists.

DDK:

The hate that has brewed between these two men is going to make this a difficult match to keep control of by Benny here.

Lance:

I agree considering both men were a bloody mess at the end of their first contest.

Skylar tosses Scrow into the corner, the force makes Scrow step out. STS lifts him up into a Samoan drop. Scrow manages to escape and pushes Skylar chest first into the turnbuckle as he returns. Scrow hits a codebreaker! Scrow hops to his feet, and stares at Grey for a second before lifting Skylar to his feet, into a suplex! He holds onto the hold and rotates his body and nails a second then a third then his final one into a brainbuster! He goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Scrow waits for Skylar to get to his feet, as Benny makes sure STS is still good to go, the brief look away has Grey grabbing Scrow's foot as he hits the ropes. The Raven's Eye quickly turns his attention to Grey trying to grab him. STS gets to his feet and grabs Scrow into a German Suplex, holds on, and does a second then a third, and this time ends with an atomic drop making Scrow stagger into the ropes hitting, and this time STS gets off the samoan drop.

DDK:

Skylar is climbing the ropes! Five Star Splash! Cover!

ONE

TWO

THR!!! Scrow gets the shoulder up.

Lance:

Reaper is outraged outside the ring. Skylar is barking at Benny about his slow count.

STS goes back to his blatant closed fists on a prone Scrow. Benny again warns STS and this time forces STS to stop and yells at him in the corner. Scrow manages to crawl to the ropes he pulls himself to a knee and Grey from out of nowhere with that Coconut necklace of Skylar blasts Scrow across the head with it!

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me! Come on!

Scrow is out cold. Skylar pushes himself past Benny and goes for a cover.

DDK:

NO! Not like this!

Lance:

Scrow is busted open yet again by that coconut!

ONE

TWO

THREE.....NO!

In a millisecond of Benny almost striking his hand on the mat he notices Scrow has managed to get his foot on the bottom rope. In a fit of rage Grey shoves his foot off the rope. Skylar wants his hand raised but Benny tells him it was not a three count. STS is adamant he wants his hand raised and this time gets in Benny's face. Out of sheer emotions, he shoves Benny, Doyle points at his DEFIANCE logo on his shirt and shoves Skylar back, so much so that Scrow school boys Skylar!

DDK:

Skylar is lucky he was not DQ'ed there but Scrow has a cover!

ONE

TWO

THR... Skylar kicks out!

Lance:

STS is outraged and quickly gets to his feet, Benny now realizes Scrow is busted open.

He pulls out his medical gloves from his pocket as Skylar flips off the crowd. He picks up a bloody Scrow and The Raven's Eye swats his arms away and unloads with his flurry of kicks and punches. Skylar is stunned and in an absolute daze as he backs into the corner trying to cover up Grey hops on the apron and Scrow roundhouse kicks him right off the apron.

Scrow snap mares Skylar out of the corner hits a stiff strike to the upper back of the sitting STS, hits the ropes, and baseball dropkicks Skylar in the chest. Scrow picks up STS and throws him into the corner as The Faithful cheer on Scrow. Scrow does a little jump and charges toward Skylar, and at the last moment Skylar pulls Benny in front of him!

DDK:

Skylar just pulled Benny in front of him, and Doyle is out with a knee strike!

Lance:

Scrow is quickly distracted, realizing what happened.

Skylar quickly takes advantage of the lapse in judgment and tries a clothesline. Scrow with a sixth sense it would seem ducks it.

RAVEN'S CALL!

DDK:

Skylar is out cold, and here comes the other member of HoH!

Grey gets in the ring and the two start to brawl back and forth. Scrow manages to get the upper hand pushes Grey back into the ropes and clotheslines him over the ropes. Scrow turns to Skylar who has started to move, he is poised for another Raven's Call!

DDK:

Scrow has disposed of Reaper the Grey, and is looking to finish this off with another Raven's Call!

Lance:

Sun Twist Skylar is back to his feet!

RG again grabs the foot of Scrow, Benny is starting to move. Scrow quickly turns to Grey. Skylar shakes his head, and just as Scrow turns around STS has him up in a power slam. Grey rolls a chair in.....

MOON BEAM! On the chair!

DDK:

Come on! This has been two on one the entire match!

RG removes the evidence, STS pulls Scrow to the middle of the ring and hooks both legs and shouts at Benny to count. Doyle, still disoriented, notices the pinfall and crawls into position.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Not like this!

THREE!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

Scrow has been cheated out of a win here tonight! This is disgusting, Grey raising this undeserving winner in Sun Twist Skylar hand in victory!

♪ "See you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

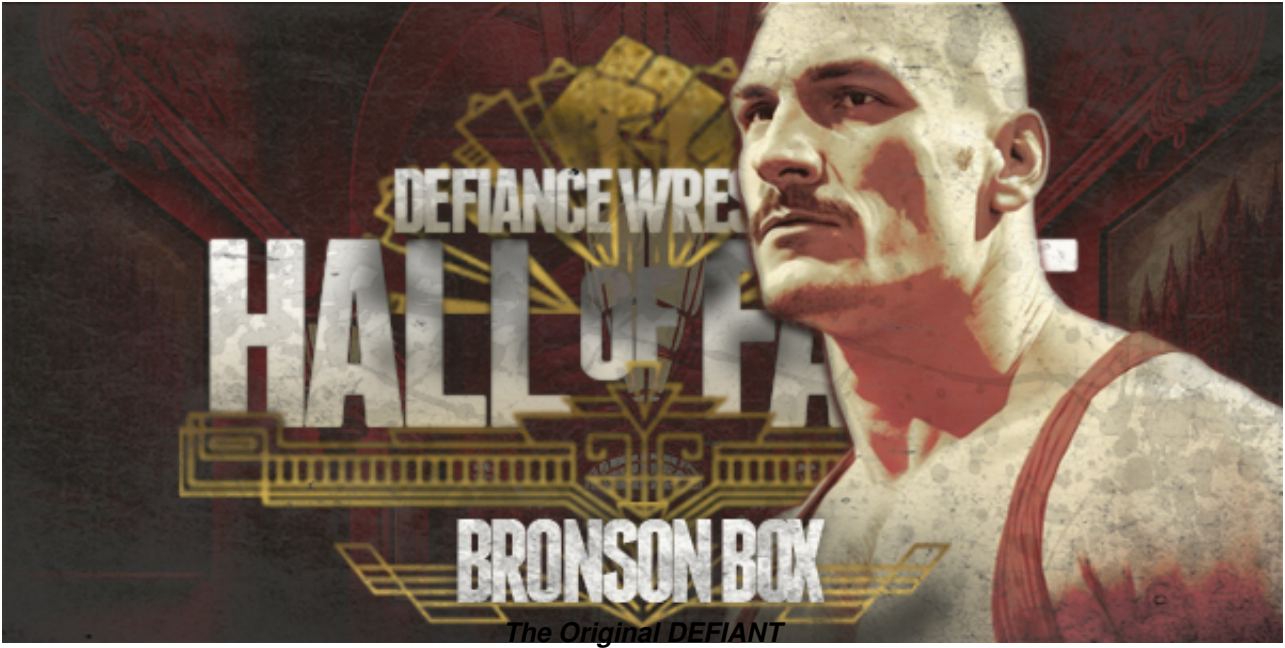
Darren Quimbley:

The winner of the match "Sun Twist"...SKYLAR!!!

DDK:

The absolute gull of these two men, Benny is checking on an unconscious Scrow. Highway Robbery if you ask me!

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



THE RETURN

A graphic appears for the next big show, DEFIANCE Road! Darren Keebler and Lance Warner go over things.

DDK:

We've seen so many stars already trying to get the last word or gather momentum as we get closer to DEFIANCE Road! And with that, we have another MAJOR match coming your way!

Lance:

Indeed! After weeks of the two men going at one another's throats... it has been made official...

DEFIANCE ROAD

DEACON vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS

DDK:

After not being allowed to be involved in the ACTS Tournament last year won by our current FIST Lindsay Troy, Alvaro de Vargas targeted the previous champion Deacon! The tournament was the Mute Freak's idea, and de Vargas has placed the blame squarely on the former FIST of DEFIANCE that he was left out.

Lance:

The former El Sol Dorado has rechristened himself as Supernova Cubana and launched a fireball into the face of Deacon that made him miss a month of action. Alvaro has made a promise to "burn brighter" and...

DDK:

Wait...

Before the two men can get any more words in on this recent rivalry, the curtains part.

No music.

No fanfare.

Only the volatile Alvaro de Vargas marching through the curtains, practically frothing at the mouth. No Tom Morrow out there as he storms towards the ring with massive jeers following him.

DDK:

When we've seen Alvaro de Vargas obsessed with something, we have seen it only lead to no good for him and anyone he targets. Since Deacon returned from that fireball attack at 179, the two beasts have fought tooth and nail with neither man having a clear advantage leading into DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

We'd received word earlier they were both in the house tonight... and it may only be a matter of time before they collide again!

Alvaro SHOVES Darren Quimbey aside and steals the mic from his grip before he climbs into the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

HOMBRE DE LA LUZ!

Supernova Cubana directs all of his attention to the arena.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I know you're here! You know I'm here! I'm not WAITING until DEFIANCE Road, pendejo! I'm not HERE to sell this company's bullshit marquee it leaves me off time and time again! ¡A la mierda! Fuck them!

ADV points a calloused finger in the direction of the entryway.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I know you can hear me, Deacon! Everything that's happened to me in the last six months! Being excluded from the ACTS Tournament! Being kept away from The FIST! Being kept away from FIST and SOHER Battle Royal! It's you! It's ALL you! It's always been YOU.

When he's met with silence, the Cuban blood of Supernova Cubana seems to boil even more.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I've won EVERYTHING I've needed to in this company! Oscar Burns! Beaten! Conor Fuse! Beaten! Henry Keyes! Beaten! Kerry Kuroyama! Beaten! Lindsay Troy... I'm the one person in this last year and a half she HASN'T beaten! I SHOULD BE WHERE SHE IS NOW... and I'm not because YOU, Deacon... you left me out of the ACTS Tournament that I would have won!

Alvaro tilts his neck.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I've played by DEFIANCE's rules for far too long and I've been given NOTHING in return!. ¡Nada! Nada que mostrar. DEFIANCE me ha faltado el respeto por última puta vez! So now, I'm cutting my OWN path to the FIST... and it goes through YOU... and that little bitch, Magdalena.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Alvaro de Vargas:

You couldn't save her and it eats you alive, doesn't it? You pointed the finger at those Vae Victis pendejos when it was ME this whole time. It took EVERYTHING in me not to shout it from the rooftops when I put your dear Magdalena in a hospital, and the only thing that kept me quiet was the fact that it would make you HURT, Deacon. Now... Mute Freak. Hombre de la luz. Man of the Light. Get out here now. Take your revenge... before I come back there and take mine...

The microphone falls to the canvas with a thud as he waits for his DEFIANCE Road opponent to appear. ADV falls to his knees and holds his hands out, practically offering himself.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Te estoy dando una oportunidad gratis, Deacon! Será mejor que lo tome!

The Faithful are buzzing...

...

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DEACON FINALLY CHARGES FROM THE BACK!

DDK:

No pomp or circumstance for either man tonight! They aren't waiting until DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Alvaro practically goaded him into this battle by mentioning what he did to Magdalena! He was a man possessed like we've never seen him when it came to harm befalling her.

ADV doesn't wait until Deacon makes it to the ring and steps through the ropes, before charging! The two monsters once again exchange fists halfway down the aisle as The Faithful go crazy!

DDK:

They're right back at it! I'm surprised that there's anything LEFT for these two after everything they've thrown at each other in the past few weeks!

Lance:

Deacon fires a big headbutt! Another headbutt! He's got Alvaro on the back foot this time!

Alvaro stumbles towards the ring with Deacon towering after! Alvaro has stumbled back before the ring post but when Deacon starts to charge forward...

LOW BLOW BY TOM MORROW!

DDK:

No! No! Where the hell did Morrow come from?

Lance:

I don't know! But this was a damn setup!

The crowd JEERS when Deacon gets stunned by the BFTA Brainchild! Deacon is barely upright until Alvaro charges and LEVELS The Mute Freak with the Scorcher superkick! Deacon gets knocked back towards the post! Tom Morrow cackles and laughs before he jumps up to high-five Alvaro de Vargas!

DDK:

There you go! Deacon would normally not take the bait of tactics like this, but he hasn't been thinking straight since Magdalena was hurt!

Lance:

And now Alvaro... HEY!

CRACK!

Alvaro has a chair and SLAMS it across the back of Deacon! He raises the chair and brings it down again! And again! And again! All across his back! Deacon finally crumbles to the canvas with Alvaro now standing over him, raising a partially dented chair for the masses to see.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

For the first time in probably a good, long several months, Supernova Cubana has a smile on his face. He kneels dead level at Deacon as the former FIST of DEFIANCE tries to push himself up off the canvas. Alvaro reaches up and pulls him up by the hair.

Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJ... AGHH!

The Faithful ROAR when Deacon reaches up and STILL grabs Alvaro by the throat! He brings an elbow down into the arm of Deacon again until he finally breaks his grip and then CRACKS him with the chair once again! Then a SIXTH time!

DDK:

This isn't good at all! Deacon has been beaten down thanks to this setup by Alvaro de Vargas, Tom Morrow and that chair!

ADV has an idea and then lays the chair flat on the canvas. He stomps away at Deacon several more times to make sure any fight left in him can't stop what he wants to do next. He slowly pulls Deacon up by the hair and then applies a piledriver setup...

DDK:

HE'S LOOKING FOR ARDIENDO!

The Faithful are BOOING Alvaro as he gets ready...

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

But something gets his attention from ringside.

Not something.

Some-ONE! With a kendo stick, battering Tom Morrow at ringside!

Lance:

Darren... DARREN! IT'S MAGDALENA! IT'S MAGDALENA! MAGDALENA IS BACK!

Sure enough, Magdalena is back! She has a kendo stick in hand and when Morrow turns...

CRACK!

Right over the head! He falls to the floor when Alvaro sees what's going on! He's still got Deacon up, but before he is able to hit the move he's looking for...

DEACON SURGES TO LIFE! HE BACK BODY DROPS ALVARO!

*RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!***DDK:**

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD! THEY'RE GOING CRAZY!

Deacon and Magdalena reunite in the middle of the ring and fist bump to a HUGE response from the Canadian Faithful!

DDK:

For the first time in months, Magdalena has returned!

Deacon turns his attention to Alvaro when he tries to stand. Deacon CRACKS him right in the face with a big boot! Alvaro bounces into the ropes and comes right back into a gut kick from The Mute Freak! He hoists Alvaro up...

...

ALTAR CALL!

Alvaro crumbles in half after the Crucifix Powerbomb and rolls out of the ring with Deacon and Magdalena now standing their ground!

Lance:

ADV and Tom Morrow had a plan tonight to do some serious damage to Deacon tonight before DEFIANCE Road, but Deacon appears to have had an ace up his sleeve tonight in case Alvaro tried something!

DDK:

The battle lines have been drawn! Deacon stands tall tonight as we head to DEFIANCE Road! Will Deacon get revenge for he and Magdalena after months of torment from Alvaro de Vargas?

Deacon raises his hands in the air as he and Magdalena take their leave! Alvaro licks his wounds as he sits against the guardrail on the outside with a FURIOUS Tom Morrow! Deacon stares down Alvaro one more time and then takes his leave with Magdalena!

FOURTH WHEEL

Christie Zane is standing by in the backstage interview area with a smile as she gets ready to greet her guests.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been a truly explosive evening and after some victories on their part, we're about to get a word with a few big winners from tonight's prior matches. Please welcome... Uriel Cortez, Titaness, Minute and Dan Leo James... Titanes Familia!

The faint roar of the crowd is heard when all four members of everyone's favorite family-themed DEFIANCE stable appears in view. Uriel Cortez and Titaness have on matching blue and gold track suits, Minute walks up looking mighty proud of himself after pinning the Favoured Saints Champion Ned Reform. They wait...

...but no Dan.

Titaness:

Anyone seen Danny?

Minute:

He was getting checked on by Iris after his match earlier, then said he was getting a shower.

???:

Wait, wait, wait!

Just stepping into view and finally slipping a shirt over his head, Dan Leo James is the last person to arrive on set as Christie Zane points the microphone his way.

Dan Leo James:

Sorry, sorry, sorry... ribs are all hurty, so my shower took longer than I thought. Did you guys know that a fire extinguisher to your rib cage isn't good for your health?

Uriel Cortez:

It probably does, but congrats are in order. Great job out there, Danny, putting that asshole Strong AF in his place.

Christie Zane:

Indeed, that was going to be my first question. Congrats are in order for all of you. First, Dan Leo James, winning your toughest match to date on the main roster. The ribs aside, how are you feeling right now.

Dan Leo James looks confident in himself for the first time in a while.

Dan Leo James:

I'm feeling pretty darn good right now, Christie. Strong AF has been running his mouth about my place in this group and my place on this roster for months now. So to finally shut him up and prove him wrong felt great. I feel like after that...

His arms are outstretched.

Dan Leo James:

I CAN DO ANYT...OW OW OW OW RIB!

He hunches over in obvious pain. Titaness tries not to laugh, then helps him upright.

Dan Leo James:

I'll be okay. Dr. Iris wanted me to take it easy for a couple weeks but I'm ready to show DEFIANCE now that I got my first big win under my belt, I'm ready to move on and move up!

Christie Zane:

Indeed. Congratulations on your win again, Dan. Now, we had something to bring to the attention of the rest of Titanes Familia...

Uriel Cortez:

Yeah, that's what we were told.

Titaness:

Yeah, what's going on with the match?

Christie Zane turns it to the monitor behind her.

Christie Zane:

Now, earlier tonight, it was originally announced that a Favoured Saints Fatal Four Way for the title would take place at DEFIANCE Road! Ned Reform would be defending against his... well, now former case study, Teresa Ames, Uriel Cortez and Titaness.

Uriel Cortez: *[slightly concerned]*

...Yeah?

Chrisite Zane:

Based on what happened earlier tonight... TWO more have been added!

The original graphic from earlier now has TA Cole... and the man who pinned Ned Reform earlier tonight... Minute! Minute looks pleased with himself! Titaness smiles her her friend, but Uriel Cortez doesn't seem to share the same enthusiasm.

Minute:

Si, Christie. The DEFIANCE matchmakers gave me the news right before this interview. I'm pumped! I've...

Uriel Cortez:

Hey...

Minute stops and looks up at Uriel.

Uriel Cortez:

Look, Minute... I'm happy for you, I am. I know how much you loved having that title and I know how proudly you wore it. You never got a rematch for that title and now you got a chance... but I was close to winning that title a few weeks ago, too, AND I got screwed out of my shot.

Minute:

I'm sorry, amigo, I am. You did.

Uriel Cortez:

But... I'm not happy with how you tagged yourself in before I had a chance to put Ned away. You know I wanted to pin that little bald prick. It's the LEAST he deserves after he screwed T and I out of the Unified Tag Titles.

Minute sighs.

Minute:

I know, I'm know. I'm sorry. ... Uriel, Princesa... I am. But...

He looks up at both of his friends.

Minute:

But lately... I'm tired of feeling like the fourth wheel in this group.

Titaness:

Excuse me?

The TJ Tornado tries to explain himself.

Minute:

I... I not mean it like that. This is how I've been feeling lately. Danny has been working his ass and getting the attention he deserves for it.

He points to Uriel and Titaness.

Minute:

You guys got married! You won the Unified Tag Titles in Uriel's home town. Amazing moments. Amazing achievements... but 2022? That wasn't my year. I did nothing.

Titaness:

Minute, that's not true! Come on, you know that. I...

Minute points to his own chest.

Minute:

No! It's true! I did NOTHING. And I couldn't let that happen again, so tonight, I did something for ME. I need to break out. I need to do something for ME. I'm a former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion and a former Favoured Saints Champion, but people still overlook me. You guys were all at least nominated for something. Me? I got forgotten about.

The young luchador balls up a fist.

Minute:

...But not anymore.

Uriel looks annoyed.

Uriel Cortez:

Look, man... I'm sorry you felt this way. You haven't said anything.

Minute:

I know, I know. That's my fault.

Uriel Cortez:

BUT... Ned Reform wronged us. And now he's got not one, but FIVE people coming for him and that title. Regardless of the outcome, we're getting payback on his ass when one of us walks out of there with the Favoured Saints Championship. I think we can at least agree on that much?

Minute:

Si.

Titaness:

Agreed. May the best man... or woman NOT named Teresa Ames win.

Uriel Cortez:

I see what you did there. Let's talk and get this all sorted out before DEFIANCE Road.

Christie Zane:

Thanks for your time, everyone. Best of luck to all of you.

As the members of Titanes Familia start to leave, Dan stops and turns to Christie.

Dan Leo James:

That match was so dope! Chokeslammed Strong AF right through the table! A million pieces! BOOOM!

Christie Zane shakes her head and sighs.

THE DAME, THAT DUDE & HIM

♪ "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The lights in the arena go out completely blank. There's a beat. And another beat. And a third.

Finally, the spotlight comes on near the top of the entrance ramp. And standing there is Teri Melton.

Teri's newly done flapper curls are dyed silver, with extra silver flakes in them. She's wearing silver eyeliner. Silver elbow-length gloves. Long dangling silver earrings. And a silver sequin dress with spaghetti straps that flirtatiously ends at a little higher than mid-thigh, along with silver Dorothy from Wizard of Oz jewelled shoes.

The spotlight reflects over all of this -- her hair, her earrings, her dress -- and gives off a glow about all of it. It almost gives her a physical aura around her.

She looks up as she pulls a long drag from her cigarette holder and blows it slowly and coolly from her lips. Then she raises both hands slowly over her head, and drops them with her hands out wide. She then opens her eyes and has a face with a big, wide smirk - a "Carmen Sandiego escaping with the loot" smile and laugh.

The crowd erupts once they register who it is -- screaming at the cult hero of the past few months, with her various antics and the success of her long con on Lord Nigel finished, complete with an escape via a hot air balloon, with a sea of people making the "DiamondHands" gesture of The Uncut Gems.

After she emerges in the spotlight, Zoltan and JJ Dixon follow suit. Zoltan is clad in his black Reservoir Dogs suit. JJ comes out with a ringer-T that says "The Special Attraction" in a Doors-style 1970s font in the shape of the state of Texas. JJ slowly walks out with a playful "DiamondHands" to the crowd and singing to the song - "I've been waiting for this moment/all my life, ohhhh lord" before clapping. He and Zoltan take their place behind their leader and give each other a fist pound, and even Zoltan cracks a bit of a smile at the raucous scene.

Teri Melton:

I think everyone -- and especially Lord Nigel -- have learned what I mean when I tell the world that...

She scans the crowd with a smile around her face as they buzz in anticipation. She holds the microphone to her mouth.

Teri Melton:

TERI MELTON...

She then punches in the air with the mic with the crowd saying the rest.

Crowd:

IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

There are cheers followed by a chant from the audience.

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

JJ folds his hands into the gesture one at a time, in rhythm with their chant. Teri basks in it for a few moments before raising her hand, and the crowd falls silent. She has them in the palm of her hand.

Teri Melton:

When I arrived here a few months ago, many people said I was too old, that I had too much baggage, that I was too manipulative to make it here in DEFIANCE. They said Zoltan was an unsettling journeyman not worthy of anyone's respect. And they said JJ Dixon didn't have it, that he wasn't going to make it here in DEFIANCE... and he even started to believe that about himself. Well, to those people... take a look at The Uncut Gems now!

JJ flashes DiamondHand as the crowd chants again.

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

Teri Melton:

We've certainly grown in popularity these past few months, and it's because many of you in The Faithful see some of yourselves in our journey. Maybe "they" tell you that you don't fit the part, that you're not 'right' for the job, or you're so beaten down by life that you're about to give up on your dreams. To those of you who feel this way, well... let The Uncut Gems become your home team!

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

Teri Melton:

Because people like us - we don't wait to take opportunities. Oh, no, no, no!

Teri wags her finger "no" and pauses. She sees the camera and lets out a devilish smile.

Teri Melton:

Because The Gangster In A Gucci Dress MAKES opportunities!

The crowd cheers this as Teri holds the microphone up nonchalantly and JJ grabs it, as Teri fades back next to Zoltan.

JJ Dixon:

Alright alright alright allllriiight! Now, I want to talk about someone who has made their opportunity. Someone who has been through the ringer here in DEFIANCE and professional wrestling, in general. Someone who has had a lot of bad things come in his way, yet this person has always remained true to their beliefs. I am talking about someone who has earned the chance to be as big a star as they want to become... and I am talking not about me... but about MV1!

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

The upbeat guitar and Eddie Vedder's "yeah yeah yeah" at the start of the song blare as the crowd erupts! A row of people in his mask are each holding up a letter that reads S-E-C-T-I-O-N M-V-1. And there's a rush of kids, all wearing his mask, running closer to the railing to get a look at him as he rush-walks out, holding the number one sign high in the air as almost everyone in the crowd follows suit!

DDK:

We saw it all unfold at the Awards Show, Lord Nigel "got took", as the kids say, and MV1 was in the proverbial front row to witness his long-time nemesis get his comeuppance at the hands of Teri Melton and JJ Dixon.

MV1 slides into the ring and takes a moment to return the appreciation from the fans.

Lance:

If you ask me, it's clear from MV1's body language that whatever tension was between Masked Violator #1 and the Uncut Gems has lessened!

MV1:

Well... let me first say, I apologize.

An unsure murmuring sweeps through the arena.

MV1:

I was quite quick to look at Teri Melton and judge her on her past. Too quick to take her swagger for sinister. And while I do have some ethical and moral reservations in regards to you bilking Lord Nigel out of a sack of cash, I also know what that money was meant to pay for... and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't resting a little easier knowing it's out of play thanks to you both. I misjudged you, Ms. Melton.

MV1 looks to Dixon now.

MV1:

I guess I misjudged you both. I'm sorry.

#1 extends his right hand and the crowd cheers. Dixon glances left... then right... gauging opinion. He glances over his shoulder at Teri, who's sly grin is unchanging, before turning back to MV1. And accepting his handshake.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

MV1 leans in, whispers a kind word or two in Dixon's ear, offers Teri a polite head-nod, then turns to exit the ring.

JJ Dixon:

Hey, I wasn't done!

MV1 stops short and the crowd comes alive again.

JJ Dixon:

Now, MV1, the thing that started all of this is our match a few weeks ago. And I'm not here to stir up shit with anyone in the locker room. I've been in the ring with both you and Oscar Burns. And despite him being human garbage as a person... all of the accolades and the glowing words about his ability in the ring are absolutely true. One minute in the ring against Oscar Burns is like going to professional wrestling grad school. But I can say this from being in the ring with you. And when she's not out there executing long-con heist movie scenes, Teri Melton is breaking down and analysing every single possible opponent I might face. And what we've learned about you -- your fluidity of motion, your athleticism, your ability to not just know how to apply a move but know the reason why you're applying a move and what that means for not just the next move but three moves down the line, and your ability to adjust to whatever your opponent is throwing at you... Oscar Burns may be DEFIANCE. But MV1 is Him.

Crowd on their feet in agreement with Dixon, MV1 stifles a chuckle and waves Dixon off.

JJ Dixon:

I've got nothing but respect for you. But... we're also both competitors. And I know that I want another shot at you. Like I said before -- I want to be That Dude. I want to be The Guy. I want The Special Attraction to be more than just a cute nickname. I know you've got unfinished business with Corvo Alpha and Lord Nigel... but unfortunately for everyone, they don't seem to be goin' anywhere just yet. And I also know that while something else might be the main event at DEFIANCE Road... the real ones in The Faithful want to see me and you run it back.

JJ and MV1 both look at the crowd and they erupt.

Run It Back! Run It Back! Run It Back!

MV1:

Wow. Well. I tell you what... you aren't wrong. I've got unfinished business with Lord Nigel alright... but I've waited this long. After what I saw earlier, seems to me that Dex Joy's gonna handle Nigel... and Corvo... just fine. You got a deal. I'll see you at DEFIANCE Road!

Teri Melton interrupts right after MV1 agrees.

Teri Melton:

No! MV1... a few weeks ago, you said that you doubted my intentions...

She looks at him sternly before her wolfish smile appears.

Teri Melton:

I do not want an apology. Like we said -- we make opportunities for ourselves. And you do, too. Both of you made the

opportunity to leave as the talk of New York City by testing yourselves to the limit. And you owe me. I demand a stipulation in this match, and JJ does not know what I have in mind...

She pauses as the room goes silent.

Teri Melton:

A 60 Minute Ironman match!

JJ looks shocked at the stipulation as the crowd again erupts!

MV1:

I like the sound of that. You wanna be That Dude, JJ? You've gotta go an hour with THIS one. Can't wait.

JJ has no choice but to agree as the crowd starts to chant and MV1 turns to head back to the dressing room.

JJ Dixon! MV1! JJ Dixon! MV1! JJ Dixon! MV1!

PLAYER FOUR HAS KINDA MAYBE JOINED THE GAME

The scene opens to Conor Fuse in the hallway, standing outside Malak Garland's locker room. He cracks his back, opens the door and marches in.

There Malak Garland sits, behind a desk, eyes staring straight ahead and directly at Conor Fuse. It was as if Malak was waiting for him.

Malak Garland: *[coldly]*

Hello.

Garland's voice is rather off-putting as Conor approaches slowly before starting his quick winded speech, although nowhere near as fast as his pitch to SNS.

Conor Fuse:

Okay so Malak, I know things haven't been great since I've tried convincing you of being a good guy but dude it's not easy, it was never supposed to be easy! However, the payout is a lot better and more rewarding than tucking your tail between your legs and crying-

Garland puts his hand up so Fuse stops speaking.

It takes The Snowflake Superstar a while before he lowers his hand and then responds in a much more controlled manner than his counterpart.

Malak Garland:

I don't want to be a good guy, Conor. I don't want to do it. I tried and it was nothing but anxiety provoking. It's not in my fabric.

He ends up pointing at the wall. On it sits a mounted logo of the Toronto Raptors.

Malak Garland:

Do you see the logo on the wall, cOnOr? It represents the ferocity of a dinosaur. Dinos are vicious, unrelenting creatures, kind of like me. I'm a predator, not prey and that's why I'm a bad guy down to the bone. I'm exactly like a Toronto Raptor and if others don't watch it, I'll rip their faces like the basketball in the logo.

Fuse tilts his head back in frustration.

Conor Fuse:

Malak, you need to-

Garland cuts him off, methodically.

Malak Garland:

No, Conor. I don't *need* to do anything. Do you know what it feels like to be trolled by Butch Vic?

Fuse doesn't answer.

Malak Garland:

Well, do you?

Garland takes a moment to try chilling out the potential panic attack coming his way.

Malak Garland:

It wasn't good, Conor. Not good at all. He realigned my inner chakras and not in a good way. I didn't sleep for a week, knowing my big brother Pat could be around the corner and ready to take my head off. I thought he'd be happy for me.

Happy for us. You see, Siobhan and I are in love.

Fuse doesn't want to buy it.

Conor Fuse:

So you were never gonna tell Pat? You two were gonna live in secret forever? Get outta here. *[Sarcastic]* Sounds like REAL LOVE to me.

Garland shakes his head.

Malak Garland:

Doesn't matter.

The Power-Up King is ready to change the subject.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, fine. Be a dick. Be a snowflake. Do whatever you need but *we're* cool, right?

Fuse lets this statement breathe. He actually bites his tongue so he can say no more while Malak, begrudgingly, finds a reply.

Malak Garland:

Yeah, I guess so. As long as we respect each other's space and time proximities.

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

Good. Then you can do me a solid and be the fourth player at DEFIANCE Road. Here's the deal: you can hate Pat, Brock, whatever, I don't give AF anymore. But don't you want another shot at Lindsay? What about Kerry? And most of all, a dude you can actually out wrestle, one-hundred times outta one-hundred, Butcher Victorious? No one out trolls a troll and you're the king of trolls! Get your crown back!

Garland's demeanor hasn't changed throughout this interaction.

Malak Garland:

On one hand, I kinda just want to cut and run. But on the other, I hate the fWo and everything that trash bag mistress muncher Lindsay Troy stands for. What a dilemma. It has me fretting hard.

The frustration in Fuse builds while Malak works through nonsense.

Conor Fuse:

FFS. One night. Just do it. You actually have skills, too. That's the sad thing, Malak. My whole 'trying to get you to be good' was actually a hell of a lot less about trying to CHANGE you, as opposed to showing you... man, you can wrestle. You did a 450 splash last month, right? You have talent! Your I Triggered knee, man, it knocks people OUT. LOL, I would know.

Garland's deadpan expression SLOWLY starts to change.

Malak Garland:

If... IF I went along with this, Conor... Lindsay is right. Pat and Brock are right, if you can believe that. We only have four guys.

Conor agrees as Malak continues.

Malak Garland:

And I can't give you a fifth. Cyrus Bates hasn't come out of hiding since the last time he did and you scolded him. I think you really traumatized Cyrus. You certainly owe him an apology but that's for another time. I don't know what Teresa has been doing lately. To be honest, she's kind of on the outs with me. She didn't like my post the other day and that cut me deep. I don't really watch her stuff, either. I really only focus on my own self contained little world. None of the other Comments Section outside of Game Boy wrestle and Game Boy... well...

Garland chuckles.

Malak Garland:

He hates you.

Fuse walks right up to the table Malak is sitting behind. The gamer sees there's all sorts of paperwork scattered across it, including his beloved Paper Championship belt. Conor wonders what the other papers are but then directs his attention back to the snowflake.

Conor Fuse:

I'm aware Game Boy hates me. Also, I've tried to reach Rezin but he's been MIA for a while. That's what Vae Victis does, they burn people out. And if we don't push back, they won't care if you're a good guy or a bad guy... they'll burn you out, too.

Fuse leans forward.

Conor Fuse:

So. That's where the fifth guy comes in.

Conor takes his arms off the table and stands upright. A sense of insecurity sweeps over him.

Conor Fuse:

I want my brother.

Malak Garland:

Whoa. Hard no.

Garland was so fast on the reply, it almost came before Conor ended his sentence.

Conor Fuse:

You're the only one that can approve it, since after all you were the one that ended our careers as a tag team. All I'm asking for is one night. DEFIANCE Road. You, Pat, Brock... Tyler and I. Against VV.

Malak Garland:

No.

Frustration is replacing the insecurity Conor was feeling a moment ago.

Conor Fuse:

Tyler HATES Kerry. He'd be great to have on our side but you're the only one with the cheat codes.

Garland grins.

Malak Garland:

I know but the answer is no. You have a better chance of getting out of The Comments Section than that ever happening.

Conor Fuse:

Why a no on Tyler?

This time Conor is quick on the reply.

Malak Garland:

Too violent.

Conor Fuse:

Fuck off, too violent?

Malak Garland:

Too violent.

Conor Fuse:

Get bent.

Malak Garland:

He hurt me. He hurt me so many times. [He once cornered me backstage](#) and told me if I ever got him mad again, he'd kill me. I don't know what kind of digital world you're living in but I live in the real world and that's verbal assault! That's a death threat! I'm used to getting those online but this was in person which went way out the line!

Garland wipes away a tear. Conor isn't sure if it's a real tear or not.

Malak Garland:

And what he did to me at the battle royal? Me, you and Tyler were going to take on Pat and Brock.

Garland starts to shake. This time it looks real.

Malak Garland:

Then he threw me over the top rope!

Malak starts to openly sob as Conor tries to remain calm... and not rip his teammate's head off.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, seriously? Welcome to the fucking game of wrestling. I mean, I didn't really like what he did either but Tyler's a dick, man. He's still a good guy to have on our side for ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Fuse doesn't say anymore. He stands there, eyes locked on Garland... waiting out the snowflake's anxiety spell.

Finally, Malak lifts his eyes to meet Conor, while keeping his head low. A ding from Malak's phone goes off. He checks it real quick as his demeanor seemingly changes on the fly.

Malak Garland:

Fine. I'll do it.

Fuse is thrilled.

Malak Garland:

Under ONE condition.

And the thrill is knocked right out.

Malak Garland:

Tyler apologizes to me. I'm quite fragile you see. I need to be coddled. Nuzzled, if you will. I'd enjoy a quick hug with his apology too.

Garland winks at the camera.

Malak Garland:

So I need Tyler standing right in front of me, giving **me** an apology. You can thank Siobhan for this opportunity.

Conor's face suggests this is never going to fly.

Malak Garland:

And I'm going to need it tonight. Hurry up. My precious time is ticking away.

A million thoughts swarm the head of Conor Fuse as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

BRAZEN CHAMPIONSHIP: DECLAN ALEXANDER (C) vs. NICK LOTTO OTTO

The camera returns to the announce table where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are standing by.

DDK:

Earlier tonight we saw Oscar Burns hint towards allowing Declan Alexander to honor his prior obligations, one could only assume that he's talking about our next match where the PogChamp defends his BRAZEN Championship against Nick "Lotto" Otto who won this opportunity at the latest BRAZEN Double Shot back home in New Orleans.

Lance:

What did he mean by that Darren? Did he mean that he's going to allow this match to go on as scheduled or he's going to allow it to happen in the first place?

DDK:

The jury is still out on that one, I assume like the rest of the world I'm guessing, that he's going to keep his nose out of it and let the match play out without interference.

Lance:

I hope you're right... but after that stunt he and the rest of Vae Victis pulled a few weeks ago on our BRAZEN Champion, I have my doubts.

♪ "Glorious" by Macklemore feat. Skylar Grey ♪

The lights in the Scotiabank Arena shift to green and golden hues as the #1 Contender to the BRAZEN Championship walks out into the arena with his arms high in the air, basking in the glory of his new reality. He spray tan incarnate, wearing ring attire with a similar color scheme to Declan Alexander's blue and yellow. He shows off his "Strike It Rich" tattoo to the hard camera and points to himself before looking around the Faithful with a nod, basking in their mixed reaction as some of them are seeing the Five Million Dollar Man for the first time and don't quite know what to think yet.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first the challenger from Shreveport, Louisiana. Weighing in at 211 pounds. NICK. LOTTOOOOOO OOOOTTOOOOOO!

Those unsure of the challenger quickly figure things out when he begins making his way to the ring appreciative of the reaction serenading him by the Faithful, bowing to show gratitude, and almost touching a fan reaching out to get a high five and he jumps back gasping and clutching his chest. The fan continues to reach out for a high five and Nick simply apologizes and walks away.

DDK:

A big chance for this young man from Shreveport, Lance. A former bank teller who paid his way through wrestling school by winning five million dollars from a scratcher. He's quickly began to make a name for himself in BRAZEN I understand.

Lance:

He also paid his way through that match, paying off BRAGG to give him a hand in winning the battle royal to get him his shot here tonight. He's only four matches into his BRAZEN career and we're already starting to wonder how much "wrestling" he's actually done in his career.

DDK:

Sounds like he's going to have his hands full here tonight with DEC4L, but he might have something up his sleeve. Sounds like he usually does.

Lance:

Yeah, it's green and it came from a scratch off ticket.

Now in the ring, the Five Million Dollar Man begins stretching in the corner when suddenly the music stops. Yellow lights begin circulating above his head and the Faithful cheer as The Payload™ begins its descent while the synth pulsates through the arena. The DEFIAtron shows an aerial view from The Payload™ as it charges down towards the entrance where a figure stands with his back towards the ring in front of a wall of white LEDs. As the drone flies past you get a view of Declan Alexander with the BRAZEN Championship draped over his back, leaning against the Platinum Shovel before spinning around.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!
♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Brookline, Massachusetts. Weighing in at 229 pounds. He is the BRAZEN Champion. "DEEEEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXXANDER!

The Faithful give a healthy cheer to the internet famous streamer who holds his championship in the air before swinging it over his shoulder, draping it across his trademark D4 varsity style jacket and making his way towards the ring with the title on one shoulder and the Platinum Shovel on the other. He goes out of his way to give some love to the fan Otto avoided. The Payload™ continues to follow Alexander to the ring, giving some amazing swooping aerial shots of the champ on the DEFIAtron.

DDK:

Declan had quite the... what was that? A meme review earlier tonight that the Faithful really seemed to enjoy.

Lance:

It's pronounced MEME, Darren, not maymay. Everyone except Vae Victis I'm assuming.

DDK:

I find it hard to believe Oscar Burns and the rest of Vae Victis are going to keep their nose out of this match especially after that brazen show of disrespect from the champion, pun not intended.

Lance:

Oh that pun was intended. Lean into it. Become the dad joke, Darren!

As Declan begins to climb the stairs to get into the ring, the voice of his opponent cuts through the music and brings the entrance to a startling halt.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

Wait wait wait wait WAIT.

Jeers begin to rain down from the Toronto Faithful, they are now beginning to understand the man they're dealing with in the ring.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

This all must be really tough for you, Declan. I understand. Traveling for DEFIANCE but still having to come back and make BRAZEN shows to fulfill your commitments. Heck I needed to get a passport just to come here today. That was a process itself. What if I told you that we don't even need to wrestle tonight and I could make life a LOT easier for you.

The BRAZEN Champion begins to walk slowly across the apron, eyeing his opponent confused.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

I have a proposition for you. \$10,000 CASH. No strings attached for me to take that burden off your shoulders. All you have to do is surrender the BRAZEN Championship to me. You can focus on DEFIANCE full time, take care of your Oscar Burns problem without the distraction of having to do these meaningless title matches. What do you say?

The Faithful boo as Declan steps into the ring baffled by his opponent, obviously unaware of the amount of money Alexander has made from streaming online over the years.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

It's all in the briefcase backstage, I can go show you if you'd like or have someone bring it out. You!

The Five Million Dollar man points towards a tech crew member at ringside.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

Go fetch my briefcase! I'll give you \$20 American to grab my things. That's like \$1000 Canadian, right? Think of everything you could do here with that money!

The jeers intensify as Declan tosses his jacket out of the ring and hands his Platinum Shovel to Benny Doyle. He then goes to hand his championship over to the official but hesitates, seemingly contemplating the offer.

Nick "Lotto" Otto:

Declan, you could BUY Canada with \$10,000 USD. Think about it.

Benny Doyle grabs the BRAZEN Championship from DEC4L as he reaches out and asks for the microphone from Nick Lotto who gleefully obliges. The PogChamp puts the microphone up to his lips and opens his mouth to speak... but then throws it over his shoulder and begins striking away at the Five Million Dollar Man to the roaring approval of the Toronto Faithful!

DING DING

DDK:

I'll take that as a no, Lance!

Lance:

Yeah I think Lotto's exchange rates were a little off?

DDK:

Didn't he used to be a banker?

Lance:

Out of practice at this point, obviously!

Alexander has Otto backed into the corner where he brings down a series of chops across the lottery winner's chest. In desperation, Lotto drops to the floor and rolls out of the ring grasping his chest in agony. As he rounds the corner trying to get some air, he doesn't expect DEC4L who has already left the ring, running across the apron with a missile dropkick. Alexander quickly tosses Otto back into the ring and jumps up onto the apron. As Otto reaches his feet, the PogChamp jumps up onto the top rope but Lotto stumbles forward leaping to slap the ropes and make Declan land awkwardly in the ring. Still catching his breath, Lotto holds onto the ropes and begins stomping away at the BRAZEN Champion as Doyle calls for a rope break and Otto does so right at five before shoving Alexander back out onto the apron with his foot.

DDK:

Lucky break there for Otto, DEC4L was firmly in control of this match!

Lance:

I hate to say it but it was a heads up move!

As Alexander reaches his feet and Otto backs away from the ropes with his hands in the air, the challenger suddenly charges forward and spears the PogChamp through the ropes and they both come crashing down on the outside of the ring. Both men writhe in pain for a few seconds before Nick manages to get back up and roll Declan into the ring.

Crawling in desperation, Otto covers the champion for a quick finish!

ONE!

TWO!

T... KICKOUT!

The Faithful roar in appreciation as Lotto's mouth drops in frustration. He begins to just rain down a series of mounted punches on the champion before Benny Doyle inserts himself into the fray due to the closed fists. Otto gives Alexander the opportunity to begin to rise to his feet before rushing in with a knee that fails to connect. Nick spins around and Alexander is in position for the Play of the Game!

DDK:

WATCH OUT!

Lance:

C-C-COMBO BREAKER!

Instead of going for the Play of the Game, Declan jumps up with a rising spinning european uppercut he calls the Dragon Punch! Shades of Eugene Dewey as the shot knocks the challenger square onto his back. With Otto crawling across the ring after the shot, Declan gets into position for the Play of the Game. The Faithful roar in appreciation as the Intrepid Influencer measures up his opponent and takes a step forwa...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

DDK:

Well there goes that promise!

Declan Alexander turns now towards the entrance and watches to see Oscar Burns begin to make his way down towards the ring, except he doesn't. The song plays for a few seconds and then it's Sonny Silver who finally appears! Benny Doyle goes to the ropes and immediately begins signaling for the PRIME Hall of Famer to turn around and leave, who ignores the warning and tries to argue back over the music. DEC4L senses something is up and turns to locate Nick Otto who launches himself off the top rope! However, in mid-air Declan leaps and grabs the challenger and drops him into The Play of the Game! The Toronto Faithful cheer on the champion who gets back up to his feet in celebration looki...

Lance:

WATCH OUT!

DDK:

IT'S OSCAR BURNS!

With Platinum Shovel in hand DEFIANCE itself drills the BRAZEN Champion in the face! As quickly as he came, Burns drags Nick "Lotto" Otto on top of the PogChamp and rolls out of the ring! Halfway down the aisle, Sonny Silver waves off Benny Doyle and begins making his way backstage as a symphony of boos erupt from the Faithful. Doyle turns around and sees the pinfall attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

OH COME ON!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Nick Otto is the new BRAZEN Champion and he doesn't even know where he is!

It's true as Benny Doyle goes to help the new BRAZEN Champion to his feet who appears to have no idea what's going on. Meanwhile heading up the aisle now, is Oscar Burns clutching his Platinum Shovel back in his hands. Looking at his own reflection in the piece of hardware he gives it a huge kiss and holds it high into the air at the same time Otto's arm is raised into the air and the BRAZEN Championship is placed around his waist. Sonny Silver is soon to meet Burns halfway and give him a congratulatory pat on the back.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... AND NEWWWWWWWWWWW BRAZEN Champion! NICK. LOTTOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOTTTOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Glorious" by Macklemore feat. Skylar Grey ♪

In the ring Declan Alexander's eyes are now finally open as he looks up into the rafters in defeat. Nick "Lotto" Otto falls to his knees, barely able to walk and crawls out of the ring with his new championship. Sonny Silver and Oscar Burns are now next to the announce table at the top of the aisle giving a hand to the new BRAZEN Champion.

DDK:

I hope you guys are proud of your handiwork here tonight.

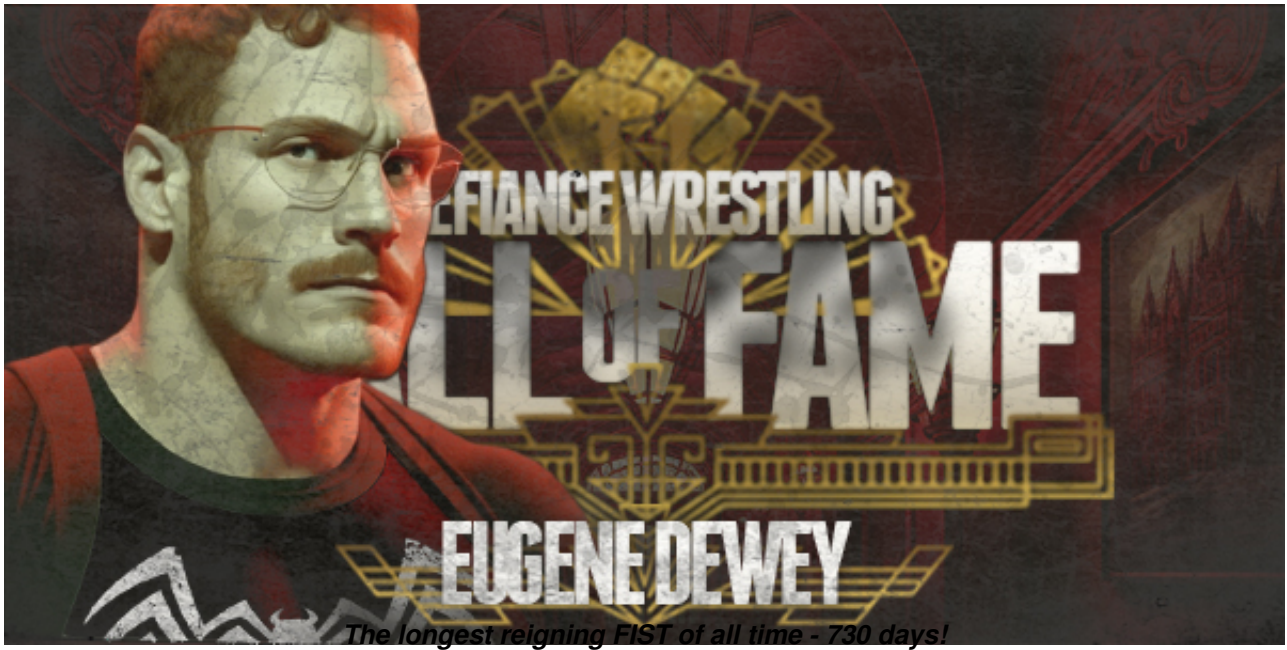
Through the announcers mics you can hear Sonny Silver screaming "HE IS DEFIANCE! HE MAKES THE RULES!"

Lance:

If you really cared about this place you'd let the fights happen in the rin-

Oscar Burns slaps Lance Warner's headset off of his head and Sonny Silver makes a fake crying motion as the pair turn around and walk backstage. The scene shifts to Nick "Lotto" Otto stumbling up the aisle holding his BRAZEN Championship in the air on spaghetti legs as Declan Alexander watches from inside the ring sitting on the mat, holding his head.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY



PLAYER FOUR DEFINITELY HASN'T JOINED THE GAME AND NEITHER HAS PLAYER FIVE, THE GAME IS LIKELY OVER

Conor Fuse:

Please, just do it, okay?

Back off the commercial break and Conor Fuse is walking down the hallway with an extremely pissed off Tyler Fuse. Although the crowd is cheering heavily, those cheers turn to various concerns as Conor pushes back the 'MALAK GARLAND' locker room door and the Fuse Bros. walk inside.

There Malak sits, behind the same table Conor found him at earlier and Garland is looking as coy as ever before. In fact, he's wearing some Drake Raptors OVO gear that sells out faster than it has a right too.

Tyler takes one look at Malak and starts to walk out.

Tyler Fuse:

Fuck that prick.

With Tyler halfway out the door, Malak decides to open his mouth.

Malak Garland:

That's right, run away. Little bitch.

It was the wrong thing to say... because it brings Tyler directly back into the room as he power walks across the floor. Garland quivers and covers up quickly, thinking the end is near.

Tyler Fuse:

You are incredibly lucky right now, Malak. Because if I don't end up killing you, I'm pretty sure Pat or Brock will. So many people hate your fucking guts.

Garland realizes Tyler has stopped short of his desk, likely thanks to Conor Fuse, who puts his hand out to stop Tyler's progress.

Conor motions to his brother.

Conor Fuse:

Dude. We're in Toronto. My home, YOUR home. Kinda cool, huh?

Tyler doesn't change his expression.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, enough nonsense. Malak, reinstate the Fuse Bros. for one night only, please. Tyler might be a dick but his violence will be directed towards Vae Victis and NOT you.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I can't promise that.

Conor nudges his brother in the shoulder, hard.

Conor Fuse:

Just one fucking night. All of us put aside our differences. It's not perfect but it's the only way to solve this mess.

Garland jumps in.

Malak Garland:

A mess YOU started, Conor. You put out the challenge to Vae Victis, not me. Besides, technically speaking it wouldn't be JUST the Fuse Bros. tagging but I still struggle with the idea and logistics of it.

He stops to mumble.

Malak Garland: [quietly]

Some locker room leader...

Conor pretends he didn't hear it.

Conor Fuse:

Malak, you SAID you'd reinstate us.

Garland disagrees.

Malak Garland:

I said I would after Tyler apologizes to me.

Tyler's face goes red with anger. He looks at his younger brother.

Tyler Fuse:

You never fucking said that.

Garland adds on, joyously.

Malak Garland:

Oh, he didn't tell you the full story? Haha. Yeah, Tyler, I want you to say sorry to me. Don't worry, I won't make you follow through on the hug part though.

Tyler Fuse:

Go fuck yourself.

Under typical circumstances, this would likely rattle Garland. But he knows he's in control of the situation so he simply leans back in his chair.

Malak Garland:

Apologize. Own your actions.

Tyler Fuse:

I said go fuck yourself.

Malak Garland:

Apologize like a child who wants out of timeout.

Tyler Fuse:

This isn't even my fight.

Malak Garland:

If you love your brother you will apologize.

Tyler Fuse:

And I told you time and time again, I am going to murder you.

Malak Garland:

A. Pol. O. Gize.

Tyler Fuse:

Go. Fuck. Yourself.

Conor is working on a meltdown of his own. He walks right in front of both of them and pushes Tyler back.

Conor Fuse:

STOP IT.

Looking over at the clock in Garland's locker room, he realizes his match is coming up VERY soon.

Conor Fuse:

Can't we all get along FOR ONE BLOODY NIGHT?

Tyler Fuse & Malak Garland:

No.

Disappointment crosses Conor's face.

Conor Fuse:

Fine. Both of you, be stubborn. Malak, you said we're friends now. We don't have to see eye-to-eye, we never truly will but I know there's some good down there inside of you to do the right thing.

Conor turns to his older brother.

Conor Fuse:

And you. I thought we were cool but honestly, man, are we? Other people have mentioned how we don't even spend time together anymore. We're in the same fucking fed and we barely interact. Just the odd pay-per-view run in. I get it, actually, I do. We're totally different people but when I really need it, you've had my back. I don't need my fucking big brother looking after me 24/7, just like you don't need my annoying ADHD ass all over your game, either. That's clear and you know what? TOTALLY cool. But DEFIANCE Road, I need big bro. As for tonight...

Conor looks both of them over again.

Conor Fuse:

Fuck it. I don't need either of you. I don't need Pat, I don't need Brock. Imma go die out there, okay. But it'll be cool because hey, I'm the hometown kid.

Conor walks out of the locker room while Malak crosses his arms.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm not telling you anything.

Malak Garland:

Okay, well I don't care. Sucks for you guys because I had extra Drake OVO hoodies for you two.

Tyler Fuse:

Fuck Drake. And you don't even listen to that shit.

The scene ends.

CONOR FUSE vs. CLAY BYRD

The crowd is electric as Darren Quimbey is in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT of the night!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Plainview, Texas... weighing two-hundred-ninety-five pounds... CLAY BYRD!

♪ "Gunning For You" by Nick Nolan ♪

Transitioning into...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The Canadian crowd once again SHOWERS the arena in jeers as Clay Byrd walks out, alongside the other Vae Victis members as they wait on the top of the stage. The burly Texan marches his way down the ramp, as the Toronto Faithful get a good look at the man who, by all accounts, could mop the floors with the skinny video gaming kid if everything goes right.

Once Clay's in the ring, his theme song is replaced.

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

The Scotiabank Arena EXPLODES in the loudest cheer Conor Fuse has likely ever received. He jets out from behind the FIST logo, giving the finger to Vae Victis as he sprints down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA...

RRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing two-hundred pounds... THE ULTIMATE GAMER... CONOR FUSE!!!

Conor slides into the ring and IMMEDIATELY goes after Clay Byrd. He leaps into the giant's arms and clubs Clay with a forearm smash!

Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING

Clay tries to swat Conor off him but to no avail. The gamer is definitely game, he is driving blow after blow into the Texan's face while the crowd screams !RANK with each shot.

Finally, Fuse hops off, hits the ropes and flies through the air again, knocking Clay down with a spear!

RRRRAAAHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

You have to think this crowd is giving Conor unlimited energy right now.

Lance:

As if he didn't have enough already.

The HAPPY STOMPS of DOOM follow, as Conor is working Clay into a corner. Meanwhile, on the top of the rampway, Butcher Victorious takes a step forward as if he's going to make his way down to ringside but Sonny Silver stops him by putting his arm out, saying it's way too soon in the match.

!RANK !RANK !RANK, which each happy stomp as Conor has worked Clay into a corner.

Lance:

For Clay, it's like he's the road team playing in an electric building. Weather the storm from the home side... the initial fury coming his way. No doubt Clay can take a lot of punishment.

With all of Conor's might, he drags Clay upright and drapes him across the turnbuckle padding.

CHOP.

!RANK

CHOP.

!RANK

CHOP CHOP CHOP.

You know the drill.

The Power-Up King moves back to the center of the ring. His hands are in balls of fist, he's shaking with adrenaline before he charges in and looks for a splash-

Clay catches him.

Spinebuster slam!

DDK:

Just like you said. Clay catches Conor a little TOO amped up and plants him in the middle of the ring.

The Monster from Plainview takes a moment to recover himself before flipping Conor onto his shoulders and then nailing the gamer with a powerslam.

Pin and hook of leg.

ONE.

TW-

KICKOUT!

Clay chokes Conor. He likely knew he wasn't going to receive a three count so he was ready with his next move the second Fuse kicked out. The "Locker Room Leader" tries to fight out of it by resting on a knee and then pushing up and off but Clay doesn't let go. Fuse is firing his arms around and the hot Toronto crowd isn't letting up, either. They cheer the hometown kid on... as Conor is now on both feet.

It's actually Clay who breaks the hold, in order to swat Fuse HARD in the back with a forearm smash. This doubles the former Tag Team Champion over before Clay hits the ropes and looks for a big boot...

Fuse ducks it! Conor hits the ropes and launches himself at his enemy.

WHAM.

This time the big boot connects! Conor hits the canvas.

Byrd begins choking Fuse again. He lifts Conor up in the air and slams him back to the mat before kicking Conor in the stomach over and over, working the gamer into a corner. Clay places his foot on Conor's neck and begins choking Fuse with his boot. Hector Navarro starts a five count but Clay doesn't stop. Instead, when the count is at four, Clay PUSHES Navarro to the center of the ring!

DDK:

I don't think Hector wants to call for the bell. I think he really wants to give this crowd a good match.

Lance:

Well, the ref might have to!

Clay continues to press his boot against Conor's neck. The gamer's pasty white skin is all red and purple now. Finally, Clay drops the boot, leans down and plucks Fuse from the mat. He places Conor on the top rope.

Lance:

Looks like Byrd is going for a crucifix powerbomb.

Byrd has Fuse positioned perfectly as he walks out to the center of the ring with him. Upon the toss to the mat, Conor wraps his legs around Byrd's neck and hurricanranas him face-first into a top turnbuckle pad!

The crowd cheers as Fuse kips to his feet. He's wobbly... he's unsure of himself... but he lays three HARD superkicks under Clay's jaw.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

SUPERKICK COM-BO!

Conor readies for a fourth kick but this time, Clay moves out of the way.

DDK:

Texas Lariat incoming!

NO!

Fuse ducks. He smacks Clay across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

WHAP!

Clay falls to a knee as the crowd goes in AAAAHHHHHH.

DDK:

Conor hits Clay with a BELL CLAP! That's one of Henry Keyes' signature moves!

Keyes looks pissed on the apron but nevertheless stays where he is.

Clay is trying to shake the cobwebs out as Conor walks over and slaps Clay across the chest again.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

The Faithful roar as Conor hits the ropes and flies off of them, catching Clay with the Queen's Gambit! The double knee strike takes Byrd down to BOTH knees.

Troy has a look on her face like "that smug little asshole" but Fuse finds her on the stage and blows a sarcastic kiss in her direction.

Conor Fuse: [shouting to Lindsay Troy]

IT WASN'T YOUR MOVE, it was the Gaelic Storm LOL! I stole it from Gage Blackwood!

Conor has a shit eating grin on his face like he obviously stole it from her. Conor walks back over to Clay and smacks him on the chest for a third time.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON MOTHER FUCKING GEEEETTTTT!

Conor bounces off the ropes-

And Fuse is absolutely decapitated, flipping inside out twice before hitting the mat thanks to an EXTREMELY angry Clay Byrd boot to the head!

Lance:

He took too long. Conor got too cute, too caught up in the moment and took too long.

DDK:

Plus Clay is a MONSTER and can take a ton of damage!

Lance:

Also true.

The air is taken out of the area, while Vae Victis go back to being pleased at what they witness. Clay peels Conor off the canvas and then hurls him into a corner. Fuse's body is limp, he's barely hanging on as Clay screams, charges and wants to knock Conor's head off his neck for real.

At the LAST POSSIBLE SECOND, Fuse falls to the mat! No one is sure if Conor did that on purpose while Byrd misses the Texas Lariat.

It doesn't matter. Clay closes his eyes for a brief moment to let out a huff, then he walks over and scoops Conor off the mat.

DDK:

Inside cradle! Conor has Clay hooked into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

ALMOST A THREE BUT NEVERTHELESS A KICKOUT!

The crowd bought it but Navarro tells everyone it's only a two!

DDK:

I'm stunned. STUNNED Conor got Clay into a move like that!

Fuse kips to his feet. It's clear he was playing possum from the Texas Lariat before. However, he is certainly feeling the pain nonetheless. Clay lunges forward with a right hand but Conor sidesteps it. Fuse hops onto the second buckle, spins off and catches Clay with a Resolution DDT!

The gamer keeps it going. He snatches Clay's head but not before smacking the Plainview native on the shoulders for another shout of "WEAPON GET".

Fuse runs to up a turnbuckle pad, pushes off and flips around, all while maintaining hold of Clay Byrd's head.

DDK:

He's looking for Tyler's finisher, CQC-

But Clay pushes Conor off him before crashing to the mat. Byrd shouts in anger as he races towards Conor but he's caught with a drop toe hold!

DDK:

What's Conor doing!?

The Canadian wiggles his way around Clay and then applies an anaconda vice!

DDK:

Fuse has one of his new submissions on Clay, DPS! Damage Per Second! The anaconda vice is locked in!

Lance:

Clay is a GIANT. A behemoth! There's no way Conor can keep this move on for long!

And yet Conor tugs at the hold with all of his might. The crowd is, obviously, completely behind him, !RANKing along. Clay looks like he's going to tap...

But he doesn't.

Finally, Henry Keyes emerges from the Vae Victis pack at the top of the rampway. He marches down with a purpose and he reveals he's holding a lead pipe.

DDK:

We've seen this story before.

Lance:

Yes we have. Clay used the pipe to beat Conor a month ago. I'm surprised it didn't put Fuse on the shelf for longer.

Keyes is making his way down but Byrd digs in deep and ends up on all fours. Then he stands, with Conor still holding onto the anaconda vice.

It's too late for Conor to drop the move now.

Clay jumps back and plants all his weight on Conor, crushing the gamer between himself and the canvas. Fuse breaks the hold.

Keyes arrives at ringside but realizes he doesn't have to do anything. Hector Navarro takes a moment to scream at the Kraken to stay where he is before turning back to call the action.

Clay grabs Conor, propping the hometown DEFIANT onto his feet.

Clay Byrd:

IT'S OVER, BRAT!

Clay winds up, he bounces off the ropes and looks for the Texas Lariat, the sure KO blow.

...

SWOOSH!

Fuse jumps OVER the arm. He spins Clay around and lands a superkick, this one hits Byrd flush under the jaw as the giant falls down.

Conor walks to the ring ropes and starts shaking them. The arena is unglued!

DDK:

Fuse is powering up!

Conor stomps towards a corner of the ring and smacks the top turnbuckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He finds another corner of the ring and a turnbuckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

Vae Victis look like they are going to puke while Conor finds a third corner and the turnbuckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

POWER U-

Henry Keyes jumps onto the apron and the arena goes batshit insane with jeers!

Suddenly, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd sprint out from the back to a massive ovation. They go right past the rest of VV, before Troy, Butcher or Silver could do anything. Cassidy reaches the end of the rampway and front of the ring apron. He grabs Keyes and throws him down to the floor, so they are face-to-face.

DDK:

Hey, wait a second!

The replay catches a sly Henry Keyes who was still able to toss the lead pipe into the ring without anyone seeing. By now, Hector Navarro is outside of the ring, in-between both Keyes and Cassidy, ejecting them to the back.

Inside the squared circle, Clay crawls over to the lead pipe and snatches it while Conor Fuse's back is turned.

The gamer then resumes his leveling up. He hits the third turnbuckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And the fourth.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPP!!!

He charges at Clay-

THAWP.

Lead pipe to the skull!

Byrd throws the pipe away as it falls outside the ring. Clay drops to his knees and hooks Conor's right leg.

DDK:

Not this way!

Keyes tells Navarro to get back in the ring since there's a pinfall. A disgruntled referee leaves Cassidy and Keyes - the second he does they start fighting while Butcher Victorious was finally allowed to wander down the rampway (Sonny didn't stop him). Butch and Brock begin to throw punches.

Lance:

Navarro's in the ring. This one is over!

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

To be fair, I'm not sure Clay got all of that lead pipe! It certainly wasn't the Texas Lariat, either...

Conor Fuse kicks out but he doesn't show a sign of life afterwards. While the Toronto Faithful continue to cheer in the hopes that he will, Clay Byrd readies the gamer for the final blow. Byrd tosses Fuse into the ropes while Clay readies for the clothesline from hell.

He aims.

Fires.

DDK:

HEAD STOMP!

RRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Barely on his last life bar, Fuse fires to his feet as his arms shake with passion. His hands are balls of fists and he jumps onto the top rope. The Ultimate Gamer screams as he shoots off the top buckle padding. He doesn't hit the Super Splash 450, either. Instead, he goes for the move he doesn't pull out often. The MDK blow.

The Dark Phoenix Splash!

It lands.

The crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

HE DID IT!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FU-

The announcement can't be completed because Sonny Silver enters the ring and nails Conor Fuse with the same lead pipe. Silver goes to work on Conor, while the crowd hates every second of it. Keyes and Cassidy are off brawling somewhere in the crowd, as is Butcher and Brock.

Lindsay Troy strolls down the rampway, smirk on her face.

Eventually, Clay Byrd also comes to. He joins Silver in the destruction of the Toronto Faithful's favourite.

The FIST of DEFIANCE enters the ring. The crowd has changed from booing...

To cheering for a hopeful Fuse Bros. reunion.

DDK:

I don't think anybody's coming.

Troy looks down at Conor and gives her head a shake. Meanwhile Sony Silver tosses a beaten down Fuse towards Clay.

Finally, Conor eats his Texas Lariat.

The fans continue to cheer.

But no one comes for the save.

DDK:

I can't believe we're going off the air like this. I have no clue what DEFIANCE Road is going to bring us.

Lance:

Misery, Keeps. Lots of misery.

Troy stands beside Silver and Byrd... before Clay looks down at Conor Fuse at the soles of their feet. He asks for the lead pipe and then he places it across his arm.

DDK:

Not again. You already hit him with a Texas Lariat, Clay!

Lance:

Clay hasn't hit him with a Texas PIPE Lariat, yet.

DDK:

I know that! He doesn't need to! He's proved his point. Vae Victis, you ALL have proved your point!

Clay winds up.

...

...

The lights go out.

The crowd ROARS.

ALL OUTSTANDING PLAYERS HAVE JOINED THE GAME

The crowd anticipates. A red light shines on the entrance way and also inside the ring as Vae Victis waits on.

The song plays through. The entire crowd knows where it's going but not until the 1:16 minute mark of the remix does a name appear on the DEFIAtron and a huge pop follows.

FUSEBROS.

SERIES X

Directly after the words, Tyler Fuse marches out alongside Malak Garland, both with determined and angry looks on their faces.

Lance:

Get out. No way.

DDK:

They settled their differences!

Tyler and Malak waste no time. They march down the rampway and slide into the ring as the arena lights come back on.

A groggy but seemingly ready to go Conor Fuse slowly appears beside his brother and teammate. Even he looks surprised at what has just taken place.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

THE FUSE BROS. ARE BACK! Perhaps for one night only!

...And then Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd enter the ring. They stand beside Conor Fuse, although it's clear Pat keeps his focus forward, likely not to look in Malak Garland's direction. The five of them stand directly across from Lindsay Troy, Sonny Silver and Clay Byrd. "Bloody Tears" comes to a close but the crowd continues to roar.

Tyler looks over Vae Victis.

Tyler Fuse:

Where's Kerry?

It doesn't matter, the fight is on! Although it is an extremely brief fight because Troy and her crew are able to slide out of the ring. In their place, Henry Keyes arrives at the apron and throws Butcher Victorious inside the squared circle.

Tyler looks down at Butcher, who's begging not to be hurt.

The elder Fuse pushes Conor in the shoulder, while the Scotiabank Arena loses cabin pressure.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH HIM!

As Tyler reaches out and grabs hold of Butcher Victorious, Malak Garland steps in front of Conor Fuse instead.

Malak Garland:

I want this one.

Tyler shrugs and tosses Butcher towards The Snowflake Superstar.

WHAM!

DDK:

I TRIGGERED!

And then Tyler ejects Butcher from the ring as the crowd continues to eat it up.

DDK:

I don't believe it! I think we've seen the impossible! Conor Fuse has a team! At DEFIANCE Road, for the FIST and SOHER Championships, it'll be Vae Victis against Pat Cassidy, Brock Newbludd, Malak Garland and The Fuse Bros!

"Bloody Tears" resurfaces on the airwaves.

DDK:

We are out of time. We'll see everyone in two week's at DEFIANCE Road in MSG!

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the feed as Vae Victis, minus Butcher Victorious, collect themselves at the bottom of the rampway while both teams start mouthing off to each other and Conor Fuse takes a small step back, breathing a sigh of relief.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.