

## NEVER TOO SOON TO SAY HELLO

We immediately go to the talent parking lot outside the Mohegan Sun Arena, as Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Kendrix work their way from the Mazda Mikey-iata to the entrance way.

**Kendrix:**

I can't believe The Bruvs in Space, a Hollywood Bruvs Story, has finally been signed off. It's finally happening, Bruv!

**Mikey Unlikely:**

This is obvs going to be the best movie of all time.

**Kendrix:**

Totally obvs!

**Mikey Unlikely:**

It's going to be like Planet of the Apes but much better.

**Kendrix:**

So more apes?

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Obvs! And less planets.

**Kendrix:**

But the movie is in space... how do we do that with less planets?

**Mikey Unlikely:**

STARS! Like us....

Mikey, however, comes to a complete stop first. Kendrix is in mid-thought of his mind being blown until he sees Mikey isn't moving towards the entrance anymore. JFK stops and looks straight ahead.

The camera reveals Tyler Fuse is propped up against the entrance doors with a smirk on his face, slow clapping.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I feel like we've been here before. Did you feel that? Deja Dude?

**Kendrix:** [disappointed and unimpressed]

Yeah.

Fuse continues smiling.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Oh man, Planet of the Apes. That's so... ummm... what does my brother say again? Right, right. "Pop'n'fresh".

Fuse blinks. The Bruvs blink.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Hey, don't let me hold you guys up.

He shrugs but still remains firmly against the doors.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I thought we had such a swell time two weeks ago, you know? [Fuse nods to himself as he remembers] I really got to know you guys on a better level. And I'm not talking "level" like video game. I'm talking about a solid connection. I said

some stuff, you guys said some stuff, I learned a whole hell of a lot.

Meanwhile, Mikey and Kendrix have expressions on their faces suggesting they not only remain unimpressed but this is a massive waste of their time.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I learned that I don't have all the answers. And that sometimes, I really should listen to the guys who have "been there before me".

Tyler closes his eyes and continues to remember DEFtv 208.

**Tyler Fuse:**

If I really am going to be the next FIST of DEFIANCE, I sure as shit should listen to the former FISTS. The ones who paved the way for a guy like me. Yep. Absolutely. And I think I'd like to connect with you guys a little more...

Fuse pauses. It's a long, drawn out pause.

...Until a loud smacking sound can be audible in the background, getting closer and closer. This time, it's not a slow clap...

Bronson Box and Edward White stroll into the picture, standing behind Mikey and Kendrix. White is punching his fist into his other open palm, hence the noise. Box has a sour expression.

**Edward White:**

Hello Mikey, you upstagin' rascalion, you...

Boxer just narrows those bloodshot brown eyes at the Bruvs.

Tyler starts nodding again. He remembers what he was going to say.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Yeah, elders. Listen to your elders, Tyler. The ones who have been there before.

Mikey and Kendrix brace themselves for a fight, keeping their eyes in both directions.

Except Tyler Fuse leans off the entrance doors and opens them. He waves The Bruvs towards "freedom".

**Tyler Fuse:**

Of course, you guys are welcome to take the easy way out.

Neither Mikey or Kendrix make a move to the door anyway, but it only takes a moment for Tyler to let go of the handles and the doors swing shut.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Figured as much.

Box rolls up his sleeves.

**Bronson Box:**

Told ya', lad.

Tyler non-chuckles dryly.

**Tyler Fuse:**

You sure did.

Fuse continues to stand there while Box and White charge at The Bruvs! The fight is on as all four men get numerous shots in...

**WHAM!**

Until Tyler emerges with the ACE of DEFIANCE in his hand and SLAMS Kendrix in the back of the head!

**WHAM!**

Mikey ALMOST ducks the shot but he's next. Fuse sends the ACE roaring right into the bridge of his nose.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Didn't you get attacked with the ACE the last time you worked here, Mikey? [Fuse winks] I'm a lot better than that rock brained jobber.

Fuse looks up at Box and White with a mischievous grin on his face. Tyler knees Mikey square in the head!

The trio is about to unload more shots when-

**???:**

HEY! ASSHOLES!

The crowd cheers as Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell run into the picture, clearly coming from their own cars within the talent parking lot. The second Tyler Fuse sees them, he sprints away into the distance, being the much slimmer and quicker member of all parties involved, clearly 'noping' out of a situation that no longer involves him directly. A true blue "exist, stage left."

Box and White on the other hand, hold their ground... but as Dex and Purcell come closer, White merely slips over to the arena entrance doors and pulls them both apart. Punch Drunk Purcell has his left hand braced up, but in a sleeveless hoodie and jeans, he's ready to throw down.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

We gonna do this here or what? I still got a perfectly good hand that can break any of your flapping glass jaws.

**Dex Joy:**

Up to you how this goes down, pallies, but I owe that rich bitch a receipt.

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

Fine, since you called him first. I got a "Box Got Rocked" t-shirt idea lined up anyway.

Edward takes a big step back with his open palms outstretched. He nods for Bronson to do the same... which he does, very reluctantly.

**Edward White:**

I didn't become the Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling by giving away fights of this clear and present magnitude for free, now! Tell you two tubby fellas what, when Mr. Hollywood and his mush-mouthed friend get their wits back about them, hows about we all handle this like gentleman with some skin on the line, hows about? We are wrestlers, after all!

**Bronson Box:**

Eight man tag. If'n you've got the bollocks between the four of ya', boyos.

The sound of Bronson Box laughing, even a little, is a bone chilling experience.

Edward and Bronson slowly walk backwards through the entrance doors and are engulfed in the darkness beyond. We

can still hear Edward White's guffawing in the distance as Dex and PDP move over to each check on a Bruv respectively. They kneel down, while making sure to keep the doors in front of them, in case the Blood Diamonds decide to reemerge to continue the assault.

DEFtv rolls to its introduction.

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵\*](#)

Uncasville, Connecticut welcomes DEFIANCE as the Mohegan Sun Arena is hyped for DEFtv 209!

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!

***I HAVE SIGNS! I HAVE EXCITEMENT! ITS EVERYWHERE!  
I SAW BOX KILLING IT AT THE HIGH STAKES POKER TABLE  
I DROPPED \$2000 AT THE CRAPS TABLE AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS COMPED TICKET  
HEY SECURITY, TAKE THIS GUY'S SIGN  
HEY SECURITY, STOP TAKING ORDERS FROM FANS  
SIR THIS IS A WENDY'S  
HI, I'LL HAVE AN ORDER OF YOUR NEW, LIMITED TIME SAUCY NUGGS AND A LARGE FROSTY.  
GLOAT  
MALAK SAYS WHAT I THINK. SORRY HONEY. I'M DIVORCED NOW***

To the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

Welcome to the go-home DEFtv before ACTS of DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

As always, it's a loaded show ahead. I believe in the main event, just booked, we're going to see The Bruvs and The Lads against The Blood Diamonds in eight man tag team action! Thankfully, Mikey and Kendrix have been cleared to compete just now, only moments after the attack.

**DDK:**

Good news.

**Lance:**

We have four matches lined up tonight and tomorrow for you, Faithful.

**DDK:**

Let's get to it...

## **LONNIE LUCK vs. KYLE SHIELDS**

**LUCK DYNASTY**  
**2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions**  
**2X DEFIANTS of the Year**  
**DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team**  
**&**  
**YOUR NEXT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMP!!!**

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The individual theme plays for the third member of the Lucky Sevens! Lonnie Luck jumps out from behind the curtain and lands with both feet on the stage with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful behind him! With him are the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE, Mason and Max Luck, in their fancy green and red plaid suits and sunglasses. Lonnie is wearing white tights with varying playing card designs running down both legs.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing ... from Sin City, weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-one pounds ... "The Pocket Ace" Lonniiiiiiiiiiii LUCCCCCK!!!

Lonnie reaches the ring. He jumps up to high five both of his cousins at the same time and then slides into the ring.

### **Lance:**

Coming up next Lonnie Luck looks for extra momentum heading into Acts of DEFIANCE. After several months of Lonnie feeling disrespected by The D, he'll finally have the chance to face him one on one with the Favoured Saints title on the line!

### **DDK:**

He takes on Kyle Shields and ... well, I have no words. We're just going to let the following footage speak for itself:

### **EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON**

Kyle Shields is sneaking around the parking lot and is trying to make sure the coast is clear. When nobody is looking, he has a screwdriver in hand and jimmies open the back of a bus gas tank with a screwdriver.

### **Kyle Shields:**

Come on come on come on ... stupid-ass GC Universe won't let me in their locker room ...

He finally pops the back end open.

### **Kyle Shields:**

Hell yeah I'm the man!!!

When he screams this out loud he shuts up quickly hoping nobody catches him. He looks around again and then starts putting a hose inside the gas tank ...

### **Max Luck:**

WANNA TELL ME WHAT THE F[CENSORED] YOU'RE DOING?!?!

Kyle jumps out of his skin and there's not just one but *two* seven-footers standing over him.

### **Mason Luck:**

Kyle Shields? Where the hell did they dig you up? And ... are you trying to steal the *gas* out of our bus?

**Kyle Shields:**

The Y.

**Max Luck:**

What?

**Kyle Shields:**

I mean uh ... shove it! You guys got enough gas to make it to the next town and I don't! Can I like ... have gas money?

Max and Mason look at each other.

**Mason Luck:**

Spitballing here ... but maybe we let you fight for your life instead.

**Kyle Shields:**

What?

**Max Luck:**

Yeah! Lonnie Luck wants a match tonight as a tune-up for whooping The D at Acts of DEFIANCE ... so you better fight him with everything you've got.

**Mason Luck:**Hell, dude, I'll *pay* for your gas out of town if you win tonight! But if you lose ...

Max looks down.

**Max Luck:**

I won't mince words, buddy ... we're gonna beat the shit out of you for busting open our fuel tank. You either take this deal or you're gonna take a trip to the hospital.

Fear is in his eyes for a moment.

**Kyle Shields:**

Wait ... I just gotta beat the little one of you up and I'm good? Sold!

He packs up his hose and screwdriver, then shuts the tank.

**Kyle Shields:**

You got this Kyle you got this!!! Hell yeah!!!

Kyle looks over his shoulder when he thinks the brothers aren't looking and then runs like his life depends on it mainly because it now does. Max and Mason stare at each other.

**Max Luck:**

He knows this runs on diesel and not gas, right?

Mason gives him a shrug and the show is back to the live feed. Lonnie has just watched what transpired in the ring and he can't believe Kyle Shields is such a putz.

*♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪***Darren Quimbey:**His opponent ... from Kansas City, Missouri weighing two-hundred thirty-seven pounds ... KYLEEEEEEE  
SHIELDSSSSSS!!!



The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. He still has the screwdriver and hose.

**Lance:**

Did you smell gas as he walked by us?

**DDK:**

I ... I think so.

Kyle gets to the ring and rolls inside. He is ready to fight!

***DING DING***

Kyle Shields tries to throw the gas siphoning hose at Lonnie and he ducks it! But that leaves him wide open for Kyle to kick Li'l Lon in the stomach. He grabs him by the head and he gets shot to the ropes like a cannon. On the comeback Kyle knocks him down with a big flying back elbow.

**Kyle Shields:**

Yeah!!! Shit yeah!!!

Mason and Max both watch and support their cousin at ringside.

**Lance:**

This would be real fly in the ointment. Lonnie spent two weeks trying to earn a shot at The D and the Favoured Saints title! But if Kyle beats him tonight, that could put Kyle in contention!

Lonnie has Kyle by the hair when he puts him in the corner. Kyle taunts the twins at ringside and then wants a splash in the corner. The problem is that Lonnie is much quicker and Kyle smacks a whole lot of nothing! Lonnie hits a flying head scissors off the ropes and whips the larger Kyle off his feet!

**DDK:**

You can practically see the confidence in Lonnie Luck building for himself right now! He and Mason Luck beat The D and Klein in tag team action two weeks ago to earn that FS Title match!

Lonnie lurks just by the side of Kyle Shields's head and then hits a basement drop kick to the side of the dome. When he is down and out, Lonnie Luck jumps up to the apron. He tugs on the top rope to make sure he has balance and then leaps over to deliver a sitout face buster! Kyle is driven into the mat and Lonnie wants a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

**Lance:**

Kyle kicks out! Lonnie has to use that speed to equalize the size advantage Kyle holds!

Lonnie snatches Kyle by his neck with a facelock and a DDT seems to be up but Kyle senses it coming first. He runs Lonnie backwards into the corner and unleashes some punches into his midsection. Three punches land successfully but instead of going for a cover, Kyle lightly slaps the face of Li'l Lon.

**DDK:**

How disrespectful is this?! Just try and win the match, you dope!

But Kyle Shields is Kyle Shields and instead talks smack.

**Kyle Shields:**

Nuh fam the Shields Family don't lose to no vanilla migd ... AAAAAAHHH!!!

He stops paintbrushing Lonnie because Lonnie bites his hand! Mason and Max laugh at Kyle's misfortunes!

**Lance:**

That's one way to stop that disrespect coming his way!

The referee warns Lonnie about his signature biting, but Lonnie shrugs and tells the ref that Shields started it. Lonnie goes for the ropes but as he attempts a flying clothesline, he gets picked up by Kyle in mid move and then gets dropped in a corner with a huge high angle hot shot! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are watching the action and are both surprised that Kyle is holding his own especially when he comes out of the corner to hit a running jumping clothesline of his own!

**DDK:**

Kyle Shields is showing a little something! It helps having height and weight advantages on your opponent but still.

Kyle turns Lonnie over and grabs a leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lonnie escapes the pin by getting a shoulder up. That only inspires Kyle to throw more gut shots, kicks and boots all across Lonnie's body. Lonnie tries covering up to protect himself and thankfully the referee (who is *not* Mark Shields) steps in to warn Kyle to break up his grounded illegal offense.

**DDK:**

I think the Lucks took Kyle's desperation a little lightly. Mason and Max practically bullied Kyle Shields into accepting this match for trying to steal their gas ... that's a sentence I never thought I would be saying.

**Lance:**

Matches have been made from worse.

Kyle continues control of the match. He snags on Lonnie's neck and then uses an irish whip to send him to the corner hard. Lonnie comes out of the corner and gets hit with a drop kick from Kyle Shields.

**DDK:**

Another big move and another cover by Shields!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Kyle smacks the mat and has a tantrum. He points at the referee.

**Kyle Shields:**

You suck balls at your job!!! I'd have won if my brother was the ref!

Kyle has him up again. It's another trip around the ring for Kyle, but this time Lonnie hangs onto the ropes as Kyle tries a drop kick and hits back first on the canvas. Lonnie then jumps at Kyle as he tries to stand in a wheelbarrow then

turns it into a reverse STO on the way down!

**DDK:**

Burn Card! Lonnie drops him with the Burn Card! Incredible counter!

Feeding off a supporting crowd in the Mohegan Sun Arena and Casino, an avid poker player like Lonnie is right at home. He comes off the ropes and strikes Kyle on the head with a flying forearm from one direction. Luck gets on his feet and then hits a second one across the top of the jaw. With Kyle down on the ground, Lonnie goes to the outside. With Kyle about to rise, Lonnie jumps up with a springboard and then wipes him out with a springboard into a standing senton!

**DDK:**

The Burn Card gets followed up with the Bank Roll! He usually does that move to the outside, but does it inside this time!

He rolls out of the dive and then gets up to his feet! With a kick, he stuns Kyle Shields and with Mason and Max cheering on on the whole way, he drops Kyle face first with the jumping cutter out of the corner!

**Lance:**

Lonnie Luck scores with the Ace in the Hole!

The Pocket Ace rolls up Kyle!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner ... LONNIE LUUCCCCCKKK!!!

Lonnie kicks his legs in the air and then fancily kips up to his feet for the singles win! Mason and Max walk into the ring.

**DDK:**

That's two in a row for Lonnie Luck on his way to face The D. This personal issue between the two men has been brewing for months and finally, Lonnie has a chance to win his first title in DEFIANCE if he can beat the veteran!

**Lance:**

And remember what the Sevens said ... if Kyle lost, they were going to make him pay for trying to siphon gas from their bus!

Mason and Max turn to Kyle. He starts to come around to see the two giants lurking over him ... and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer! Mason locks in a Winning Hand and Max has a hand on his throat. Lonnie Luck directs traffic and points up with the crowd cheering the twins on! Mason and Max pick Kyle up ...

**DDK:**

SEVEN STARS!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS WERE TRUE TO THEIR WORD!

Kyle Shields is a shattered mess after their double team finisher! After Max and Mason handle their business they go

over and they each hold one of Lonnie's hands up!

**Lance:**

Tough break for Kyle Shields ... and you bet The D has to be watching this somewhere wondering what's next!

The backstage camera cuts into the locker room of the PCP. We see the image of Lonnie Luck's hand being raised on the monitor. We pan out, revealing the D. However, his back is to the TV, as he's talking to Klein, who's currently squatting a few hundred pounds.

**The D:**

Listen, you're tough, I know it. I've known you all my life. But be prepared for that chop from Uriel. It's out of this world painful.

The D starts rubbing his shoulders.

**The D:**

I'm still kinda feeling it a month later. It's like... a ghost touched my heart.

Klein stands from a squat and nods his head to the screen behind the D's shoulder. The D shrugs him off.

**The D:**

The kid? Yeah I know. You think I should be taking this more seriously. At least if I want to remain a champ here. I get it. Listen, I know he's got some talent. Keyword some. Cause y'know, Jack taught me all the ways to win. And sometimes, they're not about beating your opponent physically.

The D slaps Klein on his broad shoulders.

**The D:**

For you against Cortez? Yeah, this is all physical. And you've got this. You're going to break out of your box. You are a World Champion. You're my best friend. This is YOUR night.

The D extends his hand and Klein drops his weights to his feet. He leans in and gives him a deep hug.

**Klein:**

Just, don't believe your own psychological warfare. Kid's good. Real good.

**The D:**

Yeah yeah... You take all the fun outta life dude, you know that.

**Klein:**

Dandy used to tell me that all the time... it really hurt.

**The D:**

Shit. Uh. What's that word I always forget?

**Klein:**

Sorry?

**The D:**

It's okay. I forgive you.

The D slaps him on his shoulder and walks off, leaving Klein a bit confused, Lonnie's Luck celebrating going on just over his shoulder.

**DDK:**

It didn't even look like the D was watching Lonnie's win over Kyle Shields!

**Lance:**

It was academic, we all knew it, but it does go to the point that the D may be underestimating his "make-a-wish" opponent.

**DDK:**

You don't always have to quote our roster verbatim.

**Lance:**

I'm a journalist first, Darren. This is Lonnie Luck's one on one Pay Per View debuts, and he's going against a very underrated professional wrestler with a 25 year pedigree. I expect a stand out performance from Lonnie.

**DDK:**

It's Lonnie Luck vs. the D for the Favoured Saints Championship, live at Acts of DEFIANCE. And later tonight, Klein takes on Uriel Cortez in an exhibition match!

**Lance:**

I'm looking forward to that too!

## COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2024



## CHICKEN

**DDK:**

Fans, forgive the interruption, but we're getting word that there's an incident unfolding right now in the parking area! Real quick, let's get a camera back there and see what's going down!

The feed cuts to the view of a shaky handheld cam entering the parking garage, where the scene seems to be rapidly escalating toward chaos. There is angry shouting from multiple voices and a cluster of bodies getting handsy.

**DDK:**

What do we have happening here?

**Lance:**

Looks like... Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne!

**DDK:**

And, not surprisingly, Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon are out there with them!

The camera operator stops a safe distance away, and the shot finally settles. Near the Blood Diamonds limousine, the silent tandem Daymon and Burnett are chest-to-chest with the expectedly more talkative duo Bigsby and Payne. Angus Skaaland hovers nearby, berating the lot of them.

**Zack Daymon:**

*[cantankerous]*

**Leo Burnett:**

*[curmudgeonly]*

**Felton Bigsby:**

I'm goddamn DONE with these two quiet-ass fools, man!

**Adrian Payne:**

They aint BRAZEN! You're lookin' at the TWO KINGS OF BRAZEN! What they are is two developmental scrubs with delusions of grandeur!

**Felton Bigsby:**

MIME-ASS PUNKS! Best tag team to ever come out of BRAZEN... that's what they call yo' asses. YOU AIN'T EVEN THE BEST TAG TEAM IN THIS GODDAMN PARKING LOT!

Angus tries his best to calm the situation down a tee-tad.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Boys, boys. Come on now. This ain't the time or place for...

He might as well not even be standing there, his Money Talks team are both laser focused on the opposition.

**Lance:**

I can only assume Money Talks was on limo duty on behalf of the Blood Diamonds tonight, but weren't expecting the Rain City Ronin to come and find them.

**DDK:**

Looks like things are getting pretty heated out there, and Angus Skaaland is on hand trying to de-escalate the tension!

**Lance:**

That... must be a first for him.

Payne is the first to react, shoving Daymon away. Burnett retaliates by giving the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion a shove in return. Skaaland is livid.

**Angus Skaaland:**

HEY! Come on, guys!

The pleas made by the former DEFIANCE commentator apparently fall on deaf ears, as Zack Daymon steps up and imprudently introduces Felton Bigsby all five fingers on his right hand.

*Slap!*

**DDK:**

Uh oh!

The aggression hits a flashpoint, and all hell breaks loose with both sides letting the fists fly. Burnett and Payne exchange heavy lefts and rights. Bigsby and Daymon tangle up and roll across the hood of the limo. Throwing his hands in the air in disgust, Angus walks away from the scene and pulls out his phone.

**DDK:**

Looks like we've lost all control here! Where is security?!

**Lance:**

Somebody call in the big guns.

Staggering from a heavy left haymaker from Zack, Felton instinctively swings open the limo's driver-side and busts him in the midsection. While Daymon is doubled over, Houston Strong hops in behind the wheel and pulls the door closed after him. On the passenger side, Payne likewise finds an opportunity to get in.

**DDK:**

Now where are they going?!

Zack and Leo continue to hammer the outside of the vehicle. After a moment, it starts up and peels out of its parking spot with the Ronin running after it. Tires screech in the distance as the limo pulls around for another pass.

**Lance:**

Looks like the Rain City Ronin have found a steed of their own!

Daymon notices something off camera, nods to Leo, and the two hurry in the other direction. The camera pans with him, and we catch a view of them running over to a pimped out 70's van with an image of Chris Chickentenders dressed and posed the exact same as Michael Jackson from the cover of the Thriller album. The words "TENDERMOBILE" span over Chris' smirking face in pink and blue.

**DDK:**

Who could that van possibly belong to?!

**Lance:**

Hard to say, Keebs, but right now, it belongs to Daymon and Burnett!

Finding the van to be unlocked (which should come as no surprise), Zack and Leo hop into the cab and fire it up. But before they can get moving, the Blood Diamonds limo returns just in time to drive up in front of them and give them a light bump.

**DDK:**



Oh my! We may be having a demolition derby on our hands here!

Behind the wheel of the van, Daymon stomps on the accelerator. Wheels smoke. Bumpers grind into one another. Finally, the “Tendermobile” pulls out, and the limousine nearly careens into a concrete embankment as it squeals by. The van passes around, with the side door coming open and Leo Burnett leaning out to flip them the bird!

**Lance:**

This is getting crazy.

**DDK:**

Security might want to think about getting their hands on a TANK to break this up!

Bigsby pulls the limo into reverse and swings around to get themselves realigned, while Adrian Payne suddenly appears from the sunroof. With his massive arms outstretched he raises his face to the sky and bellows like some sort of bronze age gladiator.

**Adrian Payne:**

CHICKEEEEEENNNNN!!

Hearing the call, Daymon slams on the brakes and whips the van into a sharp one-eighty, bringing both vehicles at opposite ends of the parking garage, pointed at one another.

Engines rev. Eyes narrow. Teeth gnash.

Classic game of chicken stuff.

It's unclear what set of wheels squeals first as the two vehicles CAREEN towards one another with absolute, full speed, reckless abandon!

**DDK:**

OH MY GOD!

**Lance:**

WHERE IS SECURITY?! Somebody could get maimed, here!

At what feels like the very last heartbeat before disaster a familiar figure quick steps out into the parking lot, directly between the two cars!

**DDK:**

Is that Bronson Box?!

**Lance:**

It is! What the hell?! This man has zero sense of self preservation, folks!

He turns his mustachioed face towards the camera with wide bloodshot brown eyes that speaks volumes about these shenanigans being officially DONE.

SCREEEEEEEEE-THOOM! CRUNCH!

The Rain City Ronin immediately swerve to avoid a vehicular slaughtering of a DEF Hall of Famer and promptly crunch the front end of the “TENDERMOBILE” into a nearby parked pickup truck.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-eeep...

The Blood Diamond limos bumper comes within an eyelash of Bronson's knees.

The Wargod, to his credit, doesn't flinch.

Daymon and Burnett, and Bigsby and Payne all four clamber from their cars and gather around the clearly incensed Bronson Box, somehow oblivious. Even as Angus Skaaland and Kerry Kuroyama both approach, the heated words between the two young tag teams persists.

For a moment, anyway.

**Bronson Box:**

FOOKIN' ENOUGH! YA' HEAR ME?! ENOUGH!

Stone. Silence.

Bronson and Kerry Kuroyama both look towards Angus.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Sorry to call in your *daddies*, but you four morons were about to gorram kill one another. Not good for business, believe it or not. I don't know about Kung-fu Ken over there, but Boxer and I got WAY bigger fish to fry tonight. We don't have time for this piddly shit!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Apologies on behalf of my friends and their... unconventional methods of communication. How about I speak on their behalf, and hopefully avoid any future, uhh, what-have-you. Their message is a simple one: they want Money Talks at Acts. No bullshit... just a chance to settle the score.

**Bronson Box:**

A fine idea, actually. I don't figure Felton and Adrian would mind reaffirming themselves as the leaders of our dear blue brand. Now do you, lads?

Bigsby and Payne crack their knuckles, smile and nod their heads.

Daymon and Burnett silently scowl back at Money Talks.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

It's settled then. Money may talk, but so do actions. We aren't here to measure dicks over who is or is not a "leader" around here; we let our record in the ring speak for itself.

As Kerry and Bronson stare holes through one another, Angus Skaaland places a hand on his client's shoulder and speaks only to him.

**Angus Skaaland:**

I aint tellin' you your business, big man. But we've got enough irons in the fire currently, no? Bruvs and Lads and what not? Come on, later days. Feel me? Come on, big man. For me?

The Original DEFIANT eventually nods with a smile.

Kuroyama glares right back.

**Bronson Box:**

Later days, indeed.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

...sure. In the meantime, let's let you and I agree to keep our camps in check, and leave all this pent up aggression for the ring. We're professionals, after all. Then... we'll see what the later days bring.

Kerry pivots and elbows Zack in his tender ribs before heading back into the building.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

You two... let's make some trails. You've done enough damage for one evening.

## FLEX vs. NICKY SYNZ

**DDK:**

Coming up next in singles action, the newest member of The GC Universe takes center stage. FLEX - that's all caps, by the by.

**Lance:**

And formerly known as Flex Kruger of PCP...

**DDK:**

Imagine that. Anyway... OSCAR BURNS put out a special battle royal sponsored by his GC Universe group with the winner walking with \$50,000 and the role of OSCAR's bodyguard!

**Lance:**

FLEX won in convincing fashion, eliminating practically half the field on his way to win. There's no coincidence to me that after Elise Ares started this conflict with OSCAR BURNS by attacking him weeks ago, that he didn't pick FLEX to retaliate. He knows FLEX has bad blood with PCP after they took the Unified Tag Titles he and Klein once held.

**DDK:**

I don't believe in coincidences with OSCAR BURNS, I believe in targeted payback. But anyway, what we do know is that perennial underdog Nicky Synz is going to have an uphill battle when he takes on the rechristened FLEX, up next!

In the ring, Darren Quimbey is ready with announcements.

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

♪ "Good F\*\*\*ing Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a ringside attendant. He gets ready for his opponent...

**Darren Quimbey:**

And here to introduce his opponent... the OFFICIAL Spokesperson for the GC Universe... and it is contractually obligated per one OSCAR BURNS, to remind you that this man is a Wrestling Hall of Famer, multiple-time World Heavyweight Champion and has an AMAZING head of hair and pleasing baritone voice...

Darren Quimbey rolls his eyes at the introduction he's been asked to read as Nicky shakes his own head.

**Darren Quimbey:**

**SONNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY... SILLLLLLLLLLLVVEEEEERRRR!**

**BOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

Strutting his stuff to no music at all, the 6'3" former wrestler in the charcoal-colored suit grins and smiles.

**Sonny Silver:**

First off... I have been asked by OSCAR BURNS to make the following announcement about OSCAR BURNS...

He reads off some notes in his hand.

**Sonny Silver:**

OSCAR BURNS... will not be here tonight because, "quote" my contract has a certain number of dates and the OSCAR BURNS brand won't be watered down here in Dunkersville, Connecticut.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

UNCASVILLE.

Sonny shrugs.

**Sonny Silver:**

But OSCAR is not a complete monster. He wishes DEFSec head of security Wyatt Bronson a speedy recovery after Elise Ares viciously attacked him with a STOLEN Platinum Shovel. OSCAR BURNS would also like to publically thank the, quote, "Fine GCs" in DEFIANCE/OSCAR BURNS management for doing the right thing suspending Elise Ares until Acts of DEFIANCE for what she did. OSCAR is happy that justice was served!

**DDK:**

You mean when OSCAR goaded Elise Ares into attacking DEFSec?

Sonny moves on.

**Sonny Silver:**

And now, to the in-ring action! You used to know this man as nothing more than a flunky to the Pop Culture Phenoms by the name of Flex Kruger... but now, no longer... because you now know this man as a bodyguard to the CENTER of the GC Universe itself! He is a former Unified Tag Team Champion... BRAZEN Champion... Trios Champion... inaugural Tag Party winner... and now he is... THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE... weighing in at 278 pounds...

He points to the stage behind him as one word appears on the DEFIAtron in gold...

**Sonny Silver:**

**FLEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!**

♪ "Flexexecution" by Logic ♪

Walking out from the back with a newfound swagger, FLEX walks out from the back with a hood covering his head and a golden shroud covering his body. He throws the shroud off, to reveal the amazing physique that he has been famous for! Wearing bright gold tights and wrist tape, along with white kneepads and boots with gold lines, FLEX basks in the jeers. He points to both sides of the stage with a fountain of sparks erupting! The camera does an entire 360 degrees around him to catch every last glistening muscle before coming back to face him. FLEX makes his way out.

**DDK:**

A brand new entrance here for FLEX... and I see the GC Universe wasting no time blowing through their entire pyro budget.

**Lance:**

Indeed! And I hate to pay him any compliments, but he looks to be in the absolute best shape of his career tonight!

Sonny Silver hovers around right behind FLEX as the newly-named Strongest Man in the Universe heads towards

ringside. Once he reaches the squared circle, he steps inside. He doesn't even pay attention to Nicky Synz and has his back openly turned to his smaller opponent as he walks to ringside. He grabs the camera and moves it down slightly lower to make his pecs dance in tune to his theme.

**DDK:**

Nicky is ready and FLEX... well those wrap-around shades he has on haven't even been taken off yet...

He turns and catches a running forearm from Nicky Synz on the jaw as referee Rex Knox calls for the bell!

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

Nicky Synz is an underdog, but no matter how big or how small his opponent is, he gives it his all! He'll have to do that against FLEX tonight!

The decorated muscle man eats several more forearms from The Frontman and backs him up to the corner. Once he lands a few more shots, FLEX finds an opening and grabs Nicky. He pushes him backwards, but the LA native rolls through the push to end up back on his feet. He charge right at the corner and hits a running back elbow to FLEX in the corner!

**Lance:**

Nicky makes the necessary adjustment and lands another strike! He's coming at FLEX with everything he's got!

The Frontman gets cheers as he runs to the ropes. But whatever his next move is, FLEX isn't standing still to find out as he EXPLODES with a surge of power, knocking Nicky through the air with a huge shoulder tackle!

**DDK:**

What a big shot by FLEX! He hasn't even taken off those shades of his yet.

FLEX finally does and folds them up quickly to hand them to Sonny.

**FLEX:**

Be right back for those!

**Sonny Silver:**

Gotcha covered, big man.

FLEX walks over and hooks a groggy Nicky Synz by the waist before THROWING him more than halfway across the ring with a huge overhead belly-to-belly suplex! FLEX sits up and cockily points at the camera near ringside.

**DDK:**

FLEX is getting down to business now! He gets up!

He waits on Nicky to try and pick himself up. The Frontman is in a daze, but out of instinct, he tries to swing with a punch. The problem being, FLEX catches the blow underneath his arm. Nicky tries a left, but FLEX uses his other arm to trap. He then TOSSES Nicky overhead a second time, this time with a massive trapping suplex! The crowd collectively groans from the impact of the move.

**Lance:**

Such brutal strength. In just the past month, look at all the athletes that OSCAR BURNS has surrounded himself with. A blue chipper like DLJ. One of DEFIANCE's premier high flyers, Mil Vueltas. Now, the seemingly unlimited power of FLEX!

**DDK:**

He and Sonny Silver have recruited themselves some real talent, I can't deny that.

Nicky Synz is left defenseless when FLEX kneels down and begs the high flyer to take his best shot. Still as brash as ever, Nicky takes the bait and tries to swing... but FLEX inches back and catches him in a swinging full nelson submission!

**Lance:**

He's got him! He sometimes likes to turn this into his finishing move, The Flex-plex, but he's just ragdolling Synz around!

**DDK:**

I think we might be seeing the end!

FLEX continues to shake the life out of Nicky Synz! When there's no more fight left in the young man, FLEX wildly shakes him some more until he starts to finally go black...

He goes limp...

Then Rex Knox has no choice but to call for the bell!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Flexexecution" by Logic ♪

FLEX hangs on tightly for a few more moments until he finally gets tired of shaking Synz around like a dog snacking on a piece of meat. He finally tosses him to the ground and demands Knox raise his hand.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **FLEX!**

Sonny Silver walks into the ring and grabs a microphone as FLEX looks up and makes his pecs dance to the song. When Sonny motions for the music to cut, FLEX looks sad about it. The sadness goes away when the Silver-Tongued Devil hands him his shades back. He puts them on as Sonny addresses the crowd.

**Sonny Silver:**

You all just got a taste of what the GC Universe can do for you and your career! Applaud, assholes!

He points at FLEX with both hands in an exaggerated fashion while FLEX... well, flexes. All he gets though?

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Sonny Silver:**

You've just been given a taste of what OSCAR BURNS is gonna do to Elise Ares. FLEX... he's gonna make sure you FINALLY get the justice you so rightfully deserve after you spent literal YEARS keeping those C-list shit-stains afloat. Just a couple weeks in and you're already a bigger deal than you EVER were with the Pop Culture Phenoms.

FLEX agrees! Speaking towards a camera near ringside, Sonny leans down towards it from inside the ring.

**Sonny Silver:**

Elise, you're sitting at home right now watching me berate you because you took a swing at a poor, innocent official who had nothing to do with the issue between you and OSCAR. You want to be a big star? You want to walk in the same shoes that OSCAR has been walking in for YEARS. You want to be where he is and you want to have the power he wields, but you aren't reliable enough to even show up consistently cause you're getting suspended or you're off filming Lake Flaccid or whatever a movie about your last two years has been about...

*OOOOOOOOOOOH!*

**Sonny Silver:**

Didn't like that one, did you? Look... I joke, but I'll call a spade a spade. You are a great upper talent. You're a phenomenal tag team wrestler and for you, that's your ceiling, Elise. That's okay. Tag team wrestling is my shit. Tag team wrestling is a lot of people's sh...

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

*RRRRRAAAHHHHH!*

Sonny and FLEX jump in place when the music hits! FLEX gets ready to defend Sonny Silver and stands in front of him with both arms out wide. The Faithful are losing it!

**DDK:**

WAIT! ELISE ARES WAS SUSPENDED AFTER HITTING WYATT BRONSON WITH THAT PLATINUM SHOVEL SHE STOLE FROM OSCAR BURNS! SHE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

A shadow starts to appear on stage...

**Lance:**

SHE'S HEARD ENOUGH! FOR WEEKS, SHE'S BEEN HEARING OSCAR BURNS AND SONNY SILVER TEAR HER DOWN! AND SHE'S HAD EN... Oh...

The shadow appears...

But it is not Elise Ares...

**Lance:**

I mean this as nicely as I can... what the hell is this?

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Rather, it's a VERY TALL red-headed rendition of the self-proclaimed FACE of DEFIANCE! It's

**DDK:**

That's... ugh, that's DLJ.

The GC Universe's Front Runner, DLJ, wearing a gaudy silver jacket and a mock-up of Elise's normal LED glasses! He points finger guns all over the arena on stage while dancing in place (badly) to the music and then points to the shades...

"DAN" "LESE" "JARES"

DLJ speaks to the camera fixed to him with a cheesing expression and has a microphone.

**DLJ:**

HI, BBYS! I'M BACK!

Sonny and FLEX are cackling and they're the only two doing it. Boos rain down as Elise's normal music cuts. Elise Are... er, Dan Lese Jares falls to his knees on stage. He balls up his hands and starts a crying fit.

**DLJ:** *[fake sobbing]*

NOBODY LOVES ME! MAKE ME THE FACE OF DEFIANCE! LOVE ME, BBYS! LLLLOOOOOVVVEEEE  
MEEEEEEEEEEE!



The booing is thunderous as Sonny and FLEX leave the ring to join DLJ (Dan Lese Jares) on the ramp.

**DDK:**

WHAT EVEN IS THIS?!

DLJ looks up at the heavens while Sonny pats him on the back and FLEX taps his shoulder to try and console him.

**DLJ:** *[more fake sobbing]*

I'LL NEVER BE OSCAR BURNS CAUSE MY NAME IS DUMB AND IN NORMAL LOWERCASE LIKE A DIRTY COMMONER! HE'S GONNA PIN ME AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE AND SEND ME ALL THE WAY BACK TO OBSCURITY...

The booing fills the building and they both pick up DLJ and head out of the arena while the crowd is on them. When they drag him up, he stops and then turns back to face The Faithful...

**DLJ:**

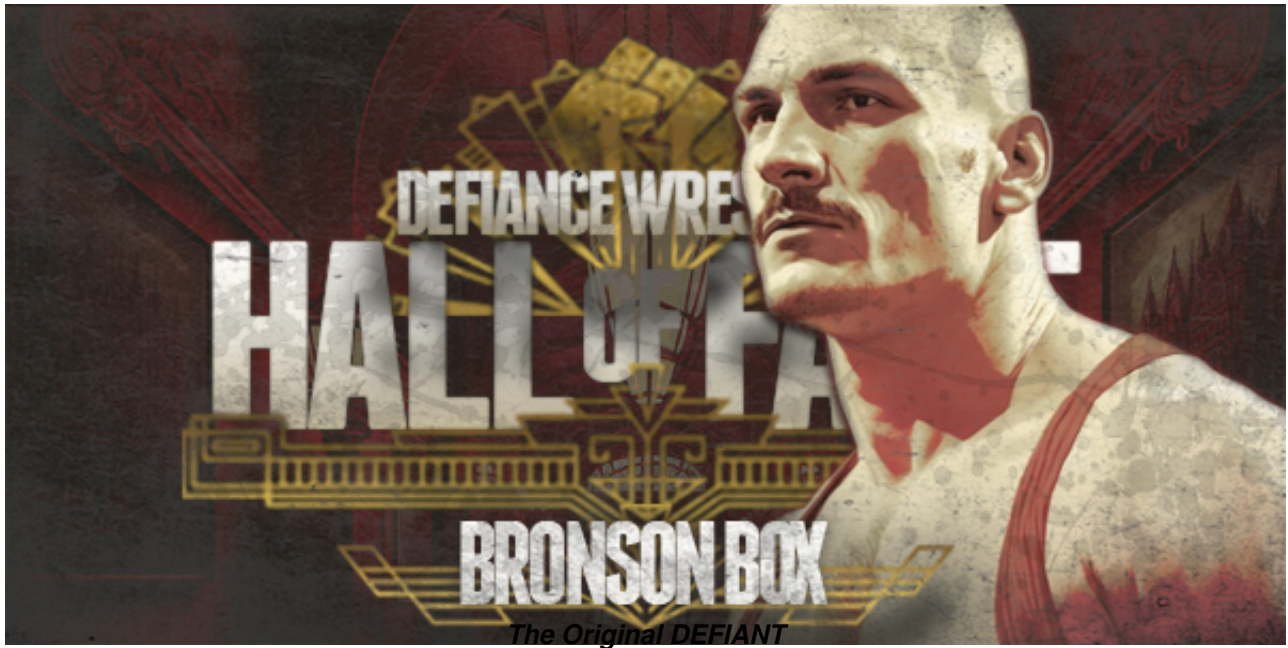
...BBY!

With that last pearl, DLJ, Sonny and FLEX head backstage laughing like hyenas.

**DDK:**

And after that... spectacle... OSCAR BURNS would do well to not underestimate Elise Ares in any way. One of the most decorated singles and tag team stars in our company's history!

## COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



## **FAMILIA DINNER**

*EARLIER THIS WEEK*

Soft classical music plays among an intimate setting...

A quiet, unknown upscale restaurant.

Seated at one side of the table, none other than “The First Lady of Titanes Familia” Titaness. The Pretty Powerful force of the group has on a form-fitting black formal dress with sparkling gold sequins and sipping on a red wine. Across from the table...

A much more frightening scene.

Killjoy - dressed in a dark gold suit and black button-up shirt covering his various tattoos, along with a special decorated black mask with gold lining. An incredibly nervous server pours him a glass of his own wine.

**Titaness:**

Say when, Killer.

He keeps filling the glass. Killjoy tilts his head slowly...Then nods. The server takes the hint and leaves, almost bumping into the third and final member of the trio.

**Server:**

Aaahh! Ugh... sorry... sorry...

The last man is none other than “The Man of the House” Uriel Cortez. Standing at his full height wearing a dark open coat, sunglasses, blue dress shirt, his signature red ojo bracelet and dark dress pants, he holds out his arms and enjoys the private space they’re in.

**Uriel Cortez:**

About damn time we get the place to ourselves.

Titaness takes note of the film crew there.

**Titaness:**

Well.. not exactly. Do these idiots really have to be here, Uri?

**Uriel Cortez:**

For once, love... yes. Yes, they do. I need them to see what we value. I need one man in particular to see what it is that I’m fighting for at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Cortez moves a gargantuan hand around the table, showing off his lovely wife and their surrogate son.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Scott Douglas...

Saying his name out loud almost makes his face twitch with anger he’s trying to hold back.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Everyone you see at this table... this is Mi Familia. This is my world. These are the only people in this world I care about. If you are not in this world with us right now, then I don’t care what happens to you. It’s a small, but important circle to me. Bigger circles only increase the risk of being let down... that’s what Mil and DLJ did... so that’s why we keep it small now...

Visibly angered, he looks at the masked Killjoy, whose face can’t be read.

**Uriel Cortez:**

But in spite of that... you kept getting involved in Familia Business. For weeks, I pleaded with you to walk away from a battle that you had no business being in, but you did it anyway. I had to teach you a lesson about what happens when you mess with mine, so I told a little fib that I messed with yours...

Stills play back when Scott Douglas was attacked by Killjoy and Titaness back on DEFtv 205.

**Uriel Cortez:**

But you STILL took food and money away from Mi Familia by costing me the Favoured Saints Title!

Stills play from DEFtv 206 of Uriel Cortez being counted out and losing a match to The D for the Favoured Saints Title!

**Uriel Cortez:**

I had to have Killjoy teach you a lesson... but I bet you went out after the show two weeks ago, bought yourself some smokes, a coffee and a winning lottery ticket cause that's the ONLY feasible way you defeated Killer here... and now...

His grip on his chair is noticeably tight as he speaks.

**Uriel Cortez:**

And now, Mi Familia can't be at ringside for our match at ACTS of DEFIANCE because you won that match. Now... it's just you and I.

Uriel turns to look at Killjoy.

**Uriel Cortez:**

That wasn't your fault, Killer. It was Scott Douglas. As much as I HATE him for what he's done... there's no shame in losing to one of the best this company has produced, especially when you spent a good 75% of that match DESTROYING HIM and he had to get a lucky hurricanrana to get one over on you...

Now back ahead of him.

**Uriel Cortez:**

But don't worry, Scott. As a good man, when I say something, I MEAN it. T and Killer will still be with me at Acts of DEFIANCE, but it'll have to be in spirit. They won't be at ringside. It's just one-on-one...

He glances at Titaness and Killjoy.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Scott, you're a legend. Beating you while on pay-per-view... that's worth about as much as any title in this company... but respectfully... but you're also a f[censored] idiot if you think that just because it's you and I alone, that you're SAFE. Let me tell you what Titanes Familia has done this year...

He taps Titaness' chair.

**Uriel Cortez:**

The last person to beat Elise Ares in a singles match? My lovely. Did it all on her own. And she has incredible live show charisma!

Titaness tips her wine glass up to herself.

**Titaness:**

Facts.

He nudges Killjoy's chair.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Beat Kendrix one-on-one.

Killjoy only tilts his head towards his direction.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I PINNED Oscar Burns when I was Favoured Saints Champion this past year. If you think I can't beat you, then I stand by my previous assertion, Scott. What we've done in this past year as singles is nothing short of remarkable, but I need to go further... no, WE need to go further. And the only Titanes Familia goes further in this company... is THROUGH you. For Mi Familia, I can't stop... I WON'T stop at Acts of DEFIANCE. I will NOT STOP until your body does.

Uriel raises his glass.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Tonight, you see who and what I fight for. Tonight, we raise our glasses.

Titaness raises her glass. Killjoy does the same.

**Uriel Cortez and Titaness:**

To the future!

The three clink their wine glasses together to toast, then the happy couple take drinks. Titaness then looks at Killjoy.

**Titaness:**

No, you gotta take off your mask before you drink, Killer.

Silently, he starts pulling at the mask under his chin. Before the camera can see what that might look like...

Fade to black.

## URIEL CORTEZ vs. KLEIN

**DDK:**

Like we just saw moments ago... Uriel Cortez means business tonight. He takes on Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms in mere moments.

**Lance:**

And with the biggest pay-per-view match of his career against "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, he cannot afford to lose focus tonight. He can't afford to underestimate Klein, either.

**DDK:**

Let's take it to ringside... Uriel Cortez takes on Klein up next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

The words "KLEIN" pop up on the DEFiatron as a spotlight hits the top of the ramp. Klein, box on his face, steps out from the back and looks bound and determined to pull off the upset over the Titan he's about to come face-to-chest with.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms... From Philadelphia, PA, weighing in at 263 pounds... He is, the MAN, in the BOX! THIS... IS... **KLEIN!**

Klein high-fives a few fans, but remains focused on the tall (pun intended) order ahead of him as he climbs into the ring. Klein climbs to the middle buckle and gets loud cheers from The Faithful before he hops off!

**DDK:**

You can see that Klein is coming out here tonight. I was told earlier tonight that Klein wants to prove he's in the upper echelon of DEFIANCE, and defeating Uriel Cortez would certainly put him on that trajectory.

**Lance:**

As such, Klein has asked the D not to come down with him, unless of course, the Familia makes their presence known.

**DDK:**

Just two DEFtvs ago, the D and the FS title slipped through Cortez's grasp. Perhaps, Uriel intends to make Klein pay for that transgression tonight.

The music cuts out as the music cuts to ringside...

Campbell waits for his opponent as his music goes silent. The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

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

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

One gold spotlight begins to shine on the stage, revealing the TITANIC form of one Uriel Cortez. Wearing his signature golden rounded sunglasses, a shiny black singlet and pants with gold trim, he turns around and points a thumb to the words on the back of his vest: "Papa's Home."

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from The City Of Industry, California, standing at SEVEN-FOOT ONE AND A HALF INCHES TALL and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE POUNDS... he is **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE"**... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Booing fills the arena, still lit only by a gold spotlight as Uriel makes his way down. The camera catches a close-up of Klein's reflection in the round gold-tinted sunglasses of The Man of the House. Once the Titan has made it to the ring, he climbs over the ropes. He quickly takes off his glasses and vest, then hands them off to a stagehand. He looks down at The Boxman with a sneer...

**DDK:**

Uriel Cortez means business tonight. A few weeks ago, he was closing on becoming Favoured Saints Champion against Klein's tag partner, The D, only for Scott Douglas to cost him the match!

**Lance:**

Klein better have his guard up!

The bell is about to ring and the two men are about to lock up. Klein waves enthusiastically toward Uriel, who sneers again...

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

RRRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!

The theme not only gets the attention of The Faithful, but also Cortez himself. He turns and has a smile on his face as "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas walks his way through the curtains and stares down at the man he will be facing at Acts of DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

It looks like Scott Douglas is taking up Uriel Cortez on his invitation to scope his match... and he's coming our way!

Indeed, Douglas heads towards the Commentation Station and greets both Lance and Darren before he has a seat.

**Lance:**

Scott... welcome to the station. I take it you're here to get a good look at your opponent for Acts of DEFIANCE?

**Scott Douglas:**

Of course, Lance. I would be derelict in my duties as a competitor if I didn't take every opportunity.

**Lance:**

Very, well. Glad to have you with us at ringside!

**DDK:**

The match is about to get underway!

Brian Slater calls for the bell...

**DING DING**

Uriel rushes at Klein to go after The Boxman, but the former Unified Tag Team Champion ducks and fires back with a volley of big right hands! He tries to catch the big man off guard quickly, but Uriel grabs him by the side, spins around and HURLS Klein across the ring with a release gutwrench throw! The Faithful jeer loud as The Man of the House stands over Klein and looks over at Scott Douglas.

**Scott Douglas:**

Maybe focus on your match, big man. You'd be the Favoured Saints Champion if you did that...

**Lance:**

Shots fired by Scotty!

Uriel goes to pick Klein up off the mat and then muscles him into the corner. Klein is a big man, but looks small compared to a man that stands almost a foot taller! Uriel pushes him into the corner and charges in for a massive running corner back elbow... but Klein moves! With Uriel stunned, he unleashes right hands to cheers from The Faithful, followed by a pair of powerful shoulder thrusts to the midsection to try and wind the patriarch of Titanes Familia. The Faithful are fully behind Klein as he runs off the ropes to hit a big move, but Uriel catches him by the side! He DRIVES Klein across his knee with a backbreaker, but hangs on so he can follow up immediately with a standing sidewalk slam! The Boxman is left reeling as Uriel holds his gut and seethes at his fallen opponent!

**DDK:**

Oooh! What a combination by Cortez there! That's what you're gonna have to look out for at Acts of DEFIANCE, Scott. That power is such a difference maker.

**Scott Douglas:**

It really is, Darrren ... and believe me I'm well aware. In my time I've seen enough big men in the ring to know you never take them lightly.

The action continues as Uriel has Klein in the corner he wanted him in earlier. He smiles out at Scott Douglas and then CRUSHES Klein with the running corner back elbow he wanted earlier! Klein collapses to his knees and sucks in wind while Uriel looks out to Scott.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'm gonna send Klein to see your girl, Scott! I'll have him tell Iris I said hi!

**Lance:**

Chilling behavior by Cortez. Not once has he put his hands on Iris Davine, but he knows where to get under Scott's skin.

**Scott Douglas:**

She doesn't have anything to do with and Cortez knows it. It's just a cheap trick to get a rise out of me.

**Lance:**

Cheap, sure, but effective.

**Scott Douglas:** [joking]

Don't make me nostalgic for Angus, Lance.

**Lance:**

Oh, low blow, Scott.

The Man of the House focuses on the back of Klein. Klein tries to fight back against the big man with right hands...

**THWACK!** But one of Cortez's signature chops stuns him! Klein then gets a hammer throw across the ring and gets sent crashing HARD back-first into the other side of the ring! The former Unified Tag Team Champion is down at the feet of Cortez as he walks into the corner and then STANDS with all his weight on Klein's back. He keeps going until Brian Slater issues him a warning. Uriel rolls his eyes.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Don't worry, Iris is gonna take good care of you, Boxman. Right, Scott?!

**Lance:**

All this taunting he's doing. Uriel's really just hit new low after new low since undergoing this change of attitude at the



start of the year.

Papa Tez then looks down and tells Klein to take his best shot. He smiles as a wounded Klein tries to limp back up. Klein fights back with The Faithful ushering him on and hits rights to the gut! Uriel feels the shots and doubles over as The Boxman tries to fight back! Cheers ring out through the Mohegan Sun Arena as he hits the ropes. He charges at Uriel, only to get picked up! Uriel swings around several times before DRILLING him in the ring with a spinning delayed body slam!

**DDK:**

Game-changing strength on display! Klein is a strong man. Surprisingly so, but Uriel's operating on another level tonight. He's focused on that back. How do you prepare for such a force of nature in that ring, Scott?

**Scott Douglas:**

You don't, Darren. You can't prepare for Uriel like you would for anyone else. The guy's a monster, plain and simple. You can study the tapes, you can try to come up with a strategy, but when he locks in on a target like Klein's back, it's like a shark smelling blood. All you can do is survive and hope you can outlast him, because once he's got momentum, it's nearly impossible to stop.

The action continues when Klein is pulled up in a modified chinlock on his knees while Uriel has a knee in his back! The Faithful are jeering The Man of the House as he continues to apply pressure to the back, but Klein struggles.

KLEIN!

KLEIN!

KLEIN!

His name gets cheers all over the arena when Klein starts to rise up. He flails his arms up until he grabs a hold of Uriel's head, then drops down suddenly with a jawbreaker to stun the big man! Cortez groans in pain and holds his jaw while Klein falls to his knees, favoring his back.

**DDK:**

There we go! Klein finds an opening, but can he even utilize his power? Uriel has been working over the back with backbreakers, slams, stomps...

**Scott Douglas:**

Man, Klein is digging deep, but you can see the pain on his face, Darren. He's fighting through it, showing amazing determination, but how much more can he take?

Klein gets back up and fights again! He CRACKS Cortez with big knife-edge chops of his own! They echo loudly as Uriel winces! Klein has him stunned for a moment and then tries for his vertical suplex, and to the shock of the Faithful, he gets him up! But as he holds him there for just a moment, he falls to his knees, clutching his side, allowing Papa Tez to rock him with elbows to the side of the head! Cortez lands back on his feet as Klein is doubled over...

**THWACK!**

**DDK:**

OH, MY GOD! URIEL JUST DELIVERED THAT HUGE CHOP TO THE BACK!

Klein winces in pain before Uriel spins him around and WHACKS him again with the double-handed Chop of Ages! Klein falls to the canvas and holds his chest before Uriel drops a towering elbow drop across the chest!

**DDK:**

And there's the Chop of Ages! Uriel goes for a cover!

The Man of the House is in a cover right after the elbow drop!

**Uriel Cortez:**

You at Acts of DEFIANCE, Scotty!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

**Scott Douglas:** [sarcastically stating the obvious]

Hey ... hey, Cortez ... he kicked out, pal!

**Lance:**

Klein is still fighting! Uriel has given him everything he can handle, but Klein is still going! The Faithful want to see him win tonight!

Klein gets up while an angered titan picks him up again. He leans down and gets ready to end things. Another trip to the corner and Uriel charges, only to catch a boot to the chest! Uriel is stunned and Klein grabs Uriel... AND HITS A FRONT POWERSLAM ON THE BIG MAN TO A HUGE CHEER!

**DDK:**

Klein did it! He's knocked Uriel off his feet! Explosive power!

**Scott Douglas:**

That may bruise the ego more than the body.

Uriel is still shocked over being overpowered while Klein's back is causing him distress. Still, The Boxman fights through the pain while Cortez uses the nearby ropes to pick his big body up. He's up in the corner, but Klein charges and powers him into it! Klein throws some more shoulder thrusts to the chest to stun Cortez. He leans back out of the corner and then ROCKS the big man with a big rushing lariat in the corner! The titan is teetering while Klein winds up and charges again with another big rushing lariat!

**Lance:**

Cortez is literally on the ropes! Klein is doing everything he can to chop down the tallest active competitor in DEFIANCE!

With Uriel stunned in the corner, Klein climbs up the corner and holds a fist before he brings down the right hands!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

The Man of the House is stunned on his feet in the corner while Klein leaps out. He nudges the big man into the ropes and as he comes back, he uses momentum to rock Cortez with a HUGE rebound German suplex that sends him flying overhead behind him to a huge applause!

**Scott Douglas:**

Cortez has underestimated Klein here, but he has to stay on him. Don't let up...

**DDK:**

Klein's got him! Cover! Cover!

His back is on fire, but Klein shuts out the pain and hurries into a cover on the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

The Boxman is sent flying back a bit! His eyes tell the story behind his gear that he's in shock.

**DDK:**

Klein almost got him there! Imagine how much this would affect Uriel leading into Acts of DEFIANCE with a loss so close!

Klein still holds his back, but he goes for Uriel as he tries to get back to his feet! With Cortez back up, Klein tries to hit Think Outside... but his back is in too much pain! He drops Uriel behind him! He spins around and Uriel tries a clothesline. Klein ducks, but Uriel **BLASTS** him from the right side with a nasty lariat to the back of the head!

**Lance:**

NO! That back kept him from using the TKO!

**DDK:**

Cortez calls that move Got Your Neck! And he's looking up here at you, Scott.

**Scott Douglas:** [directed at Cortez]

You might want to pin him now.

Uriel points at Douglas up at the booth, then waits on Klein to try and stand again. Slowly, The Boxman tries to fight up, but Cortez hits the ropes and then overwhelms him with a **MASSIVE** running crossbody!

**DDK:**

FATHER KNOWS PRESS! THAT'S IT!

Uriel confidently pins Klein and his eyes never leave up on stage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

The big man gets up to his feet and **DEMANDS** a microphone immediately from ringside. He threatens around until he secures one.

**Lance:**

What does he have to say now?

Brian Slater goes over to check on Klein in the corner of the ring while Uriel looks up at Scott Huffing through his words, Cortez stares down the DEFIANCE legend up at the booth.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You may be Seattle's Favorite Son. You may even be DEFIANCE's Favorite Son... but I'M the Man of the House and I don't just mean in Titanes Familia... I'm going to do what any good father does and that's **BEAT YOUR ASS** and teach disobedient Sons like you and everyone else in this company a lesson...

Douglas shows no fear even with Uriel's next words.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'M **THE** MAN OF THE HOUSE AND MY NAME IS GONNA BE ON THE GODDAMN LEASE!

Uriel tosses the microphone aside and then **THROWS** Brian Slater out of the ring!

**DDK:**

What is he doing?! He just put his hands on Brian Slater! He got suspended for attacking him last year!

**Lance:**

Cortez is out of control... but Scott Douglas isn't sitting around!

He goes back to attacking Klein with boots to the chest! The Boxman is defenseless, but Scott Douglas has seen enough, tossing his headset with a clatter and comes speeding down the ramp!

**DDK:**

HERE COMES SCOTT DOUGLAS!

The DEFIANCE legend makes a beeline for the ring, steel chair in hand from his time in the announce table! Uriel hears The Faithful and sees him coming! Not far behind him, Favoured Saints Champion The D comes speeding out from the back, armed with the title in hand!

**Lance:**

THE D IS OUT HERE, TOO, TO SAVE HIS TAG PARTNER!

Douglas reaches the ring just in time for Uriel to see the two and then leave!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

And there goes Cortez! Why is he bailing now?

The D checks on Klein while Scott Douglas continues to brandish the steel chair, daring Uriel to come back, banging the chair on the top rope.

**Scott Douglas:**

COME ON!

**Uriel Cortez:**

NAH, WE'RE DOING THIS AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

How personal has this issue become since Scott Douglas put his neck out for The Hollywood Bruvs against Titanes Familia? We're gonna see things come to a head at Acts of DEFIANCE between these two.

**Lance:**

That we are, partner, that we are.

The D and Scott Douglas notice each other. They seem to be on guard to each other, but there's a silent truce involved. Each man turns their attention to their charges, the D protecting Klein while Scott Douglas watches Uriel. At the top of the ramp, Uriel is joined by Titaness and Killjoy, who help the big man celebrate his win as the show cuts to commercial break.

## MAKING YOURSELF AT HOME

The camera pops over to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner at the broadcast booth.

**DDK:**

What a match we just saw between Uriel Cortez and Klein. It's been fireworks between Cortez and Scott Douglas and that match promises to be physical. But switching gears, another match we have to talk about is between Butcher Victorious and Mil Vueltas.

**Lance:**

About a month ago, I never thought I'd see the day that Mil Vueltas would turn on anyone. Earlier today, our crew sat down with Mil Vueltas to try and dig deeper - we asked about his recent issues with Butcher and why he joined OSCAR BURNS and the GC Universe.

**DDK:**

By request of Mil Vueltas - and how convenient this is - the interview was held from "an undisclosed location."

**Lance:**

Convenient how he's attacked Butcher Victorious twice now... before Butcher attacked Mil at a BRAZEN Double Shot last weekend.

**DDK:**

More on that later... but right now, let's get to the footage.

Static.

The camera cuts to Mil Vueltas sitting alone in a studio light up in mostly darkness along with neon purple lights behind him. The former fan favorite is wearing a gold and purple rhinestone-covered business suit and luchador mask as he stares ahead, addressing questions from an interviewer off-camera. Words appear on the screen for each question.

### ***WHY DID YOU JOIN THE GC UNIVERSE?***

**Mil Vueltas:**

Real simple answer, cabron... have you ever been close to greatness? And I mean REAL close? Seconds away from greatness? Asegundos de la grandeza? Look at you, of course you haven't. That's why they aren't even letting you in front of the camera. Estaba cansado. I was tired... tired of being CLOSE. I ALMOST defeated Malak Garland after he spat all over my culture, only to be cheated. I ALMOST defeated OSCAR when we didn't see eye to eye. I ALMOST defeated cabron Uriel after he booted me from Familia. I ALMOST defeated Tyler Fuse... EVERY one of them. Top names. Had to cheat to beat me...

He sighs.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Familia turned on me. People disrespected me. People LIED to me.... Then you sit there and ask why... Te atreves a juzgarme? YOU judge ME? Tells me you no understand anything.

### ***WHY JOIN OSCAR BURNS AFTER HE SCREWED YOU OVER PREVIOUSLY?***

**Mil Vueltas:**

I'll set record straight on that right now... It wasn't OSCAR. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... man that claimed I was friend... HE screwed ME over to try and join OSCAR last year, only to end up LEAVING him and then getting popular... getting the cheers \*I\* wanted! Getting respect \*I\* wanted! Getting respect \*I\* wanted! Butch Vic has stick? No... Butch Vic is SHIT. Butch Vic is a shit person who lied to me!

Seething, he leans forward in his seat.

**Mil Veltas:**

When OSCAR wanted Butcher at his side, he just needed someone to get drinks and take hits. When OSCAR wanted ME at his side, it's cause he respected my talent. We didn't like each other last year, but we always respected our abilities. He gave me confidence that I needed... Now, I'm here at top with GC Universe. Butcher...

Mil stomps his foot on the ground and mimics wiping the remains off the expensive dress shoes he's wearing.

**Mil Veltas:**

That's where HE belongs.

He continues to address the question.

**Mil Veltas:**

Most importantly... he reunited me with hermano... DLJ. The only other man on this roster who knows what it's like to have Familia put a knife in your back. We'll never let anyone separate us EVER again.

***WHAT ABOUT BUTCHER VICTORIOUS' ATTEMPTS TO TRYING TO MAKE AMENDS?*****Mil Veltas:**

Eso es tan estúpido. Eres un imbécil si crees eso. He only did that to make himself feel better for what he did. He lied to me and Thomas Keeling first last year when Thomas tried to sign him as a client and get him away from OSCAR. I did nothing that wasn't done to me first!

***YOU SHOOK THE D'S HAND AND CONGRATULATED HIM ON WINNING THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE BEFORE LOCKING HE AND KLEIN IN THEIR LOCKER. WHY?*****Mil Veltas:**

The D... when he won Favoured Saints Title, he hooked MY tights! Took title \*I\* had won! And you think I'd let him get away with that? No... no, BURNS had plan. We executed that plan to perfection. Elise got destroyed. The D and Klein couldn't help. If they have problem with it, they can see me after I take care of Butcher at Acts of DEFIANCE.

***WHAT MAKES YOU THE GLOAT (Greatest Luchador of All Time)?*****Mil Veltas:**

Eso es la pregunta más fácil que te has hecho hasta ahora, mierda. Easy one... I'm the greatest high-flyer DEFIANCE has ever seen. I'm wearing fancy suits... fancy masks... fur coats... cause after everything I've been through in the past year, it's the life I deserve! Now... I'm not holding back. In addition to superior talent and speed, I do ANYTHING I need to win now. I'm not thinking with this...

Tapping on his heart.

**Mil Veltas:**

I think with this.

Tapping on his head.

**Mil Veltas:**

Sometimes with eh... how you say... other head on the weekends.

He flashes a mischievous grin under his mask.

**Mil Veltas:**

Being The GLOAT... it's why twice, I've left Butcher Victorious laid out at my feet like the perro he is. It's why I'm doing this interview without telling anyone but this crew where it takes place. cause he's coward who attack me at BRAZEN show when I was there to support mi... eh, let's call her mi señora amiga, Bonita en Rosa II. I deserve to be happy. I

deserve to be safe... but Butcher...

He turns to the camera.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Cabron... act Acts of DEFIANCE, you WILL NOT be safe. You'll be...

Suddenly, the feed cuts. An actual record scratch sound effect can be heard. And when the people realize the source of the commotion....

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAH!*

The camera comes back to Butcher Victorious standing on top of the announce table with a stunned Darren Keebler and Lance Warner! Shirtless while wearing a sparkling leather purple jacket, black jeans and purple shoes, Butcher has The Stick v.2™ in hand.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

The Faithful chant along.

**Butcher Victorious:**

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

He points at the empty DEFIatron.

**Butcher Victorious:**

AND BUTCH VIC... AIN'T LISTENING TO THAT SHIT!

Loud applause rings out.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Cameraman, cameraman, bring that over here, would you? I got a few words for that little backstabbing bastard and ain't none of them gonna be good. You had your chance to lie to these people, Mil, now I'm about to kick you in the ass with some TRUTH!

He leans forward with the camera pointing up at him as he stands on the announce table.

**Butcher Victorious:**

This might shock you, Mil... but you were right about some things. Yeah... I did lie to you to try and curry favor with Oscar - lower case, cause I beat him at DEFCON - I've said that repeatedly and I've felt like garbage every day since then... but if I had known what kind of little man you were gonna be... emphasizing LITTLE... I'd have kicked your lying ass sooner!

The Faithful are with him and hang on every word of the fired-up Texan.

**Butcher Victorious:**

After jumping me twice and running away from me when I knocked you on your ass at BRAZEN last weekend... tonight, I ain't worried about my past. I'm looking towards my future. And it's a nice, bright and shiny future where I drop you right on your dome at Acts of DEFIANCE, pick up three the hard way, and get my arm raised so I can finally, FINALLY, **FINALLY**...

He falls to his knees on the announce table, looking up at the sky.

**Butcher Victorious:**

...Put you and Oscar's little groupies behind me for good!

Butcher stands up again.

**Butcher Victorious:**

At ACTS of DEFIANCE, it ain't ME that needs to worry about being safe. It don't matter how fast you run, don't matter how many times you run. Eventually, I'ma catch you, I'ma GRAB A HOLD, BROTHER... then I'm DROPPING you like you tried to drop me. One thing your new boss should have told you...

The fans chant along.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... WILL NOT QUIT!

He turns to Darren and Lance.

**Butcher Victorious:**

Sorry, boys, y'all can have your show back! Do them commentary things!

He slowly climbs off the table and then heads to the back, throwing his hands up for The Faithful as the show moves on.



**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, ANGUS SKAALAND**

## THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS & LADS vs. THE BLOOD DIAMONDS

### DDK:

When we say we have a blockbuster main event, we MEAN blockbuster tonight for Night One of DEFtv 209! In our final stop before ACTS of DEFIANCE, The Hollywood Bruvs of Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix join forces with The Lads - Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell - to take on The Blood Diamonds!

### Lance:

You aren't kidding! Three of the four men on the side of The Bruvs and The Lads - Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, Dex Joy - all former FISTS of DEFIANCE, with Punch Drunk Purcell showing his worth by the week as a rising star. That will be a lot for The Blood Diamonds to contend with!

### DDK:

Two weeks ago, Ed White stole a victory from Dex Joy after singling out and attacking both he and Punch Drunk Purcell throughout that show. Earlier tonight, The Lads stopped The Blood Diamonds assault on the Bruvs, leading to tonight's eight-man tag team match.

### Lance:

The Blood Diamonds may have bitten off more than they can chew. They brought together their enemies and they may regret those decisions. Let's get to ringside for the following main event with Darren Quimbey announcing the participants!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and is an EIGHT-MAN TAG TEAM MATCH set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The DEFIatron lights up with images of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell from their three-match series. Slams! Punches! Suplexes! More slams! Ending with a still of Dex Joy on one knee "proposing" to Punch Drunk Purcell to be his tag team partner!

A graphic of a boxing glove made up of yellow and blue lightning flashes, and blue and yellow light flashes all through the Mohegan Sun Arena! Out comes Dexy and Punchy, side by side. The two former rivals-turned-friends mutually nod, then head towards the ring. Punchy has on a black wrist brace on his left hand, a souvenir from the sneak attack two weeks ago by Ed White and The Blood Diamonds.

### Darren Quimbey:

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

Dexy and Punchy are all business tonight. Their matching new "Shake Hands, Become Lads" shirt each get whipped into a rowdy crowd. Joy throwing up his hands and Purcell throwing up his right fist as they wait for their tag team partners for the night. Purcell tightens his MMA glove over his right hand with the brace still on the left.

### Dex Joy:

Bring 'em on out! EVERYONE wants to see the Blood Diamonds get their asses kicked tonight! Let's go!

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

The lights in the arena turn to gold and focus on the curtain. As the beat picks up the crowd gets loud recognizing the arrival of one of their favorite tag teams!

Through the curtain comes the Hollywood star followed by the big man from the Square Mile. Mikey moves to one side

of the stage, Jesse the other. The motion to the crowd and start to seemingly be pulled toward one another. They both try to resist but it seems they almost slide toward one another before finally their fists meet in the middle of the stage. The Bruvs yell it out, and the crowd right along with them.

**Everyone:**

GLUEFIIIIIIST!

They smile and begin to head down the ramp.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...And their tag team partners....Hailing from Hollywood, California and London, England respectively, Mikey Unlikely.... Jesse Fredricks Kendrix.... They are THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The Bruvs slide into the ring, and pose on opposing turnbuckles. They turn and chat with their tag team partners for the night, focusing on strategy... until...

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

Now making their way to the...

"Ok, hush, no. We need a little more zazz to this entrance, a little pop. And boy howdy, that aint you."

A familiar voice cuts our humble ring announcer off at the knees.

**Angus Skaaland:**

I'll take it from here other Darren, take a fuckin' hike would ya' please? Thanks.

The Hall of Fame Motormouth of Malcontent strolls out onto the stage to a chorus of boos. He flips the microphone deftly around in one hand taking a long gander around the packed arena howling bloody murder at his very presence. This clearly pleases Angus Skaaland to no end.

**Angus Skaaland:**

We're doin' this proper and giving our two glorious benefactors the pomp and circumstance they gorram deserve!

As Angus is talking the dangerous as she is beautiful Jane Katze, the enormous seven foot tall former mob enforcer Nicky Corozzo and the steely blue eyed German wrestling machine Reinhardt Hoffman all make their way out onto the stage joining the foul mouthed former DEFtv color commentator at the top of the ramp.

As they do, "O Fortuna" fades out and replacing it...

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

As the chamber music strikes up over the PA the arena is bathed in green and gold light. A waterfall of golden fireworks falls down in front of the tron and entrance tunnel. After a few impressive moments through which steps the self proclaimed "Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling" himself.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Making his way to the ring! He's a GRAND SLAM champ, he was the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE! He's a trendsetter, one of the original architects of DEFIANCE! Originally from Louisville, Kentucky and now residing in that beautiful sweatbox we all love New Orleans, Louisiana! MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND "THE SOCIALITE" EDWARD WHITE!

Edward is already bare chested and over-oiled, almost gleaming under the lights. He hops from foot to foot with a huge plastered-on grin on his bearded face.

The Faithful bask in Edward's golden, gleaming presentation for a few moments more when suddenly the temperature in the Mohegan Sun Arena drops as the most unconventional and down right haunting entrance music in the game strikes up over the PA.

♪ "The Entertainer" by 1920's ragtime legend Scott Joplin ♪

**Angus Skaaland:**

Joining Edward, Nicky and Reinhardt in this contest almost needs no introduction, but I'll do my damndest here. The Living and Breathing Definition of DEFIANCE! He's the Original DEFIANT, and that's a SHOOT ladies and gentlemen! Original means FIRST! SINGULAR! Hailing from the cold shores of Banff, Scotland! LADIES AND GERMS HE'S MY GORRAM HERO! THE BOMBASTIC BASTARD HIMSELF! BRONSON BOX!

The Wargod steps out of the entrance tunnel in his fresh black and gray pinstriped singlet. Red and black tape adorns his wrists and fingers. Almost as wide as the tunnel itself he strides out onto the stage and his compatriots all part like the red sea allowing him to take the lead. Even Edward White falls in beside Boxer.

Angus though, Angus makes his way in the opposite direction.

**Lance:**

Oh God, please strike me deaf and dumb in the next fifteen seconds.

The clatter of the spare set of headphones behind the announce desk is heard.

**Angus:**

What's that about you being dumb? Buck up champ, you're not THAT stupid. Nobody in broadcasting likes a Debbie downer, Warner. Smile. And howdy partner, always nice to see ya'.

**Lance:** [under his breath]

PARTNER. Pfff.

**DDK:**

Angus. Quite the, well, entrances there my friend.

**Angus:**

Gotta remind plebs like these four dinks in the ring just who they're dealin' with. Box and Ed are BIG time stars. About time those particular eight knees kneeled and four heads bowed to the baddest of bad asses that laid the bricks they built their cute little careers here on. Feel me, Keebs?

Jane Katze takes her place at ringside as Box leads Edward, big Nicky and Reinhardt up the steps and fearlessly into the ring where their opponents await them.

**DDK:**

Here we go. One of our final stops until Acts of DEFIANCE. The Blood Diamonds have been making waves of enemies. Will that come back to haunt them?

**Angus:**

I say this respectfully as your long-time former broadcast partner... shut the hell up, Darren. Of course we haven't.

Ed White looks like he wants to start for his side and Dex Joy gets the nod for his side. Purcell and The Bruvs cheer on The Biggest Boy when the bell rings.

**DING DING**

...and White smiles before he quickly tags in Reinhardt Hoffman instead to loud jeers.

**Lance:**

Why does that not shock me? Two weeks ago, it was a four-on-one situation and a pre-match sneak attack that led to Ed White getting a stolen victory from Dex Joy.

**Angus:**

Cry about it.

Dex Joy fumes at the fact that Ed White pulls another fast one, but a hungry Reinhardt Hoffman charges in. He locks up with Dex Joy and tries to outmuscle him. He is able to get Dex into a corner and when the official orders him to break it up, he goes to an aggressive cravate type of hold to try and control the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

Reinhardt Hoffman is a very promising talent. The very first-ever BRAZEN Champion and one of the longest reigns in the history of that title.

**Lance:**

But he's taking on Dex Joy. The only man that has been the FIST, the Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints champion at different points! Had a reign of almost three-hundred days as the FIST as well!

**Angus:**

The Blood Diamonds only recruit winners. No fatties allowed.

Dex goes to the ropes in hopes of launching Hoffman off of him with the momentum, but Hoffman keeps his grip tightened around the neck of Dex, but Dexy Baby manages to surprise Hoffman with a huge hip toss to counter his way out of the hold! The Faithful are fully behind The EveryChamp when he knocks Hoffman to the ground with a huge shoulder tackle! The Connecticut crowd cheer on The Biggest Boy when he waits on Hoffman and then rocks him with a big running headscissors that get ROARS from them!

**DDK:**

Dex takes control with his own flashy offense now! One of the all-around best DEFIANCE has seen!

**Angus:**

Ugh, all these big stupid-ass dolts all wanting to do flips and kicks instead of... you know, being MONSTERS! My boy, Nicky, knows what's up!

Dex grabs Hoffman and the tag is made to Punch Drunk Purcell! The Lads both climb into the ring and send the inaugural BRAZEN Champion off the ropes before hitting a double hip toss! Once he lands, Dexy instructs Punchy to hit the ropes. They both come off opposite ends with The Blood Diamonds watching before they rock Hoffman with a double falling headbutt to the chest! Dexy goes back to his corner while Punchy makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**Angus:**

That tub of overhyped goo aint got squat on a single one of the Diamonds! Cheap shot artist is what he is, Keebs!

**DDK:**

The Lads have been clearly working on their tag team game. Already working out some great double-team moves in their repertoire.

Hoffman gets picked up, but he stops Purcell and rocks him with a kneeling jawbreaker. That blow stuns Punch and then he gets rocked under the jaw with a quick flurry of European uppercuts! Box, Corozzo, White and Katze all watch

from the corner of The Blood Diamonds when he tries to muscle Purcell towards their way... but Purcell turns the tables and CHARGES with Hoffman on his shoulder, taking him back to the corner instead!

**Lance:**

That was a great veteran move by Purcell! He's still in his early years as a wrestler, but knew not to let Hoffman in the corner.

**Angus:**

Play in traffic, Lance. Hoffman's just roping these dopes. Surprised Purcell doesn't know THAT trick!

But if it's a trick, it's a convincing one. Purcell rocks Hoffman with a number of body blows from his good right hand. He charges at the corner and hits a running back elbow, then swings as he stumbles out of the corner to hit the 1-2 Combo! After Hoffman goes down, Purcell points at The Bruvs and The Faithful ROAR when Mikey Unlikely gets a turn!

**DDK:**

And here comes The Hollywood Bruvs! Individually and collectively, two of the most decorated men in DEFIANCE history! Both former Tag Team Champions, FISTs, Southern Heritage Champions!

Mikey has a tight headlock on the taller Hoffman, then hits a drop toe hold to bring him into the middle rope. Mikey makes a legal tag to Kendrix and holds The Gentlemen German in place, Kendrix slides off the ring apron, then CRACKS Hoffman upside the jaw with a superkick to the side of his head! The Bruvs then pose around one another and get a HUGE round of applause for The GLUEFIST!

**Angus:**

COME ON! SOMEONE TAG IN! WHAT IS THIS GLUEFIST HORSESH...

**DDK:**

Keep it classy, Angus!

**Lance:**

Angus is about to have a brain aneurysm at ringside! The Blood Diamonds have been fighting separate battles with both of these teams including that attempted attack that kicked off the show, but now they're taking the fight to The Diamonds!

Kendrix leaps over the ropes and attempts to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

**DDK:**

No! White makes the save by pulling Kendrix off the cover!

**Lance:**

Hoffman has taken some punishment by all four men so far, so that was the smart thing to do!

Kendrix points at White, who gives him a haughty laugh and then heads back to his corner to get out of harm's way. But the distraction allows for Hoffman to catch Kendrix with an uppercut from behind! JFK falls to a knee and Nicky Corozzo tags in. The 7'2" bodyguard of Ed White climbs in but out of the corner of his eye, Kendrix sees Punch Drunk Purcell who wants some of the big man!

**DDK:**

These two have tangled once before over the Onslaught Title, folks!

**Angus:**

What's this pudgy idiot think HE'S gonna do? Sit on him? Give him diabetes?

**Lance:**

That's not how diabetes works, Skaaland...

**Angus:**

Don't EVER correct me, you anthropomorphic dingleberry. Just a little rock hard poop with eyes and hands, that's you.

Purcell has to look up to Corozzo, but doesn't back down, even with the bum left hand. Corozzo isn't here to posture tonight as he kicks Purcell in the gut and lays into him with forearm clubs across the top of the head! He backs the big man into the ropes with Box and White watching on. Corozzo has Purcell in a corner and puts a boot into his throat, attempting to choke the life out of him until referee Hector Navarro counts to five. He gets to the count of four when Corozzo orders him to back off.

**DDK:**

The Blood Diamonds don't care who you are. They'll either buy their way around an obstacle or smash through it.

**Angus:**

Gorram right. See, Warner, Keebs gets it.

Corozzo goes back to punishing Purcell, but doesn't expect to get SMACKED upside the head with a big spinning back elbow smash! The blow rocks the personal enforcer of Ed White! Purcell comes back with a second one and he's got the monster stunned on his feet!

**DDK:**

You're looking at perhaps one of the better strikers in DEFIANCE today! Punch is in his name, but he can throw an elbow like nobody else!

Purcell runs to the ropes with Corozzo stunned... but STUMBLES through the ropes when Ed White pulls them open, sending him through to the floor! That gets jeers from The Faithful while Ed White gives the jeering audience a "Who? Me?" shrug as he flashes that plastered on, overly-white smile.

**Lance:**

I think Purcell was ready to knock Corozzo off his feet, but like always, The Blood Diamonds resort to stunts like this when things don't go their way!

**Angus:**

You're fixing to get your ass stomped out if you keep making biased calls like that. Do your job and be a damn professional for once in your dinky, khaki-assed life.

If Lance's eyerolls made noise the viewership would be deaf at this point. But now Nicky tags Bronson Box and with Purcell on the floor, Box finally makes his first move as best he can. He runs and STOMPS right down on the braced left hand of Purcell! Sandwiching it between the hard ring apron and the bottom of his boot.

**DDK:**

The DEF Hall of Famer showing zero mercy!

**Angus:**

ATA BOY! Mercy is for the poors, Keebs. My dear good friend Edward taught me that.

**Lance:**

Your dear friend? Please! Nice Rolex there, you sellout.

Boxer DIGS his bootheel into the top of Purcell's hand. Finally, through gritted teeth, Punch Drunk lets out a guttural



scream. Referee Navarro points a finger right in Bronson's smiling mustachioed face. The Wargod eventually relents, reaching down and wrapping his two huge hands around Purcell's head and YANKS the huge man back up onto the apron. Box proceeds to wrap his redwood sized arms and waste little time cracking off an effortless, reckless release German suplex that sends Punch Drunk neck first off the ring apron.

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

The Faithful are all on their feet.

**Lance:**

JESUS CRIPES!

**DDK:**

You said it, partner! My WORD!

Purcell hangs there painfully ass over teakettle on the apron as Bronson gets triumphantly back to his feet. The Wargod boots him limply through the ropes depositing Punch Drunk back into the ring. Boxer steps through the ropes and makes a beeline towards the Bruvs / Lads corner.

He eyeballs all three men up and down, then...

*OHHHHH!*

**Lance:**

Ugh. Disgusting.

Box quickly horks up a thick Scottish wad of phlegm and tua's it right into the face of Mikey Unlikely! It takes Dex and Kendrix both with hands on Mikey's chest, holding him back from leaping through the ropes to lay hands on The Original DEFIANT.

**Angus:**

HA! Right in his uppity-assed face! Serves him right, goin' gorram soft! Big bad babyface Mikey Unlikely... FEH! FEH AND YAWN, KEEBS! He and his unintelligible BUTLER or whatever over there need to either rediscover their nuts or get friggin' erased and free up some precious roster space! THEY'RE WEAK SAUCE! Feel me, boys?! WEAK SAUCE!

After the revolting gesture Boxer turns and pounces on a still recovering Punch Drunk Purcell with vicious boots and clubbing blows across his clearly still aching neck. Boxer looks down at the struggling bruiser and with almost inhuman speed wraps him up and cracks off another wild release German that sends Purcell ragdolling across the ring.

**DDK:**

Box is on a short list of individuals who could possibly manhandle a man the size of Purcell like this!

The Original DEFIANT stalks after his prey, sliding up behind and cracking off a spine shattering Cobra Clutch Backbreaker that sends Purcell sprawling. Boxer goes about all the motions that usually precedes the further spine-adjusting BOMBASTO Bomb, when...

*OOOOOOOOOH!*

**Lance:**

Hey, what's good for the goose!

The zoomed in camera catches the exact moment Mikey Unlikely's spit connects directly with Boxer's good eye. The distraction is all it takes to draw Bronson off Purcell and cause him to give chase, Mikey quickly hopping off the apron with a little wink and a wave in Boxer's direction. As Unlikely leads the Hall of Famer in an impromptu foot race around



the ring for a lap or two, this is all the time and distraction Punch Drunk Purcell needs.

**Hector Navarro:**

TAG!

**DDK:**

Purcell makes it to Dex! Dex is in! This place is coming alive for the Biggest Boy!

Mikey runs into the ring and Box goes after him, but runs into a brick wall by the name of Dexy Baby! The Original DEFIANT gets taken down by a running cross body with Dex throwing lefts and rights all over the Scotsman!

**DDK:**

This is the very first time these two former champions have locked up and it's not going his way!

**Lance:**

Not at all!

Dex sees Ed White trying to sneak his way in but Dex takes care of the Socialite as well as Hoffman with a running shot gun dropkick – that's one boot for each man – and knocks them both off of the apron to prevent them from interfering!

**Lance:**

There goes White and there goes Hoffman! Dex almost defied the odds two weeks ago before they caught up with him, but it's an even fight now!

Dex stands up again but big Nicky Corozzo reaches over the ropes and grabs him by the back of his neck. Il Giudice tries to prevent the former FIST from any more action but four pairs of hands grab Corozzo by his legs and pull him up off the apron

**DDK:**

And here comes the Hollywood Bruvs! They have just taken care of the big man!

He runs towards both of them with clothesline but the Bruvs think alike and duck at the same time. Corozzo is nailed with double super kicks by the Bruvs and he's rocked on his feet long enough for Dex to sail through the ropes and knock the monster down with a huge Whoa-pe suicida! Every person in the Mohegan Sun is standing on their feet with the action out of control.

**Lance:**

Teamwork makes the dream ...

**Angus:**

If you finish that I will destroy you.

Dex is up and celebrates with the Bruvs, perhaps a bit too prematurely. Dexy Baby heads back into the ring where Box is there to catch him with a huge one-armed side slam!

**DDK:**

When have you ever seen Dex Joy man-handled like that?! With one move!

Box tries stealing the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out but Box sees Ed White back on the apron. He tags his partner in. The ring leaders of the Blood Diamonds send Dexy Baby for a ride but he's able to hang on to the ropes first to keep from going anywhere. Box charges first but a stiff boot to the face from Dex catches him just in time before he throws the Original DEFIANT out from the ring. Dex leans back and feels the blind tag from Kendrix. Dex moves when White charges and Kendrix jumps off the top rope to hit a missile drop kick on the Socialite!

**DDK:**

Kendrix is in and takes down Ed White with the drop kick off the top!

Kendrix gets up and crack's Ed's back with a double knee back breaker. He tries to take the wind for Team Bruv-Lads!!!

**Lance:**

Will the Hollywood Bruvs and the Lads get the win tonight?!

One ...

Two ...

Along comes Hoffman to break the cover up with a flying knee to the back! Hoffman attacks ferociously and elbows the daylight out of the former FIST but Mikey comes along to save his partner. He spins Hoffman around and drops him with the lariat into a back breaker!

**DDK:**

Roll Credits!

Mikey sends Hoffman out of the ring, but he can't bask in the glory of what he's just done for too long. Corozzo is back in the ring and he takes Mikey's head clean off with a running big boot!

**Lance:**

This is completely out of control! Not a single person isn't getting in on this action!

**DDK:**

Corozzo is the difference maker ... or is he?!

Corozzo turns and the last thing he expects to see happening and that is Punch Drunk Purcell grabbing him from behind the body and hitting the Rope A Dope olympic slam! He wipes out the massive giant!

**DDK:**

What?!?! Where the heck did Purcell come from?!

**Lance:**

But he's hurt too! After everything Box did to him earlier, he looks like that was all he had left!

An angry Boxer is back and he attacks Purcell by going after his bad hand with more boots. Dex comes in and hits a Dexy's Midnight Runner that takes Boxer off his feet!

**DDK:**

Everyone's in! This is pure insanity!

**Angus:**

Can any referee do his damn job tonight! You gotta keep these maniacs under control!!!

But Dex is stopped by a desperation low blow by Ed White and thrown out of the ring too! The referee is busy contending with Jane Katze who is at ringside protesting what's going on!

**Angus:**

Finally! Justice in the universe!

White grabs Kendrix off the ground but gets wrapped up in a small package!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

**DDK:**

That was too close for comfort for the Blood Diamonds! White barely kicked out!

Both men get back up and Kendrix is right on target to hit a huge german suplex on White. He holds on and the Socialite tries to stop the suplex but gets hit with a second one. Kendrix has number three lined up, but White fights to try and get free and grabs the ropes. He shoves Kendrix back and he almost hits the official but stops himself!

**Lance:**

Close call there! Kendrix almost wiped out our referee!

Kendrix grabs White again and tries another suplex but White moves forward and sends Kendrix into the ropes...

Where Tyler Fuse jumps out of nowhere and strikes him in the head with the ACE of DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Wait! Wait! Where the heck did Tyler Fuse come from?! He's been in cahoots with the Blood Diamonds for the past few weeks!

**Angus:**

I have no clue who you're talking about or who Tyler Fuse is other than a respectable talent.

The official doesn't see what happened. This allows White the chance to pick Kendrix up on the shoulder and spike him with the Stock Market Crash!

**DDK:**

No! Is White going to steal another win?!?!?

He hooks the legs! There's nobody else left to stop him!!!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

***DING DING DING***

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners ... THE BLOOOOOOOOOOD DIAMONDSSSSSSSSS!!!

**DDK:**

Two shows in a row, the Blood Diamonds have stolen a win! Dex had this cockroach beat two weeks ago and tonight, Kendrix had him!

Tyler Fuse slides into the ring and proceeds to beat the living piss out of Jesse Kendrix's head.

Like a pack of angry pitbulls, Box, White, Corozzo and Hoffman are on the scene as well, attacking Mikey, Dex and Purcell before they can lend a hand to one another.

**DDK:**

As if we need more of this.

**Angus:**

I'd like to think so.

Hector Navarro works on that forever pending heart attack, telling the men in the ring the match is over, they already won, but it's absolutely no use.

***DING DING DING DING DING***

The time keeper rings the bell. However, Tyler Fuse merely looks towards Darren Quimbey and company with a smirk on his face suggesting they can ring the bell all they'd like, he's still going to bust Kendrix open.

Oh wait, he already did.

**Lance:**

Completely uncalled for!

**Angus:**

Says only you.

Angus leaves the booth as he walks out from behind the announce table, clapping for his team.

**Lance:** *[unimpressed]*

Bye, Angus.

By now, the solid five-on-four numbers advantage, plus the sneak attack from Tyler, sees The Blood Diamonds in total control. Mikey is tossed into a corner of the ring by Box. Dex Joy is worked into another corner by Hoffman and Corozzo. Finally, Punch Drunk Purcell is laid to rest in a third corner, via Ed White.

Tyler Fuse continues to unload on Kendrix until, finally, he suddenly comes to a hard stop and lets Jesse's head drop to the mat.

The OG Gamer stands to a chorus of boos. He surveys the beatings around him and rubs his hands together. Tyler marches over to where Mikey Unlikely lays, head resting against the bottom buckle, completely DOA. Fuse then glances at Bronson Box and the two exchange a head nod.

Fuse strolls over to Dex Joy. He points at the former FIST of DEFIANCE as if Tyler knows Dex very well. Years ago their history over the SOHER suggests that they do.

**Tyler Fuse:** *[to Dex Joy]*

Good to see you again, pally.

Fuse winks in Dex's direction and then makes his way to Purcell. Tyler crouches down, looking at the man who's made quite a name for himself recently.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Nice to meet you, I hope you enjoy wrestling here for a very long time. [Fuse tilts his head] It's a great organization.

Ed White decides to unload more kicks into the side of Punchy's head and, hey, who is Tyler to stop him? Fuse simply gives a sarcastic shrug of his shoulders and wanders back to the center of the ring, meeting Bronson Box...

The legend and the ACE shake hands.

Fuse lowers himself down to Kendrix and pulls the unconscious Bruv to a seated position. Holding JFK's lifeless head in his hands, Tyler proceeds to speak.

**Tyler Fuse:**

There was a time when you and your little group ruled this place, ya?

Tyler nods along.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Times change.

Fuse drags Kendrix upright and throws Jesse's limp body into the waiting arms of Bronson Box.

**WHAP!**

STARMAKER.

Kendrix's already DOA but now more damage is done.

The crowd continues to boo as The Blood Diamonds walk around the ring, each of them getting their additional licks in. Angus also joins them.

Finally, Tyler Fuse approaches the fallen Mikey Unlikely. Once again, he crouches down and has a conversation with another passed out Bruv who clearly can't hear.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Mikey, I really enjoyed getting to know you better. It's a shame we couldn't hang out anymore, I could've learned so much.

Fuse grits his teeth, which is a swift change from the calm, cool, collectedness he had shown prior. He snatches Mikey off the floor and ruthlessly tosses him towards Bronson Box.

**WHAP.**

STARMAKER.

Mikey falls on top of Kendrix.

More boos. The announcers are disgusted.

**DDK:**

You can mark my words, The Bruvs and The Lads will get their revenge.

**Lance:**

Many people in our line of work do, partner.

White, Hoffman and Corozzo drag Dex and Punchy to the middle of the ring and throw them on top of the Bruvs heap.

**Lance:**

But this is going to be no tall task.

The DEFIANCE logo shows in the bottom right hand corner of the feed as White, Corozzo and Hoffman raise their hands. Bronson simply scours and Tyler Fuse morphs back into his stoic, icy demeanor, staring straight ahead into nothingness.

**Lance:**

No tall task, indeed.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***