

SHOW OPEN

[♪ “DEFY” by Of Mice & Men ♪](#)

Raleigh, North Carolina welcomes DEFIAENCE as the PNC Arena is hyped for DEFtv 203!

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!

BRONSON BOX ALSO RAN OVER STALKER

ILL TAKE WOOD OVER BOX ANYDAY!

^^ THIS IS A SIGN ABOUT PENIS

â€¢EUGENE DEWEY > BRONSON BOX

BRONSON BOX WILL NEVER BEAT CAYLE MURRAY! DIGSBY FELTON BIGSBY

(MAD) SCIENCE FIRST

RALEIGH IS CORVO COUNTRY

DLJ, RUN AWAY

PROUD MEMBER OF THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE

I WILL PAY PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL \$50 TO PUT MY NEIGHBOR'S NAME ON A T-SHIRT

YOU'RE EITHER VAE VICTIS OR AGAINST US

CORVO ALPHA AND OMEGA

Picture of Dan Ryan and Dan Leo James doing Spider-Man point meme

DAN RYAN'S BACK?!? HOLD MY OTHER SIGN!

MY DOG LOVES LINDSEY TROY

CAN I PUNCH A KRAKEN IN THE FACE?

BUTCH VIC & THE STICK > OSCAR BURNS & WRESTLING

DEX JOY vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

We have a *mammoth* showdown tonight between two real-life mammoths to start tonight's big show! Six-foot one, three-hundred and sixty-pound Punch Drunk Purcell! Six-foot three, three-hundred and eight pound Dex Joy!

Lance:

Dex Joy may have lost the FIST of DEFIA NCE, but two weeks ago, he set a goal for himself to get back to his winning ways. He challenged the locker room to see who would earn the right to fight him and it was Purcell defeating DEFIA NCE veteran Alvaro de Vargas to earn tonight's match!

DDK:

The ring has been reinforced tonight for this confrontation! Two big bulls collide tonight to kick off DEFtv!

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 ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall!!! Introducing first from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEXXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYY!!!

Standing on the stage – for the first time in almost a year without the very FIST of DEFIA NCE around his waist – Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed PNC Arena. His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIA NCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise!

Lance:

Title or no title ... Dex Joy fights for Everyone! He wants to show that title or no title, he is still one of the very best in this company. And tonight, he takes on a man who has made a lot of strides in his rookie year!

Dex Joy circles the entire ringside area slapping as many hands as he can and then when he completes his lap, he goes up the steps and into the ring. The only man in DEFIA NCE Wrestling to have held the FIST, SOHER and FS titles stands on the middle buckle and hears the fans! He listens intently and gets ready to fight! And speaking of fights

...

PUNCH.

**PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ “The Sweet Science” by Rasco ♪

Next up on the ramp, The Faithful lend some cheers to the hard-working brawler and one of the newest BRAZEN graduates! He holds up his new “ADV GOT KO’ED” shirt! He throws it away and then pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard before placing it in his mouth. He throws a shadow punch in the air, sending two big sparks of white pyro in the air!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is “The Round Mound of Ground and Pound”... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

DDK:

And what a rookie year it has been for Punch Drunk Purcell! Tag Party V winner with Pat Cassidy! BRAZEN’s longest reign with the BRAZEN Onslaught Title, defending it proudly on TV when he was champion. Made his DEFtv debut by PINNING the first-ever FIST of DEFIANCE, Ed White. Then made his first win as an official main roster member beating Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

That’s quite a rocket on this young man, but imagine what heights he will go if he can defeat The Biggest Boy tonight!

Purcell also bumps fists with some fans on his way down the ramp. When he reaches the ring, he walks up the steel steps, across the apron, then climbs into the ring. Purcell kisses his balled-up fist and then throws a series of quick mid-air jabs. PDP stands across from Dex Joy and meets in the middle. Dex puts a hand out in a show of sportsmanship to the big man. Purcell looks down at it and dabs a fist, but then tells Dex...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I’ll shake your hand when I beat you!

Dex chuckles.

Dex Joy:

Pally, I’ll RAISE your hand if you beat me!

The two men back up and get ready for the match as Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

There was some playful banter before the bell, but banter is over. These people came to see a fight!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on their feet for the big boy battle they’re about to see! Dex and Punchy lock up right away! The former boxer and the former football player try and push back against one another in an attempt to get the first advantage. Dex gets Purcell back to the ropes, but PDP fights back and shoves Dex into the corner. He has him in the ropes and then stops when Brian Slater asks him to break it up. Purcell breaks it off clean, and then pats Dex on the chest lightly before walking back.

Lance:

Clean break by Purcell! They go back to it!

Dex goes at Purcell again and the two lock up a second time. The monsters fight a second time across the ring and fight back into the ropes with Dex now having a head lock on Punchy near the ropes. Purcell is in the ropes prompting Brian Slater to make Dex break it off. Dex breaks it off ... then pats Purcell on his bald head! Purcell looks a little

annoyed with Dex's attempt to be playful in the moment.

DDK:

Was that smart of Dex Joy? I don't think he's taking Purcell lightly here at all, but maybe trying to get the rookie to get frustrated and make a mistake?

And Dex finds out when Purcell charges forward! Dex has the same idea and both men hit each other with big clotheslines to the chest, but neither big boy goes down. The Biggest Boy strikes Purcell with a clubbing clothesline, but he eats the shot and remains standing! Purcell does the same! Soon, both men are throwing these blows one after the other trying to assert dominance! Dex goes low with a knee lift to Purcell's gut and hits the ropes!

DDK:

They're done with the "feeling out" portion of the match and already into hitting each other! Dex goes to the ropes! Purcell misses a clothesline!

Dex hits both ropes and knocks Purcell into the ropes ... but the Biggest Boy is given the biggest shocks when Purcell bounces back and *takes* Dex off his feet with the King Hippo body attack! Purcell stands on his feet with arms wide, feeling confident after the first big takedown of the match with a surprised crowd watching in awe!

DDK:

You almost *never* see anyone take Dex Joy off his feet by sheer force so early in the match, but Purcell just did it with the King Hippo!

Lance:

Punch Drunk Purcell should be staying on him, though!

Purcell sits Dex up to a seated position and then uses his kickboxing background to deliver a hard kick to the back of the Biggest Boy! Dex tries to channel his Taylor Swift and shake it off, but his face indicates the pain he's in! Purcell grabs Dex and then sends the Biggest Boy off to the corner. Punchy goes forward with intent to crush Dex in the corner, but Joy gets the elbow up and nails PDP in the chest. Dex turns to leap to the middle rope and the three-hundred pounder flies backwards to take Punchy off his feet with a huge leaping crossbody out of the corner!

DDK:

Wow! Dex with the cross body off the middle rope! Punchy can move for a big man, but I don't think there's anyone in DEFIAНCE Wrestling who has Dex beat in that department!

Dex rolls to his feet and then goes right to Purcell. He goes to pick the fridge-like body of Purcell off the mat and then yells out for a suplex. He goes up ... but Purcell fights it! He then counters back with pair of hard gut punches! Dex is hurt when Purcell turns the tables and powers him up before sending him down flat with a huge gourd buster! The more established veteran eats the move, but before Purcell can go for a cover, Dex rolls out of the ring!

Lance:

I don't believe this! Purcell twice now has taken Dex Joy off his feet!

Purcell doesn't want to take the countout win and he goes outside to follow Dex. The Triple Crown title holder is wincing when he sees Punchy round the corner. He's coming in for a clothesline that could have taken him off his game ... but Dex moves! Punchy turns around and Dex is able to jump up and stun him in the side of the head with a strong enziguri kick! The blow sends Punchy falling back towards the steel steps!

DDK:

And just like that, Dexy takes control... OOOHHH!!!

Dex Joy runs at Punchy as he's leaned up against the steel steps and crushes him with a cross body against it!

OOOOHHHHHH!!!

Dex rolls away from the car wreck he's created outside the ring. He's holding his chest in pain as the big move has taken something out of him, but he listens to The Faithful and feeling as confident as he ever could.

Lance:

Running cross body by Dex! Now he's trying to get Punchy back into the ring!

It takes Dexy Baby some time but he gets Punchy in the ring. Once he's where he needs to be, the Biggest Boy climbs up the apron. He hits a huge slingshot senton over the ropes and then covers!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Punchy kicks out after the clothesline! That was a hell of a couple of moves by Dexy Baby!

DDK:

Both men are getting right to the heavy hits in this first-time match but Dex has the advantage.

Dex goes to pull Punchy to his feet. He looks out to the Faithful and then tries to get Purcell on his shoulder ... but Purcell fights out! He elbows Dex in the back of the head and then pushes him into the corner. Purcell runs forward and then CRUSHES Dex with a big running back splash. Purcell turns around and is a bit slower to move after the big moves Dex has recently unleashed, but he throws some body shots and starts working Dexy Baby's midsection like a speed bag!

Lance:

Purcell fighting back!

Purcell has Dex in the corner. He tries a second running back splash but Dex moves and Purcell comes up empty! Dex charges in and he cracks Purcell with a running chop to his barrel chest! Purcell feels the shot as the DEFIAНCE Wrestling Faithful keep getting rowdy with the sight of two tanks taking the fight to the other. Joy jumps again for a big jumping enziguri, but this time Purcell gets both hands up and strikes the leg away from him and sending Dex to the mat! When he gets up, Purcell swings and connects with an uppercut right on the chin!

DDK:

People in the upper levels can hear these shots! These men are laying into the other for this win!

Purcell charges, but Dex gets a knee up first that stops him in his tracks! He charges again at Purcell, but The Round Mound of Ground and Pound catches him and then hits a huge standing spinning back elbow that stuns Dexy Baby!

DDK:

What a shot! And Purcell isn't done! He has Dex up ... and then a huge side belly to belly suplex!

Purcell puts all his weight on the shoulders for a cover on Dexy Baby!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

With the legs, Dex frees himself first!

Lance:

Great combination of moves by Purcell, but he shouldn't be getting in line for the pay window yet!

Purcell has Dexy Baby down and then tugs on his MMA glove. He grins and then goes to grab the Biggest Boy's wrist. The same move he used to turn Alvaro de Vargas' lights out two weeks ago looks like may be what he's looking for!

DDK:

Purcell's finisher is that pop-up right hand called Punch Drunk Love and I think we're about to see Big Dex Energy get the lights turned off!

Purcell tries to use the ripcord setup to pull Dex into the move, but Dex strikes first and hits a big lariat to throw Purcell for a loop! He's still upright but the blow has knocked the wind out of him and Dexy hits a shot gun drop kick next! Purcell is hit and goes down in a heap! Dex fires up and the Faithful are all on him when he goes to the top rope and comes off with the Jump for Joy diving head butt square into the chest of the former boxer!

DDK:

JUMP FOR JOY!!!

Lance:

APPROPRIATE MOVE!!! THESE PEOPLE ARE DOING THE SAME!!!

Dex hooks the leg!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Purcell's shoulder gets up first! Dex's jaw drops when the shot gun drop kick and Jump For Joy have not put the powerful rookie away!

DDK:

I don't know how Purcell kicked out of that, Lance! But I think Dex Joy knows he's got him dead to rights!

Dex spins around to tell the DEFIAНCE Wrestling Faithful that this match is over! He goes to take Purcell by his arm ... only to get nailed square in the temple with a headbutt!!!

DDK:

Bald Bull! And there's a clothesline! Dex is sent to the floor! Dex is sent to the floor!

Lance:

This has gotten ugly! Purcell and Joy are throwing everything they've got at the other man and they're still standing!

Purcell goes out to follow the Biggest Boy a second time outside the ring! Unlike earlier in the match, Purcell charges forward and then he hits a big charging clothesline and cleans the Biggest Boy's clock once again! The official of the match starts to count, but all the rookie is fixated on is Dex Joy and how to get him back into the ring!

DDK:

Brian Slater is starting to make the count! These two better take things back in the ring!

ONE ... TWO ... THREE ... FOUR ...

He is up to the count of five. Punch Drunk Purcell throws Dex up against the ring post. He charges and hits a back elbow to nail Dex ... but when he turns to complete a move called the 1-2 Combo, he swings for the left handed

clothesline but Dex moves and he collides arm first with the ring post!

FIVE ... SIX ...

Lance:

He misses the 1-2 Combo! And Dex has a free shot!

Dex doesn't appear to be hearing the count either and charges right towards Purcell ...

SEVEN ...

...DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER TO PURCELL THROUGH THE GUARD RAIL!!! BOTH GO RIGHT THROUGH IT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

HOLY SHIT!!!

DDK:

OH NO!!! DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!! DEX JUST RAN PURCELL RIGHT THROUGH THAT GUARD RAIL!!!

EIGHT ... NINE ...

Lance:

THE COUNT! THE COUNT IS ALMOST UP!!!

TEN!!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

The fans are in awe of what they have just seen, but do *not* like how things have ended! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell are both out of it at ringside. The two behemoths are in a heap on top of the other with loud boos drowning out the arena!

Darren Quimbey:

This match has been ruled a double countout!!!

DDK:

That was explosive, but these people wanted a winner tonight! They wanted a winner and we didn't get it!

Lance:

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell both swung for the fences tonight!

Brian Slater runs over to get help for both men with some medical staff coming out. Dex is the first person to move out of the wreckage that both men caused at ringside. He slowly rolls out of the wreckage and holding his ribs. He's on all fours crawling, but he's looking up at Slater and realizes what's just happened.

DDK:

Dex Joy disappointed with this result as well ...

Lance:

He is ... wait!

Dex looks over and Purcell is on all fours as well. He is holding his ribs and looks straight ahead at Dex Joy ... then waves his hands up, daring him to bring it!

DDK:

The match ... the match is over, but Punch Drunk Purcell doesn't care! He wants to keep fighting!

The Biggest Boy looks on in shock, but the Faithful boo! Medical staff and DEFSec get in between to check on the other!

DDK:

Folks ... as much as we don't want to, we have to take a commercial break. These men need to get looked at but we will get you an update soon!

Dex and Purcell both stare at one another and they keep on talking smack to each other! Purcell leaps towards Joy and both men are fighting!

Lance:

They're fighting! They're still fighting, Darren! But we gotta take a b ...

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

A closer look at the professional careers of YOUR favorite DEFIANTS!

OH GOD NOT HIM AGAIN

"O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits over the sound system.

Immediate, deafening boos. The Faithful know what's up.

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

The Wargod cometh...

From backstage emerges the singular ACE of heels, DEFIAНCE Hall of Famer the Bombastic Bronson Box. He's dressed in his black and gray three piece. He wastes little time and makes a beeline down the ramp. He clomps up the steel ringsteps stopping only to wipe his feet on the ring apron before hooking a leg over the second rope and stepping into the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey scrambles from his seat at ringside and hands a microphone up to the Wargod. Bronson doesn't even begin to speak, he holds the mic at his side.

He smiles as he takes in the reaction from "his" Faithful.

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!
FUCK YOU BRON-SON!
FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

Bronson Box:

The last time I graced you all with my presence the FILTH in Georgia pelted me and mine with garbage. What a fine thank you... I gave you all, the Faithful, a gift at 202. I licked my thumb and temporarily wiped away a disgusting smear across our dear DEFIAНCE's cheek. I'm sure Gage Blackwood isn't *done*. I'm sure he'll rally like a good little white-hat and find me, and at that time I'm sure we'll deal with our differences like *real men*. Won't we, Gage? Now however isn't the time to bloat about that narcissist. Now it's time to talk about business...

The Original DEFIANT scratches his nose with his free hand then smooths out his handlebar mustache all accompanied by a throat clearing snort.

Bronson Box:

MY business, to be precise. Edward has his attention cast on BRAZEN, currently. He aims to try and cure the rot from the roots up. I think I'll aim for the *trunk*. I aim to get back into the thick of things. Bronson Box needs to get back to putin' on bangers and reclaim his fookin' throne. To do that though... to do that I know it'll take more than brute strength and *stomach churnin' violence*. There will come a time where a more delicate, political hand will be necessary to move certain mountains.

The ACE pauses. He's clearly choosing his words carefully.

Bronson Box:

I've gone my whole career without an advocate. My corner has always remained empty. That was the way I liked it. As a younger, more volatile man with boundless resilience that worked just fine to get me where I needed to go. A pastor and his flock, that's all Bronson Box ever needed. Age has brought its share of troubles, but with age also comes wisdom. If Ed and I reunite the Diamonds' has shown me anything it's the importance of friends. *Of family*.

Unseen, Very Familiar Voice:

Boxy baby, you keep butterin' me up like this you're gonna have to buy me dinner first!

Boxer... smiles?

Wait, that voice. We ALL know that voice.

Lance: *[quietly from out at commentary]*

Oh God not him, *anyone* but him.

No music necessary. Just a spotlight and that big shit eating grin.

DDK:

Angus?!

The Motormouth of Malcontent struts out onstage. Bleached blond slicked back hair, tuxedo shirt and a sharp red blazer. Angus Skaaland soaks in that intoxicating mix of boos and return pop. That sweet sweet nectar of attention. He rolls under the bottom rope and pops up next to the baddest man in DEFIANCE, unafraid.

The two men immediately shake hands and embrace, just like old friends.

BOOOOOO!

Lance:

What... What's happening right now?!

DDK:

I am honestly... I'm not sure, partner.

Lance:

He's your friend or whatever!

DDK:

We don't *hang out*, Lance! Not anymore, anyway... one trip to Tijuana with that man is quite enough, thank you.

Seeing Skaaland shaking hands with Boxer takes care of any trace of that return pop.

Angus produces his own mic from inside his coat.

BOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland:

Oh, what?! You stupid douchebags *really* like Gage friggin' Blackwood that damn much?!

Longer and louder now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland:

You have part of the living bedrock of this damn place standin' in front of you and you boo?! Why, because my new CLIENT here gave some certified *B-lister* a goram booboo? PATHETIC. The harcore, front row DEFIANCE Faithful of old you woke little titty babies are certainly NOT. This whole *place* is on goddamn crazy pills. Or Ambien or fuckin' somethin'... a dude dressed as a VAMPIRE was just promoted to the main roster! These Favoured Saints ding-dongs have some legit killers down there in BRAZEN like big Felton and that monster Adrian Payne and who do they bring up? A human Weeble Wobble that thinks he's a *boxer* and friggin' Count Chocula!

DDK:

That seems a little reductive.

Angus Skaaland:

I'm not the biggest Edward White fan, never have been. And I don't know from what, this place with its Gems and its Diamonds, whatever my guy... all this humble dirtbag knows is this simple gospel. I trust this *REAL* motherfucker right here. I trust this OG DEFIANT, last of the true samurai motherfuckers RIGHT HERE!

Lance:

I don't think this sort of language is necessary, I...

Angus Skaaland:

Hey Boxy, you know what? If you listen close enough as we go along here I bet you can hear that PUSSY Lance Warner over there complaining about my potty mouth! I'm right, aren't I Keebs? He's already fuckin' doin' it right now aint he?! Blink three times if I'm right!

The camera catches Downtown Darren Keebler, behind the announce desk with his lips pursed and his arms crossed shaking his head to himself.

DDK:

I am staying out of this. You two are like this every time you're around one another.

Lance:

Well if you're not going to say something to this disrespectful loudmouth, I will, by gosh!

Lance Warner begins to take his headset off and stand. He starts reaching for the mic he and Darren keep stashed behind the commentary station for emergency announcements and the like.

Bronson Box:

FOOKIN' SIT YER' NARROW LITTLE KEISTER DOWN, WARNER. NOW.

Loud enough that we're certain Lance Warner probably peed juuuuust a little.

Lance:

Alright, yessir, yep, right away, yep yep yep yep yep.

Lance Warner sits back down and pops his headset back on. We all hear a not insignificant amount of laughter from around the arena. Doubly so from Angus himself.

The former DEFtv color commentator is all smiles at that little exchange.

He wipes away a clearly fake tear of laughter.

Angus Skaaland:

Oh hells bells, I'm going to enjoy the good goddamn out of this here gig. EAT SHIT LANCE!

Angus laughs his ass off as the Wargod steps forward again.

He pauses as the fans strike up again with that old DEFIAНCE Faithful favorite.

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

He waits for the ruckus to die down before bringing the microphone back to his face.

Bronson Box:

When I first started here in DEFIAНCE I quoted from the good book often when addressin' folks. Hence, Faithful. You get the gimmick. It was part of my whole *delivery*. The urge hasn't struck me in years but considerin' how many of

you... and how many of them back there seem to have forgotten just who I am? Well... "If you by any means forget the LORD your God, and follow other gods, and serve them and worship them, I testify against you this day that you shall surely *perish*."

He grins that lip curling grin that makes his mustache twitch.

Bronson Box:

Just some food for thought.

Angus creeps up beside the OG DEFIANT.

There's that shit eating grin again.

Angus Skaaland:

CHURCH!

And with that The Motormouth of Malcontent flicks the microphone to ringside where Darren Quimbey scrambles and fails to catch it, much to Angus' delight.

With that he then leads his new client back up the ramp as "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana strikes up once again.

THE NEXT LEVEL

We open backstage as Conor Fuse stands beside Jamie Sawyers. Jamie is very aware the camera is rolling but Conor is in the middle of playing Game Boy Advance. He's trying to show Jamie his progress (whatever game it is, maybe Metroid *PRIME*)... until the interviewer gives him the cue they are on live TV. Fuse blushes and quickly hides the lime green GBA behind his body, inadvertently showing off his 'N64' retro gaming shirt.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, you requested this time. What's on your mind?

Conor nods and nods and nods... until he realizes he's supposed to speak. He blushes again and pats Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, right guy, right. My bad. Listen up. First and foremost, I want to give Tyler, my brother, all the credit in the world for beating me for the ACE of DEFIAНCE. I know I still have *another level* in myself but somehow, somehow, I keep failing right before Level 8 or whatever gaming terminology you wanna use, Jamie.

Conor looks over at the interviewer, realizing Jamie does not use gaming definitions. Anyway, Fuse powers on.

Conor Fuse:

Speaking of Level 8, it's a modern day Koopa himself, Dan Ryan. Dan threw me off my *game* last week when he didn't bite my head off. I was expecting fire. I was assuming the old Dan Ryan was going to appear. But as they say, when you assume...

Conor scratches his head.

Conor Fuse:

Ummm, what do *they* say again?

It looks like he's asking Sawyers for some help.

Jamie Sawyers:

You make an ass out of U and ME?

Fuse snaps his fingers and straightens his back.

Conor Fuse:

Right, yeah, that sounds legit!

Fuse motors on, catching up to himself.

Conor Fuse:

So. Dan Ryan. I wrestled him once, you know. When I was a lime green rookie in singles competition back in 2020. When I was totally, blatantly into this kinda stuff on live TV...

Conor reveals the GBA again and motions towards his t-shirt.

...He then promptly tosses the GBA out of sight. Jamie looks shocked.

Conor Fuse:

My one and only match against Dan Ryan and I got beat clean. However, in *that other place I don't plan to mention ever again* I **DID** reach Level 8. And because I did it over there, I am not the same guy I was back in 2020. Yeah, I still like video games, yeah I still read comic books but Jamie, I'd like to think I've taken a more serious approach when it's *absolutely essential*.

Fuse holds up a finger.

Conor Fuse:

Arthur Pleasant? He gone! Calamity Conor murdered the guy. But I don't want to channel that specific mindset when needed, I want to *be* that mindset, all day, every day!

Conor swings his arms around, ready for a fight.

Conor Fuse:

Back in 2021, I went to Dan and I asked for help. I wanted to be my own version of a Murder Daddy. And I thought maybe the only way I can is to STFU and learn from the legend himself.

Conor pats Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

The path was rolling, our co-op was going strong.

Fuse slaps his hands together. It startles Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

Then Dan left me high and dry.

Conor pats Jamie on the back again, realizing he startled the interviewer.

Conor Fuse:

It's okay. No worries, all good. Dan says *we're* good. So, ya know what? I'm gonna believe him... for now. 'Cause I still wanna learn from the legend. I'm SO CLOSE to Level 8 over here, Jamie. I can feel it. So very close. And maybe I need a little help, a slight nudge, another co-op. Perhaps my brother did catch up and lap me.

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Who knows?

The Power-Up King pauses for reflection.

Conor Fuse:

Dan could walk out on me again. Or maybe not.

Fuse winks at Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

Guess I gotta find out.

The Ultimate Gamer is about to leave the set but he hugs Jamie in real close before he does.

Conor Fuse:

Don't worry, I didn't break the GBA. Tossed it onto that stack of towels over there, winky face.

Yes, he said winky face.

Conor Fuse:

Guess I'm still the same guy, after all.

Another pause for reflection.

Conor Fuse:

Maybe that's not a good thing. ...for Dan.

Fuse walks off and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE CURT CUNNING EXPERIENCE

DDK:

Last night we saw more insanity unravel with the current situation involving the Unified Tag Team titles! PCP defended their titles against M4NTRA after they earned this title shot via disqualification over the Lucky Sevens. Lonnie Luck didn't take kindly to the disrespect shown to him by PCP and caused a disqualification!

Lance:

This issue between PCP, the Sevens and M4NTRA escalated big-time last night and ended with the Sevens attacking PCP! Because of that, the Lucky Sevens demanded some competition to take out frustrations tonight. The BRAZEN trio of the Curt Cunning Experience stepped up to the challenge.

DDK:

Six man tag team action is up next when Mason, Max and Lonnie Luck make their in-ring debut as a trio against the Curt Cunning Experience.

♪ "Who Are You?" by The Who ♪

Swirling question marks flash all over the arena as out from the back, the masked ne'er-do-wells from BRAZEN emerge.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a trios match! Introducing team number one, at a combined weight of 659 pounds, they are the team of "Cunning" Curt Cunning, Curt Cunnig Dos and Hijo de Curt Cunning... THE CURT CUNNING EXPERIENCE!!!

The namesake of the group is front and center in a black mask with silver markings and a singlet. The slightly shorter Curt Cunning Dos is wearing a similar mask, but in more chiseled shape at 230 pounds. The shortest member, Hijo de Curt Cunning, has on the same black and silver mask with silver kickpads and MMA-style shorts. They talk strategy amongst themselves as they arrive at the ring. The blinking question marks stop and the entrance of DEFIALE's Hottest Trio (Allegedly) appear ...

A big red and black playing card graphic appears on the DEFIALE-Tron!!!

*LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIALE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIALE'S Hottest Tag Team
&
Now DEFIALE's Hottest Trio!!!*

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green-colored fire explodes from both side of the stage! With their backs to each other, the Twin Terrors of DEFIALE both point at the ring, with Mason wearing black trunks with green flames and Max wearing black trunks with red flames.. And now standing in front of them ... "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck wearing white trunks with black clubs and spades down the left leg and red hearts and diamonds down the right side.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number two at a combined weight of 796 pounds ... "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! "The Main Event Player" Mason Luck and "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck ... THE LUCKYYYYYYYYYY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

The entire North Carolina Faithful come unglued for one of the most decorated tag teams in DEFIALE Wrestling history! Lonnie leads the charge and he looks extra motivated to prove himself tonight when the Luck Dynasty reach the ring. Lonnie slides under the bottom rope to enter the ring while Mason and Max stand on either side of the ring, then step over the ropes in unison. The family poses together in the squared circle and red and green pyro shoot up from the turnbuckles!

DDK:

Lonnie holds a victory over the original Curt Cunning a few weeks ago on Uncut! Cunning wanted revenge and I understand that's why this match is happening right now.

Lance:

But when your cousins are two of the baddest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling, I'd be careful about accepting.

Curt Cunning Tres starts the match for the side of CCXP. Lonnie Stone insists on starting for his team. Mason and Max look back and they accept these terms when going to their corner.

DING DING

The Pocket Ace comes out on fire with a running drop kick that knocks Tres off his feet at the bell! Mason and Max are in full support of their cousin when he gets up and hits another running drop kick off the ropes! He gets up again when Tres scrambles upwards, but gets picked up by the neck and then brought down with a leaping neck breaker in the middle of the ring! After he hits the neck breaker Lonnie fires up both himself and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful by kipping up off the mat!

Lance:

Right away, Lonnie wants to prove himself tonight! He's attacking Curt Cunning Tres from all different directions!

Curt Cunning Tres gets his arm grabbed and taken to the corner of Mason and Max. Lonnie tags Mason first! The cousins work in unison with Mason pushing Tres into their corner with his boot. Lonnie gets whipped by Mason with a heel kick in the corner. When Tres comes out of the corner, it is Mason that runs him over with a shoulder block.

DDK:

Nice double-team maneuvers by Lonnie and Mason there! And the Lucky Sevens are just getting started!

Just as Lonnie leaves, Mason tags Max just as quickly. Both seven foot monsters whip Tres into the ropes and then when he comes back they hit a stereo double back elbow. Mason leaves the ring and Max gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful going by playing to them and then hitting the ropes for the big Box Cars elbow drop to the heart!

DDK:

Box Cars elbow! The Sevens are looking good!

Lonnie stands on the corner and wants a tag from Max! Max nods and then tags his cousin. Lonnie climbs to the top turnbuckle and Max throws his cousin right off the top turnbuckle right on top of Tres with a rocket launcher from the top rope!

DDK:

The Box Cars elbow gets quickly followed by that rocket launcher! They call that move the Rocket Ace!

After the assisted flying forearm off the top rope, Lonnie makes a cover on Tres!

One ...

Two ...

But Curt Cunning Dos makes the save by pulling Lonnie's leg to break the cover and then attacks him with an elbow! The referee warns him not to attack illegally again otherwise the CCXP will get disqualified.

DDK:

The Curt Cunning Experience coming close to getting the DQ, but the referee's allowing that save once.

Lonnie comes up and he hits Dos off the apron with a flying forearm! But Tres has the official's attention so when

Lonnie turns, the original Curt Cunning grabs him by the hair and snaps him down with an illegal hair pull takedown! Booring is heard all through the PNC Arena. Mason and Max tell the referee to look behind him and when he does, all he can see is Lonnie down and Curt Cunning OG holding up his fingers to say scout's honor.

Lance:

The chicanery of The Curt Cunning Experience is much talked about in BRAZEN and it's on display for everyone to see tonight. And now Curt Cunning OG gets the tag.

The former BRAZEN Star Cup winner stands over Lonnie Luck and puts him in the corner. Curt Cunning then tries to discuss some things with the referee. As they have their brief discussion, that gives Curt Cunning Dos to choke Lonnie with the tag rope!

Lance:

Hey! Ref! Look behind you!

Curt Cunning is still standing behind and adds a couple of kicks to the head. Curt Cunning turns around to waffle him in the jaw with a super kick!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck just got folded with that super kick called the ... yeesh. Cunning Linguist. Snuck that by our censors.

Lance:

What censors, Keebs?

Cunning makes a cover.

One ...

Two ...

Lonnie kicks out!

Lance:

What heart on display by Lonnie Luck, but can the Curt Cunning Experience keep things together?

Curt Cunning grabs on to Lonnie Luck and then chops his chest. Curt Cunning Dos gets tagged. They hit a double flap jack on the Pocket Ace and send him down to the mat at high velocity. Curt Cunning Dos rolls Lonnie over into a pin.

One ...

Two ...

Lonnie kicks out again! Dos is not happy with this development.

DDK:

Lonnie Luck better find a way out of this predicament! This would be one of the biggest upsets in the tag team division!

Lonnie Luck is picked up by Dos and Dos tries to throw him into the ropes. He comes back and catches Lonnie in a wheelbarrow suplex position, but when he gets lifted, Lonnie switches it up and faceplants him with the reverse STO!

DDK:

There's the Burn Card by Lonnie Luck! That's a great reversal, but he's gotta get to his cousins!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful want to see it! Curt Cunning Tres gets a tag from Dos and runs towards Lonnie ...

but he stops instantly in front of Mason when he gets the tag! Mason steps over the ropes and he looks like a shark that smells blood.

DDK:

It's time for your Maim Event of the evening!

The Maim Event Player hits Tres with a clothesline! Curt Cunning dips off the apron, but Tres is still there when Mason grabs him by his arm and biels him into the ring! Mason picks up Dos and pushes him into the opposite corner. With both of Curt Cunning's henchmen in either corner, Mason goes wild! He hits a big splash in the corner on Tres! Then a running splash for Dos! Then another splash for Tres! Then another splash for Dos! Dos is staggered out from the corner and then gets his head taken clean off with a standing spin kick from the seven foot beast!

DDK:

Mason Luck cleans house! He just knocked Dos into next week with Suited and Booted!

Lance:

It's chaos! Just how the Lucky Sevens like it!

Dos has no idea where he is and is about to get punished! But before he can, Lonnie wants back in! Mason tags to his cousin! Lonnie comes in, but "Cunning" Curt Cunning tries getting in the way. Curt tries a running clothesline, but Lonnie slides between his legs. He pops up behind him and pushes him into a Winning Hand from Max! Mason has the winning hand on Dos! Lonnie shrugs ... and then locks the Winning Hand of his own on Tres! The DEFIA NCE Wrestling Faithful are on their feet cheering!

DDK:

Talk about a Three of a Kind! Winning Hands all around!

The iron claw submissions are locked on Curt Cunning and Curt Cunning Dos by Mason and Max! Lonnie unlocks his claw and then runs up the ropes to hit the Under-Dog!

DDK:

Under-Dog! Lonnie Luck hit this on The D last night and he just hit it on Curt Cunning Tres tonight!

Lonnie Luck lands with all one-hundred seventy-one pounds in the chest of Curt Cunning Dos while the other Cunning clones are disabled!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match ... THE LUCKY SEVENSSSSSSSS!!!

Lonnie Luck gets his hand raised right after being declared the winner! Mason and Max both throw the Cunnings out of the ring, then go with their cousin to enjoy the victory!

Lance:

A nice win for the Lucky Sevens and has to feel good for Lonnie Luck as well!

DDK:

We wondered how Lonnie would work along with his cousins but it looks like tonight they scored the win! And if PCP or M4NTRA are watching this tonight, they better be scared of the Lucky Sevens. They've been a strong united front!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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WHERE THE FUCK IS EVERYBODY? (REPRISE)

♪ “Nobody Speak” by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The city of Raleigh rallies forth a thunderous POP! Without delay, the duo of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett march through the entryway and receive the ovation.

Zack Daymon:

[indomitable]

Leo Burnett:

[uncompromising]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the interview stage... the RAIN CITY ROOOONIIIIIN!!

Clad in matching Dojo Wrestling Academy tracksuits, Daymon and Burnett silently exchange a nod to one another and migrate over to the interview stage. Waiting there is Quimbey, who hands over the microphone before leaving the stage and returning to his post.

Burnett looks questionably at the mic in his hand before unscrewing the bottom and removing the batteries. The less said, the better.

Leo Burnett:

[temporarily satisfied]

Daymon senses something at his hip, and procures a phone from his pocket. He answers. Listens...

Zack Daymon:

[understanding]

He looks to his partner, nods, and hangs up. Burnett pulls out an unassuming black box, distinguished only by a single, shiny, candy red button. Holding it up for all to see, he compresses the button... and seconds later, a pre-recorded voice thunders in over the public address system.

“Where... the FUCK... is everybody? Huh? Where the fuck is everybody?”

The DEFIAtron lights up. We’re treated to black and white footage that dates back to DEFtv 169. Almost two years to the day.

Standing in the ring are the tandem of DAN RYAN and LINDSAY TROY. The very first iteration of Vae Victis. The Ego Buster, with a mic in hand, angrily shouts his message into the camera.

“What in the living hell has happened to the DEFIA NCE roster? When I left this place, threw some money down and said, “Here you go guys, run with it,” we were a roster of a bad bitches and bad motherfuckers...”

A montage passes by, showing some of these said “bad motherfuckers”. Certified legends like Crimson Lord, and the ToyBox, and the Stevenses.

Bad motherfuckers, indeed.

“...and now you have to fucking beg to get one of you pussies to get in the goddamn ring.”

Footage plays from DEFtv 170. Literally two weeks after Dan Ryan’s spoken words. A younger, fresher-faced duo of Daymon and Burnett approach the pair of Ryan and Lindsay Troy backstage to answer the call.

Zero begging involved.

Where the fuck is everybody? The tale of the tape would suggest that the Rain City Ronin were always there then, every bit as much as they're still here now.

"Now I like to talk. We all know that. But I'm gonna be as clear as possible without too much fluff right now..."

The video goes black. The camera cuts to a headshot of Zack Daymon, staring with conviction directly into the camera. Dan Ryan's monologue continues through the PA, his words now passing through a younger, hungrier rising star.

Zack Daymon:

[fiery]

"I'm calling that entire fucking locker room out. Every last goddamn one of you. You hear me back there? Put down your fuckin' Evian and listen close. I want some fucking opponents, and if I don't get what I want, don't think for one second that I'm just gonna go away. Nah, I'm doing this old school."

We cut to a similar headshot of Leo Burnett, whose expression is no less intense than that of his partner's.

Leo Burnett:

[fierce]

"Starting next week, if some of you bitches don't step up to the plate, I'm comin' backstage and I'm going one by one, from one dressing room to the next, and I'm beating the ever living shit out of whoever is on the inside of the door. I don't care who you are. FIST of DEFIA
NCE, number one contender, number two contender... all of you. You feel me?"

Back to Daymon.

Zack Daymon:

[fuming]

"I don't know what you people have gotten used to, but I'm about to shake you the fuck up."

Back to Burnett.

Leo Burnett:

[fervent]

"I'm not mad, I'm fucking **DEFIANT**... DEFIA
NCE... defiant...."

The final word echoes through the arena as the pre-recorded speech comes to its end. Daymon and Burnett stand at the ready on the stage while the Raleigh Faithful cheer wildly, hearing their message loud and clear.

After basking in the reception for a moment, the Rain City Ronin turn toward the entryway, and make their exit...

WAKE-UP CALL

KER-BLAMM!

The double doors to the PNC Arena's service entrance suddenly burst open, and ferociously fired up Goat Bastard storms into the arena.

Rezin:

ARRRRIGHT, YA SCUM, LISTEN UP!!

The camera follows the Escape Artist as he daringly cuts his way through the loading dock, mostly ignored by the backstage crew diligently going through with their work.

Rezin:

Time for this muthafugga to feel the POWER of the PUNK ROCK, cuz this OL' DOPESMOKER is HERE, and he's FIXIN' for some good ol' fashioned FISTICUFFS!

He crosses through catering, raving and frothing from the mouth. A maniac on an absolute warpath. This mostly earns unperturbed and confused expressions of what-the-fuckery from the presently masticating production staff.

Rezin:

YA HEARD ME, DEFIAНCE!! I ain't backin' down! I ain't leavin' til I had my fill! And I AIN'T acceptin' anything less! This COMEBACK ain't goin' quietly into that good night! Which is why I'm here to RAGE... RAGE AGAINST the MACHINE!!

Dylan Thomas would be proud. Rezin's tunnel-visioned backstage rampage continues. Now, somehow, in the production truck. Switchboard operators throw him annoyed glances as he punches the air, creating institutional chaos with every directionless step.

Rezin:

I didn't ESCAPE from the ALIEN PRISON PLANET and make my way TRILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS back to Earth just to let all my HARD WORK in this place be forgotten! We're LIGHTIN' A FIRE tonight so goddamn HUGE it makes the WRASSLIN' GAWDZ up above BLINK!!

Hell's Favorite Hoosier is in the hallways, nearing the causeway leading toward the locker room area. His crazed eyes find the camera, and his pounding fists finds the black heart tattooed over his chest.

Rezin:

Which is why the next muthafugga I SEE -- no matter WHO IT IS -- I'M THROWIN' HANDS!! Be it FRIEND or FOE! HOSS or SMOL! HUMAN or REPTILE!

KER-POWWWW!!!

Turning the corner, Rezin runs face first into a flesh-covered, five-fingered kettlebell held right at head level. He reacts the only a way an intellectual of his magnitude can possible react.

Rezin:

BLEHGHK!!

The Goat Bastard rolls ass over tea kettle several times before flopping out in the floor, splayed out in every direction like highway roadkill. As his eyes roll around their sockets, a shadow falls over him...

The camera pans upward to reveal the Bombastic Bronson Box, dressed in his usual three piece suit. He looks down at Rezin disdainfully.

Bronson Box:

Well well. If it ain't one of the livin' cartoons on my short list of DEFIAНCE wrongs I've aimed to right, how bloody fortuitous.

He claps his hands together and makes no effort to help Rezin to his feet. By the Wargod's body language he's saying quite clearly for the Goat Bastard to stay right where he is.

Bronson Box:

So whilst I have ya' cornered, boy'o, a wee query. What the *hell* are you doin' here in DEFIAНCE again, exactly? Aye? Ya' blunder about yellin' and screamin' and reekin' of marajuana and God knows what else. Makin' everybody bloody uncomfortable. Yer' a fookin' side show is what ya' are. I should *stomp* you onto the fookin' injured list right here!

He splints derisively down at the floor beside him.

Bronson Box:

So tell me you drug addled little prick. I asked you a bloody question! Tell me what you're doin' here in DEFIAНCE besides takin' up valuable roster space and *stinkin'* up my fookin' locker room?! In plain English. Ya' weird prick.

The question clearly isn't asked rhetorically as Boxer scowls in that weird lip curling way that makes his mustache twitch. He's waiting for an actual answer from the Goat Bastard.

On Rezin's left shoulder, a Tiny Devil Rezin suddenly appears in a puff of smoke. Obviously, only he can see this.

Tiny Devil Rezin:

DUDE, RUN! Let's GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!! This guy's gonna EAT US, and picks his teeth with our BONES!!

Rezin:

Hmm...

He glances to his right shoulder, finding it to be vacant.

Rezin:

Uhhh... isn't there supposed to be like a lil' angel guy over here?

Tiny Devil Rezin:

Chemo appointment. *[holds hand next to mouth]* His colon...

Rezin:

Aw, that sucks. Ass cancer is never a good time.

Tiny Devil Rezin:

Bro, what are we talking about and who the fuck cares--LET'S BEAT IT!! We're gonna DIE, ya dipshit!

Somehow, Rezin's contemplative part of his tired, overworked melon breaks through the fog. Wasn't he just saying something about looking to fight anyone, no matter who?

Rezin:

Hm, naw, man, I think the PUNK ROCK thing to do here is to own it, ya know?

Tiny Devil Rezin:

Ugh, ya fuggin' idiot. Don't come crawlin' to me neggz time you find yourself in the back of a squad car!

Poof! Rezin's hallucination disappears. He looks up, blinking in confusion, at the monster looming over him.

From Bronson's perspective, he's experiencing a really... *really* long silence. He breathes a deep paint peeling sigh

and cracks his knuckles.

Rezin:

I'm lookin' the throw down, Mario. Ya mind steppin' aside for someone who can *really* kick ass?

The Original DEFIANT reaches down with spooky quickless for a man his size and shape and hoists Rezin effortlessly to his feet by his armpits and SLAMS him up against a wall. After doing so though, he suddenly relents. Calming down and taking his hands off Rezin, patting him on his tattooed chest with his huge, scarred hamsized hands.

Bronson Box:

I'm going to pretend you're not a complete loon and that somewhere in there there's still a fookin' *WRESTLER* at the helm in some blasted capacity. I'm going to go out on a limb and figure that wrestler knows who I am and what climbin' into the ring with me means for anyone that considers this place home.

Boxer claps one of those ham-hands down on Rezin's shoulder juuuust a little harder than necessary.

He's quiet.

It's weird when he's quiet.

Bronson Box:

But this isn't your home, is it? You're eternally just passin' through everyplace you stain with your greasy presence, aren't cha? The hilarious wrestling *hobo*. Is that all you are, boy'o? *SPEAK, GOAT!*

Suddenly shouting full force in Rezin's face.

His good eye starts to twitch as he waits for a response from the stunned Goat Bastard.

Somehow, Rezin is perfectly calm. Unimpressed. Either he is completely clueless, or stared death in the eye enough times to be unphased by the experience.

Column A and Column B?

Rezin:

Bro, number one, either pop an Altoid, or lay off the cullen skink. Number two, only damb thing ya need to know about the muthafugger your starin' down is that he ain't beholden to answerin' to fascist pricks under any circumstances. Punch as hard as ya want... this goat ain't gonna bleat.

He leans in, daringly.

Rezin:

Now... ya gonna get that ugly mug of yours outta my face, or do I need to make an example of ya?

Before meeting his imminent demise, Rezin takes one parting look at the camera.

Rezin:

Well, gang... clearly I did not think this through!

He really didn't.

In one haggis-fueled feat of *unnerving* brute strength Boxer reaches out and wraps his huge paw around Rezin's entire pointy face and simply *SHOVES* it back through the drywall of the hallway.

We hear a muffled crunching-gurgling sound escape the Rezin's head shaped hole in the wall as the Wargod straightens out his lapels and dusts plaster on his shirt cuff.

Bronson Box:

Please *please* come lookin' for that fight one of these days.

He leans towards the hole in the wall even so slightly.

Bronson Box:

Because ol' Boxer's gonna *erase* you from this place, Goat.

Box turns on his heels and continues on down the hall.

From the abscess in the wall, a pained groan can be heard.

Rezin: [croaking]

OOOAAAAUUUGGGHHH... heh... sounds like sumbuddy--*hooooouuggghhh*--is in for... a wake-up call... ugh...

We cut back to the boys out at commentary station.

FAVORED SAINTS: TA COLE (C) vs. DLJ

DDK:

No other way to put this next match, Lance... HOSSFITE. And it's for the coveted Favoured Saints Championship! Ned Reform's protege, TA Cole, finally won his first singles championship in DEFIAНCE when he defeated Butcher Victorious! This was thanks in part to a slight assist from DLJ and Sonny Silver! And to make this all the more complicated... DLJ will be TA Cole's first defense of the title in mere moments!

Lance:

Indeed! We have seen the man Sonny Silver has anointed "The Front Runner" rip through competition since joining Vae Victis. Dan Leo James has really come into his own and tonight, he will have to find a way to wrestle the title from a determined TA Cole. Reform and Cole have one goal - they want Corvo Alpha. They want the Southern Heritage Title. But DLJ wants his first singles title in DEFIAНCE!

DDK:

The bottom line is by the end of this match, one of these men may be going home disappointed. TA Cole vs. DLJ! Favoured Saints Title! Now!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

V A E V I C T I S

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

Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Wearing a brand new black and burgundy wrestling singlet, taped fists and brand new burgundy and gold boots, James stands proudly on the stage. With a little more some scruff on his face and nearly-trimmed short red hair, he runs a hand over his hair to make sure it looks good. When Sonny gives him the once-over and a thumbs up, the Fastest Big Man Alive stomps a foot on the stage, sending red pyro EXPLODING from either side!

DDK:

It was DLJ who attacked Butcher Victorious behind the official's back, leading to TA Cole claiming the title! And now, if Sonny Silver and Vae Victis have their way, it could be DLJ walking out.

Lance:

But we know Ned Reform and we know TA Cole. They've always got something up their sleeves.

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 jumps over the ropes to land in the ring! He runs one quick set of ropes, then the other before throwing both fists out! He hops in place multiple times as his music fades out.

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as the Faithful begin to boo and jeer. The first person to appear through the curtain is Ned Reform. Reform stops at the top of the ramp, grinning to the people. He dramatically turns and points to the curtain, and TA Cole - Favoured Saints Championship around his waist - marches through with a purpose. Reform motions for Cole to come closer, and The Good Doctor pats him on the shoulder and offers some aggressively encouraging words. Reform points down the ramp and the two Honor Society members begin the march toward the ring.

DDK:

I have to say... Ned Reform appears to be taking on the role of proud mentor for... probably the first time ever?

The pair enter the ring and again Reform gets up in Cole's face and offers words of encouragement. Cole nods and pounds his chest to hype himself up. Reform gives one final word of encouragement before leaving the ring.

Once in the ring, DLJ and TA Cole are standing on opposite sides of the ring as the super-serial introductions begin for this title match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and it is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP! And to do the in-ring introductions... the official spokesman of Vae Victis... SONNY SILVER!

The camera cuts to the Vae Victis corner and jeering is loud as Sonny Silver begins his introduction.

Sonny Silver:

Thank you and suck it, Darren. Tonight, Vae Victis repeats history when we rip the Favoured Saints Title from a member of the Honor Society. A while back, it was the great DEFIANCE Himself, Oscar Burns, that did so from Ned Reform and tonight, Vae Victis continues that tradition when our guy beats their guy! This man has the height of a skyscraper! The speed of a cheetah! The power of TEN men! HE IS THE FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! He is THE FASTEST BIG MAN ALIVE! He stands at six-foot seven and weighs in at 267 pounds... He is "**THE FRONT RUNNER**" ... D! L! J!

DLJ stands out with his arms wide, then points both fingers towards TA Cole and the title.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... he is the current and defending Favored Saints Champion... from Omaha, Nebraska and weighing in at 275 lbs... he is the Honor Society's **T! A! COLE!**

TA Cole raises the Favoured Saints belt up over his head and then hands it off to HOSS referee Brian Slater. He holds the title up for the rowdy North Cackalacki fans for all to see. He hands it off to ringside and then calls for the bell...

DING DING

The champion and challenger both lock up at the bell!

DDK:

There's a clean start so far from both big men! Both men very similar weight! Dan has probably the speed and height advantage, but Cole is an incredible collegiate amateur wrestler!

Cole in fact, shows this off by grabbing onto DLJ and goes for a single leg. He tries to get the taller redhead down, but The Front Runner stands his ground. Cole switches his positioning and has DLJ in a front facelock. He tries getting DLJ down to the mat this way, but DLJ stands his ground.

Lance:

DLJ was a three-sport athlete himself. Wrestling, track, baseball. He's trying to avoid the takedown, but he's not at Cole's level... WHOA!

Cole has the first big move of the match by PICKING DLJ up with both legs over the shoulder before ramming James into the corner! He goes low and hits a shoulder thrust into the chest of DLJ to power him down. Ned Reform claps loudly and shoots Sonny Silver a knowing smirk knowing that his protege is quickly showing an advantage over his own. Sonny looks displeased when Brian Slater orders Cole to break it up. Cole backs off from the challenger, but the champion stands his ground.

DLJ charges forward and puts a boot into Cole's chest before trying a headlock of his own. Cole throws open shots to the chest and knocks him to the ropes. Reform realizes what a mistake this might be from DLJ's burgeoning reputation as a stellar rope-runner. Cole swings for a clothesline, but DLJ ducks that and comes back with a HUGE shot of his own that knocks the Favoured Saints Champion off his feet! As DLJ gets jeers by running a quick victory lap over

Cole, now it's Sonny shooting a smartass smirk at an annoyed Good Doctor.

DDK:

There's some tit-for-tat going on inside and outside the ring! DLJ just RAN down a man as big as TA Cole in one big shot! There's a reason he's been named The Front Runner!

With the advantage in place, DLJ run towards Cole, but he hits a drop down. When comes comes back, he tries a hip toss, but James blocks it. He tries a clothesline, but Cole ducks that and then powers DLJ up and off his feet with a HUGE back suplex!

Lance:

I think Danny got too ahead of himself! There's a cover by TA Cole!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DLJ gets the shoulder up and Cole keeps on him. He hits an elbow to the back of Danny's head as he starts to pull him up. He goes for a belly-to-belly suplex, but DLJ hits him with a BELL CLAP! The blow disorients the champion and then allows DLJ a free shot by BLASTING him across the chest with a loud chop!

DDK:

DJL just went to the Henry Keyes playbook! I wonder if Keyes taught him that one?

Lance:

He must have... but look!

With Cole still on his feet, DLJ shocks everyone in the PNC Arena by LEAPING to the middle corner and then taking flight backwards with a HUGE back elbow smash that knocks Cole off his feet! Ned Reform jumps up and down and holds the back of his bald head in shock while Sonny laughs triumphantly after the shocking aerial move!

Lance:

Where the hell did Dan Leo James get THAT move from? He just wiped out TA Cole!

DDK:

And now where's he going?

With Cole down, DLJ climbs through the ropes to the apron and then starts to quickly head to the top turnbuckle. When the Favoured Saints Champion gets to his feet, The Front Runner takes flight and NAILS him with a tremendous flying shoulder block off the top rope with huge hangtime on it!

Lance:

Did you see that, Darren?! He came off that top rope like a missile! The Favoured Saints Champion goes down again when DLJ gets back to his feet. When he's sure that Cole is down, he looks out to The Faithful, then runs once again off both sets of ropes before hitting a huge splash on Cole!

DDK:

Goodness! DLJ is all over the place with that huge flying shouler block, then the splash! And might be our next Favoured Saints Champion! Danny hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Cole kicks out this time, which makes DLJ look annoyed.

DDK:

The quest of TA Cole to get to Corvo Alpha almost ended at the first title defense!

Lance:

And there's Sonny telling James to not Cole any reprieve. He's already getting him back to his feet.

DLJ reels back and SMACKS Cole with the Fastball Chop! The blow ALMOST knocks Cole off his feet, but he gets staggered back and then lands in the corner. DLJ looks out to Ned Reform and then makes the universal "that belt is mine" gesture that every fan knows. Reform ignores him and Sonny yells at DLJ to focus cause the belt isn't his yet. He nods.

Lance:

He's improved his game, but he's still very young at only 23 years of age. He's still prone to rookie mistakes.

With the Favoured Saints Champion reeling in the corner, DLJ charges at Cole full speed... but Cole moves! DLJ stops himself as Cole tries to come at him, but boots him with a low kick to the stomach. With The Star Student of The Good Doctor stunned, DLJ leaps to the middle rope for another flying back elbow... but he gets caught by Cole and gets HURLED backwards with a massive release German suplex! The fans are amazed as James goes hurling across the canvas.

DDK:

Cole finally has some room to breathe after that offensive stretch by the challenger! Can TA Cole make the most of it?

DLJ doesn't know where he is right now and pulls himself up in the corner with Sonny trying to warn him not to turn his back on his opponent. But the warning falls on deaf ears when Cole comes running and hits a three-point tackle in the corner! The blow sends an audible "OOF!" out of James' mouth! The Vae Victis member is rocked when Cole grabs him by the waist and CHUCKS him out of the corner with another big suplex, this time being a huge overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

Cole's got him! He's got James on the back foot now! Where's he gonna take him next?

The Front Runner is slowly picked up by Cole and then set up into another suplex... he HOLDS DLJ for a number of seconds, then DRIVES him down!

DDK:

GPA! GPA! THAT MIGHT BE IT!

Cole hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Faithful were biting on that move, but James gets the shoulder up just before the three. Cole looks up and holds three fingers, but Slater comes back with two. Reform points to Brian Slater and instructs him it was a three-count while Sonny is on the other side yelling at Reform to, quote, "close his [expletive] mouth!"

Lance:

That was a close one! All respect to Brian Slater for keeping his cool with two of the biggest mouths in DEFIAНCE on either side of the ring!

DDK:

Indeed! He's saying a two-count but TA Cole's doing the smart thing right now!

The Favoured Saints champion is the picture of confidence right now as he gestures over his shoulders that he's going for The Letter Jacket. He grabs James and slowly tries to get the big man to his feet. James tries to fight his way out, but Cole elbows him in the side and then FIGHTS to get him up in the torture rack!

DDK:

TA Cole got him! He's locked in The Letter Jacket!

Cole tries to crank down, but Sonny shouts to grab the neck! James continues to kick his leg and out of desperation, goes for the eyes! The Star Student grabs his eye in pain as James slips out behind him and shoves him to the ropes before Brian Slater can really admonish him. When Cole comes back, James catches him by the side and spins the big man around before DRIVING him into the canvas with a huge suplex into a spinning side slam!

DDK:

Greetings from Hurricane, Utah! He got ALL of the move! James hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Cole gets the shoulder up first! Slater shows off two fingers, but DLJ tells him he knows how to count and that it was a three, along with Sonny! Ned Reform tells them to accept the call and the match continues!

DDK:

How quickly the tides turn here?! James has him on the back foot, but TA Cole kicks out now!

Lance:

And there's Sonny telling him to finish it! Can he score with that Godspeed palm strike?!

DLJ backs up to the corner and holds his hands out, stomping a foot on the mat and waiting for the champion to get to his feet. Cole gets up just as DLJ comes running, but Cole is BARELY able to move and pushes him into the ropes. DLJ comes back off the ropes with both men thinking the same thing when they COLLIDE into one another with stereo clotheslines! Both men are down and both Reform and Silver don't know what to think!

DDK:

Both TA Cole and DLJ had intentions to take the other's head off with a clothesline, but both men did it! They're both down!

Lance:

This one is definitely as physical as we thought it might be!

With their respective seconds urging both men to get up, both TA Cole and Dan Leo James try and get up...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

...out from the crowd is **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

Butcher Victorious is here! What's he doing?!

Dressed in torn light blue jeans and his new "Butch Vic Clique" shirt, he slides right into the ring and he stands in between both TA Cole and DLJ, trying to get to their feet. He looks out quickly to Ned Reform, then Sonny Silver and

shoots him a look... then LOCKS IN A HEADLOCK ON TA COLE!

Butcher Victorious:

GRABBING A HOLD, BROTHERS!

DDK:

What is Butcher DOING?! He's not in this match!

A groggy Cole SHOVES Butcher off him! Butcher barely catches himself from falling over in front of DLJ, but stops. He flashes a grin at Danny when Brian Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **T! A! COLE!**

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

Cole doesn't look particularly pleased as he's just coming around. Slater hands him the Favoured Saints Title, while Ned Reform jumps up and down around ringside in full support of Brian Slater's decision! DLJ's eyes almost bulge out of his head when he realizes what's happened! Sonny angrily curses out Butcher, but by now, Butch Vic has left the ring and starts heading back into the crowd, but not before he reaches into his back pocket to secure...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND HE JUST SCREWED THESE PRICKS! LATER, BONERS!

He turns and winks into the direction of Sonny and DLJ before departing as quickly as he arrived, with his laughter echoing all over the speaker system as he leaves!

Lance:

Butcher Victorious gets some payback! DLJ screwed him out of the Favoured Saints Title tonight, Butch Vic returns the favor!

DDK:

And since this wasn't a situation where the champion got himself disqualified... that counts as a successful defense for TA Cole! One down and three more to go for The Honor Society's quest towards Corvo Alpha and the Southern Heritage Championship!

An IRATE Sonny Silver grabs a chair and slams it down at ringside as DLJ rolls out of the ring, now hobbling in the direction that Butcher Victorious departed. Meanwhile inside the ring, Ned Reform is standing proudly by the side of TA Cole, holding the championship high overhead after a hard hitting match!

DDK:

The first defense is in the books for TA Cole! We have to take a commercial break, but we will be right back with our main event! Stay tuned! Corvo Alpha puts up the Southern Heritage Title on the line against BRAZEN's most powerful man! The man who holds BOTH the BRAZEN Championship and BRAZEN Star Cup, "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby of the Blood Diamonds! Stay tuned!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIAНCE LIVE

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT AIN'T IT

The camera cuts to the Commentation Station following the commercial break with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

What a wild conclusion to that match for the Favoured Saints Title! TA Cole and DLJ fought tooth and nail... only for the appearance of Butcher Victorious to come out and cost DLJ the title by getting him disqualified!

Lance:

And one of our cameramen caught up with Butcher Victorious in the parking lot during the commercial break and he had these comments about what just went down!

The words During Commercial appear on the bottom left-hand corner of the screen as it cuts to a scene with Butcher Victorious leaving the arena and heading towards the stage... and yes, he's talking into The Stick™ as he does this.

Butcher Victorious:

Sonny Silver! Dee-El-Jay... what'd you THINK I was gonna do when you took away my chance at winnin' the Favoured Saints Championship two weeks ago, huh? What'd you THINK I was gonna do when you guys pissed and moaned about how I beat Oscar Burns, huh? Sent him home back to New Zealand with his tail tucked between his legs after I spent TWO DAMN YEARS tryin' to get into the Vae Victis' Inner Circle? Did y'all think I was gonna go back to makin' drinks and gettin' you fresh towels? NAH! BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT AIN'T IT!

He continues pacing angrily while speaking to the cameraman catching him leave.

Butcher Victorious:

Danny, y'all like to call yourself The Front Runner. That's cool. Looks good on a t-shirt. Makes total sense... and when I talked about you at the Presscon, I wasn't sayin' you were weak-minded then... but NOW I am. You might run REAL fast but you think slow, so let me spell it out for you: You're a dang puppet to these people and the second Vae Victis don't see any use for you anymore, they'll keep you jumpin' through them imaginary hoops and danglin' damn carrots to keep you in line... and when you DON'T deliver what you say you're gonna do, then they'll probably do worse if you fail...

He finally reaches his car... a black Ford F-150.

Butcher Victorious:

It took me two years to figure that out all on my own, Dan. So let me help you and I'll SHOW you what I mean. You and Sonny say it's on sight, huh? You say that you're gonna put a target on my back and that I'm not Jesse James? I never said I was Jesse James, idiot. When I beat Oscar Burns... I was just a man that was tired of bein' pushed around. I was just a man that was tired of stayin' quiet. Now? I'm a man that makes NOISE!

He starts to get into the driver's seat.

Butcher Victorious:

And if you wanna shut Butcher up for good, Sonny, then you can tell DLJ to meet me in the ring at Maximum DEFIAНCE and make me! Then I'll show DLJ what happens when you fail Vae Victis!

He shuts the door to the truck and then speeds off into the night as the feed goes back to the show in real time.

ANIMAL CONTROL

Back to the arena where we find that Ned Reform nor the Favored Saints Champion TA Cole have left. Instead, they stand in front of the curtain. Cole has the title slung over his shoulder and Reform has a mic in hand. Ned pauses to find a break in the jeering before bringing up the mic.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen, what you just saw in this ring was a display of athleticism, grit, and talent.

DDK:

I'm fairly certain Butch Vic just handed Cole that match...

Ned Reform:

Mark this: Mr. Cole will defend this championship three more times, and then on the final DEFtv before Maximum DEFIANCE he fully intends to cash in for a shot at the reigning SOHer: Corvo Alpha.

Ned pauses for the pop.

Ned Reform:

Assuming that he makes it through tonight, Mr. Alpha needs to understand that his days are numbered. Unfortunately, I doubt Mr. Alpha understands much. He is a feral animal. A rabid, brainless beast unbecoming of being called "champion." A disgrace to the title. But fear not, because as Mr. Cole will prove at Maximum DEFIANCE...

Reform pats Levi on the shoulder. Cole grins.

Ned Reform:

...you can consider The Honor Society to be Animal Control.

B0000000000000000000000!

Ned Reform:

Now, Mr. Alpha will be out to defend his championship momentarily. Mr. Cole and I have elected...

As Ned speaks, he and his charge turn and walk to the left toward the DEFIANCE interview stage - where two chairs have been set up. Cole aggressively sits in one - not comfortably, but more like he is ready to pounce at a moment's notice. Reform sits next to him, folding his legs and looking much more relaxed.

Ned Reform:

...to observe. To assess. And to not so subtly remind Mr. Alpha that his days as SOHer are numbered.

Reform drops the mic and grins as the fans boo and we transition to Darren Quimbey in the ring

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. FELTON BIGSBY

Darren Quincey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next contest is the MAIN EVENT of the EVENING –

The long-time ring announcer's voice works to rise above the crowd's pop.

Darren Quincey:

– and is for the DEFIAНCE Wrestling Southern Heritage CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ “100 Black Coffins” by Rick Ross ♪

The initial celebration heralded by the announcement of a SOHER match quickly sours into disdain from the crowd at the sound of the music.

Busting through the curtain with attitude, a scowling Felton Bigsby appears. Trailing behind him, Jane Katze seems to judge every fan she meets eyes with. She glides to his side as Bigsby pauses atop the rampway, mean-mugging the booing fans.

Darren Quincey:

Introducing first, the CHALLENGER! Being accompanied to the ring by Jane Katze and representing the BLOOD DIAMONDS... he is the HOLDER of the BRAZEN Star Cup!! ... and is the reigning BRAZEN CHAMPION! Weighing in tonight at two-hundred and eighty one pounds, he is “HOUSTON STRONG” FELTON BIGSBY!

Continuing towards the ring, Bigsby is laser focused; brow furrowed and fists balled. Stomping into the ring with something more than just “DEFIAНCE”, Bigsby takes a moment to glare at the camera. Jane climbs the steps behind him, stilettos navigating the ascent with time-honed skill.

DDK:

Felton Bigsby has truly discovered who he is in this current run in BRAZEN, establishing himself as the promotion's most decorated, perhaps most DANGEROUS man! Aligned as he is now with this renewed Blood Diamonds group, well... It's safe to say that his stock is somehow, terrifyingly continuing to climb!

Lance:

BRAZEN is as hot as it's ever been right now and Felton Bigsby is a big part of WHY. Tonight he has a tremendous opportunity! Competing in the Main Event of DEFtv and for one of the most storied championships in the sport. Could this be the night where Felton Bigsby TRULY crosses over?!

Bigsby doesn't look the least bit shook by the moment as his music fades. As that tune recedes, the fans start rhythmically clapping in anticipation. It builds and rises as a cheer strikes out. A spotlight finds a harsh figure two tiers up in the crowd.

A fresh coat of yellow warpaint is smeared across his face, clumping in his knotted facial hair and dripping down. The saffron pigment mixes with the smudge of clotted red pulled across his chest. All around him, the Faithful rage and clap on his behalf. He nods his head to their beat as he stomps down the steps.

Darren Quincey:

And his opponent... from Parts Untold... weighing in at two-hundred and forty nine pounds... he is the reigning and defending DEFIAНCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion...

Buoyed to the ring by the pulse of the clapping, Alpha adjusts the pink leather strap laying over his shoulder before leaping over the guard rail. Running, he half-rounds the squared circle before sliding under the rope and sidling into a corner, one eye trained on his boulder of an opponent. He snorts and almost barks. It's a little charming.

Darren Quincey:

CALL HIM... CORVO! ALPHA!

Over on the Interview Stage, Reform and Cole are on their feet, particularly interested in Alpha's route to the ring, it seems. Referee Jonny Fastcountini raises the SOHER high overhead for all to see before passing it off to a ring attendant. In the far background, we can make out Dr. Reform and TA Cole retaking "their seats".

DING DING

Tension mounts as Bigsby steps forward. Still half-knelt, the whites of Alpha's eyes never leave the strongman. Bigsby beckons Alpha on. He swells to his feet in time to eat an EXPLOSIVE CLOTHESLINE.

DDK:

Bigsby nearly took Corvo out of his trunks with that vicious charging lariat!

Lance:

Felton Bigsby is a pure powerhouse, on a scale that Corvo Alpha hasn't faced since perhaps his match with Uriel Cortez back at DEFIANCE Road in Berlin!

Corvo collects himself on the canvas, an odd smile creeping across his face. Suddenly, he BOLTS at Bigsby – who somehow is ready for it!

DDK:

GORILLA PRESS by Bigsby! LOOK AT THIS DISPLAY!

Bigsby turns, parading his prize – until Alpha slips free, landing on his feet behind the grappler!

DDK:

Rear waistlock by Alpha - but only for a moment! Standing switch by Bigsby who POWERS Alpha up!!

Lance:

GERMAN SUPLEX - WAIT!

DDK:

Alpha lands on his feet AGAIN!

Annoyed, Bigsby spins into a back elbow from Corvo. Alpha throws a knee that folds the big man over. Bigsby elbows Corvo in the gut then stands and WRENCHES Alpha backwards and to the mat by a handful of hair with a SLAM.

DDK:

Bigsby, off the ropes, BIG SPLASH! He hooks the far leg! Is this it?!

ONE!

KICKOUT!!

Lance:

Not yet!

DDK:

Big kick out from Corvo! Both men are UP!

Corvo charges - and Bigsby LAUNCHES him across the ring!

Lance:

BIELED from Raleigh to Charleston!

Alpha is HURLED over the top rope and to the floor! A building-wide *GASP* provides the soundtrack to Corvo's unceremonial exit from the ring.

DDK:

The POWER of Felton Bigsby!

Finally having trotted around the ring, the floor camera shows us a Southern Heritage Champion laid to waste. Left hand clutching right shoulder, Alpha's face is a twisted, glistening yellow. He rolls on the ringside mat, moaning in pain as Bigsby slides out of the ring long enough to snatch Alpha off of the floor and again HURL him - this time, Alpha goes ass over tea kettle, back first into the steel ringsteps with a stiff *CLANG*!

Bigsby slides back into the ring, getting an earful from Referee Fastcountini. Suddenly, Jane lays in a brutal running kick into Corvo's midsection, leaving him still writhing on the ground.

Lance:

I wish I could say the actions of Jane Katze still surprised me!

Cutting to the Interview Stage, Reform cups a hand to his mouth, whispering in TA Cole's eager ear. Cole nods knowingly. The confidence and pompousness in the exchange is palpable.

Bigsby again slides out of the ring and is this time quick to toss Corvo under the rope and back in the ring. Jane Katze is the only one in the building clapping at this development.

DDK:

Felton with the quick cover!

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

We cut to Dr. Ned Reform on the Interview Stage golf-clapping, mocking the fans. TA Cole looks on with a chiseled, determined expression. The camera lingering on his Favoured Saints Championship. In the ring, Bigsby is pulling Alpha back to his feet, whipping him into the corner.

DDK:

Houston Strong hits Houston HARD in the corner with that Corner Clothesline! Bigsby's got Corvo locked in that corner, laying in a series of knees! LOOK at that impact, Lance! He's just bludgeoning Alpha in the corner!

Blow after blow.

Lance:

This match has been all about momentum! And that's what the Blood Diamonds have been "all about" since asserting their dominance in DEFIAНCE! This stable has been all about dominance and all about GROWTH! Momentum is on their side! With the recent addition to their ranks of BRAZEN standout Adrian Payne, the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, we've already talked about Bigsby holding the Star Cup and BRAZEN Championship... you add the SOHER to that list and, my god...

DDK:

The mind boggles, Lance.

Lance:

Bigsby has grabbed the advantage early... and he has *PRESSED* it! OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY sends Corvo CRASHING to the canvas!

Bigsby stalks the animal with palpable, unbridled confidence. He settles and waits for Alpha to stir. Alpha uses the ropes to find his footing, turns and–

DDK:

THREE POINT TACKLE just LEVELS Corvo!

Lance:

Corvo did almost a full FLIP on that impact!

DDK:

Bigsby hooks that far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO!!!

DDK:

Bigsby is STAYING on the Champion! He wrenches him upright–

Lance:

OHH! Back-elbow from Corvo! ANOTHER! That one delivered square on the chin! Bigsby is dazed!

DDK:

Alpha hits the ropes! RUNNING CORVO-CUTTER!!

Lance:

But Corvo is taking TOO long! Crawling over! Covers his man!

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

DDK:

A monstrous kick out from BRAZEN's most decorated athlete!

Bigsby kips back up to his feet but eats a STIFF charging clothesline from Corvo that takes the big man up and over the top rope and down to the ringside floor.

DDK:

Bigsby just CRASHED HARD!

Lance:

Well, he's a big boy! It's physics, Keebs!

The rhythmic clapping that heralded Corvo's arrival into the arena starts up again and Alpha takes note, his wide, wild eyes looking out at the ravenous crowd... and then down to Bigsby piled on the floor.

DDK:

Here he goes!

Alpha hits the far ropes and SPRINTS across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes like a missile and BLASTING into Felton and into the guardrail!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Lance:

What an impact! Corvo Alpha seems to be back in this contest! He's feeding off the energy of the fans in attendance!

Using Bigsby's beard to pull him back to his feet, Corvo throws an elbow into his prodigious midsection before BASHING his face into the top rail.

Lance:

Ohhh, Bigsby didn't like that!

He didn't. He grabs Alpha's arm and WHIPS him into the steel steps. Alpha almost somersaults onto the jagged steel, back-first!

Both men collect themselves before Bigsby heeds Katze's counsel and he rolls a limp, reeling Southern Heritage Champion back into the ring at the count of *EIGHT*.

The camera cuts back to the Interview Stage, where TA Cole watches the contest with intense interest. Just over his shoulder, Reform offers his student his own unique insight. Cole simply nods, eyes narrowed at the ring.

DDK:

Back in control, Felton Bigsby is so close to immortality! He can feel it!

Bigsby sneers at the fans as he hooks Corvo in the center of the ring before powering him up.

Lance:

Look at this power!

Hoisting Corvo up in a vertical suplex, Bigsby lets the moment – and his opponent – hang in the air, suspended.

Lance:

There is a science behind this delayed vertical suplex! All of that blood rushing towards Corvo's head! It's going to make that impact all the more impactful!

DDK:

That it will!

Finally, Bigsby turns – SLINGSHOTTING Corvo onto and off of the top rope – BUT CORVO PIVOTS IN THE AIR! He comes down on Bigsby's back, holding on for dear life!

Lance:

WAIT!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH! He's GOT it! He's got it, reversing that slingshot suplex by Bigsby into his own signature submission hold! Bigsby is in trouble!

He is. Dropping to one knee, Bigsby reaches back - looking for anything to grab onto. Anything to pull, twist, wrench or break. Anything to end this moment he is stuck in.

Lance:

Using Bigby's own arm and wrist to choke off the flow of air and blood and... oh, I think Bigsby is FADING!

Is he, though? Bigsby's eyes flutter, but his arms still search and dart out. In a flash, he is back up to both feet!

DDK:

LOOK!

Bigsby falls forward at the waist and Corvo is TOSSED forward off of his back-

Lance:

What a reversal?!

But Corvo lands on his feet – hits the ropes – Bigsby is staggering – and—

DDK:

CORVO-CUTTER! Alpha caught him!

Fastcountini slides into position!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!!!

Bigsby gets a shoulder up a heartbeat after Jonny's hand slaps canvas, it seems. But it's too late.

DING DING DING

Darren Quincey:

The winner of the match... AND STILLLLLLL—

♪ “Children of the Grave” by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quincey:

-DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion... CALL HIM... CORVO! ALLLLLPHAAAAAAA!!!

The fans hit their feet, clapping along to the gallop of the song. As a replay of the finish and the pinfall plays in a lower corner of the screen, we see Alpha take the belt from Fastcountini before slipping out of the ring. And yes, while it was close, the replay shows that the official made the right call.

On the Interview Stage, Dr. Reform smirks, placing a calming hand on his student's massive shoulder. TA Cole stretches his neck, scowling, before the pair retreat backstage.

As Alpha slips into the celebrating crowd, we see Bigsby RAGING in the ring at the result.

DDK:

Felton Bigsby put on an incredible effort tonight. He came so close-

Lance:

-but not close enough. Corvo Alpha is STILL the SOHER! He is a SURVIVOR!

Jane Katze glares at Alpha for a moment before turning to a still seething Bigsby and ushering him out of the ring. Felton clutches his BRAZEN championship belt to his chest and blesses out a few fans along the barrier as he backs up the ramp, urged along by Ms. Katze.

The final, lasting image of the program is that of Corvo Alpha, amidst the masses, the SOHER proudly held overhead. Tongue lolling out of his mouth, eyes crazed and untamed – Corvo bops his head to the music.

DDK:

What a match! What a night! We're outta time! Goodnight, everyone!!!