

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

Atlanta, Georgia welcomes DEFIANCE as the State Farm Arena is hyped for DEFtv 202!

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!

**3D PRINTED DAN RYAN HAS COME TO REPLACE CARDBOARD DAN RYAN**

**JUST LOOK UP!**

**ATLANTA IS PUNCHY COUNTRY**

**THE M4NTRA RAY SECTION**

**SHOCK AND AWWWW**

**PUNY MORTAL SECTION**

**THE FRENCH CONNECTION ARE NOT FRENCH, I'M NOT PRETENDING ANYMORE**

**MADAME MELTDOWN**

**FOH, TOM MORROW**

**WELCOME HOME, PDP!**

**LUCKY SEVENS FOR HUMANITARIANS OF THE YEAR**

**NEED MOAR MATCHES**

**THE SUMMER OF VIC STARTS IN MAY**

**WE WANT BABY GIRL BRIELLE!**

**EMBRACE THE SILENCE AND BASK IN THE VIOLENCE**

**HIGH WANT TO BELIEVE (THAT THERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY REZIN ISN'T BOOKED TONIGHT)**

## STATE OF MURDER

Fresh off the opening pyrotechnics, the lights in the arena start to dim, almost to black, but not quite.

A lightning effect flashes, followed by a thundering sound, and music begins to play.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

*Somewhere beyond the sea  
Something slumbers underneath  
When she wakes up from her dreams  
We'll be reborn from the deep*

The strobing lightning effect continues, and as the opening lines of the first verse start to play, a large figure steps out onto the stage. His appearance is met with another thundering sound, this time the sound of cheers from all over the building.

Dan Ryan stops and stands center stage, wearing a button-down collared shirt and a crisp pair of business-best slacks, well-shined shoes, and the best pair of sunglasses money can buy... soaking it in. He's been booed most of his career. But this time, it's different. The DEFIANT faithful are lifting the roof off the place. He soaks it all in, then starts to walk down the ramp.

*Hold your noses cuz we're going for another long dive  
Some call me Father, others call me Johnny Topside  
Long forgotten, I was swept up by the wrong tide  
Thought my bed was made but I just woke up on the wrong side*

Halfway down the ramp, he uncharacteristically reaches out and slaps the hand of a fan. Ryan makes it to the ring, then stops and looks out into the crowd once again, soaking in the loud ovation with no expression, the flashing lights reflecting off of his sunglasses.

*I'm the heavyweight champ, you won't even last a round  
Too long you brutes abused the juice, now you get smacked around  
Delta's held the belt so many years here in Rapture now  
Baddest motherfucker in the building, who's your daddy now?  
I'll ask you nicely, would you kindly put your weapon down?  
And cut the cameras cuz I'd rather not be ratted out  
I'm on the path to power, I would've made Atlas proud  
Hit you with the one-two punch, zap, and whack you out*

Ryan cracks his neck, then climbs up onto the apron and climbs through the ropes. He dashes into the ropes, bounces off, and sprints to a turnbuckle, step-climbing up and then roaring into the crowd and settling into a snarling smirk out at the masses.

Ryan hops down, then circles the ring for a moment, letting the boos continue to rain down all over him, then finally backs into a corner. The music stops, and again, the Faithful lets out a loud roaring cheer. His eyebrows go up, somewhat amused, and he reaches down as a member of the ringside crew hands him a microphone.

Dan takes it and walks in a slow circle around the ring. After a few moments, the loud cheers become a noticeable chant...

*Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back!...*

He smiles one more time, then chuckles to himself again and raises the microphone.

**Dan Ryan:**

I've gotta be honest with everyone... I wasn't sure how you'd all react when I came out here tonight.

Another loud cheer.

**Dan Ryan:**

But it is good to be back home.

And another loud cheer.

**Dan Ryan:**

Oh and uh... for those who asked, Cece says hello. You know uh... the last time I was in a DEFIANCE ring as a competitor, I was tapping out to my sister-in-law, Lindsay Troy as she became the FIST of DEFIANCE for the first time. My knee was in pretty bad shape. I tapped out to try and save it for another day, but as it turned out, there was more damage than I realized, and I had to hang up my boots. I hung up my boots for three long years. It took that long to fully recover.

He pauses, head down slightly as he walks back and forth.

**Dan Ryan:**

When I came back, it wasn't here. And, even though I thought I was fully recovered, I was wrong. But I made the commitment to get back into the ring and I intended to stick to that commitment, so that's what I did. I got back in the ring, and it wasn't very long before I realized that I was not quite up to the standard that I had set for myself. There was a lot of 'close but no cigar', and the truth is, I just couldn't accept that. I couldn't stand it. You see, the only reason anyone should be in the ring is so they can prove that they are the very best to ever do it. That's why I stepped into the ring night after night for two decades. But I didn't have it anymore. Even after three years of recovery, it just wasn't the same.

Dan stops and leans on the top rope and looks out into the crowd, then cringes a little.

**Dan Ryan:**

Unfortunately, my pride, once again, got the better of me. I should have called it quits again. I should have admitted it was over. But that's not what I did. No, I decided to take shortcuts. I decided to do whatever it took, legal or not, to be the best in the entire wrestling world. Now I've done a lot of... let's say, questionably immoral things to win over the years, but never ever had I gone outside the lines of competition. But then... I did. And I got caught. And you all know the story so I won't go into a long speech about that, but I will say this.

Dan steps backward to the center of the ring again.

**Dan Ryan:**

I am not proud of everything I've done, but I'm proud of some of them, and one of those things is how I tried to treat the people who have worked for me over the years. For ten years I ran Empire Pro Wrestling and it was the best damn wrestling company in the world. A lot of big names came out of that place... Lindsay Troy... The Anglo Luchador... Rezin... Rocko Daymon... "Triple X" Sean Stevens... Stalker... we even had High Flyer working over there with us for a little while, my old runnin' buddy...

Dan smiles.

**Dan Ryan:**

And I'm proud of what I did for DEFIANCE.

The crowd cheers again.

**Dan Ryan:**

Now I know that sounds a little arrogant, but when we were coming up on DEFtv 100 it looked like the company was gonna have to shut down. I heard they were putting together a farewell show. Former wrestlers long since retired were

being contacted to come back and give DEFIANCE a well-earned send-off. But something about that didn't sit right with me. So I reached out. That's all it took. All it took was finding some people who wanted to keep that ship sailing, that and a little cash to keep it afloat, something I was happy and proud to provide. And then, I stepped away. Considering this is DEFtv TWO HUNDRED FUCKING TWO...

*ROAR!*

**Dan Ryan:**

I think everything worked out. I had nothing to do with the success of episodes 101 through 201, but... something came out of both Empire and DEFIANCE. When I was at my lowest, when I was down... more down than I had ever been in my life... my career over, my family relationships in tatters... when I thought there was nothing left for me... one by one... all of my Empire guys and girls... my DEFIANCE guys and girls... one by one they came over to reach out a hand and pick me back up for that. I stand here forever grateful for the grace that was given me by the men and women of the wrestling business, and I stand here today fully whole because of each and every one of them. So for that, once and for all, I want to say thank you to all of them and thank you... to each of you. Without you, there is no me.

The crowd cheers and many stand to their feet as Dan soaks it in, somewhat embarrassed. After a few moments, he raises a hand and the noise fades just enough.

**Dan Ryan:**

And then something else happened. I didn't expect the outpouring I got from the professional wrestling community, and guess what? It woke me the fuck up. Yeah, I woke up. I woke up, and my mind was clear. For the first time... maybe ever... my mind was clear. I remembered who I was. I remembered who I wanted to be and what mattered to me. My family means more to me than anything else in the world. And when I say my family, I'm not just talking about the people who have "Ryan" or "Troy" as a last name... no. I mean everyone back there in that locker room, and all of you you pay your hard-earned money to come out here and watch us beat the shit out of each other night after night.

Dan pauses as the cheers echo around the arena.

**Dan Ryan:**

And so, being so freshly awake as I am, I thought maybe I'd hit the gym. I thought, maybe I kick off some of this rust, get back into shape, and if you look at me now, I'm in better shape than I was fifteen years ago. Most importantly, my head is clear. It took eight long years to get back here. So I'm back, and when I say I'm back, I'm not back to go on a nostalgia tour. I'm back to compete. I'm back to be the BEST. I'm back to be the first-ever... FOUR TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE...

*ROAR!*

**Dan Ryan:**

I look around DEFIANCE and there's so much talent here. I see my old enemy Bronson Box, and he may look like someone put Tom Hardy in a dryer, but I'm here to testify to the fact that he is absolutely one of the toughest sons of bitches I've ever laced 'em up against. Ten years ago we tore each other limb from limb touring across Japan. He's a two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, a Hall of Famer, and I'm happy to see he's still coming out here every night and kicking ass.

Dan lets a small smirk cross his face.

**Dan Ryan:**

I see my old Vae Victis runnin' buddy Oscar Burns, another two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. I see Mikey Unlikely, another two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, and of course, I see another... two-time FIST of DEFIANCE... "The Queen of the Ring"...

Dan stops an actual catch uncharacteristically in his throat.

**Dan Ryan:**

Lindsay Troy.

Dan gathers himself quickly.

**Dan Ryan:**

A lot of you will never know just how much Lindsay Troy means to this business. Yeah, I know you've all had your fun booing her for a little while now, but I can think of no one else around who has had a bigger impact. And you'll never understand what she means to me personally.

Dan stops, and he frowns slightly, a little annoyed at his getting emotional.

**Dan Ryan:**

There is so much talent here that wasn't here before, also... Dex Joy... Gage Blackwood... Uriel Cortez... Ned Reform... Corvo Alpha... JJ Dixon... some old faces like the Hollywood Bruvs, Henry Keyes, Edward White of all people...

Dan chuckles.

**Dan Ryan:**

And then of course... the new... and reigning... FIST of DEFIANCE... Malak Garland.

The crowd erupts again, but this time in a loud chorus of boos.

Dan smiles.

**Dan Ryan:**

Lots of Malak Garland fans out here I see.

The boos get even louder, and Dan stifles a laugh.

**Dan Ryan:**

Now, the reason I'm saying all of this isn't because I want to kiss the ass of the DEFIANCE roster. The reason I'm saying it is because when you finally feel whole again, when you finally feel like you are who you have always been, when you're ready to climb back into that ring and go toe to toe with the best in the world, when everything thing feels right again, that's when you go home. No, I'm not here to kiss your ass. I'm here to put each and every one of you on notice. You think the competition has been tough? You think climbing on top of the mountain has been hard so far? Well, you don't know what tough is. I heard someone say not long ago that DEFIANCE lost its balls. I don't know if that's true. But I do know that no matter who's listening back there, if you get in the ring with me, you damn well better be at the absolute tip-top of your game. Don't let your guard down for one second, and pray to God that even with your guard up... I don't kick your fuckin' teeth in. I'm takin' this motherfucker up a notch.

He pauses one more time and smiles... then, looks dead into the camera, his smile completely gone.

**Dan Ryan:**

Daddy's home.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

Dan starts to walk to the ropes to leave, but the music suddenly stops and is replaced by...

♪ "Bloody Tears (Epic Version)" from Castlevania ♪

The Faithful give another roar as it doesn't take long for The Ultimate Gamer, Conor Fuse, to emerge from behind the FIST logo, coming out to his HOW theme song. He wears lime green Adidas track pants and a Dan Ryan "MURDER DADDY" t-shirt... merchandise from High Octane Wrestling. A rather smug look is stuck upon Conor's face but the crowd cheers him on regardless while his theme song dies down and Dan Ryan relocates himself to the middle of the

squared circle.

**Conor Fuse:**

Hi.

Fuse's expression is similar to Heath Ledger's Joker "hi" to Harvey Dent from The Dark Knight. Conor stands there, slightly swaying back and forth, probably due to his ADHD or something. Eventually, he gets going again.

**Conor Fuse:**

Really good speech, no sarcasm whatsoever. It's great to see you back - if indeed you ARE back - and you don't go running away.

Conor looks down at his shirt with a frowny face before glancing back up and giving a shrug.

**Conor Fuse:**

Yeah, it's a lame-o attempt. It's cheap heat, I get it. So ignoring all this... I want to officially say it myself...

He pauses, he looks around.

**Conor Fuse:**

Welcome. HOME.

The Faithful take to the saying, they start chanting it out.

*WELCOME HOME!*

*WELCOME HOME!*

*WELCOME HOME!*

**Conor Fuse:**

Yes, Mr. Ryan. Welcome, welcome, WELCOME!! A lot has changed here since you last stepped foot, even more so than the last time you 'last time' just stepped foot.

Conor realizes he didn't really make sense there but nevertheless, he powers along.

**Conor Fuse:**

I gotta say, kind of a weird thing to announce your status, oh, I don't know, *at the end of my DEFCON match.*

**Lance:**

He's got a point, Keeps.

Conor thinks about it. He places his chin on top of his left fist but sticks out his index and taps it against his face.

**Conor Fuse:**

Then again, I guess you gotta make your announcement a BIG ONE. And what better way to do that than to interrupt one of the new big boys...

Conor's voice trails, he lowers his head and mumbles the following out.

**Conor Fuse:**

One of the big boys who keeps losing the big matches...

Fuse raises his head with newfound energy.

**Conor Fuse:**

But I DIGRESS! This is about the future, not the past. And yet here we are... Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse. LEGENDARY

wrestler, the apex of the sport, Mr. Murder Daddy himself standing across the arena from lil' old... me.

Fuse starts to stroll around the top of the apron.

**Conor Fuse:**

Why would you interrupt me? Why would you tell that NPC Scott Hunter to harass me for the past couple of months? Oh, I dunno, because maybe this IS about the past, Mr. Ryan. This is about what we started elsewhere and what we are gonna finish over here, isn't it? *Over there* they wouldn't let us do shit together. It's a one-man show *over there*. And over here... JEESH, you and I can BOTH be the men we need to be.

Conor opens his body language up to the fans in attendance.

**Conor Fuse:**

Context. Context is key. One of my very first singles matches was against this man himself in High Octane Wrestling, and he punked me in the side of the head. Roll on, months later, I confide in the legendary, daddy-killing murder machine. I needed a new edge. I needed to *get serious* and this man right here, he took me under his wing. Christ, I didn't even ask for it. I just wanted some general, one-off guidance but Dan Ryan went above and beyond. Others said he wouldn't do it, "he's not the same guy you want him to be". Needless to say, he took me in and we won the Tag Team Championships.

Another frowny face crosses Conor's mug.

**Conor Fuse:**

But shit happens when you party naked, or, at least, when you've got a bum knee and been wrestling for twenty years. This legend over here, he had to hang 'em up.

Conor points directly at Dan.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'm not bitter about that. Like I said, shit happens.

Fuse cracks his neck.

**Conor Fuse:**

In the end, I didn't really need your guidance because I was able to do it myself. Three World Championships later over in *that* silly Indy fed, I've also had some serious ups in DEFIANCE, too. Sure, sure, I'm lagging. Not yet the FIST - who knows if I'll ever be but I'll tell ya what, I reached heights I never thought I would.

Conor slaps the back of his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'll get to the point, I don't need to give my life story, despite already doing so. The BOTTOMLINE, Mr. Ryan, is I don't hate you for leaving me a number of years ago.

Conor "kicks the ground".

**Conor Fuse:**

I'm just kinda bent outta shape that it took you so long to reach out.

The Power-Up King peels off his Murder Daddy shirt and tosses it into the crowd, revealing he's more jacked than normal, maybe even realizing he has to step up his *game* in all areas of wrestling.

**Conor Fuse:**

Because you *did* come back already. A few times. In a number of various locations yours truly played, too. And I'm just, oh I dunno, A LITTLE bent outta shape we didn't have the chance to connect... until now.

Conor raises his left finger in the air.

**Conor Fuse:**

DON'T get me wrong. Happy you're back. Thrilled you finally said hello. Even if it was at my worst state.

Fuse closes his eyes and starts psyching himself up.

**Conor Fuse:**

I am not scared of you... *[voice trailing]* not scared of you... scared of you... scared... *[back to full volume]* you might be the Murder **Daddy** but push my buttons enough and I'll become the Patricide Player.

Fuse giggles to himself.

**Conor Fuse:**

Oh shit, I kinda just made that up right on the spot.

The gamer tries to put on his serious face.

**Conor Fuse:**

Okay! I'll stop rambling like an idiot. Listen, it's good to have you HOME; it's important that you're HERE. I appreciate what you did for me - albeit in the short time we had - and there are no sour *graps* you resurfaced at the end of my match. The Faithful are cool with you, I'm cool with you, it's all cool in school, man. Simply comprehend we have unfinished business of some kind. I dunno what that is... yet. But when I do, I'll let you know.

Conor smirks. He also winks.

**Conor Fuse:**

And maybe I'll interrupt you... one, more, time.

Conor turns to go, but Dan raises the microphone one more time.

**Dan Ryan:**

Hold on just one second there, Conor.

This gets Conor's attention and he turns again to fully square up and face the ring.

**Dan Ryan:**

I'm glad you came out here. I'm glad you came out and said what you said and got all of that off of your chest. Now, these people remember who I am and what I do, and if this were ten years ago, and I was who I was ten years ago, I'm sure you and all these people would expect me to tell you right now to stop being such a whiny fuckin' bitch and to go fuck yourself.

Dan lets the microphone hang at his side for a moment as the crowd murmurs nervously.

**Dan Ryan:**

But that's not what I'm gonna say, Conor. Do you know why? It's because you're right.

**DDK:**

Whoa.

**Lance:**

Yeah I can't say I expected that...

**Dan Ryan:**

Does that surprise you?



Conor keeps a straight face, but there's an almost imperceptible nod.

**Dan Ryan:**

You talked about how you asked me for advice, how I took you under my wing, how we formed a bond and won a tag team championship, and I dare say, if not for Steve Harrison tearing every ligament in my knee, I'm not so sure we would have ever lost those belts.

Conor smirks very slightly.

**Dan Ryan:**

But it was more than that, don't you think? At least... from my perspective, it wasn't just a partnership, not a mentor and a mentee. We became friends. I think you'd agree with that assessment. After all, your body language is that of a hurt man, and you can't be hurt by someone you don't give a shit about. But since we became real friends, Conor, I have to point out that real friends can't be real friends at all if they aren't honest with each other. So let me be honest with you real quick here.

Dan pauses, walks forward, and leans on the top rope.

**Dan Ryan:**

You're right, I didn't reach out to you when I was hurt. I didn't reach out to you when I came back. I didn't reach out to you when I allowed myself to be led around like a dog on a leash by someone who manipulated my situation for his own benefit. I didn't call, and for that, I'll stand right here like a man and tell you face to face, eye to eye... I'm sorry.

**Lance:**

I'm truly stunned by this...

Conor's head actually jerks back in shock, but he composes himself and frowns slightly, listening intently.

**Dan Ryan:**

And now that we've gotten that out of the way, I need to point out... as a friend... that unless your phone works differently than mine does, those calls both ways... right? You also didn't call me when I was hurt. You didn't reach out to me when I was being manipulated... **YOU... didn't call.**

Dan raises an eyebrow, as if non-verbally saying "Right?"

**Dan Ryan:**

So that's why I came out to see you after your match at DEFCON. I came out to break the ice. I came to see my old friend again. So much has changed since we last spoke, and I decided, it is time we put all of this behind us. I didn't come out to hurt you and interfere. If I had, I would have come back earlier. I came to get your attention, and when I saw how things went out there with your brother, I came out... to let you know... there's something else.

Dan stops.

**DDK:**

What's he talking about?...

**Dan Ryan:**

You see, I've been down just the way you're down right now. And we don't need to do any chest thumping out here, man, because... hey... let me put it out on the table... I have made a name for myself in this business. But no one in this business right now takes a backseat to you. You have a damn solid right to make a claim to call yourself among the very best on this planet, and that's no bullshit. It's the God's honest truth. I'm back... and I'm back for good, Conor. I'm not going anywhere. This might be the last company I ever work for... so I'm making you an offer. Do you want your partner back?

Dan's eyes narrow slightly.

**Dan Ryan:**

Do you want your friend back?

Conor is taken aback, and he looks out at the crowd as they cheer loudly. Dan holds up a hand.

**Dan Ryan:**

You don't have to answer right now. Think it over. There's another level, Conor... and I've always had the cheat codes. I'll be seein' ya.

Dan tosses the microphone down.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The music starts halfway through and plays on...

Dan climbs through the ropes and walks up the ramp, passing a stunned Conor Fuse, who turns and watches him go.

**COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW**



## NEW SUIT

We're backstage in the arena's indoor car park where we find none other than Gage Blackwood pacing back and forth. He cranes his neck and scans the tunnel clearly eagerly waiting for someone's arrival. A large black SUV crests into view and a look of relief washes over Gage's face. The car pulls to a stop, the driver exists and trots around to the passenger side and opens the backdoor...

*RAAAAAAAAAAH!*

Out steps the Original DEFIANT himself, the Bombastic Bronson Box. We're all taken a little aback as he's dressed in a brand new sharp, clearly custom BLACK and gray pinstripe suit. He adjusts his blood-red tie as he acknowledges his tag team partner from behind his small round sunglasses.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

Hey mate, so... wanted to catch you before everything gets rollin' tonight. Things got a little wild during the match at the PPV. You doin' alright?

Box just smiles and smoothes out his mustache. As the driver hands off Boxer's bag, Bronson picks it up and claps Gage on the shoulder with his free hand.

### **Bronson Box:**

Aye. I'm actually feelin' fookin' great, lad.

The brevity of his answer notwithstanding, Gage seems relatively satisfied Boxwood is still solid.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

Aye. Tonight's the night. We lay down the gauntlet. Figure you've got some hot lyrics to lay down about that little dickhead with what he's pulled.

Bronson thinks on that.

### **Bronson Box:**

You know what? Why don't you take the lead tonight? I think these folks have heard me bloody talk quite enough at this point. Let 'em hear ya' tonight, brother.

Boxer claps Gage on the chest with a smile and a wink as we cut back to Darren and Lance at the commentation station to officially start the show.

## **RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE DASHER SIBLINGS**

♪ "The Distance" by Cake ♪

The live feed returns to the arena, with music already playing over the PA.

**DDK:**

We're back, ladies and gentlemen, with tag team action on the docket!

**Lance:**

And it would appear we'll be getting a first look at one of BRAZEN's newest tag prospects, the Dasher siblings. Heard a good many things about these two overseas.

**DDK:**

Then it will be interesting to see what they bring in their first appearance in the DEFIANCE ring!

Standing in the ring with Darren Quimbey are two fresh faces; a man and a woman, decked out in white jumpsuits smattered with Union Jacks and various automotive logos. The man is about 6'1", lean, with trim brown hair and full stubble. The woman is about 5'1" with very poofy blonde hair and a red lip for good measure. Their aviator game is on point. The woman has a microphone in hand.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, presently standing in the ring... hailing from Silverstone, Northamptonshire, England, and fighting at a combined weight of three-hundred and fifty-seven pounds... please welcome to DEFIANCE TV, "BABY DRIVER" TOMMY and "MASTERMIND" MAGGIE DASHER!!

**Maggie Dasher:**

In the world of professional wrestlin'...if you need the job done proper, you call in the sibs. They call me the Mastermind, Maggie Dasher...this here's me bruv, the Baby Driver, Tommy Dasher. We're the Dashers.

With a whip of her hand, the microphone is now in front of the man's face.

**Tommy Dasher:**

SPEED. ADRENALINE. THE FINISH LINE. THE EDGE OF A RAZOR. GETTING THE JOB DONE.

Maggie whips the microphone back in front of her own face.

**Maggie Dasher:**

Gettin' the job done. Every heist has a price, and if you're willin' to pay, the Dashers are the pros for the gig.

She whips the microphone in front of Tommy again.

**Tommy Dasher:**

PRECISION. VELOCITY. ACCELERATION. SHIFT INTO HIGHER GEAR. HARD TURNS. SLAM THE BRAKES. PROFESSIONALISM. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. SMELL THE RUBBER. SMELL THE BAAAAAAG.

Maggie whips the microphone back in front of her.

**Maggie Dasher:**

Smell the baaaaaaag.

She hands the microphone to a ringside attendant and the brother-sister pair climb up opposite corners of the ring to strike a pose - Tommy's got his hand bridged across his forehead as if he's looking into the farthest corners of the arena, Maggie's got her hand on her chin like she's just thought of something EXTREMELY clever and smart.

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The lights drop, and Atlanta POPS. Interchanging lights in red and blue fill the stage. The tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step through the curtain the moment the lyrics hit, and promptly come striding down the rampway with determined authority.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents, making their way to the ring... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at a combined four-hundred and fifty five pounds... "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON... "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT... the RAIN... CITY... ROOOONIIIIIIIIIN!!

**DDK:**

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are no doubt riding high after a win at DEFCON, alongside their allies the Lucky Sevens, in getting their revenge on M4NTRA and Tom Morrow.

**Lance:**

The Rain City Ronin are on the rise. And tonight, they have a chance to keep building onto their momentum against a team of hungry newcomers.

Daymon sports the traditional "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE" black t-shirt while Burnett comes wearing the new "EMBRACE THE SILENCE / BASK IN THE VIOLENCE" variant. At ringside, they come around to the hard camera side, slide in under the ropes, and post up in kneeling positions and flex in perfect sync. The Atlanta Faithful greet the young up-and-comers with a supportive pop, and the Rain City Ronin head to their corner.

Hector Navarro dutifully makes his final checks, and gives the cue to the timekeeper.

**DING DING**

Leo Burnett and Tommy Dasher start for their respective teams, and meet in the center of the ring with a classic collar-and-elbow. After a few seconds of struggling for leverage, Burnett finally overpowers the younger Dasher sibling and sets him into a side headlock.

Tommy keeps his poise as Leo wrenches down on his head, and manages to snake a hand through his grip to free himself. He snags a wrist on his way out and goes behind with a hammerlock. When Burnett attempts to break free with a back elbow, Tommy ducks and slaps on a headlock of his own.

**DDK:**

A quick reversal by Tommy Dasher, as both competitors jockey for leverage! Now Burnett backs into the ropes, and Dasher seems eager to go with him!

Leo takes a bounce and pushes off Tommy to free himself from the hold, but the moment he's put into motion, the younger Dasher sibling becomes a blur, rebounding off the other set of ropes and planting his shoulder into the chest of the unsuspected Iceman. Burnett reels slightly off the impact, but Tommy Dasher throws himself into the ropes again and connects with another lightning-fast shoulder block.

**Lance:**

Incredible speed we're seeing from Tommy Dasher...

**DDK:**

From what I've researched, this young man is all about pushing his velocity. Leo Burnett is holding his chest now, while Dasher sends himself into the ropes again, getting a full head of steam... CROSS-BODY--NO! Countered into a POWERSLAM by Burnett! He hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Burnett keeps control of Tommy's head as he rises back to his feet and dumps him back to the mat following a snapmare before reaching behind him and making the tag to Zack Daymon. Zack hops into the ring, takes a bounce off the near set of ropes, and follows up his partner's earlier snapmare with a flipping neck snap!

Daymon rolls right onto his feet and rebounds off the ropes once more, but a jumping knee drop aimed at Dasher's face hits nothing but canvas the moment Tommy rolls to the side. Dasher quickly rolls to his corner and makes the clean tag to his sister, Maggie.

**DDK:**

Knee drop misses, and a tag is made to Maggie Dasher! And right out of the gate, a running basement dropkick to that same knee of Zack's puts him to the mat! Now she follows up with sharp kicks to that afflicted leg!

**Lance:**

Maggie Dasher is supposedly the brains of the operation, and it's clear why, as she's clearly capitalizing on Daymon's mistake by targeting that knee.

Maggie grabs both feet, apparently looking for a submission, but a quick thrust from both of Zack's legs kicks her off. He makes a mad crawl for his corner, but before he can get there, the elder Dasher recovers, snags him by the ankle, and continues to punish Daymon's knee with a high-elevation knee crusher, slamming it against the mat.

Daymon's teeth are clenched in agony. Maggie again goes for the submission, and this time successfully locks in the knee bar. The pained expression on Zack's face only intensifies, but he shakes his head when Navarro asks if he's giving in.

**DDK:**

Submission attempt in place by Maggie Dasher, going right after that left knee of Zack Daymon with a knee bar! Daymon is fanning his arms, trying to drag himself to the ropes!

Burnett gets a clap going, and the Atlanta Faithful follow suit. Maggie Dasher's hold is firm, but Daymon's strength and determination comes through as he arduously inches his way toward the ropes. He outstretches his arm. Maggie shakes her head, and clinches down harder on the knee.

**Lance:**

It looks like he may make the break, but every second the Mastermind has the hold in place, the more damage that leg will take.

Zack Daymon's fingertips are only feet away... INCHES... until finally grasping the bottom rope. Navarro calls for the break. Dasher complies, albeit with a look of disgust. She promptly tags her brother back into the action.

Tommy quickly runs to the midpoint of the apron and flips into the ring with a slingshot senton, crashing into Daymon's back as he attempts to rise off the mat. A kick to the side rolls him onto his back, and he once again hits the ropes in a flash, doing another flipping senton, this time across Zack's ribs.

**DDK:**

These Dashers are giving the Rain City Ronin some trouble tonight! Tommy Dasher with the cover now, hooking the leg!

One!

Two!

Daymon kicks out!

Tommy pops back to his feet and, in no time at all, hurries to his corner for a tag to his sister and runs back with a hammerblow across Daymon's back as attempts to make a tag. Joining her brother in the ring, Maggie pulls Zack off the mat by the head and directs traffic with Tommy.

Maggie throws Zack through the ropes, depositing him to the outside. At the same time, Baby Driver once more goes into motion, running across the ring and taking a bounce off the ropes for added velocity. Through caution completely to the wind, he clears the ropes with a graceful tope con hilo...

**DDK:**

Tommy Dasher GOING FOR THE HIGH RISK TO THE OUTSIDE...!!

...although in his haste, he inadvertently left himself with no time to react to the fact that Zack Daymon landed on his feet when he was sent outside.

**DDK:**

--AND DAYMON SIDESTEPS OUT OF THE WAY!! OOH!! Tommy took a HORRENDOUS bump just now on the ringside floor!

**Lance:**

The speed and the daring is impressive, but there's no way that kid's going to have a career past thirty doing things like that to his body.

Finally with a moment to himself, Zack stomps the leg a few times to get the feeling back into his knee before sliding back in under the ropes. Once on his feet, he's met by a now furious Maggie Dasher, avenging her brother by way of sharp hook kicks to his ribs.

Two shins to his breadbasket double over Daymon. Maggie doesn't count on the third suddenly being caught in his waiting hands. Before he makes his move, Zack pivots around toward his corner. Maggie Dasher has no time to react before she's twisted into a vicious dragging screw, with Daymon slapping Burnett's hand on his way down.

**DDK:**

DAYMON MAKES THE TAG!

**Lance:**

And if anybody can smell the baaaaaag right now, I think it's Leo Burnett!

Burnett hits the ring as the elder Dasher scrambles back to her feet. He quickly deposits her to the canvas with a thunderous scoop slam! A recovered Tommy hits the ring, and immediately runs into the same fate of his sister! Maggie is up, and comes in for a second attempt... only to find herself lifted several feet off the canvas by way of a military press!

The Faithful are roaring as Burnett pirouettes multiple times, simultaneously pumping a squealing Maggie Dasher over his head. Tommy rises back to his feet. Expectedly, he breaks into a run... but gets put back to the canvas after his sister is unceremoniously pitched into his chest!

**DDK:**

And down go the Dashers! Leo Burnett is cleaning house!

**Lance:**

This is the break the Rain City Ronin were looking for. The Dashers appeared to be more than they were bargaining for from the onset of this match, but now, they're finding their groove.

Burnett tags out to the recovered Daymon waiting in his corner. The Dashers pull themselves apart and rise back up in



time to receive an onslaught of stereo rights and lefts from both members of the Rain City Ronin.

With the Dashers left staggered, Zack and Leo exchange a look, nod, and send the siblings in either direction with a pair of Irish whips. Tommy and Maggie rebound, and both suddenly skid to a halt just iiiiiiiinches from a sickening collision. They stare at each other for a moment, stunned. The hesitation costs them, as soon as Daymon and Burnett slip up on either one of them from behind, force them to butt heads, and fling them across the ring with mirrored Dragon Suplexes!

**DDK:**

DOUBLE DRAGON SUPLEXES by the Rain City Ronin! Daymon makes the cover on Maggie Dasher!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! She gets a foot on the rope!

**Lance:**

That's great ring awareness on the part of the Mastermind. But this is one score that may be out of their reach by this point.

**DDK:**

You may be right, Lance! Zack has Maggie by the leg now, and pulls her clear from the ropes... and now he repays her for the punishment on his knee from earlier, by locking her into a TACOMA CLOVERLEAF!!

Maggie screeches in pain while Zack torques both the knee and her back. She reaches out, either for the ropes or to prepare for a tap... only to be saved at the last second by a running knee strike by Tommy, now running in desperation mode.

Daymon breaks the hold and staggers, but the score is quickly settled when Burnett charges in and takes out Baby Driver with a running lariat. Zack rallies himself in time to see his partner ensnaring their opponent's arms behind him and raising him off the mat with a double chickenwing lift.

Thinking fast, Daymon leaps up and brings Tommy down, head connecting with Maggie's on the way down!

**DDK:**

RAIN CITY REVENGE, and the DASHERS COLLIDE!! That's all she wrote! Cover is made!

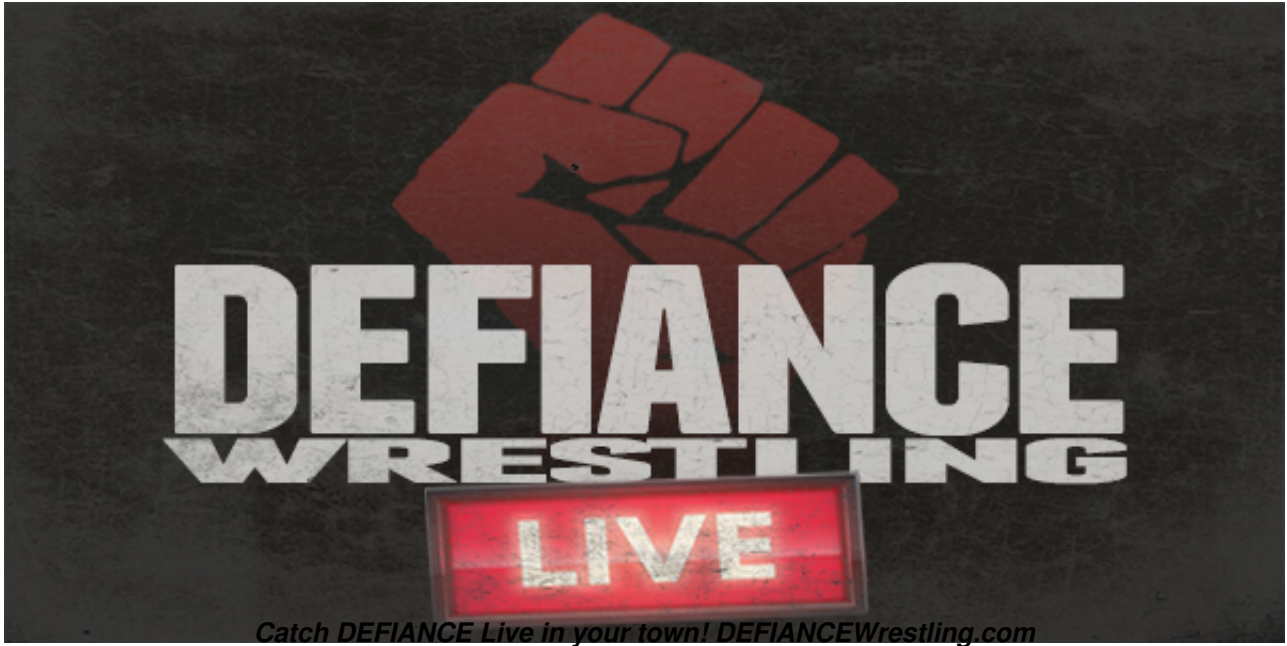
ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!



**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**



## WHAT'S NEXT

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIatron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor.

The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

### ENERGY

Another lightning bolt!

### BIG

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

### DEX

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of Atlanta ...

### BIG DEX ENERGY

♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Standing on the stage – for the first time in almost a year without the very FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist – Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed State Farm Arena. His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd. The Biggest Boy is dressed in a blue and yellow track suit.

#### DDK:

Look at Dex Joy, Lance. This is unusual. For the past ten months, Dex Joy has shown up to every show, every pay-per-view, every house show, every continent that DEFIANCE has traveled to and for the first time tonight, the self-named EveryChamp ... is titleless.

#### Lance:

He's been completely silent since losing that title to Malak Garland. For months, he said he'd humble Malak ... but thanks to a chair shot that turned the tide of the match in his favor, Malak did what many considered to be impossible and took the FIST of DEFIANCE away from Dex Joy.

#### DDK:

He wanted this time to address the DEFCON main event so let's see where this goes.

Dex Joy is trying the hardest he possibly can to make do without the title, but it's easy to tell he's putting on a fake smile. Still, he doesn't disappoint anyone that paid a hard-earned ticket to see the show and hands out as many high-fives as he can before arriving at the ring. Dex Joy grabs a spot near the stage and as is customary for him to do, he's cutting his promo among the people at ringside and has a seat on the ring apron. The music cuts and before he can even get a microphone to his lips ...

"EVERY-CHAMP!!!  
EVERY-CHAMP!!!  
EVERY-CHAMP!!!

EVERY-CHAMP!!!”

The chants ring out and Dex tries to speak again which makes the chants louder.

”EVERY-CHAMP!!!  
EVERY-CHAMP!!!  
EVERY-CHAMP!!!  
EVERY-CHAMP!!!”

**Dex Joy:**

Atlanta, you sure know how to make a pally feel welcome. I don't deserve it right now ... but thank you.

The chants turn into applause from the Atlanta Faithful in attendance.

**Dex Joy:**

Hey, I appreciate it. I really do appreciate it, pallies. I spent every day that I shut Lindsay Troy the hell up and won the FIST of DEFIANCE, happy to be the guy on top of DEFIANCE Wrestling. I did all of the interviews, the media, the autographs, the meet-and-greets, the travel and everything asked of me in between those moments. I did things that no other FIST in the history of this company has done ... I can say that I was the true world champion and had the privilege of defending the FIST in America, Canada, Mexico, and Germany during my reign. But all things come to and end eventually ... and unfortunately ...

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know where this is going next.

**Dex Joy:**

I gotta talk about the sniveling little rat in the room. And I'm talking about Malak Garland.

”BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

**Dex Joy:**

No title reign lasts forever: that's a given in this industry. Losses sting. Losses in bigger matches hurt. Losses in title matches ache ... but losing the biggest title match of my career in my home town ... that feels like a knife to the gut and I'll be honest, pallies ...

In a rarity the Biggest Boy is almost at a loss for words.

**Dex Joy:**

This one is gonna hurt for a while.

”BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

**Dex Joy:**

Me too, ATL, me too. Trust me.

For the first time he can muster a laugh but it passes fast.

**Dex Joy:**

And so I had to ponder what's next for me. Past champions haven't had the option of an automatic rematch clause so that's out the door. And Malak's gonna do everything he can to avoid going round two with me. So where does that leave me, pallies? Where does that leave Dexy Baby? Where do I go from here? Where do I go when I lost everything. Where can someone go when they've been kicked off the top ... ? This has been a question that I've been having to ask myself for the past three weeks.

**Dex Joy:**

Now ... I can do what Vae Victis, Malak Garland, Ned Reform, Ed White or any number of the most hated people in our

locker room would do back there. I can sit and make excuses. I can scream. I can point the finger at everyone else around me. But I don't do that ...

Dex looks up.

**Dex Joy:**

I won't do that. I made the decision with the blessing of Favoured Saints to pick stipulations for this match and the snowflake's won out in the end. I have to own that because it's the right thing to do. But for the past three weeks, all alone at home ... what do I do? What's left for Dexy Baby? I'm the first-ever DEFIANT to hold the FIST, the SOHER and the Favoured Saints championship! I've been going non-stop. I've had almost a whole year on top of the mountain? What should I do?

But something in Dex changes.

**Dex Joy:**

Do I take a break? Do I take a longer step back, have some R&R and go away for a few months? Do I take some time off and think about what my next career moves are for me? Full transparency here, people ... After this show, a flight has been booked for me to go away after explaining myself here tonight. One way, back home.

Various screams of "no!!!" are heard all around the State Farm Arena.

**Dex Joy:**

All of the questions are ones I've had to ... pun intended ... wrestle with. But being away for the past few weeks ... having to recollect myself. The only thing that I could think about was getting back here in this ring. The only thing that I want to do ... is keep going.

He finally stands up on his feet in on the apron where he's been sitting ... then enters the ring!

**Dex Joy:**

THAT'S WHY I TOLD THE AIRLINES BEFORE I CAME OUT HERE TO CANCEL MY DAMN TICKET!!! HOME AIN'T THERE ... HOME IS HERE!!! HOME IS ATLANTA!!! HOME IS ANYWHERE I GET TO DO WHAT I DO SO WELL AND WHAT I DO WELL BETTER THAN EVEN BEING A CHAMPION ... IS KEEP EFFING GOING!!! WE'RE GONNA KEEP GOING IN THIS RING NIGHT AFTER NIGHT UNTIL I'VE EARNED ANOTHER SHOT AT THE FIST AND I CAN KNOCK MALAK'S GODDAMNED BLOCK OFF!!!

That gets a roar from the Faithful! Dex stands in the ring.

**Dex Joy:**

Unfortunately ... this epiphany came after I neglected to bring my gear with me tonight.

He is tugging on the sleeve of his track suit.

**Dex Joy:**

But hey, but hey hey hey ... we're gonna make do with what we got. So I'm gonna turn this into the locker room ...

Joy looks out in its direction.

**Dex Joy:**

Dexy Baby got knocked down, but Dexy Baby don't quit! Just cause you think I'm down don't mean I'm staying down. So right here, right now ... if anyone ... and I mean anyone!!! A-N-Y-Number-One can get it!

Dexy Baby's foot forms a line in front of him.

**Dex Joy:**

You want some of Momma Joy's Baby Boy, here's where the line starts. No size restrictions for this ride, but I

guarantee your ticket won't be the only thing that gets punched ...

**PUNCH.  
PIN.  
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!"

That a hometown pop? Sure is!

That a hometown boy? Sure is!

Dex Joy looks at his fist, then bumps his own forehead, realizing his choice of words. Standing on stage in his in-ring gear of camo shorts, red wrestling shoes and a coat with "PURCELL" on the back... he looks almost taken aback by the reception from the Atlanta Faithful. He waves at the people briefly, but his attention is straight ahead as the fridge-like figure of Punch Drunk Purcell makes his way to the ring!

**DDK:**

I think Dex said the magic word, Lance! Punch Drunk Purcell! And not just Punch Drunk Purcell... Atlanta's OWN, Punch Drunk Purcell!

**Lance:**

It was a tough break for Purcell at DEFCON, being literally MUGGED both beginning and during his match at DEFCON. Ed White finally got the monkey off his back after Purcell defeated him weeks earlier in his DEFtv debut. But it was not all bad news for the former boxer.

**DDK:**

Just two weeks ago, it was announced due to his stellar rookie year in BRAZEN - a win over the first-ever FIST of DEFIANCE, Ed White. The longest-reigning BRAZEN Onslaught Champion in history, the Tag Party V winner with "Black Out" Pat Cassidy" - Purcell is now a full-time member of the DEFIANCE roster! And to debut properly here in your hometown? Icing on the cake!

Punchy reaches the ring and then climbs through the ropes, then marches right up to where Dex left his line... then steps over the line to get right in Dex's face!

OOOOOOOH!

Dex is now nose-to-nose with DEFIANCE's newest member. His music goes quiet as the fans make lots of noise for one of the most beloved men in the promotion's history and the hometown boy staring the other down.

**Lance:**

Oof. If this is how Punch Drunk Purcell is making his debut tonight... the lights couldn't be on brighter right now.

**DDK:**

This is intense. Who's gonna make the first move here?

Joy and Purcell continue to stare. Purcell then holds out his hand and moves to retrieve a microphone all the while, their eyes do not leave.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Dex...

Dex is unsure of what's gonna happen next, but he does look ready to fight... but the Round Mound of Ground and Pound puts a hand up.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

You and I ain't been introduced in person... though the text you sent about Ed White and me bulldozin' his golf course was appreciated. So was the insider tip on where to find it. Thank you.

He points at Dex.

**Dex Joy:**

Guilty, pallies. Suck eggs, White.

**DDK:**

That explains it!

But it is not all pleasantries for Purcell.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

But in this ring, we ain't met yet and I'd very much like to change that. I'm Punch Drunk Purcell. In case you ain't heard, I hail from a great little city you might have heard about... yay, my first time doin' one-a these... RIGHT HERE IN THE ATL!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHH!

Punchy holds the microphone up to the people making sound. Once he's done, he turns to Dex.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

I'm gonna be the first to tell you, Dex: I respect your work. I respect who you are, what you've done and how you handle business. You're the type of guy who'd rather go down swingin' than pay off four people to beat a rookie.

He continues.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

...But we also know you ain't out here for someone to kiss your ass. You came out here looking for a fight. And since I'm new to the roster, I can't think of a better way to get to where you are someday than by taking you up on your challenge... and putting your name on a t-shirt.

"OOOOOOOHHH!"

Dex looks a little taken aback, but has a look of "oh, he said THAT" on his face as Purcell flashes a short, but sly smile.

**DDK:**

There's no shortage of confidence by Purcell! He's done it to Scotty Flash, Tripp Wise and Ed White so far and made some decent merch sales in the process. He knows how to market himself, but Dex respectfully, is in a class all of his own.

Dex Joy looks up.

**Dex Joy:**

Good one, Pally. Good one. So ... I'll be honest. I have been following you back, Punchtofer, I'm a big fan of your work. We have a mutual disdain of old rich dudes in need of a good dick-kicking and can't do anything for themselves. But right now, the mutual admiration society's meeting has to be adjourned. I appreciate why you're out here ... but pally, the only t-shirt that's being sold tonight is one for you marked "WRECKED BY DEX!"



Punchy's only retort? Tightening his MMA glove...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The hatred from The Faithful is LOUD for BFTA's crown jewel, Alvaro de Vargas, also in his wrestling gear!

**DDK:**

HEY! Purcell was first in line for this challenge to Dex Joy!

**Lance:**

It's been a tough few weeks for Alvaro de Vargas! First, the loss at DEFCON with Tom Morrow on indefinite injury leave and now, the loss to Lonnie Luck in a Sin City Street Fight.

Looking ready to move past all that, ADV screams.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

CIERRA LA PUTA BOCA! USTEDES DOS!

Joy and Purcell watch Alvaro de Vargas march toward the ring. Without hesitation, he walks into the proverbial lion's den and the 6'8" Supernova Cubana snarls at both men.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

Sal de mi maldito camino, novato. Out of my goddamn way, rookie...

He shoves his way past Purcell to get into Dex's face.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

THIS pendejo... is MINE.

He points at Dex.

**Dex Joy:**

This "pendejo" is the one who made the challenge, Alfie. So I'm gonna decide who fights me first and last I saw... Punchtorious Intoxicated Purcell, Esquire, was indeed here first.

Before Alvaro de Vargas can even retort, Purcell marches up and shoulder-bumps him enough that he almost goes down to cheers! ADV barely catches himself as Punchy looks up to Supernova Cubana.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

He's right. This is an A-B conversation and the only thing people need to "C" is your whiny little ass march to the back before I hook you up with free dental work.

ADV growls.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

I WILL LEAVE WHEN ONE OF YOU PENDEJOS **MAKES** ME LEAVE! I WON'T BE TALKED DOWN TO BY A ROOKIE OR BY SOMEONE WHO LET **HIS ENTIRE CITY DOWN!**

Dex looks like he's about to get something on his mind, but Punchy beats him to the... him.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Hey... I got an idea. How about this? Since you're out here barking and I feel like punching something cause YOUR barkin's pissing me off... You and me, Alvaro. Right now. Winner gets Dex Joy next DEFTv. How's that tickle everyone?

Dex Joy looks at both men and gives the suggestion some thought.

**Dex Joy:**

Atlanta ... I'm not gonna lie, I want to slap the bejeezus out of Pitbull-looking ass right now ... but I will leave it to the people cause there's a guy from here who wants to prove himself. You wanna see these two big, strapping young men fight over little old me tonight?!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHH!

The Biggest Boy claps his hands together.

**Dex Joy:**

You people know your EveryChamp... I'm a big supporter of giving the people what they want! Get these men a ref and let the HOSES MAKE WITH THE HOSSFITERY!!!

That gets a big cheer! Punchy looks pleased as... him. Alvaro simply growls from his corner.

**DDK:**

GOODNESS! I was not expecting things to go this way, but we have a match and WHAT a match for Punch Drunk Purcell's debut on the main roster against one of the more dangerous men today... Alvaro de Vargas!

## **ALVARO de VARGAS vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL**

Referee Brian Slater is now in the ring and standing by at ringside is none other than Dex Joy. Somehow, Joy has gained access to a small bag of popcorn before the break and is having a seat at watching two stars - an established monster and a rookie making his DEFtv debut as a full-time roster member - about to clash.

### **DDK:**

Welcome back to DEFtv and if you're just joining us, Dex Joy addressed his title loss and challenged any member of the DEFIANCE roster to challenge him. Out came DEFIANCE's newest member and Atlanta's own Punch Drunk Purcell!

### **Lance:**

Alvaro de Vargas came out and interrupted that challenge, leaving us with this! ADV versus Punch Drunk Purcell with the winner getting Dex Joy, one-on-one on DEFtv 203 in two weeks!

Punchy stands on one side of the ring, applying a rainbow-colored mouthguard. On the other, Alvaro tugging violently at the ropes in the corner behind him, ready to seemingly go off at the bell. Brian Slater gets in between the two men, makes sure both are ready for the match to start, then...

### **DDK:**

Here we go!

### **DING DING**

Right at the bell, Alvaro barrels right at Purcell and attacks the former boxer with a number of right hands! Purcell tries to get his guard up as ADV backs him into the corner. He goes low and delivers a number of shoulder thrusts into the big body of the boxer. Supernova Cubana fires off four solid shoulders into his gut and then backs off from the corner to deliver several clubbing blows across the top of his bald head until Brian Slater tells him to back out of the corner. ADV barks at the official and tells Slater to shut up!

### **DDK:**

ADV seems desperate to try and erase what's happened at DEFCON, as well as last week's UNCUT! Spoiling the debut of Purcell in his hometown will do that!

### **Lance:**

That it can! We've seen Purcell several times by now, but in his first official capacity as a main roster member, he couldn't have been tasked with a more dangerous opponent!

ADV turns and readies a punch to try and mess with Purcell... but Purcell blocks it and fires back with a jab! He lights up Alvaro with a series of jabs directed at the chest and then to the body to get ADV out of the corner! Dex Joy is watching the match and seems to be enjoying the fight... that is, until ADV goes high and rakes the eyes of PDP! Slater admonishes Supernova Cubana until de Vargas shouts back.

### **Alvaro de Vargas:**

YOUR ONLY JOB IS TO SHUT UP AND COUNT WHEN I WIN, PENDEJO!

Punchy has stumbled back into the corner when Alvaro charges forward. He tries to whip Purcell, but before he can, he finds himself in the rare position of having his whip reversed! ADV hits the turnbuckle and then gets a shock when PDP comes barreling at him with a HUGE running back splash in the corner! ADV staggers out and then gets BLASTED by a huge turning lariat from Purcell that knocks him down on in one shot!

### **DDK:**

Punchy with what he calls the 1-2 Combo! He just took Alvaro de Vargas down with one big shot!

ADV is blinking and looking up at the lights, unsure of what just hit him while Purcell takes in the cheers! Purcell waits

as Alvaro tries to get up, then charges off the ropes to once again knock him off his feet with a brutal running elbow smash upside the head! ADV goes down in a heap, but things go south for the monster from Miami as PDP sits him up and delivers a STIFF clubbing shot to the back! Punchy shows that his feet work almost as good when he delivers a shoot kick to the chest of ADV that knocks him back to the mat, allowing Punchy to hit the ropes and then connect with a 351-pound jumping elbow drop to the black heart of Supernova Cubana!

**DDK:**

Great striking ability and movement from Purcell! He's more than just built like a brick wall... he's a brick wall that can hit you back!

**Lance:**

While it's true that Purcell was primarily a boxer, there was almost a two-year stint he had in MMA, going 5-0. He added some basic kickboxing and some mat grappling, but primarily was a striker.

Purcell looks out at Dex Joy, who gives him a thumbs up and continues rifling through his popcorn. Purcell waits on Alvaro to get to his feet and then applies a front facelock. He looks out to the cheering Atlanta Faithful and then begins delivering a pair of gut shots to Alvaro! Alvaro is hurt when The Green-Eyed Wild Man picks him up and then dumps him forward with a big gourdbuster!

**DDK:**

What a huge gourdbuster! You don't see a man the size of Alvaro de Vargas getting tossed around like this often!

Punchy rolls ADV over and covers with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**Lance:**

But I think Purcell made a rookie mistake there by not hooking the leg!

The former boxer goes for a rear waistlock on Alvaro and then tries a German suplex from behind. When he feels a big pair of arms wrap around his waist and try to take him over, ADV panics. He elbows Punchy from both sides and then breaks free. He turns to catch Purcell, but Purcell strikes first with another jab that sends him to the ropes. When Alvaro is stunned near the ropes, Punch Drunk charges, but ADV moves and Punchy goes through the ropes and crashes on the floor!

**Lance:**

That's a whole lot of humanity crashing outside! 351 pounds of Punch Drunk Purcell in there with 282 pounds of Alvaro de Vargas!

**DDK:**

Where's Alvaro going?

Supernova Cubana checks on a welt on his chest from the kick, then growls as he climbs out to the ring apron. He positions himself against the ring post, then as Punchy tries to get up, Alvaro FLIES off the ring apron with a huge diving clothesline that takes Purcell off his feet!

**DDK:**

PURCELL IS DOWN!

**Lance:**

It's scary how well Alvaro de Vargas can fly! We've seen him take risks off that apron in the past by way of cannonballs or clotheslines!

Alvaro still has Purcell down and rains down more clubbing blows across the body of Purcell. When he hears the official's count, Alvaro works to pull up Purcell in a front facelock. He gets the big man to his feet and then slowly forces him back into the ring underneath the ropes. Slater is at the count of seven when Alvaro gets on the apron and then steps back into the ring while crowing the current situation over the DEFIANCE rookie.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

THIS RING IS **MY** RING, PENDEJO! THOSE WHO STEP TOO CLOSE TO MY LIGHT GET BURNED!

He starts lightly kicking the top of PDP's skull on the mat, more so to show complete disrespect rather than do damage.

**DDK:**

Alvaro is touting his list of burn victims! Former FISTS such as Scott Stevens and Deacon, a Hall of Famer like Sonny Silver, Mason Luck have all fallen victim to Alvaro's fireball attacks.

**Lance:**

But it looks like he wants to defeat Purcell in this ring and really stick it to the rookie.

He throws what looks like a real kick with force behind it.... But Purcell grabs the leg! Alvaro starts to show panic and the Atlanta Faithful start to show support for one of their own as he stands to his feet, still holding the leg of Purcell but the second he throws the arm down, Alvaro catches him with a big uppercut. Punchy goes down to a knee and then Alvaro follows up with a HUGE running knee lift!

**DDK:**

Abajo Vas! He rocks Purcell with the running knee lift! Right into the cover! Will he lock in a match with Dex Joy?!

Joy watches as ADV shoots him an arrogant look and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Punchy FIRES out and the Atlanta Faithful cheer!

**Lance:**

Big kickout by Purcell! That body of his has to be calloused to taking shots and keep going!

**DDK:**

But I don't think he's been ever hit as hard as he has been against Alvaro!

An enrage Supernova Cubana tries getting Punchy up off his feet... but eats a jab! Purcell goes low on the big man and then clips him with a sharp pair of kicks to the legs! Punchy balls up his fist and swings for a back elbow, but ADV moves out of the way just barely, then catches Purcell with a boot to the face! The blow catches him and staggers him back to the corner where ADV knows he's got him.

**DDK:**

ADV catches Purcell with the boo to the face... OOH! Then follows that up with a running corner clothesline!

PDP recoils from the shot, but Alvaro always goes for the shots in threes. He charges back to the other side of the ring, only to run cross-corner and greet Punchy with another corner clothesline! The Faithful really lay into ADV as he hears them and starts smirking. He lightly taps Purcell on the side of his face patronizingly.

**Alvaro de Vargas:**

B-R-B, pendejo...

He charges off the other side of the ring and looks for a third shot...

ONLY TO GET TAKEN OFF HIS FEET WITH A CHARGING DOUBLE LEG TAKEDOWN!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!

**Lance:**

Not smart by Alvaro! And look at him!

Purcell starts WAILING on Alvaro on the canvas more reminiscent of an MMA fight when he starts raining down clubbing blows all over his body!

**DDK:**

There's a reason he earned the nickname of "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"!

Brian Slater has to tell Purcell to break things up and he does so by standing to his full height and letting out a roar that gets The Faithful going along with the hometown boy! Dex Joy seems to be approving the fight as well when Dexy Baby looks out to The Faithful and encourages more support!

**Lance:**

Dex is getting into this one just like the people are! And now Punchy is behind Alvaro!

He grabs him from around his waist and THROWS him overhead with a big release German suplex! Alvaro goes rolling across the ring when Punchy stands his ground! The former boxer goes for a second one and THROWS Alvaro again, making the 280-pound Supernova Cubana crash into the canvas!

**DDK:**

It's not often someone is able to match up physically with a guy like ADV, but Purcell is doing it here tonight! We could be looking at another upset!

Purcell waits on Alvaro as he tries to get up a third time. Purcell tries to catch him with belly to belly suplex this time around... but ADV BITES him on the head! Purcell yells out and breaks his grip and as he's trying to get away, he gets TAGGED with a superkick by ADV called The Scorcher!

**DDK:**

He lands the Scorcher! ADV has Purcell backed up... then follows up with a HUGE Lariat!

Following the Scorcher to stagger him and a HUGE running lariat to take him down, ADV goes for the leg and makes the cover with a hot crowd counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

**Lance:**

Purcell kicks out! He's still going! He's still in this!

**DDK:**

He is, but look at ADV! He's going for it! He's looking for that Ardiendo piledriver!

Still seeing that Purcell is slow to his feet follow the big superkick and lariat combo, Alvaro hurriedly tries to get the former boxer vertical to apply a standing headscissors. He looks out to his hometown crowd and milks it for an extra moment, smirking at Dex. Dex watches... but he and everyone else are caught by surprise when Punchy LIFTS ADV

UP! He has him on his shoulders and then takes him up and over with a huge back body drop!

**DDK:**

ADV took too long! Punchy counters! Punchy counters!

After Supernova Cubana goes stumbling around, Purcell gets ready. He stands at the ready for Alvaro to get to his feet, only to get SMACKED in the chest with a sickening headbutt!

**Lance:**

What a shot! He calls that the Bald Bull!

Finding himself knocked headbutt-drunk, he's helpless as the man named Punch Drunk grabs his arm and twists him around, pulling him right into a STIFF right hand across the jaw that drops ADV to his knees and then slumps him to the mat to a BIG cheer from The Faithful!

**DDK:**

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! THE RIPCORN RIGHT HOOK CONNECTS!

Punchy kneels down and this time, hooks a leg with his hometown Faithful counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

Punchy checks his own jaw to make sure that his teeth and mouthguard are still in place, then pops the mouthguard out. He's beet red, but victorious in his first match as a DEFtv main roster member when Brian Slater raises the big man's hand!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

Dex Joy hands the popcorn bag over to the timekeeper to tell him he can have the rest. He stands up and gives some applause to Punch Drunk Purcell along with the rest of The Faithful.

**DDK:**

What a fight we just saw, but what a huge win to properly start off Punch Drunk Purcell's career tonight!

**Lance:**

And what's more... tonight, in only his second match among the roster, he has earned the right to face off with one of THE top stars of DEFIANCE today in Dex Joy!

Purcell pumps his fists and enjoys the loud reception from his hometown crowd before turning and coming face-to-face with Dex Joy. The Biggest Boy taps him on the shoulder and then nudges him.

**Dex Joy:**

I will see you in two weeks, pally.

He goes to walk away... but Purcell grabs his hand and pulls him back. The Faithful watch on tensely as Dex Joy looks down at his hand, then back at Purcell, not pleased... but then Purcell lets go and pats him on the chest in return.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

See you then... pally.

He forces a wry smirk and then walks out of the ring, undoing his MMA gloves and collecting his mouthpiece as he celebrates with The Faithful. Dex Joy lets him have the moment and then throws up his hands for The Faithful.

**Lance:**

Not sure if that was tension or just playful banter between Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell, but the stock of Purcell is rising fast!

**DDK:**

Joy eager to show why he's been on top for so long and Purcell looking to follow up on becoming one of DEFIANCE's fastest rising stars! Stay tuned for more DEFtv!



## THE SILENT TREATMENT

The feed goes backstage, catching Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett just as they are leaving the locker room. The Rain City Ronin are showered down and redressed in black shirts and khakis, bags in hand. They stride down the hallway with conviction, matching expressions of self-assured stoicism, looking as determined as they were walking out to the ring.

Evidently, they are ready to reward themselves for their victory tonight by royally fucking up some catering.

But upon coming along an intersection, Daymon abruptly comes to a stop. His head cranes toward the offshoot corridor.

**Zack Daymon:**

(suddenly inquisitive)

Burnett becomes aware of the hold-up, and also glances down the adjoining hallway.

**Leo Burnett:**

(also curious)

Zack looks to Leo. Somehow, they know what the other is thinking. Then with a nod by Daymon in the new direction, they change course.

Further down the hall, faint voices can be heard...

**Voice #1:**

I didn't think the request was that friggin complicated...

That's the sound of a grumbling Lindsay Troy.

**Voice #2:**

What did you tell him to do? I know what you TOLD him to do, but what were the exact words? The exact words will help me hit him harder.

And where the Queen goes, you can bet her right hand man, Henry Keyes, is right alongside her.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I said, "Scott, before you get to the arena, make sure you pick up a bottle of that limited edition Mean Girls CoffeeMate Creamer, I'm not gonna have time to get it and I need Henry to try it." And he's absolutely nowhere to be found!

**Henry Keyes:**

INSUFFERABLE, SCOTT! INSUFFERABLE AND INEXCUSABLE!

**Lindsay Troy:**

Thank God for Doordash; I got the creamer, a hammer to hit that dipshit with, AND a Stanley cup delivered here in 15 minutes.

She looks at the camera and gives a thumbs-up.

**Lindsay Troy:**

And you can too...just use promo code VAEVICTIS for 20% off your next order of \$25 or more.

**Henry Keyes:**

I personally recommend the pink and blue extra large Stanley cup, which serves as both a receptacle for your

beverages AND the mark of the greatest hockey club in North America for a year!

**Lindsay Troy:**

No, not that Stanley Cup, that's coming later, GO BRUINS.

It seems as if the Besties in the World are completely over their DEFCON loss to the Saturday Night Specials. Or they're refusing to acknowledge such a thing ever happened. Either way, it's only now that they realize the duo of Daymon and Burnett are standing there in front of them, arms folded, pointedly staring down the two DEFIANCE legends.

**Zack Daymon:**

(scrutinous)

**Leo Burnett:**

(ponderous)

Lindsay nudges Henry with her elbow.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Look who it is, bb. Rocko's dumbass kid and The Ad Man. Remember when we tossed them around the ring a couple years back?

**Henry Keyes:**

My goodness gracious, it's been almost two years now, hasn't it? Do you think they've learned anything since you folded the dumbass kid up like an accordion?

One of the Ronin narrows his eyes. The other rolls his own.

**Zack Daymon:**

(unamused)

**Leo Burnett:**

(unimpressed)

**Lindsay Troy:**

Look, if you two kids aren't here for the witty repartee, then fine, but we've got a lackey to beat—I mean, scold. So, unless you want a preview of what's coming to Young Mr. Hunter, I suggest you toddle off elsewhere.

**Henry Keyes:**

You know, I really don't appreciate the way you two are...how can I put this..."Corvo Alpha-ing" at us, so you should really take Miss Troy's advice and SCRAM.

Zack and Leo look at one another.

**Zack Daymon:**

(suggestive)

**Leo Burnett:**

(in agreement)

They nod, as if a decision had been made without the hassle of conversation.

Daymon unstraps and removes his left glove. He holds it up so that both Troy and Keyes can get a good look at it... and lets it drop at their feet.

**Zack Daymon:**

(daring)

Burnett leans forward and points to his temple. The universal sign for “put this to use, and think about it.”

**Leo Burnett:**

(fearless)

Without a word spoken, the Rain City Ronin turn and head back up the way they came. Catering calls.

The Queen and The Kraken look at each other and shrug. Lindsay picks the glove up off the floor.

**Lindsay Troy:**

At least they left something else for me to hit Scott with. You got anything I can put in it?

**Henry Keyes:**

Heavy Ball Bearings Plague Doctor is in town, he'll have what you need.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I was thinking of spare change but that is WAY better.

One Patented Besties Handshake Later, and the Co-Consuls of Vae Victis go along their merry way.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024 REPLAY**



**CATCH THE REPLAY!**

## ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

After the commercial break, Alvaro de Vargas is limping his way through the halls slowly. He's holding an ice pack over his temple just stumbling through the curtains ...

**ADV:**

AAAAAHHHHH!!!

The nam nicknamed Supernova Cubana can barely stand when he makes it to the hallway. He starts to walk one way ...

**Max Luck:**

Hey asshole!

He turns his head the other way and clutches the ice pack close as he sees the Lucky Sevens! Max Luck, Mason Luck, and now Lonnie Luck all leaning up against a wall in matching plaid suits. Max in red, Mason in green, Lonnie in silver. Mason has an apple, Max is drinking a water and Lonnie has the biggest smile of all as he has his phone out, recording ADV.

**Max Luck:**

Tough loss buddy. That right hand of Purcell's looked WICKAD!!!

He throws a phantom punch in mid air. Alvaro is the only one of the four not laughing.

**ADV:**

WHAT DO YOU PENDEJOS WANT?!

**Lonnie Luck:**

Only justice served.

Alvaro looks confused by what he's talking about. Max points at him.

**Mason Luck:**

Remember a few weeks back on DEFtv 201 when you burned our ride? Cause we do. Everyone saw you do it, Al.

**Mason Luck:**

They did. It's true. A whole arena of people were willing to corroborate our story.

**ADV:**

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!?!

Mason Luck looks at his brother and cousin.

**Mason Luck:**

You f[censored]ed with the wrong family, that's what. Tom's gone. We just had one more loose end to wrap up. And that's why we called a friend of Lonnie's at Atlanta PA just a bit ago. We reported a crime about some arsonist who burned our rental car back in Portland and tried to flee.

**Max Luck:**

Up to ten years in federal prison for arson ... *pendejo*.

ADV is flustered when a whole group of police show up to confront him! He looks at the group and then at the twins and their cousin!

**ADV:**

WHAT?! WHAT IS THIS?!?!

**Police Officer:**

Alvaro de Vargas! Hands behind your head!

The massive Alvaro tries to fight but he gets swarmed quickly by the officers and has his hands forcefully cuffed with Lonnie recording everything! Alvaro is growling as they drag him away in handcuffs.

**Mason/Max/Lonnie:**

NAH NAH NAH NAH! NAH NAH NAH NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOODBYEEEEEEE!!!

The trio sing as ADV is dragged away in handcuffs! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are heard singing along with the group!

**DDK:**

Alvaro de Vargas just got arrested!!!

**Lance:**

Nobody likes a firebug Keebs!

The Lucky Sevens get their final revenge and hear ADV, cursing out the arresting officers in Spanish before they disappear from the building. Once he's finally gone, they stop singing and Max looks at his family members.

**Max Luck:**

Who commits a damn crime with cameras around?

**Lonnie Luck:**

Seriously. So dumb.

**Mason Luck:**

All right ... the fun part of the night's over. I heard PCP were gonna have a celebration later about the Unified Tag Team titles.

Mason points down the hall.

**Mason Luck:**

Let's go get dressed for a "celebration" then. Our most formal ring gear.

**Max Luck:**

Lets, bro. Lets.

The Luck family leave and head to the locker room!

## TRANSMISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Static.

That familiar klaxon begins to ring once more, as that familiar text begins to flash across our screen...

**WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION**  
**WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION**  
**WARNING: INCOM—**

Our introduction is suddenly cut short by a loud, chirpy...

**DING~!**

**TRANSMISSION AUTHORIZED: ACCESS GRANTED**

More static.

“GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!”

Our screen seems to gradually shape up into a proper video feed, the white, scrambled lines slowly curling and curving until we see... her.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

At DEFCON, the true power of my genius manifested itself as the Atomic Punks showed the world that NO ONE is safe in DEFIANCE Wrestling's tag team division! And rest assured, my friends... the campaign has only *begun*.

Dr. Sato is back in her familiar lab, but for whatever reason we appear to be looking at a black-and-white screen, something out of a 50's B-movie set, as the intrepid mad scientist cackles to herself in satisfaction.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Now... who will be our *next* unfortunate foes, you ask? Well, the truth of it is—

The black-and-white screen static starts to flicker on and off, with each time it comes on showing another starlet of Hollywood past while interspersed with French imagery -- Audrey Hepburn, the Eiffel Tower Bette Davis, Versaille, Joan Crawford, the tri-colored French flag (even in black-and-white), etc. Finally, the screen turns on in 1960s-style technicolor and reveals...

Madame Melton (dressed in a silver gown) flanked by The French Connection -- “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves and Raiden!

**Madame Melton:**

Hello, Dr. Ayumi Sato! It's time we had an introduction! For I am no puny mortal! I am Madame Melton — a woman whose legacy and global imprint has lasted and will forever last the rest of time! I would like to remind you of a date — a date for you that shall forever last in infamy! It was the 15th day of the month of February in the year of our lord 2024, the second night of DEFIANCE Television Episode 198! On that date, you made the biggest mistake of an already regrettable life! Because on that date, you dared to interrupt me — DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY! And nobody... nobody... ever dares to interrupt a star! After all... that's what makes a star a star!

**Jean-Pierre Reeves:**

Bonsoir, Atomic Punks! I know you fancy yourselves the unconquerable result of a science experiment gone mad! Well, I am French! That makes me more cultured than you or any of these proles in attendance tonight! And it also means that by birthright I am, as we say in French, plus intelligent than you, too! Do I need to remind you of all of the scientific accomplishments made by French minds — the most brilliant minds who ever lived! There are so many to name — too many, in fact! Look it up on the wonderful French invention known as Wikipedia! Dr. Ayumi Sato... you may be an accomplished woman of STEM... but the combined IQ of your Atomic Punks are one quarter of mine, which

is already triple that of those gathered here this evening! I dare any of you to attempt to complete that equation!

**Raiden:**

Atomic Punks — I am The Concussion King! And I like conducting experiments of my own. I want my opponents' brains studied for the long-term ramifications of the severe head trauma caused by my missile-like fists and scythe-esque feet! I look forward to helping you assist in this badly needed research!

**Madame Melton:**

Dr. Ayumi Saito — you and your so-called Atomic Punks will pay dearly for your insolence! You'll quickly learn that the Science Fair has been canceled and the bully of this schoolyard is the reigning Queen of the Drama Club! And one more thing... the most popular catchphrase in DEFIANCE is not your rude introduction. It is and forever shall be Madame Melton... Is Ready... For Her Closeup! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

The video cuts out to black-and-white static once again, leaving us with a confused and increasingly-frustrated Dr.Sato.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

...they *dare*?! Hmmmph...

The scientist bites her lip in frustration as she pulls out a pad and pen and starts writing, mumbling to herself.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Targets... identified. Their challenge... accepted. Their fates...

She looks up into the camera one last time, anger in her eyes and determination on her face.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

...sealed.

*Blip.*



## **DLJ vs. THEODORE CAIN**

### **DDK:**

Welcome back to more of DEFtv! Up next, we have a new match coming up after a prior match was called off due to a scheduling conflict. Officials put it to the locker room to see who wanted to step up. Theodore Cain of the Gulf Coast Connection will make a rare appearance in singles action as he takes on the opponent who accepted the challenge... Vae Victis member DLJ!

### **Lance:**

We heard when there was a match opening tonight, Sonny Silver demanded the chance for DLJ to show what he's got in singles action after costing Butcher Victorious the vacant Favoured Saints title just 24 hours ago to TA Cole!

### **DDK:**

And without further adieu, let's take it to ringside for the next match.

Inside the ring, Darren Quimbey stands by.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Hailing from The Crescent City, being accompanied to the ring by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid... weighing in at 244 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful. "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents! Cain slides into the ring and stands on the middle rope, celebrating to a polite round of applause from The Faithful.

The camera cuts to the entrance and BOOS begin to ring out when Vae Victis' official spokesperson, Sonny Silver, stands on the stage. He still sports a red welt courtesy of the Hard Out Headbutt he took from Butcher Victorious before DLJ nailed the lariat that cost Butch Vic the FS Title.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

### **Sonny Silver:**

When I heard that somebody out here wanted a fight, I quickly signed on the dotted line on behalf of Vae Victis' youngest, strongest AND fastest member! You might remember him from such hits as "Last Night When He Decapitated Butch Vic" and you're gonna know him for playing his latest hit: "In Less Than Five Minutes, He's Gonna Send This Little Surfer Bitch Back To Obscurity."

Theodore Cain yells off-mic at Sonny to come say what he is just said to his face. Instead, the wrestling Hall of Famer turns his gaze to the entrance.

### **Sonny Silver:**

This man has the height of a skyscraper, but the speed of a cheetah! HE IS THE FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! He is THE FASTEST BIG MAN ALIVE! He is "THE FRONT RUNNER" ... **D! L! J!**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

**VAE VICTIS**

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,

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

Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Now wearing a brand new black and burgundy wrestling singlet, taped fists and brand new bright boots, James stands proudly on the stage. Now with some scruff on his face and nearly-trimmed short red hair, he runs a hand over his hair. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending red PYRO exploding from either side!

**DDK:**

More confidence than ever, it seems. I think DLJ took Butcher Victorious' comments from the PRESSCON all wrong about what Vae Victis is doing. They're filing his head with ideas just like they tried to do to Butcher.

Dan Leo James and Sonny Silver head to the ring. Once they reach ringside, James looks to either side of the ring, then makes one leap from the floor to the apron! James shouts, then pulls on the ropes to leap over THOSE to get into the ring! He runs one quick set of ropes, then the other before throwing both fists out! Referee Jonny Fastcountini makes sure both men are ready for competition, and when they are, he calls for the bell.

**DING DING**

Right away, DLJ comes barreling at Theodore Cain with a big clothesline in the first few seconds of the match! The Faithful boo the young man who doesn't pay attention to The Faithful. DLJ spins around to the camera at ringside.

**DLJ:**

See? I'm NOT weak! He is!

He points down at Theodore Cain, still on the mat! Both Titus Campbell and CCK are at ringside and look shocked for their friend.

**DDK:**

What a shot! Theodore Cain barely had time to react when DLJ just ran right through him with that clothesline!

**Lance:**

It's nuts to think how fast this kid can move for that size!

The 6'7 Utah native doesn't wait for Theodore Cain to get up before he pulls the Smash Surfer to his feet and pitches him to the corner. He holds out a hand...

**THWACK!**

...and BLISTERS Cain across his chest with a chop!

**THWACK!**

And another! Cain is hunched over in pain when DLJ looks out to Sonny for approval. He darts across the ring once more and nearly SHAKES the ring as he bounces off the ropes, coming back to crash right into Cain in the corner with a big running shoulder thrust to the gut! Cain lets out a loud groan and falls to the canvas. But instead of going for a pinfall as he probably should, DLJ does a slow victory lap in a circle around Cain's body to loud boos while Sonny claps like a seal for his charge!

**Lance:**

What the...? That ring SHOOK, Darren! Being a part of Vae Victis really unlocked this new gear that we've seen DLJ operate on since he joined the group at DEFtv 200.

**DDK:**

He really has. And I wonder if at any point, Uriel Cortez regrets kicking him out of Titanes Familia back at DEFIANCE Road in January.

Standing over Theodore Cain, The Front Runner picks the Smash Surfer up by his hair and and once again whips him off to the corner. DLJ looks out to the Faithful and hears the jeering, but waits. He charges full speed ahead again... AND CATCHES AN ELBOW! The blow rattles DLJ, who stumbles back a couple of steps and checks his lip!

**DDK:**

There we go! That's what Cain has to find a way to do right now! He's gotta slow this kid down somehow and fight back!

**Lance:**

Cain's going to the middle rope... flying shoulder block! He takes DLJ off his feet!

That gets more cheers from The Faithful as Cain tries to get something going against the Fastest Big Man Alive. He gets back to his feet, and then points down at DLJ. He goes to pick James up and then tries to get him in a fireman's carry.

**DDK:**

Cain looking for High Tide... NO! DLJ is fighting it!

He can't get him up due to DLJ elbowing his head several times to get him to let go. He tries to pull Cain's arm for a whip, but Cain reverses that and sends DLJ to the ropes. He tries to stop Danny with a clothesline, but The Front Runner ducks the first clothesline. He tries a chop that also misses... then SMASHES the nicknamed Smash Surfer clean off his feet with the Dash and Bash shoulder tackle! Cain flops over onto his back so hard from the impact, he rolls onto his stomach!

**Lance:**

Good GRIEF, what a shot! I think this one might be done, Darren!

**DDK:**

Such speed off those ropes! He turns Cain inside out with the Dash and Bash! And now Sonny is calling for the end!

Sonny gives him the thumbs up, followed by a quick thumbs down at ringside. The Faithful jeer as DLJ takes point in the corner with his mentor shouting instructions as he slaps his palm.

**Sonny Silver:**

Hit him with what we talked about in training, kid! Godspeed!

**DLJ:**

Gotcha, Da... Mister Silver!

He holds out his palm and seems to be waiting on Cain to get back up. CCK and Campbell try to warn him at ringside... but it's too late when DLJ surges at him yet again by SMACKING him with a powerful fast-moving running palm strike! Cain crumbles to the mat and DLJ kneels over to go right into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **"THE FRONT RUNNER" ... D! L! J!**

DLJ balls up a fist and looks happy to be announced as the winner of the contest! He stands over Cain and casts an arrogant glance at him as Sonny enters the ring and raises his hand. Titus and CCK go help their tag team partner out of the ring while the VV member stands proudly as a winner!

**DDK:**

That's the third win in a row for DLJ! He's undefeated so far since joining Vae Victis and... oh, boy, Sonny's gonna talk.

The music cuts as Sonny has a microphone.

**Sonny Silver:**

THREE in a row, people. THREE wins in a row for this man. And in two weeks... we're gonna make it four... AND we're gonna put a title around that waist when he does it!

He gestures to the camera.

**Sonny Silver:**

TA Cole! Congrats, buddy! After ten years of being in this company, you FINALLY won your first title last night! You did it! You're welcome by the way... But hey! You always remember your first title win... but I regret to inform your redneck ass that you won't be making it to your first defense!

Watching from the back, a very displeased Ned Reform stands next to the new Favoured Saints Champion, TA Cole, holding the title proudly and watching the monitor from a non-awkward position like you may see in other places. The camera goes live back to Sonny.

**Sonny Silver:**

Doctor Ned Reform... I will call you that, I'm a respectful man... I'd say don't even worry about saving up enough defenses to challenge Corvo Alpha! In two weeks on DEFtv 203, that title comes back HOME to Vae Victis where it should have never left in the first place. TA Cole is a great athlete... but...

DLJ takes the microphone.

**DLJ:**

He! Ain't! Me!

He spikes the mic down and the two men leave.

**DDK:**

WOW! The nerve... these two orchestrated the loss of Butcher Victorious so DLJ can try and take the glory! That Godspeed palm strike was brutal looking and if he can hit that on Cole, Sonny's prognostications may come true!

## Urbs Nubium

Outside the State Farm arena, there's an elaborate set piece shaped like the Millennium Falcon.

A slanted ramp comes down from the "ship" and three people step out and down:

Cecilia Ryan dressed loosely like Princess Leia.

Dan Ryan dressed loosely like Han Solo.

And Scott Hunter...

Dressed **EXACTLY** like Chewbacca.

**Scottbacca:**

ARRRRRRRRRRGH!!!

Dan turns to look at him slightly as they walk.

**Dan Ryan:**

Well, that was a long time ago. I'm sure she's forgotten about that. There's nothing to worry about. We go way back, Lindsay and me.

They keep walking and finally reach the outer door to the arena. Dan holds it open and Cecilia walks in, looking up at her dad first.

**Cecilia Ryan:**

Who's worried?

All three walk through the door and almost run into "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes. Lindsay is standing tall, a stern expression on her face, hands on hips, with a grocery bag in one of them, wearing a Lando Calrissian cape for no reason. Keyes has his arms crossed over his chest and is frowning, looking directly at Dan Ryan.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Why you slimy, double-crossing, no-good swindler. You've got a lot of guts coming here, after what you pulled.

Dan points to himself innocently, mouthing, "Me?"

Lindsay moves threateningly toward Han. Suddenly, she throws her arms around her startled old friend and family member and embraces him. He smiles, then she turns and looks at her niece.

A broad smile goes over Cecilia Ryan's face.

**Cecilia Ryan:**

Aunt Lindz!

Lindsay smiles back at her and embraces her as well. They all turn to look at Scott. Lindsay holds up the bag in her hand.

**Lindsay Troy:** [scowling]

Forget something, Scott?

**Scottbacca:**

ARRRRRRRRGH!!

Dan looks at Lindsay and they roll their eyes. Ryan then turns and looks at Henry Keyes, who is still frowning and still has his arms folded over his chest.

**Dan Ryan:**

Henry.

Dan holds out a hand, but instead of a handshake, Henry Keyes clocks him right on the jaw with a right hand. Dan's head snaps to the side, and he staggers just a bit. He opens his eyes wide for a moment, and rubs his jaw with his hand, then turns back to the Kraken.

**Dan Ryan:**

Okay... yeah, I deserved that.

**Henry Keyes:** [smiling]

Yes... yes, you did.

Both men smile. Dan starts to laugh slightly, and so does Keyes.

**Henry Keyes:**

We're all glad you're back. Welcome home.

And this time, the handshake happens. One of THOSE handshakes. If you know, you know. They all start to walk down the hall in silence, as Lindsay throws an arm around her niece's shoulders and gives her a side hug on their way.

MEANWHILE...

Mid-conversation in the VVIP Suite, just walking into the room and sitting down from his match moments before.

**Sonny Silver:**

Good job out there, kid! That Favoured Saints Title is gonna be all yours in two weeks!

Shared laughter erupts within the group as Sonny slaps Dan's shoulder. DLJ laughs along as well.

**DLJ:**

What an assbutt Butcher is, right? So ungrateful!

Sonny stops when he hears the word "assbutt" come out of a grown-ass man... then laughs harder!

**Sonny Silver:** [fighting back laughter]

Assbutt... this guy's got jokes! Too bad Oscar ain't here to see this...

**DLJ:**

Where IS Oscar, anyway?

The laughter stops.

**DLJ:**

What?

Sonny frowns, then pulls up his phone.

**Sonny Silver:** [scrolling through his phone for messages]

The last text message he sent me was, and I quote... "I'll be right when the money's right, GCs. Hold down the fort and get plenty munted." Whatever the hell that means.

A loud noise outside the door...

**"ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH!!!!!"**

**Sonny Silver:**

What the...?

The door to the suite opens, and the group walks into the suite.

Lindsay Troy.

Henry Keyes.

Dan Ryan.

Cecilia Ryan.

...and Scottbacca.

**Sonny Silver:**

Holy shit.

**DLJ:**

What? You've never seen a Scottbacca before?

**Sonny Silver:**

Scottbac... NO! BOY! STAND UP! SHOW SOME RESPECT!

Sonny stands up along with DLJ. He may not have ever met Dan Ryan before now, but certainly knows him by reputation.

**Sonny Silver:**

I'm not going blind. Dan fucking Ryan in the flesh!

Cecilia smiles big, proud smile. Sonny shakes hands with a fellow legend. Behind him, the non-Dan Ryan-Dan aka DLJ approaches the non-Dan Leo James-Dan aka Dan Ryan. He comes face to face with the legend.

**Dan Ryan:**

Yes?

**DLJ:**

Nah... wild... nah, this is wild. I thought **\*I\*** was the only Dan that was 6'7"!

They two men of same first name and equal height point at one another at the exact same time! Everyone else is trying to fight back laughter when Sonny looks at Troy.

**Sonny Silver:**

What's the story? We cool with the OGVV and OGVV... I'm guessing daughter edition?

**Lindsay Troy:**

It's a tale best told over bourbon, but let's just say that with enough time, some bridges can be rebuilt.

She looks over at her brother-in-law, who nods.

**Lindsay Troy:**

And also, we knew it'd piss off people in Chicago, and that was an additional motivator for the both of us.

**Sonny Silver:**





Scott looks angry for a moment, but then smiles and wags a finger at Lindsay.

**Scott Hunter:**

Well played, well played. Touche'. Au Revoir...

Suddenly Scott's eyes start to go loopy, he slowly sways, then slowly spins in a circle, closes his eyes, and falls on his face.

**Dan Ryan:**

That, I believe... is a concussion.

Lindsay nods, satisfied.

**Dan Ryan:**

Well...

He claps his hands together.

**Dan Ryan:**

I heard someone say bourbon.

Sonny's face lights up and he claps Dan Ryan on the shoulder.

**Sonny Silver:**

Right you did!

Sonny gestures the group to the door.

**Sonny Silver:**

Shall we?

Everyone glances back at Scott, now snoring on the floor.

**Dan Ryan:** (waving a hand at him)

He'll be fine.

Dan Leo James grabs a small throw blanket from the back of the leather couch in the suite and places it over Scott so he's comfortable.

Scott is now sucking his thumb.

They all exit, one by one, with Dan Ryan tossing one last comment in as they go.

**Dan Ryan:**

There's so adorable when they're dumb.

Lindsay chuckles and closes the door behind her as she goes.

**COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN**



## PARDON THE INTERRUPTION

**DDK:**

As DEFtv comes to a close tonight, the last thing I see on our agenda is a celebration of Pop Culture!

**Lance:**

Indeed! At DEFCon, the three time DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, Elise Ares and the D, the Pop Culture Phenoms, were able to best their challengers in the Titaness Familila. That bout was fast and brutal, and while they were able to escape with the tag team championships, many are calling out Killjoy's performance as the night a star was born.

**DDK:**

Tonight however, it's all smiles and jubilation, as Elise Ares and the D no doubt have the most insane celebration planned. Let's take it to ringside.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The Faithful pop at the poppy tune as Hollywood search lights scour the crowd, before landing onto the top of the entrance ramp. A large PCP logo appears on the DEFiatron as the lights cut out.

When they return, the single spotlight illuminates both the D and Elise Ares, backs to the Faithful, tag team titles raised high. Klein steps out between them, holding two of the Trios belts over each shoulder, and the last one around his waist. Elise turns and spins, wearing her trademark LED shades reading "OKAY. NEXT. " The D simply holds one fist in the air, before tossing his tag championship belt onto his shoulder.

The D doesn't lower his hand, his Fist held taught, as he points to Elise. The trio make their way to ringside.

**DDK:**

A little less pomp and circumstance than we might have expected here Lance.

**Lance:**

PCP with an agenda... they do have a tendency to put their serious faces on when it counts.

As Elise hops onto the turnbuckles and extends her hands to the Faithful, the D makes his way around ringside and grabs the microphone from Darren Quimbey. He points for Darren to sit back down, and then waves his finger nah-uh toward him, just as the music dies down.

Klein is waving at ringside to the people in the front row.

**The D:**

FAITHFUL of all Genders, it is your hostess with the moistest, ever slick and dangerously cunning, one half (off of Klein's look) third of your THREE TIME, Unified Tag Team champions, and the DIRECTOR of DEFIANCE... THE D! But I'm not the important one here tonight. Thank you for your cheers. The D loves you. And you love the D. No no, tonight! As Darren Quimbey sits on his butt doing the best job he's ever done as an announcer...I'd like to point your attention to the leading lady of not only PCP, but of DEFIANCE as a whole. A woman who's never gotten her fair shake at being considered what SHE IS, the ABSOLUTE, PINNACLE, GREATEST wrestler within these four walls. The quintessential sextop, a female Cuban casanova that makes all the man's drawer's spring to life... She is the FAITHFUL's Leading lady, and leads in both your hearts and mine. Hell, she's probably pinned up on your ceilings as the last thing you see before you go to sleep at night... she is your RIGHTFUL, AND FUTURE... FIST, OF DEFIANCE! SHE IS... ELISE! ARES!

The D uses his own voice to create a fake echo as he uses both hands to bow toward Elise and step aside.

**Elise Ares:**

That you BBY for a most deserving introduction... and if I can bring a little attention to something Aresites it's time we talk about what's DESERVED. For over eight years now The D, Klein, and myself have been the crowd jewel of

DEFIANCE's tag team division. New teams have come and gone but we've done what we do best and we've adapted and made our way to the top. What TOTES hasn't happened, is being given my opportunity at the FIST of DEFIANCE. Uninterrupted.

The crowd gives a mixed reaction, although a lot more cheers now that a certain snowflake holds the strap than the last time this conversation happened with Dex Joy at the helm.

**Lance:**

She did have a fantastic match against Dex Joy that was ruined by Titanes Familia.

**Elise Ares:**

The Favoured Saints have used our success as an albatross around my neck. I can hear the conversations in my head. "Oh, she's too important to the tag team division. We can't lose her to a singles championship." "Elise? She just finished her reign as the longest Southern Heritage Champion of all time, let's give the Faithful a breather." "The Pop Culture Phenoms have already peaked. That fad has come and gone. Let's go with something 'new' and 'exciting.'"

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE almost dislocates her retinas with an eyeroll.

**Elise Ares:**

For the last eight years I have been THE most entertaining wrestler both in that ring and on this microphone that DEFIANCE has EVER seen. When everyone else was jumping ship I put DEFIA-

**M A N T R A.**

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The jaw of the FACE of DEFIANCE remains open as the opening riff from Bring Me The Horizon injects the arena with hypnotic flashing white lights and gold accents. If looks could kill, Elise Ares would have a triple homicide on her hands as Makayla Namaste leads DEC4L and Nathaniel Eye out from the backstage area. With microphone in hand, Good Vibes Only immediately gets the message from her female counterpart.

**Makayla Namaste:**

Did someone say something new and exciting? You need to just take a moment and R E L A X queen. You've been wearing the same crown here in DEFIANCE for a long time, sis, but finna need you to take your RBF game down S E V E R A L notches because tonight we come in peace.

**Elise Ares:**

Hey BBY, I know you're new here but "finna" give you some MUCH needed advice. You ain't that cute. He ain't that young. And he ain't that talented. I don't care if Lindsay Troy trained you or pegged you, I've been interrupted enough the last year that I KNOW you're totes not stupid enough to come out here and do it again. So let me save you some time, "sis." You collect your boys and your books. You turn around right now and you go far, FAR away from the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. Go join Tom Morrow in intensive care! I don't care where you go, but it's not here. It's not now. Then maybe... MAYBE BBY, I'll forget this entire thing happened and we can go get some mimosas in a few weeks and make fun of the rest of the tag division behind their backs. Deal?

InstaFamous doesn't even get the chance to respond before Nathaniel Eye takes the microphone from her.

**Nathan Eye:**

You mean the Thomas Marrow Memorial Division, renamed and dedicated to the man who sacrificed himself so that M4NTRA could live on to achieve their destiny of bringing the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships home where they belong. In my book *251 Pages of...*

**The D:**

BORING. Do you think we READ? We're ENTERTAINERS. We don't leave anything open to imagination. We don't "actualize" we just do. So you can DO us a favor and visualize yourself off this stage because your Leading Lady isn't finished yet.

Nathan grits his teeth together but Makayla is there quickly to begin rubbing his shoulders and chanting self-healing mantras into his ear as Declan Alexander grabs the microphone.

**DEC4L:**

That's cap, right? Y'all are sending me tonight. On top of your game and I can respect that. Game recognizes game... but you have what we deserve, and we're not finna be finessed out of our rightful place in the Tom Morrow Memorial Division by some washed actress and her simp.

The crowd audibly gasps, but doesn't get the opportunity to breath when suddenly...

♪ "World on Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

The reaction of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful is off the charts next! When Nathan and Declan hear the music, they scoot down the ramp on purpose to leave themselves some distance between the seven-foot twin terrors ... and their little cousin ... coming down the ramp!

**DDK:**

M4NTRA have been impressive! They've got big wins under their belt ... but the resume of the Lucky Sevens speaks for itself!

**Lance:**

Former two-time Unified Tag Team champs in their own right! And now Lonnie Luck as the third member of the Lucky Sevens! We saw him defeat Alvaro de Vargas last week on Uncut in a Sin City Street Fight!

**DDK:**

And after ADV lost to Punch Drunk Purcell ... The Lucky Sevens had him arrested! They're on a roll tonight!

DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team (Allegedly) make their way out onto the stage and they're dressed in ring gear, looking ready to fight someone. Right behind them, Lonnie Luck is in a gray plaid suit and gray tinted sunglasses to match the formal wear of his larger cousins. Max waves a hand over his throat and signals for the music to cut.

**Max Luck:**

No, no, no, no, no ... a *thousand* times HELL NO!!! If *any* team deserves the next shot at those titles, it ain't M4NTRA, so the two of you can enlighten your taints and shove your self-help books up your asses until they disappear!

Nathan covers his ears and won't hear the blasphemy of his book. Mason has a microphone as well.

**Mason Luck:**

Hey ... fair play to the PCP. You are one of the top tag teams in DEFIANCE.

**Max Luck:**

Top two, even ... but we ain't two.

Dirty looks all around from Elise and The D.

**Mason Luck:**

Just cause we're on "the same side" these days don't mean that our feelings on you two have changed. We've *never* liked you. Except for *one* match that you beat us ... *because* of M4NTRA ... you think you can stand there with straight faces and call yourselves the centerpiece of the division? But who's won every other match we've had together after all these years? Lon?

Lonnie has a microphone.

**Lonnie Luck:**

That'd be you guys!

The D turns to Klein and mouths “who the fuck is that?”

**Max Luck:**

And you might have had those titles now, but who not only walked, but who *ran* with not just one, but *two* DEFIANTS of the Year DEFY Awards? Lon?

**Lonnie Luck:**

That’d be you guys again!

**Max Luck:**

And the *only* reason you’ve been champs as long as you’ve had is because instead of us coming after them, Morrow had a blood debt to pay. And you two know better than anyone that when Dashing Max and Pretty Face Mase want something ... you *know* we collect! And at DEFIANCE, that mofo got his chips cashed in! He’s *DONE!!!* That pendejo, Alvaro! He’s *DONE, TOO!!!*

“RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!”

**Nathan Eye:**

Hey! Hey! Hey! No, that’s enough! I will *not* sit here and listen to the Pop Culture Phenoms act like they’re the top while *we* exist! And will not let you sully the good name of Tom Morrow or the Tom Morrow Memorial Division! You will *not* speak ill of the dead. At DEFCON, you pinned Morrow ... but you didn’t pin *us!*

**DEC4L:**

No cap! Big talk coming from a pair of big boomers. The last time *we* were in a tag match with the Lucky Sevens, we pinned you guys with help from Tom Morrow. On God!

Nathan and Declan both kiss their hands and point up to the sky.

**Nathan Eye:**

Rest in Power, Tommy. We’ll see you again on the other side someday.

Declan holds up his hands and gets high fives from both Nathan and Makayla.

**Makayla Namaste:**

That’s right! The only thing M4NTRA can’t do is hold this L cause we’re so busy carrying Ws! M4NTRA should get the match!

Mason points down at Makayla.

**Mason Luck:**

Face the facts, dumbasses. At DEFCON, Rain City Ronin and the Lucky Sevens were the only ones with our arms raised. And if the two of you want to go right now ...

He looks at himself and then looks at Max.

**Max Luck:**

We showed up to compete wishing someone would try to Luck around and ...

**Lonnie Luck:**

Wait wait wait! Can I say it?

Max and Mason both turn to their cousin. They both sigh at the same time and then let him have his moment. He claps giddily.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Sounds like M4NTRA ... WANTS TO LUCK AROUND AND FIND OUT!!!

Mason and Max look ready to hurt M4NTRA. Nathan Eye hugs his book closely while DEC4L does the right thing by Makayla and tries to protect her. In the ring watching all of this go on, PCP have heard enough from both sides. The D addresses Lonnie.

**The D:**

Alright... random fan... The Lucks and the Hippies don't need us to figure out who fights us for the belts, so we'll just start the afterparty early. Elise? Let's go!

The D directs the rest of PCP out of the ring. Elise is pissed that her moment was upstaged, but the D assures her it will come. Klein meanwhile, stays back a bit too long and meets both teams. He waves excitedly to them from across the ring, before turning to see the PCP have already left through the crowd. He hops off and rushes to catch up to them. As PCP leave, a referee runs past them and heads to Darren Quimbey.

**DDK:**

What is going on here? Are going to see a match?

**Lance:**

That referee is telling Darren Quimbey something!

After they have their discussion and M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens, Darren Quimbey makes the announcement.

**Darren Quimbey:**

I have just received word that there *will* be a tag team match between the Lucky Sevens and M4NTRA and the winning team will earn a match for the Unified Tag Team titles against PCP in two weeks! That match will start ... right now!!!

The Lucky Sevens look very happy with this announcement! M4NTRA much less so!

**DDK:**

What a match! Right here, right now! M4NTRA! Lucky Sevens! The winner gets the Phenoms next week for the Unified Tag Team championships!

## **#1 CONTENDERSHIP, UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES: THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. M4NTRA**

Mason and Max Luck are ready to throw down and Lonnie Luck supports them at ringside. He stands on the apron and all three of the Lucks put up the Winning Hand to cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! On the other side Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have Makayla Namaste in their corners and they're talking strategy.

### **DDK:**

What a match we have right now with huge stakes for both teams! The Lucky Sevens take on M4NTRA with the winning team getting a title match against PCP for the Unified Tag Team titles in two weeks!

### **Lance:**

And we know the long history between both teams! M4NTRA defeated the Sevens with help from Tom Morrow last year. At DEFCON, the Lucky Sevens and Rain City Ronin defeated M4NTRA, Alvaro and Morrow himself!

Nathan is taking off his jacket and he starts off for M4NTRA and Mason Luck is ready.

### **DING DING**

The Maim Event Monster starts to head towards Natty Eyce and he throws his coat at him. Mason takes a second to throw the jacket off his head and that is all he needs! He runs and uses his strength and pushes Pretty Face Mase into a corner. Eye has the opening that he needs to strike away at Mason with big right hands to his face. Luck is knocked into the corner and Eye takes note of the crowd's reaction booing him and he holds his hands out.

### **Nathan Eye:**

Eyes on the prize and you can beat anyone you wa ... ARGH!!!

Mason Luck has the Winning Hand iron claw locked in on Nathan Eye to a large ovation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

### **Lance:**

Nathan Eye had the advantage there and he just let it slip through his fingers!

The referee is checking to see if Nathan Eye is going to tap, but DEC4L and Makayla Namaste pull his leg and drag him out of the ring and get him to safety!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

### **DDK:**

And there's Declan Alexander and Makalya coming to the aid of Eye!

Nathan takes a breather on the floor and asks for Makayla to check his face. DEC4L watches out for the Sevens and Makayla does a once-over.

### **Makayla Namaste:**

All good vibes only!

### **DEC4L:**

On God!

Nathan is relieved, but none of them have paid attention to Mason making the tag to Max Luck moments ago. Max is on the floor.

### **Makayla Namaste:**



OH, DIP!!!

Instinctively she runs out of the path of danger, but it's too late for both Declan and Nathan on the outside when Max Luck runs through them both with double clotheslines! Dashing Max throws up the Winning Hand and gets loud responses from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful for shutting M4NTRA up for a moment!

**DDK:**

It's all Lucky Sevens so far in this match! With a Unified Tag Team championship match in two weeks on the line, it's pedal to the medal tonight!

Max grabs Nathan up first and puts the Golden State Guru back into the ring. Dashing Max follows right behind him. Max takes Nathan and punches him in the face and he's sent stumbling right back to the corner that Mason Luck is occupying. Mason tags in. Max whips Nathan into a knee strike to the stomach from Mason, who in turn spins him around into a big boot to Max! Natty Eyce is down! Mason, Max and even Lonnie join in with a loud cheer for a move people used to hate ...

**Mason/Max/Lonnie Luck:**

KA-CHING!!!

**Lance:**

What a wild 2023 and 2024 the Lucky Sevens have had getting all this fan support!

Off the Ka-ching combo, Mason covers Nathan.

One ...

Two ...

No!

**DDK:**

There's a kickout from Nathan. Mason and Max came out here looking for a fight and this fight might end with a rematch between them and PCP!

Max with the tag again. Nathan tries to get away from the two men, but Natty Eyce grabs them back and whips him into the ropes. They sucker Nathan with a double shoulder block. Mason goes back to the corner and Max Luck leaps up to hit the Box Cars elbow drop!

**Lance:**

There's an elbow with another cover!

One ...

Two ...

Declan makes the save using a flipping senton across the back of Max Luck!

**DDK:**

And there is DEC4L using his whole body to make the save!

DEC4L looks proud of himself with Nathan Eye doing what he can to get away from Max Luck. Nathan clutches his chest close and points to Declan to hurry back to the corner. Declan does it and then Nathan makes an official tag to his partner. Declan gets in between the ropes and just as Max is about to get to his feet, he jumps through the ropes and then lands the GGEZ!

**DDK:**

DEC4L lands the GGEZ! I have no idea what the reference is, but that is an incredibly athletic and impressive move!

**Lance:**

And it dropped the seven foot Max before he could get back to his feet!

The Intrepid Influencer jumps and tries pinning Max Luck.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Max kicks out and when Declan is shocked about him kicking out, Nathan wants the tag.

**DDK:**

M4NTRA's tag team work has been almost impeccable for a team with roughly less than a year of experience.

**Lance:**

Declan Alexander was right, too. They have defeated the Lucky Sevens before. But to do it a second time? That has almost never happened to the Maim Event Monsters.

Nathan gets a tag and they both go to try and double team Max. Max has different plans for both men when he breaks their grip and starts hitting anything in front of him. He chops Declan! He chops Nathan! Another chop for Declan! Another chop for Nathan!

**Lance:**

Look at Max Luck go! The Lucky Sevens know all well what's at stake here. They've been to the mountain top before and they have been riding high in the past few months since getting the reception from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Max has shaken down both member of M4NTRA. But when he tries another double clothesline like he did earlier in the match, the super athletes duck and when he comes back, they both score with a double drop kick that takes the big man off his feet. After that, Nathan and DEC4L both simultaneously kip up to their feet! Lonnie watches Makayla Namaste who blows a kiss and waves at him in a mocking manner.

**DDK:**

M4NTRA turn the tide quickly here! And they've got Mason down!

DEC4L stands with Nathan behind him and he lifts his own partner into aided standing moonsault across Max's chest! After DEC4L moves, Nathan goes off the ropes to follow with a knee drop on Max's chest! Nathan makes a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dashing Max kicks out again!

**Lance:**

M4NTRA are pressing the issue here and they are just three seconds away from getting the one thing Tom Morrow has wanted for this time since he helped get them together.

The two-hundred and fifty-one pound Nathan Eye stands up again and then grabs Max by his leg. He wants a half crab but Max is too strong and kicks him away. Max tries making it back to his feet again but Nathan Eye is able to cut him off from the side with the Side-Eye pounce!

**DDK:**

SIDE-EYE!!! SIDE-EYE!!!

The move knocks Max down again and now Nathan switches things up and slows it down to go for a submission on Max and goes for the leg with an ankle lock!

**DDK:**

That's a new move from Nathan with this ankle lock! He's gotta cut the big man's legs out and if he can't walk, their chances of winning this match are that much slimmer!

Mason Luck is waiting in his corner and he's yelling out to his brother to fight the submission. Lonnie is trying to help his cousin by lending emotional support. Max claws at the mat trying to get away and pushes Nathan to the mat with his other foot, but he keeps the submission on the mat! Max is scrambling to the ropes ...

He is almost there ...

Lonnie points to the ropes ...

AND MAX MAKES IT TO FORCE THE BREAK!!!

**DDK:**

Max makes it! Max makes it! But Nathan is going after the leg a second time!

DEC4L and Makayla watch Nathan lock the submission on him again but Max is able to hop on one good foot upward and shows off his own skills by hitting a big seven foot enziguri kick on Nathan! Nathan does a full front flip forward and lands on his back after the kick! Max favors his left ankle but he goes to the corner and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful want to see him make the tag to his twin brother!

**Lance:**

Max is almost there! Declan Alexander is trying to get Nathan to their corner!

**DEC4L:**

Follow the sound of my voice fam!

Nathan makes it and gets to tag Declan. He runs inside ... But the cheers tell him he's too late and he stops in his tracks when Mason gets the tag first!

**Lance:**

Oooooohhhhhh no!

Mason runs right through Declan with a big elbow and he's knocked off his feet! Mason is as happy as happy can be getting to punch someone in the face. When Declan tries to get up, Mason does just that and rocks the talented young gamer with a punch. The blow sends him back into a corner where Declan falls victim to a running splash in the corner from Mason Luck. But like Lay's Potato Chips, he can't stop at just one. He grabs Declan's arm and he is Irish whipped to the other side of the ring and then Mason hits another big running splash!

**DDK:**

Two big running splashes! Mason is trapping him in the corner!

Declan had his arms thrown over the corner and he holds his hands out. He licks his hand slowly ...

CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!!

**DDK:**

And there's Four of a Kind!!!

DEC4L collapses to his knees from the pain, but Mason grabs him first and then walks across the ring to plant him square in the middle with a walking scoop powerslam! Mason hooks his legs!

One ...

Two ...

**Lance:**

No! Nathan breaks it up first! The Lucky Sevens almost had their tickets punched to two weeks from now!

Nathan Eye's third eye allows him to see his partner was in trouble and tries to save him. Nathan attacks Mason Luck and jumps on him with punches. Nathan starts to get back up ... and he's wiped out from out of nowhere by Max Luck with a huge diving clothesline off the top rope!

**DDK:**

Check-Raise! Where did Max Luck even come from with that move?!

Nathan is taken out and Max rolls out of the ring, giving him a clear path to finish off DEC4L for the win! Mason's throws the Winning Hand symbol up in the air and then goes for the iron claw on Declan when Makayla panics and jumps into the ring with Mason Luck and has Nathan Eye's metal-plated book in hand!

**DDK:**

What's Makayla doing?! If she hits Mason with that book, M4NTRA gets disqualified!

Makayla runs at Mason who rolls his eyes and then pushes her to the side ... right into Declan and hits him with Nathan Eye's book! In full view of the referee!

**DDK:**

Declan is down ... WAIT!!!

The referee calls for the bell!

**DING DING DING DING DING DING**

**Lance:**

What's going on here?!

Makayla drops the book instantly and goes to check on Declan! Mason looks at the referee, then wonders what's going on. He goes over to Darren Quimbey ... and Quimbey announce's the referee's call.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winners as a result of a disqualification ... and the new number one contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles ... M4NTRAAAAAAAAA!!!

**DDK:**

WHAT?!?! NAMASTE BROUGHT THAT STUPID BOOK INTO THE RING!!! SHE HIT HER OWN GUY!!!

Makayla looks at the book and then smiles! Mason corners the referee, who explains the call! Mason screams that she hit Declan with it! Max and Lonnie both try and talk Mason from doing something he might regret but as this happens, Makayla and Nathan quickly get Declan out of the ring and help carry him up the ramp! He's woozy, but seems to be

happy that M4NTRA have what they wanted and walked out tonight with another W.

**Lance:**

WAIT ... DID SHE DO THAT ON PURPOSE!?

**DDK:**

I DON'T KNOW!!! BUT THE REFEREE'S RULING IS FINAL!!! M4NTRA TAKES ON PCP IN TWO WEEKS WITH THE TAG TEAM TITLES ON THE LINE!!!

**Makayla Namaste:**

Good vibes!

**Nathan Eye:**

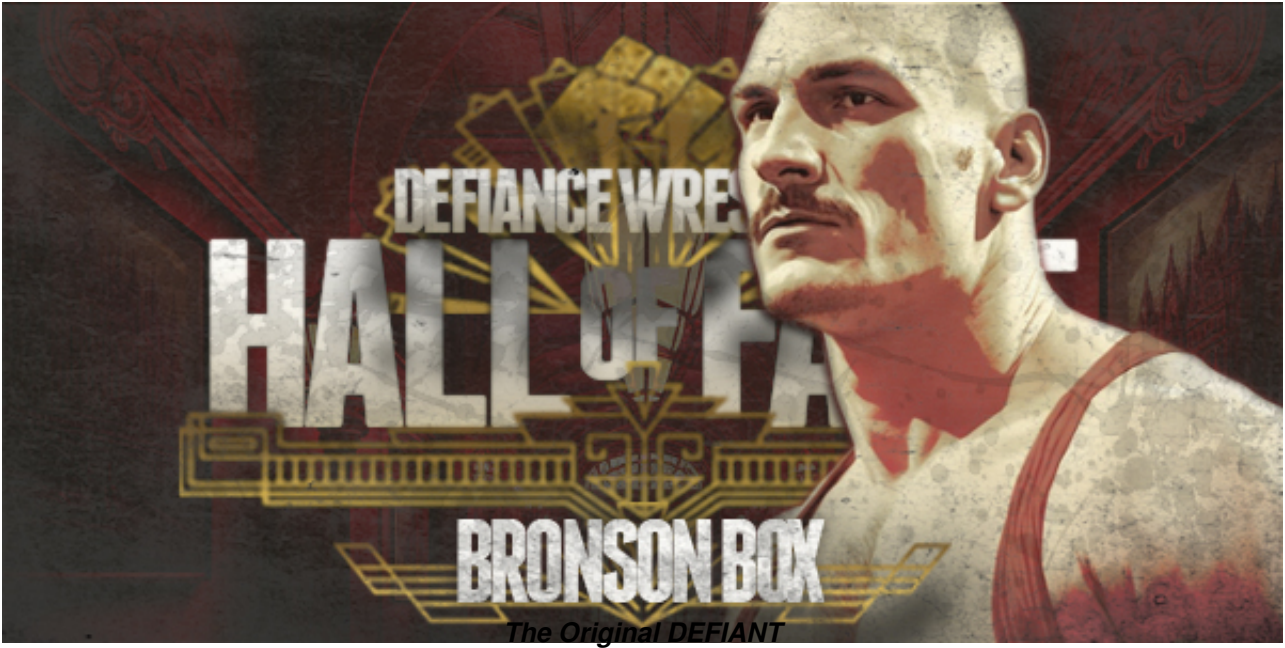
This one was for you, Tommy!!! We're gonna make you proud!!!

**DEC4L:**

... Ow.

The Lucks are furious right now with the referee. Mason wants to take a swing but Max and Lonnie tell him to cool his jets and try to get him to calm down as the show goes to a commercial.

**COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX**



## CIRCUS CIRCUS

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

The Faithful ROAR.

### **DDK:**

Folks, we aren't done yet. We have television time with BOXWOOD, Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box, and I have a feeling I know exactly where this is going.

### **Lance:**

Oh, same. It's time to call out the FIST of DEFIANCE. It's time to wreck him! Blackwood and Box said they'd make good on Malak Garland's death certificate after they laid waste to Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames, which they were both able to do at DEFCON.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Please let me introduce to you at this time two men who have been described by some as the BACKBONE of DEFIANCE Wrestling... the team of the BombasticBronson Box and Gage Blackwood!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH~!!!*

The crowd roars again as Box and Blackwood stroll out in a serious march down the rampway. There isn't a lot to make note of here, it's a b-line to the ring because these men have business on their minds.

Once inside the squared circle, Blackwood is handed a microphone from Darren Quimbey as the ring announcer vacates and allows Box and Blackwood to have the floor to themselves.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

Aye.

Big pop!

### **Gage Blackwood:**

It was one year ago, the first DEFtv back from DEFCON where I stood face-to-face with Max and Mason Luck, the two men who were PAID by some mysterious dick to take me out for nearly a YEAR. They laughed at me, aye did they. They said I was alone.

Blackwood goes for a walk around the ring. Then he pats Bronson on the chest.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

But I wasn't alone. While I was laid up at home I remembered there was another Scottish bruiser back home away from this place. A good brother who didn't deserve to fade away and vanish. So I rolled up to Banff and I made myself a blasted team. A team of SCOTSMAN... well, and Harmen.

The Noble Raider laughs along with the crowd at the lighthearted barb at the team's long lost third member.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

We miss Jack, and I'll get to that. But when I was at home in Edinburgh resting and biding my time before I could be cleared again, I found this man goin' through his own personal war. I reached out and he told me what he was going through, what was keepin' him away. It took some time but eventually we cracked out a plan to find our way back here TOGETHER to the greatest damned wrestling promotion on the planet! I was comin' back to DEFIANCE with the legit Original DEFIANT at my side!

The crowd keeps cheering as Blackwood looks truly grateful.

### **Gage Blackwood:**

So once I was cleared, once ol' Boxer here was good and ready he and I hopped a plane, kicked the blasted door back in around here and beat the living piss out of the Lucky Sevens!

Another cheer, even though everyone seemingly likes Max and Mason right now. It's just the context of what they've all been through, the Sevens included, since then.

It's been a crazy ass year, yall.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Now, whilst I haven't exactly found the brains and the money behind hiring those two seven-foot tall mercenary bastards, I may never find them. At this point it doesn't matter.

Blackwood whacks Box on the chest again.

**Gage Blackwood:**

What does matter is I found a countryman... I found a mentor... and I found a friend FOR LIFE.

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!*

**Gage Blackwood:**

Just because I might never get my hands on the rotten bastard who cost me a YEAR of my career... that doesn't mean Boxwood is done doling out some rough and ready justice to a whole LIST of dirtbags who've done us and this incredible company WRONG.

Suddenly, Blackwood goes full Scottish rage into the mic.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Malak Garland, you wimp ass bloke. Now you have the ultimate prize and Bronson Box is going to take it from you. I'm going to pummel you, too. Nobody drugs me and gets away with it. Nobody CHEATS Bronson out of a win in his OWN match and gets away with it! We killed your henchmen and now we're going to kill you!

Bronson Box claps Gage on the shoulder with a smile.

**Gage Blackwood:**

The buck stops here, Malak. Your reign won't last for more than a couple of days. You already LOST the FIST? Aye, that's fine. You're not worthy of it to begin with. You want to go back to the OLD DAYS? We'll send you flying back there!

Gage holds up two fingers.

**Gage Blackwood:**

You're looking at two former FISTS, guys who know what it takes and how hard the struggle at the top is! Aye, we're coming for you and we're coming for you right now!

Shaking with rage from head to toe, Blackwood marches to the ring ropes and stares into the hard camera.

**Gage Blackwood:**

One more thing, aye.

His eyes lock on the camera lens.

**Gage Blackwood:**

I have every reason to believe it was YOU who paid the Lucky Sevens to take me out. Everything leads to you, the entire trail. I've done my homework, Box has helped me out. The breadcrumb trail ends AT YOUR FEET. We are going to KILL you, Malak. We are going to mop the fucking walls with you. At this rate, you'll wish you actually WERE



in a different organization. DEFIANCE you are not. Dead you're gonna be. This is the final line in the sand, Malak. GOOD RIDDANCE TO TRASH!

The Atlanta Faithful have been worked into a frenzy as Blackwood retreats to the center of the ring. Box works the crowd into a "MALAK'S DEAD, MALAK'S DEAD" chant as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right of the screen and the television feed fades away.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

Oh, wait a second, Bronson has the mic again.

**Bronson Box:**

Bloody well said, partner. Well said indeed.

Blackwood pats Box on the chest again and acknowledges the crowd.

**Bronson Box:**

I know I told you to take the reins tonight for this but... well, brother I have somethin' to get off my chest that just can't wait anymore. Malak Garland wasn't the one who paid The Lucky Sevens to off ya' sunshine.

Blackwood is clearly a little confused by this unplanned revelation.

We see him ask Box "what's up?" off mic.

The Wargod pauses. He breathes a deep sigh and casts his eyes down towards the canvas.

**Bronson Box:**

This is gonna break yer' heart, lad but...

The Original DEFIANT looks up with those bloodshot brown eyes... wide as saucers.

***KA-THUNK.***

Rusty steel hitting flesh and bone.

Gasps and stunned silence from the Faithful.

He growls into the microphone.

**Bronson Box:**

It was **ME**.

Stunned silence followed by deafening, shock and derision from the Faithful.

***BOOOOOOOOOO!***

**DDK:**

OH MY GOD! BOXER JUST STABBED GAGE IN THE DAMMN HEAD!

**Lance:**

WAIT, WHAT?!

Blood immediately, gruesomely starts pouring down out of Gage Blackwood's hairline. A surprised look on his face as he dabs his fingers to his forehead seeing red return on his fingertips.

As he turns around painfully confused, Bronson Box lowers his trademark rusty Spike yet again. This time digging the violent instrument directly into Gage's forehead. The intensity with which The Original DEFIANT assaults his clearly former tag team partner speaks to a clearly bottled up rage Boxer has been holding onto for quite some time.

Once they've fully grasped what's just taken place the Faithful respond to this betrayal full throated.

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

The reaction is made all the more intense with what happens next.

**Lance:**

Someone is coming over the barrier, partner!

"Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and Big Nicky Corozzo both emerge from the crowd and make their way into the ring. Bronson pays them no mind as the two massive men enter the fray and lower the boom onto the absolute bloody mess that used to be one half of "Boxwood." Boxer, Felton and Big Nicky take turns grinding Gage into the canvas... passing him between them, each hitting a high impact maneuver.

**Lance:**

Powerbomb from Corozzo... Powerslam from Bigsby!

Blackwood picked up each time like a ragdoll and just planted.

Boxer reaches down and grabs a handful of Gage's hair with an audible squish and drags him to his feet.

**DDK:**

AND A BRUTAL HEADBUTT RIGHT ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF BLACKWOOD'S NOSE FROM THE WARGOD!  
JESUS!

The bloody mess of a spectacle is so much so we barely notice Jane Katze arm in arm with "The Socialite" Edward White slowly making their way from backstage, down the ramp and into the ring... all smiles. As they do so trash starts being thrown towards the ring, slowly at first... then everyone joins in.

**Lance:**

THIS IS BANANAS, DARREN!

Darren Keebler is almost at a loss for words.

**DDK:**

Lance. I have my suspicions about what this means, but... if I'm correct, Lord help us.

The announcers are almost completely drowned out by the raucous roar of boos emanating from the DEFIANCE Faithful as Edward White approaches Bronson Box... the two men standing over the now motionless, blood covered body of Gage Blackwood exchanging satisfied smiles. Ed reaches out a handshake that Boxer immediately embraces, amplifying the crowd reaction tenfold.

Jane Katze saunters over and hands a microphone to Bronson Box, Edward motions for Bronson to take center stage with a little bow.

Gage coughs up some blood and tries suddenly, frantically to grab at the legs of his former tag team partner... Felton drops down and wraps one of his enormous arms around Blackwood's throat putting a stop to any more resistance. Boxer glares down at the man laying in the pool of blood now struggling to breathe with a look of pure vitriol and disgust we haven't seen cross Bronson's face for many moons now.

The mask hasn't slipped, my friends... it's been set ablaze.

**Lance:** *[quietly]*

I knew it. I just KNEW it.

The Wargod steps up to his pulpit and waits, he takes a moment to appreciate the reaction...

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON!*

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON!*

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON!*

His eyes are cast down at Gage to start.

**Bronson Box:**

Finally got here, aye sunshine?

His voice is quiet and restrained, he's holding back a little, we can tell.

For the moment he looks and sounds genuinely pleased, almost at peace.

Like a great weight was dropped from his shoulders.

**Bronson Box:**

You have no idea how long I've planned for a moment just like this one. See I been workin' towards this for an age, ya' right bastard. Petty as it may seem. From the first time you came strollin' up to me years ago back when you were shiny and new steppin' into my locker room like we had some sort of fookin' kinship us both bein' from Scotland, ya' naive white-hat prick ya'. Truth be told, at one point some time ago, slowly and methodically takin' you apart and chokin' the life out of that FOOKIN' optimistic streak you cling to so dearly was going to be my next big project here in DEFIANCE.

His voice quavers a little as he pauses.

**Bronson Box:**

Best laid plans of mice and men, as they say. Gage so much of what I told you over the last year or so was the absolute truth. Mask off, I'm still man enough to admit I fell into a deep dark depression that sucked me under like the fookin' tide and was forced to take a, some say long overdue sabbatical from this, the only place I've ever felt at home. My DEFIANCE. I'd lost a step and I just didn't know where to find the bastard.

We see his jaw tighten and his mustache twitch in recalled frustration.

His brow furrows as he grips the microphone tighter.

**Bronson Box:**

It was as I sat home alone and watched as that ridiculous wench Lindsay Troy snatch away the only scalp that ever fookin' mattered to me, that of that FOOKIN' Squid Cayle Murray in a match I created no less. Gutted, it was then that I settled into the idea of never comin' back here to all this. That was MY scalp, MINE... now it hangs in the trophy case of a woman I can't bloody stand.

We see his jaw clench even tighter at that.

**Lance:** *[quietly]*

I think I just heard one of his molars shatter...

**DDK:** *[quietly]*

Shush.

**Bronson Box:**

So I sat back into that inky black feelin' that my world had officially passed me by. Settled into that sweet embrace of anonymity. I was ready to allow myself to be subsumed by the history books and finally fookin' be done with it all... but there you were, Gage. In my hometown no less. Hand extended for another fookin' handshake just like the day we'd met. Eyes forever closed to reality all you saw was a tired old comrade that needed your help. That's all you ever CARED to see! Even earlier tonight, I could see it in your beady little eyes. I was your little tag along. A charity case that needed a fookin' friend... when in reality? IN REALITY YOU STUPID BLIND PRICK?!

Boxer drops down to a knee and leans into Gage's blood face still turning blue thanks to the gargantuan flexing arm of the BRAZEN Champion.

**Bronson Box:**

Before the worst of life got in the way, Gage Blackwood?! YES INDEED I was the one who hired Mason and Max Luck to take you out all those many moons ago, ya' right stupid bastard! ME! The whole reason you were back home with your career put on hold to even run into me in the first place was because of ME! HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL BLACKWOOD?!

He bellows down at Gage at full volume.

**Bronson Box:**

EMBARRASSED?!

Still kneeling, The Wargod open hand slaps Gage across the cheek so hard it sends a fine spray of blood across the white pants legs of Edward White, to which the multi-millionaire gives a hearty guffaw.

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Edward White:** *[from off mic]*

How ya' like them apples, son?! I'll send ya' the dry cleanin' bill!

Edward and his two long-time Associates standing to either side of him share a villainous laugh.

**DDK:**

I just can't believe it was Boxer ALL ALONG!

**Lance:**

The lengths Bronson went to! He convinced everybody he'd turned over a new leaf... it's down right machiavellian, Darren!

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

More trash flung into the ring en masse by an incensed Faithful.

**Bronson Box:**

Sadly that was step one in a plan that never came to fruition. As I explained... life got in the way, as it does so many important things. Didn't exactly get to follow up on their fine work.

Still on one knee he leans into Gage's face, itself now a complete red mask.

**Bronson Box:**

I hadn't thought word one about you since then, just another loose thread I was willing to accept. But like a tap on the shoulder from God himself there you were in my favorite bloody pub askin' after me like some sort of dotin' aunt. If it weren't for you and your fookin' boundless generosity and kindness, Gage Blackwood? DEFIANCE Wrestling probably would have been rid of the Bombastic Bronson Box for bloody-EVER but ye' had to go stickin' your nose where it wasn't FOOKIN' welcome! It was you who set all this shite in motion again, YOU! You're the only one to blame for all THIS.

He motions wildly over his shoulder to the collection of classic DEFIANCE villains in the ring.

**Bronson Box:**

I was content with drinkin' myself into oblivion. This fookin' company had already written me off and stuck me in their blasted Hall of Fame alongside that absolute PRICK Eugene Dewey! Tied forever to that childish fookin' QUITTER! But there you were remindin' me of how much I "meant" to this company, how much the locker room still needed someone like me in it, that I could still be an icon to the Faithful.

Something about that last bit really gets Bronson's goat.

**Bronson Box:**

The Faithful, the fookin' Faithful... MY FAITHFUL. MINE! I COINED THAT FOOKIN' TERM... ME AND ME ALONE! I swear to Christ above if I got bloody royalties for that particular fookin' catchphrase I'd be as wealthy as my good friend Edward here. Every time one of you pricks utters that phrase "Faithful" in relation to these fookin' SHEEPLE all yer' doin' is reaffirmin' me and mine as the BEDROCK this place is built on!

The Original, Singular ACE of Heels stands again to his full height and straightens the lapels of his new black and gray pinstripe suit.

**Bronson Box:**

No more coddlin' this fookin' place. DEFIANCE needs a much much stronger hand on the rudder. These Favoured Saints people have watered this place down like a cheap drink. DEFIANCE used to be led by legitimate sociopaths! Fookin' PIRATES! Never thought I'd yearn for the keen leadership of Eric Dane and Kelly fookin' Evans, but here we bloody are. But that right there is exactly what DEFIANCE needs! A LITTLE CHAOS!

He turns to Edward White and places a hand on his shoulder.

**Bronson Box:**

A rebirth out of blood and guts and pain and struggle for the whole damned place! Together we aim to make life complicated in DEFIANCE again for all the white hat wearin' heroes and joke tellers lurkin' back there ready to pop off tonight on the internet like a bunch of fookin' tweens! To the magicians, the ventriloquists, the actors, the comedians...

He looks down at Gage still struggling to breath with an unfriendly sneer.

**Bronson Box:**

And all the other helpful little optimists out there, the ones like my dear friend Gage, here.

His wide bloodshot brown eyes shoot back up to the center camera suddenly.

**Bronson Box:**

THE BLOOD DIAMONDS ARE BACK to stir the FOOKIN' pot!

A mixture of derision and surprise as Boxer confirms Darren Keeblers suspicions, Boxer and Edward's old faction has indeed reformed officially.

Boxer hands the microphone off to The Socialite. He addresses the faithful with his usual southern fried smarm.

**Edward White:**

I ask you Boxer, just how much and how violently we can STIR that ol' pot before we roust these mysterious, hands-off Favoured Saints bastards from their little tree house to deal with us, I wonder?

As Ed chuckles at his own cheek, Boxer motions for Felton to release Gage and in one motion he whips off his new suit jacket, steps over and locks in the Boston Massacre. Gage's already exhausted eyes shoot open like two white dinner plates on a sanguine tablecloth as Boxer syncs in the simple but effective submission maneuver under his chin. The blood still gushing from the enormous wounds on Gage's forehead flows onto Boxer's shirt sleeves up to the elbow as he yanks back as hard as his haggis-fueled muscles can manage.

**Edward White:**

The Blood Diamonds are back, indeed! And we're more than some cockamamy wrestling faction, mind you! You're lookin' at a by God organization of immeasurable wealth and influence! A movement the likes of which these hallowed halls haven't seen in an age! A goddamn DEF Mob that's puttin' out the clarion call to every low down, dirty, rotten, cheatin' bastard on this roster, every so-called black-hat that calls this place home nowadays.

The Socialite licks his lips with animated excitement. Here comes the... sales pitch?

**Edward White:**

Have a goal you wanna reach and need a little physical capital to get the deed done? A nasty little plan that needs financin' mayhaps? Keep gettin' the short end of the stick around here and need representation? Cock-blocked by deluded do-gooders or our inept ownership? Hell, maybe just some good old fashioned REVENGE. Why don't y'all go ahead and come on down to mine and Boxer's brand new club The Black Pelican located in DEFIANCE's home of New Orleans... have a few drinks, find some common ground. Little networkin' between thieves never hurt nobody... accept those that NEED a good hurtin' that is.

White smiles as the crowd again lets the reunited group know how they feel.

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

What the heck does that mean?

**Lance:**

Networking? What? Did he just plug his new BAR in the middle of a promo?!

*FUCK THE DIA-MONDS!*

*FUCK THE DIA-MONDS!*

*FUCK THE DIA-MONDS!*

**Edward White:**

YES INDEED! LET 'EM KNOW! Let all of 'em back there hear ya' scream and shout and carry on! Let 'em all know the seismic shift in power that just happened out here tonight! DEFIANCE's engine, ladies and gentleman, runs on the chaos my BEST FRIEND here is so adept at creatin'... that engine has been screamin' for fuel, folks! SCREAMIN' AND SEIZIN' UP! We aim to get this big bastard purrin' again and get DEFIANCE back on the road, right and proper!

The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling laughs heartily as Boxer lets go of his camel clutch letting Gage Blackwood slump lifelessly down into the puddle of his own blood pooled underneath him on the canvas. Ed drops the sharpest part of his dress shoe across the side of Gage's head for good measure.

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Ed smiles that big, insincere, toothy grin.

**Edward White:**

Come along with us, won't you? It's gonna be a hell of a ride.

Edward tosses the microphone carelessly to ringside with a thud. Then he, Nicky Corozzo, Felton Bigsby and Jane Katze all step back and give the Bombastic Bronson Box the stage and a big round of applause as the groups original theme music of "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits over the sound system.

**Lance:**

I have a really bad feeling about all this, Darren.

The Socialite and The Wargod smile at one another and shake hands one more time.

They share a few quiet words between friends, nodding at one another confidently.

**DDK:**

You said it partner. To continue Edward's strained analogy... buckle up, folks.

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Bronson Box. The REAL Bronson Box is back in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

The Original DEFIANT breaks away and scales the nearest available turnbuckle and lets loose a guttural roar whilst holding his arms outstretched. The last thing we see is The Wargod's shirt sleeves dripping wet with Gage Blackwood's blood as the show comes to an abrupt end.

***THIS... DEFINITELY.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***