

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Torre  n, Mexico welcomes DEFIANCE as the Coliseo Centenario is hyped for DEFtv 192! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere! Most of them are in Spanish.

JJ DIXON IS A BIT OF A COCKSMAN

WHERE IS EARL LEE?

FOOKIN PURPLE

LATER BONERS

BUTCH VIC: Has the stick, The skull that's thick, A member of Vae Vic... ..Tis.

PANCAKES. MULLET. YELLOW PAINT.

HOW IS THE PRIME RIB?

THE RHYTHM ALREADY GOT ME

SEND AARDMARK

WHAT ARE DEFAN's BROADCAST QUALIFICATIONS?

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. MIL VUELTAS

Cut to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner, having to shout over a very rowdy crowd tonight!

DDK:

WELCOME TO A BLOCKBUSTER DEFTV! OUR VERY FIRST MATCH THROUGH MEXICO! AND WHAT MORE MOMENTOUS OCCASION THAN TO KICK OFF TONIGHT'S SHOW... WITH THE FIST OF DEFIANCE ON THE LINE!

Lance:

AS ANNOUNCED ON DEF RADIO... AFTER A HEINOUS ATTACK BY VAE VICTIS TO END THE LAST DEFTV, THE FIST OF DEFIANCE DEX JOY HAS BEEN CLEARED FOR COMPETITION AND WILL BE DEFENDING AGAINST MEXICO'S OWN... MIL VUELTAS!

DDK:

RINGSIDE! THIS HISTORIC MATCH TAKES PLACE NEXT! LET'S MEET THE COMPETITORS FOR TONIGHT'S TITLE MATCH AND THEN WE'LL SEND IT TO DARREN QUIMBEY FOR THE INTROS!

The camera cuts to ringside with Darren Quimbey and a very loud crowd chomping at the bit to see some action tonight involving one of their own!

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

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

DEFTv!

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

BOOM!!!

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic ...

DEXtv!!!

RAAAHHHHHHH!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The camera is just behind the Biggest Boy as he makes his way out in a special body suit with red and green lightning in a tribute to the tonight's country hosting DEFIANCE Wrestling! On the back, the words, "EveryChamp Everywhere!" are written in a lightning font!

DDK:

To kick off DEFTv, here comes The EveryChamp!

Lance:

And tonight, Dex Joy gets the distinction of defending the biggest prize in our organization! He's calling himself EveryChamp Everywhere because that's what he wants to do! Not just defend this title in one country... but EVERY country that DEFIANCE travels to! He literally wants to be the representative of everyone that came to see him buy his tickets!

Joy walks to the ring and high fives and dabs fists with everyone on the way to the ring! When he gets inside the ring, he holds the title out for everyone to see. After his music and fanfare fade out Dex waits for the arrival of his opponent...

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to Mexico's own...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

MIL VUELTAS! After the pyro in Mexican flag colors erupts, The Man of a Thousand Flips tries to hold himself together for the noise coming his way as he wears the flag of his country and holds it out with his arms for all to see! His promoter, Thomas Keeling, is caught off-guard by the noise and

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS OVATION! Mil Vueltas formerly competed under the name Minute! A former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion! Former Favoured Saints Champion! Can he add FIST of DEFIANCE to his impressive DEFIANCE resume?!

Lance:

Born and raised in Mexico before moving to the States at 19 years old! His father, the legendary multiple-time champion Meteora Rojo! His first time competing in Mexico in front of an audience this large in years!

Mil heads down the ramp slowly and takes a moment to absorb the reaction. Dex Joy is watching and waiting as the native son heads to the ring taking in a lot of overwhelming response and emotion before reaching the ring. Tonight, there is no flashy in-ring entry as he simply walks up the steps before climbing into the ring. Even through a mask, it's clear that the hometown response means a great deal to him and touches his heart as the music fades and the intros begin.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest to DEFtv and it is for... THE FIST! OF! DEFIANCE!

The graphic for the FIST of DEFIANCE fires on-screen as the LOUD Torreón crowd applauds.

Darren Quimbey:

Here for the introductions... the promoter for Mil Vueltas... **THOMAS KEELING!**

The veteran promoter has on a half-Mexican flag/half American flag suit on for tonight's occasion as he pats Mil on the shoulder.

Thomas Keeling:

Presentamos al retador... Un giro por cada apodo!

Mil sheds the flag and then does his signature front flips around Thomas Keeling as he announces the nicknames in Spanish!

Thomas Keeling:

¡Él es el Duque de la Buceación! ¡El As del Espacio! ¡El GIF que sigue dando! ¡Él es TU próximo FIST OF DEFIANCE... **MILLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTA A ASSSSSSSSSSSS!**

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Dex Joy flashes a smirk at Mil Vueltas.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, the champion... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds... he

is the reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE... **THE BIGGEST BOY DEXXXXXXXXXXX JOYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!**

The FIST of DEFIANCE gets in on the flippy-dooery and then does not one, but TWO cartwheels that pop the crowd! He turns to Mil Vueltas and then asks for the title one more time so he can hold it skyward. Dex hands the title to DEFIANCE's head official Benny Doyle, who raises the championship upwards. He hands DEFIANCE's top championship belt off to an attendant at ringside. Mil and Dex get ready for the bell to ring.

DDK:

FIRST-TIME EVER MATCH! FIST OF DEFIANCE! NOW!

DING DING

The Biggest Boy and The Man of a Thousand Flips meet up in the middle, but before Dex can get his hands on him, Vueltas circles around. When they finally lock up, it's Mil who gets headlocked by Dex and then pitched off to the side! That gets a big response from the crowd as Dex shrugs, then the big man does a second cartwheel and leaps by kicking his legs in the air.

Dex Joy:

The Biggest Boy's got the Biggest Flips, too, pally!

Mil composes himself and get back to his feet. He tries to lock up again, but the strength advantage of Dex is too much as Dex picks him up and drops the luchador on the ground with a quick arm drag. Dex rolls to his feet quickly to show off not only does he have the power, but he has the hops as well as the challenging luchador.

DDK:

Dex establishes the pace quickly! Mil is the very last person on the DEFIANCE roster that you want to allow to get going. Once he does, the sky is the literal limit for perhaps DEFIANCE's most spectacular high-flyer!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas trying a third time? Thomas Keeling telling him from ringside that this isn't a good idea...

Dex swings for a clothesline, but Mil rolls underneath and then hits a pair of leg kicks! He applies a front facelock, but Dex is able to shake him off. He **THROWS** Mil back... but Mil lands in a crouching position on his feet and then looks up at Dex and winks under his mask! The Biggest Boy looks shocked when Mil jumps up and goes for another headlock on the larger opponent. The defending FIST tries to shake him off, but Mil flips around and headlocks him from the other side! Dex tries a back suplex...

DDK:

No! Dex tries to suplex him out, but Mil lands on his feet!

Lance:

Look! Dropkick by Mil!

Mil lands a perfect shotgun dropkick! Dex goes back, but he doesn't fall as Mil flips onto his stomach, then front flips to his feet! He sees Dex coming and motions for the champion to take his best shot. Mil inches backwards as Dex charges forward, only to hit nothing but the corner. Mil leaps to the nearby middle rope, twirls around the middle rope to the adjacent side and takes flight with another big dropkick off the middle rope that knocks Dex back! The Torreón crowd goes wild as The GIF that Keeps on Giving is up on his feet again!

DDK:

This is what he'll have to employ in order to defeat Dex Joy tonight! Stick and move, come at him from any and all angles!

Mil slips through the middle ropes, then does a triple jump from one corner of the ropes, the nearby side, then flips backwards to catch Dex out of nowhere with a flying headscissors that finally gets the big man off his feet and out of

the ring!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Like THAT?! Where does Mil Vueltas go from here?

DDK:

Any way he wants!

Mil lines up a disoriented Dex Joy on the outside... then ZIPS through the ropes as fast as he possibly can! With the force of a 168-pound rocket, Mil Vueltas crashes into Dex Joy with a TWISTING suicide dive that sends The Biggest Boy into the barricade! The Mexico Faithful ERUPT!

DDK:

What a move! He calls that the Qué Demonios?! And... I don't think he's done!

Mil slides back into the ring, then charges off the ropes. He does a handspring followed by a carthwheel before CRASHING on top of Dex Joy with a SPECTACULAR space flying tiger drop!

DDK:

MIRAME! HE DUSTS OFF HIS OLD MIRAME MOVE AS WELL! TWO HUGE DIVES TO TAKE DEX JOY OFF HIS FEET!

After the replays show BOTH amazing dives, Mil is the first to his feet and gets a MASSIVE response! Dex is barely able to get up and he tries to beat the official's count when Mil helps shove his big frame back into the ring. Dex is hurt when Mil leaps up and stands on the middle rope with his back to Dex. He JUMPS over the ropes and goes outside in with a gravity-defying middle rope phoenix splash from the middle rope!

DDK:

UNREAL! THAT'S THE MOTTO OF MIL VUELTAS! ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A NEW FIST?

Mil goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

First cover of the match and we ALMOST witnessed a new champion!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas likes to bide his time and he'll often throw himself at his opponent in the most creative fashion, often multiple times to get over a bigger opponent like Dex! It almost worked, but he has more in the tank!

Mil eggs on Dex to get up and then scores with a pair of sharp shoot kicks to the chest to try and wind down The Biggest Boy before he can get to his feet. Mil fires off a big kick, but Dex catches it! He flips The Man of a Thousand Flips backwards, but lands on his feet! Dex is back up and boots him before whipping Mil to the ropes. When he comes back, Joy hits a leapfrog! Off the rebound, he ducks down. Then when he comes back, he MOWS Mil down with a massive crossbody!

DDK:

IMPRESSIVE by Dex! He shuts down Mil with some fancy footwork of his own!

The FIST of DEFIANCE picks up Mil by the back of his head and launches him into the corner. The Ace of Space almost has no time to react when Dex comes barreling in with a big corner splash. Dex rolls out of the corner after that with a massive lucha roll of his own, only to shoot back to his feet and follow him in with an extra powerful running elbow smash in the corner that knocks a gob of spit right out of Mil's mouth!

Lance:

Oh, my God! That was nasty! Dex is showing off some agility of his own but he combines it with that unbelievable power!

DDK:

We've talked about this many times, Darren, but Dex is almost a completely different athlete from the near four-hundred pound tank he started as four years ago! He's dropped down to just above three-hundred and moves around so much faster!

Dex pushes Mil to the ropes by the waist, but he doesn't let go as he hits a released german suplex out of the corner! Mil pops up off the canvas before flopping over. Dex isn't done though. The Biggest Boy grabs him by the waist and then slams him just as quickly with a falling powerslam! Dex stands up and then connects right after that with a falling head butt to the rib cage of Mil! As Mil is hunched over in pain, Dex looks out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful ...

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!

DDK:

First the German released suplex and now that slam and the falling headbutt! Is that all from Mil? Has Dex wrecked Mil Vultas's hopes of becoming the FIST tonight?

Dex presses his shoulders down.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Great cover there by Dex Joy, but Mil Vultas uses his legs to kick out!

DDK:

Dex Joy trying to end this before he gets going!

The crowd reaction continues to be loud for their native son as Mil is picked up for Dex to try a power bomb to end the young luchador's dreams of becoming champion. He picks Mil up and then tries the power bomb... but Mil fights! He throws a few right hands and then slips up and over! He tries to take Dex down for a sunset flip ... but Joy is just too strong! He snatches Vultas off of the ground and before Mil knows it, he's on Dex's shoulders ...

DDK:

DEX-5! THERE IS THE DEX-5!!!

Lance:

Dex is going to retain!

Dex hooks the leg of Mil ...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

How the hell did he kick out of that?!

DDK:

Mil Vultas having to reach deep, but he can't keep taking this punishment from Dex! He's gonna need to counter with something big!

The noise continues to be at a fever pitch for both the champion and the native son of Torreón when Dex goes to pick up Mil and then plants him with another scoop slam before he points both fingers at the corner turnbuckle. He slaps his forehead and then slips through the ropes before climbing to the top. Thomas Keeling is shouting for Mil to look out and try and move, but he isn't responsive when Dex finally arrives on the top rope. When he gets there, he *leaps*...

...

BUT NOBODY IS HOME!!!

DDK:

No! Dex misses the Jump for Joy! The diving head butt misses! This might be Mil's best chance at a comeback!

Dex's head is smarting, as is Mil Vultas' entire body, but The Man of a Thousand Flips does not look deterred at all in the face of overwhelming odds. Thomas Keeling gets the fans to chant along with Mil Vultas and the sounds is THUNDEROUS when he finally gets up! He charges right at Dex...

DDK:

Big jumping knee by Mil Vultas! He rocks Dex!

The blow stuns him, but Dex is still on his feet. He fires an elbow smash, but Mil goes low instead and hits a dropkick to the leg of Dex, forcing the FIST down to a knee. When he's down, Mil rolls away, only to come back and SMACK the defending champion with a nasty 540 kick upside the head! Dex is flat on his back after the kick and finally, Mil has a chance! He positions himself near the ropes...

DDK:

Mil Vultas scores with the combination of kicks! He leaps up! Top rope springboard moonsault ... no!

Dex rolls out of the way, but the fast-footed Vultas lands on his feet! He charges at Dex, only to get SHUT DOWN with a leaping enzuigiri from the champion! The Ace of Space goes down in a heap, but Dex is hurt and can't follow up right away after the kick barrage from Vultas earlier on in the match.

Lance:

No! Mil needed about three strikes to bring Dex down, but Dex only needed one!

DDK:

Very true! The Wrecking Crew Foreman is still stunned!

It takes Dex a moment to follow up, but he fires himself up and the Torreón Faithful do the same! He goes over to set up Mil for a big move...

Lance:

Are we gonna see it? Dex Drive... NO! Mil slips out! He lands near the corner!

Dex spins around and then rushes at the corner, only for Mil to get both feet up in his face! With Dex near the corner, Mil uses the top rope and strikes Dex with a flying tiger feint kick over the top rope! The Torreón Faithful are going WILD when Vueltas leaps to the top rope with a moonsault, lands on the shoulder of Dex and then spins off to SPIKE The Biggest Boy with the biggest tornado DDT!

DDK:

Asesino Gigante! He tried the Dex Drive, but Mil drives Dex into the canvas first!

With Dex down, Thomas Keeling points to the ropes frantically, telling Mil Vueltas to go in for the kill! He leaps to the top rope and then positions himself while Dex is down, then RUNS across the ropes before leaping off halfway to a HUGE shooting star press on Dex!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

SIN MANOS! SIN MANOS! WE'RE GONNA SEE A TITLE CHANGE, LANCE! MIL VUELTAS DOING WHAT HE CAN TO MAKE HISTORY!

He hooks BOTH legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... NO!

The Torreón Faithful cannot believe it! Thomas Keeling is floored and Mil Vueltas has been shocked as he thinks he had it, but Dex Joy kicks out!

Lance:

That rope-running shooting star press! That's how Mil defeated Aaron King a few weeks ago! But tonight, Dex Joy doesn't go down! What does Mil Vueltas do from here?

DDK:

Keep going! It's all you can do! You can't let up with a champion as tough as Dex!

Joy is still reeling when Mil positions himself in the nearby corner looking for the next big move he can think of. He rips off his gloves and throws them on the ground before yelling out to his fellow countrymen! Mil rolls forward and then connects with a rolling dropkick that knocks Dex back into a corner once again! Vueltas kips up...

...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! MIL VUELTAS SCORED PERFECTLY WITH THAT DROPKICK, BUT DEX FIRED BACK!!!

The Man of a Thousand Flips is sent FLYING back into the corner! Dex looks out to the crowd and then points at the corner, knowing that now is the time to end the match! He grabs Mil Vuelatas...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE! DEX DRIVE! THAT'S IT!

Mil Vuelatas is planted on the canvas with Dex hooking both legs to make sure the young luchador stays down!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex Joy rolls away from Mil Vuelatas and slowly gets back to his feet, but not before he looks down at The Man of a Thousand Flips with concern on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILL FIST of DEFIANCE... **THE BIGGEST BOY DEX JOY!**

DDK:

WHAT A MATCH... WHAT A MATCH! Mil Vuelatas gave EVERYTHING he could tonight in order to become the FIST of DEFIANCE in front of this crowd in Torreón! But Dex... Dex has been on another level and cannot be stopped!

Lance:

Mil Vuelatas overcame a size difference and ALMOST put Dex away! Just one or two milliseconds from that Sin Manos shooting star press almost did it!

Dex is handed the FIST and holds it up for everyone to see, but sees Mil Vuelatas and decides to do the sportsmanlike thing first. He extends a hand to the proud luchador and then holds a hand up, getting a tremendous ovation from the Torreón Faithful!

DDK:

What a response! What a great show put on by both men! Mil Vuelatas started a singles career after his time in Titanes Familia and he defeated Alvaro de Vargas twice! Between that and this performance tonight, Mil Vuelatas is just half a step away from great things in DEFIANCE!

Dex takes the title and then shakes hands with Thomas Keeling as he leaves the ring, allowing Mil Vuelatas to have the

moment to himself. Mil looks out to the crowd who are giving him a standing ovation now for the efforts of the native son. Mil nods to the crowd trying to fight back tears before he takes a knee in the ring and bows to the crowd.

Mil Vueltas: *[along with the crowd]*

JUST... LOOK ... UP!

Thomas Keeling and Mil Vueltas leave the ring.

Lance:

INCREDIBLE start to our Torreón two-night event! Was Malak Garland watching this match like he was when Mil wrestled Aaron King?

DDK:

Questions for another time, I'm afraid. Tonight, though... we still have plenty to come! The Unified Tag Team Champions Flex Appeal in action against Gentlemen's Agreement! The Favoured Saints Championship is on the line when Butcher Victorious defends against the monstrous Corvo Alpha! And in our main event, an old rivalry renewed... WITH a Tag Team Title shot on the line! The Pop Culture Phenoms have never defeated the Lucky Sevens! Can they do so tonight? Or will the Main Event Monsters earn another chance to reclaim the gold?

Mil goes to the back...

But out comes Malak Garland!

DDK:

Oh, no... what does the snowflake want?

Lance:

Remember, last week he watched Mil Vueltas' match with Aaron King and was babbling something about finding a new interest... in lucha libre?

He doesn't have a microphone, but the Keyboard King is pointing excitedly to something backstage. Garland gestures to Mil and to Thomas Keeling. They both exchange confused looks, then shake their heads and look like they follow backstage.

Lance:

What... what is the meaning of this?

DDK:

You got me, partner, but we've still got a lot of show to go!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023

FIST of DEFIANCE

Dex Joy (C) vs. Oscar Burns

No Holds Barred

Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Honor Society

YOU DON'T SAY

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, what we're going to air for you next is, to say the least, a very interesting development...

Lance:

Jamie Sawyers caught up with Conor Fuse during a scheduled interview session late last night. Conor wasn't booked to be on DEFtv otherwise but he does have a match for UNCUT, so The Mexican Faithful will get to see him. However, that's neither here nor there. Sawyers was scheduled to ask Fuse what's going on between himself and Arthur Pleasant. What Jamie found was a lot more than he signed up for. Anyway, let's roll the footage.

The cameras cut to the pre-recorded interview where Conor Fuse enters a dimly lit room with an empty chair to the right and Jamie Sawyers on the left. Fuse is dressed in his normal lime green Adidas track pants and a retro OG PlayStation t-shirt. As Fuse enters the picture, he stops dead in his tracks...

Because Arthur Pleasant is sitting in a chair on the other side of Jamie Sawyers.

Pleasant looks up with a clever smirk across his face.

Arthur Pleasant:

Hi Conor.

Fuse stares at Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

What's he doing here?

Sawyers throws his arms in the air as if he had nothing to do with it.

Jamie Sawyers:

Sorry, Conor. I texted you. I didn't know Arthur would invade our space. He-

Pleasant interrupts Sawyers by extending his hand to the open chair across from them.

Arthur Pleasant:

Please. Sit.

Arthur can't stop smiling.

Fuse rolls his eyes, lets out a huff and then takes his seat. Sawyers awkwardly tries to navigate the interview as if Arthur Pleasant ISN'T there.

Jamie Sawyers:

So, Conor. A lot has been made about this controller. You found it in your locker room a month ago and my understanding is, based on two weeks ago, it was a gift you gave to Arthur?

Fuse shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

It's cool, Jamie. You did your part, okay? I'll take everything from here. I'm sure the Favored Saints will pay you regardless, even if you don't ask anymore questions.

Fuse head nods a "what's up" motion to Pleasant.

Conor Fuse:

Everyone wants to know about the video game controller. It's rather silly, isn't it? Well, it seems silly at first.

Fuse brings his focus back to Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

But it's not silly. This dipshit over there... he and I wrestled together in High Octane. Three years ago there was a big WarGames match. I was on Lindsay Troy's team. There were five of us but we needed at least three more players on our side, risk forfeiting, or, worst case, team with Scott Stevens...

Conor makes a pukey face.

Conor Fuse:

So I, being the chipper dude I am... went to find other teammates.

Fuse points at Pleasant.

Conor Fuse:

This guy was one of them.

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

The controller shit is a little goofy, I get it. But it's who I was at the time. Obviously from the shirt I'm wearing before the both of you, I still love video games. Regardless, it was more about what you were supposed to do with the gift, than the actual gift itself.

Fuse looks down at his shredded up hands, the same hands that held the barbed wire controller from two weeks ago.

Conor Fuse:

As you saw, Jamie... I gave Pleasant (and everyone else at the time) a controller wrapped in barbed wire. Now it sounds a little less silly, huh? Barbed wire isn't a joke. LEGO seems silly. Then you step on a handful of them and it's like putting your foot through thumb tacks. See, my life is about normalizing the nonsense. The Video Game Guy, that's what I'm known for in the wrestling world. It doesn't mean I can't knock you TF out in ten seconds. I'm a two-time World Champion over in High Octane. I beat the legendary Flying Frenchie last month. I live, breathe and sleep wrestling **every** night. My *game* is DEFIANCE every single Wednesday. I put myself out there. Sure, I do the flipping shit. But it's timed well. I send my body with MOMENTUM through you. I do not back down. I never back down. I scratch and claw my way past everyone. And one day, I **will** be the FIST of DEFIANCE. Then all the doubters and critics I still have will see how I can CARRY a company.

Conor takes a cold, hard look at Arthur.

Conor Fuse:

I digress. Getting off topic. I have ADHD, OCD and probably a bunch of other things. But I don't hide behind it as *weakness* like Malak Garland. The point of the matter is this, Jamie. I gave this man a controller, wrapped in barbed wire... so we could take what is considered to be a "joke"... and rip our opponents limb-from-limb because they take US as a joke. And we are not.

Fuse hasn't looked away from Pleasant.

Conor Fuse:

And the truth is I didn't think we had a problem, Arthur. It doesn't take a brain surgeon to know we are very different people and likely won't see eye-to-eye. But we worked well together in the ring, didn't we?

Pleasant's smile remains as he listens to what Conor has to say. It's clear Arthur isn't going to answer any of these questions, even if this one was rhetorical.

Conor Fuse:

So what I'm wondering is... what do you want from me? Why bring this controller back? You wanna wrestle me? Make an example out of me? Wrap this cord around my neck and hang me out to dry?

Fuse pauses.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, all you had to do...

His voice lowers and cracks his knuckles.

Conor Fuse:

Is ask.

Conor reaches down to reveal a duffle bag. He pulls out the same controller and holds it in his hands. This time, however, Conor is much more careful not to place his palms into the barbs.

Conor Fuse:

You refused to take back your gift, so I'll keep it. Just do me a favour and tell me why you want my attention...

Pleasant doesn't reply. Instead, he drops his smile, stands up and walks over to Conor Fuse. Just as Conor gets out of his seat...

Pleasant exits the interview room, leaving Jamiew Sawyers dumbfounded. Jamie looks up at Conor, who collapses in his chair.

Jamie Sawyers:

He said he wanted to say something. I'm sorry, Conor.

Fuse shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

Not your fault, Jamie. Whatever.

The scene ends as DEFtv goes to ringside.

BROWN PANTS

Backstage.

Again.

Cut to Catering where various DEFolks mill about, grabbing up tiny rectangular sandwiches, chicken wings, string cheese, et cetera. There's probably hummus and cheese crisps or something for the hipster d-bags in the locker room.

Doing his best to blend into the background is Angus Skaaland. He is failing, of course, as his return to the land of Defiants has been the talk of the town, so to speak. Angus can feel the side eyes staring at him just as well as he can hear the hushed whispers. He gets the occasional nod and smile, or even a handshake and a pat on the back from old friends and familiar faces.

But there are others. Those who don't know him, or have only heard the stories.

Angus chuckles inwardly as he nurses a styrofoam cup full of weak coffee. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up as a shadow falls over him and immediately Angus knows that this is different from the covert glances and hushed whispers.

This is *dangerous*.

Angus:

Well if it ain't an old timey blast from the old timey past.

Looming over Angus, handlebar mustache bristling, is "The Bombastic" Bronson Box.

Bronson Box:

What're ye doin' here, boyo?

Angus:

Oh, hey there, Boxer. I could barely even feel you breathing down my neck. How's tricks?

Box takes several deep, calming breaths before turning a chair around backward and sitting awkwardly close to the former commentator. To his credit, Angus only sips his coffee and smirks.

Bronson Box: *[low]*

Don't be daft, ya mouthy prick. I asked ye a simple question. What're ye doin' here?

It takes a monumental effort of will for Skaaland not to roll his eyes.

Angus:

I'm only here to catch up with a few old friends and maybe stir the pot. What's it to you?

Bronson's nostrils flare with anger, but he doesn't make any sudden moves. He knows there's more to Angus's return than meets the eye.

Bronson Box:

You wouldn't be sniffin' around for a spot to bring *him* back now, would ya? I know that you know how that would turn out for all parties involved, lad.

Angus:

Listen up, ya plug-ugly three-ring reject! The entire DEFIANCE world doesn't revolve around your big bald head anymore now than it ever did way back when.

The pugnacious pontificator stands and Box stands to meet him. There is a palpable tension rising in the room.

Bronson Box:

Keep on smackin' yer lips, boyo-

Skaaland interrupts.

Angus:

And what, you'll commit an Assault with Intent on live television? Fuck outta here. As a matter of fact, if you so much as breathe too much more of that hot haggis breath of yours in my general direction I'll sue you so fast and so hard that I'll have that stupid mustache of yours hanging on the trophy wall back in New Orleans!

Bronson seethes.

Angus:

And then I'll call *him*. And *you* know how *that* ends. **Boyo.**

And just like that the much smaller Angus Skaaland shoulders past the former FIST of DEFIANCE and exits down the hallway. Box, apoplectic, draws every molecule of restraint that he's ever been given access to in order to keep from chasing Angus down and tearing his arms from their sockets. Angus makes it a few steps and turns a corner before letting out a wheeze and nearly collapsing. Let's just say it's a good thing he brought his brown pants to Torreón tonight...

Cut back to Lance and Darren at ringside.

FLEX APPEAL vs. EL LUCHA LEGENDS

DDK:

Up next, the only thing I see on my agenda is... "Get Swole."

Lance:

Oh, great.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

First out of the back is the infamous Kyle Shields, dressed from head to toe in FLEX appeal, which could be purchased at any DEFIANCE merch stand or on ewtees.com. Shields holds out a shake weight with the Flex Appeal logo and shakes both above his head. Flex and Klein step out from the back, Flex with an air of superiority, Klein with an air of trepidation. Both men are wearing matching red trunks with the new branding. Kyle Shields, meanwhile, has his own microphone branded with Flex's logo.

Kyle Shields:

MEXICO! Uh... Learn English.

Boos. Shields storms to the ring as Flex follows closely behind. The fans pop a bit for Klein who lingers behind and waves, before Flex turns and shouts for him to step in line. Kyle climbs onto the ring apron and continues to talk as the trio enter the ring.

Kyle Shields:

Nothing I tell these idiots is going to be understood anyway. Oh, we're on TV? Good. USA, USA, USA!

More boos. Flex stands behind Kyle starts to Flex his pecs. Klein walks around the ring, gently and gingerly high fiving those fans who's hands are out stretched.

Kyle Shields:

I am proud to announce the HIGHEST single quarter of earnings Flex Appeal has EVER posted!

DDK:

Uh... Flex Appeal didn't exist four weeks ago.

Lance:

Shhh, or we'll have another Malak Garland on our hands.

Kyle Shields:

And tonight, your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions are set to defend their championships against some of MEXICO's FINEST! Tonight, they defend themselves against MEXICO ITSELF! Remember, Mexico, just because you're poor doesn't mean you can't afford four monthly payments of \$19.99 *American* to completely revolutionize your body, and what can they do Flex?

Kyle holds the mic to Flex behind him.

Flex Kruger:

GET SWOLE!

Kyle Shields:

Ain't that the truth, bro! So tonight... Flex in a Box, will defend their UNIFIED Tag Team Championships against... stars of stage and screen and lucha history... Blue Demon, El Santos and Neutron!

Stock music heavily featuring maraca's plays, every now and then interrupted by "Brought to you by Audio Jungle" as if it's stolen stock music. Three wrestlers appear out from the entrance rampway dressed like the Mexican heroes of old, but these are NOT, in fact, the legends...

DDK:

That's Screen 7!

Lance:

Those AV Club re-enactment LARPers, sullyng Lucha Libre!

DDK:

Gilbert Rogers, Alan Goldstein, and Berry Chernobyl...Remember these names, Mexico!

The boos can't stop raining on the trio as they do their very best impersonation of the Mexican legends... which is hardly an impersonation but more an homage done by someone unfamiliar with their source art.

In the ring, Kyle Shields slaps Flex's chest once, and tells him he's got this.

DING DING**DDK:**

Well, I guess Screen 7... or the Mexican Lucha Libre Legends... take on Flex in a Box for the Unified Tag Team Championships.

Lance:

I feel like we won't ever be able to come back to Mexico Darren.

DDK:

I'm worried we can't leave!

Flex Kruger stands across the ring from Gilbert Rogers, who's dressed like the infamous Blue Demon. Flex makes his pecs pop twice. Gilbert charges forward and eats a shoulder tackle. Flex tosses him off the ropes and there's a blind tag from Alan, dressed as El Santos. Flex shoulder blocks Gilbert back down, and catches a diving Alan Goldstein in mid air in a choke. Stuned, Flex lifts and spins Alan, before locking in his Full Nelson.

Berry, dressed as Neutron, hits the ring, but Flex just lifts and slams Alan's legs into Chernobyl, taking him off his feet. He does the same to a recovering Rogers, before SLAMMING Alan in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Flexicution. This one is academic.

One.

Klein, at Kyle Shield's urging, rushes into the ring.

Two.

Klein dives and cuts off Berry.

Three!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

I'm glad that's over Keebs. I'm worried.

DDK:

Me too.

In the ring, Kyle Shields celebrates like they just won the Super Bowl, hopping into Flex's arms with both tag team straps. Klein looks down at the fake "legends, all writhing in agony, and then back over to Kyle and Flex, happily celebrating. Flex invites Klein in. Klein turns and gives one last pop of a wave to the Mexican Faithful, hoping he might finally stand up to Flex and especially Kyle. Instead, Klein begrudges himself and joins Flex, as Kyle holds one of the tag team championships above his head.

Lance:

Folks, no one can say Flex Appeal hasn't been a dominate champion, but later tonight? The number one contenders are decided. Flex and Klein's former best friends, the Pop Culture Phenoms, take on the former defending and stalwart MONSTERS, Tom Morrow's Lucky Sevens.

DDK:

Going to be one heck of a main event Lance! I can't wait!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

Up next, the Favoured Saints Championship is on the line.

Lance:

But this match is about much more than “just” that title, Keebs. This is a match about redemption... a match about revenge.

DDK:

Redemption & Revenge... two words seemingly synonymous with Corvo Alpha since shedding the specter of Lord Nigel Trickelbush back at DEFCON. The “Savage” has set his sights on a monster of his own making, “The Kraken” Henry Keyes, but it seems the road to Keyes and his stranglehold on the Southern Heritage Championship goes through none other than our Favoured Saints Champion, Butcher Victorious.

Lance:

Let’s not forget that just a few months ago, Butch Vic stole a victory over Corvo Alpha, thanks to the nefarious intervention of Oscar Burns. You have to believe that Corvo hasn’t forgotten that!

DDK:

Oh! Hang on a moment! Here we go!

The hard camera shudders and swings wildly, zooming just as frantically at a figure emerging through the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen our next contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Favoured Saints championship!

The Faithful make way, slapping the beasts back as he stomps down the steps. No music, no light show or pyro, just presence.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger... from Parts Untold... he weighs in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

Face already smeared in a mask of canary yellow, hirsute chest clumped with red where his heart might be, Corvo Alpha has arrived. He leaps the guardrail and slinks into the ring to a cheer from the fans. His curious eyes regard them with something resembling recognition.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him... CORVO ALPHA!

The fans' cheers quickly curdle as the lights dim.

♪ "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... ♪

The smoke billows from the stage and the lights start to flash the familiar and eerie hue of red. Slowly, surely... Butcher Victorious comes out and “The Stick” and the Favoured Saints Championship around his waist!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... He is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion!

Much to everyone's chagrin, Vic comes boppin' out the curtain with microphone in hand. His other hand slaps the gold belt around his waist.

Butcher Victorious:

I'll take it from here, QUIM-BAG!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

Hola, muchachos! I am BUTCH VIC! I've got THE STICK! I've got the SKULL that's THICK! And I'm a member of Vae Vic.... *SHIT!*

Before Vic can finish...

DDK:

SPEAR ON THE STAGE! Corvo Alpha just SPIKED Butch Vic out of his boots!

Lance:

Told you Corvo hadn't forgotten!

Bludgeoning a prone Vic with a vicious purpose, Corvo Alpha mauls him with rights and lefts before surging back to his feet with the Faithful surging with him. Mercilessly yanking Vic upright by a fist full of mohawk, Alpha HURLS Vic off the entranceway and into a nearby guardrail by the same tuft of hair.

Butcher crawls, his championship belt being dragged with some distress along with the rest of him. Close behind, the predator keeps pace. Alpha quickly closes the gap and uses the back of Vic's tights to pull him back upright, ending his momentum, and HURLING him overhead with a suplex to the floor!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha DUMPS Butch Vic on his "skull that's thick"... and this match has yet to begin! Alpha might be risking his title shot here if he can't get his rage under control!

Jonny Fastcountini steps into frame, using his god-given authority to politely bark in Alpha's direction, urging the beast to halt the offensive, get the two of them in the ring, and allow the contest to begin.

Before Alpha can let the referee down, Vic spins around and RAKES the eyes of the Savage. Using Fastcounini's striped white/black shirt to wipe the yellow paint off his hand with disgust, Vic slides under the bottom rope and into the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!

He tries to retreat, but the primordial monster called Alpha is close behind, flinching, snapping and snarling. Corvo chases Vic across the ring and under the ropes to ringside before brutally CLOTHESLINING Vic over the guardrail and into the crowd!

DDK:

Careful!

Lance:

This one is already out of control!

Timekeeper leaping out of the way, Alpha charges up onto his folding chair, one leg propped up on the railing. He eyes

the Faithful with a sweeping wild, wide glare.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Alpha offers a broken smile before snarling back at the crowd.

Corvo Alpha:

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Corvo works to match the tone and fervor, eyes bloodshot, cords in his throat taut.

Corvo Alpha:

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Alpha steps up onto the railing and HURLS himself forward in a roll, SPLASHING Butch Vic in the crowd just as he'd found his footing.

DDK:

What a forward senton! Alpha is feeding off of this crowd in a way I've never seen him do before!

Lance:

We are watching a man who lost himself slowly rediscover the support and companionship in his fellow man as if for the very first time! We are seeing a monster who once was a wrestler... rediscover the showmanship of this sport. And in its own way... it's fascinating.

With no delay, Corvo pulls Vic up and overhead, DROPPING him throat first across the rail.

DDK:

STUN-GUN across the railing!

Vic absently flops over the railing, flailing and clawing the ringside-padding to try to escape. Leaping over the guard rail, Alpha is upon him again. Applying a crude camel clutch on the floor as Fastcountini chides him, it's clear the official is losing patience.

Suddenly the temperature in the arena shifts.

FOR THE SAVE*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

From virtually out of nowhere, Corvo gets **CRACKED** from behind with the Southern Heritage title belt to the back of the head, courtesy of the holder of said title...

HENRY KEYES!

DDK:

Henry Keyes! Henry Keyes is here! And he's all over the monster that's made his intentions known to finish what he started on Henry Keyes over a year ago!

Lance:

Not just that! Look!

Not far behind him?

The #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns! DEFIANCE Himself comes rushing down the ramp with Sonny Silver not far behind him! By now, it's a complete three-on-one assault!

DDK:

No! Just like Vae Victis did to Dex Joy two weeks ago in a brutal four-on-one assault, it's more of the same here, this time being directly at Corvo Alpha!

Henry Keyes and Oscar Burns each take an arm of the monster and **WHIP** him viciously into the steel steps at ringside...

THUD!

...the force being strong enough to almost knock them over!

Sonny Silver:

Finish him! Finish him now! Let's go!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar and Henry both nod to one another and dab fists before they grab the primordial powerhouse and whip him inside the ring to finish what they've started! Sonny goes over to help Butcher Victorious to his feet.

Lance:

Is there anyone that's going to help Corvo?

DDK:

I don't know!

MV1!

MV1!

MV1!

DDK:

I don't think MV1 is in the building... and it's not like Corvo has endeared himself to many among the roster!

The rumbling chants for the monster's one-time partner continue as Burns and Keyes both put the boots to the monster in the ring. Sonny goes inside and helps with the assault! Keyes in particular gets closer and starts mauling the monster with a flurry of devastating elbows to the face!

But it's not long before...

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! DEX JOY! THE FIST IS HERE! THE FIST OF DEFIANCE IS HERE!

Lance:

HE PROMISED HE WAS GOING TO FIND VAE VICTIS FOR WHAT THEY DID TO HIM TWO WEEKS AGO! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

Sans music, The Biggest Boy speeds down the aisle! Butcher Victorious tries to get up and cut him off at the pass, but Dex BLASTS him with a GIF-worthy Dexy's Midnight Runner that sends the Vae Victis member FLYING across the ringside area!

Lance:

HOLY HELL! LOOK HOW FAR BUTCHER VICTORIOUS GOT FLEW!

The crowd groans before Dex slides into the ring! Oscar sees him coming and goes right after his Acts of DEFIANCE opponent and tries to smother him before he can fully get to his feet with brutal forearms!

DDK:

Oscar Burns is trying to turn the tide before Dex can stop him ... but no! Dex turns it around!

Dex blocks a shot and powers up to his feet! Before Henry Keyes knows what's coming, he sees the body of Oscar Burns being thrown at him by Dexy Baby! The Vae Victis members collide into one another, knocking Keyes off of Corvo in the process!

DDK:

DEX IS A HOUSE OF FIRE RIGHT NOW!!! HE'S HERE AND HE'S JUST WRECKED VAE VICTIS!!!

Keyes is up and slowly, Corvo Alpha is able to get in a shot by nailing Henry Keyes with a wicked lariat that sends Keyes flipping over the ropes!

Lance:

Dex Joy and Corvo Alpha are fighting back! They're fighting back against Vae Victis at long last after these multiple assaults!

While Corvo has taken care of Keyes, Oscar gets up near the ropes when Dex charges ... but before he can get a Dexy's Midnight Runner on Dex, Sonny helps pull Oscar from the ring first before he can land it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Biggest Boy shakes the top ropes like a man possessed and is shouting at the retreating Vae Victis members to get back and fight, but they want no part of this. Dex turns around and in the midst of all this ...

He comes face to face with Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

Oh God ... Lance ... this is far from the first time these two have shared the same ring. Just last year, it was Corvo Alpha that robbed Dex Joy of almost two months of his career with neck issues before Dex made a comeback.

Lance:

And it was Corvo Alpha who was the last person to defeat Dex Joy in a DEFIANCE ring. Neither man has forgotten what they did to the other.

The anger rises in the face of Dex Joy, knowing he's face to face with one of his greatest enemies in DEFIANCE. Corvo Alpha doesn't back down either and seems to remember the violent series of matches the two men shared. The tension is thick, but it is something that both Oscar Burns and Henry Keyes take note of before they retreat with Sonny Silver and Butcher Victorious.

Lance:

Was there even a match here?

DDK:

Not officially, no. Vae Victis clearly tried to set up Corvo Alpha for this trap using Butcher Victorious as bait. I guarantee that Dex Joy did *not* save Corvo Alpha so much as wanting payback for the attack he suffered.

The FIST of DEFIANCE has one eye on Vae Victis heading back up the ramp. The other eye remains wary on Corvo Alpha, who now hasn't stopped looking at Dex. The EveryChamp leans in close to the monster.

Dex Joy:

I DIDN'T DO THIS TO SAVE *YOUR* ASS, CAPTAIN CAVEMAN!

♪ "Undefeated" by Tommee Profitt and Beacon Light ♪

After Dex's music cues he stamps past Corvo and leaves the ring. The FIST throws a hand up for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then hops off of the apron and heads into the crowd leaving Corvo Alpha as the lone monster in the ring. The beast shows his teeth in a broken smile.

DDK:

Dex Joy and Corvo Alpha just fought off Vae Victis but certainly didn't do it for anyone's benefit but their own. Do Vae Victis realize what they've done making enemies as dangerous as these?

Lance:

I don't know but we have to take a commercial break! Up next we have Lucky Sevens and PCP battling for a shot at the Unified Tag Team champions, Flex Appeal! We'll try and get some order here and be right back!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



The roof blows off Coliseo Centenario as Amethysta erupts from the backstage area to a party of purple neon lasers and strobes. You can tell she can't hold in her excitement as she swaggers over next to The D with a jump in her step. Leaning up against her long-time tag team partner, she grabs the back of her mask and rips it off of her head revealing herself to be Elise Ares.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

She tries to keep it cool with a cocky smirk but can't hide the seizing of her cheeks and the tears running down her face as The D pulls out a pair of trademark LED sunglasses and put them on her face and pulls her in for a quick hug. The glasses flash "RETURN" "OF THE" "GECKO" as Ares pats The D on the back and begins to march down towards the ring, hips rocking, like only she can.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Hollywood, California. Weighing in at a combined weight of 298 pounds. The D and Elise Ares. The one. The only. The POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

Now on the top rope Elise Ares motions for the crowd to get louder before she takes off the glasses and launches them several rows into the audience. On the opposite ropes The D also is trying to shake the earth from nuclear decibel levels when the music suddenly cuts off. Elise and The D both look back towards the aisle. The jeering is at a fever pitch the second that Tom Morrow walks out and places his headset in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll speak in a language you can all understand ... C  late!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

Elise, get ready to disappoint your fans! The D, just do what you do best and tag to Elise. Because tonight, this isn't a match ... tonight's *foregone conclusion* is set for one fall and one set of men who will snatch those Unified Tag Team titles for the record third time!

Morrow faces the curtain behind him.

Tom Morrow:

They weighed this morning at a combined fighting weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds! Separately, one of them weighs more than both of those chumps in the ring! They stand at a combined height of *FOURTEEN* feet tall! They are the men who are going to continue going undefeated against the Pop Culture Phenoms and they will be the team that will *destroy* Flex Appeal!

Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

Tom Morrow:

"THE BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK!!! "THE BEAST OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK! THE! LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY!!! SEVVVEEEEEENNNSSS!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

♪ *"Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone* ♪

Now in their ring gear of the tattered jeans and boots, the twin terrors called the Lucky Sevens are out in full force. Unlike last week, they have Tom Morrow, but the twins look like they have one goal in mind ... destroy.

DDK:

If I'm the Pop Culture Phenoms, they need a big plan for this!

Lance:

They do! The Lucky Sevens have been on a downward slide lately since losing the titles at DEFCON followed by losing to Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box but tonight they have the ultimate chance to rebound from those moments.

Max wants to start things off and Mason allows him to do so. Shockingly it is Elise who wants to kick things off with the monster.

DING DING DING

Lance:

Elise Ares has been called by many as the FACE of DEFIANCE, but against the Lucky Sevens they haven't been able to figure them out. Will tonight change that?

Max looks shocked that the smaller half of the super popular tag team wants to face off with him but he doesn't turn down the chance. He and Elise are starting to circle up ... but before Max can do anything, The D enters the ring right away and goes for a leg! Mason is shocked at this at ringside but before he is able to do anything, Elise hits a drop kick to his leg!

DDK:

PCP striking hard and fast! This might be what finally gets them over the hump with the Lucky Sevens!

The much faster duo of Elise Ares and The D both hit basement drop kicks from either direction on Max Luck and the Beast of the Bright Lights is now flat on his back! Tom Morrow is screaming bloody murder at Mason and tells the Big Money Monster to get into the ring. He does just that without a tag and runs right at both members of the PCP, but they take advantage of the chaos and then pull the ropes down! Mason charges and goes flying right off of the top rope!

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms get rid of Mason Luck!

Max is starting to get back up but the PCP hit a double crescent kick!

Lance:

The D and Elise hit a double version of his move, With Everything! Max is down and the people are on their feet!

The D goes to his corner and Elise makes a fast and legal tag! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful think they are about get the upset when The D goes to the top and the Director of DEFIANCE hits the B Movie frog splash on Max!

DDK:

What a shocking upset this could be!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Max powers The D off his chest with only a little effort exerted! The D looks up at Elise and wonder what they have to do next, but Elise tells him to hurry up and tag her in.

Lance:

The Pop Culture Phenoms just tried to pull a fast one on the Lucky Sevens! They know how their prior matches have gone!

DDK:

Elise gets the tag now!

Max is barely seated when Elise jumps with a springboard!

Elise Ares:

Que tal eso?!

Her signature gets a *huge* reaction! She jumps and lands on the seated Max with a meteora double knee!

DDK:

The PCP with another high flying move! Cover!

One ...

Tw ... NO!!!

Max kicks out again before two and he manages to power Elise through the ropes and she falls to the floor!

DDK:

Oh, my goodness! That power from these two is utterly terrifying! They already have a size advantage, but they kicked out and threw Elise out of the ring!

Lance:

Tom Morrow is laughing about it!

Elise starts to pick herself up and the crowd gets even worse when Mason is back up and runs her over with a running shoulder tackle outside the ring! Elise goes flying!

Lance:

Mason got tricked outside the ring but just like that, these monsters are in complete control now!

Mason grabs the FACE of DEFIANCE in a press and then throws her over the top rope! Elise goes crashing back inside the ring and right at the feet of Max! Max is up and the Beast of the Bright Lights makes a tag to his monster twin brother.

DDK:

This is where the twins are the most dangerous. These men are complete monsters. They injured Gage Blackwood for an entire year. They injured the SNS. Countless teams have been on their list of victims. All to become two-times former Unified Tag Champions.

Lance:

And still the highest-paid wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling today after they strongarmed their way back into the company last year so this company could get the belts back after they won them despite losing their jobs!

Max and Mason whip Elise into the ropes and hit a double back elbow on the way back. Mason stands over her and the former holder of the SOHER gets a boot pressed into her chest. Not for a pinfall, but Mason *squeezing* the life out of her!

Mason Luck:

Give it up! We've beaten you in tag matches! We've beaten you in multi-man matches! We've beaten you in that *dumb ass tiger encampment match* nobody wants us to talk about!

He stops pressing on her back to pull Elise up ...

DDK:

There's the Jackpot Drop on Elise Ares!

He hits the pump handle back breaker on Elise and then press his weight down for a cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Elise kicks out! Pop Culture Phenoms still alive in this one!

DDK:

And listen to this crowd for Elise!

The reaction is entirely amazing for Elise but Mason and Max are not impressed by the groundswell of love shown for Elise! The D is having to watch this all take place as his long time partner gets picked apart by the giants. Mason tags Max and then aides his brother for a irish whip splash ... but Elise rolls under!

Lance:

No! Elise slips free!

She rolls past Max, but Mason grabs her by the leg! The D curses under his breath when Mason whips her back to the corner. Both twins hit a double suplex ... and the lucahdora getting hurt is what gets the crowd really heated when she gets hit with a Coin Toss double suplex!

DDK:

No! That might be it! Max Luck gets a cover!

One ...

Two ...

The D hits him in the temple with a drop kick to break the cover!

DDK:

No chances being left here! The Lucky Sevens have PCP's number and they know it! They can't afford any mistakes with a title match at Acts of DEFIANCE on the line!

Max Luck is back to his feet with Elise still down. His face hurts, but he growls at The D and then looks at Elise. He charges off the ropes ... but he misses the Box Cars elbow drop!

Lance:

No! Elise moves!

Elise tries to get to the corner with the Mexico fans cheering her on! The response is deafening when she gets close ... but once again, Max is able to cut her off! He grabs her up and throws her backwards, almost into the official!

DDK:

Whoa! Max doesn't know his own strength!

The referee moves, but Elise realizes she has a free shot and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE goes low with the Amethystation directly below the belt of Max! Tom Morrow cannot believe what he's just seen as Max doubles over in pain! He hasn't fallen over, but he's holding the Luck crown jewels against the ropes!

DDK:

The referee never saw it! PCP doing what they can to stay alive tonight and finally topple these monsters!

Max gets a tag to Mason who climbs over the ropes. Elise sees him coming and rolls to her corner ... and The D gets the tag! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful of Mexico go wild!

DDK:

The D flies into action! Spring board drop kick on Mason!

The big man does not go off his feet but he is stunned and knocked back. The D nips up to his feet after the big move to get the crowd going and then runs at that same corner to hit another big drop kick. When he sees Max out of the corner of his eye trying to get into the ring, The D jumps to the middle rope near him and hits a spring board drop kick to trip Max up and that sends the Beast of the Bright Lights tumbling over the ropes and makes him hit the floor!

Lance:

The D is drop kicking anything that moves right now!

DDK:

But here comes Mason!

The D sees Mason and ducks a clothesline but when he hits the ropes and tries another running move off the ropes, the Big Money Monster has him on the shoulder. Mason preps for a running power slam out of the corner but the Director of DEFIANCE is able to fight his way out and land behind him. When Mason turns, he gets a drop kick to the knee that trips Mason and makes him hit the ropes. Elise is able to give the assist from the outside and leaps over the ropes to hit the Cuban Necktie!

DDK:

Cuban Necktie by Elise! And The D follows that with the Contractual Obligation! Can they finally defeat the Lucky Sevens!

The D goes for the win!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

How did he kick out of that?!

DDK:

The PCP on the verge of pulling off the upset, but Mason kicks out!

After a forceful kick out, The D gets up and tries to hit his finishing move! A shining wizard called Beat It ... but Mason catches him! He picks him up.

DDK:

The Deck Cutter! The over the shoulder cutter connects!

Morrow laughs when Mason has the cover!

One ...

Two ...

But Elise breaks up the cover with a spring board senton bomb before the three! She rolls off the big man and grabs her back, but saves the match in the nick of time!

DDK:

It's chaos now!

Max pulls Elise out of the ring and throws her into the barrier! Meanwhile, Morrow waves a hand to someone up at ringside. Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander come rushing down to ringside!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

No, no! What's he doing? Why are M4NTRA even out here?

DDK:

Morrow is howling at the referee that Mason had a three-count! But that gives Nathan Eye the chance to slide his metal-plated book in the ring ... but the book goes through the leg of Mason and right to the clutches of The D! Mason turns around and gets a low blow from The D followed by being cracked in the head!

DDK:

Lance! I think Nathan Eye meant for the book to go to Mason Luck, but The D got it first! He just used it and the referee saw none of it!

Nathan Eye remains stoic but Declan Alexander can't help but look at what's happened by giving a "whoopsie" kind of look. Tom Morrow's jaw is left agape after what just happened! The D tags Elise! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go nuts when she goes to the top rope and comes off ...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER TO MASON LUCK!!!

Mason gets flattened, then The D jumps through the ropes with a tope suicida on Max to keep him away from breaking up the fall! The rabid Faithful count with Elise!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Elise gets the heck out of the ring along with The D!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners and the Number One Contenders for the Unified Tag titles ... THE POP!!! CULTURE!!!
PHEEEENOOOOOMMMSSSS!!!

Lance:

They did it! Better Future Talent Agency tried to cheat and not only did it just blow up in their faces completely ... but they have finally defeated the Lucky Sevens for the very first time! Now they'll get the chance to fight their former best

friends at Acts of DEFIANCE with the gold on the line!

Tom Morrow looks at Nathan Eye and he is visibly upset. Nathan Eye says something to Tom Morrow and then grabs his book before he and Declan leave the ringside area. Max Luck is *screaming* at the official about what happened to his brother but the referee didn't see any of it and the decision is final!

DDK:

Oh my God ... the issues between M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens have been festering for weeks and this ... there might be no coming back from this!

Lance:

We'll have to see how things progress between M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens, but it looks like Tom Morrow is seeing some major inner turmoil in BFTA!

Max is in Tom Morrow's face and now Mason is up and shouting at Morrow, who has no idea what is going on. Morrow tells the two giants that he'll talk to Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander and when he does, the camera goes to the backstage area.

THAT'S IT

Just after the match is over, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander are heading behind the curtain. They are talking to themselves but the cameras can't quite pick up what they're saying when Tom Morrow comes rushing behind the curtain.

Tom Morrow:

Nathan! Declan! Stop!

DEC4L and the Golden State Guru both stop and look at Morrow trying to catch his breath before he resumes yelling.

Tom Morrow:

What ... what the *hell* was that?! You were supposed to help the Lucky Sevens, not help the Lucky Sevens *lose*!

Nathan Eye shrugs.

Nathan Eye:

Tommy, my friend ... it's not my fault that neither of the Lucky Sevens have never picked up a book a day in their lives. My book can cure *anything* except illiteracy. And the way they've been treating my greatest pupil over here? He may not be a member of Better Future Talent Agency officially, but I believe in this team and you should, too!

DEC4L:

Let's be honest, if they were a better tag team, they wouldn't *need* that book to beat the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Nathan Eye:

Eh, let's not go that far, but Tommy ... maybe it's time to open *your* third eye and understand you've been backing the wrong horses! How many losses have the Lucky Sevens been taking lately? I'm a positive guy, Tommy, but I'm not positive they have what it takes to keep going as your top team.

Before Morrow can open his mouth ...

Max Luck:

You little shits!!!

The Beast of the Bright Lights tries to go right at Nathan Eye! Declan gets in the way but he and Morrow both try and hold him back!

Tom Morrow:

Max! Stop! Now!

Max Luck:

No! I'll stop when Tony Robbins on crack over here is picking his teeth up off the ground!

Luck points at Nathan.

Max Luck:

We never *asked* for your help! Mason and I? Two time Unified Tag Team champions! How many times have you little assholes won those titles, huh?

DEC4L:

Whoa, whoa, WHOA. You need to take several seats uh... whichever one you are. We may not have won the Unified Tag Team Championships yet but you're looking at the future of this business. A *better* future. M4NTRA finna be R U N N I N G this division, so you two better start putting your chips down on THAT.

Mason limps through the curtain holding his head. He's *pissed*.

Mason Luck:

Nathan ... take your self-help shit and shove it up your ass. The way you keep on protecting this kid? The only thing I see streaming is what's running down his leg.

DEC4L:

Wasn't any streaming when I *pinned* you a few weeks ago, fam. I don't think you wanna catch these hands again.

Mason is about to lunge towards Declan now, but Morrow intervenes!

Tom Morrow:

ENOUGH OF THIS!!!

The Golden State Guru finally quiets down.

Nathan Eye:

He's right. We *should* settle this ... BFTA is better than this! We are all better than this! You want to find out who should be the best? Then I say we do it in a wrestling ring! The enlightened members M4NTRA versus the dominant Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE! That sound good to everyone?

Morrow cannot believe what he's hearing.

Tom Morrow:

NO!!! NO!!! NOBODY HERE IS GOING TO FIGHT! NOBODY HERE ...

Max Luck:

Tom, make it happen.

Before he can protest, Mason wraps a hand around Morrow's shoulder. Tightly. It's a simply arm over the shoulder ... but it looks like it's hurting Tom.

Mason Luck:

We said ... Make. It. Happen.

Seeing no way out of this, especially with a large man's hand wrapped tightly around his shoulder, Tom Morrow doesn't see a choice.

Tom Morrow:

One match ... *just* one match.

Nathan Eye:

Done.

Tom Morrow:

Good ... then we can put thi ...

But Mason Luck is not done and squeezes Morrow again tightly and makes him stop.

Mason Luck:

No ... *I'm* not done. *That* little asshole's book cost me and Max that match ... I want a singles match on DEF TV and I want it against *you*, Nate.

Tom Morrow:

No! I said *one matc* ...

The hand of Mason Luck wraps slightly tighter around Morrow's shoulders. Morrow goes silent. Nathan looks up.

Nathan Eye:

If it will help you work out your anger issues and we can put this behind us ... sure. I'll be happy to show you how good my book is!

Mason Luck:

... Yeah? Well ... I'm *positive* that you are going to get fucked up.

Mason finally lets go of Tom and then gestures to leave with his twin. The Main Event Monsters leave before the situation can get any more explosive. Tom adjusts his collar and tie.

Tom Morrow:

Damn it ... I hope you're happy.

He walks off and leaves M4NTRA alone ... but for once, they seem to be a united front and they do look happy with the opportunity to prove themselves as a duo.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



THANK YOU BROCK

The DEFtv arena. The Mexican Faithful, still jazzed from a night of action, hold their signs high as the camera pans over them. Quick fade to the DEFtv interview stage, where a smiling Christie Zane stands with mic in hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome my guest at this time... "BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

♪ "Gonna Be A Black-Out Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

From the entrance way comes Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes. Both are wearing the now-classic "SNS" t-shirts. Sykes has the BRAZEN Women's Championship slung over her shoulder and Pat carries a small sac also slung over his shoulder. The pair pause on the ramp way to acknowledge the warm welcome from The Faithful with a pair of smirks. Cassidy raises a fist to the people and lets out a roar while Sykes takes her time blowing a seductive kiss. The pair link arms and turn to walk toward the interview stage.

DDK:

While Ophelia Sykes has been putting in work defending her BRAZEN Championship down in our sister league, we haven't seen Pat Cassidy since The Saturday Night Specials lost the Unified Tag Team Championship at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Lance:

In that match Brock Newbludd suffered what we've heard is a terrible injury, and we're told that we're going to find out the future of this popular tag team... right now.

Cassidy and Sykes take position to the right of Zane. The music dies down and Zane moves in with the mic.

Christie Zane:

Pat, Ophelia... I think I speak for all The Faithful when I say it's great to have you back!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy smirks at the response, looking around to take in the entire arena.

Christie Zane:

But conspicuous by his absence is the other half of The Saturday Night Specials... your partner, Brock Newbludd.

Pat's face gets serious. He clears his throat.

Pat Cassidy:

Very true, Christie. Very true. And while I do have to admit it feels great to be back... it feels great to be in the wonderful country of Mexico... and the margaritas are running through my veins... that's not what tonight is about. Rest assured, in two weeks time, Pat Cassidy will be back and Pat Cassidy will be looking for a fight. But tonight...

Cassidy takes a deep breath and leans back, running his hands through his hair.

Pat Cassidy:

Tonight is about someone else. Tonight is about my tag team partner. My business partner. And my best friend in the whole world.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

Tonight is about Brock Newbludd. Two months ago, some of you may have seen... during our tag title match... Brock took a nasty fall. What we do ain't ballet, folks. Every man and woman in that locker room knows the risks when they lace up these boots and do what we do. Every night we roll the dice. Brock knew that. But at Maximum DEFIANCE, Brock got a bad beat.

Cassidy pauses. This seems difficult for him to say.

Pat Cassidy:

And I have the real shitty duty to stand in front of you all tonight... and all of you people at home... and tell you that after months of doctors, months of tests... Brock Newbludd has been told that his in-ring career is over.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cassidy nods at the booing. He runs his hands over his mouth. Sykes squeezes his shoulder.

Pat Cassidy:

I know. I know. Listen: you all know Brock Newbludd as the Innovator. The Saturday Night Special. One HALF of the longest reigning tag team champions OF ALL TIME...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

But I know Brock as the guy who took a twenty-six-year old dumbass under his wing. Three years ago I stepped into this company without a dollar to my name and as a complete and total unknown. And let me tell you, boy, in this business when you're a rookie you are at the mercy of the veterans. Literally, folks. They can make or break you. And Brock Newbludd, a man with twenty-plus years of ring time, took the time to show me the ropes. To mentor me. And man...

Cassidy's voice breaks a bit. If you look closely, there's a glint in his eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

I can't tell you how much that means to me. Brock and I have been through it all together. The ups. The downs. The sleepless nights, the stitches, the bumps and bruises... I have been honored to call Brock Newbludd more than just my friend.

Again, he clears his throat to stave off the emotion.

Pat Cassidy:

He's my brother.

Cassidy looks into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Thank you, man. I love you.

A round of applause breaks out from The Faithful. Several stand as they clap... and then more... and then the entire damn place is standing. A chant breaks out...

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

Cassidy, Ophelia, and Christie all smile at the fan's impromptu show of affection.

Pat Cassidy:

Brock left it all in the ring for you guys every time he stepped out here... he was a man who was always thinking about how to make sure the paying customer got their money's worth... and he gave it all to this industry. And I can tell you that he wanted to be here... but man, he couldn't bring himself to do it. I know how much he's going to miss this, and I know he'd be up here blubbering like a baby... and so he isn't here. But he DAMN sure can hear you!! So let's hear it!!

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

The camera pans the fans once more before returning to Cassidy. Pat looks directly into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

And I SURE AS *[BLEEP]* plan to carry on that man's legacy... to take what he taught me and continue to get shit done in this ring... but tonight ain't about me. We can talk about that in two weeks time. But for now...

Cassidy lifts up the sac he brought out.

Pat Cassidy:

We close the book on a hell of a career.

The sac falls away... revealing Brock's wrestling boots. The fans cheer as Cassidy squeezes Ophelia's hand before turning and walking off the stage. He walks down the ramp as the fans continue to applaud. He hits the ring... up the steps... through the ropes... and to the center of the ring. Cassidy turns in a slow circle, holding up Brock's wrestling boots as he does. Finally, he stops... and puts them dead center in the middle of the ring. He then reaches into his pocket, producing a can of Ballyhoo Brew beer. He cracks it open, raises it in a "cheers" motion, and then places it next to the boot. Pat uses his fist to pound his chest as he steps back out of the ring. He begins to walk up the ramp as the camera again shows that the Mexican Faithful have risen to their feet...

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

We see Cassidy get back to Sykes. At the entrance way, he and Ophelia also begin to clap. At the commentary station, Warner and Keebler are also standing and clapping.

And out final image is that of Brock Newbludd's boots (and an open can of Ballyhoo Brew next to them) in the center of the squared circle before the show fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!

GRACIAS BROCK!