

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

Düsseldorf, Germany welcomes back DEFIANCE as the Mitsubishi Electric Halle is hyped for DEFtv 195! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from colored in the German flag.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**BUCH AARDMARK**  
**TILLINGHAST MISSES KERRY**  
**TILLINGHAST MISSES REZIN**  
**TILLINGHAST MISSES LACROIX**  
**TILLINGHAST MISSES SCROW**  
**WHERE ARE THE KERRY AND LACROIX DEFMOJIS**  
**CHECK FOR BATTERIES**  
**I FOR ONE WELCOME OUR NEW AI OVERLORDS**  
**WARUM BIST DEINEN ZEICHEN AUF ENGLISH?**  
**NO. I THINK.**

To the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**  
Hello everyone!

**Lance:**  
We've been here before.

**DDK:**  
We have?

**Lance:**

This exact arena, many years ago. It's good to return!

**DDK:**

We've got a hell of a lineup for you tonight. Pat Cassidy and Eric Dane Jr. going one-on-one. Gage Blackwood versus Malak Garland. Vae Victis in action. JJ Dixon in action. And in our main event, Conor Fuse against Arthur Pleasant!

**Lance:**

Plus the opening match which we will get to right now!

## **BRONSON BOX vs. "WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE**

Tripp Wise has already made his entrance as we cut to the ring- he's in mid "conversation" with a rather portly black t-shirted member of the Faithful- Wise leans over the top rope just shouting into the microphone clutched in his fingers-

### **Tripp Wise:**

America, Germany- you superfan weirdos are all the same- deodorant, ever heard of it?! Ihr riecht alle nach ungewaschenen Pferdegenitalien!

Tripp roars with laughter at his own joke-

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

### **DDK:**

Blegh- gross.

### **Lance:**

Just gotta' love when this Melvin decides it's time for some "crowd work"-

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

The somewhat cheery 1902 ragtime classic by Scott Joplin "The Entertainer" starts up over the PA system, the reaction the crowd gives to this otherwise subdued piece of piano music you'd think some shrieking hardcore death metal just started playing- to anyone not in the know this would be an odd reaction. To the DEFIANCE Faithful even here in Germany, it signals the arrival of a classic DEFIANCE superstar who's been in a bit of a state of flux of late-

### **DDK:**

Tripp's really in trouble here, partner.

### **Lance:**

The optimistic side of me- that doesn't want to get punched to death- would say Box is just on a journey to find himself after his long time away. The braver, more pessimistic side would say he's perhaps lost a step, Keeps.

### **DDK:**

Has age put out the fire in Bronson's belly?

As Darren and Lance carry on doubting the Bronson's footing-

*BRONSON'S GUNNA' KIIIIILL YOU!*

*BRONSON'S GUNNA' KIIIIILL YOU!*

*BRONSON'S GUNNA' KIIIIILL YOU!*

The Faithful obviously still believe in the Original DEFIANT.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentleman- Faithful of all races, creeds and stripes- making his way to the ring- THE BEDROCK OF DEFIANCE- THE WARGOD- THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT- THE STAAAARMAKER- he is a two time FIST of DEFIANCE and the FIRST EVER DEFIANCE WOOOORLDS CHAMPION! Weighting in tonight at 17 stone from Banff, Scotland- HE IS THE BOOOOOMBASTIC! BRONSOOOOON BOX!

The man himself stomps out from behind the entrance curtain looking every inch the grizzled veteran. The roaring crowd here in Düsseldorf might as well be a hundred miles away- Bronson Box's eyes are focused on the ring where even that far away Tripp Wise can tell his already expectedly surly opponent is in a rare mood indeed. Like some sort of game animal being slowly stalked by an apex predator Tripp Wise is frozen in place as The Wargod makes his way briskly down the ramp and up the steps-

**Lance:**

We can hum and haw over what and how many steps the Hall of Famer might or not not have lost since his comeback, Darren- one thing is clear- Tripp Wise is a deadman walking tonight, right?

**DDK:**

The self proclaimed DEF ACE does seem rather *focused* tonight doesn't he?

Obviously thinking he can pull a fast one before the bell rings, Tripp Wise takes off in a sprint towards Boxer- the Wargod seeing the kid coming a mile away and is ready and waiting with a Bronson Box classic-

**DDK:**

ONE ARMED SIDE SLAM!

Tripp goes for a sloppy running forearm across the spine but Bronson is just too fast, he spins, scoops up the unsuspecting Wise and uses his own momentum to drive him back first into the canvas. Seeing this as good a time as any, the official for this match Carla Ferrari calls for the opening bell-

**DING DING**

Realizing instantly he might be in over his head Tripp starts desperately clawing at the canvas in a feudal attempt at escape- Bronson reaches down to drag Wise to his feet but the grappler spins, reaches up and grabs the one thing within reach-

**Bronson Box:**

AAAARGH, YA' WEE CU[censored] BASTARD!

Again, really without much thought, Tripp Wise reaches up and takes a fistfull of Bronson Box's trademark mustache and just gives it the most painful yank he can muster given the circumstances and the pain he's already in after just one move from the Original DEFIANT.

**Lance:**

I'm doing the math here Keebs, I'm fairly certain Tripps odds of survival just dropped significantly.

With the Wargod's eyes watering Tripp scrambles to his feet and capitalizes the only way he knows how-

**DDK:**

A PURPLE NURPLE TO THE WARGOD?!

Tripp Wise just can't help himself, the visual of giving the scariest bastard to ever walk the boards in DEF a purple nurple is just too good to pass up- even if the gag does spell his own inevitable doom. It's only moments before Bronson Box's bloodshot brown eyes refocus on his opponent.

**DDK:**

Tripp's little bit of offense there might have only served to piss Bronson off-

Boxer grabs Tripp *violently* by the wrist with a look of utter hatred in his eyes.

**Lance:**

Ya' think?

A look so intense Tripp manages an audible "YIPE" before being hoisted up onto Bronson's shoulders-

**DDK:**

CANADIAN BACKBREAKER FROM BOX!

The Wargod effortlessly marches around with Wise perched painfully across his shoulder, pulling down painfully on Tripp's arms as he does. After a few agonizing moments in the Canadian version- Bronson doesn't even drop his opponent, transitioning with ease into an *Argentine* Backbreaker. Tripp now sprawled out across both of the wide shoulders of Boxer, yelps out in pain- Box roars and marches around the ring reminding everyone of his raw brute strength.

**Lance:**

He's not done, Keeps!

Again, not quivering or struggling in the least, Bronson transitions the nearly 230 pounds of his opponent off his shoulders and into the vertical suplex position-

**DDK:**

THE PURE RAW BONED STRENGTH OF BRONSON BOX! MY GOD!

Tripp now helplessly hangs there, his head cinched in the crook of the Wargod's arm, shoulder to shoulder- once you're in Bronson's delayed vertical suplex, you stay there until he's ready to drop you-

Box holds steady as the crowd starts counting, even egging them on with his free hand-

1...

2...

3...

4...

5...

6...

Jumping forward a bit, here-

The crowd manages to both continue to count along and cheer at the top of their lungs for the wild feat of strength from the Wargod.

54... !

55... !

56... !

57... !

58... !

**Bronson Box:**

AAAAARG, [censored] SHITE!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

**Lance:**

WISE SKINS THE CAT AT JUST SHY OF A WHOLE MINUTE!

**DDK:**

TRIPP WITH THE FINGERNAILS TO THE EYES OF BOXER THERE, PARTNER!

Tripp Wise does indeed escape the suplex but the damage of hanging upside down for almost a solid minute does have its own effects- he's so lightheaded that he stumbles through the ropes and ends up struggling to steady himself out on the apron. Boxer takes full advantage, offering up yet another Bronson Box classic after a few brain rattling forearms just for good measure-

**DDK:**

Box stepping up onto the second rope and hooking the arm-

The deadlift suplex launches Tripp Wise back into the ring with *authority*.

Tripp clutches his now aching back as the Original DEFIANT stalks after him like a wolf stalks a wounded deer- in one quick violent motion Bronson reaches down and yanks Wise to his feet via a fistfull of hair-

*KER-SMACK!*

*OOOOOOOOOOOH!*

The Faithful recoil at that-

**Lance:**

CHRIST ALMIGHTY!

One single open hand chop from the DEF ACE's frying pan sized mitt leaves a perfect, *bleeding* print across Tripp's chest. As Tripp struggles to catch his breath and process the pain emanating from his chest Bronson raises both hands and CHOPS downward across Tripp's trapezius so hard it drops Tripp Wise down to his knees.

**DDK:**

Mongolian chops from Bronson Box!

The Original DEFIANT raises his legendary "red" right hand, making a bit of a show about it as he makes a slow circle around his pained opponent. He grabs a fist full of Tripp Wise's hair and YANKS his head back so he's looking directly into his eyes. We can hear Bronson's shouted words even over the din of the Faithful.

**Bronson Box:**

Bloody jokes- I'm gettin' a little [*censored*] tired of lesser men and their bloody *JOKES*-

Boxer locks on his brutal iron claw submission, "God's Fiery Right Hand"- the intentionally left a little to long fingernails of his right hand dig violently into five points around the crown of Tripp Wise's head, immediately drawing even more blood from his abused head. Carla eyes the tiny exhausted tap out and calls for the bell-

***DING DING DING***

To his babyface credit, Bronson relinquishes the hold when he's told-

**Darren Quimbey:**

YOUR WINNER- oh my, what are-

But this is the Bombastic Bronson Box we're talking about. The Wargod grabs the microphone away from other Darren and again grabs a fist full of Tripp Wise's hair and *wrenches* him to his feet. He talks at Tripp but from his words and tone we can tell it's more of a general, exhausted statement for everyone within earshot-

**Bronson Box:**

I'm trying so [censored] hard to keep calm- to keep things tucked in- to be a better version of myself, but some of you bastards just can't help but poke the bear. Ceaseless bags of wind like Tom Morrow or Ned Reform singin' their own praises until all our ears [censored] BLEED, petty online barbs thrown by those two Vae Victis prats, or jokers like yourself- *jokers like Malak Garland*- you all just can't help yourselves- can you?

He waggles Tripps head back and forth in a decidedly not playful manner.

**Bronson Box:**

CAN YOU?! [censored] KEYBOARD WARRIORS AND STAND UP COMEDIANS? DISINTERESTED PRICK KNOW IT ALLS POPPIN' OFF ON [censored] TWITTER?! IS THAT ALL THAT'S LEFT HERE IN MY PRECIOUS DEFIANCE?! FOOLS AND FLAKES THE LOT OF YA'- FOOLS AND [censored] FLAKES!

With ref Carla waving her hands begging Box to stop, the Original DEFIANT just smiles, points towards the nearest available turnbuckle and positions poor Tripp Wise for-

**DDK:**

BOMBASTO BOMB FROM THE ACE!

**Lance:**

I believe this concludes Tripp's tight five, Keeps!

Wise hits the top turnbuckle pad square between the shoulderblades and just crumples to the canvas. Carla rushes over to make sure the loud mouthed jobber is still breathing. Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer" begins to play again as Bronson Box leaves the ring without further incident.



**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2024**

***FIST of DEFIANCE***  
***Dex Joy (C) vs. Edward White***

***NO HOLDS BARRED***  
***Tyler Fuse vs. Jack Harmen***



## PAT CASSIDY vs. ERIC DANE JR.

*A flash of static.*

We're now looking through what appears to be cellphone footage - the picture isn't quite as clear as the regular DEFIANCE cameras, and the holder of said cell phone seems to be ducking behind some conveniently placed barrels to avoid being seen. The person is pointing the phone at two people who are far enough away that we can't hear what they're saying: Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes. Sykes has her hands on her hips and her lip is curled while Cassidy aggressively gestures with his hands as he speaks forcefully. Finally, Sykes shakes her head, tells Pat that he's number one, and turns and walks away. Cassidy watches her go, clenches his fists, and then also shakes his head and walks in the opposite direction.

*Another flash of static* and we're back to our regular programming. The camera sweeps over the cheering legions of DEFIANCE Faithful.

### **DDK:**

It would appear that there's still some issues brewing between Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes, but Pat is going to have to put all that behind him because he's got Eric Dance Jr tonight!

### **Lance:**

Someone is making a point to film moments between the pair that are supposed to be private and putting them out for the world to see. Do we know if Cassidy has any enemies?

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first already in the ring... with Angus Skaaland in his corner... he is ERIC! DANE! JR!

In the ring, Dane pumps his fist. On the outside, Angus looks less than impressed.

### **DDK:**

Eric Dane Jr, son of a certifiable legend and pillar of this company, continues his quest to make a name for himself and live up to that legacy.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The German Faithful are on their feet as "Black Out" Pat Cassidy marches through the curtain! He's dressed in his usual: short trunks, black vest, taped wrists... standard stuff. Despite what we just saw, he's going his game face on as he walks down the ramp with purpose, cracking his neck and looking focused.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 262 lbs... "BLACK OUT" PAT CAAAAASSIDY!!

Cassidy is up the ring steps and into the ring. He jumps up to the top and raises his arms to the fans before yelling into the cheering masses and flexing. As they show their appreciation for The Saturday Night Special, Cassidy jumps down and begins to warm up.

### **DING DING**

At the bell, both Cassidy and Dane begin to circle and eye each other for an opening. They collide in the center with a lockup. Dane is able to grab Cassidy's wrist and control it as he slips behind with a textbook hammerlock to the surprise of everyone - and probably Dane himself the most!

### **DDK:**

Eric Dane Jr is INCREDIBLY proud of himself for that one!

Eric shoots Angus, who stands on the outside, an enthusiastic thumbs up. Skaaland doesn't have to even react, however, before Pat reverses the move into a hammerlock of his own. Dane Jr curses his luck while Angus shakes his head in a combination of disgust and annoyance. Eric makes the ropes and Benny Doyle forces a break. Cassidy steps back with a grin while Dane composes himself. Before he can plan his next move, Pat steps forward and raises his arm calling for the good ol 'test of strength! Dane eyes the arm with suspicion. He turns to Angus for guidance, and all he gets in return is a nonchalant "go ahead" gesture. Dane nods, and puts his hand up to clasp it with Cassidy's... but the Boston native moves his hand away before Dane can make contact, instead raising his OTHER hand. The crowd chuckles as a frustrated Dane steps back. Pat says something that we can't hear but looks a lot like he's saying this time he'll do it. You can practically see the wheels turning in the second generation wrestler's head... and finally he says screw it and again goes in for the fingerlock. Cassidy moves his hand AGAIN, but this time he answers by firing a series of right hands right into Dane's face!

**DDK:**

Pat Cassidy with some mind games on the young gun!

**Lance:**

Not often we can say this, but Pat Cassidy is actually the vet in this situation! He's only five years into his career, but he's been through the ring.

Dane Jr gets whipped into the ropes and Cassidy catches him on the rebound with a stiff back elbow to the mush. When he goes down, Pat quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Not even close as Eric powers up. Cassidy takes position standing over Dane and grabs each leg with each of his hands. He spreads Dane open like a wishbone and grins to The Faithful. His expression says it all: "should I?" The Germans respond with a resounding "JA!" Cassidy turns to a different side of the arena and asks the same question and gets the same result. Dane, for his part, throws up his hands and begs Pat to reconsider. Benny Doyle steps in with some words of warning, so Cassidy concedes the point and simply kicks his opponent in the stomach instead. Dane Jr scrambles to the ropes, but Pat doesn't let that stop him. He lifts him up into the air by his legs in a wheelbarrow position and fires a second kick right into his sternum!

**DDK:**

Cassidy looking for the vertical suplex...

**Lance:**

No! Eric Dane slips behind!

Everyone, but especially Angus, is shocked at this reversal. And they're even more shocked when Dane reaches down and pulls Cassidy into a schoolboy! Angus pumps his fist in triumph!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy powers out of the pin!

Again, it cannot be overstated how proud of himself Eric Dane Jr is. He looks to the crowd and peacocks, making sure everyone saw his reversal and near fall. He especially wants to make sure Angus saw it, but Angus is too busy telling the dumbass kid to turn around...

...too late! Cassidy fires a clothesline right into Dane's head that sends him flipping up and over the top rope and spilling to the ringside floor! Pat rolls under the bottom rope and doesn't give him a second to recover as he drops Dane's head and neck on the top of the steel barricade. Cassidy looks into the front rows and cups his hands to his mouth.

**Pat Casisdy:**

BALLY-HOOOOOOOO!

The crowd mimics his cry with the slight hint of their German accents.

**DDK:**

A little tribute to Brock Newbludd!

**Lance:**

I have to say, if the earlier altercation with Ophelia got to Cassidy... he's not showing it.

In fact, Pat seems so unbothered that he marches over to the time keeper's table and reaches underneath it for a blue and black cooler! As the crowd pops, he grabs two German-brand cold ones. He walks over to the downed Eric Dane... and to Angus Skaaland who stands over him and demands that he get his sorry ass up. Pat and Angus lock eyes. Skaaland tenses his fists... but Cassidy simply tosses the former DEFIANCE announcer a beer! Angus catches it in surprise while Cassidy winks, opens his own, shoots a "cheers" to Skaaland, and takes a swig that the Germans are proud of!

**Lance:**

Cassidy with a peace offering to Skaaland?

**DDK:**

I sat next to Angus for years, Lance. Pretty sure he was on the sauce once or twice.

Dane is just starting to get his bearings when Pat grabs him and rolls him back into the ring. He discards the beer before following. Dane stumbles into the corner, and Cassidy is right there to meet him. He stuns him with a few rights before stepping up onto the second turnbuckle. The Scrapper from Southie balls his fist and the fans know what's coming next: the ol' ten punches. That doesn't go as planned however...

**DDK:**

Dane gets free and pushes Cassidy forward into the turnbuckle!

Pat's head bounces off the turnbuckle pad! He stumbles backwards and right into an Eric Dane bodyslam! Cassidy is down! Dane has a crazed look in his eyes! This is the moment he's been waiting for! Electricity flows through his veins as suddenly he's become DEFIANCE's version of The Ultimate Warrior. He spends WAY too much time "hyping" up the crowd (all while Angus scolds him from the outside) before he points at the turnbuckle. He makes a big show of climbing up and steadying himself on the top.

**Lance:**

Too much time, kid.

Unbeknownst to Eric, Cassidy has long since gotten to his feet. Dane stands on the top turnbuckle in the moonsault position with his back to the ring. Pat smiles, stepping back and leaning against the opposite turnbuckle, twiddling his thumbs. Angus Skaaland has more or less given up as he shakes his head in the ultimate disappointment. All the while Dance continues to yell. Finally, he's built up the suspense enough, and he flies backwards into a twisting corkscrew moonsault of DOOM...

...and hits the mat with a thud. The crowd laughs as Cassidy golf claps. Angus is done.

**DDK:**

The important thing is that he tried.

Pat grabs Dane, lifts him up, and hooks him...

...and one swift and brutal Irish Goodbye later and that's all she wrote.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

**DDK:**

Another win for Cassidy as he continues to build momentum in his newfound singles run!

**Lance:**

He might be on the rocks on his love life, but his career seems to be on a roll!

Cassidy again gives Dane one more golf clap before Benny Doyle raises his hand in victory.

**COMMERCIAL: TAG PARTY V**



[WATCH IT HERE](#)

## THE APPEAL WITH FLEX APPEAL - THE LUCKY SEVENS

**DDK:**

Oh fantastic. Look at the side interview stage.

**Lance:**

Oh, that's what they were dragging in? Shoulda left it in the states.

The camera pans over to the Side Interview location, where a small workout station has been set up. Two butterfly machines on either side, a large machine for squats, and dead center, Flex Kruger is bench pressing way more weight than 90% of the population can even lift. His long blonde hair falls over the bench press as he keeps ripping out reps. As he finishes his set, and places the bar back on the pedestal, the slimiest of virgins Kyle Shields steps out, holding a microphone and wearing his best sixty dollar off brand bright blue suit.

**Kyle Shields:**

Germany! Bro, just cause you're with the Kaiser doesn't mean you don't gotta get swole for the ladies. Listen, I'm Kyle Shields, and this here is the strongest man in Germany, Flex Kruger, and we want to provide all you sour krauts a way to you know, like, get strong and I dunno, maybe get vengeance for World War 2. I mean, I hear the sequel's right around the corner! What better way to prepare for the end of Days than with a Butterfly Curl machine, stamped and branded with the trademark FLEX APPEAL!

Flex goes over to the Butterfly machine and starts a set.

**Kyle Shields:**

Now, I know what ya'll are sayin', bro, how can you be Flex Appeal when there's only Flex. And ladies, tell me Flex doesn't appeal to you and I'll drink my hat! So, whenever you see your ladies swoonin' over the dancing pecs of the Nightmare Machine over here... you will realize just how CHEAP and COST EFFECTIVE these workout machines are!

**DDK:**

Can. Can we get off this infomercial?

**Lance:**

I don't think there's an emergency break.

**Kyle Shields:**

So, bro, you know how awesome these machines are, right Flex?

Flex Kruger, through straining his workout, continues to butterfly.

**Flex Kruger:**

Best machines I've ever worked on. Guaranteed.

Kyle leans in and whispers just enough for the mic to pick it up.

**Kyle Shields:**

Yo, you never guarantee. Never.

The two depart back, and Kyle continues on as if nothing happened.

**Kyle Shields:**

Best machines you've ever worked on, right Flex!

**Flex Kruger:**

My pecs have never felt bouncier!

Flex pops off of the butterfly machine and lets his pecs dance for the Faithful. They boo in response. Flex is taken

aback.

**Kyle Shields:**

It's okay bro. They're just jealous, jealous of how swole you are. Now, listen, you brats are the wurst I swear to GAWD!

More boos from the German Faithful.

**Kyle Shields:**

How does everyone understand English? Whatever. Listen, tonight, we've got some special guests, ready to come out here and give you all a wonderful demonstration of our equipment. You might know them as former two time DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. You may remember them as playing Tigers against the weak skinned members of PCP. Or you may ACTUALLY know them as the two wrestlers who made the BIGGEST mistakes of their young professional careers by THREATENING SIR, Thomas Walter Morrow. Their future may not be bright... but it is forever tall. I bring to you... the Unlucky Sevens!

♪ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♪

The reaction to the twin giants walking out from behind the curtain is one they are clearly not used to. Loud cheers welcome the Lucky Sevens on stage. Mason Luck and Max Luck walk out from the back and both are dressed in matching windowpane styled suits with Mason in dark green and Max Luck in dark red and also sporting green and red tinted sunglasses respectively.

**DDK:**

Tom Morrow not only gave his reasoning a couple weeks ago about why he turned on the Sevens by stating they were hard to control. What did he think was going to happen when he betrayed them and stripped them of those big money BFTA contracts?

**Lance:**

And then putting a bounty on them?! Is he insane?!

The twin terrors of DEFIANCE Wrestling approach the side stage setup and they don't look the least bit amused when their new theme cuts.

*LUCKY SEVENS! LUCKY SEVENS! LUCKY SEVENS!*

Mason is itching to fight somebody but Max holds his brother back and then they are given a pair of microphones. Max listens to the people.

**Max Luck:**

So imagine our surprise! We were told that we were going to be on somebody's talk show and that Mason and I were gonna address that cowardly piece of s[censored], Tom Morrow and his little bounty. We were told that we were going to have a chance to talk after we got tossed out of the arena two weeks ago and fined for punching DEFSec ...

**Mason Luck:**

There's a simple way that you can avoid getting punched, DEFSec, by the way... stop blocking our punches with your faces so they can all hit Tommy. Problem solved.

Max Luck points at one of Kyle Shields's products.

**Max Luck:**

But instead of a talk show, we're on an infomercial? With this s[censored]? We're gonna keep this real nice and simple cause Mase and I are real nice and simple guys ...

Kyle laughs, nudging Flex and says under his breath "Yeah, real simple..." The Beast of the Bright Lights ignores him



and looks at the camera in front of them.

**Max Luck:**

TOM MORROW ... if you send people to do your dirty work for you, you're doing what you do best and selling people on lies! Ain't *nobody* collecting \$100,000 off of us. The only thing people are gonna be collecting is their teeth off the pavement if they try and get rich off fighting us.

Mason Luck joins his brother.

**Mason Luck:**

You should know this better than anyone, *Tommy!* When Max and I tell people they're gonna get hurt, they're gonna get *hurt*. All your money, all your security and all of your tricks won't save your scrawny ass for turning your back on us and thinking you're gonna get away with it. We are *not* your Main Event Monsters any more ...

He looks at Max.

**Mason Luck:**

I told you we're the *MAIM EVENT MONSTERS* NOW!!! IF ANYONE F[Censored]S WITH THE LUCKY SEVENS, YOU *WILL* GET MAIMED AND IT *WILL* BE AN EVENT FOR DEFIANCE WRESTLING'S FAITHFUL!!!

He turns to Kyle and Flex.

**Mason Luck:**

Now that's out of the way ... who feels like watching a Maim Event right now?!

That gets the people cheering! Kyle Shields and Flex Kruger don't like how this is going when Max points at one of their machines. Mason's suit jacket comes off and gets thrown to the side, then he unbuttons his shirt and gets a few cheers from the ladies of the audience! Mason ignores their catcalls, but Max throws off his jacket and then rips open his shirt as well but plays with the crowd a little more.

**Max Luck:**

Time for fun later ... but business now. You can probably hurt people with one of those stupid Butterfly Curl machines. I'm willing to try, that sounds like fun!

**Kyle Shields:**

Woah, woah, woah! Lucks, listen I've never done you wrong like Morrow has. I've only ever been straight and steady wit you bros. Yeah? So, Flex, here, run your show.

Flex instinctively catches the mic as Kyle tosses it to him. Kyle Shields just turns tail and hops off the edge of the side interview stage.

**DDK:**

I'm pretty sure Kyle's running for his life.

**Lance:**

If Flex has any sense, he might do the same.

Mason and Max stare ahead toward the Pectoral Prince, who just has his pecs dance once each.

Max and Mason each respond in kind.

**Flex Kruger:**

Alright, see, we can communicate! Pec bros, unite! Listen, Kyle may be tryin' to make a buck off every person he meets, but I'll tell you what, if these machines aren't some of the best machines I've ever had the pleasure of using. It would be a disservice not to let you do one rep here. C'mon Max? Mason? Any takers?

Max and Mason look at each other.

**Mason Luck:**

Fists through faces sounds more fun.

Flex clears his throat, and then grabs at his nonexistent collar. He gulps. Until.

**DDK:**

Kyle Shields! And he's brought out the Dunson Clan!

Mason and Max turn to see the hired help from BRAZEN coming at them!

**Lance:**

Do you think they're trying to collect on Tom's bounty?!

Indeed, Paul, Finn, Todd, and Richie, all of the Dunson Clan swarm the side interview stage. Two on Mason, two on Max. Neither duo seem to be able to take down the Sevens, as Flex takes a moment to pick up a 15 lb dumbbell.

**Flex Kruger:**

1-800-COLLECT BABY!

Flex charges toward Max Luck, who at the last moment pulls Finn Dunson into the blow! Max grabs Richie and throws him sky high in a gorilla press flapjack. Mason just tosses Todd completely off like a rag doll, then grabs papa Paul by the skull with the Winning Hand!

**DDK:**

I think Flex Kruger's call was disconnected!

Paul Dunson gets the Winning Hand Slam on the stage to a huge cheer!

Flex meanwhile, bolts at the urging of Kyle Shields. Flex keeps holding onto the barbell and shouts to Shields.

**Flex Kruger:**

I almost had him!

**Kyle Shields:**

I know. I know!

Kruger and Shields bail quickly! Max picks up the microphone and looks out at the fans.

**Max Luck:**

SHOW'S CANCELLED!!!

Mason kicks over the Butterfly Curl machine and then starts ripping apart the set. "Doc Holliday" starts to play and the twins walk off the set when DEFSec starts to help the Dunson Clan. Mason Luck leaps and makes one of the DEFSec members flinch.

**Mason Luck:**

Bitch.

The Maim Event Monsters leave the stage and then head off in search of more faces to punch!

**DDK:**

Flex Kruger and Kyle Shields had a heck of a trap against the Lucky Sevens, but the newly minted Maim Event Monsters aren't going to stop until they can get through anyone trying to get their hands on Tom Morrow!

## PAPER TITLE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

Things begin to move along from Flex Appeal and Lucky Sevens as the match graphic for the Paper Title takes over the tron. A picture of the smug and brilliant Malak Garland stands next to one of the most brutish wrestlers on the roster, Gage Blackwood. The fans provide an ominous reaction in anticipation of what they're about to witness.

### DDK:

Moving right along folks, up next we are about to see a match for the Paper Title. Now this is interesting because this is a match HAND CRAFTED by the champion himself against one of his, quote, TRAINEES in Gage Blackwood. End quote.

### Lance:

Let me tell you something, Darren. Gage is anything but a TRAINEE. He's a former FIST and if Malak doesn't watch it, he'll be eating a few knuckle sandwiches tonight.

### DDK:

Malak's "historic" reign with the title has crossed the 900 day threshold and we all thought there was no end in sight but something tells me that a title change might be in the air tonight.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Before the music can even get going, the shrill voice of Malak Garland rings throughout the arena.

### Malak Garland:

Cut the tunes! CUT THE TUNES!

The music quickly subsides as Malak Garland walks out on stage. His belt is slung over his shoulder. In one hand he holds a microphone and in the other he holds a legal sized piece of paper. Garland holds it out towards the crowd with a sour look on his face.

### Malak Garland:

I am in a foul mood. Not because I am in Dumb-ass-dorf, well that's part of it, but because of what I'm holding in my hand right now.

Garland flails his paper toting hand around.

### Malak Garland:

This bullshit right here is an invoice for damages at the School for the Gifted for breaking irreplaceable items I never touched. Now, I know what you're all thinking. Let's unpack this and find out who did it. Well, I can tell you, I have it on good authority that the culprits were BOXWOOD! That's right! Gage and Bronson were the dastardly duo who, upon their exit from my rented school, took it upon themselves to destroy some very precious vases. For shame. What unabashed vagrants they are.

Malak walks and talks his way down to the ring.

### Malak Garland:

Seeing that they did this and essentially saddled me with a bill I cannot even begin to have anxiety about paying, I had to go ahead and close down my School for the Gifted. So many wasted German talents won't get to soak in my skills which is really disappointing for the local wrestling scene. Many thought it was a flawed ruse-of-a-plan from the start but in reality, it's because of BOXWOOD that my hopes and dreams have been dashed. Everyone should be upset with them like I am.

Garland slides into the ring.

### Malak Garland:

Therefore.

He turns to Mark Shields who is already standing in the ring.

**Malak Garland:**

Mark can you get me a stapler from under the ring please? The good one, not the broken one Arthur Pleasant likes to touch. That one needs sanitizing.

Mark does as he's told and brings it into the ring. Malak takes it and holds the invoice to his paper title before stapling the two together.

**Malak Garland:**

Seeing that I'm underpaid and can't afford to pay this, I am stapling it to my paper belt as a literal receipt I plan to get pay back for. So Gage, get out here to receive the beating of your life from me, THE PRINCE OF PERMAFROST. Be prepared to get bitten by the cold.

**DDK:**

Those are some mighty confident words by Malak Garland.

Malak drops the mic and his title as he focuses on the stage.

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Gage Blackwood marches out to a raucous reception. His shredded upper body glistens under the lights as his water soaked hair sticks to his large neck and shoulder muscles. Gage walks with a purpose and laser eyes locked on Malak as he takes a few swigs from his water bottle before entering the squared circle.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing the challenger! Hailing from Edinburgh, Scotland, he is the NOBLE RAIDER! HE IS GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Perturbed that he didn't get announced. Malak shouts over to Darren's location as Gage's ring music dies down.

**Malak Garland:**

DQ! YOU FORGOT TO ANNOUNCE ME BECAUSE I WAS TALKING! DO IT NOW OR I'M NOT WRESTLING!

Blackwood is staying loose in the corner, shaking his head at this nonsense as Quimbey brings the microphone to his lips once more.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing the champion, he wants to be known as THE PRINCE OF PERMAFROST, HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

Instead of playing to the crowd, Garland jumps Blackwood immediately.

**DING DING**

Garland wails away on Gage who absorbs the shots at first before standing mightily tall. The fans start to shout "YOU SCREWED UP" when Gage cranks his neck and bares down on Malak.

**Malak Garland:**

Don't hurt me! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

Blackwood scoop slams Malak who surprisingly springs back up, only to be met with a clothesline on the recoil! Garland gets thrown into the turnbuckle and waltzes into an overhead belly-to-belly throw! Feeling the momentum, Gage measures Garland and follows through with a big boot to the face!

**DDK:**

Gage is absolutely all business!

The Noble Raider firmly runs his fingers through Malak's silver hair, pulling him up for more punishment. The Keyboard King throws some body shots but Blackwood fights through them to plunge his knee into the gut!

**Lance:**

Here we go! Malak's going to get it!

Blackwood slings his foe off the ropes but misses with a clothesline at the same time Malak hits him low with a shotgun dropkick to the shin! Down to one knee, Gage looks up and eats a flagrant forearm across his front!

**DDK:**

OH MY GOODNESS! WHAT A SHOT BY MALAK!

The Snowflake Superstar grins from ear-to-ear as Gage stumbles getting to his feet. Mark Shields just stands there until Malak prompts him to check on the challenger.

**Malak Garland:**

Ask him if he quits. He quits, right? Pretty sure he does. I would if I got rocked like that.

Blackwood holds his neck as an empty look consumes his eyes. Was that shot extraordinarily hard or did Malak just get lucky? Meanwhile, Malak does a little jib in the corner, riling the fans up.

**DDK:**

I'm not sure Gage will be ready to continue here. Malak thrust his entire forearm across Blackwood's chin and shoulder area. He made HARD contact, that's for sure.

On stilts, The Noble Raider gently shoves Mark aside. Malak rushes in with an I Trigger to the chin that connects with high impact!

**Lance:**

This is- this is over!?

Gage crumples down to the canvas in a heap, breathing heavily and seeing stars. The fans stand in front of their seats, completely stunned.

**Malak Garland:**

I'm going to FINISH Gage Blackwood right now!

Garland pulls Blackwood up, gives him a vertical suplex but holds on. The two men rise as the Social Media Savant executes a few more suplexes until finally releasing on the last one. The champ gets to his feet and plays to the crowd as Gage is doubled over in pain. Shields kneels by the challenger's side, asking him if he quits.

**Malak Garland:**

Mark, don't stop the match. I am going to make sure he never wrestles again. I have him right where I want him but I want to BASK in this moment first. Don't take this from me.

Mark nods like this is a good idea instead of keeping Gage's safety a priority.

**DDK:**

I think this match should be stopped! Somehow, some way, Malak caught Gage and he seems a bit out of it.

Blackwood somehow finds a way to call on Malak even though he's defenseless. Garland grabs his opponent by the arm and begins twisting it around into awkward positions.

**Malak Garland:**

I'm going to break your arm if my chakras enable me to!

Malak jumps over the ropes and lands on the floor, pulling Gage's arm as hard as he can in the process. Blackwood swings backwards, holding his shoulder. The champion dives right back into the ring and begins targeting the shoulder. At first, he downs Gage with a diving shoulder-to-shoulder block, then Malak stomps away at the rotator cuff until Mark finds his pulse and pulls him away.

**Mark Shields:**

Dude, I think he's hurt. Not entirely sure though.

**Malak Garland:**

I don't pay you to talk back!

**Mark Shields:**

True enough. Continue your unrelenting assault.

Like a crazed lunatic, Malak pulls back on Gage's arm and shoulder, placing the foot of his boot on Blackwood's spine. Gage grits his teeth. Any lesser man would be screaming for reprieve but the tough wrestler tries to work his way through it.

**Lance:**

This is crazy! Gage Blackwood does look dazed but he's still hanging in there!

Garland leans back all the way, pulling Blackwood's torso off the mat. The fans cringe at the sight of the former FIST being twisted around like a swirly straw.

**Malak Garland:**

I AM GOING TO BREAK YOU!

Gage's eyes slowly close as the pain becomes just a bit too unbearable. Mark Shields slides to the challenger's front and pleads with him whether or not he gives up but doesn't get a response. Mark looks at Malak for direction.

**Mark Shields:**

Does he give up, Malak? He's unconscious or something.

**Malak Garland:**

Yes but I want to pin him! I will feel so good to have his shoulders down on the mat for the three count!

Malak curb stomps Blackwood's limp body down to the canvas and hooks a leg for the pin. Malak makes it seem like there's a chance Gage will kick out by shaking his arms emphatically.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEE!?

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The fans are stunned.

**DDK:**

Malak just mauled Gage Blackwood!

**Lance:**

The challenger basically mounted next to no offense in this match!

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER AND STILL PAPER CHAMPION, MALAK GARLAND!

The Keyboard King pops up and faux wipes the sweat from his brow. Boy, that was hard work. He gazes down at his opponent and has a few parting choice words.

**Malak Garland:**

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE A TRAINEE, YOU PUTRID PIECE OF EURO TRASH!

**DDK:**

Gage is British, not European.

**Lance:**

Malak doesn't know the difference.

Gage Blackwood remains near motionless on the canvas. He clutches his shoulder in immense pain as Malak double takes towards the ramp to see Bronson Box storm the ring. The champion knows he must make a hasty exit and does just that. The fans stand there, stunned.

**DDK:**

Here comes Box to check on Blackwood! Unbelievable how Malak pummeled Gage but obviously he wants nothing to do with Box, who won his match rather impressively earlier tonight.

**Lance:**

I think this is the most one-sided victory of Malak's career but do you sense something else at play or did we really just witness the dismantling of former FIST Gage Blackwood at the hands of MALAK GARLAND of all people because he seemed a bit TOO confident before his title defense to follow through like that.

DEFmed floods the scene as the focus is on Gage's shoulder and neck. DDK and Lance deliberate about what everyone just saw but in the meantime, Malak parades throughout the crowd, holding up his invoice stapled title belt. Mark Shields is caught by a camera peeking into a small manila envelope, presumably counting whatever it contains. Cyrus Bates appears and sticks to Malak like a bodyguard should. DEFtv cuts to commercials.



**COMMERCIAL: CLASH**



## INTENTIONS

DEFtv comes back from commercial with Hector Navarro making his way to the ring. The camera cuts to Keebs and Lance at the commentation station.

**DDK:**

Welcome back fans, up next we have a match that was made on UNCUT 150 live last week in Regensburg when the Amazing Amarettos challenged Vae Victis to a match after Henry Keyes and the returning Lindsay Troy interrupted their act on DEFtv 194 in Stuttgart.

**Lance:**

This was also after Keyes and Troy assaulted Wes Ingram and Antonio Prince, who were supposed to be the ones taking on the Amarettos in a BRAZEN Showcase match.

**DDK:**

Carlo and Gomez took offense and here we are.

**Lance:**

You like their chances, Darren?

**DDK:**

Absolutely not.

**Lance:**

Same tbh.

Well, someone's narrator is on edibles this evening, and given whose characters are involved in this match the answer to who it is is "yes."

Anyway, here's "Stranger Fruit."

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The doom piano begins its symphony as two words occupy the DEFIATron:

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

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

Out walk the two Co-Consuls of Vae Victis and Besties 4 Life, Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy. The Besties are, of course, dressed to compete - pink, black, and red MurderDeath-type outfits. Functional. Fashionable. They are, of course, looking out to the DEFIANCE Faithful with righteous contempt. They have, unsurprisingly, a microphone in each one of their hands, because who doesn't want to have some talkie time before the beatings commence? Inbetween them, they each grasp a handle of the Milo Flynn Cup, the prize awarded yearly to the winners of the yearly Flynn Cup Tag Tournament. Y'all should do it, it's fun. Keyes and Troy hold this aloft, allowing the Faithful to get a good look at their prize before handing off the gigantic silver cup to two burly Plague Doctors to carry to the ring.

**Henry Keyes:**

WHOOOOO'S READYYYYYY TO SEE TWO MAGICIANS DISAPPEARRRRRRRRRRR, DEFIANCE??

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**Henry Keyes:**

I'm gonna put a man in a box and then chop that man in half with my bare hands! Miss Troy is going to lop a man's

head clean off with just a boot! Feast your EYYYYYYES or WHAMOKABLAMMOOOOOO or whatever the hell, BEHOLD, VOILA C'EST ICI, THE PRESTIGE! Who gives a shit, you know why? Because THE TWO MOST DOMINANT PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS IN THE WORLD TODAY ARE ON A DEADLY AND TERRIBLE MARCH, DEFIANCE. We have declared MARTIAL LAW on the tag team division, and we are putting the Amarettos on SPIKES tonight!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

We speculated two weeks ago if Keyes and Troy were, indeed, joining the DEFIANCE tag team ranks, and judging by that declaration from the Kraken I'd say he's confirmed it.

**Lance:**

These two are dangerous enough as singles competitors, Lance. Keyes is coming off a record-setting run with the SOHER and Troy's most recent FIST reign ended just shy of 300 days. Our tag division is already red hot, but add Vae Victis to the mix?

**DDK:**

It's about to get a lot more brutal, Lance. Brutal, nasty, and violent.

The Besties are in the ring now; Henry has climbed the turnbuckles to shout at the crowd while Lindsay has shooed Darren Quimbey and Hector Navarro into a corner. She glides to center ring and waits for Henry to join her. He hops out of the corner and sheds his coat while "Stranger Fruit" fades out.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Guten Abend Düsseldorf!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The Queen smiles a tepid smile as the Plague Doctors set the Flynn Cup beside her.

**Lindsay Troy:**

It's Wednesday night, and you know what that means....

**Lance:**

Haven't I heard that somewhere already?

Lindsay and Henry look at each other, grins spreading from cheek to cheek.

**Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes:**

YOU CAN'T SIT WITH US!!!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

**Lance:**

I stand corrected.

**DDK:**

Really, you should've seen that coming.

The Besties celebrate with a forearm smash. Somewhere in the Midwest, Bruschi is making a T-shirt logo using Bing AI.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Oh...I've missed it here. SO many things have happened since I was nearly crushed half to death by Dex

Joy...congrats, by the way, Dex, really glad to see you giving a worthy contender a shot at the FIST at DEFRO-oh wait, it's Edward White.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

**Lindsay Troy:**

Edward White, who hasn't had a match since the Obama Administration, is getting the nod over people who have actually been here this decade. Wowee wow. THE FIST IS FOR EVERYONE, FOLKS! I better never hear you say another goddamn word about me putting the FIST on the line against Sgt. Safety, or JJ Dixon, or Count Novick, because unlike Eddie and his merry little band of bootlickers, they've been here **putting in the work** and all Ed's done since getting out of the clink is get under your skin, you stupid, prideful, son of a bitch.

Troy sneers at the camera as the Faithful boo around her.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I expected better from you, Dex. The mighty "Conqueror of Vae Victis." **We're still here.** And we're still going to be a problem for you. And Ed, and Jane, and Pat, and Box, and whomever else couldn't keep our name out of their mouths while I was on the injured list. Just because I have my sights set on tag gold, doesn't mean I won't come and slap the taste out of your mouths.

She looks at Henry.

**Lindsay Troy:**

The last time I was a tag champion, I got stabbed in the back. I know I'm not going to have that problem now.

Keyes nods his head, putting his fist out for a bump. Troy knocks knuckles with him, then looks back at the camera.

**Lindsay Troy:**

That means we're about to be a problem for all of you.

## VAE VICTIS vs. THE AMAZING AMARETTOS

♪ "Abracadabra" by the Steve Miller Band ♪

Purple and amber lights fill the stage. Suddenly, a plume of purple smoke appears...

*KA-POOMF!*

...and Carlo Amaretto appears on stage!

**Carlo Amaretto:** *[to the audience]*

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!! Your MINUTE of MAGIC has begun!

*KA-POOMF!*

Another plume of smoke heralds the appearance of his twin, Gomez Amaretto!

**Gomez Amaretto:** *[to Troy and Keyes]*

And HAVE AT YOU, you rotten amateurs! Your HOUR of RECKONING has come!

The Amazing Amarettos dance their way down the rampway, Suzie listlessly following in their wake.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is schedule for one fall. Already in the ring, weighing in at four-hundred and forty-four pounds...from Tampa, Florida and San Francisco, California...Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes...VAE VICTIS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents, at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-six pounds... they hail from Las Vegas, Nevada, and are accompanied to the ring by their (not so) lovely assistant, Suzie... CARLO and GOMEZ... the AMAAAAZIIIIING AMARETTOS!!

ALSO BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Amarettos reach ringside, cracking knuckles, rolling joints, and looking ready to hit the ring and scrap at a moment's notice...

**Carlo Amaretto:**

So... you two like to pop up from out of nowhere, thump some skulls, and disappear without a trace, huh?

**Gomez Amaretto:**

Well, that's OUR JOB! Owning a tiger doesn't automatically make you Siegkeyes and Troy, you finicky finaglers!

**Carlo Amaretto:**

But we have ways of dealing with impudent imbeciles that think they can get away with stealing our shtick!

**Gomez Amaretto:**

These hands may be delicate enough to pull rabbits from thin air... but they're also STRONG ENOUGH to make your TEETH DISAPPEAR!

Carlo and Gomez slide under the ropes and flourish to their feet in mirror images of one another.

**Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:**

AAAAAMAAAAAAAZIIIIII--

*BUH-KICKKH!!*

The Queen's justice in the form of a heel kick would decapitate a common man. In what could be called a "magical" twist of luck, Carlo Amaretto simply gets kicked in the side of the head so hard it sends him crashing into his brother, and the two land in a heap.

**DING DING**

Like a Pavlovian dog, Keyes snaps into action at the sound of the bell, becoming a living blur of gray, pink, gears, and fists that brings its fury upon the defenseless twin magicians.

**DDK:**

This magical massacre is off to a ferocious start! Henry Keyes, like a house on fire, takes Carlo Amaretto by the head and flings mercilessly over the ropes to the outside!

**Lance:**

Or was that Gomez?

**DDK:**

Eh, whichever.

**Lance:**

No, you're right, that was Carlo - with Keyes ejecting him from the ring, it looks like Gomez is the first "legal man" for the Amarettos in this match, and...OH no.

Keyes grabs Gomez by the armpits and hoists him vertically, before rearing back and swinging with a Propellor Edge Chop!

*CRACKKKKKKKKK!!!*

Gomez's eyes bulge as he clutches at his chest. Another swing!

*CRACKKKKKKKKK!!!*

This one drops Gomez to the ground, and Keyes just stomps and stomps and stomps as Troy cackles from the Vae Victis corner. Keyes turns to his Bestie.

**Henry Keyes:**

You want a go?

**Lindsay Troy:**

Ha haaaaa, no, I want to watch more.

Keyes shrugs before grabbing poor Gomez by the head. It's not been a great day so far. Carlo, for his part, has found his way to the Amaretto corner, though he's a little groggy on his feet from the pre-match buffoonery. Keyes bullies Gomez with a few clubbing elbows to the chest and pushes him into the VV corner.

**Henry Keyes:**

How about this, Miss Troy. If I can get him all the way across in one go, I'm tagging you in. If I can't, you get the night off. Bet?

**Lindsay Troy:**

Bet.

Keyes reaches into those armpits once again, braces himself, and with a hop, a hip twist, and a heave, he FLINGS

Gomez across the ring with a massive Biel Toss! With a half roll, he crashes into his corner, bumping into Carlo and sending him to the floor again! Keyes and Troy cackle before Keyes extends his hand and hops on his toes a bit.

**Lance:**

They're really taking a lot of joy in this bullyism of the Amarettos, Keeps.

**DDK:**

We better not ACTUALLY have spikes here tonight, that's all I'm concerned about.

Troy cackles at the huge throw and at just how giddy her Bestie is at his handiwork. She tags herself in and marches across the ring. Gomez badly wants to tag in Carlo, but Carlo is nowhere close to providing that salvation. As Gomez looks outward for any semblance of help, he gets ROCKED with a shotgun dropkick to his back, sending his chest into the top turnbuckle and driving the wind out of his lungs.

Gomez staggers on his hands and knees as Troy measures her target. He gets to one foot - getting up at all was a mistake.

*CRASHHHHHH!!*

Rolling koppu kick to the head! Gomez is out cold. Troy could easily go for the pin here, and she thinks about it - but there's a problem.

Carlo is stirring on the outside.

We can't have survivors, can we?

Troy, with all the disrespect in the world, uses her boot to shove and roll Gomez into the Amaretto corner. She and Carlo lock eyes, the Queen *daring* him to get back to the ring apron. Soon, the dare becomes a demand. She yells at Carlo to get his ass in this match and take what's coming to him. Carlo, for his part, would be perfectly fine with this match ending now and for the Amarettos to fight another day, and he hesitates to hop up onto the ring apron - one problem though.

Keyes isn't in the VV corner anymore.

He's standing behind Carlo.

The Faithful do their best to yell and shout and warn the surviving Amaretto of the imminent danger, and soon, he slowly turns around and sees the Co-Consul standing there. Smiling.

And then...

*POOF!*

Carlo produces a cloud of smoke out of thin air! Vae Victis has lost visual! As Keyes swings his beefy arms around, hoping to hit anything he can, Carlo scampers low to the ground. Troy throws a few more stomps into Gomez for good measure, trying her best to locate Carlo but also having no luck.

And then!

*ZVARRI!*

With a flourish and a dash, Carlo has found his way atop the ringside barricade! Keyes doesn't see him! Carlo sleight-of-hands a magic wand from thin air, and with a wave, a rainbow of sparks shoot out!

**Carlo Amaretto:**



AMAAAAAAZIIIIIIIIIING!!

Gomez's corpse rolls beneath the bottom rope and splats on the mat in the background, but both Troy and Keyes are now fixated on this bizarrely timed magic show. Keyes for his part begins to march towards Carlo, but Carlo MAGICALLY scurries across the barricade with tremendous balance and technique!

There's commotion from the crowd elsewhere.

**Lance:**

Are those the legs of Gomez Amaretto sticking out from under the ring?

**DDK:**

Maybe he's looking for something?

**Lindsay Troy**

Alright, dipshit, I guess that means your brother's dea-

She looks around and realizes Gomez isn't in the ring anymore. Hector Navarro has been enthralled by the smoke and the sparks and the balancing act and now remembers that he's supposed to be calling a wrestling match. He hears the commotion as well and sees the legs of what must be Gomez, and begins his 10-count. Lindsay Troy is annoyed now, as if she wasn't before. She sees the legs sticking out of the ring and exits in order to, presumably, pull him out by his whole ass and then break her boot off in it.

She approaches the legs beneath the ring apron - ROSES fly out! A beam of them!

**Lance:**

Roses?!

**DDK:**

...I dunno, maybe the thorns are spiky?

Troy covers her face with her arms as these spring-loaded roses shoot up at her, proving to be ultimately ineffective. She finally reaches those legs, pulls the Amaretto out by the waistband, turns him around, and...

*GASP!!!*

**DDK:**

Look at the facial hair, partner, is that?

**Lance:**

That certainly looks like Carlo to me!

**DDK:**

But GOMEZ was the one under the ring!

**Lance:**

Are you sure?

Troy and Keyes lock eyes from opposite ends of the ringside floor with visible confusion - there's a Carlo on the barricade by Keyes, and another Carlo in front of Troy!

**The Amazing Amarettos:** *[in unison]*

AMAZIIIIIIIIIIING!

Barricade Carlo flies onto Keyes's shoulders, legs-first, and Ringside Carlo springs up and attempts a hurricanrana of

his own!

...and VAE VICTIS HAS CAUGHT BOTH OF THEM! The Amarettos are both dangling with their ankles wrapped around the back of a Vae Victis neck and head, upside down and helpless! Keyes takes his, hoists him up, lifts, and SPIKES him with a powerbomb onto the ring steps! Troy leaves hers dangling and begins to swing, crashing "Carlo"'s head into the ring apron on one side, then another, then another before dumping him unceremoniously to the earth!

Vae Victis, apparently done playing with their dinner, picks up each Amaretto and chucks them into the ring. Now in opposite corners, Troy and Keyes Irish Whip the Amarettos into each other, sending them crashing in the middle of the ring and rendering them prone. Keyes climbs atop one corner, Troy atop another. Troy flies in and connects with a front flip leg drop! Then Keyes follows up with a diving knee drop!

After an extremely elaborate handshake that's almost its own form of magic, Keyes and Troy hoist up an Amaretto apiece and attempt to delicately balance the out-on-their-feet magicians against each other in order to keep them upright, like a fleshy card house. Troy stands in front of the pair, Keyes behind. The Amarettos's heads are smushed against each other and they're leaning into each other, but the Amarettos are vertical.

Until they aren't.

**Vae Victis:** *[in unison]*

GET IN LOSERS, WE'RE GOING HEADHUNTING!

Troy swings in a roundhouse kick to the heads as Keyes sweeps the legs!

*CLACK! THUD!*

Carlo and "Carlo"'s heads knock together like a pair of coconuts before they crash to the ground in a heap! Troy and Keyes each put a foot on the chest of an Amaretto - Hector Navarro, realizing that Troy and "Carlo" are legal but not about to pick nits at this stage, begins the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!*

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this match....VAE VICTIS!!!!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!*

In the ring, Keyes and Troy do another intricate AF handshake before doing the Kid 'n Play over the fallen Amarettos.

**DDK:**

That narrator's back again.

**Lance:**

Must be somewhere around Saturn by now.

**DDK:**

Think Roland will leave this in?

**Lance:**

Oh for sure. Think Brian will notice?

**DDK:**

Absolutely not.

Cut to commercial.

**COMMERCIAL: TAG PARTY OF V**



*Probably just as entertaining LBH*

## FAMILIA AFFAIR

Christie Zane.

DEFIANCE interview backdrop.

You know how this goes.

**Christie Zane:**

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Christie Zane and last week, DEFIANCE made history by recently celebrating our 150th edition of UNCUT! In the main event, one of the participants also made history. Please welcome my guest at this time... Vae Victis member, and uh... he also required that I introduce him as DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The boo birds are flocking in the background when Oscar Burns appears on screen in a silk burgundy dress shirt, black dress pants and of course, loafers cause Burns ain't down with no shoelaces.

**Oscar Burns:**

Christie Zane... thank you for that wonderful introduction. And you are right! Last week, UNCUT 150! I made history again! I was the first person in DEFIANCE to reach FIFTY career wins and even named a submission after it that choked Conor Fuse the hell out! I was the first person to reach SIXTY wins! But no, I didn't stop there! Cause what better place for DEFIANCE to reach record-setting number for UNCUT, DEFIANCE made history twice! On the ONE-HUNDRED FIFIETH SHOW, DEFIANCE Himself became the first to reach SEVENTY career wins!

Burnsie flashes seven fingers, then a zero with his right hand.

**Oscar Burns:**

SEVENTY, Christie! NO ONE has done that! Not anyone in this company. Legends, former world champions alike, even Hall of Famers have never walked the roads I've walked in this company, Christie. That is one of the MANY reason that when I say that I... AM... DEFIANCE...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**Oscar Burns:**

ACCEPT. NO. SUBSTITUTES.

**Christie Zane:**

Congratulations are in order! That is an incredible achievement!

**Oscar Burns:**

Thank you, Christie, thank you!

Before he can go any further, Christie does ask a question.

**Christie Zane:**

But what do you say to those that would say you owe Butcher Victorious a hand in providing the distraction that afforded you that win?

With that, Oscar turns his head.

Slowly.

**Oscar Burns:**

...GC, maybe my Yank Speak is a little rusty. Say again?

**Christie Zane:**

Well... looking back at the match, it looked like Mil Vultas might have been closing in on the victory when Butcher climbed up on the apron, leading to the distraction that gave you the opening to win that match. What do you have...?

Oscar places his hand over her microphone to stop the question.

**Oscar Burns:**

You... How dare you.

He continues.

**Oscar Burns:**

Are YOU like Jamie Sawyers last week, Christie? You come to DEFIANCE to get a sound byte, then you want to try and throw shade on what should be MY latest crowning glory? No, go ahead... answer MY question.

Oscar removes his hand from the microphone to allow Christie the chance to defend herself.

**Christie Zane:**

I'm merely reporting what everyone saw at the end of that match, Oscar. You won the match and...

**Oscar Burns:**

Then WHY are you like everyone else, huh? EVERYONE else in this company since Acts of DEFIANCE that hasn't been showing ME the respect I deserve for bettering this company with my presence? You know what I SHOULD do Christie?

"No ser una perra?"

Christie and Oscar get interrupted by none other than Mil Vultas, getting cheers from The Faithful in the background. The Ace of Space looks up at Oscar with Thomas Keeling while Christie decides the tense situation no longer requires her presence.

**Thomas Keeling:**

I can translate, Oscar. You asked what you should do. Mil here, said "not be a bitch?"

That gets a resounding "oooh" from The Faithful as Oscar looks at Thomas, then shifts his attention back to Mil.

**Mil Vultas:**

You don't like what I say? Then rematch... so you can do something about it!

Oscar shakes his head.

**Oscar Burns:**

A rematch, huh? Well... let me check my schedule, GCs... Yeah nah. You had your chance. You LOST. Now, unless you got something else you or Keeling need to translate, I suggest you move before I drop you with the ELBOW of DEFIANCE... again.

The luchador gives up size, but he doesn't budge.

In fact...

SMACK!

He SLAPS Burns across the face!

**Mil Vultas:**

Make me move.

Burns growls, before he can do anything about it...

“HEY!”

Mil, Thomas and Oscar all get a shock...

Favoured Saints Champion Uriel Cortez!

Mil looks up at his best friend for coming in.

**Uriel Cortez:**

We're done here... I told people that nobody was messing with my family and I'll be DAMNED if that don't apply to even the great OSCAR BURNS.

Burns is still holding his face, but then turns to Mil.

**Oscar Burns:**

So what? You throw a fit about Butcher at ringside, then you get BIG brother here to feel stroppy and want to fight me, you ponce?

**Mil Vueltas:**

I didn't know he was gonn...

**Uriel Cortez:**

HEY! If you can flap your goddamn gums at Mi Familia, then you can talk to ME now.

Mil Vueltas looks a tad displeased as Oscar turns to look up at Uriel.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I heard you bragging about being at the top with wins in DEFIANCE. And congrats. You've been cheating to get to most of that, but you did it! I checked the stats just a little bit ago and you know whose name is right beneath you, Burnsie?

He points a thumb at himself.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Mine.

**Oscar Burns:**

Well, bully on you, GC... you should translate to Mil over here that number one ain't worried about what number two is doing, so I wasn't aware. Good on you, big man. What's that gotta do with me?

Uriel Cortez flexes his Favoured Saints Championship over his shoulder.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Well, since you asked... I'm gonna take out TA Cole tomorrow... then I'll be defense away from being able to challenge for the Southern Heritage Championship... but for my last defense, I want the best. I want... no... no, I NEED to prove that I'm not letting anyone [censored] with Mi Familia and I want my last defense to MEAN something. I figured since you're over here sucking yourself off for seventy wins, you should treat yourself. I'm giving you the chance for Vae Victis to take this...

He taps the title as Mil and Thomas Keeling watch on.



**Uriel Cortez:**

Back. You and me, Favoured Saints Championship for DEFtv 196 in two weeks after I handle some business with TA Cole.

It doesn't take long for Oscar to give an answer to The Titan of Industry.

**Oscar Burns:**

Well... it's your funeral, GC. You TOOK that from Butcher... it's only right I get the chance to take it back!

Oscar turns to Mil, then offers a salty smirk. Mil growls as he walks off. Mil looks up at Uriel.

**Mil Veltas:**

Hermano... I...

**Uriel Cortez:**

Don't thank me, Mil. I'm gonna bust his ass, then I'm gonna show him that NOBODY is getting away with trying to [censored] us over anymore. Thomas, good to see you again.

**Thomas Keeling:**

...Likewise.

Uriel taps him on the shoulder, then walks off, leaving Mil with mixed feelings. Thomas looks at Mil and the two look confused as the scene ends.

## THE SGT. SAFETY SAFETY FIRST CHALLENGE

### DDK:

Up now, we have a special match between an as-of-yet named challenger against --

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

The Dusseldorf crowd erupts as Sgt. Safety - The Officer of OSHA - comes out with his decibel meter. He pauses (looking both ways before he does) as he scans the crowd before holding it to one side of the arena. He walks closer to the ring and holds the meter to the other, as they try to beat the level set by those opposite them.

### Lance:

Someone earlier this week filed petition with the Favored Saints to anonymously challenge The Safest Man in DEFIANCE, who is coming off a giant win at UNCUT 150 over Finn Dunston!

### DDK:

And there's a groundswell of support for Sgt. Safety because of that match.

### Lance:

And don't forget that Germany is known for its prowess in efficiencies in manufacturing and technology. Perhaps the crowd appreciates Sgt. Safety for his belief in safety!

### Darren Quimbey:

From Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds...this is SGT. SAFETY! And his opponent...

The lights in the arena go black, which causes the crowd to scream. Then there's a loud sound with a spotlight hovering over the DEFiatron.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie opening guitar lines of the 80s alternative rock staple plays. The screen turns on revealing a smoky and surreal looking empty theater. The smoke dissipates to reveal Madame Melton sitting in her director's chair in her Olde Hollywood splendor -- silver flapper curls, dangling silver earrings, a silver necklace with a blood red pendant in the middle, silver gown with a black shawl. She takes a long drag from her cigarette holder and looks upwards as more smoke from the stage dissipates.

Now a figure can also be seen standing next to her -- "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon. JJ is wearing his brown leather mask, a sleeveless black T-Shirt that reads "The Fatal Attraction" in the same blood red shade as Madame Melton's amulet and tattered black leg-length trunks with the word "Fatal" in on one side and "Attraction" on the other, both in the same blood red font.

JJ looks at his Mommie Dearest. She exhales and nods with a cruel smile on her porcelain face. A creepy smile can be seen under his mask as he steps in front of her and sticks his head forward into the camera.

### JJ Dixon:

Sgt. Safety. I like you. I really do. Your mission to ensure the safety of DEFIANCE wrestlers and fans alike is both inspiring and important. And I have no issue with you. My issue is with how The Faithful revere you instead of me! After all...

**JJ Dixon:**

THEY PUT YOU, FIRST! THEY PUT SAFETY FIRST! And that was supposed to be MY NIGHT! Just mere weeks before, WHEN I HAD MY HEART BROKEN AND WAS HUMILIATED BEFORE THE WORLD! That was my night, Sgt. Safety for me to get a semblance of revenge against Dubya Leverington, the man who did not just take my girl but made out with her over my bloodied body! THAT WAS MY NIGHT TO START TO BECOME WHOLE AGAIN! TO START TO REPAIR MYSELF FROM THE DAMAGE! But The Faithful demanded you get top billing! And, sadly, that's not something I can accept. BECAUSE I REFUSE TO BE IGNORED ANYMORE!

JJ pauses to stare more at the camera. He then starts to pace back and forth for a few seconds to gather his thoughts. He continues to pace as he speaks.

**JJ Dixon:**

I said this at Uncut 150 but I will repeat myself because I doubt anyone heard me since, after all, nobody could even be bothered to watch the hell I endured at Uncut 148, in the No Surrender cage match, where my cocksman's face was destroyed and I damn near lost a testicle for you people. I refused to say I quit because of how much I love The Faithful! BECAUSE ALL I EVER WANTED TO BE WAS A HERO! ALL I EVER WANTED WAS FOR A SCARED LITTLE KID, someone just like me when I was that scared little kid... to look up to me. ALL I EVER WANTED WAS FOR THE FAITHFUL TO LOVE ME AS MUCH AS I LOVE THEM!

JJ's voice explodes after he says that. His eyes are filled with sorrow and tears. He then falls to his knees and cups his hands like he's before a priest at confession. His arms tremble.

**JJ Dixon:**

Please, Sgt. Safety. Please forgive me for what I'm about to do to you. Because to make these people love me, I have to hurt people I like. Like you, Sgt. Safety. Like you. You truly are an admirable man. Your mission and purpose of promoting safety and inspecting machinery and processes equipment have saved countless lives. But The Faithful, here in Germany and all over the world... they love you more than me.. So now I have to destroy you. This is what THE FATAL ATTRACTION has to do.... Because THE FAITHFUL have made me THIS MONSTER I NO LONGER RECOGNIZE... So I can become the hero they deserve...

JJ sobs and trembles more, putting his face in his hands. Then Madame Melton stands triumphantly from her chair, looking upwards at the horizon before chuckling as her eyes, filled with madness and wrath, reach the camera lens she always knows to find.

**Madame Melton:**

Cross on the green and not in between. Look both ways before you cross the street! Chew your food before swallowing! These are just LIES YOUR TEACHER TOLD YOU because they want you to comfortably lay down at night, tucked in your beds with the (in a Shirley Temple little girl voice) sweetest of dreams so you don't think about the monsters under your beds and the things that go bump in the middle of the night. This patriarchy is filled with men like you, Sgt. Safety, with your DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, men who will SAY ANYTHING to The Faithful as long as it is what The Faithful wants to hear — even though they are all LIES!

Madame Melton stomps her foot dramatically on the last word of the above as she once again takes a drag from her cigarette holder. Her voice now carries with it a tone of menace.

**Madame Melton:**

I only offer you the truth -- and it is COLD and it is HARD. Your lives will be filled with misery. Your lives will be filled with torment. Your lives will feel so pitiful that, to quote my dear friend Freddie Mercury (she belts this out in a fairly credible voice) you'll sometimes wish you'd never been born at all! That is the type of pain and pathos I carry with me after you, My Adoring Public, so callously betrayed me! Yet you deny these truths - MY TRUTHS - because YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH! But me and my Gems, My Most Precious Gems? We are EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE!

Madame Melton rolls her head around with eyes closed as she utters each of those words. Then she starts to conduct a symphony only she can hear for a few seconds before her eyes return to the camera lens.

**Madame Melton:**

I tell you what you NEED TO HEAR because I am the one who loves you more than anyone else! And in due time, you will love me as I demand, with unconditional devotion, unwavering loyalty, unquestioned obedience... with CLEAR EYES and FULL HEARTS as I - THE IRON LADY - sit upon my rightful throne and rule DEFIANCE --

She returns to her seat and looks to the sky and balls her hand before extending it forward.

**Madame Melton:**

WITH MY IRON FIST!

JJ then snaps up, on his knees as Madame Melton stands behind him.

**JJ Dixon:**

YOU WILL LEARN TO LOVE US AS MUCH AS WE LOVE YOU!

He then extends his arms out like he's on the cross as his voice has a guttural, growling tone.

**JJ Dixon:**

BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO ONE ELSE FOR YOU TO LOVE!

Madame Melton stands behind him and a creepy, knowing smirk appears on her face.

**Madame Melton:**

And you will all learn why...

She starts to laugh as she leans into the camera.

**Madame Melton:**

MADAME MELTON!

She continues her laugh as Raiden and Reeves emerge from the darkness behind her seat, flanking each side of her chair. The Fatal Attraction retains his pose.

**Madame Melton:**

IS READY!

The former Teri Melton's laugh grows louder, her eyes bigger as she flails her hands upwards over her head before snapping back into reality and the camera.

**Madame Melton:**

FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Her face goes from madness to a cold smirk as she snaps her fingers. The DEFiatron turns off but the arena remains dark. The chorus from "How Soon Is Now" blares:

*♪ You shut your mouth  
How can you say  
I go about things the wrong way?  
I am human and I need to be loved  
Just like everybody else does ♪*

## **JJ DIXON vs. SGT. SAFETY**

The music shuts the exact second the chorus ends. The lights in the arena turn back on. There's a loud buzz (and boos) among The Faithful.

Madame Melton stands on the apron, her eyes closed as she conducts her mythical orchestra. Raiden (sleeveless black hoodie showing his Yakuza-style arm tattoos) and Reeves (sports coat over his shirtless body, smelling a gladiola) flank her as the tag partners start jawing at Sgt. Safety. Referee Johnny Fastcountini is telling them to get off the apron.

**DDK:**

Sgt. Safety doesn't see The Fatal Attraction!

The masked JJ is in the ring, on his knees with his arms wide open, his tongue out. Raiden and Reeves hop off the apron while Madame Melton continues to conduct her "orchestra." JJ waits and then explodes into Safety with a double leg tackle/pounce combo before recklessly throwing forearms at Safety's face.

**DDK:**

JJ is just viciously pounding away at Sgt. Safety!

***DING DING***

**Lance:**

You can tell already that he has completely morphed!

JJ holds his hands open again and yells to the fans.

**JJ Dixon:**

LOOK AT WHAT YOU ARE MAKING ME DO!

JJ now picks Sgt. Safety up by his hair and whips him hard into the ropes. The Fatal Attraction bends down and picks his foe up onto his shoulders immediately into a cartwheel Death Valley Driver.

**Lance:**

JJ's explosiveness and athleticism have not gone away with this personality change!

**DDK:**

Sgt. Safety sits up from the impact of that move, and JJ rebounds off the ropes —

***THWACK!***

JJ runs and punts Sgt. Safety right under the chin. There is a loud hush in the crowd.

**Lance:**

That was absolutely brutal! What happened to the kid who was doing "The World's Most Athletic Footstomp" and specializing in old-school atomic drops?

Johnny is checking on Sgt. Safety. The Fatal Attraction goes back to lay more forearm smashes, but the referee admonishes JJ. JJ's hands start to shake. The camera closes in and sees tears in his eyes as he drops to his knees before Johnny. He speaks in a warbly, unsettling tone.

**JJ Dixon:**

I'm sorry. Referee Fastcountini. I'm sorry. I don't want to hurt him. I don't want to hurt anyone. But I have to!

JJ points to The Faithful as Johnny looks at The Fatal Attraction with a look that says "I have no idea what to make of

this." Sgt. Safety starts to roll out of the ring... right to the waiting hands of The Gems. Raiden and Reeves pound away on Sgt. Safety with Johnny's back turned to them. The former Teri Melton puffs away on her lit cigarette with her eyes mad.

**Lance:**

The Gems grew so insular these last few months during their war with The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey. Everyone just assumed they were so focused on that bloodfeud. But underneath this entire time has apparently been an absolute rage at their perceived mistreatment!

JJ is still pleading to Fastcountini. Reeves and Raiden steering The Sgt.'s feet so they are hooked under the top rope, forcing him to hang upside down over the apron. Raiden and Reeves kneel next to him.

**DDK:**

They're holding their hands out like they are making an offering to Madame Melton!

Madame Melton smiles. She leans over and exhales her cigarette smoke into her prey's face.

**Madame Melton:**

You'll realize when you die that today is the best day of your life, Sgt. Safety!

Madame Melton steps back, holding her hands up in the sky as Raiden and Reeves move out of the way. JJ springboards to the top rope and comes off with a stomp to Sgt. Safety's prone head. There is another "ohhhh" from the crowd -- shocked at the athletic move but appalled at the brutality. Melton keeps her hands high in the air and smiles with her eyes as wide open as possible, scanning the top reaches of the arena.

**Lance:**

Teri -- I mean, Madame Melton - just took DLJ out last week with an eye injury due to the posioned smoke she blew in his face! In one of her earliest appearances in DEFIANCE, she put a lit cigarette out in the eye of Nicky Synz! At Uncut 158, she bit a chunk out of the earlobe of Tabitha Kinsey before kicking her off the top of a steel cage and through a ringside table! There is a chilling darkside to her and there is no telling what madness is is concocting!

JJ now stands on the apron. Sgt. Safety starts to get to his feet. Madame Melton then sticks her rear into his midsection and pushes him back into the ring railing like a NBA player boxing out for a rebound. Then she closes her eyes and starts to conduct her symphony again.

**DDK:**

What in god's name are they doing now?

JJ faces the ring and springboards off the middle rope. Madame Melton pirouettes quickly out of the way as JJ moonsaults off the rope and crashes into Sgt' Safety before falling into the crowd. There is even more buzz from the arena. The German fans at ringside move out of the way. Their collective response are gasps at the move, but nobody wanting to cheer due to The Gems personality shift.

**DDK:**

That just folded Sgt. Safety in half, but backwards!

**Lance:**

JJ has always been at the absolute top list of athletes in DEFIANCE — or in any sport! And now, as The Fatal Attraction... he is developing into a truly dangerous man before our eyes!

**DDK:**

He says he doesn't want to be a monster but it sure looks otherwise~

JJ turns to the fan next to him, holding his ribs with one arm while pointing at Sgt. Safety on the floor, toothless smile on his face. He then kneels and holds his arms out open again!

**JJ Dixon:**

DO YOU LOVE ME YET?

Madame Melton now power walks to the other side of the ring. She snatches Darren Quimbey's chair and smacks it on the floor loudly.

**DDK:**

What the heck is she doing now?

**Lance:**

Causing a decoy! The Gems are thriving in chaos!

Fastcountini goes over to Melton to admonish her. Raiden and Reeves pick Sgt. Safety up rudely. Raiden whispers something in his ear before the two of them throw him back first into the ring steps.

**DDK:**

Come on! This is too much! Even if you can understand why Madame Melton and her Most Precious Gems feel ignored and frustrated — and that is a very big “if” considering being mad at Sgt. Safety because of an advertisement months ago is absolutely petty — you don't do this to another competitor!

**Lance:**

And you don't choke out your so-called “friend” in our colleague Jamie Sawyers. And you don't launch a sneak attack on Titaness and DLJ -- one so severe it took DLJ out of action for some time!

The Fatal Attraction now falls over the railing and smiles as he sees Sgt. Safety prone. He then sprints with a running knee into Safety's face, sending his head back into the ring steps. JJ flips over the steps himself and splats on the floor, holding his knee and his ribs at once but with a beaming smile on his face.

**Lance:**

We know how much damage he endured at the hands of his kendo stick-wielding ex-fiancé at Uncut 148. He does not care about taking on pain as long as he hurts his opponent!

Dixon now picks Sgt. Safety onto the apron and rolls him under the bottom rope. JJ follows, looks at Madame Melton for approval. She grants it before JJ hoists him in a scoop slam piledriver!

**Lance:**

The Fatal Attraction just dropped him right on his neck!

**DDK:**

Finally, JJ is granting Sgt. Safety mercy -- if you can call spiking a man's head into the canvas merciful!

*One!**Two!*

JJ instead breaks the pin and sits on top of Sgt. Safety. The crowd immediately boos as Madame Melton applauds fervently. Johnny Fastcountini shakes his head and is screaming at JJ, who ignores the ref.

*Booooooooo!!!***Lance:**

Oh, come on!

JJ starts blasting him with his forearms again like at the start of the match while looking around the arena. With each blow, he screams --

**JJ Dixon:**

YOU! WILL! LEARN! TO! LOVE! US! AS! MUCH! AS! WE! LOVE! YOU!

JJ gets up and picks Sgt. Safety by his hair and hooks him in a full nelson, growling incomprehensible as he does. He drops Sgt. Safety face first with Sunset Boulevard (full-nelson forward Russian legsweep.)

**DDK:**

Thankfully, now this one is over!

*One!*

*Two!*

*Boooooooooooo---*

JJ breaks the pin again, this time ripping Sgt. Safety's left arm up. Dixon holds onto the arm and slithers around. Fastcountini's face is now a scowl.

**DDK:**

This is absolutely disgusting!

Madame Melton hops on the arpon, taking Johnny's attention to prevent him from stopping the match. The Fatal Attraction now delivers his forearm blasts to the back of Sgt. Safety's head and screams each syllable --

**JJ Dixon:**

BE! CAUSE! THERE! WILL! BE! NO! ONE! ELSE! LEFT! TO! LOVE!

Madame Melton hops off the apron. JJ wrenches the arm and pulls back in A Streetcar Named Retire (straightjacket crossface.) Fastcountini takes approximately half a second before signalling for the bell.

***DING DING DING***

The Fatal Attraction continues with the hold as Fastcountini is barking at him to stop. The ref starts to count to 5 and JJ, at the very last second, stops. Raiden and Reeves hold the ropes open so Madame Melton may pass before they follow.

**DDK:**

That was an absolutely dominating -- and, to be frank, disturbing -- performance from The Fatal Attraction tonight! All masterminded by the vindictive Madame Melton!

**Lance:**

And, sadly, they aren't done yet! This is just so callous and petty!

Madame Melton walks to Fastcountini and without any hesitation knees him in the crotch, all with a smile on her face.

The ref falls to the mat. Raiden and Reeves stomp away on Sgt. Safety. JJ kneels and turns to the crowd, on his knees once again with his arms spread out.

**JJ Dixon:**

THIS IS WHAT YOU MADE US DO! ALL WE WANT IS YOUR LOVE!

**DDK:**

Come on! Can somebody -- anybody -- come and stop this? There is no point to this at all!

Madame Melton stands in the middle of the ring and wags her "come hither" finger. Reeves falls to the mat and laughs over Sgt. Safety's face. Raiden reaches into the pocket of his hoodie and pulls out a plastic baggie and hands it to The



Iron Lady.

**Lance:**

Whatever this is, it's enough already!

Melton holds the plastic bag over her head, her eyes bulging as she dumps the contents out -- hundreds of thumbtacks, pushpins and opened safety pins. The crowd is furious as they see this unfolding.

**DDK:**

No! They're really going to try and destroy Sgt. Safety right here tonight!

JJ again picks up Sgt. Safety into position for a Sunset Boulevard into the sharp instruments scattered along the mat

--

**RAHHHHHHH!**

The mood changes instantly, as out comes **Titaness**, charging to the ring! Reeves sees her coming but when she slides into the ring she takes him down with a huge spear! She tackles Reeves to the ground and unloads with punches!

**DDK:**

Titaness to the rescue! We know Dan Leo James isn't here tonight due to the attack by Madame Melton!

**Lance:**

Was this wise?

Dixon tosses Sgt. Safety out of the ring and when he tries to pull Titaness off of Reeves, he catches an elbow to the side of the head! Raiden tries to stop her and he catches a pump kick as The Faithful go crazy!

**DDK:**

Titaness trying to take the fight to all of the Most Precious Gems!

She turns around, but Dixon BLASTS the Mother of Muscles with a thrust kick flush on the jaw! Madame Melton sits up and shouts at all three members of the group to deal with her! They all start putting the boots to The Show of Force, who can't defend herself any longer!

**DDK:**

IS URIEL CORTEZ STILL BACKSTAGE?! SOMEONE NEEDS TO STOP THIS!

But before the three can do anything else, a familiar face is seen by JJ Dixon running down the ramp with a steel chair in hand!

**Lance:**

Wait... JUN?! JUN IZUCHI! HE WAS JJ DIXON'S TAG PARTNER BACK IN BRAZEN, ALONG WITH EARL LEE ROBERTS!

The crowd cheers the unexpected appearance of The Texan Dragon with a weapon in hand! Madame Melton shouts for the Gems to beat a hasty retreat and they do, but not before JJ Dixon stares down his former tag partner! The modern cowboy goes over to check on Titaness as they flee!

Madame Melton and The Gems flee into the crowd while Jun Izuchi helps Titaness up to her feet after being assaulted three-on-one! Dixon doesn't say anything, but his eyes are fixed on his ex-tag team partner.

**Lance:**

He was the third member of The Southern Bastards in BRAZEN and were a fixture there until JJ Dixon broke out on

his own! Roberts is now with Gentlemen's Agreement, but Jun Izuchi has mostly stayed out of their issues... until now.

**DDK:**

He wasn't going to sit idly by and watch this happen!

Titaness and Izuchi have words going up the ramp, but watch their backs as the Most Precious Gems disappear.

**DDK:**

Have Titanes Familia finally found an ally against the Gems? Uriel Cortez has been consumed with that Favoured Saints Title and Dan Leo James isn't here! They need all they help they can get against Madame Melton and the Gems!

**COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!**

## NICE OR HONEST

Backstage. Ophelia Sykes, dressed for action although they quite obviously did not accompany Cassidy to the ring earlier in the night, is walking on a mission. She stops in front of a black door. Takes a deep breath. And then knocks.

Boisterous laughter is heard from inside whatever room is behind this door, which only gets louder once it opens and Scott Hunter pokes his head out.

**Scott Hunter:**

Are you the gatekeeper?

**Ophelia Sykes:**

No.

Scott Hunter closes the door. She knocks again, and again, Scott Hunter opens the door.

**Scott Hunter:**

We're CLOSED!

Scott slams the door shut again. Ophelia grits her teeth and knocks a third time.

**Scott Hunter:**

Oh hello, how may I help you?

**Ophelia Sykes:**

I'm looking for Lindsay Troy. Is she here?

**Scott Hunter:**

Are you either a cop, an FBI agent, or from the Department of Homeland Security?

**Ophelia Sykes:**

What?? No! I'm the BRAZEN Women's Champion. Do you even watch the show?

**Scott Hunter:**

I'm on the show, silly! How can I watch a show if I'm on the show? I'd love for someone to show me how I could watch a show when I'm on the show. Although if someone did show me how to watch the show when I'm on the show, boy that would really show me. I'm sorry... what were we talking about?

A beat. Ophelia seems to be processing this. Finally...

**Ophelia Sykes:**

You know what? Maybe this is a bad idea...

Ophelia turns to leave, but at that moment Lindsay Troy has wandered over to see what's going on. She puts a hand on Scott's shoulder.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I got this, Scott. Butch just put more Combos out. Better go grab some before Oscar eats them all.

Scott holds up an approving index finger.

**Scott Hunter:**

Good lookin' out. Don't trust this one. She might be a fed, and she's definitely not the gatekeeper. And she's small. She might be Ant Woman.

Scott walks further into the room in search of the Combos. Lindsay watches him go, shakes her head while rolling her eyes, then turns to Ophelia.

**Lindsay Troy:** *[after a moment's consideration]*

You're one of the last people I'd expect to see here.

**Ophelia Sykes:**

I... yeah, me too. But... well, I think you're the only person whose advice I can ask on this. I know we're not exactly on the... "same side" or whatever... but I can't think of where else to turn.

**Lindsay Troy:** *[smirking]*

You're right, we're not. Pat's had a lot to say since I've been gone. But you've got me curious.

She steps into the hallway, shuts the door behind her, and folds her arms across her chest.

**Lindsay Troy:**

What is it you need?

Sykes gestures to the title slung over his shoulder.

**Ophelia Sykes:**

I'm the BRAZEN Women's Champion. I have been working my butt off. I've been winning. A lot! I've been doing everything I can to make a name for myself in this sport. And I'm getting [BLEEP]ing nowhere. All I am to people is the little turncoat who jumps from stable to stable and gets paraded out for eye candy. No matter what I do, I can't be taken seriously. Meanwhile, Pat has days where he's two degrees away from being a circus clown, and everyone can't stop talking about how he's going to be FIST someday. I don't blame him, but I'm [BLEEP]ing tired of the double standard.

Sykes shakes her head.

**Ophelia Sykes:**

Being a woman in this sport is getting to me. It's [BLEEP]ed up. So I'm here, looking at probably the most successful woman the industry has ever seen. I just...

This part is hard for her.

**Ophelia Sykes:**

...I'm just looking for some advice. Pat doesn't get it. He can't.

The Queen of the Ring gazes down at the Ballycat, subtly nodding her head, regarding the smaller woman pensively.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Do you want me to be nice, or do you want me to be honest?

**Ophelia Sykes:**

I want you to tell me something that's going to help.

Lindsay tilts her head and lifts her eyebrows.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Alright. First off, get out of your own head. That title on your shoulder says you *are* getting somewhere. Inaugural BRAZEN Women's Champion? Tell me how that's not making a name for yourself. You won an entire tournament to win *that*.

She points at the belt on Ophelia's shoulder.

**Lindsay Troy:**

And you've been wrestling...what, a year, since graduating from the BRAZEN Academy? Less than that? I was wrestling with Sarah Winterton eight years ago somewhere else, and that wasn't her first stop on the road either. She's good as hell, and she was at the top of the Women's Division there, but she's not at the top of the mountain here. You are.

Ophelia looks down at the belt and nods.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Second of all, hate to be a Debbie Downer, but the critics are *never* going to shut up. It doesn't matter if you've been wrestling five months or 25 years, everybody's got something to say about something, and it's all incessant, droning static. I know you've got tougher skin than this, Ophelia. You worked at Ballyhoo; you know what that place looks like, especially Wednesday night through Sunday. It's the same shit here. You want to wear what makes you feel good about yourself but then you've got fans catcalling or getting grabby. You dress a different way and you're a prude or a bitch. They make stupid comments at us to pop their friends or people online and it's all whatever. Fuck 'em. For me, the best revenge is being happy and successful. Every time I succeed and it makes someone mad, it warms my thorny little heart. That's where you need to get to. Being a woman is tough no matter where you go; at least here we get to beat people when we're mad about it.

That manages to get a slight smile out of the Ballycat.

**Lindsay Troy:**

If Pat wants to act like the clowniest of clownshoes, let him. He's trying to start a singles career but can't stop yapping about Henry and I, and hasn't had the balls to actually say anything to my face. But that's fine, I'm sure he'll find the time inbetween juggling class and balloon animal making.

The Queen chuckles and opens the door partway. She gives Sykes a parting nod.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Don't take anyone's shit, Ophelia. I stopped doing that a long time ago.

Lindsay disappears back into the Vae Victis suite, leaving Ophelia Sykes in the hallway. She stares at the door, digesting what the former FIST of DEFIANCE had to say, before the camera cuts away for the main event.

## ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. CONOR FUSE

The match graphic appears and The Faithful begin a !RANK chant.

### DDK:

We have a big main event on our hands with Conor Fuse seeking retribution against Arthur Pleasant!

### Lance:

It was only a month ago where Pleasant soundly defeated Fuse in the late stages of the match. Don't get me wrong, it was a competitive contest, but Conor was overwhelmed about halfway through and never got back into it.

### DDK:

Fuse said he has to go about this rematch differently. Originally he was going to move on but Pleasant said he wasn't done with Conor yet. Here we are.

### Lance:

We'll see if this pays off. To the ring and Darren Quimbey!

The scene switches to ringside with the ring announcer in the middle of the canvas.

### Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT and it is for EIN STURZ!!

The German Faithful LOVE that the match is for ein Sturz!!

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!

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

The fans cheer and Fuse pops out from behind the FIST logo as his energetic music plays. However, this isn't the typical chippy Conor the crowd is used to seeing. Although it's also not the depressed Conor everyone saw when he lost to Dex Joy earlier in the year at DEFCON, either. It's a middle of the road Conor Fuse, one who knows this match is extremely important but there's also the fun side of him waiting to burst out at the most opportune time.

Fuse makes his way down the ramp. He leaps onto the apron and then clears the ropes again with another jump as green pyro explodes on the stage. Fuse is dressed in his OG lime green outfit with green headband and shooting sleeve on his left arm. He waits in a corner across from the entrance so he can pay close attention to who comes next.

### Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Alaska... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... ARTHUR PLEASANT!

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

The boos roll in as a fog follows Pleasant's theme song. He marches out, a wicked and confident look on his face as he locks eyes with The Power-Up King and doesn't steer his gaze away from him for a split second.

Down the ramp he goes, past the rabid fans, reaching the bottom of the rampway. Then, in a flash, he runs and slides into the ring. The speed at which he slid under the bottom rope takes him all the way to the middle of the squared circle where he pulls himself up to a knee...

And calls Conor towards him.

### DDK:

Our referee is Benny Doyle. He's asking both men if they're ready...

Conor nods. Pleasant doesn't say a word.

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

We are off!

Fuse marches towards Pleasant in the center of the ring and tackles Arthur to the floor! The crowd roars in approval as Fuse begins to absolutely unload punches with both hands. Then he moves to forearm smashes. After a good thirty seconds, Conor proceeds to take both hands and wrap them around Pleasant's head, hammering the former Favored Saints Champion's skull off the mat numerous times.

**DDK:**

Conor came to play.

**Lance:**

He came to **fight!**

Doyle has to intervene when Pleasant works both of them into the ropes but Conor hasn't stopped either driving his left forearm into the side of Pleasant's neck or smashing his own head against Arthur's.

Doyle starts counting to FIVE... it's only when at FOUR Conor stops and walks back to the center of the ring.

Fuse drops down on one knee, in a similar pose Pleasant presented when he first entered the squared circle.

Pleasant smirks in reply.

The Provocateur pulls himself upright with use of all three ropes but before he can take step forward, Conor Fuse is right there to clothesline both of them up and over the top rope!

Fuse is the first one on his feet. He snatches Pleasant by the skull and runs him right into the guardrail.

Then the apron.

Then the guardrail.

Then the apron.

And so on!

After about ten tosses each way, and the crowd eating out of the palm of his hands, Fuse lets out a zen cry into the rafters. He hammers on his chest before tossing Pleasant back into the ring.

**DDK:**

Conor has this Düsseldorf crowd WHITE HOT!

Conor hops onto the apron, sling shoots over the top rope and lands a leg drop on Pleasant.

Conor doesn't want a pinfall, though. Instead, he drags Arthur upright and then connects with a swinging implant DDT.

**DDK:**

Pleasant is reeling!

Conor still doesn't pin. Instead, he whips Arthur onto his feet and Irish whips AP into the ropes. Fuse looks for a big time missile dropkick but Pleasant ducks at the last second and the move narrowly misses the side of his head.



Pleasant looks to land an elbow on Conor but instead the gamer rolls away from it, kips up and then clubs Pleasant in the side of the head with a forearm.

Fuse tosses Pleasant into a corner across the way but it's reversed. Fuse goes into the buckle. He hits and sticks. Pleasant charges and lands a hard clothesline across the back of Conor's neck.

Pleasant peels Fuse off the buckle and then hoists The Character Formerly Known as Player Two in the air. Arthur holds him up there for a moment or two...

*SLAM!*

Brainbuster.

Pleasant covers!

ONE.

TW- KICKOUT!

The German Faithful cheer loudly as Pleasant shakes his head.

**DDK:**

It's going to take a lot more than that to put Conor Fuse down tonight!

**Lance:**

I don't think that Arthur Pleasant head shake was out of frustration. See that look on Arthur's face, he's fully confident. I think that head shake was for Conor, that he should've stayed down. And now, because he didn't, MORE punishment is pending.

**DDK:**

Pleasant has weathered the initial storm, I don't want to admit it but you may be right. Arthur's got a twisted mind. He sees it differently.

Pleasant throws Fuse onto his feet and then lands a triple rolling fisherman buster, the Land of Make-Believe!

Pleasant walks to a corner. He perches himself on the second rope and once Fuse starts to get on a knee, Pleasant leaps off.

*WHAM!*

Forearm RIGHT into the jaw of Conor.

Spit flies and maybe even a tooth, no one is sure. Nevertheless, Conor looks like he's been crushed. He falls on his knees and Pleasant reels him in...

For an exploder suplex. Conor lands on the crown of his head while the crowd cringes at the sight of the move.

**DDK:**

Fuse might be out!

Pleasant hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse with a forceful kickout but, again, Pleasant just shakes his head. He begins to pull Conor onto his feet when Fuse drops down and reaches up, wrapping his hands around Pleasant's head at the same time.

Jawbreaker!

Pleasant flies into the air and then crashes to the mat as the fans give a cheer and rally their feet with stomps. Both men are down and it is currently anyone's game.

Conor checks the side of his face. He even reaches his left hand into his mouth and ensures that... yes! All his teeth are there. It was only the spit that was knocked out of him.

The Ultimate Gamer sees Arthur struggling to get up. Fuse flies over and begins delivering stiff-as-shit shots all over again.

**DDK:**

We have, at times, seen Fuse adapt to the type of opponent he's facing. I remember the chain wrestling he performed against Oscar Burns all those years ago, it was very surprising at the time.

**Lance:**

Conor's not going for the aerial stuff tonight. He's out to plunder!

**DDK:**

As he should. I'd love Arthur Pleasant to finally get what's coming to him. I don't believe he's lost in a very long time.

Once again, Pleasant moves into the ropes so Doyle has to start a FIVE count. Doyle gets to FOUR-POINT-NINE-NINE-NINE-NINE before Fuse stops and takes a step back. But the EXACT second Pleasant removes himself from the ropes and Fuse is immediately on the scene. He grabs AP's legs and drags him into the center of the ring.

*WHAM!*

A hard left hand.

*POP!*

A hard forearm.

*WHACK!*

And a hard-out headbutt.

Fuse is knocked for a loop, too.

**DDK:**

I don't know if that was so smart...

There's a trickle of blood coming from the top of Pleasant's head but needless to say, Fuse snatches AP by the arm and whips him into a corner. Fuse comes RACING in as fast as possible...

But at the very last second, Pleasant drops his shoulder. Conor shoots up and over the top rope and flies completely out of the ring.

*SLAM!*

**DDK:**

Oh no!

On the landing, Fuse's head meets the top of the steel steps and he collapses on the floor!

**Lance:**

It was inadvertent. Obviously, Pleasant was simply trying to avoid Conor's splash but Arthur sent Conor over the ropes, out of the ring, and Fuse connected with the top of the steel steps!

Conor is DOA on the outside.

Meanwhile inside the ring and stuck in the corner, Pleasant opens his eyes. He looks around and realizes he's all in one piece. Due to the crowd response, he can figure it out rather quickly. He looks behind him and sees Conor is out cold beside the guardrail.

A wicked smirk crosses Arthur's face.

**Lance:**

I don't like this. Not one bit.

Pleasant slowly exits the ring. It's clear the headbutt (and the other hard-nosed offense) Conor provided sent his opponent for a loop, so it takes Arthur a moment. Pleasant even uses the steel stairs to step down and arrive at his fallen enemy.

Pleasant kneels down and plucks Conor from the mat.

Thump!

DDT.

Pleasant rolls Fuse into the ring. The atmosphere in the arena grows concerned and hushed.

**DDK:**

Fuse might have knocked himself out there. I think this match is over.

Benny Doyle slides into position to check on Conor Fuse but before he can get a good look, Pleasant pushes the referee away.

**DDK:**

This should be a disqualification!

Doyle, indeed, warns Pleasant. Benny demands he gets a closer look but then suddenly Fuse shows a weak sign of life by raising a hand-

*WHAM!*

Pleasant kicks Conor square in the face!

Arthur isn't done. He lifts Fuse up and lands a second brainbuster slam.

**DDK:**

Okay, NOW Conor is out cold...

Pleasant stands overtop of the fallen video game hero. He can't wipe the smirk off his face.

The Provocateur leans down, drags Conor off the mat and positions him on top of his shoulders.

**DDK:**

Could it be... Calamity Pain?

Pleasant walks around the ring with his opponent still on his shoulders. Most of the crowd grumbles, a few of them try to shout for Fuse but everyone collectively can see by the lack of fight in the former Tag Team Champion...

He isn't getting out of this one.

Pleasant laughs into the bleachers. He throws Conor into the air and at the very same time, he falls backwards and hurls his knees towards Fuse.

Calamity Pain connects!

Conor Fuse is OUT.

**DDK:**

Pin him. You don't need to show off like the last time.

Surprisingly, Pleasant does not show off any further. He even hooks a leg for "good measure".

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

***DING DING DING***

But it didn't matter.

The collective groan is even louder across the arena this time.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... Arthur Pleasant.

Pleasant rolls over to a corner of the ring while Benny Doiyle immediately gets into Conor Fuse's face.

The gamer hasn't moved or flinched.

**DDK:**

I- I think we need additional help out here.

**Lance:**

Yeah. Conor's out, completely out.

DEF medical immediately make their way down to ringside. There are four of them and they surround Conor rather quickly. One says "can you hear me, Conor, can you hear me?" over and over again.

Pleasant, meanwhile, remains a far corner of the ring.

## THE DEATH OF CONOR FUSE

**DDK:**

This was another big victory for Arthur but Conor had a lot of the match in his control until he bumped his head on the top of the steel stairs.

**Lance:**

You know what, Keeps? Doesn't even matter right now. I see concern spreading across the EMTs faces. Let's just hope for the-

*Rip.*

**Lance:**

...Best.

*RIP.*

**DDK:**

Ummm...

***RIPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!***

**Lance:**

What the hell is he doing!?

Arthur Pleasant has exited the ring and he's starting to tear apart the canvas mat from its hinges.

*RIP!*

*RIP!*

*RIP!!!!*

Pleasant slides into the ring and grabs the mat with both hands. This time, he's able to rip it from one end of the ring to the other.

The Faithful boo LOUDLY. They know where this is going.

**DDK:**

Pleasant has taken half the canvas mat off and removed the small padding from underneath!

Only the wooden boards remain.

On the other side of the ring, the half that hasn't been bothered with... well, the EMTs are still checking on Conor Fu-

**DDK:**

STOP IT! STOP IT RIGHT NOW BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET, ARTHUR.

**Lance:**

I don't think that prick is going to regret anything!

Pleasant is pushing the EMTs away! They try to shout Arthur away but it isn't going to work. Not for a second.

Pleasant snatches Fuse by the head and pulls the unconscious man upright.

***BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.***

**DDK:**

DON'T DO THIS. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD DON'T-

Pleasant hoists Fuse in the air...

**SLAM!**

And then drops him on the exposed wooden boards with a brainbuster!

The boos are extremely loud! The EMTs are losing their collective minds! But Pleasant won't listen. He pulls Conor up for something else...

An attempt at Insomnia, the pump-handle piledriver.

**DDK:**

PLEASANT YOU SON OF A-

**SLAM!**

Pleasant isn't finished.

Because he wants to do it again.

**SLAM!**

And again.

**SLAM!**

And what the hell... one more time.

**SLAM!!**

Arthur discards a DOA Conor Fuse, who is now absolutely covered in blood that is gushing like a motherfucker down the top of his forehead.

**DDK:**

This is one of the most heinous, disgusting acts I have seen in some time... from an absolutely gutless human being.

Most of the fans have even stopped booing by now, they are merely concerned for the well being of one of their favorite stars.

The EMTs surround Conor Fuse again but they can't quite attend to him, either, since they have one eye on Fuse and the other on Pleasant. However, for now, Arthur looks... content.

One of the EMTs screams into the back for more medicals to arrive at the scene.

**Lance:** *[somber]*

Conor hasn't moved, Keebs. He hasn't moved AT ALL since before the three count was made.

**DDK:** *[sounding like he's going to puke]*

I know...

More EMTs race down. Soon after, an ambulance appears at the side of the stage. There is chaos happening throughout the arena... except in one specific location of the ring. Arthur Pleasant, grinning from ear to ear, rocking

back and forth in a corner. Finally, he slides out of the ring and calmly makes his way through the ongoing hecticness of EMTs attending to Conor Fuse.

Pleasant is out for a stroll. He finds the bottom of the rampway and begins to ascend. The cameras, for specific reasons, don't stay on Conor Fuse and a lot of the crowd has buried themselves into their own chests.

The DEFIANCE signature appears at the bottom left-hand corner of the screen while Pleasant continues up the ramp, as if nothing even happened.

**Lance:**

Arthur Pleasant said he was going to take this German tour away from Fuse. He said he was going to take the holidays away from him, too.

Pause.

**Lance:**

I think he's taken that...

Pleasant stops at the top of the rampway. He looks back with an expressionless demeanor and then vanishes behind the FIST logo.

**Lance:**

I think he's taken everything.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***