

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

Tampa, Florida welcomes DEFIANCE as the Amalie Arena is hyped for DEFtv 204!

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!

***WE HEAR YOU, RCR!***

***PUNCHY AND DEX, PLEASE COMBINE FORCES***

***DAN RYAN LIVES***

***cOnOr > cOrVo***

***I, TOO, AM A LUCK***

***REZISTANCE IS NUBILE***

***HEY RCR, SAY LESS***

***(HOLDING SIGN IN ANTICIPATION OF RCR)***

***E-SPREAD PODCAST VS DEF RADIO ROYALTY***

***WILL DEX GET DECKED AND WRECKED OR PUNCHY GET... PUNCHIED? COME BACK TO THIS SIGN LATER.***

***LET THAT HOLY-GHOST-LANGUAGE COME UP OUT OF YOU***

To the announce table with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner!

## **DEX JOY vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL**

### **DDK:**

Welcome to DEFtv and we are kicking off Night Two with Round Two! The second consecutive match between the former FIST of DEFIANCE and one of the hottest rookies to come out of BRAZEN in recent memory, Punch Drunk Purcell!

Footage now plays of the finish of the first meeting between the two tank-like men throwing bombs to open DEFtv two weeks prior!

### **Lance:**

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell threw their best shots at one another, ending in the fight being taken outside the ring! Towards the conclusion of the match, it was Punch Drunk Purcell that missed his 1-2 Combo, leading to Dex Joy unleashing Dexy's Midnight Runner through the barricade!

### **BOOM!**

The final stills show Dex Joy putting Punch Drunk Purcell through the barricade with one of the biggest shoulder tackles in DEFIANCE today! The referee reaches the count of ten with neither man being able to answer the count!

### **DDK:**

There's no animosity between the two, but Punch Drunk Purcell is eager to make a name for himself against the only man to have held the FIST, the SOHER and Favoured Saints Titles and a win over Dex Joy? That will do it! So let's got to the match that fans are calling Round Two! Dex Joy! Punch Drunk Purcell! Now!

The bell rings as the camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

The following singles match is your opening contest to DEFtv scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

Three bells ring in succession, followed by three words on the screen!

**PUNCH.  
PIN.  
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one of the newest BRAZEN graduates! With a wink to the camera, he holds out a shirt with Dex Joy's name on it...

"Dex Got Decked and Wrecked!"

### **Darren Quimbey:**

...From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

### **DDK:**

Some mind games being played here by Punchy! We know that he's made t-shirts out of the most hated men in DEFIANCE like Ed White after suffering a knockout blow!

He keeps hold of the t-shirt at ringside, 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 exploding in the ring! After the pyrotechnics display, Purcell disposes of the shirt at ringside and then waits on his big opponent.

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**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... he is **THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!**

Standing on the stage, Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed Tampa crowd. His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise! Once he reaches the ring, he comes nose-to-nose with Purcell! Punchy gets in his face. Some trash talk is exchanged between the two men and it takes Brian Slater to get the two back. Once he does, Dex's music fades and the bell rings!

**DING DING**

Like bulls, the two men lock horns! They fight and struggle with one another in an attempt to get the drop on the other, but have to break off! The collar and elbow doesn't get them anywhere the first time, but they try again. Dex switches over to tight hammerlock to try and keep the former boxer at bay. He swings an elbow back, but Dex ducks that and then moves over to a head lock instead.

**Lance:**

We don't see Dex Joy trade holds all that often, but these two threw everything but the kitchen sink at each other two weeks ago.

Dex gets pushed into the ropes by Punchy and when he comes back, he runs into the fridge-like physique of Purcell, but the former boxer and MMA practitioner doesn't budge. Purcell switches up his gameplan to go for a head lock of his own. He holds the neck and head again, but this time it's Dex's turn to get Purcell back to the ropes. Dex shoves the three-hundred fifty pounder into the ropes. He runs back and Dex shows off his amazing agility by leap frogging over him coming one way. Purcell comes back the other way and hits a leapfrog! Dex tries a cross body ...

**BUT PURCELL CATCHES AND SLAMS HIM DOWN!!!**

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful give it up for Punchy as he stands over Dex and roars out to them!

**DDK:**

No way! No how! Dex Joy has used that cross body off the ropes for so long, but Purcell not only *picked Dex up* but he

slammed him down!

**Lance:**

Unbelievable!

Dex gets picked up by the Round Mound of Ground and Pound and then he is sent with a whip into the corner. Purcell runs to Dex, but he is surprised by an elbow to the head. Purcell is sent backwards. The two men run at each other and meet in the middle with two big clotheslines! The thud can be heard in the upper decks of the arena. They both meet in the middle a second time with big clotheslines but they don't budge! Both tanks agree to meet in the middle as they prepare to run for a third time. They hit the corners and then clean each other's clocks with charging clothesline so powerful, they *BOTH* go down and roll out to the floor!

**DDK:**

What shots! What brutal shots those were! My God!

Dexy Baby and the Green-Eyed Wild Man are each outside the ring on opposite sides of the ring. Each men is wondering where the other is, but when they see one another, it's on like a certain barrel-throwing gorilla!

**Lance:**

Here they go again ... OOOOOFFFF!

Once again, Punch Drunk Purcell stands tall and *floors* Dexy Baby with a charging clothesline outside the ring! He hits a big boy flex that gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and encourages the cheers to get louder!

**DDK:**

Such a brutal back and forth right now, but so far it's been mostly Purcell!

Purcell kisses a fist and then looks over to see Big Dex Energy starting to get back to his feet near the post. Purcell charges at Dex ...

**CLANG!!!**

He misses the splash!

But Dexy Baby doesn't miss Dexy's Midnight Runner on the floor! Purcell is knocked down!

**DDK:**

Dexy's Midnight Runner! Dex scores with the pounce by the ounce and Purcell is off *his* feet!

**Lance:**

Are we looking at another double count-out here tonight!?

Dex Joy says no as he rolls back into the ring briefly to make Brian Slater restart the count. Dex Joy takes some time to get the three-hundred fifty-one pound former boxer to his feet before he puts him back in the ring. Dex lines up when he gets back into the ring and before he can grab Purcell ... he scores with a huge shot gun drop kick!

**DDK:**

Dexy's Midnight Runner on the outside, then the shot gun op kick on the inside! Is that it?

Dex Joy has the right of the first cover of the match!

One ...

Two ...

No!

**Lance:**

Two heavy hits, but if anyone knows a thing about how to take a hit as well as giving one out ... it's Purcell!

The EveryChamp gets ready to pick Purcell up. He waits on the Round Mound of Ground and Pound to get up and then tries to get him in a fireman carry!

**DDK:**

No way! Is he ... is he gonna try and hit the Dex-5?!

But before he can fully get him up, Purcell hits some hammer-and-anvil elbow to the back of Dex to free himself! He fights back and lights up Dexy Baby, but Dex stops him first and then hits a heavy elbow smash of his own. Purcell fights back with big clubbing forearm to the side that knocks Dex silly going the other way ... but then he jumps back and he clips the side of Purcell's head with a bicycle kick to the head that rocks Purcell's jaw!

**Lance:**

They're trading shots again! Dex hit that big bicycle kick!

Dexy is back up with PDP looking like he's on spaghetti legs. The former FIST charges at the ropes looking for another Dexy's Midnight Runner ... but instead, Purcell NAILS him with a huge King Hippo flying body press out of nowhere first! Both men go down and the fans ring out in applause!

**DDK:**

Joy and Purcell are back at it again! They just traded some great shots and now they're both down!

**Lance:**

It would be a shame to see this end in a double count-out for the second time in a row!

Purcell is holding his head. Dex, his back. Both men are down, but they both want to get up and fight some more with Brian Slater counting both men down!

"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!"

Purcell is the first man up. Dexy, the second!

"SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!"

Purcell is finally up on his knees, same as Dex!

"NINE!"

And they're both up!

**Lance:**

This battle of the big men continues!

Dex tries to go for a big punch on Purcell, but Purcell beats him to the first part of his name. HE blocks the shot and fires an uppercut! He catches Dex with body blows and then follows up with a HUGE jab that rocks Dexy Baby!

**DDK:**

Goodness! Punches in bunches BY Punch Drunk! He charges... body avalanche!

The Faithful respond as Dexy Baby gets crushed by the weight of the big man! Purcell fires off more body shots and The Faithful make noise before he winds up and SMACKS Dex with a huge uppercut! A gob of spit goes flying right

out of Joy's mouth!

**Lance:**

That was a stiff shot! And Purcell isn't finished!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound points a finger up in the air to tell the people one more! He whips Dex to the other side! He lines him up and charges to CRUSH him with a running back splash in the corner and as Dex comes out of the corner, he gets SMASHED by a huge turning clothesline!

**DDK:**

1-2 Combo! He missed with that move two weeks ago and it led to the double count-out but he scores with it tonight! Cover by Purcell!

Purcell falls onto the cover with his weight on the shoulder!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dex's shoulder comes up first!

**DDK:**

Great series of strikes, but I really think that he should have hooked a leg there!

**Lance:**

Purcell has shown great progress for a rookie, but right now in his career, he is a rookie still.

Purcell now finds himself getting some chants from The Faithful as "Punchy!" chants start to come out! The big man waits on Dex to try and stand and he waits behind him, balling up a fist. When Dex is a little slow to rise, Punchy has enough! He goes behind Dex and hooks him by the side of his body!

**DDK:**

I think Purcell wanted that Punch Drunk Love knockout shot, but Dex was too slow... WAIT! NO! HE PLAYED POSSUM!

Sure enough, Dex catches him with a jumping enziguri! Purcell goes glassy-eyed and then falls to the mat, allowing Dex to come off the ropes to strike while the iron's hot with a big running senton across the barrel chest of Purcell! The former BRAZEN Onslaught champion gets his ribs rocked by Dexy Baby, who gets up after the senton and then points to the top rope!

**Lance:**

The Biggest Boy is about to take the biggest risk! What's he going for here?

He climbs to the ring apron and then starts to go to the top rope. Fans ready their phones to take pictures and videos possibly for legal/illegal distribution. He leaps off ... and scores with the big Jump For Joy diving headbutt! Purcell convulses from the shot to the chest and Dexy holds his skull!

**DDK:**

Purcell got the worst of that, but Dex just got rocked! Can he wrap up Round Two?

Dexy goes for the cover and hooks the leg!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Purcell's shoulder goes up and the Biggest Boy cannot believe what he's seen! He looks at Brian Slater to see if it may have been a mistake, but he looks dejected by seeing two fingers in front of him.

**Lance:**

Punchy kicks out! Could this have been a mistake? He could have had the time to hit the diving moonsault, the Joy Buzzer, but he chose the diving headbutt instead and couldn't follow up right away!

Dex decides that he's ready to put an end to the match while he's got Purcell down. He slaps the mat and invites Purcell to stand again. Purcell looks disoriented and holds his chest in pain. The Triple Crown winner of DEFIANCE Wrestling snatches up Punchy by his bald head ...

THEN CATCHES A BALD BULL!!!

**DDK:**

Bald Bull head butt! I think Purcell was playing possum now just like Dex did a little bit ago!

He goes over to Dex's side ... then Dex finds himself in the rare position of being *picked up* ... and *ROCKED!!!*

**DDK:**

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE!!! HE JUST ROCKED DEX JOY WITH PUNCH DRUNK LOVE!!! HE'S OUT!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe it themselves! He covers Dex and this time he hooks the leg closest to him as he lays back on the chest of Dexy Baby!

One ...

Two ...

Three ...

Foot under the ropes!!!

**Lance:**

He did it! He did it ... NO WAIT!!! DEX HAS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!!!

**DDK:**

And Slater waved it off!!!

Purcell hears the three and thinks that he has won! He has his arms up ... but Brian Slater waves it off! Purcell shakes his head at the official and counts three in the palm of his hand, but Slater shows him Dex has his foot on the ropes!

**Lance:**

I think that could have been a three! That would have most definitely been a three-count if he had pulled him away!

Purcell curses his luck and kicks the adjacent rope! Dex still hasn't moved out of the position that he's in with his foot still just under the rope it originally was!

**DDK:**

I can't believe it!!! He was just *one second* from doing something that only Malak Garland can claim in the past year

and is defeat Dex Joy in a singles match, straight-up!

**Lance:**

He's gotta focus!

Purcell finally resigns to his fate for the moment, but still sees that Dex Joy is down. He grabs Dexy Baby by the leg and then pulls him to the middle of the ring! He tries to pull Dex up ... but he's slow to get up!

**DDK:**

Dex can barely stand! I think Punch Drunk Love did him in and I think Purcell is about to go for a second!!!

Purcell leans into the punch and throws Dexy into the ropes. He waits for him for a second pop-up ... but the *unthinkable* happens when Dex suddenly fires off a standing frankensteiner!!!

**DDK:**

NO!!! WAIT!!! DEX ... WITH A FRANENSTEINER!!! HE'S GOT THE LEG OF PURCELL!!!

Dex pulls off the *impossible* frankensteiner out of the pop-up and holds on for a pin!

**Lance:**

WHAT?!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

***DING DING DING***

Purcell has finally squirmed out of the pinfall too late!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner of the match ... DEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYY!!!

Punchy has been stunned to silence as Dex Joy rolls away victoriously!

**Lance:**

That was close! That was so close! When have you *ever* seen Dex Joy have to use a flash pin?!

**DDK:**

I can't remember a time like that ... but in true Dex Joy fashion, the big man's agility continues to surprise us all, especially Purcell right now!

Punch Drunk Purcell can't believe it! He protests to Brian Slater and undoes his MMA glove, telling him that he had kicked out, but Slater didn't!

**DDK:**

Dex Joy snatched literal victory out of defeat! He felt the pop-up punch once, but countered the second one ... into a frankensteiner, Lance .... A FRANKENSTEINER!!!

Dex has not let go of his jaw at all as he barely has enough strength to stand. He offers a hand to Punch Drunk Purcell, who is still visibly frustrated the match didn't go his way.

**Lance:**



What an opening match we just saw here tonight! Purcell was literally half a second away from doing something only Malak Garland can claim in the past calendar year! I get why he's upset!

Purcell undoes his other MMA glove and throws it away out of frustration. The people want him to take Dex's hand ...

But he]walks away from the ring! Purcell gets some jeers from The Faithful on the way out as he rolls out of the ring. Dex doesn't look happy with this turn of events, but throws up a hand to celebrate the win ... but still doesn't let go of his jaw.

**Lance:**

Dex still feeling the effects of Punch Drunk Love ... but thanks to some quick thinking by Dex Joy, The Biggest Boy proves that he's still the man to beat in DEFIANCE!

An upset and defeated Punchy pulls his head up and looks back at Dex one last time before heading to the back.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**



## WRESTLER'S COURT

A loud gavel slams against the cherry hardwood podium. Pulling back, we reveal Sir Reginald Klein Boxman III, Esq, dressed in his finest black Judge robes, standing tall and proud over his kingdom. He looks to his right, where the D wears a bailiff outfit. To his right, Elise Ares sits at a type writer, ready to stenographize.

**Elise Ares:**

Hey Klein. I think D and I are gonna switch. I can't type on one of these things. It doesn't even have a touch screen.

**The D:**

We, we don't have time to switch the outfit here they come.

The D and Elise quickly switch positions. Elise puts on her gameface as Baliff. The D slips into the tiny chair in front of the stenography station. The D cracks his fingers and looks over to see Makayla burst into the room. Following her are her Vibes, Declan and Nathan. The D quickly transcribes as they talk.

**The D:**

Welcome all, to DEFIANCE Wrestling Court, the honorable Judge Reginald Klein Boxman the Third, Esquire presiding. Now, M4NTRA have been summoned to plead their case for their opportunity at the greatest tandem award, fifty times better than Nickelodeon's best on screen couple award. Will the honorable judge hear it?

Klein bangs his gavel in response.

Nathan Eye holds up his book.

**Nathan Eye:**

As my tag team partner and our lovely purveyor of vibes like to say ... I'm going to need everyone to take several seats. Because we have irrefutable evidence that DEC4L and I should be the rightful number one contenders to the Unified Tag titles!

Klein gasps. The D raises his hand and tries to calm him down. Nathan Eye puts his own hand on the copy of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in hand and has DEC4L and Makayla each hold the book.

**DEC4L:**

Do you swear to only no cap, keep your testimony cap-free and exude only main character energy during your testimony?

**Nathan Eye:**

Ahem ... bet.

**DEC4L:**

And do you promise to lowkey stick to the facts and highkey avoid being sus during this testimony?

**Nathan Eye:**

Bet.

**Makayla Namaste:**

Nathaniel "Natty Eyce" Eye, by the power vested in Good Vibes Only ... you may now spill the tea.

Natty Eyce looks ready as if he is giving the biggest dramatic reading of his life.

**Nathan Eye:**

Then my reasoning is simply this - M4NTRA won the right to challenge for the titles in the first place! It was a match that we were on the verge of *winning* if it weren't for that little punk Luck kid running in and getting us disqualified. I don't like DQs whether it is a disqualification or if we're talking Dairy Queen. You don't earn the eight-pack abs and

this enlightened body like mine by inhaling carbs like a psycho.

**The D:**

That's the first thing you've said I understood.

**DEC4L:**

We are the rightful heirs to the Tom Morrow Memorial Division and the fact these belts are not around our waists is blasphemy! All facts. No cap. The longer you parade around with those titles the longer you tempt the ghost of Tom Morrow's wrath!

**Makayla Namaste:**

Rest in peace.

The three of them do a quick hail mary like an athlete who just scored a game winner.

**Nathan Eye:**

AND we rest our case! Now give us our title shot!

**The D:**

Compelling arguments, I'd guess. But see, you aren't the only candidates. What do you think this is, a dictatorship? We decide what happens here.

**Elise Ares:**

Exactly.

**The D:**

Klein, gavel.

Klein promptly slams the gavel on the podium.

Squeezing in between the doors, Mason and Max Luck both enter the room wearing their signature green and red plaid business suits and sunglasses. Not far behind them is their cousin, Lonnie, wearing the same in silver. M4NTRA can be heard groaning!

**Lonnie Luck:**

What are we doing here again?

**Mason Luck:**

Doing the same thing that ends up happening to Max and I way too often ... having to go through PCP to get a shot at the Unified Tag titles. First it's a tiger cage and now it's a courtroom.

**Lonnie Luck:**

What?

**Max Luck:**

Nevermind ... just nevermind, Lon. We got invited here to talk about in ... court? I'll give you guys this, you're by far the funniest punching bags I think we've ever had in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lonnie looks up at The D as bailiff.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Hey! Tiny D! You still think I'm a fan after I dropped you on your face?

The D pays him no attention and looks up at Max and Mason.

**The D:**

Get this fan out of here. This is for teams only. OFFICIAL DEFIANCE WRESTLERS ONLY IN WRESTLING COURT!

Lonnie screams at the bailiff.

**Lonnie Luck:**

I'M NOT A FAN!!! I'm...

Max pulls Lonnie back.

**Max Luck:**

Cool it. We're here to talk business. If we gotta play along ... Box-Judge Guy, here's our opening and closing statement. Mase?

Mason Luck walks over and unscrews a bottle of water from off the nearby desk. He takes his time drinking. Everyone is waiting for him to mathe whole bottle and then clears his throat as if to prepare the biggest speech of his life.

**Mason Luck:**

Give us a title shot or we're gonna beat the shit out of everyone here and take it.

Klein raises his gavel in fear. The D steps in between Mason and Klein, clearing the well.

**The D:**

So listen, I've heard a lot of good points from both sides. You both probably deserve some consideration. That being said, I'm a bit drunker than I expected... I kind of forget what you all just said. So... why don't we prove this in the ring later tonight? You two, and you two, two on two! No disqualification! Winner, gets their shot at the greatest Tag Team Championships in our sport.

The D tilts his head to the side.

**The D:**

Gavel.

Klein loudly slams the gavel in response, then drops it on the podium like a mic drop. PCP all scatter away leaving the Lucks and M4NTRA behind to share a moment of animosity.

**Nathan Eye:**

We're gonna beat you again and this book will prevail!

**Mason Luck:**

And we're gonna shove all those good vibes up your asses.

## SETTING UP SHOP

Backstage.

A certain mad scientist stands before a large, mechanical door... which is standing in the middle of nowhere, on its own. She cackles as she presses several buttons on a keypad, and the door begins to beep and whir, before dramatically opening... well, shifting on its hinges, slowly but surely, before stopping with a loud...

**DING!**

Flanking her are the ever-present, ever-imposing pair of irradiated monsters taking DEFIANCE by storm, as she turns to them with a cheerful giggle.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

It's... wonderful, isn't it?

The beasts do not move, as she turns back, facing the opened door.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Well, then...

She turns to the shorter, wiry fellow to her left.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

*Fission...*

He nods. She then turns to the gargantuan bruiser to her right.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

*Gigaton...*

He flashes a mean, toothy smile.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Shall we, my Punks?

The mad scientist and her creations step through the door... and onto the otherside, which is just the same backstage area, on the other side of the standing door.

However, there seems to be... things on the other side.

A large chalkboard in the background. A folding table with what appears to be a chemistry set you can get for your kids at the toy store. A minifridge. And of course, an assortment of laboratory glassware, Bunsen burners, and other sciency things. Dr. Sato takes a deep breath and tilts her head back with a smile... until she turns her head and stares at us with a look of annoyance.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

*A-hemmmmmmmmm?*

A pause. The Atomic Punks and their new names turn to us as well, as one of them bellows out...

**Gigaton:**

THE DOOR.

A beat.

**Gigaton:**

DID. YOUR MOTHER. RAISE YOU. IN A BARN?!

Almost as if the cameraman is as surprised as we are, the camera runs back towards the door, and through it, properly meeting up with Dr. Sato and the Punks. Dr. Sato smirks and nods.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

...thank you. Now, then. I had spent a considerable amount of time researching the way to have the most engagement with the DEFIANCE talent and the Faithful, and I determined the best way of doing that... is to set up shop in the arena!

Dr. Sato stretches her arms out, as if she were proudly showing us around.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

BEHOLD! The mobile laboratory of Dr. Ayumi Sato! A home base for myself and my work, with its own homemade security force!

She giggles as she lays a hand on the shoulders of her Atomic Punks.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

And with this, the next phase of my schemes to take DEFIANCE Wrestling by storm commences! NO ONE can stop us!

She lets out a slight chuckle, before continuing.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

And anyone who thinks they can... is certainly welcome to try. Until then... *toodles~!*

Cut.

**DAN RYAN vs. ZACK DAYMON**

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

Contrary to the suggestion made by the song's title, the Tampa Faithful fill the Amalie Arena with a resounding and uproarious pop. Four white words on a black screen fill up the DEFIAtron...

**SHUT  
UP  
AND  
WRESTLE**

Without delay, the tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step through the entryway and onto a stage awash with red and blue lights. They spare a moment at the head of the ramp, stoically basking in the ovation...

**Zack Daymon:**

*[cocksure]*

**Leo Burnett:**

*[vainglorious]*

Then, lockstep, they begin their descent toward the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the ring... "SKYFIRE" Zack Daymon.. "THE ICEMAN" Leo Burnett... the RAIN... CITY... ROOOOONIIIIIIINNN!!!

**DDK:**

The Rain City Ronin are in the house tonight, ladies and gentlemen, coming off of weeks of strong yet silent challenges toward some of DEFIANCE's old guard!

**Lance:**

They could very well be barking up the wrong tree, but nevertheless, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett have shown a certain kind of eagerness as of late to seek out new levels of competition.

**DDK:**

It's a well-known adage that with great risks come great rewards, but it remains to be seen if it comes to fruition for these two young up-and-comers!

Daymon and Burnett hit ringside, slide in under the ropes, and impatiently pace circles around the mat while looking back up to the stage.

And then the doom piano hits.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

STRANGER FRUIT, HOW IT GROWS AND GROWS

WE ALL SAW THE SHOOT, BUT WE TEND TO THE ROSE

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

In full pink-and-blue military coats that would make Sgt. Pepper proud, the Besties emerge. Keyes has a microphone in hand and a cartoonishly evil smirk across his face.

**Henry Keyes:**



Wellllllll look at you two! Looking real handsome in that ring, lads! Daymon, cocksure as ever...Burnett, is that...are you? VainGLORIOUSING at us??

Keyes scoffs incredulously. Troy shrugs explosively.

**Henry Keyes:**

And what - tell me, and use your words, if you have any to spare - what do you think is going to happen tonight? The reigning Flynn Cup champions, the greatest and best professional wrestling duo that has ever crushed a mountain of flapjacks, the Queen and the Kraken - we're just supposed to step out here, free of charge, and *wrestle* you??

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Lance:**

I think I see where this is going.

**DDK:**

I knew as soon as I saw those damn smirks.

Keyes wags his finger condescendingly. Troy cackles savagely.

**Henry Keyes:**

Well a big fat WOMP WOMP and a boo hoo to you, Ronin! Because one of you's about to face THIS MAN!

*♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪*

**Lindsay Troy:**

*[smirking]*

**Henry Keyes:**

*[laughing internally]*

Dan Ryan appears walking through the curtain and out onto the stage. He turns to his Vae Victis comrades and holds out a massive fist for two massive fist bumps, then turns and starts walking toward the ring.

Dan adjusts his elbow pad as he walks, staring directly at the ring where Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon are looking at each other, and Zack has an expression on his face that's a mix of surprised and terrified, but also confident.

Dan reaches the ring, then slides in under the ropes and asks for a mic. In short order, a member of the ringside crew hands him one.

**Dan Ryan:** *[pointing at Zack]*

You're Rocko's kid?

Zack glowers at the mention of his father's name. The Murderdaddy has clearly touched on a sore spot. Whatever consternations he had upon the emergence of the legendary Ego Buster is now all but gone as he discards his "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE" t-shirt, tosses it into the crowd, and nods, head tilted back, chest out with pride.

Dan nods, then smiles, and finally shrugs.

**DING DING**

Off the bell, Zack streaks across the ring and relentlessly lays into Ryan with a flurry of forearm strikes. His speed and tenacity puts the former FIST on his heels, momentarily caught off guard.

**DDK:**

Zack Daymon is hot out of the gate with a head full of steam!

**Lance:**

The kid's got guts, but he also knows he has to keep the pressure on if he has any hope against a legend like Dan Ryan.

Then, reality sets in...

**DDK:**

AND DAN RYAN EXPLODES INTO A LARIAT!!

Daymon careens across the canvas as though he'd been hit by a bus. Ryan rubs his jaw, albeit mockingly, and moves in like a Kodiak with a thirst for blood.

**Lance:**

I have a feeling that this is about to get ugly...

Zack, knowing full well he's in a do or die position, musters forth all of his strength and meets the approaching Ryan with more forearms to the midsection. Unphased by his desperation, Dan smirks, grabs a handful of hair, yanks the unlucky Ronin to his feet, and wrangles him into an ironclad rear waistlock.

**DDK:**

Ryan with a GERMAN SUPLEX, effortlessly flinging Zack Daymon across the ring!

On the stage, the Besties chortle with delight. At ringside, Burnett anxiously grabs his head. In the ring, Zack Daymon fecklessly struggles to get back to his feet. He's barely up to a knee when the shadow of the Ego Buster falls over him once more.

**DDK:**

Dan Ryan has him back up... GERMAN SUPLEX NUMBER TWO!!

**Lance:**

This sort of absolute dominance is exactly what made the Ego Buster a household name.

**DDK:**

Can't help but wonder if his being here tonight is a response to the Ronin recycling his promo at the last DEFtv. While it may have been a long time ago, Dan Ryan is certainly set on proving that he still lives by those words.

Tampa is jeering. Ryan is grinning ear to ear, working the crowd in all four cardinal directions while Daymon struggles to get up using the ropes. He gets his hand on the second when Ryan seizes him once more and pulls him up the rest of the way for--

**DDK:**

GOOD GOD, ANOTHER SUPLEX!! He's tossing him around like a small child!

**Lance:**

It's looking bleak for "Skyfire" Zack Daymon. When Ryan gets in this zone, he's nigh unstoppable.

**DDK:**

Nothing we haven't seen before from the former FIST. Despite age and time away from the ring, it's clear that the Ego Buster hasn't lost a step!

Ryan bends over, scoops the nearly lifeless husk of Zack Daymon back off the mat, and flings him through the air with an astounding FOURTH GODDAMB GERMAN...

...only to suddenly rear up, face filled with anguish, clutching his back.

**DDK:**

Uh-oh, what's happening here?! Dan Ryan suddenly clutching his back! Could he have pulled something, or... oh... wait, nevermind.

The expression of pain melts into haughty laughter as Ryan drops the old man act and struts from one end of the ring to the other, finishing into an arrogant flex that gets the Tampa Faithful hot and angry.

Then he returns to the prone body of Daymon, pulls him up, and--

**DDK:**

Oh, for the love of--FIVE!! FIVE SUPLEXES on "Skyfire" Zack Daymon! Somebody--ANYBODY--listening in the back, PLEASE get the ambulance ready!

Standing tall and brimming with confidence, Ryan points to the Besties up on the stage, watching the slaughter. Troy and Keyes acknowledge him with supportive finger guns.

**Lance:**

I'm not sure there will be anything left for Troy and Keyes to work with after this.

**DDK:**

Think that might have been their plan all along?

Ryan looms over the prone body of Zack Daymon, the smirk on his face practically stretched ear to ear. He casually grabs the young athlete by the scruff of his neck and pulls his head up so he can look upon the face of his maker.

**Dan Ryan:**

I'm glad you're a fan of my work and all, but... copying my material is a big no-no. Your daddy should've taught ya better.

Zack's eyes roll in his head. He's barely conscious from the repetitive impacts with the ring. Despite this, he evidently hears Ryan's message, and responds in kind...

**Zack Daymon:**

*[defiant]*

...with a wad of spit that lands on the Ego Buster's chest.

**DDK:**

Oh boy...

**Lance:**

Why, kid? *WHY??*

Ryan's smirk disappears. He looks ponderously at the coalescence of mucous on his pectoral, casually wiping it away with the back of his hand.

Then all hell breaks loose.

In a flash, Ryan's hand encompasses Daymon's head. In flash, he has him off the canvas and into a corner, repeatedly smashing his head into the turnbuckle. Again. Again. Again. And *again*.

**DDK:**

Somebody stop this!

With a fury that could topple cities, the Murderdaddy chucks Zack across the ring. He recoils off the opposite corner and stumbles back into a roaring elbow that in all likelihood should leave his orbital bone completely shattered.

Daymon flops to the mat once more, but is back up within half a second...

**DDK:**

HUMILITY BOMB!!!

Ryan drives him to the mat with full force. The impact causes Zack to levitate several feet off the canvas for a second before landing back into a lifeless heap. Red-faced and raging, Dan boots him onto his belly, reaches down, and hooks him once more.

**DDK:**

AND ANOTHER HUMILITY BOMB!!!

**Lance:**

Come on, Dan! Enough is enough!

Daymon is practically on life support... yet Ryan's hunger is hardly satiated. As he reaches down once more, he stops at the sight of a foreign object coming into the ring.

**Lance:**

Leo Burnett has thrown in the towel!

**DDK:**

A bid of mercy for his tag partner!

With his trademark "bitch, please" expression, Ryan kicks that shit aside and peels the younger Daymon off the canvas once more.

**DDK:**

I can't believe this... Dan Ryan, lifting up Zack Daymon for HUMILITY BOMB NUMBER THREE--OH GOOD GOD, NO!! HE THREW HIM TO THE OUTSIDE!! THAT'S A POWERBOMB OVER THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR!!

The horrified fans shriek at the disturbing sight of the twenty-four year old up-and-comer violently crashing onto the ringside mats. Leo Burnett is there to check on him in a heartbeat.

Standing tall in the ring, Dan Ryan goes into cooldown mode, standing back to let Johnny Fastcountini do his job.

*One!*

*Two!*

*Three!*

*Four!*

**DDK:**

What an unimaginable mauling at the hands of the Ego Buster!

**Lance:**

Clearly, time has not been a factor for the force of nature that is Dan Ryan.

*Five!*

*Six!*

Ryan restlessly paces the ring. Outside, Burnett continues to check on his partner. Presumably unable to sense anything in the outside world, Daymon's hands are groping the air over him.

**DDK:**

Thankfully, we're seeing signs of life from Zack Daymon, so we can safely say he's not DEAD... but... he's not trying to get back in there, is he?

**Lance:**

I don't think that would be a wise move on his part!

*Seven!*

Daymon's hand finally finds the ring apron. He attempts to pull himself up, but falls instantly.

Standing at the ropes, Ryan watches his struggle with a murderous intensity.

*Eight!*

Zack clutches the apron again... *somehow* gets himself up to his knees. Like a blind man, his other hand fumbles for the bottom rope...

*Nine!*

...and Burnett mercifully pulls him back to the floor.

*TEN!*

**DDK:**

And that does it!

***DING DING DING***

***BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!***

Standing tall and alone in the ring, the victorious Murderdaddy pumps his arms into the air.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by countout... "THE EGO BUSTER"... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNN  
RRRRRYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNN!!!

**DDK:**

Well, mercifully, this one is over. I hope Dan Ryan is satisfied with his show of excessive force this evening.

**Lance:**

I'm sure he's quite pleased with himself. The former FIST proved tonight that he's hardly lost a step in the ring. And now that he's back, I dare say that *nobody* is safe from the Murderdaddy.

**DDK:**

Up until tonight, the tenacious Rain City Ronin were fearlessly willing to take on any and all challenges. After this, they may want to rethink their approach.

Ryan lets the official raise his arm and spends a moment to celebrate the victory, but doesn't overstay his welcome. Leaving the ring, he goes right over to where Burnett is assisting the defeated off the floor.

Leo pauses, unsure if he needs to step up on behalf of his defenseless partner... which, in all likelihood, would just earn the same fate for himself. Fortunately for the both of them, Ryan stops short of them by mere inches, leans in, and makes the message crystal clear, in case it wasn't already.

**Dan Ryan:**

YOU... *STILL*... CAN'T... SIT... WITH... **US!**

The confident smirk returns to his face. Ryan pivots and walks up the rampway, joining the Besties and heading to the back for the victory celebration that awaits in the suite. With the help of the official, Burnett drags the barely conscious Daymon back to the locker room.

**COMMERCIAL: CLASH**



## CASHING IN

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

The crowd goes bananas as Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix appear from behind the curtain dressed in their green and black grapple tights and frappe life t-shirts, there's no camaraderie, no eye contact, not even a gluefist in sight as they head straight down the ramp.

**DDK:**

Well, we're certainly not accustomed to the lack of showmanship from these two gentlemen who have been battered and bruised once again by a young up and coming team upon their return to DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

I don't think the Hollywood Bruvs have ever experienced anything like the brutal beating they took, DEFIANCE 203 was the first show they missed whilst active members here.

Once in the ring, Kendrix asks for a mic while tending to the heavy strapping across his lower back. Handing the first mic over to his tag partner he signals for a second.

**Kendrix:**

Cut our beautiful music!

Slicking his hair back with his free hand he affords the crowd a cheeky wink before getting down to business. Meanwhile, Mikey holds his index fingers to the back of his ears as the crowd chants.

**Kendrix:**

Listen, Yeah?!

He swiftly paces from left to right taking in the applause before facing their audience.

**Kendrix:**

We apologize from the bottom of our hearts to each and everyone of you in attendance for what is... quite frankly, a disgraceful lack of gluefist from the Hollywood Bruvs tonight.

Mikey holds the palm of his hand to his heart. He feigns pain.

**Kendrix:**

In fact, that's two weeks in a row now where the Bruvs have let you all down. But with all due respect, ladies and lads, Mikey Money and yours truly are here right now to make up for lost time.

He nods assertively, ready and takes a step back as Mikey takes center stage.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Lost time, and lost revenue, but I wanna talk to the people who caused us that loss, I want to talk to the people who have disrespected and spit on the good goddamn name of The Hollywood Bruvs

He turns to face the stage and leans his free arm onto the top rope.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

TITANES FAMILIAAAAAA!

**DDK:**

Oh boy, are they doing what I think they're doing?

Kendrix removes his t-shirt as the crowd simmer up.



**Mikey Unlikely:**

The Hollywood Bruvs aren't waiting until DEFMAX! The FAITHFUL aren't waiting until DEFMAX! Us two, you three, right here, RIGHT NOW!

Signaling the finality of the speech, Mikey spikes the mic in the ring, and the fans lose their collective shit as the Bruvs hype each other up for a fight.

**DDK:**

Last week on Uncut The Bruvs accepted the challenge set by Titanes Familia, albeit at a numerical disadvantage.

**Lance:**

How big are the Bruvs' egos?! It's certainly popular with the crowd but 3 on 2 at DEFMAX is a tall order and right now?! This is suicide especially when they're not at a 100%!!

And unfortunately/fortunately(?) for The Bruvs...

*♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal  
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

*♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪*

...They don't have to wait long.

**DDK:**

Ooooooh, no, I don't like the looks of this.

Walking... nay, TOWERING out from the back wearing a black tank top, black and gold "Familia First" logo vest, black jeans and his gold-tinted sunglasses, "The Man Of The House" Uriel Cortez is out first. Not far behind is his wife, wearing a sleeveless gold blouse, black leggings and the same sunglasses to match hubby. Behind them... the monstrous Killjoy, popping the bones in his neck, rocking his black mask, a black button-up sleeveless shirt and torn jeans.

**Lance:**

Not one bit.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Honey?

**Titaness:**

Yeah?

**Uriel Cortez:**

We're home.

The Bruvs want a fight, but The Man of the House seemingly has something on his mind.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You know, on UNCUT, we were pretty damn happy you two actually accepted our challenge for MAXDEF. One thing we can agree upon... we want to be where you are. And we do it by force. We took your studio cause Titanes Familia is DEF Radio Royalty! OUR boy beat up YOUR boy, Mikey...

He puts an arm around Killjoy's shoulder and playfully pats the bruiser as Titaness adds in.

**Titaness:**

You earned that win, champ.

Killjoy remains stoic as Uriel continues.

**Uriel Cortez:**

But then... you insult us. You INSULT us by thinking that the two of you... are gonna beat the three of us like we're just ANYONE else? Look at me, Bruvs, and I mean LOOK at me...

He turns his back once, then back to the camera conveniently in front of him on stage accentuating size.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'm the size of two fucking people. Killjoy's about one and a half peoples tall. Titaness is 6'1"! She's taller than Mikey!

The 6'1" Titaness flexes her arms and gestures. Mikey stands on his tippy-toes and puffs up his chest next to Kendrix, demanding they stop talking and start fighting.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You have the star power, that much is true... but we already proved that you don't have the FIREPOWER to compete with us. And despite every fiber of my being telling me to come down right there and wring your little necks before MAXDEF... I don't want to lose that sweet pay-per-view payday and what that can bring for Mi Familia. And as you all know, I'm a family man first. I'm a good father, I'm a role model that DEFIANCE can LITERALLY look up to, cause tall guy here. I'll give you both one chance to apologize right now for insulting our Familia name and withdraw this challenge. You do that, we'll walk right to the back, and then you'll live to see MAXDEF. You don't...

He shrugs.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I think we can accept not having this MAXDEF match in exchange for being the group who CRIPPLED the Bruvs. So... what's it gonna be?

The only response they get since the microphones have been spiked down?

Double birds by the Bruvs! And an explosion of cheers to boot!

**DDK:**

I think they've made their choice!

Realizing what's about to go down, Uriel Cortez and Titaness both calmly take their sunglasses off and then tuck them into the collars of their respective shirts. The microphones go away and in unison, the massive trio make their way towards the ring with Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix not backing down!

**Lance:**

I don't like how this is going down. You can't say Uriel didn't give him a chance, but knowing him, he'd do it anyway.

**DDK:**

They've got the ring surrounded!

Uriel Cortez takes one side of the ring with Titaness and Killjoy taking opposite sides! Once they have surrounded the ring, the Bruvs go back to back. Uriel is the first one to try and step on the ropes, but the second he steps over, Mikey runs over and shakes the top rope up, effectively low-blowing The Man Of The House with it! Uriel hobbles over and slumps over to the outside!

**DDK:**

Mikey just found an equalizer to take Uriel Cortez out of the equation! But look! Killjoy's in the ring!

Mikey does everything he can to go after The Good Son by raining down blows on the big man, but he's able to shove him back! Titaness slides into the ring and jumps Kendrix! She throws forearms and has Kendrix in the corner with shoulder thrust to the gut! Mikey charges right back at Killjoy and jumps on his back, applying a sleeper hold to try and take the monster down!

**Lance:**

They're doing it! Two-on-three, but The Hollywood Bruvs know how to take advantage of their surroundings!

Titaness tries to pick up Kendrix on her shoulders for the Clash of the Titaness, but before she can connect with the DVD, he squirms his way free! When she turns, she catches an eye poke and then he throws Titaness out of the ring as well! It's now a two-on-one as Kendrix help his Bestest Bruv Forever go after Killjoy!

**DDK:**

Uriel is out! Titaness is out!

Killjoy throws Mikey off of him, but he gets ROCKED with a huge superkick, courtesy of the man he fought just a few weeks ago! The blow rocks Killjoy, but he remains standing, so Mikey goes low and delivers a chop block! Killjoy finally goes down to a knee and The Faithful are jumping out of their seats!

**DDK:**

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! IT WAS THREE ON TWO, BUT THE BRUVS GAINED THE ADVANTAGE! THEY'RE TAKING A STAND AGAINST THE GIANTS!

Kendrix has Killjoy in his sights now and backs away to give some space as he signals for The Bellend... but before he can, he's surprised by the MASSIVE form of Uriel Cortez coming back as he's in the corner...

**THWACK!****Lance:**

WHERE THE HECK DID URIEL CORTEZ COME FROM?!

And gets LEVELLED with a chop from the returning Man of the House! Mikey Unlikely tries to help Kendrix, but he doesn't see Titaness coming out of the corner of his eye, NAILING the 499-day reigning former FIST with a running pump kick that knocks him back to the mat! Boos rain down upon Titanes Familia as the monsters regroup in the ring, now standing over The Bruvs. Titaness jumps on Kendrix and lays into him with forearms and soon, Uriel directs traffic as Killjoy holds up Mikey. Uriel gets his good chopping hand ready...

**THWACK!**

And now Mikey goes down!

**DDK:**

This has to stop! I admire this version of The Hollywood Bruvs trying to stand up to these brutes, but this was ill-advised!

Uriel Cortez calls to Titaness to get some chairs from ringside and his Pretty Powerful wife nods. She slides out of the ring, goes under the apron and quickly retrieves chairs!

**Lance:**

Oh, no, what are they gonna do?

**DDK:**

There are no good intentions with Titanes Familia, Lance.

Uriel looks down at the fallen Bruvs, then goes to pick up a chair...

*CRACK!*

*RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!*

...ONLY TO GET ONE SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!

**CRACK!**

**CRACK!**

And the person holding the chair has EVERYONE out of their seat...

**DDK:**

OH, MY GOD! SCOTT DOUGLAS! IT'S SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Uriel has been brought to a knee! Killjoy charges at Scott, but he sidesteps and the monster hits nothing but the corner! The Good Son stumbles backwards.... RIGHT INTO THE BELLEND FROM KENDRIX!

**DDK:**

BELLEND! BELLEND! KENDRIX DROPS THE GIANT!

Killjoy goes spilling through the ropes! Titaness looks on in shock just as Mikey gets up and takes a clothesline, sending her to the outside!

**Lance:**

WHAT WORLD IS THIS?! SCOTT DOUGLAS... COMING TO THE AID OF KENDRIX... AND **MIKEY UNLIKELY?!**

Uriel is holding his back, but STILL upright! He charges at both Bruvs, but they lowbridge him at the same time by pulling the ropes down, sending him packing and kicking him to the outside along with the rest of the Familia! The giants have been sent packing from the ring as Scott Douglas stands across from Mikey Unlikely. There's not a single person who isn't standing in the house right now!

**DDK:**

THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED!

A smiling Mikey Unlikely looks over to JFK and points to Scott Douglas, shrugging in the process. JFK gives his bruv a nod, and Mikey sticks out his hand. Scott Douglas stares at it for a moment and moves in close.

**Lance:**

I don't know if he's about to kiss him or kill him!?

Scott Douglas takes his hand and the two shake on it. Much to the collective surprise of The FAITHFUL. The fans cheer loudly.

**DDK:**

What does this mean!? Has Scott Douglas earned the respect of Mikey Unlikely, or even vice versa!? This is a day I never thought I would see.

Scott Douglas grabs the mic, he moves past Mikey and now looks out at Titaness Familia in the aisleway.

**Scott Douglas:**

Mikey, as you put it; I owe you one. So ... how about this... AT MAXDEF, it's Titaness Familia versus The Hollywood Bruvs... AND SCOTT DOUGLAS!

The Faithful ignite at the notion.

On the outside of the ring, Titaness Familia loses their shit. Uriel is yelling at Scott Douglas, Titaness has her hands on her face in frustration, and Killjoy wants to run back in but is held back.

**DDK:**

“Sub Pop” Scott Douglas is officially back in DEFIANCE as the third man! I have to imagine we’ll have to wait on the official word but Titaness Familia aren’t the type to back down from *any* challenge.

**Lance:**

Mikey Unlikely was the lynchpin to Douglas’ return to DEFIANCE and well, as it was already mentioned, he owed Unlikely a favor. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE Scott Douglas pays his debts but can the Hollywood Bruvs and Douglas co-exist long enough to overcome the power and ferocity that is the collective might of Titaness Familia!?

Cut to elsewhere.

## DAFT PUNK SAID

Walking out of Iris Davine's office the fans blow the roof of the arena. Dex Joy is nursing a sore jaw with an ice pack from the grueling opening match that saw him win out over the hard-hitting rookie Punch Drunk Purcell. It doesn't take him long before he gets stopped.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Dex! Dex! Hey! You got a minute?

Dex is still checking on his jaw to make sure all is well.

**Dex Joy:**

Owwwwwww ... Jamie ... might have to keep them answers short.

He flexes his jaw a few more times.

**Dex Joy:**

What do you need?

**Jamie Sawyers:**

We just wanted to get an update on you after that match with Punch Drunk Purcell earlier tonight. That had to have been one of the closest finishes to match of yours I think we've ever seen!

Joy reluctantly agrees.

**Dex Joy:**

Hai-may ... you're right. I'm not going to say I outright underestimated ... ow ... good old Punchtofer Intoxicated ... ow ... Purcell. He brought it. That right hand's as good as advertised. 10/10. No notes. Would not recommend taking it ...

He has to stop to take a moment.

**Dex Joy:**

Purcell is only gonna get better from here and that's scary as hell ... But I do know this. I meant what I said. FIST. No FIST. Title. No Title. I'm still the man to beat in DEFIANCE Wrestling. And it's gonna take a lot more than some funny shirts to make a name at my expense! Purcell found out ...

**???:**

HEY!

Dex turns his head ... and coming down the hall, still wearing his gear from earlier and wearing the wounds of their war from earlier tonight, Punch Drunk Purcell storms right up to Dex. Jamie barely gets out of the way of the two beasts getting in each other's face.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

You got something to say, huh? Come on... I'm right here. I found out what, Dex. What'd I find out? Educate me, o wise one!

**Dex Joy:**

Pally ... you walked in at the wrong time. I literally just complimented you... and I don't know why YOU'RE mad. YOU walked away from ME when I tried to give you the old olive branch.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Cause I'm PISSED I didn't win, that's why. In fact... that's why I was looking for you.

He points at Dex.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

I wanted to apologize to you because you did deserve that handshake. I was mad at the moment. You were the better man tonight...

He points at Jamie.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Then I hear you crowing about beating me and I catch you in the act? Nah, bump that.

**Dex Joy:**

Nah, listen pally ...

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Don't pally me.

He gets even closer to Dex.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

You say you're the man to beat, Dex... but a foot on the rope is the only reason that you're STILL that man ... and I think if you and I go one more time, I could beat you.

Dex Joy finally decides enough is enough and lets the ice pack fall as things get tense.

**Dex Joy:**

Like I said ... pally

Purcell's fist balls up. Dex sees it but keeps going.

**Dex Joy:**

If you really know me, you know I don't crow unless someone really deserves it. I thought out there earlier you deserved my respect ... but now, I ain't so sure.

He's done looking at him.

**Dex Joy:**

But if you're gonna come at me being all pissy about me beating you, then I say let's go. Daft Punk sang it loud and proud ... one more time. You and me ... Maximum DEFIANCE. Puerto Rico.

Purcell nods.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

I accept.

He adds.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

And this time when I hit you... you're gonna stay down.

**Dex Joy:**

Well ... you should come up with Plan B, rook, cause that Plan A didn't work tonight, did it?

Dex is met with a shove from Purcell! Dex doesn't take that and shoves back! And it doesn't take long for a full-on brawl to escalate! Jamie has jumped back and security comes pouring in to try and break things up!

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Talk shit now! Come on!

He tackles Dex, but Dex turns the tables and slams him back into the wall.

**Dex Joy:**

Fine! Your momma reeks of elderberries!

Dex has Punchy against the wall, but Purcell elbows him back! The two exchange blows until security has jumped in to break things up!



## #1 CONTENDERS, TAG TITLES: M4NTRA vs. LUCKY SEVENS

The scene cuts back to the Amalie Arena in Tampa, Florida as the Floridian Faithful sit in anticipation of the next bout of unforgettable DEFIANCE action! A hush falls over the Faithful as Darren Quimbey enters the ring and takes the spotlight with microphone in hand. They wait with baited breath to see what the next twist and turn brings...

### Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is for the N-

Always the professional, the Faithful are taken by surprise and small cheer erupts as Klein stands next to him identically dressed with his own microphone and his own spotlight and his trademark box over his head. Quimbey looks over at the muscle of the Pop Culture Phenoms curiously and puts his mic down to his side. Klein then holds the mic up to the box. Then says nothing, but gestures wildly like Vannah White toward the entranceway..

### M A N T R A.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

A pulsating electric percussion of Bring Me The Horizon bring the Tampa Faithful from a peaceful anticipation to a frenzy of jeers. However, even some of the most hated and annoying members of the DEFIANCE roster have their fans as a handful of college boys are shown wearing third-eye sunglasses and M4NTRA Ray-ing as the adults around them try to break the camera shot by putting their thumbs down and screaming into the camera. On the ramp is Makayla Namaste wearing a white tank top and bleached daisy dukes with accents of brown and gold cloth raising her arms in the air as Nathaniel Eye and "DEC4L" Declan Alexander race past her like a couple of dragsters before M4NTRA Ray-ing triumphantly for the not-so-adoring Faithful.

However, during all of this commentary has been suspiciously absent. That is until just the right camera angle shows all three members of M4NTRA stopping their march towards the ring and instead turning and looking at the commentary desk where Elise Ares and The D are sitting wearing very loud pastel colored suit jackets over white shirts and ties.

### Elise Ares:

Shit, they've acknowledged us D, say something.

### The D:

Uh, welcome ladies and gents, your usual boring people are gone. We're taken over, as the D here with my color commentator Elise Ares. Here coming out are MANTRA... with a four. Mafourtra as the kids call them. Nate. Deck. Mack. The kids love 'em Elise, they never main event because they ALSO have to be in bed before 9pm.

### Elise Ares:

They're like gremlins, D. Don't let them have energy drinks after midnight.

Now in the ring Declan and Natty are on opposite turnbuckles holding up copies of their book 502 Pages of Shared Success available now in the DEFshop. Makayla leans over the ropes winking at the camera that just barely catches Nathan fake throwing a book into the crowd before yelling "GO PAY FOR MY BOOK! ENLIGHTENMENT ISN'T FREE!"

### The D:

Have you read it?

### Elise Ares:

Nope!

### The D:

Neither have I. I'm a busy man.

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

**LUCK DYNASTY**  
**2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions**  
**2X DEFIANTS of the Year**  
**DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team**  
**&**  
**Now DEFIANCE'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 DEFIANCE 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.

**The D:**

We know a few things about these big bastards don't we, Elise? One of them I think is Mark and his brother Max? Now, they've got that fan following them around...

**Elise Ares:**

That's not a fan D. That's their brother. Cousin. Whatever.

**The D:** *[talking over her]*

This random leprechaun fan! A pain in my ass I'll tell you what..

**Elise Ares:**

I liked them more as tigers BBY but I gotta say I kinda like the "vibe" going on here tonight. Gremlins. Leprechauns. Add in a little Friday The 13th and it's like a 90s sleepover after my parents went to bed without making out in the closet.

**The D:**

Is that what happens at all-girl sleepovers? You watch horror movies and make out with each other? Or are the parents making out?

**Elise Ares:**

Oh Em Gee, D, you don't know who you're making out with. It's dark in the closet! That's the whole point.

**The D:**

So uh... do you still have these or? I'm asking for a friend. He wears a box.

Paying no attention to what's happening at the booth, the Lucky Sevens appear in the ring by climbing over the ropes at the same time from opposite sides. They meet in the ring and along with Lonnie hold up the Winning Hand, which is also held up by many of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!!!

An apathetic Mark Shields stands in the middle of the ring as Klein wildly waves the time keeper's hammer by the table, standing on top and riling up the Faithful. Klein gets the biggest pop for ringing a bell anyone has gotten in a long time.

**DING DING**

**Elise Ares:**

Good job, only twice Klein or else the suits will go crazy!

**The D:**

What a stupid rule. If I'm gonna ring a bell I'M GONNA HIT THAT BELL! ALL. NIGHT. LONG!

Although the match starts with Mason Luck and DEC4L in the ring, it quickly devolves into chaos when Mason charges Declan who ducks out of the way leaving the big man to be low-bridged by Nathaniel Eye hanging from the top rope. The Intrepid Influencer doesn't even get to finish an entire flap of a M4NTRA Ray before he's clubbed into next week by Max from behind. Outside the ring Mason gets up and goes to swipe the legs out from Natty Eyece on the apron, but instead the Golden State Guru jumps over and takes off. He's given chase by one-half of the Vegas Twin Towers as inside the ring Alexander is shown desperate asking Mark Shields if he's going to kick Max out of the ring and when he doesn't get an answer he's ripped up off the mat and slammed down to the canvas followed by a massive leg drop.

**Elise Ares:**

Well, we tried D, but it's already impossible to call this match.

**The D:**

You know what, cheers to us for making it this far.

**Elise Ares:**

That's what I'm talking about BBY, never too early to break out the flask!

There's an audible "clink" as Mason is just a fingertip away from grabbing Nathaniel Eye on the outside of the ring. Suddenly Makayla Namaste jumps between them causing Mason to stop in his tracks. She holds a crystal up to Mason Luck in an attempt to calm him but Mason simply shakes his head in disbelief. Inside the ring, Max leans over the top rope and points at Natty Eyece and tells Mason to just go through her but he can't even finish his sentence before Alexander dropkicks him in the back of the head and sends him tumbling over the top rope and outside of the ring. Makayla backs away scared as Mason helps Max back up to his feet and Declan goes sailing through the ropes right into the arms of both massive Luck brothers. Neither fall. Instead they take the PogChamp and launch him six rows deep into the Faithful who scramble for cover.

**The D:**

And a souvenir for a lucky fan! Get it?

**Elise Ares:**

Is that because of their last name? Clever. That's why you write the scripts!

*HO-LY SHIT!*

*HO-LY SHIT!*

*HO-LY SHIT!*

Mason and Max look at their handiwork as Alexander is laying in a pile of what is now scrap metal chairs trying to figure out what just happened.

**The D:**

Impressive as heck though. I can see why we made them Tigers.

Nathaniel Eye on the other hand, takes this opportunity to low blow Max by kicking him between the legs from behind.

**The D:**

Hey! That's my move!

Mason turns around and he's met right in the face with a steel-covered limited special edition copy of 502 Pages of Shared Success available in limited capacity on the DEFshop right now. Then again. And again. And again. Makayla Namaste cheers on Natty Eyece as he just pummels Mason repeatedly in the head with the steel book until he's on the ground. Then another to Max for good measure.

**Elise Ares:**

Who makes a book out of steel?

**The D:**

The profit margins on that has gotta be razor thin.

Natty Eyce lifts the book in the air to advertise while inside the ring by himself Mark Shields takes out a cigarette and begins to smoke.

**The D:**

I hear he's still pissed they canceled menthol Newports when we go to California.

**Elise Ares:**

Really?

**The D:**

I dunno. Seems the type.

Just before Nathan turns around to capitalize on the situation the book is snatched out of his hands by Lonnie Luck and the Faithful erupt into cheers. Makayla screams as Nathan tries to swipe it back to no avail! Namaste then tries to sneak the book from behind but Lonnie dodges by backing himself into the steel barricade. Eye corners the Littlest Luck and tries to strong-arm the book away from him but he jumps up onto the barricade and begins running away in a phenomenal balancing act!

**The D:**

Why are they letting that fan get involved and just run away? You know that leprechaun reminds me of something I saw at a Cirque Du Soleil show a few years ago. They had this tiny dude, Russian or something, and he was doing all sorts of cartwheels and stuff on a tightrope high above the ground with no net and I swear to God the guy used a curtain to get down. We need to find a way to work that into a match sometime.

**Elise Ares:**

Well now we can't because that dude did it first! Now it's old news.

**The D:**

You're right. We gotta wait twelve years to do an homage to it...

Nathan catches up to Lonnie and tries to sweep his legs out from under him with a clothesline but he jumps over the swipe and changes direction, now being given chase by Makayla. His cousins are in sight just ahead with Max beginning to stir focused on checking on his brother when a chair flies through the air out of nowhere colliding against the skull of Lonnie Luck and leaving him to fall awkwardly onto the concrete floor below. The camera pans to show DEC4L with a trickle of blood running down the side of his head in the crowd pointing at where Lonnie was with a finger-gun and says "Boom. Headshot."

Makayla picks the book back up off the ground and immediately tosses it back to Natty Eyce who catches it and clutches it tightly against his chest. The Golden State Guru signals for Alexander to come back to the correct side of the barricade and he quickly (well, as quickly as a man who was through into a sea of upright steel chairs) obliges. Showing the Tampa Faithful the book in his possession, Nate walks over to Max Luck who just got to his feet and winds the book back before...

VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

**The D:**

FIREBALL! HOLY SHIT!

**Elise Ares:**

WHERE?! I left mine back at the hotel!

**The D:**

NO. A REAL ASS FIREBALL! NO SPECIAL EFFECTS!

**Elise Ares:**

I think we're talking about two COMPLETELY different things right now, D. Let's get it together here.

**The D:**

I know you're used to taking fireballs to the face, but not like this!

A fireball blows back into the face of Nathaniel Eye who blocks the blast by putting the steel book in front of his face at the very last second, but that doesn't help him at all when Mason Luck drives a big boot right into that book and then right into Natty Eyce's skull!

**Mason Luck:**

Fuck your stupid book!

Declan quickly tries to grab the book but the heat burns his hand and he drops it again just in time to be tossed back over the barricade and back into the laps of the Faithful who had just began to sit back down. Gaining sudden courage, Makayla Namaste takes the crystal she had previously tried to use to erase the ill intentions of Mason Luck and wraps her fist around it before punching Max in the side of the head. He doesn't move. He doesn't flinch. He simply turns his head to the side and looks back at InstaFamous directly into her beautiful eyes. Eyes that are quickly filled with panic and fear. She throws the crystal as Max and takes off running and Max chases after her. Around one corner. Then the next. Makayla sees him gaining ground and has no other choice but to slide into the ring where Mason Luck is standing above her, shaking his head in disappointment.

**The D:**

This is the most fun two giant men and a beautiful woman have had without a couch or a bed in years!

**Elise Ares:**

You know what D, it's dumb bitches like that who make stars like me not be taken seriously!

**The D:**

You're absolutely right. It's a national tragedy that these people don't know how their actions affect YOU.

Makayla slowly rises from the canvas. Mason Luck in front of her. Max Luck behind her. Mark Shields somewhere else in the ring hardly paying attention snuffing out a cigarette. She quickly begins pleading for her life, claiming there is just a lot of hostility in this room right now and the auras are just making her do crazy things and she just needs a quiet room to take a second and re-

Mason puts his hand over her mouth getting a massive pop from the Faithful. Just as he does, Declan Alexander drops down directly between them and lands a Play of the Game on the former Tag Team Champion! The Faithful gasp as Makayla drops to the ground into the fetal position. Declan gets back up and goes for another on Mason but his head is quickly grabbed by the WINNING HAND! The Faithful go crazy as Alexander flails around trying to escape with no luck (get it?). Max lifts DEC4L into the air and then Makayla Namaste kicks Max directly in the jackpot. Max lurches forward completing the move on the PogChamp and landing awkwardly on the canvas favoring his groin. Inside the ring Makayla looks around as the Faithful booing her involvement, not entirely sure what to do. Then she's suddenly pulled backwards into a school boy?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mark Shields counts it and calls for the bell.

**DING DING DING**

**Elise Ares:**

Eh... what the fuck?

**The D:**

DAMMIT MARK SHIELDS, CAN YOU NOT DO ANYTHING RIGHT?!

♪ "World on Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Lonnie Luck looks just as surprised as anyone else as Mark Shields walks over, raises his arm in the air, pulls another cigarette out from behind his ear and leaves the ring. Klein steps away from the bell and grabs the microphone and puts it up to his box.

**Klein:**

...

**Elise Ares:**

Klein DID ring the bell exactly three times. That means the match must be over but... all four people are down.

**The D:**

No one is allowed to pull shenanigans like this except us! ESPECIALLY not that child actor fan!

**Elise Ares:**

That didn't settle anything! How are we going to decide who we beat next?!

**The D:**

I don't know Elise. I'm as disappointed as you are.

A confused Max and Mason get back up to their feet with the help of younger cousin Lonnie who raise their hands in victory. Inside the ring Makayla looks around still confused about what just happened as Natty Eyce sits on the outside of the ring. Inside the ring, Declan is still down but now on his side. The Lucky Sevens gather themselves, leave the ring, and then point to the Pop Culture Phenoms on commentary.

**The D:**

What are you pointing at? THAT DIDN'T EVEN COUNT!! ... We might just have to beat them both at once.

**Elise Ares:**

Like Alien vs. Predator vs. Jason.

**The D:**

You're still thinking about childhood sleepovers.

**Elise Ares:**

No D. I'm mostly focused. Just a tiny bit drunk. So, you know, just wait until we get a chance to talk to our lawyer and figure all of this out!

While talking about her lawyer, Elise points at Klein still at ringside as The Lucky Sevens blow her off and finish walking to the back. Meanwhile behind them DDK and Lance Warner show up. The D sees Darren and turns, throwing his headset at the announce desk in frustration. He grabs Elise and starts dragging her away, only her headset catches the desk and she stutters back, before dropping it onto the ground. PCP make their way backstage and beckon Klein to follow.

**DDK:**

Well that was... eventful.

Lance:

Can we get back to business now?

**DDK:**

I think I'm more confused about the tag team championship situation now than I was before I got here! Lonnie Luck and Makayla Namaste weren't even official participants of this match ... but the show must go on after this commercial break and as soon as we get news on the Unified Tag Team Championship situation, we will bring that to you!

**COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT**





**SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. CONOR FUSE****Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and Gentlemen... it is now time for our MAIN EVENT!!

The crowd cheers in time with the dimming lights. Quimbey stands in the center of a bright spotlight in the center of the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage CHAMPIONSHIP!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!***Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, the CHALLENGER!

*♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪*

Another soaring cheer lights out across the arena as lime green lights strobe.

**Darren Quimbey:**

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... he weighs in tonight at two-hundred pounds. He is the ULTIMATE GAMER...

**CONOR! FUUUUUSE!!!**

Conor bounds through the curtain and down the ramp brimming with energy. He slaps hands as he rounds the ring before charging up the ring steps, pumping a fist.

**DDK:**

Conor Fuse was unable to best his brother, Tyler, at ACTS of DEFIANCE and since then he has made it clear he's committed to grinding levels to get the XP he needs to achieve his goals!

**Lance:**

Ah, clever analogy, Darren. Besting Corvo Alpha in this late-game Boss Fight would go a long way in aiding that effort!

**DDK:**

Hey, look at you, Lance! Nice! The return of former 3-time FIST Dan Ryan to DEFIANCE has added a layer of intrigue to things. There's a history there with Conor that seems eager to come back to the surface. But as you said, Lance, tonight isn't about the past. For that young man, tonight is all about the future!

The music fades as the lights return to normal. On cue, the fans fire up a galloping rhythmic clapping. In the ring, Quimbey looks all around the arena, scanning for a sign of commotion. Across the stadium, a loud applause takes hold and the hard camera struggles to capture its source. Finally resting its attention at the top of a set of concrete steps two tiers up, the lens tightens on a hulking figure blotting out the light spilling in from the concourse behind him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his OPPONENT! Hailing from Parts Untold... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty two pounds! Call him the reigning, defending DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion... Call him **CORVO! ALPHAAAAAAAAA!!!**

Alpha marches through the crowd, surging fans all around him, clapping him on the back and shoulders as he goes. Leaping over the guardrail, he slings the SOHER from one shoulder to the other and slides into the corner of the ring.

Corvo and Conor eye each other with a mix of confidence and caution as the rhythmic clapping turns into sustained cheers for both competitors.

**DDK:**

Listen to this crowd!

**Lance:**

This is certainly a moment! These fans have seen both of these men grow, change, and evolve in their time in DEFIANCE! They've watched their very personal triumphs and tragedies unfold! They've been along for their individual, proverbial rides and... well... just listen to them!

The hard camera pans back to capture the standing ovation both men are receiving. Hector Navarro steps forward raising the Southern Heritage Championship overhead to a blitz of flashbulbs.

The announcers lay out and let the moment unfold. Alpha rises, regarding the fan reaction with astonishment and amusement. Across the ring, Conor smiles and nods. The two combatants circle before—

♪ *"Für Elise" by Cole Rolland* ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

**DDK:**

What's the meaning of this?!

With a smirk and an incredibly polished posture, Dr. Ned Reform appears atop the entranceway. He casts a withering glance towards the ring before making his way to the Commentation Station.

**Lance:**

Oh *no!*

Reform grabs a headset, dusts off the seat of a third leather chair with disdain, and takes a seat. He scoots said chair between Keebler & Warner – visibly annoying them both.

**Ned Reform:**

Gentle - and I use this term VERY liberally - men! Time for some spirited grappling, yes?

**Lance:**

Unlike last night, when you helped TA Cole cheat his way to victory?

**DDK:**

\*sigh\* Looks like the contest is about to start, gentlemen...

In the ring, Navarro snatches Corvo's attention away from the scholar on the stage long enough for the official to issue last minute instructions.

**DING DING**

Corvo snorts and spits over the top rope, in Reform's general direction, before fully turning his attention back to Fuse. The two men circle. Fuse reaches out and Alpha slaps his hand away. Corvo appears frustrated. Another searching jab from Fuse gets slapped away.

Finally, Corvo's had enough.

**DDK:**

Open hand SLAP by Alpha! Just ROCKED Fuse's jaw!

Conor rubs his face, more than a little surprised. He cocks back and SLAPS Corvo across his own grill before hitting the ropes and BLASTING the SOHER with a charging forearm. Corvo rocks backwards, but stays up.

**DDK:**

Fuse, off the ropes again, delivers a SECOND blistering forearm to Alpha's head! Corvo is rocked!

Conor hits the opposite set of ropes this time and as he charges at Corvo, Alpha grabs Conor's head and uses the Gamer's momentum to HURL him up and over the top rope, CRASHING to the floor!

**DDK:**

The HEIGHT Fuse just hit on the way outta the ring \*has\* to be a New High Score!

**Ned Reform:**

Tsk. Childish prattle. Corvo Alpha is an animal with no regard for rules or decorum. He may as well be foaming at the mouth.

**DDK:**

\*ahem\* Thanks, Doc. Alpha slips out of the ring and is on Conor! Another TOSS! This time into the barricade!

**Lance:**

Last night at DEFtv 204 Night 1, TA Cole bested Rezin, securing his third straight successful Favoured Saints Championship defense! However, we then received word that he will be facing YOU in two weeks time at DEFtv 205! Tell me Ned... is that the end of Cole's SOHer aspirations?

**Ned Reform:**

I'm a man who focuses on the here and now, Mr. Warner. I advise you to follow suit.

After some friendly bludgeoning between new "friends", Corvo rolls Conor back into the ring, quick to follow behind him.

**DDK:**

Corvo whips Conor into the ropes! Shooting off, Conor DUCKS an INSANE CLOTHESLINE! Off the far set, Corvo ducks down and Conor somersault-rolls over Alpha's back! Streaking up the turnbuckle, Conor LEAPS! But he lands on Corvo's shoulders! What STRENGTH!

**Lance:**

WAIT!

In a flash, Conor, still perched atop his opponent's shoulder, shifts his weight.

**DDK:**

WHOA! TILT-A-WHIRL DDT! He just SPIKED Alpha in the center of the ring! Even Conor can't believe it!

Crawling over to the corner, Conor navigates the ascent up the turnbuckle with confidence.

**Lance:**

Could this be!? Going for that 450 Splash so soon?!

The camera tightens on Conor as he takes the briefest of moments to balance himself and then LEAPS-

-halfway through the motion, he must have sensed something was wrong because Fuse lands on his feet. Only Corvo was READY for him.

**DDK:**

Corvo catches Conor by the throat! Powers him up... and DOWN with a THUNDEROUS chokeslam!

Conor is wiped out and Corvo is staggered in the corner. The fans cheer the display of athleticism and the camera pans back in an attempt to capture that raucous response.

**DDK:**

Alpha jerks Conor upright and SHOOTS him into the far corner! He follows him in, just a step behind, with a BRUTAL

corner lariat! Alpha, again, shooting Fuse across the ring into the opposite corner, following him in-

**Lance:**

-but Conor uses the corner ropes to spring up, over, and BEHIND Corvo!

**DDK:**

He hits an inverted X-Factor on Alpha! Hooks a leg!

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!*

*KICK OUT!!!*

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

Conor appears to hit the theoretical reset button as he plots his next move. Using Alpha's long black hair to pull him to his feet, Conor CHOPS Alpha across his red-smearred chest. A second time. A third.

Corvo snaps to life and CHOPS Conor back. Conor drops to a knee before shooting back up and delivering another chop of his own. He charges towards the ropes, springboards-

**DDK:**

HURRICANRANA by Conor Fuse!

Again, Conor scrambles up a turnbuckle...

**DDK:**

SIDE SCROLLING SENTON SPLASH!

**Lance:**

He got all of that one! Picture-perfect! Leg hooked!!

*ONE!*

*TWO!!*

*THR-NOOOO!!!*

*KICK OUT!!!*

**DDK:**

Conor is starting to feel it! He knows how close he is! He can almost FEEL that Southern Heritage Championship get

snapped around his waist!

**Ned Reform:**

Would the overgrown man-child be a better representation than a mindless beast!? Sadly, the answer is probably yes!

Alpha is yanked upright by the challenger once again and is whipped across the ring into the ropes.

**DDK:**

WHOA! Alpha DUCKS Conor's Spinning Heel Kick! Bounces off the far ropes and-

**Lance:**

CORVO-CUTTER!!! That running, modified ace crusher just SHOOK the ring!

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

Alpha crawls over and drapes an arm across Conor's heaving chest.

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*THR-NOOOO!!*

*KICK OUT!!!!*

**DDK:**

Both of these men are spent! They've thrown a lot at each other! What is it going to take to put the other guy away, that's what each of them are thinking right now! What's it going to take to walk out of Tampa, Florida with the Southern Heritage Championship?!

The crowd starts their rhythmic clapping, stirring both combatants!

**DDK:**

Alpha is up first! He's willing Fuse to his feet!

Conor reverses an irish whip and catches Corvo with a short-arm clothesline that drops Alpha to a knee. Conor hits the ropes and BLASTS Corvo with a running knee to the face!

**DDK:**

What's Conor planning here?!?

Fuse eyes the crowd as their anticipation builds.

**Conor Fuse:**

WEAPON GET!

**DDK:**

OH MY! Fuse goes to lock in that Alpha Clutch!

**Ned Reform:**

"Weapon Get" he says! Call it what it is... plagiarism!!

**Lance:**

That modified kata hajime is nearly clamped on!

**Ned Reform:**

He'd be laughed out of the academy!

Conor strains, locking hand to wrist, pressing Corvo's own thick forearm against his own throat. Eyes bulging, Alpha rages, arms flailing.

**Lance:**

Can you BELIEVE this?!

**DDK:**

NO! Alpha finds his footing and FLIPS Conor off of his back!? He hits the ropes as Conor kips up-

VICIOUS super kick to Fuse! He staggers backwards into the ropes, very dazed. Alpha takes his turn to eye the crowd, beating his chest.

**Corvo Alpha:**

WEAPON..... *GEEEEEEEEEEEEET!*

**DDK:**

What the-?!

As Conor stirs and staggers towards the SOHER Champion, Alpha CHARGES at him!

**DDK:**

CORVO ALPHA HITS CONOR'S HEAD STOMP!

**Lance:**

My GOODNESS! Has him covered!!

*ONE!!!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*THREE!!!*

***DING DING DING***

Navarro raises Corvo's arm.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

**Ned Reform:**

Riveting display. Main event, as they say, anywhere in the country. Or the county. Or perhaps the county fair.

Alpha is wasted, he snags his title belt on the way out of the ring and, in an effort to get over the ringside barricade and into the crowd, he falls.

**DDK:**

What a battle these two have been through! When you talk about a match that could have very easily gone either way, you're talking about Conor vs Corvo at DEFtv 204, Lance!

**Ned Reform:**

Were I Mr. Alpha, I would not become too accustomed to that championship in my possession...

**Lance:**

Be that as it may, Corvo Alpha retains, and Conor Fuse is looking for one more 1UP!

**DDK:**

Oh, you...

Conor limps up the aisle as Alpha's music plays, nursing the back of his head. As he climbs the ramp, his eye catches something – or someone – standing at the top of the entryway.

**Lance:**

Hey!

The camera spins to see none other than Dan Ryan at the entrance looking on with great interest. Fuse pauses to meet eyes with him before Ryan simply turns back through the curtain.

**Lance:**

Dan Ryan showing an interest in this contest!

**DDK:**

How could he not? What a match. Folks, we are out of time... for my friend, Lance and, uh... for Ned Reform–

**Ned Reform:**

DOCTOR Ned Reform.

**DDK:**

–I am “Downtown” Darren Keebler! We'll see you at DEFtv 205 in two weeks!

**Lance:**

Good night, everyone!

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***