

SHOW OPEN

That's right. We got a video now. Get hype or get bent.

Providence, RI, welcomes DEFIANCE as the Amica Mutual Pavilion is hyped for DEFtv 18! 6explodes 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, well, not as frequent as before but The Faithful are still jacked AF

Now let's gooooooooooooooooo.

ARE WE REALLY DOING THIS?

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver take their sweet, sweet time walking out onto the stage as red, silver, gold, and pink spotlights and pyro greet them. The FIST of DEFIANCE wears a leather jacket, a magenta Vae Victis "BURN BOOK" tank top featuring cute cartoon drawings of LT, Henry Keyes, and Helen writing in a pink Burn Book, black jeans and boots. Sonny looks dapper in a custom-made burgundy and silver suit. They walk down the aisle, ignoring the reaction from the Faithful along the barricade.

DDK:

Well, as it has become custom, we're opening our first DEFtv post-PPV with Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver.

Lance:

And I am sure they will have nothing but pleasant things to say about the FIST of DEFIANCE match at DEFCON and their opponent, Alvaro de Vargas.

DDK:

As we all saw, Troy and de Vargas had a brutal encounter a few weeks ago for the FIST. The match ended up being restarted with anything goes until a winner was decided....any anything DID go, Lance.

Lance:

It sure did. Sonny Silver was taken out by ADV and Tom Morrow at DEFtv 184 but returned at DEFCON to get revenge on Morrow, and Lindsay Troy gave de Vargas a taste of his own medicine by throwing a fireball into the face of Supernova Cubana. That directly led to the Thy Kingdom Come and the victory for the Queen of the Ring.

DDK:

And with another challenger turned away, another one stands before her in Dex Joy, who defeated Conor Fuse to become the Number One Contender. They'll meet at Maximum DEFIANCE. ADV was not an easy challenge, and Dex Joy won't be either.

Lance:

The champ and the mouthpiece have made their way to the ring, so we might as well let them have the floor.

The cameras cut to Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver in the center of the ring, looking out at the sea of Rhode Islanders booing the FIST of DEFIANCE and the Silver-Tongued Devil. After letting the Faithful have their moment, the ACE (lol get wrekt Box) lifts her microphone to her lips.

Lindsay Troy:

I...am...

A beat, then...

Lindsay Troy:

Confused.

Sonny looks on as Lindsay lowers the talky stick for a couple of seconds before continuing.

Lindsay Troy:

Where did you people come from? We ran into Pierre DelaKWAAA in the back before coming out here and he said "zis state only has trois personnes in it! Je ne comprends pas!" before he walked away to find an omelette du fromage. Did they bus you all in from BAHHSTON? I know you're not from Hartford because you're not wearing Kevlar vests...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

This is just appalling

Lance:

Were you expecting anything different by this point?

DDK:

Not really.

Lindsay Troy: *[rolling her eyes]*

Fine. I guess Frenchie was wrong. I guess you all - or most of you - are really from here, which means you worship at the altar of the two-time mayor and felon Buddy Cianci (*mixed reaction...boos for LT and cheers for Buddy, because Buddy will never not be cheered*), you care more about a statue of Christopher Columbus and where it's displayed than you do about the actual, non-white washed history of the man (*more boos, but some cheers*), and you really do run on Dunkin despite the coffee being mid and the food being gross.

Apparently, that was the last straw.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, come on, NOBODY GOES TO DUNKIN FOR THE FOOD.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

If you do, I'm sorry you weren't given enough love as a child, but today is the day that you can stop hating yourself!

Someone in the crowd yells "*Their hash browns are bomb!*" to a wave of laughter and the Queen snaps her head in their direction. She points with her hand like that one GIF of Cary Grant in His Girl Friday.

Lindsay Troy:

Get out.

Security comes over and hauls the troll up and out of his seat.

Sonny Silver:

Fucking savage... Anyway, I'll give Tommy Two-Tone Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas credit... ADV is tough. They pulled one over on me... But Sonny Silver... Vae Victis... And YOUR REIGNING... DEFENDING FIST OF DEFIANCE LINDSAY TROY are made up of 100%, Grade A Unfuckwithium. No other element of its kind except us. Doesn't exist anywhere else on Planet Earth outside the Vae Victis locker room!

He points to the fans.

Sonny Silver:

And that brings us to her next challenger. Somebody that I know you can all root for because he's a really athletic version of one of you behind that barricade. All he did was go toe-to-toe with Conor Fuse at DEFCON to earn the right to lose to Lindsay...

He looks disgusted just saying the name.

Sonny Silver:

Dex... Joy...

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

It's official! Providence, Rhode Island is Dex Joy Country!

Lance:

As if there was any doubt!

Sonny Silver:

Oh yeah, cheer for Tons O'Fun. So what if he beat Conor Fuse. Like that's HARD TO DO. It makes so much sense that you sheep are out here drinking the Dex Joy Kool Aid since he looks like the Kool Aid Man. I heard when he got here today, he ran through a wall and shouted "OH YEAH!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

That's despicable.

DDK:

That's Sonny Silver.

Sonny Silver:

Dex had better make sure he's up to date on his life insurance policy by Maximum DEFIANCE, which he can do with Amica Mutual Insurance, by the way...

In the background, Lindsay Troy can be seen saying, "Run us our check."

Sonny Silver:

If he doesn't, then neither LT nor Vae Victis, will be responsible for –

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

"RRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The response from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful in Providence rumbles the arena itself! Dex Joy is out in full force with sleeveless black hoodie with blue and yellow lightning designs all over. Fresh track pants with blue and yellow sneakers to match his gear! He puts an ear to the left ear to get the crowd's noise to continue, then his right ear to do the same!

DDK:

Here we go. Lindsay Troy's next challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Dex Joy earned it by going over thirty minutes with Conor Fuse, two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's top stars, at DEFCON!

Lance:

Dex has clearly heard enough of Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver insulting Providence!

When Dex gets to the ring, he taps his ears one more time and fires off the question he's famous for.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

Crowd:
NO ONE!!!

Joy heads into the ring and now finds himself standing across from the champion.

Dex Joy:
Alright, enough of this crap ... DEFIANCE ... WRECKING CREW ... WELCOME! TO! DEX! T! V!

More loud noise irritates the champion and Vae Victis' spokesman. Sonny Silver covers Lindsay's ears and tells the champ not to pay attention. Dex's music stops and he addresses the champion directly.

Dex Joy:
Pally ... you almost had me on the Dunkin Donuts thing. We could have bonded after something like that ... but then you go out here and start spitting out this thing and that thing about how Vae Victis are winners and DEFIANCE Wrestling are losers. Now Dexy Baby's gotta bring us all back to tell you both to close your mouths cause don't nobody want the verbal hershey squirts you two are spitting. That! Ish! STANKS!!!

That gets a big pop from Providence, but Sonny tries to handle business for the champ.

Sonny Silver:
You'd be the leading expert on Hershey anything, Poppin Fr ...

Before the punchline hits, Dex grabs Sonny's microphone and throws it up the ramp with all the strength he can muster! Sonny finds himself with his jaw dropped as the microphone skips off the ramp with a thud! The fans start to applaud while Sonny remains flabbergasted.

DDK:
WOW ... that's *one* way to shut someone up!

Dex looks at Sonny square in the eyes, who is still stunned that someone has taken his microphone and chucked it.

Dex Joy:
No one's talking to you.

He squares up with the champ.

Dex Joy:
But I'm talking to *you*.

Lindsay maintains her unimpressed attitude towards the challenger.

Dex Joy:
A lot of people have painted me in recent months as *the guy* with the rocket shoved so far up his keister, that he's spitting rocket fuel all over this mic in my hand telling it like it is ... but that couldn't be further from the truth. None of that happened overnight. It took Dexy Baby a *long long* time to figure out who the hell he was. I wasn't *the guy* or a guy or a pillar or an ace or whatever that person is titled these days. I was barely a *man* when I first started here.

Now Dex takes a beat for his story.

Dex Joy:
I came in as a flippy-floppy four-hundred pound blob of clay. I was told I wasn't good enough to walk in the door of a locker room I could barely squeeze through. Four years later ... everything I am now was built by the same thing that you did once upon a time to help get to where you are: hard work. It took a long time for that four-hundred pound lump of clay to be molded into what you see now. It took a long time to learn how things had to be if you want to be at the top of a place like DEFIANCE. It took work to shut Gage Blackwood's punk-ass up and take the Southern Heritage title

but I did it! It took work to be Favoured Saints champion, but I did it! Now I *am* here at the top, Troy, with a chance to be the first person to hold all three of DEFIANCE's singles titles. That's a *real problem* for you.

Joy beats on his chest.

Dex Joy:

I'm in the best shape I've ever been in. The best condition I've ever been in. I'm not one of your challengers that you're going to pick off with an injury before a fight. I don't need someone hanging off me like ADV has Tom Morrow. I don't need help. Everything I did to get here unlike where you are now, I did that on my own. There's no weakness in my game and there's no way this match ends with any other result than *Momma Joy's Baby Boy* taking home the FIST of DEFIANCE!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Dex taps his ears as if he's daring to give him a good biting jab in return.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, it's nice to have something to aspire to, isn't it? And that *very* long-winded, feel-good monologue might have given Jerry Bruckheimer a boner, but here in the REAL WORLD it's just made you all the more insufferable and all the more punchable. Congratulations, Dex...I didn't think you could do it, but somehow you did.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Dex hears the crowd and gives her his best impression of Donald Glover by mouthing the word "good!"

Lindsay Troy:

I'll tell you what, though. If you think my *very legitimate* defenses against Sgt. Safety, JJ Dixon, and cOnOr fUsE's merry band of dipshits don't meet your lofty standards of approval, I'll go ahead and put the belt on the line right here, right now, against whoever gets out here first.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Holy smokes! An open challenge laid out by the Queen of the Ring!

Lance:

I don't think Dex Joy was expecting that, Darren.

DDK:

Sonny either, by the looks of it.

The Vae Victis advocate looks between his the number one contender and his long-time friend with a slightly bewildered expression on his face.

Sonny Silver: *[leaning into LT's mic]*

Now hold on just a-

Lindsay Troy:

Nah, Sonny, it's fine. Y'know what? Maybe Dex wants to pick my opponent instead. Maybe he wants to give his dumb little friend Nathan Third Eye Blind a crack at the FIST, since we know Alvaro de Vargas *burned* his one chance at it.

A smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

Could always give Harmen a shot; I haven't kneed him to death in awhile and I'm kinda overdue. Pally Pocket may not

believe Favoured Saints thinks he's the NEXT BIG THING, but you and I know better, so why don't we give him a chance to SHOW OFF a bit, yeah?

LT looks at Dex.

Lindsay Troy:

So who's it gonna be, Dex? Who do you want to face me? Gimme a name, don't be shy, and don't waste my goddamn time.

The Biggest Boy looks out to the Faithful who are screaming out name after name in his direction. Finally, he raises the microphone to his lips.

Dex Joy:

Oooh gonna put the ball in my court? You can have all the fun tonight but if you get to wrestle, I want a fight in two weeks. I told you I was gonna collect every Vae Victis infinity stone before I become the FIST and snap all your stupid smirks away. In two weeks, I want the only one aside from you that I haven't beat yet ... Next DEFtv, I want Clay Byrd!

That gets cheers for a first time hoss fight!!!

Lindsay Troy: *[shrugging]*

Your funeral if you want a death by lariat, now pick a name!

Dex Joy:

It's gonna be *your funeral* tonight then. Cause I got a name ...

♪ "Creepy Song" by Some Dude Playing the Organ ♪

On the DEFiatron, a castle on a hill. In a crackling thunder storm. The entire screen turns black and white with a filter that makes it look like an old talkie.

DDK:

Oh. Oh no...

On the big screen, we are now inside the creepy medieval castle, and a figure shrouded in shadow slowly rises from the floor like a plank. And then...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blond ♪

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

This... this is likely not what anyone expected.

A burst of fog billows out from the rampway. And in the center of that fog, a figure. A figure shielding himself from prying eyes by using his cape to hide his face. But there's no mistaking who this... and The Faithful sure know...

The Faithful:

AH!! HA!!! HA!!!

And with that, the cape is dramatically swirled away, revealing one half of the new BRAZEN tag team champions: Count Novick! The Count is dressed in usual gothic inspired ring gear, but also sports the gold wrapped around his undead waist. Novick grins a dastardly grin to the sea of Faithful cheering for him, creeping toward the ring with an exaggerated stride as his head shoots back and forth. Halfway down the ramp, he stomps directly in front of the camera to raise both eyebrows in quick succession before continuing his creepy dance to the ring.

DDK:

With all due respect to this popular DEFIANT, I don't believe this is likely to be the challenge Dex Joy had in mind.

Lance:

If there is a bigger antithesis to everything Vae Victis stands for than Count Novick, I can't think of it...

Novick is up on the apron. Before entering the ring, he turns to the fans and raises his arms dramatically, baring his "fangs" and surely SPOOKING the hell out of the front row. Through the ropes, he never takes his eyes off Troy, Silver, or Dex as he marches around in a circle, cape drawn up to cover the bottom half of his face. Finally, as his theme fades out, he again flourishes the cape, this time revealing that he is holding a microphone.

Count Novick:

I HAVE ARRIVED!

Inexplicably, a flash of lighting throughout the arena.

Count Novick:

You put out the call, but will NOT ENJOY THE ANSWER! For you, Lindsay Troy, are standing vace to vace with the dastardly... the vile... the monster known as COUNT NOVICK! You believe yourself to be the Queen... but you have never stared into the eyes of PURE EVIL, Lindsay Troy! Tonight... I give you the pleasure of becoming vone of Count Novick's victims... and I give myself the pleasure of becoming... THE VIST OF DEFIANCE!!!!

Another crack of lighting. Sonny looks around at the absolute stupidity going on in front of him and it's clear he wants to kick Novick's head off. The Count, meanwhile, jabs a finger at a bewildered Dex Joy while Lindsay Troy tries not to laugh.

Count Novick:

I DON'T DO THIS VOR YOU, DO GOODER! You are a vorce of good in this vorld. YOU ARE EVERYTHING I STAND AGAINST! FOR I AM PURE EVIL, DEX JOY! AND VHEN I BECOME VIST, YOU VILL CONSIDER YOURSELF NEXT ON COUNT NOVICK'S LIST!! Now...

Novick unties his cape, letting it fall to the mat... with the utmost flair.

Count Novick:

Ve vrestle! BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!

Dex, Sonny, and Lindsay all look at the cape on the mat.

Then, they look at each other.

Finally, the FIST speaks, and it's very clear that she's trying to contain her glee.

Lindsay Troy:

Welp, I guess we're doing this. Should've picked someone quicker, Dex, sorry about your shitty dead luck!

She looks at Count Novick and laughs.

Lindsay Troy:

Make that shitty, undead luck! Sonny, hold my coat. And my belt.

Dex gives one unsure glance at Count Novick and then back to the Queen of the Ring.

Dex Joy:

Go on and handle this business then, cause I'm gonna add your rhinestone cowboy to the list of heads I've defaced on the Vae Victis Mount Rushmore ... then at MAXDEX we answer the question if Dex can wreck Lindsay Troy ... And the

answer is YAS, QUEEN.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah yeah, blah blah, go walk up the ramp and do your finger snaps or whatever, I have a title to defend.

She "shoos" Dex away, then peels her jacket off. The FIST is unfastened from her waist and both are handed over to Sonny. Dex mouths "see you soon" and makes with the actual finger snaps then he leaves the ring for what will no doubt be a clash of the ages.

DDK:

Are we really doing this?

Lance:

Benny Doyle's in the ring, Darren, so I'm gonna say yes.

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. ???

Darren Quimbey's standing by with a microphone in hand. In one corner, Count Novick is looking across the ring at Lindsay Troy, then out to the Faithful. In the opposite corner, the Queen is getting some quick stretches in.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, from Bran, Transylvania, weighing in at 201 pounds....he is one-half of the BRAZEN tag team champions....this is COUNT! NOOOOOOOOVICK!!!!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

And his oppo-

The sound of rustling and microphone feedback is heard as Sonny snatches the microphone out of DQ's hand.

Sonny Silver:

How many times have we been through this, Quimbey, huh?! I'm not even going to bother with a normal intro because it'd be longer than this match. LT's the FIST, she's in the ring, now go slaughter Renfield, Queenie.

DING DING

No sooner does the bell ring when Lindsay Troy, still in her street clothes mind you, comes charging out of the corner and kicks Novick in the face. The count slumps against the turnbuckles and the Queen proceeds to relentlessly stomp away at his chest.

DDK:

The match is underway and I don't know what we were expecting but it was probably something like this.

Lance:

Listen, say what you will about Count Novick, but I give anybody credit who answers an open challenge from someone the caliber of a Dex Joy or a Lindsay Troy on short notice, whether they're on the BRAZEN roster or the DEFIANCE roster.

DDK:

Well said, Lance, and I agree.

There's rustling next to our dynamic duo, and another voice joins the party.

Lance:

Speaking of Dex Joy, we're joined by the man himself. How are you doing, sir?

Dex Joy:

Peachy keen, Lance. Gonna sit here and watch this Clash of the Titans and get a close-up of the person I'll be helping shed fifteen pounds of gold.

DDK

Lindsay Troy didn't seem too concerned about you challenging. What do you say to that?

Dex Joy:

Gage Blackwood. Oscar Burns. Kerry Kuroyama. Henry Keyes. Arthur Pleasant. Tyler Fuse. Scrow. I mention all those names cause they did the same thing by taking Dexy Baby lightly, too and I dropped 'em all on their domes.

Back in the ring, Lindsay Troy has gotten the Count out of the corner, and by now he's managed to take his BRAZEN

tag belt off.

A small miracle.

If you're currently asking yourself if undead creatures of the night feel pain, the answer is "yes," because Count Novick is getting blasted on his back and chest by rotating shin kicks and he's sure to have bruises in the morning.

Maybe.

Wait, **does** Count Novick bruise? Does he have any blood? Is this really possible?

I'm overthinking this, blame the edible.

Anyway, the Faithful BOOOOO at Troy's unrelenting assault, but the Queen doesn't care, she just keeps at it. Then she hauls Novick to his feet and sends him into the ropes with an Irish whip and, on the rebound, catches him in the face with a rolling koppu kick. She covers.

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Lance:

Novick kicks out after a brutal volley of kicks from Troy.

DDK:

The Queen is softening him up, working over that upper body and head/neck area for Thy Kingdom Come.

Dex Joy:

Deadly move. She dropped Alvaro Los Del Rio on his head and macarena'd to the DEFCON pay window ... Can a vampire's neck even be broken?

Lance:

I didn't major in horror films.

Lindsay pulls Novick up off the mat by his hair and slaps him lightly across the cheek, almost mocking him. She does it again, and then a third time. The Faithful BOOOOOO, not happy with the Queen mocking the BRAZEN favorite, but their derision turns to cheers when the Count counters with a slap of his own!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Uh oh, LT might be thinking twice about that approach.

Lance:

Not a good idea to wake the dead. Or the undead. Or...I don't even know what I'm saying.

Troy's eyes go wide that Novick would dare to slap her. And then he follows the slap up with a forearm shot! The Queen stumbles back a few steps and Novick follows her. He connects with a dropkick that sends Troy to the mat, then jumps into the air and drives an elbow down into her sternum!

DDK:

Oh my, Count Novick's getting a little bit of offense going!

Lance:

Keep it up, kid!

DDK:

I think he was born in the 1500s, Lance.

Dex Joy:

He worked six hundred years to win that BRAZEN Tag Team title! He might win another one!

Novick hooks a leg and Benny makes the count!

ONE

TW-Not even a two.

Novick looks around and then quickly climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

What's he gonna do here?

Lance:

He could be looking for his finisher, the Graveyard Smash!

Dex Joy:

Rooting for you, Count! Do this for all the little ... Bats? Fang gang?

The Count gets his balance and indeed, he leaps off in hopes of connecting with the top rope senton that he calls the Graveyard Smash. Unfortunately for him, there's nobody home upon landing as Lindsay Troy rolls out of the way. She drags him to his feet, locks him in a clinch and drives knee after knee into his face, having grown tired of this farce. When she gets bored with kneeing him in the face, she drops him to the mat with a reverse STO and locks in the Koji Clutch.

DDK:

Divine Right! Lindsay Troy has got the Koji Clutch cinched in tight.

Lance:

That might be all she wrote for Count Novick.

Indeed it is, as Novick taps the mat and Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Sonny Silver

Your winner, by mauling, and STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE...LINDSAY TROY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well, I would have liked to have seen who you would have picked, Dex, but I applaud Count Novick's effort tonight and wish him the best with his BRAZEN tag team championship reign.

Lance:

Absolutely. He has nothing to be ashamed about tonight. Dex, any last words?

Dex Joy:

I was gonna pick me but heck ... I've worked this hard to get here. I can wait just a bit longer. Clay Byrd's gonna get brain damage, then the only thing left is me and the Queen.

We linger on the Queen hoisting the FIST into the air outside with ring with Sonny by her side before heading into a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

AGGRESSIVE EXPANSION

DEFtv returns from commercials, sweeping past rows of screaming Faithful proudly displaying their signs.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen, and what an explosive night it's already been! The FIST of DEFIANCE has been defended and we're only at the second segment!

Lance:

Let's send it over to Christie!

Cut to Christie Zane, standing at the interview station near the DEFtv entrance. She flashes her award-winning smile into the camera as she holds the microphone in position.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen...

Ophelia Sykes:

Zip it, Zane.

Cut to the stage where Ophelia Sykes has appeared, dressed to kill. She also holds a mic and is smiling widely. Looking into the camera, she raises her free arm high into the sky.

Ophelia Sykes:

PROOOOOOVVVIIDDEEEENNNNCCCEEE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ophelia Sykes:

I want you to give it up for YOUR! UNIFIED! TAG! TEAM! CHAMPIONS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ophelia Sykes:

THE!! SATURDAY!! NIGHT!! SPEEEEECCIIIALLLLL!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Rhode Island Faithful lose their minds as Brock Newbludd EXPLODES from behind the curtain, dressed in jeans and classic SNS t-shirt. He leaps to one side of the ramp brandishing one of the Unified Tag Titles high. He beats on his chest with his free hand as he howls into the sea of Ballyhooligans. Behind him, Pat Cassidy makes a more subdued appearance, slowly strutting with exaggerated effect with a championship belt slung over his shoulder. Cassidy comes up behind Sykes, puts an arm around her, and plants a wet one. Brock runs right past them to the opposite side, again barely containing his excitement and again riling up the Faithful. All three Saturday Night Specials make their way to Zane at the interview area. Brock runs up and twirls Christie around like they're doing the tango before wrapping her in a big ol hug. As she regains her composure, he leans forward into her mic.

Brock Newbludd:

WOOOOOOO! THAT'S RIGHT!! YOUR BOYS ARE BACK ON TOP!

The theme music fades away. Christie adjusts herself as Brock continues to make finger guns and wink at fans who are off camera. Cassidy and Sykes also sidle up into the picture.

Christie Zane:

Brock, Pat... months and months of setbacks, scratching, clawing... it has to feel good to once again stand here as the Unified Tag Team Champions!

Brock Newbludd:

Good!? Good!? For cripes sakes, Christie, good ain't the word for it! We proved all the doubters wrong! We came, we saw, and we kicked some ass! And you know what? Let's call a spade a spade. Them Sevens are dicks. They're jokes. They're scum. But they gave us a hell of a fight and a match people will be talking about for YEARS. It was one heck of a fight, Christie. But in the end, the good guys won...just like we said we would, baby! We are THE CHAMPS!

Brock again jumps straight into the air, thrusting his arms and peacocking for the ringside fans who eat it up. Like a well oiled promo machine, Pat slides right in to take over.

Pat Cassidy:

But we didn't come out here to talk about The Lucky Sevens, Zane. That's the past. Your boys here are all about... the futuuh. And it sure as hell looks bright for your tag champions. And, might I add..

Cassidy shoots Ophelia a look.

Pat Cassidy:

Your next BRAZEN Women's Champion.

Sykes leans forward to blow him an imaginary kiss. He answers with a wink before turning back to the promo.

Pat Cassidy:

The Saturday Night Specials are out here tonight to make two promises: the first one being that after months and months of giant [BLEEP]ass jerkoffs running around barely defending these things, we're gonna be the most fighting champs DEFIANCE has ever seen. And the second: well, Christie, it's time for The Saturday Night Specials to... expand.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean?

Brock slides back in.

Brock Newbludd:

Cass and I have been talking. Seems like we're the only three person band in the joint, you know? The Pop Culture Phenoms, Better Future, Vae Victis... they're practically armies. That could lead to some tough sleddin' for your boys here. Two on two, there's nobody who can touch us, and we've proven that fact time and time again. That being said, we crunched the numbers and we think it's time to even the playing field.

Pat Cassidy:

And so it's time for a little... what's the term?

Cassidy grins.

Pat Cassidy:

Aggressive expansion.

Brock looks directly into the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

It's this simple: we're looking for recruits. New SNS members. Young guys... or gals... who want to learn from your boys. Sit under the learning tree or some [BLEEP]. If you think you got what it takes to be a 'special', you come see us down at Ballyhoo.

Pat Cassidy:

We're looking everywayuh. BRAZEN, sure, but we're not stopping there. Indies, spot shows... if you're watching this and you think it got what it takes, you know where to find the champs. Hell, we might be coming to your town soon...

and you know we'll be holding auditions.

Brock Newbludd:

Auditions in your local dive between the hours of eleven and four am. DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES, AMERICA!?

Cassidy and Brock pump their fists as The Faithful pop.

Christie Zane:

And as mentioned, Pat and Brock aren't alone... there's a chance you might be holding gold soon, Ophelia. You've made it to the finals of the BRAZEN...

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

DDK:

Wait... what?

Brock, Pat, Ophelia, and Christie all stop, looking confused. The crowd doesn't seem to pick up on who this is either based on their reaction... or lack thereof. But they do begin to boo when Heavy Artillery - the BRAZEN tag team made up of the behemoth Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens - walk out from the back. Curiously, they're both wearing Saturday Night Specials t-shirts... extra large. The two big men carefully make their way down the steps off the ramp and walk up onto the interview stage. Brock and Pat make sure both Ophelia and Christie are standing behind them as the team approaches, but both Horrigan and Roosevelt throw their hands up as if to say they mean no harm. The music dies out.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't know, this is the BRAZEN tag team known as Heavy Artillery. We haven't seen the likes of them on DEFtv in quite some time.

Bobby Horrigan motions for the mic. Slowly and suspiciously, Pat Cassidy reaches behind him so Christie Zane can put it in his hand. Without taking his eyes off Bobby, he hands it over.

Bobby Horrigan:

Hey! Hey! Guys! We don't mean no harm! Pat! How's your motha?

Cassidy, as Horrigan's fellow Bostonian, doesn't sell that.

Bobby Horrigan:

We're not out here to fight. We're big fans, guys! The way you pounded on The Lucky Sevens at DEFCON... the stuff of legend. Right Rosie?

Roosevelt Owens nods in agreements.

Bobby Horrigan:

In fact, we're such big fans... (motions to his shirt) ... that we heard what you said back there - about looking for new members of SNS. Me and Rosie put our heads together, and we think you guys should look no furtha: Rosie "Rowdy" Owens and "Ballyhoo" Bobby Horrigan are the ONLY choice for the newest members of The Saturday Night Specials!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Horrigan looks angrily at the fans for reacting like that. Pat holds up a "one second" finger before convening in a huddle with Brock and Ophelia. They stay in this formation for several seconds while Horrigan smiles and elbows his partner in the ribs with cocky confidence. Finally, SNS breaks formation, and Cassidy motions for the mic, and Horrigan hands it back over.

Pat Cassidy:

...nah.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Horrigan frowns.

Pat Cassidy:

Nothing personal, fellas. But we feel you're not exactly the best fit for The Saturday Night Specials. Thanks for your interest.

Brock Newbludd:

The shirts were a nice touch, though. And, shit, it's always a pleasure meeting a couple of Ballyhooligans. Thanks for supporting SNS, guys!

An awkward moment where Cassidy and Brock appear to expect them to leave... but they don't. Horrigan again demands the mic, this time more forcefully, and while rolling his eyes, Cassidy reluctantly obliges.

Bobby Horrigan:

Fine. You want to play it that way? How's about we prove to you that we're tough enough to roll with you?

Cassidy and Brock tense up, reading for a confrontation.

Bobby Horrigan:

Not now. You said you would be two fightin' champs, right? Well maybe you put the belts on the line in two weeks in Buffalo against HEAVY ARTILLERY. Eh? Eh?

Again, SNS resume their huddle. Horrigan and Roosevelt both scowl with impatience. The conference is broken, and this time it's Brock who takes the mic.

Brock Newbludd:

Hard pass.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Horrigan's pale skin turns red as he appears ready to rage.

Brock Newbludd:

Again, no offense, but when is the last time you guys won a match? You're not exactly number one contender material, you know? Maybe try the BRAZEN belts first? I hear the vampire and Frankenstein have 'em now, those guys seem more your...

♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains♪

The Faithful give a cheer as Flex Kruger is the first to enter, flexing at the top of the rampway. Klein quickly scurries in front, kneeling and flexing himself in their trademark duo pose. He removes his box and the two quickly hop off the entrance ramp area and over to the interview stage. Klein and Flex literally push past Rosey, as Flex reaches out for a microphone that's handed to him. He taps it once and inspects it. Klein urges him to talk into it, and Flex nods in apprehension.

Flex Kruger:

Uh. So. I'm not good with words. But I just wanna flex on you.

Flex pauses. Klein leans in and grabs Flex's hand, leaning in so the microphone picks up his voice.

Klein:

Flex, we rehearsed this Just keep going, you're doing fine.

Flex Kruger:

This script was horrible.

Klein:

The D wrote it.

Flex Kruger:

That's a generous use of the word 'wrote'.

Flex pulls away from Klein and looks over to Pat and Brock.

Flex Kruger:

Listen, from the heart, we got all the respect in the world for you two. What you two did at DEFCON? Chef's kiss. You went to war with the Sevens and you're here with the straps. I can count on one hand how many people can say that. But Dangerous Mix pinned the D, and that shoulda made them the tag team champions at DEFRoad.

Klein:

Show him the belts. It's better with the belts.

Flex Kruger:

I didn't bring them because they're stupid. Boom. Pat, Brock, it's simple. You have those titles. We want 'em. We beat the Mix at DEFcon, and they were probably next in line before...

The Faithful shout "OSU!" in response.

Flex Kruger:

We've been competing together just as long as you two have, and you know what? The lack of respect from this company. We don't even have our own bio on the web site. But the worst thing? We've never had a shot at them tag team titles.

Flex makes his pec bounce once.

Flex Kruger:

So two weeks, Buffalo, New York. We've earned this shot, and we're going to show you why when we cut short your fairy tale ending. Boom goes the Flexinite. And either way, this is just friendly competition... first rounds on Klein after, yeah?

Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy lock eyes. They nod at each other. They don't need a huddle this time. And while it looks like Ophelia Sykes might have some objection to rewarding her former stable mates, neither of the champs give her a chance to express it. Brock sticks out a hand for a shake.

Brock Newbludd:

Two weeks. Buffalo. You're on!

Flex accepts the handshake! His biceps pop as he does.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

WOW! It's official! The Saturday Night Specials defend the Unified Tag Team Championship against Flex in a Box in Buffalo, New York!

Klein and Brock shake hands, before Brock goes to shake Flex's. Klein leans in and apologies to Ophelia for the D for

probably the millionth time but she's not hearing it.

Lance:

Looks like they're living up to their word to be fighting cha...

Bobby Horrigan:

THIS IS BULL[BLEEP]!!!

The moment of respect between Flex in a Box and The Saturday Night Specials is broken by Bobby Horrigan, who has snatched the mic back for himself. He has again turned beet red and when he speaks, little drops of spit fly from his mouth. His eyes appear ready to bug completely out of his head.

Bobby Horrigan:

Rosie and I have been WRECKING FOOLS in BRAZEN for YEARS now. What do we get for it?? Huh?? We watch chumps like Levi Cole, JJ Dixon, and Butch frikkin' Vic run right past us up to the DEFIANCE roster?? And why? Cause we're not PC? Cause we don't play politics? Cause we don't coddle people's feelings? CAUSE WE'RE TOO REAL?? IS THAT IT!?

No response from either team. Just confused stares.

Bobby Horrigan:

You wanna complain about not having your names on some stinkin' website? That ain't nothing compared to what the suits been doing to us!! You wanna disrespect us too!? Give these guys OUR shot right in front of us. Fine. We're gonna show you disrespect. Mark my words: by the end of this night, Heavy Artillery will prove to you that we ain't no chumps. We're gonna prove to you that WE MEAN BUSINESS! And then... you won't be able to ignore us. Let's go, Rosie.

Horrigan spikes the mic, shoots both teams an unkind finger gesture, and he and Rosie Owens angrily storm away. Flex and Klein look to SNS. All four men shrug. Klein shakes Pat's hand while Brock does the same to Flex. Christie Zane, who has always known when it's best to lay out, steps back into the frame.

Christie Zane:

And there you have it folks! In two weeks time: a Unified Tag Team Title match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

It's going to be a heck of a night for the Buffalo Faithful!

Good times all around... except for Sykes, who isn't making it super obvious, but seems less than pleased how this all played out. Cut from the interview stage to the commentation station, where our hosts are all smiles.

DDK:

Mark it down folks. Not only is this Flex in a Box's first ever shot at tag gold in DEFIANCE, but it's the first meeting of these two teams period.

Lance:

They have a lot of similarities between them, and both of them have the support of The Faithful. This should be one heck of a contest.

DDK:

Speaking of first time meetings... up next we have TA Cole squaring off against MV1!

Lance:

My sources have told me that Ned Reform is not backstage tonight, but his protegee is booked for singles action

against a man coming off a big victory - both literally and morally - at DEFCON in the masked MV1!

DDK:

Let's head to Quimbey and get this contest rolling!

MV1 vs. LEVI COLE

Darren Quimbey:

Our next contest is scheduled for one fall...

The house lights dim slightly before taking on a decidedly purple hue.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Omaha, Nebraska... weighing in tonight at 267 pounds... **TA... COLE!**

The camera sweeps the Providence crowd before coming to a rest just as Levi Cole steps through the curtain. Intensity etched across his face, he works his way down the aisle, deftly ignoring the jeers of the Faithful.

DDK:

We all watched Cole's mentor, Dr. Ned Reform, get embarrassed and shown up at DEFCON when it was revealed that his challenge to controversial entrepreneur, Elon Musk, was knowingly an empty one and that he was aware all along that Musk had zero intention to show up in New Orleans.

Still shots of this DEFCON moment scroll across the screen as the commentators reminisce.

Lance:

That humiliating revelation led to the surprising return of Gage Blackwood, who made short work of Reform in an impromptu match!

On the apron, Cole wipes his feet off before stepping into the ring and raising his arms, much to the displeasure of the crowd.

DDK:

Cole, on the other hand, was a bright up and coming, rising star in the sport... until he was taken under the tutelage of Ned Reform some time ago—

Lance:

Be fair, now. Even under the apprenticeship of "the Good Doctor", he is still one of the most technically sound performers in DEFIANCE. It's his moral compass that Reform has so effectively warped and manipulated, it seems. All in the name of "getting ahead".

DDK:

Well, I will admit it's hard to argue that Cole's star hasn't risen since pairing with Reform.

The house lights dim.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The Rhode Island fans hit their feet as MV1 blazes onto the stage, amped and energized.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Unknown and weighs in tonight at 231 pounds... he is **MASKED... VIOLATOR... #1!**

Tagging hands as he sprints down the aisle, MV1 slides into the ring and ends up on one knee, center ring, holding a single arm and a single finger high above his head. Foam fingers from the Faithful wave and gyrate all around.

DDK:

It's impossible to look at Masked Violator #1's performance at DEFCON as anything other than a big win. Lord Nigel Trickelbush is GONE from DEFIANCE and it seems that Corvo Alpha is forging a new path forward of his own! Whether that path crosses with MV1's once more and a Masked Violator's reunion is in the offing remains to be seen!

Both wrestlers stretch in their respective corners, their attention trained exclusively on each other. Fastcountini briefly checks in with both men before signaling for the:

DING DING

The two circle each other warily before chancing a lockup. After a brief feeling out, Cole muscles MV1 slowly backwards. MV1 locks his knees and works to reverse the advantage, but Cole is persistent, finally driving #1 back into the corner. Jonny is quick to "cut in" and Levi breaks at four, slowly backing back up to the center of the ring.

Circling again for another lockup, this one has a more noticeable snap to it. This time, Cole just **SHOVES** MV1 flat-backed to the mat with a *THUD*.

DDK:

You spoke earlier about the technical ability of TA Levi Cole... that's not to overlook his considerable power!

Lance:

Oh, absolutely not. This youngster is in tremendous physical condition... and yes, I referenced his technical ability earlier. As good as that is, he might just be better off pressing his considerable strength advantage over MV1.

MV1 pauses flat on his back, meeting eyes with Cole. Cole confidently bounces and stretches in place as #1 pulls himself back up by the ring ropes.

Circling once more to find another lockup, Cole immediately powers MV1 back into the ropes, but MV1 drops down, using the momentum to slingshot Cole through the middle ropes and crashing onto the ringside mat.

MV1 grins as the fans cheer whilst Cole fumes on the floor. Fired up, he steams back under the bottom rope and into the ring. Gesturing for another lockup, MV1 takes his time, both men circling.

DDK:

Another stiff lockup and, again, Cole exhibits his strength—OH!! **ARMDRAG TAKEOVER** by MV1!

Both men are instantly back up, Cole charges and MV1 arm drags him over once more – **BUT COLE CARTWHEELS THROUGH IT** and lands on his feet.

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Both men launch at each other and **LEVEL** one another with devastating dueling clotheslines!

Lance:

What an impact!

The Faithful applaud the efforts of both competitors and the announcers lay out themselves, letting the moment resonate with the viewer. The camera slowly peels back on the clapping crowd.

DDK:

It's clear to me that MV1 got the worst of that one... as we see Cole is slowly stirring!

Cole blinks the stars swirling around his head away and heaves MV1 back upright.

Lance:

Cole with an irish whip, sending MV1 into the ropes! LARIAT from MV1 barely budes Cole! MV1 is shocked!

DDK:

Hitting the far ropes, here comes ANOTHER LARIAT from MV1 – and AGAIN Levi Cole just shrugs it off! MV1 launches himself into the ropes once more, comes off, DUCKS a lariat from Cole, stops on a dime, DROPKICK to the bag of Levi Cole's leg! MV1 is quick to lock on a side headlock! But Cole is JUST as quick to power him up and OVER for a THUNDEROUS SUPLEX!

Lance:

Cole with the cover!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Cole hauls #1 to his feet and hurls him into a far turnbuckle.

DDK:

COLE WITH A HEADFUL OF STEAM! MISSES THE CORNER SPLASH!

Lance:

MV1 rolled out of it!

Seeing Cole stagger backwards, MV1 drops down, hooks a leg, and rolls the Prized Pupil up!

DDK:

SHOULDERS DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Powerful kick out by Cole! And he is up quickly!

DDK:

Cole walks right into an INVERTED ATOMIC DROP! He shakes it off and throws a WILD CLOTHESLINE at MV1 – MV1 hooks the arm, goes for a backslide!! NO!! Cole pumps the brakes on that! BACKSIDE PIN OF HIS OWN!! NO, MV1 rolls through it to his feet! ANOTHER BELLY-TO-BELLY BY TA COLE!

Lance:

But MV1 lands on his feet! SNAP SUPLEX BY MV1 PLANTS COLE CENTER RING!

MV1 springs up and races to the corner, bounding and pivoting onto the top turnbuckle in one fluid motion. He holds up an index finger high, the Faithful return the gesture, as he scans the crowd, completely oblivious that–

DDK:

Levi Cole is UP!

MV1 goes for 1DERSTRUCK, somersaulting HIGH in the air – but it's Cole who snatches him out of the sky!!

Lance:

POWERBOMB, COLE!

DDK:

WAIT!

MV1 falls backward before Cole can finish the powerbomb, effectively FRANKENSTEINERING Cole into a pinning situation! Fastcountini is quick to slide in place!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

Cole POWERFULLY kicks out, perhaps just prior to the 3 or perhaps just after, it's hard to say – but Jonny Fastcountini is quick to signal for the bell!

DING DING DING

Both competitors are stunned for markedly different reasons. Referee Fastcountini raises MV1's arm, still seated on the canvas, and the two wrestlers stare at each other, exhausted and fighting for their respective breath.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this bout... **MASKED... VIOLATOR.... #1!!!!**

The camera catches Cole questioning the referee about the count, slapping his hands together twice and then jerking a shoulder as if to indicate that he did in fact kick out. Blushing, Fastcountini stands by what he saw, eventually pointing Cole towards the DEFIATron where a slow-motion instant replay reveals itself, the entire arena craning their heads to see along with them.

We see Cole's massive shoulders down. One slap of a hand on canvas. A second. A third clear count and an immediate – but too late – kick out by Cole. The camera finds Cole nodding his head, clearly frustrated and disappointed. He pulls both arms through the straps of his singlet and shakes his head.

DDK:

Clearly a three count, but it doesn't get much closer than that, Lance!

Lance:

It doesn't but I–

DDK:

Look at this!

Grudgingly, Levi Cole offers out his right hand, that despondent expression still evident. The cynical crowd are immediately suspicious and urge Masked Violator #1 not to trust the Reform Student, booing loudly.

MV1, still seated on the mat, slowly finds a knee, trying to assess the situation. As he rises to his feet, he works to listen to each individual fan calling out to him as well as ascertain Cole's motives.

Another beat hangs in the air. And MV1 grasps Cole's hand and shakes it to a mixed reaction from the fans.

DDK:

Oh my!

Cole doesn't stick around. He offers a polite nod of the head, dips out of the ring, and starts up the aisle. This leaves a somewhat bewildered MV1 there to now turn to the fans, thanking them for their support.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Cole starts up the ramp, but doesn't make it far...

TAKE COVER

Heavy Artillery reappears, and Bobby Horrigan levels the TA with a clothesline! Both Horrigan and Roosevelt begin to put the boots to Cole as he tries to cover up to no avail.

DDK:

They said they were going to prove something to The Saturday Night Specials tonight... but why target Levi Cole of all people?

Lance:

I think he was just the first person they saw!

The fans have no love for Cole, but they also don't appreciate poor sportsmanship, so The Faithful begin to boo the hell out of the behemoth tag team. MV1's music cuts out suddenly, and both he and Johnny Fastcountini turn toward the ramp where Cole is suffering the attack. MV1 frowns, taking a second to weigh his options... before sprinting out of the ring and charging up the ramp! The Faithful love it!

DDK:

MV1 is not one to let injustice happen in front of him!

MV1 hits Roosevelt Owens from behind with a big sledge that causes him to cry out in pain and clutch his back. Bobby Horrigan stops stomping on Cole long enough to face this new attack, and before you know it he and MV1 are trading blows! MV1 starts to get the better of it, slowly causing the Boston native to backtrack down the ramp as he takes several shots to the face.

The fans love this... but their cheers slowly morph into jeers as Owens attacks MV1 from behind. Before MV1 can get his bearings, both members of Heavy Artillery are on him, whipping the masked wrestler into the guardrail. Owens stays on MV1 while Horrigan walks a few feet back up the ramp to continue to put the boots to Cole.

DDK:

And what exactly are they proving to the tag team champions? That they're unhinged jerks?

Both of the monsters bring their respective opponents back toward the ringside area. As the fans give them hell, Bobby Horrigan stands MV1 up, placing him so that his back is against the closest ringpost. He holds the masked man in place as Roosevelt cries out like a caged animal before getting a head of steam and...

DDK:

MY GOD!

Lance:

Roosevelt Owens is four hundred pounds and he just SQUASHED MV1 against a solid steel ringpost! This is sick... we need some help out here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans reaction seems to embolden the tag team even more, as they repeat the same set up with Cole. Another scream, another charge... and TA Cole is ruthlessly splashed against the turnbuckle and much like MV1, he crumples to the ringside floor. That's when DEFsec finally makes it to the ringside area to put a stop to this, but suffice to say the damage has already been done. Heavy Artillery accept that their onslaught is over as they begin to walk backwards up the ramp, smiling at the carnage they've left in their wake.

Lance:

Well, we know that in two weeks time The Saturday Night Specials will defend the Unified Tag Championship against Flex in a Box... I can't imagine this display of brutality has done much to change that.

DDK:

Both Cole and MV1 were in the wrong place at the wrong time tonight. Neither of them deserved this. Folks, we're going to try to get this sorted out. We'll be right back.

Before DEFtv heads to commercial, we get two final shots. MV1 is shaking his head in confusion and is just starting to come around as a ringside official checks on him, while Cole is still on dream street.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2023



NASHVILLE ... bound! Buy yer' tickets now!

FARE THEE WELL

The scene shifts to the commentation station.

DDK:

At DEFCON, we saw several contests where the DEFIANCE future of this or that performer hung in the balance. One of the talents who lost their place in DEFIANCE was nefarious manager and handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Lance:

That's right and we have learned since that Trickelbush's DEF contract has been severed as per the terms of the MV1/Corvo Alpha match at DEFCON. He took a hellacious beating at the hands of Alpha after he tried inserting himself in the match and, to be honest, I was convinced we would never see the man again. And yet...

DDK:

And yet, in the days following that blockbuster event, DEFIANCE officials received an envelope via certified mail that contained a VHS cassette tape. That video tape contained one final message from Lord Nigel Trickelbush... and, ah, here we are.

An old model 24 inch television set with a built-in VCR player is rolled onto the announce-stage and behind the announce table by production staff. One of them hands Lance the tape and Lance pops out of his seat to insert the cassette.

DDK:

Now, neither of us have seen this message, folks. I have to admit I have some morbid curiosity.

Lance retakes his seat, fumbling with his headset and the antiquated SONY remote control.

Lance:

Let's get this over with...

The tv's blue screen stutters for a moment before shifting to that of cozy study. Flames gently flutter in a fireplace as the grainy footage peels back to that of a leather chair.

Seated in the chair, frail but somehow vital, is the Lord of Lords Himself. His eyes glimmer from the nearby blaze, blankets heaped atop his lap.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If you are viewing this recording... then, somehow, some way, the impossible has occurred.

A sickly smile slowly contorts his face into something somehow, some way more hideous.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Somehow, some way, you now live in a world without your friend, Nigel. But how, I wonder? How might that be? How could such an injustice unfold? How might such an impossibility be made real, I muse? Oh, I fear I'm wasting time even recording such a missive for you all and yet... I have always been one to prepare for ANY eventuality.

Steepling his bony hands before him, his gaze finds the flames and watches them leap with interest.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And that's not to say that I find it impossible that my sweet baby boy might let me down. If I am to be honest... Corvo has always been imperfect, despite all of my many efforts. He has always had an edge to him that even I have, as yet, been unable to dull and hone to my will. My Corvo remains a work in progress... and progress I will make.

He suddenly guffaws.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Can you bear to imagine a DEFIANCE without my influence? Is your mind able to concoct a scenario where my benevolent hand could ever leave the proverbial wheel? Is it within you to dream up a world where I might ever abandon my Corvo, where I'd ever allow a masked fraud to hold sway over my ultimate fate!?

The smile slowly fades, his white eyebrows slowly lift at the rippling flames.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

For if you are able, do know that I am less so.

His eyes find the camera again, fiery and dancing. Burning.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But I will, for the purpose of this recording, "play along" as the children might say. If this would be the end... then so be it.

Suddenly, he is angry. A rising bitterness spills out with every word uttered, his tone matching the heat of the fire.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The cold hard truth is... You don't deserve me. None of you do. Corvo doesn't deserve me, if you must know. And now know-you-must for *I* have always known that I made him more. I've always known that what I so generously, graciously and selflessly gave him he could never find within himself. He would not exist without me. He would be an unnamed stain in this sport. A masked NUMBER. Without me, he is an utter failure. Less than a man. He would never — **COULD NEVER** — reach the heights I carried him to had I not taken a chance on him, made him more, made him better. And as for the masked mutant whose presence has confounded me for over a year... oh, how I wish that you could hear this.

The melancholy smile finds its way back to his twisted face, a forced calm slowly overtakes him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I suppose that no matter the outcome at DEFCON, you and I will never cross paths ever again. And isn't that sweet? Pretending still, of course, that you stand even the slimmest chance of victory at DEFCON, pretending that I've been tossed in the bin and set beside the road to be carted off with the rest of the trash... you must be so smug, vindicated in your hatred for me and for the man I have made of my Alpha. And hate him also, you do. To work so hard to take the child from his erstwhile "father", well, you must truly be the monster you claim Corvo to be. I pray the world sees you for the selfish, hurtful, flawed sub-human that you are.

Another chuckle, this one rattling somewhere deeper in his crusty lungs.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Can you imagine? A world without your friend, Nigel? You'd be a fool, an utter and complete imbecile, to ever believe I might be vanquished... to ever presume that I could ever really, ever truly walk away. So. It is in that spirit that I say...

A quaking hand places his trademark black bowler cap atop his head. He tips the brim towards us all.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I do believe I'll be seeing you. And, oh, won't that be... lovely.

It isn't a question. Slowly, the camera peels back to the fire where it fades on the flames. To black.

YEAH, I HATE YOU, TOO

Lance:

What a chilling message there by Lord Nigel Trickelbush. We don't know much about Corvo Alpha's whereabouts out of all the fallout, but we'll be sure to update you. What's next on the card, Darren?

DDK:

We've still got a lot of action later tonight. Rezin looks to finally make his first successful defense of the coveted Favoured Saints Championship against the former champion, High Flyer IV!

Lance:

Rezin spent weeks fighting an uphill battle against the man he took that title from, Oscar Burns! The former two-time FIST and Favoured Saints Champion had stacked the deck in a match at DEFCON where it was Burns's title and the majority shares he owned in Favoured Saints against Rezin's career! But Rezin made good and scored the first major blow against Vae Victis by taking one of the singles titles they held! And...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait... what is this?

There is no music.

No light show.

No nothing.

Just a VERY pissed-off Oscar Burns in his ring gear and Butcher Victorious trying to match his pace as the only Vae Victis member to lose makes his way towards the ring!

DDK:

Oscar Burns! And he looks ANGRY! What do you think this is about, Lance?

Lance:

I don't know, but he's dressed to compete! A rematch with Rezin, maybe?

With on the jeers of over ten thousand strong being loud for the former two-time FIST and Favoured Saints Champion, Oscar climbs into the ring and he looks out to The Faithful with something he hasn't really looked at them with...

Disdain.

Oscar Burns:

For over one year now, GCs... I've tried my damndest to not let it get to me.

He's trying not to crack, but whatever is bubbling under the surface of DEFIANCE's best technician is barely being held back.

Oscar Burns:

I have tried for so long to shut out the sounds you make when I have graced you with my presence. Give you a little of the bants! Give you some "Boo-urns!" Give you something to show you that I am not the guy you think I turned out to be. I've tried to convince you all for so long that I have not changed. That I did nothing wrong. I never QUIT on DEFIANCE like certain people who pop in and out of this company whenever they feel like it. I never took a sick day. In the past five-plus years I've been a part of DEFIANCE and other than a single three-month injury, I have NEVER given EVERYTHING I have to this company and to you, The Faithful. I joined Vae Victis because they, like me, want to make this place better! But... GCs... a funny thing happened after I lost MY Favoured Saints Championship and MY money to that stupid JUNKIE!

Burnsie gazes out at the Faithful with his newfound revelation.

Oscar Burns:

You... you CHEERED it. All of it. You CHEERED it when that... that WASTE of roster space took MY money that I spent YEARS putting away! You CHEERED when he took MY title! A title that he's just going to lose in his first defense later... AGAIN... because that's what he does! Because he's a clown, he's a junkie and he doesn't deserve to have the privilege of gracing the same wrestling ring that I excel in!

Now he points a finger out to the jeering fans. Butcher does the same behind his back.

Oscar Burns:

You CHEERED for my misery. You REVELED in it! It was one of the biggest upsets in DEFCON history and you reacted to HIM the same way you used to react to ME when I fought for this company! After all I've done for you... Everything I've given! The titles I've won! The accolades I've held! The epics I've put on! Some of DEFIANCE's best pure wrestling matches! The moments! All that... It was all just wasted effort. That's when I realized...

Oscar's moment of self-realization continues.

Oscar Burns:

I never changed... you did. Every. Single. One. Of. You. YOU changed. You... you hate me. You really hate me... And for that reason... and I don't say these words almost ever...

But he looks up.

Oscar Burns:

I hate EVERY one of you, too.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Now for the first time, Oscar takes in the reaction of DEFIANCE's loyal fanbase. His lip quivers... then contorts. Into a smile.

Oscar Burns:

Butcher... that... that felt... good.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh, yeah?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah... that felt amazing to get off my chest. I'm going to say it again. I, Oscar Burns, DEFIANCE Himself... hates every single last one of you fickle pricks.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

I hate your indecisiveness. I hate your ungratefulness. I hate your entitled attitudes. I hate that you latch on to whatever flavor of the month comes my way. I hate that the work I've put into this ring, the drops of sweat, the buckets worth of blood I've spilt mean nothing to you... but I know what I'm going to do now...

The former two-time FIST and Favoured Saints Champion points at the ramp.

Oscar Burns:

All the people you pick over me? All the people you want to come out here and shut me up? All the people that you choose over DEFIANCE Himself... I'm going to break them. I'm going to break them and I'm going to make you watch me break them, then I'm going to do it with big old smile on my face WHILE I do it.

Now he turns to face the ramp.

Oscar Burns:

To that end... consider this an open challenge, GCs. If you want to come down here and give these people something to cheer for, I will HAPPILY not only prove you wrong... but I will break you. I will hurt you. And you will be forgotten just like they did to me. So...

He looks to Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

Who is stepping up?

Amongst the throngs of fans, somewhere several tiers up, a commotion ripples outward, slowly wrapping around the arena. Murmuring sweeps the arena as the hard camera struggles to find the source of the disturbance.

DDK:

Fans, stand by... there appears to be—

Lance:

LOOK!

The shaky lens finally rests on a horde of Faithful under a spotlight just atop the arena-tier's steps. It takes a moment to register the long haired, shirtless, hulking brute who stands in the masses center, given a wide berth. He whips the dark wet hair from his eyes to reveal a streak of yellow paint crudely streaked across the top half of his face. His hairy chest bears a blood red wound of red paint dripping down it. Wide, wild eyes appear to take no note of the shocked crowd around him and are instead transfixed on the ring and the men within it.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is HERE! Is... is he accepting Oscar's challenge?

Butcher Victorious looks pretty shook that the monster that once belonged to Lord Nigel Trickelbush is now off the leash and coming their way. Oscar?

Oscar Burns:

...YOU?! Another freak show wants to get famous of DEFIANCE's expense?

There is no music, no pomp, no circumstance, Stomping down the steps, some fans eagerly pat Alpha's back, shoulder or arm as he passes... the vast majority just make way. Not seeming to notice or care, Alpha presses onward, eyes never leaving Burns in the ring. The crowd reaction, overall, is decidedly mixed and confused and it's clear that this occurrence is entirely unexpected by all.

DDK:

No Lord Nigel to corral, counsel and CONTROL him! Corvo Alpha is seemingly free for the first time in a long time and, it appears, he is spoiling for a FIGHT!

Reaching the guard rail, Alpha finally takes a moment to regard the surging fans all around him, his eyes curious and narrow. In one motion, he vaults the railing and slides into the ring, resting on both knees, head lowered.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... IS ASKING WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah... let him go.

Benny Doyle races down the aisle and gracefully slides into the ring. On cue, Alpha leaps to both feet, red and yellow

fists clenched, the rage on his face is unmistakable and near to burst. His intentions are clear.

OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

There is a palpable electricity in the air as Doyle confers with Burns and waves to usher Butcher Victorious out of the ring. Alpha, for his part, is an imposing statue.

DDK:

Not a match either of us expected to get a chance to call tonight, Lance! This is exciting! You can *hear* the crowd process what's unfolding before us all!

Lance:

Both of these men are coming off of frustrating losses at DEFCON. Despite falling to Rezin, Oscar Burns, along with the backing of Vae Victis and the constant presence of Butcher Victorious, as well as his tremendous wealth of wrestling experience and wisdom, remains perhaps **the** most technically sound, savvy and confident athlete that DEFIANCE wrestling has ever seen step between the ropes.

As Lance opines, Burns ignores the referee's urging for Butcher to exit the ring, continuing to commiserate with his lackey. Annoyed, Burns barks at Doyle, ordering him to keep a so far unmoving Corvo back as they talk strategy. Half stepping through the ring apron, Oscar and Vic continue to deliberate.

DDK:

I don't know what this is about... some type of stall tactics on the part of Burns.

To seemingly drive that home, Burns hops out of the ring, brow furrowed, hand held up and out towards Doyle, advising him to "hang on".

Lance:

"DEFIANCE" himself is as perturbed as I've ever seen him, and the Faithful certainly aren't helping!

A precipitation of disapproval showers down upon Burns from the Faithful, turning the dial up on his annoyance. He lashes out at the front row for a moment before returning to Vic who kneels in the ring in order to chat with him, one wary eye kept on Corvo at all times.

Alpha gapes at the cheering/booing crowd around him with interest before turning back to regard Burns/Vic's confab. He snorts and spits at Vic's feet, Doyle finally – carefully – stepping between the two parties once more.

Burns half marches, half struts around ringside, arguing with fans and trading his attention between them and Alpha. He smirks, bopping back up to kneel on the ring apron, Vic whispering in his ear and jabbing a finger in Corvo's direction.

DDK:

Senior Official Benny Doyle is at his wits end with Oscar Burns... Burns ASKED for a match tonight with anyone! He was ready to take on all comers! But now, it seems, when the savage Corvo Alpha appears to want to take him up on it... he is having second thoughts!

Burns disdainfully scans the crowd before stepping back through the ropes – then thinking better of it, pulling his leg back out, which only sets off a new blaze of boos and derision.

Lance:

He called the referee out here, Keebs. He knows precisely what he is doing. These are all mind games, if you ask me. I said it earlier: Oscar Burns is incredibly savvy. He's trying to bait Alpha.

DDK:

It doesn't seem to be working.

Lance:

This new, unleashed Corvo Alpha, finally free from the grip and grasp of Lord Nigel Trickelbush is, for lack of a better phrase... a "different animal". In my estimation, we are watching one of the greatest ever in the game, Oscar Burns, figure out just who... and what... he is dealing with.

After flipping a youngster in the second row the bird, Burns opts to step between the ropes once more. He sets one foot in the ring, cautiously eyeing Alpha and constantly imploring Doyle to "keep that dog back". Alpha has yet to take another step forward, but his muscles are tense and coiled, his knuckles are white.

DDK:

Finally, Burns is getting in the ring and- OH, GIVE ME A BREAK!

At the last moment, Burns "nopes", pulling back out of the ring and off the apron to the ring floor. He waves off Corvo dismissively and stomps around ringside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

Just as I suspected, Darren.

DDK:

Burns is giving it back to these fans who plainly hate his guts!

Starting up the rampway, Burns stops and turns, barking towards the ring.

DDK:

ALPHA!

Butch Vic stands up and turns just a moment too late.

Lance:

CLOTHESLINED OUT OF HIS SHOES!

Corvo Alpha had waited long enough, exploding at Victorious and clotheslining him up and over the top rope. Butch spirals, eventually careening into the arms of Oscar Burns who doesn't seem to try all too hard to break his personal sycophant's fall.

WWWWHOOOOOOOOOAAAAA!!!!!!

Alpha froths, perched halfway up the ropes. Back at ringside, Burns yanks Butch Vic back to his feet, both staggering backwards. Oscar offers a sneering smile back towards the ring as the pair continue to backpedal up the ramp, the crowd's shock turning back to cascading boos.

DDK:

Even still, all this time later, I can't believe that I'm seeing Oscar Burns *retreat*.

We see Doyle work to try to calm the raging beast on his hands to little avail. Corvo climbs the turnbuckle, bellowing up the aisle towards Burns & Co. He stops, halting at once, noting the mixed-but-growing-warmer reaction from the fans. That slight diversion of attention is enough for Burns and Victorious to abscond through the curtain.

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

DDK:

Well folks, we thought we were getting a bonus match live tonight in Providence...

Lance:

Oscar Burns is the worst, let's talk about it.

DDK:

We've got JJ Dixon taking on a surging Arthur Pleasant in just a bit... and later on tonight, in our main event, it's High Flyer IV battling Rezin for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

Don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

WHEN GEMS FRACTURE

We see the the rear of a Jansport backpack with patches of a green alien head, the phrase "Choose Life," a Pearl Jam stick figure logo, a Beverly Hills 90201 patch where Luke Perry is the "1" and one that says "FRESH" in fluorescent colors. The camera shows that the backpack is worn by JJ Dixon, his hair parted down the middle with long hair behind his ears, locking lips with his girlfriend Caitlyn Kinsey. They part lips and Caitlyn now has a shorter "Manic Pixie Dream Gril" haircut with her dark hair and a necklace made of candy. They just stare deeply into each other's eyes.

Then they start making out wildly again like two teenagers in love.

Aurora Kaye - Caitlyrn's mother - sits in the back working on some kind of watercolor painting, her green hair long. She rolls her eyes at the display.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Do you love me, JJ? Like I love you?

JJ Dixon:

Do I love you? My god.If your love were a grain of sand, mine would be a universe of beaches!

They started making out immediately.

Aurora:

Kids, kids. I know your first love is always intense. But, please, come up for air.

They do not listen and continue. Then we hear someone clear their throats — this time with more sternness in her voice.

It is Teri Melton, with a black pillbox hat on with funeral veil netting over her eyes with her silver gown. JJ finally pulls his lips off of Caitlyn.

Teri Melton:

JJ, what is the meaning of this? No phone calls. No texts being returned. I have been worried sick —

JJ Dixon:

Ahh... I... I'm sorry about that. It's just that, well... me and Caitlyn...

Teri rolls her eyes as they start kissing again.

Teri Melton:

JJ, you must think about your priorities. And your priority is Your Uncut Gems! After all, despite our lost, I still stole the show! We must regain our lost momentum, which is why I signed you for a match against Arthur Pleasant!

Caitlyn's draw drops. JJ winces as he wrenches his shoulder.

JJ Dixon:

Teri, my shoulder is so messed up. Come on. I can't go into a match with Arthur Pleasant tonight.

Teri Melton:

Well, if you did not shut me out for... for... for her... you would know about the match! And I would know about your shoulder. But you can't forfeit the match, JJ. Plus... I need you for our continued ascent! We must steal the show yet again!

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Teri —

Teri Melton:

I do not believe I asked for your thoughts about this. Or anything, Caitlyn. Go stand in the corner while I speak with JJ.

JJ Dixon:

Nobody puts Caitlyn in the corner!

JJ tersely stares at Teri.

JJ Dixon:

You know what, Teri? You just aren't getting me lately! Everything is all about you! I lost against Nathan Eye because of you. And now you put me in a match so you can steal the show. Do you know how much pressure that is putting on me?

Teri's mouth is shocked at JJ's retort.

JJ Dixon:

You're lucky I do not turn to alcohol... or worse... drugs!

Teri's hands now quiver with worry.

Teri Melton:

JJ! No! Not alcohol or drugs! Those are dangerous!

JJ Dixon:

Well, so is not being understood! You know what, Teri? We need to have a talk.

Teri Melton:

JJ —

JJ Dixon:

I don't want you at ringside...

Teri gasps.

JJ Dixon:

And I certainly don't want your close-up!

Teri has tears in her eyes.

Teri Melton:

Are you...

JJ gulps and sighs.

JJ Dixon:

Yes. I am breaking up with you. I quit Your Uncut Gems.

Teri dramatically throws herself against the back wall, tears in her eyes, letting out a loud "Nooooooooooo!!!" as JJ storms out of the room, carrying his Jamsport book bag.

Teri runs to the door and calls out to him.

Teri Melton:

But JJ... you don't have any ring music! Why, at least wear the new pink sequined robe I bought you to the ring! Please, dear... You'll catch a cold!

Teri starts to bawl. Caitlyn goes up to her to console her, placing her hand on her shoulder. Teri looks at her with a glare that says "This is all your fault!" before leaving, not without scoffing at Aurora, too.

Aurora Kaye:

I told you this was trouble, Caitlyn. I don't like any of this... Any of this at all.

Caitlyn runs to the door, with teenage drama in her eyes, as she looks at Teri storming down the hall after JJ.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

The scene switches to a pre-recorded video where Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire are seated in front of a black backdrop. Both of them are dressed in black, as Tyler leans forward, looking none too pleased.

Tyler Fuse:

It has been a tough month. I didn't feel like speaking before but now, I have to.

Fuse pauses, turns to The Princess who remains nonchalant and then he addresses the camera again.

Tyler Fuse:

Teresa. You are beneath me. You are beneath us. There will be no further retcon against you. Carry on with your miserable, lonely life and know you will never provide someone else happiness because you, ultimately, have nothing to provide.

Fuse rests his arms on his knees.

Tyler Fuse:

Jack. You want to get involved in my business again? Prove to everyone you have one more GO left in you? Every issue I've had with you and your son has been carried out in a fair and honest manner. It was personal between us, but I never took it further. I dislocated your son's shoulder twice, inside that ring, **legally**.

Tyler shakes his head in frustration.

Tyler Fuse:

At DEFCON you overextended yourself, Jack. You walked into a story you had NO fucking business entering. None whatsoever. You've never had a previous interaction with Teresa, you have never spoken to my wife, you've only interacted with ME.

Fuse takes a moment. He's getting worked up and he's definitely not used to showing these types of emotions so openly.

Again, he glances over to Jane. It seems as if Princess' stoic demeanor is her way of expressing frustration and it is feeding into Tyler's anger.

Tyler Fuse:

You will pay for what you did and it will be a debt you won't be able to afford. I promise you.

Tyler's eyes narrow.

Tyler Fuse:

You stick your nose into a place you don't belong?

Pause.

Weak grin.

Tyler Fuse:

It just gives me permission to do the same.

Tyler and Princess stand, walking off set as the scene fades.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. JJ DIXON

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way out to the ring first! From Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California... weighing in at 220lbs... he is "The Special Attraction"... J...J... DIXXXXOOONNNN!!!

JJ Dixon comes walking out to the ring, by himself. He's wearing a sleeveless Goo Goo Dolls T-Shirt over generic red and black tights with matching black boots. Noticeably, his left arm is tucked in close to his body.

DDK:

Here comes JJ Dixon, who just minutes ago shockingly broke up with Teri Melton and quit Your Uncut Gems! And he is also out without the usual panache and flair of his entrance along with his now former manager.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way down to the ring first,

Lance:

You can see JJ's nervousness right now going into a match with a man as dangerous as Arthur Pleasant. JJ and Teri's lack of communication over the past few weeks led to this, as Teri arranged for the match but the lovestruck JJ Dixon ignored her messages, so she had no idea his shoulder was this hurt!

DDK:

JJ's stardom has been on the rise since Teri Melton took him under her jewel-encrusted wing. But now he, well, looks like a lost soul!

Lance:

It also looks like he's going to go into this match one-armed, too.

JJ rolls under the ropes, with a hesitant breath as he raises his right arm up to the cheers of the fans, but winces in pain as his left arm moves.

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Two words, followed by two letters, written in signature style, appear on the DEFIatron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete that slices through the bottom of the screen with a violent effect. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, has already begun making his way out from behind the curtains.

**YOUR NIGHTMARE,
AP**

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, making his way down to the ring, from Under The Midnight Sun, Alaska... weighing in at 225lbs...ARTHURRRRRRRRRRRR PLLLLLLLLLEASAAAAANT!!!

Looking out at the Faithful, Pleasant raises his arms out to his sides, soaking in their hatred like a kitchen appliance soaking up as much electricity as possible. Wearing a new white duster with black splotches painted all across it and the words "NIGHTMARE FUEL" across the back in a new criss-cross machete design watermarked behind them, Arthur continues to make his way down to the ringside area. Shedding the duster, he reveals a new set of wrestling tights that match the duster he previously wore; white and black splotches all over, looking more venom-infected than blood-splotched.

DDK:

Pleasant... wearing white?!

Lance:

Since he's been in DEFIANCE, I've only ever seen Arthur wear black and red. So, this is definitely an odd, if not unsettling, sight to see.

Slithering his way under the bottom rope like a snake, Pleasant crawls his way to the opposite left turnbuckles from the entranceway. Climbing to the second rope, Pleasant yells out at the Faithful.

Arthur Pleasant:

LET ME HEAR THOSE CHURCH BELLS, FAITHFUL!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Pleasant once again holds his arms out, closing his eyes. Absorbing his negative reaction like Pope Francis reveling in the adulation of his Christian masses on the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica, Pleasant hops down once he's satisfied enough with the revulsion he's received.

DDK:

God, this guy.

Lance:

I know, Keebs. I know.

As soon as "Immigrant Song" fades, Rex Knox looks at both competitors, asking if they are ready. Once they nod their heads, he calls for the bell!

DING DING

Arthur Pleasant hunkers down like some amateur wrestler, scraping his knee on the mat like his last name is Schultz. Catching JJ Dixon off guard, Dixon sidesteps out of his corner and braces for Pleasant trying to trip him up with a takedown. Pleasant immediately stands back up straight and...

SMAAAAAAAACK!

... delivers a deafening, ear-drum-shattering slap to the face!

Pleasant is quite pleased with himself, laughing at the disrespectful nature of the slap that JJ Dixon fell for.

DDK:

Ugh. That was TOTALLY uncalled for!

Lance:

JJ looks pissed! And rightfully so!

Dixon attempts to send a receipt to Pleasant, but Arthur slides out of the ring to a chorus of, you guessed it, boos.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Pleasant points to his head, signaling "i so smart" to everyone. Dixon, still incensed over the disrespectful slap, rolls out of the ring right after Pleasant. Grabbing him by the arm, he turns him around and delivers a hard right fist to Pleasant's jaw! Pleasant reels back, and Dixon delivers another! Then ANOTHER! With Pleasant reeling back into the ring post, Dixon runs forward attempting a left hooking clothesline, but Pleasant ducks and causes Dixon to hit the ring post with stunning impact! Dixon goes down in a heap, clutching his left arm in agony.

DDK:

This isn't good. It looked like JJ's left arm was hurting badly before this match even began, but that may have just added some serious damage to it.

Lance:

The way he's holding his arm and, in particular, his shoulder? I wouldn't be surprised if he just tore some ligaments.

Writhing in pain, Dixon pounds the outside mat with his right hand in frustration for falling for Pleasant's bait. Pleasant, meanwhile, drags Dixon up by his hair and SLAMS him face-first across the steel steps!

DDK:

So much for Pleasant wrestling PURE tonight!

Lance:

True enough. Guess we know which Arthur we're getting tonight. *[audible sigh]*

Dixon, half out of it, steels himself and steadies his feet after having his face brought down onto the steel. Surprisingly, no blood can be seen anywhere. Pleasant runs, hops up onto the steel steps, but Dixon connects with a dropkick right to Pleasant's jaw that sends him down in a heap!

Dixon however, lands on his left shoulder. Once again, he writhes in pain on the outside mat.

Rex Knox:

Alright, guys! Take it back into the ring, or I'm counting you both out!

One!

Two!

Three!

DDK:

I was about to say, Rex Knox has shown a *surprising* amount of leeway thus far in this match!

Lance:

Sometimes, you gotta let 'em fight. But this one needs to get back into the ring before things get out of hand.

Four!

Five!

Six!

Dixon is up first, still favoring that shoulder of his, and rolls into the ring.

Seven!

Eight!

Pleasant is still down, holding his jaw after getting caught with that dropkick!

NINE!

DDK:

Dixon's going to win by count-out!

TEN!

Lance: He did i-

NO!

Pleasant makes like Harry Potter at Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ and pulls himself into the ring!

Lance:

That was incredibly close! Pleasant's winning streak almost went up in smoke after getting caught up in his own BS!

With Pleasant barely making the count and still on the mat, Dixon drops an elbow with his good arm. Followed by another! And then for the third one, he makes like he's going for it but switches to a lightning-quick leg drop. Rolling over, Dixon hooks a leg!

One!

Pleasant kicks out emphatically at one.

DDK:

Looks like Pleasant isn't even close to being ready to be pinned. But good on JJ for having the awareness to at least make the attempt!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant absorbs pain like Ned Reform absorbs 19th-century literature. There's no way the former Favoured Saints Champion would be ready to be put away yet. I'm surprised JJ even got a one-count!

Trying to stay on his opponent, Dixon guides Pleasant to his feet and lifts him up in a fireman's carry... but his shoulder immediately gives out on him, opening the opportunity for Pleasant to rake his eyes as he slips down behind him.

Rex Knox:

Watch it, Arthur!

Ignoring Knox's admonishment, Pleasant turns him around, knees him in the gut, and lifts him up into the air! Holding him up for a moment, Pleasant then spikes Dixon down onto the mat like a tent spike!

DDK:

What a piledriver!

Lance:

That could be it... but what is Pleasant doing?!

Dixon remains on the mat, and Pleasant looks out at the Faithful, taunting them.

Arthur Pleasant:

How's that for a wrestling move?!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Finally satisfied enough with his own antics, Pleasant reaches down to bring Dixon back up... but The Special Attraction cradles Pleasant with an inside roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO! Pleasant escapes the pinning maneuver, looking stunned that Dixon was able to keep him down for so long.

DDK:

Well, damn! JJ nearly won this match in the blink of an eye!

Lance:

That's the thing about Arthur. He may be a beast, but sometimes he takes his eyes off the game and leaves himself wide open for moves like that.

Pleasant is back up, nearly apoplectic that Dixon almost beat him with an inside roll-up. Still favoring his left shoulder, Dixon is back to his feet as well. Pleasant, realizing he cannot take his eye off the ball anymore, measures up Dixon. Leaning into the ropes, Pleasant shoots forward, passing by Dixon and hitting the opposite ropes. Gaining speed, he runs back to the ropes from where he initially leaned into, and on the rebound extends a foot forward, nailing a single-leg shotgun dropkick to the jaw of Dixon!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

Damn it!

Hooking a leg, Pleasant reaches toward the rafters and counts along with Rex Knox.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! Dixon kicked out at the last second!

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Pleasant looks at Knox, completely enraged that his Provocation kick couldn't seal the deal. Dixon, getting up from the mat, has a look of pure adrenaline on his face.

DDK:

JJ looks fired up! I think that Provocation woke him up more than it did put him down!

Lance:

What is he going for here?!

As soon as Pleasant turns back around toward Dixon, he's lifted up and spun around with lightning quick speed before being slammed to the mat!

DDK:

Blue Thunder Bomb! Holy MOLY!

Lance:

He did it mostly with his right arm, too! He has him!

ONE!!

TWO!!

Pleasant kicks out!!

DDK:

So close!!

Lance:

JJ is rallying here! Arthur is in TROUBLE.

Unable to put him away, Dixon measures Pleasant up for something as he slowly gets to his feet. Once Pleasant is up, Dixon lifts him up into a fireman's carry... but his shoulder gives out and Dixon crumbles to his knees!

Pleasant lands on his feet, runs into the ropes, and **BLASTS** Dixon across the back of his head with a shining wizard!

DDK:

Friends Till The End! At least, half of it!

Lance:

It may be enough!

Dixon goes down face first, but Pleasant pulls him back up to his knees. Reaching down, Pleasant applies a vicious guillotine choke that he slowly grapevines into.

DDK:

Oh NO...

Lance:

No one escapes the Sleep Paralysis.

Knox checks on Dixon, but it's obvious that he's already out after getting kicked in the back of the head AND pulled into the guillotine choke. He signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via submission due to referee stoppage... ARTHURRRR... PLLLEEEAAASSSAAAAAANT!

DDK:

Well, JJ Dixon put up a hell of a fight tonight, despite coming into this match less than 100%.

Lance:

An "A" for effort, for sure. But, unfortunately, Arthur Pleasant's undefeated streak since his return continues.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

FAVORED SAINTS: REZIN (C) vs. HIGH FLYER IV

DDK:

At DEFCon, Rezin was able to defeat Oscar Burns and regain the Favored Saints Championship, and wrest control of the monetary stranglehold of Vae Victis' Oscar Burns. How many shares did you get Lance?

Lance:

Oh, we can talk about that? On the air?

DDK:

Rezin gifted everyone from Ron Hall to yours truly shares in what he referred to as the best wrestling promotion on the planet.

Lance:

I would add more colorful language if you want to get the original intention of Rezin.

DDK:

Tonight, he defends the Favored Saints Championship against the former champion, Les Enfant Terribles' High Flyer IV, the third generation superstar from the Harmen family.

Lance:

I remember watching his grand-dad in Mid-South during my first exposure to the business. I followed his dad as a teenager across the states. Now I see the grandson attempt to surpass the legacy of his genes. I just hope it's not too much of a burden.

DDK:

At DEFCon, High Flyer IV had the biggest match of his young professional career, in a losing effort against Victor Vacio, who... seems to care even lesser than usual.

Lance:

After, Vacio took a lock of the luchador's blue dreads as a trophy, as a screw you, as I don't even know Darren. Why do you take someone's hair?

DDK:

The young lad better keep his eye on the chaotic Rezin, and forget about Vacio for one night.

Lance:

Big stage, first TV after DEFCon in the main event? Let's GO!

♪ "Ain't it Funny" by Danny Brown ♪

The loud trumpets blare over the pa system as HF IV bursts through the entranceway. He motions for the title belt around his waist before throwing one arm skyward. He takes a slow walk down toward the ring high fiving people seemingly at random on his way to the ring. HF IV rushes onto the ring apron and onto the top turnbuckle, hands held exceedingly straight by his sides as his mouth shows a LET themed mouthguard.

He spits it out and swats it into the crowd for a souvenir.

Air raid sirens fill the Amica Mutual Pavilion. The crowd ROARS.

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

The DEFIATron plays through montage footage of mushroom clouds and scenes of public uprisings. The stage fills up with smoke and strobes. Through the haze, a swaggering shadow takes shape. On the screen, a brick wall collapses, and a name appears.

R E Z I N

The Favoured Saints Champion strides into the spotlight to a booming ovation, hoisting the title upside down over his head while cloud pyros explode at his left and right. Fire and mayhem is left in his wake as Hell's Favorite Hoosier jaunts down the aisle, feeding off the energy from the fans.

DDK:

Here now is the four-time Favoured Saints Champion! A man who has been bound to that title since it first debuted at Ascension 2020!

Lance:

In the end, it doesn't matter how many times anyone holds the belt. The only number four that's important in this equation is consecutive wins.

Rezin circles the ring to let the song ride out and milk the moment. Finally, he slides into the ring, scales a turnbuckle, and draws another pop from the crowd by spreading his arms into a classic Jesus Christ pose. Back on the canvas, Darren Quimbey is standing by to formally make the announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is our MAIN EVENT of the evening!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP of DEFIANCE!!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Pacing restlessly in his corner, Rezin hoists the title belt overhead. Across the ring, HF IV stretches using the top rope and doesn't take his eyes off the belt Rezin has elevated.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Hailing from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at one-hundred and ninety-eight pounds... HERE IS... HIGH... FLYER... FOOUUUUURRR!!!

HF IV turns, springs directly to the top rope, and pumps his arms into the air, charging up the crowd. Then, with picture-perfect form, he performs a graceful high-angle moonsault and sticks the landing in the center of the ring. The Faithful pop, and even the champion looks impressed.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana... he weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... the ESCAPE ARTIST... REEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNNN!!!

Likewise, the Goat Bastard scrambles to the top rope, Favoured Saints Title held inverted over his head, and after a moment performs and lands his own impressive looking moonsault! The crowd pops hard again, and the champion flashes the challenger a cocksure wink.

DDK:

Not to be outshined, is he?

Lance:

I guess not.

HF IV beats his own chest and shakes his head as Rezin hands the belt off to Brian Slater, who holds it up for a moment for all to see, before sending it out to the timekeeper and ringing the bell.

DING DING

Immediately, HF IV turns back to his corner, parkours to the top, and launches himself into a spectacular corkscrew flip off the turnbuckle that leaves everyone in the arena STUNNED, and drops into a kneeling pose with his arms spread out to the sides. Rezin's eyes nearly bulge out of his head, as he can't comprehend how a human body can DEFY gravity in such a manner.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

DDK:

Hold that thought!

Rezin nods, spits into his hands, rubs his palms together, and readies himself to answer for this throwing down of the flippy gauntlet. He goes to his corner, squats a few times... then springs up and executes the SAME CORKSCREW FLIP(minusthesuperwobblylanding)OFF the top rope!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Lance:

Ehh, at least he tried.

DDK:

Shades of one of Rezin's earliest rivalries around the Favoured Saints Title, battling with Minute on who is the greatest of DEFIANCE's own "flippy-dooos"!

HF IV shouts "I'M THE GREATEST!" and waves off this sloppy effort on the part of the champ. He launches himself into a mesmerizing and gravity-defying routine of standing moonsaults, forward flips, and cartwheels, literally tumbling circles around the awestruck Escape Artist who stands agape in the center of the ring. The Faithful are going wild as the fourth to bear the mantle of "High Flyer" leaps and twirls as though unbound by the laws of nature!

DDK:

Talk about setting the bar! What an athlete beyond comprehension the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion has become!

Lance:

How does Rezin answer that?

The Goat Bastard looks questionably to the official. Slater, a man of solid logic, shakes his head. Rezin, a man of viscous logic at best, obviously ignores the suggestion. Stretching himself out to make sure he's good and ready, the aerial arsonist (who let's be clear is pushing forty) takes a few preparatory bounces, runs off the ropes, and VAULTS HIMSELF right into a--

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Spectacular faceplant.

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lance:

Well, that settles that...

Rezin rises off the mat, somewhat rattled, but mostly vexed, until he spies HF IV sprinting toward him. His bulging eyes disappear beneath the young High Flyer's boots as he catches him with a running dropkick that leaves the Favoured Saints Champion careening violently across the canvas. HF IV takes a moment to applaud Rezin's fall, but as Rezin

fighters to his feet, he drops a leg across the back of his neck to send him back down.

DDK:

And now the action is underway, as HF IV is off to a hot start, taking advantage of the Goat Bastard's embarrassing mishap! Taking him now by the arm, and with a chance to steal it, here goes Flyer into the Oklahoma Roll!

One!

Two!

NO! The Escape Artist escapes an early upset!

Lance:

He may not be winning any tumbling contests tonight, but he's surely not going down without a fight tonight. Especially with the Favoured Saints Title on the line.

DDK:

A championship held by the Goat Bastard four times now, but just to reiterate, he's had ZERO successful defenses in that time!

Both men scramble to their feet. Rezin launches into a HURRICANRANA that HF IV rolls through and lands on his feet. HF IV counters with an attempted kick to the midsection that Rezin blocks, and sends back, but in doing so inadvertently assists the challenger into a somersault kick that clips him across the nose.

DDK:

Rezin left reeling... Flyer charges at him against the ropes--NO!! Back body drop sends him over the ropes!

And to the floor... or so the Goat Bastard thinks. In any case, the Favoured Saints Champ takes a moment to catch his breath, unknowingly leaving himself open to HF IV, who deftly landed on the apron. Flyer waits for him to slowly turn around before hopping to the top and springboarding back into the ring.

DDK:

DRAGONRANA BY HF IV!!

Rezin careens wickedly off the mat and powders to the outside, raving incoherently in frustration while slapping at his face. The kid is a powder keg of aerial chaos that even HE can't fathom! When he goes for another look, he immediately sees HF IV coming in hot for a BASEBALL SLIDE... that he fakes. Nevertheless, the fans empty the first two rows of seats as Rezin buys into the misdirect so hard he launches himself across the barricade to get away.

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lance:

The son of Jack Harmen is an upstart who knows exactly how to get under one's skin, which is exactly how he best Rezin back at their first encounter at Uncut 96.

DDK:

I recall that being a high-flying affair, although the Favoured Saints Championship wasn't on the line then.

Rezin is STEAMED as he rises up from behind the barricade, looking ever the fool once again. In the ring, HF IV provokingly cartwheels around the open ring. Finally, the Goat Bastard climbs back into the ringside aisle and marches over to the timekeeper, where he retrieves his Favoured Saints Championship. Furiously, he bashes the face of the belt into his forehead a few times before dropping it back into the timekeeper's lap and returning to the ring with a renewed sense of conviction.

Lance:

Rezin has to remember what's at stake here. If he wants to eventually challenge Henry Keyes for the Southern Heritage Championship, he needs to prove he can take the first step forward.

DDK:

Rezin back in the ring, going for a lockup... ducked by Flyer, who goes for the PELE KICK--but it's BLOCKED by the Escape Artist! Rezin keeps hold of the legs, flips forward into a double leg CRADLE!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

HF IV's legs break free and tuck themselves back under Rezin's arms, leveraging the FS Champion onto his back!

DDK:

Flyer with the reversal!

One!

TWO!

REZIN kicks out!

Rezin legscissors across HF IV's face to break loose and rolls himself clear. The young Flyer attempts to scramble back up in time, but Rezin gets airborne a second earlier, and SPEARS him out of the air with a standing dropkick that connects with the ribs! And as if that wasn't enough to knock the wind out of him, the champion lines him up and hits the ropes.

DDK:

Here comes Rezin with the SPRINGBOARD REZINSAULT right across the chest of High Flyer IV! He hooks the legs for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

FLYER kicks out!

HF IV is winded, but the champion is clearly now firing on all cylinders. Rezin hits the ropes to go into motion, and Flyer recovers in time to Leap Frog in an effort to send him the other way. Rezin goes under but quickly stops himself, snagging HF IV from behind as he drops back to the mat and twisting him into a Black Thunder Bomb!

DDK:

BIG IMPACT off of that powerbomb by Rezin! The Favoured Saints Champion is suddenly in full control of this match!

Lance:

The kid got off to a hot start, but the Escape Artist has found his groove right now.

Rezin stays in control, taking a handful of blue dreadlocks to wrangle the son of his erstwhile High Fidelity cohort in Jack Harmen back to his feet. Rezin hooks both arms before twisting and lifting, propping the young High Flyer upside down across his shoulder before dropping him onto his neck and shoulders with a devastating vertebreaker!

DDK:

INVERTED CROSS DRIVER from Hell's Favorite Hoosier!

Lance:

A move from Rezin's arsenal we don't see too often! That looked absolutely CRIPPLING!

DDK:

Rezin locks the arms to keep the shoulders down, and that may be it!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT!!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

Rezin is stunned by the young Flyer's heroic resiliency, and even pockets of the crowd are getting behind the kid. Nevertheless, Rezin is through playing around, and prepares to finish things off as he measures up HF IV and waits for him to rise to his feet. Flyer makes it up just in time to see the Cloven Hoof Kick coming, and--

DDK:

FLYER DUCKS!

Rezin is off-balance and flat-footed, and in prime position to take a toe-kick to the gut to double him over. HF IV takes two handfuls of his skulllet and drives him into the canvas with a sitout facebuster! The Escape Artist planks off the impact and rolls onto his back.

DDK:

COULD THIS BE IT?! WHAT A MOMENT FOR HIGH FLYER FOUR!! HE GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THRR--NOOO!! REZIN POPS THE SHOULDER!

The crowd is torn, as half are happy to see Rezin's championship reign still alive, while the other half were clearly

invested in the young upstart pulling off the upset. HF IV anxiously grabs his head, unsure of what his next move he should be. Finally, as if drawn by instinct, he goes to the corner, climbs to the top, and sets himself, waiting for Rezin to crawl into range...

DDK:

HF IV on the TOP ROPE, and--NO! Takes a painful drop to the mat instead, after apparently losing his footing!

Lance:

He didn't lose anything!

HF IV tears back to his feet, alarmed, angered, and looking for a culprit. Then he spots him. The camera from across the ring ZOOMS... making out the figure lowering himself from the apron, wearing a familiar black mask.

DDK:

VICTOR VACIO?! What's HE doing out here?

Lance:

Why would he even care?

DDK:

Good question...

But before any answers can come, a peeved HF IV blows him off to return to the--

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

The young Flyer's eyes roll back off the impact of the spinning heel kick. Before he can collapse, his body falls into the champ, who lines him up into the somersault DDT!

DDK:

And an INTO THE VOID to cap it off! Rezin hooks the leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores ♪

Rezin rolls off the chest of HF IV and breathes a DEEP sigh of relief. Brian Slater drops the Favoured Saints Championship across his chest, which he immediately clutches. Realizing he's one step closer to his goal, an eerie and impish grin of malcontent spreads across his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match...

...and *STILL* Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE...

...RRRREEEEEEZZZZZZZZIIIIIIIIINNNNNN!!!!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Obviously, there must be something left unresolved after their match at DEFCON. Vacio isn't one to put himself out there unless he's got a purpose. A vendetta.

Lance:

Either way, what a statement victory here on the DEFtv after DEFCon as Rezin defends the Favoured Saints Championship against a former champ, and a man who one defeated him! We can only imagine what comes next.

DDK:

Imagine if Rezin gets to four wins?

Lance:

Imagine? There's an office pool!

PUNK RAWK TITLE DEFENSE

[*We cut to a location that's clearly not the DEFplex...*](#)

It's clearly a pre-recorded message.

And it's a bit of a confusing sight at first. Black robed figures briskly pass in front of the camera, a few of them far enough away to fully display their Plague Doctor masks. Viewers are pretty sure the shortest one is carrying a silver platter with a stack of raw steaks piled on top, but he's gone too quickly for the image to fully register. After the hubbub finally comes to a halt, we see a lone figure in front of a wood-planked wall leaning forward in a large oak chair. It's Henry Keyes, wearing what can only be described as a Cool Jacket, hot pink leather with some ornate red and black stitching. It somehow makes his grizzled salt-and-pepper hair and Van Dyke even more striking.

Henry Keyes:

Three hundred sixty-six days...that's the record, isn't it? The longest-ever reign of a Southern Heritage Champion...held by Elise. Ares.

Keyes leans back in his chair, running a hand through his hair, sighing.

Henry Keyes:

July 16, 2023. Just under two months from now. That day will mark 367 days of Henry Keyes as the Greatest SOHER in the history of DEFIANCE. What that means, is I just have to make it to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE with the championship around my waist, and I will have forever left my indelible mark on the SOHER - no longer a secondary belt, but one of GENUINE Heritage and prestige. A NEW measuring stick, a NEW bar of excellence!

We hear a loud ROARRRRRR~ and a scrambling company of Plague Doctors rush across the screen from right to left.

Henry Keyes:

I have a lot of work to do before then, and it's two things in particular...first, and most importantly, is the surely-inevitable and surely-award-winning "Henry Keyes SOHER Spectapalooza, Sponsored by IHOP" on June 28! Louisville, Kentucky, buy your lower-deck seats as soon as possible for a shot at the best waffles you'll find in your drunk ass backwoods Mitch McConnell-ass shit-ass town! We're talking celebration, we're talking PINK, we're talking-

There's a second ROARRRRRRRRRRRR~. A trailing tiny Plague Doctor (not that one) (never that one again) crosses the screen with a big ol' pile of taco shells, and after a moment, the roars are replaced with crunches.

Henry Keyes:

-we're talking SPECTACLE. And to make the occasion official (despite it happening before day 367, because shut up, this defense will make 367 inevitable): I will defend the Southern Heritage Championship in two weeks' time in Buffalo! And my opponent - oh my. He's hardcore. He's as insane as they come! A journeyman who's crawled his way to the top everywhere he's ever wrestled, a legend here in DEFIANCE already! A man I know is close to the hearts of so many here in DEFIANCE! He adorns your screen, and you look at his majesty and say "THIS IS THE MOST PUUUUUUNK RAWWWWWWWK WRESTLER IN THE WORRRRRRRRRRLD!", and you would be GOD. DAMB. RIGHT!

An echo of cheers powers out from the Faithful. Keyes seems to have predicted this might elicit a response from the crowd, and he pauses before finishing his announcement.

Henry Keyes:

You may have thought he'd need at LEAST three more wins by now, especially given the events of tonight, but...out of the generosity of my heart, I have agreed to the dream match, for YOU, on DEFtv! A cherry on top of the greatest reign in the history of the Southern Heritage Championship. A capper BEFITTING The Kraken, a Match Of The Decade candidate that is as inevitable as it is exhilarating...I'll see you in Buffalo, if you're punk enough.

The scene fades into a match graphic...

**DEFTV 187 - SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
HENRY KEYES © vs. JUSTIN SANE**

...before we fade out entirely.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.