

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

Indianapolis, Indiana welcomes DEFIANCE as the Gainbridge Fieldhouse is hyped for DEFTv 206!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

The scene switches to ringside.

## THE LADS vs. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

**DDK:**

What a match we have to kick off the show! It will be Gentlemen's Agreement in tag team action against none other than The Lads! After spending three months battering one another to critical acclaim from The Faithful, the former Triple Crown winner "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and the rookie sensation that WON at MAXDEF, Punch Drunk Purcell, join forces for the first time

**Lance:**

On UNCUT, we got a quick word with The Lads who were in attendance. After going 1-1-1 in a series of brutal matches, two of the biggest men on the DEFIANCE roster have now joined forces! Purcell wants his first taste of main roster gold! Dex Joy is one title away from completing the Grand Slam on the main roster! They want to earn their way to the Unified Tag Titles and tonight is the first step in that journey!

**DDK:**

Let's move it on over to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the first match!

The opening bells ring as Darren Quimbey stands in the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

First at combined weight of 459 pounds... accompanied by "Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, they are Oliver Tarquin Monroe and Lord Sewell... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!!!!**

The theme plays and out come all three members of the group. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets, covering a red and gold singlet. Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns. "The Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, wearing a clean black singlet and wearing his black Royal Guard hat. Once all three men make it to the ring, Lord Sewell and OTM shake hands with one another, while Earl Roberts stands still with his arms folded behind his back.

**Oliver Tarquin Monroe:**

Show some decorum, you knaves!

The Indiana Faithful jeer the old timey gentlemen as OTM hands over the microphone to Lord Sewell.

**Lord Sewell:**

Tonight... our opponents believe themselves to be the baddest tag team in DEFIANCE without even having so much as a match! These... these poster children for obesity. Punch Drunk Purcell...

*RRRRRAAHHHHHHH!*

**Lord Sewell:**

And... DEX JOY...

*RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!*

The crowd response says it all. Lord Sewell looks ill just saying their names.

**Lord Sewell:**

Tonight, I dare decree that these knaves will be put in their place and they'll be given a proper thrashing the likes of which they have never been exposed to! We will...

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The crowd hears the very familiar song - but it is a brand new theme - for the very first time! The DEFIatron lights up with images of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell from their three-match series. Slams! Punches! Suplexes! More slams! Ending with a still of Dex Joy on one knee "proposing" to Punch Drunk Purcell to be his tag team partner!

THE LADS!

A graphic of a boxing glove made up of yellow and blue lightning flashes, and blue and yellow light flashes all through the Gainbridge Fieldhouse! Out comes Punch Drunk Purcell first. He comes out wearing a blue and yellow boxing robe. Right behind him, the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy wears a matching robe! They turn around to show only one word on the back...

WINNERS.

**DDK:**

They've gone from rivals to friends in a relatively short order! Already with the matching boxing robes!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE POUNDS... PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY! **THE LAAAAAAAAAAADS!!!**

Dexy and Punchy both bop fists with The Faithful on their way to the ring! Once they arrive at the ring, Gentlemen's Agreement move away from the big lads entering the ring. Punchy looks more serious than the much more playful Dex! They shed their robes and start to celebrate with their backs turned...

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT CHEAP SHOTS THEM FROM BEHIND!

**DING DING**

The boeing is massive for Gentlemen's Agreement as both Lord Sewell and Oliver Monroe launch attacks on Dexy Baby and Punchy respectively! They back them into the ropes with kicks and then attack with flurries of punches and uppercuts!

**Lance:**

Gentlemen's Agreement are not being very gentlemanly right now! They just jumped The Lads and got a hot start to this match!

Joy and Punchy are both in adjacent corners with Monroe and Sewell standing proudly and taking in boeing from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. The posturing continues, but what they aren't seeing is Joy and Purcell both up already and starting to slowly stalk the old-time duo.

**Lance:**

They had the advantage ... but look! The Lads are back in it!

OTM turns around ... BALD BULL FROM PURCELL!!!

When Lord Sewell spins around to see his partner get dropped, he turns and faces Dex Joy ...

BIONIC ELBOW SMASH FROM DEXY!!!

**Lance:**

I think Lord Sewell just got the crowning he deserved!

Lord Sewell has stumbled back to his corner and might have a bump on his head after taking a bionic elbow from Dex.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering on the Lads when they have control of Monroe!

**Lance:**

The Lads are off to a great start! They have OTM!

The young apprentice to Lord Sewell is picked up by Dex and then scoop slammed mid-ring. Dex points at Punchy and taps his head and Purcell nods along. The two big men run off either side of the ring and then crash down on OTM's midsection with stereo falling headbutts! Purcell goes cross-eyed for a moment after the falling headbutt while Dex jumps up and poses with his fellow big boi.

**DDK:**

The Lads are wrecking shop right now! Who among this roster is going to be able to stop these forces of nature once they get going?

Dex goes to the corner at the referee's behest and PDP is left inside as the legal man. Punchy pulls OTM into their corner. He then starts opening up on the Connecticut native with a volley of body shots. After about three shots to the midsection, Purcell charges at the corner with a running back elbow. Monroe staggers out of the corner and then gets dropped with a big swinging clothesline from the opposite side!

**DDK:**

1-2 Combo from Purcell! There's a cover from the big man ...

Purcell ducks down and covers OTM.

One ...

Two ...

Lord Sewell makes the save of his apprentice with an elbow drop to the back of the head. The glancing blow stops Purcell just enough for Sewell to wave at Earl Roberts on the outside.

**Lance:**

What's Lord Sewell doing? Better yet, what's *Earl Roberts* doing?

The Royal Guard for Gentlemen's Agreement stands on the ring apron and is pointing at Punchy and gesturing that he's using an illegal closed fist. Purcell gets up and then goes towards Roberts.

**DDK:**

Purcell has seen enough!

The former BRAZEN standout lifts up a hand! Roberts flinches, then *catches* a nasty left hand upside the jaw that sends him flying off the apron! Dex looks very much impressed at his partner's gift of jab!

**DDK:**

Rope A Dope from Purcell!

**Lance:**

Appropriate name for that move in more ways than one, but look ... where is OTM at?

Dex warns him to turn around! Purcell does and OTM comes out of nowhere with the Pistol Whip and knocks the big man off his feet with a cheap shot!

**DDK:**

There's a Pistol Whip by Monroe! And now he has a chance to tag Lord Sewell!

Lord Sewell waves his hand and wants a tag quickly. He tags in and then runs towards Purcell to drop him while he's on his knees with a DDT. Purcell is down and Lord Sewell has the chance to hit a running knee drop to the top of the head.

**Lance:**

It might have cost the front teeth of Earl Roberts, but Gentlemen's Agreement have control here. Lord Sewell is hitting those knee drops.

Two more running knee drops hit the head of Purcell. Lord Sewell does not go for a cover yet and then tags Monroe to the ring. Both of GA are in. Dexy Baby is watching his tag partner get attacked by Gentlemen's Agreement. OTM rolls him up from behind and Lord Sewell assists with a running clothesline on the big man.

**DDK:**

They call this Across the Pacific! The running clothesline into that schoolboy!

One ...

Two ... PURCELL IS OUT!!!

Purcell kicks out and OTM is angry, but when he gets up, he misses a clothesline and then gets tossed across the ring with an ugly but effective release german suplex!

**DDK:**

That suplex was brutal! Purcell is now free to make the tag!

Purcell rushes over and the tag is made to Dexy Baby ... AND THE PLACE EXPLODES!

**Lance:**

Big Dex Energy coming through!

Oliver is just about to get up but Dexy Baby sends him across the ring first. He leap frogs over the oncoming OTM. He drops down when he comes back. And when OTM comes back a third time, Dex crashes right into him using a jumping cross body! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have come alive when Dex slaps the mat and stands up to his full height!

**DDK:**

I'm amazed every time Dex Joy shows off this crazy agility of his! Six-foot three, three-hundred plus pounds moving around like a cruiserweight!

Lord Sewell tries to come in and stop Dex, but all he gets for his trouble is pushed into the ropes and thrown into the upper lights of the Fieldhouse with an overhead belly to belly suplex! Purcell from his corner waves bye-bye! And then gets a tag from Dex!

**Lance:**

I heard earlier today these two have already been working on a double-team finisher. Let's see what they made in the lab!

Dex points at Purcell to get ready and then he sends him for the ride with an assisted pop-up... INTO THE RIGHT HAND OF PURCELL!!!

**DDK:**

ASSISTED PUNCH DRUNK LOVE!!! YOU CAN COUNT TO A THOUSAND!!!

Purcell drags Monroe's body over and puts a knee on his chest. Dexy Baby counts the fall behind him.

One ...

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

PUNCH!

Two ...

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

PIN!

THREE!!!

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

PAY WINDOW!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winners ... Dex Joy! Punch Drunk Purcell ... THE LAAAAAAAAAADS!!!

Purcell is helped up by Joy. He jumps up with an arm around Purcell's shoulder and plants a quick kiss on his bald head! He stares at his partner awkwardly while Dex continues to jump up and down in victory!

**DDK:**

I'd say that was a successful first outing by Joy and Purcell tonight! Both men have different approaches in that ring, but together, what a force they could be if they keep this up!

Earl Roberts limps over and goes to help Sewell and OTM out of the ring. Just as they leave, the two men are approached by Jamie Sawyers with a microphone.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Dex... Punch... Congratulations on your first win tonight as a tag team!

The Faithful's cheers are music to the ears of Dexy Baby! Purcell is pleased as the first part of his name.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Tonight was a great win for the both of you. What's next for the two of you after tonight?

Purcell answers first.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

First thing's first, Jamie... WE'S ALL GOING TO THE PAY WINDOW TONIGHT!

*RRRRRAAAHHHHH!*

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

The Unified Tag Team Titles are the ultimate goal because THAT pay window? That's pretty damn sweet and feeds triplets, man... but Dex and I... we're gonna work towards that goal, Jamie! The first thing we gotta do is put this division on notice and the way we're gonna do that is by checking some people who've been running their boot lickers about us. I'm talking about the BLOOD DIAMONDS.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Jamie Sawyers:**

What do you mean?

Dex Joy tilts the mic towards his face.

**Dex Joy:**

What Punchtantine is trying to say is that a certain rich guy with a *huge* vocabulary and a *liiiiiiiiiitttle* dic ... tionary along with his merry band of butt puckers called us ... what was the term they called us?

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

"Yogurt brained little wind-up toys." Guy's just mad that on my DEFtv debut, this right cross turned *his* brains into yogurt and I pinned his ass.

**Dex Joy:**

Ed White, you're so stupid ... probiotics go in here, for one!

Dexy tappy-taps on his stomach.

**Dex Joy:**

And two, unlike Ed White, Bronson Box and their entire group of flushable wipes they call henchmen, we'll give you a fair warning. Eddy, it took four of you at DEFCON to beat my one big bad tag partner. I know he's looking for round three with you ...

Purcell nods.

**Dex Joy:**

And you *damn sure* remember what happened when you got up in my biz and tore down something I cared about when I beat you *down* at DEFIANCE Road! If the Blood Diamonds got a problem with us putting their name in our mouths, Jamie ...

Purcell adds in.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

We'll knock the teeth out of theirs.

The Lads raise their hands and get cheered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful before they take leave of the ring.

**DDK:**

What a message! The Lads are calling out the BLOOD DIAMONDS!

**Lance:**

Both Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell have *very* tense recent history with The Socialite, but they're right. They threw the proverbial first strike with their comments at MAXDEF. We'll see how they respond!

**COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN**







and hasn't wasted any time taking advantage of them.

BURNS, Silver and DLJ arrive at the stage and his music fades as Christie Zane gets ready to conduct business.

**Christie Zane:**

OSCAR BURNS... first and foremost, welcome back to DEFIANCE. This is the first time you've been on DEFtv since March of this year.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Yes. Absolutely correct observation, GC. And this is your first appearance in months interviewing anyone of actual MERIT in this company. Glad we got that out of the way.

Christie tries to remain professional and moves forward.

**Christie Zane:**

Well, OSCAR, you asked for this time tonight. Your return made a big splash...

**Sonny Silver:**

Also correct.

**Christie Zane:**

And that return hasn't also been without controversy.

OSCAR, Sonny and DLJ all look among each other, confused.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Fake newts. No, that's categorically false. Controversial how?

**Christie Zane:**

Well... there's some backstage in management that are alleging that you tried to -- in their words -- "big-time" your way out of a scheduled appearance on UNCUT last week and had Dan Leo James wrestle in your place. What do you say to those rumor...

BURNS has his hand up.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

GC, GC, GC... I'm gonna stop you right there. I'm going to not allow you to slant and distort the facts of what happened last week. We're gonna clear up some things right now...

Sonny Silver points to DLJ.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

First things first... it's simply DLJ now. Dan Leo James... that was a happy-go-lucky kid taking bad advice from CLEARLY bad people. Dan Leo James... he was a big and strong kid who was weak. But THIS man...

He puts an arm over the young, taller 24-year-old blue chipper in a nice suit, who glowers down at Zane.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Three letters, Christie. D-L-J. Say it with me.

Christie looks over at DLJ, who for his part, does look slightly sorry for this. Sonny points at her and tries to egg her on to say it.

**Christie Zane:**

D-L-J!

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Well done! We shortened it so squibs like you could understand who he is. He is the FUTURE of this company! He is The Front Runner! He is the Fastest Big Man Alive! He RAN through competition for months as a part of Vae Victis and fought in my absence while I was gone, defending my honor. That type of loyalty deserves to be rewarded. That's why I gave HIM the opportunity to wrestle in my place last week because he's MY protege now! I have the right to defer any match I don't want to him. He deserves big match experience as well!

DLJ looks proudly and nods.

**DLJ:**

Thank you, OSCAR BURNS, for the opportunity! if any assbutt on this roster gives you trouble... Imma run right through 'em!

Sonny pats the big red-haired blue chipper on his shoulder. Zane tries to remain poised and moves on, but Sonny has in his hand a leather-clad folder. Inside looks to be pages of documentation. He jabs a thumb at a particular page for Christie as OSCAR continues.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

And this right there... I have a special clause in my new contract that states the following... UNCUT don't work for me, GC. My name is EVERYTHING. My name belongs literally on all the biggest shows! Our DEFtvs, our big PPV markets! That's the place my name belongs!

She tries to move along.

**Christie Zane:**

And speaking of Vae Victis as you mentioned earlier... over the past few weeks, we've learned that Vae Victis founders Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes have taken an indefinite hiatus from DEFIANCE. Where does that leave the group?

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Vae Victis... respectfully, that is the past, Christie. VV changed the game for this promotion. At one point, myself, Henry and Lindsay held ALL the singles gold in DEFIANCE aka... the golden era. But a lot of wrestlers... even some of the best that have ever done this like Lindsay and Henry... crumble under the weight of their own success when people keep chipping away and chipping away until they have no more to give. They've earned their time.

He smirks.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Me, though: NEVER needed a break. Never. The ONE time I asked for time off, I EARNED it for carrying this company on my back since 2016. I CARRIED this place on my back so ponces like Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix and Bronson Box can argue over whose generation was better when I WAS THE CATALYST for all of it! I'm not bobbing in out and out of this place for a second job... I'm a PERMANENT fixture in this company. I have been FRONT AND CENTER of the biggest events! The greatest matches! The most memorable title wins! With respect to Vae Victis, that era is over. Pancake parties? People fetching me drinks? We're done with that now. I've spent far too long dicking around trying to raise everyone else's game to my level when the only game that matters is MINE! I am DEFIANCE! I am Favoured Saints! I am PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! But you are all a part... of the GC UNIVERSE as these fine men are next to me!

He holds out his hand to Sonny and DLJ!

**OSCAR BURNS:**

This place is MINE. From the day I set foot in this promotion, I did EVERYTHING for this company without asking for anything in return... so when it came time to renew my contract... I made damn sure that I reminded this company of that and if they wanted to keep me, they'd give me everything I wanted. And when I signed that contract, this company gave me everything and more! So if you GCs don't like what I'm saying, if you disagree with it... If you think that what I am speaking is anything other than gospel, I DARE you. I dare ANYONE in that locker room... to do something about

it.

Sonny and DLJ nod behind him as the jeers are thunderous.

**Christie Zane:**

Tonight, we'll be seeing you in the ring for the first time since DEFCON. You'll be going one-on-one in a rematch from DEFCON and that you will be taking on Butcher Victorious...

*RRRRRAAAAAHHHH!*

BURNS covers his ears at the cheers of the name, as does DLJ. Sonny's face looks like he drank sour milk.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

To move forward to the future, I need to move on from the past. And DEFCON 2024... that was the blackest night of my career. A match I HAD WON...

He has to stop due to seething. Sonny taps him on the shoulder like he's consoling someone recounting a horrible childhood trauma.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

...But tonight, I'm going to make sure NOBODY remembers DEFCON. I'm going to make sure EVERYONE remembers me ripping your limbs off one by one. In fact...

OSCAR gestures to Sonny and DLJ.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

You two can have the night off. I'm going to deal with this myself.

Sonny and DLJ nod.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

We're done here, Christie. Hit my music and welcome me out.

**Christie Zane:**

Thank you for your time, Oscar.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

That didn't sound like ALL CAPS to me. Say it right... and say GCs!

She sighs.

**Christie Zane:** *[with louder tone]*

GCs... OSCAR BURNS!

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Better! Let's go!

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The theme plays and abruptly, OSCAR leaves the stage. DLJ and Sonny struggle to keep pace behind the former two-time FIST as they take their leave.

**DDK:**

What a match we have later tonight... AND a wedding on top of that! What a wild night we're in store for.

**Lance:**

A DEFCON rematch later and so much more! Stay tuned!

## CORVO ALPHA vs. JEAN PIERRE DE LA REEVES

**DDK:**

It's been an exciting, eventful night of action and it feels like we're just getting started!

**Lance:**

The vacant Favoured Saints Championship will be decided later on tonight and, of course, we still have our big main event featuring the in-ring return of Oscar- *[ahem]* -excuse me, OSCAR BURNS! But first-

♪ "Le Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

**DDK:**

First it's a singles contest featuring one half of the French Connection!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first...

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves bursts through the curtain waving an over-sized blue, white, and red flag on a post. The Faux-Frenchman stomps to the top of the rampway and vigorously waves his French flag through the air much to the displeasure of the Faithful.

**Lance:**

Yes, this contest will feature one of the Most Precious Gems taking on a long-time foe of theirs in the guise of former SOHer, Corvo Alpha!

As Reeves makes his way down the aisle, Warner offers further exposition over Quimbey's bombastic ring introduction.

**Lance:**

It was just a few weeks ago at MAXDEF '24's Night 1 where Corvo came up short in his battle against Dr. Ned Reform and the Honor Society, losing that Southern Heritage Championship. However, his personal tragedy didn't end there! The very next evening, after Masked Violator #1 also fell against JJ Dixon, Alpha came to the aid of his former friend and tag team partner, only to be spurned by MV1, who shocked the world and seemed to leave Puerto Rico with The Gems!

Reeves jaws at a handful of front row fans, finally fanning their faces with his flag before pivoting and marching up the ring steps.

**DDK:**

WAIT! LOOK OUT!!

The floor camera wheels around just in time to catch a blur of a figure leaping off of the guardrail and CLOTHESLINING de la Reeves off of the ring steps!

**Lance:**

It's Alpha! Corvo is here!

**DDK:**

The Monster is taking it to the New Flying Frenchman! And in a big way!

All aggression, Alpha takes turns throwing De la Reeves into the steel ring steps and into the barricade. In a flash, Referee Rex Knox is out of the ring and on the arena floor, trying to safely insert himself into the beating.

**DDK:**

You'll notice that there's Madame Melton out here with him tonight! It's almost like she knew what might happen, isn't it? Like she knew how RILED Corvo Alpha might be tonight coming out of MAXDEF!

His face painted with a defiant yellow clay, Alpha's brow contorts when he comes upon the flagpole, now bereft of the flag once attached to it. He regards it with some curiosity before THRASHING Reeves across the back with it. Tossing it aside, it rattles loudly on the concrete.

**Lance:**

The unfettered rage... the unbound fury of Corvo Alpha is on full display in Indianapolis!

**DDK:**

He is absolutely incensed, obviously seeking to gain some measure of revenge on the Most Precious Gems tonight!

Reeves claws his way upright using the guardrail, eyes frantically searching for an advantage of any kind. As Alpha grabs him, de la Reeves throws a stiff elbow to his gut. Before Reeves can find another soft spot, Alpha snatches the ersatz franc by his long hair and BASHES the bridge of his nose across the steel of the railing.

With one hand tight on the back of de la Reeve's trunks and the other full of hair, Corvo turns and hurls the Frenchman onto the apron and under the bottom rope.

As Corvo slinks into the squared circle behind him, Knox flails an arm towards the timekeeper.

***DING DING*****DDK:**

This New Flying Frenchman is finding his footing and- OH, LOOK OUT!

Alpha charges and CLOTHESLINES him hard over the ropes and back outside the ring. Knox is visibly frustrated as Alpha measures his man.

**DDK:**

Corvo, with a head full of steam, charges and LEAPS!! THROUGH THE ROPES LIKE A MISSILE! NOOO!!

De la Reeves artfully sidesteps the attack and Corvo thunderously CRASHES headfirst into the guardrail. Jean-Pierre snobbishly taps the side of his head as if he were an absolute genius.

**Lance:**

Stay alert, Reeves!

As if Reeves hears Warner's warning, he turns just in time to receive a charging Alpha and direct him headfirst into the steel ringsteps via a skillfully applied drop toe hold!

**DDK:**

That's two HORRIFIC blows to the head of Corvo Alpha in about a minute and a half, Lance! And he is clearly hurting! Eyes glazed, he is largely unmoving.

The francophile glides back under the bottom rope with aplomb and spins up to his feet, arms wide, smiling like a total asshole. The fans let him know it.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!*

Reeves places a hand over his heart and stares off into a dark corner of the arena, towards an imaginary flag, it seems.

**Jean-Pierre de la Reeves:**

Allons enfants de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

His voice fights to be heard over the boos of the crowd as he continues to sing the French national anthem to no one

but himself. Ignoring him, Knox leans over the rope to the outside, up to four on his mandatory ten-count.

**Jean-Pierre de la Reeves:**

Contre nous de la tyrannie, L'étendard sanglant est levé!

Behind him, a red taloon grabs at the ring apron. Another, this one stained yellow, grabs at the bottom rope. And slowly, the boos shift to something brighter.

Reeves, to his lack of credit, appears to mistake the cheers as being for him. He continues on with more energy, really putting his heart and soul into this moment as he hears Knox's ten-count reach eight.

He's really belting it out, for his adopted motherland, for his appropriated culture. The song is at it's apex-

**DDK:**

ALPHA CLUTCH!!! ALPHA CLUTCH!!!!

**Lance:**

Corvo Alpha traps Reeves' own forearm against his own throat with that modified katahajime... and now he grapevines him with both legs and down they go!

**DDK:**

It's over!

***DING DING DING***

De la Reeves' frenzied tapping slows to a gelatinous crawl before his body goes entirely limp. Yet Corvo shows no signs of letting go, his teeth bared. Knox barks at the dog who pays him no mind.

**DDK:**

Uh-oh... shades of old from Corvo... I don't think he is done with Jean-Pierre de la Reeves just yet!

***DING DING DING DING DING DING***

Our harried referee starts trying to pry Reeves free. The smallest ref in DEF, Knox makes zero headway and quickly abandons that project, instead signaling for help towards the top of the rampway. The camera cuts to a tight shot of Alpha's wild eyes as he wrenches and cinches in deeper.

**Lance:**

One can empathize with how Corvo is feeling, but... this isn't the way!

***DING DING DING DING DING DING DING***

With every passing moment, the concern and distress spelled across Rex Knox's face becomes more evident. Relief washes over him when a stream of DEFsec sprint down the aisle. Five of them are quickly in the ring, working to pull Reeves free of Corvo's grasp.

**DDK:**

He's gotta let him go!

And, eventually, he does. Shoving Reeves off of him with disgust, Corvo is quickly upright. A dagger kick caves in the face of the nearest security officer. A second eats a back elbow before another takes a knee to the stomach. Pivoting to the second, Alpha **TOSSES** him out of the ring.

**DDK:**

Here comes another one!



**Lance:**

CORVO CUTTER!

The ring is suddenly cleared, save the shattered body of Jean-Pierre de la Reeves, as DEFsec now starts looking after their own.

**DDK:**

Corvo Alpha is untethered! I... I don't know if he's ever felt this dangerous!

**Lance:**

That is not hyperbole, Keeps.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

Scrambling to the second turnbuckle, Alpha whips his long hair out of his misshapen face and howls to the crowd.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!*

Slapping his chest, he pulls that hand through the red clay smudged over his heart and holds the hand to the air.

He raises a single finger in the air and glowers at the hard camera, sending a message out for an audience of "1".

**DDK:**

That man wants the world to know that he is PISSED. I wonder what could be going through the mind of Masked Violator #1 as he sees this unfold.

Cutting back to the Commentation Station, the pair appear slightly disheveled and shook by the intensity of what just occurred,

**Lance:**

Only MV1 can say. The question is... will he?

**DDK:**

We'll be right back after this break, don't go away!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**



## REFLECTIONS

### VOICE:

I... had to make a choice.

A dark room. The only light comes spilling in from a barely-opened door to the right. A figure sits on a bench, hunched over, elbows planted on his knees. His head hangs, heaving with every ragged breath.

### VOICE:

She GAVE me a choice.

Lifting his head, it passes through the beam of light flaring in from the corridor. In the motion, there is a glimpse of brilliant red, of noble blue, of distinguished yellow.

### MV1:

I lost the *[beeping]* match. I *agreed* to the terms, and maybe that was my first mistake.

He looks away, lost.

### MV1:

No, I doubt it was the first.

The head hangs again in defeat.

### MV1:

I agreed to the terms: Mask versus Mask. My god... I didn't just agree to it, I *[beeping]* **suggested** it.

Something breaks in his voice. It warbles and quakes with emotion and realization.

### MV1:

I *suggested* it.

Shoulders sag somehow deeper.

### MV1:

I was desperate, I guess. I... I've been fighting... and fighting... and FIGHTING. I've been FIGHTING and I've been LOSING. And I wanted a win, god damn it. I *needed* a win. SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

He spirals, giving in to the allure and comfort of despair that's in us all.

### MV1:

For over two years, it's been a non-stop struggle. I... I came back to DEFIANCE-

He looks at the camera, just the smallest of vertical slivers of his masked face is illuminated.

### MV1:

-I came back for YOU, god damn it! And you fought me. You fought me the whole damn way.

He rubs his face aggressively with both hands, deeply inhaling. He ends the motion by adjusting the colors on his head.

### MV1:

You didn't ask for me to come back, I know... but I did it. And I helped save you, man. You remember that?

Looking briefly at the ceiling, he hangs his head again – out of the light.

**MV1:**

I know you're still broken. But I always thought, always hoped, that the day would come when you'd remember who you were. That, when it mattered, you'd be there for me... like I have always been there for you. Waiting. And... Where were you, "Corvo"?

Staring at the lens.

**MV1:**

Where were you when Levi Cole turned his back on me? When the Honor Society were rolling me up and down the east coast, from Rhode Island to Nashville? When that moron Scott Hunter put me on the shelf. Where were you when Melton, Dixon, and the Gems were stomping me into the mat every two weeks, huh!?

A deep breath. And a shocking roar.

**MV1:**

TWO SURGERIES!!

With a balled fist, he pounds his right knee like a booming hammer. Once, then again – harder.

**MV1:**

TWO [beeping] KNEE SURGERIES!! And where the [beep] were YOU?! I lost the god damned match, "Corvo"! It was too [beeping] late, don't you get it?! I AGREED TO THE TERMS. Don't you understand?!

He shakes his head in disbelief.

**MV1:**

Have I been deluding myself? Did these masks ever mean ANYTHING to you?!

MV1 holds his head, his body roiling and coiled with tension and sorrow. He works and fails to catch his breath, wet eyes clenched shut.

**MV1:**

Dixon beat me, again, it was over... They were gonna make me take the mask off, I was going to lose it forever, it was all going to be over, everything I've been fighting for, everything I've been KILLING MYSELF for for twenty eight months! It was all going to come to an end! They would have DESTROYED it, I know it.

Rubbing his temples, he plants his elbows onto his knees and slumps once more. Slowly, the breathing pattern settles into something closer to normal.

**MV1:**

And then she gave me a CHOICE. I could leave with them, *join* them, she said... and I could keep my mask. I could keep my dignity, could hold onto the dream... and...

He looks back to the camera once more, a single blue eye showing brightly, weeping. His voice is hoarse and just above a whisper and drenched with remorse.

**MV1:**

And then I [beeped] up. When you came out, I... I was shocked. I was angry. You were too late, old friend. You were just too late.

He readjusts the mask and sits up straight.

**MV1:**

And now I see that... maybe they were right. Melton & Dixon. They say this mask isn't who I am anymore. Not now. Not today.

Reaching behind his head, fingers work to unlace it.

**MV1:**

I... I don't know if I'm worthy, #2. Maybe... maybe, like you, I'm broken, too.

Removing the mask, he runs a hand through chestnut hair. Just a glimpse of a square jaw can be seen.

**MV1:**

But they're... giving me a chance. In a way, they're giving me... hope, I guess. Hope for both of us.

MV1 pulls a different fabric over his head. It's hard to discern in the weak luster of light, but it seems to be stitched with mottled grays and blacks. A different mask for a different man.

He holds the storied, beaten red, blue and yellow mask up to the beam of light, searching it for answers.

**MV1:**

This way it SURVIVES. This way... there's still a chance. This way our story isn't over.

A beat.

**MV1:**

Is it?

There is no answer. The question hangs for just a moment when, suddenly, the door slowly opens. A feminine figure stands as a bold silhouette in the doorway. She beckons with a velvet hand. Glancing over his slumped shoulder, MV1 takes a breath before turning back to the camera's lens.

**MV1:**

I... I'm sorry.

When he rises, he stuffs the colorful mask into a back pocket. Turning to leave, he brushes past Melton and is out the door. We spy the Madame's illuminated profile, smiling slyly, as she closes the door behind him plunging our world into darkness.

## FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP FOUR-WAY MATCH

The camera sweeps across the Faithful in Indianapolis before craning directly into view of the Favoured Saints Championship sitting in a glass case on top of a FIST shaped royal pillow.

Darren Quimbey's hand removes the top lid as Carla Ferrari lifts the title and raises it above her head.

**DDK:**

Lance, we've got a Fatal 4 way for the vacant Favoured Saints championship coming up next. The participants? A mystery until their music hits the pa. Unless of course, you're reading the results online.

**Lance:**

Darren this is going to be interesting. It could be anyone Darren!

**DDK:**

Let's head to Darren Quimbey, who knows all!

**Darren Quimbey:**

This next matchup, is for the Vacant Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, representing M4NTRA...

*♪"Missfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪*

There's a large M4NTRA logo on the DEFiatron as boos reign out. Stepping out from the back wearing white and gold attire pant trunks is High Flyer IV. He stretches both hands wide unfurling a large white and gold fluff towel with just the word M4NTRA on it.

**Darren Quimbey:**

HIGH FLYER!

Stepping out with him is Archer Silver, who smacks Flyer's shoulders twice before heading backstage.

**DDK:**

The returning High Flyer IV, who made a big impact at MAXDef to help his new allies gain the Unified Tag Team Championships! And tonight, he has a chance to bring more gold home for M4NTRA.

**Lance:**

But you've got to wonder if there's any ring rust. It's been 8 months since he's been in a DEFIANCE ring.

**DDK:**

You can't count against a former Favoured Saints champion, Lance.

**DDK:**

Archer? What are you... oh, Uh, okay.

**Lance:**

What?

**DDK:**

Looks like Archer Silver came over to tell me that High Flyer has dropped the IV from his name. He would like to only be referred to as High Flyer from now on.

High Flyer reaches the ring and climbs up the turnbuckle, tossing both hands out and showcasing his M4NTRA flag.

*♪ 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 ♪

One gold spotlight shines in the center of the stage. Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg, along with what has become her signature gold weightlifting chain. Taking in the jeers as if they were fueling her now, Titaness slowly saunters down to the Familia's haunting theme

**Darren Quimbey:**

Next, representing Titanes Familia... You may refer to her as The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL"...** **TITANESS!**

Titaness takes her place on the ring apron, then The Pretty Powerful member of the Familia holds a fist up and smiles in the glow of the golden spotlight.

**DDK:**

I hope Titaness is PROUD of herself. She and Killjoy ASSAULTED Scott Douglas in the trainer's room in front of Iris Davine last night.

**Lance:**

She sure looks proud.

She heads into the ring, gives a brief staredown to High Flyer and then takes her place in the corner as they await participant number three.

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

The music IMMEDIATELY makes Titaness snap her head up. The cocky smirk is gone. She looks up...

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing next from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at one-hundred-seventy-eight pounds... he is THE RULER OF THE ROPES... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Vueltas emerges from the back to a massive reaction from The Indiana Faithful. He hops his way down, smacking hands with fans as he does. After high-fiving fans on either side of the entrance, he ROCKETS down the ramp and the slides under the bottom rope. When he stops mid-ring, he pushes up with his hands and does a front flip to make it to his feet! He stares down Titaness, who tries to jump in between the two.

**DDK:**

Goodness! This has to be the first time these two have shared a ring together since Titanes Familia booted Mil out of the group.

**Lance:**

I believe you're right!

High Flyer almost laughs at the two almost coming to blows before Carla Ferrari tries to keep them apart. Flyer pulls her away and tells her to let 'em go. They keep separate as Mil's theme fades out.

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

The Faithful erupt as the D steps out into the spotlight. Klein is behind him, waving to the Faithful. He and the D fake a game of rock paper scissor, which the D wins. He celebrates and dances his way to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the final opponent, one third of the Pop Culture Phenoms, he is, the D!

**DDK:**

The D! One third of the former Tag Team Champions. Perhaps he can get a bit of revenge on the young High Flyer!

**Lance:**

The D has been employed by DEFIANCE for 9 years Darren, and has never once held Singles gold. He's had his opportunities, facing off against Keyes for the SoHer last year, Oscar Burns for the FIST, but he's never challenged for the Favoured Saints title. Now he gets his opportunity!

The D reaches ringside and climbs onto the Apron. He wipes his feet and looks cautiously at his three opponents, all chomping at the bit.

***DING DING*****DDK:**

And we're off!

Keebler isn't kidding, as Mil rushes toward Titaness and winds up spinning in two rotations before finally headscissoring her. Simultaneously, High Flyer rushed the D and did the same, with the two headscissoring their opponents out of the ring before quickly squaring off toward one another. Flyer starts to jaw jack toward Mil who gets close and the two stand eye to eye.

**DDK:**

The former Minute has a victory over High Flyer IV from all the way back on DEFtv 156!

**Lance:**

And judging by the vitriol, High Flyer hasn't forgotten it.

Flyer rears back and slaps Mil in a resounding echo. The two fliers just start brawling as Mil shocks the younger Flyer, back peddling him into the corner. Once there, Carla steps in to break it up, but as Mil goes back to attack, Flyer pokes the luchador in the eyes. He turns it around in the corner, hitting two quick kicks to the gut before back spin kicking Mil in the face. Mil tumbles to the outside, as High Flyer turns to meet the recovered D. Flyer just points behind him, where Titaness has also recovered and is none too pleased. D shrugs, splits between the two.

**DDK:**

DOUBLE DICK PUNCH-AH-AH!

**Lance:**

In full view of the official! He should know better!

Titaness and High Flyer both feel the brunt of the blow, but High Flyer moreso. Titaness just grabs the D by his face and chucks him across the ring, before rushing and mowing down a kneeling High Flyer with a body block. She dives on top for the first cover.

One.

Mil springboards off the top and just drops a leg over the back of Titaness's neck, breaking the pin. Mil is quick to shoot off the ropes, and goes for another tilt-a-whirl. This time, Titaness catches him on the second rotation. He shakes his head wildly as High Flyer rushes off the far side for a cross body block.

She catches him too, with Mil still in her arms. She looks at the hard camera.

**DDK:**

Beautiful dual assisted fallaway slam from the Brute Baroness. If it wasn't for the extra strength High Flyer put on while he was out, she'd be the largest foe in this match! Even still, she's definitely the strongest of the four.

**Lance:**



There's something uncanny about how much she can lift. She is, woah!

As Titaness gloats to the Faithful, the D comes up from behind. She turns, and the D hooks her, before hitting a planted DDT. He hangs on, stands Titaness up, and then hits a double underhook variety. He lifts her AGAIN with the arms, before hitting an elevated DDT. He rolls her over for the pin.

**DDK:**

The Triple D-D-D-T from the D! Titaness must be rocked!

One.

Two.

Kickout!

**Lance:**

Not enough for the D to finish the job though.

The D grabs Titaness to her feet slowly and the two of them work into a corner. The D hits a knife edge chop that gets a nice "Woo." The D Irish whips Titaness into the far corner, and then sees High Flyer charge toward him. The D reverses an Irish whip and tosses High Flyer into the corner, causing him to splash Titaness. Mil is up and tries to grab the D as well, but then The D Irish whips Mil back into Titaness into a huge splash. The D starts coordinating, telling Mil and High Flyer to whip him into the corner. So they do, and the D jumps.

**DDK:**

D in your Face! No! Dear god the ANGLE on that spinebuster is uncanny!

Titaness is back to her feet roaring, and charges toward both Mil and High Flyer. Shocked, they each take a clothesline, Flyer spinning out 360 as he does. Titaness roars and lifts the D to his feet.

**DDK:**

The World's Prettiest Backdrop!

**Lance:**

She's not done yet Darren, Clash of the Titaness! That DVD driver shook the ring!

Titaness slaps one hand onto the exposed beat red chest of the D.

One.

Two.

Thr-NO! Mil and High Flyer both spring from opposite sides of the ring, both trying for a splash only to collide and then land on top of Titaness together! All three combatants wind up on top of the D. Carla looks around, bewildered, and then drops down, using both hands to make separate counts.

One.

Two.

NO! The D barely gets a shoulder loose and up off the mat. The rest of the combatants start to roll away from the dog pile instinctively. Each member goes for their own neutral corner, as the D in particular tries to shake off the cobwebs from Titaness' destructive assault.

**DDK:**

We almost had CO Champions there Lance!

**Lance:**

How in the hell would that work?

**DDK:**

I'm glad we don't have to find out!

The D once again coordinates with Mil and High Flyer, trying to get the three of them to swarm Titaness. He mimes her power as the reason. They all turn to Titaness, and the D charges. He's the only one. High Flyer bails out of the ring entirely. The D goes "Oh Fu" as Titaness snap powerslams him.

Mil meanwhile, rushes to the far ropes and leaps over the top, taking High Flyer out with a skytwisting tope, landing on his feet. He grabs him in swift motion and tosses him back under the bottom rope. Titaness grabs High Flyer by his medium length hair and lifts him to his feet. As Mil springs, she tosses him like a choke toss into the ropes, causing Mil to come crashing down into the ring.

Titaness surveils the wreckage, but doesn't turn around fast enough.

**DDK:**

The D! Contractual Obligation! Reverse russian legsweep plants Titaness' skull into the mat!

**Lance:**

This could be it!

One.

Two.

No! Titaness gets the shoulder up at the last moment. The D slams his hand into the mat and counts to three to Carla, but Carla only shows two fingers.

So the D climbs up the nearest turnbuckles. Once at the top, he looks toward Titaness, who might be a bit too far away.

Only for High Flyer to race up the buckles and then leap, frankensteining The D off the top rope so he lands on Titaness with a flying senton! Dazed, High Flyer throws his hands up in his father's patented devil horn taunt.

**DDK:**

Mil! All the Flips! All the Flips! We have a new Favoured Saints Champion!

Mil dives on top for the pin.

One.

Two.

Carla stops the count. High Flyer's foot is draped under the bottom rope and she just noticed it. She points to the leg for a rope break, and Mil gets up, dejected.

In the background, the D charges and takes Titaness out of the ring with a huge clothesline. He looks back at Mil, who's too busy looking down at High Flyer in remorse. The D rushes behind him and hooks him in a waistlock, rolling him up.

One.

Two.

The D gives an extra tug of the tights just to be sure! He winks at the hardcam.

Three!

Mil barely kicks out after the three count is rendered, sending the D flying across the ring in joy. He rushes to his feet and raises his hands high.

**DING DING DING**

♪"Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison♪

The D stares wide eyed in shock. Carla returns from Darren Quimbey's corner and presents the D with the Favoured Saints title. He reaches out, grabs it, and it looks almost as if he'll cry. He looks at Carla and just says "Thank you," before pulling her into an embrace. She stands there awkwardly, but takes it in stride. They split, and Carla takes the D's wrist and raises his hand in victory.

Meanwhile, Mil's expression behind the mask stares off a million miles. High Flyer and Titaness both roll out dejected. High Flyer lets Titaness go first to not draw her ire as she stomps off. Mil argues with Carla Ferrari that his tights were hooked, but she says the decision is final! He kicks the ropes and storms off!

The D climbs the hard cam's corner turnbuckle and uses both hands to raise the Favoured Saints Championship above his head, as a name plate GFX shoots across the screen crowning him champion.

**DDK:**

Folks, it's been long overdue. But I can't help but think that Mil Vueltas has this thing in the bag Lance.

**Lance:**

Mil thought that too. But the D, nine years in DEFIANCE, 25 years in the business, and he's finally found singles glory.

**DDK:**

What a historic moment. Faithful, let's take a moment to congratulate the D, as we head to words from our sponsors.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME**



## SECOND CHANCES (2)

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

Walking backstage, the camera catches a glimpse of none other than the man with The Stick... aka BUTCH VIC...

Aka Butcher Victorious!

Looking determined and ready in his ring gear, he's seen applying a headlock tightly to nothing but air, brushing up on the unorthodox, but highly effective techniques that have helped make him successful since the night he freed himself from Vae Victis and defeated his former mentor, Oscar Burns (then-lower caps) at DEFCON earlier this year!

**Chris Trutt:**

Hey... Butcher? A word?

Butcher stops and then reaches into his back pocket to pull out... The Stick™ v.2. The Faithful in the background chant along with his signature phrase.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK! BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK! AND IF YOU WANNA ASK ME THINGS... BUTCH VIC... SAYS LET 'EM RIP.

**Chris Trutt:**

Do you always have that thing?

**Butcher Victorious:**

Always, Chris Trutt. Always. What's up?

**Chris Trutt:**

Tonight... you're scheduled to go one-on-one in a DEFCON rematch against OSCAR BURNS. Can we get your thoughts on this match? Are you looking forward to this opportunity?

Butcher shakes his head.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Can I be honest, Chris? Am I looking forward to this match tonight? No.

**Chris Trutt:**

Really?

Butcher nods in the affirmative.

**Butcher Victorious:**

That man USED me. He abused the hell out of me, embarrassed and humiliated me. When he couldn't get the damn job done, he sent his ginger giant, DLJ, after me! Cost me the Favoured Saints Title, tried to whoop my ass at every opportunity... you know, until MAXDEF when HIS ASS GOT WHIPPED... BY BUTCH VIC!

A loud roar is heard all throughout the Gainbridge Fieldhouse!

**Butcher Victorious:**

I was hoping to move as far away from that no-good bastard as long as I could and move on with my career outside his stupid little GC Universe... but I heard he bitched, whined, moaned, and complained earlier about how DEFCON was the darkest day of his DEFIANCE career when he got rolled up by yours truly at DEFCON! But then I thought to myself... nah, I beat him and sent him home CRYING for three months! If I beat Oscar Burns again... and I'm saying that in lower case cause screw him...

He smirks.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Then Butcher is going for TOP titles! I beat OSCAR BURNS once at DEFCON was amazing, but to do it a second time? Maybe I could break his brain even more and he'll disappear for a year! But either way... I beat him once and tonight, I WILL do it again! I'm...

Something catches Butcher's attention off in the distance. He turns to Trutt and immediately puts The Stick™ v.2 away in his jacket.

**Butcher Victorious:**

I gotta talk to someone... we can talk later...

Trutt nods and lets Butcher do his thing. He runs towards someone down the hall a bit... and throwing something backstage is none other than Mil Vueltas, fresh off his own loss before the commercial.

**Mil Vueltas:**

AGAIN! SIGO DEJANDO QUE ESTO SUCEDA!

Butcher rushes over towards a man that he once had issues with back when he was working under Vae Victis...

**Butcher Victorious:**

Hey! Whoa! Mil...

Mil turns around.

**Mil Vueltas:**

BUTCHER! The hell you want! You here to screw me, too?! Kick me while I'm down?!

He kicks at the ground.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Come on! You can borrow Oscar's shovel and throw some dirt on me while you're at it!

**Butcher Victorious:**

No... no... no... that guy is long gone, Mil. I ain't doing shit for Oscar Burns or Vae Victis ever again. I just came over to say I saw what happened out there and I'm sorry. You should have won that match, man. You...

**Mil Vueltas:**

I SHOULD HAVE WON ALL OF THEM! WHY DO YOU KEEP TRYING TO APOLOGIZE TO ME, BUTCHER?! YOU SCREWING ME MONTHS AGO CHANGES NOTHING!

Butcher just listens as Mil continues to vent.

**Mil Vueltas:**

EVERYTHING you have right now! EVERYTHING you have right now is the stuff Thomas Keeling and I saw in you and you only did it AFTER you kept me from beating BURNS last year! Mi Familia stabbed me in back. Tyler Fuse tried to kick me while I'm down. The D... CAREER SLEAZE took Favoured Saints Title from me! \*I\* SHOULD BE WHERE YOU ARE! AND I'M NOT...

Continuing to vent his frustrations, Mil kicks a box over and wraps his arms over his head. Butcher gives him a second and tries to talk to him again.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Mil... you're right. You do deserve better. You got every right to call me out on things I did. Me apologizing for screwing

you out of beating Oscar all those months ago... I gotta own up to that. I feel bad for that and turning you and Thomas away when you offered me a way out. And I can't fix what I did...

He continues.

**Butcher Victorious:**

But all I can do is keep trying to be a better man so maybe one day, you'll believe me. Butch Vic helped VV do a lotta bad shit and every day, I'm trying to be better. All I can do. I hope one day, you'll see it and I hope you get out of this rut you're in.

With nothing more left to say, Butcher starts heading towards the ring. When Chris Trutt sees Mil, he tries to get a word...

**Mil Vueltas:**

Trutt... No estoy de humor. Get the hell away from me...

The luchador storms out of sight, leaving Trutt with a confused stare (aka his natural look). The camera still lingers a little bit longer on a frustrated Mil.

He pauses...

Then reaches into his bag.

He pulls out his phone and starts to quickly dial someone.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Hola... You uh... you say you be there to listen...

Visibly frustrated, he balls up his free hand.

**Mil Vueltas:**

I'm ready to talk...

The scene cuts back to the The Commentation Station.

## OSCAR BURNS vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

**Lance:**

What do you suppose that was all about with Mil Vueltas?

**DDK:**

I don't know... I really don't. But questions for another time, I suppose. We have to switch gears cause we have a HUGE match coming up! We've heard from both competitors, but now is time for a rematch from this year's opening to DEFCON Night Two. OSCAR BURNS is in the ring for the first time to avenge the loss he suffered to his ex-protege, Butcher Victorious!

**Lance:**

Butcher Victorious has become an unexpected star on the rise after rolling up Burns and defeating him at DEFCON, but tonight he wants to prove that night was no fluke. Butcher himself is coming off a big win over BURNS' new protege, DLJ and he's as confident as he can be.

**DDK:**

But we did hear what OSCAR had to say during his interview. He sent DLJ and Sonny Silver home because he needed to prove to himself DEFCON was just a fluke. Both men are looking at this match was a way to springboard themselves into top title contention, so let's get to ringside for our final match of the night.

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

The DEFIATron flashes to life and simulates a big pink, purple and blue fireworks display! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present, along with a brand new silver and purple fuzzy full-length coat, along with light blue tassels hanging off the sleeves! He holds out the new microphone in hand and then raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight as the Gainbridge Fieldhouse goes crazy!

**Darren Quimbey:**

...Representing The Butch Vic Clique... From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful halfway down the ramp! He pauses halfway, then motions for the music to fade as he gets his microphone ready.

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

Grin!

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points to the ring.

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]

AND I GOT THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!



**Butcher Victorious:**

AND TONIGHT, IT'S GONNA BE OSCAR BURNS' ASS... THAT BUTCH VIC KICKS! IF YOU SOMEHOW MISSED DEFCON, YOU'RE GONNA SEE IT AGAIN RIGHT NOW! TONIGHT, OSCAR'S GETTING EVERY HEADBUTT AND UPPERCUT I CAN THROW! THAT'S RIGHT, YOU HEARD ME... YOU'RE GETTING **ALL** THESE 'BUTTS AND 'CUTS!

He rolls under the bottom rope and gets BIG cheers from The Faithful as the theme repeats. He dances along to "Microphone Fiend" quickly and then hands over his microphone and coat to a ringside employee.

**DDK:**

No shortage of confidence from Butcher Victorious!

**Lance:**

He said earlier he did want to move on from OSCAR BURNS, but a second win over him? That's going to do even bigger wonders for his career if he can do this tonight!

Butcher waits...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The big silhouette appears on stage and the entire arena becomes washed over in green lighting! Butcher waits for his former boss to make his appearance...

...And the music ends.

**DDK:**

What the...? What is going on? Where's OSCAR?

Butcher asks head referee Benny Doyle if he knows anything, but he only replies with a confused shrug. Butcher looks behind him, being wise to the tricks of OSCAR BURNS having been jumped from behind before...

Nada.

His new theme cues up a second time...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The lights go green again and Butcher is waiting for the man that he met in the ring. The music continues to play and the lights continue swirling... but just like earlier...

Still no OSCAR BURNS.

**DDK:**

What is the meaning of this? Do you think OSCAR was just psyching Butcher out?

**Lance:**

I mean... OSCAR BURNS no-showed his last appearance on UNCUT? Maybe he decided this suddenly wasn't worth his time, too?

Darren suddenly listens to something in his headset...

**DDK:**

Folks... I'm getting word that something's happened backstage!

The DEFIAtron starts flickering to life for the entire arena to see. Butcher looks up and his jaw drops, along with everyone else.

OSCAR BURNS...

Sprawled out up against a wall with what looks like blood coming out the side of his head!

**Lance:**

WHAT?!

OSCAR is BARELY conscious and is being attended to by medical personnel. He can barely gesture at the side of his head where he appears to have been struck by something...

**DDK:**

WHAT IS GOING ON?! OSCAR BURNS... SOMEONE ATTACKED HIM BACKSTAGE?!

**Lance:**

IT LOOKS THAT WAY! WHO DID THIS?!

Butcher looks just as confused as everyone else at the footage being shown live from the back. Iris Davine and Wesley Miller are among personnel, along with head of DEFSec Wyatt Bronson trying to check on OSCAR before the feed fades. Butcher looks at Benny Doyle, listening to someone in his earpiece.

**DDK:**

I... I don't know. I have no idea what the hell is going on. OSCAR did challenge the entire locker room to do something...

**Lance:**

Someone must have taken him up on that... but who?

The only person we know that it ISN'T continues to stand in the ring. Butcher Victorious is just as baffled as everyone else in the arena. Benny Doyle looks back at Butch Vic who quickly denies liability and begins to state his case when the sound of a large metal-on-concrete scrape breaks the rampant speculation.

Suddenly both Benny Doyle and Butcher Victorious look back towards the entrance when the long scrape of metal-on-metal heralds the arrival of the answer to everyone's question.

**???:**

Do I have your attention now?

There is no entrance music. There is no light show. There is only the sound of the Indianapolis Faithful slowly placing the voice they just heard in their heads and reacting with a chaotic but confused cheer as **Elise Ares** walks out from the backstage area dragging a warped and dented Platinum Shovel behind her, splattered with what one can only presume is the blood of Oscar Burns.

And I refuse to use caps.

**Elise Ares:**

I wish I could say I'm sorry Butch, but I'm not, and the things you've done to people over the past couple of years trying to "earn" the friendship of that piece of garbage backstage more than merits the opportunity I've taken away from you tonight. I do have to say one thing though, and that's you are one of the few people in this locker room who can probably relate to what I'm about to say and how goddamn hard it has been to get the chance to say it.

Butcher Victorious begins pacing frustrated in the ring and begins calling the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style to the ring.

**Elise Ares:**

I know, I know. You're frustrated and but you see I've been trying to get something off of my chest for months... you know what, make that YEARS. EIGHT FUCKING YEARS I've been a member of the DEFIANCE locker room and I can't have five minutes on DEFtv to get something off my chest without being interrupted by Titaness or Ned Reform or someone else who thinks their time is more valuable than mine because they're the new flavor of the month and I've seen just so. Many. Flavors. Over the years it makes me sick to have to sit in the back and watch people like Malak Garland get a rocket shoved up his ass and be told my day will come.

The self-proclaimed Leading Lady of DEFIANCE looks down at the twisted Platinum Shovel in her free hand, before she continues on.

**Elise Ares:**

When I walked into the door of DEFIANCE eight years ago Jack Harmen had to BEG and PLEAD management to take a chance on me and The D. Over and over again we've heard "she's just not our type" and that I wasn't "what DEFIANCE is" but meanwhile that jackass has been parading around our shows for years now claiming that he IS DEFIANCE. Give me just a minute to remind everyone what DEFIANCE *really* is.

Ares tosses the Platinum Shovel onto the ground and looks out into the Faithful.

**Elise Ares:**

DEFIANCE is walking into the door of a place that *never* wanted you and sticking a middle finger up in the air and refusing to change who you are because management has an image to protect. DEFIANCE is walking out here each and every night, taking no time off for stupid shit like contract demands because you feel obligated to prove yourself every. Single. Night because no matter how hard you bust your ass or how successful you are at getting a reaction out of the Faithful you get passed up for opportunity after opportunity. Hell, I couldn't main event Night One of a Pay-Per-View in the middle of the Caribbean when I'm the only person on the roster who's from there!

The woman formerly known as the Havana Harlot shrugs directly at the camera.

**Elise Ares:**

And you want to talk contracts?! I have a contract coming up. When? I don't know because I've never been the type of person to keep track of such a thing but I do know one thing. If by the time my contract runs out if I don't have the FIST of DEFIANCE around my waist I'm GONE.

A collect gasp comes from the Indy Faithful.

**Elise Ares:**

And when I say gone I mean G O N E. I don't mean Oscar Burns gone. I don't mean Lindsay Troy "I might take a year off to start a fed but then when I feel the need for attention again I'll come back" gone. Oh, am I not allowed to mention PRIME? My bad. I mean GONE. Like Curtis Penn and Eugene Dewey gone, my ass isn't coming back.

The Faithful give a mixed response as Ares continues on her tangent.

**Elise Ares:**

And speaking of Lindsay Troy, do you know what the only difference between Lindsay Troy and I *really* is? None of you have ever tried to find out if LT has an OnlyFans or not and that's perfectly reasonable. I wouldn't either! But I can tell you this...

The former Southern Heritage Champion holds a finger up in the air while she collects her thoughts.

**Elise Ares:**

When I walked into this place... no one took me for anything more than a pretty girl looking for attention, and don't get me wrong that's absolutely true, still is... but I busted my ass. I went from the pretty girl who didn't belong to my face being on the side of the ring trucks, on the front of your program guides, best selling merchandise, all while I'll "get my chance." I'm done. I'm done waiting. I'm done playing the game. I'm done being held down by some asshole who politics so much he literally carries a shovel around to remind people what will happen to them if they don't give him his way. I stand before you all tonight, DEFIANT.

You can see the tears well up in Elise's eyes as she angrily chokes through the word DEFIANT and bites her lip. Visibly pissed off at herself that she can't hold her emotion back.

**Elise Ares:**

This isn't his show. This isn't his ring. This isn't his story. IT'S MINE. And if I can't hold the FIST of DEFIANCE I'm changing careers on my way out. After I'm done you won't be able to write the story of DEFIANCE without what started tonight.

Ares spikes the microphone on the ground and the Faithful roar in appreciation. She takes a moment to hold her head down and collect herself, hiding her emotion from the Faithful by reaching down to pick up the shovel and lifting it into the air with a primal scream. It's at this point in time DEFsec come to take her away. She doesn't fight. She doesn't argue. She just throws the shovel over her shoulder and marches backstage fighting away the tears while the Faithful cheer her on.

*"You deserve it!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap*

*"You deserve it!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap*

*"You deserve it!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap*

Leaving Butcher Victorious alone in the ring. He looks over to Benny Doyle. The look on his face is mixed... he is visibly pissed over what's happened, but shakes his own head almost... sympathetically? Regardless, Butcher kicks the ropes and then sits down and leaves the ring when it's clear that no match is happening.

**DDK:**

Wow... are we still live? What did we just see?

**Lance:**

I... we gotta...

Black.

**COMMERCIAL: CLASH**



## SEPARATE WAYS (WORLDS APART)

DEFtv returns to the airwaves and the picture slowly fades in to reveal an empty backstage dressing room. A quiet second passes before the door suddenly opens inward and a scowling “Milwaukee’s Beast” Brock Newbludd enters the dressing room. The Faithful inside of the arena let out a cheer, as well as more than a few “BallyHOOOO!” calls, at Brock’s sudden appearance.

**Lance:**

Definitely wouldn’t want to be in Brock’s shoes tonight, partner.

**DDK:**

Agreed. Something tells me this wedding is not going to be a good time for him.

Dressed in street clothes, a white “Over The Top” tanktop, black board shorts, and flip flops, Newbludd let’s out a sigh as he trudges over to the closest bench. Throwing his beat up gym bag down on it, Brock unzips the bag and opens it up. He takes a deep breath and stares down at it’s contents for a moment before a defeated chuckle escapes him.

**Brock Newbludd:**

You gotta be fuckin’ kiddin’ me...

Reaching down into his bag, Brock pulls out a white preacher’s gown adorned with stitched snowflake logos and long droopy sleeves with a note that says ‘WEAR IT’ attached.

Walking over to the closest mirror, Brock holds the ridiculous garb up and sighs as he really takes in how truly ugly it is. He then focuses on himself and frowns slightly.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Welcome to rock f\*ckin’ bottom, dude. Please have this complimentary coat to let everyone know just how big of a dickhead you are.

Opening the bedazzled nightmare up with a quick yank of it’s zipper, Newbludd spins around and begins to put it on. His attempt at donning the Hobby Lobby monstrosity is thwarted as he quickly realizes that his silver screen worthy biceps are too big for the sleeves. A low growl escapes Brock and he angrily yanks his arm out.

Suddenly, there’s a knock at the door which immediately becomes redundant as the person doesn’t wait for a response and walks right in.

**Margot Garland:**

Brocky?

It’s none other than Margot Garland who saunters in wearing quite the revealing dress for someone of her advanced experience.

**Margot Garland:**

I found you! My goodness!

Turning around, Brock manages to wrestle his arm free and he shakes the gown at Margot.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Why is your son making me dress like a ice wizard!?

She plays coy, putting her palm to his face. Her eyes dart to the robe in Brock’s arms.

**Margot Garland:**

Is that the officiant uniform my son selected for you to wear? Hmmm. I could watch you change into it here and now.

Newbludd's expression brightens, and in the blink of an eye, he's shirtless.

**Brock Newbludd:**

I like where your head's at. This might just what I need to get through the ceremony.

She looks around, checking that the coast is clear but before Brock starts taking his slacks off for a quickie with the groom's mother, Margot's facial expression completely changes. It's like she just remembers something vitally important.

**Margot Garland:**

Shoot. Scratch that, my hunky dunk. Unfortunately, I've got sour news.

She gets close to her young ruffian lover and Brock raises an eyebrow.

**Margot Garland:**

Aargh, it pains me to do this but I'm going to have to break things off with you. Listen, my husband is here with me tonight and, well, I can't have any forbidden dirty laundry aired when it's my son's wedding tonight, am I right? But hey, we tried. We both knew this wouldn't last forever. It was good while it existed, right? We'll always have those memories. High five?

**Brock Newbludd:**

That is some sour news. Sour like your old granny lips. Am I hearing this right? Are you dumping me? Like... seriously right now?

Punching well above her weight, it's Margot who is treating Brock like a frat-night stand and not the other way around. Dumbfounded, Brock doesn't know what to do. Margot slaps his ass with a little spice to it.

**Margot Garland:**

Mmmm. Good game, Brocky. I'll see you out there tonight. Break a leg.

Margot can't depart fast enough as the rage inside Brock rises exponentially to the point where he's left with just him and this stupid robe he's supposed to wear. He looks down at it angrily before ripping the sleeves off the thing.

From off-screen, we hear a familiar voice.

**???:**

Hello, Mr. Newbludd. I have been hoping to catch your attention for quite some time now.

The stunned Brock somehow looks even more dazed and confused.

**Brock Newbludd:**

How did you?? What the...

The sound of a woman purring and Brock narrows his eyes.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Are you trying to seduce me...

The camera spins to reveal—

**Brock Newbludd:**

Madame Melton?

The Silver Vixen is dressed in her finest — her hair freshly tended, starlet's makeup properly applied, silver gloves to her elbow, while wearing a silver bustier that makes her already “va va va voom” curves even more accentuated, along with a matching pair of very short and revealing silver leggings and underwear. Her silver heels clang off the floor as she takes several slow, menacing and alluring steps.

**Madame Melton:**

This evening is very painful for you, Brock. So many bad things have happened to you. So many people have left you. That vulgarian who just broke things off with you. The bride-to-be this evening. Why, even your beloved tag partner.... When he goes home tonight, he gets to commiserate with his lovely bride as they feel the kick in her womb. And you? Well... I imagine you could feel very lonely. And that is very unfortunate.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Thank you for the creepy summary of how awesome my life is. Now, why don't you pump the brakes a bit before I kick you in your womb.

Melton simply smiles and steps forward so she is right next to him, her gloved finger tracing his unselected right arm. He looked down at her finger as she continued to speak in her whispered voice.

**Madame Melton:**

I can make things all better for you, Brock. Because while right now you may be in a lot of pain... I have my ways of turning that into pleasure. A lot... of pleasure. Like you have never believed a man can feel. We can truly show each other the meaning of the phrase... Over The Top.

The sheer audacity of Madame Melton's advances surprise Newbludd and he chuckles nervously. Clearly this is a whole different type of cougar than Margot Garland. If Malak's mom was Mufasa, Madame Melton is most definitely Scar.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Well, as luck may have it, you've decided to seduce me at the all time lowest point of my life so maybe we can...

**Madame Melton:**

Shhhhhhhhhhh...

Melton presses a finger against Brock's lips to silence him as she takes another step closer. Her curves are right next to his chest now, even as he wears a sleeveless robe with snowflakes on it.

**Madame Melton:**

Hush. You asked me a question and I want to answer it...

She looks up at him and purses her lips.

**Madame Melton:**

Yes. I am trying to seduce you.

She pauses as her hands slide up his arms and then onto his neck. And then over his neck. The electricity is crackling between them. Then, after a beat...

Brock wraps his bare, masculine arms around her as their lips meet. Then their tongues start to violently collide in their mouths, swirling around in a passion only found in supermarket romance novels. Finally, she breaks free with a knowing smirk on her face.

**Madame Melton:**

Tonight is the best night of your life. And you don't even know it yet.

She turns her back dramatically but turns her head to meet his stammered gaze once more with a wink. She then



storms out as he wobbles to the door... only to find a kneeling, mask-wearing JJ Dixon with his arms wide open in his Hellhound pose and something in his hand. Before Brock can even ask what it is, JJ tells him.

**JJ Dixon:**

ROOM KEY!

Brock takes the key with deep apprehension. He wipes his mouth and watches Melton walk away for a few seconds. He then glances over to the still posing Dixon and shakes his head.

**Brock Newbludd:**

What's the deal with cougars having weird ass sons?

Looking down to the room key, Brock chuckles and walks back into the dressing room. As he does, he puts the key in his back pocket.

## YOUR NUPTIALS ARE SHOWING

The many cameras pan around the jam packed arena as ring crew and overly emotional wedding planners busily hustle and bustle items and props into their places. A shot shows a woman in the front row, smiling and waving into the camera pointed her way!

**DDK:**

Welcome back to DEFtv everyone, as we're getting ready for the Garland-Cassidy wedding, look who is in the house! It's none other than WNBA all-star and rookie sensation, Caitlin Clark! The stars are out in Indianapolis tonight!

She can't hold back her excitement as Indiana Fever and CC22 chants break out around the arena.

**Lance:**

She can be the bright spot of this otherwise cringey marriage we're all about to witness! I say, if all else fails, Caitlin Clark can make it rain on Malak and Siobhan tonight!

The final touches are being made as the ring ropes look festive and the canvas is covered in red velvet. Think lots of white, red and blue all over the place. A wonderfully large eggshell colored arch looms strongly over the squared circle as ice sculptures of Malak and Siobhan are wheeled down the ramp. Staff with 'freeze guns' patrol the area, blasting their cold air at the statues, preventing them from melting even one single drop of water to the floor.

**DDK:**

Now I've seen it all.

**Lance:**

They spared no expense, that's for sure.

**DDK:**

I heard Malak demanded the Cassidy family foot the bill and he proceeded to rack up the expenses as high as they could go because it's not cheap to get married at a wrestling show.

**Lance:**

How do you know this!?

**DDK:**

I wish I could say it was a rumor but unfortunately Malak was literally going around backstage telling everyone this. I'm not even joking. I wish I was.

A shot settles on Darren Quimbey.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, welcome to the Garland-Cassidy Wedding! Introducing first, at this time, please help me welcome Malak's family and friends!

The lights soften as the DEFtron signals that family and friends are arriving. Numerous people from the groom's side filter around the ring. A violinist walks out on stage and begins to provide some background music at a low tone.

**DDK:**

There's Margot Garland! She's wearing quite a low cut dress! What is she holding?

In her grasp is a pamphlet of the proceedings. She can't help but wipe happy tears from her eyes as she nestles into her husband's shoulder.

**Lance:**

And for the first time ever, we're treated to meeting Mortimer Garland on screen. That's Malak's dad. I wonder if he

has a clue about what's been going on between his wife and Brock Newbludd?

Following behind comes the Cassidy clan. The patriarch of the family, Francis Cassidy, is dressed in a nice suit. Likewise, his wife Charlene wears a classy dress. The rest of them, however, are a mixed bag: brother Bobby Cassidy wears khakis and tucked green polo, brother Colm Cassidy is dressed similarly but the polo is untucked and very wrinkled. The last brother, Donnie, wears a white tank-top and a Boston Red Sox cap. The lone sister, Cailin, has on the type of dress one might wear to church. Not a single Cassidy has a smile on their face as they make their way out. There's some tense staring between the two families, particularly between the dads as the next portion of the ceremony proceeds.

**DDK:**

Looks like it's time to invite the wedding party down to the ring!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, next up is the wedding party!

**DDK:**

Faithful, I'm being told that from here on out, everyone appearing will be wearing special voice activated lapel microphones. A first of its kind.

The DEFtron sign switches to read 'WEDDING PARTY' as one by one, each member of The Comments Section makes their way down to the ring. First up is Cyrus Bates who can barely contain himself. His cheeks were damp before he even made an appearance. He tries fanning air towards his face, but it's no use. His rental tux is surely soaked from joyous tears as he marches down the stage.

**Cyrus Bates:**

I told myself I wasn't going to do this!!! Bahhh!!!

Next up is Teresa Ames who is surprisingly keeping everything together through a jagged smile. She tightly grips her bouquet before joining Bates.

**Teresa Ames:**

Always the bridesmaid, never the bride but it's okay, I can always kill her and take her place, right? It's okay, Teresa, just breathe. Just breathe. Don't go spastic. Don't do it. Oh shit guy, shit. Is my mic hot? Hope no one heard that.

Ames covers her mouth in embarrassment, looking around to see if anyone caught her ASMR whispers. Next to stroll down the aisle is none other than Thurston Hunter. He's wearing a tux but for some reason the sleeves are ripped off so he looks like he was pulled straight from a nineties grunge music video.

**Thurston Hunter:**

I love weddings! This is my first one!

Then, out of nowhere, Mark Shields struts down to the ring wearing his typical refereeing uniform. He's got an open beer bottle in hand.

**Mark Shields:**

Pleasure to be here. Glad I was invited. I shaved for this too. Hey Cyrus, the bar's open backstage already. I helped myself. Cheers.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Despite the occasion, The Faithful pop in spite of themselves - it's been a while since DEFIANCE has heard the theme of The Saturday Night Specials! Pat and Brock appear on the stage, and despite the rowdiness of their theme - and

their entrance video - neither man appears to be matching that energy. Brock is wearing the preacher's robe he received earlier even though the sleeves have been torn off that too. Thurston has a look on his face that Brock ripped him off. Cassidy, wearing his own tuxedo t-shirt, has his right arm in a sling and appears to be walking toward the ring with barely contained rage.

**DDK:**

This has to be a tough one for SNS... we know, of course, that Brock Newbludd and Siobhan Cassidy were an item for a long time. In fact, SNS lost their first tag team championship to The Lucky Sevens because she turned on Brock in the middle of a title defense!

**Lance:**

She also gave the Sevens the keys to Ballyhoo so they could burn it down.

**DDK:**

Allegedly.

**Lance:**

Right. And think of Pat... two weeks ago, he and former BRAZEN Women's Champion Ophelia Sykes received wonderful news... they're expecting their first child! And yet, Pat has to go through this farce as he watches his baby sister marry a man he despises on so many levels.

The crowd settles down as Darren Quimbey begins the introductions of the most important people of the night.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, introducing next, he is the FLAKE of DEFIANCE but perhaps tonight he is better known as THE GROOM. He is MALAK JONAS GARLAND! Everyone, please rise.

The violin playing gains sound and vigor as showgirls with golden plume feathers line the stage. The signage on the DEFtron changes to 'THE GROOM' as the showgirls welcome the man of the hour. Malak Garland, in his ice white and blue tuxedo arrives in the arena. He can't contain his smile. He wrings his hands impatiently as he soaks in EVERY single moment, taking his sweet time down to the ring. He stops and kisses his mother, making sure Brock sees he's marked his territory. Then he shakes the hand of his father and hugs his various siblings and cousins before climbing into the ring.

**Malak Garland:**

I'm here! Receiving line! Receive me!

One by one Malak goes down the line of people. Cyrus Bates, Teresa Ames and Thurston Hunter all get generously long hugs. Garland fist bumps Mark Shields before arriving in front of Brock Newbludd.

**Malak Garland:**

I need your word that you're going to call this right down the middle. This is MY moment after all.

Brock wrinkles his face, not taking too kindly to the way the champion speaks to him. Then, finally, Malak stands before Pat. The FLAKE of DEFIANCE places his hand gently on the shoulder of the Saturday Night Special.

**Malak Garland:**

Listen. No hard feelings. I've been inside your sister and after tonight, I'll be inside your family. Forever. Just face it. I won. It's time we get along.

Cassidy clenches a fist but shows amazing resilience not to knock out the Mouthpiece Mirager. Malak turns to face the rest of the Cassidy family, leaving his back exposed to Pat. Fans shout for him to flatten the champion right away. Cassidy raises a hand but Brock signals to him that it's not a good idea... yet. Very, very, very reluctantly... Cassidy lowers his fist.

**Malak Garland:**

Hi Cassidy fam. Can't wait to attend all the tender holiday moments with everyone in the future! Thanks for coming.

There's some groans from their side of people as it's clear some disapprove of this wedding.

**Malak Garland:**

Now, before we proceed and before Quimbey introduces the bride, I feel like we're missing some people here. I need ALL members of The Comments Section out here, tertiary and all! Get out here RIGHT NOW!!!!

Characters such as Percy Collins, Martin Evans Everett VI, Game Boy and ALEX walk out on stage. They are all poorly dressed despite being in suits. It's clear no one pressed their shirts and pants.

**Malak Garland:**

Hmmmm. No, not quite. I AM STILL MISSING WITNESSES TO THIS EVENT! I NEED EVERYONE!

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

The Faithful cheer as Conor Fuse walks out wearing a lime green suit with Nintendo stamps all over it. He looks rather cheerful, although after one glance around the ring, the smirk stuck to Fuse's head looks more like something he "has" to do, similar to Lenny's "this is the worst day of my life" smile from The Simpsons.

Needless to say, Fuse strolls down the rampway and smacks hands with The Faithful as he does.

**DDK:**

Conor Fuse IS still a part of The Comments Section. Remember, he refused to leave, even though Malak Garland said he'd leave Conor alone.

**Lance:**

Well, for a wedding, I guess everyone has to attend.

Fuse arrives at the apron. He hops onto it and then clears the ropes with another jump. Hunter is all bad-ass gangster smiles and wants Conor to stand right next to him. Fuse rolls his eyes but nevertheless, The Ultimate Gamer likely figures it's better to blend into this one and make everyone happy.

**Malak Garland:**

That's better. That's so much better! My inner chakras are fully aligned now! Although cOnOr, I DON'T WANT YOU IN THE RING! I HAVE A SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU!

The champ snaps his fingers as a ring crew member brings a server tray full of sparkling champagne to Fuse.

**Malak Garland:**

Take this tray and start serving our patrons, cOnOr. I don't want to hear any complaining! This is my night!

Conor gets handed the tray, even though it's clear he doesn't want it. He figures walking around the arena might be better than standing there witnessing this garbage up close, so he reluctantly patrols the outside ring area. Margot immediately double fists drinks from the tray and tells him not to stray far away.

**Malak Garland:**

PROCEED NOW! I AM READY FOR MY FIRST LOOK! LET'S DO FIRST LOOK! I'M READY TO HAVE MY BREATH TAKEN AWAY!

Malak finally saunters over to the spot where the groom traditionally stands. The DEFtron finally reads 'THE BRIDE' and 'FIRST LOOK'.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, please rise for the bride, SIOBHAN CASSIDY!

Piano music overtakes the violin as Siobhan Cassidy walks out on stage looking stunning. Her hair is curled magnificently. The strapless dress hugs her skinny curves maybe a bit TOO WELL. Tiny icicle spears attached to her cream white dress dangle innocently as she slowly steps down to the ring. She's holding back joyous tears. Meanwhile, Malak has his back turned to the amazing entrance.

**Malak Garland:**

IS IT TIME FOR MY FIRST LOOK! OH MY GOSH, I'M NOT QUITE SURE I'M READY FOR THIS!

Brock and Pat are taking DEEP breaths as Malak turns just as slow as Siobhan is walking. The two star crossed lovers LOCK EYES. Siobhan on the apron and Malak in the ring.

Pure bliss.

**Malak Garland:**

FIRST LOOK!!!!!!!!!!!!!! OH MY GOSH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU LOOK ADEQUATELY BEAUTIFUL FOR THIS MOMENT FOR ME! I LOVE THIS FOR ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

His hands shake but he pushes his way from his spot at the altar to sit down on the ropes, helping his lovely wife-to-be into the ring. Siobhan gets in and finds her spot at the front. Malak dusts himself off and sprints to his spot. Brock, begrudgingly, walks to the front of the podium. He looks down to his notes with a deadpan stare. Malak points to them.

**Malak Garland:**

READ THEM! DO IT!

Brock pauses.

**Brock Newbludd:**

May everyone be seated. The longer you stand the longer we have to be here.

**Malak Garland:**

EXCEPT YOU!

Garland turns and points to Pat.

**Malak Garland:**

YOU MUST REMAIN STANDING WITH US!

Like a two year old having a temper tantrum, DEMANDING things to go his way, REQUIRING that he have all his toys arranged in the way he wants, Malak looks around to make sure everyone and everything is in its place. Brock's gaze doesn't move from the notes he's almost ripping up between his fingers. Cassidy's face betrays nothing.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Dearly beloved-!

**Malak Garland:**

STOP!!

Malak throws his palms up. Brock rolls his eyes. There is a vein appearing on Cassidy's forehead. Everyone sits on the edge of their seat.

**Malak Garland:**

I require one more person down here.

**DDK:**

Oh for the love of, what else could he possibly need?

The DEFtron signals for the 'BEST WOMAN' to come down to do the ring.

**Lance:**

Malak already has his best man in the ring in Pat Cassidy but now he needs a best woman too? I'm all for equity, or whatever it's called but Malak is prolonging this needlessly long.

Everyone's attention turns to the ramp.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, introducing the best woman, with the FLAKE of DEFIANCE Championship belt. Please welcome former BRAZEN Women's World Champion, JOCELYNE INGRID BLYTHE!

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe walks down, holding Malak's precious title belt. She's wearing a fluorescent blue dress that's probably one size too small. She climbs into the ring and shows the belt to Malak who is quite pleased. Siobhan claps.

**Malak Garland:**

YES! I NEEDED MY BELT HERE TOO!

Garland oddly hugs Jocelyne and proceeds to give her a quick peck on the lips, which throws people for a loop.

**DDK:**

Did he just? Kiss another woman on the lips, IN FRONT OF HIS BRIDE?

**Lance:**

I'm not sure I saw what I saw! That happened so fast!

Exuberant, Jocelyne parks her scantily clad rear in an open seat, still clutching the championship. FINALLY, things settle down. Malak holds Siobhan by the hands as only Pat stands beside them. Brock takes a deep breath.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Now? Can I proceed with this dribble now?

**Malak Garland:**

YES, YES! NOW! MAKE ME A MARRIED MAN!

Brock looks out to the crowd. They are giving an emphatic 'NO' chant. He shrugs his shoulders.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Yeah, no. I don't think I can do this. In fact, I KNOW I can't!

Brock takes a step off the podium which electrifies the crowd but Malak drops Siobhan's hands so fast and zips over in front of 'The Officiant'.

**Malak Garland:**

Ummm excuse me. I don't think so. You are binded to do this. I defeated you in the middle of this ring, one, two, three to secure your services as the officiant. You WILL comply or I will ENSURE the Favored Saints take legal action and garnish your wages OR WORSE, suspend you. Heck, maybe I'll make them make you join The Comments Section. Look at how that is working out for cOncessiOn cOnOr over there?

A quick cut shows Conor Fuse serving drinks ringside. He's less than enthused. Back to Malak things go.

**Malak Garland:**

So, what are you going to do? Choose wisely.

Brock looks down at Malak. He doesn't really care either way so he steps back to the podium.

**Malak Garland:**

Oh, it looks like Brock is going to conduct the ceremony after all. How WISE of you.

**DDK:**

This is quite ridiculous if you ask me. Forcing people beyond their wills to put up with this nonsense.

**Lance:**

It's the Malak Mirage, Darren. Someone has to breakthrough in order to stop it.

Brock bites his tongue and delivers a monotone speech.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Okay, so yeah, uhhh, welcome dearly beloved, or whatever, to Siobhan and shithead's wedding.

The fans laugh. Malak fumes but stays silent.

**Brock Newbludd:**

I uhhh understand you've both written vows so let's hear that garbage now.

Malak points to Siobhan, indicating she will go first. With a gleam in her eye, she gazes from her prepared cards to the loving and accepting eyes of her man.

**Siobhan Cassidy:**

Malak. Where do I even start? Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me. You showed me what it's like to be with a real man who loves me for who I am and you're definitely not some asshole from Milwaukee who gets drunk with my brother for the fun of it.

The fans roar at the rip. All Brock can do is shake his head.

**Siobhan Cassidy:**

Anyways, I am in a much better place than I've ever been. Being with you is stable. Being with you is love. Being with you is home. I love you. You're the best person. You're the best human being I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. You complete me. You're my person. I will always defend you. I will always pour my heart out for you. You're the champion of DEFIANCE but most importantly, you're the champion of my heart. I love you now, forever and always.

She gets choked up near the end but she finds a way through it. Throughout the entire thing, Pat has been rolling his eyes and threw in a "gag me" pantomime for good measure.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Okay, well thanks for that, I guess. Everything was good except for the part about the guy from Milwaukee but whatever, what the hell do you know. Okay Malak, let loose, we all know your chakras want you to.

Malak takes a deep breath as all eyes are on him once more. He pulls out a sheet of paper from the inside pocket of his sports jacket. He unfolds it MANY times, revealing the page is actually quite long. He clears his throat.

**Malak Garland:**

Thank you.

He tosses the page to the side, letting the moment settle in for everyone. Garland gives the go ahead look to Brock.

**Brock Newbludd:**



Oh okay, short and stupid. Sweet. Let's move on then, I guess. Ummm who has the rings?

Malak IMMEDIATELY points to Pat.

**Malak Garland:**

HE DOES! PATTY CAKES HAS MY PRECIOUS RINGS!

Pat stands there as solid as he did when Malak pinned Brock at MAXDEF, not budging.

**Malak Garland:**

Cough up the rings, Patty Cakes. It's time to seal the deal. In front of you.

Pat looks at his sister with disgust and then he looks at Malak DEFIANTLY.

**Pat Cassidy:**

Fuck off.

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The fans explode as Pat stands his ground, infuriating the champion.

**Malak Garland:**

What did you just say to me? Excuse me, but need I remind you, I EARNED this. You are to give us the rings, put a smile on your alcoholic face and proceed to have a good time or else I will make the threats I made to Brock look like preschool discipline in comparison.

Garland thrusts a finger into Cassidy's chest as all of a sudden, the large pectorals of Cyrus Bates brush up against Cassidy's back. Bates cracks his knuckles even though he's somehow still crying.

**Cyrus Bates:**

Better listen up, bub. Do what he says.

Not scared, Pat's eyebrows raise up. He turns to look Cyrus up and down. He slowly reaches into his vest, revealing the ring. He pushes them around his palm with his fingers before slowly offering them to Malak. When Garland reaches for them, Cassidy yanks them back, drawing a pop from the crowd. Malak looks on the verge of tears when Cassidy casually tosses both rings in the air toward Malak. The FIST of DEFIANCE catches it and eagerly puts his own on, followed by sliding one down Siobhan's dainty finger.

**Malak Garland:**

There, done. Now Brock, SKIP TO THE GOOD PART!

A wave of uneasiness flows throughout the crowd as Brock finishes his duties.

**Brock Newbludd:**

And what about you toots? Do you take shit-for-brains here to be your whipping boy, I mean husband?

**Siobhan Cassidy:**

I DO WITH ALL MY HEART!

**Brock Newbludd:**

LIKE YOU HAVE ONE!!!

Newbludd's outburst causes a hush to fall over the crowd. Clearing his throat, Brock turns to Malak.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Ummm Malak, same question to you. Do you take Siobhan to be your wife? Will you let her sleep next to you in your racecar bed for the rest of your days?

**Malak Garland:**

To love and to hold? To cherish? In health and wellness only!?

**Brock Newbludd:**

Whatever you want, man. You wrote this.

Malak looks at Pat. He smiles his most evil grin before looking Siobhan in the eye.

**Malak Garland:**

I do.

The fans grow louder and louder as we reach towards the crescendo.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Okay so, by the power invested in me and thanks to become-an-officiant-dot-com and the state of Indiana, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride and leave me alone.

Brock doesn't wait around. He throws his cards to the ground and begins to walk out of the ring when he brushes into Thurston Hunter.

**Malak Garland:**

LET'S DO IT!

And with that, right in front of Pat Cassidy, Malak Garland plants the kiss of all kisses on Siobhan's accepting mouth. Streamers fall from the rafters as the wedding is complete. Their union is sealed.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, for the first time ever!!! MISSUS AND MISTER SIOBHAN AND MALAK **CASSIDY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Upon hearing the last name, Pat torques his head. He immediately pulls Malak from Siobhan who were exchanging sweet nothings between themselves. Pat inserts himself and gets right in Malak's face.

**Pat Cassidy:**

Excuse me? Cassidy? Who do you think you are?

**Malak Garland:**

Get out of my face, brother.

**Pat Cassidy:**

Wedding's over, jackass. I did what I was supposed to But now.... I can do whatever the [BLEEP] I want. And what I want to do is remove you from my family. Permanently.

Things get heated real quick, real fast as Pat postures up his new brother-in-law. Heck, some of the Cassidy clan call for Pat to take Malak's head off. Brock looks over at Margot and catches a wink from her despite her efforts to break up with him earlier. She signals that he should 'call her later' which sends Mortimer into a tizzy. Tensions creep up and come to a breaking point when Pat SMACKS Malak across the face with his good hand!

**DDK:**

HERE WE GO!

**Lance:**

Things are coming unglued right before our very eyes!

Siobhan throws her bouquet as she storms towards her brother. Somehow, both Jocelyne and Teresa catch the flower arrangement at the same time and begin fighting over it. People start pushing into each other. Shoulders get rubbed. Fingers are pointing. Yelling ensues and before you know it, the entire arena is engulfed in CHAOS!

**DDK:**

A FIGHT HAS BROKEN OUT!

**Lance:**

All hell is breaking loose!

Conor Fuse is simply trying not to spill the drinks on his tray as utter chaos unfolds. Thurston is posturing up Brock who laughs at the threat. The Cassidy's yell at the Garland's and the Garland's yell at the Cassidy's.

**DDK:**

Faithful, thank you for joining us for this HISTORIC night of DEFtv! Sadly, or maybe mercifully, we're out of time! WE WILL SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

The broadcast ends with pure lunacy taking place. Mark Shields is picking pockets for cash. Jocelyne and Teresa play tug of war with the bouquet. Siobhan pushes her brother away earning her a middle finger gesture directly to her face. Malak begins to cry. Brock slides into DMs. DEFsec storms the ring. The crowd loses their minds. You name it, it's happening!

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***

***HAPPILY.***

***EVER.***

***AFTER.***