

## SHOW OPEN



[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada welcomes DEFIANCE as the Scotiabank Saddledome is hyped for DEFtv 220!

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!

**VIOLATORS REUNION'ISH TONIGHT!?**

**GIVE HELEN THE SOHER, COWARDS**

**I AM THE MOST ASTUTE VIEWER**

**I AM ALSO MV2**

**I, TOO, HAVE A GOLDEN TICKET**

**MALAK GARLAND IS DOWN BAD, EH**

**LUCK IS ON LONNES SIDE**

**REAPERS ARE ON THOSE GOOD DRUGS LATELY**

**EARTH TO SCOTT DOUGLAS, COME IN SCOTT DOUGLAS**

**KRAKEN4HOF**

**CORVO COME HOME**

**GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR SCOTT**

**YOU OWE US ONE TOM MORROW DEFCON MURDER**

**WHERE'S MY GOLDEN TICKET?**

**LADS 4 LYFE**

**cOnOr mCdAvld**

**EDMONTON NOW HAS THE BEST TWO CON(N)ORS!**

**DEFUND THE HONOR SOCIETY (I'M A WRESTLING FAN I DON'T KNOW HOW DEFUNDING WORKS)**

**I CAME HERE CAUSE TIKTOK TAUGHT ME THE M4NTRA RAY DANCE**

**THERE'S HOW MANY IN THE FAMILIA NOW?**

**\*Poster of GC Universe vs Titanes Familia\***

**NOW THIS SIGN MIGHT STRIKE SOME FANS AS HARSH BUT I BELIEVE EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THIS FEUD SHOULD BE UNALIVED**



## **SNS vs. MASKED VIOLATORS**

**DDK:**

Hello and welcome! What an opening match we have to kick off an action-packed, stacked DEFtv two-hundred and twenty!

**Lance:**

Tag team action like only DEFIANCE can do it, featuring two fascinating tag teams!

The 18,000 Faithful jam-packed inside Rogers Place buzz with excitement as ring announcer Darren Quimbey steps through the ropes and makes his way to the center of the ring. With referee Hector Navarro by his side, Quimbey addresses the crowd.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

The lights slowly dim, and all eyes turn to the stage.

*♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪*

**DDK:**

And here they come! Who better to get this party started!?

A roar erupts from the crowd as a fired-up "Black Out" Pat Cassidy appears on the stage with a swagger in his step. As Cassidy pumps a fist and plays to the crowd, the Southern Heritage Champion, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd, walks out with the belt raised high. The longest-reigning tag champions in DEFIANCE history work the crowd into a frenzy before meeting at the top of the ramp.

**Lance:**

Two weeks ago, they closed DEFtv with a thrilling back-and-forth match over the Southern Heritage Championship, but tonight, The Saturday Night Specials are united and look ready to fight!

The co-owners of Ballyhoo Brew bump fists and hit the ramp, slapping hands with the fans as they make their way towards the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first! Weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and three pounds! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! The Southern Heritage Champion, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd! THEY ARE THE... SATURDAY... NIGHT... SPECIALS!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

Climbing up opposite corners, The Specials' soak in the cheers from The Ballyhooligans for a few more moments before Alestorm fades from the arena's speakers. Both men drop down to the mat, and Navarro directs them to their corner. The former tag champions each put their game face on and look to the stage.

**DDK:**

Tremendous ovation for SNS, and I agree, partner. Brock and Cassidy look primed and ready to put on a show for these people tonight!

**Lance:**

I just hope their opponents are ready. Lord Nigel may have bitten off more than he could chew for his new team's first match!

**DDK:**

But IS this their first match, though?!

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents...

Smoke slowly creeps down the aisle with an aging, bowler-wearing Englishman close behind. Trailing behind him is a squat beast in a yellow, blue and red single-strap singlet and matching wrestling mask. He seems to be smiling.

**Lance:**

Here we are, getting our first real look at this... this Masked Violator #2!

A few paces behind him, eyes wary and locked on the yellow figure ahead of him, is the Gray Ghost of DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

It looks like MP1 is getting HIS first look at this MV2 as well! And like him... well... I can't believe my eyes.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Accompanied to the ring by their Mentor & Guide, Lord Nigel Trickelbush... representing **THE CROWN** of the Most Precious Gems... in a combined weight of five hundred pounds! They are the team of... **MP1... and MV2!!!**

MV2 trots up the ring steps and steps through the ropes, loosening up in the corner. The Faithful find themselves mostly in an enthralled silence.

**Lance:**

I admit, everyone in this arena and I'm sure everyone watching at home is watching very very closely the performance of this MV2.

**DDK:**

These fans have been itching for a Masked Violators reunion for over THREE YEARS! Ever since MV1 returned to DEFIANCE and told the world that Corvo Alpha was his old partner! And... just a month or so ago, Lord Nigel Trickelbush revealed that was all a lie! That THIS man we see, in yellow, is in fact the actual, factual MV2!

**Lance:**

It's a lot to process. And that's *if* it's true. If you ask me, Trickelbush has at no point given a soul alive a reason to trust him. Color me skeptical. This reeks of more of his cruel mind games. Perhaps his cruelest yet.

**DDK:**

Fair enough, there's no doubt he is a world class scumbag. But... but what if-

The camera catches MP1, eyeing MV2 with a deep curiosity as he steps into the ring.

**DDK:**

-what if this time he's telling the truth?

**Lance:**

That's a big what if, partner.

At ringside, Lord Nigel regards his team with tremendous pride. He shields his mouth as he calls out final instructions to MV2, who leans through the ropes to confer. Across the ring, Newbludd claps his long-time partner on the back as the pair sizes up their competition.

SNS share one last fist bump before Newbludd ducks out onto the apron. MV2 stands in the ring, wringing his wrist-

tape and frowning.

**Lance:**

It appears that MV2 will be starting things off for the might-be-Violators! Wisely, MP1 doesn't want to wait to see if this man is who he says he is! No better way to show it than to ring that bell!

***DING DING***

MV2 steps forward first. The crowd buzzes.

The masked monster doesn't even glance at MP1. Nor does he acknowledge Lord Nigel Trickelbush pacing proudly on the floor beneath him. He just steps out from the corner and into the center of the ring, loose-shouldered and alert. His yellow mask gleams under the lights, framed in red and blue trim. The way he moves is unmistakable. Balanced. Tense, but not rigid. He grins a broken grin at the crowd on the hardcam side, absorbing their recognition. He doesn't speak. He never did much. But he acknowledges them.

Across the ring, Black Out Pat Cassidy smirks. He slaps his chest twice and steps forward with that same street-brawler bounce. He circles once, popping his knuckles. MV2 mirrors the circling motion, silent, light on his feet despite his girth.

They tie up.

**DDK:**

Here we go!

It's sudden. No posturing, just a hard, collar-and-elbow in the center of the ring. Cassidy pushes. MV2 pivots and reverses. Cassidy plants his feet and powers forward again, turning it into a side headlock. MV2 works his hands up, then backs them both into the ropes and shoves Cassidy off. Cassidy rebounds, ducks a back elbow, and hits the ropes again.

MV2 lowers his center. Cassidy leapfrogs, lands behind him, spins... and MV2 drops him with a shoulder block.

**Lance:**

The Yellow Dog just SHOOK the Boston native with that one!

Cassidy hits the mat and rolls, springing back to his feet, but MV2's already reset. Slight crouch. Center ring. He spits something thick and viscous at Cassidy's feet.

The fans stir. Cassidy raises an eyebrow. Less smirk now, more annoyance. He wipes his forearm across his mouth and circles again. This time, there's no tie-up. He fakes low, goes high with a forearm and MV2 absorbs it before returns one of his own. Cassidy fires back. MV2 swings again.

They trade. None gets the better.

Cassidy ducks the last shot and ducks behind, finding a quick waistlock. MV2 counters with a low elbow, breaks the grip, and grabs a standing switch. Cassidy tries to roll through. MV2 floats over. Cassidy kicks him off and both men rise in opposite corners. On the apron, MP1 paces, brow furrowed.

Cassidy wipes the sweat from his OWN brow and nods once to Newbludd. MV2 watches him do it.

Cassidy walks toward his corner. Newbludd sticks his hand out. Cassidy tags.

**Lance:**

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!

MV2 stays in the center, waiting. Stroking the short dark beard jutting from the wide mouth-hole of his mask, Masked Violator #2 chortles loudly. Watching with interest, MP1 shifts his weight on the apron. His mask is unreadable.

The Southern Heritage Champion, Brock Newbludd, steps through the ropes to a thunderous reaction. He flashes a grin to the front row and mouths something about "Box Office Brock comin' through" as he claps his hands overhead, drawing a fresh round of cheers.

**DDK:**

Brock Newbludd is one of the most talked about personalities not just in this sport but in the entire entertainment industry!

**Lance:**

You might say he was "Born Over", Keeps!

Unimpressed, MV2 doesn't move. He stands in the same spot he occupied when Cassidy tagged out. No pacing. No shift in stance. Just watching.

Newbludd circles slowly, arms outstretched in mock caution. "You gonna bite me, man?" he says loud enough for the first few rows to hear.

**Brock Newbludd:** *[half-off-mic]*

I know Corvo Alpha! I've TAGGED with Corvo Alpha! And YOU, sir, are no Corvo Alpha!

MV2 tilts his head, just slightly. On the apron, MP1's mask frowns.

Newbludd and #2 lock up and lock up hard. Brock tries to muscle the masked monster back. MV2 resists, holding position. Brock shuffles his feet, changes angles, and snaps on a side headlock. MV2 backs into the ropes and shoves him off.

Brock hits the opposite side, ducks a lariat, rebounds. MV2 ducks low for a back body drop.

Brock sees it, stops short, and catches MV2 with a quick boot to the gut. MV2 stumbles back, upright. Brock grabs a wrist and yanks him in.

**DDK:**

ARMDRAG by Newbludd!

MV2 rolls through and pops up, but Brock is already waiting, hands wide and grinning.

The crowd loves it. MV2 doesn't react. He straightens up, adjusts his footing, and circles again.

They tie up a second time, quicker this go-round. MV2 slips around into a rear waistlock. He works to LIFT Newbludd into a suplex but Brock blocks it with a wide base, throws an elbow. MV2 ducks it, grabs the wrist, spins him into a short-arm lariat attempt!

**DDK:**

Brock ducks, swings behind, rolls him, SUNSET FLIP!!!

*ONE!!!*

*TW-*

*KICKOUT at 1.5!!*

MV2 pops up first. Brock kips up right after. Right into a-

**DDK:**

DAGGER KICK! My GOD!

On the apron, MP1 hasn't moved. But his arms are no longer crossed. He's holding the tag rope. Leaning forward. Watching closely.

Newbludd staggers back into his own corner, rattled, and Cassidy is quick to find him for a blind-tag. MV2 glances over his shoulder at MP1 for the first time. Something that asks "did you see that?"

Cassidy barges through the ropes and immediately takes the fight back to a distracted MV2. He doesn't hesitate. Not after what he's seen.

MV2 pushes them both back to the middle and they trade again: fists, forearms, shoulder checks. Not necessarily in that order.

**Lance:**

Things are boiling over!!!

It's a messier exchange than before, more heat behind it now. Cassidy catches him with a snap jab and a big right hand that snaps MV2's head back. MV2 answers with a body shot and then swings wide, but Cassidy ducks under and plants him with a quick Russian leg sweep.

MV2 hits the mat and Cassidy floats over into a lateral press.

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!!*

*KICKOUT!!! With AUTHORITY!!!!*

Cassidy wastes no time. He pulls MV2 up and backs him into the SNS corner, where Brock tags himself in.

**DDK:**

Look at this! Brock LIFTS MV2 with the double underhook SUPLEX-

**Lance:**

And Cassidy off the ropes - hits the LEGDROP on IMPACT!

**DDK:**

Wow! Newbludd with the cover!!!

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!*

*TH- NOOO!!!*

Brock scoots back into the corner, stymied momentarily. MV2 powers and pushes up off the mat. Brock quickly grabs a headlock and pulls MV2 back down, controlling the tempo. He shifts behind and starts working a grounded facelock. On the apron, MP1 adjusts the mask on his head anxiously.

MV2 twists his body and escapes the hold with a quick push-off. He rolls to one knee, but Brock is already coming in with a basement dropkick that knocks him flat. Cassidy claps from the apron, calling for another tag. Brock nods and drags MV2 toward the corner. Tag made.

Cassidy hops the ropes and lands a slingshot elbow to the sternum, then drops into a quick cover. The man is smooth.

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!*

*Kick out!!!*

MV2 forces a shoulder up. He rolls toward the ropes and uses them to stand.

Cassidy meets him there with a stiff forearm, then whips him across the ring. MV2 reverses the whip, but Cassidy reverses it back and sends MV2 crashing chest-first into the turnbuckles.

**DDK:**

Did you FEEL that?!!

As MV2 stumbles backward, Cassidy catches him with a neckbreaker. Tag to Brock!!

**Lance:**

And here comes Newbludd!

MV2 is on his back now, breathing heavier. He turns slightly and reaches toward his corner, but MP1 doesn't extend a hand. He just stares.

**Lance:**

One can only wonder what MP1 is thinking watching this unfold.

**DDK:**

What are YOU thinking, Lance?



**Lance:**

I, perhaps much like MP1, am not sure WHAT to think of this Masked Violator #2! Is this his friend? Is this his old partner?!

**DDK:**

He sure seems to be!

Brock climbs to the middle rope and drops a FIST across the top of MV2's head. Another cover!

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!!*

*KICKOUT!!*

Brock just shakes his head and pulls MV2 up again. MV2 swings weakly, misses, and Brock wraps him up in a side headlock again, walking him back to center. Brock cinches the headlock and wrenches it tighter, dropping his weight to slow things down. MV2 grits his teeth beneath the mask, crouches low, and begins to twist, working his hands up between Brock's wrists.

The crowd rallies behind Newbludd, but there's a growing tension beneath it all! MV2 throws a sharp elbow to Brock's ribs. Another. A magical third breaks the grip.

MV2 hits the ropes, rebounds with speed, and levels Brock with a running CLOTHESLINE. The champ drops. MV2 doesn't pause. He hits the opposite ropes again, springboards off the second rope, and lands a flying forearm to the jaw.

**Lance:**

A most impressive effort from this MV2!

Brock stumbles to a knee. MV2 grabs him and whips him into the turnbuckles hard enough to send a tremor through the ring. Brock staggers out and MV2 catches him, DRIVING him into the mat with a SNAP POWERSLAM! #2 pops up to one knee, breathing heavy. He pulls the single yellow strap down, working his arm out of it in one motion.

Masked Violator #2 lies in wait as Newbludd uses the ropes to pull himself upright. He charges across the ring-

**DDK:**

PICTURE PERFECT RUNNING CUTTER!!

On the apron, MP1's expression sharpens, his mask tightening.

**Lance:**

It's incumbent upon me to point out that, "back in the day" as the children often say, MV2 was known for more of a refined in-motion-cutter than the one that Corvo has employed! And-

**DDK:**

-and that was IT, Lance!

At some point, MP1 had dropped the tag rope. He grabs it again now. One hand clenched around it, the other outstretched. His eyes are steely, brow tightened.

At ringside, Lord Nigel grins ear to ear, hands clasped together under his chin like a steel trap.

MV2 turns and stomps towards the masks corner. He *SLAPS* his partners hand with a purpose.

**Lance:**

Tags in MP1! Look at this!

#1 steps through the ropes with a purpose matched and offers a curt nod of the head to #2.

**Lance:**

It appears that MP1 may be a believer!

MP1 keeps Brock grounded at center ring, stretching the pace now that the Southern Heritage Champion has burned through his momentum. Brock's ribs rise and fall in uneven bursts as MP1 drops a knee into his lower back. Then another. The ring shakes faintly beneath the impact.

No taunting. No talking. MP1 simply drags Brock to his feet and plants him with a textbook back suplex. He holds the bridge.

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!!*

*KICKOUT!*

Cassidy is on fire in the SNS corner. He paces the apron like a lion in a cage, hand outstretched, fingers twitching. Brock rolls toward him by instinct, but MP1 snatches the ankle and drags him halfway back across the ring.

MV2 reaches from the apron. MP1 looks up, then back to Brock.

**DDK:**

Big tag right there!

MV2 steps in and grabs Brock under the arms, yanking him up like dead weight. The crowd rises. MV2 hits the ropes and drives a sliding elbow into Brock's chest, knocking him flat again. No delay. He scoops him up and *FIRES* him into the corner. Brock hits hard and falls face-first. MV2 stalks forward, more "intense" than cold and "mechanical". He slaps MP1's chest.

Another tag! MP1 glares at #2 for a moment. He *CHARGES* in, leaps, and hits a running knee to the side of Brock's skull. Brock crumples again. MP1 drops for the pin.

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*KICKOUT!*

MP1 pulls Brock up again but Newbludd fires a right hand. Then another. And ANOTHER. He fights from his knees, punching his way upright. The crowd roars. MP1 shuts it down with a kneelift and throws him into the ropes.

Brock stumbles and collapses.

**Lance:**

How much does Brock Newbludd have left in the tank!?

MP1 closes in but Brock DIVES low and rolls beneath him, crawling desperately toward the SNS corner.

Cassidy leans forward over the rope. Brock lunges.

**DDK:**

Look out!!!

Cassidy comes in like a bottle rocket. He vaults over the ropes and runs straight through MP1 with a flying forearm. MP1 pops up and Cassidy knocks him down again with a lariat. MV2 steps through the ropes and Cassidy charges and hits a running Alabama slam that plants him flat.

The crowd EXPLODES!

Cassidy grabs MP1 by the head and shouts something over the noise and it's immediately lost to the crowd, but the fury is loud enough. He whips MP1 into the SNS corner, tags Brock back in, and together they hoist MP1 up for a tandem VERTICAL SUPLEX into a mid-air TANDEM NECKBREAKER!

**DDK:**

Devastating! Absolutely DEVASTATING!

Brock covers.

*ONE!!*

*TWO!!!*

*THR—*

*MV2 BREAKS IT UP!*

The referee starts yelling for order. MV2 backs off, hands raised, but his eyes stay locked on Brock.

Cassidy re-enters and fires punches at MV2. The referee tries to separate them. MP1 uses the moment to crawl toward the corner. Brock charges to keep him in play, but MP1 ducks a clothesline and lifts Brock up for a desperation SPINEBUSTER. Both men *crash* hard!!!

MV2 slaps the turnbuckle pad. Cassidy yells from across the ring. The match is breaking down.

Brock stirs first. He crawls. MP1 doesn't reach, instead MV2 tags himself in. He stalks Brock as he gets to one knee. Brock swings.

MV2 blocks it and BLASTS with a short-arm lariat. No cover here. Instead, MV2 pulls Brock up again. In one motion, he spins and plants him with a backdrop driver.

Brock flops flat. Cassidy rushes the ring again — but MP1 is there to cut him off. They brawl, fists flying.

**DDK:**

The referee has lost ALL control!!

MV2 grabs Brock. Starts to lift him... but Cassidy breaks free and nails MP1 with a running BOOT! That sends him tumbling through the ropes! He turns and swings at MV2.

MV2 ducks it then CLOTHESLINES Cassidy back out of the ring!

**Lance:**

Cassidy CRASHES to ringside!

Back in the ring, MV2 grabs Brock and throws a knee into his midsection, then hooks himzzz but before he can finish, MP1 slaps his back.

Another blind tag.

MV2 hits the move anyway—

**DDK:**

HIGH ANGLE SLAM!!

—but MP1 shoves #2 aside after and drops a sharp elbow across Brock's chest. He hooks his far leg!

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!!!!*

*KICKOUT!!!*

MP1 sits up, breathing hard, and looks across the ring at MV2.

MV2 hasn't moved. He's standing. Watching.

The referee points — MP1 is legal. Cassidy helps Brock up from the outside, but he's groggy. MV2 finally steps onto the apron.

MP1 and MV2 lock eyes on eachother. Each seeming to measure the other. Nigel stalks ringside, eyes darting between his charges.

**DDK:**

The Faithful are getting antsy!

The crowd is loud again, pushing for another SNS comeback. Cassidy is back in his corner, hand outstretched, calling for Brock, who's crawling toward the ropes. His tag partner slaps the turnbuckle pad once, twice, three times. Urging him to move.

MP1 stands and grabs Brock by the ankle — drags him back, slow and deliberate.

MV2 leans in. Still no words between them.

MP1 whips Brock into the ropes and winds up for a discus elbow. Brock ducks it, rebounds, and fires off a DESPERATION DROPKICK that clips MP1 square in the chest! MP1 staggers backward into the turnbuckles, arms catching the top ropes.

MV2 slaps him on the back. Another tag!

MP1 exhales through gritted teeth, falling to one knee in the corner. MV2 enters calm, composed, and measured.

Brock is still on one knee, trying to recover. MV2 closes in and grabs him under the arms, yanks him up and Brock throws a punch. MV2 absorbs it then throws one back. Another. Then a knee to the gut. Newbludd is beyond groggy.

The referee turns to urge MP1 out of the ring.

**DDK:**

MV2 irish-whips Brock into the ropes – TAG BY CASSIDY!

**Lance:**

Can you believe that?! Another blind tag!

**DDK:**

Cassidy LEAPS over the top rope!

Cassidy streaks across the ring – Lord Nigel reaches under the bottom rope, hooking one of his legs. Pat stumbles, catching himself. He spins on his heels, pointing an accusing finger towards Tricklebush, who apologetically backpedals around the ring with practiced steps.

In the ring, MV2 points an index and middle finger towards MP1. Shaking out the cobwebs and bewildered, MP1 points an index finger back.

**Lance:**

Wait... IS THIS-?!?

The pair crisscross the ring, spinning a confused Cassidy around trying to track them. The masked men bounce off opposite ropes... and SPEAR Cassidy from different sides of the ring in tandem!

**DDK:**

MOVING VIOLATION! MOVING VIOLATION! That double spear!! That... that was how the Masked Violators finished their matches?!? Together!!!

**Lance:**

My word...

MP1 rolls out of the ring, yanking Newbludd off the apron on the way, as MV2 hooks Cassidy's far leg.

**Lance:**  
COVER!!!

*ONE!*

*TWO!!*

*THREE!!!*

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this contest, by pinfall... The team of MP1 & MV2!!

**Lance:**

A shocking result to kick off DEFtv 220! The Saturday Night Specials fall short to this masked team!

**DDK:**

Can we call them the Masked Violators yet?!

At ringside, Tricklebush puts a bony hand on the heaving, exhausted shoulder of MP1. MP1s jaw is low, eyes wide as his partner, MV2 has his hand raised.

**Lance:**

Lord Nigel Tricklebush said two weeks ago that represented The CROWN of the Most Precious Gems... if this, this pairing, this tandem, this team is his crown jewel, if the Masked Violators truly are back together, well... this is SHOCKING result! I'm... I'm speechless!

**DDK:**

That never happens! What a huge upset! What does this mean for the Saturday Night Specials?

Brock helps Cassidy up the aisle, Pat clearly annoyed with himself. At the top of the ramp, Cassidy gently pushes Newbludd off of him and disappears through the curtain.

**Lance:**

This is unfamiliar territory! To lose to a new, or REnewed, team in that team's first match. But we know the resiliency of Cassidy and Newbludd! If any pair can bounce back from this, it's them!

Lord Nigel ushers a visibly surprised MP1 up the ring steps, following close behind.

## THE SUSPENSE IS TERRIBLE... I HOPE IT WILL LAST

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

“PFBRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!”

**DDK:**

WHAT?!

The familiar Caterina Valente sample into trickling in over the PA elicits an immediate and near-deafening surprise reaction from the Calgary Faithful. Without delay, the duo of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step through the curtain.

In the ring, MP1 and Lord Nigel share a glance while MV2 takes a step forward, leaning on the ropes, eyes locked on the newcomers.

**DDK:**

It’s the Tag Team Champions, the RAIN CITY RONIN! They are HERE in Calgary tonight!

Both the Ronin are wearing suits, Daymon sporting a sandy brown and Burnett in navy with off-white pinstripes. Their tag belts are proudly worn around their waists. After taking a moment to bask in the ovation, they promptly begin walking down the rampway, side by side

**Lance:**

This is... interesting, Keeps. If you recall, the tag champions have been handing out “golden tickets” across the past two shows, personally inviting potential contenders for a spot in a four-corners elimination tag team title match at the upcoming Maximum DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

That’s right, Lance! But... would that mean we’re about to see them hand out their third and final ticket to the MASKED VIOLATORS?!

**Lance:**

I mean, where there’s smoke...

Burnett ascends the steps first, followed close by Daymon. They step through the ropes and unstrap their belts together before going to the hard camera side of the ring and raising the titles for the fans to see.

“RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!”

They cross the ring--with Zack giving Tricklebush a hard shoulder bump as they pass through the triad--and do the exact same thing for the fans on the other side of the arena.

“RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!”

Shouldering the belts, Burnett and Daymon overtake one side of the ring and stare down the Violators standing across from them. The music cuts, and the Canadian Faithful immediately fill the absence of sound with loud cheers.

**DDK:**

Look at the smile on Lord Nigel’s face! Only one match into this reunion of the “true” masked violators, and the tag champions are already giving them a shot!

**Lance:**

Bold move, given these two just scored a win over former tag champions, the Saturday Night Specials!

After milking the moment to the correct sports entertainment time metrics, Zack and Leo exchange a look, and nod. Zack opens his jacket and withdraws an envelope.

Practically grinning ear to ear, Lord Nigel steps forward with his hand open, ready to receive...

**DDK:**

Looks like our third team has been chosen!

Scoffing, Daymon walks right by Tricklebush and places the envelope into the hand of a stunned MP1. He stares at it, while Lord Nigel and MV2 stare at him. As they take it in, the Ronin make their exit, with the music picking up where it left off.

**Lance:**

Evidently, the Tag Team Champions saw something interesting in the Masked Violators victory tonight.

**DDK:**

And now, they'll join the Atomic Punks and PCP in their bid to dethrone the new tag champs!

After a long beat, MP1 finally opens the envelope... revealing the third and final golden ticket!

And as soon as the camera catches a glimmer of gold, the arena goes into a BLACKOUT...

**DDK:**

Oh my!

The crowd pops, both in surprise and anticipation. Nothing is visible in the arena, until...

GREEN EYES appear...

Followed by CYAN...

Then MAGENTA...

...and finally, CHARTREUSE!

**Lance:**

Whelp... I suppose this is to be expected.

When the house lights return, the Masked Violators and Lord Nigel find themselves joined in the ring by the RAINBOW REAPERS!

♪ "Oompa Loompa" by Leslie Bricusse & Anthony Newley ♪

**Rainbow Reapers:**

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DUNCH! ♪

♪ WE have a-NOTH-ER TICK-ET to--! ♪

Punch.

No, literally.

Evidently, in his childhood, Masked Violator 2 was either traumatized while watching Willy Wonka, or he just really, really hates grim reapers. Because without warning, his balled up fist finds the masked face of Reaper Green and he knocks him into next Tuesday.

**DDK:**

UH OH!!



The remaining three Reapers stop singing and stare at the splayed out body of their brother in green. MV2 keeps moving, snagging Reaper Cyan by the cowl.

**Reaper Cyan:**

WHOA, WHOA, HANG ON, MAN, WE'RE JUST--

He's cut off, as the squat badger of a man biel throws him over the ropes to ringside.

**Reaper Magenta:**

Holy SMOKES! Suddenly, this is NOT worth the fifty bucks!

Magenta makes a break for the ropes, but runs straight into the arms of MV2, who shakes the ring with a MASSIVE powerslam! Lord Nigel cackles with delight as MP1 stands aside and passively watches the massacre unfold.

When MV2 returns to his feet, he stares down the one remaining Reaper, now cowering in the corner...

**Reaper Chartreuse:**

Umm... so hey man, I'm actually a pacifist, so I'll just see myself out now?

MV2 dips his head and charges the corner like a bull. In a flash Reaper Chartreuse bounds over the ropes and spills out onto the outside with the rest. Without prey for his hands to mangle, the aggressor stalks the ring, while the ticket-holding MP1 continues to stare down the grinning Lord Nigel, uncertain of where this turn of events will lead.

**DDK:**

Maximum DEFIANCE is starting to take shape! Four way tag action!? They're going to tear the house down!

**Lance:**

No one presents tag team wrestling like DEFIANCE does, that's for sure, partner! And those four teams are certain to raise the bar even further!

**COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2025**



## KINDA LIKE A WALMART DOOR GREETER

A white limousine pulls up outside Rogers Place in Edmonton. It's quiet out in the parking lot as The Faithful have long flooded the arena for DEFtv 220 and a chauffeur's shoes click across the concrete as he marches towards the rear door. As he approaches the sounds of EDM can be heard vibrating the chassis and the bass explodes as he opens the door and Elise Ares immediately slides out in full gear.

Followed by The D and Klein (who tips the driver), the FACE of DEFIANCE looks over her shoulder at her Director of DEFIANCE.

### **Elise Ares:**

Listen, D, if you see Tyler Fuse creeping around our locker room I want him gone. We've gone off-track enough and I really need to focus on beating Uriel tonight and getting that FIST shot. Call the security the second you see him.

The D goes to respond, his mouth opens but no words come out. Instead he immediately pulls out his cell phone and the camera pans to see Tyler Fuse propped up against the entranceway, right hand on the door handle.

### **The D:** *[whispering]*

They put me on hold.

Fuse smirks upon seeing Elise and The D.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

Been waiting. Figured you two would show up a little later in the night...

Tyler's voice trails for a moment as he looks them both over and keeps his eyes locked on Ares.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

Gonna do something I don't normally and I'm going to apologize to you, Elise.

Tyler pauses to let the moment sink in. The D swats Elise's shoulder and the two don't buy it.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

You're right, you deserve a shot at the FIST. You've wrestled here for a long time and you've worked very hard. It would be terrible if DEFIANCE just passed you over...

Tyler slowly cracks his neck.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

My problem has more to deal with... the way you go about it. Elise doesn't get her way and within a year, you'll never come back.

Tyler sarcastically shakes his head.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

We all don't get what we want. I never got my Fuse Bros. vs. PCP match all those years ago.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

### **Tyler Fuse:**

My bad, already said that last time we spoke.

It doesn't seem like Tyler is being sarcastic anymore.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Look, you're a damn good wrestler, a hell of a talent and the family shot was a bit offline, even for me. You'd have done well regardless of your looks and heritage.

Tyler quickly glances over to The D and then back at Elise.

**Tyler Fuse:**

So, yeah. Just wanted to say that. Welcome to DEFtv in Edmonton. Enjoy!

However, Fuse still lingers directly in front of the entrance. He doesn't move away. Elise sighs and takes off her LED sunglasses, folds them up, and hangs them from the front pocket of her white crop top leather jacket.

**Elise Ares:**

You know what BBY... I'm sorry too. I'm sorry that you held down your brother like an albatross and kept the Fuse Bros from being on a high enough level to challenge the Pop Culture Phenoms. I'm TOTES sorry that I didn't hit you harder than I did last DEFtv, because maybe if I did you'd be smart enough to know you don't have a spot at the big kids table anymore.

Tyler doesn't move. Doesn't speak. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE sighs.

**Elise Ares:**

I understand that you probably don't have a match tonight, because it's not UNCUT yet, but I do. So if you'll excuse me "ACE," I don't plan on fumbling my opportunities like you did. Just uh... tell our driver to come back after the show if you plan on hanging out here all creeper-like all night long. I'll be ready to celebrate after knocking "daddy" down a peg. D, you have anything else to add?

**The D:**

Yeah! Tyler Fuse is a stupid name.

The D smiles, proud.

**The D:**

Got 'im!

Tyler doesn't take offense, but Klein tries to comfort him and shakes his head no, as in Tyler Fuse is not a stupid name.

**Elise Ares:**

Klein, don't feel bad for him. He did this to himself.

Fuse opens the door for them without saying a further word.

It takes the group a moment, but The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style almost brushes past Tyler Fuse on her way into the arena. Instead, she jumps out of the way when she realizes she almost touches the elder Fuse brother, so she awkwardly slinks around him and into the arena, leaving The D and Klein to do the same. The camera styles on Tyler Fuse, who just watches the Pop Culture Phenoms as they disappear into the arena.

The door closes behind him, leaving Tyler outside in the parking lot.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Have a great night.

## MIL VUELTAS vs. BROOKLYNN RIVERA

**DDK:**

What a confrontation that was... and we will see Elise Ares in action later tonight! I think one of the biggest size mismatches in recent memory is between Ares against the 7'1", and 340-pound "Man of the House" Uriel Cortez!

**Lance:**

That match will be something! And speaking of Cortez, the war between Titanes Familia and the GC Universe... well, originally there was a match scheduled later tonight between "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelatas and Brooklynn Rivera, but... well, I'm told that match got moved up...

**DDK:**

What?

**Lance:**

Yeah. To right now! I guess...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

All eyes dart around the ring as the words "OSCAR BURNS. ALL CAPS. ALL GRAPS." appear on the DEFIATron. There are few cheers, but MANY jeers coming from The Faithful as the camera pans up and a spotlight shines on a private skybox above the masses where OSCAR BURNS, in a finely-tailored olive green business suit, white scarf and brown loafers stands with a smirk on his face. He brushes his hair out of his face and adjusts the white designer eyeglasses before he points towards the ring.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Cut the music, GCs!

He waves for his music to cut. OSCAR is alone for the moment with no FLEX in sight.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Darren? Lance? You two GCs confused? Don't be! I pulled some strings to make this match happen sooner while Papa Tez is busy with Elise Ares later tonight! Sonny Silver isn't here tonight, so I'll be doing double-duty and introducing the man that's going to be taking Uriel Cortez's little brat to school via a course called Wrestling 101!

He turns to the camera!

**OSCAR BURNS:** *[in extra-loud Sonny Silver-esque voice]*

HE **PROUDLY** REPRESENTS THE GC UNIVERSE AND NOT THAT STUPID FAMILY WHO ABANDONED HIM LONG AGO! SOME CALL HIM THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FLIPS! SOME CALL HIM THE OSCAR BURNS OF LUCHA LIBRE! I AM SIMPLY HAPPY TO CALL HIM... THE GLOAT! **MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!**  
**VUELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLTAS!**

The lyrics start kicking in and the camera switches to the interior of what has become his signature SUV limo through a section on the far floor near the arena.. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but four shadows can be made out. All three appear to be masked. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage...

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

The front door opens wide... first out is the former Favoured Saints Champion, DLJ! The towering blue chipper has on a red floral suit in honor of Bonita en Rosa I and II who are not there tonight due to being attacked by Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera. Next to him, a man wearing a white shirt and pants, along with holding out a white and pink lucha mask, "The LITador" Aaron King! Finally making his way out... Decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask all covered in red and pink rhinestones with lipstick marks all over his chest and tights, Mil Vuelatas heads out of the limo.

**DDK:**

The members of El Escuadron looking serious tonight! I'm told that floral suit that DLJ is in honor of Bonita en Rosa I and II. They were assaulted in their locker room by Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera.

**Lance:**

Mil is definitely out for payback tonight!

Once Mil reaches the ring, he rolls inside and then mouths to the camera.

**Mil Vueltas:**

Bonita II! You are my II!

DLJ mouths to the camera next to him as well.

**DLJ:**

THIS VICTORY IS FOR YOU! YOU ARE BONITA II, BUT YOU ARE ONE IN MY HEART! ONE AS IN MY ONE AND ONLY, NOT YOUR TWIN SISTER AND MIL'S GIRLFRIEND! THAT'D BE WEIRD!

As he continues rambling into the hard camera, Aaron King remains in the corner and starts talking strategy with Mil. The GLOAT gets ready as his music fades...

♪ "Muerto Thrash" by Blackheart NC, FKxU and Konrad OldMoney ♪

The lights swirl back and forth between red, blue and gold as out from the back, comes a woman with her hair tied up in gold bands into two very long braids. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in, black and gold pants, Rivera takes in the jeers from the masses and sneers back at all of them, looking completely unnerved as she heads to the ring solo. Titaness, wearing a sleeveless black tank top, black leather pants with gold trim and heels stands. Titaness nudges Siofra and the two head towards the ring. Behind them, they are accompanied by Kilgore!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, ...representing Titanes Familia, being accompanied by Titaness, Siofra and Kilgore... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 178 pounds... **"LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

**DDK:**

It looks like Brooklynn Rivera brought reinforcements as well! We saw Kilgore defeat FLEX in singles action last week!

"The Pretty Powerful" Titaness and "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra walk in tandem flanked by the beastly Kilgore behind them! Rivera rolls right into the ring, ready to fight as her music cuts... until Mil smiles and rolls out of the ring favoring his... ankle?

**Lance:**

Huh? What's going on?

Brooklynn Rivera looks confused by what's happening, but OSCAR BURNS stands up.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Ohhh... so sorry, love. I guess everyone else got the memo but you... Mil Vueltas suffers from a massive case of turf toe. He can't make it tonight...

Titaness, Siofra and Kilgore exchange confused looks with Brooklynn while OSCAR grins.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Replacing Mil Vueltas... the GC Universe's NEXT member, if he can win this match right now... AARON KING! GC,

DO YOUR THING!

Brooklynn spins around confused just as she gets greeted with a big boot from the 6'2" Aaron King! He stands over Rivera and his shirt and jeans come off, revealing his own white and pink tights underneath as he gestures for Rex Knox to call for the bell. Rex Knox checks on Brooklynn, who screams at him to signal for the bell!

### ***DING DING***

The bell rings just as Aaron King speeds off the ropes. While Brooklynn Rivera tries to get her bearings back, she sees The LITador coming her way, but he's too fast for her to react! He jumps and take her down with a running headscissors! Rivera goes tumbling and gets sent through the bottom rope to the floor. Aaron King measures himself carefully, then does a kip-up, almost slips and then jumps to hit anyway! There are some cheers for the protege of Mil Vuelas!

### **Lance:**

OSCAR BURNS took a gamble here, but it paid off! All week, Brooklynn Rivera has been preparing to fight Mil Vuelas! OSCAR BURNS subbing out Mil Vuelas for the much larger Aaron King! And... did I hear OSCAR say he'd make him a full-fledged member of the GC Universe if he wins?!

### **DDK:**

He did! King is not an official member of the group, but he was pivotal to Mil Vuelas becoming the Favoured Saints Champion a few months ago and has been training under he and DLJ for the past few months as a part of he and DLJ's group, El Escuadron!

Brooklynn retreats to the floor after the kick, but Aaron King doesn't let her get in much breathing. He goes on the attack by running the ropes. Titaness warns Brooklynn about King and she darts out of the way, but King does successfully flip along the ropes and lands on his feet which even amazes himself. King sees Rivera trying to pick the leg, but he jumps over her attempt to strike the back of his leg, then stuns her with a kick and hits a moonsault off the apron that wipes out the Titanes Familia member to some more cheers!

### **DDK:**

This is really the first chance we've gotten to see Aaron King in action on DEFtv since his partnership with Mil and DLJ began! He's clearly been studying up on his lucha libre, that's for sure! He appears to have slimmed down a bit as well, likely to accommodate to this new style.

### **Lance:**

We've seen Brooklynn Rivera rack up some wins on UNCUT, but OSCAR BURNS made sure to throw her off her game facing a motivated Aaron King tonight for a spot in the GC Universe!

King is up on his feet and goes to grab Brooklynn. He tosses the Familia member back into the ring, but as he goes to follow he sees Siofra trying to get in his way but Rex Knox sees The Fury of the Familia. Titaness and Kilgore both remain on standby while Mil and DLJ charge over to the aid of their partner.

### **DDK:**

We've got a standoff at ringsid... OHHHH! GOODNESS!

As Aaron King climbs back into the ring, he's left WIDE open to catch a STIFF running boot to the head from Rivera as he's in the ropes! King stumbles over and then Brooklynn takes an arm before WHIPPING him down to the mat with an ugly ipponzei arm drag!

### **Lance:**

My goodness, King's arm might have been yanked from the socket!

### **DDK:**

Brooklynn likes to call that running boot against the ropes Mother in tribute to Titaness!

And speaking of, The six-foot Brooklynn makes a heart shape with her hands to both Titaness and Siofra at ringside! The Titan ladies and Kilgore watch Brooklynn now go to work on King by grabbing his arm and slamming the elbow into the canvas. The LITador is in pain when Rivera sets up his arm on the canvas carefully and STOMPS on the joint!

**DDK:**

Ooooh! Brooklynn is so deadly with that judo background of hers! We've seen her not only manhandle larger opponents, but she's a decent striker and knows how to hurt limbs!

Down on the ground, King favors his arm and tries to push Brooklynn away when he tries to keep it close, but a STIFF kick to the side of the head once again stuns the practitioner of what he calls Lucha LITbre. As he tries to get back to a seated position, Brooklynn puts him right back down with a sliding knee strike!

**DDK:**

Knee strike right on target! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... ARMBAR BY BROOKLYNN!

**DDK:**

No! King got the shoulder up, but Brooklynn goes right back to the arm! King's trying to fight it!

**Lance:**

There's a lot riding on this win! King has a big opportunity here tonight to join the GC Universe. Like it or not, it's done wonders for the careers of Mil and DLJ who have both become champions since joining.

Mil and DLJ are both watching from their side while on the other, Kilgore, Titaness and Siofra continue to watch their stablemate try and rip the left arm off King. For his part, King tries to get back to his feet and fight back, but the grip is tight! Up in the skybox, OSCAR BURNS is leaning forward, intently watching in his seat.

**DDK:**

Brooklynn has some size on her side, but King's trying to power his way out of the hold!

OSCAR's face doesn't betray any emotion at the present time, but at ringside, Danny and Mil continue to lend support to their fellow El Escudron member. King ends up getting some support from The Faithful that even shocks him a little before he wakes up and realizes the danger he's in. King uses his weight to move forward and try to pin Brooklynn as a counter to the cross armbare attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Brooklynn lets go! King gets back up, but once again, he is snatched by the arm and SNAPPED over with another ipponzei hip toss! An angry Brooklynn stands over her

**DDK:**

This match has been all Brooklynn after she took advantage of Titanes Familia's distraction at ringside!

King's arm is hurt and Brooklynn goes for a seated armbare! She has the armbare locked in tightly with Mil and DLJ both watching on and trying to get the GC Universe hopeful into the match. King fights with Brooklynn trying to take his arm. But King grits his teeth and manages to use his strength advantage. He POWERS Brooklynn up off the mat! He has her in an electric chair position and then gets her to release the hold by turning it into a belly-to-back suplex on the way



down!

**DDK:**

WHAT A COUNTER! WHERE THE HECK DID HE GET **THAT** FROM?!

**Lance:**

Innovative move for sure, but at what cost?

The pain is searing in AK's arm, but seeing that he has a chance to earn a huge win tonight, he tries to shut it out. King looks to The Faithful who are seeming on his side! He points over towards Brooklynn and then picks her up before hitting a big slam. He runs to the other side of the ring, then does a backwards roll then stands up right into a standing moonsault onto Rivera!

**DDK:**

I don't even know what to call that! Like an inverted rolling thunder! But he's going for the cover on Rivera!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**Lance:**

Kickout!

Rivera kicks out! King looks disappointed in the kickout while Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James both yell.

**DLJ:**

DO IT FOR THE BONITAS! WE'RE GONNA SHOW EX-MOM THAT SHE WAS A BAD MOM WHEN SHE WAS MY MOM!

**Mil Vueltas:**

IGNORE HIM, AARON, JUST WIN THE MATCH!

King nods in their direction and then turns towards Rivera. He tries grab La Angelita by the arm and pulls her up into a fireman's carry! Whatever he's thinking of doing fails when Rivera slips out the back and pushes him into the ropes. He hits the corner and bounces backwards into a snap release german suplex from Rivera! The judo practitioner gets back on her feet and then hits a double foot stomp onto both of his hands while they're on the mat! The move stuns him and then he eats a HUGE spinning back elbow while he's on the ground!

**DDK:**

Good Night Kiss by Rivera! Cover!

The Titanes Familia crew watch on while the GC Universe crew at ringside with baited breath!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**DDK:**

Kickout by King! What a match we're seeing here!

Brooklynn looks up at Knox and stands over DEF's smallest ref, but he stands his ground. She gets ready to swing,

but King comes in and tackles her, sending both through the ropes and out to the floor!

**Lance:**

The action is now spilling outside the ring!

Kilgore tries to charges towards King while both he and Brooklynn Rivera are down, but he's intercepted by DLJ! The two large men start scrapping at ringside to delight from The Faithful! Mil tries to cheer on his buddy but Titaness jumps in to go after her former Familia stablemate while OSCAR watches from high above in the skybox!

**DDK:**

Fights are breaking out all over! DLJ and Kilgore! Mil and Titaness!

As DLJ and Kilgore continue to brawl, Titaness takes control of Mil and hits The GLOAT with a big boot! Siofra cheers on Titaness and dabs a fist with her! After he's down, Titaness goes over to help Rivera but takes notice that King appears to be gone! She looks up... AND SEES AARON KING HITTING A CARTWHEEL OVER THE TOP MOONSAULT, WIPING OUT BOTH TITANESS AND RIVERA!

**DDK:**

OH, GOODNESS! THAT... THAT WAS MIL VUELTAS' MIRAME DIVE! AND KING JUST TOOK OUT BOTH TITANESS AND RIVERA WITH IT!

Siofra moves in the nick of time, but Titaness and Rivera don't! The Faithful react HUGE to the move as King looks down and even looks amazed with himself! Mil is still reeling from the big boot by Titaness but points towards Rivera to get her in the ring. King nods and then hurriedly grabs Rivera to throw her back inside! Once she's inside, backs up a step before he runs and leaps through ropes with a roll, then jumps up and NAILS Rivera with a huge stunner!

**DDK:**

WHAT THE HECK HAS MIL VUELTAS BEEN TEACHING KING?!

With Rivera down, The Pesacola Playboy hooks the leg! Kilgore tries to rush towards the ring, but DLJ holds him back!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

Kilgore THROWS Danny off of him and the wild beast rushes into the ring to go after King, but he sees him coming and flees with the quickness! There's some cheers for King scoring the victory as he runs out and heads towards Mil and DLJ!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner of the match... **AARON KING!**

Siofra goes over to help Titaness up while a WILD Kilgore kicks the ropes! The members of Titanes Familia head into the ring while DLJ rushes over to help Mil back to his feet! King jumps in and gets hugged by his lucha mentor and DLJ!

**DDK:**

AARON KING DOES IT! HE DEFEATS BROOKLYNN RIVERA! AND NOW, HE'S OFFICIALLY A MEMBER OF

THE GC UNIVERSE!

And sure enough, watching from above in the skybox, OSCAR BURNS gives a thumbs up towards Aaron King! King hugs both Mil and DLJ! Inside the ring, Kilgore wants to go after the three but

**Lance:**

Big win for Aaron King tonight after they pulled the wool over their eyes with this last-second switch-up! I can't say I approve of their tactics, but they get one back on Titanes Familia after last week!

**DDK:**

When Uriel Cortez finds out about this, you know he's not going to be happy!

OSCAR BURNS grins and then leaves the skybox while on the ramp, King still can't believe he's done it!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME**



## IDENTITY CRISIS - II

He wanders down a long, darkened hallway. It's lined with display cases but it's far too dim to see. Sweeping a lock of tangled dark hair from his painted eyes with one hand, he produces a lighter with the other.

*\*flick\**

The light unfolds slowly across the cases, illuminating their contents like long-lost secrets; a series of wrestling masks. Most of them are yellow. Most trimmed with blues and reds. But there are variations. Corvo Alpha squints at them suspiciously. Squatting down to inspect, he sees that some are scorched by fire. Others are bloodstained. Each mask in the unending rows of cases has a small nameplate beneath it. Letters followed by numbers. They seem to shift as the light moves. None of them are his.

The final display case, at the end of the hallway, appears to be empty; no mask, just nameplate. Squatting again and shielding the lighter's precious flame he leans to read the name.

It's his.

An unseen door to his left opens and, inside, a light hums on. Corvo is drawn to it, giving the empty display case one last longing look before stumbling into what appears to be an operating room.

It is him now, lying on the gurney, wrists tightly strapped down. His facepaint is flecked and smudged. Around him, white-masked surgeons dissect with brutal indifference and for the first time, Corvo ALpha notices his chest has been pried open.

He begins to panic and one of the surgeons, a short older man with tousled white hair, injects something into his arm. The man leans in and whispers into Corvo's ear:

"We had to cut the lie out", he says.

Eyes wide with horror, Alpha looks to the tray of crimson-soaked tools. Something clumpy and bloody rests on a scale. It's not a heart. It's a gory, crumpled, yellow wrestling mask.

The operating light above him flickers and the surgeons suddenly seem concerned, looking up and all around. The lights cut out and metal surgical trays crash to the floor.

He opens his eyes to find himself seated amongst rows of oak chairs. Men all around chatter and grumble and bark, in turn holding up wooden paddles in the air. His eyes find the stage at the front of the cavernous room: it is an auction. He peers at the item currently up for bid: a yellow wrestling singlet with a single strap.

The paddles go up and the bids roll in slowly. He can't make out any of the dollar amounts but things are getting heated. Suddenly anxious, he raises a paddle but the barker doesn't notice. Someone else wins it.

"You'll get the next one I'm sure", the man seated to his left assures him. Corvo nods, tempering his frustration.

The next item is an umbrella.

Corvo isn't interested but others are. Bids start coming in and then it begins to rain. Big, fat, wet raindrops fall loudly and Corvo's yellow, red and blue facepaint begins to wash off. Annoyed, he raises his numbered paddle and offers a bid. But he is too late. The little man to his left has won it.

Turning to him, Corvo congratulates the man, who tips his coal black bowler cap back to Alpha warmly. The umbrella is brought to him by an auction attendant and the old man opens it up inside, shielding himself from the rain. Corvo quietly yearns to be under its protection as well, but before he can open his mouth to ask the old man, his new friend gestures to Corvo's *other* side.

“Are you going to take it?”, the old Englishman asks, a slightly devilish tinge to his voice creeping in. Confused, Corvo follows the old man’s eyes—

—a man in a gray mask stands on the ring apron, leaning over the ropes, his right arm & hand outstretched.

Surrounded by a ravenous crowd of screaming, shrieking, painted savages, Corvo Alpha finds himself in a worn, weathered, faded wrestling ring, held together loosely with what might be rope and duct tape. The planks beneath his feet groan as he spins in place in the crude ring, disoriented.

His “partner” on the apron tugs on the tag rope and leans in deeper with his right hand. His gray mask is dour and serious, he avoids eye contact. The thumping and clapping of the crowd of Corvos slowly coalesces into something synchronized. Rhythmic. Galloping.

Corvo recognizes the rhythm, entranced. He feels its pulse. He knows it... but doesn’t know from where. Snapped out of his stupor by an annoyed *CLAP* by the gray ghost on the apron, Corvo blinks. Every step he takes towards the masked man seems to somehow place him further away. Desperately stretching out his own thick hand, Corvo’s wide forehead trenches in concentration.

Suddenly the man on the apron’s mask is a bright red. Corvo blinks again. More steps. Is he getting closer?! The pounding and beating of the crowd is deafening. He covers his ears. He screams out against the noise.

The MP1 on the apron holds out his hand even further, leans even deeper. Suddenly the gap is closed. Corvo feels the pull, he reaches out, the tips of his fingers extended.

Tag.

Black.

## **FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER**

### **DDK:**

Our Favoured Saints champion Lonnie Luck without mincing words has been on the run of his career in 2025 and nobody can argue what he's done. He capped off this year with the biggest win of his DEFIANCE career pinning the former FIST of DEFIANCE Malak Garland! But tonight i don't like his chances!

### **Lance:**

Where Tom Morrow goes, trouble follows and it will follow Lonnie Luck. After M4NTRA beat Lonnie's cousins the Lucky Sevens a few short weeks ago, they wanted to get back to the Unified Tag Team titles but Tom Morrow had a different idea when he set up Declan Alexander with this title match instead!

### **DDK:**

A huge opportunity for Declan Alexander but where does this leave Makayla Namaste and Nathan Eye if he does win? We just mentioned Lonnie Luck defeated Malak Garland but Declan won't be alone!

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

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused loon on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd by taking his coat and popping it open to reveal the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist!

### **DDK:**

Lonnie looks ready but as the Lucky Sevens know all too well — you can never trust Tom Morrow.

### **M A N T R A**

*♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪*

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste. Before the three can even try and hit their signature pose, the man who brokered this match in the first place, Tom Morrow is a completely all-white suit and walks in front of them! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste is wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty Eyce come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in hand and get some cheers! Tom Morrow notices this and he looks grossed out by the sheer notion.

### **Lance:**

And here comes the challenger Declan Alexander! He's a former BRAZEN champion just like Nathan Eye and of course a former Unified Tag Team champion! He has a chance to win his first singles title on the main roster here!

### **DDK:**

And here is Tom Morrow, hogging the glory as always.

Nathan and Makayla fall back when Tom Morrow rushes ahead with Declan Alexander to plan strategy for this match. Declan looks back at Nathan but then back to Tom and nods at him with whatever they have planned. Declan gets into the ring and looks across the ring at the FS champion who is all alone.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the FAVOURED!!! SAINTS!!! CHAMPIONSHIP!!! The challenger, accompanied by Nathan Eye, Makayla Namaste and Tom Morrow ... from Brookline, Massachusetts weighing 231 pounds ... DECLANNNNNNNNN "DEC4LLLLLLLLLLLLL" ALEXANDDERRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

Declan wants the title and he wraps his two hands around his waist to tell Lonnie he will be the one taking it!

### **Darren Quimbey:**

The opponent is your FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION ... he hails from Sin City and weighs in at one-hundred and seventy-one pounds ... "THE SON OF SIN CITY" LONNNIEEEEEEEEEEE LUCCCCCKKKKKKK!!!

Lonnie sits in a corner on the top rope and he holds the title with a wide grin on his face in spite of the circumstances.

**DDK:**

Lonnie Luck looks confident! I can't blame him with everything he has endured only to come out stronger on the other side!

The referee is given the belt. Li'l Lon walks up to Declan and offers him a handshake as a sign of good sportsmanship. Declan starts to put his hand out ...

**Tom Morrow:**

DON'T YOU DARE, DECLAN!!! IT'S A TRICK! HE'S GONNA BITE YOU OR GIVE YOU RABIES OR SOMETHING!!! DON'T DO IT!!!

Declan pulls back on the handshake and he looks surprised when he gets booed for not doing it.

***DING DING***

Despite not taking the handshake he plays things straight with Lonnie by engaging in a lock-up attempt. Declan has the easy size and power over Lonnie like most wrestlers do. He dumps him on the mat using a take down and then goes for a head lock. Nathan and Makayla both keep cheering DEC4L on who no cap keeps Lonnie Luck where he wants him.

**DDK:**

Declan Alexander has the advantage. He's going for the hammer lock ... but look at Lonnie!

Lonnie shows some technical know-how of his own. He jumps up and uses the momentum to grab DEC4L by the neck and take him down with a jumping snapmare. Lonnie grabs onto DEC4L as he is grounded and tries to pin him with a crucifix.

One ...

DEC4L rolls out. When he stands up Lonnie uses a running take down into a school boy pin next!

One ...

Two ...

DEC4L kicks up, but he takes down Lonnie with a headlock take down. Lonnie is struggling to keep up with DEC4L who fights off the leg scissors. He finally gets his legs around Declan's head but he nips up out of that and goes for a drop kick. Lonnie moves out of the way and then hits one of his own! Lonnie gets the cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful while Tom Morrow is outside looking ready to lose it! Nathan tries to calm Tom Morrow down and Makayla goes over to check on Declan. DEC4L tells her he's fine and stands up.

**Lance:**

The missed drop kick from DEC4L gave Lonnie Luck an opening to hit one of his own!

**DDK:**

Declan charges at Lonnie, but he drop kicks the leg! Declan lands in the corner!

Declan falls into the corner and Lonnie sees his opening. Li'l Lon looks like he will take flight form off the top turnbuckle but Tom Morrow runs over to get in his face.



**Tom Morrow:**

You little goblin! You and your massive monster cousins are all gonna get yours! I promise you that!

Lonnie turns to address him but he doesn't see Declan coming until it is too late when he jumps up and chops Lonnie in the chest! He is stunned on the top rope when Declan pulls him by the head and neck off the top rope into a leg swing snap suplex!

**DDK:**

Declan Alexander takes control with that suplex off the ropes! Tom Morrow had Lonnie's attention and DEC4L makes the most of it!

After that move is hit, Declan looks around to the people and hits the M4NTRA Ray Dance! Nathan and Makayla hit it along with him at ringside! Some people end up cheering and doing it along with him but Tom Morrow looks unhappy. Declan sees this and he hits a standing moonsault on top of Lonnie! He goes for the pin and the FS title!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

**DDK:**

I don't find myself agreeing with Tom Morrow often but I do agree DEC4L should have been focused on going for the cover sooner!

**Lance:**

Alexander and Eye are two of the best pure athletes we have on this roster top to bottom! They seem to want to go one way, but Tom Morrow has been pulling them into another as of late!

Tom Morrow has words with Nathan Eye and Makayla Namaste about the M4NTRA Ray Dance. While they are having this conversation, Declan Alexander tries taking Lonnie up. Lonnie fights back with a big chop to the chest and then fights back with a few more, but DEC4L plays that same game right back and strikes Lonnie with one of his own. He smacks him with a second chop and then Irish whips Li'l Lon into the corner to follow up with a big chop in the corner as well. The big chop doubles him over and DEC4L tosses Lonnie out of the corner with another suplex. With Lonnie on his back DEC4L picks him up and takes him down mid ring with the sid-russian leg sweep!

**Lance:**

The FS champion just tried to fight back, but DEC4L has him on the ropes now.

**DDK:**

Declan rolls to the apron ... GGEZ!!!

The rolling drop kick is right on target and knocks saliva out of Lonnie's mouth when he gets rocked with it! DEC4L does not spend any time dancing and goes for the pinfall.

**Lance:**

I think Declan Alexander has learned from his earlier mistake! The Guh-Gez or however you just said it might bring a singles title to M4NTRA!

One ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Lonnie struggles before he's able to finally kick out surprising Declan Alexander and the rest of M4NTRA!

**Lance:**

I'm surprised Lonnie Luck was able to kick out of one of Declan's biggest moves!

**DDK:**

While I'm surprised too, what we can't be surprised by is the size of Lonnie Luck's heart! He hasn't come this far to drop this title without a fight!

Tom Morrow tells DEC4L to work the back like a true veteran of the game. Lonnie is pulled off the canvas and brought down across the knee with a big pendulum back breaker! Luck bounces off the knee but DEC4L is strong enough to keep hold of Lonnie and then drop him with a second back breaker. Lonnie is wincing on the mat and Declan grabs the legs to turn him over into a boston crab! Morrow looks pleased that DEC4L is following his instructions and now he's in a place to keep the Son of Sin City grounded!

**Lance:**

Declan Alexander is not normally a submission guy but he is well versed training under Lindsay Troy! He knows this kind of work and it's very smart for him to do this!

Lonnie Luck is in pain but he sees Max Luck coming down the ramp! When Lonnie sees Max pointing at the direction of the ropes Lonnie fights his way towards them! Tom Morrow goes to hide as far as possible behind both Nathan Eye and Makayla Namaste!

**DDK:**

Max Luck has seen enough! Tom Morrow got involved earlier and took it upon himself to come out here for moral support! Where is Mason Luck though?

**Lance:**

I heard rumors they haven't been on speaking terms since that big blow-up between the two went nowhere! Nevertheless Lonnie is almost to the ropes!

Declan hangs on tight to the crab but Lonnie is able to wrap his left hand on the rope to force a break! Max is relieved for his cousin! Declan lets go of the hold when he's told and Tom Morrow is angry with him for not taking advantage of the mandatory five-count!

**DDK:**

Tom Morrow's backseat wrestling out here is only hindering Declan Alexander from doing what he needs to do!

When DEC4L hears him loud and clear he walks back over to pick up Lonnie from off the ropes but when he does, he gets a surprise when Lonnie jumps up and head butts him square under the chin! Lonnie almost goes cross-eyed from his own shot but notices that Alexander is stunned. His back hurts but he fires off a series of punches directly into the temple of the former Unified Tag Team champion. Declan pushes him back to the ropes but when he comes back with a pop-up attack, Lonnie counters with a hurracanrana take down to cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

**Lance:**

What a great counter by Lonnie Luck off that hurracanrana!

Max is happy for his younger cousin! Lonnie gets back up again and then hits the apron himself. When he climbs back to his feet, Lonnie jumps up and strikes DEC4L in the face with a shining wizard knee to the head. DEC4L hits the canvas and then Lonnie jumps forward to the corner in a heated frenzy. He goes all the way to the high rent district and waits on Alexander. He jumps off and hits a flying back senton that takes DEC4L off his feet. The blow knocks Alexander to the outside.

**DDK:**

Where is Lonnie Luck finding this fight in him tonight! He's taken a lot of punishment from Declan Alexander but keeps on going!

When he is sure he can hit his next move the Son of Sin City springs off of the ropes and then jumps right through the ropes with a somersault tope suicida!

**DDK:**

Lonnie Luck scores with the Bank Roll! He came up aces with that dive!

Max Luck cheers his cousin on. Tom Morrow, Makayla Namaste and Nathan Eye are all watching as Declan is pushed back inside the ring. Lonnie climbs to the top rope again. When he looks behind him to make sure Alexander is down he hits a high jumping moonsault off the top rope!

**Lance:**

What! A! Moonsault!!!

**DDK:**

Super Satellite dive! We'll see if this former poker player can come up big!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

**Lance:**

No way!!!

Declan kicks out! Tom Morrow runs over and he is giving the referee the business but he sees Max Luck coming his way and then decides he should save himself! He jumps back behind Nathan and Makayla!

**Lance:**

What a coward!

Lonnie Luck does not give up! He grabs DEC4L's neck when he his up and runs at the buckle for the Pocket Ace, but when he is there ... Declan hangs on! He picks up Lonnie and then drops him across both knees!

**DDK:**

What a counter! What a counter! Declan just countered the Pocket Ace cutter out of the corner into the COMBO BREAKER!!!

Declan goes for the cover, but the referee's attention is focused on Max Luck giving chase to Tom Morrow! Nathan tries to protect him and shoves Max, but Max shoves him back, leading to a fight! Declan sees this and gets up to try and get the attention back to him.

**Lance:**

ONE ... TWO .... THREE ... WE COULD HAVE HAD A NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!!!

Lonnie is still down when Declan stands to get the referee's attention ... but he gets spun around from someone standing on the apron! MASON LUCK punches Declan square on the jaw!

**Lance:**

THERE'S MASON LUCK!!! DID ... DID THAT MONSTER COME FROM THE CROWD?!?! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM!!!

A staggering Declan is rolled up from Lonnie Luck with a school boy variation where he bridges across the legs in the pin! The referee turns just in time to see the count!

One ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

***DING DING DING***

DEC4L gets out just after the three count but it is too late! Lonnie Luck rolls out of the ring and quickly collects the Favoured Saints title!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner and *stiiiiiiii* Favoured Saints champion ... LONNNIEEEEEEEEE LUCCCCCKKKK!!!

Mason Luck walks over and raises the hand of Lonnie Luck so enthusiastically he almost pulls him off the ground completely! Lonnie is relieved to see Mason, but looks confused. Max pushes Nathan away and then sees what Mason just did on the big replay on the screen.

**Lance:**

Mason just came out and cost M4NTRA this match! Remember, the loss the Sevens had against M4NTRA really set him off!

Lonnie looks up at the screen at Max's behest. Showing the replay of Mason striking DEC4L with a big punch when his back was turned! When the cat is out of the bag Mason looks at his twin brother and cousin.

**Mason Luck:**

YEAH I DID THAT!!! THAT WAS ALL ME!!! MORROW'S LITTLE BITCHES STOLE A WIN FROM US SO I RETURNED THE FAVOR!!! YOU CAN THANK ME LATER!!!

Mason Luck leaves up the ramp and Max goes after him along with Lonnie! Meanwhile, a disappointed Declan is pulled back by Tom Morrow. Nathan Eye looks like he wants to go after them but Tom Morrow tells him not to do it!

**Lance:**

This is all too crazy! There's unrest within the Lucky Sevens! There also seems to be some resistance to Tom Morrow's latest schemes with M4NTRA!

**DDK:**

Mason Luck just gave Lonnie Luck an assist that he didn't ask for to help him keep the Favoured Saints title! And M4NTRA does not look happy either with the fact that DEC4L was cheated out of the title!

Tom Morrow looks at his clients and then watches the Lucky Sevens all leave at once to the back stage.

**COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT**



## TAKING ONE BIG GIANT GOBBDAM LEAP BACK FFS!

The infuriated Malak Garland sits uncomfortably in one of those big massage chairs as Percy Collins paces back and forth in front of his master, in the safe confines of their locker room.

### **Percy Collins:**

I don't get it. I just don't get it. We've gone through every tip and trick I know that leads to automatic success guaranteed! You should be successful in the ring! WHERE IS OUR SUCCESS STORY? WHY HASN'T IT HAPPENED YET???

Malak, between being massaged by the chair, chimes in.

### **Malak Garland:**

Look, Percy. I am over it. I truly am. Last week was a fluke. It was a mistake. I cried about it in the shower for one solid night but I am compartmentalizing like a champ right now. Removing it from my personal historical canon as we speak.

Vibrating, not because of fear or anxiety for once, Malak carries on.

### **Malak Garland:**

It's funny how things work. Canon. What truly is canon? You know, Percy, I am moving on from my loss to Lonnie Luck so fast because there's something greater to chase tonight. Oh yeah, that's the spot. Here's the deal. While I need SOMETHING to fill the void since my pristine winning streak as FIST came to an uncultured end and I have something of a losing streak I am currently enduring, I need to go back to my roots and find the title belt that is rightfully mine, in a canonized sense, if that makes sense. Do you know where I'm going with this, Percy?

### **Percy Collins:**

I THINK SO! I THINK SO! The SOHER wasn't a good idea and nor was going after the Favored Saints title but whatever you have cooked up next IS the best idea, guaranteed! Tell it to me.

### **Malak Garland:**

It's finally time to take the biggest step back. Step? Nay. Try leap. Try a gobbdam LEAP for crying out loud. Back to basics. Back to chasing the belt I canonized and wrongfully vacated because I was wiping my memory card clean which turned out to be a huge mistake. I let that elbow licking, tuna canned nimrod cOnOr influence me into vacating it when I didn't need to! Percy, I want my Paper Title back! FULL STOP!

The shock from the crowd can faintly be heard. Percy nods emphatically. He's tickled pink to hear about Malak's next juicy endeavor.

### **Percy Collins:**

YES! YES! Makes complete sense to me!

Malak immediately whips out his phone and starts scrolling through it.

### **Malak Garland:**

There's only one problem. Some other jagaloon has laid claim to my title. Gues I'll have to fight them.

Garland navigates the DEFIANCE Wrestling website like a pro.

### **Malak Garland:**

Title history says Jack Harmen is the culprit but I'm pretty sure his bratty little falldown son is somehow involved. IDK Percy. Shows are TLDR as they are. Don't care either way. Whoever the champion is will have to face me in the ring. Tonight. This just has to pull through. I just know it.

Percy wrings his hands together.

**Percy Collins:**

Old Man Jack about to be PUT OUT TO PASTURE TONIGHT! MUHAHAHAHAHA! BORK! BORK! BORK!

Cut feed.

## ARCHER SILVER & HIGH FLYER vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

### DDK:

We've got tag team action coming up next and it will be Gulf Coast Connection's Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid taking on the team of Archer Silver and High Flyer!

### Lance:

We've seen a switch just completely flip in Archer Silver lately and now we're about to see him team with his regular tag partner and partner-in-crime, High Flyer! Former three-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champions working together tonight!

### DDK:

And the list of victims so far from Archer Silver is growing... Nicky Synz: put out with a concussion! Strong AF: broken nose! Crescent City Kid just made his return last week on UNCUT with a win after he was injured for three months thanks to Killjoy. GCC better be on their guard up next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the next match!

### Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

### Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, accompanied by Wingman Titus Campbell... weighing in at 429 pounds... Theodore Cain... Crescent City Kid... **THE GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful who are welcoming him back with cheers! "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young fan in the audience with her parents! All three get in the ring and pose for The Faithful before their music plays for their opponents.

♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The opening trumpets to the arrogant start to blast throughout the arena. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Calgary Faithful, arms wide open, he then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in. Next to him, High Flyer holds out his arms and his arms have a version of the old BRAZEN LET flag and a theatrical mask over his face!

### Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent, at a combined weight of 467 pounds... "THE GREATEST" HIGH FLYER... "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"... ARCHER! SILVER!... **LES! ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. High Flyer walks alongside Archer and throws off the flag! Archer climbs up the steps, through the ropes, then sits on the top rope facing his opponent. The hood comes off and Archer holds the jacket as Benny Doyle gets ready to call for the bell...

### DING DING

Crescent City Kid starts off with High Flyer ready to wrestle. Kid tries to go low on High Flyer with an ankle pick, but the showoffy son of Jack Harmen flips over him and lands on his feet! He runs at CCK who sidesteps him and then runs him down with a shoulder block on the way back. Flyer stands over CCK and then runs off the ropes. CCK tries to sit up only to get his clock cleaned with a snappy basement dropkick with a loud thud! Flyer rolls over onto his stomach and waves over at Theodore Cain and Campbell on the floor.



**DDK:**

High Flyer showing why he's more than worthy of the moniker he unashamedly stole from his father, Jack Harmen! What a dropkick!

He picks up The Kid and throws him into the corner before laying into his chest with a trifecta of stiff chops! CCK gets winded when High Flyer grabs him and simply THROWS him through the ropes! CCK lands out on the floor and Flyer gets booed as he walks over to Silver and dabs fists with his best friend and tag partner!

**Lance:**

Les Enfants Terrible were perhaps one of the best tag teams to come out of BRAZEN! We haven't had too many opportunities to see them work in a formal two on two setting but we've heard they are carving out their own path now!

High Flyer waits for CCK to stand and then tries a slingshot plancha! CCK moves and rolls back into the ring, but Flyer manages to land on his feet. He takes a moment to note to The Faithful that he meant to do that, but when he turns around, he sees CCK coming THROUGH the ropes with a baseball slide headscissors on the floor! CCK gets up and then high-flives a few fans in the front row!

**DDK:**

CCK made High Flyer pay for his arrogance there!

CCK goes over and gets Flyer back into the ring before heading over to tag Theodore Cain into the ring. He grabs High Flyer and the Smash Surfer slams him down with a big slam before standing on his back like he's riding a surfboard!

**DDK:**

And now Cain Riding the Waves! High Flyer's preening came back to haunt his team.

Archer leans over and watches as Cain goes to slam High Flyer with another scoop slam before tagging in CCK. The masked man jumps in as CCK hits the ropes. He runs at Cain who helps his own partner with an assisted back body drop into a senton across the body of Flyer! He rolls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**DDK:**

Quick kickout by Flyer!

CCK rushes over and tries to hit a standing moonsault on Flyer, but when he jumps, The Greatest gets the knees up first! The Kid is hunched over in pain when Flyer rolls over to tag Archer in for the first time.

**Lance:**

Archer has been licking his chops to get into this match.... OOH!

The first move that Archer hits is CRACKING The Kid in the gut with an extra stiff punch! He doubles him over and then bullies Crescent City Kid into the corner of LET. He throws a barrage of punches to the body of the masked mascot of GCC until he's in a seated position. Silver then jumps up with a corner slingshot, then hits a double foot stomp to the chest of CCK before effectively standing on him to choke the life out of him! Benny Doyle gets in his face and starts warning him, but Silver jumps at Doyle!

**DDK:**

Standing on Business by Archer Silver! And now he's getting in the face of our head referee!

**Lance:**

Doyle's THE ref that won't take any disrespect!

Doyle warns Archer, but Archer chest bumps him! Doyle warns him one more time and he'll get DQed. High Flyer tries to warn his best friend against them getting disqualified!

**Lance:**

That was getting REAL tense! Archer Silver has been showing he doesn't care for authority lately since this newfound meanstreak of his came out!

Archer points at Doyle.

**Archer Silver:**

You're lucky he stepped in, you old fuck.

That gets an "oooooh" from The Faithful as Silver turns his attention back on business. The Prince of Pricks grabs CCK over his shoulder, who tries to struggle out, but he's too beaten down. High Flyer tags himself in just as Silver runs and SLAMS him into the ground with a rolling double leg slam! As he rolls out of the slam, High Flyer leaps in and hits a springboard 360 Double Axe Handle! With the extra show-offy move complete, High Flyer goes for a lateral press!

**DDK:**

The Gold Fever slam by Archer is followed by that 360 Double Axe Handle by High Flyer! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

CAIN WITH THE ELBOW DROP!

**Lance:**

Great work by Theodore Cain breaking up the cover! I think after the abuse The Kid has just taken coming back from injury, he had to.

**DDK:**

CCK has a chance to try and get back to his corner!

With cheers from The Faithful and Wingman at ringside, Crescent City Kid tries to get to his corner. He rushes forward and tries to get there, but Flyer grabs his leg first. He stands up to his full 6'2" height. He picks up CCK, but he turns it around and drives High Flyer down with the CCT DDT! Flyer gets DROPPED straight on his head before collapsing a moment later while CCK finally has a chance to get back to his corner.

**DDK:**

What a CCT by CCK! I can't believe how hard he got dropped with that tornado DDT!

**Lance:**

Here we go... CCK in the corner! Can he get to Theodore Cain?!

Cain reaches over and gets the tag! Flyer reaches over and is barely able to do the same! Cain comes in and runs towards Archer, who charges...

*OOOOOOHHHHHH!*

Archer jumps up and CLOCKS Cain right under the jaw with the deadly Arrow in Flight knee strike!

**DDK:**

LORDY! ARROW IN FLIGHT RIGHT TO THE JAW! CAIN MADE THE HOT TAG AND GOT SNUFFED OUT!

Archer looks over at High Flyer back in the corner, who wants the tag. Campbell can't believe it on the outside and neither can The Faithful as Silver reaches over and tags his friend. Still holding his neck in pain, Flyer gestures for Archer to pull Cain over and he does!

**Lance:**

Just one shot! That's all it took for Archer to turn the tide of this match completely!

High Flyer manages to ride the adrenaline and poses on the top rope before leaping off with HUGE hangtime that has the crowd in awe!

**DDK:**

MOONSHOT SPECIAL! BETTER THAN HIS DAD USED TO DO IT, ACCORDING TO HIGH FLYER HIMSELF!

He hooks the legs and grins! CCK tries to jump on the apron, but Archer flies over and ROCKS him with a Superman Elbow on the jaw!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners... **LES ENFANTS TERRIBLE!**

Archer Silver and High Flyer don't even let Benny Doyle raise their hands because Doyle gets CHASED out of the ring by an irate Archer! Flyer nudges Archer and then points towards the back. The two men nod at one another and then both leave the ring. Wingman heads into the ring to check on the fallen Cain.

**Lance:**

Goodness! Both men seem to be on a mission tonight! Whatever has woken up inside of Archer Silver seems to be happening to High Flyer as well! They didn't even stick around to celebrate.

**DDK:**

Yeah, I don't... wait, wait, wait!

Titus is checking on both of his friends, but doesn't hear the booing until it's too late! He turns his face, only to eat a BIG charging yakuza kick from Flyer! Cain is stunned and left wide open for Archer to ROCK him on the jaw with the Arrow In Flight

**Lance:**

COME ON, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS!

LET are back in the ring and both men jump The Wingman in the ring! They both lay him out as well! Archer snarls in his direction then rolls out of the ring. High Flyer takes a moment and takes a bow as well before he leaves to follow his tag team partner to the back like they are on a mission!

**DDK:**

Les Enfants Terribles have just snapped!

**KERRY KUROYAMA vs. HUGO "LIPS" GONZALEZ***BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!! BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!**BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!! BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!**♪ "Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady" ♪*

The stage explodes into an array of emerald green and dark pink lights. Two words cross the DEFIATron...

**V A E V I C T I S**

Pyrotechnics explode overhead right before KERRY KUROYAMA strides through the curtain, greeted by a massive pop from the Faithful. Rocking viridian and fuchsia patterned tights, the Emerald Apex pauses at the head of the ramp to savor the warm reaction.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, United States, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... he is "the EMERALD APEX"... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Kerry pumps a fist and begins his descent down the rampway.

**DDK:**

We've got singles action on the way next, ladies and gentlemen! Right now, "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama is making his way to the ring, set to face off with a predetermined member of Los Caídos!

**Lance:**

Kerry's never been one to back down from a fight, although in this case, I'm sure he'd rather have answers from his longtime friend and former partner, Scott Douglas, who seems completely transformed since coming under the influence of Victor Vacio.

**DDK:**

Supposedly, Kuroyama requested a face-to-face with Vacio, and was given this match instead! Regardless, he looks eager to get to the bottom of whatever it is that Los Caí-D'OOOHH, WHAT IS THIS NOW?!

A sudden blow to the back of Kerry's head sends him into a faceplant on the rampway. Standing over him, face obscured by a black mask of NOTHING, is Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez. Flanking him, expectedly, are Corey Nunez and Gerardo Villalobos.

*"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"*

**DDK:**

What a CHEAP SHOT!! Los Caídos just BLINDSIDED Kerry on his way to the ring! And now Gonzalez is mercilessly STOMPING AWAY at him!

**Lance:**

Clearly, he's attempting to get his shots in before the bell rings. Kuroyama wanted a confrontation, but it appears as though Victor Vacio has decided to make the first move!

Vacio himself stands at the head of the rampway, alongside the masked Scott Douglas, who passively watches the assault unfold. Hugo lays off on the boots long enough for Nunez and Villalobos to pick Kuroyama up by the arms and throw him the rest of the way down the rampway.

**DDK:**

This is unbelievable! And downright craven! All while his former partner idly stands by and watches!

**Lance:**

Could this possibly be more of Vacio testing Scott Douglas' resolve?

Hugo begins to charge, catching a rising and discombobulated Kerry off guard with a running dropkick that lays him out once again!

**DDK:**

A SICKENING blindside attack! Kerry never saw it coming!

**Lance:**

Kuroyama wanted a confrontation, but this is a damn mugging! Vacio didn't send a message ... he sent a damn hit squad!

Lips barks orders to Corey and Gerardo, who lift Kerry off the ramp and roughly shove him under the bottom rope, rolling him into the ring.

**DDK:**

This is disgusting!

Referee Benny Doyle is in the ring, trying to check on Kerry. Gonzalez shouts at him to ring the bell. The ref hesitates...

**Lance:**

Don't do it, Benny. He's in no condition to compete!

Kerry, barely able to push himself to his knees, swats away Benny's hand. Through gritted teeth, he mutters something unheard.

**DDK:**

Wait ... Kuroyama's telling Doyle he wants to fight?! He's not backing down!

Doyle reluctantly calls for the bell.

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

Well there it is... the match is officially underway. But Kerry Kuroyama is starting this fight from the deepest hole imaginable.

**Lance:**

And Hugo Gonzalez? He's smiling. You can't convince me this wasn't all part of the plan for the start.

Kerry Kuroyama stands mostly upright in the corner, chest heaving, eyes burning holes through the masked Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez. He's hurting... but he's ready.

**DDK:**

There they go into the lock-up... and Gonzalez immediately lands a knee strike to double him over! Headlock applied... and a BULLDOG followed by a quick step off the middle turnbuckle puts Kuroyama to the mat!

**Lance:**

This may have been over before it even began.

**DDK:**

Gonzalez hooking the leg while he makes the cover...

One!

Two!

Kerry kicks out!

The kickout draws a light pop from the crowd as Kuroyama keeps the fight alive, but Lips rewards his efforts with a series of forearms to the back of the neck to limber him up. Leaving him to slowly recover, Hugo takes a bounce off the ropes...

**DDK:**

Gonzalez, still in full control, sets himself into motion... and catches Kerry with a sliding Reverse STO to force him to kiss the canvas!

**Lance:**

If Victor Vacio cared about anything, I'm sure he'd be wearing a smile right now.

**DDK:**

It looks as though Hugo Gonzalez has Kuroyama right in the palm of his hand right now... Kerry hasn't even had a moment to regain his bearings!

"Lips" grabs Kerry by the neck and hauls him back up before setting him onto his shoulders into the fireman's carry.

**Lance:**

Going for the Negative Outlook?

**DDK:**

NO! Kerry is landing elbows to the side of Hugo's head!

Four shots to the temple is enough to loosen Gonzalez' grip, and frees himself from his shoulders. Back on his feet, Kerry shoves Hugo from behind and sends himself into the ropes.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama into motion now... Gonzalez waits for him with a WHEEL KICK--and it's DUCKED by Kerry! Now Hugo turns around... and gets LAID OUT by the SQUALL LINE LARIAT!!

*"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"*

**Lance:**

That was the opening he needed!

Kerry takes a moment to regain his bearings, but rallies forth, energized by the raucous crowd reaction. Watching at ringside, Vacio and Douglas barely react to this sudden change of momentum.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama making the cover...

One!

Two!

Gonzalez kicks out!

Both competitors roll apart from one another. Lips, not wanting to lose his early advantage, bullrushes Kerry against the ropes and tags his face with a forearm before attempting to push him off. Instead, Kuroyama plants his foot, pivots, and pulls Gonzalez straight into his knee to double him over.

Before Hugo can react, Kerry hooks both of his arms and lifts him upside down...

**DDK:**

Kerry with the DOUBLE UNDERHOOK BACKBREAKER!! Gonzalez was nearly folded in HALF!

**Lance:**

I hear he's taken to calling that one the Judgement Bolt Bomb over in PRIME>

**DDK:**

Well I call it a one-way trip to a CHIROPRACTOR! Kerry may have ended this match right here with that one! He hooks the leg while making the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Wait a second, Benny Doyle sees Villalobos climbing to the apron!

*"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"*

Gerardo Villalobos waves for the ref's attention, and Boyle promptly orders him back to ringside. Seeing what's happening, Kuroyama shakes his head, and... rolls out the opposite side of the ring.

**DDK:**

Wait, where is Kerry going?

**Lance:**

I'm not sure, Keebs!

**DDK:**

He's going after Corey Nunez?!

Indeed, rather than biting on the distraction, Kuroyama sets his sights on the other member of Los Caídos, and begins chasing him around the ring! Even Gerardo is bewildered by this unexpected contingency. Quickly, he hops off the apron to give Nunez support as he runs around the ring, but finds himself flat-footed and in the path of an Emerald Apex with a full head of steam!

**DDK:**

DOUBLE LARIATS take out Villalobos and Nunez BOTH!

**Lance:**

That's some impressive forward thinking put to work on the part of Kuroyama, all but neutralizing the threat of interference from the other members of Los Caídos!

Kuroyama slides back into the ring to get back into the match, only to get gobsmacked by another forearm from a recovered Gonzalez. Quickly, Hugo pushes him off the ropes...

**DDK:**

"Lips" Gonzalez with the whip--no, REVERSED by Kerry! Gonzalez on the return... LEAPFROGS the backbody drop

attempt... and slides out onto the apron!

As Kuroyama turns around, Hugo pulls back on the top rope and springboards gracefully back into the ring...

**DDK:**

Here comes Gonzalez with the SPRINGBOARD CROSS-BODY--NNNOOO, CAUGHT by KERRY!

Before Gonzalez can react, Kuroyama transitions him up onto his shoulders, and launches him right into the Emerald Flowsion!

**DDK:**

KUROYAMA DRIVER!! WHAT A REVERSAL!! Now he makes the COVER!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady" ♪

**DDK:**

He's got him! Kerry Kuroyama pulls it off! The Pacific Blitzkrieg just stormed through one of Los Caidos' most dangerous enforcers!

**Lance:**

That was no easy task and he did it after being shanghaied on the rampway! That's heart. That's pride!

"KU-RO-YA-MA!

KU-RO-YA-MA!"

He slowly gets up, arms raised. Benny Doyle moves to check on him, but Kerry shrugs him off and points toward the stage.

The camera cuts to the head of the rampway, where Victor Vacio stands, flanked by the masked Scott Douglas. Vacio begins to clap slowly. Scott stands motionless, his facial expression unreadable behind the mask.

**DDK:**

Victor Vacio, with Scott Douglas at his side. Watching. Measuring.

Kerry walks to the ropes and leans over the top strand, pointing up the ramp. He's shouting ...

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

COME ON THEN! Let's GO! I'M RIGHT HERE!

The Faithful pop again ...ready for a fight but Vacio simply tilts his head, smiling faintly.



Scott doesn't move.

Kerry shakes his head in frustration, pacing in the ring like a caged animal. In the background the two smaller masked Los Caidos pull Hugo from the ring.

**DDK:**

Kerry wants a fight. He wants the truth. But he's getting mind games instead.

**Lance:**

I hate to say it, but this is classic Vacio. Push the buttons. Control the board. Make you doubt what's *really* worth it in the end.

Vacio finally turns and walks back through the tunnel. Scott follows, glancing back just once before disappearing into the shadows.

Kerry pounds the top turnbuckle in frustration.

**DDK:**

He may not have gotten the confrontation he asked for... but tonight, Kerry Kuroyama reminded Los Caídos ... and maybe even Scott Douglas ... that he's not going quietly.

**Lance:**

Not by a long shot.

Fade out on Kerry standing tall and defiant ... cut to elsewhere.

**COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!**

## **PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: JACK HARMEN (C) vs. MALAK GARLAND**

Mark Shields is seen loosening up in the ring as the capacity crowd awaits its next contest.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

This bout is for the DEFIANCE Paper Championship!

The lights go low and turn to a tinge of dark blue until the entire inner sanctum of the arena is drowned in the light.

♪ *"Big Dawgs" by Humankind* ♪

Boos reign down from the highest points as Malak Garland walks out on stage. Percy Collins follows closely behind.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, here is the challenger, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the Keeper of Cold, the Illest Internet Ideology, he is MALAK GARLAND!

### **DDK:**

Folks, strap in because this is sure to be a good one. Earlier in the night, Malak said his chakras need to regain a title he wrongfully vacated in the unofficial, I stress that term, Paper Title.

Malak climbs into the ring after getting some words of affirmation from Percy Collins.

### **DDK:**

The question is, will he face the man who has the actual title belt, High Flyer, or take on the champion himself, Jack Harmen?

### **Lance:**

I guess we're about to find out!

♪ *"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne* ♪

As the opening vocals of Crazy Train ring out, the Faithful explode. Cutting through the rising fog from the entrance and standing tall at the head of the ramp is none other than DEFIANCE's friendly Neighborhood Lunatic, Jack Harmen. Harmen throws his head back in a discordant laugh as he tosses one hand up in his signature devil horn taunt. He briskly makes his way to the ring, slapping outstretched fans' hands as he does.

### **DDK:**

Jack Harmen defeated his son High Flyer for the title belt at DEFIANCE Road earlier this year. And it looks like we're going to get a rare opportunity to see the legend in action here at DEFtV!

### **Lance:**

Harmen has only competed on television for DEFIANCE a handful of times over the past three years, against people like Ned Reform, Dex Joy, Gage Blackwood and Tyler Fuse. Malak Garland the snowflake vs. Jack Harmen the snowman is a match on everyone's bucket list, and we get to see it right here tonight!

## **DING DING**

### **DDK:**

And Malak jumps on the attack immediately!

Garland wails away on the back of Harmen like an unchained gorilla. Being the veteran he is, Jack manages to shake the challenger off. Malak tosses Mark Shields towards the champion.

### **Malak Garland:**

CHECK ON THE GERIATRIC! HE MIGHT NEED A WALKER TO KEEP COMPETING IN THIS MATCH!

Mark runs interference whether he likes it or not as Harmen protests, which buys enough time for Malak to ascend to the top turnbuckle.

**Lance:**

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Garland's feet connect with Harmen's head! Looking like he's on top of the world, Malak parades around the ring, basking in the crowd's jeers.

**Malak Garland:**

I AM SO GREAT! I AM SO GREAT! LOOK AT ME! THIS OLD MAN CAN'T KEEP UP! MY PAPER TITLE IS AS GOOD AS MINE!

*SLAP!*

The sound of a fleshy palm meeting cheek resonates throughout the arena as Jack Harmen stands DEFIANTLY against Malak Garland. The blow more shocked than wounding.

**DDK:**

Side slam by Harmen!

**Lance:**

Off the ropes and he nails Malak with a running knee to the gut!

Harmen pushes by Mark Shields who somehow gets in the way. The champion pulls the challenger up and delivers a corkscrew suplex!

ONE!

NO!

Malak shoots a shoulder up so Jack wraps it in an armbar. Garland is quick to scoot to the ropes, breaking the hold. Harman meets Garland at a vertical base where he blocks some shots and retaliates with an enziguri!

**DDK:**

Big shot there by Harmen! Caught Malak off guard for sure!

**Lance:**

Camel clutch! Harmen is staying on the attack!

Wrenching back, Harmen pulls for all its worth. Malak digs his fingers into Jack's clasp to break free once more.

**Lance:**

Garland gator rolls out of the way.

Malak takes a run at the champion who side steps and helps propel the champion towards the ropes. Bouncing off of them, Malak gets stonewalled as Jack hits a Lou Thesz press, complete with mounted punches which sends the crowd into a frenzy!

**DDK:**

Harmen moving like it's 2005 again!

**Lance:**

Malak has been countering but the in-ring experience and savvy of Jack Harmen is proving to be unmatched thus far!

Malak covers up and eventually rolls away once more. This time, instead of charging in, Malak takes a more cautious approach. They lock up. Jack throws Malak into the corner where the challenger receives a few knife edge chops!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ear splitting crackles sound throughout the arena with each connection of skin to skin. The last chop even hurt Harmen's hand as he shakes it off.

**Mark Shields:**

Shit, I think I have ear damage from hearing those chops!

Jack just looks back at Mark like he should probably shut the hell up.

**DDK:**

The champ has Malak right where he wants him!

Malak swings for the fences, out from the corner with a clothesline but Jack ducks and gets a solid waistlock in place. Harmen doesn't hesitate to German suplex his opponent and bridge it into a pinning combination.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

At the last second, Malak breaks out of it.

**DDK:**

SO CLOSE!

Harmen pulls Malak up by his hair, only to scoop slam him back down. Once supine, Garland signals over to ringside for Percy Collins to jump up on the apron. He does just that. People boo as Percy spews a bunch of wretched words at the champion, who remains stoic through it all. Jack walks up to the apron as Mark Shields watches intently.

**Lance:**

Jack grabs Percy by the throat! Collins is in for it now!

Jack looks left to the crowd. They roar. He looks right to the crowd. They roar. Percy shudders in fear as Jack winds up but can't connect a punch as Malak jumps on the champ's back.

**DDK:**

Dammit, Malak had Percy create a window of opportunity and he took it!

The champ is wise though, so it doesn't take long for Harmen to climb to the second rope with Malak on his back and fall gracefully in reverse.

**SLAM!**

**DDK:**

JACK HARMEN JUST SANDWICHED MALAK BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE CANVAS! GREAT MOVE!

Back to being subdued in the prone position and in pain, Malak can't help but watch Jack ascend to the top rope.

**DDK:**

FROG SPLASH!

But Malak moves in time. In fact, too early, as Jack is able to land on his feet, which impresses everyone and scares the challenger simultaneously. Malak has that "Oh shit" look on his face.

*YOU MESSED UP!*

*YOU MESSED UP!*

*YOU MESSED UP!*

The crowd chants towards Malak as Jack bounces off the ropes with no more nonsense.

**WHACK!**

**DDK:**

LOCOMOTIVE CONNECTS!

Malak does a flip upon impact of the heavy duty charging Yakuza kick! Harmen has to roll the limp body of Malak over for the cover. They're near enough to the ropes though so Malak faintly reaches out to Percy, as if asking for some help to get a rope break. Harmen grabs his hand and pulls it away before he can reach him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

**DDK:**

IT'S OVER! JACK HARMEN JUST PINNED MALAK GARLAND!

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER AND STILL PAPER CHAMPION, JACK HARMEN!

Jack raises his own hand as Mark Shields is too busy tending to Malak. The champ rolls out of the ring, deep fakes Percy Collins out of his britches, grabs his belt, slams a few high fives en route to the back.

**DDK:**

That's FOUR, count 'em, FOUR consecutive losses suffered by Malak Garland!

Garland finally comes to and realizes what has just transpired. Mark extends a hand but Malak, he has other plans.

**THWACK!**

Fuming, seething even, Malak grabs Mark Shields by the collar as he rises to his feet. It's clear he's in a blind rage. It's yet another loss suffered whilst this buffoon masquerading as an official has monitored his matches, obviously making it nothing but Mark's fault. It's time to PIN THE BLAME on something other than himself.

**Malak Garland:**

I KEEP LOSING! I OFFICIALLY LOST MY PAPER TITLE! THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU'RE THE ONLY CONSTANT DENOMINATOR HERE! IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FACT I'M IN THE MATCHES TOO!

Malak raises a FIST to Mark who nearly soils himself. Percy Collins swoops in at the last minute to hold Garland's raging forearm from striking the zebra. Heading backstage, just outside the ring, Jack Harmen stops and watches. He scratches his head in confusion and interest.

**Percy Collins:**

DON'T DO IT, MALAK! YOU'LL GET A HARSH TALKING TO! OR WORSE! YOU MIGHT GET TRASHED ONLINE!

**Malak Garland:**

NO I WON'T! NO ONE CARES ABOUT THIS JOKE OF A REFEREE! HE-HE WAS SUPPOSED TO ALWAYS BE ON MY SIDE BUT I'VE LOST FOUR STRAIGHT MATCHES!

It looks like Malak is going to pummel Mark but then, all of a sudden, he stops. It's as if a wave of calm has overcome his spirit. Garland relinquishes the hold of Mark's crumpled collar. Malak pats it flat, lovingly.

**Malak Garland:**

I-I'm sorry, Mark. I don't know what came over me. It's not you, it's me. It's a me problem. I need to take ownership of my actions. It's just, I am severely conflicted if you can't tell. I'm directionless and I'm spiraling towards a mental meltdown. I don't know what to do anymore but maybe, just maybe you shouldn't ref my matches anymore. I need a **break**.

Hearing these words crush Mark. Who is he going to go do questionable things with after the show moving forward? Will Mark ever do a good enough job for Malak? Shields just sort of shrugs before exiting the ring.

**Mark Shields:**

Whatever you want, Malak. I'm here for you if you need me.

Percy consoles Malak like he's just gone through the toughest breakup of his life. In each other's arms, Percy and Malak also exit the ring and slowly walk up the ramp. The fans don't buy it and eventually, neither does Malak.

**DDK:**

I hate to say I'm basking in someone else's wallow but like, the last few weeks have been pretty great.

Malak stops Percy from taking him backstage. He whips out a microphone and stares daggers at his manager.

**Malak Garland:**

Four losses. FOUR MOTHERBOARD LOSSES IN A ROW! FOUR CHAMPIONSHIP LOSSES IF YOU COUNT ME GETTING SCREWED OVER FOR THE FIST BY cOnOr!

It's clear a fit of rage is back on for the Snowflake Superstar as his face is a bright shade of red.

**Malak Garland:**

Percy. You have done nothing to help me. You're a terrible sports psychologist. You're an even worse social media strategist. But most of all, you suck at being human. I think I would rather be alone from this point on. You couldn't even interfere when I needed you most. Like, PUT MY BLOODY HAND ON THE ROPE FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

Garland puts a hand on Percy's shoulder.

**Malak Garland:**

You're fired, you fat, elbow greasy, hog tying, oil dripping, sand snorting, salvia gargling, rotund pile of trans fats!

He kicks Percy in the groin, throws the microphone down with authority and storms backstage. Everyone is stunned. Percy falls to his knees, eyes bulging in pain, before flattening on the ground.

**DDK:**

Malak just fired Percy Collins!

**Lance:**

What is happening with Malak Garland!? He's out of control!

Fade to commercial.



**COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND**



## ELISE ARES vs. URIEL CORTEZ

### DDK:

Earlier tonight, we saw the GC Universe pull a fast one on Titanes Familia when they helped Aaron King not only defeat Brooklynn Rivera, but also help make him a full-fledged member of the GC Universe!

### DDK:

That we did! Uriel Cortez can't be happy, but he'll have to put that all aside in order to focus on his opponent who has been arguably on one of the hottest streaks of her career against Elise Area! Wins against OSCAR BURNS, Kerry Kuroyama and of course, Lindsay Troy! Elise Ares wants a shot at the FIST and she's looking to keep her streak alive, but she has a MASSIVE mountain to climb. That mountain? "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring to announce the next match.

### Darren Quimbey:

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

The lights in the arena go off except for a single bright white spotlight shining down onto the entrance. The synth echoes around the arena as a door opens and the Edmonton Faithful cheer in appreciation. A hidden door opens and slowly a platinum throne begins to rise up from the floor. Inside the throne, Elise Ares sits leaning against her right fist with her legs crossed wearing her white and chrome ring gear with cropped white leather jacket. Her LED sunglasses flash "TITAN" and "SLAYER" as it comes to a stop. Elise takes off her tiara and sets it atop the throne and Klein assists up to observe her kingdom.

♪ "You should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

### DDK:

And here comes Elise Ares. In some ways, she hasn't changed at all but we've literally watched her grow up.

### Lance:

Elise has done a lot in DEFIANCE. Three-time Unified Tag Team Champion with PCP. The second-longest reign in the history of the Southern Heritage Title! Now all she has to do tonight is what her shades say... slay a Titan!

Now that she's swaggered her way down to the ring, Elise launches her LED sunglasses into the crowd from the top rope!

♪ *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 ♪

The camera cuts to a single golden spotlight at the entrance! Behind them in the center gold spotlight, in a black vest, tank top, jeans and gold-tinted sunglasses, Uriel Cortez stands on the stage!

### Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from The City of Industry, California, standing at over seven feet tall and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE POUNDS... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Uriel Cortez has his game face on tonight as he heads towards the ring with intent to hurt whoever is placed in front of him.

### Lance:

We were told that after the match, there was a huge backstage brawl between members of the GC Universe, Mil Vuelas, Dan Leo James and Aaron King against the likes of Kilgore, Siofra and Brooklynn Rivera and as a result, they've been banned from the building for the remainder of the night!

**DDK:**

But even with that said... Titanes Familia and PCP know each other VERY well. Countless amazing tag team battles over the Unified Tag Team Championships! Titaness defeated Elise Ares before last year's DEFCON, but she and The D would retain their then-titles against Titaness and Killjoy. So there's lots of bad blood that may never go away.

Elise somehow remains undaunted against the massive man pulling himself up the ropes. He smirks at The FACE of DEFIANCE and steps over the ropes with ease. As the two face one another, the bell rings!

**DING DING**

The FACE of DEFIANCE looks up at The Man of the House. He looks at Elise and then smiles as he puts up his hand to top of his head and then down to the top of Elise's just to really accentuate the size difference of the two.

**DDK:**

Goodness, does Elise even have a chance here against this monster?!

**Lance:**

Indeed! Both of these two have had a great 2025! We talked about Elise's year, but Uriel Cortez with huge key wins over Scott Douglas and Dex Joy, not to mention the Familia defeating The Lads at DEFCON in the first-ever Familia Rules match!

Elise's response to Uriel's sizing up? SPITTING UPWARDS!

*OOOOOOOOOOH!*

Right away, Elise rolls out of the ring and starts hitting her signature dance!

**Elise Ares:**

Qué tal eso, gran perra?!

No translation needed for that! An IRATE Cortez charges towards Elise and tries to climb over the ropes, but as he does this Elise speeds around him and heads inside! To massive cheers from The Faithful, she realizes she's got one over on Cortez. As he tries to climb back into the ring, she connects with a big seated dropkick close to his eye! He growls and jumps out of the ring before delivering a big kick to the nearby steel steps.

**DDK:**

If Elise has ANY chance tonight, it's that! Hit and run, get the big man to make a mistake and chop him down!

He pulls himself up again and starts to climb over the ropes when Elise jumps to the nearby corner and hits a triangle dropkick to the chest of Cortez that ALMOST makes him trip as he enters the ring! He stumbles into the corner and it's there that Elise runs at him in full and hits a running dropkick in the corner to the delight of The Faithful!

**Lance:**

That's the way! Elise Ares can't let up!

She jumps up and lands another running dropkick, this time to the knee! Cortez limps in pain as Elise jumps up and then starts to climb the corner with Cortez in it! She wails on him with as many punches as she can possibly land, but they only seem to irritate Papa Tez than hurt. He LAUNCHES her across the ring with a shove, but Elise is able to course correct herself and rolls back to her feet. The FACE of DEFIANCE runs again and then hits a tiger feint kick through the ropes and it connects to the back of the same knee that she dropkicked moments ago!

**DDK:**

Is Elise... using... psychology tonight?! She clearly came in with a gameplan!

As The Man of the House hobbles around, Elise charges again off the ropes looking for a springboard! She leaps off

looking for a big DDT... but Cortez catches her! The panic on Elise's face is now as clear as the anger on Uriel's when he simply LAUNCHES her into the corner with a massive snake eyes! Elise collides with the top turnbuckle and falls to the canvas while an irritated Uriel holds his leg out.

**Lance:**

No! One move and Uriel just changed up this entire match!

**DDK:**

Can Elise even mount a comeback at this point. That was one snake eyes from this big man and Ares looks out of it!

The South Beach Starlet slowly tries to pick herself up in the corner, but Cortez already has her up on his shoulder! He casually walks over to the middle of the ring and holds Elise up on his shoulder by only one arm! He looks out...

**Uriel Cortez:**

Tiempo para una paliza!

He casually drops her with a delayed one-armed scoop slam in the ring! Elise writhes around in pain while Cortez's mood seems to have improved! He throws up both hands.

**Uriel Cortez:** *[mocking voice]*

FIST OR NOTHING, BBY!

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Lance:**

Not only two of DEFIANCE's biggest rising stars, but trash talkers as well!

With Uriel grabbing Elise by the arm, he whips her across the ring. Shockingly, Elise is able to give Uriel the slip by sliding out under the bottom rope and out to the floor! She catches her breath against the guardrail outside and flips Uriel the double tall man to the Tall-Father, sending Cortez into a focused fury! Elise is near the ropes when Uriel GRABS her by the arm!

**Lance:**

Methinks Elise is going to regret that!

Uriel PULLS her up into the air, but Elise counters the only way she knows how at this rate - jabbing a thumb into the right eye of Cortez! He yells in pain and then she grabs him by the neck and drops back to the ring apron and snaps his neck across the top rope! The Faithful ROAR with approval for Elise as she ignores Carla Ferrari reading her the riot act about the thumb to the eye!

**DDK:**

Some leopards never change their spots! And here goes Elise!

Elise LEAPS to the top rope and springboards towards Uriel with a flip... BUT HE CATCHES HER! Once again, Elise is in a panic when Uriel grabs her in a fallaway slam position! He spins around several times and then DRIVES her down across the knee with a modified rib breaker! And once again, Elise finds herself in complete agony while a towering Cortez is losing his patience fast with the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style!

**DDK:**

We have seen Elise ENDURE especially in the past few months to make this goal of becoming the FIST, but how much can she take from the head of Titanes Familia?!

Uriel picks her up again. He grabs her by the arm and simply WHIPS her across the ring but the force is strong enough for Elise to go BOUNCING off the corner! The Man of the House pumps a fist from the other side of the ring and starts smiling.

**Lance:**

He's... he's enjoying this... he's ENJOYING THIS!

**DDK:**

And he's taking his time. The one thing above all else that we have seen Uriel Cortez have absolutely no patience for is disrespect! And Elise literally spitting in his face earlier? Disrespect!

Cortez does look giddy as he picks up Elise again. He goes to hold her up in a press slam! He starts walking around the ring with her casually... then with ONE ARM! He smirks and gets ready to let her fall... but doesn't see her land on her feet behind him!

**DDK:**

No! Elise is still in this... DROPKICK TO THE KNEE!

Elise stuns Cortez with a kick to the knee, then kips to her feet in a hurry to deliver a thrust kick to the same leg! Cortez hobbles around and Elise tries to run the ropes... but Uriel catches her by the back of her tights...

**THWACK!**

...AND CHOPS HER IN THE BACK!

**DDK:**

OH, NO! THAT WAS A BRUTAL SHOT! ELISE MIGHT BE DONE!

The shot is more than enough for Elise to get knocked through the ropes and out to the floor! She tries to fight through the pain, but it's difficult! Cortez shakes his head like he didn't just want to do that, but shrugs as he turns to Carla.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Don't look at me like that, SHE spit in MY face! AND poked my eye!

Carla shakes her head and then Uriel reaches over the ropes to pull Elise up back to the apron just as she tries to stand! Cortez picks her up and over the ropes, almost knocking Elise right into Carla!

**DDK:**

No! Carla almost got wiped out by Elise Ares!

The Man of the House ignores Carla's well being. She's okay, but she doesn't see Elise use The D's DICK PUNCH-AAAAHHH to loud applause from The Faithful! Elise holds her own fist in pain, but Uriel looks to have gotten the worst of it as he grits his teeth!

**Lance:**

THAT'S ONE WAY TO STOP A GIANT! URIEL FORCING ELISE INTO THE RING AND ALMOST KNOCKING CARLA FERRARI OVER DID THAT!

With Cortez down, Elise grabs the massive Uriel's neck and connects with the Cuban Necktie! He falls to a knee as The Faithful start going CRAZY!

**DDK:**

CUBAN NECKTIE! CORTEZ IS ON HIS KNEES!

The Man of the House is hurt when Elise leaps back into the middle ring and delivers a springboard DDT to Cortez while he's on his knees and finally plants him onto the canvas! With The Faithful cheering her on, she hurriedly climbs to the top rope... AND HITS A HUGE 450 SPLASH!

**DDK:**

ELISE ARES FOR THE WIN! SHE HAS CORTEZ DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

HUGE KICKOUT!

Elise looks SHOCKED! And what's worse...

*BOOOOOOOOO!*

Her old rivals, Titaness and Killjoy are both heading towards ringside! Titaness slides on the ring apron and sees her coming, rushing towards her to nail her with a superkick!

**DDK:**

NO! ELISE ARES TAKES OUT TITANESS, BUT KILLJOY IS HEADING INTO THE RING!

The Good Son climbs on the ring apron... but help has arrived as BOTH Klein and The D each grab a leg and pull the giant off the ring apron, smacking his face into it in the process!

**Lance:**

NO! PCP ARE OUT HERE TO EVEN THE ODDS! THE REST OF THE FAMILIA AREN'T IN THE BUILDING!

Klein and Killjoy battle it out into the crowd! The D goes after his partner, but Titaness is back up and she tackles The D!

**DDK:**

PCP have come to help out Elise against The Familia! She has a chance to wrap it up!

As Cortez is rising to his feet, Elise hits a tiger feint kick through the ropes to the same knee to make him buckle! She then leaps over the ropes and then hits a second one to the face of Cortez! After picking up the phone twice, Elise jumps up and ROCKS Cortez with an Extreme Makeover!

**DDK:**

EXTREME MAKEOVER! CORTEZ IS DOWN, BUT HE'S ON HIS STOMACH!

Elise decides on trying to pin the monster, or hitting another Extreme Makeover. Knowing one may not be enough to finish the giant, The South Beach Starlet makes her decision and heads to the nearby second rope! Carla Ferarri is preoccupied with The D and Titaness fighting into the crowd, yelling at the two. As Elise has Cortez on his knees, she looks like he's about ready to prep for The Extreme Makeover off the ropes...

**Lance:**

HEY! HEY! WHAT THE... TYLER FUSE!

ELISE GETS MACED BY TYLER FUSE! HE JUMPS OFF THE APRON AND HIDES OVER THE BARRICADE!

**DDK:**

AND JUST LIKE THAT, TYLER FUSE IS GONE! AND URIEL... LOOK!

Holding the back of his neck, Uriel is back up on his feet and grits his teeth! He looks over at Elise... THEN WIPES HER OUT WITH A MASSIVE BODY PRESS!

**DDK:**

NO WAY! FATHER KNOWS PRESS BY URIEL CORTEZ! THIS ONE IS DONE!

He presses all his weight down on Elise's body!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

***DING DING DING***

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

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez takes a knee and then stands up to his feet. Tyler Fuse is nowhere to be found and if Uriel Cortez did see him, he seems more focused on the destination itself than the trip he took to get to victory!

**Lance:**

Damn it! Give the slight assist to Tyler Fuse, but Uriel Cortez has just scored a HUGE singles win tonight!

The Man of The House leaves the ring and starts making a beeline towards the interview stage. Elise Ares is being checked on by medical trying to help wash whatever substance Tyler Fuse sprayed out of her eyes.

**Lance:**

Tyler Fuse cost Elise this match! And.... oh, no, we're gonna hear about it, aren't we?

## **GOLDEN**

Following his victory,, Uriel Cortez's massive self marches over towards the interview stage. He doesn't even wait for any of DEFIANCE's interview team to come out. He grabs a microphone.

**Uriel Cortez:**

OSCAR... BURNS!

Cortez gestures towards the ring.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I just did something you **failed** to do the last time you shared a ring with her and that's beat Elise Ares!

**Lance:**

He's omitting the Tyler Fuse assist, but he's not wrong there.

Despite the win... Uriel's demeanor is angry. VERY angry.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I don't know where you are now, but you think pulling a fast one on Mi Angelita, Brooklyn, earlier makes you and the GC Universe a bunch of big men?! Let me clue you in on something; when you stand next to us, even your universe looks... small.

He grits his teeth.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You wanna play games with ME?! I will make sure that YOU... Mil... DLJ... Aaron King... and even that numbnuts FLEX.. that EVERY. SINGLE. ONE OF YOU. PAY. Mi Familia is not playing a game... Mi Familia and I... we want what you have and that's your spot. That's why I'm gonna take it...that's why WE'RE going to take it!

Cortez turns to the camera.

**Uriel Cortez:**

TITANES FAMILIA... VERSUS THE GC UNIVERSE... MAXDEF! FIVE! ON! FIVE!

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!

**Uriel Cortez:**

TENGO PLENA CONFIANZA EN MI FAMILIA! PUEDES DECIR LO MISMO SOBRE LOS LACAYOS EN TU PEQUEÑO UNIVERSO, OSCAR?

He waits a moment impatiently.

**DDK:**

GC UNIVERSE VS. TITANES FAMILIA AT MAXDEF?!

When there is no answer, Uriel Cortez is ready to break the microphone.

**Uriel Cortez:**

DON'T KEEP ME WAITING, OSCAR! I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE WATCHING FROM YOUR SKYBOX OR FROM THE TV YOU PROBABLY HAVE NESTLED UP IN YOUR ASSHOLE WHERE YOUR HEAD USUALLY IS... I WANT MY ANSWER... **NOW.**

Pause.



Pause.

No answer.

**Uriel Cortez:**

OSC...

**THUNK!**

**Uriel Cortez:**

GRRRAAAHHHHH!

From behind, Cortez gets CRACKED in the back...

WITH A SHOVEL OF GOLD!

HELD BY OSCAR BURNS!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

**DDK:**

Am... am I HEARING things?! Are OSCAR BLOODY BURNS and the GOLDEN SHOVEL getting CHEERED!

**Lance:**

Bizarro-World, partner!

Uriel Cortez arches his back in pain and then Uriel brings the handle up and NAILS The Man of the House where the sun don't shine! Cortez falls to his knees in pain while OSCAR BURNS holds the Golden Shovel out to a BIG cheer!

**DDK:** [Jim Halpert-style]

WHAT IS GOING ON?!

**Lance:**

We haven't seen OSCAR's coveted Golden Shovel since his early Vae Victis days! Remember, it was his reward for himself for being the first man in DEFIANCE to score fifty career wins!

OSCAR picks up the microphone!

**OSCAR BURNS:**

Thanks for being out here, you titanic ponce! Made this REALLY easy to bust you with this!

He looks out to the cheering people, even shocked he's getting this reaction. He shrugs it off then looks down at Cortez.

**OSCAR BURNS:**

I ACCEPT! I will make sure me and my "Little Universe" bloody BURY you and your Familia!

BURNS hurls the microphone down and runs away from the monstrous Cortez!

**Lance:**

The Familia have been SCATTERED tonight and OSCAR BURNS picked his shot! And my God, what a match that will be! The GC Universe vs. Titanes Familia!

**DDK:**

Neither of these stables are considered "fan favorites" by any means, but I think they just picked a side, partner!

OSCAR poses on the stage and throws up the Golden Shovel one more time before disappearing to the back! Uriel Cortez tries to pick himself up off the stage and starts limping, pushing away any potential medical help as the show moves elsewhere!

**COMMERCIAL: PRIME WRESTLING - NEXT REVIVAL**



## TOMORROW

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The crowd in Edmonton comes ALIVE!

**DDK:**

Wow, this was not on my schedule!

**Lance:**

I'm looking over our notes and... nope, it definitely isn't!

Gage Blackwood slowly strolls out wearing faded black jeans and his "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" trademark OG DEFIANCE branded t-shirt. He smiles at the top of the rampway and begins walking down.

**DDK:**

The last time we saw Gage Blackwood was DEFCON. It was a night he does not want to remember.

**Lance:**

Gage and Bronson have been to war with one another for a year!

Blackwood rolls under the bottom rope, lifts himself up and reveals he has a microphone while his theme song closes.

The Faithful don't simmer. Instead, they cheer The Noble Raider on, so Gage gives them a minute, but he seems pressed for time.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Thank you.

Another cheer.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aye, I'll get right to it.

Blackwood nods. It looks like he's trying to hold back emotions.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Three years ago, I was attacked by The Lucky Sevens. Someone paid them to do it.

The crowd boos at the history.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Two years ago I came back with Bronson Box and Jack Harmen to seek my revenge.

A mild cheer follows.

**Gage Blackwood:**

A year ago Bronson attacked me and said **he** was the one behind it to begin with.

Very LOUD boos now.

**Gage Blackwood:**

And today, three years later...

Tears start to form in Blackwood's eyes.

**Gage Blackwood:**

I announce my retirement.

The crowd is in shock. Blackwood is definitely shook but the stunned silence bleeds into applause. Then cheers.

The roar of the standing ovation is DEFening. Gage is clearly moved by the reaction.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Because of the injuries I sustained at DEFCON, I will no longer be cleared to ever wrestle again.

The Edmonton crowd continues with cheers of support, which gives Blackwood enough strength to not break down any further.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aye, I knew it was coming. I was told by doctors I was a ticking time bomb. This was before I accepted the match with Boxer.

He looks into the crowd, then around the ring, and lands at his own two feet, slowly creeping up to his trademark shirt and the text on it.

**Gage Blackwood:**

This was my code, to wrestle like there is no tomorrow.

Blackwood looks into the camera.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Now that day has finally come.

The crowd's loud, supportive standing ovation for the now retired DEFIANCE legend turns to an absolute torrent of boos as a painfully familiar tune to the Faithful suddenly interrupts the proceedings—one that causes Gage Blackwood to close his eyes and scowl. Darren Quimbey, looking a little confused and hesitant, stands from his chair at ringside as the song starts up.

**BRONSON BOX vs. HENRY YAMAZAKI**

♪ "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Mm—Making his way to the ring! From Banff, Scotland—

He's immediately cut off by—well, you know exactly who.

**Angus Skaaland:**

That'll be quite enough, other Darren. Sit down, I'll take it from here.

Red blazer over a black v-neck t-shirt. Platinum blond hair slicked back. The Herald of the Wargod, Angus Skaaland slinks out on stage smiling like the proverbial cat that caught the canary.

The Motormouth of Malcontent turns back towards the entrance tunnel.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Making his way to the ring is the man that ended THIS silly bastard's career at DEFcon!

He points over to where Gage Blackwood is still standing in the wings.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Angus Skaaland:**

He's been called the Starmaker—now? After DEFcon? StarKILLER sounds more appropriate! WORLD CHAMP! FIST OF DEFIANCE, TWICE! GORRAM HALL OF FAMER! What else needs to be said, ladies and dicks? HE'S THE LITERAL ORIGINAL DEFIANT! THE BOMBASTIC—BRONSON BOX!

The Wargod steps out onto the stage with a look of utter self satisfaction.

Adding insult to literal, career ending injury, Box doesn't even hazard a single glance over to Gage Blackwood as he marches to the top of the ramp. Bronson adjusts the straps of his grey and brown pinstripe singlet with his thumbs, rolls his mustache between his thumbs and forefingers before marching down the ramp without a word.

**DDK:**

Disrespectful. Just completely unnecessary. Gage deserves better than this.

**Lance:**

Boxer quite literally leaving his last conquest behind him, Keebs—for the whole world to see.

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

The one-time God-Beast takes a glance back towards the arena entrance, before STALKING his way to the ring, not giving any time for even so much as an entrance announcement. He storms in under the bottom rope, not taking his eyes of Bronson Box for so much as a SECOND. No theatrics. No intimidating gestures. Henry Yamazaki is here to right a wrong.

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

There's the bell, and take a look ringside—Angus Skaaland is not joining us tonight.

**Lance:**

Nope. He's right there in Bronson Box's corner, which tells you everything you need to know about how seriously the Wargod is taking this one.

The Motormouth of Malcontent indeed seems to be forgoing his usual spot between Warner and Keebler as guest commentator to perch in the Wargod's corner this evening.

**DDK:**

The Hall of Famer doesn't like surprises. And Henry Yamazaki? He's the kind of surprise that might break your jaw.

The two heavyweights circle, slow and deliberate. Bronson Box gnashes his teeth so hard we can almost hear his orthodontist cringe. His bloodshot brown eyes narrow as he glares across the ring. Yamazaki stands firm, head bowed just slightly, the fire behind his eyes smoldering.

They CLASH in the center—lock-up! Neither man gives an inch.

Like two huge rams on a mountain cliffside somewhere.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

The fans come unglued as the two huge men begin jockeying for the upper hand.

Bronson grits his teeth and drives a knee into Yamazaki's ribs—Henry doesn't flinch. He shoves Box backward with a chest-first shove and LEVELS him with a huge shoulder block!

**Lance:**

Oof! That's almost 300 pounds of island rage, Darren!

**DDK:**

And it just flattened the DEFIANCE legend!

Box scrambles up, red in the face—charges—Yamazaki sidesteps and BLASTS him with a back elbow that echoes in the rafters! Bronson stumbles into the ropes, dazed. Henry follows up with a stiff chop—CRACK!—then another! Over and over, Yamazaki just stone cold WEARS OUT Bronson Box's chest! The crowd comes unglued with every skin splitting chop.

*F\*\*K HIM UP HEEENRYYY, F\*\*K HIM UP!*

*F\*\*K HIM UP HEEENRYYY, F\*\*K HIM UP!*

*F\*\*K HIM UP HEEENRYYY, F\*\*K HIM UP!*

**DDK:**

OH MYYY!

Bronson grabs the ropes to stop the barrage. Carla Ferrari steps in to force separation. The veteran grappler clutches his reddened chest, muttering curses under his breath.

**DDK:**

You can already see it—Bronson Box is not accustomed to being matched in power. And Yamazaki's doing just that!

**Lance:**

I think that last elbow may've rattled the Wargod's screws, Darren!

Box slaps himself across the face a couple times like the giant psycho he is, ROARS and charges again—this time connecting with a big clothesline that knocks Yamazaki to the canvas! He drops a knee to the sternum, grinds it in for good measure, then quickly yanks Henry violently off the mat by his hair.

**DDK:**

Snap suplex from the Wargod! Bronson floats into a cover—

ONE!

TWO—NO!

**DDK:**

Quick kick out at two by Henry Yamazaki!

Yamazaki powers out and rolls to a knee, face stoic, eyes focused. Bronson stalks after him, jawing at Carla along the way about a “slow bloody count.” Yamazaki’s back up—Box goes for another clothesline—BLOCKED! Yamazaki catches the arm, spins him around—MASSIVE SAITO SUPLEX!

**DDK:**

He just dumped the Wargod on the back of his neck! Yamazaki is rolling!

**Lance:**

Box might need a moment to check his dental records after that one!

Bronson scrambles to the corner, rattled. He pulls himself upright by the ropes as Yamazaki closes in—but Box slides between the ropes to the floor, pointing to his jaw and shouting at referee Carla Ferrari.

**DDK:**

And now Bronson wants a time-out? That’s not how this works.

**Lance:**

That’s how you know Yamazaki’s gotten under his skin. The Wargod’s actually trying to buy time here.

Carla starts the count. Angus Skaaland comes around the corner, putting a hand on Bronson’s shoulder, whispering into his ear for a majority of Carla’s count. Box breathes deep, jaw tight, then rolls back under the bottom rope. Angus claps encouragingly as he does so.

Yamazaki meets him immediately—stomps to the shoulder, then drags him to his feet. Box throws a wild forearm—Henry blocks it and fires a headbutt that drops the Scotsman back down to one knee!

Henry backs into the ropes—charges—

—but Angus reaches under the bottom rope and yanks Yamazaki’s ankle!

Yamazaki stumbles mid-stride and falls hard to the mat!

Angus smiles as he shrugs, running his hand back over his platinum blond hair.

**Lance:**

God what an absolute WORM of a human being!

The Faithful let The Motormouth know.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

Angus Skaaland with some blatant interference, and Carla didn’t see it folks!

**Lance:**

That’s exactly why he’s down there and not up here tonight, Darren. Insurance policy.

Box pounces—double axe handle to the back of the neck. He mounts Yamazaki and hammers fists into the side of his



huge skull—tight, ugly punches. Carla rushes in and starts the count—Box breaks at four and sneers at her.

He grabs a handful of Henry's face and DRIVES his thumb into the eye before getting to his feet.

**DDK:**

That's just filth from Box!

Carla shoves a finger into the Wargod's face and admonishes him for the blatant cheating.

**Lance:**

And it's working, Darren!

Yamazaki flails, half-blind, one hand over his ailing eye. Bronson grabs the top rope and STOMPS his opponent's other hand out from under him. Henry catches himself and crawls desperately to the corner and scrambles to his feet.

Angus shouts from the other side of the ring, scrambling up onto the apron—drawing referee Carla's attention.

Behind her back, Box grabs the tag rope from Yamazaki's corner, YANKS it free and CHOKES him with it!

**DDK:**

Oh come on now!

**Lance:**

And Carla's completely distracted! Angus is putting on a masterclass in old-school manager scumbaggery on the other side of the ring!

Bronson tosses the rope aside just as Carla turns back. Yamazaki slumps in the corner, coughing, clutching at his throat.

Box wipes blood from his eyebrow—his old scar has split again. He smiles at the sight of it.

Bronson charges—CANNONBALL INTO THE CORNER! Yamazaki crumples.

**DDK:**

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

NO—

**Lance:**

Yamazaki kicks out!

Box SCREAMS at Carla Ferrari, slamming his hand three times on the mat. He emphatically holds up three fingers very close to her face. To the tenured officials credit she stands firm in the face of Boxer's attempt at intimidation.

**Lance:**

Don't give him an inch, Carla!

Bronson turns and grabs Yamazaki by the hair and yells something that actually manages to get bleeped on the broadcast.

So you know it was probably pretty rowdy, whatever it was.

**DDK:**

Yamazaki just won't stay down!

You can see the frustration, the panic just boiling under Bronson's skin.

**Lance:**

He's starting to realize Henry didn't come here to get famous—he came here to get revenge for his friend! This one's for Gage!

Bronson yanks Yamazaki to his feet—Irish whip—Yamazaki reverses!

Box hits the ropes—POP-UP SAMOAN DROP! BOX GOES FLAILING! The arena erupts as Yamazaki sits up with that fire in his eyes. He pounds his chest and roars as he takes a quick stomp around the ring.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

**DDK:**

That's the shot Henry needed! Listen to this crowd come alive!

**Lance:**

That ring just shifted six inches! Box got LAUNCHED!

Bronson rolls to all fours, dazed. Yamazaki is up—BUZZSAW KICK to the ribs! Box shouts in pain. Henry drags him up and plants him with a short-arm lariat!

ONE!

TWO!!

NO—

**DDK:**

Bronson gets a shoulder up!

**Lance:**

I think Angus just leapt out of his loafers down there!

Yamazaki doesn't waste a second—he peels Box up, scoops him—MICHINOKU DRIVER!

Henry takes a second to slam his palms into the mat and take a breath. It's in that second Angus jumps up onto the apron again—Carla turns to admonish him.

**DDK:**

There he is again! Skaaland putting himself right in the line of fire to protect his client!

**Lance:**

More like shielding him from another loss!

Box crawls to the corner—and grabs something that looks to have been tucked inside the bottom turnbuckle pad.

The fans near ringside start to buzz with a frantic, desperate energy.

**DDK:**

Wait a second—what is that? That's—oh no!

**Lance:**

Darren, that's the SPIKE! That brand-new piece of punishing hardware Bronson debuted at DEFcon!

Yamazaki grabs Box by the shoulder—Box turns and PLUNGES the shiny metal Spike directly into Yamazaki's forehead with a sickening—

**THUNK!**

Yamazaki jerks backward, blood immediately spilling down his face. The arena gasps in horror.

**DDK:**

HE JUST STABBED HIM! IN PLAIN SIGHT OF THE REFEREE!

**Lance:**

That's not just a desperation move—that's also a message!

Referee Ferrari immediately calls for the bell.

**DING DING DING DING DING**

As the bell rings and rings and rings A bloody and still very much bleeding Henry Yamazaki rushes blindly forward and attempts to lock horns with a slightly startled Bronson Box who looks staggered at the sheer, wild-eyed resilience of the former God-Beast.

Carla, to her credit, throws herself between the two men, signaling frantically to the timekeeper to continue ringing the bell.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... your winner, as a result of a disqualification... HENRY YAMAZAKI!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

But Bronson isn't having any of it. He throws the Spike down and POUNCES on Yamazaki, smashing elbows into the open wound. Henry covers up, but the damage is already done and gushing even more blood.

Bronson shouts above the din loud enough to be picked up on camera.

**Bronson Box:**

TRYIN' TO STEP TO ME, EH? YER' NOTHIN'—YOU HEAR ME, BOY'O?!

More brutal elbows to the skull of Yamazaki.

**Bronson Box:**

WHERE'S YOUR REAL FACE?! WHERE'S THE BLOODY GOD-BEAST GONE, EH?!

The Wargod slaps Yamazaki across the face several times as he shouts his questions.

As he does so, a very satisfied Angus Skaaland slides into the ring, clapping, grinning from ear to ear.

He leans in towards one of the handheld ringside cameras perched on the apron with a little wink.

**Angus Skaaland:**

This one's for you back there watchin' on the monitor, Gage! Good luck in retirement— don't leave yet, by the way, your pal here might be joining you soon if he doesn't get his act together! He's definitely gonna need a ride to the hospital! HAHAAHHAHA!

**DDK:**

This is disgusting. This was a war, a classic—until Box ONCE AGAIN decided to end it in blood and chaos.

**Lance:**

And look at Angus he's about to wet himself laughing down there! This is exactly the kind of ending these two sociopaths wanted tonight, clearly!

Angus pulls Bronson off, patting him on the back, whispering in his ear a little more. He then leans down and holds Yamazaki's arm up "in victory" before it gets blearily yanked away.

Bronson snarls down at the prone body of his victim.

**DDK:**

There's no honor in this. Only senseless violence. This— this is Bronson Box's legacy.

**Lance:**

Well said, partner. Well said.

Bronson slowly walks across the ring to where his Spike landed, leaving a little bloody outline as he plucks it up in his huge gnarled hand. As he starts back in the direction of Henry Yamazaki, already being attended to by ringside doctors—

**DDK:**

Oh, please let this stop! Your damned message has been made!

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

**Lance:**

Here comes the calvary, Darren!

As Dan Ryan charges out onto the stage and starts down the ramp, Box and Skaaland both bail under the bottom rope and escape into the crowd. The maniac having exited, Iris Davine and her crew slide into the ring to attend to the gaping wound on Henry Yamazaki's forehead.

**Lance:**

You have to wonder after what we've seen and heard, what will Henry's reaction be to Dan Ryan coming out here to rescue him from Box and company yet again?

**DDK:**

Box was going back for seconds, lord knows what he had in mind! He can't be sour at Ryan for helping him escape that fate, my goodness.

Dan Ryan scales the nearest available turnbuckle and glares out into the packed crowd where Angus and Bronson have made their egress. The Wargod and his Herald are currently perched waaaay up the arena steps almost up in the cheap seats. Ryan motions for Bronson to come back down and join him— the Original DEFIANT responds by licking Henry's blood off his Spike before making an exit abrupt through one of the tunnels leading out into the arena's rotunda.

Angus Skaaland blows Dan Ryan a little kiss before laughing to himself, following after his client.

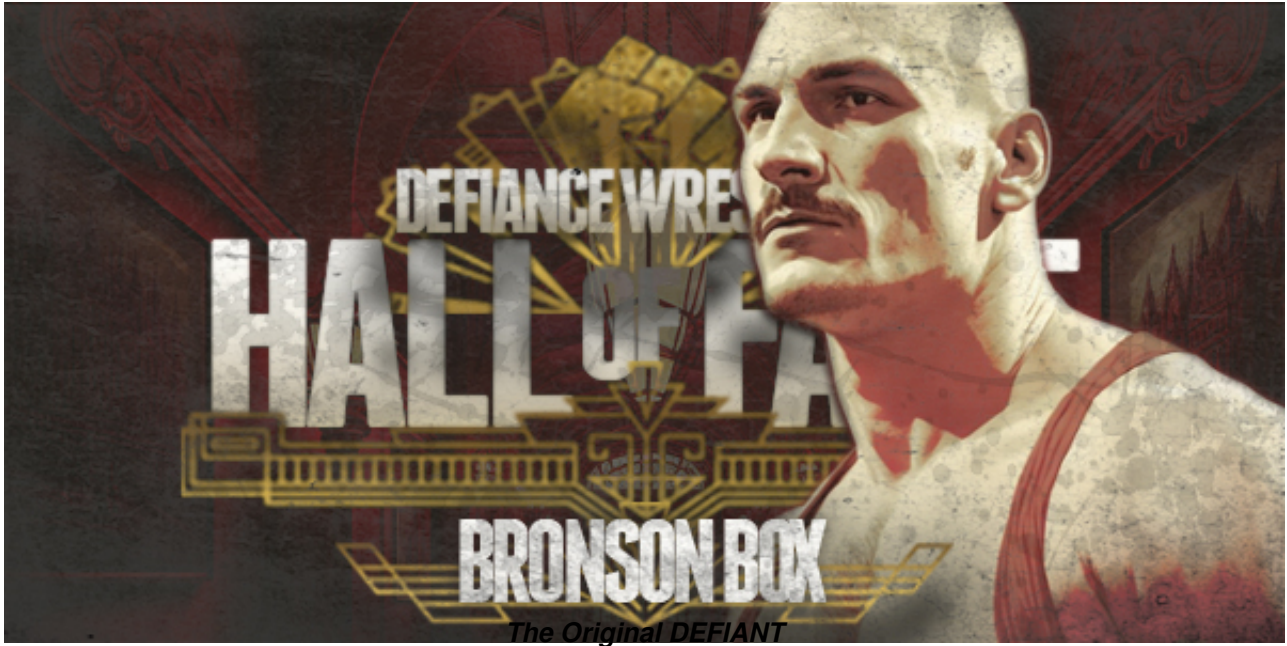
**Lance:**

Oh God—I know we say this a lot, but Bronson Box is absolutely unhinged!

**DDK:**

He's the most volatile individual the wrestling business has ever seen, partner.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX**



## WHY WEREN'T YOU THERE?!

A camera catches Mason Luck backstage walking around and not far behind him are both Max Luck and Lonnie Luck!

**Lonnie Luck:**

What the hell was that Mason?! Thank you? You think I should be thanking you?

Mason doesn't say anything but keeps walking.

**Lonnie Luck:**

HEY!!! YOU LOOK ME IN THE EYE WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, YOU BIG BASTARD!!!

Time stops for everyone. Mason stops instantly. Even Max is stunned for a moment that Lonnie would talk to his much larger cousin like that. Mason turns around and he looks down at Lonnie.

**Mason Luck:**

Say that again. I dare you.

There is no hesitation on the champ's part.

**Lonnie Luck:**

I ... said ... look at me in the eye when I'm talking to you, you big bastard. I didn't stutter. I didn't whisper it.

Max Luck stands ready in case the two start throwing blows. He sees his twin brother's fists start to ball up.

**Lonnie Luck:**

I didn't ask you to get involved in my match! I beat Malak Garland all on my own and I would have done the same to DEC4L.

**Mason Luck:**

Oh ho ho ... Little man thinks he's a big man cause he's got a belt now! No ... I was out there for you ...

Mason taps Lonnie in the chest.

**Mason Luck:**

And I was out there for you. You both know damn well who Tom f[censored] Morrow is. M4NTRA might do a couple of funny dances to make people laugh and plug their stupid books, but they're also not idiots. They'll take advantage of you if you even give them a second. All I did was stick it to them first just like they did to me and Max a few weeks ago!

**Max Luck:**

Damn it, Mase, I told you ...

**Lonnie Luck:**

Max.

Max looks down at Lonnie surprised that his cousin just cut him off. Lonnie is too busy looking up at Mason.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Yeah ... I know what type of guy Morrow is. I watched every bit of it when he turned on the both of you to go with M4NTRA in the first place. Watched him put bounties on the two of you. Watched him try to hire others to take you out. I saw all of it ... but I would rather lose a thousand times over than ever stoop to Tom Morrow's level. Ever.

Lonnie raises his title towards Mason.

**Lonnie Luck:**

And yeah, Mason I do have a belt. And if you weren't running around being a giant baby about a couple losses, maybe you would have one, too.

Even Max looks a little bit put off by that comment.

**Mason Luck:**

... I'm going to leave before I do something I regret. But that is the one time you're gonna talk to me like that. There won't be a next time.

Mason turns around and he leaves.

**Lonnie Luck:**

I'm so tired of this crap. I'm ... Max?

Max gives Lonnie a disappointed look.

**Max Luck:**

We're supposed to be trying to talk some sense into him, not kick him when he's down. Damn it ...

Following Mason, his twin brother leaves down the hall. After Lonnie sees them both go, he grabs the title.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Damn it!

Luck's boot ends up kicking a table over as he makes his way into catering. The opposite direction the twins have gone. Lonnie looks at the belt.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Damn it ... heavy is the head that wears the crown they say ...

He hears a noise behind him.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Hey ...

But a boot ends up in his face courtesy of Archer Silver! Archer Silver and High Flyer both grab Lonnie Luck and tackle him to the ground! Both start stomping on Li'l Lon, already exhausted from his previous matches!

**Archer Silver:**

I'll lighten the load for you, bitch! Then you can all have a good cry about it!

**High Flyer:**

Those giant fake brothers of yours can't save you now!

They both pick Lonnie up by an arm and then put him through one of the snack tables! While Lonnie is in pain, Archer picks up a finger sandwich and throws it down on top of the champion.

**Archer Silver:**

Eat up! You're all skin and bones, Lonnie! Easy pickings for someone bigger and stronger like me to take that belt!

**Jack Harmen:**

HEY!!!

Silver and Flyer see Jack Harmen coming with a weapon in hand! Both of Lonnie's attackers flee the scene as

Harmen goes to help Lonnie.

**Jack Harmen:**

Hey, hey, hey ... you're alright. The crotch goblin and his buddy are gone. It's just a little table you went through. You know how many I've gone through and I'm still standing. What do we do when we fall down Master Bruce? We pick ourselves back up.

Harmen grabs Lonnie and pulls him to his feet. He's a bit worse for wear, wobbles, and almost falls before Harmen catches him.

**Lonnie Luck:**

Oww ... my bones ...

**Jack Harmen:**

Actually you might have a concussion. We should go see Iris. IRIS!

Harmen looks around wildly.

**Jack Harmen:**

IRIS!

Harmen looks again.

**Jack Harmen:**

How come that never works?

Harmen helps Lonnie walk off to get checked over.



## THE LADS vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

### DDK:

Up next, we have a trios match when “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray take on TAs Cole, Roosevelt and Horrigan of The Honor Society! We don’t know where Punch Drunk Purcell’s head has been at lately in all this. We’ve seen him feel some type of way after he blamed himself for the Lads’ loss at DEFCON to Titanes Familia. Are TA Black’s words getting to him? But The Lads have had enough!

### Lance:

For weeks, we have seen TA Black doing his best to seemingly court Punch Drunk Purcell into The Honor Society, all the while we heard Ned Reform casting aspersions about the integrity and true intent of Dex Joy befriending Purcell and Butcher in recent months! Tonight, The Lads get the chance to strike back and shut The Honor Society tonight!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

### Darren Quimbey:

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

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIAtron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions! Words form on the screen made of blue and yellow lightning...

**SHAKE  
HANDS  
BECOME  
LADS!!!**

♪ “Why Can’t We Be Friends?” by WAR ♪

One by one, DEFIANCE’s Friendliest Four step out from the back. “The Ray of Sunshine” Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky! “The Microphone Fiend” Butcher Victorious! The Stick in one hand and his sponsored Mic Dropz Energy in the other! Punch Drunk Purcell! The big bald man doesn’t seem to share their festive mood. Janna signals for Punchy to smile and he does, though half-heartedly... and “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy!

The big man holds out his hand and on the stage, the four shake hands...

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

And different shades of blue and yellow pyro explode on stage!

### Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Punch Drunk Purcell at a combined weight of a combined weight of 539 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... “THE RAY OF SUNSHINE” JANNA RAY AND “THE BIGGEST BOY” DEX JOY... **THE LAAAAAADDDDDSSSS!**

With Purcell on the outside in a dark purple polo and black jeans, Purcell claps for his buddies in the ring. Dex, Butcher and Janna all raise their hands before their opponents arrive.

♪ “Beethoven’s Fifth” by Cole Rolland ♪

To the usual Honor Society lights and video package, TA Cole and Weighted Grade stride out of the entry-way. All three of them look a bit more focused tonight, talking strategy and supporting each other pep-talks on their way to the ring. Cole in particular is laser-focused.

### Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of one-thousand and eighty-three pounds... the team of TA LEVI COLE, TA ROOSEVELT OWENS, and TA BOBBY HERRIGAN... the **HONOR SOCIETY!**

Butcher looks over at Janna and Dex.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT'S A LOTTA... I ain't got a rhyme, that's some Sirloin Beef SOBS!

**DDK:**

The last time these three teamed up, they did defeat Kerry Kuroyama and The Rain City Ronin via countout! They've got the size and power on their side!

As they enter the ring, TA Cole starts off for his team. Dex, Janna and Butcher all take turns but Butcher steps up! He looks up at TA Cole and looks ready to fight!

**DING DING**

Before any action can get going ...

“YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHH!!!”

♪ “Beethoven’s Fifth” by Cole Rolland ♪

Welcome by groans from the Faithful, TA Black bursts through the curtain and immediately begins running laps across the stage, trying in vain to pump up the crowd but mostly annoying them. Soon after, he's joined on stage by TA Sanders and the Good Doctor himself, Ned Reform.

**DDK:**

And of course we have the rest of the Honor Society out here against the Lads!

Purcell glares at the trio as they come down the rampway and assemble at ringside at the Honor Society corner, looking to show them support. Back in the ring, Butch and Cole bring their attention back to each other and begin to circle one another.

**Lance:**

It's fitting these two men start! Butcher Victorious and TA Cole - formerly Levi Cole - were both two of the ORIGINAL class of BRAZEN years ago! And how far both have come since then! Both former Favoured Saints champions at one point!

Butcher goes for a headlock on TA Cole, but Cole's power gives him an advantage and then lets him HURL the 231-pound Butcher into the ropes! Butcher looks over at Purcell outside, then at Dex and Janna on the inside. They both nod to Butcher who circles back. He goes at TA Cole a second time and swivels around him to get him with a headlock from the other side! Cole shifts his body around and then takes Butch Vic down with a huge waistlock takedown to loud jeers!

Butcher, still determined to get it to work, slaps both hands on the canvas and remains undeterred! Butcher sidesteps and goes for a headlock a third time! Cole gets annoyed and tries to lift him up towards the ropes, but The Man with IT kicks off the ropes and uses a huge headlock takeover out of the corner to take Cole to the canvas! The Lads cheer at ringside while Purcell watches on.

**DDK:**

Some may find it odd that The Lads didn't use Purcell in this match, but when management approved the match, they went with Joy, Butcher and Janna Ray since they requested it!

Cole tries to finagle Butcher back as he gets to his feet, but Butcher boots him in the gut and then headlocks him again before running towards The Lads corner to hit a modified bulldog in the corner! Butcher slides out and Janna Ray tags in as TA Cole stumbles around! Janna Ray is on the top when she comes off the top rope with a cannonball onto Cole!

**DDK:**

Janna Ray with the massive cannonball senton off the top!

TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt watch on angrily while Janna Ray taunts the bigger men. She runs off the ropes as Cole is still disoriented while connecting to the side of the head with a sliding dropkick! Cole is left reeling as Janna Ray reaches over and gets a HA-HYUGGEEEE pop for The Biggest Boy!

**Lance:**

And here comes Dex Joy and Janna Ray!

Dex Joy claps his hands and hits the ropes before CHECKING Cole with a big clothesline! Janna Ray points at Dex and jumps right into his arms before he uses her as a projectile to an assisted senton onto Cole! Cole is reeling as Dex rolls over and points to Butcher! He tags in Butcher and then Butch Vic gets loud cheers for the Texan who runs and also jumps into Dexy Baby's arms, essentially powerbombing Butcher Victorious onto Cole! Butcher rolls off as Dex hits the ropes and follows that up with a huge falling headbutt!

**DDK:**

Great tandem work by The Lads tonight! Cole hasn't been able to get to his corner... and here's a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

TA Cole powers out!

**Lance:**

Kickout by Cole, but The Lads are still keeping the pressure on! Butcher with the headlock now!

Butcher keeps the headlock locked in on while Cole still struggles! He gets to his feet and to the ropes, but TA Roosevelt makes a blind tag! Cole shoots Butcher into the ropes, but as he comes back, Cole tries a scoop slam only for Butcher to land behind him. TA Cole spins around to get clipped with a jumping enzuigiri! Cole is staggered backwards, but as Butcher gets up, Roosevelt ENGULFS Butch Vic with a huge body attack! Roosevelt stands over Butcher and yells to the Canadian Faithful, who jeer him right back! Purcell looks concerned for Butcher as he remains flattened on the mat.

**DDK:**

That was GREAT strategy from The Honor Society! Butcher never saw that blind tag and Butch Vic... got hit with that running body attack!

And as if things go from bad to worse, Butcher gets snatched up by the much larger TA Roosevelt only to get SMACKED with a big chop across his chest! After Butch Vic takes the hit, he gets scooped up and dropped near the ropes. TA Roosevelt then makes the tag to TA Horrigan while Dexy Baby and Janna Ray have to watch Butcher get STEPPED ON by the largest member of The Honor Society! To make matters worse, TA Horrigan jumps on his back to add to the pressure!

**DDK:**

Good grief! Butch Vic just got squished! Hector Navarro is warning them, but this may be too little too late!

After the longest four seconds ever, TA Roosevelt finally steps off Butcher and allows for TA Horrigan to dish out some damage. When he has Butcher up, he jabs him in the chest with several big shots looking at Purcell, then getting his dukes up. While that's happening, TA Black comes around the ring and starts talking to Punch Drunk Purcell!

**TA Black:**

LOOK AT YOU!! LOOK AT YOU, PUNCH!! A WARRIOR and CONTENDER like YOU, Punch, being stuck on WATCHDOG DUTY!! Because your "friends" have lost FAITH in you, Punch!! BUT NOT ME, PUNCH!! The HONOR

SOCIETY would NEVER steal your glory, Punch! NEVER!!!

Purcell yells at him and gets him to move away but this puts the referee's attention on what's happening ringside and away from the rest of the Honor Society in the ring! That gives Cole the chance to come in for both men to start stomping away on The Microphone Fiend!

**DDK:**

No! That was good thinking on the part of The Honor Society! Purcell's headspace isn't the best and the TAs are honing in on that!

**Lance:**

And Navarro doesn't see what they're doing!

TA Cole slaps his hands like he's made a tag just as Horrigan returns to the corner. Cole picks up Butcher and plants him with the Red, White and Blue Thunder!

**DDK:**

Red, White and Blue Thunder by the collegiate grappler! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

In The Lads corner, Dex Joy and Janna Ray both breathe a sigh of relief as the match continues while Punch Drunk Purcell shakes his head and looks annoyed!

**Lance:**

Purcell's now realizing his hotheadedness led the predicament Butcher is in! And now tag to TA Horrigan!

The TAs work in tandem themselves and both whip Butcher into the ropes before they take him down with a huge double shoulder tackle followed right away by TA Horrigan hitting the ropes and then landing a huge leaping leg drop (brother)! Horrigan points at the corner of The Lads and goes for the cover on Butcher again!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**DDK:**

Another kickout by Butcher but he needs to get to his partners quickly!

TA Horrigan has an idea and then runs over to tag in TA Roosevelt! Both men stand on either side of Butcher and then they smirk in Dexy's direction. They both turn with Butcher in the middle and they get booed by The Faithful when they look to set up the Double Up splash used by The Lads in their matches. Purcell looks angry but Dex tries to talk him out of attacking!

**DDK:**

And this would just be insult to injury by The Honor Society! The Lads have this Double Up tandem splash!

As Butcher stands, both big men charge... BUTCHER MOVES! The trusted TAs collide with one another and gives Butch Vic an opening to SMACK Horrigan in the face with a vicious Hard Out Headbutt! He goes stumbling through the ropes just as Butcher himself holds his forehead and stumbles back into a hot tag from DEX JOY!

**DDK:**

Butch Vic's Hard Out head butt leads to Dex Joy making the tag! And he is face to face with TA Roosevelt!

Dex Joy runs right at TA Roosevelt and in what may be a first, Dexy Baby is not able to knock down his big opponent on the first try. He remains ready to fight back as he launches himself towards TA Roosevelt again with another big running clothesline. The move is not enough to knock him all the way down, but he is out on his feet! With some encouragement from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful he charges again. TA Roosevelt catches Dex over his shoulders, but before he can hit the samoan drop Dex slips free! Roosevelt's back elbow misses, but Dexy's shot gun drop kick does not and the big man finally goes down!

**DDK:**

That ring had to be reinforced for this match just for the heft on the side of the Honor Society in this match, but Dex is taking this to his limits!

Dex sees TA Cole from the corner of his eyes and dodges a clothesline but Cole is not so fortunate to dodge a drop down. Dex pops up and takes Cole down with a huge cross body! Dexy Baby then gets back on his feet with TA Roosevelt and knocks him flat with a bicycle kick. When he is down, the EveryChamp holds his hands up for everyone to see as he climbs up to the top rope. When he gets there he leaps off and dives on top of TA Roosevelt with the diving head butt!

**Lance:**

There's the Jump for Joy on TA Roosevelt!

Dexy goes for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

But in comes TA Horrigan to stop the cover with a big elbow drop to the back!

**DDK:**

And here comes TA Horrigan to the rescue!

TA Black and Punch Drunk Purcell are having their tense standoff at ringside and in the ring, the action is heating up! TA Horrigan stands over Dex Joy but when he turns he sees Janna Ray coming off of the top rope using a missile drop kick! TA Horrigan is scrambling and then Butcher pulls down the top rope to get him on the floor!

**Lance:**

There goes TA's Cole and Horrigan! Butcher and Janna are on the top rope ...

DIVING MOONSAULT FROM JANNA RAY TO TA COLE!!!

MIC DROPZ DROP ON TA HERRIGAN!!!

**DDK:**

The Lads have just taken out Cole and Horrigan! Dex Joy is all alone with TA Roosevelt!

Dex Joy grabs Horrigan by his arm, but TA Black is on the apron!

**TA Black:**

LOOK AT YOU!! LOOK AT YOU, DEX!! Alienating PUNCH OUT HERE!! DENYING HIM the CHANCE to PROVE HIMSELF to YOU, Dex! To his FRIENDS, Dex!! WHO do you THINK you ARE, DEX?! DEX, you are a man without CLASS, CHARACTER, or--*GLERGH!!*

Dex Joy has him by the collar but before he can swing, TA Roosevelt is back and smashes Dex Joy with a splash up in the corner! He follows this with a huge boss man slam!

**DDK:**

THAT DISTRACTION FROM TA BLACK JUST MIGHT HAVE COST DEX JOY THE MATCH!!!

TA Roosevelt covers Dexy Baby!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!!

Both Butch Vic and Janna Ray come to the aid of TA Roosevelt! Purcell is glad his friends have helped but does seem left out!

**Lance:**

That might have been a three count had it not been for Butcher and Janna!

**DDK:**

The Honor Society are really giving the Lads a run for their money!

Butcher and Janna both try and attack TA Roosevelt but the big man hits clotheslines on both of them! They both duck but when Roosevelt comes back, he gets run down by a *massive* POUNCE by Dexy Baby!!!

**DDK:**

Dexy's Midnight Runner! My god! I think my shoulder hurt up here just watching that!

Dex Joy gives Butcher and Janna a thumbs up and then goes up to the high rent district. He comes back with a diving moonsault!

**Lance:**

DEXY BABY WITH THE JOY BUZZER!!!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray roll into the ring and they celebrate the big victory knowing they barely caught it by the skin of their teeth!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this match ... THE LAAAADDDDDSSSSSSSSSS!!!

The rest of the Lads want Punchy in the ring with them, but he's ready to light up TA Black. Ned Reform comes running down the aisle, getting between Purcell and Black like a human shield.

**Ned Reform:**

Control yourself, Purcell! For once in your life stop being Dex Joy's attack dog and think!

The rest of the Honor Society take point behind both Black and The Good Doctor. With Purcell clearly outnumbered, Joy/Butch and Janna get out of the ring to back up Punchie. With these two groups on the verge of a gang fight, DEFsec rush the aisle to get between them.

**DDK:**

And just like that, it's chaos!

**Lance:**

This is a powder keg!

The crowd is amped for something to go down as DEFsec work hard to separate the two groups, with Punchie being particularly aggressive and trying to get at his foes. Dex appears to try to put a hand on his shoulder to calm his partner, but Purcell aggressively shrugs it off drawing an "ohhhhh" from The Faithful!

**DDK:**

Oh man - I hope TA Black and Reform's mindgames aren't taking a toll on Purcell!

In the midst of all this, Wyatt Brosnon does an admirable job of forcing all the members of the Honor Society back up the ramp toward the stage. While in front of the ring there appears to be dissension amongst the Lads, Ned Reform procures himself a mic. From the top of the ramp, he tries to cut through the noise.

**Ned Reform:**

Attention! Attention!! Calm yourselves!

Ned goes on for a bit longer before he finally has captured both the arena, the cameras, and The Lads focus.

**Ned Reform:**

I can see how now the words of Mr. Black have meant nothing to you! You all still insist on your aggressively stupid solutions to solving problems! Well - have it your way! If you will not listen to reason, then it appears we shall have to use FORCE!

*RAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Ned Reform:**

A lesson must be learned here, friends, and Maximum DEFIANCE appears to be our classroom! If we must go to war to show you the error of your ways - then so be it! At that event, The Honor Society shall TROUNCE The Lads! In the process we WILL expose Dex Joy for the megalomaniacal fiend he is, and YOU, Mr. Purcell will finally begin to think for yourself!

**Lance:**

It sounds like he's proposing an Honor Society vs. Lads match!

Punch Drunk Purcell stomps over and is about to grab a microphone. He brings it up...

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR NERDY ASSES WHIPPED! WE ACCEPT! ANY FOUR OF YOU AGAINST THE FOUR OF US!

...but Butch Vic beats him to it via The Stick! Purcell looks up at the rest of The Lads in the ring and looks disgruntled but decides to let it go. Dex Joy jumps on as well.

**Dex Joy:**

Pally ... I've sat back and I've watched you sully my name, Purcell's name, Butcher's name .. we're friends! This is a

bond that as much as you try – win *or* lose – you ... will ... not ... BREAK!!! Like Butch Vic and his Stick just told you ... any four of you jagoffs against the four of us! We will see you at Maximum DEFIANCE!!!

The mic is tossed down. Ned Reform and TA Black are talking amongst themselves but they seem to be happy with the challenge being accepted. Purcell watches them leave and then he looks up at the rest of the Lads in the ring. Dex points at Purcell and tells him “you’re with us!” The rest of Honor Society look like they want to keep fighting, but TA Black gestures to them all to head to the back instead. TA Cole walks away and TA Horrigan helps TA Roosevelt!

**Lance:**

What a match we will have at Maximum DEFIANCE! It’ll be group warfare for sure, but who will the Honor Society even choose? They have the numbers on their side!



**COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN**



## PROBABLY SHOULD'VE DONE THIS YEARS AGO

The scene switches to the announce team as the lights dim in the middle of the ring.

**DDK:**

Faithful, it's going to happen momentarily. Tonight, Henry Keyes and Conor Fuse will go face-to-face in an attempt to... I guess... speak what's on their minds?

**Lance:**

How this doesn't end with both of them trying to kill each other, after everything that's happened, I don't know.

There are loud *!RANK* chants from the stands.

**DDK:**

I agree. I won't anticipate much *talking*.

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

The crowd comes alive once again as the pop'n'fresh video game tune plays their Canadian hero out. The Ultimate Gamer eventually emerges from behind the FIST logo sporting faded lime green dress pants and a gray button up shirt.

**DDK:**

Looking very professional.

Fuse, however, appears to have the same demeanor as when he wrestled TA Black two weeks ago, and crashed the Henry Keyes FIST celebration two weeks prior to that. He's internally brooding, while still showing respect to The Faithful as he makes his way down the ramp.

**Lance:**

It's not official yet but something that shouldn't be lost in translation is the challenge Conor Fuse alluded to two weeks ago, that he wants to wrestle Keyes for what he thinks is rightfully his, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

It was stolen from him at DEFCON.

**Lance:**

In a way, yes. In another way, no. Keyes was a legal part of the match. Cheap, but legal.

Conor jumps onto the apron and clears the ropes with another leap, landing perfectly in the center of the ring. There's a table and two chairs placed at both ends. Conor carefully strolls to the far side but he's not going to sit down.

Fuse's theme ends. And soon the boeing begins.

??, ??,  
BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!  
??♪...  
??, ??, ??♪...  
AAAHHBOOOOAAHHBOOOOOOOO!!!!

**DDK:**

I can't hear myself think, Lance!

**Lance:**

Say again, Keeps?

**DDK:**

I SAID, I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!

**Lance:**

Same here!

Everyone here in Rogers Place is on their feet, screaming and booing and hollering, as pink and blue beacons swirl throughout the arena. The volume is turned up from an 11 to a 12 as Henry Keyes steps onto the stage. He's got on a pair of bright blue pants with pink tiger stripes running up the legs and he's shirtless beneath an open black and pink British admiral style long coat. The FIST hangs comfortably over his shoulder, and he's absolutely cackling at the crowd reaction.

*I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE  
RIDE THE TIGER*

...  
*I WANT TÖ RIIIIIIIDE  
RIDE THE TIGER*

*🔗🔗"Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship 🔗🔗*

He maintains a dark grin and his eyebrows are arched in wild fury as he marches to the ring, eyes locked on Conor Fuse. He pauses at the ring steps for a moment to soak it all in some more, and then absolutely milks it as he slowly climbs the ring steps one at a time, before stepping between the middle and top ropes and fashionably flourishing his long coat.

**DDK:**

A sharp contrast in styles here, partner.

**Lance:**

Two men who absolutely DESPISE one another.

With Keyes in the ring, standing across the way from his rival, FIST over his right shoulder, the crowd is already in *HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT*, anticipation mode.

Conor pulls the mic to his face.

**Conor Fuse:**

Where do we begin...

His voice trails, he looks out into the crowd, until eventually his head and his eyes bring him back to The Kraken.

**Conor Fuse:**

Believe it or not, I have a few smart people in my life, just like you. But right now *everyone* is in my ear. There's no doubt in my mind you and I, we should've done this a long time ago...

Conor uses his free hand to shift between himself and Keyes, alluding to the fact they haven't actually spoken face-to-face since their fallout years ago.

**Conor Fuse:**

But we didn't.

Conor rolls his shoulders back, trying to keep his composure.

**Conor Fuse:**

The smart people in my life, they say it won't even matter at this stage. We can have this conversation and nothing

between us will change.

Fuse shakes his head 'no' like he doesn't agree.

...Until his eyes land on the FIST across Keyes' right shoulder. Then Conor starts shaking his head 'yes'.

**Conor Fuse:**

Again, they're smart people. They're *probably* right.

The Ultimate Gamer looks Henry stone cold in the eyes.

**Conor Fuse:**

But then again, I'm not the brightest.

A very mild smirk crosses Conor's face. He'd like to be more clever, more confident, but there's still a dark cloud hanging above his head. He tilts his head to the right.

**Conor Fuse:**

So I figure it's worth a shot. Let's talk, not fight.

Keyes continues to glare at Fuse, while Conor takes a moment to stroll around his side of the ring, the table the only thing separating them.

**Conor Fuse:**

Where did we go wrong, huh? At one point in time, you were like a father figure to me. When I started my singles career, I was so lost. I thought I had the answers but I didn't. We ran into each other by happenstance, as most wrestlers typically bump into each other when you work for one company. You helped me out. Gave my guidance. Brother, you don't even know this but I went back and watched your DEFIANCE career play out from the beginning. You know, back in like 2005 when you first started and were wrestling dudes named Chance Von Crank.

A few hardcores in the crowd give a pop at the reference.

**Conor Fuse:**

I learned so much about and I thought we were cool, man. Apparently we weren't. So where did we go wrong? Why did you feel the need to come back to DEFIANCE and screw me over against my REAL arch enemy? Ya know, I watch [UNCUT](#). I saw the footage where you sat down with the Favored Saints and signed your name to the FIST contract. Call me narcissistic, but I don't think if my name was **anywhere** near the DEFCON main event you'd even come back at this point in time.

Fuse pauses and lowers his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

So where did we go wrong...

Another pause, although Conor doesn't let it go for long. His eyes shoot up, his body language suggests he wants to rip Henry Keyes a new eyepatch. But he won't. He's holding back. He's trying very hard.

**Conor Fuse:**

Was it because you didn't think *I* was there for *you*?

Fuse smacks the side of his own head.

**Conor Fuse:**

Because ding dong, moron. Maybe you should watch [UNCUT](#), too? I showed up on your bloody death bed to check on you, dude. I tried to be there.

Conor is frothing at the mouth.

**Conor Fuse:**

God almighty, you Vae Victis peeps create your own narratives and that's all you believe. Where was your bestie when you needed her? Was she there!?

Fuse stops himself from going too far.

**Conor Fuse:**

Ah, forget it. It doesn't matter. This is about you and me.

Conor takes a deep breath.

**Conor Fuse:**

Brother, I have wanted **nothing** but success for you and I am **forever** grateful to have had you as a mentor and a friend. But the key word, Henry KEYES, is *had*.

Conor slams his hands against the table to let off some steam.

**Conor Fuse:**

'Cause you ain't my mentor anymore. You definitely ain't my friend.

The crowd wants to get a *!RANK* chant going but Conor is slowly unraveling before their eyes.

**Conor Fuse:**

A friend doesn't [beat the shit outta you after a match](#). A friend doesn't sign his name to a secret contract. A friend doesn't pop his rocks off for a shortcut to the FIST of DEFIANCE, the ultimate prize. A friend doesn't keep his mouth shut when he thinks he was hurt. A friend doesn't try fucking up his pals. A friend can take ownership when he was in the wrong. A friend doesn't have his head so far up one woman's ass.

Fuse spits on the mat, a couple of inches away from Keyes' feet.

**Conor Fuse:**

Ah who cares. Maybe you deserved to be lying there on your death bed. Maybe you should try and watch a little more DEFIANCE television and see I'm not a bad guy. Maybe you should get lost, get bent, whatever the hell I can say on here without being beeped out. Ah, screw it. The people at home can use their imagination. *[BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP]*.

The crowd is worked up, Conor is challenging his inner Hector Navarro and working on a potential heart attack before he gives his head a shake.

**Conor Fuse:**

Go ahead, you talk now, I'm done.

Fuse drops the mic.

Keyes kicks it. It tumbles towards the ropes before resting, then he kicks it once more for good measure, sending it to the floor with a rousing THUNK. He snaps his fingers at a ringside attendant and beckons him over with two fingers, and is handed a fresh microphone.

He brings it to his face.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

He pauses and looks out at the jeering Faithful.

**Henry Keyes:**

Edmonton must be big cat country - first you get ridden by some Panthers, and now a tiger's shown up to finish the job!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

He turns towards his former friend with cold venom in his eyes.

**Henry Keyes:**

First of all, idiot - my Bestie was the **FIRST ONE** there for me. You know who else was there?? **REZIN, OF ALL BLOODY PEOPLE**. You talk about battling your mortal enemy - my longest rival in this **COMPANY** showed up for me before you did. You do not get Victory Points for waiting three bloody months to stop by, you do not get to pat yourself on the back for hemming and hawing and sitting on your ass, you get **NOTHING** for your damned half-measure, do you not understand?? **NOTHING**.

Keyes clocks the spit that landed a few inches from his feet, and spits directly into Conor's chest. Both men, heated up and pissed off, inch closer and closer.

**Henry Keyes:**

Locker Room Leaders lead from the **FRONT**, boy! All this moral high ground you want to take from your failure those years ago, and you don't even remember what happened to me before I left for **NINE MONTHS** this last time! When I **COLLAPSED, BACKSTAGE**, because I **KEPT GIVING AND GIVING AND GIVING MY BODY TO DEFIANCE WRESTLING UNTIL THE WHEELS DAMN NEAR FELL OFF**, and the Locker Room Leader was **NOWHERE, AGAIN!**

They're practically nose to nose at this point.

**Henry Keyes:**

The only thing cOnOr FuSe cares about is cOnOr FuSe - and I get that, this is wrestling, I'm no stranger to the need to look out for number one - but even worse than your failings as a friend is the fact that **YOU CAN'T ADMIT AS A GROWN ADULT THAT YOU ONLY GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOURSELF**. I would respect you as a man so much more if you did, but you're cOnOr FuSe. A toddler who likes green. A weeping little piss boy ruining his chance at being a **LEGEND** in this business by treating it all like a game. **MY LIFE IS NOT A GAME, FUSE. MY LIVELIHOOD IS NOT A GAME**. And you deserved **EVERYTHING** that happened to you at **DEFCON!**

They **ARE** nose to nose now.

**Henry Keyes:**

The worst people I know say they are so very very good. You can smile at a camera for a couple hours every couple of weeks all you like - when the cameras are off and we're confronted with who we are as **MEN**, that's where I see the real cOnOr FuSe. The one always looking for an excuse. The one who won't hold a standard for himself, but points the finger at the drop of a hat. Weak. Immature. Petulant. You call what I did at **DEFCON** a shortcut? **DECADES OF CLAWING THROUGH THE MUCK IS NOT A SHORTCUT, ASSHOLE**.

Fuse shoves Keyes and Keyes shoves him back. **DEFSec** has begun positioning themselves around the ring, ready to jump in and intervene at a moment's notice.

**Henry Keyes:**

I fought wars with you, I bled with you, and you think you're owed something! **WELL GUESS WHAT, YOU INGRATE, YOU'RE OWED NOTHING**. You will be sitting on your **ASS** when **DEFIANCE** visits Seattle, and you'll get to watch a **REAL** challenger wage war with the Kraken for the **FIST!** Someone who actually **DESERVES** a shot!

Conor is visibly displeased at this news and shouts "Oh yeah? Who?" at Henry.

**Henry Keyes:**

KERRY KUROYAMA.

Keyes lightly chucks the mic at Fuse's head.

Conor stands there, at first he doesn't move. Then he slowly, almost robotically bends down and pics the mic back up. He's a lot more subdued this time...

**Conor Fuse:**

Henry, I never said I was a good person.

Still, for now anyway, calm and collected, he stands there with the mic to his mouth.

**Conor Fuse:**

I'm a scamp. A brat. A winey little bitch. The word bitch gets used way too much in life these days so I try not to say it often, but I **am** a winey little bitch. Make no mistake about it, my unraveling, if you will, is going to show its head rather soon. There's only so much smiling and popping up and down I can do. I'm not a good person. Yeah, sometimes I *try* to be. I try to keep an open mind, try to be accepting and inviting of everyone backstage. It doesn't *always* work. But at least I'm not closed off in my own niche cliq, sucking back bullshit propaganda me and my handful of friends feed each other on an ongoing basis. I'm not an elitist. I don't think I'm actually *better* than anyone.

Conor lowers his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

Could I have been there for you sooner? Fair. I should've been there from the start, you're absolutely right. It's no excuse but looking back on this now... I'm not the most confident guy in the world, it's tough for me to make real friends. Did you see what happened between Trashcan Tim, Pat Cassidy and I? My fault, one-hundred percent, and that shouldn't have been projected towards you. Forgive me for being a human and fucking up. No sarcasm. I guess I trend carefully... and at the time, how long I took to check on you, it wasn't cool.

Conor raises his head and slowly looks Keyes over. Keyes, for his part, is shaking his head and laughing to himself at these words.

**Conor Fuse:**

I mean- well- this has gone way too far between us, hasn't it? We're not gonna come back from what you think I did to you... and what you ACTUALLY did to me. Because I still showed up for you. Whatever, months later, years later, that whole time I still cared, Henry. And what was your reply? You don't come and slap me in the back of the head, give me a stern talking to. I think those would've been acceptable replies. Naaa. Instead you legitimately beat the living piss outta me post match, spent the next three-plus years slandering my name across any platform you came across, along with Lindsay and the rest of your niche celebrity group, while I didn't say a damn thing back in response. Yo. I WAS NOT THE REASON YOU WERE INJURED TO BEGIN WITH.

Fuse laughs to himself.

**Conor Fuse:**

And then the kicker. You signed your name to the DEFCON main event, didn't show your face until I "won" and took me out. Class, bro. Real class. Guess you weren't worth the visit, afterall.

The Ultimate Gamer is working into a state of being visibly upset, while still maintaining his composure.

**Conor Fuse:**

Anyway, like I said, there's no coming back from this. I don't deal with multiverse shit, I'm just a gamer. What happened, happened. I can handle the cOnOr fUsE nonsense and the endless Vae Victis slander for years to come because at the end of the day, I look in the mirror, and despite my MANY faults, I try to be a good dude. Doesn't mean I *always* am. I'm genuine though and I do not take myself so bloody seriously.

Fuse rolls his eyes.

**Conor Fuse:**

I apologize for hurting you in any way, shape, or form. I do. It was never my intention. And yep, I'm a bitch. But you, Henry Keyes...

Anger slowly starts to take The Power-Up King over.

**Conor Fuse:**

You're a fucking loser. You keep the same arrogant friends, with the same pigshit attitude and you're not nearly as badass as you think you are. A lotta people cringe when you and your little gang walk away. You think you're so precious. You think you own the system. Y'all don't even know. Most of us just smile politely in your general direction until you go away. Vae Victis is drama. It's character suicide.

Conor has calmed back down again. Keyes sneers.

**Conor Fuse:**

But you've given A LOT to DEFIANCE, there's no argument there. You deserve a legitimate FIST reign, whether I like you or not. You have given your body, your soul, your career for this place and I wish there was a way you could've beat me clean for that thing. But you're not above anybody else and you should've earned it the hard way.

Conor gives a shrug.

**Conor Fuse:**

Well I guess you're gonna have to *defend* it the hard way, so there's that. MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is in your hometown of San Francisco and I am gonna be your challenger when we get there. Not Kerry Kuroyama, not yet. I, cOnOr fUse, will be walking into a whole stadium of Vae Victis fans, proly.

Conor looks into the crowd.

**Conor Fuse:**

Only fair.

Fuse rolls his shoulders back and looks to be wrapping up his ramblings.

**Conor Fuse:**

So. This was fun. After you beat me at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, then you can wrestle your little circle jerk friends. Keep it all in the family. Maybe Lindsay comes back for another match, I don't care, it won't matter to me. I can't change the way you think. Newsflash: I can't fix the past. What's done is done. I wasn't there for you, you stabbed me in the back a couple of times and here we stand across from one another, frothing at the mouth. All I can do is move forward and manage the present. You clearly hate me and I definitely can't stand you.

Conor looks at the table in front of them.

**Conor Fuse:**

I don't even think either of us need to put each other through this thing. Maybe our face-to-face did solve something because I can wait to channel my physical anger towards you on July 17th. Otherwise, cOnOr fUsE can wait.

Conor is about to drop the mic, but doesn't. He lifts it back up. Keyes rolls his eyes and looks at a pretend watch on his wrist, giving the universal hand gesture of "for the love of God, get to the point."

**Conor Fuse:**

You're still a loser. My mom used to say you always find out what someone's true character is when they don't get what they want. When Lindsay lost the FIST she walked away from the full time roster. I wonder, when your time comes, what will you do? My whole DEFIANCE career has been defined as "almosts" and yet I'm still here. I've been



beaten, stabbed in the back a number of times. Hell, I've done my own stabbing. Prolly will again one day. But I'm here throughout all of it. I'll slide up the card, I'll definitely fall back down it with a smile on my face. You? You're a sad little man, with a narrow little mind. I'm glad you're not my mentor anymore. I couldn't imagine wasting my life in that group of yours.

Fuse lowers the mic and carefully places it on the mat. He kicks it over to Keyes. Henry doesn't pick it up, instead the champ marches over and chooses to grab Fuse by the scruff of his shirt. A heroic cameraman gets close enough for us all to hear what's said next.

**Henry Keyes:**

Your mommy should have taught you how to shut the fuck up, you long-winded motherfucker. Add it to the list of why you will always - ALWAYS - be below me.

In a flash, Keyes hoists Fuse across the ring, sending him crashing into the corner with a Biel Throw! Fuse gets up quickly and starts throwing hands! Keyes responds in kind!

DEFSec begins to pour into the ring - both Keyes and Fuse fight through arms and grabs and a sea of black and red shirts and the two are at it once again!

Fuse lowers his shoulder into Keyes's stomach and drives him back-first into the edge of the table as Keyes rains down hammer fists to Fuse's back. Soon, they're both actually standing on the table, brawling and scuffling as DEFSec scrambles to find a way to separate the two men.

And then - Keyes uses his size to grab Fuse, and he HOISTS Fuse off the table! He crashes into the sea of security!

It breaks his fall! Fuse is back up, and he tackles Keyes off the table! They land onto more DEFSec!

The crowd remains rabid with !RANK chants, as Conor is finally pulled apart. The gamer ends up sliding under the ropes and out of the ring, running a furious hand through his wild blonde hair.

**Conor Fuse:** *[talking to himself]*

I didn't want this. I didn't wanna fight the guy now...

Conor kicks the ring post as he looks into the ring and sees Henry Keyes looming in the middle of the squared circle.

**Conor Fuse:**

MY RING!

Conor leaps onto the apron, clearing DEFSec in the process. Before Keyes can even lunge forward too far, Conor jumps onto the ropes and flies across the ring with a left forearm smash! The fans go ballistic as Fuse kips to his feet...

Only to realize his left shoulder is dangling from his arm.

**DDK:**

Did Conor...?

**Lance:**

I think so.

Fuse bites his bottom lip and pops his left shoulder back into place. Looking to keep the fight going, it's too late. By now EVERY DEFSec DEFIANCE has on payroll and beyond are in the ring and the two wrestlers have no chance to brawl any further.

Henry Keyes rolls out of the ring, taking his title belt with him as he marches up the rampway. The two start mouthing off at each other again, with Conor saying something along the lines of "don't bring my mother into this" and Keyes

saying something along the lines of “you brought her into this first, you always pull this shit” and other nonsense.

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

*!RANK*

Fuse pushes away a couple of DEFSec trying to hold him back because it's clear Conor isn't going anywhere. He stands in the middle of the ring, now looking at the fanbase around him.

However... there's no confidence. He's not even feeding off their energy. He looks rather emotionless. Blank. In some ways, spaced out.

Keyes walks backwards up the rampway, somewhat manic and full of sinister intentions, as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom left hand corner of the screen. The broadcast cuts to both wrestlers once again and DEFtv comes to a close.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***