

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Back in NOLA for DEFTv 200! New Orleans once again welcomes DEFIANCE as the WrestlePlex is hyped for DEFTv! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**WELCOME HOME DEFIANCE
BUTCH VIC... HAS GOT THIS
IS DLJ OK?
SEATTLES BEST ICED COFFEE
FRAPP LIFE
BUTCH CAN DO BETTER
THE BRUVS ARE BACK
NED REFORM NEEDS SUMMER SCHOOL
PUT SOME NAMES ON A T-SHIRT, PUNCHY!
[DAGGER EMOJI ART]
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT A FLYNN CUP IS AND AT THIS POINT I'M AFRAID TO ASK
I SMELL SOMETHING
JOE STATS TO BRAZEN
I'M SUPERDEFFAN63
GOMEZ AMARETTO CAN GET IT. GOMEZ SPECIFICALLY.
DO A FLIP, MIL**

And then we go to video.

THERE'S NO CRYING IN BASEBALL...OR WRESTLING

DEFtv 200 fades in from black to a shot of the staff and wrestlers' parking lot of the Wrestle-Plex. The words **EARLIER TODAY** are featured in the upper right corner of the screen and there's a palpable buzz as the DEFIANCE Faithful are curious as to what happened in the hours before they arrived at the arena.

A black SUV drives slowly into the lot and pulls into an empty space. The engine's cut, the driver's side door opens and shuts and, as the trunk lifts, the occupant makes their way to the rear of the car to grab their bags.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A less-than-warm welcome, but one the Queen of the Ring is nonetheless used to by now.

Lindsay grabs what she needs, shuts the trunk via keyfob, and makes her way toward the Wrestle-Plex's entrance. As she gets closer to the camera, it picks up on her chattering away to some unknown person speaking in her AirPods.

Lindsay Troy:

Hey. Yeah, I just got here. ... No, he said he'd be an hour or two; Helen asked for a perm and the closest place that'll do it is REMOTE.

A pause, and a playful scoff.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't know why you think that's weird, it seems like a reasonable request to me.

The whine of an electric motor is heard in the distance and Troy raises a suspicious eyebrow as the sound grows louder. She spins around and "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd drives by her in Ballyhoo Brew's customized golf cart, the "BallyMobile," giving her a playful middle finger as he does so. The golf cart careens ahead a few feet past Troy before Brock yanks on the wheel to park it in an open space. Grabbing his bag off the seat, Newbludd exits his ride and walks out in front of Troy.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, look who it is. The Queen herself. Tell me, Your Highness, ya jealous of my sweet chariot?

Lindsay lifts her eyes to the ceiling, shakes her head in annoyance, then scowls at Brock.

Lindsay Troy:

Not in the slightest, dipshit.

Whoever's in her AirPods elicits a smirk from the Queen, and Lindsay reaches for her earbuds.

Lindsay Troy:

Yes, they're everywhere. I'll see you in a bit.

She ends the call and pockets the little white devices.

Lindsay Troy:

You forget to wake up the other dipshit from his nap in the walk-in?

Newbludd snickers and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

What, were you and Keyes thinking about jumpin' him again? Where is ol' one eye by the way?

The lie appears as quick as the frosty smile she gives the Innovator.

Lindsay Troy:

He's making sure Oscar's ward has the Flynn nice and shiny before I have to send that little dreamer to an early grave. And why are you crying about us "jumping" Pat anyway; we hadn't even started walking down the ramp when he and Ophelia attacked us, Mister Double Standard.

Brock Newbludd:

Get real, Troy. I'm talkin' about what happened after the bell. Ya know, after you two squeaked out a win against him. I always knew you were cold, but goddamn, that was some dirty shit and you know it. No matter, I already gave Keyes his when I domed him with my favorite drinking boot. You guys owe me for that, and a whole helluva lot more. Catch my drift?

Lindsay Troy:

You're so dramatic. For one, we're not buying you a new drinking boot when you clowns have about fifty at Ballyhoo. For two, Pat talked a bunch of shit then caught some hands for it. Boo friggin' hoo. What's next, are you gonna cry about us taking Ophelia seriously as a competitor and giving her the big PPV spotlight moment she wanted?

Brock Newbludd:

Clearly you don't know your glassware. That was handmade for me in Berlin. The fact that I used that modern work of art to scramble Capt'n Crunch's brains should be enough to tell you how seriously I'm takin' this whole situation, LT. Now, while I'm sure what you just said there sounds like good justification for what you two did but it sure sounds like some bullshit to me.

Brock grins.

Brock Newbludd:

There's no cryin' going on here, believe me. I tell ya what, though. I will be cryin' if you and Keyes don't sign the dotted line and face us at DEFCON. This isn't done between us, but the fact is we'd much rather hash this out with you guys in that big PPV spotlight you just mentioned.

Lindsay Troy:

But it is done, isn't it? Henry and I already beat you two in singles matches. Then we beat you two in cOnOr fUsE's little failure of a RagTag Tag Team Cage Experiment. THEN Henry and I did the dismantling of Pat and Ophelia that you're big mad in your fee fees about. So I really don't know why I'm still entertaining this conversation except to say that I do very much enjoy making grown men cry. Bottle up those male tears and inject them straight into my veins.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't you worry about my fees fees, lady. You had your chance at those but I forgot to call because I was busy being in the real greatest tag team of all time. And you're right, you've had our number in the past. You've beaten me, Cass, Ophelia, yadda yadda whatever. That don't matter because you've never beat The Saturday Night Specials. If Vae Victis wants to be known as the greatest team of all time, you're gonna have to go through us. You know it and I know it.

Lindsay Troy:

Again, dummy, we already did. And we already are. And by the way...

She leans in close to his ear.

Lindsay Troy:

I've never worried about you and the chance you missed, ever, because I moved on to bigger and better awhile ago.

The Queen leans back, smiles, and gives him two stiff, condescending pats on the cheek before continuing on towards the DEFplex. She doesn't get very far before she turns around to throw one more jab at Brock as she walks backwards.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, one more thing...when I see Deb on Monday I'll let her know you ran into me. She works for PRIME now. Really killing it, too.

With a final smarmy smirk, the Queen heads toward the entrance, leaving Milwaukee's Beast alone with his thoughts. Watching her go, Brock puts his hand up to his freshly slapped cheek and manages a slight grin.

Brock Newbludd:

She's totally still into me...

And now.....ON WITH THE SHOW!



MIL VUELTAS vs. GORDY LOVITT

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024



FIST of DEFIANCE
Dex Joy (C) vs. Malak Garland

ACE of DEFIANCE
Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

LINDSAY TROY vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Up next... a HUGE match for Butcher Victorious and the biggest one of his career. For the past few weeks, we have seen Butcher put through what his mentor, Oscar Burns, has referred to as the VVG: The Vae Victis Gauntlet. Thus far, he's 0-2, but the purpose of this challenge doesn't appear to be Butcher having to win; more so, Butcher has been pitted against members of Vae Victis to try and regain his status as a full-time member.

Lance:

First, Butch Vic was pitted against Vae Victis associate Scott Hunter. He put up a great fight against the 2023 DEFIANT Rookie of the Year, only to come up short. Two weeks ago on DEFtv 199, Butcher took on the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history, Henry Keyes. Again, Butcher gave it his all and nearly upset Keyes on one occasion, only to come up short. And coming up, the third and final match... former FIST, "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy!

DDK:

Butcher has really worked hard to try and earn back the respect lost by Vae Victis after losing the Favoured Saints Championship last year and nearly being booted out of the group by Oscar. He turned back a budding friendship with Mil Vueltas to make this happen, but Oscar continues to make him jump through hoops. Can Butcher defy the odds and somehow defeat The Queen of the Ring tonight? Can he earn back his spot in Vae Victis?

Lance:

We understand at the conclusion of this match, that Oscar and the other members of Vae Victis will make a decision regarding if Butcher Victorious will be able to get his status. So to say that he has everything riding on this match tonight... that isn't hyperbole!

DDK:

That it isn't! Let's get right to it!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is the final match of the Vae Victis Gauntlet! Introducing first...

Out first? None other than Oscar Burns. He has THE PLATINUM SHOVEL in one hand and his microphone in the other. Right behind him is none other than the spokesperson of Vae Victis: Sonny Silver. The booing is raucous. RAUCOUS, I SAY.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-CHER! That's right! Get that noise out! For tonight, is the THIRD AND FINAL MATCH of the man who brought to you the D3C. The Dig Down Deep Challenge! This is the final night of the Vae Victis Gauntlet... ah, the V! V! G! And here to introduce the first competitor out... Sonny?

He hands the microphone over to an obviously displeased Sonny.

Sonny Silver:

What? Again! I used up every bit of goodwill I have left to verbally fellate this asshole that smells like tiger ass, but I have to do it again? Ugh... fine...

The surly Big Bad Voodoo Zaddy of Vae Victis shakes his head.

Sonny Silver:

The meatbag that wants to be part of the gang... again... 214 pounds or whatever... herehecomesButcherVictorious...

Sonny and Oscar part the aisleway and when he arrives, thousands CHEER for the underdog, Butcher Victorious! Still wearing his tattered and torn “VV Trainee” wifebeater, white tights and burgundy-colored boots, Butcher Victorious nods at Sonny, then to Oscar with a determined expression, then to the sounds of only cheers (no music, he still has to earn that back), he heads to the ring.

DDK:

All of Vae Victis are gonna be at ringside for this one! Can Butcher somehow impress or even... I dunno, do the unthinkable and defeat the Queen of the Ring? She has only suffered one singles loss in recent memory and that was the night she lost the FIST of DEFIANCE to the man who holds it now, Dex Joy.

Lance:

Butcher’s training under Oscar Burns has been impressive, but it hasn’t yielded a successful result in the ring during this challenge.

Butcher rolls into the ring. He fires himself up and gets ready for easily the biggest match of his career! And following that... that’s when the doom piano begins its ominous symphony.

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Roll that beautiful DEFIATron footage:

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... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out stroll the Besties as red, silver, blue and PINK~! spotlights swirl over the stage and around the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex!. Henry is dressed in his Wednesday finest (pink military coat, navy pants, you know how he do), while LT is battle-ready. Sonny cracks his knuckles and gives his friend (sometimes frenemy) of many years the intro deserving of a superstar.

Sonny Silver:

And the walking wood chipper that Butcher Victorious will be fed to soon enough... his opponent, being accompanied by Henry “The BY-GOD Kraken” Keyes...

He stops and bumps fists with the free hand of Keyes not holding the Milo Flynn Cup.

Sonny Silver:

From Tampa, Florida, Representing Vae Victis...THE GREATEST FIST OF ALL TIME! ONE HALF OF THE BESTIES IN THE WORLD... PUT THEM HANDS TOGETHER AND APPLAUD... Maybe say a prayer or two for Butcher, come on, they’re right there... **LINDSAY TROY!**

Sonny bumps fists with Troy as well and then the quartet of Vae Victis personnel head to the ring. Butcher paces around the ring and looks nervous, but does his best to savor the moment.

DDK:

Butcher is a wrestler as well, but for the most part has been the errand boy of Vae Victis, even being forced to serve Scott Hunter who has been a close associate of the group after being demoted. Tonight, can he finally earn their respect and be something more again?

Lindsay Troy gets into the ring and looks pretty confident in herself as always. Butcher looks up at the Queen of the Ring. Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

Troy gets her hands up in a grappling stance and Butcher does the same. The two lock up... but quickly, The Lady of the Hour CRACKS Butcher with a stiff leg kick! His leg nearly buckles from the first shot and is followed with a HARD chop to the chest that echoes loud! Keyes, Burns and Silver all wince at ringside as she throws a second kick! Butcher is doubled over, followed by a third shot that knocks him clear off his feet and has him sucking in wind! Troy paces around confidently.

DDK:

Butcher tried to go to the mat, but Troy made him pay for it quickly!

She walks a circle around Butcher and NAILS him with a stiff kick to the back! He winces hard and when she stands in the front, she tries to throw a kick. Butcher gets his arms up, but it's all a feint when she lifts up and delivers a standing kick to the top of his head instead! Butch Vic... gets a kick! And then crumbles to the mat!

Lance:

This one might not take long!

Taking her time, she grabs Butcher by his left arm. The Renaissance Woman pulls him up and then ROCKS him with a roaring elbow that sends him staggering backwards into a corner! He's checking his jaw while Troy reaches through the ropes to high-five her co-Bestie, Sonny and even Burnsie.

DDK:

Mighty big of them to support Lindsay right now! She doesn't look like she's taking this quite as seriously as Butcher is.

The Faithful watch on as Troy runs at the corner and then delivers another hard kick that knocks the air out of Butcher's lungs! He hangs in the corner with two arms barely dangling in the corner when she pulls him out of the corner and then puts him near the ropes. Troy rears back and goes for another shot...

BUTCHER MOVES!

LT turns around and when she faces Butcher, he ROCKS her with a jumping European Uppercut that sends her spilling through the ropes to a loud ovation from The Faithful! He looks shocked at himself and even the other members of Vae Victis can't believe it!

DDK:

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, BUTCHER!

Butcher comes to and when Troy realizes what's happened, she tries to get back in the ring, only to catch a baseball slide that knocks her off her feet!

Lance:

Henry Keyes looked past Butcher two weeks ago and he ended up in the clutches of the Graps of Wrath octopus stretch learned by Oscar!

There are several welts among the tattoos on Butcher's chest, but he goes to the outside to get Troy back in! He gives the rest of Vae Victis a thumbs up at ringside like he's doing good and gets her back in the ring! Keyes and Silver are half-hearted, but Burnsie keeps up... whatever Oscar is doing and gives him a thumbs up as well. When he gets back in the ring, he grabs Troy by the side and then tries to give her a Saito suplex...

DDK:

Butcher tries the Saito suplex... NO! Troy rocks him with those elbows to the top of Butcher's head!

Angrily, Troy waits and then LANDS a big-time leaping enzuigiri to the side of the head that sends Butcher flipping

forward onto the canvas! He's seeing stars when she stands up and hits the ropes before delivering a front flip leg drop across the throat of Butch Vic! He holds his throat, coughing in pain while Troy kneels over and doesn't look pleased at all.

Lance:

I think Butcher scoring with that offense earlier really got to her. She's not messing around.

She grabs Butcher again by the neck and then leads him back up with a front kick followed by a low spinning sole kick to the gut that doubles him over, then finishes off the combination with a NASTY rolling koppou kick upside the head!

DDK:

Ooh! I think that's it! Troy shoots the half!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

No! Butcher kicks out!

DDK:

And nobody in Vae Victis can believe it!

Butcher gets the shoulder up to the delight of The Faithful! Troy looks confused that he isn't dead yet. Oscar tries to offer some moral support from ringside while Keyes and Silver look shocked. Once more, she goes for the leg and tries to kick him, but Butcher gets a foot up and kicks her away! Butcher kips up to his feet, then tries to suplex Troy once again with a Saito suplex... but Troy elbows him again and again until he breaks his grip! She grabs Butcher's arm and wraps it around his neck...

DDK:

Cobra Clutch legsweep by Troy! But she's not going for the cover?

No... cause she grabs his arm and KICKS it as he tries to get up! Butcher holds his arm in pain, but not for long as Troy grabs it and then drops a knee! She then rolls Burnsie's protege onto his back and secures a cross armbreaker!

DDK:

Troy trying to take his arm... wait. WAIT! Butcher has the hands locked! He's trying to keep her from hyperextending the elbow!

Lance:

I'm surprised, but I'm not! He's spent the last two years working under Oscar! He's shown he can work the mat, too!

Troy tries to kick Butch Vic to get him to release his grip... but he rolls over... HE STACKS THE PIN!

ONE!

T... NO!

She lets go! On account of not eating many strikes as Butcher has, she's back on her feet and lands a HUGE high kick that knocks Butcher into the corner!

DDK:

The cross armbreaker might have almost been Lindsay's undoing there! Butcher is trying to hang in there, but he

needs to really sustain some offense here if wants to have any chance... ANY chance at all of victory tonight!

Butcher is in the corner trying to catch his breath while LT talks some smack.

Lindsay Troy:

And YOU... wanna sit with US?

She chops Butcher!

Lindsay Troy:

SHOW ME THAT YOU WANT TO, BUTCH!

Another chop.

Lindsay Troy:

STOP.

Chop.

Lindsay Troy:

BEING.

Chop.

Lindsay Troy:

A DOORMAT.

Then, the Queen throws another volley of kicks before hitting a spinning back kick to the chest that slumps him over. He's barely standing when Troy hears the boos.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not doing it.

Burnsie shrugs and mouths that it's fun, but she ignores the Kiwi to brutalize his protege more. She goes for another kick... but the fans JUMP when Butcher catches her foot!

Lance:

Oh, God! He caught the leg! He caught the leg! Troy is startled when she looks down at her leg. Butcher grits his teeth and then he fires a shot to her leg to stun her! She winces and is wide open when Butcher fires back with Burns-trained European uppercuts to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

He's doing it! He's got Troy on the ropes!

Butcher tries another one, but she leans back to sidestep it and hooks the arm. Troy tries to pull him in close for a backfist, but Butcher ducks, then goes for the suplex yet again! He lifts her up... but Troy backflips out and lands on her feet behind Butcher! She pushes him away and then charges right behind him... but Butch Vic... dips in between the ropes as she crashes into the corner! Much like he did to Scott Hunter and Henry Keyes in those matches, The Faithful know what's up when he wraps a leg and then grabs an arm while intertwined...

GRAPS OF WRATH IN THE ROPES!

RRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! GRAPS OF WRATH IN THE ROPES! HE DID THIS TO SCOTT HUNTER AND HENRY KEYES!

Doyle gives Butcher until the count of five to let go and he does at the count of four! Troy staggers out of the corner in obvious pain now for the first time in this match as Butcher realizes he's got a puncher's chance! He looks back to Burnsie, who looks stunned, along with Silver and Keyes! He leaps with a springboard and delivers a springboard diving axe handle to knock LT off her feet!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Butcher LOCKS UP Troy tightly this time in a Cobra Twist! She has the height, but he does have the weight advantage over The Renaissance Woman and keeps the hold locked in tight! The Faithful BUZZ with an energetic pitch!

DDK:

Lindsay guns for the ropes! She goes for the ropes! She's almost there... NO! Butcher turns the Cobra Twist into a Cobra Twist PIN!

He pulls her back and DOWN into a pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Troy ROLLS and barely kicks out, but Butcher continues to fight! He scrambles and grabs her by the side before HOISTING her up into the Saito Suplex!

DDK:

HE FINALLY LANDS IT! BRIDGING SAITO SUPLEX!

Butcher hangs on for dear life as the entirety of Vae Victis watch, mouths agape!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

No! No! Two! That was two! That was only two!

She rolls out of the hold at two and a half and Butcher scrambles up, holding three fingers on Benny Doyle, but he breaks Butcher's hopes when he only gets a two! Burnsie looks impressed, but Sonny shakes his head.

Sonny Silver:

Idiot. I could have told him she was gonna kick out of that.

DDK:

Butcher had that in his back pocket and had been trying for that bridging Saito suplex all match, but came up short! Now what does he do?

Butcher decides that hope is not lost! He grabs LT by her and tries to get the Queen of the Ring on her feet... but she SNAPS to life with a hard kick to the knee that buckles Butcher! He sinks down and she follows with a spinning roundhouse heel kick to the jaw! Butcher crumbles to the mat and lands flat on his back! Through playing around, The Queen has a look on her face that shouts "you are going to die." The other members of Vae Victis watch on what looks to be the last gasp for Butcher's chances of the upset.

DDK:

No... Butcher STILL trying to stand!

Despite all the blows he's absorbed and moves he's taken, he STILL tries to get up.

Lance:

Look at Butcher... he's still trying to fight!

He looks over at Oscar, then at the Lady of the Hour... more appropriately, the knees coming his way...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

With some extra force on it! Butcher goes down and he's flat out as Troy rolls through the impact and then slowly grabs a leg...

THEN CLINCHES IN A ROLLING KNEEBAR!

Lance:

This one's over... has to be.

Troy locks him in the submission! Butcher tries to fight, but it's locked in TIGHT!

He has a hand up...

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The former FIST of DEFIANCE holds the submission a few seconds longer than normal until Benny Doyle finally has to step in. LT finally releases it and then stands up to her feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **LINDSAY TROY!**

DDK:

0-3. Butcher ends the Vae Victis Gauntlet going 0-3... but he tried. This group clearly means something to him, even when they almost never show it back.

Lance:

Remember, though... Oscar Burns did say he didn't necessarily have to WIN these matches to be welcomed into the group... but that's going to be Oscar's call.

AND NEW...

Lindsay Troy nods at the still-prone Butcher Victorious, then goes over and confers with Henry Keyes and Sonny Silver, who are now in the ring. Oscar Burns joins them and has a microphone in hand.

DDK:

What a match! What a match! Butcher was given no hope at all by anyone when this match was announced... but he lasted a LOT longer and hung in there with people the caliber of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes in recent weeks.

Lance:

That's upward progress. The Butcher Victorious of a year ago isn't the Butcher Victorious of now. He's been trying to improve himself and it has shown in his work.

DDK:

He's done EVERYTHING he can to appease Oscar Burns and Vae Victis, even when they treat him as badly as they do... but now, we come to the conclusion of the Vae Victis Gauntlet... has Butcher Victorious impressed the members of Vae Victis enough to reclaim his full-time spot?

"Stranger Fruit" finally cuts as Oscar goes over and holds a hand out to help Butcher to his feet. Butcher is BARELY coherent after eating knees to the face, but he gets helped up and Oscar sets Butcher in the corner. Benny Doyle clears the ring as Oscar motions to the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

Ladies and GCs... one more round of applause for Butcher Victorious! Don't pack a sad, he tried. Go on, give it up.

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

He takes in the reception and he looks almost moved, but Butcher hobbles to his feet and tries to regain his composure. Oscar is speaking off-mic with the rest of the Vae Victis privately.

DDK:

What's it gonna be? Did he do enough to show what he's been trying to do for MONTHS now and get back in the good graces of Vae Victis?

Lance:

They're all meeting now.

Oscar talks privately with Lindsay Troy, who keeps her comments brief and inaudible to the camera.

Lance:

Now what?

Butcher watches as Oscar goes to Sonny. Sonny glares over at Butcher, then back to Oscar.

DDK:

I can't tell what they're saying.

He goes to Henry Keyes. Keyes stares coldly at Butcher with one eye. After Oscar has a word with The Kraken, they both nod.

DDK:

That's everybody. Has a decision been made about Butcher's future in the group.

Butcher is still clutching his knee in the corner, still groggy... but at least aware enough to know that what's happening is important. Oscar finally makes the rounds.

Oscar Burns:

All right, all right, pipe down, GCs. We're conducting very important business tonight. Now... before we reveal our decision... Butcher, is there anything you want to say right now?

He takes the microphone.

Butcher Victorious: *[huffing]*

Uh... Butch Vic... I... I can't rhyme. My head hurts. My knee hurts. EVERYTHING hurts...

The Texan stops. He takes a moment to collect his thoughts. Once he's done so, he looks to Vae Victis.

Butcher Victorious:

But... but before you guys make your decision.... Oscar... you took me in. Nobody back there gave me one single chance. Nobody did. Not a soul. For years, I struggled to get out of BRAZEN. When I did, I struggled to get out of UNCUT... but then I BARELY stayed up until you gave me a chance, Oscar. YOU ALL gave me a chance when nobody else did... and that's why I was willing to ignore Mil Vueltas and help you. That's why I was willing to go through all this... so I can BE one of the best like you guys!

He gets a little more fired up.

Butcher Victorious:

I think I at least showed this... that Butch Vic... DID NOT QUIT... wait... I tapped. But hey... Yes, there's a rhyme. There we go. I kept going even when nobody thought I had a chance against any of y'all!

He looks at Lindsay and Henry.

Butcher Victorious:

I want to go to pancake parties! I want to sit with y'all! I want to haze some other geek that wants in and hopefully get off Helen duty so I can show y'all that BUTCH VIC... HAS IT!

Butcher hands the mic back to Oscar.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you, Butcher. You are right... you DID tap, but in these past three matches you hung in there with the BEST athletes that this place has to offer and you're still here. You could have ran. You could have tucked your tail between your legs like a little squib, but you didn't. When I demoted you from this group, you did everything in your power to fix things. You tried to make it right. That's why... Butcher...

Oscar puts a hand over Butcher's shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

That's why I want everyone here to put their hands together. I want you to stand up, I want you to be as loud as you can when we introduce... your NEWEST MEMBER OF VAE VICTIS!

The camera closes in on Butcher's face and the smile on his face is at least two miles wide!

DDK:

Oh, my God! He did it! He did it!

Lance:

They're making him a full-time member again?!

Oscar, Lindsay, Henry and Sonny all smile along with Butcher as Oscar brings the microphone back to his lips.

Oscar Burns:

Ladies, GCs... it is my pleasure...

He looks up.

Oscar Burns:

Vae Victis member...

Then points at the stage.

Oscar Burns:

DAN! LEO! JAMES!

Butcher's jaw sinks to the mat and he looks confused.

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... ♪*

Standing in the center of the stage... wearing a burgundy-colored leather jacket, blue jeans and with some red scruff on his face since the last time he was seen at DEFIANCE Road... Stands the 6'7" former Titanes Familia member. He has a smile on his face - a far cry from the last time anyone has seen him when he was ousted from his former stable.

Lance:

Wait... WHAT?! DAN LEO JAMES?!

DDK:

I... what?! How? Why? When did they recruit him?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, Sonny Silver and Oscar Burns all clap in unison and cheer as the Young (now former) Titan heads to the ring. The jeering does seem to visibly bother him a little bit, but when he sees the group in the ring cheering him on, all of that goes away instantly. The big man heads to the ring and then climbs inside before he's given a hug by all the other members of Vae Victis...

Leaving only Butcher Victorious to stand, gobsmacked over what he's seeing.

DDK:

Wait... what?! But... but Butcher Victorious! He's been literally WRESTLING for a spot with this group! For weeks! And Dan Leo James! No prior connections to this group, that we're aware of... he just gets a free pass?!

Oscar walks over and raises the arm of the young blue chipper as the music dies down.

Oscar Burns:

That's right! Those Familia idiots didn't know what they had here! A REAL BLUE CHIPPER! This kid had the wrong people guiding him... until now! That family you used to be with, Danny... that was never your family.

He points to the group.

Oscar Burns:

But us... Danny... you can sit with us ANYTIME you want now! You're big! You're strong! You're sitting under the learning tree of some of the most DECORATED and talented stars that DEFIANCE has ever seen. You're sitting near DEFIANCE Himself! You're sitting near the Queen of the Ring! You're sitting near the biggest rising star ever in Keyes! You're sitting near a Hall of Famer! You help Vae Victis get to where you are

Dan takes the microphone.

Dan Leo James:

Thanks... thanks guys! I uh... the way I got kicked out of the Familia was total cheeks... big yikes... but thank you for the welcome! I'll make you all proud!

Oscar Burns:

We know you will, GC! Welcome to the team!

Butcher's heart sinks as the jeering gets even louder!

Lance:

WHAT IS GOING ON?!

Oscar then turns back to Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

All right, all right, all right. Guys, you can go, I got this. Let's go teach Danny all the secret handshakes we got!

He walks up to Butcher as Dan, Lindsay, Sonny and Henry all start to leave the ring. They all head up the ramp and then walk backstage with the newest member of Vae Victis as Oscar stares down his protege.

Oscar Burns:

I can see you're confused, Butcher, so I'll make it simple for you... You did good, GC. You did REAL good... buuuuuuuut you didn't win ANY of these matches. So... yeah nah.

Butcher tries to protest, but Oscar brushes him off.

Oscar Burns:

So why don't we go backstage, you get Dan here a sandwich and we can talk about this privately, eh?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oscar put him through the wringer for this spot... and Butcher Victorious gets nothing in return?

Butcher tries to take the microphone from Oscar, but he pulls it back.

Oscar Burns:

Look, Butcher... I appreciate you. The team appreciates you. But you have a place... and your place is right where you are as my attendant.

The booing is insane as Oscar points to the ropes.

Oscar Burns:

Now... be a good little toadie, GC... open these ropes for me, then go get us drinks. We need to celebrate since we got a new member! Let's go!

He stands in front of the ropes, ready to leave. Oscar turns back to face a trembling Butcher Victorious.

Oscar Burns: *[sternly]*

Open the ropes for me, Butcher. Now.

There isn't a single person in the DEFplex not making noise right now as Butcher's fists begin to ball. Oscar points at the ropes and now stands inches away from urnsie

Oscar Burns:

OPEN THEM! N...

THUNK

HARD OUT HEADBUTT TO OSCAR BURNS!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Butch Vic has had enough and BLASTS Oscar with the very headbutt he taught him, catching Burns on the jaw and sending him spilling outside the ring! He pulls at his hair and lets out a LOUD roar that is reciprocated by every single fan!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! BUTCHER JUST LAID OUT OSCAR BURNS! HE JUST HEADBUTTED OSCAR SQUARE IN THE FACE!

Lance:

THIS PLACE JUST ERUPTED! BUTCHER FINALLY DID IT! HE JUST STOOD UP TO OSCAR BURNS!

*BUTCHER!**BUTCHER!**BUTCHER!**BUTCHER!*

With tears in his eyes and a fresh red welt on his forehead, Butcher then RIPS OFF the humiliating "VV Trainee" wifebeater he's been forced to wear through the Vae Victis Gauntlet, then chucks it at Oscar outside the ring! The place has gone insane as Butcher grabs his microphone and then points down to Oscar.

Butcher Victorious:BUTCH VIC... **SAYS I QUIT!**

He throws the mic down and hits Oscar with it!

*RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***Lance:**

TWO YEARS! TWO YEARS OF ENDLESS HUMILIATION AT THE HANDS OF OSCAR BURNS! TAKING PUNISHMENT, FORCED TO DO HIS BIDDING, TURNING BACK THE HELP OF OTHERS... BUTCHER HAS HAD ENOUGH!

One by one, the members of Vae Victis come back out through the stage when they hear the commotion! Keyes and Troy rush to the aid of Burns and try to help him up. James and Silver are right behind them, but by now, Butcher has already disappeared into a sea of RABID fans, screaming his name!

Lance:

THIS WAS THE LAST WAY THAT I THINK ANY OF US SAW THIS GO DOWN... BUT WHEN IT WAS CLEAR

OSCAR BURNS WAS NEVER GOING TO MAKE HIM A MEMBER OF VAE VICTIS, BUTCHER SNAPPED!

DDK:

FOLKS... FOLKS, WE HAVE TO TAKE A BREAK! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. NICKY COROZZO

Lance:

We're back from break and my God... I never thought I'd see the day, but Butcher Victorious attacked Oscar Burns AND walked away from he and Vae Victis for good! And... Dan Leo James as a new member to Vae Victis?!

DDK:

Indeed! But we do need to move forward!

Lance:

We will keep up with any updates there, but we gotta move forward!

DDK:

Over these two nights, we have celebrated two-hundred episodes of DEFtv and tonight, we have what former commentator Angus Skaaland would call: A HOSSFITE! It's the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship being defended for the second show in a row when the uber-hot champion: the 350-pound Punch Drunk Purcell defends against the SEVEN-FOOT TWO and 360-pound hitman for Ed White, Nicky Corozzo!

Lance:

This issue between White and Purcell has been brewing since Purcell answered an open challenge by Ed White, only to knock out the former FIST of DEFIANCE after White made an offer for Purcell to join him! Purcell has garnered a lot of buzz since then. After a successful defense of this title against Tripp Wise, Purcell steps up in weight class!

DDK:

The Onslaught Title is on the line RIGHT NOW! We go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions of this championship match!

Three ringing bells echo throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

Stepping out onto the stage, the fridge-like figure of the former boxer appears, wearing his rainbow-colored camouflage boxing shorts, red wrestling shoes, black MMA gloves and, lest we forget, the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship around his waist! In either hand, he once again waves two shirts...

"ED WHITE CAUGHT A RIGHT"

"SMITED ED WHITE"

DDK:

Another t-shirt! Punch Drunk Purcell has been having his fun since these two crossed paths, but The Socialite always has something up his sleeve!

Lance:

And tonight, that something is Nicky Corozzo!

On the way to the ring, he throws out each shirt to either side of the arena as free merch for somebody to take home! Purcell reaches the ring and then balls his fists together. He nods along to the smooth sounds of his theme and then climbs into the ring. He holds out the bronze-plated BRAZEN Onslaught Championship, then puts his mouthguard in before waiting on his massive opponent.

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

The curtains part and out comes the MAMMOTH enforcer for one Ed White, standing atop the ramp with Ed White on one side and Jane Katze on the other.

Lance:

Look at the size of this monster! Standing at seven-foot two, I do believe this makes him the largest active competitor on the roster?

DDK:

You might be right... and to be on Edward White's payroll no less.

Garnering jeers and awe from The Faithful, Il Guidice reaches the ring. He steps onto the ring apron and climbs over the ropes with ease. Purcell watches Nicky make his entrance as the bell rings for the championship introductions and the music fades.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful cheer for the announcement of this massive slugfest about to take place!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger, representing Ed White & Associates... accompanied by Jane Katze and "The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE" Edward White... from Brooklyn, New York... standing in at SEVEN-FOOT TWO and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED SIXTY POUNDS... **"IL GIUDICE" NICKY COROZZO!**

Boos ring out as he stands stone-faced across from his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... he is the reigning and defending BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE POUNDS... He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

PDP raises the Onslaught Championship overhead and then points up to Corozzo. Corozzo has the height advantage, but Purcell doesn't back down.

DDK:

The BRAZEN Onslaught Title has been considered the spiritual successor of the defunct DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship, which was a title that seemed to gravitate towards both brawls and... well, HOSSFITES. We're definitely looking at both right now!

Referee Brian Slater holds the championship up to the sky and then hands it off at ringside. Once both men are ready, he calls for the bell...

DING DING

Right at the bell, Nicky Corozzo goes on the attack! He catches Purcell with a knee lift and then comes out swinging by catching the former boxer and MMA practitioner with a number of big knees up against the ropes!

Lance:

You definitely called it here, Darren! We're looking at a slugfest right now!

Ed White is happily smiling at ringside with Katze as they watch the Il Guidice do his bidding by taking the fight to Purcell early! He unleashes a number of forearm clubs across the back of Purcell's head and then throws him into a corner to slam his face into the turnbuckle! Purcell finds himself overwhelmed by the sheer attack from Corozzo as he

once again goes back to the knees and throws a trifecta of big knee lifts! The wind gets knocked out of Punchy quickly as he tries to get his guard up against the enforcer of Ed White.

DDK:

Purcell has defended his title against a variety of competitors, but none according to my notes as large as Nicky Corozzo is!

Lance:

And that pop-up punch that Purcell has used, the Punch Drunk Love... I don't think we're gonna be seeing that against a man as big as Corozzo, either!

Corozzo has a boot to the throat of Purcell until Slater gives him a five-count to either break it off or risk getting disqualified. Corozzo finally lets go at the count of four and then tells Slater to get off his ass. He turns his attention back to Purcell... who CRACKS him on the side of the jaw with a big hammer right! The blow stuns Nicky!

DDK:

He clipped Corozzo across the jaw with that hammer right! Now Nicky is in the corner!

The Faithful cheer Punchy as he goes for body blows and rocks Corozzo with a number of body shots! Now it's Il Giudice's turn to try and protect himself before Punchy switches to a number of more wrestling-style hammer shots, catching the taller Nicky across the face! With Nicky rocked near the ropes, Punchy spins and rocks him with a back elbow! Nicky is hunched over when he catches another one! Two more big shots catch him before Purcell leans back and runs in, catching Corozzo with a charging clothesline that sends the giant spilling through the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

He did it! He got Corozzo out of the ring! The smiles on the faces of Ed White and Jane Katze are GONE, Lance!

Lance:

But look! Corozzo is still on his feet outside!

Incredibly, Corozzo's tumble doesn't land him off his feet, but he looks stunned after the collection of shots from Punchy. The Atlanta native climbs out to the floor to continue taking the fight right to the big man. As The Round Mound of Ground and Pound gets ever so closer, Katze goes over and pulls on the arm of Punchy. He turns around and cocks a right hand, but when he sees that it's not White, but his personal assistant, he stops in his tracks that he's not going to punch a woman.

DDK:

No! Purcell stops himself... but look!

Punchy turns around and the slight distraction allows Corozzo to ROCK Purcell with a big boot to the face on the floor!

Lance:

Ugh! Once again, if it's not White, it's Jane Katze! Remember that White's match with Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE was riddled with interference by both Katze and Corozzo.

DDK:

And that appears to be more of the same tonight! Nicky's got Purcell up to his feet... now back into the ring!

After the defending Onslaught Champion is in the ring, the mammoth Corozzo follows suit. He steps onto the apron and leisurely climbs over the ropes again. He pops the bones in his neck and stands over Purcell before dropping a HARD elbow drop to the back of the champion's bald head! Purcell winces as Nicky sits back up, only to drop a second elbow drop to the back of the head again!

DDK:

Purcell is definitely not used to being overwhelmed like this! He stood across from Titanes Familia member Killjoy during Tag Party V last year, but I believe Corozzo may be BIGGER than even him!

Il Giudice takes his sweet time standing over Purcell and enjoys the jeers of The Faithful. He heads off the ropes and then drops a big knee drop to the chest of Purcell! The champion lets out a loud grunt after the impact of the basic, but incredibly effective maneuver as Corozzo goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder rises up off the mat in the nick of time!

DDK:

Nicky Corozzo almost became the new BRAZEN Onslaught Champion right there off that knee drop! This one's gonna come down to who hits biggest move first!

White snaps a finger and tells Nicky that it's time to go home. He grabs Purcell and then rocks him with a headbutt! Purcell goes stumbling backwards and looks out of it in the corner as Nicky grits his teeth.

Edward White:

End it now! Take the title from that corpulent fraud!

Nicky grins and then pulls Purcell out of the corner. He starts to pick up Purcell on his shoulder!

DDK:

Nicky might have him here! He's looking for that tombstone piledriver of his, he calls it the End of the World!

Lance:

And it WILL be the end of Purcell's world if he does!

The crowd gasps for the sheer power of Il Giudice as he has the massive Purcell on his shoulder... but come alive when Purcell elbows the side of Corozzo's head over and over until he gets loose! He slips behind Corozzo and then lands near the ropes!

DDK:

Purcell is free!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound lands on his feet and still has enough fight in him to dare Nicky to get some more. Nicky turns and charges with a clothesline, but the massive Purcell has the crowd gasping when he ROLLS under the clothesline and up to his feet! Nicky is shocked and when he turns, Purcell BLASTS him with a stiff headbutt of his own right to the sternum!

DDK:

What a roll! And what a headbutt! He calls that The Bald Bull! He's doubled over the big man!

The crowd is roaring for Purcell now as he points at Edward White and then blows a kiss to Katze on the outside, then gets himself ready for something as Nicky is stunned. Purcell gets both hands around the waist of Corozzo... then lands a HUGE side belly-to-belly suplex!

RRRRAAAAAHHHH!

Purcell charges and then starts hammering away on the big man with hammer blows on the mat!

Lance:

He did it! He's finally taken the giant off his feet!

After several shots, Purcell is back up on his feet! He holds up a balled up fist to the cheering crowd, then cocks it back...

DDK:

No way... is Purcell going for the right hand?! Is he gonna try and knock out Nicky Corozzo to retain the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship?!

He balls up a fist as Corozzo holds the side of his head. The giant is right in Purcell's crosshairs...

...

CHOP BLOCK TO THE KNEE FROM EDWARD WHITE!

Brian Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

White starts to jump Purcell's knee, then starts attacking the champ with a flurry of shots of his own! The booing by The Faithful is overwhelming!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match as a result of a disqualification and STILL the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... **PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!**

But the announcement continues to fall on deaf ears as The Socialite continues his assault on the man that humiliated him a month ago! White continues to try and stomp the daylights out of the downed Purcell, but the boxer starts to fight back! Purcell blocks a shot and goes after White, but White rakes the eyes just in time for Nicky Corozzo to rise and STRIKE Purcell in the back of the head with an unsuspecting lariat! The champion hits the mat and soon after, he's swarmed with a volley of stomps, punches, boots... anything that they can throw to keep him down!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

PURCELL LOOKED LIKE HE WAS CLOSING IN ON THE VICTORY WHEN WHITE GOT INVOLVED!

At this point Edward and both of his Associates are piling it on poor Punch Drunk. As Nicky buries several knees into Purcell's abdomen the submission siren Jane Katze hikes up her pencil skirt and proceeds to lock on her Golden Gate Guillotine. The double-arm chickenwing headscissor is locked on expertly- Purcell clearly struggling to breath. Katze listens the hold just enough to keep Punch Drunk from passing out. Nicky Corozzo smoothes back his black hair, huffing and puffing as he fetches his boss a microphone.

Edward White takes the stick and makes a little show of sauntering over and kneeling down near the spot where Jane is still assisting PDP in turning several shades of blue. Before Edward can begin talking Purcell struggles again against the hold- but with Big Nicky right there and Jane as fresh as a daisy the poor bastard would have better chances against a straight jacket.

Edward White:

You fat little up-jumped poor excuse for a got-damned wrestler- you hear me, you thick headed neanderthal lookin' bastard? Honestly boy, can you hear me- or has Jane here put your ass to sleep already?

The Socialite holds the microphone white knuckle tight- his hand betraying his assumed "cool and collected" outward demeanor.

Lance:

His face might not show it but Ed's big BIG mad, partner!

PDP's eyes are wise and bloodshot- spittle flicks from his lips as he rages unsuccessfully against the sultry jiu jitsu practitioners' overly complicated finishing maneuver.

Edward White:

Good, you're still with us- so listen here, son. See- I want what's best for DEFIANCE, bud. I really honestly do. Because right now this product is decidedly lacking. I can't stand the idea of something as precious to me as this company being slowly turned, itself, into a goddamn loser. And that's what BRAZEN keeps spittin' out is *losers* like yourself. If I can't sit atop this particular mountain just yet, son? I'll by God reshape the very ground that big bastard mountain sits on. Startin' with you- and the filth like you. You cheap shot artist! CHOKER HIM HARDER MS. KATZE! I'M NOT SURE HE'S LISTENIN' QUITE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR MY LIKING!

Jane Katze smiles as she cinches the submission maneuver tighter.

Edward's mask slips- a wild look in his eyes, his lips go from his plastered on, plastic smile to a full on scowl the longer and louder he goes on.

Edward White:

You hear me BOY?! I CALLED YOU A GODDAMN CHEAP SHOT ARTIST!

The Socialite pauses- and then *SPITS* a thick wad of phlegm directly into Purcell's face.

The first ever FIST leans in a little closer. His jaw clenched so tight it's shaking.

Edward White:

You want to punch yer' way to that ol' pay window, son? How about generous ol' Ed White takes you to the biggest shiniest damned pay window you've ever laid your 9 to 5 blue collar workin' eyes on? Like I said- I want what's best for DEFIANCE, even if that means allowin' you to defile and defame the good name of DEFIANCE itself by sullyin' the grandest damned stage of them all, you fat nuisance- are you ready to fall flat on your bloodied face in front of the whole blasted *WORLD*, son?!

DDK:

Is he saying what I think he's saying, Lance?

Lance:

I think he might be!

The self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE snarls through his words.

Edward White:

If you've got some stones janglin' around in those smashin' gym shorts o' yours ? You get an opportunity rare and precious as water to a man dyin' of thirst- the opportunity to face EDWARD BY GOD WHITE- at *DEFCON*!

Ed stands and makes a little motion to Jane as the fans pop for the huge DEFCON challenge.

As Jane releases the hold, if Punch Drunk wasn't loopy before-

DDK:

JESUS, THAT'S ENOUGH!

The Judge, Big Nicky Corozzo clearly isn't done as pastes PDP with a brutal straight boot to the face before hoisting the almost lifeless frame of Purcell into position for his devastating finisher that he was denied hitting earlier- Jane and Edward look on all sinister smiles as Nicky hits his wild straightjacket tombstone piledriver.

DDK:

END OF THE WORLD FROM COROZZO, MY GOD!

Edward is already heading out of the ring before Punch Drunk Purcell's lifeless body even finishes bouncing painfully off the canvas. Nicky looks like he might go back to the well and hit another but Wyatt Bronson and his security team finally make it down the ramp and into the ring where they do their best to implore the big seven footer to call it a night. Nicky doesn't move an inch until Edward- laughing- finally calls the Judge back to his side.

DDK:

A match against Edward White at the biggest show of the year- a big deal for Purcell- if there's anything left of him by the time Ed and company are done with him.

Lance:

With how peeved Ed seems to be? PDP better keep his head on a swivel, Darren- the road to DEFCON can be a treacherous one- especially facing off against someone like The Socialite!

HAROLD

In his dressing room, the very highly educated and well-read scholar from the small fishing village of Miami, Florida, Scott Hunter is sitting on an elongated wooden bench thinking about and trying to decide whether he prefers Designing Women with or without Delta Burke when along comes a rapping at his dressing room door.

Scott jumps to his feet dramatically.

He was not expecting company.

He slides over to the door at a sideways angle, in case there are snipers, and takes care to zig-zag serpentine because he saw and heard in a movie that's what you're supposed to do when there is a sniper.

Keep in mind, this is his dressing room and there is no sniper.

Nevertheless, Scott weaves his pattern to the door and opens it ever so slowly.

There is not a sniper there. There is, however, a friendly young lady wearing a UPS uniform and holding out a manila envelope.

"Sign here, please, sir."

Scott narrows his eyes suspiciously. How can he know for sure that she actually works for UPS? And why is she working for one of his enemies? And who are his enemies? And why do his enemies work for UPS?

Before he can decide what brown can do for him, the lady gets impatient and clears her throat, holding the envelope out for him again.

Reluctantly he signs, and the lady shakes her head, then disappears away from the door and around a corner down the hall. Scott sticks his head out into the hall, looks both ways quickly, then scurries back inside the dressing room.

He sits back down on the bench and opens the envelope. Inside, there is a handwritten note that we can't see. His eyes go wide, and he does one of those cartoon gulps where you can see the gulp visibly go down his esophagus. He is basically Tom from Tom and Jerry.

He reaches into his bag on the bench next to him and shuffles through it. After a few moments, he retrieves a piece of paper and a black sharpie. Smiling, he places the paper down on the bench, then leans over it and starts to scribble something out.

Quickly, he leaps to his feet, the paper in hand, and opens the door, practically bouncing out into the hall in excitement. He hurriedly turns a corner and heads down the hall peeking at the signs on various doors until he reaches one with a large laminated placard that says "FUSE."

Reaching up for the top of the laminate envelope, he slips a sign inside that covers the name. Finally, we can see what the sign actually says.

HELLO.

I AM A HAROLD.

I WAS SENT TO WARN YOU OF HIS RETURN.

HE WILL SOON BE HERE.

HE IS COMING.

SIGNED, HAROLD SCOTT.

Scott smiles at his handiwork, and places his hands on his hips like Mary Martin in Peter Pan. Suddenly and awkwardly, he knocks quickly on the door and darts away like the Roadrunner.

BEEPBEEP.

After a moment or two, the door opens and Conor Fuse steps out into the hall, confused. He looks each way before turning back and noticing the note stuffed into the laminate. He frowns, reaches in, and pulls it out, reading carefully. With an annoyed look on his face, he crumples it up and throws it down the hall, then goes back inside, slamming the door behind him.

DEC4L vs. LEO BURNETT

DDK:

After weeks of hunting for a chance at retribution against M4NTRA for cheating them out of a win at DEFIANCE Road, Rain City Ronin have the chance to do it tonight! If Leo Burnett can defeat DEC4L tonight in a singles match, then Rain City Ronin can have their rematch against M4NTRA at DEFCON in any style of match they want according to the terms laid by Tom Morrow.

Lance:

But ... as we understand Tom Morrow gets to pick the rules tonight of this match! It's Tom Morrow so who knows what he has up his sleeve. We won't even have to wait long to find out.

Tom Morrow comes out first and then greets the audience.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, Leo Burnett will have the chance to get his hands on DEC4L. If he can somehow do the unthinkable tonight and score a win against one of the greatest, young generational talents of today, Declan Alexander, then he and his little buddy Zack Daymon will be able to face M4NTRA in a rematch at DEFCON in any match they want! But ... that won't happen!

Morrow is laughing.

Tom Morrow:

Zack Daymon is barred from ringside! But first, allow me to introduce the team that will help ensure proper officiating and good vibes only! First, your special ringside announcer ... Makayla Namaste!

The crowd is jeering the valet of M4NTRA as she comes out and waves hello before taking her place in the ring. He gives her the microphone.

Makayla Namaste:

That's right New Orleans, it's your hostess with the mostest back for another round. Thanks to respected and talented Mr. Thomas Morrow you get the honor of myself introducing the ringside enforcer for this match ... please welcome a man that has vibes so bright they practically burn you! Put on your sunscreen for Alvaro de Vargas!

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Supernova Cubana comes out from the back and his cocky grin doesn't betray his emotions.

DDK:

What a crock! They're stacking the deck here!

Once ADV reaches ringside with Tom Morrow, the music stops when Makalya acts like she has forgotten something.

Makayla Namaste:

Oh, but that's not all Faithful. What a treat we have for you next. Our boy DEC4L needs to be in a good headspace, okay? He needs to keep his mind right and his third eye sharp. So to keep him focused ... his personal Ringside Inspiration! The award winning author of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance! The Golden State Guru, Nathan Eye!

Nathan Eye now comes down to the ring holding the metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*! He waves hello to the New Orleans Faithful and gets booed in return!

Lance:

This is ludicrous! With Daymon barred from ringside, how is Leo Burnett supposed to overcome these odds?

Nathan finally reaches ringside and holds his book up. Eye and ADV exchange nods and then he shakes the hand of Tom Morrow. He taps on the "third eye" lens of his sunglasses.

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

With little hesitation, Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin strides through the curtain. He spends a moment at the head of the rampway to pump his arms and pose for the fans before tearing off his custom "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE" t-shirt, tossing it into the crowd, and marching down the rampway with a look of conviction etched on his face. Makayla intentionally yawns with the microphone hanging down from her unimpressed hand.

DDK:

A rare sight to see "The Iceman" out here on his own!

Lance:

You can't help but think this young athlete made a deal with the devil by agreeing to this match. Still, the Ronin have been adamant in seeking revenge against M4NTRA ever since DEFIANCE Road.

Makayla Namaste:

Now, theydies and gentlethems, it is time for his opponent. He is, no cap, the greatest streamer-athlete in the history of professional wrestling. Bear witness to, ON GOD, the future of the wrestling industry. He is The Intrepid Influncer. The POGchamp. The most trending wrestler of all time... rise to your feet to welcome DEEEEEEC4LLLLLLL!!!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Declan Alexander comes out in his ring gear and looks like the Webster's Dictionary definition of confidence right now. He has on his ring gear and matching third eye sunglasses and waves around his arms doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance. A few fans do it with him. Makayla and Nathan Eye do it at ringside but Morrow and ADV do not.

Burnett slides into the ring and pops to his feet. Despite being on his own and surrounded by various members of the BFTA, he doesn't show even the slightest hint of concern. His eyes stare daggers into DEC4L, ready to fight.

DING DING

Declan comes out of his corner ready to tangle, but Leo comes out of his ready to scrap. The crowd roars as Burnett pops off energetic rights and lefts that force Alexander into covering up.

DDK:

Here comes Burnett, hot out of the gate and putting DEC4L on the defensive! Declan backed into the ropes, and Leo pushes him off... BIG POWERSLAM on the return!

Lance:

"The Iceman" is starting off with a paradoxically fiery start to this match.

DDK:

The animosity between M4NTRA and Rain City Ronin has only festered since DEFIANCE Road! Burnett quickly brings Alexander up now... BIG scoop slam!

DEC4L has had the wind knocked out of him, but regains his senses in time to roll clear of an attempted running elbow drop following the slam by Burnett. Both competitors roll to their knees side, Leo clutching his arm while Declan swings his.

DDK:

Elbow drop misses, and now DEC4L gets in a free chop! And another! And annNO! Burnett catches him by the arm!

Alexander shakes his head and pleads him off, but Burnett nevertheless pulls the former BRAZEN Champion back to his feet, wrangles him into a clutch, and hauls him across the ring.

DDK:

T-BONE SUPLEX!! Leo Burnett is absolutely dominant in the opening moments! Now he goes for the cover!

One!

Two!

And Declan kicks out!

Lance:

DEC4L survives that opening onslaught, but presiding official Carla Ferrari is getting heat from the “special ringside inspiration” on duty tonight.

Said “inspiration” being Nathan Eye, insisting that he saw hair-pulling.

Nathan Eye:

Totes pulled the hair, my fam! Not enlightened at all!

Ferrari ignores the distraction, focusing on the bulldog now applied in the ring center by Burnett. Alexander fights to his feet, but is swiftly brought down again with a headlock takeover.

DDK:

Burnett, trying to control DEC4L on the canvas... but Alexander reaches up with the legscissor, and pulls himself loose! Leo scrambles to his feet, but Declan kips up first! Boot to the gut... and a DDT to follow it up!

DEC4L rolls to his feet and whoops, earning only the modest praise of Eye, Namaste, and Morrow cheering him on at ringside. Burnett rolls himself into a corner, but Alexander pursues and continues the punishment with a series of mudhole stomps!

Lance:

Notice how Burnett instinctively rolled to the corner the moment things went south.

DDK:

Unfortunately, there's nobody to tag out to tonight! Zack Daymon isn't at ringside, let alone in the corner of his partner! Burnett has nowhere to go and no one to help him now, as Declan Alexander savagely stomps a hole into chest!

Ferrari finally pushes her way in to enforce the break and gives Declan a stern talking to. DEC4L brushes off the warning as easily as he brushes by the official, and pulls Leo out of the corner by his head.

DDK:

Burnett out of the corner now... what's Declan thinking? No wait--Leo snaps to and breaks the hold! Forearm leaves DEC4L stunned, and here goes Burnett into the ropes... “The Iceman” coming back with the SPEAR--

Smack!

Lance:

OOF!

DDK:

Declan Alexander sidesteps right into a KNEE LIFT that nearly knocks Burnett's lights out!

Leo Burnett twirls off the knee and flops to the canvas. He quickly gets up, but finds himself on rubber legs. Alexander easily sizes him up and twists himself through the air with an enzuigiri that claps Burnett on the other side of the face.

DDK:

DEC4L with THE RED LINE, and down goes Burnett! Alexander with the cover!

One!

Two!

Burnett kicks out!

Leo draws a pop from the crowd for keeping his hopes alive, including a rowdy few down in the front row wearing vintage BRAZEN-era RCR t-shirts. Their celebration is short-lived as soon as “special ringside enforcer” Alvaro de Vargas confiscates their beer and has security throw them out.

Lance:

The BFTA certainly seem dead set on removing any and all support for Leo Burnett here tonight.

DDK:

Burnett certainly needs all the support he can get right now, as Declan Alexander gets him back to his feet... and practically garottes him over the bottom rope!

DEC4L buries his heel between Burnett’s shoulder blades and presses him down harder against the bottom cable, choking the life from “The Iceman”. Leo flails wildly while Carla Ferrari begins a count...

One... two... three... FOUR--

DDK:

Declan *finally* makes the break!

Lance:

But got every bit of the four-count.

DDK:

He’s really pushing his luck in there with--HEY!! Wait a minute!

In a sly move, Alexander struts back to the ring center, flagrantly ignoring Carla’s repeated warnings while at the same time leading the official’s attention away from the scene of the crime. Meanwhile, Nathan Eye picks up where his partner left off, pulling down on Leo’s head to continue the choke.

DDK:

Nathan Eye is deliberately getting involved here! Where’s that special ring enforcer?

Lance:

Looks like he’s too busy throwing out a set of ringside fans for bringing in an “offensive” sign.

The camera gets a glimpse of said sign, giving fans a half second to read “ALL OF TOM MORROW’S ENFORCERS ARE CLOWNS” before it gets torn to shreds. Back in the ring, Ferrari finally catches wind of the fishy business going down, but turns back to see Eye backing away from the ring, hands innocently in the air.

DDK:

The numbers may prove to be too much for Burnett here tonight!

Lance:

But nevertheless, if the Rain City Ronin want to keep any chance of getting their revenge against M4NTRA, then Leo Burnett must somehow overcome the odds.

DDK:

Alexander, still in control, brings Leo Burnett back up into a facelock...

Declan throws the arm goes over the head, and a SNAP SUPLEX whips "The Iceman" to the canvas onto his neck and shoulders! Smooth as butter, DEC4L rolls through and transitions and twists straight into a neck breaker!

DDK:

WOW, what a combo! Now the cover!

One!

Two!

Th--NO! Burnett got the shoulder up! He is really showing some resilience here tonight!

Lance:

Likewise, DEC4L is beginning to show some frustration.

Angry that Leo stubbornly kicked out of that totally sick double-play he just executed, Declan Alexander peels him off the mat and tosses him by the neck through the ropes. Burnett takes a hard bump onto the floor. Standing dominant in the ring, DEC4L milks the heat by flashing finger-guns to Eye and Morrow, as well as a confident wink directed toward Namaste.

Lance:

Hard to believe it was only a couple years ago, when Declan Alexander was the BRAZEN Wrestler of the Year, and absolutely beloved by these New Orleans longtime Faithful.

DDK:

That was before he sold his soul to that snake, Tom Morrow! But let's not overlook what's happening outside the ring, as Leo Burnett finds himself helpless at the feet of our "special ringside enforcer".

De Vargas looms over Burnett while he desperately tries to push himself up from the floor. In the ring and watching the situation unfold, Ferrari warns El Sol Dorado of the consequences of any funny business. ADV holds up his hands and shakes his head, motioning that he only intended to help him up.

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas is getting Burnett back to his feet now... what's he plotting here?

Lance:

Maybe just trying to get one of the competitors back into the ring so the match can continue? I... hope?

Supporting an arm over his neck, ADV acts as though he's leading Leo back to the ring... only for him to clip the legs just below the referee's line of sight. Burnett falls, face connecting with the ringside apron.

DDK:

COME ON!!

Burnett flails back to the floor off the impact, hands immediately covering his forehead. ADV looks to the official in the ring and shrugs as if he had no idea how that happened.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cuál es el problema? He slipped!

Expectedly, this does nothing to quell Carla Ferrari's escalating ire, so the "special ringside enforcer" halfheartedly obliges her requests by scooping Burnett off the floor and haphazardly tossing him back in through the ropes.

DDK:

Burnett is back in the ring, but Declan Alexander has him at his mercy, thanks in part to that "slip" out on ringside.

Lance:

Gotta say, Keebs, it's looking bleak for the Iceman...

DDK:

DEC4L, smelling blood in the water, gets him back to his feet and scoops him over his shoulder... and DOWN HE GOES across the knee with a shoulderbreaker!

Lance:

But it looks like he wants more!

DDK:

Alexander pulls him back up... lifts! And drops him with a SECOND shoulderbreaker! Burnett is in absolute agony right now!

Burnett rolls onto his back, clutching his shoulder and baring his teeth. He gets little time to recover as DEC4L pops back to his feet, takes a bounce off the ropes, and lands a running senton that crushes Leo's ribs.

DDK:

Senton across the chest, and now Declan makes the cover! Could that do it?!

One!

Two!

Thr--NO!! Burnett refuses to give up!

Slapping the mat in frustration, Declan gets to his feet and takes Burnett by the head and pulls him up... but stalls when a sharp pain blossoms in his midsection. Followed by another. He looks down, and much to his surprise, finds the source of the pain as Burnett delivers a third forearm.

DDK:

Wait just a minute, Burnett is fighting back! The SPIRIT of this young man!

Lance:

He's certainly got guts, but it may be all in vain by this point!

DDK:

Alexander takes Burnett by the arm before he can strike again--and a KNEE absolute rocks Leo!

Burnett's eyes roll back and he slumps into a kneeling heap. DEC4L slaps his abs and throws himself into the ropes for some speed. Leo looks up in time to see him sprinting back.

DDK:

Here comes Alexander off the ropes... going for the GGEZ--NOOOO!!

RRRRAAAAAHHH!!

Alexander completes the role, but attempts to bail on the dropkick when he suddenly sees Burnett burst to his feet. Unable to stomp himself, he inadvertently throws himself into the Iceman's waiting arms.

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER BY LEO BURNETT!!

Lance:

That's the window of opportunity he was looking for!

Burnett keeps ahold of the legs and pivots himself around, back facing the corner. Declan, dazed after being dropped hard on the back of his head and shoulders, comes to in time to find himself being ripped violently off the canvas with a slingshot.

DDK:

DEC4L EATS THE TURNBUCKLE! Burnett right back up and grabs him from behind... MY GOD, BRIDGING BACKDROP DRIVER!!

Lance:

All the color just left Tom Morrow's face! Nathan can hardly believe his "eyes"! This could be it, Keebs!

DDK:

Shoulders are down!

One!

Two!

Thre--NOO!! Declan Alexander shows some resilience of his own, and kicks out!

Leo shakes his head in disappointment, wincing slightly at the lingering sting in his neck, but nevertheless pulls Alexander back off the mat. A whip to the ropes puts DEC4L into motion. Declan leapfrogs the back body attempt, hits the other set of ropes, and leaps into the air...

DDK:

DEC4L looking to bring things back with a HURRICANRANOOOOO!! POWERBOMB!

Alexander's shoulders and head hit the mat HARD... but he doesn't stay there for long. Still holding his legs, Burnett pulls him back up.

DDK:

ANOTHER POWERBOMB!

Burnett lifts again.

DDK:

GOOD GAWD, ANOTHER!!

The Iceman brings him up a third time and rolls the nearly lifeless DEC4L onto his shoulders into a fireman's carry.

DDK:

FIREMAN'S CARRY GUTBUSTER!! What a DEVASTATING sequence of maneuvers!

Lance:

If that doesn't get the job done, I don't know what will!

DDK:

Burnett hooks the leg...

...but there's no count!

The Faithful jeer at the sight of Tom Morrow up on the apron, disputing Carla's officiating. The ref is preoccupied with ordering him off the apron and entreats the special ringside enforcer to do something about it. ADV merely rolls his eyes and fecklessly tugs on Morrow's pant-leg.

DDK:

Oh, come on! No surprise here, but Morrow is doing everything he can now to--HEY WAIT!!

Bonk!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

EYE WITH A SHOT FROM THAT BOOK OVER THE ROPES!!

Lance:

And the ref has no idea! She's too busy trying to clear the trash from the ring!

DDK:

This is an INJUSTICE! They're going to steal another one!

Burnett doesn't go down immediately, but wobbles on both legs. The POGChamp, coming to on the mat, quickly bounds to his feet and grabs his opponent from behind while he has the chance.

DDK:

C-C-C-C-C-COMBOOO BREAKER!!

Lance:

And that may seal the fate of Leo Burnett!

DEC4L is all smiles. Burnett's face is a mask of pain while he clutches his back. Alexander has him back up and sets him into the three-quarter facelock, looking to finish things off.

Until...

♪ "World on Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

All eyes turn to the stage instantly!

DDK:

Oh my ... **oh my!!!** Lance! Lance! Look!

Tom Morrow's face looks about as white as a sheet when he sees the stage! He jumps behind Alvaro and Nathan Eye! Two men - no, two *monsters* appear on the stage getting the attention of everyone in the arena! Both monsters are wearing matching t-shirts ...

DEFIANCE'S HOTTEST TAG TEAM

Lance:

THE LUCKY SEVENS!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS ARE BACK!!!

DDK:

There was nothing said about THESE two being barred from ringside! We haven't seen them since DEFIANCE Road but DEFIANCE'S Twin Terrors are back!!!

Mason and Max Luck both head towards ring! Alvaro tries to stop Mason, but the man who he shot a fireball at at

DEFIANCE Road swings back and goes at him with right hands then sends Alvaro over the barrier with a big clothesline! Nathan Eye tries to stop Max Luck, but the Beast of the Bright Lights grabs on the Winning Hand! The iron claw is locked in and he squeezes before he throws him into the nearby barrier!

DDK:

TOM MORROW IS HEADING FOR THE HILLS! BFTA ARE HEADING FOR THE HILLS!

He and Makayla Namaste both flee into the crowd and they speed off like their lives depend on ... because they probably do! DEC4L is confused and looks lost! He feels his hands being interlocked from behind him suddenly by Leo Burnett ...

DDK:

COLD LOCKER!!!

He drives DEC4L as hard as he can into the mat with the double chickenwing facebuster! Mason and Max stand guard as the collective BFTA retreat and then count with the official as he pins!

One ...

Two

Three!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Leo Burnett does it! He scores the pinfall on Declan Alexander!!! He and Zack Daymon have earned the right to challenge M4NTRA in any type of match they want and it's thanks to the Lucky Sevens evening the odds!

Mason and Max both hop into the ring and push aside the referee so they can do the honors of raising each of Leo Burnett's hands! It doesn't take long for Zack Daymon to emerge from the back and then rush to the ring. He jumps in and hugs his tag team partner!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... LEOOOOOO BURNETTTTTTT!!!

But all is not done as Max has a microphone. Nathan comes back for DEC4L and helps him out of the ring in all the melee then regroup with BFTA across the barrier!

DDK:

Was this some sort of plan all along between the Lucky Sevens and the Rain City Ronin?!

Lance:

I think Max is about to tell us! He's got a microphone.

The Beast of the Bright Lights looks out in the distance at Tom Morrow hiding with DEC4L, Makayla, Nathan Eye and Alvaro de Vargas.

Max Luck:

TOM MORROW!!!

Morrow looks very afraid right now!

Max Luck:

We told you from the moment that you and M4NTRA screwed us all those months ago ... this ends when we finally get

our hands on you and *beat your ass in this ring!!!*

Mason wants the microphone now. Max happily obliges his twin brother.

Mason Luck:

After you made this challenge with the Rain City Ronin last week, we figured your little ass would try and pull a fast one, so we gave them a call and we had ourselves a little agreement! They don't like M4NTRA. We don't like Alvaro ... and we *definitely* hate your *[censored]* guts!

With the most evil beam, Pretty Face Mace looks at Morrow.

Mason Luck:

The agreement was that if Leo Burnett wins ... they get M4NTRA in *any* kind of match they want! Can we tell them, boys?

Leo and Zack gesture that Mason can have at it.

Mason Luck:

We all sat down and knocked back a couple drinks together thinking what kind of match they wanted if he won tonight. And since Leo did ... and since *any* does literally mean *any* ... they want an *eight man tag team match at DEFCON!!!* Do the math, boys ...

Morrow and the rest of BFTA look as confused as anyone.

Mason Luck:

Rain City Ronin will team with Max and I ... and it will be against the people they want in M4NTRA ... and it will be the people we want. Alvaro de Vargas ...

Max joins in to shout with his brother on the microphone.

Max Luck:

... AND TOM MORROW!!!

Tom Morrow looks in complete shock while the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have lost it! Morrow feels his legs give out underneath him! BFTA retreat into the fans and the Lucky Sevens both turn around and hold up the hands of the Rain City Ronin

DDK:

It's true! That was the stipulation and the stipulation is an eight man tag! The Rain City Ronin want M4NTRA! The Lucky Sevens want Alvaro de Vargas *and* TOM MORROW!!! AND AT DEFCON, THEY GET IT!!!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

GIVE US WHAT WE WANT

DDK:

Welcome back to the 200th episode of DEFtv and so far tonight has been living up to the high expectations, wouldn't you say Lance?

Before Warner can respond, a familiar theme hits the speakers and The Faithful instantly erupt in a deafening roar.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Lance:

I'd have to say you hit the nail right on the head, partner!

DDK:

Listen to this ovation! The Saturday Night Specials are here!

Lance:

Unannounced and unscheduled! Which is not surprising!

Alestorm continues to blare throughout the Wrestle-Plex and the camera stays focused on the stage, waiting for the arrival of the longest reigning tag team champions in DEFIANCE history. A swell in the crowd's cheers causes the picture to cut over to them. Scanning over the sea of people, the picture comes to a stop to show the owners of Ballyhoo Brew weaving their way through them toward the ring.

DDK:

You have to admit, seeing these two superstars reunited is great. It wasn't that long ago we thought we'd NEVER see this, and Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd's connection with the people is as strong as ever.

Side by side, The Saturday Night Specials continue down the aisle steps, slapping hands with fans as they go. One fan offers Newbludd a full beer and Milwaukee's Beast bumps fist with the fan as he accepts the generous gift while Cassidy procures a giant sign that reads "BALLYHOO FOREVER" from a small group of visibility inebriated fans. As Cassidy folds the sign under his arm, a female fan takes a risk and plants a sloppy kiss on his cheek. Newbludd raises his glass and laughs along with the crowd as Cass peels the lovestruck fan off of him.

Lance:

You got that right, partner. SNS has a knack for turning a wrestling show into a house party, and I'm all for it!

DDK:

The Specials have laid a challenge down to Vae Victis to take them on at DEFCON. On paper, it's about as close to a "dream match" as you can get. That being said, we're getting closer to the biggest show of the year by the minute and we still don't have an answer from Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes.

Cassidy and Newbludd reach the barricade and simultaneously hop over it to the ringside area. Brock sets his beer down on the ring apron and slides underneath the ropes. Popping up to his feet, he snatches the cold brew off the mat and raises a toast to the people. Meanwhile, Cassidy unfolds the "Ballyhoo Forever" sign and holds it up high over his head as he walks up the ring steps. Stepping through the ropes, Cassidy meets his partner in the middle of the ring and they bump fists. As Alestorm cuts from the arena's speakers, SNS asks for a couple of microphones and Darren Quimbey obliges by tossing one to each man.

Milwaukee's Beast raises a fist to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's kick this shit off the right way! The SNS way! Lemme hear ya, New Orleans!

He takes a deep breath and pumps his raised fist.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful:

HOO!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!?

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOO!

Brock drops his fist.

Brock Newbludd:

Vae Victis, that's who! It's time to put up or shut up and your boys here want a damn answer!

Pat Cassidy:

These two got the balls to walk around hea talking all that "best tag team of all time" horse *[BLEEP]*. Troy. Keyes. Yah boys here didn't challenge you to be answered by a *[BLEEP]*ing memo. Get yah asses out here!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***Brock Newbludd:**

Ya, no shit! Time's up! We came out here wantin' an answer and we ain't leavin' til' we get one!

The Specials eye the entranceway, seemingly waiting for the appearance of Vae Victis. Roughly ten seconds pass.

Pat Cassidy:

I KNOW you both can hea us. You wanna play games? Fine by us...

In tandem, Cassidy and Newbludd drop and roll out of the ring. They march over to the timekeeper's table where they grab two folding chairs. Back in the ring, they set the chairs up and take a seat! Both have cold ones in their hands!

Brock Newbludd:

We ain't going no where!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***DDK:**

I think... I think The Saturday Night Specials are taking the 200th episode of DEFtv hostage!

SNS make themselves right at home, banging their cans together before leaning back and enjoying themselves. The boys drink their beers, call out to the crowd for more, and when the Faithful begins to get a little *too* restless to the point of loudly cheering for their adopted sons, that's when the DEFIAtron lights up to show Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes in the VVIP Suite. The mood behind the two Co-Consuls is festive and celebratory; you'd almost never know that Butch Vic finally had enough of Oscar Burns' bullshit and told DEFIANCE Himself to kick rocks.

The Besties are sitting away from all the hoopla, though. Lindsay Troy is back in street clothes with a drink in hand, while Henry Keyes is making a real mess out of a plate of pancakes.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know Henry, I wonder if maybe something got lost in translation for the town drunks down there. I know comprehending simple English uses up all the available energy in Brock's one brain cell, so maybe expecting them to understand that THEY don't do the asking, WE do the TELLING was a bridge too far.

Henry nods and speaks through a mouthful of pancake, crumbs spewing about as he talks before swallowing his giant bite.

Henry Keyes:

It'th like they haff no thenth of DECORUM.

Lindsay Troy:

No kidding. Look at them down there. Probably drinking Miller Lites like a couple of crumb bums.

Henry Keyes:

GROFTH.

The Queen purses her lips, trying not to laugh as she shakes her head in disgust.

Lindsay Troy:

I told you this earlier, Brock, you stupid, sentient piece of gristle, WE'VE ALREADY BEATEN YOU TWO. **MULTIPLE TIMES.** We do not owe either of you another second of our time or any more expenditure of our energy. And why you'd want to put your career at risk by getting into the ring with *either* of us again just goes to show that you're never going to get where you want to be in this company when you think with your heart instead of your head.

Henry finally swallows his gigantic mouthful of pancake and washes it down with whatever unholy concoction is contained in his brass hip flask. He wipes his face with the sleeve of his pink military coat and burps, and there's a look of peace across his face. The look of peace that comes from a full tum-tum.

Henry Keyes:

We could do it though, Miss Troy. End their careers. Don't you think? Seems like a great way to cap off the DEFIANCE calendar, at the show of shows, the bright lights of DEFCON...the greatest FIST of DEFIANCE in history, the greatest SOHER in history, the Flynn Cup champions who, ipso facto, are the greatest tag team in history...we could fuck 'em up *permanently*, yeah? Put Patrick and Brockrick in the ground once and for all? Seems like it could be cause for a *real* party. One snap of the fingers and I'll have the Spectapalooza Party Planning Committee Plague Doctors ready to roll out the pink carpet for us on the first DEFtv after DEFCON...what do you think? Besties Murder Party?

Lindsay takes a moment to think this over. Before long, she smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

Besties Murder Party.

Henry Keyes:

Hahahahahaha MARRRRRRVELOUS! Ah, FINALLY, something to look forward to around here, I can't wait to call Coffin Plague Doctor, it's been a long time...

Keyes's ramblings fade into the distance as he gets up and walks off screen with his plate, presumably to load it up with a fresh stack of buttermilk bliss. The Queen reclines in her seat and lifts her glass in the air.

Lindsay Troy:

Your funeral.

The image on the DEFiatron fades. In the ring, SNS look at each other and nod in the way only two tag partners can.

Lance:

Well, it looks like another DEFCON match has just been made official! This is going to be a huge...

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute... is that...

The Saturday Night Specials seem as confused as the Faithful as TA Owens and TA Horrigan, collectively known as Weighted Grade, walk through the curtain. The fans begin to boo and Brock suddenly gets a serious look on his face. He drops his mic and makes an aggressive "come here" motion.

Lance:

Don't forget, Darren... it was Weighted Grade that was partially responsible for Brock's back injury months ago! They're the reason he believed his career might be over!

The large members of Weighted Grade stop at the top of the ramp. TA Horrigan has a mic.

TA Horrigan:

HEY! Forget DEFCON... you're looking at the two guys who took you out in the first place. Doc Reform says he wants us to impress him? Well... squashing you back into Hollywood and taking your spot on the DEFCON card seems like a damn fine way to do it!

Newbludd shoots up out of his chair and crushes the beer can in his hand as he stares daggers at TA Owens. Cassidy stands up as well, his eyes flicking between Newbludd and Weighted Grade. A malicious grin slowly grows on his face. Newbludd raises his mic up and points a finger directly at Owens.

Brock Newbludd:

YOU! I saw your ugly face every day in rehab, you sonuvabitch! Your ass is MINE!!!

Cassidy rips his SNS shirt off (eliciting more than a few cheers from the female members of The Faithful) and raises his mic up.

Pat Cassidy:

You want our spot, boys! Come an' take it!

Before Weighted Grade can even respond, The Saturday Night Specials drop down to the floor and stomp shoulder to shoulder up the ramp. TA Horrigan drops his mic and slaps Owens across the chest. Both big men let out roars and head down the ramp to meet SNS head-on.

DDK:

Weighted Grade wants to impress Ned Reform and challenging SNS is sure to do it!

Lance:

Easier said than done, partner! Newbludd might be an action hero now but he hasn't seen any real action for almost a year. If this goes south due to his back being ready, this could turn real ugly real fast for Pat Cassidy.

The Faithful is in a frenzy as the two teams stomp towards each other on the ramp. With only a few feet separating them, TA Owens makes the first move and bullrushes Newbludd. Lowering himself and spreading his feet, Brock lets out of a roar of his own as he wraps his arms around the incoming Owens and surges up...

DDK:

Newbludd's got Owens up...OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY! Unbelievable!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

The four hundred-pounder CRASHES back first onto the ramp, causing a thud loud enough to be heard over the cheering masses. Popping up to a knee, Brock instinctively puts a hand on his lower back but the adrenaline washes away his concerns and he lets out a triumphant roar.

Lance:

He might feel that tomorrow but Milwaukee's Beast is living in the moment right now!

DDK:

So is TA Horrigan!

The shock of seeing his partner getting violently tossed causes Horrigan to lose focus and Cassidy makes him pay the price with a flurry of blows to the face. With the crowd rallying behind him, Black Out begins to back his fellow Bostonian backward up the ramp.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy is absolutely hammering Horrigan! He's chopping him like a tree!

Horrigan eats a wide-open haymaker and starts to teeter back on his heels. Before he can collapse to the ramp, Cassidy grabs him by an arm and yanks him back in...

DDK and Lance:

IRISH GOODBYE!

DDK:

This has gone completely south for Weighted Grade. Dr. Reform will not be happy about this outcome.

Lance:

His underlings bit off more than they can chew, which is really saying something. And I don't think SNS is quite done!

Cassidy rises up and looks down the ramp to see his partner stalking towards a shell-shocked Owens. Reaching the bottom of the ramp on his hands and knees, Owens tries to push himself up and is immediately put back down by a stiff kick to the ribs from Brock. Dropping down to one knee, the enraged Newbludd rains down with hammer blows to the back of Owens massive dome.

Brock Newbludd:

You broke my back and now I'm gonna break your fat [BLEEP]ing face!

Brock wrenches Owens head back with both hands to smash his face into the ground but is stopped by a hand on his shoulder. Wild-eyed, Brock looks behind him to see Cassidy. Giving his friend the universal 'pump the brakes' gesture, Pat points to the closest turnbuckle.

DDK:

Wait...what's Pat Cassidy thinking? No...

Newbludd looks to the corner and then back to Pat. A half second later, an evil grin spreads across his face and he lets go of Owens. As Owens face bounces off the ringside mat, Brock rises up and starts walking towards the ringpost. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation as Newbludd scales the ringpost and Cassidy works to get the limp Owens off the ground.

Lance:

Roosevelt Owens is a whole lotta deadweight right now. There's no way Cassidy can...

Warner gasps and The Faithful explode at the sight of Cassidy lifting the super heavyweight up into the piledriver position. The second that Owens gets vertical, Newbludd leaps from the turnbuckles and soars down towards his target...

DDK:

KEG TAP! The Saturday Night Specials have decimated Weighted Grade!

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

DDK:

I'd say this answers any lingering doubts about whether or not Brock is back in ring condition!

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials are back and they're taking on Vae Victis at DEFCON! Listen to this crowd, DDK! That is going to be one hell of a match!

DDK:

You better believe it, partner! And these people can't wait!

The Specials each put a foot on TA Owens chest and raise fists to the rabid Faithful as the picture slowly fades out.

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS vs. THE AMAZING AMARETTOS

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks! Tonight's main event is a good one! We've got the In Ring return of the Hollywood Bruvs, Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix as they take on the Magician team of Carlo and Gomez, The Amazing Amarettos!

Lance:

That's right Keebs, the Bruvs are coming in hot following Kendrix's big return last week, and while they have a knack for the dramatic, their opponents tonight may be even bigger showmen!

♪ "Abracadabra" by The Steve Miller Band ♪

Two stagehands come out of the back first, pushing a large box with a curtain on the front of it. They roll it to a stop at the top of the ramp. The sides feature "Magical" images of top hats, magic wands, half moons, and bunny rabbits on it. The purple box seems to be fairly light as they finagle it.

DDK:

What's this? Seems there may be some sort of illusion coming up!

The Amarettos burst through the curtain on the box. Suzie trails behind them but has her shoulders slumped until they look at her, and she quickly straightens up and smiles. As soon as the Amarettos look away she rolls her eyes and goes back to a look of disgust.

Gomez and Carlo:

AMAZZZZZING!! HAHAAAAHA!!

They laugh maniacally.. As the Amarettos make their way down the ramp, the stagehands continue to push the box, following them to the ring it seems.

Darren Quimbey:

This is your MAIN EVENT of the EVENING!

The FAITHFUL cheer loudly for the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, being accompanied by Suzie, it's the team of Carlo, and Gomez, THE AMAZING AMARETTOS!

The pair make a bunch of whimsical moves and cape twirls on their way to the ring. On the way down the ramp Gomez turns to the camera and shouts...

Gomez Amaretto:

Tonight, we make the Hollywood Bruvs disappear just as fast as they came back!

They roll into the ring and pose with Suzie as the music dies out. A small rumbling begins with the Faithful. The magical box is firmly set next to the ring. The stagehands take their leave.

Darren Quimbey:

and their opponents....

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstell ♪

The lights go down and turn green and black. The fans stand up in excitement and begin to chant for the Bruvs. Slowly Mikey Unlikely walks through the curtain, he moves to the top of the ramp and stops. Looking at the FAITHFUL through the aviator sunglasses he smirks when he hears the cheers. Then he looks back as JFK makes his way

through. The large bug eyed sunglasses appear to be back as JFK adjusts them on his head. He moves next to Mikey where the pair yell "GLUEFIST!" And smash their fists together. After feigning they are stuck, they make their way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

The team of Mikey Unlikely, and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

They slap the hands of some fans but keep their eyes on the Amarettos in the ring. Mikey turns to JFK at the bottom of the ramp and asks him if he's ready. After a quick nod the pair dive under the ropes, and get up and immediately attack the Amarettos.

The lights come up and the music dies out quickly.

DING DING**Lance:**

The Bruvs wasting no time to get the match going, they don't want to even leave an opening for The Amarettos to get one in on them. They are moving about as fast as I've ever seen the Bruvs!

DDK:

And the FAITHFUL LOVE IT!

The Bruvs are able to knock Carlo out of the ring and double team Gomez. The Bruvs both shoot him off the ropes and when he comes back he's on the receiving end of a double back body drop. As he hits the mat and holds his back, Carlo slides back in. He runs at the Bruvs but they're able to duck his clothesline attempt. Mikey slams him with a back elbow that drops him to the mat, JFK jumps up with an elbow drop of his own on the solar plexus of Carlo. Both Amarettos roll out of the ring to Suzie who shows no sympathy. The fans go nuts as the Bruvs stand up excitedly to an empty ring. They breathe heavily, look at one another and smile. Mikey slowly moves to the corner after conferring with JFK and takes the tag rope.

DDK:

Looks like the returning Kendrix will get things kicked off here, and he's going to go up against Carlo of the Amarettos!

The pair circle one another in the middle of the ring before locking up. Kendrix is quick to duck under and twist the arm of Carlo, placing him in a top wrist lock. JFK twists as Carlo shouts out in pain. Carlo tries to swing at Kendrix with his free arm, but JFK just twists and turns the move into a hammerlock. Gomez pushes against the chest of JFK looking for leverage but is unable to find any. Finally Gomez somersaults to untwist his arm, and comes back up to JFK face to face. Carlo swings a forearm and connects this time with the face of Kendrix.

Lance:

What a strike by Carlo!

JFK immediately drops the hold and stumbles over to Mikey holding his cheeks in both hands. He kicks the mat in frustration and yells towards his tag team partner who looks confused.

Kendrix:

Mikey! You told me if I came back I wouldn't get hit in the face!

On the apron Mikey starts doing math in his head, and seems to be counting on his fingers as well.

Mikey Unlikely:

The math checked out! I even carried the three, I don't know what went wrong. Maybe I should have used fractions!

Lance:

It appears Mikey may have taken an advanced mathematics class in his time away.

DDK:

I'm not sure it paid off... what's math have to do with pro wrestling anyway? I guess you could use statistics?

Lance:

Probably!

Kendrix looks to remonstrate with the referee about the face hitting but Carlo wastes no time grabbing JFK around the neck and sending him back to his corner with a series of right hands and dropping to a seated position following a stomp to the chest.

DDK:

Looks like the wind has been knocked out of JFK's sails early as Carlo makes the tag.

Lance:

Kendrix is eating stomps from the Amarettos. Mikey looks concerned, maybe this match came too soon for his tag partner. I don't know the last time JFK was in a ring.

Hauling his opponent to his feet, Gomez looks to capitalize on a groggy looking JFK with a swift uppercut to the jaw. Wasting no time, he Irish whips Kendrix to the opposite ropes looking for an up and under but is met instead with a running neckbreaker.

DDK:

Gomez telegraphed that one and that was the opening Kendrix needed to stop the Amarettos flow.

Lance:

It's fine margins, a moment too late and in this case, a moment too soon was all that a former FIST like Kendrix needed to kill any momentum the Amarettos had.

Both men crawl to their corners, Kendrix gets the tag in first, followed by Gomez as Carlo enters only to be met by a running clothesline from Mikey in the middle of the ring. Carlo shoots straight back up but is met by another clothesline.

DDK:

Mikey is on it tonight, Carlo misses with the forearm. They both turn around now and Carlo has... A bouquet of flowers?

Gomez pulls an entire bouquet from his tights, that couldn't have possibly been there this whole time. Mikey stops, surprised by this move he eyes the Amaretto suspiciously. Gomez offers the flowers to Mikey who smiles wide and is a bit smitten with the idea. Suddenly Gomez crushes the bouquet into little tiny pieces and blows them at Mikey, temporarily blinding him. Gomez drops him with a quick dropkick in the middle of the ring that sends Unlikely sailing.

DDK:

That was certainly an interesting reversal by Gomez Amaretto there!

Lance:

Mikey was too easily distracted by the bouquet! I mean, who wouldn't be!

As Gomez picks Mikey up he points to his own head. However it's Mikey who makes the smart move and on the way up, he brings his arm up between the legs of the magician.

DDK:

No matter how magical you are, that move is going to take you down!

Lance:

The low blow misses no man!

Unlikely seizes the opportunity.

Lance:

Oh!! Beautiful snap suplex by Unlikely.

Gomez charges in for Mikey but the Hollywood Star sidesteps and Gomez is met in the corner by a scissor kick to the temple from Kendrix.

DDK:

A rush of blood to the head there from Gomez who rolls out of the ring into the arms of Suzie.

Lance:

And Kendrix wants back in!

Mikey accompanies Carlo to the Bruvs' corner and makes the tag. The Bruvs bring Carlo to the middle of the ring and whip him into the ropes, upon the return, they step back, lift him high into the air and drop him neck first onto the top rope behind them.

DDK:

What's Suzie doing entering the ring.

Lance:

She's telling the ref exactly what she thinks about how he's handling this match. She doesn't seem happy.

Gomez makes his way into the ring attempting to blindside a distracted JFK but Mikey sees it coming and cuts him off with a spear as the two roll out of the ring. With Suzie checking on Gomez, Kendrix runs from one corner to the other to meet Carlo with a jumping knee to the side of his temple.

DDK:

Running Bulldog into the center of the ring and Mikey's ready to for some more!

Tag! The crowd is behind the Bruvs and can feel the crescendo of the match coming. Mikey is jumping up and down motioning to JFK that it's time.

Kendrix picks up Carlo for their signature move as Mikey hits the ropes. They nail the Dominator/Ace Crusher combo.

DDK:

SUNSET BOULEVARD! That's going to do it!

Mikey pins Carlo as Kendrix fend off Gomez and the referee falls into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The fans lose their minds as the Bruvs come out victorious. Darren Quimbey does his duty.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners, Mikey Unlikely, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, THE HOLLYWOOOOOOD BRUVSSSSS!

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs do it! What a match, full of twists, turns, and more than a little magic. But wait—the Amarettos aren't done. They're attacking the Bruvs from behind!

Suzie tries to hold them back but to no avail. Gomez and Carlo attack the Bruvs and fight them to the outside of the ring. The fight quickly closes in on the mysterious box that the Amarettos brought to the ring with them. Finally Mikey and JFK fight back and take control. As the Amarettos tries to get away, the Bruvs now bring them back and push both Carlo and Gomez into the mysterious box.

They dust off their hands and that's that.... Except it isn't.

DDK:

What is happening here? That box is shaking violently!

The mysterious box starts shaking. Lights appear from the inside escaping out of every crevice of the curtain that covers it will allow.

The Bruvs look at one another confused, Mikey tells JFK to open the curtain. JFK refuses, his head shake implies a bit of fear.

Lance:

No one wants to open it Keebs!

DDK:

Would you?

Lance:

No Comment.

With a sudden burst, The Most Precious Gems, Jean-Pierre Reeves & Yoshihara Raiden, emerge, launching a surprise attack on the Hollywood Bruvs. Armed with a bedazzled scepter, they lay waste to the victorious but tired Bruvs.

DDK:

The Gems! Were they in that box the entire time? It's been next to the ring this entire match.

With weapons in hand it doesn't take long before the Bruvs are down and out in a heap on the arena floor. The Most Precious Gems stand over them breathing heavily from the fight. Madame Melton steps out of the mysterious box smiling from ear to ear. She moves to the middle of the two wrestlers and raises the Gems hands in victory.

DDK:

Madame Melton and her men stand tall here tonight at DEFTv200!

Lance:

Wait, where are the Amarettos!?

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

DEFIANCE's FAVORITE DOCTOR

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen.

As Keebler speaks, we get a shot of the ring: the canvas has been covered by a gray carpet, there is a filled book-shelf in one of the corners, a random potted plant, a psychiatrist's couch, and a brown desk with a "Dr. Ned Reform" nameplate. The crowd is preemptively booing at the sight of the set for Ned Reform's Office Hours segment.

Lance:

We've put this off as long as we could, ladies and gentlemen. It's time to be joined by...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The fan's jeers grow in intensity as the house lights turn purple and begin to flash. Through the curtain steps Ned Reform, who although he normally dresses somewhat formally, has really gone all out here: full black tie tuxedo. Reform pauses at the top of the ramp, takes a small purple handkerchief out of his breast pocket, and begins to dab at his eyes as he looks around the area. The camera is close enough to pick up what he says, albeit somewhat faintly.

Ned Reform:

Such an emotional night.

The Sage on the Stage makes an obviously fake show of "composing" himself and he begins to slowly saunter down the ramp.

Lance:

For the past several weeks, Ned Reform has made an absolute mockery of DEFIANCE... bringing in obvious plants dressed as DEFIANCE legends and embarrassing them. All in hopes of proving some kind of point?

DDK:

He's not trying to make a point. That's just his excuse. Frankly, I think he just gets his jollies by being a jerk. It's about feeling superior to us - the loyal employees and fans of DEFIANCE.

The daupier Good Doctor steps on the apron, wipes his feet, and steps inside the ring. Although the Office Hours set is in place, he ignores it for the moment and climbs to the rope. He raises a single arm toward The Faithful as the purple spotlights swirl on and off his form.

DDK:

Would it be possible just to skip to whatever poor soul he's paid to do a bad impression? Production truck? Can we do this?

Lance:

I doubt we'd be so lucky.

The music begins to fade out as Ned takes position in the center of the ring. Although he's holding a DEFIANCE mic, he doesn't speak, instead turning all around in a circle to smile and nod at the fans who are booing their absolute hearts out. Reform raises the mic to his lips, but then pulls it down and squints as if he hears something. And then a small chant begins to pick up steam until it's echoing all around the arena...

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

Reform shakes his head like a disappointed parent.

Ned Reform:

Uncouth. Do you people realize there may be children watching?

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform points to the front row.

Ned Reform:

Look! There is a child in attendance!

The camera cuts to a young man with his father. The boy wears a Dex Joy t-shirt. The father holds him up proudly as the people cheer.

Ned Reform:

Yes. Wonderful behavior to which to expose children. But what should I expect? We have, after all, returned to the "great" city of New Orleans. A place most famous for its tendency to get drunk and nude. A city with a whooping 71% graduation rate in its local school system - which seems high until you realize that New Orleans routinely graduates students who are unable to read as evidenced by the quality of the signs here tonight. But why would you care? You don't need to read to flash your breasts for beads though, do you? And the most egregious offense of all: New Orleans birthed this ignorant, aggressively stupid, childish excuse for a company. Yes, children, it is fitting - DEFIANCE was born from a decrepit landfill full of ignorant swamp-folk, and for its 200th episode it returns to the black hole of civilization from whence it came.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

If you hate it so much, go work somewhere else. I'm sick of this.

Ned Reform:

Ah! "But Doctor Reform," I hear you say, "aren't YOU a member of the DEFIANCE roster?"

DDK:

...that was eerie. Can he hear me?

Ned Reform:

Flawless logic! Except, of course, it is not. I am akin to a flower that sprouted from a pot of dirt. And despite my best attempts to water the soil to perhaps produce more flowers, you resist my efforts. So instead, I have opted to kick the pot over and smash it into a million pieces. Which brings me to tonight.

Devilish grin.

Ned Reform:

This is it, children. I've embarrassed Stalker, I've exposed Scott Douglas... and tonight, I humiliate the biggest name of them all. I...

Reform is cut off because the chanting has literally gotten too loud for him to continue.

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

Reform lowers the mic and sighs. He walks over to the desk and sits down, propping his feet up and leaning back in the chair.

Ned Reform:

I can wait.

And wait he does.

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

FUCK YOU RE - FORM

(clap, clap, clap clap clap)

Ned Reform:

You're only hurting yourself by delaying us, children.

Finally, the head subsides. Reform doesn't move from his comfy spot at the desk.

Ned Reform:

Very well. Perhaps that's enough adieu. Ladies and gentlemen of The Faithful... boys and girls of New Orleans... DEFIANCE fans watching at home, I GIVE YOU TONIGHT'S GUEST...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Confusion. The fans don't react because while they know that's the music of former Defiant Scott Douglas, they've been conditioned to expect a silly imposter and we've already seen that one, but Ned's eyes narrow. The Sage on the Stage doesn't get up from the chair, but he does pull his feet off the desk and squint toward the entrance in confusion.

Ned Reform:

Excuse me. That was last week. Sound crew, you've queued up the wrong...

And we'll never get to know how he was planning on finishing that sentence. We can no longer hear him BECAUSE THE ROOF ABSOLUTELY COMES OFF THE WRESTLEPLEX...

...WHEN THE REAL M'FN "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS WALKS THROUGH THE CURTAIN!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! IT'S SCOTT DOUGLASS!!! SCOTT DOUGLAS!!! THE GENUINE ARTICLE!!!

Lance:

THIS IS NOT WHAT NED WAS EXPECTING AT ALL!! "DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON!"

Reform actually falls backwards in the desk chair before scrambling back to his feet. He's lost the mic but that seems to be the furthest thing from his mind. He only stares, mouth agape, at what he sees coming his way... he might as well have seen a ghost.

Lance:

I did not think we would EVER see Scott Douglas back in the DEFIANCE!

Scott Douglas, with his feet firmly planted... once again on the DEFIANCE rampway, looks out to the Faithful. It's been many years but the look in his eyes, as he surveys the Wrestleplex, says no time has passed at all.

DDK:

Let alone the WRESTLEPLEX!

He doesn't take nearly as long as he'd like to; as it's time to handle business ... and Scott Douglas, for the first time in a long time, heads to the ring.

Lance:

Ned Reform has been antagonizing the Faithful with these ... these, well - shams for the past few weeks and ... in of ALL places he trotted out a Scott Douglas imposter in Seattle two weeks ago!

DDK:

I'm sure Douglas has something to say about that, Lance!

A few steps down the ramp, Douglas puts in high gear and sprints the rest of the way. The former SoHer slides in the ring as Reform quickly slides out. He hits the floor and begins to back peddle toward the ramp while the ringside fans reach out to slap and taunt him. He pays them no mind, though - his eyes are fixed on Douglas and his eyes are nearly bugging all the way out of his skull.

Lance:

Careful what you wish for!

Inside the ring, Douglas hits the far ropes chest first, reaching over the top rope for Reform to no avail.

DDK:

Reform escaping by the skin of his teeth!

Douglas points and yells at Reform but the camera audio doesn't quite pick it up. After a beat, Douglas turns back to the center of the ring and low and behold ... a microphone. He looks to the Faithful before pointing to the mic laying on the canvas and the Faithful erupts.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Douglas picks up the microphone.

“Sub Pop” Scott Douglas:

...

The chanting continues, rather than weigning, the volume swells and Douglas holds. At this point, the still beside himself Ned Reform has made his way around ringside toward the ramp. Douglas signals for the Faithful to bring it down, long enough for him to say what he has to.

Scott Douglas:

Reform, I've had about enough of your nonsense!

The camera cuts from Douglas in the ring to Dr. Ned Reform on the edge of the rampway with a “who me?” look on his face. The production cuts back to Douglas as he continues.

Scott Douglas:

You come out here, week after week, and run down DEFIANCE. I won't stand for it! The Faithful won't stand for it!

Big pop from the live New Orleans audience.

Scott Douglas:

So, rather than bump your gums ... why don't you get your ass back in the ring and let's see if it works out for you the way it did in Seattle!

Cut to a ramp shot, showing Reform from behind waving off the jeering fanbase and Douglas in the ring inciting this would-be riot against the doctor. Douglas gestures for Reform to enter the ring, parts the ropes for him the whole deal.

Scott Douglas:

I may not be contracted by DEFIANCE ... but I will remain DEFIANT!

The Faithful roar once again for Douglas' babyface bravado but Dr. Reform has heard enough. He seemingly doesn't want to take Scott up on his offer; as he turns and heads up the ramp and disappears behind the curtain.

Scott still in the ring turns his attention toward the crowd.

Scott Douglas:

DEFIANCE won't be pushed around.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Scott Douglas:

I won't be pushed around.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Scott Douglas:

YOU WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Scott Douglas:

Not by Ned Reform and not by anyone!

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Scott Douglas drops the microphone and takes to the turnbuckles basking in the Faithful's admiration.

DDK:

It's always good to see Scott Douglas in a DEFIANCE ring and when he can come out here and put Ned Reform in his place, even better!

Lance:

Indeed, Darren ... Scott Douglas is scheduled to be back here on DEFtv tomorrow night for the DEFtv 200 Celebration! I'd wager to say his appearance tonight wasn't in the plans but as you said - it shut Reform up, so no harm no foul!

DDK:

Ned's attempt to sully this celebration has failed, and I think I speak on behalf of all the Faithful when I say: thank you Scott Douglas!

Our last shot is one nobody banked on seeing tonight: Scott Douglas, atop the turnbuckle, arms raised as The Faithful shower DEFIANCE's Favorite Son with their admiration.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.