

COLD OPEN: CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Earlier Today.

Open on the rear of the arena, where Scott Douglas and Iris Davine are seen stepping out of a black SUV.

Scott adjusts the strap of his gym bag, looking focused and determined. Iris, walking beside him, seems equally composed, though there's a subtle undercurrent of tension to the pair.

As they start to make their way towards the entrance, Christie Zane suddenly appears, jogging over with a microphone in hand, eager to catch up with them.

Christie Zane:

Scott Douglas, the Faithful have been buzzing ever since Titaness issued that challenge to you two weeks ago. Everyone wants to know—are you going to accept her challenge to face Killjoy here tonight?

Scott pauses mid-stride, glancing at Iris, who raises her eyebrows in a silent prompt—"Well?"—before he turns his attention to Christie. A small smile tugs at the corners of his mouth as he steps forward and answers.

Scott Douglas:

Titaness' *challenge*? You mean her and Uriel's attempt to stack the deck against me? It took two of them to jump me a few weeks ago, so obviously the "Familia" understands they can't take me on alone. Uriel already knows he'll need backup at ACTS of DEFIANCE ... this is nothing more than an attempt to use their numbers to their advantage once again. That's fine.

Scott shifts his focus to the camera, his tone growing more resolute.

Scott Douglas:

Uriel ... I'll go through each and every one of you. One by one!

With that, Scott turns and strides towards the arena entrance, Iris following closely behind. Christie stays behind, turning to the camera with a professional smile to wrap up the segment.

Christie Zane:

There you have it, Faithful! Tonight, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in one-on-one action with Titanes Familia's Killjoy ... to decide whether or not Titaness and Killjoy will be banned from ringside at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

To the show open.

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Erie, Pennsylvania welcomes DEFIANCE as the Cool Insuring Arena is hyped for DEFtv 208!

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!

VIVA LA REZISTANCE

SIGNS ARE FEEDBACK TOO

LAST SHOW PRETTY MUCH PROVED THAT EVEN ELON MUSK HAS SMOKED MORE WEED THAN NED REFORM

AC/GC: HIGHWAY TO OI, MATE

¿POR QUÉ, MIL, POR QUÉ?

GO, LONNIE, GO, LONNIE, GO!

SCOTT DOUGLAS IS GONNA BE URIEL'S DAD

I WISH TO JOIN THE REZISTANCE

NED NEDUCATED ME AND I WOULD LIKE MY REFUND NOW

To ringside.

SPECIAL "IMMERSION THERAPY" GAUNTLET MATCH

The camera sweeps over the Cool Insurance Arena, getting multiple panning shots of thousands of screaming wrestling fans. A spectacle of lights and pyros fills the stage, further pumping them up.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to DEFtv! We're again LIVE from Glens Falls for a SECOND NIGHT of DEFIANCE action!

Lance:

Last night got out of hand... I can only imagine what tonight is going to bring!

DDK:

Then let's get right into it!

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

The crowd reacts instantaneously to a familiar thumping drums and bass intro. Through a wall of smoke cascading down over the entryway, REZIN violently bursts out onto the stage, and the house loses its shit.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

DDK:

Looks like we're off to a HOT start, Lance! "The Escape Artist" Rezin is HERE!

Lance:

And he brought the whole Rezistance with him!

True to Warner's observation, the assorted magicians and vikings and things representing the Rezistance walking out and form a line with a rather irate and anxious-looking Goat Bastard pacing across the stage before them. They wait for the song to escalate to pyros set behind them erupting into COLUMNS OF FIRE, then Rezin leads the charge down the rampway.

DDK:

I don't think we're getting any of the usual shenanigans tonight, folks! There's an intense, raging look in his eyes tonight!

Lance:

And intoxication.

DDK:

Well yes, that too, but it's clear that there's something on the mind of the Escape Artist, and I feel we're about to hear him air it out!

Rezin climbs up to the apron and graciously holds the ropes. One by one, the Rezistance enter the ring before their leader (except Rocko, that asshole). With the litany of weirdos finally overtaking the ring, the song cuts, and the fans cheer loudly once more. And yet, despite the warm reaction, nobody in the ring looks particularly excited to be there.

There's no mistaking that something is eating away at the Goat Bastard, who is again pacing aggressively from one set of ropes to the next like a caged animal. He motions for the Amazing Amarettos, and the twin magicians promptly step forward. Carlo extends his overturned tophat with a graceful bow while Gomez shuffles up beside him and more or less does the same.

From one hat, Rezin magically produces a microphone. From the other, a conveniently pre-rolled spliff. The Amarettos return their hats to their heads, and shimmy back to their places in line. Gomez is noticeably out of sync with Carlo.

Rezin paces for a moment more before checking that the spliff is working and lights up the mic before bringing both to their lips.

Rezin:

...arright, gang... listen up.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Rezin:

Errybuddy feelin' good tonight? Ready for some good ol' wrasslin' action? Cool... cool... that's just groovy. Fine and goddamb dandy. But ya know, not to be bring down the mood or anything, but I gotta tell ya it kinda sucks that this ol' Dopesmoker can't be groovin' it with y'all right now, know'm'sayin'? Thing is, there's been something that's been gummin' my grinder lately. Really pluggin' my pipe! Spurnin' my spliff! Befoulin' my BONG, if ya will! And lemme tell ya, gang, it almost feels like I ain't got any mellow left to harsh!

He gestures to the merry band of misfits sharing the ring with him.

Rezin:

And the worst part is, this funk is affectin' ALL of us! Take the Great Olvir here! There was a time when there was NOBODY in the porn industry who could get all berzerker on bootyholes like our Ollie! But NOW? All this drama's got him relyin' on this new drug called VIKAGRA just to lift the ol' Mjolnir, if yer pickin' down what I'm puttin' up here!

Olvir Arsvinnar blushes and hides his face from the camera.

Rezin:

The Amarettos ain't been all that AMAAAZING either! Gomez started drinkin' again! Carlo can't find his favorite cumberbund! I can actually tell them APART!

Carlo hangs his head in shame. Gomez sneaks in sips off what appears to be a Windex bottle.

Rezin:

And Suzie? *WHOOOF!* Man, lemme tell ya, this poor, decrepit woman you see here had only one small, shining joy in her haggard existence, and that was the smooth flavor of a menthol Pall Mall! Alas, dear readers, our beloved Suzie has... QUIT! SMOKING!!

Cut to Suzie, who shrugs indifferently while chewing away on a wad of gum.

Rezin:

And then there's our young Rezistor-in-Training, Chris Chickentenders. Chris...

He glances at Chickentenders. Double-takes. He notices the neck brace and bandages sustained from his Kuroyamafication the previous night.

Rezin:

...well, we all know Chris' problem. But as ya can see, it's like there's a CURSE hangin' over the whole Rezistance! A curse that's affectin' us ALL!

Rocko Daymon:

Um... I'm doing alright, actually.

Rezin:

SHUT UP, ROCK, NOBODY ASKED YOU!

Daymon shuts his shit down. God, what an asshole.

Rezin:

Anyway, I keep trynna figger the cause.... the smelly, stinkin' SOURCE of all this unsolicited heckin' the world be doin' us! Let's recap, shall we? Over a year ago, I'm fightin' in the match of my life! REZIN versus KEYES THREE! ...or was it four? I can't remember--well, FUCK IT, the point is, I'm fightin' against my greatest rival with the SOHER Championship on the line! I'm at the most pivotal moment of my entire broken, battered and abused professional wrestling career! And right when I least expect it, BAM!!

He punches his leg and collapses into a kneel.

Rezin:

My GODDAMB KNEE goes out! SHUCKS! Who coulda seen it comin'?! Well, no matter... the human body is a crazy, fucked up machine capable of mind-blowin' miracles of healing! So what do I do? I DO THE TIME! I REHAB THE KNEE! (just the knee... just the knee) I ESCAPE the PRISON PLANET, and RETURN to the GREATEST MUTHAFUGGIN' WRASSLIN' COMPANY in the WORLD... and tell me, gang... fuggin' TELL ME here... what's it gotten me? HUH!?

He knee walks across the ring, a man who's emotions can no longer be controlled. He points almost accusingly out into the crowd.

Rezin:

Can ANY of y'all remember the last time I actually WON a match?! Cuz I CAN'T! And YEAH, for years, I was a guy who woulda never been bothered by that! I racked up losses like crazy cat ladies collect Beanie Babies... and ya know what? I FUGGIN' LOVED IT! Cuz I FUGGIN' LOVE the FIRE and the FIGHT this goddamb sport brings to my life! But now? NOW???

He shoots to his feet, pounding his chest with his clenched fist.

Rezin:

Now, it ain't feelin' all that PUNK ROCK, gang. Bein' the guy that always gets stomped. The guy famous for his FALLS! The guy who ends up in the highlight reel after hilariously ragdolling across the ring, like some living goddamb crash test dummy! The guy that BLEEDS, BREAKS, PUKES, and SHITS HIS WAY ACROSS THIS RING...

He begins running back and forth from corner to corner, angrily stopping the bottom turnbuckle pad with every trip

Rezin:

FROM!! GOD!! DAMB!! PILLAR!! TO!! GOD!! DAMB!! POST AND I'M FUGGIN' SICK OF IT, GANG! I'M SICK OF HEARIN' PEOPLE TELL ME HOW GREAT I AM, WHEN I KEEP FALLIN' ON MY FACE!! FOR ONCE IN MY GODDAMB LIFE, I WANNA FEEL STRONG! I WANNA BE RESPECTED! I WANNA BE ACKNOWLEDGED!! I WANNA TO BE **FEARED!!**

He leans in close to the camera, until all the viewers at home can see is his maniacal face. An American portrait in madness. Nostrils flaring. Lips foaming. Reddened eyes growing wide and looking unhinged.

Rezin:

...and so, as far as I see it... there's only one thing for this ol' Dopesmoker to do...

Slowly...

Gently...

He places a tinfoil cap onto his head.

Rezin:

I DIGGLE DOWN AND DUB THE FUCK IN!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

The Goat Bastard is finally FIRED UP, nodding back into the audience with his nefariously insane grin spreading across the face.

Rezin:

So, without further adieu, how about we crank the PUNK ROCK in this bish by bringin' out the SQUAREST sum'bish in that whole damb locker room and BUSTIN' UP that big ol' brain of his!

Rezin pounces upon the ropes facing the ramp and entryway. He DEFIANTly points to the back.

Rezin

RRRRRREEUUUUUUURRRRLALLALALAAMMM
!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Rezin:

YA STOLE MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IN MY HOMETOWN! YA SCREWED ME OUT OF MY MATCH THE LAST SHOW!! Ya wanna talk about "Immersion Therapy"? How 'bout ya get out here and I'll immerse my FOOT UP DAT SNOOTY ASS OF YOURS!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The mood instantly changes as the house lights turn purple and the Southern Heritage Champion steps through the ramp. Dressed in a dark blue tweed jacket and with the title belt slung over his shoulder, Reform slyly saunters to the top of the ramp with a mic in his hand. He makes the "cut it" motion and waits for his theme to die out before bringing the mic up. He gestures toward Rezin in the ring.

Ned Reform:

Ask, my dear Rezin, and ye shall receive. Ladies and gentlemen of Nowheresville, New York... you have the privilege of being present as I change a life on live television. In the ring right now is a shell of a man begging to be saved. You heard it directly from the flea-infested horse's mouth: he craves the feeling of being more than the DEFIANCE doormat. I know a cry for help when I hear one! That is why it is time for DOCTOR Ned Reform's own brand of healing. That is... for the first time ever on a professional wrestling program, Rezin will face his demons head on... he will stare down the shadows of his past, and he will emerge...

Rezin:

HEY!! I arready done all that, and it's called ten hits of acid and Pink Floyd's "Meddle" played on reverse! Now if ya wanna save me from anythin', Doc Crock, then save me from all the quack talk, waddle on down here, and LET'S ROLL THIS DAMB JOINT!

Ned Reform:

Very well. BEHOLD! The very FIRST "Immersion Therapy" Gauntlet Match! A parade of opponents... from your greatest failures!

A beat as Reform gestures behind him to the entrance. Then... the lights go out. A red mist begins to bellow from the ramp. The spotlights above the arena suddenly turn pink as a very familiar piano chord starts to play...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute!

Lance:

Could it be??

The VERY surprised Faithful rise to their feet as a crowd only does when anticipating a big return. As the now iconic Vae Victis theme song continues to play, Ned's smile only widens. Behind emerges a figure... a man in a bright pink overcoat. A man with a salt-and-pepper goatee. A man with an eyepatch. The man...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...is TA Horrigan doing a rather piss-poor Henry Keyes impression. Horrigan stands at the top of the ramp, folding his arms and doing his best to scowl. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a stuffed tiger, showing it off to the fans and the camera alike - before punting it into the front row. Horrigan Keyes begins to power walk toward the ring.

In the ring, Rezin is still frozen in slight shock, a hand clutching the black heart tattoo on his chest. But once he breathes a sigh of relief, he turns to his crew.

Rezin:

Gang... as it is unwritten by the PUNK law, I can only engage in this battle of the wills and skills *el solo*. So, I'll see y'all in a few...

Nodding obediently, the magicians and vikings and things of the Rezistance take their leave of the ring and head to the back. While they're passing by, Horrigan Keyes fakes taking a shot a Chickentenders, who bites hard and practically sprawls over the barricade to get away. Horrigan takes to the ring and posts up on a corner.

Horrigan Keyes:

YOU WON'T SIT NEAR US!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And it appears we're being joined by the "distinguished" SOHER...

The sound of a rustling headset. And then...

Ned Reform:

Hello, Bachelor's Degrees! We meet again!

In the ring, Horrigan Keyes meticulously undoes the dozens of straps and buckles holding together is not quite pink and blue (more like magenta and navy, if we're being honest) longcoat. Rezin, meanwhile, bounces restlessly in his corner, ready and raring to let loose.

Hector Navarro finally gives him the opportunity by waving to the timekeeper for the bell.

DING DING

Rezin is already bursting forth on the balls of his feet before the second DING. Horrigan Keyes interlocks his hands and swings a heavy axehandle, but the Escape Artist nimbly ducks under and around him, parkours off the near corner, and springboards an elbow squarely between Horrigan's shoulderblades!

TA HK stumbles, but doesn't go down. Rezin hits the ropes and comes at him from the blindside, leaping up and taking hold of the head to bring him down the rest of the way!

DDK:

Rezin with the bulldog to take this "Horrigan Keyes" abomination to the mat!

Ned Reform:

It's symbolic, you see.

DDK:

Horrigan back up... he swings, but MISSES the Escape Artist! Rezin's got speed on his side! He hits the ropes, and a BASEMENT DROPKICK brings Horrigan to a knee!

Rezin pops up, hits the ropes, and goes for the Shining Wizard... but either it's cloudy out, or TA Horrigan doesn't play D&D, because he ducks the Goat Bastard's knee at the last second. Rezin stumbles but steadies himself in a corner. He turns himself around, SCREAMS at the sight of the massive Horrigan barreling down on him, and just narrowly slips out of the way at the last second.

Lance:

The Escape Artist ekes out another escape.

Ned Reform:

You can only avoid ones problems for so long, Mr. Warner. This is about learning to cope in HEALTHY ways.

Pissed off and smarting off the impact of the turnbuckles, Horrigan Keyes tears off the eye patch in frustration. Rezin hits the ropes and comes at him again. This time, Horrigan is waiting for him with a backdrop over the ropes.

But instead of crashing to the floor, Rezin lands safely on the apron. Horrigan slowly turns around as Rezin jumps to the top rope and springs off into a --

DDK:

SPINNING SIDE SLAM by Horrigan!

Lance:

I feel Rezin may have gone to the well too many times with the high-risk maneuvers.

Ned Reform:

Dangerous and risk-seeking behaviors are often signs of trauma.

Rezin recovers and pulls himself up into a corner. This time, he can't escape Horrigan's oncoming avalanche press, which squishes him against the turnbuckles like a bug beneath a boulder. Horrigan brings him out with a Biel throw that dumps the Goat Bastard on his back, followed up by a heavy elbow drop.

With Rezin's head effectively buried in the fat of his arm, Horrigan makes the cover.

One!

Two!

DDK:

Rezin KICKS OUT!

Lance:

But he's going to need to regain control of this match soon if he has any hope of getting through this gauntlet.

Horrigan Keyes puts the boots to his arch non-nemesis, kicking around the ring for a loop before finally peeling him up. Horrigan scoops him up against his chest, preparing for a World's Strongest Slam...!

...but as he hoists him up higher, Rezin comes out of his arms and swoops over him.

Lance:

The Escape Artist breaks loose!

Rezin drops to his feet behind Horrigan. TA HK slowly turns around into...

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK OUTTA NOWHERE! Horrigan Keyes is OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

Horrigan hits the canvas like a felled mighty oak. Rezin sprawls over his chest and hooks the legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

He did! Rezin pulls it out over the big man!

Ned Reform:

We're just beginning, Mr. Keebler.

Rezin gets back to his feet and Hector Nevarro raises his hand. Horrigan's large form rolls under the bottom rope and falls to the floor. Meanwhile, all eyes go to the ramp...

♪ "This Link Is Dead" by Deftones ♪

A moment while the crowd tries to remember who that theme belongs to... and then a nostalgia POP! It's a pavlovian reaction though, because the crowd is now savvy enough to know the game. From the back charges a man dressed like old-school Stalker: white tank top, black pants, and bald cap. Except... it's Roosevelt Owens. Owens, a rather large man, doesn't put too much effort into the impression as he marches toward the ring.

Stalker Owens:

This is gonna be LIT!

Ned Reform:

Behold, Keebler! Leader of Kabal, destroyer of False Heroes, the man who brought Rezin to DEFIANCE!

DDK:

How many times are you planning to go to the "fake Stalker" well?

Ned Reform:

I'm sure I have no idea what you speak of.

TA Owens (as Stalker) reaches the ringside area... and he's caught by surprise as Rezin launches himself over the top and onto the Honor Society member!

DDK:

TOPE CON HIGH-LO by Rezin! With one win under his belt, he's pressing his advantages by bringing the fight to who I'm just going to call T-Ason "Stalker" Owens.

Ned Reform:

...you know what, Mr. Keebler? Clever enough. I'll allow you that one.

Rezin keeps up the pressure, chopping, punching, and kicking Stalker Owens for a loop around the ring, much to the delight of dozens of front row fans screaming on the other side of the barricade. Finally, he rolls him into the ring under

the ropes, and nods to Navarro to be on the ready before pouncing off the ropes.

DDK:

Rezin with a CROSS BODY PRESS over the ropes to come into the ring! And Hector Navarro can now make this official!

DING DING**DDK:**

And this round begins with Rezin already on top of Owens, hooking the legs!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Lance:

Of course, it couldn't be that easy.

Owens works his way up to his feet and begins swinging rights and lefts without reprieve. Slick as a toothpick, the Goat Bastard dances circles around him, nimbly evading every blow, and occasionally retorting with a sharp kick to the thigh or shank. Every strike only serves to further infuriate Owens.

DDK:

Rezin is poking and prodding away! Owens tires to wring him in, but Rezin gets away and hits the ropes... LEAPFROGS the backbody drop attempt... off the ropes again, and a REZINSAULT sweeps Owens to the mat!

Hooks the legs!

One!

Two!

Owens kicks out again!

Ned Reform:

Look at the toughness, Mr. Warner! The heart of a champion! A leader of men! Also... I believe leader of mutants?

The inadequately named TAsen "Stalker" Owens gets back to his feet with the help of the ropes. Before he can react, Rezin rushes over and throws himself into a crossbody press that sends him tumbling over the ropes to the outside! The Goat Bastard skins the cat his way back into the ring, earning a massive pop from the fans.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Ned Reform:

Look at that raw athleticism! Just imagine what may have happened had he not become an addict...

DDK:

Explain something to me, N--

Cut to the commentary station, as Reform gives Keebler the look of DEATH...

DDK:

...DOCTOR Reform... where exactly is the "immersion" in all of this?

Lance:

Yeah, and how is this “therapy”, exactly?

Ned Reform:

I’m unsure of how to break my methods down into something the uneducated layman could comprehend. I think you’ll simply have to trust me, gentlemen.

Owens pulls himself to his feet on the outside, shaking out the cobwebs. Seeing an opportunity, Rezin gets a head of steam, runs off the ropes, and launches himself into a SUICIDE DIVE--

DDK:

OWENS STEPS OUT OF THE WAY!!

Lance:

And Rezin takes a nasty spill to the floor!

The Goat Bastard faceplants on the floormats at ringside. He scrambles to his feet, but is almost instantly put down again by a running clothesline from Owens. With Rezin incapacitated, Owens pulls up the apron and searches beneath the ring.

DDK:

TAsen “Stalker” Owens is going for a weapon!

Lance:

Oh my! Is it a kendo stick that glows like a lightsaber?

DDK:

Oh no... it’s much worse! It’s...

It’s a CROSSBOW WITH TRANQUILIZER DARTS!!

GRROOOOOOAAANNNN...

Lance:

The absolute, indisputed nadir of the Kabal saga!

TAsen “Stalker” Owens points the crossbow at Rezin and attempts to fire. Much to his chagrin, the bolts appear to be made out of nerf darts. Regardless, he makes chicken salad out of this chicken shit by hoisting the crossbow like a club and beaming the staggered Rezin across the face.

Seeing this all take place in the ring, official Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Hector Navarro just called for the disqualification! And that’s ANOTHER win for Rezin! What do you think of that, dOcToR Reform?

Ned Reform:

I’d say “winning” is often relative, yes?

Lance:

Far be it from me to agree with the good doctor here, Keebs, but the damage has clearly been done.

Weakly pulling himself up with help from the apron, Rezin sports a noticeable lump on his head where he was

bludgeoned with a projectile weapon, of all things. He is seeing stars, but somehow still fighting on.

DDK:

Two down, but who's next in this bizarre "immersion therapy" match?

Then, music hits...

♪ "Fighter" by The Score ♪

Lance:

Wait a second... that's the Uncut theme!

DDK:

Then that can only mean...

TA Cole, the next of Reform's crew, emerges from behind the curtain wearing a black blazer, red tie, glasses, and a microphone. He promptly marches down the rampway and reaches ringside just as the Goat Bastard is coming to. Rezin blinks upon recognizing the ensemble.

Rezin:

...TRUTT?!

Not quite. But "Levi Trutt" immediately questions Rezin by way of an elbow shot across the face, and the Escape Artist answers by tumbling wickedly to the floor. After scooping him back up and tossing him into the ring, Cole joins the action and points to Navarro to get the next round started.

Levi Trutt:

Anywhoozles... let's get the party started!

DING DING DING

DDK:

First Henry Keyes, then Stalker, and now Chris Trutt... it's like you're trying to get into Rezin's head by parading out all the key figures in his DEFIANCE career, Ned!

Ned Reform:

Nothing escapes your acute powers of deduction, Mr. Keebler.

Lance:

You have a strange way of "helping" people, Reform.

The moment Rezin is vertical again, Levi Trutt is there with a German suplex to put him back horizontal after sending him hilariously ragdolling across the ring exactly like some previously described living goddamb crash test dummy. Levi promptly picks him up again, and drops him on his head and shoulders with a SECOND German.

And a THIRD!

DDK:

TA Cole is absolutely manhandling Rezin in the ring right now! Suplex after suplex, and the Escape Artist is in absolutely no condition to protect himself from this onslaught!

Lance:

We've seen plenty of in-ring interviews in our time, but this is ridiculous!

Rezin weakly tries pushing himself up from the mat. His arms are shaking, but he's nevertheless mustering up what

strength he has left to stay in the action. Unfortunately, Levi Trutt isn't quite finished getting the answers he seeks. He reaches down to take the Goat Bastard by the waist, deadlifts his weight off the canvas, and slams him down once more with another suplex!

The Escape Artist's head bounces off the impact and he flops to the mat once more. Levi is now firing on all cylinders, methodically pulling a nearly lifeless Rezin back up and tossing him across the ring once more with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

Once more, Rezin tumbles across the ring with Goat Simulator levels of physics. Levi pulls him up AGAIN... lifts him up... stalls... and BRAINBUSTERS Rezin's brains into his boots!

DDK:

Levi Trutt with the G-P-A BRAINBUSTER! I don't know how Rezin survives this onslaught!

Ned Reform:

His body may not. His mind, however, will be stronger than ever!

The fans are jeering, and pelting the ring with trash. Levi Trutt stalks his prey like a backstage interviewer with a thirst for blood. Only a single part of Rezin seems to be showing signs of life at this point: one of his hands weakly grips the canvas so that he may inch his way to the ropes.

But this won't stand for Levi Cole.

DDK:

The punishment continues! Levi brings Rezin up once more... there's the LIFT--and the RED, WHITE, AND BLUE THUNDER POWERBOMB drives him into the mat once more!

Lance:

But strangely, he's not making the cover!

DDK:

Hang on, I don't think he's finished... Rezin pulled up once more... AND MY GOD, A SECOND RED, WHITE, AND BLUE THUNDER POWERBOMB!!! What is the MEANING of this, Reform?!

Ned Reform:

We aren't about instant gratification here, Mr. Keebler. This is the long game!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The heat in the paradoxically named Cool Insurance Arena grows to nuclear levels. Cole stalks the ring with a proud smile on his face. Rezin is flat on the canvas, limbs spread out every which way, and completely at his mercy.

Only much to the surprise of everyone, Levi Trutt steps out of the ring...

DDK:

Wait a second... where is HE going?!

Navarro, equally confused, begins the ten count. Nevertheless, TA Cole takes his time heading back up the rampway.

One...

Two...

Three...

Lance:

Care to explain this strategy we're seeing, Doctor?

Ned Reform:

Why, if Mr. Trutt defeated Rezin... we wouldn't get to see the final opponent!

Four...

Five...

Six...

Cole continues walking up the rampway, indifferent to the official's count and ignoring the fans jeering him from the other side of the barricade.

SEVEN...

EIGHT...

NINE...

He reaches the stage, turns back toward the ring... and smiles.

TEN!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Well, Rezin survives yet another round, albeit by intentional count out! What's the deal here, Ned?

Cole looks to Dr. Reform seated at commentary and gives him the nod before heading to the back.

Ned Reform:

Excuse me, gentlemen. It's time to end this session.

DDK:

What are you...?

But Keebler's question goes unanswered as The Good Doctor stands up from the announce table. Again slinging the Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder, he grins as he walks up the side of the ramp. After a nod to TA Cole, Reform begins to walk down the ramp

Lance:

Wait a minute... Ned is in this gauntlet!

DDK:

Of course he'd come in to pick the bones. That's what this was all about.

Lance:

I suppose this is meant to be a message sent to the Escape Artist.

DDK:

And if I'm hearing that message right, Reform is saying that HE is the next major chapter in Rezin's career!

Not even remotely dressed to wrestle, Reform makes his way up the ringsteps and enters the ring where Rezin is just

barely trying to stir. As Ned stands over him making a “tsk tsk tsk” hand gesture, the New York Faithful begin to try to rile up the fan favorite with a chant...

LIGHT-IT-UP! LIGHT-IT-UP! LIGHT-IT-UP!

However, this chant only seems to amuse Ned. He walks away from Rezin, slinging his belt over the top rope and grinning at The Faithful before walking back to his opponent.

DDK:

Classic Ned Reform here... pretending to want to help someone when it's all about his own ego. After he picks the carcass of a man beaten down, we'll have to hear about this victory for the next six months.

Rezin is on all fours, shaking his head and trying to clear the cobwebs. Reform grabs him by skullet and yanks him so the two men are face to face.

Ned Reform:

Just say NO!

...and the Good Doctor ROCKS Rezin with an open palm slap to the face! The Goat Bastard crumples to the mat and the smirk returns to Reform's face.

Lance:

If you're going to beat him, do it Ned... I don't think it's wise to give Rezin a chance to get his bearings...

The Sage on the Stage may have somehow heard Warner, cause he makes an “it's over” motion before again reaching down to grab Rezin by the hair...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

...but as he bends down, Rezin catches him in a FLASH with an inside cradle!!! Nevarro immediately falls down into position!

ONE!

TWO!

Ned frantically kicks his leg, but Rezin has it locked in tight!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! REZIN CAUGHT HIM!

Lance:

Reform can't believe it either!!

The SOHER sits up and remains in the middle of the ring in a seated position with his hands on his bald head and his eyes bugging out his skull! The Faithful are on their feet high fiving and cheering! The rest of the Honor Society runs down the ramp, but by then Rezin has slunk out of the ring and stumbled over to the barricade. And then he stumbles OVER the barricade, ass over teakettle, just as TA Cole is about to reach him. Cole finds a sea of The Faithful blocking his way, so Reform's number two simply kicks the nearby ringsteps in frustration.

Lance:

Ned thought he had this in the bag, but Rezin caught him napping!

DDK:

Do you know what this means, Lance? Rezin just pinned the SOHER!

Reform has moved from his seated position and his eyes have yet to return back into his skull. All around him, the members of the Honor Society stomp and protest but there's nothing they can do.

Meanwhile, Rezin has made it about halfway up the seats. He stops in the eighth row, looking around in half surprise and half celebration. That's when Quimby decides to make it official.

Darren Quimby:

Your winner of the Immersion Therapy Gauntlet... REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZIN!!!

Surrounded by The Faithful, Quimby's announcement seems to light a fire under Rezin.

DDK:

He asked us earlier when the last time was that he won a match... well, he just won FOUR! Including one over our SOHER!

The last shot we see is a close up of Ned Reform, still seated in the ring with a look of utter shock. In the background, Rezin parties with the "fired up" Faithful.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

LOOK AT EVERYONE BEING NICE TO EACH OTHER

The scene opens in the parking lot as the Hollywood Bruvs exit their convertible Mazda MX-5 aka The Mikey-iata.

Mikey in the driver's seat, JFK riding passenger, because he obvs drives on the wrong side of the road.

They Gluefist as they meet in front of the car. Mikey locks the car with his key fob, ignoring the fact that it has no roof and is totally exposed.

Suddenly Kendrix stops talking but Mikey hasn't yet picked up on why. It's only until Kendrix stops walking, does the other Bruv clue in.

JFK nudges Mikey, anyway.

Both men look over and see Tyler Fuse leaned up against the entrance doors, chewing loudly on a stick of gum.

Tyler Fuse:

Loitering is my favorite thing.

He slowly glances over, as if he didn't see The Bruvs in front of him. Obviously, he did.

Tyler Fuse:

Ah, look. The two guys who put me in my place a couple weeks ago.

Fuse grins sarcastically at the duo. The Bruvs guard goes up a bit.

Tyler Fuse:

You know, Kendrix, I have an apology to make. I short changed you. Made Mikey sound like the ultimate DEFIANT when in reality you've had a pretty decent career, too. [Sarcastically sounding like Kendrix] Ya?

Jesse rolls his eyes and gestures toward the door; however, Tyler merely leans further into it, suggesting nobody is going anywhere.

Tyler Fuse:

It's a shame you guys came back after Conor and I stopped tagging. Well, we really didn't stop, you see. We lost a tag match to Malak and Cyrus and that means we can't tag together anymore.

Fuse shrugs through his purposefully annoying juxtaposition.

Tyler Fuse:

But hey, Mikey you beat your new buddy Douglas there a while ago in a "career" match. SubPop was never supposed to come back either... and he did.

Mikey looks at his watch and then up at Kendrix, shrugging in confusion.

Mikey Unlikely:

Time has a way of fixing these things.

Tyler nods and grins again while munching on his gum. He gives it the old James Franco - Harry Osborn wink.

Tyler Fuse:

Shit, solid point, Bruv. Who knows what the future holds.

Tyler reveals the ACE in his hands.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh that's right...

Finally, Bruv 1 and Bruv 2 look at each other, then look back at Tyler and have expressions on their faces like "thank god he's done". Tyler blows a bubble and keeps chewing it as he pops it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, what the hell is in that gum? Because I do not want any part of it.

Kendrix:

Yeah, and didn't your mother ever teach you how to chew gum? That's really rude. Chew with your mouth closed, innit, bruv?!

Tyler keeps chewing, clearly. Shit eating grin on his face while he does it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Seriously though, Tyler. We appreciate these little recap sessions of yours in the ring and now in the car park, we really do. But if this is a small cry for help in getting your very own locker room then the Hollywood Bruvs can obvs help you with that. We got the connect. That way you don't have to hang out here all night.

Kendrix:

Totally obvs! We don't know if you heard but we DEFIANCE Originals have a lot of sway around here.

Jesse throws a playful wink Tyler's way. Fuse tilts his head, closes his eyes and thinks about what The Hollywood Bruvs said.

...Then he simply slides off the entrance doors and puts his right palm across the handle bars. He opens them.

Tyler Fuse:

You guys make good points, I'll back off.

He gives another sinister-like smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

Go on in boys, enjoy the show!

The Bruvs look around cautiously before slowly sliding through the door. JFK and Fuse eyes never leave one another. The distrust is deep.

As the door closes behind them, Tyler goes back to leaning against the entrance as if the interaction he just had never happened. He continues to munch loudly on his gum.

...Until two large, looming shadows fall over him. The camera pans to reveal Bronson Box and Edward White.

Tyler smiles.

Bronson smiles.

Edward follows suit.

And Fuse keeps chewing on that gum.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. KILLJOY

DDK:

A HUGE match is up next and with it, comes major Acts of DEFIANCE implications! As we first heard earlier tonight, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas accepted the challenge of "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez! However, he must make it through "The Good Son of Titanes Familia"... the monstrous Killjoy!

Lance:

If Scott Douglas can do what no other star has done since Killjoy joined the main roster and defeat him in a singles match, both he and Titaness will be BARRED from ringside at Acts... but that's a big IF. Like you said, Darren, Killjoy hasn't been pinned since joining the main roster and Titanes Familia. He holds a singles victory over former FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix, so he can get it done!

DDK:

Scott Douglas himself has not tasted defeat since defeating Ned Reform in his return match at DEFCON. He was instrumental in helping the Hollywood Bruvs finally being able to turn back Titanes Familia after weeks of assaults and they haven't forgotten that. Let's go to ringside for this massive singles match!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey, already in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Smilin' and Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop as the take to their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... DEFIANCE'S FAVOURITE SON!

As the grunge tune gets into full swing, Scott Douglas steps through the curtain and onto the rampway. He looks out to the Faithful and takes it all in as the music plays on.

Darren Quimbey:

... "SUB POP" ... SCOTTTTTTT DOUGGGGLAAAASSSSSS!

Scott mouths the words to the song, "Misery loves company, baby! And I love you..." as he heads down toward the ring. Slapping hands of the Faithful on each side, on his way.

In the ring, he takes to the middle turnbuckle as the song hits it second chorus. With his tapped fists held high in the air, the Faithful pop for the former SoHer once more.

DDK:

The novelty of Scott Douglas' return certainly hasn't worn off for the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL!

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gld hue shines brightly over the stage.

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

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

Tonight, three golden spotlights shine brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic forms of The Familia. To the left, "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness is dressed in a black sleeveless top, black jeans and golden heels. To the right, Uriel Cortez wears a black sleeveless vest, tank top and pants adorned with gold trim, along with his round gold-tinted shining in

the spotlight. In the middle, The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN pounds...

KILLJOY!

Uriel nods towards Killjoy and Titaness. His wife accompanies Titaness to the ring while Uriel's eyes are set on The Commentation Station. As Uriel makes his way towards him, Killjoy stalks towards the ring with Scott Douglas in the ring, showing no fear of the giant coming their way. Killjoy reaches the ring and climbs inside by stepping over the ropes. The 6'10" monster holds his arms out crossed in front of him before he turns towards Scott... attacking with a running dropkick at the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

Scott Douglas with the first attack! He's doing what he can to catch the monster off-guard! And... uh-oh, we got company, Lance.

Now at the table, Uriel Cortez quickly snatches a headset as The Faithful roar for Scott Douglas taking the fight to the big man with a flurry of punches!

Uriel Cortez:

GET HIS ASS, KILLER!

Killjoy blocks the shots and shoves DEFIANCE's Favorite Son away, only for him to roll back to his feet! Killjoy runs at him again, but Scott ducks under an oncoming lariat! He turns around, and then hits a second dropkick to the chest of Killjoy, knocking him back! Scott pops back to his feet and runs the ropes! On the comeback, The Good Son tries to catch Douglas, but he tilt-a-whirls around him onto his back to latch on a tight sleeper hold! Titaness looks on in shock outside the ring.

DDK:

Douglas now using the sleeper hold to try and put the monster to sleep!

Uriel Cortez:

Remember when Sgt. Safety tried that shit? Watch what happens, Darren.

Sure enough, the Future of the Familia grabs Douglas and THROWS him to the canvas! Killjoy takes a moment to recollect himself and then goes to snatch Scott off the mat, but the former SOHER throws an upward kick off the mat as Killjoy reaches down, catching him in the top of the head!

Lance:

Scott Douglas has been doing this long enough to know the score! Don't let the big man get you! Stick and move, find an openi...

Uriel Cortez:

Shut your goddamn mouth, Warner.

Scott hurls a rolling forearm smash that catches Killjoy on the side! The beast flinches when Scott grabs him by the head and looks for a tornado DDT... only to get hoisted up! He tries to pitch Douglas across the ring, but Sub Pop lands on his feet! He charges and ducks underneath an elbow by Killjoy, but coming off the ropes the other way, he gets SLUGGED by a HUGE charging big boot! The New York Faithful flinch as Scott collapses on the mat and Killjoy screams out to the masses! Titaness claps and holds up a heart symbol to her husband, who is seen doing it back on commentary.

Uriel Cortez:

See THAT? The Familia that breaks Scott Douglas together STAYS together.

DDK:

Before you came out here, we were just talking about Killjoy's accomplishments in a short amount of time. He dismantled PCP on several occasions. Defeated Kendrix. Undefeated in singles actions since you recruited him.

Uriel Cortez:

All valid points. And he's gonna continue by beating Scott Douglas within an inch of his life tonight so I can finish the job at Acts of DEFIANCE. Mi Familia aren't going hungry again.

Douglas is partially pulled off the mat by his arm, only for Killjoy to wrap his own arm around Scott's neck and starts strangling him with a modified cobra clutch! Scott is gasping for air while Killjoy ragdolls him in the submission!

DDK:

Killjoy working over Scott Douglas with this cobra clutch! He's taking the fight to the legend tonight!

Uriel Cortez:

T and I taught Killer well! Do unto others! These little guys try and choke us big men out? Get them back. Eye for an eye, oxygen or oxygen!

Scott gets shaken up like a James Bond martini before being brought back down to a knee! He tries using his free arm to break Killjoy's grip, but the young monster remains unrelenting. Killer continues shaking down Douglas until he reaches up and socks the monster in the jaw! He throws two more good shots and finally gets Killjoy to free his grip... or so he thinks! Killjoy regains wrist control and PULLS Scott into his grip, then DRIVES him across his knee with a one-armed pendulum backbreaker!

Lance:

Goodness! He did that on a 220-pound man with one ARM! Killjoy is also showing some great ring IQ for a monster!

Uriel Cortez:

What? You think we all just swing our fists around? I mean... we do, cause we can. But Killjoy's got more in the repertoire than either of you idiots know.

Now switching up his submission game again, Killjoy has Douglas in a backbreaker submission across the knee, pushing down on his chest! The former SOHER is doing anything he can to try and break Killjoy's grip, but The Good Son remains unrelenting!

Uriel Cortez:

Break his ass in half! Someone needs to beat some sense into this dumb bastard!

But Scott does what he does best and continues to fight by bringing a free knee upwards, catching Killjoy in the temple! The first shot stuns him, but Scott brings up a second knee and clips him! Then a third! Finally, he's free of Killjoy's grip and tries to create distance by heading towards the corner. He's barely back on his feet when he sees Killjoy coming towards the corner with a back elbow. He moves out of the way and the monster hits nothing but empty turnbuckle!

DDK:

Scott Douglas doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit!" He's got an opening!

Scott ducks under a clothesline from Killjoy, and as he turns, he clips the big man in the knee with a dropkick! Killjoy hobbles around on his feet as Scott takes to the middle rope. He takes flight with another dropkick... but this time, Killjoy swats him away!

Lance:

No! Again! Any time that Scott Douglas tries to mount any sustained offense, Killjoy keeps shutting it down before it gets going!

Killjoy kneels over Douglas and holds him up over the shoulder before raising him him and then sending him CRASHING to the canvas with a release flapjack! The New York Faithful continue to jeer the monster while Titaness points up at Uriel on commentary. He pats his chest and points back at her, then gives a thumbs up to Killjoy watching in the ring.

Uriel Cortez:

Ain't she great, guys? Kick-ass wife. Kick-ass mother. That buff beauty over there? All mine.

Lance:

And things aren't looking great for Douglas right now! I...

Uriel Cortez:

Hey, shut your face. I'm scoring points for my better half when she goes back to listen to this, stats nerd.

Killjoy pulls Scott up off the canvas in an inverted facelock position, only to STRIKE him down with a huge forearm club to the heart! Killjoy then goes for a rare cover!

DDK:

This could be it! Has Killjoy done enough to secure the win?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Douglas kicks out!

DDK:

Killjoy put pressure on those shoulders, but Douglas fights out!

Uriel Cortez:

Slow count! Come on, you big dumb bitch, count faster! Killjoy, end him now!

Almost on cue, Titaness points at Killjoy and runs a thumb across his throat. Killjoy nods, then goes to grab Douglas and place him on the shoulders. He runs towards the corner with a snake eyes... but DEFIANCE's Favorite Son slips out, sending him crashing chest-first into the empty corner!

DDK:

No! Douglas just escaped! We've seen Killjoy use that snake eyes which leads to the FreeFall! Scott Douglas did his homework!

Uriel remains silent and merely growls on commentary while the match continues! Killjoy turns around and tries to swing at Douglas, but he ducks underneath and ends up in the corner. The beast doubles back to the corner, but Douglas gets a foot up, then SMACKS Killjoy in the side of the head with an enzuigiri! As the beast is stumbling around, Douglas leaps off with a huge top rope elbow smash to the back of the head! The Faithful are cheering as Douglas finally has Killjoy on the ropes and sends him stumbling through the ropes!

DDK:

He's done it! He's got the monster off his game tonight! He's...

Uriel Cortez:

No... go ahead. Finish your thought, Darren.

DDK:

Just trying to be impartial here and calling the action.

Uriel Cortez:

You've always sounded good at your job, Darren. Think you can call the action without teeth?

Killjoy staggers through the ropes but lands on his feet outside the ring, allowing Douglas to climb to the top rope. He takes flight... DIVING CROSSBODY TO THE FLOOR!

Lance:

HE'S DONE IT! SCOTT DOUGLAS FINALLY TAKES KILLJOY OFF HIS FEET!

The Faithful go crazy as Douglas unleashes right after right into the side of Killjoy's head, taking as many free shots as he can against the monster! He gets back up and then has the entire Cool Insuring Arena on their feet as he slides back into the ring!

Lance:

A countout win for Douglas regardless means that Killjoy and Titaness will be barred from ringside!

Uriel Cortez:

And me reaching across this table and strangling you means that Angus is gonna be back up here sooner than you think!

Titaness wills Killjoy back up and The Good Son tries to do so. He hears the official's count and heads into the ring, but as he climbs in through the ropes, he gets clipped with a huge standing sidekick, courtesy of Douglas! The beast gets staggered and then leads to Douglas dropping him with a leaping DDT in the middle of the ring! Douglas points to the top rope!

DDK:

Back up top one more time! Scott climbs to the top!

He looks out to The Faithful just as Killjoy tries to scramble up, only to get taken down with a HUGE top rope moonsault!

DDK:

Douglas for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...KICKOUT!

The monster PUSHES Douglas off him, much to not just his own shock, but that of EVERYONE! Scott gets to his knee and holds up three fingers to the official, but he returns two!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! KILLJOY KICKS OUT!

Uriel Cortez:

HA! SUCK IT DOWN! KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY! TALL PEOPLE FOR LIFE!

Douglas wondering what else he has to do, looks at the ropes. Knowing that the Sub Pop Suplex may not be an option

on a monster this large, he opts for the ropes again. With the official's attention on Killjoy, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son goes up when Titaness tries to stop him! She grabs a leg, but Benny Doyle sees it! He points at her and yells at her to leave!

DDK:

NO! TITANESS GETS CAUGHT AND GETS EJECTED FROM RINGSIDE!

Uriel Cortez:

No! Doyle's drunk! She's emotional support for Killjoy! There's laws against being thrown out!

Titaness angrily storms off from ringside and heads up the ramp! Douglas then leaps off for a second moonsault... BUT KILLJOY catches him on the shoulders and then DROPS him with a snake eyes!

DDK:

No! No! That distraction by Titaness might have worked after all! He counters the moonsault into the snake eyes he wanted earlier! That move has led to The FreeFall!

Uriel Cortez:

He should've been paying attention to my boy!

As Titaness stops at the top of the ramp, Killjoy gets jeers from The Faithful as he stands over the fallen Douglas. He goes to pick up DEFIANCE's Favorite Son by the throat and hoists him up for the FreeFall...

DDK:

FreeFa... NO! NO! HURRICANRANA!

At the apex of the powerbomb, Douglas counters with a momentum-shifting hurricanrana! He hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Killjoy KICKS out after the three, but it's too late! Douglas rolls out of the ring!

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHH!

DING DING DING

♪ "Smilin' and Dyin'" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER... **"SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUGLAS!**

Uriel Cortez:

THIS... THIS MOTHERF... NO! DAMN IT, KILLJOY KICKED OUT!

DDK:

NOT ACCORDING TO BENNY DOYLE! THAT WAS THREE!

Uriel Cortez:

BENNY'S DRUNK!

Titaness rushes back to the ring to help try and control an outraged Killjoy in the ring as he swings and ALMOST

collides with Benny Doyle! DEFIANCE's head ref leaps out of the ring to head for safety, then joins him outside the ring to raise Douglas' hand! He looks up directly at Uriel Cortez on the ramp with two fingers out.

Scott Douglas:

Two down... one to go!

Lance:

You heard him, Uriel. He pinned Titaness at MAXDEF! He beat Killjoy tonight! And he's one-on-one with you at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Meanwhile, the camera cuts back to an irate Uriel, not taking his eyes off Scott Douglas the entire time.

Uriel Cortez: *[slowly removing his headset]*

Fine... I'll do it myself...

He holds the headset in his massive hand, then CRUSHES it into pieces! He drops them to the ground and doesn't take his eyes off his ACTS of DEFIANCE opponent. Scott Douglas wears the wounds of a tough battle with Killjoy, but looks triumphant!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

JOHN HANCOCK

The camera cuts to the Commentation Station with Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner in a more serious mood.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, coming up in our main event tonight, it will be a rematch from last year's DEFIANCE Road! In a match between two former FISTS of DEFIANCE, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy goes one-on-one with the benefactor of The Blood Diamonds, "The Socialite" Edward White!

Lance:

Folks, we're gonna take you back to footage from an autograph signing at a local event here in Glenn Falls earlier this afternoon. One-half of The Lads, Punch Drunk Purcell was in attendance at the scheduled signing when there was a confrontation with, unfortunately... none other than The Blood Diamonds.

DDK:

Our reporting team was on hand filming some material when they caught the fight between Purcell and The Blood Diamonds on hand.

The words "Earlier Today" appear in the lower corner of the screen as a big line of people have shown up for autographs from various DEFIANCE stars. At one of the booths, the rookie sensation Punch Drunk Purcell is seen posing with fans for an autograph. Dressed in a black polo and jeans, he poses with a balled-up fist out with two teenage kids. He shakes hands with the kids as they head on their way. Purcell goes back to the nearby table.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Have a good one!

He waves them off as one of the staffers reaches out to someone in line.

Staffer:

All right, next up!

Purcell has a seat and has a pen all ready to go. He doesn't look up from the table.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Hey... who am I makin' this out to?

When The Round Mound of Ground and Pound doesn't hear a response, he asks again.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Got a name, kiddo?

???:

Yeah... the guy who's gonna watch you get your shit rocked in about thirty seconds!

Purcell stops and then looks up...

Right into the beady eyes of Angus Skaaland.

Angus Skaaland:

But you can just make it out to Angu...AGGH!

Purcell bolts up from his seat and before Angus can get out his quip, he has both hands wrapped around the collar of Angus' shirt! He tries to pull away, but Punchy ain't having any of that and snatches him close over the table.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You in the right place, bud! I can autograph a neck brace for you right he...

But the rest of his quip goes unheard! From behind, Reinhardt Hoffman nails him in the with a big forearm! He drops Angus and the mouthpiece of the Blood Diamond scatters away! Hoffman turns Purcell around and throws a few more shots to his back, but he doesn't count on Purcell already fighting back and delivering some body shots of his own!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

White still too much of a bitch to do this himself?!

He has Hoffman on the proverbial ropes, but people jump back in the line for autographs when out of nowhere, a massive form joins the fray and TACKLES the unsuspecting Purcell to where he goes sliding across the table!

Nicky Corozzo!

The massive hitman for The Blood Diamonds is joined by Hoffman getting back to his feet, followed by Jane Katze. They watch the two brutes attack Purcell and in the middle of all of this, Edward White finally joins in! Corozzo holds out Purcell's hand on the ground. Purcell tries to fight back against the massive hitman, but Hoffman and Katze continue to restrain him...

Along comes Edward White...

THEN CRACKS HIS HAND WITH A LEAD PIPE!

Purcell lets out a howl! The former boxer is left hunched over in pain holding his left hand close to him while security finally is able to jump in to separate the fight! White and his group back up and with the damage done, they flee the scene of the crime, along with Angus.

After the footage cuts back to real time, Keebler and Warner are back on.

DDK:

As a result, Punch Drunk Purcell will not be at tonight's show as scheduled and his partner, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy will be taking on Ed White in tonight's main event alone.

Lance:

We're going to be hearing from Dex Joy now about what happened and his thoughts on tonight's main event!

In an angry stance, Dex is pacing holes through the floor backstage.

Dex Joy:

You just don't know when to stop, do you, White?

He's in a fit of rage but he keeps speaking to his opponent.

Dex Joy:

Almost a decade behind bars didn't teach you anything, huh?! A place where the only method of survival is going after the biggest and baddest dudes? Well here's a little history lesson between the Lads-vee-Edward White ...

Dex holds his finger up.

Dex Joy:

You made your big return attacking me like a coward last year after I just defended my title. I gave you the spotlight you wanted and what did you do against me last year when the FIST was on the line, Ed? You failed.

Dex holds a second finger up.

Dex Joy:

You tried to get at my buddy, Punchy, in hopes of starting fresh and how did that end up? Same as our match: you laid out on your ass and failed that, too!

Three fingers.

Dex Joy:

Fast forward a few months later. Your little parrot, Angus, was squawking about us and what did that get you? Me and Punchy's attention! The two of us humiliated you separately you pompous peen. We did it together two weeks ago, too when you tried to jump us and you couldn't get the job done then! Lemme ask you, pally ... how did that go?

Dex is cupping his hand like he is waiting for an answer.

Dex Joy:

Well since you're too much of a nutless wonder to come here and answer to my face, I'll go ahead and answer for you: you got sent running again! You can't get it through your pea-brain, pally! It don't matter how much money you got, It don't matter how many hired goons are on your payroll ... The Lads got your number so you panicked and attacked Punchy earlier ...

Dex Joy:

My fellow Lad-in-crime ain't here tonight cause he's getting his hand checked on. He wanted to come. He called me up and even told me he didn't need a doctor's permission to come here and lay your asses out cause you idiots still left him with one good fist, but I told him to sit tight and that I'll handle this cause we both know I've got your number, Ed. You couldn't do it with help then and tonight, I'm gonna prove that when you come after the biggest and the baddest dudes and you don't finish the job ...

Dexy Baby grabs the front of the camera.

Dex Joy:

... you'll live long enough to regret it!

DAN RYAN vs. NATHAN EYE

DDK:

At ACTS of DEFIANCE we are going to see M4NTRA defend their newly won UNIFIED Tag Team Championships against the unlikely team of Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse.

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Fuse issued the challenge for singles matches before ACTS, so tonight we have Ryan against Eye. Two weeks from now, Fuse against Declan.

DDK:

Fuse and Alexander are former BRAZEN Tag Party winners.

Lance:

I'm excited for both matches.

DDK:

Same. Let's go to ringside.

The scene switches to announcer Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RAAAHHHHH oh it's only one fall this time, huh!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied by Conor Fuse... from Houston, Texas... weighing three-hundred-five pounds... DAN RYAN!

Ryan marches out, with Conor Fuse behind him. Conor is wearing a newly Ryan branded "DEATH DADDY" t-shirt and lime green track pants as he strolls behind the legendary star on their collective way to ringside.

DDK:

I'm going to be honest with you, I don't like M4NTRA's chances.

Lance:

Tonight or overall?

DDK:

The entire thing. Ryan is on point. He physically took apart Weighted Grade at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and he played a major role in the six-pack challenge that won Fuse and him the number one contender slot. Conor, also, is on. For as vibrant and "lovably annoying" as he is, it looks like both of them are gaining that killer instinct they sought when agreeing to team with each other.

Lance:

While I do agree, M4NTRA have a numbers game going on with the arrival of High Flyer and Archer Silver.

Ryan walks over the top rope and enters the ring while Fuse waits outside.

M A N T R A.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

A pulsating electric percussion of Bring Me The Horizon bring the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful from a peaceful anticipation to a frenzy of jeers! They are waiting for the champs...

And unlike the last DEFtv when they livestreamed instead, M4NTRA are present! Nathan Eye leads the group with his half of the Unified Tag Team championships over one shoulder with a thumb bandaged up and holding a golden book in his good hand. DEC4L is out next with the other half of the titles and the pair have on their matching gear and "third eye" sunglasses. "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste waves to the people with Archer Silver and High Flyer behind him.

DDK:

The whole crew is here. M4NTRA are here in full force tonight.

Lance:

Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse have become an incredibly dangerous team for a relatively short time in DEFIANCE but M4NTRA have the numbers advantage!

The foursome finally get to the ring, but Nathan Eye stops the group with both of his hands out.

Nathan Eye:

Wait! I'm going to need one of those finely educated people running production back there to cut my music, please!

The music is gone. Nathan continues to speak ... unfortunately for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Nathan Eye:

Thank you, thank you. Dan Ryan ... tonight, it would be my honor to step into the ring with a DEFIANCE legend such as yourself. I checked the history books ... the only person to hold the FIST three times! That's amazing! It's truly great that in spite of the lack of enlightenment in between your ears and you being the biggest cheug on the roster, the amazing physical musculature of yours has helped you go far in your career, my friend!

Ryan isn't happy with that backhanded dig.

Nathan Eye:

But ... my friends, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint the M4NTRA Rays tonight! In fact, I'm going to ask that we do the M4NTRA Ray dance, and then I'm gonna need people to take several seats!

Archer Silver, High Flyer, Makayla and DEC4L all do the M4NTRA Ray dance. Ryan and Conor aren't sure what to make of it. Well, Ryan simply looks like he wants to break some faces and Conor rolls his eyes as if to say the dance is more annoying than he ever was.

Nathan holds out their new book.

Nathan Eye:

I'm afraid that today during a book signing of our new coffee table book, Twenty Pages of Gold ... I suffered a paper cut! Stage IV!

Makayla Namaste:

On God.

Lance:

... No.

Nathan Eye:

And as a man that once spent fourteen months on the shelf with two gruesome shoulder surgeries and a brush with near-death via staph infection, I have to be smart and know when my peak physically-conditioned body needs rest. So ... I have enlisted fellow member High Flyer to take my place tonight!

On the far end of the ring apron, Conor Fuse doesn't look too impressed. But as he looks up to Dan Ryan in the center of the ring, The Ego Buster himself simply glances back down at Fuse with a shrug, suggesting it really doesn't matter

who Ryan faces, he's going to destroy them regardless.

High Flyer, meanwhile, leaps onto the apron and yells a couple profanities at Ryan. He turns to the Faithful and tosses his arms out, revealing a large M4NTRA towel that acts as his wings. He tosses it to ringside and then shoots himself up and over the ropes...

Mark Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING

Even before Flyer lands on his feet, Ryan hears the noise he wanted to, the ring bell, and charges forward, knocking Flyer out of the air with a forearm smash!

High Flyer flips inside-out a couple of times before he crashes to the mat, while Conor Fuse turns around and nods to a guy in the front row, saying he knew Dan had it all under control and it didn't matter who was in the match.

DDK:

Mark was rather early on calling for that bell.

Lance:

He absolutely was, and Dan Ryan absolutely made High Flyer pay.

Ryan whips Flyer into the ropes and destroys the kid with a shoulder block. Flyer SHOOTs across the canvas, into the ropes and ultimately falls out of the ring, right back to where he came from... RIGHT in front of M4NTRA.

Lance:

There is big history between Dan and the Flyer family, by the way. Dan fought with and against High Flyer - the Jack Harmen version - for years. There was also an incident in DEFIANCE years ago where Dan brutalized Harmen. His son, the current High Flyer we see before you, was tossed off the top of a cage at his very first DEFCON!

DDK:

There's also history with Conor Fuse and the Flyer family. We know the recent story between Harmen and Tyler Fuse, but that's because Jack Harmen was Conor Fuse's idol growing up as a kid. Tyler is also the reason the new iteration of High Flyer has been out of action three different times over the course of two years.

Lance:

Needless to say, there's all kinds of backstory.

As the announcers talk, High Flyer is wondering if he values his life or if he wants to wrestle some more. Mark Shields is such a god awful referee, however, he's giving everyone time because he only NOW starts his FIVE count.

Declan, Nathan and Archer are cheering Flyer on, who applies his brave face and then leaps onto the apron again.

Dan Ryan hasn't moved a muscle. He merely stands in the center of the ring and stares a hole through the young third generation upcoming star.

High Flyer grabs the top rope and front flips into the ring. Ryan is waiting for another forearm to take the youngster off his feet, but High Flyer back bridges to avoid it. He leans forward, rushing off the far ropes. Ryan goes for a grab but Flyer shoots between his legs, into a rear waist lock.

M4NTRA cheer him on as High Flyer gains control. That is, until Dan Ryan just backs up into the nearest corner and squashes Flyer Jr. He just unloads with three stiff back elbows. The only way High Flyer remains upright is he's leaning on Ryan's back. It's here where the former FIST grabs High Flyer and chucks him, fifteen feet in the air and clear across the ring. Flyer bounces off the canvas and looks across at the Ego Buster.

DDK:

High Flyer had better figure out a strategy to counter the former FIST Lance, or this could be a short one.

Ryan steps forward, full of confidence. He exposes his jaw to High Flyer and points to it.

Lance:

Is... is Dan Ryan giving him a free shot?

DDK:

That... might not be the wisest option!

Lance:

But Ryan's shrugged everything off as if it were a gnat buzzing around him so far!

High Flyer takes a deep breath in and steps toward the Ego Buster. Ryan again offers his jaw, so High Flyer rares back and slams an elbow into his jaw.

The elbow that was surgically repaired with two steel pipes to stabilize the arm. A gray area of an advantage if there ever was one.

Ryan seems stunned, his eyes kind of drift, before High Flyer clocks a dazed Ryan again with another elbow shot that sounds like metal clanging against metal.

Dan Ryan falls to the shock of everyone at ringside!

DDK:

Those lead pipes! In his fixed elbow! I can't believe they're legal nor that they took the Ego Buster off his feet!

Lance:

Nobody can believe it!

Even High Flyer himself can't believe it! He throws his hands up in victory. M4NTRA follow suit on the outside. Everyone is happy but The Faithful and Conor Fuse. (So really, it's only like five people who are happy.)

Flyer realizes where he is. In the middle of DEFtv.

High Flyer jumps on top and yells at Shields to get in position.

One.

Two.

Dan Ryan just body presses High Flyer off him. Flyer lands on his feet, however, and charges toward the down Ryan with a standing shooting star press. This time Dan presses Flyer off him and keeps Flyer in his arms, as he reaches a vertical base. He holds the lanky luchador above his head and turns toward M4NTRA. With a quick toss, High Flyer is hurled into Archer Silver and Declan, as Nathan sells his injury and avoids the toss. Even Mark Shields it at a loss as M4NTRA tumbles on the outside.

Conor Fuse merely leans against the apron and nods once at the fan he was speaking to previously.

Eye leans in and helps High Flyer to his feet, giving him the best motivational speech from his 251 page book. Flyer's eyes look like they're rolling in the back of his head as he climbs onto the apron. Dan Ryan gives him no quarter, grabbing the blonde locks before Flyer hooks the head and stun guns Ryan on the top rope. Ryan backsteps, as High Flyer leaps up top and just springboard cannonball dives his entire body into Ryan. Both men tumble to the mat from the blow, and High Flyer begins eyeing Ryan up. Ryan pushes to his feet, as Flyer charges. Ryan sidesteps a Yakuza

Kick, only to CRACK Flyer on the rebound.

DDK:

HAMMER OF GOD! Now THAT's an Elbow shot!

Lance:

Flyer would have fallen if Ryan didn't hook him. Oh God... it's academic! Humility Bomb! Center of the ring!

DDK:

I don't think Dan's done with him just yet Lance.

Lance:

Indeed! Ryan is staring down Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander and telling this, this is your future!

Conor continues chatting with that front row fan. He's totally chilled about the carnage in the ring.

DDK:

ANOTHER Humility Bomb! Center of the ring. Even Mark Shields has to think about calling this.

Lance:

Ryan isn't done Darren. He's got him up again! And a THIRD Humility Bomb!

DDK:

He just broke the third generation prodigy!

Dan Ryan looks down and considers. Instead of just placing a single boot onto the unconscious High Flyer, Ryan drops and hooks a leg. His gaze never wavers from the rest of the members of M4NTRA.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... DAN RYAN!

DDK:

It's almost like Dan was playing with his food. The sheer strength, size and experience of Dan Ryan is a tough hill to climb.

Lance:

M4NTRA is going to have to figure out a way to do just that. And it's not just Ryan, he's got Conor right by his side!

DDK:

That being said, I think the younger Flyer gave Ryan a bit more of a run than Dan initially expected. That elbow shot from his surgically repaired Tyler Fuse induced injury has proven quite effective, first on Elise, and now on the Ego Buster himself.

Lance:

But nobody throws the Hammer of God like Dan Ryan.

Archer drags a dazed High Flyer out of the ring as M4NTRA regroups on the outside. High Flyer throws both of his

arms up in triumphant victory, until Archer whispers what actually happened. A busted ego results, as Archer helps drag the defeated Flyer from ringside.

Meanwhile, Fuse slides into the ring, as he's done conversing with that fan. The Ultimate Gamer knocks Ryan on the chest and mouths the words "didn't break a sweat".

DDK:

In two weeks we have Conor vs. Declan.

Lance:

You wanna bet...?

DEFtv goes to commercial as Ryan's hand is raised and M4NTRA retreat.

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



STILL BEING NICE

DEFtv goes backstage as The Hollywood Bruvs locker room door is closed. However, it isn't closed for long as Tyler Fuse wanders up to it and begins knocking.

Momentarily after, Kendrix opens it, back to the door, calling in jovial spirits.

Kendrix:

Mikey, I keep telling you Bruv. Delivery peeps, strippees, they love it when British guys don't tip. They think it's cute!

Turning to face the caller at the door, his expression immediately drops.

Kendrix:

Ah jeez. I thought you were the frappe delivery guy...

He quickly holds his palm to his mouth, almost embarrassed at his own rudeness. At least Tyler isn't casually chewing gum anymore.

Kendrix:

Uh, I mean...

JFK squints his eyes and grits his teeth in thought trying to correct himself before giving up.

Kendrix:

Ah jeez.

Fuse is deadpan.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey, hope I didn't creep you guys out or anything earlier.

There's something so ingenious about Tyler's demeanor.

Tyler Fuse:

It's an easy going day for all of us, isn't it? Gotta be nice not booked. Show up, cheer on your friend Scott Douglas, film a little promotional material here and there. Just full out enjoy yourselves. That's the dream, isn't it? I know I'm living it...

Fuse looks down at the ACE in his hands.

Tyler Fuse:

Just waiting for my real opportunity. Then I'll be as famous as the two of you.

At that moment the Bruvs locker room opens further by an onrushing and overly excited Mikey Unlikely, empty Frappe in hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

FRAPP TIME! GIMME THE GOODS...

It's now Mikey's expression that drops, this time though he has his Bruv to give him a couple of comforting and understanding pats on the shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ah jeez...

Kendrix quickly covers Mikey's mouth with the palm of his hand, raising his eyes disappointedly at his Bruv's behavior before apologetically turning to Tyler gesturing for one moment as Mikey finally catches himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean...

He squints his eyes and grits his teeth in thought trying to correct himself before giving up. Both Kendrix and Tyler lean forward slightly in anticipation.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ah jeez.

...But nothing comes of it. Tyler simply nods his head and backs away.

No further interaction?

Apparently not.

Tyler wanders down the hallway, back to where he came from, leaving Kendrix and Mikey standing at the doorway.

Tyler Fuse: *[down the hall]*

Have a good one, Bruvs. See ya around.

The Bruvs both slowly move to the door. Mikey peers left, JFK peers right, watching Fuse as he goes. They turn to one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

Smell that Bruv?

JFK nods slowly.

Kendrix:

Glitter.

Mikey shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

No not that... I smell a rat...

MASON LUCK & LONNIE STONE vs. PCP

As we begin our Main Event... it's none other than the Lucky Sevens!

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

♪ "World on Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

A huge pop erupts all through the Cool Insuring Arena! Stepping on stage for the first time in some brand new gear are Mason and Lonnie Luck! Mason has a black vest, and brand new trunks with numerous flaming playing card patterns! Lonnie has white pants with the same logos on his gear! Mason and Lonnie both pose with the Winning Hand with Max Luck, suited up behind them with red and green pyro exploding on both sides of the stage!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing ... from Sin City, they are at a combined weight of four-hundred eight-seven pounds ... "The Maim Event Monster" Mason Luck ... "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck ... the Luckyyyyyyyyyy Sevennnnnsssss!!!

DDK:

Big stakes ahead for the next match! Lonnie Luck tried to wrestle a singles match against Klein with a shot at The D's Favoured Saints title up for grabs but came up short. Klein thought him worthy of a second chance, even when The D did not.

Lance:

Big stakes! If Lonnie and Mason win tonight, Lonnie will earn a title opportunity against The D for the Favoured Saints title! But if The D and Klein win, then Lonnie Luck won't get another shot as long as The D holds that belt!

Knowing what is on the line tonight, Lonnie and his cousins make it into the ring. Mason is ready to fight and Lonnie is, too. Max remains outside for moral support for this tag team match.

DDK:

This issue goes back to the three-way Unified Tag Team feud. During that whole time, Lonnie Luck has been trying to earn respect among the roster, but The D has been completely dismissive of him. Lonnie wants to show he belongs here by taking that title away and having success just like the Lucky Sevens have had with championship gold.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The spotlights float and dance onto the entranceway as the D steps out first, Favoured Saints title tossed over his shoulder. Klein is next behind him, wearing his box and waving to the Faithful. The D reaches up and adjusts a make believe tie before Klein and the D shake hands. The two quickly make their way to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, from the Internet... wait really? Weighing in at approximately four hundred and twenty pounds, they are, the D, and Klein, the Pop Culture Phenoms!

DDK:

The D and Klein have been tag teaming together since the late 90s, making their mark in the minor leagues of the IWO as the tandem the Disposable Heroes. Former ACW, LOC tag team champions, they brought a pedigree to the division when they joined it alongside Elise.

Lance:

And tonight, it's not about the tag division, it's about respect between the D and Lonnie. If Lonnie and Mason can get the duke, the D has a date with destiny and Luck at Acts!

The D climbs up the ring steps and then the turnbuckle, throwing the FS title high to the cheers of the Faithful.

DDK:

The D may be looking over his shoulders, after Mil locked him and Klein in a dressing room last DEFtv to allow that vicious attack on Elise.

Lance:

They better focus on tonight Darren. Keep your head on a swivel, but worry about what's right in front of you!

DING DING

Mason wants the first crack in the match, but Lonnie convinces him to let him have it and Mason relents. The D wants to start for his team. The crowd reaction is split between both teams currently being fan favorites at the moment. The D points outside at Max.

The D:

I thought this was PCP vs. the Lucky Sevens...

Lonnie quickly sneaks around behind the D and tries a school boy pin right away.

One ...

The D kicks out and stands up. Lonnie tries arm dragging The D, but he blocks it by bracing himself and then rolling up Lonnie.

One ...

Lonnie shifts around. He gets up and jumps off the ropes for a sunset flip!

One ...

Two ...

But The D shifts his weight in the other way!

One ...

Two ...

Lonnie shifts it back!

One ...

Two ...

The D kicks out. Both men are on their feet and get cheered by the Faithful but the standoff doesn't last long. Lonnie rushes in perhaps too headstrong and The D hits a japanese arm drag. When he gets back up, The D hits Lonnie with a drop kick!

Lance:

Well done! The D has been very underrated, in my opinion as a singles wrestler! He's been very successful in tag team action but has done very well representing as Favoured Saints champion!

Mason sees what's happening to Lonnie. He and Max cheer him on, but The D takes control. Lonnie is whipped into the corner but The D has both of Lonnie's feet in his face. Lonnie grabs The D's arm and jumps to the middle rope. He leaps off and hits a diving reverse DDT from the second rope!

DDK:

There is the Bluff Catcher! Can Lonnie Luck pin the champion?!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance!

Only a two! Can you imagine how much that would boost Lonnie Luck if he were to have won this match!

Lonnie feels like he can hit the Pocket Ace cutter. He goes to the corner, but The D shoves him right chest first into the pads. The D hits a side kick to Lonnie's stomach and right into a snap suplex. He kicks his arms into place then runs the ropes, steps over Lonnie and hits a moonwalk right into a standing moonsault!

DDK:

There's The D's Moonwalk!

One ...

Two ...

But he only gets a two count. The D points to Klein. The Box Man nods and gets the tag. The D whips Lonnie into the grip of Klein who has him in a belly to back suplex. The D runs and hits a neck breaker just as Klein falls to the mat with the suplex!

DDK:

Well executed double team by PCP! Mason Luck hasn't been able to tag in yet! And there is a cover by Klein!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

I thought that might have been in there! Any combination PCP throws at you is so dangerous.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are one of the best tag teams as well and Lonnie still feels like he's trying to find his place and trying to find that same synergy that Klein has with Elise and The D. He feels like that Favoured Saints title might be his ticket to getting there.

Lonnie Luck is picked up by Klein and held up for a stalling vertical suplex. He holds Lonnie high up. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful count seconds!

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

And the suplex follows!

Lance:

I think Lonnie has Klein to thank for The D even giving him this second chance, but they never said they'd make it easy!

DDK:

Lonnie hasn't asked for anything easy and it was his idea to even have to earn the title shot against The D in the first place.

Klein pulls him into the corner and picks him up for The D after the tag. The D tags in and hits a D in your Face stinger splash and hits the Contractual Obligation!

DDK:

The D in your Face and Contractual Obligation face buster! That might be it for Lonnie!

The D confidently pins Lonnie!

One ...

Two ...

But Mason pulls him off in the nick of time!

Lance:

Mason hasn't even made it into the match at all, but he's saving his cousin! Lonnie needs an opening for a tag quickly!

The D tells the ref to get the big man back to the corner. Mason shouts at Lonnie before he does.

Mason Luck:

YOU WANNA BE A GODDAMN LUCK?! ACT LIKE IT!!!

A chant for "LONNIE!" starts to break out after that "pep talk" from Mason. The D shuts out the chants while he picks Lonnie up by his neck in a side headlock. But before he hook it, Lonnie spins free and *bites* The D on his arm!

Lance:

That's fighting like a Luck all right!

Lonnie rolls up and then jumps towards the stunned D with a wheelbarrow body scissors into a reverse STO on the Favoured Saints champ!

DDK:

Lonnie did it! He hits the Burn Card and now he has a chance to tag Mason!

SEVENS! SEVENS! SEVENS! SEVENS!

Klein ushers The D to tag him in the corner. The D is able to get there and Klein gets in ... but Mason now has the tag!

DDK:

The two powerhouses are in!

Mason urges Klein to take his best shot, but Klein extends a hand? Mason looks confused, and shakes it quickly. They break, and Klein charges, but when he does Mason hits him with a standing drop kick!

Lance:

Goodness gracious that was a drop kick from a seven foot man!

Klein is kicked back into the corner! Mason Luck gets back up and hits a corner body splash on Klein! The Box Man is left hurt by the move but Mason pins him to the corner. The fans cheer the Maim Event Monster when he holds his hand out ...

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

DDK:

Four of a Kind! That move was passed down from Adam Roebuck of the House, player-coaches and former BRAZEN Tag Team champions down in our BRAZEN brand!

The D tries to stop Mason Luck and save his friend by going after the knee with kicks! Mason sends the D to the ropes with a whip, but the champion comes back with a spring board drop kick to the knee!

Lance:

The D is trying to save the match!

Mason hobbles around on a knee and The D launches a shining wizard, but before he can hit beat it ... Mason chops him out of the sky first!

DDK:

The D took the fight to the Maim Event Monster, but these two know each other so well! Mason saw Beat It coming and swatted him out of the way!

After taking care of The D, Mason grabs Klein from the corner and then plants him in the middle of the ring with a walking scoop powerslam! He points at Lonnie in the corner, who is still feeling the effects of being worked over earlier by PCP. Mason tags Lonnie and climbs up to the top rope. He grabs Lonnie and throws him halfway across the ring into an assisted splash on Klein!

DDK:

Mason and Lonnie with the double team splash! That's called the Rocket Ace!

Lonnie hooks Klein's leg!

One ...

Two ...

The D makes the save by hitting a flying senton to break up the cover!

Lance:

The action is getting out of control! Everyone's in the ring now!

The D stands up and sees Mason Luck coming. The Maim Event Player tries to intercept him, but he tugs on the top rope and Mason is sent flying out of the ring!

DDK:

There goes Mason Luck!

But as The D celebrates, he turns to get greeted by Lonnie Luck a second time when he leaps off the back of the rising Klein to wipe him out with a Bank Roll somersault senton of his own!

Lance:

Lonnie uses Klein as a launching pad on the D! The D is out!

But Lonnie can't celebrate for long! Klein is up and with The D and Mason Luck both out of the ring, they are the legal

men and hits a belly to belly side suplex! He covers Lonnie!

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... NO!!!

DDK:

Was that three? Was that three?

Lance:

It wasn't!

Klein looks pretty shook up about Lonnie's surprise kick out! Max Luck cheers Lonnie on from outside the ring that he's still in the match! The Pocket Ace ends up across the shoulders of Klein and he goes for the TKO.

DDK:

Think Outside! This is how Klein beat Lonnie two weeks ago ... NO!!!! WAIT!!

Klein goes for the TKO, but as he throws Lonnie up high, he lands on his shoulders then rolls him up! He crosses up both legs with a victory roll pin variation!

DDK:

There's a victory roll out of nowhere! The legs are crossed!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "World on Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Lonnie lets go and rolls backwards! He looks shocked, but he holds up three fingers to the referee who does confirm he got the pinfall! Klein sits up, and just smiles!

Darren Quimbey:

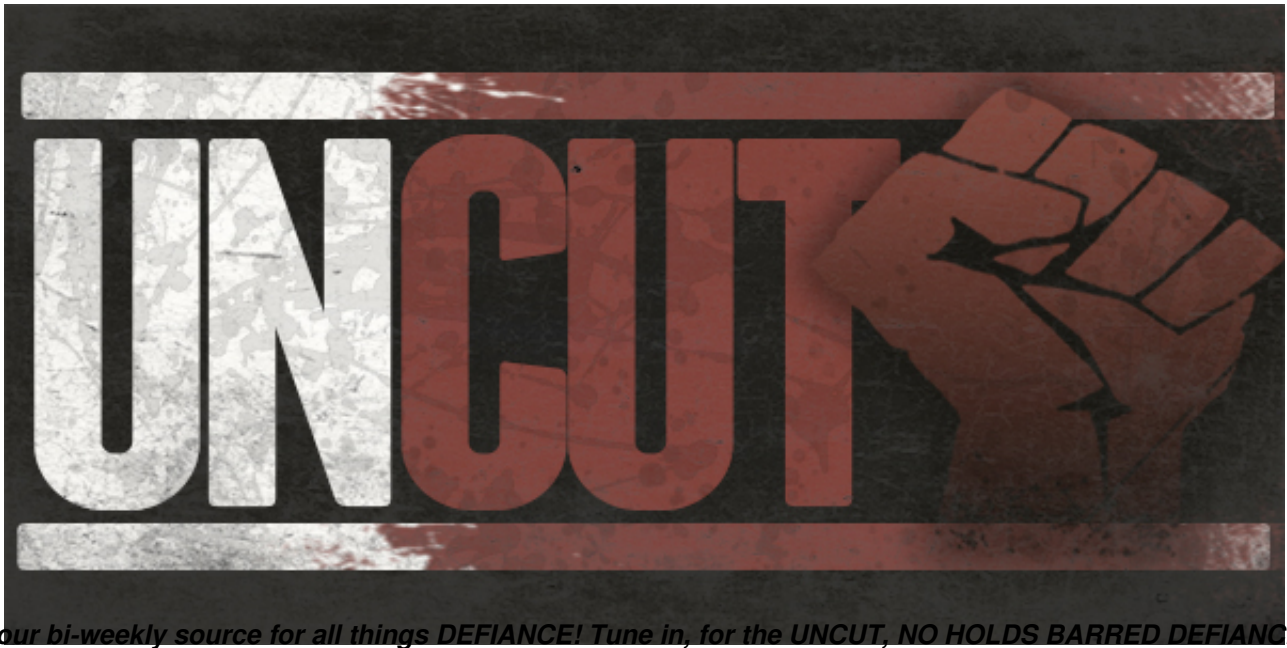
Your winner of the match ... Mason and Lonnie Luck ... the Luckyyyyyyy Sevensssssss!!!

DDK:

He did it! Lonnie got the three-count! He pins Klein and in the process, he's just earned himself a shot at the Favoured Saints title opportunity at Acts of DEFIANCE against The D!

The D collects his title back and goes to console Klein on the tough loss. Klein seems to be blissfully unaware as the D complains about having to fight a fan at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Mason and Max join Lonnie in the ring to bask in the glory of the win. The Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE put Lonnie on their shoulders to celebrate one of the biggest wins in his career! The D stands across from the celebrating group and throws up the Favoured Saints title. Lonnie may have gotten the win, but The D has the gold!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

DEX JOY vs. EDWARD WHITE

DDK:

We've got a huge main event! Two former FISTs of DEFIANCE are about to do battle! The very first holder of the title - Ed White is about to face "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Lance:

For weeks, The Lads have been calling out the Blood Diamonds. After Punch Drunk Purcell beat Reinhart Hoffman by DQ, the Blood Diamonds did what they could to try and take down the two powerhouses, but Dexy and Punchy saved themselves from certain harm! Tonight, though ... different story as we saw earlier.

DDK:

Dex Joy is fighting for Punch Drunk Purcell who was attacked at an autograph signing earlier today by the Blood Diamonds! Dex will be alone, but I doubt that we can say the same for Ed White. Where he goes, his paid help is sure to follow!

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

ENERGY

Another lightning bolt!

BIG

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

DEX

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

**BIG
DEX
ENERGY**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is tonight's main event! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... he is THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEXXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Standing on the stage, Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed Glenn Falls crowd. His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise! Once he reaches the ring, he is the poster boy for being ready to scrap.

♪ "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Making his way towards the ring being accompanied by Jane Katze! from his palatial estate in New Orleans, Louisiana ... "The Socialite" Edward Whiiiiittteeeee!

Edward White looks very proud of what he and his group did earlier in the day. He pauses as Jane Katze follows 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 himself. White climbs into the ring then orders the referee to make him back Dex up. He does it to allow Ed White in the ring ...

Lance:

White and that stupid smug look on his face. I can't stand anything about him. The way he treats people, the things he thinks he can do just because he has money.

DDK:

I agree partner. I'm remaining impartial as we have to, but I can't say I won't be disappointed when Dex gets his hands on him.

Dex is itching to fight ...

... but so are Nicky Corozzo and Reinhart Hoffman!

DDK:

HEY!!! HJEY!!!

Dex is pulled by his legs and dragged under the bottom rope by Corozzo and Hoffman!

Lance:

HOFFMAN AND COROZZO! WHERE DID THEY EVEN COME FROM?! THEY DIDN'T ACCOMPANY WHITE!!!

Dex is on the floor! Hoffman tries to get a cheap shot, but Dex decks the former BRAZEN champion with a swift shot first! He turns and gives a big one to Corozzo as well! White and Katze watch the battle outside between monsters! Dex slugs Hoffman again but spins around right into a thunderous big boot from Corozzo!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

I think those two brutes came through the crowd when Dex wasn't looking!

DDK:

And there's nothing the referee can really do! This match hasn't started yet!

As Lance notes, the match isn't officially underway. The Socialite has a nice jaunt around the ring while Hoffman and Corozzo pick Dex Joy up off the mat. They turn the Biggest Boy up and then throw him as hard they can into the steel steps! The steps come apart with Dex's impact leaving a slight dent. The booing almost blows the roof off the arena with White smiling so bright, his veneers might blind someone.

Lance:

This is heinous! These goons haven't been able to stop The Lads together so they had to pick them off individually just like this.

DDK:

And like we found out earlier, Punch Drunk Purcell suffered an injury to his left hand because of these two. We will hope to provide you an update on that on defiancewrestling.com after tonight's broadcast ... but we have to get to the action at hand.

No shortage of boots come down across the body of Dex with a seven-foot two Corozzo and six-foot five Hoffman! The referee orders them away but they completely ignore it and throw Dex back first into the barrier! Joy is in agony right now and White protests his innocence in the ring.

DDK:

Somebody do something!

Lance:

The Blood Diamonds have wrought havoc since coming around in DEFIANCE Wrestling and tonight they might have claimed two of their highest-profile targets yet!

Hoffman and Corozzo finally pick up Dexy Baby and push him directly into the ring, gift-wrapped for Edward White to do whatever he pleases. Dex Joy is in the corner and he's looking pretty shook up from the attacks from White's muscle. The referee asks Dex if he wants to continue.

Dex Joy:

Ring ...

Despite what has just happened, The EveryChamp still rises to his feet in the corner steadily.

Dex Joy:

Ring that damn bell, pally! NOW!!!

The referee hears this and calls for the bell.

DING DING

White sees Dex right before him and goes after the Biggest Boy. But Dex sees him coming first and moves. White stops himself from smashing into the corner but Dex rolls him up from behind!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

TWO COUNT!!!

Lance:

Just a two-count but imagine if White made that all happen just for him to lose that fast!

Dex's absolute refusal to lay down angers White as both men get up. Dex tries to hit a rolling elbow, but White moves and he hits a Laissez-Faire head butt first! Dex gets rattled by the unexpected shot and White takes advantage of another opportunity. He grabs Dex by the head and then throws Dex shoulder first into the post! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful shower the ring with nuclear-level jeering but all of it is just music to the ears of the Socialite.

Lance:

The abuse continues from The Blood Diamonds! Dex hasn't been able to get much going after that opening attack!

Dexy Baby is pulled out of the corner. Edward White kicks him in the gut and then hits him with a running clothesline leg sweep just as he's out of the corner!

DDK:

Three's a huge STO leg sweep by White! Is that going to lead to the victory?

He crawls over and doesn't waste the cover. He hooks Dex's leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dexy Baby's shoulder comes up first!

Lance:

What a kick out that was! Dex won't quit! He's still fighting!

DDK:

These two are no strangers! Dex had a long rivalry with Edward White last year over the FIST of DEFIANCE like we covered earlier! Dex was victorious as he reminded us earlier tonight and White has to be stewing over that.

White hands out stomp after stomp after stomp on Dex in the corner until he's given a reprimand by the official. DEFIANCE's Financial Backbone orders him away and then he begins to hit a facewash on the Biggest Boy. Multiple scrapes of his boot catch Dex by the side of his face and then White moves backwards to give himself a little room to run. He runs and kicks Dex square in the side of the face!

Lance:

Cheap tactics galore by the Socialite! This kind of thing is how he managed to stay on top for so long.

DDK:

He's a cockroach with a bank account, but his talent cannot be denied.

White has taken full advantage of this opening and he follows up the facewash with the DDT out of the corner. White puts his elbow into Dex's face and tries stealing the match.

One ...

Two ...

Dex kicks out!!!

DDK:

Dex is not going to give Ed White the satisfaction of a quick defeat tonight. Not when he's fighting for what they did to Punch Drunk Purcell!

Ed White has another DDT in store for Dexy Baby but Dexy Baby has a tackle into the corner in store for him first! The Socialite has the wind knocked out of his chest and The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are rabid for each punch Dex throws all across the body of White. He is trying to protect himself from the damage being done and just when he tries to block the punches, it's the stomps that are now coming his way!

Lance:

We're so used to seeing him fly around, use shoulder tackles, cross bodies, drop kicks ... he's doing none of that! He's just going straight for White with guns blazing!

DDK:

The Biggest Boy is on fire right now! Listen to the ovation!

DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX!

Fired up by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, the EveryChamp goes back to grab White but White makes with an eye poke! Dex is stumbled around and kicked in the chest, then a sucker punch catches him on the jaw. White uses a classic irish whip, but Dexy Baby turns him to the ropes and then strikes him using a running elbow! White starts to sit up and check his hand but that turns out to be the biggest mistake he can make when Dexy Baby hits the ropes and

hits a rolling cross body!

DDK:

Dex finally gets some offense with a rolling cross body! There's a pinfall by Dex!

One ...

Two ...

No!

White kicks out. Before Dex is able to follow up with any more attacks, White has already escaped and rolled to the floor.

DDK:

Ed White tries to find safety outside the ring ... but if he thinks Dex can't get him out there, he's crazy!

Lance:

We know that for sure! But where is Dex finding this?!

He hobbles over and tries to grab White on the apron ... but that few seconds is all that White needs to capitalize on! He kicks Dex on the leg. He grabs the neck of Dex and hits a Trickle Down Theory neck breaker against the top rope! The recoil is nasty and Dex drops to the mat! White is able to give himself some space.

DDK:

Oh no!!! No! Dex and history of neck issues! Edward White just found himself the biggest chance to take control here.

White crawls back into the ring and hooks the leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Edward White does not fight with the count, but instead he starts counting how many times he can punch Dex Joy in the face. The Biggest Boy gets his arms up to try and protect himself, but White keeps them coming until the referee demands he stop or risk being disqualified. White shrugs at the notion and he stops only to turn Dex over on his stomach and then hits a succession of several knee drops into Dex's neck.

Lance:

We don't like his tactics, but despite Ed White's overreliance on numbers, he is a cutthroat competitor at the end of the day.

DDK:

He *can* do the work like this if he wants, but would rather delegate it to others. Dex is in a very bad place right now.

He fights to get Dex up for a piledriver called the Market Failure. He manages to get the Biggest Boy up a little bit of the way, but Dex quickly moves his legs to free himself. He lands, but White doesn't give him a chance to back body drop his way out of it. He jabs some elbows into the back of Dex's hunched-over neck. Dex fights back with a right elbow! White looks like he might be glassy-eyed. Dex leans back, but White kicks him in the gut and hits a stunner!

DDK:

What a counter! He hits that jawbreaker! Now he's got the neck ... there's another Trickle Down Theory! Dex's neck just bounced off that shoulder of White's!

Dex can be seen grabbing away at his neck but White has shoved his hands away to try and pin the Biggest Boy!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Now Ed White's eyebrow is starting to twitch.

Lance:

White keeps hitting that neck with every move he can think of! I thought the stunner into the Trickle Down Theory had it!

DDK:

Dex won't give him the satisfaction! This is reminiscent of how DEFIANCE Road played out last year. Ed White did everything he could to wrestle the title away from Dex. The FIST stayed with Dex that night, but with more numbers and no back up at ringside like he has before, the numbers are definitely in White's favor still.

Dex tries fighting, but White hits the neck again with a pointed elbow drop and then goes to the STF!

Lance:

White is going to try and get Dex to tap out! How much more punishment can his neck take?

DDK:

He's fighting!

DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX!

Dex hears the people and the EveryChamp crawls to the ropes. He moves, eyes forward and pulls at the mat to get to the ropes. White's wrenching on the hold with everything he has in him. Katze, Corozzo and Hoffman have all eyes locked in ... but with Everyone's cheering him on, Dex makes the ropes!

DDK:

Dex Joy is fighting for both himself and for Punch Drunk Purcell tonight! He's not going to go away until his hand gets raised!

White keeps clinching the hold in until the referee tells him he will be disqualified again. White moves away but now he has the chance to score his biggest win since the Blood Diamonds formed. He grabs him by his neck and tries the Stock Market Crash DVD ... but Dex's elbows to the side of White's head make him drop! White lands on his feet when Dex picks him up and drives him down with the DEX-5!

DDK:

There's a DEX-5 by Dex Joy! But he can't follow up with a cover or he might have had this won.

Dex's neck has taken too much punishment before and during the match to capitalize but he still tries. Dex crawls and he goes to grab White but hooks the leg when Jane Katze gets on the ropes to distract the official.

DDK:

No! No! Not again! The second that any thing goes wrong, the Blood Diamonds jump to the defense of their golden goose.

Lance:

Dex has has enough!

He runs at Katze and sees Hoffman having a chance to get into the ring. Hoffman comes in behind the ref's back, but Joy goes off the other ropes and he sends Hoffman flying out of the ring with the pounce! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have come alive again!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner!!! He just sent Hoffman on an all-expense paid trip to the outside!

Nicky Corozzo tries to get involved as well, but Dexy Baby rides that good old adrenaline running through his veins! He blocks him with right hands and then grabs his head to drop him neck first across the top rope. Nicky falls to the floor. Meanwhile, White is still being consoled by Jane Katze in the corner.

Lance:

Nicky Corozzo is still on his feet! That's a problem ...

DDK:

Wait! What's Dex doing?

Dex is fueled by both the energy of the people and pure rage for what Ed White and Assoc have done to he and his tag partner tonight. Dex hits the ropes and flies right on through, crashing into Corozzo with a WHOA-pe!

DDK:

Dex is a one-man army tonight! He's just wiped out Hoffman! He's just wiped out Nicky Corozzo!

Dex's version of a Tope Suicida finally takes down Il Guidice and Dex now has the chance to beat Ed White a second time! The referee has lost complete control when he gets in the ring. Jane Katze screams at Dex to get out of the way, but the referee orders her off the apron. She doesn't move so Dex makes her do it by hip tossing her into the ring!

DDK:

Jane Katze wanted to be part of the action and now she is!

The referee orders her out and makes sure she leaves ... but Dex gets caught with a straight right hand to the family jewels that goes undetected!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No way! No way! White nails the punch I'd get fired for saying the name of!

White then pockets some sort of wrapped up knuckles in tape and clocks Dex with it upside the head! He throws it outside of the ring as quick as he can. The referee turns around the crowd is rioting!

DDK:

He can't take the win! Not like this!

White hooks Dex's leg!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "O Fortuna" from *Carmina Burana* as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is the winner ...

He doesn't even want to say it. White demands that he do it and orders the ref to raise his hand right now.

Darren Quimbey:

"The Socialite" Ed White ...

DDK:

This was the Merriam-Webster Dictionary's definition of "highway robbery!" Tonight, Ed White steals this match from Dex Joy!

Lance:

He was constantly fighting uphill against his men and even wiped out both Corozzo and Hoffman to get there, but that last distraction by Jane Katze was too much!

Hoffman and Corozzo are in the ring and each hold their ribs after what Dex did to them. White looks like he's survived a world war, but he milks the moment when all sort of trash begins to fill the ring!

DDK:

This is a sad way to end tonight's match. The Lads have had the number of the Blood Diamonds since this rivalry renewed, but tonight, Ed White & Associated divided and in tonight's main event ... they conquered.

Ed White, Jane Katze, Nicky Corozzo and Reinhart Hoffman get serenaded with jeers from all directions with Dex Joy laying at their feet as the show draws to a close!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.