

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

MILWAUKEE welcomes DEFIANCE as the UW Milwaukee Panther Arena is hyped for DEFtv 182! 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!

***I HOPE MY SIGN DOESN'T GET PUSHED BACK TO UNCUT  
FIRST ARTHUR PLEASANT WAS A SNAKE AND NOW HE'S A WOLF I AM VERY CONFUSED  
HERE FOR LOCH NESS DRUID  
HIRE ME FAVOURED SAINTS  
I WANT DR. REFORM TO TAKE KABAL SERUM AND BECOME HIS EVIL DOPPLEGANGER MR. RELAPSE  
RIP SGT SAFETY  
LETS GO DEX JOY  
BOOO LUCKY SEVENS U SUX  
VAE VICTIS ARE JERKS  
WE LOVE CONOR!  
WE WANT PCP  
THE GUY BEHIND ME CANT SEE  
WERE REALLY PLAYING IT SAFE THIS WEEK  
I HATE IT WHEN FAMILIA FIGHTS  
CAN ARTHUR PLEASANT HAVE MORE PROBLEMS, PLEASE?  
MORE REAPERS OR WE REOT...  
PICTURE OF KERRY KUROYAMA LOCKING UP COUNT NOVICK, DECLAN ALEXANDER, CONOR FUSE IN  
FUN JAIL  
THE KRAKEN'S GOING TO SWALLOW EVERY INCH OF THE D  
BYE BYE DOCTOR D-BAG  
REZINS GONNA GO GOAT ON THAT BASTARD ARTHUR  
SMOKIN' THAT NED REFORM PACK  
CAST COUNT NOVICK AND ARTHUR PLEASANT IN THE NEXT UNDERWORLD MOVIE, YOU COWARDS  
WRECK EM DEX!/RANK !RANK !RANK***

And we go to ringside with the announcers, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner!

## **SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. THE D**

**DDK:**

Wisconsin is ready. The Faithful at home are ready. I'm ready! What a night of DEFIANCE action we have planned for everyone at home, Lance. How are we going to get things started?

**Lance:**

Usually we have this kind of thing plotted out but we've had some logistic issues due to some heavy rain in the area last night. Not going to lie, we're a little behind schedule and we're going into this thing blind.

**DDK:**

Well, in that case what would you like to see start things off toni-

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

**Lance:**

WHOA.

**DDK:**

Surely we can't be starting here... can we?!

The UW-Milwaukee Panther Arena shifts to a deep purple and the Wisconsin Faithful let out a thunderous ovation, as they are also shocked and excited by the kickoff to DEFtv 183. Wearing a purple leather vest and his arms raised high in the air, The D struts out into the aisle. Spinning around, the glittery gold giant "D" shimmers in the lights as he is quickly joined by the rest of the Pop Culture Phenoms. However, DEFsec is quick to stand between the trio of Elise Ares, Flex Kruger, and Klein and their director. The trio give some quick words of encouragement and Ares hits a quick fist bump before they retreat backstage, leaving The D to strut his stuff down to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Our opening contest will be for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first from Culver City, California. Weighing in at 176 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. He is the DIRECTOR of DEFIANCE. He is The DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

**DDK:**

HUGE opportunity for The D tonight, no matter what you may think of the circumstances, Lance.

**Lance:**

Certainly Henry Keyes and Vae Victis have stacked the cards against him. This won't be an easy task but if he pulls it off it's sure to be one of the more memorable title wins in recent memory.

**DDK:**

For Henry Keyes this isn't about giving someone a shot who deserves it, or even racking up wins against who he feels is inferior competition. This is a direct and targeted message to Elise Ares in-particular. Not only for her challenge on DEFtv 182 but for her past statements about Lindsay Troy, Sonny Silver, and the mission of Vae Victis as a whole.

**Lance:**

But perhaps Vae Victis' arrogance can be PCP's gain? If they really aren't taking this title defense seriously, The D could turn DEFCON on its head right now.

On the top rope now, The D is getting the Milwaukee Faithful worked up while pointing to a sign in the audience that reads "YOU CAN'T SPELL SOUTHERN HERITAGE WITHOUT THE D!" He makes a belt motion around his waist before a gyration and a thrust jumping down off the top rope. The lights in the arena return to normal, but the Faithful continue to serenade the Director of DEFIANCE with Mark Morrison's All-Time R&B Anthem.

**DDK:**

For those Faithful still in school, you can in fact spell it without the D. Please do not sacrifice your grades for a joke

about penises.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two all-too-familiar words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,

We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Lance:**

I guess we should have seen this coming, Keebs.

It's Henry Keyes, of course, SOHER strapped tightly around his waist - and he's not alone. Flanked to his left, the Pacific Blitzkrieg Kerry Kuroyama. Flanked to his right, Henry's "bestie", the FIST of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy. All three wrestlers bear hot pink accessories on their gear - after all, it *is* Wednesday. Sonny Silver is behind them, microphone in hand.

**Sonny Silver:**

Aaaaaaaaand you can take a breather, Quimbey, for it is MY HONOR and PRIVILEGE to introduce, the REIGNING! DEFENDING! SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION OF ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL YOUR DAIRYLAND ASSES!

The camera pans to a sign reading "THE KRAKEN'S GOING TO SWALLOW EVERY INCH OF THE D", which security quickly surrounds and confiscates.

**Sonny Silver:**

From San Francisco, California, a place where three quarters of the population ISN'T made up of morbidly obese cheese hogs, but still weighing in at ALMOST 80 POUNDS OF PURE MUSCLE MORE THAN THAT SHRIMP IN THE RING! HE IS THE KRAKEN! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

**DDK:**

Of course he brought backup.

**Lance:**

Why would we expect Vae Victis to keep things fair? The Pop Culture Phenoms are banned from ringside, and the Airship Pirate would have accepted this challenge one-on-one like a true competitor.

**DDK:**

Right...but unfortunately, the Airship Pirate is long gone.

The dread piano drones throughout the arena as they methodically make their way to the ring - only for Keyes to beckon for Sonny's microphone. The Silver-Tongued Devil obliges.

**Henry Keyes:**

BEHOOOOOOOOOLD, DEFIANCE!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Keyes, Kuroyama, and Troy all exchange fistbumps and continue down the ramp shoulder to shoulder. Kuroyama and Troy chuckle to each other as their weird pirate friend limbers up.

**Henry Keyes:**

Today is your lucky day!

Lindsay Troy rubs Keyes's shoulders hard, gassing up her boy and shouting encouragement.

**Lindsay Troy:**

YOU TELL 'EM HENRY! TELL THEM HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!

**Henry Keyes:**

YOU BET I'M GOING TO TELL THESE CRETINS HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

The Queen of the Ring gives The Kraken a few hearty pats to his sternum. Kuroyama tries to keep it together until Troy shouts "CRETINS FOR BEATINS, HANK!", and he cracks.

**Henry Keyes:**

For today, you are all BLESSED to witness complete and utter destr-

In a flash, all three VV members are wiped out by a tope suicida from The D! The Faithful roar their approval as The D scrambles to pull Keyes off the mats and roll him under the bottom rope and into the ring! Once both men are in, referee Benny Doyle signals for the bell!

***DING DING***

**DDK:**

The D is KRAKEN SKULLS!

**Lance:**

We're not wasting any time tonight, Faithful.

**DDK:**

This. Is. DEFIANCE!

Henry Keyes crawls across the ring, stunned from the brazen assault from the Director of DEFIANCE. The D shoves The Kraken into the corner and begins unloading with a series of chops accompanied with "WOOs!" by the Faithful. Keyes shoves the challenger away but is immediately met with an enziguri that stumbles him out of the corner. The D whips him across the ring to the other corner and sprints after him, landing a dropkick on the Kraken that drops him on his ass!

**The D:**

"CANNONBALL!"

The D sprints back to the original corner, hits the turnbuckle and fires back towards Keyes and lands a cannonball senton right into the face of the champion!

**Lance:**

The Faithful are fired up, Darren!

**DDK:**

Vae Victis still don't appear to know what hit them! Pick your jaw up off the floor, Sonny!

The challenger grabs the champ by his salt-and-pepper hair and drags him out of the corner where Keyes lands a big clothesline that knocks The D off his feet and hard to the mat. However, the tenacious D (haha, get it?) is right back up to a knee when the Kraken tries to slow things down with a side headlock, that is immediately spun out of and...

**Lance:**

A-LISTER!

The Faithful who weren't on their feet already jump up now as The D jumps on the champion for a pinfall.

ONE!

TWO-NO!

Keyes manages to power out, but The D knows he has to stay on the offensive as he races over to the corner.

**Lance:**

The D has been part of DEFIANCE for seven years and hasn't had singles gold. Elise Ares has held the SoHer. Both Klein and Flex have held the BRAZEN championship. Is tonight the night for the D?

**DDK:**

Not if my wife has anything to say about it...

Now on the top rope, The D gets up to his feet. Suddenly, Sonny Silver has him by the ankle and is given a warning by Benny Doyle before the Director of DEFIANCE shoves him off the apron and onto the floor below. Keyes reaches his feet the very moment The D sails off the top rope with the B Movie (eat your heart out Seinfeld) that turns more into a crossbody but still nails its spot. Holding his chest, you can see the impact also affected the challenger but The D still manages to get up to his feet over into the corner. The Milwaukee Faithful are electric as Keyes gets up to his hands and knees. You can hear The D begin to say something before he's interrupted by the roars of the UW-Milwaukee Panther Arena.

**The D:**

FU-

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

**Lance:**

Extreme Makeover!

**DDK:**

He just used Elise Ares' curb stomp! It just might've broken the skull of the Kraken!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

**DDK:**

Was that three?!

**Lance:**

Doyle says two! Only two!

The Faithful roars and then quickly dissipates into disappointment, but hope still lingers through the crowd. The D is certainly disappointed as well, checking with Benny Doyle to confirm the disappointing two count before eventually accepting the call. Keyes's unpatched eye is buggered out as he scrambles into the corner and uses the ropes to get vertical. His chest heaves as he breathes heavily.

**DDK:**

If The D can keep up this momentum, this might be the most unpredictable start to a DEFtv we've seen in years!

**Lance:**

He's certainly on the front foot here, but - oh!

Keyes lurches forward and launches a pretty sloppy forearm into The D's mush. Despite the lack of technique, it seems to have served its purpose as Keyes finds himself pressing his size advantage, throwing more and more elbows into The D's face and chest, each strike growing more pointed and accurate than the one before. Soon, he backs The D into a corner and Benny Doyle begins a five count.

**Benny Doyle:**

Out of the corner, Henry! One! Two! Three! Four!

***CRACKKKKKKKKK!***

**Lance:**

PROPELLOR EDGE CHOP!

Keyes RATTLES The D's ribcage with a thunderous forearm chop as he takes a step away from the corner. He seems to be making a show of his separation to Benny Doyle, who can only frown in response.

**DDK:**

Look at Keyes now, he knows he's stopped the initial flurry!

After a beat, Keyes returns to the corner and connects with a second thunderous Propellor Edge Chop!

***CRACKKKKKKKKK!***

He immediately hooks his arms underneath The D's shoulder sockets and LAUNCHES him across the ring with a huge Biel Throw! He speeds to his prone opponent and covers!

ONE!

TWO - NOOO!

Almost on instinct, Keyes scoops up his opponent, twirls him around, and slams him across his extended knee!

**Lance:**

Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Here's another cover from Keyes!

ONE!

TWO!

***RAHHHHHH!***

**DDK:**

The D kicked out! The D kicked out!

Keyes's eye is buggered wide open again, but this time it's accompanied by an equally wide grin. He spans his gaze across the ringside area until he locks eyes with his comrades in arms. He holds his index finger and thumb about a quarter-inch apart as Troy and Kuroyama applaud in a show of support.

**Lance:**

The momentum certainly has shifted here.

Keyes grabs The D by the head until he feels comfortable wrapping his whole arm around it, cinching D's hip, twisting, and planting the man with a big vertical suplex. The boos rain down as Keyes makes a show of how physically dominant he feels he is, posing in a Flex Kruger-like fashion near his downed opponent after connecting with a second vertical suplex. He points to his VV compadres once again and almost does a lasso motion with his index finger - Troy shouts back "YEAH, SPIN HIS ASS, MY GUY!", and with that, Keyes hoists The D onto his shoulders in a Fireman's Carry.

**DDK:**

It looks like he's going for that Airship Spin, partner...

**Lance:**

Keyes looks so strong here, surely this is just some sort of pointed message to Elise Ares, don't you think?

**DDK:**

I wouldn't doubt it.

Keyes cinches his arms and begins to spin in place, and he completes one revolution - two revolutions - !!!

**Lance:**

THE D COUNTERS!

The Netflix A-Lister has found a way to pivot a leg and an arm around the head and neck area of the Master Of Coin (you have to give me this one, Brian) into an Octopus Stretch!

**DDK:**

OCTOPUS STRETCH! Oscar Burns taught that move to the Pop Culture Phenoms!

**Lance:**

It's true, Burns and Elise Ares have their own complicated past and now it's coming back to haunt Henry Keyes!

*TAP! TAP! TAP!*

The Faithful chant to will the Southern Heritage title change into existence. Immediately the Kraken tries to get The D off to no avail. Realizing that he's wasting energy trying to break loose and furthering himself into the hold, Keyes begins to instead focus on reaching the ropes that aren't too far away. One step. Two. Suddenly the champion falls down to one knee locked in place. His head drops. He slowly begins to fade.

**DDK:**

Could you imagine the poetic justice if The D defeats Henry Keyes, in a match that Keyes himself willed into being, because of a move that Oscar Burns taught Elise Ares?

**Lance:**

Hold that thought, Darren. Don't count him out yet!

Rising from the depths, the Kraken gathers his and reaches out for the ropes with one final gasp... but instead of making contact with the ropes, he launches himself backwards crushing The D under his weight in an awkward thud. The Faithful groan as Keyes rolls away from the crash site to tend to his wounds. Benny Doyle begins to count both men down. The Faithful try to will their challenger up while Vae Victis slams the apron in favor of their champion. Doyle gets to a count of five before either man starts to stir and seven before Henry Keyes reaches his feet first, Milwaukee be damned. He pulls the kneeling Director of DEFIANCE up off the mat and immediately locks him into an abdominal stretch. Giving the Phenom a taste of his own medicine.

**DDK:**

The longer this match goes it feels like the harder it becomes for The D to take control.



**Lance:**

This is just pure strength on display from Henry Keyes. Nearly 100 pounds of weight difference between these two men and the champion looks to tear the challenger in half vertically.

The Southern Heritage Champion does just that, pulling the torso away from the hip with a monstrous stretch. Doyle asks The D if he would like to give up but the Netflix A-Lister shakes his head. Until it falls. Concerned, Benny Doyle goes in to lift the free arm of the challenger as the fight appears to leave his body. The arm begins to fall as the entire arena watches.

**DDK:**

D-D-DICK erm... KICK-A?

**Lance:**

That's smarts!

Doyle doesn't notice the free leg kick back as the arm falls sending both men tumbling forward down onto the canvas once more. The D fights through the paint to crawl away towards the corner as Keyes is in a five point stance tending to his injured tentacle. Pulling himself up by the ropes, The D rallies the Wisconsin Faithful and charges a rising Keyes going for a flying headscissor but the raw strength of the champion catches him in mid-move. The Kraken hurls The D back to the corner from which he came with freakish strength before crashing into him with the full weight of his body into the turnbuckle. The Director of DEFIANCE falls to the mat where he's pulled back up. He tries to fight off the champion but his strikes in such tight quarters seem to lose a bit of their sting. Benny Doyle calls for a rope break but suddenly in the opposite corner Kerry Kuroyama jumps up onto the apron to protest the rulebook.

**DDK:**

Leave it to the fun police to argue the wording of the rulebook when there is CLEARLY a violation going on. I guess violations are fine... as long as you're in Vae Victis.

**Lance:**

What he's doing is allowing Keyes to get in another propeller edge chop!

The crack brings groans from the Faithful as Doyle continues to demand Kuroyama leave the apron but Kerry continues to argue his right and quotes rulebook articles. Keyes, thinking only of inflicting more punishment, whips The D into the opposite corner where Kerry stands... but it's reversed! The Kraken instead finds himself hitting his spine against turnbuckle nearly knocking off the Pacific Blitzkrieg, who manages to hold on to the top rope for dear life. However, what he doesn't notice is The D firing off in pursuit.

**Lindsay Troy:**

HENRY, LOOK OUT!

The FIST of DEFIANCE's cry gives the champion just enough time to fall to his ass as The D leaps into the air and bashes his skull not on the top turnbuckle but on the steel post behind it. The impact brings a sharp inhalation of air from the Faithful and sends Kuroyama flying off the apron and onto Lindsay Troy below who doesn't have time to move out of the fall zone. As the Vae Victis members crash down onto the floor outside the ring, The D rolls off the top rope and lands onto his side on the apron facing the crowd. He's moving, barely, as crimson begins to pour down his face. He reaches up and then looks at his hand, his eyes almost rolling into the back of his head.

**DDK:**

That... didn't look good, Lance.

**Lance:**

We are going to need the medical team down here. Probably now.

The Faithful in the front row drop their jaws as the blood just pours out of the challenger's head onto the apron like a fountain of mistakes. However, Henry Keyes makes sure to pull him up by his hair for the entire world to see directly

into hard cam.

**DDK:**

It's worse than I thought.

**Lance:**

Definitely now.

Keyes, not satisfied with the damage done hits The D from behind with a massive Bell Clap, sending shockwaves through the Faithful as the challenger wobbles slightly before collapsing onto the apron. Benny Doyle motions for the champion to bring the action back into the ring to wrap it up while looking up the aisle to see if medical attention has been dispatched. The champion does just as he's told, pulling The D into the ring by his arm under the bottom rope and leaving his corpse in the middle of the ring. The Kraken places his boot on the chest of the challenger.

One.

Two.

Three.

No. Please no. Tell me he didn't just do that.

The Faithful think this to themselves as The D manages to meekly roll a shoulder off the mat just in time to break the count.

**DDK:**

This isn't the time to show heart, Derek. This is the time to stay down. Live to fight another day.

**Lance:**

What is he going to do? Does he really see an avenue to win this match at this point?

**DDK:**

I don't think he's conscious enough to even know what he just did.

Keyes' mouth drops. His eye narrows. He grabs The D by the arms and COIN! COIN! COIN! COIN! COIN! COIN!

***DING DING DING***

Seeing enough Benny Doyle calls for the bell sending up an "X" with his arms back to the locker room. However, all that's done is stop the timekeeper.

COIN! COIN! COIN! COIN!

**DDK:**

Somebody stop this! The D is out on his knees. The only reason he's upright is Keyes won't let go of his wrist!

Benny Doyle begins to get into the face of the Kraken, whose eye is fixated only on the crimson mask of his opponent that now begins to drip down his pant leg. However, Vae Victis are quick to jump into the ring and seem to protest Benny Doyle's decision to end the match.

**Sonny Silver:**

Do you know what you just did, you idiot?! You deprived these people the opportunity to see the champion pin his opponent clean!

Benny Doyle stands up to Sonny Silver, arguing his case for stopping the match as Vae Victis shields the official from



**COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2023**

**CARD AS IT STANDS...**

**FIST of DEFIANCE**

**Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas**

**#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:**

**Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse**

**MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha**

**\*if MV1 loses, he leaves DEF. If Corvo Alpha loses, Lord Nigel leaves DEF**

## ONE OF... US???

The Milwaukee Faithful give a BOOMING cheer as they see Conor Fuse casually strolling through the backstage hallway and a caption comes up at the bottom of the screen showing Conor Fuse will be in action tonight versus Teresa Ames. Fuse looks like he's facing no problems at the moment having just arrived. He's sporting lime green Adidas track pants, his usual "8-BIT BADASS" DEFIANCE branded t-shirt and a duffle bag around his arm. However, upon making one right handed spin in the direction of his locker room, Conor comes to a complete stop and his demeanor mildly changes.

There, blocking the rest of the hallway is Percy Collins, ALEX P., MEE6 and Thurston Hunter, better known as members of The Comments Section.

They look delighted to see Conor as the larger, shorter and stubby Percy Collins jumps up and down, his shirt often riding up on him and his big belly slipping out and jiggling about. ALEX P. and MEE6 are also thrilled to see Conor while Thurston Hunter quickly snaps his arms forward, rolls his shoulders back and completes his desired expression with a tough guy looking face that's not tough whatsoever, it's cringe.

Conor awkwardly smiles.

### Conor Fuse:

Hey... guys.

He's looking for a way to get by but realizes that's not possible. They want to talk.

### Percy Collins:

HELLO my main *player*! Haha, did ya get the reference? Main PLAYER?

Collins looks back to the rest of his group like he's looking for some additional support so they provide it in the form of laughter and clapping. Then the therapist goes back to Conor.

### Percy Collins:

Congratulations on your DEFCON match! Boy, the FIST of DEFIANCE sure would be something to achieve, wouldn't it?

Conor looks like he can't argue with that. He nods, smiles again and tries to get through.

It ain't happening. It's Hunter's turn to add something.

### Thurston Hunter:

Yeah you motherfucking street fisted the Dex Joy bitch slutface hoe, yeah!

"Ummmm okay?", is the expression Conor's face has morphed into.

### Conor Fuse:

Yeah, about that. See, Dex and I actually haven't had our match yet. It's at DEFCON, so...

Percy interjects.

### Percy Collins:

Oh goodness silly face, we all know that!

Although Collins looks at Hunter as if suggesting Thurston DIDN'T know that and Percy will deal with him later. Anyway, back to the gamer...

**Percy Collins:**

I have a FUN FACT for you, Conor since DEFIANCE is all about FACTS now! Did you know this is going to be your first ever singles match at DEFCON!?

The crowd seems rather shocked by this statement but Conor Fuse doesn't. Once again, he nods.

**Conor Fuse:**

Yep. First one, big one. Time to level up, ya know? I've won a World Championship elsewhere but this... DEFIANCE... this is THE game.

Percy nods along like he's listening but wasn't really. Regardless, Conor finally breaks through the group and starts walking away from them.

...They follow him.

He stops, they stop. He looks back, they appear to be doing something else.

Then Conor walks forward, they follow.

He stops, again. They stop, again.

He looks behind him, Percy pulls out a Rubik's Cube and the other three act like they've never seen one before, hanging off Percy's every move!

Conor sighs. He turns around and the same thing happens. He walks forward, Percy puts the cube away-

And then Conor snaps around SUPER FAST and catches them walking closer.

**Conor Fuse:**

What? What is it? C'mon, spit it out. What do you guys want!?

At first, Hunter, MEE6 and ALEX P. act like they're wrongfully accused... until Percy Collins gives in. He takes a step forward and offers an olive branch... his hand, dangling freely towards the gamer. Conor doesn't know what to do with it.

**Percy Collins:**

We are following you, sorry C.

Collins lowers his head and lets out a whimper.

**Percy Collins:**

Malak is busy with other issues right now *[mutters something along the lines of Siobhan in a negative connotation]* and since you told Malak you aren't leaving The Comments Section, we are all teammates...

There it is. Conor shakes his head no.

**Conor Fuse:**

You're right, I didn't leave. But I want space. I didn't mean it like you guys likely intended. I'll be there for Malak when he needs me. Maybe, kinda... whatever. But I don't need Garland's goons -no offense- to follow me around-

**Percy Collins:**

HALT, C!

Almost immediately after saying this the heavysset man, looking similar to Robert Paulson from Fight Club, shows regret on his face.

**Percy Collins:**

Sorry, C, didn't mean to be rude but you ARE... one, of, us?

Collins creepily tilts his head and smiles. How is Percy a mental health counsellor?

**Percy Collins:**

So now, we're in reverse roles. C, you tried to convince good ol' Mal to be a good guy but we, the *[clears throat]* "goons", as you say we are... will try to convince you, C, to be bad.

Thurston is JACKED upon hearing those words.

**Thurston Hunter:**

YEAH, mother fucker. Bad to the bonesssssssss!!

Collins approaches even closer but remains cautious.

**Percy Collins:**

Bad. Like you were meant to be. Like when you first became a singles star and shot through the...

Percy spins around and DOUBLE POINTS to MEE6 who comes in with a hard...

**MEE6:**

!RANKS

Fuse rolls his eyes and leans back. He's dying inside but there's no escape from the group, not yet.

**Percy Collins:**

And we have something for you.

Collins pauses. It looks like he might REALLY regret doing this but he's going to, anyway. He stands on his tippy toes and shouts past his crew.

**Percy Collins:**

BRING HIM IN!

Suddenly, from behind the rest of the "goons", is a large man, approximately seven feet tall with hair all over his body...

And a magic wand in his hand.

Conor crosses his arms.

**Conor Fuse:**

WTF is this?

By now, Percy has placed his arm around Conor's shoulders.

**Percy Collins:**

It's our newest Comments Section member. We are **trolls**, after all. He's a bigfoot wizard!

Conor is more deadpan now than his brother ever could be. He's hating every second of this.

**Conor Fuse:**

...What's his name?

Percy methodically, robotically turns his head to Conor Fuse with the widest, creepiest, shit eating grin on his face.

**Percy Collins:**

Paul.

Conor can't believe it.

**Conor Fuse:**

Paul?

Percy nods.

**Percy Collins:**

Yes, Paul.

Fuse walks over to amen, Paul and studies the hairy giant for a brief moment. Then Paul raises his wand and dabs Conor on the shoulders.

**Paul:**

SHAZAM!

Fuse is either on the verge of breaking out in laughter or about to combust with anger.

**Conor Fuse:**

I like videogames, this is stupid. It has no relevance to anything. It is nonsense.

Collins quickly scurries over to Fuse and puts his arm around the potential number one contender again.

**Percy Collins:**

**YOUR** nonsense, Conor. Do you not remember?

Martin-Evans Everett the Sixth, AKA MEE6 takes a step forward.

**MEE6:**

You brought me into DEFIANCE as your personal BOT, Conor. You say !RANK and I give you your !RANKING.

ALEX P. is the next to emerge.

**ALEX P.:**

You brought ME into DEFIANCE as your statistical guru to provide statistics on your attributes and what power-ups you should implement!

Collins adds more.

**Percy Collins:**

Don't forget Game Boy, a giant, hulking man with limited wrestling abilities who **you** used as a bodyguard...

Long pause.

**Percy Collins:**

But also dressed in a Nintendo themed luchador mask!

Percy realizes he has to keep working quickly here.

**Percy Collins:**

The bottomline is you're a silly, goofy, silly guy.



Conor eyes Percy heavily for saying “silly” twice.

**Percy Collins:**

You’re also a bad guy at heart! That’s how you grew this popularity and that’s how you’re going to become the FACE of DEFIANCE and the FIST of DEFIANCE!!

Collins explains this last part by using his hands as if they were billboards for the FACE and FIST wording.

It looks like The Ultimate Gamer is thinking about it and The Comments Section has gotten through to him... then Fuse carefully removes Percy’s arm off his shoulder.

**Conor Fuse:**

I want the four of you to listen to me and I mean LISTEN. I am a good guy and Imma go through this the RIGHT way. Yes Percy, I gained a lot of popularity by being a “bad” guy if you will, but I was misguided back then. I’ve KEPT that popularity by being a good guy, too. It’s something not a lot of people *can* say so that means I’m doing something right.

He stares at the group collectively.

**Conor Fuse:**

Please. Get out of my face, leave me alone and... AND...

Conor walks up to Paul.

**Conor Fuse:**

If I EVER see this *thing* again, I will eviscerate all of you from this company. We good?

No one replies. Everyone else looks down on themselves until Percy Collins pipes up.

**Percy Collins:** *[depressed]*

We’re good.

Fuse pats Collins on the back.

**Conor Fuse:**

Good.

Conor walks away. This time, however, The Comments Section doesn’t follow and *Paul* vanishes.

And yet Percy and company still watch Conor Fuse closely as he walks down the hallway.

## DEX JOY vs. DAN LEO JAMES

### DDK:

Coming up next on DEF TV is a battle of the big boys! And not just any big boys ... "The Young Titan" Dan Leo James has the opportunity of his career in DEFIANCE Wrestling when he takes on "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

### Lance:

This is one big opportunity for Dan Leo James who has been impressive in action the last few shows. Dex Joy, however, can't afford to lose any momentum. He and Conor Fuse are scheduled for one of the biggest matches at DEFCON in a Number One Contender's Match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! It is imperative both men be at the top of their game!

### Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is 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 young member of Titanes Familia regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

### Darren Quimbey:

...from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 262 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is The Young Titan... **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 his hands!

### DDK:

Dan Leo James has extra pep in his step tonight! Now we have another quick picture in picture for Dan Leo James as to his feelings on this match...

—

Cut to Dan Leo James looking around at the inset promo he's in.

### Dan Leo James:

Aww, crap baskets, not again! Okay... okay, Danny. The other Titans are working out their issues. So you gotta get out here and take on The Biggest Boy alone! You got this! This is the biggest match of your career, my guy! No pressure...

He looks up.

### Dan Leo James:

Danny, you got this. And Dex Joy...

He holds up his good chokeslamming hand.

### Dan Leo James:

You're gonna gets THIS!

--

After seeing the inset promo, Dan mouths to the crowd "I got out of the box again!" The Young Titan leaps from the arena floor to the ring apron, then pumps a fist in the air! He steps in between the ropes and acknowledges the

cheering crowd before he waits for the arrival of his opponent.

One by one in the TD Garden, 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....

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

**DEF TV**

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

**DEX TV!!!**

YEEEEAAHHHH!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Stepping out for the first time for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful since his triumphant return at DEFIANCE Road, Dex Joy is center stage and the cheers are deafening ... DEFening maybe? In his new sleeveless lightning-covered body suit, Dex Joy points up and all around the Milwaukee Panther Arena! He gets ready to head to the ring and does so by slapping hands and bumping fists!

**DDK:**

Dex Joy is looking the best he's ever been. He's serious about making a run at the FIST of DEFIANCE, but at DEFCON he has to go through one of the most deserving challengers he's ever faced in Conor Fuse!

**Lance:**

Conor has been robbed in one way or another by Vae Victis, but it was Dex Joy who was robbed in his semi-finals match by the presence of Kerry Kuroyama at ringside. Dex has payback for Vae Victis on his mind as well!

Dex Joy yells in the air and then gets the roof blown off the Milwaukee Panther Arena! He walks into the ring and shake's Danny's hand in the rare sign of good sportsmanship lately in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Danny shakes hands and the two men get ready to fight.

**DING DING**

The Biggest Boy gets ready to circle up with the Young Titan and when they lock up it gets physical real quick!

**Lance:**

Both men have a big sports background with Danny having baseball, track and amateur wrestling! Dex Joy was a standout in football before wrestling!

**DDK:**

The height and reach go to Danny as he applies the head lock! Dex might have a slight edge in strength, I'd guess but Danny is no slouch there, either. He's trained very well with all of Titanes Familia.

Danny has the head locked tightly and won't let go of Dex. Joy has to back up and then pushes James off of him, but grabs him by his tights and then applies a head lock of his own! Dex grabs him by the side and keeps control of the Young Titan. Joy tries to keep him in place, but Danny pushes him to the ropes and hits an elbow or three to get himself free. He attempts to use an Irish Whip on Dex, but in a position that he isn't too familiar with the whip gets reversed and sends Danny to the ropes. Danny comes back with a shoulder, but Dex only moves a step back. He has

on his game face and Danny wants him to bring it.

**DDK:**

Danny did this last show with Sun Twist Skylar!

Dex hits the ropes and bounces Danny into the ropes with a shoulder. Danny comes back with a shoulder of his own that knocks the Biggest Boy back to the ropes. He comes back again and Danny is once again sent back. Like a big pendulum in the ring, both men bounce off one another twice! When Dex comes back again for a shoulder, this time Danny jumps over him with a leap frog! Dex comes back, but he ducks low. When Dex comes back he gets hit with a big back elbow from the Young Titan!

**Lance:**

Danny gets the first knockdown!

Then he makes use of his amateur background and uses a fireman carry takeover on Dex! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful get collectively shook as Dan tries a cover!

*One ...*

But that's all he gets that Dex kicks out!

**DDK:**

Wow! That's a great move by Danny! A lot of people look past him because of his personality but when he can focus his attention he has some skills to fall on!

**Lance:**

He's pulling up Dex now!

He lights up Dex with a big chop to his chest. Dex feels it and Dan hits another one that can be heard all the way in the mezzanine! The Wrecking Crew Foreman gets hurled into the ropes. Danny tries to go low to catch him, but Dex kicks him in the chest to stun him. Dex hits the ropes again and now it is his turn to catch Danny off guard with a running head scissors that completely shocks the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

**Lance:**

I feel like we ask this at least once a match with a guy like Dex Joy, but ... HOW DOES HE DO THIS?!

Danny gets tossed across the ring with the head scissors when Dex sits up and is feeling proud in the moment. He grins wide from ear to ear! He charges and hits a big elbow to the side of Danny's head then picks up the six-foot seven youngster with a big scoop slam! Right in the middle of the ring, Dex hits the ropes and comes back with a falling head butt to the chest! Dex for the cover now.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

But Danny kicks out this time!

**DDK:**

Both men are powerhouses with two very diverse backgrounds! They are showing why tonight!

Dex grabs Danny's neck and in a turn-the-tables kind of situation, he plants a firm chop into the chest of James! DLJ is feeling the first one and then Dex makes him feel the second one! He cocks his arm back and hits a heavy elbow smash to the gut of Danny. He strikes Danny again with another big elbow strike ... then he BIEL THROWS DAN LEO JAMES!!!

**DDK:**

Danny had an opening, but Dex Joy showing why he's one of the fiercest powerhouses on our roster!

Dan can't believe it, nor can he believe Dex coming at him with a big clothesline out of the corner! Danny goes down and gets knocked to the outside of the ring. The Biggest Boy gets ready and then he points the double fingers outside.

**Lance:**

Here we go? Are going to get a Whoa-pe?

The Wrecking Crew Foreman points his hands and then goes to the outside ... WHHHHOOOOAAAAA-PE!!!!

He makes the perfect dive between the ropes and then crashes right into Dan Leo James on the outside with the massive tope suicida!

**DDK:**

The Whoa-Pe dive connects!

Dex is up and he looks the happiest he has since making his comeback at DEFIANCE Road. He picks him up and then then gets the Young Titan back into the ring. Dex looks out both ways from the apron and then runs off the ropes and then crashes with a sling shot senton back into the ring!

**Lance:**

What a great shot that was! Dan is hurt after those moves! Can Dex put him away?

Dex is about to pin him, but he sees Dan near the ropes. He takes a few extra seconds to roll his big self away from the bottom rope to pin him!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

Another kick-out from DLJ!

**DDK:**

Dex Joy controlling things now, but Dan not giving up yet! I think those seconds could have cost Dex an early win, but he was right to get him away from the ropes!

**Lance:**

We have said it but this version of Dex Joy is the very best version I have ever seen. As much as he wouldn't want to relive it, it seems those two months off after Corvo Alpha completely destroyed Dex may have ended up being a blessing that he got even more in shape.

Dex gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful going as he strikes Danny in the corner with another heavy elbow smash. Danny is rocked but he doesn't let that elbow stop him. He strikes at Dex with a big chop ... but Dex tries to shake it off! He tells Danny to take another shot and he gets one. Dex slaps his chest and tells him to bring it again! Danny tries, but Dex baits him and catches him from behind with a huge released German suplex!

**DDK:**

Dex bringing it to Dan Leo James tonight! Danny is hanging in there, but I get the feeling Dex really wants to test himself tonight.

**Lance:**

He gets ready ... running cross body on Danny!

Dex runs right into Danny with a cross body block! He doesn't go for the pin fall but instead he looks to go to the high-rent district as some might say.

**DDK:**

He flattens Dan Leo James with another big move but now he goes up top! Is he looking for Jump For Joy?

He goes up to hit the big diving head butt!

Dex makes the jump ...

But there is no joy to be had because he crashes while Dan rolls out of the way!

**Lance:**

Dan Leo James avoids the Jump for Joy diving head butt! But now can he even make a comeback against Dex Joy?

Dexy Baby is still smarting. Dan Leo James is backing away for a moment. He finally starts to get up in the corner but Dex is up before he can get to the corner. When Dex Joy is about to stand up he starts to charge for the corner for a splash, but runs into a problem ...

**DDK:**

NO WAY!!!

That's because Dex Joy is picked up in the arms of Dan Leo James like a small child!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are stunned when Dan turns around and *launches* the Biggest Boy with a huge fall away slam!

**Lance:**

Dex Joy isn't the only one with that freakish strength! At his core, Dan Leo James has shown raw potential lately but he needs this win to make some good on it!

Joy rolls out of the ring and then gets back up. Dan Leo James stands up and then starts to pump himself back up with Dex out of the ring and on the floor. The Young Titan gets away right now and then goes to the outside of the ring. Dan charges forward and gets a full charge going around the ring! By the time that Dexy Baby sees the train coming it is too late!

**DDK:**

DASH AND BASH!!!

**Lance:**

Dex got sent sailing from a massive shoulder! When is the last time you saw that happen?!

Dex feels like he got knocked all the way from Milwaukee back home to Los Angeles cause he's seeing stars. Dan makes the most of his opportunity to pick up Dex Joy and then throw him back into the ring. He gets him back inside and then jumps up to the apron. Dan Leo James wants some space up in the high rent district himself!

**Lance:**

Where is Dan Leo James going? Can he get something to beat Dex Joy tonight and pull off a major upset?

Dan jumps off the top rope with a big top rope shoulderblock!

**DDK:**

Dan Leo James gunning for a huge win!

One ...

Two ...

Th ... no!!!

The shoulder is up at 2 and ½!!!

**Lance:**

Great sequence of moves put together there by Dan Leo James but we have seen Dex withstand the worst from some of the best in this promotion as well!

When Dan Leo James realizes the match is still going, he decides he needs something big. He waits and waits for Dex. He moves his hand back and then unleashes the big Fastball Chop! The shot is strong enough to back Dex into a corner!

**DDK:**

Fastball Chop! Dex isn't down, but remember he used that combo with his Titan's Orbit chokeslam to beat Sun Twist Skylar two weeks ago.

A big hand of the Young Titan is locked around the throat. He pulls him back to the corner and he tries to chokeslam Dex ... but Dex fights his way free! Dan kicks the stomach and then tries another Dash and Bash ...

Dex catches him with a big lariat when he comes off the ropes!

**Lance:**

Dex counters!

Dan Leo James is scrambling to stand but the lariat looks like it has knocked his bells loose. Dex jumps off the ropes and then he rocks Danny with DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

**DDK:**

Joy hits a shoulder of his own! Dexy's Midnight Runner gives Danny some frequent flier miles!

**Lance:**

And he is following through!

Dex gets James back on his feet and then right into the ropes. He comes right back into the DEX DRIVE!!!

**DDK:**

Dex Drive by Dex Joy! This one is over!

Smack dab in the middle of the canvas Dex Joy pins Dan Leo James by the leg and neck.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner ... DEEEEXXXX JJJOOOOYYY!!!

**DDK:**

Dex Joy took everything he could from Dan Leo James and walked away with the win!

**Lance:**

A great showing for the Young Titan, but Dex is on a level right now like few others here in DEFIANCE Wrestling right now!

Dex Joy doesn't let the referee raise his hand just yet ... at least not before he goes over to help Dan Leo James back

up slowly by giving him a hand. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful like the show of sportsmanship by the men.

**DDK:**

Big show of good sportsmanship by the Biggest Boy! He has Conor Fuse to contend with at DEFCON where that Number One Contendership for the FIST of DEFIANCE looms!

Dex helps the Young Titan out of the ring and the two men bump their fists before DEF TV tries to pay some bills with a commercial break.



## COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



## RALLY AND REGROUP

Teresa Ames walks the halls of the arena with a chipper attitude which feels quite foreign for her. Nonetheless, she smiles and waves at everyone she passes by. Ames eventually strolls into catering where she locks eyes with none other than Inspector Protector, the Sgt. Safety clone she introduced back at ACTS of DEFIANCE, when she had this menacing man throw Shawn Steele through some tables. Neither person has been seen since so Teresa takes the moment to cozy up next to her hulking protector.

**Teresa Ames:**

Here there, long time no see.

Inspector doesn't respond. Instead, he continues crowding his plate with scalloped potatoes.

**Teresa Ames:**

Okay, okay. I might deserve the silent treatment because you and I have literally had no interaction since you decimated Shawn Steele but let's be honest, I paid you for that. It was a one time thing and considering how I am feeling now? Well, let's be EXTRA honest, there ain't no way I'm going to have someone like you by my side. I am a strong and confident wrestler now. The people are behind me fully so excuse me if I choose to fight my own battles for myself!

The Protector turns his back to Teresa once he's done selecting some delectable treats from the dessert table.

**Teresa Ames:**

Done with you. In fact, if you want to be relevant on DEFIANCE television, maybe we should meet each other in the ring sometime?

Ames does her best to agitate the man she brought into DEFIANCE but it doesn't seem to be working. The towering man ignores her advances and tries his best to post up and eat. All the while, Ames' phone is beeping non stop, to the point many others in catering lift their eyes from their plates to look at the Tasty Gurl. Teresa finally simmers down and backs away from her former hired hand.

**Teresa Ames:**

Good luck getting somewhere in this business. I know the hard work it takes and the people respect the hell out of me now. I ain't about to throw that away. Deuces.

She throws up a peace sign and begins walking away before finally grabbing her phone. Ames stops her in her tracks and sighs HARD.

**Teresa Ames:**

Ugh. You've got to be kidding me.

She glances down the hallway to her left and then right.

**Teresa Ames:**

I'm done with you too, just like I'm done with Inspector Protector. I am done with all the drama. I am the one who is genuinely turning over a new leaf, not you. Time to separate myself. Rally and regroup my ass. Ugh. Yuck. I've got a match to prepare for.

Ames tosses her phone in the trash and walks off. A zoomed in shot of the phone shows a lengthy text chain group chat involving The Comments Section. The last few messages are from Malak which direct everyone to partake in a super special roll call, admonishing his underlings to reply to the thread and pledge their undying allegiance to him. For if they don't, they will not be considered part of the group anymore. Lastly, his message yearns for The Comments Section to "rally and regroup", hence, Ames' disgust at the request. A bunch of texts pour in from the likes of Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter but like this segment, the phone screen eventually fades to black.

## DAG PUTA

Sauntering down the backstage concrete hallways is none other than the blue haired third generation superstar, High Flyer IV. He wears confidence and a blue and red LET hoodie, on sale now at ewtees.com, and wears his ring trunks. He looks ahead, and stops for a moment. Concern etches across his face, before he fights past it, and continues.

Directly into the path of one Butcher Victorious. Butcher holds out his microphone into HF IV's chest to keep him at arms length, as he stands directly in front of the locker room he occasionally can habit...

## VAE VICTIS

### **Butcher Victorious:**

Woah, blue-dah-bah-dee-dah-bah-dah-this is Butch Vic's time you're interrupting. Camera loves Butch Vic. Butch Vic don't know you. Camera don't even know you.

### **High Flyer IV:**

Really? I musta hit you so damn hard five years ago you dun lost your mind. Oh, I bet you don't recognize me. Here, get on your back. I'll shine some bright lights into your eyes and fly off a high surface for you.

Butcher takes a moment, and squints, realizing he does recall this blue haired freak from his limited time in BRAZEN. But he doesn't let on he does.

### **Butcher Victorious:**

Butch is a star, dweeb. He's with the Vee-Vee. What's your smurf lookin' ass doin' starin' at Mr. Victorious?

### **High Flyer IV:**

I want a match with Oscar Burns.

Butcher let's loose a laugh.

### **Butcher Victorious:**

Your funeral.

Butcher just walks off, letting the blue-haired luchador pass. Knock. Knockity Knock Knock.

Swinging open the door is none other than the Pacific Blitzkrieg, Kerry Kuroyama. Kerry takes a moment, looks at HFIV, and then looks down the hallway to a Butcher Victorious who's miming that this boy is crazy. Kerry crosses his arms.

### **High Flyer IV:**

Kerry. Big fan. Usually. Hey, uh, Is Oscar in there? I'm here to challenge him for the Favoured Saints title. I should get a rematch, that's, like, wrestling rules, isn't it?

Someone holds up an invisible bottle of sour milk in front of Kerry's face, because it's the only reason that can explain the expression of revulsion that crosses his face.

### **Kerry Kuroyama:**

Technically, you're right. However... there is a queue.

The man who holds the distinction of being DEFIANCE, Favoured Saints as well as Favoured Saints Champion peers his head out.

### **Oscar Burns:**

Ahh! High Flyer IV! Big fan of what you and the LET boys are doing down in BRAZEN!

He nods to Kerry.

**Oscar Burns:**

Afraid he's right, GC. Technically? You are correct. You were robbed of a shot... however, I'm afraid my duties as the "Creative Consultant" for our parent company, Favoured Saints, have not left me with the free time needed to prepare. Another time, perhaps?

**High Flyer IV:**

I... somehow heard the U... Alright listen, you guys are wrassler wrestlers, no? Real grapps, no shiny tricks. So here I am, the brightest thing I got here is my head and my wits. My wit reminds me I was once a Favoured Saints Champion. My head tells me? I can be again. I want my rematch.

Pinching his nose, the Creative Consultant sighs.

**Oscar Burns:**

You're a bit of a dag, eh, kiddo? Well, listen... I tried to be diplomatic about this, GC. I understand you're feeling stropo and want a shot at the gold, eh? Well... how about you test your mettle against someone who helped make this title what it is.

He puts an arm around Kuroyama.

**Oscar Burns:**

Ker?

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

I couldn't agree more, Oz. In fact, since I'm not busy tonight, I'll gladly volunteer to put this Simpsons wannabe to the test. I'm curious to see if he stacks up to his old man.

HFIV nods, placated, but then walks away.

With his back to Vae Victis...

**High Flyer IV:**

Thanks for confirming what I've always known. I've always wanted to see which one of Lindsay Troy's harem has the biggest balls. See ya out there Kerry!

HF IV throws up the inverted peace sign before turning a corner...

... and running directly into Victor Vacio. Vacio shoulder bumps through HF IV and keeps on walking, not giving him a second glance.

Victor Vacio

Put...

Flyer turns around and shouts at Vacio.

**High Flyer IV:**

Hey!

Vacio turns down a hallway and is gone.

**High Flyer IV:**

You're... you're the puta... You, Dag Puta.

He snarls and wanders off.

Meanwhile, back at Vae Victis' dressing room entrance.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

What do I break? The legs, or the spine?

The Favoured Saints Champion ponders the question.

**Oscar Burns:**

Hmm... you know, why not both?

## CONOR FUSE vs. TERESA AMES

**DDK:**

I am really looking forward to this.

**Lance:**

Technically it's a match pitting two Comment Section members against one another...

**DDK:**

That's true. Although it sounds like Conor is going his own separate ways for now and Teresa hasn't been seen with Malak and Co. in some time.

**Lance:**

Questions with both of those points. We saw The Comments Section corner Conor Fuse earlier tonight, so maybe he's not as distant with the team as he thinks he is. And Ames... I'm not sure where her head is at in general.

**DDK:**

Either way, it should be a good one. Let's go to ringside!

The scene switches to Darren Quimbey in the middle of the squared circle.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This match is for ONE FALL!

The Milwaukee Faithful lose their minds because of the ONE FALL stipulation. Like there could be any other option...

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... from Joliet, Illinois... weighing one-hundred-twenty-six pounds... TERESA AMES!!

♪ "The Ending" by Papa Roach ♪

Teresa walks onto the stage and receives a good cheer from the crowd. She slaps hands with people in the front row while making her way down to ringside.

**Lance:**

Teresa and The Faithful seem to be on the same side now. Then again, how could you not when Ned Reform was the person who stabbed you in the back.

**DDK:**

Ames has a big opportunity here, as we all know where Conor is going at DEFCON and that's a match with Dex Joy for the next in line to challenge the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Ames rolls into the ring and poses.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And her opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... CONOR FUSE!

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

Conor Fuse hops out from behind the FIST logo with a ton of energy... TOO MUCH energy. He, too, smacks hands with fans as he skips and jumps down the rampway, trying to let out his pre-match intensity while still making sure he will be able to channel and focus inside the ring.

Fuse leaps onto the apron and then clears the ropes again in another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring. Even Ames claps this on, it was impressive.

**DDK:**

We won't waste time here, folks. The referee is Mark Shields but he's tuned in, thankfully, and calls for the bell.

***DING DING***

Conor walks to the center of the ring and so does Teresa. The crowd is in support as the two of them look to gain an advantage by circling each other. Ames goes for a leg sweep but Conor jumps to avoid it. Fuse attempts a quick superkick but Ames shows her flexibility and leans all the way back like she's in *The Matrix*. The ASMR Star drives her shoulder forward but Conor hops out of the way. He raises his knee but Ames pushes it away and then she bounces into the ropes. She leaps across for a crossbody attempt but Conor catches her, flips her around for a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker... Ames wiggles her way out! She hits the ropes and this time she spears Conor to the canvas.

**DDK:**

Wow, that's some momentum Ames had!

**Lance:**

Well, Fuse is reasonably in her weight class.

Ames lifts Fuse and hurls him into a corner. Conor rams into the buckle chest-first and stumbles out. Ames connects with a running bulldog by racing towards Conor, jumping in the air and catching his head, driving the gamer's skull into the ground. Ames kips to her feet, in a similar fashion as Conor Fuse would.

The Faithful cheer.

Ames seems minorly taken back by the support she's receiving, although she's been cheered before. Teresa bounces off the rope but Conor finds his footing, jumps up and wraps his legs around Ames' neck, flipping her into a hurricanrana and a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Both wrestlers are on their feet. Conor ducks a short-arm clothesline and then lands a sit-down hip toss. He hops to his feet and keeps the match going at a frantic pace. Fuse runs into the buckle, jumps onto the second pad and then flies off towards Ames for a spear attempt.

Ames catches Fuse and turns it into a DDT!

Teresa wants to cover but doesn't. She looks into the ropes and jumps onto them, landing a lionsault onto Conor. She hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Again, both wrestlers are to their feet. Conor nods along like "damn, she's got it" and Ames simply grins in return. They move towards each other and this time Fuse is steered into the corner. He meets it with his chest again but almost automatically upon hitting the padding, Conor comes out of it with a superkick that catches Ames under the jaw!

Her head shoots back. She retreats a few steps. Then she swings her arms around and falls flat on her face!

Conor races forward, dives on Ames with a splash and then grabs her upon getting to his feet. He spins Ames around his shoulders and performs a diving cutter, followed by a kip up and a jump onto the top rope.

**DDK:**

Conor moves SO FAST it's hard to keep up... or call the action!

Fuse doesn't even need to measure Ames, he knows where she is. He launches off with a high angle leg drop and keeps the leg draped across The Keyboard Queen for a pinfall attempt.

ONE.

TW-

AMES REVERSE IT!

Teresa has Conor rolled into a pin and she is placing her entire body on Fuse's legs.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse kicks out with a force that sends Ames into the ropes. As she returns towards the center of the ring, Conor catches her with another sit-down hip toss. He pops to his feet and rolls his hands into little balls of rage as he shakes his fists around and makes laps around the ring.

Conor hits one of the turnbuckle pads and the crowd screams !RANK.

Once Ames is up, Conor makes a play towards her. He leaps in the air but Ames catches him.

POWERSLAM!

**DDK:**

DAMN! Ames, I didn't see this coming!

She hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Ames nods to referee Mark Shields, who has been surprisingly competent so far (a likely jinx for later). She begins to chop Conor Fuse into the ropes... with Fuse's face an overwhelming sense of surprise. Ames Irish whips Conor to the ropes across the way but he holds onto her and they both go into the ropes, collide with each other, tumble over the top, land on the apron and ultimately fall to the floor. Mark Shields doesn't start a TEN count. Instead, he's checking out some hottie in the front row. So, the jinx was proven rather quickly.

Eventually, Conor slides into the ring. He seems Ames is still on the outside but stirring as she likely knocked her head against the ground. The Power-Up King bounces off the ropes on the far end and then performs a corkscrew suicide dive onto Ames on the outside.

The Gamers cheer as Fuse tosses Teresa back into the ring. He hops onto the apron-



*WHACK!*

And he's immediately superkicked off by a desperate Teresa Ames, who hits the move out of nowhere! She passes out in the center of the ring...

**DDK:**

What a last-ditch effort by Ames!

**Lance:**

And if Mark Shields would count, she MAY get a count out victory!

But, of course, Mark Shields doesn't. He keeps winking at the woman in the front row and the fan is replying with pukey faces. Regardless, it likely wouldn't have been a TEN count... Conor does slide into the ring while rubbing his face at maybe the count of SEVEN. The crowd was trying to do it themselves, they were at SEVEN.

Mark Shields realizes he's getting nowhere with the fan so he goes back to the action and picks up on the count where the crowd left off.

**Mark Shields:**

EIGHT!

Then he notices both Ames and Fuse are in the ring.

**Mark Shields:**

Fuck, my bad.

Both wrestlers gain a vertical base near the same time. Ames goes for a WOO chop and hits it. Conor replies with one of his own. The two go back-and-forth for a moment before Ames takes a step forward and rolls Conor Fuse into a seatbelt pinfall!

ONE.

TWO.

NEARLY A THREE!

Fuse uses the momentum of the kickout to launch himself towards Ames and hit a spinning heel kick. This is followed with a rolling thunder splash. Conor picks Ames up in the process of rising to his feet...

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two positions Teresa in front of him for a running release German suplex-

**DDK:**

Ames lands on her feet!

**Lance:**

Incredible!

Teresa trips Conor to the mat and then jumps on top of his head, beginning to dig and claw at Fuse's eyes. The gamer cries out and tries to move towards the ropes for a break- he eventually gets there and, even though Shields doesn't say anything, Ames breaks the "clawing attack". Teresa waits in the middle of the ring... ready to strike the second Conor gets on his feet.

Ames charges when Fuse stands but with eyes in the back of his head, Conor jumps and Teresa misses him!

This time Conor connects with the running release German suplex!

Fuse runs around the ring, balls in a fist of rage as The Faithful chant !RANK. Conor doesn't wait long, he peels Ames off the mat himself and then he's rolled into an inside cradle!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

**DDK:**

Ames almost had Fuse!

Conor's face is STUNNED but he knows he kicked out in time. He is extremely fast into the ropes, bounces off them and leaps as high in the air as he can, directing his heels towards the skull of Ames, who hasn't quite gotten upright.

**DDK:**

HEAD STOMP!

Ames is shot down cold, she's not moving.

Conor falls on top and hooks a leg for good measure.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!

Fuse rolls to his knees. He looks down at Ames and nods, patting her lightly on the shoulder before hopping up and wondering where Mark Shields is to raise his hand.

...Mark has already left the ring and is trying his words on the woman he was interested in. She ends up slapping him, he shrugs and moves on with his day.

**DDK:**

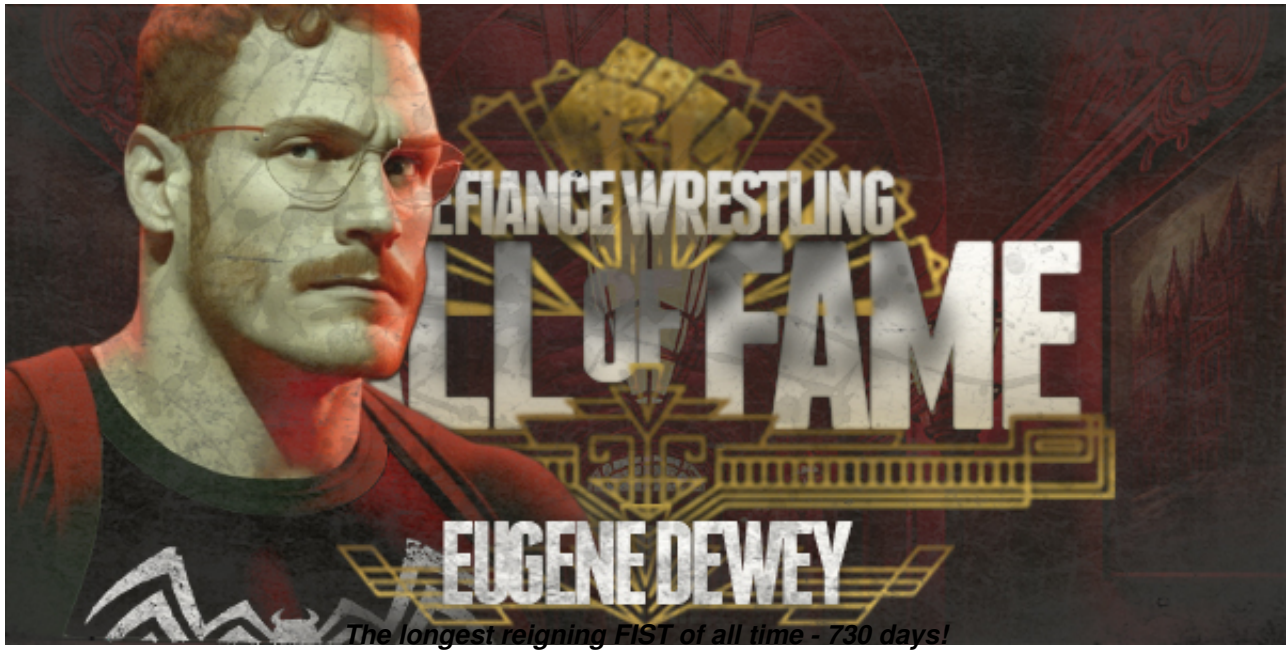
A big win for Conor Fuse and a great showing by Teresa Ames. Conor continues on his path to DEFCON and Dex Joy, for number one contendership to the FIST!

**Lance:**

Plenty more ahead of Ames too if she keeps this up.

The gamer exits the ring as his theme song plays, while he celebrates with the fans.

## COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY



## THE BIGGEST BADASS

Conor Fuse is headed to his locker room when he stops and sees The Comments Section standing outside his door, the same group who surrounded him earlier.

...And yet they look happy, like they weren't rejected a while ago by Conor Fuse.

The Power-Up King, however, looks miserable (and exhausted from his match).

**Percy Collins:**

YES, Conor, YES!!!

Everyone cheers!

Conor takes a moment to look at each of them. Percy Collins, ALEX, MEE6 and Thurston Hunter are there. As requested, Paul is MIA and never to be seen again.

**Conor Fuse:** [sarcastic]

Great, thank you. I'd like to get on with my night now-

Fuse goes to push back the locker room door but suddenly Thurston Hunter's arm is there to block his path from entering. Hunter acts all "tough guy" while Conor is trying so, so hard not to make a scene so he takes a step back and gives Hunter space.

**Thurston Hunter:**

What's next for you, Conor?

The gangster almost sounds like he genuinely wants to know.

**Conor Fuse:**

Umm, I'm going to get changed and go home, show up two weeks from now in St. Louis and wrestle again, just like Dex is going to wrestle, too. We're both gonna wrestle all the way through, leading up to DEFCON and then I'll see him in the ring.

Hunter hums along with Conor's words but is bursting at the seams to add a comment. Noticing this, Conor shakes his head in frustration and gives Hunter the opportunity to speak his mind.

**Thurston Hunter:**

That's great man! And even better news, it's been approved by the Favored Saints! Next DEFtv Dex Joy is going to take on the baddest motherfucker in the land... the STREET FIGHTED tough guy, ME, Thurston Hunter!

Conor doesn't like it. He snaps at the group.

**Conor Fuse:**

I told you all to stay out of my business!

Collins steps in-between Fuse and Hunter.

**Percy Collins:**

We are staying out of your business. We're dealing with Dex Joy.

Percy leans forward and gives a playful nudge into Conor's shoulder with his own.

**Percy Collins:**

Soften the big guy up for ya.

Fuse looks at the ceiling before Hunter interjects.

**Thurston Hunter:**

You remember how fucking CRAZY you were back in the vintage days, Conor? I do!

Hunter reveals he's holding onto a powder blue question mark box, a similar rip off of the Mario Bros. and the exact same box Conor used to carry with him to ringside for matches.

**Thurston Hunter:** [winking]

Power up mushrooms like you used to eat.

Hunter winks a second time, harder than before.

**Thurston Hunter:**

Except these aren't legal.

Hunter realizes he has to further explain things.

**Thurston Hunter:**

...Because I'm a badass STREET FIGHTED gangster!!!

Fuse drops his hips, wraps his arms around Hunter and lifts him up, only to place Thurston down beside his locker room door and not in front of it.

**Conor Fuse:**

Alright, great. Go away. Goodnight.

Conor enters his locker room and closes the door behind him, leaving The Comments Section standing there again as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

## KERRY KUROYAMA vs. HIGH FLYER IV

### DDK:

Earlier tonight, High Flyer IV challenged Oscar Burns for a shot at the Favored Saints Championship. Burns however, deferred to his Vae Victis stablemate Kerry Kuroyama to gate keep this opportunity.

### Lance:

If HF IV can defeat Kerry, we can safely assume his request for a FS match will be awarded, regardless of Vae Victis' intention!

♪ "Ain't it Funny" by Danny Brown ♪

The camera hand held sways from side to side in a zoom to the entrance, as High Flyer IV storms through. He runs his hands through his bright blue hair and is wearing his traditional LET gear. His old lucha mask dangling around his neck as he storms down to the ring. He looks at the camera as he passes.

### High Flyer IV:

See Vacio? This is how you do it.

HF IV passes by and continues his way to ringside, slapping a few of the fans hands as he does.

### DDK:

Biggest test of this young kid's career since Dan Ryan literally picked him apart in minutes.

### Lance:

A lot has changed in four years. While he may not have LET tonight in his corner, he's grown alongside them and has morphed into a great tag team specialist and aerial innovator.

As he reaches the ring, HFIV hops onto the apron, and up the turnbuckle so his left leg is on the second rope and his right leg perches him on the top. He looks around, and gulps just as he hears the opening chord...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights come low as a dark red luminance fills the stage. Two words appears across the DEFIATron:

**VAE VICTIS**

From the entry-way emerges Kerry Kuroyama to a chorus of boos, shadowed by Vae Victis' mouthpiece Sonny Silver. Undeterred by the negative crowd reaction, Kerry pumps his fists together at the head of the ramp before a wall of fountain pyros for a beat, and makes his way toward the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from Seattle, Washington, and tipping the scales at two hundred and forty six pounds... accompanied to the ring by Sonny Silver and representing VAE VICTIS... here is "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

### Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama has for years been a consummate professional throughout his DEFIANCE career. Whether it be a part of the original Rain City Ronin, or tagging with Mr. DEFIANCE himself Scott Douglas in Seattle's Best, or in his current incarnation as a part of Vae Victis, he's always dedicated himself to being at the top of his game.

### DDK:

But lately, however, he's been on something of a crusade as of late to weed the "undesirables" out of DEFIANCE, leading to conflicts with the likes of Declan Alexander and Conor Fuse. Kerry's passion for this sport can't be disputed, but I can't help but wonder if he's perhaps being a bit TOO partial as of late.

While Silver baits the fans on the trip down the ramp, Kerry coldly ignores them. He throws his silk robe aside before climbing the steps and entering the ring, looking to get things underway as quick as possible.

***DING DING***

Kerry comes out of his corner and takes the center of the ring, ready to get to business. HFIV circles him lightly hopping from foot to foot, and shoots in as soon as he finds his opening. Kuroyama quickly stuffs the attempt, wrangling HFIV around by the arm and applying the hammerlock. Before HFIV can attempt anything, a forearm to the back of his head puts him to his knees.

**DDK:**

Heavy and stiff forearm from Kuroyama to open things! No surprises here, he's not pulling any punches tonight!

**Lance:**

True to form for Kerry Kuroyama. But I have to say that it will be interesting to see how High Flyer IV combats Kerry's technical expertise and advantage in size and strength.

The snarl on Kerry's face as he looks down at HFIV shows everything he feels for the young aerial artist. Undaunted, HFIV pops to his feet and shoots in again. This time, Kuroyama comes in too high, giving him plenty of space to slide through the legs and rolling up the Pacific Blitzkrieg from behind.

**DDK:**

Flyer threads the needle, and now from behind with a reverse rolling cradle brings Kuroyama to the mat!

One!

And a kickout by Kerry at the one!

Both men scramble to their feet. Kerry catches a kick aimed at his middle, but HFIV somersaults through to his feet and tags Kuroyama on the chest with a standing dropkick. Kerry reels but doesn't go down.

**DDK:**

Dropkick finds its mark, but here comes Kerry with a bounce off the ropes and a discus lariat--no, High Flyer IV into the crucifix... comes right back around with a SWINGING DDT!

**Lance:**

Picture perfect form on that move!

**DDK:**

He hooks the leg for the cover!

One!

Two!

Kuroyama slips out, and takes a powder!

**Lance:**

Kerry is incensed right now. He came out hot and overconfident, but now the young BRAZEN call-up is humiliating him at his own game.

**DDK:**

His pride was gravely wounded taking the loss to Conor Fuse at the last DEFtv. I'm not sure he can handle another embarrassment tonight.

Official Carla Ferrari methodically goes through the ten count while Kuroyama takes a moment to stew and bicker with the heckling fans on the other side of the barricade. After a while, Sonny pulls him into a sidebar for words of support in an effort to calm him down and get him refocused.

Alone in the ring, HFIV can't help but notice the opportunity laid out before him. After a couple bounces to build energy, he takes a bounce off the ropes...

**DDK:**

Hang on, here comes HIGH FLYER FOUR with the SUICIDE DIVE-NOOO!!

HFIV launches himself perfectly through the ropes, but Kuroyama sees him coming, and stuffs the dive by catching the young High Flyer in his arms and countering by slamming him against the apron.

**Lance:**

OUCH. Right on the edge of the ring mat. The hardest part!

**DDK:**

Kuroyama makes High Flyer IV pay for daring to come at him through the air, and now as he brings this fight back into the ring, he finds himself in a position to add onto the punishment!

HFIV starts to stir with his back to Kerry, so Kerry rushes off the ropes.

**DDK:**

He's got him lined up! Green River - OH!

HFIV leans so far forward in a butterfly stretch he narrowly avoids the knee, and quickly school boys Kerry.

One!

Two!

Kerry shoves HF IV off of him, but can't fight off the inside cradle.

**Lance:**

Well scouted by Eff-4 Darren. I bet he's watched so much tape on Kerry just for fun.

One.

Kerry kicks out, more annoyed than anything. As he storms to his feet, HF IV rushes into a crucifix, but can't drag Kerry down for the pin. Kerry shows his strength and size advantage, turning the crucifix into a fireman's carry. With HF IV prone, Kerry tosses him in front of him and catches him in a rear waist lock, before sending the brashest member of LET flying with a German Suplex.

**DDK:**

The kid landed on his feet!

As Kerry pushes up from the Suplex, HF IV launches off of Kerry's back like a curbstomp but flips into a standing shooting star onto Kerry's back. HF IV rolls him into a pin.

One.

Two.

Kerry kicks out. Not only that, but he locks the unexpected guillotine choke.



**DDK:**

Oh it might not be flashy Lance, but this is sure effective.

**Lance:**

You cut off the flow of oxygen to the brain, you can make your opponent make bad decisions. That's if you don't just plain knock 'em out!

**DDK:**

He can't hook the legs though.

Indeed, HFIV has twisted his body in such a way that Kerry can't lock the choke in fully. Harmen's kid keeps trying to hand stand out of the hold, but Kerry holds on like a vice grip. Three attempts, and each time HF IV tries, he fails. And each time he fails, Kerry tries to wrap his legs around, only for the youngster's quickness to send him back into the vertical headstand. Finally, HF IV takes one of his thumbs and pokes Kerry's eye. Kuroyama releases the choke as the former two time BRAZEN tag champ slips free.

**DDK:**

Oh here he goes!

**Lance:**

Not the safest up there--

HF IV leaps off the top rope in a front flip and lands on Kerry's shoulders. He then back flips for a Dragon-rana, but Kerry holds him upside down. Kerry drops to his knees with a thud, but HF IV is able to sit up just enough to avoid landing neck first on the mat. Multiple closed fists from the Brazen star as the Pacific Blitzkrieg stands to his feet. A few steps forward, Kerry tries a Lygerbomb but HF IV rolls behind Kerry, trying to pull him down into a sunset flip pin. Kerry aloha's out of it, tries to stomp the kid's face but HF IV slips again free and slides completely out of the ring.

Kerry just stares down at him on the outside, as HF IV breathes heavily. He looks up at Kerry, like he just escaped with his life. He takes his time on the outside, contemplating strategy, and eats up a good portion of a ten count.

**Lance:**

Listen, I've been watching this kid develop since WrestleUTA signed him at the age of 16. He's been with us for five years now and he's not even old enough to rent a car. Two time BRAZEN tag team champion alongside his brethren, whose names you might be familiar with. I'm talking Archer SILVER and Kaz TROY. This is, a very interesting contest.

**DDK:**

I remember when he first got signed, when the UTAH nonsense happened. Remember?

**Lance:**

Yeah. He told me his favorite wrestler was -

**Both:**

Kerry Kuroyama.

**DDK:**

Now, he's in a fight for his life against his favorite wrestler...

HF IV tries to roll in one side, but Kerry stomps the mat to prevent entry. He tries the apron this time, and Kerry reaches over the top. HF IV slips under the bottom rope and under Kerry. Quickly up and off the other ropes, Kerry turns and charges to meet him.

**DDK:**

YAKUZA KICK! Kerry Kuroyama just decapitated the young lad!

**Lance:**

That might just be a message to the kid. You're not as good as you're old man.

Kerry snaps HFIV up, and locks in a double underhook backbreaker. Kerry hits the Black Mountain Bomb (Double Underhook backbreaker), which Kuroyama transitions into and inverted powerbomb onto his chest. Kerry signals it's over, and turns HFIV over. He grabs both legs and crosses the ankles.

**DDK:**

Kerry going for that standing cloverleaf, the Cascadia Cloverleaf, but HFIV desperately crawling to the ropes.

**Lance:**

Kerry trying to position his knee over the back of HF IV's neck but they're too close and he makes it!

The Faithful cheer the rope break as Kerry just places his boot on the back of HF IV's neck. He takes the full four seconds to wrench the hold in before dropping HF IV. Then Kerry's on top with a gordbuster, and signals for the end.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama, double underhook, no! Northern lights from HF IV!

One!

Two!

Kerry kicks out. Gets up to his feet and goes for another Yakuza kick, but this time, HF IV ducks into a school boy.

One!

Kuroyama powers out. As Kerry gets to his feet, HF IV leaps and catches him flush with a leaping kick to the jaw.

**DDK:**

Shades of Archer Silver! The Silver Bullet.

**Lance:**

And Kerry's out on his feet, and down he goes! I think he might have it Darren.

HF IV quickly leaps to the top rope and looks out to the cheering Faithful. With a nod, he takes a leap.

**DDK:**

630! Kerry gets the knees up!

It's not long until Kerry hooks a broken back'd HF IV and nails his patented Kuroyama Driver. HF IV's head bounces off the mat.

Kerry drops down and places one hand on HF IV's chest.

One!

Two!

Kerry pulls him up. The Faithfull boo.

**DDK:**

You had the match won Kerry! Just take the win.

**Lance:**

I think he's there to teach this kid a lesson. Don't go against your elders.

Kerry lifts Harmen Jr up and hits another Kuroyama Driver. This time, he hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

THREE!!

***DING DING DING***

Kerry rises up and pumps his fists in victory to a mostly jeering and dispirited crowd. Joining him in the ring, Sonny Silver is clapping his hands and nodding with approval.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner, by pinfall... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

As HFIV recovers on the mat, he catches the eye of Silver. Though he's there to back his boy Kerry, he respectfully nods to Harmen Jr., acknowledging the young prospect's skill and tenacity.

**DDK:**

After back to back Kuroyama Drivers, the Pacific Blitzkrieg picks up the win here tonight! A triumph for Kerry Kuroyama, and Vae Victis as well!

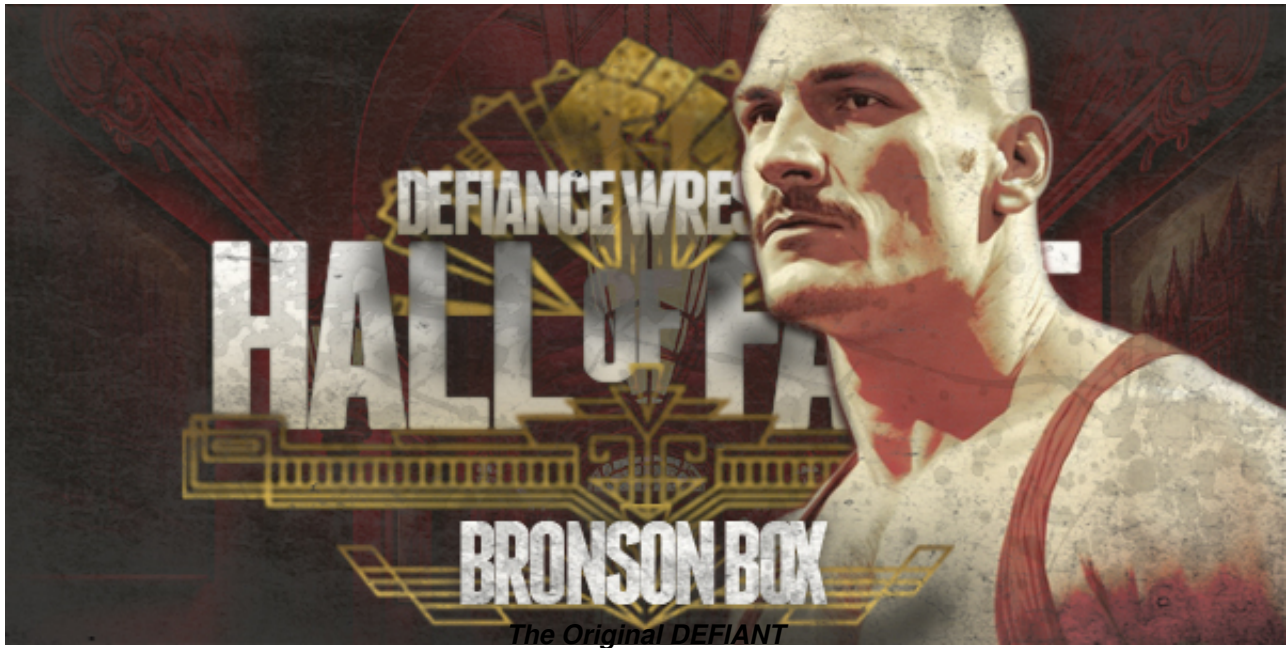
**Lance:**

Kerry reminded us all here tonight that despite his recent shortcomings, he is still a dominant force to be reckoned with between the ropes. But let's not discount the efforts of Jack Harmen Jr., who showed great heart out there in a match he requested, against an athlete he respects.

**DDK:**

With what we saw here tonight, against a tenured DEFIANCE vet, I can foresee an outstanding career ahead of the young third generation superstar, High Flyer Four! In any case, more action is on the way, ladies and gentlemen, but first, we'll be right back after this quick break!

## COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



## THE KUROCODILE HUNTER

The broadcast returns with the camera backstage, just as Kerry Kuroyama and Sonny Silver walk through the curtain. The camera however feels... off. The quality isn't as high as one usually expects and the scene doesn't stay still. Also, we appear to be behind some sort of tall houseplant? Total Blair Witch vibes.

**???:**

Behold chat, the hall monitor in their natural habitat. With notepad and pencil always at the ready, and spine in the form of numbers, the hall monitor immediately surveys their surroundings the instant they step foot into their domain.

Rising up from behind the houseplant, we get a better view of Kerry and Sonny, who begin their march away from gorilla and towards the labyrinth of hallways that span the UW-Milwaukee Panther Arena. We follow them on their journey as they have a conversation which is muted behind the narration done with a terrible Australian accent.

**???:**

We were almost spotted, chat, it was a close one. We must remain quiet in order to not draw the ire of the hall monitor. For when it is in its domain it is most dangerous. Able to strike with a citation at any moment. So we must keep our distance to observe its majestic splendor.

The duo suddenly stop and Kuroyama's head sinks in defeat as Sonny Silver spins around.

**Sonny Silver:**

You again?! Don't you have some kind of curtain jerking UNCUT match you need to prepare for?

It's at this point a DEFIANCE camera catches up to the scene and spots "DEC4L" Declan Alexander with new phone in hand standing perfectly still as Sonny Silver dresses him down. The Pacific Blitzkrieg turns around slowly with frustration in his eyes.

**DEC4L:**

We can't be deterred by the ferocious roar of the Boomer. The hall monitor's sight is based on movement, chat, so if we stand perfectly still we may be able to avoid pulling aggro.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Declan...

The expression on the Pacific Blitzkrieg's face is one of pensive, restrained rage. Like a man trying his hardest not to let this get under his skin, and failing miserably. The Intrepid Influencer remains a statue.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

I'm again going to remind you that I am *not* the hallway monitor. But now that you mention it, if you're not scheduled to compete tonight, then you probably have no business out here.

DEC4L gives up the strat, defeated in his attempt to observe the hall monitor in a safe manner. He does however end his stream.

**DEC4L:**

It's getting too dangerous chat, so we're going to end things right here. This one has been known to steal phones and keep property that doesn't belong to them. So get some good rest DEC4LLION, we'll be back at it again tomorrow. DEC4L, O-

The Pacific Blitzkrieg immediately swipes for the phone before Alexander gets a chance to put it away. He successfully knocks it out of the streamers hands, but the hand-eye coordination from years of playing popular video games pays off and Declan snatches his phone from the air and takes a few steps back to get a safer distance away from the Vae Victis members.

**DEC4L:**

Whoa fam, let's calm down for a minute. This is all in fun, bro, we're just making content. No need to get salty!

Kerry looks at Sonny Silver and begins to take a couple of steps towards the Intrepid Influencer who takes a few steps back. Kuroyama lunges at DEC4L who takes off down the hallway to avoid aggro. Silver puts his hand across the chest of the Pacific Blitzkrieg holding him back.

**Sonny Silver:**

That child isn't worth our time anymore. Oscar already took care of him. Let's just meet with the others.

Frustrated, Kerry takes a step back in retreat, but not without letting out a primal roar.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

DEC-LAAAN!

## TITANES FAMILIA vs. ???

### DDK:

It's been a seemingly hard time for Titanes Familia since the fallout of DEFIANCE Road and the big blowout between Uriel Cortez and his best friend and tag partner, Minute. Both men effectively prevented each other from becoming the Favoured Saints Championship for their own reasons and it's been bad ever since.

### Lance:

Both men lost their respective singles matches to BFTA members Alvaro de Vargas and Nathan Eye. And after the ADV match, Uriel and Titaness both got attacked by the returning Team HOSS! Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great, and newest member Strong AF.

### DDK:

After the confrontation we saw on UNCUT between Uriel Cortez trying to talk to Minute, I've been told with help from Titaness and Dan Leo James, they managed to agree at least in principle to tonight's match. Cortez told staff earlier he wanted a match with Team HOSS and he was planning to call the powerhouse trio out. Will the longtime DEFIANCE monsters answer the call?

Darren Quimbey makes the announcements.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag set for one fall... introducing first...

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

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

The lights flicker back on...

But the song cuts out when Uriel Cortez comes out in his ring gear without any fanfare. Behind him, Titaness is in her ring gear as well looking ready to hurt someone.

### Uriel Cortez:

Turn that shit off.

The music stops instantly when Titanes Familia, less Dan Leo James (somewhere in the back after his match with Dex Joy earlier in the night) make their way out... but Minute is out with the crew although noticeably not pleased with the situation all around.

### DDK:

Man... whatever internal issues they've been dealing with. And now Team HOSS is attacking them from the outside!

### Lance:

Indeed.

The crowd responds favorably to the arrival of Titanes Familia, but they aren't in any mood to play tonight as Uriel Cortez pulls himself up into the ring. Titaness isn't far behind him and Minute doesn't enter the ring with his usual rope-jumping and death-defying panache. Instead, he rolls under the bottom rope and he wants a microphone as well. Uriel doesn't pay attention at all behind him to what his lucha bestie is doing.

### Uriel Cortez:

Team HOSS...

He turns to the ring.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I don't give a damn how many times you idiots want to siphon more checks from this company for your fourth or fifth go-around, but...

**Minute:**

A NO ESTÁS SALTANDO DE MIS AMIGOS! SAL DE AQUÍ! LUCHA CON NOSOTROS! AHORA!

Uriel looks a little put off by his friend jumping over him like that while Titaness doesn't care; she just wants to beat someone up.

**Minute:**

IN CASE YOU NEED TRANSLATION... GET YOUR ASSES IN THIS RING... NOW!

The TJ Tornado's proclamation gets a big cheer from The Faithful as he leans up the ropes and peers out to the entrance. Uriel shrugs and just wants to fight.

**DDK:**

Are we gonna get this match tonight?

**Lance:**

Who knows? Team HOSS have terrorized the main roster and did so in BRAZEN in their last Double Shot. Angel Trinidad won the #1 Contendership to the BRAZEN Championship and still holds a grudge from the time this company sent them down there due to behavioral issues.

Titanes Familia wait for the longtime powerhouse trio to make their appearance...

But what happens next is the last thing they'd expect.

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

A mix of cheers and boisterous laughter rises out of the crowd when the familiar work of metal pioneer Ronnie James Dio begins pumping through the PA. On the unlit stage, a true rainbow in the dark appears in the form of glowing EYES from shadowy figures standing in a row. Dark lights pop on at once, revealing the Spectrum of Death in all of the ultraviolet grandeur.

**DDK:**

Oh... oh, no...

**Lance:**

The... The Reapers? I... well... and I'm reaching here, but remember, Reaper Green was a member of Cerberus with Rick Dickulous and Victor Vacio and it was Titanes Familia that beat them in their last appearance.

**DDK:**

That's very sound... but I don't know how much logic you can apply to the illogical.

Uriel Cortez still has his microphone.

**Uriel Cortez:**

No, no, no, no...

He fumes.

**Uriel Cortez:**



I'm gonna say this once and ONLY once... LEAVE.

Reaper Green, the one taking point, bellows his best Cobra Commander voice into the mic in his hand.

**Reaper Green:**

SILENCE, you oafish ignoramus of industry! Your trivial family disputes are INCONSEQUENTIAL to the combined might of the Reapers! The Rainbow of DEATH is here for REVENGE!

**Reaper Cyan:**

REVENGE, yo! A DISH best served COLD!

**Reaper Magenta:**

And we're here to crack open some COLD ONES with the BOYS!

**Reaper Chartreuse:**

Speaking of COLD CRACKS... MILWAUKEE! Am I RIGHT??

The ensemble of six march down the ramp in a tight diamond formation. Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse are uselessly waving around their neon-glowing kendo sticks, but Green along with Red and Blue all look prepared for action.

**Reaper Green:**

We REFUSE to be IGNORED any longer! Your squabble with those neanderthals in Team HOSS absolutely PALES in comparison to the dreaded, multi-colored DOOM that awaits all of DEFIANCE!

With his face half-buried into one of the corner turnbuckles, Uriel lets out a sigh and grunts in their direction.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'm not doing this. We have better th...

**Minute:**

Squieres pelear, vamos! Ahora!

He shouts right over his best friend.

**Minute:**

You want to fight? Any three of you can get it! Hector, amigo, ring that damn bell!

Uriel looks over at Minute and mouths "what the hell?" but Minute doesn't pay him any attention.

**Minute:**

We wanted a fight. We're fighting. La lucha no se detiene solo porque tú quieras!

Titaness shoots looks at both of them, but with Hector Navarro already present at ringside, the Reapers congregate towards the ring. Out of the collective, Reaper Red, Reaper Blue and Reaper Cyan all approach the ring and take point opposite Titanes Familia. Uriel protests with Minute, but he's all about the action. He looks at his wife, but Titaness shrugs.

**Titaness:**

Equal-opportunity ass-kicker over here.

Realizing he's outnumbered two to one, Cortez resigns to his fated encounter with the Reapers.

**DDK:**

Definitely not the match we thought we were getting, but it's Titanes Familia versus The Reapers!

Uriel and Minute argue over who starts, so Titaness finds herself breaking that ish up and offers to start against any member of the Reapers. Red steps forward as the bell rings.

***DING DING***

Titaness is in the ring and circles up with Reaper Red. The Show of Force and the sapphire-clad wrestler go for a collar-and-elbow with Red getting the better of the exchange for the moment with a rear waistlock. He holds her in place, but she swivels around him quickly and drops the Reaper on the mat with a big rear waistlock takedown! She spins around on the mat and keeps him trapped with a leg scissors!

**DDK:**

Titaness has been working on some mat wrestling in her spare time and seems like that's paying off!

Red tries to fight out, but Titaness rolls through into a reverse cradle pin!

***ONE!***

Red kicks out and he's a little quicker on the draw! He connects with a big uppercut on The Show of Force! He has her backed into the ropes then runs off the other side, but she quickly runs behind him! He bounces off the ropes and before he can turn around, Reaper Red gets knocked down by the former powerlifter! The crowd cheers on the former Unified Tag Team Champion as he stands over him for the moment!

**Lance:**

Titaness taking control! And now Minute wants the tag!

He reaches out and for the moment, Uriel remains unfazed as he is okay with it. Reapers Cyan and Blue watch as Reaper Red gets dropped with a big waterwheel suplex in the ring followed by Minute leaping over the ropes, then backflipping off the middle rope with a big springboard moonsault! The TJ Tornado flops back to his feet and jumps at the corner, with a twisting Enzuigiri! Reaper Blue ducks, but Cyan is not so lucky and gets knocked off the apron, much to the chagrin of Reaper Green at ringside!

**DDK:**

Minute and the rest of Titanes Familia trying to hold it together between their own issues and Team HOSS!

**Lance:**

They're doing okay so far.

Minute goes back and then hits a basement dropkick on Reaper Red quickly! He gets knocked back into the canvas for Minute to go for a cover.

***ONE!******TWO... NO!*****DDK:**

Impressive kickout by Red, but Titanes Familia doing what they do best! Using teamwork to stay on top.

Reaper Red kicks out at two, but Minute stays on him with a standing moonsault into a senton! Red gets doubled over when Minute stands up. Uriel reaches out for a tag...

But Minute looks up at his hand...

Considers it...

And moves away.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

**DDK:**

Minute... what is he doing?

Uriel waves the hand.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Come on, Minute! We need to finish this match NOW. Team HOSS are still out there!

**Minute:**

No! I got this!

But Titaness is pointing behind Minute to tell him that they, indeed, don't "got this" as The Littlest Flippy-Doo puts it. Minute turns around and gets WALLOPED by a straight-on superkick by Reaper Red! Minute goes down like he's hit by a gunshot! On the outside, Reaper Green, Chartreuse and Magenta all cheer from the outside!

**Lance:**

Just like that! Reaper Red and Blue have just taken over!

Reaper Red pulls Minute by his leg to the corner and then makes the tag to Reaper Blue for the first time! They both pick Minute up and then shoot him off the ropes for a double flapjack!

**DDK:**

Ooh! Reapers Red and Blue really showing something!

Quickly, Blue holds Minute up in a grounded camel clutch setup, allowing Red to hit a big basement dropkick of his own! Red goes back to the corner and Blue rolls Minute over for the cover!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*NO!*

The Faithful almost believe that's it, but Minute kicks out!

**Lance:**

I don't know what Minute was thinking not making that tag. They were in control, sure, but quick tags have always been a specialty by Titanes Familia in matches. That's what has made them so successful in DEFIANCE, but...

**DDK:**

I hear you. Massive mistake there! Meanwhile... Red and Blue in particular! They seem to know what they're doing in that ring!

Reaper Cyan gets back to his feet and then watches Red and Blue work some Reaper tag team magic. Blue grabs Minute by the leg and catapults him back into a forearm on the apron by Reaper Red, sending him falling back across the knees of Reaper Blue! They finish off the combination with Reaper Red hitting a slingshot elbow drop to Minute! The luchador gets doubled over and the rest of the multi-colored men at ringside cheer on Red as he makes another cover!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THR... NO!*

The former two-time Unified Tag and FS Champ barely kicks out!

**DDK:**

That was CLOSE! Minute almost came close to the loss there!

**Lance:**

The Reapers really showing what they have here tonight!

Reaper Cyan wants in and wants a tag. Reapers Blue and Red look at one another a little bit cautiously... but decide that they will give him the chance to get in.

**DDK:**

I sensed some hesitation there from his comrades. Red and Blue seem to know what they're doing... but... Cyan?

Cyan climbs into the ring where he jumps and scores with a big elbow drop across the chest of Minute as he's still down!

**Reaper Cyan:**

I got him, I got him, I got him!

Cyan nervously puts all his weight down on Minute's chest.

*ONE!*

*TWO...NO!*

Minute kicks out a third time, leaving Cyan to have had enough of this and rolls over to quickly tag out. Titaness and Uriel Cortez both haven't had any chance to get across the ring thanks in part to Red and Blue's knack for being able to cut the ring in half! Blue goes to make a tag and gets in to fight Minute! He flips him over for a back suplex...

But The TJ Tornado manages to desperately flip over onto his feet and doubles him over with a kick. Blue stumbles back into a tag from Red! He tags in and tries a back suplex...

But Minute flips out of that, too! Reapers Red and Blue both charge at Minute... but he ducks around, spins around the ropes, then shoves Blue into his Red counterpart! Both of them collide in the ring as Reaper Green and the crew outside are all yelling for the Reapers to fight!

**DDK:**

And there's the opening Minute needs!

He looks at Titaness and Uriel Cortez, wide open for a tag...

But again, he hesitates.

**Titaness:**

Come on! Tag someone in!

**Uriel Cortez:**

Damn it, tag one of us! Come on, Minute!

The TJ Tornado decides he won't do it and backs off, much to the chagrin of the his partners!

**DDK:**

What is he doing? Why isn't he tagging anyone now?

**Lance:**

I don't know... LOOK OUT!

Reaper Red pushes Minute into the ropes, knocking Titaness off the apron before he rolls him back off the ropes into a leg-clutch pin! Reapers Blue and Cyan get into the ring and try to cut off Uriel!

**DDK:**

Reaper Red has the cover!

*ONE!*

*THWACK!* Uriel CHOPS Cyan so hard, he spins and falls over to the mat in pain!

*TWO!*

He tries to shove Blue out of the way to break up the cover...

*THREE...*

AND HE'S TOO LATE!

**DDK and Lance:**

WHAT?!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

Red gets the hell out of the ring to avoid the wrath of a flabbergasted and irate Uriel Cortez! Blue goes to help Cyan out of the ring, still holding his chest and probably unable to breathe. But Reaper Green, Magenta and Chartreuse all go to celebrate!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners... **THE REAPERS!**

Titaness slowly gets back up after being knocked off the apron by Minute being shoved to her moments before, completely stunned by what's just happened. Meanwhile, Reaper Green and company get the hell out of the ring!

**Reaper Green:**

REVENGE IS OURS! REVENGE! OH, PAYBACK, YOU DELICIOUS DISH BEST SERVED COLD! HAHAAHAHA!

**Lance:**

No matter how you slice this! In tag team action, that is a HUGE upset! The Reapers came out here and wanted this fight when Uriel Cortez demanded Team HOSS come out here... and they WON!

**DDK:**

I've called some upsets in my time, but that's a big one, all right! Reaper Green might have scored some winners in the group with Red and Blue who knew what to do at the right time!

Titaness is still stunned... but Uriel looks down at a hurt Minute and the scowl on his face speaks volumes.

**Lance:**

No! Come on! This was a mistake!

## **SORRY WE COULDN'T BE THERE**

Cortez towers over Minute. Minute is angry and can't even bother to make eye contact with his partner.

THEN URIEL PULLS HIM OFF THE MAT TO GASPS FROM THE CROWD!

**DDK:**

NO, NO! URIEL, STOP THIS! YOU NEED TO STOP!

Uriel ragdolls the smaller Minute into the corner as The Faithful gasp!

**Lance:**

They... they can't go to blows. This... this is Titanes Familia!

Shellshocked, he now has no choice but to look up at Uriel while Titaness tries to stop him! She tries to get in between them and turns to face her husband.

**Titaness:**

Uriel, you need to calm down.

He shakes his head at her, then motions for a microphone.

**DDK:**

I don't like this... I don't like it at all. What is going on?

Cortez grabs the microphone.

**Uriel Cortez:**

T... I'm not taking this anymore... not when this bullshit just cost us! Not when it puts us in danger!

He turns.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'm DONE, Minute. I'm DONE with this... what the hell is the matter with you? Huh? We've given you time. Space. Whatever the hell you wanted. I'm done doing this your way. I'm doing this MY way now...

Minute turns his head and continues looking away from his partner.

**Uriel Cortez:**

ANSWER ME! NOW! LET US HELP YOU! LET ME HELP YOU...

Minute steals the microphone from his partner.

**Minute:**

I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP! I'M TIRED OF ALWAYS NEEDING YOUR HELP!

After his outburst, he shoves the microphone back to Uriel, who looks floored by what he's just heard. The Faithful watch and loud murmurs fill the arena, unsure of how things are going to play out next. Titaness and Uriel look down at him.

**DDK:**

This... this is pretty uncomfortable to watch. These issues between them are just festering to the surface like this.

**Lance:**

Yeah.

Minute looks like he's about to say something else...

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

All eyes turn to a flickering DEFIA-Tron.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great and Strong AF - the new Team HOSS, standing just outside the locker room. And in the center, the massive Angel Trinidad turning to his HOSS comrades in arms.

**Angel Trinidad:**

Ho-lee shit. You guys hear this? You guys listening to this whiny-ass garbage?

**Aleczander The Great:**

Pathetic, mates... pathetic.

Strong AF tries to fight back a laugh.

**Strong AF:**

You know, guys... I kicked Dan Leo James' ass for weeks and I was almost jealous of that stupid Ginger for getting into their group and jumping to the main roster ahead of me when we were in BRAZEN... but after seeing THAT mess... I'm glad you guys recruited me instead.

Angel shakes the hand of the former champion powerlifter, then turns back to the camera.

**Angel Trinidad:**

THIS... is what passes off for monsters these days in DEFIANCE? Titans? A group of powerhouses that could probably run roughshod over over stables in DEFIANCE off force alone... but look at this shit. Getting married? Crying? Talking about feelings? But this promotion has always had a problem with me. When I ended Dusty Griffith's career seven years ago, I was blackballed from this place once...

With disgust, the giant from The Bronx spits off to the side as Titanes Familia watch.

**Angel Trinidad:**

But I don't care. I don't play the way you want me to play. I don't... Team HOSS don't get summoned to the ring. WE do the shot calling. Besides... we were busy... and I have a title to win in BRAZEN this weekend, just cause I can... peace.

Uriel, Minute and Titaness watch as the three brutes walk away...

...With a bloody and beaten Dan Leo James on the floor, laid up against the wall! This causes the trio in the ring to leave and head backstage as fast as humanly possible, considering the emotional toll that they have put one another through!

**DDK:**

THAT'S why they weren't out here!

**Lance:**

They attacked Dan Leo James when all this was going on out here. Team HOSS really were monsters in their heyday as the World Trios Champions years ago... and we just heard them. They want to reclaim that glory.

The screen goes black and The Faithful are jeering loudly as Titaness, Minute and Uriel Cortez leave ringside and hurry up the ramp.



**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE FACTS**

## ONE PERSONS TRASH IS ANOTHER PERSON'S TERESA

Teresa Ames angrily stomps down the halls of the arena until she arrives at a door with a sign saying 'cOmMeNtS sEcTiOn' on it. She doesn't even try to knock at first. Her hand grasps the doorknob as she tries to enter but it's clearly locked.

**Teresa Ames:**

Come on. Open up. Let me in. I have a few choice words I'd like to share.

No answer.

**Teresa Ames:**

Great, first I got the silent treatment from Inspector Protector at catering and now I can't even enter this freaking locker room.

She begins knocking and immediately hears a stir on the other side of the door. Eventually the noises stop until she knocks again. Finally, after what feels like hours of waiting, Thurston Hunter squeaks his head through the ajar door.

**Thurston Hunter:**

Oh hey there, Teresa. Nice to see you. What can I help you with? Are you looking to get covered by tiny little bruises against me in a Concrete Construction Ladder match? Everyone knows Gunther Adler is too scared to face me so maybe you will take his place?

Ames rolls her eyes and crosses her arms.

**Teresa Ames:**

I want to speak with Malak. Immediately.

Her words hit with blunt force trauma but Hunter looks confused.

**Thurston Hunter:**

Malak? Hmmm? Haha. You're clueless. You can't see him. You're out of The Comments Section. Bitch. Goodbye.

Thurston slams the door shut. Taken aback, Teresa scratches her scalp and then realizes she never replied to the group chat and Malak's silly-dilly request for a roll call. Instead, she remembers how she angrily discarded her phone in the trash, desiring separation from the vile group of ass wipes she used to be associated with.

Ames takes a moment to ponder the outcome.

**Teresa Ames:**

Ehhh, who needs them?

Realizing she's much better off (because she has THE FAITHFUL) Teresa folds her arms, looks skyward and embraces that feeling of freedom.

**Teresa Ames:**

I can't believe they kicked me out because I didn't reply to a group text. Unbelievable and childish but also, should I have expected anything different?

She ponders to herself but doesn't see Princess Desire and Tyler Fuse casually strolling up within earshot.

**Teresa Ames:**

So what do I do now? I've never had this kind of freedom before.

Ames doesn't get more than a step in after turning before Desire and Fuse are in her face. So much for freedom.

Maybe next time, Teresa.

**Teresa Ames:**

Princess Desire. Tyler Fuse. Shit guys, shit. Fancy seeing you peeps here. Gurl, I gotta say Desire, your eyeshadow tips rocked my world.

The Princess smiles. It's kind of an in-between smile of sincerity and mystery.

**Princess Desire:**

Awwwwh. So sweet of you but you don't need my eyeshadow to look as gorgeous as you do.

Ames looks genuinely surprised.

**Teresa Ames:**

Thank you?

There's an awkward pause between the girls as Tyler Fuse remains a couple of steps behind them. The Princess raises her eyebrows and grins.

**Princess Desire:**

Anyway, enough about that. What was going on... here?

She tilts her head and points past Teresa's shoulder, to the locker room Ames was just rejected from. The ASMR Star takes a deep breath before informing Desire and Fuse about her prompt Comments Section departure.

**Teresa Ames:**

Seems like I'm out of The Comments Section because I didn't respond to one of Malak's insane demands. No harm, no foul though. I'll be okay. I'll find my way so long as I have The Faithful on my side.

A faint roar can be heard from the crowd watching the events unfold on the big screen. Desire nods along and, of course, Tyler is deadpan.

**Princess Desire:**

Funny. I always thought you were better than them anyways. You'll be okay. You're a strong one. I know you recover fast.

The Tasty Gurl is gracious for Desire's outpour of support.

**Princess Desire:**

But, uhhhh, you know, in order to be successful on your own, you gotta prove it in the ring, hun. I won my match last week. Wondering if you won yours. Tyler and I just arrived tonight.

A sour look overtakes Teresa's face. Not because of the question from Desire but rather, the result of the match itself.

**Teresa Ames:**

Sadly no. I ended up losing to your husband's brother tonight. I don't get how someone that size is just so good. Conor has ring skills beyond his years, that's for sure even if it was a good battle.

The moment permeates as Teresa eyes both Tyler and Desire as if something larger is brewing in Milwaukee.

...Although Tyler doesn't seem to care and The Princess is hard to read herself.

**Princess Desire:**

Well that's a shame. No doubt my brother-in-law is one of the best in the business but my dear, you deserve to rack up some wins, too. However, if you try to take on the best right away, AND on your own, you'll be irrelevant in this

business so fast and it's clear The Comments Section doesn't care about you at all.

Desire glances at Tyler with a wink and then back to Teresa.

**Princess Desire:**

How would you like to be a part of our new little group? We could all look out for each other?

Neither weary nor raring to go at the offer, Teresa gives a casual response.

**Teresa Ames:**

That's quite a lovely offer, Princess but to be honest, I'll have to think about it because this whole Comments Section exit is still quite fresh. I might enjoy embracing the solitary role at the moment. Thank you though. I'll have to get back to you.

Perhaps catching on that Desire might be acting a bit shady, Teresa verbally bails herself out with the safe, noncommittal response. Tyler continues standing behind his wife, not saying a peep, which only further ignites Teresa's skepticism.

**Princess Desire:**

Fine. That's totally fine. You know where to find us. Or maybe, we will just end up finding you. Take care, hun.

Desire does seem to show an honest sense of compassion at the end of the sentence. Her and Fuse walk off, leaving Teresa alone with many, many thoughts running through her head.

## **NO DISQUALIFICATION: REZIN vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT**

**DDK:**

Up next is our main event and it is a DOOZY!

**Lance:**

Ever since rumors began to float around that Oscar Burns may be pitting his foe in Rezin against the returning Arthur Pleasant, I have been salivating at the idea of this match going down.

**DDK:**

In what will be AP's first match back after spending seven-months on the shelf due to multiple head injuries, it should be interesting to see how Pleasant fares against the Escape Artist.

**Lance:**

I agree. These are hardly the same competitors that faced off in that triple threat ladder match at DEFCON '22. Rezin is definitely in the discussion for being the best in the world right now, as evident by his momentous Universal Championship win in PRIME. And since his return at DEFIANCE Road, everyone is expecting that it's only a matter of time before he repeats that success here in the red and black.

**DDK:**

One-hundred percent, Lance. But on the flipside to that, Pleasant's demeanor and focus is nothing like we've ever seen before, based on what he said on the last episode of DEFtv. Something just felt... different... about the conviction behind his words.

**Lance:**

Yeah, well, we're mere moments away from finding out if that was all bluster, or if Pleasant is about to surprise us all. I know that Rezin had plenty of conviction in his own words when he declared his one-man war against all of Vae Victis

**DDK:**

Regardless, given the No Disqualification stipulation, I wouldn't want to be placing any bets on this one tonight.

**Lance:**

Absolutely. When the rules are thrown out in a Rezin and Pleasant match-up, anything is bound to happen. Although I can't help but wonder lately who brought up the stipulation in the first place.

**DDK:**

Something to do with Oscar Burns, perhaps? It remains to be seen if anyone from Vae Victis sticks their nose into the contest, but for now, let's head to the ring, as it looks like Darren is ready for introductions!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL and is your main event of the evening!

*RAAAAAAAAAAH!*

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Two letters appear on the DEFIAtron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete graphic that slices through the bottom of the screen.

**AP**

*RAAAAAAAAAAAH! [for the badass gfx]*

*BOOOOOOOOOO! [for the man with whom they represent]*

Heavy guitars and drums hit the UW-Milwaukee Panther Arena speakers as "Sik" Tom Cole's vocals cover the Led

Zeppelin classic. The audience immediately send their vitriol to Arthur Pleasant as he appears on stage, wearing a black, leather long coat with the phrase "PLEASANT NIGHTMARES" scrawled in a scratch-type font in red. As the long coat is opened, we can see underneath his blood-splotched wrestling tights and a pair of black boots.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Making his way down to the ring first, from Under The Midnight Sun, Alaska... weighing in at 225lbs...

Slithering his way under the bottom rope like a snake, Pleasant crawls his way to the opposite left turnbuckles from the entrance way. Climbing to the second rope, Pleasant lets his long coat fall behind him where he raises his arms up in victory.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...ARTHURRRR... PLLLEASANT!

His Watchmen tattoo looks to have been touched up and even changed into the likeness of a clown that very much looks like Sweet Tooth from Twisted Metal. Flashing a twisted smile from his newly implanted wolf fangs where his teeth were once missing, Pleasant hastily makes his way down to the ringside area.

The house lights come low. Upon the DEFIATron, a quote appears in cursive, written in smokey silver on pitch black.

*"Ambition is to be the fastest runner on this planet.*

*"To be the first on the South Pole.*

*'Which is a grotesque perversion of ambition.*

*"It's an ego trip.*

*"And I'm not on an ego trip.*

*"I don't have ambitions.*

*"I have a vision."*

-Werner Herzog

...feedback.

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

The Faithful ERUPT into cheers as the drum and bass introduction pumps through the public address system with bowel-rattling force. The entry-way becomes a storm cloud of smoke and strobe lights.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds...

A swaggering human figure can be seen lurking from within the mist. On the DEFIATron above, the lettering has dissolved to a black and white montage of mushroom clouds and civil uprisings.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The ESCAPE ARTIST... RRRRRREZIN!!!

The stage lights come up as the main riff hits. REZIN stands in a Jesus Christ pose, arms outstretched, head tilted back, rocking a muscle-cut Bongzilla t-shirt for that extra bit of stroke from the Wisconsin sludge fans in the audience. Pillars of FIRE rise up behind him, heralding his arrival with a scene of nuclear hellfire!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Clutched in one hand is a nondescript burlap sack, holding something noticeably heavy. Rezin drapes it over his shoulder on his way down the ramp, eyes intently focused on the ring.

**DDK:**

A remarkable ovation from the Milwaukee Faithful for the Escape Artist! He looks ready and raring to go for this main event!

**Lance:**

His vaunted return at DEFIANCE Road has coincided with something of a new chapter in Rezin's career. But despite his recent accomplishments abroad in other promotions, he's made it clear what his business is here in DEFIANCE, and who he's gunning for.

**DDK:**

Vae Victis, you mean. A tall task, to be sure. But a win tonight could be a pivotal step forward in building momentum in his one man war against DEFIANCE's elite!

Rezin reaches ringside, and pauses for a beat to stare down his opponent. In the ring, Arthur stares back, wearing a similar sinister smile. Rezin steps forward and reaches for the ropes when...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**DDK:**

Oh, give me a break...

A caterwaul of jeers fill the UW-Milwaukee Panther Arena as two all too familiar words fill up the DEFIATron.

### **V A E V I C T I S**

From the entry-way appears the arrogantly smirking Oscar Burns, the Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE, looking dapper in a three-piece black and burgundy suit combination with the belt around the waist to boot. He pauses a beat to soak up the reactions...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**Oscar Burns:**

OOOO--UUURNS!!

Filing out through the curtain after him are two lines of beefy-looking individuals sporting matching black polos with the VV insignia. Without hesitation, they begin advancing down the ramp.

**DDK:**

Wait a minute, who are all of these guys?

**Lance:**

I'm not certain, but if I had to guess, Oscar Burns--who, I should inform our fans, has recently been named "Creative Consultant" to Favoured Saints, or whatever that means--has hired a security detail to be present throughout this match.

**DDK:**

What?! For what reason does he have to bring a security detail out here right now?

**Lance:**

I mean, it's Rezin versus Arthur Pleasant in a No Disqualifications match. That alone implies collateral damage the likes of which we cannot conceive.

**DDK:**

Good point.

Oscar joins his hired goons at ringside and directs his smirk toward Rezin in the ring.

**DDK:**

Rezin looks absolutely livid right now, and with good reason! At the last DEFtv, Oscar Burns stacked the deck against the Escape Artist in an over the top rope challenge against the towering Clay Byrd!

**Lance:**

I'm not sure why Burns felt the need to be out here tonight, but I can only assume that he's still intent on running off Rezin from DEFIANCE, and out of the lives of the members of Vae Victis by extension.

Rezin is staring down at Burns, looking ready to up and abandon the match altogether by launching himself on his foe. Presiding official Rex Knox has other plans as he cues for the bell.

**DING DING**

As soon as the bell sounds, Rezin turns his attention from burns back to the match in time to see Pleasant making a beeline for him.

**Rezin:**

OH SHI--BLEGHK!!

The Muay Thai styled flying knee finds its mark, dropping the Goat Bastard to the mat! Boos emanate from the Faithful after Pleasant nails the KO-intended blow. Meanwhile, Arthur just looks back out at the Faithful with a "Did I do that?" look strewn upon his face.

**DDK:**

My God! Rezin allowed himself to be distracted by Oscar Burns, allowing Arthur to absolutely ROCK him with that flying knee!

**Lance:**

Boy, that knee had some zing to it. Something I want to remind people of about Arthur Pleasant; he is highly skilled in Muay Thai. So with that in mind, Pleasant was definitely looking for this one to be over as quickly as it began.

**DDK:**

Unfortunately for him, cement wishes to one day be as hard as the Goat Bastard's head!

Sure enough, Pleasant doesn't even go for the cover and instead, watches Rezin for a moment. The grogginess washes over Rezin like a man about to be thrown into the drunk tank. Pleasant laughs as he feels he saw Rezin's lights flicker for the most fleeting of moments.

**DDK:**

Arthur Pleasant takes sick delight in his handiwork. I'm surprised that didn't end this match right away with that surprise knock--wait, REZIN ON HIS FEET... and NAILS Pleasant with a surprise knee lift of his own!

**Lance:**

That's tit for tat! Pleasant was feeling a bit cocky there, but perhaps he was too quick to let his guard down against someone like Rezin, who has proven himself to be a formidable striker in his own right!

The crowd is cheering as Pleasant goes to the mat and spends a few moments in his own dizzy spell. When he refocuses, Rezin is standing over him, angrily beckoning him back to his feet.

**Rezin:**

If ya wanted my attention... all ya hadda do was ASK, numbnuts!



Nodding his head, Pleasant rises back to his feet and acknowledges Rezin's willingness to fight him.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

THEN LET'S FUCKING DO THIS, GOAT BOY!!

Rezin and Pleasant meet in the center of the ring, and this time both competitors come to blows! Rezin with some stiff right hooks, Pleasant returns with some natural southpaw closed-fists. The fans all get behind the slugging-it-out approach they're currently taking in the ring. After a few shots, Pleasant gets the better of Rezin with his experienced Muay Thai, but as soon as Pleasant goes to run into the ropes, Rezin grabs a handful of Arthur's hair and rips him down to the mat!

**DDK:**

Rezin with the hair pull, giving Pleasant a taste of his own dirty medicine there!

**Lance:**

One has to wonder which DEFIANT is going to out-dirty the other here given the styles of both men.

Pleasant complains to Rex Knox, who then kindly reminds him that there are no disqualifications.

**DDK:**

Kind of ironic that, of all people, Arthur Pleasant is complaining to the referee about the rules.

**Lance:**

Given all the cheap and blatantly underhanded tactics Arthur is known for, I'm with you there, Keebs!

Back to one knee, Pleasant points at Rezin, muttering something under his breath. Rezin shrugs, unphased by whatever remark sent his way. He's about to move in again when a voice from outside the ring catches his attention.

**Oscar Burns:**

At least he HAS hair to grab!

Unable to contain his rage any further, the Escape Artist explodes. He throws himself at the ropes and angrily claws at the air while raining curses upon Favoured Saints' new "Creative Consultant."

**Rezin:**

YOOOU DIRTY SUM'BISH!! IF I HEAR YA KNOCK THE SKULLET ONE MORE TIME I'MA COME OUT THERE AND--BLEGHK!!

Just as Rezin was about to shout something, Pleasant sneaks up behind Rezin, spins, and connects with a roaring elbow right to the back of the neck!

**DDK:**

OH! Stiff elbow connects! That's twice now that Pleasant has burned Rezin on distractions!

**Lance:**

He has plenty of reason to loathe Oscar Burns, but right now, he's going to need to keep his focus if he wants to remain competitive in this match.

With Rezin slumping back, Pleasant uses Rezin's momentum to waist-lock him and land a snap German suplex that folds Rezin inside out. Pleasant with the bridge...

One!

TWO!

Rezin kicks out right at two, and Pleasant sits up, sarcastically clapping over Rezin's successful kickout.

**Lance:**

I'm a little surprised at Pleasant's use of an actual wrestling hold here.

**DDK:**

Well, we've seen in the past that Arthur is capable of wrestling a scientific match. But, I didn't see this happening in a No DQ setting against REZIN.

Guiding Rezin to his feet, Pleasant throws the Escape Artist into the ropes by the back of his head. On the rebound, Pleasant moves forward with a Yakuza kick, but Rezin ducks under just enough to grab him with a go-behind. Before Pleasant can react, he's being hoisted up into the air.

**DDK:**

BLACK THUNDER BOMB! Rezin hooks the leg, and Rex is there!

One!

TWO!

And Pleasant kicks out!

**Lance:**

Lots of back and forth action thus far, but not a lot of the chairs, tables, and mayhem I think many of us expected. Makes me kind of wonder why Oscar Burns chose the No DQ stipulation for this match.

**DDK:**

One can only wonder what Burns is scheming. Back to the action, Rezin has Arthur back up and dumps him into the corner! Is he going up?

The Goat Bastard is indeed posting up to the second rope and pumping a fist toward the screaming Faithful before dropping right hands into Pleasant's forehead. Naturally, the crowd counts along...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE--"

**DDK:**

TWOOOOOO IN THE BASKET!! THAT was a low blow if ever there was one!

**Lance:**

And perfectly legal! A sly move by Arthur Pleasant, shutting down those punches before Rezin could get to ten... or who knows how many more.

**DDK:**

It doesn't look like Rezin needed any more than what he got from those punches because Arthur is BUSTED OPEN!

Even though Rezin's eyes look as though they are trying to eject themselves from his skull and his mouth becomes a perfect O-shape the moment Pleasant clocks him in the undercarriage, Pleasant wipes some blood from a cut just under the scalp on his forehead. Pissed off that Rezin's knuckles managed to break through his skin, Pleasant lifts him off the ropes, and FLAPJACKS him straight onto the top turnbuckle!

**DDK:**

Arthur feeds him the top turnbuckle... and would you look at this? More wrestling technique on display as he hooks the arms and delivers a beautiful bridging TIGER SUPLEX! Shoulders are down!

ONE!

TWO!

REZIN KICKS OUT!

The wound on Pleasant's head seems to be bleeding a little more profusely as the man once known as the Provocateur wipes it away from his eyes.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

You... mother... fucker.

**Lance:**

First blood has been drawn by Rezin! And all it took was a few perfectly timed shots into Pleasant's forehead. I really thought first blood would've gone to Pleasant.

**DDK:**

In the study. With a machete?

**Lance:**

Something like that.

Once Pleasant clears his vision from the crimson leakage, both he and Rezin scramble apart and go into motion. Pleasant hooks Rezin with the armdrag and quickly goes in for an armbar. Rezin rears his legs up and counters with a head scissor to roll Arthur to the canvas. He swoops in for an ankle lock, but gets a mule kick to the gut for his efforts. Rezin shoots in again, but runs straight into a headlock takedown by Pleasant.

**Lance:**

Quite the technical spectacle we're seeing between these two.

**DDK:**

I concur wholeheartedly, partner. Definitely not what we were expecting to see between these two. Arthur wrenching that head vice right now, blatantly putting those hands across the eyes and nose of the Goat Bastard while he knows he can get away with it! But still, Rezin is fighting his way to his feet!

The Faithful are growing ever louder as the Goat Bastard slowly powers his way back up to his feet. An elbow to the abdomen stuns Arthur, but doesn't break the hold. A second one loosens his grip-- thanks to some blood that has continued to seep out from his forehead. However, before the Escape Artist can successfully ESCAPE, Pleasant instead shuts that shit down by reintroducing him to his knee.

**DDK:**

ANOTHER KNEE STRIKE!! I think Rezin is OUT!

Rezin's eyes roll back in his head as he drops to his knees. Not one to look the gift horse in the mouth, the smirking Pleasant goes into the ropes...

**DDK:**

Arthur looking for the PROVOCATION--NO!! Rezin DROPS BACK!!

**Lance:**

How does a human body bend like that?!

Arthur is flatfooted and unbalanced. He curses as he turns around, only to discover that the Escape Artist has somehow magically teleported himself to the top rope.

**DDK:**

REZINRANAAAAA!!!

The Faithful ERUPT as Rezin's diving flipping head scissor hits its mark perfectly on Pleasant's shoulders, and throws his weight over the ropes. The momentum drags Arthur with him and sends him cartwheeling violently into the barricade at ringside. Rezin pops up to his feet and fires up the ringside fans.

*RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!***DDK:**

Momentum is on the side of the Escape Artist now!

**Lance:**

But I can see trouble brewing!

Only now does Rezin lock eyes with Oscar Burns, standing just off to the side with a smile that drips with snarky resentment. Rezin's eyes bulge with fury. Suddenly, this match is no longer relevant to him. All he wants at this moment is to introduce his fist to the former FIST.

**DDK:**

Uh oh... distractions have already come into play at least twice in this match, but now the Escape Artist is yet again losing his self-control here!

**Lance:**

This is exactly what Oscar Burns wants. And he knows there's not a thing he can do about it, with that security detail with him.

**DDK:**

This is the Goat Bastard we're talking about. "Security detail, shmecurity shmetail," I imagine he'd be thinking to himself.

True to form, Rezin heedlessly advances toward Burns.

**Oscar Burns:**

You sure you want to do this now, GC?

**Rezin:**

Oooh, buddy, I been wantin' this since--

*Clink.*

Rezin looks at the metal loop on his wrist in bewilderment.

**Rezin:**

...hey--

*Clink.***Rezin:**

EY WAITAMINNIT!!

Before he can react, one appears on his other wrist. And as luck should have it, a tiny metal chain connects the two.

**DDK:**

HANDCUFFS!

Two members of the security detail back away... revealing the Escape Artist's hands bound behind his back. Burns crows in triumph. Rezin, expectedly, squirms and spasms in place in a desperate but fruitless attempt to free himself.

**Rezin:**

LEMME OUT YA BOURGEOISIE SCUM RAT BASTARD I'LL EAT YOUR GODDAMB FACE OFF I'LL--BLEGHK!!

**DDK:**

PROVOCATION FROM ARTHUR PLEASANT!!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

A satisfied smile crosses the face of Oscar Burns as he watches the Escape Artist flop to the ground at his feet, certifiably knocked into next Tuesday. The former FIST and "Creative Consultant" to the Favoured Saints, and overall EVERYMAN of DEFIANCE Wrestling, shrugs pitiaably.

**Oscar Burns:**

GC's, I don't believe in "Card Subject to Change"! Carry on...

"Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns about-faces and makes his exit, the extensive and overmanned security detail in tow.

**Lance:**

I don't believe this! Rezin's hands are bound right now, and he is completely at Arthur's mercy!

**DDK:**

Oscar Burns has thrown a monkey wrench into his plans here tonight, and finally, it's become apparent what his plan was after making this match No Disqualifications!

Sensing the tide turning in his favor, with the now handcuffed Rezin at a complete disadvantage, Pleasant again wipes the blood out of his eyes. Grabbing the Escape Artist by the back of his head, he simply tosses him through the ropes to the outside. With great agility, Rezin lands on his feet, prepared for whatever Pleasant has coming his way, even with his hands handcuffed how they are.

**Lance:**

That was smooth! Rezin landing on his feet like that indicates that perhaps... he still has a chance here? Maybe?

**DDK:**

Maybe. Seems like every time he "has a chance", Oscar Burns does something to stack the deck even further.

Grabbing the top rope, Pleasant makes like he's going to do a springboard "something", but instead slips through the ropes and delivers a sliding dropkick to Rezin's chest. The force of the impact sends Rezin against the barricade, providing some separation between the two. Immediately, before Rezin has a chance to react, Pleasant nails some more Muay-Thai punches to Rezin's head. With the strategic placement of the strikes, it's obvious his intentions are to-

**Lance:**

And now Rezin is busted open with some strikes to HIS forehead!

**DDK:**

The cut looks almost identical to the one that Arthur received just a bit ago! The back and forth between these two has been nothing short of remarkable!

With Rezin bleeding from the forehead now, Pleasant tosses him back under the ropes and into the ring. Pleasant follows, and before he can get to his feet, Pleasant follows with a NASTY buzzsaw kick!

**DDK:**

NARCOLEPSY!

**Lance:**

ARTHUR GOT ALL OF IT!

Dropping down, Pleasant makes a lateral cover with Rex right in position!

One!

TWO!

THR- NO!

**DDK:**

Rezin kicked out! That bazooka blast of a shot to the head would've killed any normal man, but Rezin isn't even knocked out! How does the Goat Bastard do this?!

**Lance:**

There are many mysteries in life, Keebs, and how Rezin does anything at any given time is... well, pretty much most of those very mysteries.

Looking perturbed by Rezin's perseverance, he lifts him to his feet and ducks down with a go behind. Looking for some kind of suplex or takedown, Pleasant lifts the Escape Artist, but true to his name, he escapes with a simple elbow to the noggin'. Pleasant drops to a knee, albeit briefly, and as soon as he's back up, a handcuffed Rezin manages to secure a tightly fastened dragon sleeper!

**DDK:**

DRAGON SLEEPER!

**Lance:**

Ingenious! Even with the limited use of his arms, Rezin manages to find a way to keep Pleasant ensnared in this submission attempt.

**DDK:**

And now Rezin applies the leg scissor to take him to the mat!

The very moment Keebs says this, Pleasant uses Rezin's blood, as well as his own, to flip backwards into a pinning predicament!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE--NO!

Rezin's shoulder comes off the mat just before Rex counts to three. It's so close that Rex's hand slightly hit the mat and Pleasant thinks he's won!

**DDK:**

Pleasant thinks he's won!

Wiping the blood away from his eyes, Pleasant demands Rex hold his hand up as the victor- BUT REZIN HAS HIM WITH A ROLL-UP!!

**DDK:**

HANDS FREE O'CONNER ROLL!

**Lance:**

Are you kidding me?!

**DDK:**

HE'S GOT HIM!!

ONE!

TWO!!!

THREEEEEEEEE--NOOOOO!!

**DDK:**

NO!! Almost! Pleasant got a shoulder up at the last second.

**Lance:**

This is batpoop insane! What a match between these two!!

Both men lie on the mat, exhausted and torn to mental and physical shreds as their bodies continue to bleed like sieves.

**Lance:**

I really thought this one was over the moment the cuffs went on Rezin's wrists, but against all odds "The Escape Artist" has remained in this contest.

**DDK:**

Be that as it may, it's still not over, and despite what anybody thinks, Pleasant is not showing ANY signs of rust despite this being his first match back in 7-months. Whether you hate him or hate him HARD, you can't deny him that!

The Escape Artist suddenly coils and KIPS UP to his feet!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!*

The Goat Bastard grins DEFIANTly into the crowd of cheering Faithful, a dastardly glint twinkling in his bloodshot eyes. He spies Burns sneering back at him from ringside and let's him hear exactly what he thinks.

**Rezin:**

ELITIST SCUM! Thought ya could screw me over AGAIN?! HA!! Ya have NO IDEA how many COPS I've fought off like this!

Behind him, the recovering Pleasant can see that Rezin is again distracted, and pounces forward to strike...

**Lance:**

Don't turn your back to Arthur Pleas--

**DDK:**

CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!*

Rezin perfectly times the blind Spinning Heel Kick to connect right before Pleasant can hit him, and Arthur drops hard to the mat in a heap!

**Lance:**

I guess he doesn't need hands when his legs can be just as deadly!

Rezin flops his body across Arthur's chest. Rex is in position for the count...

**DDK:**

That could be all she wrote! Will Rezin survive Oscar Burns' trap?

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREEEEEEEEENOOOOO!!

**Lance:**

How?! Just HOW THE HECK DID ARTHUR KICK OUT OF THAT!!

**DDK:**

I don't know, Lance, but Rezin looks as frustrated as you are!

Rolling himself back onto his feet, Rezin turns his back and uses his manacled hands to pull Pleasant back up by the head. He does his best to clamp the head into a three-quarter bulldog between his temple and shoulder, and goes into motion...

**DDK:**

INTO THE VOID!

**Lance:**

...but there's nothing to hang onto!

Pleasant instead reverses with a fireman's carry. Then, in one smooth motion, he pushes up on Rezin while pulling him back down with a double-knee face-breaker!

**DDK:**

CALAMITY PAIN!

**Lance:**

Astounding counter! It was perhaps risky for Rezin to go for the Into the Void without the use of his hands, and Pleasant made him pay the price!

Pleasant is so exhausted he can't even go for a cover, though, which generates a lot of excitement for the capacity crowd here in Milwaukee! Pleasant pushes up from the mat; a crimson mess, just like his opponent just did.

Motioning toward Rezin, Pleasant drags him to his feet... and hooks the leg!



**DDK:**

There's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

***DING DING DING***

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... ARTHURRRR... PLLLEASANT!

Pleasant seethes with intensity and rage as he pulls himself to his feet.

**DDK:**

Well, a disappointing finish to what was otherwise a very violent, technical affair.

**Lance:**

That could have been one hell of a match. I have no doubt these two will be meeting again down the line. But I think we can all agree that the outcome was spoiled by the involvement of Oscar Burns.

With his back to Rezin and the horde of DEFmed workers, who have descended upon the violent scene, Pleasant leans onto the ropes. Looking out at the sea of Faithful booing him with unmitigated rancor, Pleasant just wipes the blood from his face and flicks it out onto the outside mat. A smile crawls over Pleasant's face as he looks out into the depths of Milwaukee's DEFIANCE fan base and just...

...laughs.

At everyone.

**DDK:**

Folks, our action has concluded for the night, but don't go away! We have a special presentation coming up next!

**COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!**

## WHEN SOMETHING IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH, YOU DO IT EVEN IF THE ODDS AREN'T IN YOUR FAVOR

The arena.

More specifically: the ring. But not the ring as we're used to it. No, this ring has been done up during the commercial break: it is now covered by a red rug, in two of the corners facing the hard cam are two black bookshelves stuffed with books, there is a random fake houseplant, a black leather couch, and a stool. In short, it's the familiar set design for Ned Reform's "Office Hours" interview segment.

**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen, we've been told that DEFIANCE has slotted this final segment for a "goodbye" to Ned Reform. Two weeks ago, Reform lost the Favored Saints Championship to Oscar Burns, and subsequently requested his release from his DEFIANCE contract. Although we'd been told that his request was denied, so it's unclear what this time is meant for...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

**Lance:**

I guess we're about to find out.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans stand and jeer their least favorite philosopher in the world... but they don't get Ned Reform. Instead, they get TA Cole! Cole marches through the curtain, dressed in blue dress shirt, black slacks and brandishing a mic. He power-walks toward the Office Hours set.

**DDK:**

We haven't seen Levi Cole since DEFIANCE Road! He tried to win that six way match for the Favored Saints Championship and in the process alienated his mentor.

Cole is up the steps and into the ring. He paces around the fake "office" set until the music begins to fade away. Then he sighs, composes himself as if he is preparing to do something very difficult, and brings the mic to his lips.

**TA Cole:**

Hello.

Not much of a reaction. He continues.

**TA Cole:**

For those of you who don't know me, my name is Levi Cole. I been around these parts - schucks - feels like forever. And 'bout a month ago, I did something that may have been the biggest mistake of my entire professional career. Now, I'll get to explaining what I mean in a moment, but first I have a request.

Cole looks to the entrance.

**TA Cole:**

Dr. Reform, I'm kindly requesting your presence in the ring. Sir. Please. Now, I know you're hopping mad at me and mad at DEFIANCE all over, but I promise you it'll be worth your while. There's a lot that I need to get off my chest and... well, you need to hear it, Doc. Please.

A few beats as Cole looks toward the entrance hopefully.

**DDK:**

We know Ned is here... we're told he came tonight to try to appeal directly to DEFIANCE brass. Whether or not he

comes out here is another story altogether.

**Lance:**

He seemed to make it clear two weeks ago that we'd never be hearing from him again. I've also heard that DEFIANCE isn't the only promotion he has quit.

**DDK:**

You saw how unhinged he was. I'm not sure Ned's in any state of mind to be out here.

More seconds of silence as Cole begins to worry. But then finally...

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

No music. No pomp. No circumstance. Instead, we get a dejected and slightly disheveled Ned Reform. His shirt is... GASP... untucked! Although Ned always has facial hair, it looks like he hasn't been keeping it in order. Reform ignores the boos completely and instead shuffles slowly to the ring looking lethargic. This is a man who does NOT want to be here.

**TA Cole:**

Oh! Yes! Thank you! Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for DOCTOR Ned Reform!!

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Ned is up the steps and through the ropes. He doesn't sell the jeers at all. Instead, he wipes his face, clears his throat, and throws up his arms as if to say "well?" Cole smiles.

**TA Cole:**

Thank you so much for coming out, Doc. I promise you won't regret it. Now look... I know you're steaming mad. I know that dastardly Oscar Burns pulled a fast one.

If you look closely, you can see Ned's eye twitch slightly, but otherwise... no reaction.

**TA Cole:**

I know PRIME has been making ya nutso... and I know...

Cole sighs. Gulps.

**TA Cole:**

I know I made ya real mad, too. And I'm... I'm just so sorry, Doc.

Reform rolls his eyes.

**TA Cole:**

NO! I mean it. Doc, I been kicking around this roster for years. I was always a "good little hand." Counted on to put out there when other guys needed to look good. I spent my days on BRAZEN and Uncut. I'd walk into the WrestlePlex, and the kids... they wouldn't even know me. I was completely directionless, Doc. In fact... I was coming close to giving it up.

Cole's voice breaks a bit on that last line.

**TA Cole:**

But you saved my career, Doc! You saved ME. You showed me the way - you gave me purpose in this company. I'm in the mix! I'm a big time player! People notice me! NOBODY noticed Levi Cole - EVERYONE knows TA Cole. YOU did that, Doc! For me! And I stabbed you in the back. And man... I am so sorry. I was selfish. All I could think about was how you taught me about taking advantage of opportunities as they come. I saw it: my chance to walk out as Favored

Saints Champion. In that moment, I had tunnel vision. And I... I was wrong.

Cole is damn near to tears here. Reform, for his part, has stopped being dismissive. He's not completely invested, but he clearly is paying more attention.

**TA Cole:**

I should have thought about you. I should have thought about all you done for me. I knew how much that championship meant to ya, Doc. It was like... it was like your baby! And I screwed up. Big time. And you have every right to be mad. But Doc... I need ya in my corner. I can't do this solo. I've tried! It didn't work. And I know you're dead set on walking away... but look around you.

Cole gestures to the Office Hours set. Reform does indeed look around - still mostly expression-less, although his eyes have softened a bit.

**TA Cole:**

I had 'em set this up because Office Hours is where Ned Reform makes stuff happen. You always make stuff happen, Doc! And I wanted to inspire you to find your mojo again. I also... well, I put a little thing together... I guess... well, just take a look...

Cole gestures to the DEFiatron. The house lights go out, and the screen lights up.

An image of Ned Reform, holding the Favoured Saints Championship high.

Then the music kicks in

♪ "My Hero" by The Foo Fighters ♪

The images begin to come, slowly fading between each:

*Ned Reform in his ring gear, pointing to his big brain as he looks out into a sea of jeering Faithful.*

*Ned Reform kicking Conor Fuse in the face.*

*Ned Reform with his Ad Hominem locked on Deacon, who is down to one knee and struggling.*

*Ned Reform coming off the top rope with a big guillotine leg drop on Nathan Eye.*

*Ned Reform destroying Ryan Batts.*

*Ned Reform body slamming Anna Daniels. (corner of the screen: footage courtesy of PRIME Wrestling)*

*Ned Reform dropkicking Courtney Hatchett. (corner of the screen: footage courtesy of SHOOT Project)*

*Ned Reform drilling Sho Nakazawa with the Syllabuster.*

*Ned Reform standing on a lecture stage, dressed like an academic and grinning slyly.*

*Ned Reform sending Minute into the ring steps.*

*Ned Reform sneering at Magdalena.*

*Ned Reform mockingly playing air guitar while standing over a downed Nicky Synz.*

*Ned Reform hitting JJ Dixon with a low blow.*

*Ned Reform breaking Jessica Reeve's arm.*

*Ned Reform slipping out of the Kuroyama Driver.*

*Ned Reform dropping The Thinking Man's elbow on Brock Newbludd.*

*Ned Reform grinning after defeating Klein in chess in the middle of the ring.*

*Ned Reform pinning High Flyer IV and being handed the Favored Saints Championship.*

*Finally, the last shot: Ned Reform and TA Cole, The Honor Society, with their hands being held in victory by Rex Knox.*

The music fades. The house lights come back up.

TA Cole is crying. Reform is tearing up. The fans are less than impressed.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Well... that was something.

**Lance:**

Sure was.

Reform simply shakes his head in appreciation, wiping a tear from his eye. He gestures for the mic, and an equally red-eyed Levi hands it to his mentor. Reform composes himself a bit before speaking.

**Ned Reform:**

..... Wow.

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Ned Reform:**

That was... Levi, that was special. You're... you're a good man. I am happy to call you a student. And even prouder to call you a friend.

Cole bursts out into a smile.

**Ned Reform:**

You've given me a lot to think about. But mostly... mostly it was something you said. You said... I believe... that I, and I quote, "make stuff happen," yes?

Cole nods in the affirmative.

**Ned Reform:**

Despite the rather elementary and pedestrian nature of your phrasing, I tend to agree. Or rather... I *did*. But I haven't... well, I haven't been making much of anything happen lately, have I? In fact... I have been downright REactive. I have been allowing things to happen TO me, have I not? Instead of being a man of action, I have been a man of reaction. This is... this is distressing to me. And what has resulted from that? Look at me!

Reform gestures to himself.

**Ned Reform:**

I am grotesque! A shell of my former self! I look like... well, I look like all of the fine people of Milwaukee, don't I? Like

I'm ready to go down to the local watering hole and put back a pint or eighty-five to dull the pain of my cold, lonely, pointless existence in the middle of this wasteland that is the middle of the country. This isn't me, Levi. You're right. And I'm ashamed to admit...

Reform's resolve hardens.

**Ned Reform:**

I'm ashamed to admit that I very nearly let them get to me. The scoundrels of the world, I mean... they nearly won. I was ready to walk away from it all. I came oh so very close this time. What I needed was someone to wake me up and remind me just WHO I am, Levi. And that was you. And yes... I did lose MY Favoured Saints Championship to Oscar Burns...

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Ned Reform:**

I know we don't agree on much, but I concur with that assessment. Oscar Burns. A man who struts around proclaiming that "he is DEFIANCE" non-stop... as if that particular accolade is something to be proud of. Mr. Burns may as well change his tag line to "I am Irritable Bowel Syndrome." Equally as prestigious.

The fans do boo that, but there's a noticeable few chuckles sprinkled in.

**Ned Reform:**

But I cannot let them win, can I? I cannot give up on the mission - it is more important now than it ever has been. YOU helped me see that. And so, thanks to you... I SHANT NOT QUIT, MR. COLE!

Cole is beside himself with excitement. He and Reform share a brief hug. Reform breaks away and begins to pace around the ring, brow furrowing in thought.

**Ned Reform:**

But it does beg the question... if Dr. Ned Reform is staying in DEFIANCE... what is next? Do I take back what is mine from Mr. Burns?

Reform looks at the crowd as if polling them. He gets more positive affirmations than you'd expect.

**Ned Reform:**

Perhaps Mr. Keyes should feel the fury of my wrath, yes? A little Southern Heritage action? Or maybe myself and Mr. Cole here take the tag championship from those twin dimwits? Perhaps an old foe - Deacon, Conor Fuse, or The Saturday Night Specials. Perhaps...

Reform stops pacing. He pauses for a few beats. Slowly breaks out into a wicked smile.

**Ned Reform:**

No.

The smile grows wider.

**Ned Reform:**

If I am to appear at DEFCON 2023, I must not retread old ground. This calls for something new. Something bold. Something exciting. Something... unprecedented.

Ned puts an arm on Levi's shoulder.

**Ned Reform:**

You inferred I was a man of action. An innovator. If I am to appear at DEFCON, it must be to do something DEFIANCE has never seen before, yes? To break the mold. To put my mark on this company in a way that will never, ever be

scratched out. In short, Mr. Cole: Dr. Ned Reform needs to make waves.

Cole nods, but he's unsure where this is going. Reform continues to smile. He moves away from Cole, leaning against the top rope and facing the hard cam.

**Ned Reform:**

There is one opponent, Mr. Cole. And only one. Someone with whom I have a deep, personal history. Someone who has been a part of my life, albeit a tangential one, for years. Someone with whom I have been locked in a bitter cold war - neither side willing to give an inch. Your classic unstoppable force meets an immovable object scenario. Oh yes. It is all so clear to me. There is only one man whom I will be challenging to a match at DEFCON.

Reform points directly into the camera.

And he pauses.

And pauses.

And pauses.

And pauses.

**Ned Reform:**

ELON!! MUSK!!!!

***RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!***

The crowd... well, they react, but they're not sure how! Cole puts his head over his mouth in shock.

**DDK:**

Wait... what?

**Lance:**

He can't be serious.



But no, Ned is deadly serious. He continues to speak into the camera with a steely resolve.

**Ned Reform:**

That's right, Elon. You and I have been dancing this dance for far too long... it is time to put this deeply personal rivalry to bed... and what better place than at DEFCON? Come down from that ivory tower you have constructed to protect your fragile ego. Step into a place where only true warriors do battle. Prove to you and your millions of pathetic sycophants that you are the great man you claim to be. It is time for you to step into the ring with The Sage on the Stage and be embarrassed in front of the world... and this time, you won't have to spend billions of dollars on a social media platform to do it!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Ned Reform:**

You fancy yourself a great man, Elon... well, great men do not run from challenges. However you're hearing about this... from an aid, from the press, while sitting on your toilet scrolling through YouTube and searching for your name to find videos to pleasure yourself to...

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

My word!

**Ned Reform:**

I implore you: if you are any type of man, you will accept. You will show up to DEFCON. You will step into the ring with Dr. Ned Reform. And for the first time in your dimwitted, attention-starved, pathetic life... you will be taken to school.

Reform drops the mic and his theme kicks back in.

**DDK:**

I... I don't know what to say about this... but folks, we're out of time anyway! We'll have to get answers on another day!  
I...

**Lance:**

Can this be for real? What does this even mean?

Reform continues to stare into the camera while TA Cole runs around in circles like his hype man.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***

**DEFCON**

*DR. NED REFORM vs. ELON MUSK*