

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Erie, Pennsylvania welcomes DEFIANCE as the Erie Insurance Arena is hyped for DEFTv 207!

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

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

THE NEW BESTIES ARE THE BRUVS

ELISE?! PLEASE DONT GO!

RCR = BESTIE BUSTERS

STOP HURTING ME, DEFIANCE

OSCAR BURNS IS A (FONT) SIZE QUEEN

I NEVER STOPPED KERRING ABOUT KERRY

FOR THOSE THAT DON'T WATCH UNCUT: THE DOUBLEDAYS MELTED BOX'S SPIKE IN A FURNACE. FYI

RAZZIE BURNS

BUTCH VIC HAS MY STICK!

WHERE DO I GO FOR MALAK'S REGISTRY!? I WANT TO KNOW WHICH PRODUCTS TO AVOID

IS GAME BOY'S BROTHER CALLED GAME GEAR?

The broadcast goes elsewhere.

GAME RECOGNIZING GAME

DEFtv 207 opens with Tyler Fuse walking through the Erie Insurance Arena talent parking lot. Tyler wears black jeans and a black shirt but also sports the bloody beret, formerly of The Flying Frenchie, whom Tyler MDK'ed almost a year ago and hasn't been seen since. Fuse has a small duffle bag strapped across his right shoulder as he casually strolls past the other parked cars. It looks like he's approaching the back entrance doors as Tyler slows down...

But he ultimately stops.

Tyler Fuse:

Normally I do this.

The camera pans around to reveal none other than Edward White and Bronson Box standing in the way of the doors. Box leans directly against them, while White stands beside the Hall of Famer, arms crossed.

Fuse is deadpan for a moment as silence fills the air. Eventually, Tyler can't help but smirk as White takes a step forward.

Edward White:

Tyler, my boy. Fine evenin' ain't it?

With a shark's smile, The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling holds out his mitt for a handshake. Surprisingly there's very little hesitation. As Tyler shakes Ed's hand, he and Bronson share a polite exchange of head nods.

Bronson Box:

Don't mean to corner you, lad. Just figured you'd appreciate the gesture.

Fuse nods.

Edward White:

Let me briefly repeat myself from our previous conversation, if I may. We're nod approachin' you lookin' for toadies. We didn't come rappin' on your locker room door lookin' for some sort of supplicant. What we're putin' together here isn't some army at Bronson and I's beckon call... no sir. Tyler my boy, I believe the three of us have a lot more in common than our propensity for naughtiness...

This garners a silent raised eyebrow from Fuse.

Bronson Box:

I appreciate the way you took care of Harmen, boy'o. Couldn't have done any better had I done it with my own two hands. Scratch one off the bloody list and I didn't even have to lift a finger, how 'bout that.

The Faithful groan at the comments, considering Harmen and Box were, at one point, on the same "team" with Gage Blackwood. Anyway...

Edward White:

I believe the colloquialism among the youth is 'game recognizes game' as it were.

Fuse takes a moment before speaking.

Tyler Fuse:

I have to admit, the way you erased Gage warmed my heart a little bit there, Bronson. Top notch work.

The Wargod stands up straight and takes a few steps towards Tyler.

Bronson Box:

We don't get in one another's way, lad. We associate, we facilitate. That's all.

Edward White:

A little brotherhood never hurt anyone, my friend. You've got a ticket to greatness burnin' a hole in your proverbial pocket. You deserve to cash that ticket in uninterrupted, my boy. You're exactly the sort of person we throw out weight behind.

Bronson Box:

You're the type of person that could represent this brand properly.

The Wargod extends his hand.

Tyler hesitates a beat this time, almost out of respect for the living DEF Icon standing in front of him.

He finally shakes Bronson's hand, looking him right in the eyes whilst he does so.

Tyler Fuse:

Still considering all my options.

Boxer nods.

Bronson Box:

You know how to get in touch.

The Socialite is all smiles at that.

Edward White:

Should you need anything, anything at all 'til then just give me a ring... champ.

Ed smiles as Boxer steps aside allowing Tyler entry to the building.

The last thing we see before we cut back to the commentation station is Bronson and Edward's sneering, smiling faces.

MONEY MAY TALK, BUT THESE BOYS AIN'T LISTENING

The door leading out to the parking swings open, and the Rain City Ronin storm the building.

Lockstep, the tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett stride down the network of hallways with purpose. Despite their self-imposed silence, their expressions say everything that needs to be said.

Zack Daymon:

[incensed]

Leo Burnett:

[voracious]

After a brief trip, Daymon and Leo arrive at their destination: a standard door to a private dressing room. The placard hanging on the front reads "Blood Money".

Zack balls his hand into a fist and pounds it like it owes him money. Blood, or otherwise.

After a few moments Angus Skaaland opens the door, unsurprised and unbothered by the two furious grapplers staring him down. Over his shoulder we can spy BRAZEN champion Felton Bigsby and his Money Talks tag team partner, Onslaught champion Adrian Payne sitting on a sofa playing video games.

Felton Bigsby: *[shouting over his shoulder]*

That the food? What's the goddamn holdup, man?

Angus Skaaland:

You Doordash? We've been waiting for over an hour.

Zack Daymon breathes an aggravated sigh. Leo puts a hand on his tag partner's shoulder to calm him down then proceeds to pull something from his pocket.

Quietly raging, Burnett throws that thing at Skaaland's feet. It's a wadded up piece of paper.

The Motor Mouth of Malcontent rolls his eyes, leans over and scoops up the scrap. When he unwads it we all see it's one of the paper adverts for Acts of DEFIANCE 2024. Leo points back over Skaaland's shoulder at the Money Talks duo still engaged in their game. Angus smiles.

Angus Skaaland:

Them? You two glorified mimes want those two fellas at Acts?

It's at that point Felton and Adrian pause their game and join their manager at the door.

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett immediately stand on guard.

Adrian Payne:

Man, if these two jokers aint cartin' a couple bags of WingStop I'm gonna be pissed.

Felton Bigsby:

What's the deal, Angus?

Angus Skaaland:

These two "BRAZEN legends" apparently want a piece of your ass, Bigs. What do you boys think about that? Teaching these two pathetic products of our once great developmental system a lesson on one of the biggest stages DEFIANCE provides, humm? At the very least it's a big fat pay per view paycheck, am I right?

Angus takes a little step back into the locker room allowing Adrian and Felton to step forward and fill the door frame

with their collective bulk. They step up and get face to face with Zack and Leo.

The Rain City Ronin don't flinch, standing their ground glowing right back at their assailants from several weeks before.

Adrian Payne:

Angus, man, we're always lookin' to get paid. You know this.

The BRAZEN champion Bigsby leans into Leo Burnett.

Felton Bigsby:

I told you two chump-ass bums before... you're lookin' at the be all and end all when it comes to BRAZEN. Nobody touches us. You think y'all are the next "big thing" in tag team wrestling? Like you're BRAZEN's gift to DEFIANCE or some bullshit? Naw, son.

Bigsby holds up his title belt and pushes it into Burnett's face. To which Leo's partner Zack Daymon finally having had enough launches himself at Bigsby. Leo, Angus and Adrian all work to separate the two. The scuffle looks to escalate into an all-out brawl when one voice pauses the whole situation much like Felton and Adrian paused their video game earlier.

Familiar voice:

That'll be quite enough of that, sunshine.

The Wargod, the Original DEFIANT Bronson Box enters the scene from somewhere within the locker room. He stands shoulder to shoulder with Angus as his bloodshot brown eyes scan both members of the Rain City Ronin. Boxer wordlessly requests Felton and Adrian back up... they do so without capitulation.

With everything now under control Bronson approaches Zack and Leo.

Again, neither Ronin flinches an inch.

Bronson Box:

Like we all don't have enough on our plate what with Bruvs and Lads fallin' all around our ears here you two come to cause even more trouble on our bloody doorstep.

Angus hands Box the wrinkled Acts of DEFIANCE flier. Boxer can't help but smile-sneer to himself.

Bronson Box:

Consider this tag team match your wantin' booked, boy'os. Acts of DEFIANCE it'll be Money Talks versus you two quiet little church mice where Felton and Adrian will put this situation to bed. An as for tonight? Well, you disturbed my boys here during their leisure time and well, that just won't do will it? So tonight I think we'll have a little singles match. "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby, the BRAZEN champion versus...

Daymon, still clearly furious takes a step forward.

Zack Daymon:

[eager to kick someones ass]

Box turns away from Zack and towards his tag team partner.

Bronson Box:

You.

Leo Burnett:

[unphased, resolute, focused]

Wasting zero time on pleasantries, Boxer stares a hole through Burnett's forehead.

Bronson Box:

Yer' partner seems all piss and vinegar... lets see what you've got tonight, ya' pillock.

Angus slinks up beside Box with a wide, toothy cheshire cat grin.

Angus Skaaland:

You two silent movie rejects can gorram leave now. See y'all later tonight.

With that Skaaland abruptly slams the door right in the Rain City Ronin's faces.

Zack Daymon looks over at his tag team partner. Leo nods with fire in his eyes. Zack claps his partner on the shoulder as they turn and head back down the hallway.

FELTON BIGSBY vs. LEO BURNETT

Pyros explodes. Spotlights pan around every corner of the Erie Insurance Arena. The Pennsylvania Faithful are cheering wildly, waving at the camera and hoisting their personal billboards high for the world to see.

((SIGNS?))

After a few panning shots, the camera comes to rest on the commentation station, where “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are seated and smiling proudly.

DDK:

Good evening and welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to this second night of our two-hundred and seventh installment of the greatest wrestling program on the planet... DEF T-V is coming at you LIVE once more from the Erie Insurance Arena here in Erie, Pennsylvania! What a line-up we have for you tonight!

Lance:

Punch Drunk Purcell will be in action! The Hollywood Bruvs, Mikey Unlikely and JFK, will be in action! And in our main event, Butcher Victorious faces off against Elise Ares!

DDK:

But to kick things off, we're going to follow up with the scene that just took place backstage! The match has been booked, and the talent seems eager and ready to get the action underway! Felton Bigsby from Edward White's tag team investment, Money Talks, meets Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin!

Lance:

The reigning BRAZEN Champion is going up against one of the longest reigning BRAZEN Tag Team Champions. Animosity between teams aside, this should be a great contest between two up-and-coming talents!

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

The Faithful pop. Red and blue lights fill the stage. Without delay, the Rain City Ronin step through the curtain and are greeted by a MASSIVE ovation. Leo Burnett is dressed ready for a fight in his standard black and blue tights while his partner Zack Daymon settles with a casual ensemble of track pants and a classic “SHUT UP AND WRESTLE” t-shirt. They stand on stage for a beat to take in the reaction, then come striding down the rampway, lockstep.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our opening contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by “Skyfire” Zack Daymon... hailing from Seattle, Washington by way of Chicago, Illinois, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-three pounds... “THE ICEMAN” LEO BURNETT!!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin has seen their stock rise since their unprecedented victory over the Besties tandem of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes, but the duo of Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne of Money Talks seem to have raised their ire as of late!

Lance:

Fallout from the multi-team main event we witnessed two weeks ago at the last DEFtv. We know the Rain City Ronin have formally laid down the challenge to Bigsby and Payne at Acts of DEFIANCE. But tonight, if Burnett can beat the reigning BRAZEN Champion, then, they can land a major blow to Blood Money.

Burnett reaches ringside. Daymon turns him to look him in the eye, and supportively slaps him on the shoulder. Understanding, Leo nods. He's got this. Brimming with confidence, he scales the steps and enters the ring.

♪ “C.R.E.A.M.” by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

As the track begins to play, MONEY TALKS appears in huge golden letters on the tron. After a few moments we see two huge silhouettes appear out of the smoke filling the entrance tunnel. The BRAZEN Onslaught champion "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne and the reigning BRAZEN champ and tonight's competitor "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby walk out onto the stage, title belts slung over their massive shoulders.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, accompanied to the ring by "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne, and representing Blood Money... he hails from Houston, Texas, and tips the scales at two-hundred and eighty pounds... he is the reigning BRAZEN Champion... FELTON BIGSBY!

As Adrian and Felton make their way down the ramp serenaded by the dulcet tones of ring announcer Darren Quimbey all eyes shoot back to the entrance tunnel where "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland is making his way out onto the stage.

The Hall of Fame color commentator is clearly looking to remind people how he earned that particular accolade as he makes a b-line towards the commentation station.

The rattle of the spare headset is heard.

Lance:

Why God?

Angus:

Fuck you too, Warner. Now focus up, my man in there is about to remind everyone why he's holding that big blue and gold belt of his.

Bigsby makes it into the ring and paces in his corner like a caged animal. Across the ring and in his own corner, Leo Burnett jogs in place, getting himself loose and limber. Seeing they're ready to go, presiding official Danny Boyle gives the cue to the timekeeper to get things underway.

DING DING

Both competitors come out of their respective corners, neither one looking like they're about to waste time fucking around. After a few seconds of encircling the center of the ring and measuring each other up, both powerhouses collide into a classic collar-and-elbow.

DDK:

Bigsby and Burnett right into the lock-up! And now the struggle for dominance ensues! This could be a really interesting battle of strength!

Lance:

Felton Bigsby is a natural powerhouse, and has about a forty pound advantage in this contest, but if anyone can reign in the insurgent strength of the Houston longhorn, it's highly talented "Iceman" Leo Burnett!

Angus:

Iceman... pff. Felton is going to tie this quiet creep into knots, keep your eyes peeled. My guys got a few new tricks up his huge f'n sleeve.

Bigsby and Burnett clash, temple to temple, hands interlocked, shoulders grinding into one another. The BRAZEN Champion elects to press his advantage by digging in low with his advantage in weight to bring Burnett off his base. Leo skirts him around and keeps his footing, leveraging himself into side control.

Not to be outdone, Bigsby bulls himself forward and entraps Burnett into the corner. Official Benny Doyle moves in and calls for the break. After some hesitation, they pull apart, with Bigsby backing up to ring center looking ready for the next lock-up. After a pause, Leo obliges, and they tie up once again.

Lance:

Some feeling of each other out in these opening moments.

Angus:

It's called playing with your food, Warner. Apex predator shit, you wouldn't understand.

DDK:

Come on, Angus! Keep it appropriate here! It's 2024, and we can't--BIGSBY with the knee lift!

The Houston heavyweight catches the Iceman unaware with a sudden knee to the abdomen to double him over, followed up by CLUBBING blows to the back of his head and neck until Burnett is on his hands and knees!

Having him right where he wants him, Felton hooks his opponent around the head and through the legs, lifting him up and punishing him again with the knee as he drops him into a backbreaker!

DDK:

Bigsby with the BIG backbreaker! Now he hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

And a kickout by Leo Burnett!

Angus:

I CALL BULLSHIT!

With Leo still incapacitated and clutching his side, Bigsby picks him by the back of the head and unceremoniously launches him toward the ringpost. Burnett's body torpedoes through the ropes...

...but doesn't hit the steel! At the last second, Burnett diverts his trajectory and uses his own momentum to swing around the post and end up safely back on the apron. When Felton turns back around, he's surprised to see Burnett charging right at him.

DDK:

Running FOREARM by Burnett, knocking the unaware BRAZEN Champion! Bigsby back up... ANOTHER forearm! And ANOTHER!

Lance:

The Iceman is a house of fire in the ring right now!

Angus:

Come on Bigs, what the hell kid!

DDK:

Burnett in full control right now! Felton up again, but walks straight into a SCOOP SLAM... and there's a LEGDROP to follow up... now Burnett reaches over and hooks the legs!

One!

Two!

Kickout by Bigsby!

Felton powers Burnett off of him and takes a powder to ringside, looking irate and flustered. Adrian Payne is there in a

heartbeat to offer some support and keep his head in the game. Burnett stands tall in ring center, posing once for the cheering Pennsylvania Faithful before crossing his arms over his chest and patiently waiting for the opponent's return.

DDK:

The team of Money Talks are convening for a quick breather. Obviously, the tempo of this match is not to Felton Bigsby's liking.

Angus:

Stupid GORRAM mimes! GET IT TOGETHER BOYS!

Doyle makes it up to the count of four before Felton's rage boils over and he slides back into the ring. This time, he ain't bullshittin'... his fists are raised, and he's raring to go. Burnett meets him at the ring center, and the crowd cheers loudly over a back and forth exchange of hammering forearms.

DDK:

My God, look at these two GO!

A hit lands, and Bigsby reels away. Burnett charges to press his advantage, only for the Houston powerhouse to slip under his arm, snag him from behind, and practically German him out of his damn shoes. Leo's head and shoulders take the brunt of the impact, flipping him over into a prone position.

DDK:

GOOD GOD what a belly-to-back suplex by the BRAZEN Champion!

Angus:

CHURCH MOUSE GO SPLAT, KEEBS!

DDK:

Burnett trying to push himself off... and Felton Bigsby just BULLDOZES him with the THREE-POINT TACKLE! LATERAL PRESS to cover!

One!

TWO!

NO! Burnett's shoulder pops up!

The kickout only further incenses the BRAZEN Champion hauling Burnett up by the head and Biel throwing him halfway across the ring. Leo's face stretches in pain, but undeterred, he grabs the ropes and pulls himself back up.

Only the moment he's vertical, he's head over heels and falling to the outside courtesy of Bigsby's charging lariat.

DDK:

Running lariat by Bigsby, sending Leo Burnett to the outside!

Lance:

And practically right at the feet of Adrian Payne!

DDK:

Here comes Zack Daymon! He doesn't like the look of this situation one bit!

Daymon comes around the ring, practically daring Payne to fuck around and find out by the look of intensity on his face. Adrian backs off, innocently throwing his hands up.

Angus:

The Problem Solver sparing that silent creep a severe beating right there!

Daymon helps his partner back up to his feet. Only as soon as he's up, Burnett throws him a swerve by **SHOVING** him to the floor...!

...and clear of the human battering ram that is Felton Bigsby hurtling through the ropes!

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE BY THE BRAZEN CHAMPION, FELTON BIGSBY!! Burnett is LAID OUT, and I have NO IDEA how the barricade survived that collision!

Lance:

That's a move I don't think anyone would ever see out of Bigsby!

Angus:

Felton Bigsby is the BEST KEPT secret in this entire damn company, fellas! Has been for years, it's only now he's got the right kind of people at his back.

The stunt does a number on Felton as well, prompting Adrian to hurry over and check on him, nonchalantly **STOMPING** over Burnett's chest while en route. Doyle dutifully begins the ten count while Bigsby, after taking a few moments to shake out the cobwebs, eventually works his way back to his feet, scooping up Burnett after him.

Depositing his opponent back into the ring, Felton slides in and makes the cover.

DDK:

Bigsby quickly brings it back into the ring, and goes right for the cover! Could that be it?

ONE!

TWO!

Thr--NO!! Burnett kicks out!

Lance:

Still not enough!

Bigsby roars back to his feet and punishes Leo for his resiliency with some heavy boots. Then he kicks him over to set him into an elevated Camel Clutch, winding back on Burnett's chin with sickening brutishness.

DDK:

Bigsby with the submission in place, trying to wear down the neck and spine of Burnett! This is the very kind of dominance we've seen from the Houston Strong heavyweight that brought him to the pinnacle of BRAZEN!

Lance:

Burnett is no slouch himself within the Rain City Ronin, but we're now seeing that he may be sorely lacking in experience in singles competition.

Angus:

He's in there with the best of the best of the best, Warner! Or was that not clear enough when he was introduced as

the GORRAM CHAMP!

Doyle asks Burnett if he's giving in. Leo, his face a complete mask of agony, is unresponsive. Benny asks again. This time, the Iceman shakes his head. His eyes pop open, looking in every possible direction for a means of escape.

He tries to work his legs up beneath him, but Bigsby cuts off his attempts with a quick hopping hip press to force his body back onto the canvas. With that avenue gone, Burnett looks to his restrained arm... and fights to free it!

DDK:

Hold on... we are seeing something from Leo Burnett right now! I think he's trying to power his way out of this!

Zack Daymon is slapping the mat, charging up the Faithful. Feeling their energy, Leo Burnett tugs... and tugs... and tugs... and FINALLY frees an arm from Bigsby's knee! His hand clutches Felton's, both clasped under his chin, and his fingers strain to pry them apart. Bigsby's head is shaking in disbelief!

Through grit and determination, Burnett SLOWLY forces Bigsby's grip apart! Sensing he's losing the battle, Felton pulls one hand away, balls it into a fist, and intends to pound it right against Burnett's similarly shaved dome... only for the Iceman to slip through the back door, taking the other arm with him!

DDK:

Burnett slips FREE! Has Bigsby by the wrist... hook from behind... PUMP-HANDLE SUPLEX!!

Lance:

Unbelievable! Even after all this punishment at the hands of Felton Bigsby, Leo Burnett still found the strength to pull that off!

Angus:

Oh stuff it, fanboy! Keep fawning over this weirdo for all the good it'll do him!

The fans are ROARING! Burnett continues to clutch his back, but senses his opportunity and pulls his way back up to his feet. Bigsby is rattled after the slam, but muscle memory brings him back to his feet. Like a bull, he charges ahead without thinking... only for Burnett to pop him up and brings him down with a ring-shaking spinebuster!

DDK:

MASSIVE SPINEBUSTER BY BURNETT!! That HAS to be it! He makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Bigsby stays alive!

Angus:

ATTA BOY!

Burnett looks only briefly despondent before rallying himself back up and wrangling Bigsby up with him with both arms hooked. Bigsby tries to force his way out, but with an impressive show of strength, Burnett LIFTS the 280 pounder off his feet!

DDK:

Burnett setting Bigsby up into the double chickenwing facebuster he calls the Cold Locker!

Lance:

Looks like your wings arrived after all, Angus.

Angus:

I hope you spontaneously combust.

Bigsby kicks his legs to free himself. In doing so, his heel -- perhaps unintentionally, perhaps not -- inexplicable catches Burnett in the junk. Leo drops him and grabs his nether regions, falling into the ropes to keep from falling.

Doyle, who saw the low shot plain as day, gets right into Felton's face, but Bigsby is adamant that it was incidental contact. But while the official's back is turned...

DDK:

HEY NOW!!! PAYNE, ON THE APRON, SWEEPS BURNETT TO THE MAT with a LARIAT!!

Lance:

Benny Doyle's back was turned!

Angus:

My monitor went out, actually. Missed that last bit. What happened, now?

DDK:

This is highway robbery!

Angus:

You know what successful robbers are, Keebs? RICH!

Payne hops back to the floor before Doyle turns back around. As soon as he does, Daymon is there, and the two begin trading rights and lefts. The official is about to break it up, until Bigsby hauls Burnett off the mat by the waist, lifts, and slams him onto his face and chest with full force!

DDK:

HOUSTON STRONG!! The Dominator does the job, and now Bigsby makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

♪ "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

Bigsby pops to his feet, victorious. Doyle attempts to raise his arm, but he instead tears it away and raises it himself.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... FEEELLTTOOOOON BIIIIIIIGGSBYYYYYYYYY!!!

Bigsby sees the fracas happening at ringside, and steps out to join Payne. The Money Talks duo begin a BRUTAL double-team beatdown on Daymon while the music plays on.

DDK:

Well, this was a fine match between two up and coming BRAZEN graduates that was sadly ruined by the underhanded tactics brought on by the team of Money Talks! Don't you have anything to say to this, Angus?

Angus:

Underhanded smunderhanded. Welcome back to the real DEFIANCE, nerds!

Lance:

Outrageous...

DDK:

Another notch in the belt of Felton Bigsby, but something tells me this is far from over from the ever vengeful Rain City Ronin! Angus, it's been a... well, I can't honestly say it's been a pleasure, but it's been... something. In any essence, you better reel your team in before security has them thrown out.

Angus:

Keebs, always a pleasure partner. Lance, die in a fire. Peace, dinks.

There's a clatter of a headset over the commentary as the esteemed Mr. Skaaland leaves the station. The mess is getting more chaotic at ringside, as the recovered Burnett rolls out of the ring and gives his outnumber partner some much needed support. While the four continue exchanging shots back and forth, security pours out of the entry-way to break things up.

And DEFtv goes elsewhere...

COMMERCIAL: (SIDE)QUEST-TRADE

The scene opens to Conor Fuse sitting in the locker room looking at his cell phone as Tyler Fuse walks into the room.

Tyler Fuse:

So, are you rich yet?

Conor doesn't look up from his phone. Instead, he scrolls much more intently.

Conor Fuse: *[nodding along]*

Since I switched to QuestTrade, the lower fees *are* making a *big* difference.

Fuse's phone shows a bunch of bar graphs that look like they're in his favor.

Tyler takes a seat on the bench across the way. He pulls out his own phone.

Tyler Fuse:

Sounds complicated.

Finally, Conor looks up from his cell with a roll of his eyes and a deadpan expression.

Conor Fuse:

Please! QuestTrade makes it easy. They have different investing options, including QuestAll Portfolios, which they manage *for* you...

Conor's voice trails. He leans forward, with a concerned look rapidly spreading across his face. It takes Conor a moment, but he eventually speaks what's on his mind.

Conor Fuse:

You're not still investing with mom and dad's guy... *[long pause, tilt head]* are you?

Tyler doesn't say anything. He places his phone into his pocket and looks like he's SOL.

The scene fades to black and a voiceover.

IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO QUESTTRADE.

RETIRE UP TO 30% WEALTHIER WITH QUESTTRADE PORTFOLIOS RRSP!

And back to DEFtv.

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE ERIE

After the quick commercial break, we return to the Erie Insurance Arena and the rabid Faithful jam-packed inside. The camera pans over the crowd before stopping for a few seconds on a couple of fans dressed up like Lincoln Hawk, the character that Brock Newbludd played in the movie Over the Top. Both men flex their biceps at the camera as they chug down a couple of beers, much to the delight of the rest of the fans watching them on the DEFtron.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, everyone! Let me tell ya, partner, these Erie fans sure know how to have a good time!

Finished with their beers, the two men share a high five and the picture cuts over to the announce team.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. That was some pretty impressive beer drinking by those Lincoln Hawk cosplayers we just saw.

DDK:

That it was, Lance, and while Over the Top may have been the surprise hit of the summer, its star, Brock Newbludd, hasn't been enjoying the same level of success in DEFIANCE as of late.

Lance:

The stakes couldn't have been higher for Newbludd walking into Maximum DEFIANCE. Not only he was fighting for the FIST in his match against Malak Garland, but he was fighting for all of us to try and stop the travesty of a wedding that we saw on the last DEFtv.

DDK:

It's hard to place blame on Brock. What should have been a one-on-one match for the FIST ended up filled with the usual Comments Section antics. The numbers game was too much for Newbludd to overcome, plain and simple.

Lance:

You call it antics, I call it cheating.

DDK:

Not going to argue with you there, Lance. To top everything off, Margot Garland broke things off with "Milwaukee's Beast" right before the wedding. A few seconds after that happened, Teri Melton, made a move on Brock and he proceeded to put her in a lip lock!

Lance:

Yeah...that was...something...

DDK:

Needless to say, there are some questions that Brock needs to answer. Lucky for us, we got one of the best investigative journalists around and she's ready to get them up on the interview stage.

Lance:

That we do! Let's send it over to the interview stage and Christie Zane!

DDK:

Take it away, Christie!

The picture transitions up the interview stage where Christie stands at the ready, microphone in hand. Smiling, she gives a wave to the capacity crowd and raises the mic up to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is the former number one contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Please give a big Erie welcome to “Milwaukee’s Beast” Brock Newbludd!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

This time around Brock’s theme doesn’t kick in immediately after the opening. Instead it cuts out, giving the Ballyhooligans a chance to let her rip. The Erie chapter doesn’t disappoint.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

Making his way out onto the stage, the veteran grappler, and budding B-movie star, receives a tremendous ovation from the crowd. Clad in blue jeans and a sleeveless Corvo Alpha t-shirt, Brock pumps his fist to the energized crowd as he walks over to join Zane. Quiet Riot fades away from the arena’s speakers and Christie raises her mic back up to address Milwaukee’s Beast.

Christie Zane:

Brock, to say that these last few months have been a whirlwind for you on both a personal and professional would be an understatement, to say the least. Just two weeks ago you were forced to marry your ex-girlfriend, who just so happens to be your best friend’s sister, to Malak Garland...and...

Christie is forced to pause as the crowd instantly erupts in boos at the sound of the FIST’s name. After a few seconds the people simmer and she turns her attention back to the stone faced Brock.

Christie Zane:

And you had a chance to prevent all of this from happening in your FIST title match against Malak but you fell short. Excuse the obvious question, but where is Brock Newbludd’s head at after everything that has transpired?

Hands on his hips, Newbludd narrows his eyes and gently tilts the microphone in his direction.

Brock Newbludd:

You say “whirlwind”, I say “sh*tstorm”. Either way, I can’t deny the fact that you’re right. I admit it, I failed when it mattered the most. I’ve been doing this gig for a long time, Zane. Since I’ve been 17 years old I’ve been walking the aisle. I’ve been in my fair share of blood feuds and I’ve squared off against rivals that I wanted to tear to pieces. Shit, the Lucky Sevens burnt down my bar!

Brock shakes his head and chuckles to himself, looking out to the crowd,

Brock Newbludd:

I’ve been backstabbed, double crossed, and screwed over more times than I can count. I’ve fought for gold and I’ve lost plenty of times. But nothing...NOTHING...hurt more than losing to goddamn Malak Garland. You don’t have to remind me that I blew it, Christie. Believe me...I know.

Zane begins to pull the microphone away, but Brock raises a hand and keeps it in front of his face. He takes the briefest of moments to collect his thoughts before a grin slowly spreads on his face and he points a finger at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

But that doesn’t mean I’m done! That doesn’t mean I’m packing up my shit and finding a hole to go die in! This isn’t how I’m going out, Christie. I owe myself, and I owe these people, more than that! I may be down, Christie Zane, but I sure as shit ain’t out!

The Faithful give Brock a supportive cheer and he looks out to them in appreciation. As Newbludd thumps his chest and raises a fist to the crowd, Christie pulls the mic back.

Christie Zane:

And Teri Melton? How has she helped you pull through this?

Still looking out to the crowd, Brock grimaces instantly at the mention of Melton while the crowd's energy morphs into a anticipatory buzz. The Faithful seem to be eager to get the dirt on Madam Melton as well. A nervous laugh escapes Brock as he looks to an eager Christie.

Brock Newbludd:

Here's the thing, Christie...um. Teri is...I mean was...

Newbludd bites his lower lip and stops to think.

Brock Newbludd:

I don't know. Whaddya want me to say? Margot dumped me and I may have been a little drunk before the wedding. By a little I mean a lot. Like A LOT. I really need to stress that point. I was confused! I mean, Margot...

Brock stares out into the distance for a second, a longing in his eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

She taught me so, so, much. And I feel like there was so much more for me to learn but my inability to seal the deal at Maximum DEFIANCE cost me her too.

Brock sighs heavily.

Brock Newbludd:

What can I say? Melton's timing was impeccable. I mean, she pounced on me literally seconds after I got dumped. Here she was, another wise, worldly, woman ready to pick up with Margot left off...in my drunken stupor, I was completely defenseless!

His face slightly red now, Brock throws his arms up.

Brock Newbludd:

But when I sobered up I quickly realized that Teri is no Margot. In my depressed and intoxicated mind I thought I was with another majestic cougar only to find a stinky old alley cat laying in my bed!

Deep exhale by the flustered Newbludd. He puts a hand on Zane's shoulder and looks her dead in the eye.

Brock Newbludd:

That's what rock bottom looks like, Christie. Waking up next to the \$2 dollar steak known as Teri Melton on a Wednesday afternoon in a Motel 6. That's the moment I decided to get my shit together FOR REAL. I hopped out of that bed, slapped a twenty on the nightstand and got the hell out of there!

Christie Zane:

Sounds like one heck of a night one stand, Brock!

Another nervous chuckle busts through Brock's manufactured bravado.

Brock Newbludd:

Heh...well...here's the thing...if I'm being honest on the timeline...

Suddenly, someone makes their way out onto the stage and The Faithful instantly react, causing Brock and Zane to snap their heads around.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Madame Melton appears from off-screen and you can hear the scowl on her face as the Silver Vixen (in her traditional silver gown) power walks into view.

Madame Melton:

How dare you! Who do you think you are? You lowlife prole! I am not some round-heeled harlot! You... you took advantage of me! I made myself vulnerable to you and you took advantage! I wanted to heal you! To put you back together again! TO MAKE YOU MY GEM!

She now stands beside Brock and stares right at his face. He gulps and runs a nervous hand through his hair.

Madame Melton:

You could have been a contender! You could have been someone! But instead, Brock, you will rue the day you crossed me! I will ruin you! I will dance upon the fading embers of what's left of your sad career! You WILL learn, Brock... exactly what it means when I tell the world that I am ready for my close-up!

Madame Melton starts to slowly form a creepy and predatory smile before snapping her fingers. She then takes a step back as "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon sprints from behind screaming like a banshee towards Brock...

Who meets JJ with a right fist to the jaw that sends the masked man flying to the ground. Melton gasps as her hellhound is laid out cold from the perfectly placed punch. Brock shakes his head with full macho bravado, stepping over JJ like Iverson on Tye Lue, and not laying one lick of attention to Madame as she falls to her knees next to JJ.

Madame Melton:

You haven't heard the last of me yet, Brock! Do you hear me? I will dance upon your grave!

Stopping in his tracks, Brock takes a second to glare at Melton as she hovers over Dixon. Shaking his head, Milwaukee's Beast raises a final fist to the cheering crowd and disappears to the back.

Madame Melton:

THIS ISN'T OVER!

The picture zooms in on Melton's rage twisted face before slowly fading to black.

DEPRIVED

To The Commentation Station!

DDK:

Folks... what an impact Elise Ares had two weeks ago on DEFtv 206. We were expecting a DEFCON rematch between OSCAR BURNS and Butcher Victorious. A match that meant a lot to both men. Butcher would come out... but not OSCAR.

Stills now play on the screen of OSCAR laid out backstage from two weeks ago.

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS was found attacked backstage and of all the people it could be... it was Elise Ares of the Pop Culture Phenoms as the perpetrator! Using OSCAR's own Platinum Shovel he had seemingly cast aside.

DDK:

Elise Ares said she was tired of being ignored. She was tired of not being thought of as someone who can be the top talent in DEFIANCE. She found an opening and she took it... but in the processing, also cost Butcher Victorious a big main event match, which Butcher looks to settle later tonight.

Back to ringside.

Lance:

We will hear from Butcher Victorious before his match tonight with Elise Ares as a result of what happened on DEFtv 206... but first, we have an update on the condition of OSCAR. He suffered a laceration that required multiple stitches to close. While, miraculously, he was cleared of a concussion, he was asked to skip DEFtv tonight and it appears... he did just that.

DDK:

But to so as not to deprive us of OSCAR BURNS... I'm reading his words exactly... we've been asked to play the following message for you, The Faithful...

The DEFIatron flashes to life for everyone at home as the camera now cuts to the footage.

Seated on a beach in an unknown location, the camera closes in on a pair of bare feet, toes dipped into the sand. The camera pans upwards to show a man wearing dark green board shorts, a well-developed muscular physique... and finally, upon the man himself, now nursing an UGLY stitched-up scar on the right side of his partially-shaved head. He runs a hand through the long hair on his right side and turns to the camera...

OSCAR BURNS:

Ladies and GCs of Pennsylvania... I want you to stand up and boo Elise Ares. Boo her... HATE her because she DEPRIVED you all of me! Right now. Come on, do it.

BURNS pauses to allow the good people of Erie to boo her.

Instead, there's raucous applause!

But being this is a recording, he continues on.

OSCAR BURNS:

Bah... I'm just kidding, I couldn't give a flying bloody fig what you squibs do. You've all probably got your knickers twisted up and slightly moistened because Elise Ares attacked me with my own Platinum Shovel, giving me THESE stitches...

A finger runs across the scar on his forehead.

OSCAR BURNS:

For months, that attention-starved little ponce is pissy that nobody mentions her in the same breath as people as the top stars. Crying about why she isn't as heralded as a female athlete as my good, close, dear friend and fellow DEFIANCE luminary, Lindsay Troy. Well, Elise, if you really think about it, the reason people think you aren't good enough to be at the top of DEFIANCE is quite simple...

OSCAR takes a sip of the open martini in front of him.

OSCAR BURNS:

...It's because you AREN'T good enough to be at the top of DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS:

I mean... YOU? You have the nerve to say YOU'RE the FACE of DEFIANCE? You have the bloody gall to say YOU'RE DEFIANCE and not ME?! ME?! A two-time former FIST and a three-time overall world champion in this promotion. Former Favoured Saints Title, another belt you've NEVER held... not to mention when I was the FIST, that was a title YOU couldn't take away from me the first time I had it. Check the record books, you crying squib. Those record books are pure, empirical, unequivocal proof that you aren't better than me, you never HAVE been better than me and you never WILL be better than me.

Another sip.

OSCAR BURNS:

Now... let's not get carried away. Very few people reach the levels I do, or make the money I do Elise. That's just business. You're one of the best tag team wrestlers of all time in my company. You proved that you're a VERY solid singles wrestler when you applied yourself like you did with the Southern Heritage Title... you know, before my other good, close, dear friend Henry Keyes shattered your record with that title and buried you deeper in the history books so very few will remember that. For all your crying about the lack of respect you feel, I do harbor a small amount of respect for you. I get why you did! You attack the man that represents PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING -- all caps again, my GCs -- to make a name for yourself. I get it.

Then another sip. The drink is gone now.

OSCAR BURNS:

And you're all wondering how I will get my revenge on Elise Ares? How am I going to make her pay for her crimes? How will I get my pound of flesh? Well... that, too, is quite simple...

OSCAR simply shrugs.

OSCAR BURNS:

By moving on with my life. I'm not the bloody Make-A-Wish Foundation. I'm not in the habit anymore of trying to bring everyone up to my level because, quite frankly, there's NO ONE at my level. I'm going to sit here and enjoy my time off and come back to the show when I'M good and ready to do it because my new contract has limited dates and all you did was make sure this company didn't burn one.

He starts to lean back in his chair... then snaps when he forgets something.

OSCAR BURNS:

Oh, Right... as for Elise? Stick to what you're good at. Go back to crying in a corner or you know...

He tags one hand with the other.

OSCAR BURNS:

Wait for The D to tag you in.

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

DDK:

The tag team division is probably at the apex of its talent level and one of the dangerous new tag teams is none other than The Lads! DEFIANCE Triple Crown Winner Dex Joy! Rising star Punch Drunk Purcell! These two big bruisers came together after a series of big brawls ending in Dex asking the two to become a team!

Lance:

They won their first match as a team against Gentlemen's Agreement, but they were quick to call out Ed White and The Blood Diamonds after inflammatory comments made by Angus Skaaland at MAXDEF!

DDK:

Indeed! The Lads put out the challenge backstage: one of them against one of the Blood Diamonds and White accepted on their behalf. Punch Drunk Purcell takes on one of Blood Diamonds' newest recruits... the inaugural BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman! One of Bronson Box's training partners and longtime associates! He knows his way around submissions and could be trouble for Punchy!

Lance:

Indeed. The history between Dex Joy, Punch Drunk Purcell and Ed White has been lengthy since White returned to DEFIANCE last year and tonight, that rivalry continues! Purcell vs. Hoffman... next!

Darren Quimbey stands by in the ring, ready for the announcements... but before he does, the camera cuts to the Guerilla position...

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

The LADS themselves - Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell - heading to the ring. Purcell is ready to fight and Dex Joy is right behind him playing Hype Man for his tag partner.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Ed White... I ain't forgot what y'all did to me at DEFCON. Dexy Baby here ain't forgot what you did to that park he was donatin' money to...

Dex Joy:

Oh, pally and I know you didn't forget last time we were in a ring when I squished your prissy rich ass with a top rope moonsault!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You think you're smarter than us...

Dex Joy:

Bzzt. Wrong!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You think you got more money than us...

Dex Joy:

But your Monopoly money is no good here and quite possibly illegal. So wrong!!!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You think you're better than us....

Dex Joy:

Ain't you tired of being wrong, Edward?

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Wrong on all damn counts! I don't care what Blood Diamond you're sending tonight cause we know YOU ain't got the stones to take me on again... I don't care if it's Nicky Corozzo again, Jane Katze, Reinhardt Hoffman, Bronson Box, Adrian Payne, Felton Bigsby, Col. White, Hugh Dafuq ... they can get these hands, too. I don't care. No matter what shiny toy you spend your money on tonight, I'm makin' sure it's comin' back broken when you pick 'em up again. Three bells ring in succession, followed by three words on the screen!

They finally get through the curtains...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man as he walks alongside Dex Joy with matching new blue and yellow "THE LADS" t-shirts with a picture of Dex and Punchy doing the Predator handshake!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall... Being accompanied to the ring by DEX JOY... Representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring. Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his red MMA gloves while behind him. After Purcell and Dexy bump their fists together, Purcell climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air, sending two big sparks of white pyro exploding in the air from the turnbuckle! After the pyrotechnics display, Purcell disposes of the shirt at ringside and then waits on his opponent.

♪ "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits and the crowd goes absolutely apoplectic. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Making his way towards the ring being accompanied by "The Socialite" Edward White and Associates, from Düsseldorf, Germany... weighing in tonight at a lean fighting weight of 255 pounds! "The Gentleman German" **REINHAAAAARDT HOFFMAN!**

Trunks sporting the colors of his home country's flag, boots polished to a shine. The first ever BRAZEN Champion struts out onto the stage with a sneer of superiority on his lips. He pauses as Edward White, Jane Katze and all seven feet plus of big Nicky Corozzo follow him out into the arena. The reaction from the crowd is amplified several fold at the mere sight of The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling, White. He and his two associates follow Bronson Box's longtime friend and training partner down the ramp and take positions at ringside.

Edward makes eye contact with Dex from across the ring and shoots him a smirk and a wink.

Reinhardt makes his way up the ring steps and through the ropes with intention. He makes a small walking lap around the ring, eyes on the Faithful. Never even casting a passing glance at his opponent until he steps right up in front of him. Hoff looks Punchy up and down with a derisive snicker. The nearby camera manages to pick up Hoffman's voice.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Clearly BRAZEN's standards have slipped. You're a pathetic, flabby disgrace. You know this.

PDP chuckles as he hops back and forth from foot to foot without a word.

Hoffman and Punchy still nose to nose, referee Brian Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING

At the bell, the faster Hoffman CLIPS Purcell on the jaw with a big kick! The blow rocks Punchy and that gives Hoffman a chance to wail on the former boxer in the corner with a stiff volley of forearm smashes to the side of the head!

DDK:

Right away, Hoffman goes for the kill! This is the best way to attack Purcell... quick and fast before he can retaliate!

Lance:

He knows this is as big as a chance to show out and impress and if he can take down the guy that just took down Dex Joy at MAXDEF before they became a team, he's gonna make waves!

While Dex Joy watches his tag team partner get attacked, Ed White and Assoc at ringside look collectively pleased with how the match has started. Brian Slater reprimands Hoffman for his attacks in the corner and he does let up... but not for long before he rocks Purcell again with another kick flush to the face! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound looks stunned for the moment after the first unsuspecting kick and that allows Hoffman to strike him with a pair of European Uppercuts in the corner!

DDK:

Purcell has yet to get out of the gate with any offense! Hoffman now grabs the arm!

Looking for a weak point on the big man, he tries to pull Punchy out of the corner. He lands an uppercut to the arm and then tries to manipulate the finger joint... but before he can get that far, Purcell uses his free hand and launches Hoffman into the ropes. When he comes back, Purcell ROLLS under the oncoming high knee from Hoffman and lands back on his feet! The Faithful go crazy when Hoffman comes back again only to get SMACKED down with a big charging clothesline!

Lance:

What the hell was that?!

DDK:

Unexpected agility from the big man, that's what!

He stands over Hoffman and hits some big boi flexing, along with Dex Joy at ringside. PDP looks down at Hoff.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

And this pathetic flabby disgrace just knocked you on your ass!

And now he's got Hoffman on his feet... whipped to the corner! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound charges towards the corner! He smashes into Hoffman with a big running back elbow and then wows the crowd with a second LUCHA ROLL out of the corner! Purcell lands back to his feet and then CLOCKS Hoffman in the corner with a big standing clothesline!

DDK:

1-2 Combo from the big man! Joy and Purcell have been training together for a while and Dex Joy must have shown the big man a thing or two about moving around the ring!

Staring down at Ed White, Purcell flashes him a cocky smile before he takes Hoffman over with a snapmare. He then delivers a HARD open-handed chop to the back, making him wince in pain and then follows the combo up with a HUGE leaping elbow drop to the chest! He hooks him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Hoffman, but Punchy is firing on all cylinders right now!

The Erie Faithful are roaring with approval for Punchy as he picks up Hoffman again and then fires off a series of body shots! He gets jabbed in the gut several times until Jane Katze climbs the ring apron and tries to get his attention. She starts to give him a flirty look, but Purcell taps the tungsten wedding band on his finger.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Stick to taking Ed White's dictation.

He turns around and focuses back on Hoffman. He charges towards the corner...

THUD!

...But the inaugural BRAZEN Champion jolts out of the way and SMACKS into the ring post! Dex jumps in worry as Purcell falls to a knee against the corner while favoring his upper arm/shoulder area!

DDK:

That impact didn't sound good at all! Purcell wasn't having any of Katze's distraction, but it still gave Hoffman enough time to just barely escape the oncoming train!

Lance:

And now look at Hoffman! He sees a golden opportunity to strike!

White screams instructions at Hoffman to go after Punchy's left arm. Hoffman slips between the ropes and goes to the apron just as Purcell tries to stand. The inaugural BRAZEN Champion grabs his arm and falls to the floor, SNAPPING it off the ring apron! The Green-Eyed Wildman shouts out in pain and holds his arm! Dex starts to show some worry for the first time in this match.

DDK:

Hoffman goes to the middle rope... TAKES Purcell off his feet with a flying uppercut off the middle rope!

The Socialite, Corozzo and Katze all watch on looking pleased with Hoffman's progress as he sits up and looks over at Purcell. The former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion tries to get back up and rolls over onto his stomach, but the second he pushes off with his arms, Hoffman NAILS him in the bad arm with a running penalty kick!

DDK:

Penalty Kick by Reinhardt Hoffman! He's showing something tonight against Purcell!

He runs the ropes again as Purcell tries to protect his arm, however, leaving himself wide open for another Penalty Kick to the chest! Now that he's flat on his back, Hoffman points at Brian Slater to make the count as he goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

No! Punchy kicks out... but Hoffman's already on the arm!

Moving with the quickness, Reinhardt goes for a seated armbar submission! He cranks back on the hold and tries to elicit the tapout! Purcell yells out and tries to fight his way out of the hold!

DDK:

Hoffman going for the submission win! What a MASSIVE win this would be if he could pull this off! He's picked his target and chosen it well!

Dex turns to the Erie Faithful and continues his role of Hype Man as he leads the people in the chant!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

Hearing the people, Purcell starts to get back to his feet, much to Hoffman's shock! He torques the arm further back, but he can't keep Purcell down for long! Corozzo and Katze are stunned while Ed White is screaming for Hoffman to tighten his grip!

Lance:

Good lord... What STRENGTH by Purcell!

Punchy HOISTS Hoffman up on his shoulder and then sends him CRASHING to the canvas with a modified belly-to-back suplex! Reinhardt Hoffman rolls over onto his stomach and holds the back of his head while Punchy tries to fight to get feeling back in his left arm.

DDK:

Both men are down! Punchy has a chance to strike, but is that left arm going to stop him?

Hearing the people and Dex Joy outside the ring coaching him along. Purcell starts to fight his way back to his feet. Despite the damage done off the earlier suplex, Hoffman is just a hair quicker to get back to his feet! Hoffman catches Punchy on the button with another european uppercut. He goes for the arm again and tries to take Purcell down, but The Round Mound of Ground and Pound spins him around and SMACKS Hoffman with a nasty headbutt!

DDK:

Bald Bull! Purcell connects with the Bald Bull! Purcell going to work on Hoffman now! He's throwing those overhand shots!

With Hoffman grounded, he continues to pound away on the inaugural BRAZEN Champion with a flurry of overhand shots, Hulk smash-style with his good arm! After landing several shots, he sits up to a knee and yells out to the people!

DDK:

I think Purcell has Hoffman where he wants him! He's calling for it! Punch Drunk Love!

The Faithful are rallying hard behind Purcell as he balls up a fist... he has Hoffman in his sights...

UNTIL NICKY COROZZO STANDS ON THE APRON AND CATCHES PUNCHY WITH A BIG RIGHT HAND OF HIS OWN!

Lance:

HEY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS! BRIAN SLATER'S CALLING FOR THE BELL!

The cheap shot is in full view of Brian Slater, who signals for the bell and the disqualification!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Nicky Corozzo climbs into the ring and the massive hitman for The Blood Diamonds attacks Purcell! Edward White points at Katze, who nods and jumps in and then jumps on the back of Purcell to try and choke him out along with Corozzo...

BUT DEX JOY'S SEEN ENOUGH AND ROLLS INTO THE RING!

DDK:

The Lads are both in the ring! Dex Joy is coming to the aid of Punch Drunk Purcell!

As Corozzo has Punchy pinned to the corner with his boot, Dex runs in and the big man **CRASHES** right into Corozzo with a big right hand! He goes to town on Corozzo with right hands while Punchy grabs Katze and **THROWS** her off of him...

But Hoffman is back up and nails Punchy in the bad arm with another big kick! The bell continues to ring! As the fights continue, The Socialite finally gets involved and takes a cheap shot on Dex to the back of the head! That stuns him and allows Corozzo to nearly take Dex's head off with a big boot!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!**

But the announcement does nothing to stop the attack itself!

DDK:

No! It's four-on-two! Edward White **FINALLY** wants to get his own hands dirty after the Blood Diamonds have already subdued The Lads!

Hoffman and Katze try and restrain Purcell in the corner! Katze has Purcell in a crucifix hold with Hoffman holding his arm while The Socialite orders Corozzo to pick Dex up. Corozzo nods and then hoists the big man up for White to look for a Market Failure piledriver.

Lance:

Oh, no... a piledriver coming up! And on Dex's past history of neck issues, this won't be good!

White goes for the piledriver... **BUT DEX TAKES HIM OVER WITH A BACK BODY DROP!**

DDK:

NO! THE LADS ARE FIGHTING BACK!

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

The Erie Faithful are on their feet! White rolls out of harm's way while Purcell **FIGHTS** his way free and catches Hoffman in the face with a huge elbow, then **SHOVES** Katze away a second time, sending her out of the ring! Nicky Corozzo goes after Dex, but The Biggest Boy ducks under another clothesline and fires back with a number of right hands!

Lance:

COROZZO IS ALONE! THE LADS HAVE HIM CORNERED!

Reinhardt Hoffman and Jane Katze circle around White outside the ring as they watch Nicky Corozzo! The big man is

staggered when Punchy goes for a right hand, only to fake him out and CRACK him on the side of the jaw with a Rope-A-Dope left hand! The blow rocks him as Dex hits the ropes and TACKLES him with Dexy's Midnight Runner, sending Corozzo spilling through the ropes and out to the floor to a HUGE ovation!

DDK:

THE BLOOD DIAMONDS HAVE BEEN CLEARED FROM THE RING, COURTESY OF THE LADS!

Corozzo nurses a sore jaw, but tries to hobble back to his feet. Despite what's just happened, he wants in, but White tells him no and waves at the group to retreat for now, but he holds up two fingers and tells the big men he came THIS close to taking them out!

DDK:

The foursome see that The Lads have the higher ground for tonight, but White came within seconds of doing some serious damage!

Dex Joy leans over the ropes and dares the group to come back in while Purcell does the gentlemanly thing and sits on the middle rope, inviting them back inside for another go. White scowls in frustration as his group head out of the ring.

Lance:

The Blood Diamonds have been making enemies left, right and center and I think between The Hollywood Bruvs and The Lads, they may be REALLY starting to regret this!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

REACHING THE EMERALD APEX

We jump backstage, finding Jamie Sawyers standing before the basic bread and butter DEFTv backdrop.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time... Kerry Kuroyama!

Kerry Kuroyama sidles into the shot, dressed to the nines in a dark green suit. The Faithful out in the arena, watching the live feed on the DEFIATron, immediately react.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, allow me to be the first to formally welcome you back to DEFIANCE. To begin, is there anything you'd care to say to the Faithful?

Kuroyama thoughtfully pinches his chin between his thumb and knuckle while formulating his answer. After a beat, he turns to look directly into the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm trying to come up with the words and the language to explain to all of you exactly how I feel. I've come to two words. I'm afraid to say them honestly. It's not because they're not true; it's because of *how* true they actually are. It's a little bit corny, and a little bit cheesy, and not very Kerry Kuroyama... but I've changed. An American Airship Pirate once taught me, as long as you speak from the heart, you cannot go wrong. Because it is the truth, and this is--

Sawyers cuts him off with a wave of his hand and begins whispering into his ear. Kerry reacts with astonishment.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...wait, really? He said all that?

Jamie whispers into his ear some more, and nods in confirmation.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hm, well... in that case, Jamie, I guess I'll just say... I'm happy to be back and getting reacquainted with everyone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Sounds great! In any case, I suppose the one question on everyone's mind is... what brings Kerry Kuroyama back to DEFIANCE Wrestling?

Kerry sighs. Nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What brings me back? Well, Jamie, I suppose to get the answer to that, we first have to address why I left to begin with. This time last year, I was in a strange place. Thanks in part to my efforts, Vae Victis was riding high at the time...

He shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...and yet, I was finding myself in something of a spiritual low. Feeling like I wasn't pulling my weight. Feeling my reward for years of blood, sweat, and tears poured into this company was a "proud and honored" place just below the glass ceiling.

He shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I needed to get out, Jamie. I needed to be in a place where I could forge my *own* path to glory.

Jamie Sawyers:

And now, a year later, would you say you found it?

Kerry Kuroyama:

In some ways, yes. In others... well, I'll just say it's been a lesson in humility. But though it all, the most meaningful thing I've gained is a perspective of who I am as an overall competitor. Understanding what it is that motivates me to fight. Accepting how I, as a talent, affect the wrestling industry as a whole. And, also, figuring out how to work two schedules. I mean, two paychecks is better than one, right?

He looks into the camera, brimming with conviction.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So I'm proud to be back, with the good ol' Red and Black. DEFIANCE. The company that molded me into what I am -- **the Emerald Apex** of professional wrestling. Because regardless of who I'm up against, whenever I'm in that ring, I know the world is watching the best fucking wrestling on the *planet*.

Right then, a very nasally voice from off-screen...

"Pffft, oh... like, really?"

The camera pulls out. Standing just behind Kerry, but turned away with his arms folded over his chest like he just naturally happens to be standing there, is Chris Chickentenders.

Chris Chickentenders:

Cause like, it almost seems to me like you just came back to be a super massive DICKWEED and total TURD MUNCHER.

Kuroyama and Sawyers exchange looks of confusion.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...can I help you, Chris?

Chickentenders perks up.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um... I dunno, maybe if you like built a time machine and went back two weeks ago so you can eat your own butt instead of doing what you did to my best bud Brodie Hellyyeah then like yeah, I guess you can help me, Kurry Kumonyomama, but if not then I guess you can just eat your own butt here and bow and eat my butt too, because while everyone else may be happy to see you back, to me you're really just a big butt-eating dickhole.

Kerry buries his face into his palm.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, Chris... I'll admit I was rough on your friend, but you should know that it was nothing personal. As everyone should damn well remember, whenever I'm in that ring, I fight for keeps. That night, on my return, a statement needed to be made.

Chickentenders lets out a crispy, deep-fried scoff.

Chris Chickentenders:

"oH nUtHiNg PeRsOnUl" pffft, yeah, well, like, personally speaking, or whatever, you can make all your statesmen and keep all your keeps or whatever it is you fight for because like you act all high and mighty and better than everybody else but dude like really you are like the lamest wrestler ever and there is nothing badass about you at all, cause like you don't fight with chairs and crossbows, and you're just like "oh, I'm like a normal kinda wrestler that does headlocks and suplexes and stuff", and like if you ask me DEFIANCE was better off before you came back to make it boring, but it's fine cause after I like totally beat you and stuff you'll like run away forever like a total crying bitch

huehuehuehuehuehue.

Because people have a tendency to tune out the young Chickentenders, it takes a moment before the gravity of what he just said hits Jamie and Kerry.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Wait... are you serious?

Jamie Sawyers:

Chris, are you challenging... *Kerry Kuroyama*... to a match??

Chris Chickentenders:

Like heckin' yeah, I'm super serious, cause like I've been training these past few months under your former mentor Rocko Daymon and he's taught me everything I need to know to beat your ass and avenge my dude Brodie, who's I could totally be out cruising with right now, picking up chicks and doing cool stuff, but I'm not because Brodie thinks the neck brace is a total vibe killer, and yeah, he's kinda right, it is, but that's like you're fault, dude, so I'm gonna totally kick your butt and like soften it up before you eat it.

Mulling over the situation, Kerry exchanges another look with the interviewer, and finally releases a labored sigh. He leans in close to the young wrestling aspirant. Slapping distance, mind you.

Kerry Kuroyama:

See... Chris... this time a year ago, if you came to me talking like that and asking for a match, I would've put your head through that wall over there, and we would have left it at that...

He draws back.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But you know what? I think I've done the high and mighty thing to death by now. And yeah, if you're serious enough about this that you can walk up to me and air out your shit almost-but-not-quite to my face, then I suppose I owe you the opportunity for some payback. So to hell with it... let's do this.

El Gallo Blanco's eyebrows bounce up in surprise.

Chris Chickentender:

Whoa, dude, seriously? I mean, well, like, yeah, of course we're doing this, I mean who's going to turn down Chris Chickentenders, am I right? But like, okay, seriously, I'm super stoked that I'm gonna totally kick your butt, cuz that would give me like all sorts of cred, like when you beat Kurry Kumonyomama like you're kinda badass now, so like you better kiss your butt goodbye cuz I'm gonna kick it right off in two weeks, you bro-bashing boner breath huehuhuehuehuehuehuehue...

Straight-faced, Kuroyama nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look forward to it, Chris. Jamie? Pleasure as always. I'll see you around.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you, Kerry.

Kuroyama shakes hands with the interviewer and makes his exit, throwing a curt look to the mean-mugging Chris Chickentenders on his way out. Chickentenders lingers around, making Jamie feel all sorts of awkward.

Jamie Sawyers:

Um... thank you, Chris. We're going to get back to the show now.

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh, rad, but hey dude, wait, like, before we go to commercial or whatever, I just wanted to say that I'll totally be hanging around the city later if any chicks wanna afterparty or whatever, cuz I'm like totally down to--

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

Back to the commentary team.

DDK:

The action tonight has been intense and it's about to get even heavier! Literally, as we've got the Hollywood Bruvs squaring off against the monstrous duo of Weighted Grade!

Lance:

That's right Keebs! The Bruvs may be some of the biggest stars in the tag team division but they've got their work cut out for them tonight against TA Horrigan and Owens, two men who weigh darn near a combined 800 pounds!

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

DDK:

Speaking of, here they come!

The arena lights dim as the theme song reverberates through the masses. The hulking figures of Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens emerge, each man looking incredibly intimidating. They wear frowns on their faces, but intensity behind their eyes. Horrigan, with a nasty scow, and Owen the young powerhouse, march to the ring with a purpose.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is a tag team match! Coming to the ring first, representing The Honor Society, TA Horrigan, TA Owens.... WEIGHTED GRADE!

Lance:

The enforcers of The Honor Society, these guys are no frills, no showmanship - Just raw power!

DDK:

And that power is what makes them so dangerous Lance! The Bruvs may have to bust out every trick in the book tonight.

Weighted Grade steps to their corner and begins to strategize.

♪ "F*cking In The Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstall ♪

The lights drop low and a spotlight hits the curtain. From behind it comes the iconic duo. Both wearing shades and wrestling gear. Mikey wears a hairy vest over his chest, and JFK rocks a new golden robe. The pair play it up to the Faithful at the top of the stage before setting their sights on their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents.... The team of Mikey Unlikely, and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The fans cheer, and Mikey and JFK pump their arms along with Quimbey's announcement. The pair do their typical GLUEFIST at the top of the stage before heading down to the ring.

DDK:

Two of the biggest stars DEF has ever seen, of course it appears they clashed last time out with Bronson Box, it's yet to be seen what comes of that. Box left that altercation with veiled threats, and if anyone in DEFIANCE follows through on their threats, it's Box and Co!

Lance:

You're absolutely right there Keebs. The Bruvs need to not only pay attention to the big men in the ring, but the big men who have picked up their scent lately...

DDK:

What do you suppose the Bruvs smell like?

Lance:

What does a gentlemen's club smell like? Probably that?

DDK:

Fair enough!

As the Bruvs make their way down to the ring, they slap hands with the Faithful. Mikey grabs a sign held by a young man that says "Mikey Money On My Mind" and hold it up with excitement. The crowd gets loud, as Mikey hands it back to the young man and pats him on the head. The young man jumps up and down with his parents in excitement. The Bruvs roll into the ring and size difference quickly becomes apparent.

DDK:

No doubt this is going to be a real test for the Bruvs. Weighted Grade has everything to gain here. Imagine adding a W over the Bruvs to their resume!

Lance:

To their credit, the Bruvs seem unafraid and unphased. It looks like Mikey is going to start things off with TA Horrigan!

DING DING

Mikey circles around the ring trying to find an opening, but Horrigan stands his ground. He dares the Buv to come at him, even motioning with his hand. A coy smile by Mikey before he rushes in with a flurry of punches and forearms to the mid section. After about 4 or 5 strikes Mikey looks up and realizes they are having no effect on the big man. Mikey's arms slow down, he's still making strikes but they are very soft now, his mind racing. Horrigan grins and swats Unlikely away with a single forearm smash that sends him halfway across the ring.

Lance:

Unlikely is quick, but he's not going to match power with Bobby Horrigan, not even close.

Mikey shakes off the blow and tries something different. He comes at Horrigan again who swings for Mikey's head, Unlikely is able to duck under and deliver a series of rapid kicks to the legs.

DDK:

Mikey trying to chop the big man down like a redwood!

Horrigan growls in frustration and lunges at Mikey who ducks underneath and hits the ropes. He comes back with a dropkick to Horrigan's knee that finally takes the big man down to one leg.

DDK:

The strategy here is clear - take out the legs of the big man and keep him grounded. This is wrestling 101 folks.

Lance:

And here I wondered if Mikey even took wrestling 101, after seeing their Bruv 101 classes with Scott Douglas recently.

Mikey tags in Kendrix who leaps off the ropes and clotheslines Horrigan knocking him down to his back. JFK hits the ropes and dropped a knee across the forehead of Horrigan, which only seemed to have made him angry. He starts to rise, and JFK attacks but is quickly pushed away. JFK takes a page out of Mikey's playbook and tries the basement dropkick but this time Horrigan is ready. He catches JFK and hoists him high onto his shoulder. He marches around the ring as JFK panics and shakes his head no. It's too late. Horrigan drops him face first into the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

JFK'S MILLION DOLLAR FACE!

DDK:

Pure power from Horrigan, JFK just got introduced to that turnbuckle in the worst way!

Horrigan tags in his partner who steps over the top rope and immediately lays into JFK with a series of clubbing blows to the back. Owens pulls Kendrix to his feet and whips him hard into the opposite corner. The impact rattles the ring, garnering a "OOOOOOOOOH" from the faithful.

DDK:

What strength!

Owens charges at him from the opposite side of the ring and lands a huge body avalanche, crushing JFK between the turnbuckle and himself. JFK almost falls out of the corner but he's lifted up to a sitting position on the top turnbuckle. TA follows JFK up and hooks him for a superplex.

Lance:

Oh no! He can't do this!

Owens lifts but JFK wraps his legs around the ring ropes. In a flurry he fights off Owens and with a huge shove sends him back down to the mat but Owens lands on his feet.

DDK:

Impressive balance from the big man but Jesse takes flight

Lance:

And caught in mid air, huge mistake!

Jesse writhes in pain, desperately trying to break free of the Horrigan's bear hug. He tries to flail in the direction of his tag partner but he's nowhere near home. Mikey slams his hand against the turnbuckle encouraging the crowd as they rally behind Kendrix but Horrigan shakes JFK locking him in tighter and the Hollywood Bruv's head drops.

DDK:

This may be over.

The ref raises Jesse's hand up as Horrigan nods his head in anticipation but at the very last moment the hand holds, adrenaline taking over, Kendrix shakes his fist and directs his forehead directly into Horrigan's, releasing the hold.

Lance:

Was that a headbutt from a Bruv?!

DDK:

I don't think we've ever seen that, but it's taking a lot out of Jesse, trying to pull himself up by the ropes, but Horrigan is still on his feet

Shaking off the shock the big man charges towards his opponent but Kendrix drops down with the top rope sending Horrigan up, over and back first to the ground.

Mikey slams his hand against the pad egging on JFK to his corner. Kendrix on all fours crawls over and makes the tag. Mikey, wasting no time, makes his way outside to Horrington.

DDK:

Is, is Mikey trying to lift Horrigan up here?

Lance:

Unlikely by name and nature here it seems and Owens isn't waiting around anymore!

Owens charges full force at Mikey who doesn't see him coming but luckily for him Kendrix pulls his partner out of the way just in time as Owens smashes through the barricade.

DDK:

Both big men are down!

Lance:

Timing, Keebs. Say what you like about them over the years but The Bruvs timing is impeccable.

Jesse and Mikey breathe a sigh of relief before working together to lift Horrigan back into the ring just in time to beat the referee's count of ten.

DDK:

Mikey now moves to the legs and picks them up, he turns the big man over onto his stomach...He's locked in the Backstory! The Boston crab variation! We haven't seen him use this move in years!

Lance:

Kendrix is fending off TA Owens from the ring apron. Horrigan is all alone!

After reaching for the ropes for about 10 seconds, it's all Horrigan can take. He slams his hand on the mat. The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix....THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

DDK:

Wait a second, that's not The Buv's theme music!

Keebler is right, it's not. The crowd stands as Tyler Fuse quickly emerges from behind the FIST logo and marches down the ramp. Dressed in the same gear as before, continuing to sport that bloody beret he beat off the Flying Frenchie's head almost a year ago, as well as the ACE of DEFIANCE in hand, a cold looking demeanor is smeared across his face. Fuse rolls into the middle of the ring and stands in front of Mikey and Kendrix, who are slowly recovering from their victory and don't even have their hands raised yet.

OPTIONS CONSIDERED

The theme music that *doesn't* belong to the Bruvs comes to a close, while silence falls upon the ring. Mikey and Kendrix look at each other, then look over at Tyler Fuse and finally look back at each other with confused expressions.

Tyler, eventually, starts to clap.

Sarcastically.

Fuse strolls over to the ropes and asks for a microphone from the time keeper's table. Upon receiving it, the former Tag Team Champion and current ACE meets an upright Kendrix and Mikey in the center of the squared circle.

Tyler Fuse:

Excellent match. Excellent, excellent, excellent.

The Faithful boo, sensing a hint of sarcasm from Tyler's previous congratulatory applause.

Tyler Fuse:

You know, when my DEFIANCE career started, I signed a long-term, tag team contract with my brother. We were fine; we did rather well for ourselves but there was this "glass ceiling" as they say, or, in Conor's case, he'd call it a "level" we were never allowed to play...

Fuse's voice trails for a moment as he lowers his head, contemplating.

Tyler Fuse:

I'd like to simply put it as being typecast into the tag team division for the rest of our careers... and during this period, I got to watch the likes of Kendrix and Mikey tear through DEFIANCE, *[Tyler looks at Mikey]* en route to the FIST, *[Tyler looks at Kendrix]* and your incredible battles with the likes of Jay Harvey and Scott Douglas.

Fuse starts nodding his head, his behaviours coming across as a lot less sarcastic.

Tyler Fuse:

Mikey Unlikely, the longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE's history, *likely* to never be beaten! JFK, one of the most impressive wrestlers this sport has EVER seen, a former FIST as well. The two of you were the present AND future of DEFIANCE, while I was stuck in tag team purgatory with my 'special' brother, doing video game schtick.

Fuse slowly raises his arms to be shoulder-level and then drops them against the sides of his body, while adding a tilt of the head.

Tyler Fuse:

My my, how times have changed.

He smirks, taking a moment to glance at both parties once more.

Tyler Fuse:

I really wish Scott Douglas, that hack, was still doing three-ways with you guys because I'd like to put him on the shelf for another six months-

DDK:

Tyler and Douglas have history, folks. The Seattle Best vs. Fuse Bros. days.

Tyler Fuse:

Anyway, I don't tend to be this long-winded, but I required the set up. Mikey, Jesse, it's good to have you back.

Tyler gets directly into Mikey's face... and slowly raises the ACE with his free hand.

Tyler Fuse:

Times have changed. The “levels” have been achieved. And you’re soon looking at the true, new face of DEFIANCE.

Tyler moves over to Kendrix and gets directly into his face.

Tyler Fuse:

While you can know how it feels like to be that “secondary” player.

Not wanting to push his luck any further, Tyler creeps back a couple of steps from the Bruvs. He tips his bloody beret to them before motioning to exit the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

Just wanted to say hello, boys.

“Woah woah woah” is picked up from Tyler’s mic as Mikey gestures for him to stay in the ring. Kendrix gestures for a mic of his own from the outside.

Kendrix:

Ty, Ty Ty, my boy! Listen yeah?! It seems that interrupting the Bruvs is the new thing around here. Two weeks ago it was Bronsy Brons and this week it’s your good self.

Jesse holds his hand out to present the ACE to the crowd.

Kendrix:

Now Mikey, I don’t know about you but where I’m from this is considered rather rude.

Mikey nods along disappointed at Fuse.

Kendrix:

I mean, the Hollywood Bruvs have never done that so I’m surprised to see why others think it’s ok.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, I think it’s a gen z thing. People do that now.

Kendrix:

Be that as it may, The Bruvs do things properly around here so we would firstly like to give credit, respect, their dues if you will to the two bruisers we just faced. They did some good charging today. Guys can we hear it for the charging and the bear hugging?

Mikey claps proudly along with the crowd. Before Kendrix gets back to Tyler.

Kendrix:

Secondly, it’s the first time we’ve had the opportunity to converse since our return to DEFIANCE. I would like to thank you for the kind words but more importantly, The Bruvs want to congratulate you on your ACE success. You are a deserved singles champion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Guys let’s hear it for Tyler Fuse, WOOOOOOOO!

Round of applause from the crowd.

Kendrix:

And you’re right, I do know what it’s like to be second to the man standing beside me. Mikey Unlikely as you rightly said is the longest reigning FIST of all time.

Mikey blushes and waves his hand low at Jesse.

Mikey Unlikely:

Stop it, you're embarrassing me.

Kendrix waves Mikey's less than strong plea away.

Kendrix:

Tyler, every single person in this locker room is behind the man by my side in this company when it comes to the greatest prize this industry has EVER had. In fact, need I remind you there's only two of us standing in this ring who have actually held the FIST and proudly called themselves Champion of this company.

He looks Tyler up and down.

Kendrix:

And neither of them needed what you hold in your hand right now to win the damn thing!

Tyler Fuse moves to the rope, his tongue poking below his bottom lip in frustration.

Kendrix:

Bruv, don't get me wrong, you're not far off it. In fact you have stepped up big time from your gamer gimmick days. But before you interrupt us and talk about whose first second and third around here just remember...some people don't even have numbers to shout about.

Tyler simply holds the ACE out in front of him with a smirk on his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah boys, let's calm this down a little shall we. Let's be Gentlemen, Bruvlymen, if you will.

Jesse takes a breath and nods in agreement, apologizing to Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tyler, look. We get it. You're killing it dude! You have that drive, that FIRE in your belly to be the very best just like we do. Whether you don't like us, or you're afraid we're gunning for the same prize... I believe I speak for JFK when I say we have other aspirations...

Kendrix:

First, tag team of the year, second another DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship reign, Third, "The Bruvs in Space... a Hollywood Bruvs Movie"

Mikey Unlikely:

So those are our goals...Right now anyway.

Unlikely smirks, Tyler doesn't look amused.

Mikey Unlikely:

We can't all be DEFIANCE originals, bruv. So instead, keep doing what you're doing, pave your own way like the Hollywood Bruvs did and someday that ACE in your hand is gonna be a hell of a FIST run. Now how about that for an endorsement, huh? Mikey Unlikely is willing to write that down for you in ink. We bring our own pens!

Fuse merely stands there, staring across the way. Mikey lowers his mic as Tyler peers up the rampway, then back at the Bruvs, then back at the rampway once more and at the Bruvs a final time.

He tips the beret...

And slips out of the ring to a chorus of boos.

Fuse walks up the rampway, nodding along and lightly clapping.

Tyler Fuse: *[low key]*

Terrific work, they really put me in my place.

Meanwhile inside the ring Mikey and Kendrix have their long overdue hands raised and their actual theme song cues up.

Tyler takes a moment to stop right before exiting behind the FIST. He glances back, gives a slight wink towards the Bruvs direction and then disappears. DEFtv goes back to the Hollywood celebration before the programming exits to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



ELISE ARES vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

We're at the main event, Lance. After what has shaped up to be an incredibly CHAOTIC two-night DEFtv, Elise Ares goes one-on-one with Butcher Victorious, a match that stems back from Elise's attack on OSCAR BURNS followed by that incredible speech we heard.

Lance:

Elise Ares firmly believes after eight years of being in DEFIANCE and attacking OSCAR BURNS, her time is now. She has made a pledge that she WILL win the FIST by the time her contract comes up sometime in 2025... but unfortunately, that attack came with a cost to Butcher Victorious, who has had his own issues with OSCAR. He was looking forward to that DEFCON rematch when Elise attacked OSCAR.

DDK:

With OSCAR BURNS out tonight due to that attack, both stars asked for this match and it was granted. Elise Ares wants to show her time is now. Butcher Victorious has been earning a place for himself among The Faithful after he defeated BURNS at DEFCON and vanquished his protege, DLJ, at MAXDEF. Can he overcome one of DEFIANCE's most decorated stars tonight? Or will Elise have his number?

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is YOUR main event of the evening! 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 Erie Insurance Arena 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 out to a sold-out arena!

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

AND I GOT THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

He rolls under the bottom rope.

Butcher Victorious:

And Elise... the only thing I gotta say... is LET'S DO THIS!

The Stick v.2™ is tossed away and he quickly sheds his jacket, awaiting the arrival of the self-professed FACE of DEFIANCE. He doesn't wait long.

All I wanna do is... (gunshots)
 ♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The arena goes dark outside of hot pink and sky blue lasers dancing to the music. The roar of the Faithful herald the arrival of the FACE of DEFIANCE. Under a single spotlight her throne rises up on the stage with Elise Ares leaning to her right side with her legs crossed and her hand on her fist. Her LED glasses flash "STICK" "BREAKER" and she dismounts her throne and begins her swagger towards the ring wearing a tied off "Time To FIST Elise" tee over her ring gear, now available at the DEFshop.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba. Weighing in at 122 pounds she is representing the Pop. Culture. Phenoms. THEEE FACE of DEFIANCE. **EEEEEEELIIIIIIIE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRES!**

Ares sheds a black crop top leather bomber jacket before leaping up onto the apron and entering the ring as suggestively as possible. She pulls her LED glasses down her nose and gives Butch Vic a wink on the way by before ascending to the top rope and tossing her glasses into the Faithful. She does the same with her "Time To FIST Elise" tee revealing her black ring attire with hot pink and sky blue accents. She back pedals into her corner and smirks back at her opponent before the bell rings.

DING DING

Ares immediately begins circling the ring and Butch Vic wants a collar and elbow, but the recently dethroned tag team champion isn't biting.

DDK:

Here. We. Go, Lance!

Lance:

Butch Vic is trying to start this off traditionally, but Elise isn't having any of it!

DDK:

It's probably in Ares' best interest to stay as far away from a headlock as possible, giving up nearly a foot and 100 pounds. Her strategy more than likely will be what it typically is. Stick and move.

Butcher motions for the Faithful to peer pressure Ares to lock up and she does... but ducking under Butch and wrapping him in a rear waistlock. Butch throws a huge elbow to try and escape right over Elise's head, her center of gravity is much lower as she uses the opportunity to hook her foot inside of Butcher's and shoves him down to the canvas and leaps on him with a headlock. Furious, the Man with "IT" powers his way back up to his feet and fires Ares into the ropes. Her speed comes into play, catching the Microphone Fiend off guard with a flash causing him to throw a clothesline late. She spins around his body like a spider monkey before getting her ankles around Butch's head and doing two full spinning rotations before head-scissoring him down to the canvas.

DDK:

The aerial assault of Elise Ares never ceases to amaze!

Lance:

Put that one in a tongue twister book!

Gaining momentum, Ares hurls Butch with an arm drag not once, not twice, but three times before shoving him into the

corner. Elise lines up her shot by putting her thumb and index fingers together before rushing with the follow-up but meets a sickening headbutt from Butcher that echoes across the arena with a Hard Out. The shot even staggers Butch for just a moment before he immediately drops down and locks in the headlock.

DDK:

Safe to say there will be some concussion protocols going on after the show wraps up tonight.

Lance:

As per usual with Butcher Victorious. Who needs a foreign object when you wield THAT thing!

Ares regains her bearings to find herself in the place she least wanted to be, in a Butch Vic headlock on the canvas. She immediately begins to wiggle and writh, using her small frame and flexibility to find an out that most DEFIANCE stars cannot but Butcher holds on like a rodeo cowboy taming a bull. Elise begins to lose momentum and halts with the Microphone Fiend in a standing position and Ares hunched over. The live mic picks up Ares trying to speak, exasperated:

Elise Ares:

What even in this?! This doesn't even hur- OW.

The FACE of DEFIANCE audibly reacts as Butch cranks the headlock.

Elise Ares:

That was RUDE.

The much smaller former SoHer emphasizes as she surprisingly lifts Butcher Victorious off the mat and drops him with a back suplex that breaks the headlock. Both competitors are shaken and take a moment to get back up to their feet, but Elise is up first and can't help but go lock Butcher Victorious in a headlock that's immediately broken. Butch goes for a short-arm clothesline that's ducked by Elise who counters it into a straight jacket neckbreaker! She goes for a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

T- Only a T.

Elise doesn't let Butch get back up after the pinfall attempt and instead begins a series of stomps on the challenger before using her boot to push Butcher out of the ring under the bottom rope and onto the floor on the outside. She brushes her hands as if she's just taken out the trash before making a spinning motion above her head.

DDK:

A nearfall for Ares but it looks like she's looking for something big here.

Lance:

It's time to get the cameras out, Faithful! These aerial acrobatics never cease to amaze!

DDK:

Oh wow that's a good one to- OH MY!

As the commentary team makes another attempt at a truly terrifying tongue twister of titanic proportions, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stalks Butcher Victorious and takes off in a sprint as soon as Butch begins to stir. She jumps up and steps on the second rope and uses it to bounce up to the third backwards before flipping backwards with a moonsault to the outside of the ring causing both competitors to crash to the ground. Elise however, did not hit as clean as she might have wanted and took quite the blow herself causing both of them to wallow in pain on the floor. The Faithful express their opinion:

HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

The countout gets to about four when Elise Ares' hand is the first to grab the apron and pull herself to her feet, grimacing in agony. She doesn't even get to turn around before Butcher drives his shoulder into her spine and into the corner of the apron. As she staggers backwards he whips her hard into the barricade outside of the ring. He then grabs her hand and pulls her towards him with a short-arm knee lift, then follows that up with a HUGE European uppercut! The echo again rings across the arena as Ares is taking headshot after headshot from the former Favoured Saints Champion. See his opportunity, Butcher pulls the limp body of Elise Ares off the concrete floor and shoves her into the ring at the count of eight. He immediately follows by going for another headlock! He snaps her up and over with a rolling headlock takeover! He takes her over again! And again! Then hangs on to the headlock and transitions into a running air raid crash!

DDK:

HOT MIC! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- KICKOUT!

The Faithful erupt as Elise Ares manages to contort a shoulder out. Butch Vic can't believe that wasn't a three count as she contemplates his next move. Showing his own pain and fatigue, the Microphone Fiend struggles to pull himself and Ares up off the canvas but locks in another headlock on Ares. She tries to shove him off but just doesn't have the power to break the grip. Seeing the opportunity to use Elise's momentum against her, the next time she pushes Butcher begins to run towards the ropes looking for his patented rope-run headlock takeover.

That's not what happens.

DDK:

CUBAN NECKTIE?!

The FACE of DEFIANCE somehow manages to grab Butcher in a cutter position while he tries to run up the ropes and she sneaks between them, dropping Butch Vic neck first over the top rope with a nasty modified Cuban Necktie

Lance:

I think? I don't know if we have a name for that Darren but it was BRUTAL.

The Faithful gasp and then cheer for the move they just witnessed. Elise lays on the apron, rolling over to her side and finding the nearest camera as per usual and taking a few labored breaths before posing and blowing a kiss to the camera. She manages to pull herself up and measures the former Favoured Saints Champion who was previously kicking violently and grasping his neck. Butch gets to his feet and as such Elise jumps up to the top rope lining up Amethystation. She soars through the air but suddenly a blow levels Butcher back onto the mat.

DING DING DING DING DING DING!

OSCAR KNOCKS ELISE ARES INSIDE OUT WITH A MASSIVE LARIAT!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OSCAR BURNS! HE'S HERE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR puts the boots to Elise Ares, then hooks her by the arm before deadlifting her into a VICIOUS saito suplex!

Meanwhile, Butcher tries to get up, but before he can intervene in any way... he gets dragged out of the ring and SLAMMED into the barricade!

Lance:

AND THERE'S DLJ! WE THOUGHT OSCAR BURNS AND COMPANY WERE GONE TONIGHT!

DDK:

THIS HAD TO BE A SETUP! OSCAR ACTED LIKE HE WAS JUST GOING TO BLOW OFF WHAT ELISE DID TO HIM, BUT HE PLOTTED THIS OUT!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING!

The bell continues to ring frantically, but it's all in vain because OSCAR and his entourage aren't listening! "The Front Runner" DLJ heads into the ring, led by Sonny Silver! Now all three of the members of OSCAR's new entourage attack Elise mid-ring with boots and get JEERED out of the building!

DDK:

I should have known OSCAR wasn't going to let this go! We should have guessed that he was going to be here tonight!

Lance:

Elise Ares took the spotlight away from OSCAR BURNS! Of course he couldn't let that slide!

The three-on-one assault continues... but not for long as Butcher Victorious is back and charges the ring with a chair!

Not only that...

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

MIL VUELTAS zooms right into the ring with a chair of his own and charges in the ring, now standing side-by-side with Butcher and chasing the trio away to the other side of the ring!

DDK:

MIL VUELTAS! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS! THEY'RE BOTH HERE! THEY'RE EVENING THE ODDS!

Lance:

We've seen DLJ try and court Mil Vueltras to their side, but he turned Danny down flat last night! He doesn't want ANY part of what they're selling!

BURNS, DLJ and Sonny Silver occupy one corner of the ring while Mil and Butcher try and shield Elise from further damage on the other. DLJ scowls at Mil.

DLJ:

MIL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Mil looks up at Danny and stands in between the two...

CRACK!

MIL HITS BUTCHER IN THE HEAD WITH THE CHAIR! BUTCHER COLLAPSES TO HIS KNEES AFTER THE UNEXPECTED SHOT!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! WHAT THE HELL DID MIL VUELTAS JUST DO?!

Seething with rage, Mil SWINGS again and cracks Butcher Victorious with the chair in the side of the head! OSCAR, DLJ and Sonny all collectively laugh and then resume their attack of Elise Ares!

Lance:

WAS... WAS MIL PART OF THIS SET-UP, TOO?!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Mil DENTS the chair over Butcher's back three more times before he finally drops it at his feet. He turns over to DLJ... and the two former Familia members HUG IT OUT in the middle of the ring! Sonny and OSCAR both clap and look happy for the reunited former Familia members... but the people aren't.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I THINK MIL MUST HAVE ACCEPTED WHATEVER DLJ HAS BEEN TRYING TO SELL HIM! THAT'S WHAT I THINK!

OSCAR walks over to Mil and raises the luchador's hand as well as THUNDEROUS BOOING rains out through the Erie Insurance Arena! OSCAR wants a microphone while he motions for DLJ to hold up Elise Ares. Sonny grabs a microphone for OSCAR.

OSCAR BURNS:

Two things... FIRST... MIL VUELTAS... WELCOME TO THE GC UNIVERSE!

Mil looks at a man that was once his enemy as recently as late last year...

Then SHAKES his hand!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

THAT LITTLE SELLOUT! HOW THE HELL COULD HE DO THIS?! WHY THE HELL DID HE DO THIS TO BUTCHER?!

Mil's evil little smile sets off the entire crowd. OSCAR then turns down to face Elise.

OSCAR BURNS:

AND SECOND... **YOU** HAVE THE GODDAMN NERVE TO PUT **YOUR** HANDS ON ME?! I **AM** THIS [censored] COMPANY, ELISE! I **AM** DEFIANCE! I **AM** PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! AND IF YOU WANT TO TRY AND PROVE ME WRONG... IF YOU **REALLY** WANT TO PROVE YOUR WORTH...

Elise tries to fight her way out of DLJ's grip, but The Front Runner is too strong.

OSCAR BURNS:

THEN I'LL SEE YOU... **AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE!**

He tosses the mic down. He grabs Elise again by her arm and then deadlifts her into a SECOND deadlift saito suplex into the canvas! After driving her to the canvas again, Mil stands with a boot down on Butcher Victorious' throat, and raises hands with OSCAR, Sonny, and DLJ! The new foursome collectively bask in the massive jeers of The Faithful!

DDK:

WE ARE OUT OF TIME! WE HAVE TO GO, BUT WE WILL GET YOU ANSWERS! WE WILL SEE YOU ALL IN

TWO WEEKS FOR DEFtv! FOR LANCE WARNER... UGH, THEY MAKE ME SICK... I'M DARREN KEEBLER. GOOD NIGHT!

OSCAR BURNS, DLJ, Sonny Silver and Mil Vuelas stand as "Presto" plays over the speakers and trash begins to fill the ring. In particular, a water bottle manages to catch Mil in the side of the head... and he only responds with the smarmiest grin. DLJ goes over and the two former Familia members hug it out one more time with OSCAR and Sonny clapping for the reunited!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

THE GC UNIVERSE.