

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

Glasgow, Scotland welcomes DEFIANCE as the OVO Hydro is hyped for DEFtv 213!

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!

BE DEFIANT: WEAR A KILT

THEY CAN TAKE YOUR BLUE TEXT, BUT THEY CAN NEVER TAKE... YOUR FREEEEEEEDOOOOM!

HAGGIS > MALAK

THIS IS BRONSON BOX COUNTRY

WHERE WE'RE GOING, WE DON'T NEED ROPES

GEMS ARE FOREVER

WHO ELSE IS IN THE RUMINATION CHAMBER!?

I AM HARBORING SCOTTY FLASH

CORVO COME HOME

DEX JOY & PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL ARE URIEL'S DADS NOW

THE LUCKY SEVENS ARE SNEAKY SNAKES

WELCOME HOME GAGE!

The scene goes to the announce team, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

NEW GAME PLUS

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv 213! We're coming to you LIVE from the SOLD OUT OVO Hydro in wonderful Glasgow, Scotland! Over twelve thousand rabid Faithful have packed the house tonight, for what should be an epic night of pro wrestling!

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

DDK's sincere introduction gets cut off by the sound of the loud banging song. Out walks Malak Garland Fuse and crew, oddly sans Conor and Tyler. The champion is banged up, with bandages everywhere but it also looks like he's riding sky high. He saunters down to the ring as Percy Collins clutches the FIST OF DEFIANCE. Others in tow, such as Thurston Hunter, hold the Paper Title and the now shattered FLAKE OF DEFIANCE vanity belt. The collection of superstars congregate in the ring as Malak grabs a microphone to address the crowd.

Malak Fuse:

Scum of Scotland, please sit down and listen to my quandary as I hope each and every one of you can understand English and not that himalayan jargon your people usually speak because tonight, I am speaking in English only.

Lance:

Pretty sure English is one of, if not the dominant language of this land. Scotland is right beside *England* where *English* originated. Malak is so uncultured.

Malak Fuse:

Look. Truth be told, I feel good but I also feel bad. For the first time in my life, I have hybrid feelings of positivity and negativity AT THE SAME TIME! Love that for me, won't you?

The crowd jeers. Cyrus Bates frowns his bottom lip in sympathy towards his master.

Malak Fuse:

What to tackle first? Probably the good news because my spirits could use that to be unpacked.

Malak marches around, clearly in deep thought.

Malak Fuse:

Allow me to re-introduce myself. My name is MALAK JONAS FUSE. Or you could call me by my completely original initials of M. J. F.

Fuse puts his arms out to embrace what he expects to be cheers from the crowd. He is wrong. Oh so very wrong.

DDK:

Yeah, I'm not going to call him that. Malak Fuse is a far enough stretch for me, thank you!

Malak Fuse:

And now that I *am* Malak Fuse, the Elder Fuse, don't get it twisted; this starts a brand new game. A new game PLUS, if you will. Heck, that could very well be the name of the new trio cOnOr, tYIEr and I form. I have other delectable names on the list like Fusion Frenzy or Final Fantasy Fuse but I don't want those names to be lost on anyone with how intelligent they are.

DDK:

All video game references. We get it. Does Malak think we're idiots?

Lance neglects to answer as Malak drones on.

Malak Fuse:

So yeah, assuming the greatest namesake yet has me feeling pretty good. However, that brings us to the bad news.

Fuse walks over to Hunter who is holding the two “pretend” belts. Malak looks intently at them.

Malak Fuse:

First, my Paper Title. Wow okay, lots to unpack here. It's been by my side for a long time. Too long, in fact. I've completely transformed as a person and general corporate revenue printing entity tenfold since I won this belt OVER thirteen hundred days ago, making me the longest reigning champion of **any** variety in the history of DEFIANCE. That said, I feel like the save file on my memory card can't start a new game PLUS without archiving old, corrupt data and trust me, it is ALWAYS worth it to start a new game PLUS.

Malak rubs his chin mightily before snatching the belt from Thurston's hand.

Malak Fuse:

Tyler did a boo boo to my FLAKE which I will touch on in a minute, so I feel it is only apropos that I SET THE EXAMPLE on how to destroy belts within The Comments Section.

Malak puts the microphone down for a moment before ripping the Paper Title apart with his teeth. People are astounded at the veracity and savageness to which he conducts himself. With spittle and paper pieces all over his face, Malak grabs the microphone and psychotically stares down the hard cam.

Malak Fuse:

Done. Paper Title no more.

DDK:

I- I can't believe what I'm seeing!

Lance:

Malak just ripped apart his safety blanket! But he says he doesn't need it anymore because he's starting a new game plus!

Malak Fuse:

That brings me to the FLAKE.

He looks down at the broken belt Thurston is holding in his other hand. Malak pushes Thurston as if he's at fault for something.

Malak Fuse:

THURSTON! GET RID OF IT! GET RID OF THAT ABOMINATION RIGHT NOW! MY EYEBALLS CAN'T SEE IT! TAKE THAT BELT AND DESTROY IT! THROW IT IN THE SCOTTISH RIVER WITH THE LOCH NESS MONSTER FOR ALL I CARE! JUST GET RID OF IT!

DDK:

Ummm did Malak inherit some of Tyler's spastically psychotic attitude along the way!?

Scared for his life, Thurston goes sprawling towards the back with the broken parts of the FLAKE OF DEFIANCE, presumably never to be seen again. Malak calms himself down in the ring. Up steps Percy Collins. The Sports Psychologist Specialist holds out the FIST OF DEFIANCE belt to its champion.

Malak Fuse:

This. This belt. I have been confronted with the truth thanks to Tyler Fuse and I have no choice but to ACCEPT my FATE as the FIRST EVER FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION!

His eyes give Percy a once over, up and down.

Malak Fuse:

You and I, Percy, we're going to get a whole heck of a lot closer. I promise. You're my sports psychologist and for that,

I thank you. You will hold my belt for me AT ALL TIMES! Speaking of this belt and my title reign that I put on the line in the RUMINATION CHAMBER match, there is something I must say. You see, both of my brothers will be in the chamber match and both will provide unyielding protection for me.

The crowd dislikes what they're hearing.

Malak Fuse:

In fact, let's hear from the NEWEST member of my team right now! Tyler Fuse, please come out here and join me in the ring!

Silence. Malak waits around for a beat before asking again.

Malak Fuse:

Tyler Fuse? Production truck workers, hit his music please! Ty Guy, come on down here!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

At first, Malak Fuse bops his head up and down to the music but it's almost a solid minute into things now... and he's getting rattled. "Garland" bites his lower lip with worry.

Malak Fuse:

Okay, okay. Ty Guy, if you don't want to come out here, then I will COME BACK THERE AND FIND YOU! Let's go!

Malak jumps out of the ring as his cronies follow him.

DDK:

We have to go to commercial break, but we'll be right back!



DEFtv reopens with Malak Fuse marching down the hallway upon finding the "FUSE BROS. III" locker room. He stands in front of the door, arms crossed and shaking with a hint of anxiety before he asks Percy Collins to throw back the door as hard as Percy can. The psychologist has a hard time with it, since he has to hold onto the FIST belt too,

but, eventually, the door creaks back, it just doesn't SLAM.

...Revealing a rather uninterested Tyler Fuse sitting on bench in the far distance and Conor standing beside him. Tyler is wrapped in bandages as well.

Malak Fuse:

TY GUY!

Tyler merely looks up and stares into Malak.

Malak Fuse:

Where were you, *little bro*? I require you for my safety and security!

Fuse, Tyler that is, has a look like this dribble will end **immediately**. He smirks for a brief moment, showing some emotion before going back to that cold, stoic look.

Tyler Fuse:

Nothing changes, Malak. Yeah, tough guy, you got me. First man to pin me in singles competition in over two years. Bravo.

Malak stands tall upon hearing this, clearly unsuspecting of where Tyler's statement is going.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm not *that* fragile. You think because you defeated me once, I'm going to simper and break at the souls of your feet like Conor did a few years ago?

Tyler glances up quickly at his *real* brother.

Tyler Fuse:

No offense.

Conor Fuse:

You're good.

Tyler Fuse: *[back to Malak]*

I told you, buddy, when I am done with you, your career is going sideways. When I'm done with *you*, I take **everything**. I knock you down so good those fans out there in Scotland, the fans in Germany, France, Japan, America, Canada and beyond, they'll all end up sympathize with YOU.

Tyler can't help but grin again.

Tyler Fuse:

And as for me following you "wherever you go", man, that ain't happening.

Malak is rattled but as he takes a step back, he rolls a hand over his face, nodding while contemplating the comments as deeply as a snowflake can.

Malak Fuse:

That's great, Tyler. Amazeballs. One little problem is I OWN YOU, BRO. YOU WORK FOR ME NOW AND IF YOU DON'T... I WILL FIRE YOUR ASS.

Malak is literally frothing at the mouth as he looks both Bros. over. Meanwhile, Tyler replies with the sarcastic "okay" Jennifer Lawrence GIF.

Malak Fuse:

YOU'VE NEVER BEAT ME, TY. WHEN IT'S MALAK VS. EITHER FUSE, I **ALWAYS** WIN. WIN. WIN. WIN. I AM THE FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! FIRST EVER; BEST EVER! AND YOU WILL BOTH BE BY MY SIDE AND MAKE ME REIGN GOLD FOR OVER FOUR-HUNDRED-NINETY-NINE DAYS!

Tyler remains deadpan, although Conor looks rattled. After a solid twenty or so seconds of silence, Tyler stands and walks towards Malak. This is where the FIST becomes concerned for his wellbeing.

But Tyler just taps Malak on the head and walks out of the locker room entirely.

Malak motions towards Conor.

Malak Fuse:

Where is *our* brother going? We're booked in a trios main event tonight! By the way, I want the Trios Championships revived, too.

Malak rambles but Conor doesn't look like he's listening.

Malak Fuse:

Regardless, you two are going to defend me at the Ruminaton Champion! I'm triggered!

The scene fades as Conor stares back at his "brother".

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. ZACK DAYMON

DDK:

Alright folks up next we have got a heck of a matchup! It's a preview of sorts for the big tag team matchup at DEFRoad! One half of the Hollywood Bruvs, Mikey Unlikely is going to go toe to toe with one half of Rain City Ronin, in Zack Daymon! Two of DEFIANCE's most talked about teams, collide in a few short weeks, before that happens, they have to make it there!

Lance:

That's right Keebs, it's about more than wins and losses as well. Mikey and JFK have been calling the RCR "minor league" for many weeks at this point, even going as far as to give them a fake award at our prestigious awards night!

DDK:

That's right, the RCR, known for their brevity and quiet, no nonsense approach to the sport, have to go up against two of the bigger "loudmouths" in DEFIANCE, it's an odd pairing but one I can't help but wonder who will come out on top.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

The FAITHFUL get to their feet in approval as Zack Daymon storms out on stage with his tag team partner Leo Burnett right behind him riling the crowd up. Zack's intensity is palpable and he wastes no time heading down the ramp to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...being accompanied to the ring by "The Iceman" Leo Burnett... From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 212 pounds.... "SKYFIRE" ZAAAAACK DAAAAAYMON!

Zack slides in and motions to the fans who cheer him on loudly. He and Leo put their heads together for a minute, before Leo steps out of the ring, keeping his head on a swivel.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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

A mixed reaction from the FAITHFUL as Mikey Unlikely makes his way through the curtain. He's surprised by this and motions to the people like he doesn't understand.

DDK:

The faithful know that Mikey is Mikey, yes he has been on the right side of the law for over a year now, playing up to the fans, but recently some of the old Hollywood Bruvs tactics have reared their ugly heads. The Bruvs are playing mind games with RCR, clearly to throw them off before their big matchup.

The lights dim and the spotlight hits Mikey as he saunters down the ramp. He smiles arrogantly towards Zack Daymon.

Lance:

Conspicuous by his absence, Kendrix appears to be leaving this one to Mikey to handle.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Los Angeles, California, Weighing in at 228 pounds.... "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER"... MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIKEEEEEELY

The part time actor slides under the bottom rope and moves to the corner to pose to the fans. After climbing up to the

second rope he sticks his arms out and closes his eyes, expecting a warm embrace, he instead gets a few boos and jeers mixed with a positive reaction.

He finally pops down, turns around and begins to stretch against the ropes.

DDK:

Zack looks absolutely fired up tonight, you have to love the intensity. He's going to need more than that to overcome Mikey's cunning however.

DING DING

Mikey and Zach circle one another to start, feeling each other out. Mikey mouths off and gestures for a test of strength. As Zack goes to engage with Mikey, Unlikely smiles. At the last second before they touch, Mikey pulls his arm back and wags his fingers at Zack mockingly.

Lance:

Unlikely playing his games early, trying to get under the skin of Daymon.

They lock up this time and Mikey lands a quick knee to the guy of Zack before transitioning it into a side headlock. Leo pounds the mat from the outside. Mikey wrenches on the head of Zack before talking trash to Leo on the outside. Daymon takes advantage and shoves Mikey into the ropes. Mikey ducks the clothesline attempt, but when he comes back Daymon catches him right in the face with a standing dropkick!

Lance:

Boom! Zack Daymon with a dropkick right on the money button, and Mikey is reeling!

Zack follows it up with a series of stiff forearms, backing Mikey into the corner. He climbs to the second rope and rains down punches on Unlikely that the crowd happily count along to.

Crowd:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Mikey is able to shove Zack off with both hands, but the younger man lands on his feet and charges back in with a diving european uppercut that send Mikey to his backside. Dazed and confused, the Hollywood Superstar swings at the air. Daymon pulls him up by the head and locks him in, before sending him to the mat with a snap suplex. Daymon with the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Daymon relentless right now! He's not even giving Mikey a second to breathe!

Zack pulls Mikey back to his feet but Unlikely reaches up and runs his fingers through the eyes and face of Daymon with an eye rake. Unlikely falls to a knee, clutching the head of Daymon to hit a quick jawbreaker. This sends Daymon stumbling but still on his feet. He turns back to his opponent but Mikey is ready with a running swinging neckbreaker. Mikey hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Mikey pushes the head of Daymon as he stands up.

Lance:

That's absolutely uncalled for!

Looking to slow down the pace of the match, Unlikely locks in a chinlock and grinds his forearm across the face of Zack Daymon. He glares at Leo Burnett on the outside and shouts....

Mikey Unlikely:

THIS IS YOUR PARTNER!? COME HELP HIM! WHERE YOU AT LEO!?

Getting riled up Leo Burnett runs his hands over his head. Frustrated that he cannot get involved.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely wants to make this personal, he wants to get RCR off their game, out of their normal headspace, and into his.

Zack fights back to his feet and drives elbows in Mikey's midsection before breaking free. Now Mikey goes for the clothesline, but Daymon ducks it. On the rebound Daymon hits a huge spinning wheel kick!

Lance:

Daymon is back in this!

Mikey holds his hand to his head and checks for blood before lying flat on his back trying to regain his composure. Meanwhile Daymon motions to the crowd before climbing to the top rope. Mikey, blissfully unaware, gets to his feet using the ropes. He turns and Daymon leaps with a flying crossbody. He lands flush but with the momentum Mikey rolls through the on impact, he's got both of Zack's shoulders down, and then out of the referee's line of vision, Mikey grabs the ropes for a bit of extra leverage on the pin attempt. It appears Daymon is stuck!

DDK:

NO! Not like this!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Leo Burnett ran over and with one quick move, he knocks Mikey's arm off the ropes, when he does Daymon was able to immediately escape the pin attempt. The referee meanwhile is none the wiser.

Lance:

Mikey almost stole one there but Leo Burnett is out here for a reason, he knows the Bruvs like to find "little advantages" and he just took one of the illegal ones away!

Frustrated, Mikey stomps on Zack repeatedly, even against the wishes of the official. Mikey drags Daymon to the ropes right in front of Burnett, and chokes him on the bottom rope. Applying his foot to the back of the head of Daymon.

The official begins his count, but Mikey makes sure to rub it in as hard as he can. He breaks on the count of 4. The crowd boos loudly, but a frustrated Unlikely couldn't care less. Burnett moves closer to check on Zack and tells Mikey to back off. Unlikely blows him a kiss from the ring.

DDK:

Mikey's arrogance rearing its very ugly head here.

Unlikely begins to argue with the referee but Zack rolls him up with a school boy pin!

Lance:

LOOKOUT!

ONE....

TWO....

KICKOUT!

Both men scramble to their feet, but Zack's quicker and lands a running knee to the gut that doubles Mikey over. He lifts Unlikely for a suplex but Unlikely slips out and lands on his feet. From behind he shoves Zack into the turnbuckle. Mikey charges but Daymon gets the boot up in time sending Mikey staggering. Mikey comes running back but Daymon hooks him and spins him very quickly.

DDK:

Spinning powerslam into the turnbuckle, oh my goodness what a move by Zack Daymon! Mikey might be out!

Zack stands up and signals for his finishing move. He waits for Mikey to get up as the crowd buzzes. Suddenly, Kendrix appears on the ramp, drawing everyone's attention, including Zack.

Lance:

Oh come on, of course Kendrix shows up now, the Hollywood Bruvs can't resist can they?

Leo Burnett, ready for this turn of events, takes off up the ramp and immediately confronts Kendrix. Pointing to the back and for him to leave. The official now is directing both men to get out of here before they disrupt the match. Back inside the ring, it's the distraction Mikey needed. He sneaks up behind Zack.

DDK:

LOW BLOW!

B000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000!

Zack's legs cross and buckle, he holds his jewels in pain. Mikey picks him back to his feet and hooks his head from behind.

Lance:

There it is... ROLL CREDITS!

Mikey hooks the leg as the official slides back into the ring.

Leo looks back at Zack and is torn, does he run back down, or stay with JFK, fending him off?

ONE...

TWO....

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner.... MIKEEEEEY UNLIKEEEEEELY!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely absolutely steals one here tonight, and you know there's going to be hell to pay come DEFROAD!

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

Mikey rolls out of the ring, as Leo Burnett enters it on the otherside. Mikey bolts up to join JFK on the top of the ramp. Both men begin to laugh and point back at the Rain City Ronin. RCR, regrouped in the ring, glare daggers at the Bruvs as the FAITHFUL shower them down with Boos.

Lance:

The Bruvs got the upperhand here, but it's clear that RCR are far from done with them.

DDK:

No doubt about it Lance, DEFROAD just got REALLY personal!

We fade out as the Bruvs pose on stage, soaking in the jeers, while the Ronin stand tall in the ring, inviting the Bruvs back for a 2 v 2 beatdown. The Bruvs don't take the bait.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025**FIST of DEFIANCE
RUMINATION CHAMBER****SOHER****Dr. Ned Reform (C) vs. Brock Newbludd****No Ropes****Bronson Box vs. Gage Blackwood****Hollywood Bruvs vs. Rain City Ronin****Titanes Familia vs. The Lads****Butcher Victorious vs. Titaness**

PEACE OFFERING

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!

AND THREE SNEAKY SNAKES!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Fire starts shooting off from all sides of the stage! Standing in the center of all the pyro are the seven foot Twin Terrors, Mason and Max Luck, wearing green and red snakeskin suits! Sneaking in between them in his own silver-colored snakeskin suit, Lonnie Luck. All three of the Luck family throw the Winning Hand high up and the fans in the OVO Hydro do the same!

DDK:

What a homecoming it was for the Lucky Sevens and the shocking return of Mason Luck! For weeks, the Most Precious Gems have been going after the Lucky Sevens all due to Max Luck and the BRAZEN rookie Rowzilla taking home the Tag Party 6 victory for the year!

Lance:

JJ Dixon stole a win from Max Luck about a month ago on DEFtv 212, but the Lucks got some big time retribution in Vegas at our special Year End Show! Not only did Mason Luck thwart JJ Dixon interfering in a street fight between the Lucks and the French Connection, but Mason ...

DDK:

The rumors are the snake that bit Mason and put him in a coma, Madame Melton's pet Algernon ... well, he's no longer on this Earth.

Mason, Max and Lonnie are now in the ring. The twin brothers and their cousin all have microphones now when their theme dies down.

Max Luck:

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND!!! HOW THE HELL ARE YOU?!

"RRRAAAHHHH!!!"

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are super rowdy tonight.

Mason Luck:

I'll be honest ... they're probably doing a lot better than the Most Precious Gems are doing right now.

Max Luck:

Seriously.

Lonnie Luck:

Glasgow, how about a quick question ... be honest how. You guys like our new threads?

Immense cheering appears to tell the Sevens that the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful approve! Mason poses, Lonnie holds open his coat and Max lifts up his shirt to show his abs and gets some cat calling! Max is extra giddy tonight and puts his shirt back down and

Max Luck:

Easy you perverts!

He laughs and speaks to the people.

Max Luck:

I'll be honest, Pretty Face Mase, Dashing Max and Lovely Lon ... that fire stuff is pretty awesome, but every now and again you gotta change your look up, you know? Otherwise you're gonna remain stagnant and nobody likes that.

Lonnie Luck:

No not at all.

Mason Luck interrupts.

Mason Luck:

You know ... I spent just over a month in a coma. I worried my family, I worried my girlfriend back home ... congrats on winning the BRAZEN women's title, Rachel. Keep kicking ass ...

Mason Luck continues.

Mason Luck:

And that puts things into perspective. Right now, I'm still being checked on to make sure that I can get back in the ring ... and I will be by ... say ... DEFIANCE ROAD!!!

That earns the Lucks big cheers from the Glasgow fans!

Mason Luck:

Madame Melton, I gotta hand it to you ... a snake. That's a fucking new one for me. You're crazy and you're crazy in a way that very few people are than can do what you did ... but if you never took a beat from Tom Morrow, you should know that the Lucky Sevens know revenge. And when we get vengeful, we go big.

Mason is looking up towards the backstage area where the Most Precious Gems are.

Mason Luck:

Your little snake, Algernon, should have finished the job. And cause he didn't ... well ... hey, at least those burgers were good!

Max Luck:

They were pretty damn good. Family recipe?

Mason Luck:

You could say that. Luck Family herbs and spices, specialty meats you can't get anywhere else.

Mason Luck:

Shoving meat in Melton's face and slapping around your goons in our hometown was a moment we won't soon forget ... but we're one a piece. You took a win from my twin and we got it back in Vegas ... but at DEFIANCE Road, we want to end this bull-shit once and for all.

Max Luck:

Melton, if you and your Most Precious Cucks are here ... we have a challenge for three of you against the three of us. DEFIANCE Road! Six Man Tag! Elimination Rules!

Cheers all around!!!

Lonnie Luck:

But before you answer ... in honor of your beloved Algernon, we threw together a quick video package that we hope you like. Truck tech guys? Can you please work the truck tech magic please?

The lights go dark ...

♪ “Angel” by Sarah McLaughlin ♪

The music plays and words start to play across the screen. Clips play of a past promo with Madame Melton and her beloved Algernon across her shoulders ...

Every time a snake tries to take out a Luck ...

They take their lives into their own hands ...

Mason Luck’s fateful encounter with Algernon shows a bloody left arm where he was bitten.

Every time a snake Lucks around ...

It finds out ...

There is now footage of Algernon being passed off to a snake handler ... one who may or may not have taken a bribe.

Every time a snake takes a bite out of a Luck ...

The Lucks bite back ...

Slow motion clips now play of Melton and Dixon having burgers of questionable content shoved into their faces from the Year-end show, followed by Max Luck hitting a Winning Hand Slam on Jean Pierre de la Reeves through a table, followed by the Lucks and some lucky Las Vegas fans taking bites out of free burgers.

Please don’t let your snakes loose. Keep them spayed or neutered.

Thank you

The theme ends and loud applause erupts all over the arena!

Lance:

That’s a good message about animal safety!

DDK:

I agree!

Mason and Max both hug and Lonnie looks like he’s fighting back crocodile tears.

Lonnie Luck:

I bet somewhere the Most Precious Gems are full of venom and vigor right?!

There is a glitch with the arena lighting as the DEFiatron shows an Olde Hollywood-style black-and-white countdown that goes from 5... 4... 3... 2... 1. The video screen then pans to empty theatre seats with a hazy smoke effect before turning around and showing the stage. Sitting in her director’s chair in her silver glory (along with cigarette holder) is Madame Melton. JJ Dixon kneels in front of her feet, his mask dirty and his hair tattered and unkempt, his arms held out wide through the sleeves of his “FATAL ATTRACTION” sleeveless T. She’s flanked on one side by the mulleted and tatted Raiden who is snarling and by “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre De La Reeves with his beret and French-themed tri-color sparkly jacket with epaulets. Melton scoffs.

Madame Melton:

Once again, this promotion insults The Grande Dame of the Squared Circle and your two-time Manager of the Year! I am a woman who has been in mourning for what those cruel beasts did to my beloved Algernon! And this promotion

expects me to sully myself by making a live appearance before a bunch of ambitionless proles? I am suffering enough already and the last thing I need is to grow more depressed by the presence of Glaswegians, where the only thing lower than their IQs is their life expectancy!

Booooooooo!!!!

JJ Dixon:

Now, everyone may think Max's big win over me and whoever it is I teamed with at the most recent Tag Party is what put you in our crosshairs! That's not true. Because Max and Mason and Lonnie... I have truly despised the three of you for as long as I can remember! You three were raised by wrestling royalty while I grew up in Houston's crappiest apartment complexes. I came from nothing and was about to give up on myself until someone -- MOMMIE DEAREST -- saw something in me! I am a true story about what it means to overcome the odds... yet these people boo me KNOWING HOW MUCH THAT HURTS MY FEELINGS!

The crowd boos while JJ holds his hands over his ears as his face shows true pain.

JJ Dixon:

You spent years with Tom Morrow insulting these people! While charges have never been filed, the Luck Family are the primary suspects in a series of arson fires -- AND ARSON IS A DEADLY CRIME! Now they celebrate the fact that you committed ANIMAL CRUELTY as a way to hurt MY MOMMIE DEAREST? Lucky Sevens... I don't just want to eliminate you in a match. I WANT TO ELIMINATE YOU FROM EARTH!

Raiden:

You still ignore me, Max? You three now believe me to be just some anonymous goon? I've been ignored by my father my whole life. I've been overlooked here in DEFIANCE since my career started! Well, in a few short weeks, you will be lucky if you will have the ability to SAY MY NAME when you meet the fists of The Cause of Concussions!

De La Reeves:

Elimination rules, you say? Well, The New Flying Frenchman enjoys this proposition! Because that means that you'll be there for the pickings, Lonnie Luck! Oh, I know how these fans look at you as the Little Luck That Could! But me? I look at you as THE WEAKEST LINK! You don't belong in that ring with us! You don't belong anywhere near the big stage! But you want to taunt us, besmirch the legacy of Algernon and dare insult Mamam Cherie? Well, comme on fait son lit, on se couche! I'd translate that into English for you... but everyone knows that the Scots speak idiot!

Madame Melton:

Challenge accepted, Lucky Sevens! Algernon's life will be celebrated while your reputations are desecrated! I hope you find yourselves ready to find out exactly why... MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

The video goes black. Max, Mason and Lonnie all finish watching the video. Knowing they have what they want, the snakeskin super stars leave the ring and celebrate with the fans on the way out.

DDK:

Most Precious Gems! The Lucky Sevens! Six man tag eliminations rules! DEFIANCE Road is promising to get a lot bigger as we get closer! What team is going to win in the end?!

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. MP1

Cutting to our smiling announcers, Keebler let's us know he's about to speak with a curt nod of the head.

DDK:

We are back to the action and back to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

We shift to the ring, where Darren Quimbey stands under a spotlight.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Parts Unknown... he weighs in at two-hundred and thirty-three pounds... He is one of the crown jewels of the Most Precious Gems and is accompanied to the ring by their matriarch, Madame Melton, and benefactor, Lord Nigel Trickelbush. He is their **MOST... PRECIOUS... ONE!!!**

Melton is the first to appear through the curtain, floating across the stage with a sly smile on her perfect face. Behind her trails a sullen figure, head hung low and fists balled. MP1 never slows, never glances at the crowd, never shows any emotion. He simply marches down the aisle as the Faithful jeer him the whole way. Meanwhile, Lord Nigel takes his place seated on a wooden chair on the Interview Stage.

MP1 paces, eyes down, his gray & black wrestling mask twisted into a frustrated grimace. The lights dim around him and he stops in his tracks, head swinging up towards the top of the stage.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty six pounds! He is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! He is "**SUB POP**"... **SCOTT... DOUGLAS!!!**

In a warm pop that might tell you Douglas was Scotland's Favorite Son as well, the crowd greets the whining and wailing of the tune like a long lost friend. By the time the guitar and drums come in, they are at a fever pitch. Douglas stomps through the curtain with purpose, clearly being fed by the more-than-warm response. Intense and focused, Douglas tags hands on the way to the ring before sliding into it and pausing on one knee.

Whipping the flannel shirt that had been tied around his waist off and hurling it over the top rope, Douglas wipes his mouth with the back of a hand as the lights pulse around him to the beat. Scott casts a lingering, aware eye towards Melton who stalks around the ring like a thirsty cat.

DDK:

This rowdy, rambunctious teeming tinderbox of Glasgowians is AMPED to see Douglas... and I'd say equally off-put by the unsettling trio of MP1, Melton and of course Lord Nigel.

Lance:

This match came to be due to years-long tensions between Douglas and Trickelbush, going back over half a decade. Nigel has always fancied the idea of getting his hands on Douglas, so to speak. To craft and mold his path. Douglas, as we all know, has long marched to the beat of his own bass drum. Meanwhile, Trickelbush's efforts to cultivate a stronger relationship with MP1 have driven him to secure top-tier competitors and the most high-profile matches for MP1. Who better than one of DEFIANCE's true greats: Scott Douglas?

DDK:

In recent weeks and months, Douglas has been incessantly pestered by Cyrus Bates, who claims he's determined to authenticate Scott Douglas' "quality" at DEFIANCE Road! Trickelbush framed this as an opportunity to truly show

Bates what he can do ahead of their big match and, to echo your question, Lance... Who better than one of DEFIANCE's rising stars: MP1?

Lance:

I couldn't have said it better myself.

DING DING

As the lights come up and the smoke slowly dissipates, the crowd stays upright and unrestrained. MP1 and Douglas slowly round one another, each taking on their own version of a defensive stance: the former Violator is tight and poised, Douglas is a little looser and fluid.

They lock up.

Douglas uses his technical prowess to transition into a headlock, wrenching it tightly. MP1 backs him into the ropes and shoots him off, but Douglas ducks a clothesline on the rebound and counters with a smooth headscissors takedown, sending MP1 rolling across the canvas.

DDK:

He makes it look effortless! Listen to these fans!?

MP1 pops up quickly, visibly annoyed, and charges at Douglas, who leapfrogs over him and catches MP1 on the return with a crisp arm drag. Keeping hold of the arm, Douglas drops a knee into MP1's shoulder, locking in a grounded armbar. The fans cheer as Douglas showcases his technical precision, controlling the pace early on.

Madame Melton paces at ringside, giving her stiletto's a workout. Slamming her hands on the apron, she shrieks encouragement to MP1.

Lance:

Say what you will about Madame Melton - chances are, I said it first - but i'll *also* say that she is an incredibly shrewd woman. She knows what a win in Glasgow, Scotland, live on DEFtv, over a performer the caliber of Scott Douglas can do for a career. MP1 just won "Breakout DEFIANT of 2024"... a win over Scott Douglas here tonight could be world changing for him and put his 2025 off to an INCREDIBLE start! THAT is why she is this invested.

The camera cuts to Lord Nigel seated up on the Interview Stage. Peering from behind steepled hands, Nigel's expression betrays no emotion.

DDK:

And that man knows what a win tonight might do to earn him the trust of MP1!

MP1 fights to his feet, twisting out of the armbar and whipping Douglas into the corner. MP1 follows up with a hard running elbow, staggering Douglas. He turns his head and spits out a glob of red saliva before walking into a kick to the stomach by MP1. He plants him with a snap suplex, floating over for a quick cover.

ONE!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

But MP1 stays on him, dragging him up and delivering a few stiff forearm strikes. He whips Douglas into the ropes again and this time connects with a spinning heel kick, flooring him. MP1 wastes no time, hitting a standing leg drop and covering again.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

Surging as one, the crowd breathes a sigh of relief at Douglas' STRONG kick out. MP1, showing some frustration, slows the pace with a grounded chinlock.

'ERE WE GO, DOUGLAS, 'ERE WE GO!!!

'ERE WE GO, DOUGLAS, 'ERE WE GO!!!

'ERE WE GO, DOUGLAS, 'ERE WE GO!!!

As deafening as the Scottish chant might be, MP1 seems not to hear it. His rigid expression is unchanging. He tightens and wrenches on Douglas' head. The cheers intensify! And suddenly, the entire crowd is swept up in an impromptu rendition of the Flower of Scotland, in unison.

The camera pans back at the singing, swaying Faithful, some arm-in-arm as they sing, all of them fully in the moment.

DDK:

Can you BELIEVE this?!

Lance:

These fans are unlike any other!

Their National Anthem rounds its second verse and Scott fights his way up, feeding off the energy of the fans.

Douglas delivers a couple of well-placed ELBOWS to MP1's midsection, breaking free!

Douglas runs the ropes and nails MP1 with a SPINNING WHEEL KICK, sending him sprawling into the corner.

DDK:

Douglas is looking GOOD tonight!

Lance:

I wonder if Cyrus Bates is taking notes!

As if on cue, a supremely fired up Douglas kips up and charges in with a flying forearm smash. He grabs MP1–

DDK:

FLAWLESS VERTICAL SUPLEX! Some hang-time! And some IMPACT!

Lance:

Douglas floats over!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!!

Douglas slaps the mat but stays focused. He pulls MP1 up and sends him across the ring and into the ropes. Douglas attempts a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, but MP1 lands on his feet behind Douglas!! MP1 counters with a scissor kick to the back of the head! Douglas stumbles forward, dropping to a knee, and MP1 capitalizes with a hard scoop slam. He points to the top rope, signaling for his finisher.

DDK:

He's calling for 1DERSTRUCK!

The crowd boos as MP1 climbs the turnbuckle, but Douglas rolls out of range, forcing MP1 to abandon the somersault leg drop. MP1 hops down from the turnbuckle, only to walk right into a picture-perfect dropkick from Douglas! Both men are down now, catching their breath as the crowd claps and cheers for Douglas.

DDK:

Wha- Wait a second?! Look!

The temperature in the arena changes instantly. At the top of the ramp, clipboard in hand, is Cyrus Bates.

DDK:You *had* to say his name earlier!**Lance:**

I... guess he WAS taking notes!

Bates methodically heads towards the ring, briefly glancing towards Lord Tricklebush with minimal interest. He jots a note. By now, the crowd's attention shifts to Bates. He coolly walks around the ring, eyeing Douglas like a scientist inspecting a specimen. Douglas, noticing Bates, keeps his focus on MP1 but seems visibly distracted.

Lance:

Get Bates out of here! He's got no business here!

At ringside, Melton shoos Bates away with some annoyance. He quickly eyes her up and down, making an instant assessment and notes it on his clipboard before turning his full attention to the contest in the ring.

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

Another "quality inspection" by DEFIANCE's Quality Control Officer!

As if to send a message to his "inspector", Douglas goes on the offensive, delivering a series of crisp chops to MP1's chest, backing him into the ropes. He sends MP1 into the opposite ropes and catches him with a big back body drop, earning another cheer from the crowd. Bates, meanwhile, climbs onto the apron with an air of authority, clipboard in hand. He shakes his head disapprovingly.

DDK:

What is THIS about?!

Douglas turns his attention to Bates, marching toward him with a clear warning.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Bates doesn't back down, merely tilting his head and jotting something on his clipboard. Enraged, Douglas swipes at Bates, slapping the clipboard out of his hands and sending papers scattering onto the floor. The crowd roars once more in universal approval, but Douglas's momentary distraction gives MP1 the opening he needs.

DDK:

BEHIND HIM!

As Douglas turns back toward MP1, MP1 quickly rolls him up from behind and – unseen by Referee Benny Doyle – grabbing a FULL handful of tights for extra leverage!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

MP1 frowns as he rolls out of the ring, making zero eye contact with a living soul as he marches back up the aisle, forgoing his arm being raised.

♪ “Dark Matter” by Pearl Jam ♪

DDK:

Unbelievable!

Bates drops off the apron with a “Did I Do That?” expression on his stupid face. Meanwhile, Madame Melton straggles behind her prized One, glancing over her shoulder and offering Bates a polite smile.

Lord Nigel meets MP1 at the ramp’s apex and claps him on the back approvingly.

In the ring, still seated and a bit bemused and annoyed at the events that just unfolded, Scott Douglas sweeps the hair from out of his eyes and off of his sweaty forehead. He scoots himself back into the corner and reclines against the bottom turnbuckle, exasperated and exhausted. He glares at Bates as the QCO retrieves his clipboard and records another observation.

Bates nods and smiles towards Douglas as he backpedals up the ramp.

DDK:

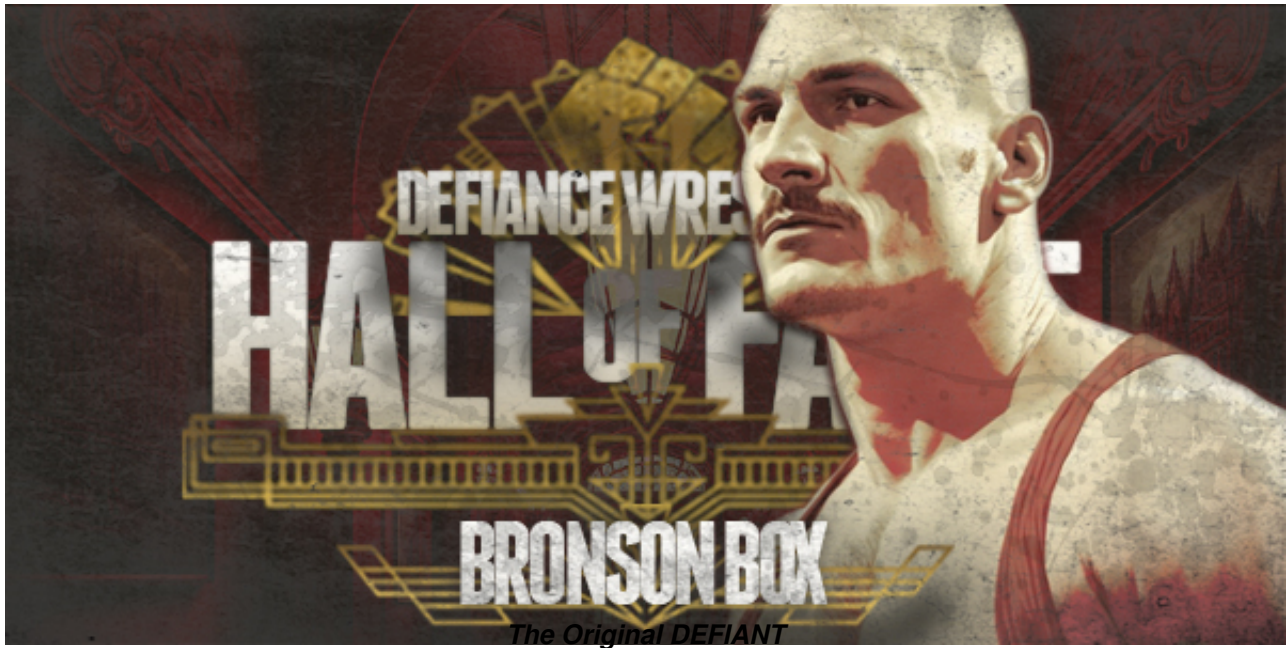
As if Scott Douglas didn’t have something to prove... as if Scott Douglas didn’t have a score to settle with Cyrus Bates at DEFIANCE Road in just a few short weeks... Now?

Lance:

Oh, now he’s gonna kill him.

DDK:

Uh-huh.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

THERE IS NO TOMORROW

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

The Scottish Faithful come unglued because their native wrestler is making his first ever LIVE appearance in front of them.

Gage Blackwood.

The Noble Raider wears a Scottish kilt, the full outfit, as he marches down the rampway with a mic in hand. It looks like he's very appreciative of the support, but as always, he's all business. Gage walks up the steel steps, enters the ring and his theme song comes to a close.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye.

Massive response!

Gage Blackwood:

Now I know I'm from Edinburgh but needless to say, it's a stone's throw away and it's good to be... **home**.

Blackwood tries to smile at the cheers he's provided but it's clear there's something much more serious weighing on his mind.

DDK:

Gage has never been a particularly great speaker before. You can tell this is hard for him.

The former FIST of DEFIANCE walks around the ring, mic in hand, but trying to find the words. The crowd hopes to will the Scotsman into a fury and show that rageful side of him...

Finally, Blackwood stands in the center of the mat. He closes his eyes, he takes a deep breath.

And then his eyes SHOOT open, all red and bloodthirsty. The crowd is ready to go along with him.

Gage Blackwood:

I've had a great wrestling career! When I signed with DEFIANCE almost ten years ago, I never thought I would make it to this level. Aye, I be standing in front of you, my country, so proud, when I look back at my accomplishments. But then a couple years ago my career was *almost* taken away from me.

Blackwood shakes his head in disgust.

Gage Blackwood:

Only to find out it was my own **countryman** screwing me over!

Loud boos for the Hall of Famer, Bronson Box.

Gage Blackwood:

I TRUSTED YOU, Bronson. Us Scots should be noble to each other! You tried to take my career away...

Blackwood lowers his head, the tension seemingly ripped from his eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

And I think you succeeded.

Full silence across the arena after that last comment.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. Last month, Jamie Sawyers interviewed me. I said "I don't have much time left". That sparked a lot of online debate, or so I'm told. I don't have online accounts.

Blackwood wipes the side of his face. He runs his right fingers across the trademark "Harry Potter-like" scar above his left eyebrow.

Gage Blackwood:

This, this right here.

Blackwood says, in reference to his scar.

Gage Blackwood:

I never told anyone how I got it. It was in my very first wrestling match, wrestling at the independents right here in Glasgow-

Pop, but not that big, because Blackwood wasn't mentioning the location for a pop.

Gage Blackwood:

I got hit in the side of the head with a wrench by a wrestler named Iceman. Opened me up real good.

Blackwood chuckles.

Gage Blackwood:

Been bleeding in matches ever since. Damn thing won't stay shut.

The former champion looks over the sold out crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

It was my first injury. It was, however, nowhere near my last.

Blackwood starts popping up fingers, counting every time he's been injured. There's too many for his digits.

Gage Blackwood:

I have been on the shelf so often and this last time, when Bronson took me out... well...

Clearly, whatever Blackwood wants to say, it seems hard for him to spit out.

Gage Blackwood:

GP says I will need serious back surgery in the future. Surgery I may not be able to come back from. Career-ending.

The arena remains silent.

Gage Blackwood:

GP says I only have so many wrestling moves left, before my back gives out **completely**. GP says I should be looking into surgery SOONER than later.

Feeling like they know where this is going, the potential grudge match between Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood at DEFIANCE Road might be off-

Until Gage Blackwood reveals a wrench in his back pocket.

Gage Blackwood:

SCREW THE GP, AYE!

The fans roar as Blackwood points to the ramp. The Noble Raider goes FULL SOCTTISH RAGE, to the point his accent becomes so thick, it might be hard to understand what he's saying.

Gage Blackwood:

AH KEN YOU'RE NAE 'ERE TH' NICHT, BRONSON BIT! AH WON'T RETIRE 'TIL AH PAT YE IN TH' GROUND!
IF AH AINLIE HAE YIN MAIR RAMMY IN ME, SAE BE IT. AYE. IT WULL BE AT DEFIANCE ROAD!

Lance:

I think he said he won't retire until he puts Bronson Box into the ground. He's got one more fight in him, and it'll be at DEFIANCE Road!

The fans are rabid. Gage Blackwood is rabid. He drops the mic and is now holding a wrench in the air like it means the World Cup to these people. Everyone in Glasgow is BEYOND bloodthirsty!

Blackwood continues to hype up the crowd, as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. TA BLACK

DDK:

Up next, ladies and gentlemen, we have a match that is very personal!

Lance:

At our Year End Award show, Ned Reform performed what must be one of the most despicable acts in DEFIANCE history when he destroyed Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Syke's gender reveal party. All to send a message to the man he faces at DEFIANCE Road and Pat's tag team partner, Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

And now, before he goes one-on-one with the Good Doctor, Brock has a match with Ned's newest protege, TA Black!

Lance:

A man who himself has a big DEFIANCE Road ahead of him when he steps into the multi-person Rumination Chamber to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE! A fact that, if I'm not mistaken, may have ruffled Ned's feathers somewhat!

DDK:

For all those reasons, this promises to be a VERY interesting match up!

Standing in the middle of the ring with a microphone in hand, the veteran ring announcer raises his free hand up to the crowd and addresses them.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit!

The Scottish Faithful cheer in approval as they turn their collective attention to the stage.

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

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

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Cheering quickly becomes a roar as "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd makes his way out onto the stage with a fist raised high above his head. Wearing Jack Burton's signature white dragon tank top and Lincoln Hawk's black trucker hat, the grinning Newbludd stops at the top of the ramp and takes a second to soak in the loud ovation.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds... "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Neeeeewbluuudd!!

He turns his attention from the crowd and down to the ring as his smile is replaced with a look of determination. Reaching up to the bill of his hat with one hand, Brock turns his hat backward, and the cheering instantly intensifies.

DDK:

It's like a switch, partner!

Pumped up and ready to do battle, Newbludd heads down the ramp and towards the ring, slapping hands with fans as he goes.

Lance:

That it is! I don't know if you know this, but Over the Top was the number one selling DVD in Scotland last year. It only recently slid to number two due to his newest flick, "Big Trouble in Little China," taking over the top spot.

DDK:

As great of an achievement as that is, Brock's got his eyes set on a much bigger prize than that, Lance. And no, I'm not talking about Blu-Ray; I'm talking about the Southern Heritage Championship.

Sliding into the ring and popping up to his feet, Brock climbs the closest turnbuckle to raise another fist to the crowd. Taking his hat off, Newbludd scans the crowd for a second before pointing at a beautiful older woman. With a wink and a smile, Newbludd tosses his hat to her. The woman cries out joyfully as she snatches the hat out of the air and clutches it to her chest.

Lance:

I hope Margot's not watching!

Brock rips off his Big Trouble tank top and chucks that into the crowd as well before hopping off the ropes and finding a neutral corner. With his music dying down, Newbludd turns his eyes to the stage.

DDK:

Buckle up, Lance...

Lance:

I have my sunglasses on stand-by.

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

The house lights go to black. A single white spotlight shines down from above, revealing TA Black on his knees in the center of the stage, hands clasped and head solemnly bowed in prayer, the remainder of his body obscured beneath a winter white cloak.

DDK:

Oh please... there's a wolf in sheep's clothing if I've ever seen one!

Then without warning, Black throws his head back and spreads his arms wide, just as the stage explodes into a display of bright lights and fireworks! When the smoke clears, he immediately bounds to his feet and pirouettes excitedly with his arms still held out in the Jesus Christ pose, tearing aside his white cloak to reveal his newly tailored silver and purple bodysuit.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... the Sacred Lamb of DEFIANCE... TEE... AYE... BLAAAAAAAAACK!!

After a moment, Black is joined on the stage by Dr. Ned Reform, looking dapper as ever in his Ivy League violet suit. Next to Reform, wearing a purple pants suit, is the latest member of Reform's entourage and the person who helped Ned ruin the Cassidy Gender Reveal Party: Sweet Sanders. The TA takes a moment to respectfully bow at the feet of his mentor and benefactor before charging down to the rampway, both fists pumped over his head in triumph as though he's already won. Meanwhile, Reform turns toward commentary.

DDK:

Heads up, Lance... incoming Ned Alert!

Black makes it a point to circle the ring twice and post up on all four corners to soak in the non-existent adulation from a crowd that clearly wants nothing to do with the former Escape Artist. All the while, Newbludd stares him down, getting increasingly impatient. Eventually, official Rex Knox manages to pin down the over-excited TA into his corner to make his final checks.

DDK:

Newbludd looks absolutely ready to wring Black's neck! The Honor Society have been a thorn in his side for weeks,

and the so-called "Sacred Lamb" has been a major part of that!

Lance:

Don't forget that TA Owens was the man who put Newbludd on the shelf for nearly a year, and before that, Ned Reform tried his damndest to turn Ballyhoo Brew into a coffee house. The history is deep, partner. This is a pivotal match for Milwaukee's Beast as he goes on to compete for the SOHER Title at DEFIANCE Road... hey, wait a minute!

Cut to the announce desk, where we see that Sweet Sanders has helped herself to the third headset and taken a seat next to Lance. That's not what caused Warner to cry out, however: Ned Reform sits criss-cross applesauce on top of the announce table... directly in front of Lance. With the SOHER in his lap, Ned watches the ring with a furrowed-brow of interest.

Lance:

Do you mind?

Sweet Sanders:

Address me, Mr. Warner. I will be taking all questions directed toward Doctor Reform from here on out.

Lance:

Then could you pass him the memo that I can't see?

Sweet Sanders:

I believe Doctor Reform believes anything that inhibits your ability to call the match is an improvement.

DDK:

Well while we get this sorted out... it appears Rex Knox is ready to get this one underway! He cues for the bell!

DING DING

Brock eagerly steps out of his corner, meeting TA Black in the center of the ring. His attempt at a lock-up is quickly ducked by Black, who burns him with a snapping low kick to the calf. Newbludd spins around and retaliates with a lariat, only for Black to dodge again and connect with another low kick.

DDK:

TA Black playing keepaway in the opening moments of this match.

Lance:

More like poking the bear. Luckily, I have my monitor.

Sweet Sanders:

Brock Newbludd is an emotional trainwreck. Mr. Black is simply taking advantage of that.

Wearing a shit-eating grin, Black performs a quick victory dance, all but begging Brock to take another swing at him. Newbludd sneers with irritation, but nevertheless keeps his head into it and is more cautious in his next approach.

Brock comes in a third time a bit lower, this time nearly snagging Black into a waistlock, until the so-called "Sacred Lamb" drops down and slips out the back door. Once he's out of reach, Black again does another victory dance.

Lance:

Brock has about run out of patience for this...

DDK:

And I'm right there with him! Did Black come here to wrestle tonight, or waste our time with his shucking and jiving?

Newbludd is incensed, looking appealingly to referee Rex Knox who can only answer to his frustration with a shrug.

Then at last, TA Black obligingly steps to the center of the ring and holds up his hands, offering to lock up with a devious smile.

DDK:

I'd trust TA Black in this situation about as far as I could throw a piano!

Brock takes a moment to assess the opinion of the crowd, who urge him not to buy into it. Meanwhile, TA Black invitingly flutters his fingers. Without any other recourse, Milwaukee's Beast approaches and raises his hands...

Lance:

Newbludd on edge as he looks to lock hands...

DDK:

But Black with a LOW KICK--

CAUGHT by Newbludd!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

Black's face blanches in sudden panic. Quick cut to the announce table where Ned's eyes also go wide in panic. Back in the ring, before Black can react, Newbludd twirls him around and traps him into a side headlock.

DDK:

Brock finally has him in his grasp... but here's Black curling up his legs into a HEADSCISSOR to reverse! NO! Brock CARTWHEELS back to his feet!

Lance:

Stunning agility on display by Milwaukee's Beast!

Sweet Sanders:

Do NOT count Mr. Black out. It would be very unwise.

Black is stunned as he rises up, with Newbludd beckoning him for more! In a flash, the Good Doctor's prized patient throws himself into the ropes for some momentum. Brock leapfrogs him on the return, and Black hits the other set of ropes to pick up even more speed.

DDK:

Here comes TA Black, looking for the hurricanrana--NOO!! Brock HOLDS HIM UP!!

Lance:

Looking for a powerbomb?!

Immediately realizing he's in danger, TA Black yells in terror and twirls his arms. His attempts pay off in the way of a momentum shift, and Newbludd finds himself on his heels. But rather than going down, he instinctively backpedals into the ropes, dumping Black back and over the ropes. TA Black spills out onto the ringside floor in a heap.

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

TA Black to the outside, and Brock Newbludd is standing tall in the ring!

Lance:

The Escape Artist couldn't get out of that one in time.

Brock cups his hands around his mouth and throws his head back...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY...

"HOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

Stammering and discombobulated, Black scrambles back to his feet. He's almost back in the ring when he notices Brock waiting for him, and slips back under the ropes thinking the better of it. Shaking his head, the Sacred Lamb turns the corner, trying to get his head back into the game...

...only to look up and see Milwaukee's Beast right in front of him!

Lance:

Black thought he could buy some time, but Newbludd, having none of it, cuts him off at the pass!

DDK:

And now he's LIGHTING HIM UP with relentless lefts and rights at ringside!

Sweet Sanders:

Come on, Erik!

Black is agape and on rubber legs as he takes multiple hits. While he's stunned, Brock grabs on the first thing that catches his eye...

DDK:

Newbludd has Black by the HAIRPLUGS!

RRRAAAAAAHHH!!

He whips him left...

TA Black:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

BONK!

DDK:

INTO the APRON...

He whips him right...

TA Black

AAAAAAHHH!!!

CRACK!

DDK:

INTO the BARRICADE!

He winds up for a discus throw, and sends the Reformed One careening uncontrollably...

TA Black:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

SMASH!!

DDK:

And INTO the STEPS!!

*RRRAAAAAHHH!!***Lance:**

Whipping him from pillar to post out there!

DDK:

And these fans are loving it!

Rex Knox continues to count in the ring, reaching five. Newbludd moves to retrieve TA Black, who is now a groaning, twisted mess of limbs trapped between the upper and lower sets of steel steps. Just because he can, Brock lifts up the upper section and brings the broadside down across Black's chest before tossing it aside. On the announce table, Ned Reform visibility grimaces in sympathy pain.

Lance:

Newbludd is making a WAFFLE out of TA Black!

DDK:

Brock in full control, as he rolls TA Black into the ring and follows after him! But now Black is on the run!

Lance:

The Escape Artist wants nothing more than to get out of dodge right now, but Newbludd has other ideas!

Sweet Sanders:

We can see that, Mr. Warner. This isn't radio.

Lance:

Who exactly ARE you, anyway?

Sweet Sanders:

I'm here to deal with the tasks that are beneath the Good Doctor. Like, for example, socializing with you.

TA Black scrambles on all fours toward the opposite set of ropes. He's almost back out of the ring before Brock snags him by the heel and yanks him back in. With his head shaking frantically, Black's hands cling to the middle rope in a desperate effort to keep away. Newbludd responds by setting him into a wheelbarrow, locking up the waist, and German suplexing the bejesus out of him.

DDK:

HOOOLLYYYY COW, TA BLACK SENT RAGDOLLING after that suplex! Now Newbludd is on the attack! Pulling him into position... hooks the neck and legs into a TIGHT pin!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Lance:

Underneath those gaudy hair plugs is still the same tough as nails Escape Artist!

Newbludd doesn't take his foot off the gas as he grabs the Sacred Lamb by the plugs and roughly brings him back up to his feet. Grabbing onto Black's ears with both hands, Brock rears back and nails him square in the face with a headbutt. The force of the blow causes Ned Reform's prized pupil's knees to buckle but his fired-up opponent doesn't

allow him to fall to the mat as keeps an iron grip on Black's head.

DDK:

That nasty headbutt has Black rattled! And Newbludd follows up with a second one! And a third!! AND A FOURTH!!

The shellshocked Black claws at Newbludd's forearms and throws a knee into Brock's midsection in an attempt to escape. The blow only incites Milwaukee's Beast and he roars in his opponent's face, squeezing Black's head with everything he has. The Faithful cheer wildly as Newbludd forces Black down to his knees!

Lance:

Incredible display of grip strength by Newbludd! Lincoln Hawk is putting his arm wrestling muscles to work on TA Black's skull!

Referee Knox jumps in to check for a submission but quickly leaps away as Milwaukee's Beast releases Black's head and applies a front facelock. Hauling Black up off his knees, Newbludd points a finger to the sky.

DDK:

Brock's looking to hit something big here and the crowd is up on their feet!

Popping his hips, Brock lifts the Sacred Lamb up for a vertical suplex and holds him there. He maintains his grip on Black and turns towards the announce table. Newbludd locates Ned Reform and flashes him a wicked grin as he holds onto The Good Doctor's protege.

Lance:

I think Brock's trying to send Ned a message!

Sweet Sanders:

All messages go through me now. And if the message is "I am a bloodthirsty barbarian"... I believe Dr. Reform is already well aware!

Brock suddenly sticks an arm out and points at the SOHER champion. Keeping Black hoisted up with his other arm, Milwaukee's Beast flexes his bicep to imitate the start position of an arm wrestling match. On the announce desk, Ned shifts out of sitting cross-legged and falls to the floor in front of the announce table. He watches the action with bug eyes and he clutches his title even tighter.

Brock Newbludd:

I OWN YOU, NED!!!

The Faithful roar in approval as Brock slams his flexed arm forward just like Lincoln Hawk did when he went Over the Top. A half second later he slams TA Black down to the mat with a thunderous delayed brainbuster!

DDK:

Newbludd has got The Ballyhooligans in a frenzy! That stalling brainbuster has TA Black laid out in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

And a double message here as Ned's finisher is a variation of the brainbuster!

Sweet Sanders:

It's called the Syllabuster. Please us the term.

Popping up to his feet, Newbludd looks out to the crowd and points at the corner closest to him, and they give him the go-ahead with another roar.

Lance:

He's looking to hit The Big Elbowski and things!

He races over to it and quickly climbs the turnbuckles. Milwaukee's Beast rises up and cups his hands over his mouth...

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAAAAAALLLYYYY!!!

He leaps off, and The Faithful provide the soundtrack to his flight...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THE BIG ELBOWSKI CONNECTS!

DDK:

Newbludd got all of it! He's got the leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...NO! TA BLACK GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

That was CLOSE!

Brock pops to his knees and stares at Knox in disbelief and the referee sticks two fingers in his face to reinforce the count. Shaking his head, Newbludd roughly grabs TA Black by his imitation hair and begins to pull his groggy opponent back up to his feet. As he does, Black discreetly pulls something out of the sleeve of his bodysuit...

DDK:

Hang on a second! What did he...

Sweet Sanders:

A utility one should always have handy!

TA Black puts an exclamation on Sweet Sander's statement by stabbing Newbludd in the eye with a No. 2 pencil! Knox doesn't see it but the people do and they unleash on Black!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

He just stabbed Brock with a damn pencil!?

Crying out in pain, Brock clutches his eye and stumbles backward. TA Black shakes the cobwebs out of his head and charges at him...

CLOVEN HOOOF KICK!

DDK:

Are you kidding me!? Is this what Ned has been teaching him?

Sweet Sanders:

To win? Yes, I believe so.

Reform applauds like a proud poppa as Black pounces on Newbludd and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

Newbludd kicks out!

Lance:

Brock managed to get a shoulder up, but he's lost the momentum in this one.

DDK:

Getting stabbed in the eye tends to put a stop to things.

TA Black rises up to his feet and puts his hands on his knees, still feeling the effects of Brock's high-impact barrage. Meanwhile, Newbludd slowly rolls onto his stomach and begins to push himself up with one eye closed. Black waits for a second as his opponent gets his feet under him, and he sprints towards the ropes. He leaps in the air and springboards off the second rope back towards Newbludd. Black latches onto Brock's head and drives his head into the mat with a picture-perfect tornado DDT!

Lance:

TA Black putting his high-flying prowess on display with that springboard tornado DDT! And now he's headed up top!

Having rolled through the landing, The Sacred Lamb rushes to the nearest corner and scrambles to the top rope. With his back to the ring, Black looks over his shoulder to confirm his target and leaps off.

DDK:

Black going the high-risk route here...

Performing a mid-flight rotation back towards the ring, Black sticks a leg out and drops it right across Newbludd's chest!

DDK:

And it pays off! Incredible impact on that leg drop and now Black's transitioned to a full mount on Newbludd...OH C'MON!!

Sitting on Newbludd's chest with a grin spread wide across his face, Black jams a thumb right into Brock's bad eye! The Faithful erupt in jeers while Milwaukee's Beast cries out in pain! In front of the announce table, Reform yuks it up and points to his own brain in solidarity with his charge's cheating ways.

Lance:

Get in there, Knox! Break it up!

Rex just does that and quickly starts the mandatory five count. Black milks every second given to him, though, driving his thumb down on Brock's eye with a wicked smile before finally relenting. Knox tries to give The Sacred Lamb an earful, but he simply ignores him and starts gleefully stomping Newbludd.

DDK:

Ned's newest pupil has definitely taken a few pages from his book.

Sweet Sanders:

I joined up with this organization specifically to learn from the man. He is the Southern Heritage Champion. Winning is what he does, and by proxy... now it's what TA Black does!

Finishing off the stomp session with a stiff kick to Brock's ribs, TA Black steps on his opponent's face and charges

towards the ropes. He bounces off them with a full head of steam and sprints back towards Newbludd, stepping on his face again as he heads towards the opposite set of ropes. This time he leaps in the air and springboards off the second ropes, flipping backwards to nail Newbludd with an asai moonsault!

Lance:

Asai moonsault connects and here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Brock gets a shoulder up!!!

DDK:

Close, but no cigar for TA Black!

Sweet Sanders:

Stay on him, Erik!

Brock, willing up every last ounce of his remaining spirit, attempts to power himself back to his feet... only to be cut off by a knee lift from Black! The self-styled Sacred Lamb promptly sets him into an inverted facelock, tilts his head toward the heavens, and poses gloriously...

DDK:

TA Black is about to bring Brock Newbludd INTO THE LIGHT!!

Black springs off his legs and vaults over Newbludd's head...

...but doesn't follow through!

Lance:

CAUGHT by Milwaukee's Beast!

Sweet Sanders:

No!

Rather than drop into a deathly cutter, Newbludd deposits Black right onto his feet and entangles his arms into a full nelson! Black's face has only a moment to go into FULL PANTS-SHITTING PANIC MODE before Brock buries the back of skull into the canvas with the suplex!

DDK:

SHOCK AND AWWWWEEEE!!! SHOULDERS DOWN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

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

Bodies pull apart. It's Brock Newbludd's turn to grin ear to ear, knowing he is victorious. Black immediately sits up, stunned and stupefied, looking at Rex Knox's three fingers in disbelief. He shakes his head in complete denial. Nonetheless, the official raises the arm of Milwaukee's Beast as he rises to his feet.

Brock Newbludd:

BALL-Y!

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

He did it! Despite all of Black's tricks, Brock Newbludd is heading into DEFIANCE Road with momentum on his side!

Lance:

You have to believe that a lot of this was for Pat and Ophelia... hang on!

The crowd buzzes as Brock leaps through the middle rope and grabs the nearby ring bell! He sprints up the ramp toward the announce table! Meanwhile, The Southern Heritage Champion's eyes go wide with fear!! Feeling trapped, he reaches behind him and pulls Sweet Sanders over the announce table!

Sweet Sanders:

HEY WHA...

Brock reaches Reform, but now Ned has a human shield in front of him in the form of Sanders. Brock hesitates, and Ned takes advantage of that by shoving Sweet Sanders into Milwaukee's Beast! In the confusion, Ned bolts for the back, leaving an angry Brock holding the woman!

DDK:

An absolutely classless and gutless move by Ned, but I can't say that I'm shocked.

Lance:

And now Brock has in his hands the person who orchestrated the attack on Pat and Ophelia!

Sanders only has a few seconds to try to calm Brock down before she's turned inside out by a short-arm clothesline!!

Brock Newbludd:

THAT was for my god-daughter!!

The crowd ROARS its approval as Brock hops on top of the announce table and cups his mouth as his theme kicks in once more.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLYYYYY...

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd has made a statement! Lance... come DEFIANCE Road, we might just have a new Southern Heritage Champion!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

NO WAY OUT...

A wide shot of the interior of the OVO Hydro fades in after the commercial showing 12,306 DEFIANTS strong waiting for the next mile marker on DEFIANCE Road, the remainder of DEFtv 213 live in Glasgow, Scotland. The camera shifts to the announce desk where we rejoin “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner. DDK’s mouth opens but he doesn’t even get a chance to make a sound before he’s interrupted...

♪ “Emperor’s New Clothes” by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The Faithful rise from their seats to cheer on the unannounced appears from the former DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team & Southern Heritage Champion, Elise Ares. Typically full of swagger and confidence out the you-know-what, that is not the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style that bursts through the curtain onto the stage area. Still in the uniform, crop top black leather jacket and LED sunglasses, the husk inside seems hollow. Her exaggerated hip sway is replaced by a casual, almost reluctant walk towards a microphone setup on the staging area. Pop Culture Phenoms noticeably absent.

DDK:

Welcome back from commercial folks looks like we have an unexpected guest coming out to speak to us. We were informed during the break there would be some kind of announcement, but what it was concerning I’m afraid we’re just as unaware as the rest of you.

Lance:

Well if body language is any indication, I’m not sure if this is going to be anything anyone here *wants* to hear.

DDK:

Including Elise Ares herself. This is Elise’s first sanctioned appearance on DEFtv since her match against Oscar Burns where we learned she suffered a concussion that was then exacerbated by the events that occurred later in that match.

Lance:

Something seemed off for sure when The D threw in that towel but it wasn’t until a month or so later that we learned the details. Both Elise Ares and the DEFIANCE medical staff has kept a pretty tight lid on all of this so, maybe we’ll finally get some answers?

The self-proclaimed FACE of DEFIANCE is not wearing her ring gear, but instead is wearing a lilac tube top under her jacket with a pair of faded and “fashionably scissored” dark denim jeans with a pair of black heeled boots. She takes her LED sunglasses off, folds them, hangs them from her tube top and grabs the microphone as her music fades away. She forces a smirk on her face and looks into the Faithful.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBYs! How are all of my Scottish Aresites doing here tonight?

The cheap pop works as intended... to build courage?

Elise Ares:

Soooo listen to mama for a second. Mama hasn’t been around a whole lot recently because I landed a little funny while I was kicking Oscar Burns’ ass and it freaked out a bunch of people... including me. So I talked to some people I know who have been through this kind of thing before and we thought it was best that I go speak with an expert and start a program with them to make sure everything is okay before I step back into the ring and make Oscar B, all lower case, finished the game we started back at ACTS of DEFIANCE... which is losing to me.

The crowd cheers as Ares shrugs and nods her head.

Elise Ares:

However... that asshole still *reea//llly* rubs me the wrong way. I did some things I shouldn't have done. I've been forced to apologize to some people who were just in the wrong place at the wrong time, and I've been back every week to this expert to check my progress but turns out things aren't EXACTLY going the way I want them too. I might have, maybe, just a little, aggravated some of my symptoms and now the people "in the know" about these kinds of things think it's best that I take it easy for another month or two... or three to figure things out.

Ares winces as the Faithful give a mixed reaction. Some jeer at the thought of Elise being gone for a longer period of time while others cheer at the thought of the former SoHER getting the break her health needs.

Elise Ares:

So I told the expert, Iris, and the rest of the team advising me on this situation... that doesn't work for me brother.

A roar follows as Elise reads the line directly into the camera. She takes the microphone and now faces away from the Faithful and towards the backstage area.

Elise Ares:

Is that how those wrassler types say it? I have to say things in a language those people understand because you see I came out here near the end of 2024 and I made a promise. Actually it was a spoiler. I'm winning the FIST of DEFIANCE, or I'm gone! And I'm sure as hell not spending it on my couch at home. So you see BBY, I speak a lot of languages but loser ain't one of them. That is why I am the Leading Lady. The Queen. The FACE. I am here in DEFIANCE for two reasons... to be the best and to be witnessed, and if I'm going to be witnessed doing something, it might as well be knocking that ugly ass facial hair off of Oscar Burns' face before I become your NEXT FIST of DEFI-

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What is the meaning of THIS?

Lance:

Speak of OSCAR BURNS and he shall appear.

Elise turns her attention towards the stage. Out one by one... "The Strongest Man in the GC Universe" FLEX, wearing a gold suit and jacket (no dress shirt, gotta let the pecs breathe)

Sonny Silver in a dark charcoal suit and burgundy tie.

And finally... OSCAR himself, wearing a dark green suit, designer eyeglasses, and loafers (he's made his feelings clear on shoelaces). Walking between Silver and FLEX, OSCAR takes the lead and confidently marches towards the interview stage where Elise stands, watching her potential DEFIANCE Road opponent intently. He holds a hand out and Sonny hands him a GC Universe-branded microphone, then motions for his music to be cut.

OSCAR BURNS:

You know, Elise... you make a LOT of noise. A LOT of noise for such a small person. A LOT of noise for a person that got the most one-sided beating of her life in a wrestling ring from me... a beating so bad, your friends had to put a stop to it by throwing in a towel. All these words, GC? All these promises you're making? They're empty to me.

He smirks.

OSCAR BURNS:

I mean this when I say it... Elise, you are a star. You come off like one. You wrestle like one... but next to me, no star shines brighter.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS:

Hey, that's not an insult. That applies to everyone that comes near the orbit of the GC Universe.

Back to Elise.

OSCAR BURNS:

As for you... I'll begrudgingly be the first to admit.. you do have value to this company. You have value to people around here... you have a lot of supporters backstage that care a great deal about you and your safety...

He looks around...

OSCAR BURNS:

...And that's why this rematch at DEFIANCE Road is off the table. We are done here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WHAT?! HE MADE THIS DEAL BACK IN NOVEMBER TO ELISE... AND HE'S PULLING IT? JUST LIKE THAT?

Lance:

I can't even say the words I want to say right now without getting in some trouble... again...

Her eyeroll is so large it registers as small seismic event in Glasgow.

Elise Ares:

Oh spare us the humanitarian act O' Space Ranger Oscar of the Universe GC. As much as I can't stand to look at your poorly manicured face there are things we do actually have in common. Diagnosed narcissism. Elite level talent. Apparently a size preference skewing towards large...

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style takes a comedic beat. OSCAR stops in his tracks and starts fuming, knowing Elise did not capitalize his name in her speech.

Elise Ares:

...but lastly an OBVS lack of empathy. I have none. YOU have none. I don't give one single THOUGHT towards your value in anyone else's world except for my own and the only reason you have value in mine is because there are people in this industry who think you are here (motions high) and I am here (motions directly below that) and they are wrong. Once the world accepts you are here (motions below that) then you can run away from me into traffic for all I care. As a matter of fact, I totes hope you do, but until then... you're stuck with me BBY.

Taking a moment, OSCAR spins around to face Elise again. Sonny calmly tries to get BURNS to walk away, but he won't hear it.

OSCAR BURNS:

You REALLY think you have a chance against me, Elise? How are you so stupid that you think last time or ANY other time we've faced is going to be different? You munted? Have they tested your wellness? Cause that's the only reason that I can think of that you want to get hurt so bad. You've tried a few times over the years to best me and the last time was the WORST time for you. You're STILL not fully cleared from the last time we did this...

Stopping to take a moment, OSCAR speaks off-mic to Sonny. FLEX behind them cups his ear to try and pick up whatever it is they're discussing.

Sonny Silver:

Fine.

OSCAR BURNS (twists and) turns back to Elise.

OSCAR BURNS:

...You want this match at DEFIANCE Road, then you agree to MY NEW terms.

OSCAR lifts up a finger on his free hand.

OSCAR BURNS:

...First things first... the original stipulation stands. You lose, you're part of the GC Universe. This won't be what Conor and Tyler Fuse have going on with that bloody ponce, Malak Garland where you come and go from the Comments Section as you please... you agree that your contract belongs to the GC Universe and to ME...

The Center of the GC Universe holds up a second finger.

OSCAR BURNS:

Second... ALL PARTIES are gonna be banned from ringside. I didn't need anyone to beat you at Acts of DEFIANCE and I don't need anyone to beat you now. NO ONE is throwing in a towel for you... Not this time.

Finally, a third finger.

OSCAR BURNS:

And my third and final... the referee CANNOT step in and stop the match for any reason. The bloody punishment is going to be louder than the disrespect you've shown me all this time. This time, *I* decide when enough is enough.

He looks at the gold watch on his wrist.

OSCAR BURNS:

...You have exactly ONE minute to make up your mind or I'm pulling this deal, I'm leaving this damn country and I will not waste any more of my contracted dates on YOU.

Before Elise can say anything, the Glasgow Faithful pop as both Klein and an exhausted D step out from the backstage area, running past the GC Universe's orbit and backing up Elise. The D has his own microphone.

The D:

Elise, please, as much as I want to see you wipe that sad smirk off Emmy's face over there, you can't think to accept. You're putting your life on the line, and you're doing it without us. You're... you're just abandoning us. Plus, this is NOT a good deal. Tell 'er Klein!

Klein points wildly and dramatically at a bundle of papers that have the word "Contract" written on them in Bold Bright black letters.

The D:

Your lawyer is advising against this deal Elise. LAWYERED.

The D narrows his eyes at Elise and crosses his arms. Klein continues to gesticulate wildly. The D keeps watching Elise before she turns away from him and back to OSCAR. An expression crosses the face of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as she opens her mouth to answer but hesitates. Is it... remorse?

Elise Ares:

Done. You're on.

A moment that has been building for so long should be celebrated. Don't get it twisted, those three words are celebrated with a cheer from the Glasgow Faithful but the eyes of The D, Klein, Sonny Silver, FLEX, OSCAR BURNS, and even Elise tell a different story. The fans are the only people celebrating this decision. DEFIANCE Road is not going to be a victory parade.

It's a death march.

To the tune of "Presto" by Epica as OSCAR BURNS leads the GC Universe by turning his back to the Pop Culture Phenoms. Together. For maybe the last time.

DDK:

Those are unreal stipulations that we've just heard... Elise is willing to jump through all these hoops in order to get a rematch with OSCAR BURNS?

Lance:

I hope she knows what she's doing... this is an immense gamble and it didn't work out so well for her last time.

CROSSHAIRS

Backstage, Christie Zane waits in a well-lit backstage corridor, an eager expression etched on her face. She stands in front of a dressing-room door whose name plate reads "MOST PRECIOUS GEMS".

Christie Zane:

Fans, I'm backstage at the—

Her gaze suddenly shifts as she appears to spot someone approaching off camera.

Christie Zane:

Madame Melton! Lord Nigel! C-can... Can I have a brief word with you?

Madame Melton saunters into shot, her arm hooked around Lord Nigel Tricklebushs. He sneers from under his beaten brown leather fedora and looks back over his shoulder. Stepping into frame behind him is a solemn figure with a gray & black wrestling mask on his head, but the laces untied behind his head. MP1 doesn't look at Christie or the camera. In fact, he turns his back to her, visibly irritated by the interruption.

Melton Melton:

We're always ready and willing to share time with the little people. What is it, darling?

Nigel pulls Teri closer with a playful grin stretching his thin, leathery lips. His eyes flit between Christie and Melton.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I imagine you have much to discuss with us, yes m'love? It's a momentous evening!

Christie nods, bringing the mic back to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Yes, actually... I'm just wondering if you'd heard the news?

Melton and Tricklebush share a giggle. Nigel adjusts the hat on his head, glancing at MP1 knowingly.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I am more than aware of the news, Ms. Zane. We MAKE the news. When I secured the match between MP1 and Scott Douglas, not only was I confident my boy would be victorious... but I was uniquely confident that such a victory would lead to bigger and better things. So yes, I've heard "the news", as you say.

Melton Melton:

We were going to wait to tell you, One! But clearly this wench has other ideas. Oh, tell him, Nigel!

MP1 cranes his head, looking back over his shoulder towards them. Nigel places a hand on that shoulder – MP1's eyes lock on it.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Well, my boy... I received word whilst you were in the shower. An opportunity I've been angling for since my return has finally come to fruition.

MP1 half-turns towards him, his mask furrowed at the brow.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I've persuaded the powers that be that, due in large part to your recent success and, of course, your convincing win over poor Scott Douglas, that they provide you with an opportunity befitting the Breakout DEFIANT of 2024! An opportunity that respects your place in this sport!

Now the masked man fully turns to face Trickelbush. His stance is not an altogether friendly one. Christie Zane eyes the group as if she feels like an awkward fourth wheel.

MP1:

I didn't bring you back to DEFIANCE to manage my career, Nigel. Madame Melton was doing that just fine. I brought you back to... fix things.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

All in due time, my boy! All in due time! One step serves the next, don't you see?

Melton drapes herself on MP1's arm, laying her head on his shoulder.

Melton Melton:

You have to trust him! We've got everything handled! Tell him, Nigel!

Nigel beams. The cat that ate the canary.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I've secured you a place in the Ruminant Chamber at DEFIANCE Road. You shall compete for the FIST of DEFIANCE. You will prevail in that contest. And you will bring that championship back to the Most Precious Gems.

MP1's stern eyes go wider at Nigel's words. Lips tight, muscles taut.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You'll earn all of their respect. All of them. Even his.

Looking from Nigel, to Melton, then back, MP1 finally nods his head.

Christie Zane:

Um-

MP1 opens the dressing room door and enters- then suddenly stops in his tracks just a few steps in the room. His eyes are wide, in shock. Melton and Trickelbush shove in behind him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh my.

From floor to ceiling, there are swathes of yellow, blue and red paint. But the most striking motif is on the mirror above the vanity. Dripping down the mirror, painted by a crude hand in those same three telltale colors, is an roughly drawn crosshairs upon the reflective glass.

MP1:

...he's here.

Nigel pushes MP1 out of the way, stepping forward, bewildered and caught off guard. The camera shoots the mirror, capturing the awkward reflection of Lord Nigel Trickelbush, his head resting perfectly at the center of the rough-hewn bullseye.

Christie Zane joins them in the room, looking around them as shocked as anyone.

Christie Zane:

Um... congratulations to you, MP1. But that wasn't the news I was referring to.

Nigel is frozen in place, eyes darting around the room.

Christie Zane:

MP1 isn't the only one just announced for the Ruminaton Chamber.

MP1:

...no...

Christie Zane:

It was just announced on DEFCOM that also competing at DEFIANCE Road for the FIST of DEFIANCE will be none other than **Corvo Alpha**!

MP1 turns to face a wall, where a red and blue X marks a spot. Melton massages her knuckles. Nigel seethes in dark silence.

Christie Zane:

Uhhh... I guess I'll get a comment on that later. Now's clearly not a good time.

Zane scoots out of the room and the camera man backs out along with her, the lens trained still on the mirror, where Lord Nigel's head is still perfectly framed in the colorful crosshairs. Madame Melton steps in front of the camera and suddenly SLAMS the door shut in our faces.

DECLAN ALEXANDER vs. FISSION

The scene shifts back to an overhead view of the OVO Hydro. First from the outside, then from the rafters of the inside showing the 12,000+ in attendance for DEFtv 213 live from Glasgow, Scotland.

DDK:

A crisp, partly cloudy night here in Glasgow is actually a nice little escape from the polar vortex being experienced by most of the US tonight, Lance... however someone who did not have to deal with that polar vortex are the Tag Team Champions, M4NTRA.

Lance:

Well they appeared to have their own issues though when Dr. Ayumi Sato unexpectedly appeared during their "retreat" and disconnected their wireless internet service. If you were to ask Declan Alexander, this "well-earned retreat" quickly turned into a dead-zoned nightmare.

DDK:

Due to those events, we learned upon arriving at the arena tonight that DEC4L has demanded revenge against Dr. Sato and the Atomic Punks, turning the tables of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions having too many plans to acknowledge the Punks. They agreed under one condition.

Lance:

This is news to me, what's that?

DDK:

A shot at the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships at DEFIANCE Road. M4NTRA accepted but had a condition of their own... if Alexander beats a member of the Atomic Punks tonight, Dr. Sato is BANNED from ringside.

Lance:

And the Favoured Saints signed off on that?

DDK:

Actually, they thought they could do better. Whoever loses the match tonight, has all non-competing members of their team BANNED from ringside. Possibly, no Dr. Sato but potentially no Makayla Namaste. No BRAZEN Future Talent Agency.

Lance:

They can't be happy about that.

They are not.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The Glasgow Faithful immediately voice their displeasure with a cacophony of jeers as Makayla Namaste leads out the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. As InstaFamous looks across the crowd from behind her huge brown sunglasses with a look of disgust, the jeers turn into laughs as two *bright red* men in third-eye sunglasses come out attempting to M4NTRA-Ray before they both wince and almost drop their championships. Declan hurriedly (but gently) takes off his white button up collared shirt and spikes it on the ground in frustration before blowing past a normal looking Makayla on his way to the ring. Good Vibes Only quickly follows and Natty Eyce bites his lip and tries to keep up.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Brookline, Massachusetts, weighing in at 241 pounds. He is ONE HALF of the DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, M4NTRA... representing the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency, "DEC4LLLL" DECLAN ALEXXXXANNNNNNNDER!

DDK:

It looks like M4NTRA got a little bit of sun on their retreat?

Lance:

Well they had to spend the entire time outside, Darren. There was no internet!

DDK:

That must be the longest DEC4L has ever been outside before in his life!

Lance:

Blue light from a computer monitor doesn't tan the skin.

Namaste holds the ropes open for Declan who is very careful not to touch the ropes on his way into the ring before fighting through the pain to lift his championship high into the air for all of Scotland to see. Nathaniel Eye refuses to enter the ring but instead circles around the outside of the ring, offering fans who paid for the premium seats an extra special "UK Exclusive" souvenir edition of Thirty Pages of Gold for a substantial fee. In the ring, Makayla immediately pulls Aloe Vera from her crossover purse and rubs down DEC4L before the match for maximum usage.

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!"

"GREETINGS, DR. SATO!"

DDK:

...well, THAT was an unexpected response.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

As the familiar walkout music blares through the arena, that familiar trio of figures emerge from a glowing cloud of smoke; Dr. Ayumi Sato, and her Atomic Punks. The smaller of the two radioactive rumblers, Fission, takes the lead, keeping a laser-focus on his opponent and the championship gold he bears. Fission passes the view of the camera, which focus on Dr. Sato, who takes a moment to grin and talk some trash.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Atomic Punks... from Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 185 pounds... accompanied by Gigaton, and Dr. Ayumi Sato... THIS! IS! FIIIIIIIIIISSIOOOOOOOOOOON!!!

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Nothing like some time off the grid to really catch some rays, eh, M4NTRA?

DEFIANCE's resident mad scientist cackles with glee as Gigaton just stares, looking mean.

Fission bounds into the ring, already several lengths away from the rest of his team as he gets up close to DEC4L and starts jawing off himself.

DING DING

Fission takes a running high knee to the skull for his effort of blocking DEC4L's path to Dr. Sato sends him flying back into the corner, narrowly missing his manager as she escapes the ring. Alexander follows up with a back elbow that sends Fission to seated position and then mudhole stomps him until Carla Ferrari goes to pull Declan away, sending sharp pains up his arm and to his shoulder, causing him to immediately turn around and scream at the DEFIANCE official to keep her hands off of him. Carla doesn't even get the chance to bark back before the atypically aggressive Alexander sends a soccer kick to the dome of Fission trying to get back up to his feet and then pulls him up by his singlet and tosses him into the middle of the ring.

You can see Declan considers going for his GGEZ rolling dropkick, but the thought of rolling across the mat is not a

pleasant one and instead Alexander makes the executive decision to lock Fission into a hammerlock. As Carla checks the back he gets in a quick choke with his free hand but Fission, proving himself quite the technician, immediately reverses into an arm wrench. Alexander yelps as Fission applies torsion and then leaps into the air with a scream when Fission brings down a huge slap on his shoulder to the amusement of the Scottish Faithful.

DDK:

I think I felt that one from all the way up here!

Lance:

You'd think Fission just tore his arm off!

Declan takes a bump and rolls around the ground holding his arm as Fission follows him trying to stay on the attack. DEC4L desperately kicks in the direction of Fission trying to keep him away but his foot is caught and he's dragged back to the middle of the ring. Declan cries out in pain as his sunburn is rubbed across the mat but Fission shows no mercy and immediately goes for a half crab but Declan has too much fight in him and escapes before the move gets locked in, kicking off Fission. They both get back up to their feet and Declan charges Fission who drops to the mat and Alexander jumps over him and goes to rebound off the ropes but realizes how much that will hurt and stops. Fission is confused waiting for the rebound, but Declan just turns around and charges Fission once again who leaps over him with a floatover neckbreaker sending them both back down to the canvas. DEC4L immediately sits back up with wide eyes looking over at Makayla who tells him to be strong as he grabs the back of his neck as almost a secondary reaction.

DDK:

Every time Declan gets something going the sunburn halts him right in his tracks, he needs to figure something out here or else BRAZEN Future Talent Agency may as well not even show up to DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

This recently vacationed version of DEC4L looks a far cry from the one who defeated Oscar Burns on his DEFIANCE debut!

Fission shoves Declan back down to the mat and immediately goes for a cover, but DEC4L fights through the pain for a kick out at 1.59. Alexander immediately tries to scramble away but Fission has other plans as he pinches the side of Declan's neck who lets out a high pitched wail and pleads for mercy as Fission takes him to the corner farthest away from his allies. Reaching back Fission shows an open hand and clears way for DEC4L's chest before he screams.

DEC4L:

STOP! FAM. PLEASE. DON'T CAP.

Fission hesitates but Dr. Sato and Gigaton convince him to ignore Declan's pleas and Fission swats down on Declan's chest who answers with a huge "YEEEEEEEEOWWWWW!" and almost explodes out of the corner but he's immediately shoved back into place by Fission who does it again. And again. And again. Each impact is harder and each response from Alexander is more rapid and embellished to the point where the final one sends him flipping over the top rope and onto the apron where he lands, yells out in pain again, and then gets up and flips out onto the floor.

Makayla and Nathaniel Eye immediately run over to that side of the ring to check on the PogChamp as Fission measures up his next attack. Dr. Sato pleads for Carla to move M4NTRA away from Alexander but she just continues her count to three. Fission steps through the ropes and onto the apron, looking for a way to split Makayla and Nate to get to his opponent. He sees an opening and begins running down the apron but Nathaniel Eye quickly jumps in front of Makayla and the downed DEC4L holding *Forty Pages of Gold* in front of him halting Fission in his tracks. Fission looks over at Carla who counts to six, hesitates, and then points at Nathaniel Eye and Makayla Namaste and tosses them from the match.

DDK:

And they're out of here!

Lance:

I guess that was a little too close to getting involved for Carla Ferrari!

The pair plead their case but Carla is having none of it, Makayla leaves the bottle of Aloe at ringside for Declan before they're forced away with a "NA NA NA NA" chant from the Faithful. Fission still is locked in on the rising Declan as Carla continues her count at seven, he runs, he dives looking to catch DEC4L with a pointed elbow but the Tag Champion rolls out of the way to safety leaving Fission to wrench his knee. Alexander fights through the pain to then toss Fission headfirst into the barricade and escape back into the ring.

At the count of eight, Nathaniel Eye turns around at the top of the aisle and sprints back towards the ring. This catches the eye (no pun intended) of Gigaton who then starts sprinting towards Natty Eyce and meets him halfway with a massive knife-edge chop right across Nathaniel's chest! The impact resonates through the OVO Hydro and Nathan stands straight up, his body locks up, and then falls stiff on the floor and begins having convulsions from the pain. His worry for his mentor distracts both Declan from his goal and Carla from her count, leaving time for Fission to crawl back into the ring.

DDK:

Declan better start paying less attention to his buddy's lack of skincare routine and more attention to his opponent now behind him in the ring!

Hearing the roar of the Faithful, Alexander detects something is up to turn around and see Fission standing behind him in the ring. Fission grabs Declan and hooks the leg and lifts him into the Proton-Plex but it's reversed as halfway through raising DEC4L up, he breaks his leg free and reverses momentum, bringing Fission back down face-to-knee with the OK Boomer! The move arguably hurt Declan more than Fission, as DEC4L screams and moans rolling around on the canvas arching his back. He goes for the cover:

ONE.

TWO.

T-KICKOUT!

Lance:

A kickout at two and a quarter!

DDK:

Declan really has to be considering how much pain he has to put himself through in order to put Fission through enough pain to keep him down! Does he have it in him?

After a healthy couple seconds of arguing on how long a second is with Carla Ferrari, DEC4L still reaches his feet before Fission and motions for the Play of the Game before making a finger heart and pointing it up the aisle where DEFmed and Makayla Namaste are checking on Nathaniel Eye who's convulsions have begun to grow farther apart. Fission slowly starts rising to his feet and DEC4L is ready behind him and goes for Play of the Game but Fission slaps Declan on the back and the Intrepid Influencer howl and falls to his knees, looking into the sky for answers.

Knowing he has to put Fission away, Alexander bites his lip and forces himself to get back up just in time for Fission's arms to wrap painfully around his waist. Fission reaches down and hooks Alexander's leg, before taking him up and over with a crisp, but smooth Regal-plex that Fission bridges!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

He did it! With a SURPRISING technical performance, he did it!

Lance:

Even with the circumstances I'd say this is quite the upset!

DDK:

I'm being told that Fission calls that particular move "the Proton-Plex," and it was enough for the upset!

Carla Ferrari raises the smaller of the Punks' arm in victory, as Gigaton and Dr. Sato join him in the center of the ring. Gig drapes a burly arm around the shoulders of his hermano, while Dr. S looks at the defeated M4NTRA, with visions of gold in her eyes. The Punks turn their attention to the champs, and make the universal "we want the belts" gesture around their waists.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

SONNY SAYS...

♪ “Blouses Blue” by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

OVO Hydro is instantly LiT! Green and white interchanging lights accompany the video package belonging to Kerry Kuroyama playing on the DEFIATron. Without delay, Seattle’s BEAST walks out onto the stage, greeted by another massive pop.

DDK:

What’s this now? Kerry Kuroyama is out here, making his presence known!

Lance:

Seems to be the case, Keebs. Although it’s a rare sight to see Kerry out here in a non-wrestling capacity.

DDK:

Then I imagine there’s something heavy on the mind of the Pacific Blitzkrieg for him to be coming out here unannounced.

Indeed, the expression on Kuroyama’s face tonight can be described as overtly pensive. Walking to the ring, he’s wearing a newly pressed “REACH FOR THE APEX” t-shirt, although also dressed in his ring gear. After a few moments to let the building register his entrance, the music cuts off.

“KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY!”

Kerry nods, acknowledging the reaction, but his face remains intense as ever. Eventually, he raises the microphone.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Glasgow...

“RRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!”

Kerry Kuroyama:

I’ve never been the type to come out and interrupt a show. But tonight... I’ve got questions on the mind. And I’ll be damned if I spend the whole event sitting back there, doing nothing about it. So here I am... seeking answers.

He points to the DEFIATron.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Real quick though, let’s review how we got here. Production team, if you could please... show us Exhibit A...

The screen shows a pre-edited montage of footage from the main event of DEFtv 211, as Kerry goes head to head with Bronson Box in a vicious and hard-hitting battle.

At a pivotal moment in the struggle, referee Brian Slater gets too close to the action and goes down after being hit. In the next shot, we see Mil Vultas suddenly at ringside, sliding a set of brass knuckles to Kerry to finish the job. Kuroyama promptly throws them out.

The distraction proves to be costly, however, as we then see Bronson Box take control of the action and finally seal the win with the Boston Massacre. The replay goes to black. Watching from the stage below, Kerry shakes his head in disgust.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Okay, then... now, let’s see Exhibit B...

The next montage brings up footage from the recent End of the Year Awards event in Las Vegas. Kuroyama is in the ring once more, with the opponent now being Mil Vultas. He’s about to put him away with the Kuroyama Driver, when

the GLOAT suddenly escapes, and the two end up tangled together in a corner.

In close quarters, the camera clearly picks up on Mil leaning in and whispering something into Kerry's ear, before spitting in his face. Kuroyama responds with a barrage of hits that ultimately force official Hector Navarro into disqualifying him.

DDK:

Reviewing that, I think I can understand his consternation. The self-styled GLOAT, Mil Vueltas, has certainly provoked the ire of the Pacific Blitzkrieg in recent weeks.

Lance:

And it all seemed prompted by Kerry getting chummy with his former Vae Victis associates, Sonny Silver and OSCAR BURNS. For whatever reason, Vueltas doesn't seem to be particularly fond of Seattle's BEAST being close with the GC Universe.

The screen goes black. Again, Kerry shakes his head in disappointment, and raises the mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Now, I'll admit to you all... I hate nothing more than throwing away what could have been a solid win over something as stupid and fleeting as losing my cool. But, I am a believer that every human being has their limits. And that night, in that particular moment, that hijo de puta Mil Vueltas pushed mine... the moment he leaned in close and whispered the following words into my ear...

The Emerald Apex looks point blank into the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

"Sonny said you failed."

He scoffs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

"Failed", Mil? I've dedicated my entire career to wrestling excellence, and developed a reputation as being pound for pound one of the greatest pure wrestlers in the industry to date. And you want to tell me I've "FAILED"?

He shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't buy it, hombre. And I've had about all I can stand of your bullshit. So before I go back there looking for you, I'm giving you this one chance to come out here and elaborate on that statement. Come out here and tell me to my face just how I've "failed"!

Kerry lowers the mic and begins pacing impatiently, staring daggers toward the curtain.

DDK:

Mil Vueltas being called out... but is he going to answer to this?

Lance:

Considering the alternative, Keebs, I think he'd be a fool not to. Kerry is clearly looking for a fight tonight.

Luckily, Kerry doesn't have to wait long...

...but it's not Mil Vueltas coming out to address Kerry's demands...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Rather, it's the man that claims he failed... Sonny Silver, speaker for the GC Universe. A mixture of disappointment and concern is worn on his face.

Lance:

Well... speak of the Silver-Tongued Devil and he shall appear, it seems. He apologized for Mil's behavior before, but The GLOAT continues to push Kerry's buttons.

DDK:

What does Sonny Silver have to say for himself?

Sonny starts heading into the ring and now stands across from Kerry. He holds a hand up to the rafters, waiting for his signature OLD SKOOL MIC to be lowered from the rafters. He grabs it in his hand and gets ready to speak.

Sonny Silver:

Kerry... look... you're right. You do deserve an explanation and as authorized by "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas and by the GC Universe higher-ups, you will get your answers.

Uncharacteristically, Sonny rubs a hand through his beard, looking a bit uneasy. Normally a bastion of surliness, he looks like he's got a lot on his mind.

Lance:

"GC Universe higher-ups..." does... does he mean OSCAR BURNS?

Kerry gives Sonny a look that suggests he spit out whatever he has to say. Sonny sees this and moves along.

Sonny Silver:

You're right about all of what you showed, Kerry. Mil Vuelas has been getting in your business. He's been pushing your buttons. He cost you a big-time match with Bronson Box. He called you... and I'm paraphrasing, so don't shoot the messenger... a "quitter:"

A confused look crosses Kerry's face at the "quitter" comment.

Sonny Silver:

And during your match at The Sphere, he told you that *I* said you failed... and I'm here to tell you, to your face like you deserve, Ker... the reason he said that...

He looks Kerry dead in the eyes.

Sonny Silver:

...it's because it's TRUE.

Booing fills the arena as Kerry's confusion looks like it's becoming anger quickly.

Sonny Silver:

Before you had that match with Bronson Box, OSCAR and I came to you. You said that you didn't need our help... you said you didn't want the help of the GC Universe and by saying that, you might as well have slapped OSCAR BURNS and all of us in the face at the same goddamn time!

Now starting to get angry himself, the Spokesman for the GC Universe continues.

Sonny Silver:

Before the GC Universe, there was Vae Victis... remember them? Ruled this place with an iron fucking fist! We had ALL the singles gold! Lindsay was the FIST! Henry, the SOHER! BURNS, the Favoured Saints Champion! We had it all and we could have had more, but one by one... we lost those titles. We lost everything! BURNS lost his title. Keyes lost his. We couldn't get the FIST back after Lindsay lost the title to Dex Joy... and during all of that... where were YOU,

Kerry? Huh? Where... were... YOU? Looking for PRIME opportunities elsewhere, if you get my drift.

Snarling, Sonny continues looking The Emerald Apex dead in the eyes.

Sonny Silver:

Then you have the fucking nerve to come strolling right back in here like you didn't abandon what VV was doing in DEFIANCE. After Lindsay and Keyes stepped away due to their injuries, Clay Byrd left, Dan Ryan started tagging with Conor Fuse, and you left. OSCAR had to rebuild. The whole damn thing. What was left of Vae Victis in DEFIANCE... we had to make a NEW group. We had to start something NEW! And despite what you did, we still wanted you in that, Ker... OSCAR wanted you in it. *I* wanted you in it. You have all the natural talent and one of the highest in-ring IQs of anyone I've ever met... then you came back wanting to do things "tHe RiGhT wAy!"

Sonny mocks him.

Sonny Silver:

I told Mil to bring those brass knuckles out there, Kerry. *I* did that. That was one final test to really see if you could still the same cutthroat bastard we remembered in Vae Victis! The same one that once turned Dex Joy's neck into powder. The same one that stepped over every idiot in this place.. or if you'd gone soft and... well... The GC Universe got its answer. The crazy-stoic, crazy-talented "Emerald Apex"... Mil Vueltras was right not to trust you. You quit being something you should be and started listening to THESE assholes...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

And I'm here to tell you, on behalf of "The GLOAT", Mil Vueltras wants to finish what he started in Vegas and get rid of you at DEFIANCE Road! You don't slap away the GC Universe's hand, Kerry... and you don't slap away OSCAR's hands.

Kerry glares at Sonny for several moments, while the din in the arena steadily amplifies along with the growing tension.

DDK:

Kuroyama is speechless! To hear these words from Sonny Silver, a fellow Seattleite and something of a surrogate mentor to Kuroyama... it's tantamount to being reprimanded by your personal hero!

Lance:

To think, Kerry was being judged and scrutinized this entire time by his former Vae Victis allies in Sonny and OSCAR. I would have totally expected some jealousy on the part of Mil Vueltras... but to know that it was all under Silver's direction!

DDK:

A slap to the face! Nothing less!

After several moments, Kerry slowly raises the microphone in his hand.

He thinks...

And then he tosses the mic aside, stepping forward and getting nose-to-nose with Silver.

Lance:

Oh boy...

The words Kuroyama has for Silver are words he'd rather leave off-mic. Even so, the camera picks up murmurings of 'after all we've' and "bonds" and "respect" and "fuck me over like this." Silver returns fire, and at once the two are verbally tearing into each other and bumping chests. As the argument escalates, the crowd gets louder!

DDK:

Things are getting tense in there! Kerry and Sonny look like they're about to come to--OH LOOK OUT!!

Without warning, Kerry hits the mat. His attacker, having inexplicably flown in from OUTTANOWARE, stands over him, eliciting an immediate reaction from the fans.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

MIL VUELTAS IS HERE!

Lance:

Paging Admiral Ackbar! It's a TRAP!

Sonny backs up as Mil starts laying right into Kerry with right hands, sneak-attacking The Emerald Apex! El Intocable starts screaming as he's laying into Kerry.

Mil Vueltas:

I TOLD THEM FROM THE START, CABRON! THEY DON'T NEED YOU! DEFIANCE DON'T NEED YOU... PUTA!

He goes for another right, but Kerry blocks! He fights back and BLASTS Mil with a forearm so stiff, Mil crumbles to the mat! Now it's Kerry turning the tables on the cocky luchador!

Lance:

Kerry's fighting back! He's got Mil on the rop... OH, NO!

The advantage doesn't last long as right behind Kerry, a big pair of hands wraps around his waist and hits a release German suplex!

DDK:

DLJ coming to the aid of his El Escuadron partner, Mil Vueltas! James looks like he's drawn his line as well against another fellow former Vae Victis member!

Standing over Kerry is Mil's "hermano" and best bud forever, "Giga" Dan Leo James! The Favoured Saints Champion rushes to help Mil to his feet. When Mil's okay, both men start putting the boots to The Emerald Apex while Sonny watches, smiling.

DDK:

Sonny Silver and the GC Universe had this plotted out for months! Testing Kerry Kuroyama? Stringing him along like this? And now Sonny and... OSCAR, turning their backs to this?

The beatdown continues two-on-one...

RRRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!

But out from nowhere comes -- of all people --

Lance:

IT'S THE D?!!

DDK:

THE D IS OUT!! THE D IS OUT!!

The D runs to the ring from the interview stage, chair in hand! Mil, Sonny and DLJ see him coming and as he enters the ring they scatter like the cockroaches they are! The D almost catches Mil with a shot, barely missing as he zips out

of the ring.

DDK:

What a save! The D of all people, making the save for Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

The D was ROBBED of the Favoured Saints Championship by El Escuadron and DLJ has been rubbing it in his face ever since!

The D stands next to Kerry and motions for a microphone. Kerry gets to a knee while The D points towards the trio now regrouping outside the ring. He looks hesitantly at Kerry, but Kuroyama is all fire.

The D:

I thought you were FAST, ca-bro! I almost got you. Also, I gotta say, after 25 years, only 3 of which were any good, why would anyone give a single FUCK what Sonny Silver thinks of 'em!

Huge cheers.

The D:

I think I speak for not just myself, but the Faithful... I really wanna watch Kerry stretch and strike skidmark-lucha-dorks' face all across Edinburgh! And you know, I've got my rematch for the Favoured Saints championship scheduled at DEF Road against the ruiner of my nickname by introducing math, D-cup Leo-NARD Jaysomething, GIGA-Fraud. But tonight...

The D reaches out his hand, and Kerry takes it, rising to his feet.

The D:

Special K and I have never gotten along better than when we're starin' down the aisle at you G-Chumps. Why don't we give the Glasgow Faithful a little preview of DEF Road? The D & The K...

The D points loudly at himself and then Kerry's chest.

The D:

Versus the Mil-dorks.

The D storms around the ring in a circle around Kerry.

The D:

Oh and Son Senior? You know who's actually disappointed in you?

The D climbs onto the second rope and leans over it.

The D:

Lindsay Troy.

The D throws the microphone out of the ring at Sonny, hitting him in the face. It's this act which most angers Sonny, as he points wildly to the ring. DLJ hands the FS belt to Silver as he and Mil rush the ring and slide inside.

THE D & KERRY KUROYAMA vs. EL ESCUADRON

DING DING

DDK:

I can't believe it! An impromptu tag team match between Kerry Kuroyama with The D of all people, taking on Mil Vultas and Favoured Saints Champion, DLJ!

Lance:

After EVERYTHING that the GC Universe have been doing to the Pop Culture Phenoms, and now apparently adding Kuroyama to their list of enemies, it serves them right!

From the onset, Kuroyama pairs off with his former Vae Victis cohort DLJ while The D in one corner and Mil trade lefts and rights in the other. The GC Universe appears to gain an early advantage as the Favoured Saints Champ and the GLOAT get their respective sparring partners into the corners.

DDK:

Kuroyama and The D pinned on opposite sides of the ring! DLJ is smashing the Pacific Blitzkrieg with some HARD back elbow smashes while Mil Vultas tenderizes the A Lister's ribs with repeated kicks to the midsection!

Lance:

Trying to press the advantage off of Mil's sneak attack on Kerry.

DDK:

They have either man by the wrist now... double Irish whips.... OH NO!!

At the last moment, The D VAULTS into a leapfrog while Kerry DUCKS beneath him! On opposite sides of the ring, Kuroyama PLOWS into Mil Vultas with a spear while The D rolls DLJ to the canvas with a Frankenstein!

DDK:

Down go GigaDan and the GLOAT! The D and KK have run the GC Universe out of the ring!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Kuroyama and The D stand tall in the ring while the hypercharged audience cheers wildly. The two exchange looks, sharing a mutual feeling of sheer disbelief that they could be working together.

Lance:

It's mind blowing to imagine these two standing on the same side! PCP are only back together thanks to a longstanding rivalry between these two!

DDK:

And now they find themselves as impromptu allies in the battle against the GC Universe! Sometimes, mutual enemies is all you need for divergent souls to come together!

Sonny rallies the troops at ringside while Mil and DLJ shake out the cobwebs. While they regroup, The D throws Kerry a wink and nods to the ropes. Kuroyama practically groans as he picks up what he's putting down.

In perfect sync, they throw themselves into the ropes, picking up speed...

DDK:

¡AY DIOS MIO, DOBLE TOPE CON HILO de EL D y KERRY!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Mil, DLJ, and Sonny sprawl mildly as the pair of The D and Kerry SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES and crash into

them!

Lance:

I never thought I'd see the day Kerry Kuroyama would go for a suicide dive!

DDK:

The D is leading him into some dangerous territory, but it's paying off in spades! Mil Vueltas and DLJ are laid out at ringside, and Sonny Silver is absolutely outraged!

The fans are hot and loud as Kuroyama and The D, former rivals turned unlikely allies, single out Dan Leo James and roll him into the ring.

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Champion is sent back into the ring courtesy of the former Favoured Saints Champion! Meanwhile, the other former Favoured Saints Champion finds his place on the apron, while the other former Favoured Saints Champion is left to recover at ringside!

Lance:

...wait, what?

DDK:

Kuroyama sets DLJ right into a side headlock, and finally I think we have our legal men!

Kerry has DLJ's head in a tight grip, but the FS Champion uses his advantage in size and strength to power out with a back suplex that rolls Kuroyama over his head and shoulders! Kerry quickly recovers, but soon finds himself trapped in James' front facelock.

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Champion leverages his way into control! There's the LIFT... and a DEVASTATING standing gourdbuster by the towering Dan Leo James!

Lance:

Throwing Seattle's BEAST around like he were a child!

DDK:

Kuroyama pulls himself to his feet... only to be brought right back down courtesy of a short-arm clothesline, and DLJ hooks the legs for the pin!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

DLJ promptly sets Kerry into a sleeper, only for Kuroyama to stand up and immediately drop down into a reverse jawbreaker to break free! Seeing his chance to tag out, he rolls to his corner and slaps the hand of The D.

DDK:

Tag made to The D, who eagerly hops the ropes!

Lance:

And Dan Leo James is smiling ear to ear, seeing the very obvious size disparity!

DLJ advances... only for The D to deftly slip through his legs and clip the back of his knee from behind. The FS Champ involuntarily kneels, but before he can rise up, The D hits the ropes and gets a head full of steam.

DDK:

RUNNING DROPKICK gets James wobbling!

Lance:

But not down!

DDK:

The D pops up (phrasing) and hits the ropes again... ANOTHER DROPKICK! But DLJ won't go down!

Undeterred, The D hits the ropes for a third time. But Dan Leo James is waiting with a HAYMAKER--

DDK:

DUCKS a big hook coming for his head! Now The D into the ropes... SPRINGBOARD CUTTER!! And the COVER!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

GigaDan is able to shove The D off of him after the kickout, but The Director of DEFIANCE stays on the attack. He lets the big man have it with some forearms as he's on his knees, but DLJ shoves him away. The D uses the momentum to come off the middle rope a second time...

THWACK!

...Right into a Fastball Chop from DLJ, swatting him right out of the sky!

DDK:

OH LORDY! That Fastball Chop is about one of the few moves Danny kept after being kicked out of Titanes Familia... but it still hurts!

Mil Vueltas finally makes it onto the apron and The GLOAT puts his arm out for a tag! Mil takes it and then climbs into the ring by leaping up to the middle rope, leaping to the adjacent rope, then corkscrews off to land on his feet... only to sit down next to The D, cross-legged and give him the double bird. He starts laughing at The D's misery as he's seated next to him.

Lance:

And there's Mil Vueltas, staying as classy as ever, it seems.

Back on his feet, Mil goes to catch The D, but precious seconds wasted by showboating come back to haunt him when The D fires off a pair of chops! He eventually fights to his feet to catch Mil with a forearm to the face before hitting the ropes. He goes for a clothesline, but Mil ZIPS right past him and then comes back with a rolling wheel kick

that catches The D right on the dome!

DDK:

Ooh! Rolling wheel kick by Mil Vuelas! The D just went down hard after Mil just outran him cold!

Lance:

And now what's Mil got planned?

Mil hits the middle rope, he winks at Kerry in flight, then comes off with a HUGE springboard corkscrew senton before going right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of The D is up, making the people go :-) and Mil go >:O

DDK:

Big kickout by The D! The D has a rematch coming up with DLJ at DEFROAD for the Favoured Saints Championship while Mil Vuelas and Kerry and Mil are now confirmed to have a match as well at DEFIANCE Road!

With The D still down, Mil makes the tag to Dan Leo James and the two long-time tag team partners head into the ring. DLJ waits as Mil hits the ropes, allowing for James to THROW him high into the air to drop a HUGE elbow drop across the chest of The D!

Lance:

What a double-team move by El Escuadron!

Mil points at the hard cam and grins, then rolls out of the ring. The D winces in pain, but things go from bad to worse for the multiple-time former Tag Team Champion when the current FS Champion hits a big running senton across the body!

DDK:

And what a follow-up to the elbow! What a senton!

But instead of going for a cover, the self-professed GigaDan starts mewing and flexing his jaw muscle.

DDK:

What exactly is he doing?

Lance:

Other than not winning the match... I'm told that's called "mewing." It's how he shapes his jawline, but I also did some research that this doesn't actually do anything for your jaw.

While DDK and the rest of the viewing audience processes what was just heard on commentary, Kerry wants in to the ring, but El Escuadron have the tag team experience to not let him get anywhere near the ropes. DLJ grabs The D and pulls him up off the mat. He tries to fight back with a big pair of chops, but they do little to DLJ other than annoy him, so he fires back with a big bionic elbow to the dome!

The D gets domed and then DLJ tags Mil again. The rapid-fire offense of the two continues as GigaDan charges in with a big corner clothesline, then moves followed by Mil hitting a dropkick! The momentum sends Mil to the apron,

who sweeps the leg out from under The D and comes back in with a slingshot single leg dropkick! Sonny Silver reaches through the ropes and he high-fives Vueltas!

DDK:

And there's more tandem offense by El Escuadron, ending with Mil hitting Tres Patadas! He pulls on The D until he comes out of the corner! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The D surprises everyone with a shoulder up! Mil looks up at Benny Doyle and holds up three fingers and Doyle holds up only two. Kerry gives Mil Vueltas the old Ker Bear Stare... which is to say, a death stare. Mil makes a wanking gesture in return and goes back to punishing The D.

Lance:

Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James haven't left much room for an opening since taking over the match!

DDK:

Great continuity whether we like it or not. The D is one of the top tag team wrestlers in DEFIANCE, but let's not forget, Mil Vueltas has two reigns as Unified Tag Team Champions with Uriel Cortez as well.

The D is in the corner propped up by Mil again, who leaps up and starts choking him with a boot against his neck. As he does so, he catches sight of the Bonitas I and I walking down the aisle to finally join the party. Mil and DLJ both wave at the girls, all the while choking The D. Benny yells at Mil to stop choking The D and Mil finally stops so he doesn't go blind, or get DQed. The tag goes to DLJ and the Favoured Saints Champion makes his way inside.

DDK:

DLJ going for another charge... oooh! No! The D moves!

Bonitas I y II, Sonny and Mil all go wide-eyed as The D moves out of the path of the fast powerhouse, who goes shoulder-first into the post! The Faithful cheer as Mil quickly reaches over and tags himself in to prevent The D from making a quick escape!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas is now the legal man! The D found a much-needed opening but can he penetrate their defenses to get to Kerry?

The D gets his leg grabbed by Mil, but when El Intocable tries to get The Netflix A-Lister back to the corner, he pulls him in, but The D plants him face-first into the mat with the Contractual Obligation reverse legsweep! Mil holds his face (and mask) in pain and starts cursing in Spanish as The D points towards Kerry!

DDK:

DLJ is still out in that corner! Mil is down! The D uses some evasive tactics and now he has the chance...

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

Lance:

KERRY'S IN!

Like a terminator, Kerry goes into kill mode and goes right for Mil Vuelas, turning him inside out with a HA-YUGGGGGGEE clothesline! Vuelas hits the canvas with a spin! Kerry grabs Mil and whips him across the ring. He leaves little distance between he and the luchador so the second he hits the corner, he SMACKS him across the body with a big-time running knife-edge chop! Kerry goes to the other side and second verse, same as the first with another big running knife-edge chop!

DDK:

Mil has spent weeks playing a very dangerous game taunting and getting under the skin of one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous men!

El Intocable finds himself not untouchable at all, but gets DRILLED into the canvas with a big release northern lights suplex out of the corner! Kerry sticks his head up and looks out to Sonny Silver with anger burning in his eyes before he turns his focus back to Mil. He tries to follow up, but DLJ comes running with a big running clothesline, but Kerry ducks and on the return, he pays Danny back from the earlier German suplex before this match began with one of his own! James goes flying up and over!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is a one-man army right now! He's taking on both a former and CURRENT Favoured Saints Champion!

Mil wobbles up, only to get kicked and double underhooked right into a VICIOUS double arm backbreaker!

DDK:

Black Mountain Bomb! Cover by Kerry!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

No way! Kerry had Mil dead to rights with that backbreaker!

DDK:

But he's not done!

Kerry waits on Mil to get to a knee and then runs off the ropes. He tries for the Green River Revolt...

DDK:

Green River Revol... no! Mil ducks!

Kerry stops himself, but the brief stutter-step is all Mil needs to leap up and CRACK Kerry on the jaw with a big jumping bicycle knee smash! The blow sends him into the ropes where The D tags himself in! He leaps over the ropes and goes right into a flying forearm on Mil before whipping him to the ropes! Both men meet in the middle when Mil tries to flip over and land on his feet. He leaps up for a springboard move off the middle rope, but ends up getting caught by double boots with a modified version of The A-Lister first!

DDK:

OOH! A-lister by The D! Cover on Mil!

He goes for the win with The Faithful counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

DLJ MAKES THE SAVE!

Lance:

No! DLJ blocks The D from that win!

DDK:

DLJ making the save at the last minute!

An angry Kerry has had enough and goes right after DLJ, plastering him with a big open palm strike that rattles the big man! The D focuses his attention on Mil Vueltas and pulls him up as the two start fighting !

Lance:

We're back where we started! Benny Doyle is DEFIANCE's head official, but even he can barely keep control!

Kerry has DLJ in the corner, then turns around and sees Mil. Taking advantage of a clear shot, he charges for a discus lariat called the Squall Line Lariat. Mil turns around...

He ducks... but The D doesn't!

DDK:

Oh no! The Squall Line Lariat! That was CLEARLY meant for Mil, but he moved!

Kerry realizes his grievous error and Mil grins at him. Kerry goes to kick the smug grin off his face, but out of nowhere, DLJ comes running and blindsides The Emerald Apex with a running shoulder tackle, taking them both out of the ring! Mil and The D are the only ones left!

Lance:

Mil and The D are the legal men! Mil with the cover!

Mil stacks up The D and hooks the tights beyond Doyle's line of vision! The D tries to wiggle free!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

The D just manages to escape after the bell! Mil Vuelas doesn't even stick around to let Doyle raise his hand! He gets out of the ring lickety-split!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match... The Favoured Saints Champion Dan Leo James and Mil Vuelas... **EL ESCUADRON!**

DLJ retrieves his Favoured Saints Title and then goes to rejoin Sonny Silver and The Bonitas at ringside! El Escudron raise one another's hands in triumph!

DDK:

No way! Mil's had Kerry seeing red for weeks and he just took advantage of that fact again!

Lance:

That's how fast of an opportunist he has become! One mistake was all it took for Mil to hook the tights and take the win here tonight for he and Dan Leo James!

Kerry rushes into the ring and shows some concern for the mistake that cost them the match, but he keeps one eye the whole time on Mil. The D holds his head in pain and slaps the mat angrily as DLJ holds the Favoured Saints Championship high in the air, showing what's on the line between he and The D at DEFIANCE Road! Mil gets a kiss on the cheek from his girl, Bonita I while GigaDan gets one from Bonita II! Sonny shrugs and mouths "Sorry, Ker" before the group head back up the ramp!

DDK:

It's gonna be a different story when Kerry finally gets his hands on Mil at DEFIANCE Road, that's for damn sure.

Lance:

Indeed. The D may have lost tonight, but he's got to find an answer to wrestle that Favoured Saints Title away from DLJ!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK

Back at The Commentation Station after the latest commercial!

DDK:

Things have quickly gotten out of control between Titanes Familia and The Lads! These two titanic tandems have been at odds for weeks now... it all started back when "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell prevented a post-match attack on Butcher Victorious after he defeated Titaness.

DDK:

We saw Titaness steal The Stick from Butcher, his beloved microphone and she has been taunting him with it ever since, even costing him a shot at the Southern Heritage Title in a tremendous match on UNCUT recently against champion Ned Reform. Meanwhile, the Lads and Titanes Familia have been fighting each other on sight after what Uriel Cortez did to Dex Joy in his home state of California.

Lance:

After the newest member of the group Brooklynn Rivera debuted, it was a four-on-two assault to main event the show ending in Dex Joy getting WHIPPED with Uriel Cortez's belt. At the Awards Show, we would see The Lads get a measure of revenge by attacking The Man of the House with a spinebuster through our very own announce table!

Cut to a graphic on screen now for DEFIANCE Road. The Lads vs. Titanes Familia!

DDK:

The match was made official just after the Year End Awards! It will be Titanes Familia and The Lads locking up! Literally one of the BIGGEST tag team matches in DEFIANCE history when "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez tags with the monstrous "Good Son" Killjoy to take on "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell! Almost seven-hundred pounds on one side and OVER seven-hundred pounds of monster on the other!

And cut to a second graphic! The Stick place on a pole! Butcher Victorious vs. Titaness!

Lance:

And that's not all! Titaness and Butcher Victorious have been battling over The Stick for weeks and Butcher will finally get his chance to get it back! It will be Titaness against Butcher at DEFIANCE Road in the first-ever... Stick on a Pole match! The winner will be the OFFICIAL owner of Butcher Victorious' signature microphone!

Back to the table.

DDK:

In just a little bit, we will have a special preview of these matches when Butch Vic and Punch Drunk Purcell team up against Titaness and Killjoy, but first we have to take a look at footage from earlier today. Dex Joy and Uriel Cortez have been BARRED from the building tonight and you will see why.

EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON

The scene shows a black bus pulling up to the parking lot for the OVO Hydro. One by one, the members of Titanes Familia walk out from a large black and gold bus just arriving at the arena.

Titaness:

God, it's gloomy out here. This place is depressing.

Stepping off the bus just behind her, the newest member of the Familia, "La Angelita" Brooklyn Rivera. The former MMA fighter is rolling a gray carry-on bag behind her wearing a black sleeveless shirt, dark pea coat, torn blue jeans and black high heels.

Brooklynn Rivera:

You ain't shitting. Ain't it like 3 in the afternoon? How the hell does it look so dark in Scotland?

Next off the bus, "The Good Son" Killjoy, storming his way out onto the concrete. His face remains covered by a black and gold variation of his normal mask, wearing (for once) an untattered black sleeveless shirt and dress pants. Finally behind them... "The Final Hoss" Uriel Cortez. Rocking an expensive-looking black suit with gold belt and tie, along with his gold-tinted sunglasses, he fastens his red ojo bracelet around his wrists. The four have their luggage and start to walk into the arena.

Uriel Cortez:

All good, ladies. Tonight, let's handle Familia Business. Kick the shit out of Butch Vic and the Butterbean cosplayer tonight, then save a little for me and Killer, will you?

Titanness looks up at her husband and smiles.

Titanness:

Don't worry. We got this. Don't we, Killer?

Killjoy only offers up a grunt in response. Brooklynn laughs.

Brooklynn Rivera:

You sure I can't get in on this?

Uriel Cortez:

We appreciate the offer, Brook, but nah, these two wanted to handle it tonight. We ain't waiting until DEF... OOF!

The massive Man of the House gets rocked by what looks like... carry-on luggage being thrown at him?!

Courtesy of Dex Joy! Before any of Titanes Familia know what's going down, the father figure of the group is tackled into the side of their bus!

Dex Joy:

I TOLD YOU THIS WAS GONNA BE ON SIGHT, PALLY!

Killjoy tries to intervene, but the same fate awaits him when Punch Drunk Purcell comes out of nowhere and starts attacking the giant! The two men start duking it out against the bus!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Hell with a pay window, you're getting this NOW, big man!

Purcell buries fists into the body of Killjoy and starts trying to pull his shirt over his head, hockey fight-style!

Titanness:

You bastards! I'm gonn... HEY!

She gets stopped when Butcher Victorious grabs Titanness!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... ISN'T WAITING FOR THIS! LET'S GO!

The two now exchange blows! Brooklynn Rivera jumps in and tries to help Killjoy fight off Purcell but he shoves her back! Fights are breaking out all over the parking lot now as DEFSec rush in! Uriel spins Dex around and throttles him against the side of their bus, but Dex fights back!

Uriel Cortez:

I told you I'm taking your goddamn spot, Dex!

Dex Joy:

Try and take it, you Big-and-Tall bitch!!!

DEFSec continues to try and grab Dex, but Dex swings an elbow that catches a member of the security team on the jaw, knocking him down so he can get to Uriel! Dex then TACKLES Uriel up against the side of a bus as loud cheering can be heard in the background by the people watching the footage!

Uriel Cortez:

Damn it!

He grabs a member of DEFSec and literally LOBS a whole human right at Dex! Dex catches him, then catches a big boot from Uriel! Dex stumbles back, but stays on his feet as the two continue fighting! Killjoy and Uriel, Purcell and Killjoy, Butcher and Titaness as DEFSec continue to pour in!

The footage ends as the scene goes back to the desk.

Lance:

An entire HUMAN was thrown by Uriel Cortez! Unbelievable!

DDK:

Just unreal and that's a sample of what we could be looking forward to at DEFIANCE Road! As noted earlier, Dex Joy and Uriel Cortez have both been sent home after that brawl from tonight's show. Dex Joy struck a member of DEFSec during the fight while Uriel Cortez literally used another member of DEFSec as a projectile! As a result, both men have been left off tonight's show.

Lance:

DEFROAD cannot get here fast enough for The Lads and Titanes Famila! And tonight, we'll all be getting a sample when Butcher Victorious and Punch Drunk Purcell team up to take on Titaness and Killjoy! Right now!

TITANES FAMILIA vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS & PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

The camera cuts to now DEFIANCE HALL OF FAMER Darren Quimbey in the ring to announce the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

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

*♪ 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 ♪

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg and wielding The Stick v.2, that typically belongs to Butcher Victorious. In the right spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crow and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans all across his arms, a sleeveless button-up shirt and a gold "Familia" belt buckle. In the center, the newest member, "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera. Wearing her same attire from earlier.

Darren Quimbey:

...Being accompanied to the ring by Brooklynn Rivera, at a combined weight of 557 pounds... They are the team of The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is "THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS! And "THE GOOD SON" KILLJOY... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera both pose on the ring apron while Killjoy towers on the ringside floor, arms held up in a cross over one another. After that, he pulls himself up onto the apron and into the ring. The Familia have their marching orders tonight and get ready for their opponents.

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-half of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first, from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... He is "The Brick Hithouse"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring. Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his dark red MMA mouthguards. Wearing red and black sparkling sequined boxing shorts, he looks ready and waits on his partner...

"Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present. However, in the absence of The Stick v2™ currently in the possession of Titanes Familia's own Titaness, he has... a regular microphone. He looks at it with slight disappointment, then raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight in the OVO Hydro.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Austin, Texas, representing the Butch Vic Clique... weighing in at 223 pounds... he is now the OFFICIAL sponsor for DEFIANCE-brand energy drink, Mic Dropz Energy... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic opens his jacket to reveal... a belt around his waist! Not the championship kind,

but one with several holsters containing sleek cans of Mic Dropz Energy! He hands out a few free samples to some fans in the front row! He heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful. He motions for the music to fade.

Butcher Victorious:

Titaness... you might have THE STICK BELONGING TO BUTCH VIC... but BUTCH VIC WILL GET BACK HIS STICK AT DEF ROAD!

Titaness grins and taunts him with The Stick v.2 from the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

Tonight, I'm not sharing ANY of this Mic Dropz Energy with you, but if the three of you are thirsty, you don't have nothing to worry about...

He leans on the shoulder of an eager-to-fight Purcell.

Butcher Victorious:

Cause tonight, courtesy of a couple of southern boys, y'all can get some PUNCH!

The fans in the OVO Hydro LOUDLY cheer as they make their way to the ring! Killjoy wants to jump in, but Titaness gestures for him to stay back and wants to start. Brooklynn Rivera heads to the floor as Butcher and PDP get ready for action! Butch Vic offers to start for his team as he stands across from his DEFROAD opponent, Titaness...

DING DING**DDK:**

Ooh! Running boot by Titaness to start! These two have been at odds for months after she attacked Butcher after hosting Tag Party VI back in October!

Titaness drills the Texan with a big boot, sending him against the ropes. The Bringer of Big Boots brings a second kick to the head of Butch Vic and then SMACKS him across the chest with a double-handed chop! She gets jeered by the Glasgow Faithful as she has Butcher against the ropes and puts a finger in her ear.

Titaness:

BUTCH VIC... YOU AIN'T SHIT!

She gets louder jeers as she grabs Butcher and whips him into the corner. She follows him in, but the Texan leaps up and over Titaness as she reaches the corner and when she turns, she gets SNAPPED over with the signature HEADLOCK! Butcher gets cheers as he hangs onto Titaness and gets back to his feet. She tries to shove him away, but he keeps his grip on and then starts rolling her around the ring with multiple rolling headlock takeovers on the mat!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS BUTTON YOUR LIP!

DDK:

Butcher taking the fight right back to Titaness! Oooh! There's a european uppercut!

The Microphone Fiend strikes Titaness with a big european uppercut before tagging Punch Drunk Purcell! The Glasgow Faithful give big cheers to the 2024 DEFIANT Rookie of the Year as they both whip Titaness into the ropes and knock her down with a double shoulder block! After she goes down, Purcell nudges Butcher. He offers him a hand in Lads-esque fashion! Butcher looks around, then takes the hand and they shake hands, Predator-style before dropping a big double elbow on Titaness to big cheers!

Lance:

The Lads' signature double elbow drop comes into play tonight! Could perhaps Butcher become a Lad himself?!

DDK:

Good question! He's been working with The Lads in this war against Titanes Familia!

Punchy gets back up to his feet as Titaness holds her rib cage in pain. But instead, of going for the cover, he points at the corner...

Lance:

Uh-oh! He wants Killjoy in that ring! Not many people ask for a fight with this monster, but Purcell isn't most people!

Titaness gets up and points at Killjoy. The fans want it and The Brick Hithouse wants it. Titaness turns to make the tag... then goes and rakes at the eye of Purcell to jeers! Referee Hector Navarro reprimands the Titanes Familia matriarch, but she ignores him completely to now tag in Killjoy who goes towards a vulnerable Punchy and SMACKS into him with a big shoulder tackle that sends him into the nearest corner! Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera both look proud of the 6'10" monster as he gets booed.

DDK:

Cheap tactics by the Familia tonight, but effective nonetheless unfortunately.

Killjoy charges towards the corner and SMASHES right into Purcell with a big clothesline. He turns... **THWACK** ...and delivers a NASTY chop to the big body of Purcell!

Lance:

GOOD NIGHT! What a chop! A chip off the old block called Uriel Cortez!

Purcell is reeling in the corner while a snarling Killjoy drags him towards the ropes. He grabs the big man whips him off the ropes. When he comes back, he tries a clothesline, but to the shock of EVERYONE, Purcell ROLLS underneath the clothesline! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound rolls back to his feet and SLUGS Killjoy with a spinning back elbow to the face! The Good Son gets stunned and a second spinning back elbow sends him to the corner. He runs in and hits a big corner back splash! Purcell keeps the monster inside the corner with sheer weight and reaches to tag Butcher inside!

DDK:

That agility by Purcell is so deceptive! Purcell and Butcher have Killjoy on the ropes!

Butcher comes in with a leaping elbow smash to the big man, then hits the adjacent ropes and flies back in with a second, and a third! Killjoy is stunned when Butcher grabs a headlock...

DDK:

Is he gonna hit Butch Vic's Greatest Hit on Killjoy... NO! OH, LORDY!

Killjoy not only counters, but counters HUGE by simply lifting Butcher and THROWING him all the way across the ring with an atomic throw! The entire Faithful are stunned and in awe of the 357-pound monster's strength!

DDK:

What the hell?! Killjoy took all those shots by Purcell and Butcher, but could still pull off that belly to back toss!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez has truly recruited monsters in this group. That's part of what led to them being Faction of the Year!

Killjoy grabs Butcher and pulls up the Microphone Fiend before tagging in Titaness. He throws... **THWACK!** ... another massive chop! Butch Vic's chest is throbbing when Killjoy spins him around into the path of a huge pump kick by Her Mothership! Titaness goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Butcher and now, Titanes Familia are in complete control.

Titaness grabs Butcher by the tights and throws him out to the floor. She then starts reading the riot act to Hector Navarro for no reason... the reason being giving Brooklynn Rivera a free shot behind his back, hitting a HUGE Ipponzei shoulder throw on the floor!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Come on now! Hector, turn around! Titanes Familia taking advantage of numbers and power like they always do!

DDK:

That skill by Rivera! She just judo threw a full-grown man like it was nothing!

Titaness pats Hector on the head and tells him to keep up the good work so she can go out to the floor and capitalize on the work started by Rivera. She winks at La Angelita, then grabs Butcher and hits a german suplex on the floor!

DDK:

Good grief! Titanes Familia are taking Butcher apart with all these big moves! A release German suplex on the floor!

Butcher holds onto his neck in pain before Titaness rolls him back inside. The Microphone Fiend tries to roll up to his feet, but gets CLOCKED with a huge running knee smash to the face!

DDK:

Titan-knee-am by Titaness! Are Titanes Familia going to take this one?!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

The shoulder goes up and so does Titaness' gaze towards the official! She stares a hole right through Navarro.

Lance:

Another kickout by Butcher! He's been thrashed in the last few minutes by the Familia!

Butcher nurses his jaw and tries to get to his corner! Purcell tries to go for the tag, only to catch a boot from Titaness first! The blow doesn't knock him off the apron, but Titaness cackles as eh she grabs Butcher's leg and pulls him back towards the corner. The tag goes to Killjoy, who steps over the ropes and steps on Butcher's back! He puts all his weight down on the smaller Texan until Navarro gives him a five-count to break it off. Titaness has to get Killer's attention to get him to stop, but eventually the big man relents. Titaness then signals for Killjoy to go for a bearhug.

Lance:

Titaness has to keep Killjoy under control. It's a wonder this monster listens to anyone!

DDK:

What strength! He muscles Butcher off the canvas right into a bearhug!

With ease, he yanks Butch Vic off the mat and right into a massive submission! He shakes Butcher in his grip violently,

trying to get him to tap out! He continues to apply the pressure with Butcher trying to break his grip, but coming up short! Purcell remains on the other side of the ring and wants to get in, but he's too far away!

DDK:

Titanes Familia could be on the verge of a submission win here! Can Butcher Victorious find a way out?

Butch Vic fights back and throws elbows to the masked skull of the masked monster! He continues to fight! Butcher even throws in a Hard Out Headbutt! The blow rocks Butcher, but it's enough to stun Killjoy to get him to let go! He staggers backwards and Titaness tags in to try and get to Butcher! She grabs Butcher by the waist and tries a suplex, but Butcher uses a headlock to counter and rolls her through! Both meet up on their feet, but Butch Vic lays out Titaness with a huge Hard Out Headbutt that knocks them both down!

DDK:

What a Hard Out Headbutt! He's just as advertised when he talks about having the skull that's thick!

Both Titaness and Butcher are both looking up at the lights! Butcher holds his skull while Titaness does the same. Butch Vic rolls over to where Purcell is eager and waiting for the tag while on the other side, Titaness tags Killjoy. He comes in...

RRRRRRRAAAHHHH!

DDK:

And the two big men collide!

Purcell throws his all into a charging shoulder tackle on Killjoy, knocking him loopy. Purcell backs up and then charges again with a charging clothesline that once again rocks the big man. Killjoy takes the shot in stride and fires back with a STIFF open-handed chop to the chest to go with the one he hit earlier on Punchy. Punchy reels for a moment, then grits his teeth with a smile before he PELTS Killjoy with a spinning back elbow! The big man is rocked when Purcell tackles him in the corner and goes to town with a number of alternating body blows, ending with a HUGE uppercut!

Lance:

Purcell is taking the fight to the big man! He's got Killjoy in the ropes!

The Good Son is trapped with his arms, allowing Purcell to go to town with clubbing forearms across his chest!

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

DDK:

Hitting The Bag by Punch Drunk Purcell! He's got Killjoy reeling!

Navarro warns Purcell to get out of the ropes and he does, but gets ready to do some heavy lifting as Killjoy falls to a knee. He goes to pick up Killjoy for the Sweet Science Slam, but Killjoy snaps to life and elbows his way free first! He growls and then hits the ropes to TACKLE Purcell down with a huge spear!

DDK:

WHAT A SPEAR BY KILLJOY!

Brooklynn Rivera yells at Killjoy to cover on the outside and he nods as he covers Purcell.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell kicks out! Killjoy loses his mind and CHASES Navarro to the corner!

Lance:

How the heck did Purcell kick out of that spear?!

Rivera has to get Killer's attention back on Purcell. He listens, then goes for the FreeFall. He has Purcell by the throat... but Purcell jabs him with an elbow to fight out! He throws a right hand, but SMACKS him right on the jaw with The Rope-A-Dope punch!

DDK:

Rope-A-Dope! Killjoy is STAGGERED!

Killjoy is punch drunk (not the Purcell kind) as he falls back into the ropes, allowing Titaness to tag in. Purcell sees her coming and he sends Titaness flying with a huge pop-up body toss! Purcell sees a willing and able Butcher back and tags him back in before he charges towards Killjoy, taking BOTH men up and over the ropes with a cactus clothesline! The two beasts land, but keep fighting on the outside with Purcell throwing body shots and Killjoy defending themselves!

Lance:

Fighting all over the place! I don't know how the hell any referee is going to keep these two big men contained at DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

Their fight is going into the crowd! But back in the ring, Butcher is the legal man!

Butcher goes to the middle rope and leaps to the top before hitting the double jump diving elbow drop to the ribs of Titaness!

DDK:

Mic Dropz DROP! What a diving elbow off the top!

Butcher rolls over into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO!

Lance:

What a match! What a match tonight! We knew it would be bedlam between Titanes Familia, Butcher and Punch Drunk but this is wild!

Butcher signals for the end and signals for a headlock as he waits for Titaness to try and stand. He goes for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit, but before he can hook the headlock driver, Titaness pushes Butcher into the ropes. He stops when he sees Brooklynn taunting him with his stolen signature microphone!

Lance:

Brooklynn Rivera has the stick!

Butcher angrily jumps over the ropes and wipes out La Angelita with a slingshot plancha!

DDK:

Butcher takes out Rivera! That's a receipt for that judo throw on the outside earlier!

The Faithful roar with approval after he wipes out Brooklynn! Butcher Victorious looks out to the Glasgow Faithful and picks up The Stick!

Lance:

HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT IT! BUTCH VIC HAS THE STI... OH! OH, NO!

The reuniting of Butch Vic and Stick is short-lived as Titaness sneaks up behind Butcher and shoves him face-first into the ring post! After dropping The Stick, The Faithful jeer as she quickly grabs Butcher and gets him back inside the ring

Lance:

No! Titaness takes advantage of the distraction! She rolls him back inside!

Titaness angrily grabs Butcher by the waist and then DEADLIFTS him into a high angle bridging German suplex!

DDK:

Titaness calls this the World's Prettiest Suplex! Right on the back of his head!

She holds onto the bridge as a disoriented Butcher is helpless!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Lance:

No! Titanes Familia steals the win tonight!

DDK:

I have no idea where Punch Drunk Purcell and Killjoy even went, but the two-on-one by Rivera and Titaness pays off tonight!

Before Darren Quimbey can even make the announcement, Titaness quickly limps up to her feet after letting go of the bridge. She rolls over and Brooklynn heads into the ring, giving her the microphone.

Titaness: *[huffing]*

YOUR... YOUR WINNERS OF THIS MATCH...

Brooklynn attacks Butcher after the match, hitting him with a sliding knee strike! After Butcher goes down, Brooklynn locks in a grounded arm triangle choke as Titaness gets up and stands over her DEFROAD opponent.

Titaness:

KILLJOY... and soon to be the NEW owner of this stupid Stick...

She grins.

Titaness:

YOUR HIGHNESS... TITANESS!

Brooklynn holds on to the choke for a few seconds more until Titaness gestures for her to release it. La Angelita stands

up and shoves Hector Navarro away to raise his hand!

DDK:

After tonight, Butcher and Titaness are tied one a piece in victories. Twice, she has use Butcher Victorious' own microphone against him to cost him wins. Will that be the case again at DEFIANCE Road when The Stick is placed above the ring?

Lance:

And will the ring even contain Titanes Familia when they take on The Lads? The ring better be reinforced for that one! When Uriel Cortez and Dex Joy have the chance to get their hands on one another, all hell will certainly break loose!

Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera leave the ring and the two are all smiles in the face of MASSIVE booing. Meanwhile, a sore and pissed-off Butcher holds the back of his head, watching them leave.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

FUSE BROS III vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DEFtv comes back to ringside with the Crescent City Kid, Theodore Cain and Titus Campbell already in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is the MAIN EVENT!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for ONE FALL!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!! Everyone, as always, loves to know it's ONE fall when Darren goes randomly into business for himself. Or, it's like someone specific is writing him ATM. Hmmmm, seems to happen here and there. Anyway...

Darren Quimbey:

And it is a SIX MAN TAG TEAM MATCH!

More cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

Inside the ring... Crescent City Kid, Theodore Cain and Titus Campbell... THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!

DDK:

Gulf Coast is a long way from Glasgow, but the fans are giving their respect to three wrestlers under one of the most respected banners in this company, Gulf Coast and straight out of NOLA.

Lance:

Yes, indeed. While these three men might not have the accolades of their opponents, they can give one hell of a fight!

The lights dim. The Faithful give a mixed reaction because there's something for everyone with this next group...

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents... the team of Conor Fuse, Tyler Fuse and Malak Fuse... FUSE BROS. III!!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

DDK:

Hold on a second, this theme sounds familiar.

Lance:

Yes. It's Tyler Fuse's OLD theme song. I'm being told right now by production that Malak Garland- I mean Malak Fuse specifically asked for this theme as an "olive branch" to his newly minted brother.

DDK:

You're kidding.

Lance:

I wish. Malak hopes Tyler will be utterly THRILLED to hear this theme and think of nostalgia and good times. End result: the three brothers become BEST friends.

DDK:

You're kidding.

Lance:

I wish.

Out steps Malak Fuse first, sporting a brand new wrestling uniform. Much like how Tyler and Conor initially dressed in as a tag team, Malak is wearing the baby blue snowflake version. Blue tights with a white stripe running down his left leg, blue boots, a blue "M" bandana and ultimately completing the look with blue shooting sleeves on BOTH arms, tiny white snowflakes scattered around them. The "eldest" Fuse steps out proudly, before pointing to the back. Percy Collins comes out next, with the FIST of DEFIANCE over his shoulders. However, Malak's face suggests that's not who he wanted to see.

Conor Fuse emerges shortly thereafter. He's wearing his retro lime green outfit, complete with a shooting sleeve on his left arm and a lime green "C" bandana.

Finally, Tyler Fuse appears. While Conor keeps his vintage look from time to time, Tyler has worn black trunks for a couple of years now. However, to the potential shock of everyone, the "real" oldest brother comes out in his brown and orange OG Fuse gear, complete with the brown "T" bandana across his forehead.

DDK:

I never thought I'd see the day.

Lance:

Same.

The Fuse Bros. III make their way down the rampway, with Malak leading the way. Conor looks semi-interested and invested in what's going on. Tyler, on the other hand, stares coldly into the center of the ring, straight at the Crescent City Kid. Almost like CCK is going to pay for what Tyler's going through.

DDK:

I never thought I'd see the day where Conor and Tyler could tag again. It was DEFCON 2021 when Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates defeated the Fuse Bros. and due to the stipulation, forced them to never tag again.

Lance:

But now they are both under Malak's banner, The Comments Section, so I believe all bets are off.

DDK:

Yes. Malak is the only one with the power to allow the Fuse's to team. For now, it makes sense Malak will grant the Bros this ability since it's supposed to benefit the champion.

Malak hops up onto the apron while Conor leaps onto it. Tyler on the other hand, merely strolls around the outside of the ring, towards whatever corner they will reside.

DDK:

Jonny Fastcountini is our referee for tonight's main event. This is a big spotlight on Jonny, he's not typically a main event referee.

Lance:

Jonny is going to do just fine; he's a good kid. He will blend in, which is what you want a referee to do.

DDK:

I believe Mark Shields might be pending some kind of punishment for his recent behaviour.

Lance:

You mean for the "three count" he called off at the start of Malak vs. Tyler?

DDK:

It was a REALLY close call, partner. I've viewed the footage many times, I don't think it was the right call. Malak's foot was not under the ropes. Malak should NOT be the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

I respectfully disagree with you, Keebs. Was it close? Yes. Razor thin, in fact. But I don't think it was an outrageous call. I also don't think that's why we aren't seeing Mark Shields tonight. He took quite the bump in the title match, and we all know he should've been fired for a lot worse in the past...

DDK:

Ironclad contracts at work, brother.

Needless to say, the parties are ready to go in the center of the ring, with Malak Fuse standing there across from the Crescent City Kid as the potential legal participants. Jonny runs over the rules to both teams and rings the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Crescent City Kid came CLOSE to becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE himself a few months ago-

Before Keebler can finish his thought, Malak backs into his corner and brings his attention to Tyler Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

I need you to take this one, bro.

Tyler stares at Malak.

Malak Fuse:

Do as I say. We're brothers... and we were birthed from the same vagina.

For a split second there, it looks like Tyler almost breaks out in laughter but instead, he keeps his eyes deadlocked on Malak.

Malak Fuse:

Mom didn't want us fighting anymore-

SMACK!

Conor slaps Malak in the back and hops over the ropes. He sprints towards Crescent City Kid and ducks a clothesline attempt. Conor hits the ropes on the far end and springs into the air with a wickedly fast superman punch! CCK bounces off the ropes as Conor comes in with a flying head scissors takedown, followed by a dropkick to the back, a kip up, a bounce into the ropes and a corkscrew crossbody splash!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Conor wants to make QUICK work of this one!

Lance:

I can't blame him!

Fuse leaps up again. He races over to the Gulf Coast corner and delivers an elbow to Theodore Cain, followed by a

superkick to Titus Campbell!

DDK:

There is major history here between The Real Fuse Bros. and Gulf Coast. DEFCON 2020, Red Ring of Death. Titus Campbell wasn't with Gulf Coast at the time, Aaron King was man number three, but what a war we saw!

Conor goes back to the middle of the canvas but Crescent City Kid is there with a plancha! Fuse is on the mat as Crescent City springs up and rumbles his hands around, trying to get the fans invested. CCK hits the ropes-

WHAP!

Tyler Fuse clubs The Kid in the back of the head with a forearm!

The crowd boos, but Conor kips up, finds the Crescent City Kid and delivers a forward russian leg sweep. Conor holds onto CCK, before pulling both of them up and sending the Gulf Coast member back down with a Resolution DDT of 780p quality.

Conor marches over to his corner and tags Tyler. The Real Fuse Bros. snatch Crescent City and send him flying in a up-down takedown, followed by a spike piledriver from Tyler, but emphasized by his younger brother who springs off the ropes with a lionsault!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY TITUS CAMPBELL!

Conor is already back in his corner and Jonny shows his worth by ordering Titus back to his.

DDK:

Great teamwork from the Fuse's, we haven't seen that in years!

Tyler is the first one to put himself back together. He lifts CCK and delivers a bone shattering pendulum backbreaker, followed by an elbow drop, and completed by another pin with his arms across The Kid's face and mask.

The pin only gets a two, but Tyler had his eyes on the Gulf Coast corner the entire way. He peels the Crescent City Kid off the canvas and sends him into the ropes...

Spinebuster slam.

Malak is leaping up and down, he wants the tag!

DDK:

Sure, after Conor and Tyler have done all the work.

Malak is SCREAMING at Tyler to tag him "or else he's fired" but The OG Player doesn't seem to care. Instead, he shoots Crescent City into a free corner and goes charging in hard with a rocking running elbow to The Kid's head.

By now, the Crescent City Kid's mask has completely moved to the left. The Kid can't see a thing, his eyes are totally covered. Tyler sends CCK to the center of the ring with a hard hip toss and then perches himself on the second rope.

Crescent City rises.

Tyler jumps.

WHAM!

Roaring knee to the jaw of Crescent City!

Both Titus and Theodore look concerned but Jonny warns them to stay where they are. Meanwhile, Malak "Fuse" is still shouting like a madman, he wants to finish this off-

WHAM!

Tyler punches Malak in the stomach! The Long Lost Fuse doubles over, having the wind completely knocked out of him! As a result, Tyler smirks and exits the ring, telling Jonny Fastcountini the punch was him tagging out.

For good measure, Tyler hoists Malak by his legs up and throws the FIST over the ropes and into the squared circle. Garland comes crashing down on the canvas, still in pain. Conor has a rattled look on his face but Tyler assures him there's nothing to worry about, it's all under control.

Until it's not. Because during this time, the Crescent City Kid was able to tag out and send Titus Campbell motoring in. Malak Fuse gets to his feet and gulps deeply before the big man CRUSHES the FIST with an inside out clothesline from hell!

MJF is DOA. Tyler's "cheap shot" took a lot out of Garland. Campbell sends Malak into the ropes and clubs him down with another clothesline.

Then seemingly out of nowhere, Campbell connects with The Hook-Up, the double elevated facebuster.

THUMP!**DDK:**

It's over!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY CONOR FUSE!

DDK:

We ALMOST saw the FIST of DEFIANCE pinned by Titus Campbell in the span of THREE wrestling moves!

Lance:

Like we said earlier, partner, Gulf Coast can bring it. They can give anyone a run for their money.

DDK:

Well, they're doing it!

While Conor Fuse goes back to his corner, his "brother" is left to fend for himself. Malak receives a powerslam, an elbow drop and then a high angle suplex. Titus walks over and tags Theodore Cain. Cain bursts in and clubs Malak down with a forearm to the head. However, Fuse is back up so Cain sends another one straight into the side of Malak's face. Cain hurls the FIST into a free corner and meets him with a massive splash! Malak is on rollerskates as he stumbles out...

Cain tags in the Crescent City Kid. The Glasgow Faithful roar as the most popular Gulf Coast member comes leaping back into the ring.

One superkick to Malak. Two. Three! "Garland" is on the canvas as CCK jumps onto the second buckle and then finds

the top. He measures Malak when-

POP!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse with a dropkick, catching the Crescent City Kid in his face!

Blood starts trickling out of the Crescent City Kid's facemask as he rolls on the canvas.

Lance:

I think Crescent City might have broken his nose.

Jonny Fastcountini tries to restore order but the damage to The Kid definitely got the attention of the other two men, who are now after Tyler Fuse. Nevertheless, Conor is there to save his real brother. The Ultimate Gamer ducks an attack from Theodore Cain and instead delivers an exploder suplex. Conor bounces off the ropes and dropkick's Cain out of the ring.

At the other end, Tyler Fuse nails Titus Campbell with a stiff elbow to the side of the head and shows off his pound-for-pound strength by hoisting Campbell into a suplex, but instead of dropping the Wingman to the mat, Tyler merely walks Titus to the ropes and launches him over them.

The Real Fuse Bros. meet each other in the center of the ring. Conor looks down first...

Because Malak Fuse is there, groping at their feet with "thanks".

Tyler rolls his eyes. What none of them realize is Crescent City Kid is on the top rope!

The Fuse Bros. Ill see him leap off. Is it too late?

Tyler moves, Conor moves and Malak catches Crescent City Kid clean. The FIST connects with a fall away slam while Tyler comes in with a wicked looking curb stomp the SECOND Crescent City shows signs of life.

And then, the dagger, Conor Fuse on the top rope.

Dark. Phoenix. Splash!

DDK:

Hey!

Malak Fuse wiggles over to where Conor and CCK are lying. The champ pushes Conor away so he can hook the leg.

Jonny makes the count.

Lance:

Well, Malak is the legal participant!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

A few fans cheer, a few fans boo, but most of them watch in confusion on how the rest of this is going to play out.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... the team of Malak, Tyler and Conor Fuse... FUSE BROS. III!

RUMINATION DISORDER

“Machinehead” by Bush starts but within three seconds of the song, Tyler grabs Malak and pulls him to his feet, so the music ends. Malak, whose face was all smiles during the pin, is now concerned as Tyler pushes the champion into a corner. While this happens, Conor is trying to talk some sense into his brother. It’s clear Conor is just trying to ensure everyone survives this encounter.

Tyler throws the bandana off his head. Then, with **significant** force, he strips Malak’s bandana clean off of his. Next, Tyler targets Malak Fuse’s shooting sleeves. Tyler rips one off just as clean as the bandana, but the second one, on Malak’s right arm, takes a couple of rips and tugs. Nevertheless, Malak screams for mercy, trying to remind Tyler who he now works for.

Tyler doesn’t care.

♪ “Daddy’s Home” by JT Music ♪

The Faithful are in SHOCK as Dan Ryan’s theme interrupts and the former FIST of DEFIANCE strolls onto the top of the stage.

DDK: [clearly being fed information through his headset]

Faithful, yes. Yes. I am being told right now none other than DAN RYAN will be one of the participants in the Rumination Chamber at the end of this month!

Lance:

Oh my god!

DDK:

The Favored Saints have said they want to fill this chamber with past, present and future FISTS!

Tyler stops picking on Malak, as Dan Ryan takes a careful stroll down the rampway. It’s clear his eyes are locked on Malak Gar- Fuse, likely due to some of the demands Malak has recently raised with Conor.

Malak moves away from Tyler and immediately flies into Conor’s arms.

Malak Fuse:

PROTECT ME! You know him! PROTECT ME, CoNoR!

Conor looks at Dan and now Dan looks at Conor. The Power-Up King carefully removes Malak from his chest.

Conor Fuse: [to Malak]

Dude, calm down.

Before Ryan can arrive at ringside, however, his theme song is cut off and replaced.

♪ “Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds” by Michael Nyman ♪

DDK:

Ed White! We already know he’s one of the eight participants in the RUMINATION CHAMBER!

Indeed, The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE emerges from the curtain. His eyes are also locked on Malak Garlan-Fuse.

It doesn’t take long for the FIST to suddenly find himself standing in front of Tyler.

Malak Garland: [to Tyler]

YOU know HIM. You have to protect me! IT IS IN THE CONSTITUTION!

Without hesitation, Tyler pushes Malak away.

Tyler Fuse:

Get fucked.

Malak's so rattled because you can't swear on DEFtv anymore and he doesn't think censorship picked it up.

With Ed White working his way down the ramp, Dan Ryan waits at the apron, smiling devilishly in the direction of his old Blood Diamonds comrade as he approaches.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

The curtain parts and Lord Nigel Tricklebush leads MP1 to the top of the ramp, a fiendish grin on the old man's face. MP1 ignores the jeers of the Faithful, eyes locked on the men on the ring.

Lance:

The sharks are circling, Keebs!

DDK:

I'd say so! We also learned earlier tonight that rising star MP1 earned a spot in the Ruminations Chamber!

On the ramp, White moves towards MP1 & Tricklebush as if to ask "are you gonna be a problem?" The crowd is on fire, with every man, woman and child on their feet and invested in what's unfolding in front of them... when, a tier or two up in the arena, attention seems to shift. Heads turn. Fingers point. Up.

DDK:

This is pandemonium!

Lance:

LOOK!

Stomping down concrete steps, his unshaven face painted a fresh yellow, blue, and red strides Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

ALPHA IS HERE!

Glasgow is drooling for blood. As White and MP1 jaw at each other, neither catching wind of the commotion, and Corvo closes in.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

1! BEHIND YOU!

And Corvo is on him. MP1 tries to cover up, but it's in vain. Alpha bludgeons him.

The two start fighting, as Percy Collins suddenly appears and tries to shove Dan Ryan away from the ramp-

WHAP.

Collins goes down like he's shot.

However, before crumbling to his death, Percy ends up knocking into Edward White, who takes exception and thinks Dan took a shot against him. The crowd is HOT to see White and Ryan standing in front of one another.

Suddenly, Cyrus Bates comes out of nowhere with a low blow to Dan Ryan!

...Which opens up the door for Ed White to say “fuck it” and start wailing on Ryan, too! Meanwhile, Malak is in the middle of the ring, laughing it up.

DDK:

Not so fast, champ.

Dan Ryan steers Ed White into the ring post. The Ego Buster easily finds Cyrus Bates and knocks him out cold with one stiff blow!

DDK:

See.

Ryan grabs the ring ropes and pulls himself on the apron, eyes locked on Malak.

Conor Fuse: [to Dan Ryan]

He's all yours.

The legend steps over the top rope and sneers down at Malak. However, Ryan inadvertently? bumps into Tyler Fuse as he positions himself in front of the champion.

Tyler was already in a foul mood so he shoves Ryan. Ryan is about to reply but Ed White is back in the ring and steps in front of his former teammate, Tyler.

DDK:

We've got an all out brawl here! MP1 and Corvo on the outside! White and Ryan!

Malak Fuse tries to slither away once again but Tyler snatches him by the neck and hurls him into a corner.

Tyler Fuse:

Go ahead, fire me.

Tyler UNLOADS on Malak to The Faithful's delight! Conor also remains beside his brothers but can't do a thing about it because Tyler is seeing RED.

Lance:

I think we know all the participants now. RUMINATION CHAMBER will see Malak Fuse defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Conor Fuse, Tyler Fuse, Dan Ryan. Ed White, MP1, Corvo Alpha and-

DDK:

And HERE COMES TA BLACK!!

The red hot crowd groans at the sight of the next chamber entrant streaking down the aisleway in a blur of white and purple. TA Black slides into the ring and puts himself right into the midst of the bedlam.

TA Black:

GUYS-GUYS-GUYS-GUYS-GUYYYYS! There's NO PLACE for this kind of violence and savagery! C'mon, we're ALL professionals here! Let's just everybody SHAKE HANDS and come the big show, may the BEST MAN--BLEHGK!!

Conor Fuse superkicks the bejesus out of him! The Faithful roar in approval! Black sprawls off the impact, and stumbles into the clutches of the Ego Buster.

DDK:

HYYYYYYYYEEEEUUUUUUUUUUMILITY BOMMB!!!

Black crashes into the canvas. He's immediately trampled by the other contenders, who commence the melee.

Amidst the madness, the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner.

DDK:

We will see you all at DEFIANCE Road!

The final shot shows that somehow, someway, Malak Fuse has slipped out of the ring, creeping to the back in the hopes he will be able to escape the rest of this night.

And the pay-per-view forthcoming.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.