

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Vancouver, British Columbia welcomes DEFIANCE as the Rogers Arena is hyped for DEFtv 198! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from colored in the Canadian flag.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

BOOK TERI MELTON VS VICKIE HALL, COWARDS

HENRY KEYES IS A LIL BIMCH

VV? MORE LIKE PP!

STAND ON FAMILIA BUSINESS

OH NO... I CHEERED FOR BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

NEDTALKS WOULD BE SO MUCH COOLER WITHOUT IMPLIED NED

WARUM, URIEL, WARUM?

SEND IN THE CLOWNS (NOT JESTAL)

IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE GRINDHOUSE BUT THIS SHIRT STILL FITS

I WISH TO REMAIN UN-NEDUCATED THANKS

VIVA EL AZADOR!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPELL SING

WORLD'S GREATEST OVERLORD

BETTER HIDE, TOM, IT'S DEFCON SEASON!

NED REFORM VERSUS EVERY BILLIONAIRE, BRING DOWN THE MACHINE

A GHOST OF THE PAST

The camera continues to swirl across the Canadian Faithful as the voices of our dynamic announce duo cut in.

Lance:

Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to an action pack night 2 of DEFtv 198!

DDK:

The path toward DEFCON continues, and we have a heck of a show lined up for tonight. We are mere moments away from seeing Uriel Cortez, a man currently mired in controversy, square off with the returning MV1!

The camera shifts to the ring where we see the ring set up for Ned Reform's Office Hours segment: the ring is covered in a red carpet, there is a dark brown desk and black office chair off to the right of the hard cam, the top left turnbuckle corner is home to a large filled bookshelf, and in the center of the ring is a psychiatrist's couch and a large stool. The camera lingers on the set for just a moment before...

♪ ["Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland](#) ♪

The arena lights go out as Ned Reform's new, slightly tweaked theme begins to play throughout the Rogers Arena. The notes of Beethoven's classic blare through the sound system as the DEFiatron scrolls past several purple music notes in tune with the song. Finally, as the theme builds, several musical notes swirl across the screen... the music builds to a crescendo...

And the guitar kicks in as the house lights come back on, swirling a bright purple. As the crowd begins to boo, Ned Reform saunters slowly through the curtain dressed in a tweed jacket and wearing a purple bowtie. You likely couldn't surgically remove the smirk from The Good Doctor's face as he ever-so-slowly walks toward the ring. He pauses at the top of the ramp, looking around the arena and meeting the negative reaction with a devil-may-care demeanor.

DDK:

That match is coming up soon, ladies and gentlemen, but first we are joined by this man: Ned Reform, a man likely riding high after what many are calling a career-making victory over Mikey Unlikely last month at DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

And before that, he claimed a win over Bronson Box. We can rightly scoff at Reform's bluster all we want, but even his biggest detractor would be hard-pressed to deny his recent success.

Reform slowly walks down the ramp and behind him appears TA Cole, TA Horrigan, and TA Owens appear behind him. With his goons in tow, The Sage on the Stage makes sure to milk the negative reaction for all it's worth before stepping up the ring steps. He wipes his feet on the apron before stepping into the ring.

DDK:

Rumors on the internet have been swirling about who will be Ned's guest in his Office Hours segment tonight.

Lance:

If you recall last year, he sent shockwaves through the industry when he challenged famous businessman Elon Musk to a DEFCON bout... while that turned out to be a publicity stunt, one has to wonder what he has planned for this year.

Ned Reform has a mic in his hand as he motions for his theme to die out.

DDK:

Something tells me we're about to find out.

Reform doesn't speak right away - he pauses, still grinning, to give the people a chance to get all their boos out. Finally, he brings the mic up.

Ned Reform:

Before we begin tonight...

He turns to the rest of the Honor Society. TA Cole stands eagerly, TA Owens rests against the corner, and TA Hoorigan is sitting in the office chair.

Ned Reform:

Gentlemen. Regrettably, I have to inform you that tonight's edition of Office Hours... is for winners only.

A beat. Cole looks confused. The two members of Weighted Grade seem to think that he's joking.

He is not.

Ned Reform:

Am I being unclear? Let me be more forthright: of the four men in this ring, only one was victorious at DEFIANCE Road. Therefore... anyone who did win at the event should make themselves scarce.

DDK:

Unbelievable.

Lance:

The team of Weighted Grade and TA Cole failed to win the Unified Tag Team Championship at DEFIANCE Road, and it seems their leader is none too pleased.

Reluctantly, and perhaps a little resentfully, TA Hoorigan taps TA Owens on the shoulder and motions for the two big men to leave the ring. Cole holds out a little bit longer, throwing his hands up in confusion at his mentor. Reform returns this gesture with a stone face.

Ned Reform:

I expected more out of you most of all. Now go.

Like a sad panda, TA Cole exits the ring, joining his fellow Honor Society members as they walk up the ramp.

Ned Reform:

Very good. Now that that's out of the way...

He breaks out into a smile and gestures all around the arena.

Ned Reform:

Hello, children!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Before I introduce tonight's guest, indulge me for a bit of pondering. You see, as I approached the arena tonight, it occurred to me that there are three truths I should have been fully anticipating. One: I was wrong to expect competence out of my compatriots. Two: I have entered a miserable country full of miserable people. And three...

Ned stops to allow the "BOO"s space to breathe. He casually leans on the top rope, looking out into the masses as he speaks.

Ned Reform:

And three. I should have expected... well, this. It's been three years together, children. Three years on this turbulent, contentious, and illuminating voyage. And while these three years have seen much change, there has been one constant...

Pause for effect.

Ned Reform:

I am always right.

Pause for boos.

Ned Reform:

Nearly one year ago, I proclaimed myself the greatest professional wrestler this company has ever seen. And what have I done since then? Why, what I always do: back up my claims with actions and undeniable evidence. I soundly thrashed your paragon of heroism, Masked Violator One. I dominated and humbled a so-called “pillar” of this promotion when I annihilated that relic of a bygone era they call Bronson Box. And I demonstrated that four hundred ninety-nine is merely a number when I embarrassed Mr. Michael Unlikely even more so than his latest film. I have offered IRREFUTABLE proof that I, Dr. Ned Reform, am everything I have professed to be. Perhaps even more. And yet... I have yet to earn my due admiration for you all.

Reform shakes his head.

Ned Reform:

But as I said, I should have anticipated this. You boo and you jeer, and no amount of logic or hard empirical data is going to change your minds. No... you see, your objection to me is not logical. If it was, you'd have no choice but to concede the point to me. Instead, your response to my pontification is purely emotional: that is, inherently illogical and born out of that sinister emotion the Bard referred to as the green-eyed monster. In short: you are jealous. I could amass one hundred victories... nothing I can do will ever change that.

Reform nods. Moves away from the ring.

Ned Reform:

So a different approach is warranted. Instead of, how they say, “propping myself up,” I will instead bring everyone else about this miserable organization down. If I can't make the case to you that I am the greatest competitor in the history of DEFIANCE, I shall instead demonstrate to you just how little the history of DEFIANCE is worth as a benchmark. I've already begun this process with Mr. Box and Mr. Unlikely. I will continue this trend: every week I will invite another figure from DEFIANCE's past onto my Office Horus. And every week I will expose that “legend” for a fraud. I will continue to do this until I am given my due respect.

DDK:

Is... is he really doing this?

Lance:

Who does he have tonight?? We heard it was someone big...

Reform gestures toward the entrance.

Ned Reform:

No time like the present, yes? I have invited one such legend to join us here tonight. Someone I believe the DEFIANCE Faithful have been clamoring for. So I say this... I know you are back there. Come out, friend, and show let's have a dialogue.

A beat.

Another beat.

The crowd starts to buzz.

More dead air goes by.

Ned Reform:

Come now! No need to be shy. It is so unlike you...

The lights go out.

Darkness.

A burst of static on the DEFlatron.

Then another.

Finally, complete static, accompanied by the following words:

**STALKER'S
WORLD**

**NO
MORE
FALSE
HEROES**

♪ "It's On" by Korn ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

IT CAN'T BE!

Lance:

I... no way....

As the fans begin to LOSE THEIR SHIT... smoke begins to billow out from the entrance, and we see several figures begin to stir. As they move through the smoke and more toward the light, we see that these figures come in multiple different colors and are wearing all too familiar masks.

DDK:

We haven't seen this man, Jason Reeves..... better known as Stalker.... in some time!

Lance:

Reeves and Reform have had their issues... or more acutely, Reform and Jessica Reeves have... what could have brought this former FIST of DEFIANCE back into the fold!?

As a rainbow of Reapers line the aisle way, one figure takes center stage. As he steps forward, we see it all: the bald

head, the scars, the black track suit... and yet...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It becomes very apparent that this is not Stalker. Instead, it's a 130 pound scrawny young man in a bald cap. His gangly limbs wave as he begins to walk toward the ring. As the fans begin to turn on the segment, we get a quick shot of Ned Reform who looks absolutely puzzled at their reaction. "Stalker" meanwhile, stumbles down the ramp trying to look menacing... and failing.

DDK:

I shouldn't be surprised by this. None of us should be.

Lance:

Ned should be careful. The real Stalker may be gone, but he's always lurking... and I doubt he'd take very kindly to this mockery.

"Stalker" stumbles up the steps and enters the ring. The music dies down. Reform steps forward, greeting his guest warmly and ignoring the jeers of the people.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Reeves. Thank you so much for joining me. I have to say, this is quite the moment, yes? What have we in this ring? On the one hand, we have the most diabolical and genius mastermind DEFIANCE has ever seen... a man who headed up a group that struck fear into the very heart of the company... a truly legendary figure worthy of a Hall of Fame induction... and on the other...

Big smile.

Ned Reform:

...we have you. Put her there, friend!

Reform sticks out his hand for a shake. "Stalker" has none of it, though.

Ned Reform:

Now, we can be gentlemen about this. I already apologized for breaking your daughter's arm. Water under the bri...

Suddenly, "Stalker" roughly grabs the mic out of Ned's hand and begins growling into it while shaking his head like a rabid animal.

"Stalker":

NO MORE FALSE HEROES! THE VIRUS IS REAL! THE BONES WILL RECKON!!!

With the twisted face of a drunk demon, Stalker screams into the heavens.

"Stalker":

FEAR THE KAAAAABBBBAAALLLLL!!!!

Ned looks somewhat taken aback by the outburst. Somewhat meekly, he gestures for the mic. "Stalker" loses the craze in his eyes, smiles back, and happily hands it over.

Ned Reform:

Of course, of course. Tell me Mr. Reeves... are the false heroes in the ring with us right now?

"Stalker": *[off mic]*

They're always with us!! THEY'RE IN STALKER'S WORLD!

Reform nods sympathetically.

Ned Reform:

Of course. Say, I've been meaning to ask... who is it that ran over Jessica Ree... OH MY GOD!!! LOOK OUT! IT'S THE FALSE HEROES!!

Reform widely gestures behind "Stalker." The man turns, and when he does, Reform kicks him sharply in the ass, sending him tumbling over. The Good Doctor has a good chuckle at this as the scrawny man scrambles to his feet. "Stalker" takes on the classic "fighting stance" which only causes Ned to laugh more. As "Stalker" tries a right hand, Ned easily dodges, slips behind... and proceeds to give "Stalker" a wedgie.

DDK:

Oh, come on.

"Stalker" howls in pain as he dangles by the underwear. Finally, having enough of this, Reform grabs him by the back of his head and roughly tosses him over the top rope. As he does, "Stalker"'s bald cap comes off, remaining in Ned's hand. Reform looks at it and shrugs. On the outside, the now injured man begins to limp up the ramp as he screams frantically.

"Stalker":

TO ME, MY MINIONS!!

The Reapers tend to their "boss" as they all disappear behind the curtain. In the ring, Ned holds up the bald cap to a chorus of boos.

Ned Reform:

What a shock... Jason Reeves is as big a fraud as his hair, apparently.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Oh? Does this anger you? A nostalgic act from the past exposed as an empty threat? The emptiness and mediocrity of a company to which you've devoted your loyalty now reflects poorly on you? Well, get used to it children. In two weeks time, DEFtv travels to Seattle. If there is anyone out there who fancies themselves a DEFIANCE "legend"... I invite you to join me here in Office Hours in two weeks time. By all means, prove me wrong. Stand up for this joke of a company. I implore you. Because mark this, children...

Ned tosses the bald cap aside and looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

When all this is done, I will be standing atop DEFIANCE. Or, more accurately... what's left of it. See you in Seattle.

Ned drops the mic and his music kicks in once more. He makes a big show of dusting off his hands. We cut to the announce table where Keebler and Warner are shaking their heads like disappointed parents.

DDK:

Well. It looks like Ned Reform's DEFCON trajectory just got a bit clearer.

Lance:

Did it? According to him, he's going to confront a new figure from DEFIANCE's past every show.

DDK:

Yes but... will he? I find it hard to believe his challenge for DEFtv 199 was sincere. Likely we'll get more farces like we saw tonight. And were I a betting man, I'd suggest the biggest farce of all will be at DEFCON.

Lance:

It does beg the question... how long will the actual DEFIANCE legends sit back and watch this? He's metaphorically spitting on everything they've built. And what about the Honor Society? Are they done? Ned sent them packing, but was it permanent?

Lance:

Well, we've got more questions than answers... and we've barely even begun!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024

FIST of DEFIANCE
Dex Joy (C) vs. Malak Garland

ACE of DEFIANCE
Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

URIEL CORTEZ vs. MASKED VIOLATOR #1

Over the commercial break, the ring has been cleared of Office Hours for the in-ring portion of the night to begin!

Lance:

What a show of disrespect there by Ned Reform, calling out the great legends of our sport, only to treat us to what we just saw... but now we have to get to the first of four matches tonight

DDK:

That we do. We've got a heck of a match up next between the returning Masked Violator #1 against "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez that stemmed from a confrontation we saw at the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex on UNCUT. Cortez came up short in his bid to become the Southern Heritage Championship against Corvo Alpha, MV1's ex-tag team partner. MV1 didn't take kindly to the Titan trying to bully him into relaying a message to Corvo... and here we are.

Lance:

We saw that downright despicable act Cortez committed by attacking Dan Leo James, injuring him and throwing him out of Titanes Familia. It's my understanding that Dan has refused any questions and has remained radio silent since the incident occurred. Meanwhile, both his wife, Titaness and best friend Mil Vueltas are here tonight and they're both wanting answers.

DDK:

Indeed. But in the middle of all this family drama, we saw MV1 make a surprise return at DEFIANCE Road, beating the man that put him on the shelf, Scott Hunter! MV1 looks to continue that momentum while Cortez is looking for a rebound! Let's go to ringside for the next match!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

A burst of pyro and a burst of energy through the curtain blurs the screen as Masked Violator #1 appears in a haze of color and smoke. Red, yellow, and blue lights strobe and pulse as MV1 pauses atop the stage to take in the crowd and their raucous reception.

DDK:

MV1 is BACK!

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Unknown and tips the scales at two-hundred and thirty one pounds! He is **M – V – 1** !!!

Gliding down the aisle in a bright streak, the Masked Man slides under the ropes, into the ring and to the top turnbuckle in one unbroken, fluid motion. In unison, the colorful "WE'RE #1!" foam fingers sprinkled through the arena rise and sway just as MV1 proudly shows them his own index finger.

Lance:

He was on the shelf for just over 100 days after suffering what doctors described as a catastrophic knee injury at the hands of Scott Hunter. He defied expectation and medical science when he returned to exact a measure of revenge, WAY ahead of schedule, at DEFIANCE Road in Berlin! As hard a road as MV1's recovery may have been, he faces perhaps his TALLEST task he's ever faced tonight!

MV1 adjusts the knee brace on his right knee and awaits the arrival of his opponent. The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal

It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia 🎵

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The City Of Industry, California, standing at seven-foot one and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE POUNDS... he is **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE"...** **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Booing fills the arena still lit only by a gold spotlight. Once the Titan has made it to the ring, he climbs over the ropes. He quickly takes off his glasses and vest. Despite the impressive stats and entrance, MV1 remains undeterred and looks to follow up on his surprise comeback with a second big win in a row. Once both men have reached the ring, Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

He charges right at MV1, but the much quicker man of the two dodges out of the way to jump right on Uriel's back! He tries to get the big man down quickly with a tight sleeper hold!

DDK:

A new entrance had this arena in awe for a few moments, but MV1 is still undaunted and won't back down from Cortez! Can he get the Titan to sleep?

The Faithful rally around his attempts to keep hold, but Uriel grabs MV1 by the neck and WHIPS him to the mat! The cheering flips to vocal jeers as Uriel angrily grabs his neck and catches his breath. He goes over to pick up MV1 and then shoves him into the nearest corner!

Lance:

MV1 is getting manhandled right now, and with this shift in attitude we have seen Uriel Cortez undertake, I don't know if this was the fight he should be picking.

DDK:

Yeah, but we know kindness isn't weakness! MV1 has stood up to and WON against people like Scott Hunter and Alvaro de Vargas. He won't take being disrespect and he isn't Corvo's messenger like Uriel thought he was.

Uriel has a chance to dole out more damage when he CHOPS MV1 as hard as he can across the chest, echoing into the nose bleeds! The Masked Marvel is hunched over in pain when Uriel grabs him and whips him across the ring. MV1 hits the corner but when Uriel charges, MV1 is able to move again! He charges off the ropes and then connects with a big running forearm that nails Cortez in the side of the face. With The Tall-Father stunned, he charges off the adjacent side and connects with another one!

DDK:

MV1 rocking the big man in the corner! And there's a third running forearm! Now after the leg!

Uriel has been stunned by the multiple shots. MV1 charges once again at Uriel, but this time the big man gets a leg up... but MV1 catches the leg and then drops down, jarring the knee of Cortez in the process! Uriel howls in pain and starts cursing under his breath as he favors the knee.

Lance:

Excellent strategy! Chop the big man down! He might have just found an opening for himself with that counter to that boot!

The Canadian Faithful are all for MV1 chopping the loudmouth Titan to size. He throws some kicks at the leg to try and weaken it further, but The Man of The House manages to shove him back. MV1 rolls through the shove and gets back on his feet, but when he runs... Uriel catches him by a hand to the throat! He charges forward and PUSHES MV1 over the ropes and sends him crashing to the floor below!

DDK:

That knee may not be in a good spot, but I think it just made Cortez angrier, if that's even possible. We've heard him at the Press-Con last week. He's going to do anything to win to provide for his Familia...

Lance:

Does he even HAVE a Familia after how he's been acting since DEFIANCE Road, though?!

Uriel checks his legs and when he can still stand enough, he goes out to the floor. He reaches under the ring and grabs a chair. The danger is looming for MV1 when the Titan raises it... but it gets taken away by Doyle!

Lance:

Doyle taking away that chair! Uriel hesitating to use it against Corvo Alpha is what some say led to him losing that match, but this doesn't look like a man that will hesitate to pull the trigger anymore.

Uriel watches as Doyle's attention goes away, then grabs his vest and starts STRANGLING MV1 with it! The Faithful boo The Man of The House!

DDK:

No! It was just a distraction! I don't understand why he's resorting to THESE kind of tactics! He doesn't need to.

Lance:

It's because he CAN, Darren.

After trying to rob MV1 of air, he throws the vest away before Doyle is any wiser. MV1 is gasping now while Uriel looks to finish what he started. He reaches down and then THROWS MV1 back into the ring through the ropes with audible gasps abound from the audience! Cortez checks on his knee again and then climbs back into the ring. When he climbs back inside, he picks up MV1 and then pushes him back to the ropes. The recoil sends him bouncing back another STIFF chop that brings The Masked Marvel to his knees!

DDK:

Oof! Good GOD, what a shot! He's making MV1 suffer right now.

Cortez brings things to a halt by picking up MV1 off the mat and holds him in a body slam... but not before showing off and holding two-hundred and thirty pounds with one arm! He adds a spin for show-offy flair and drives MV1 into the mat with a slam from high in the air, then goes and PRESSES his boot right into the recently reconstructed knee!

Lance:

Oh, no! That weight pressing down on his knee! He could be right back on the shelf if this keeps up!

It's MV1's turn to howl in pain after trying to work over Cortez's knee. The Man of The House lets off, then drops a monstrous elbow right onto the leg! The Faithful's jeering gets a response from The Titan when he sits up and shouts back at them as he points at his own leg.

Uriel Cortez:

Nah, nah, he attacked my leg first! It's "do unto others" in this house!

Ruthlessly, he goes over and hooks the neck of MV1, who tries to fight his way free, but The Man of The House is too strong. He has him in an inverted facelock, then as he is leaned over, CHOPS him with Big Business!

DDK:

Big Business! And he got the business end of that chop! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

MV1 fights out and an angry Titan only gets angrier!

Lance:

I thought that might have been it, but MV1 is not giving up! A man that worked his way back from this type of injury months earlier than planned isn't going to just roll over!

Uriel headlocks MV1 again and then drives his face into his knee with an Andre-style facebreaker! MV1 gets his jaw jacked as Uriel resumes his own verbal jawjacking.

Uriel Cortez:

You could have just been a good man and delivered a message! We didn't need to do this, One!

Lance:

Cortez continuing to bring the punishment! But I think he's done!

After shaking his head in disappointment for his opponent, Uriel's had enough and decides he's going to wrap things up. He snatches a beaten MV1 up by the neck then applies a standing headscissors, then hoists him up for the powerbomb!

DDK:

Uh-oh! The 218! We saw him rain down these jackknife powerbombs on Corvo Alpha in anger not long ago!

But before he can finish the job, MV1 fights back! He punches away at the head of the big man until he's forced to let go and lands on his feet! The knee only stops him slightly, but he still ducks under a clothesline by Cortez, hits the ropes and comes back with a front dropkick to the knee! Cortez hobbles about in pain when MV1 shoots up again and hits another dropkick, this time aimed at the face! The Faithful are cheering in full support of The Masked Marvel right now!

DDK:

What a comeback flurry by MV1! He's riding on that adrenaline right now!

He checks his knee to make sure all is well, then comes back at Cortez with a corner uppercut. The big man is rocked sufficiently, allowing MV1 to grab him by the head and hit a big tornado DDT off the ropes!

DDK:

He did it! Masked Violator #1 has Cortez on his back for the first time in this match! Cover!

MV1 hurriedly puts his weight on the shoulders of The Titan to secure the victory!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cortez powers out and quickly sits up to avoid a repeat of MV1 trying to pin him!

Lance:

That was close! But MV1 is still on the attack!

Rather than sit around and argue with Doyle's count like some might, MV1 waits as Cortez gets back up, then scores with a leaping single knee facebreaker (using his good leg) that recoils Cortez back to the canvas! After fighting to keep the feeling back in his braced knee, he points to the top rope and holds one finger to the sky, sending The Faithful into a frenzy!

DDK:

He's got Cortez down! If he can score with 1-Derstruck, this could keep him down for the three-count!

Lance:

He's gonna do it!

MV1 goes out to the ring apron, then looks out to The Faithful! With a quick ascent, he starts to head to the top rope... but as he's perched...

Lance:

NO! CORTEZ BACK UP!

...The Man of The House SWIPES at the braced knee on the top rope, tripping up MV1 and sending him crashing to the canvas!

DDK:

And he just went after that knee again!

Cortez is still holding his jaw after the earlier facebreaker, but he angrily clutches his right wrist. He waits on MV1 to get up after the bad landing... then BLASTS him with the Chop of Ages that nearly turns The Masked Marvel inside out!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES! HE RETAINED THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE MANY TIMES WITH THAT MOVE!

MV1 is down as Uriel hooks the leg and doesn't use any wasted effort on the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Jeering fills the Rogers Arena as Cortez sits up, He's checking his leg after damage sustained by it, but then manages to make it to his feet. Cortez points at Benny Doyle and demands that he have his arm raised. Doyle does so, then Uriel basks in the jeers.

DDK:

MV1 gave the big man all that he had tonight. He had him on the ropes towards the conclusion, but we really have seen a change in Cortez. Choking him with his vest, and showing no remorse for exploiting that injury like he did

Lance:

Indeed.

As MV1 rolls out of the ring and ignores help from a nearby attendant for his leg, The Man of The House appears to have other things on his mind as he heads up the ramp.

DDK:

There's a big win for Uriel Cortez to rebound from DEFIANCE Road... but I think right now, he looks ready for that Familia Meeting he announced. I think he's heading up to the interview stage now.

Lance:

Fans, I guess we're gonna hear from the giant. We know both Mil Vueltas and Titaness are in the building and based on Mil's reaction from UNCUT, he wants ANSWERS.

ANSWERS

Following the brief walk, Uriel Cortez is wiping off sweat with a black towel around his neck as he's now on the interview stage alone.

DDK:

We just saw "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez steal the win from Masked Violator #1, but apparently during the break, he's called this time for the advertised "Familia Meeting" on our interview stage, wanting to speak to his wife, Titaness, and best friend - at one point, a brother, Mil Vuelas.

The camera cuts over to the stage with Uriel ready to speak.

Uriel Cortez: *[huffing]*

Mil... Titaness... you've wanted answers from me for weeks and I'm sorry to leave the both of you waiting on me... I know that what I did was shitty... but I'm ready to talk if you're ready to listen.

He pauses to allow time for the other members of the group to arrive. Thankfully, he doesn't have to wait too long.

There's no music, nor entrance fanfare today: Titaness walks out from the back wearing a black leather jacket, dark blue t-shirt, jeans and tennis shoes. Her face shows she's not pleased at all with her husband's actions.

DDK:

That does not look like a happy wife, nor does this feel like a happy life.

Uriel starts to hold his hands out to Titaness, expecting a hug... but gets NOTHING as she walks right by him. She doesn't even look like she wants to be there. And not far behind, the crowd CHEERS! Mil Vuelas walks out as well, no music. Wearing a white track jacket with red and green lines and matching mask, Mil heads to confront his friend and even though he is masked, anger is visible in his eyes.

Lance:

We saw Mil Vuelas practically explode with emotion on UNCUT a couple of weeks ago. He called out Uriel demanding answers, then attacked Butcher Victorious backstage after what he did at DEF Road.

With Titaness and Mil Vuelas both on stage with Uriel Cortez, he gives the microphones. Titaness snatches it right out of his hands and Mil does the same. This is not lost on the giant.

Uriel Cortez:

Look... the both of you have a right to be pissed. You...

Mil Vuelas:

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT WE DO!

Mil isn't even waiting for Uriel to give an explanation.

Mil Vuelas:

You... HOW the hell could you do this, hermano? Danny is good kid! I tried to go see Danny last week and he won't speak to me! I try and talk to you... T tries to talk to you... You don't answer us! We talked to you for WEEKS! Now you want to talk in front of everybody out here instead of TALKING to us like Familia privately? No...

Mil marches right up to his much larger best friend and points directly at him.

Mil Vuelas:

No me importa por qué lo hiciste! Eres un monstruo!

The luchador has to compose himself. Meanwhile, Titaness only has one thing to say.

Titaness: *[angrily]*

...Why?

Visibly upset by Mil's words, Uriel takes a moment himself.

Uriel Cortez:

Mil... you're right... I should have talked to you both sooner. You both deserved answers right away. I can't take back the time I lost to get here to this point... Mil, you loved Dan. T, you loved Dan. I loved Dan. He was family to all of us...

For the first time, Uriel is visibly moved. He runs a hand over his mouth... then turns back to his wife and best friend.

Uriel Cortez:

...but he HAD to go.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil and Titaness look even more infuriated with his words.

Uriel Cortez:

I know neither of you want to hear this right now... but I STAND by what the hell I've been saying for months. What Titanes Familia has been doing before... that ain't working. Kindness gets you stepped on. Faith only gets you stabbed in the back. For weeks, I was doing what I needed to and I became one of a very few list of people who made it to four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints Title... Hell, I beat Oscar fucking Burns when I did things this way! But because I listened to Dan pleading last minute to play fair... I hesitated... and I lost everything...

He points to Mil.

Uriel Cortez:

You... What happened when you tried to put your faith in Butcher Victorious to do the right thing and stop being Oscar's personal jock strap for two seconds? He made you... hell, he made us ALL look like chumps.

Mil looks disgusted, then Uriel turns to his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

T... You deserve to be much higher than where you are right now. People like Melton and Her Most Precious Gems will screw you over at the drop of a hat. What they did to you, Jun and Danny was proof of that... and what I did to Danny is proof I'M RIGHT.

Titaness is not happy at all with her husband's reasoning as he continues to pace.

Uriel Cortez:

I MEANT IT... I'm not going to be anyone's victim. That's why I've been spending most of my free time at the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex this past week. I was there last week on a... call it a recruitment drive.

Titaness:

What? Uriel... What the hell are you talking about?

Mil and Titaness exchange glances, then turn back to the Titan.

Mil Vuelas:

What did you do?

Uriel Cortez:

What should have been done a long time ago, Mil. We need new blood. This Familia needs someone that doesn't give a DAMN who you are, what you've done or what you think you'll do. Titanes Familia have been well-liked and we've

always been good little soldiers in DEFIANCE. But the history of this business doesn't remember soldiers... it remembers kings. It remembers queens. And the person I recruited...

Even more puzzled looks from both his wife and best friend as The Faithful start buzzing.

Uriel Cortez:

He's going to help us put our hands on the goddamn crown. Let me introduce you both to the NEW adopted son of Titanes Familia... one of the biggest and baddest that BRAZEN has ever produced...

Pause.

Uriel Cortez:

...KILLJOY.

♪ "Stranded" by Gojira ♪

The unknown theme plays, but the jeering crowd watches a literal BEAST walk out on stage for the first time! The audience members that loyally follow BRAZEN react in shock with the rest in awe of the monstrosity. Smoke begins to billow from either side of the entrance. Wearing a dark sleeveless shirt, black tattered jeans and a dark iron mask obstructing his facial features. Dark, long hair. Various black tattoos with tree and raven patterns all across his arms, painting a dark history all across his upper body. Mil looks absolutely stunned. Titaness only looks at her husband in shock, not believing what is happening. The Faithful aren't sure what to make of what they're seeing.

DDK:

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS MONSTER!

Lance:

I follow BRAZEN consistently, Darren... Killjoy has been a staple of BRAZEN in the last couple of years as one of its most destructive forces! The only man in BRAZEN's history to hold the BRAZEN Champion twice - one of those lasted for an entire calendar year! And now... he's with Titanes Familia?!

The stoic monster reaches the interview stage, arms folded. He looks down at Mil, then Titaness. He then stares eye to eye with Cortez and silently nods. Once his music cuts, Uriel looks pleased at the monster's presence, then stands across from him on stage. .

Uriel Cortez:

As The Man of the House, I have to make choices and I have to stand by them... and that's what I'm asking you to do as well. Mil... you tagged with Killjoy in Tag Party IV and you made it to the finals of your block that year, so you know him already. If you want revenge on Burns and Butcher for what they did to you and to all of us... that big bastard can help you get it.

He turns to Titaness.

Uriel Cortez:

Titaness, having THAT on our side... he'll make sure NOBODY screws with you ever again.

Titaness is too startled to respond.

Uriel Cortez:

What do you say? You in?

Uriel holds his hand out to either one, but Mil doesn't even take the time to think.

Mil Vueltas:

Uriel... you've lost it.

He measures up his friend.

Mil Vueltas:

What happened at DEFIANCE Road... that hurt. A lot. But a loss... Eso no es nada. That's nothing... COMPARED TO WHAT WE LOST BY WHAT YOU DID TO DAN! HELL, NO!

Mil SLAPS Uriel's massive hand away! Cortez's eyes open wide and The Faithful CHEER Mil for standing up to him! Titaness' eyes don't leave the defiant luchador.

Mil Vueltas:

Uriel, what you and I have created together... Sky High Titans... Titanes Familia... we've been through EVERYTHING. Highs... lows... but never this. And if this is the way that Titanes Familia is going to be... if this is how YOU want things to be...

The Man of a Thousand Flips looks up at Uriel in the eye.

Mil Vueltas:

I can't be a part of this. Ya terminé.

He throws the microphone to the ground at his feet to a LOUD ovation from The Faithful! Uriel can't believe it and looks down at Mil. Killjoy inches forward, but Uriel holds his hand up to stop the monster.

Uriel Cortez:

Mil... Mateo... don't do this. Don't you walk away from me!

Uriel reaches to grab his friend by his arm, but Mil pulls it away. Uriel starts to step towards him when Titaness has FINALLY seen enough and gets in between the pair.

Titaness:

ENOUGH!

Both of the tag partners jump when Titaness now stands in between her husband and his best friend! She gets in Uriel's face to another massive surge of cheers from The Faithful!

Titaness:

Mil's your best friend! And you heard him, Uriel. He made his decision... and I've made mine, too. I'm not listening to another word of this...

The Show of Force finally drops the microphone and stands her ground in front of her husband. He snarls back as she looks him in the eye.

...AND SPEARS MIL VUELTAS TO THE GROUND!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Mil never sees it coming and can't defend himself as the Show of Force continues to attack by raining down blow after blow! Uriel's face shows just a hint of regret, but then points to Killjoy. The masked monster joins in and starts throwing down stomps to Mil along with Titaness!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! WHAT ARE WE SEEING HERE?! WHAT IS TITANESS DOING?!

The Show of Force finally moves back and then Uriel points at Killjoy. Uriel doesn't look like he wants to give the order... but gives him the go-ahead. The newest member of the Familia grabs Mil off the ground and presses him high above his head to one collective gasp from the fans in attendance. He turns towards a table setup off the edge of the interview stage...

DDK:

No, no, no!

...And HURLS Vueltas off the stage through a table on the floor!

CRASH!

DDK:

NO! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?!

Papa Tez looks down at his (now former) best friend in the wreckage of the table below. There's ALMOST a hint of remorse for what's just happened...

But that goes away quickly when Titaness huddles close to her husband with a smile on her face. They share a kiss on the stage and then take their leave with Killjoy following behind. Trainers rush out past the group of giants to hurry to the aid of Mil Vueltas!

Lance:

What... why... what the hell is going on? How could Uriel Cortez do this to his best friend?! How?

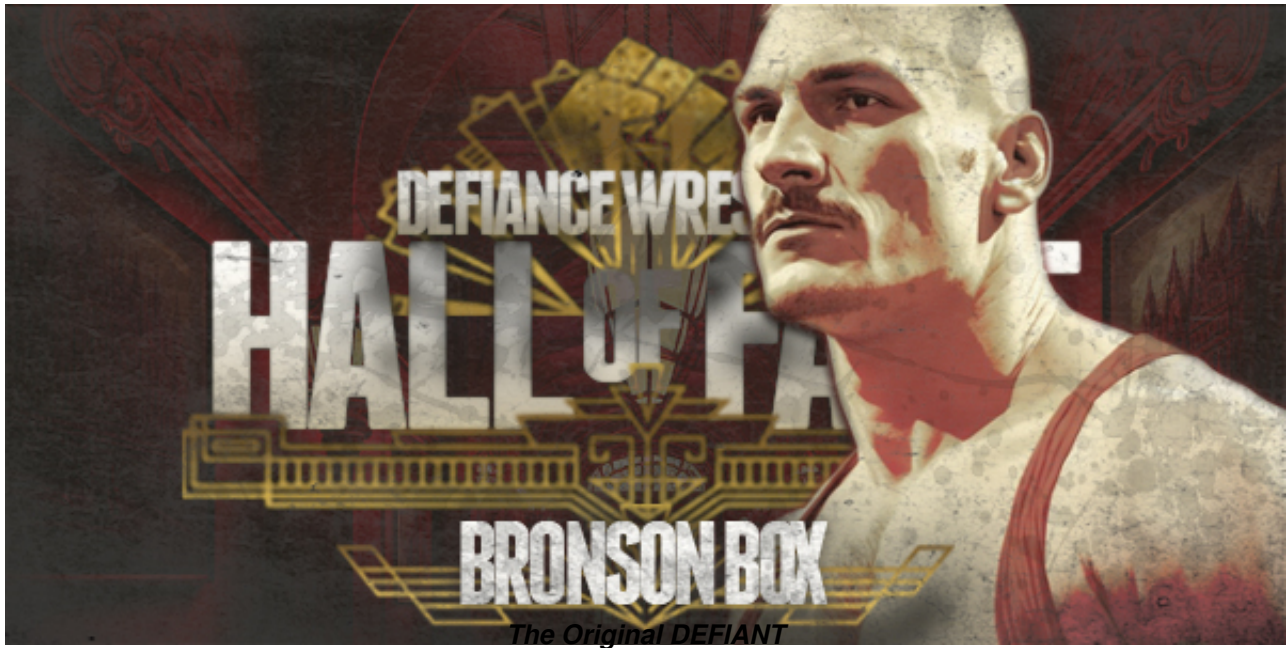
DDK:

I can't believe what we've just witnessed. Uriel brings in this... this MONSTER... and in the span of two months, has LITERALLY tossed away two of the people closest to him. His protege that he took in like family... and now a man he has been proud enough to call a brother for the past four years!

Lance:

And now Titaness is in on it, too. There's standing by your man... and then there's this...

Mil isn't moving as trainers go to help him out. Shock continues to fill the arena as the camera cuts from this uncomfortable scene and heads elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

A LONG TIME COMING

The scene begins on the interview stage with Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Faithful, at DEFIANCE Road we saw a disgusting, despicable act. Malak Garland defeated Bronson Box inside WARCHAMBER.

There are loud, audible boos from Vancouver.

Jamie Sawyers:

Unfortunately, Box is not with us tonight. However his teammate, Gage Blackwood, is. I'd like to take this time to welcome The Noble Raider... GAAAGGGEEEE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

The former FIST of DEFIANCE walks out on stage, sporting nothing more than average blue jeans and a white t-shirt. His long brown hair is slicked back and the trademark scar above his right eyebrow shines through the arena lighting. Blackwood finds Sawyers at the interview stage, takes a spot beside him and his theme song comes to a close.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage, thank you for being here.

Blackwood nods slightly and adds an "aye".

Jamie Sawyers:

Most importantly, how is Bronson Box?

Blackwood takes a moment to peer into the crowd, as he receives a strong reaction. He glances over to Sawyers and then down at the floor.

It takes him a moment but his head rifles up and his eyes shoot lasers into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Box **is** going to be fine.

The crowd cheers but there's a lot more The Noble Raider wants to say.

Gage Blackwood:

Malak Garland, good luck with the FIST of DEFIANCE. Box and I, we do NOT forget what happened and we will NOT "move on" this easily. That means you, Malak. There will be hell to pay for YOU. Focus on Dex and the ultimate prize. When Bronson's back and we both are ready... you are going down. Bronson is going to take the FIST of DEFIANCE, if you have it.

Blackwood isn't done.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, what about you, Tyler Fuse? Even though Bronson and I weren't beside Jack every step of the way, he was part of **our** team.

Blackwood cocks his head.

Gage Blackwood:

And you took him out.

Blackwood cracks his knuckles.

Gage Blackwood:

Better count the days, aye.

Gage brings his attention to Jamie.

Gage Blackwood:

But Tyler is also preoccupied. Go ahead and win the ACE of DEFIANCE, undefeated man.

Blackwood takes a moment to shift focus. He points into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I tell you who doesn't have something going on. Cyrus Bates.

Blackwood points to himself.

Gage Blackwood:

And neither do I.

Gage's face is slowly starting to turn red. His thick, Scottish accent, which typically builds with anger, is definitely percolating.

Gage Blackwood:

Ye drugged me. DRUGGED **ME**. Is there nae hell tae pay for that!?

Blackwood rolls his shoulders, stretches his arms-

The crowd's attention is diverted. Someone has walked out, without theme music. It's a woman. A woman in red and black. About five-foot-five. Long brown hair.

Teresa Ames. Chewing bubble gum.

The Faithful quickly start putting it together. The complete history between these two... in 2021, how Teresa Ames "married" Gage Blackwood and their subsequent feuds, plus teaming up against Vae Victis thereafter. Additionally, Ames is a current part of The Comments Section, likely representing Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, who Gage called out.

Ames is not shy. She walks right up to Blackwood and bats her eyes.

Teresa Ames:

Hey there, big boy-

Blackwood's rage was almost punching through the roof before she arrived. Now, well, it's way past the ceiling.

Gage Blackwood:

Shut up.

RAAAAHHHHHH!

Gage Blackwood:

Who are you? Aye. One year ago I thought of coming out to team with you before Jack Harmen beat me to the punch. Everyone enjoyed your change of attitude but since you defeated Tyler and Jane at last year's DEFCON... what have you done?

He looks her over from head to toe.

Blackwood scoffs.

Gage Blackwood:

Regressed and reverted back to The Comments Section.

Cheers for Blackwood's comments. Ames shakes her head, she's not buying it.

Teresa Ames:

Excuse ME, Mr. Former FIST of DEFIANCE who is relegated to Bronson Box's sidekick. **You've** taken quite the fall.

Ames giggles and places her right index finger forward. It's like she wants to poke Gage in the chest but won't do it.

Blackwood is growing tired of the act.

Gage Blackwood:

What are ye doing here!? Because I want a match against Cyrus Bates...

One more look over, head to toe.

Gage Blackwood:

But you'll do just as well.

The Faithful cheer but Ames takes a couple steps towards where she came from, shaking her head no. That's all she does. Shakes her head no over and over again...

And then vanishes behind the apron.

DDK:

Unstable. Clearly.

Lance:

I don't like this, Keebs. Ames is dangerous. She doesn't need to be inserted into this.

Blackwood huffs on the interview stage but realizes he has nothing more to say. He marches to the back as the segment comes to an end... for now.

HERITAGE

Narrator:

"We are where we come from."

The weathered voice of an aged, twangy trailer narrator breaks in through the darkness of a black screen. Uplifting, bright, powerful strings seem to pick us up and carry us.

Narrator:

Our surroundings shape us.

B-roll of neighborhoods and homes around the world. Children from everywhere, playing. Smiling. Laughing.

Narrator:

The people in our lives. The experiences that stay with us.

Clips of family gatherings. Of customers interacting with busy marketplace clerks. Of team-sports triumph. Of wartime tragedy.

Narrator:

The memories that run deep.

Snippets of people embracing, celebrating, crying. Living. The screen dims to black and the music fades.

Narrator:

For the Southern Heritage Championship–

A crash of cymbals and heavy brass as Corvo Alpha explodes into view, viciously kicking the face off of a faceless victim.

Narrator:

–it's no different.

Shifting to nostalgic sepia-tones, a deluge of classic and more recent video clips roll:

A flash of the battle royale where the first Southern Heritage Champion was crowned, over a full decade ago. More moments scroll. A burst of David Noble pinning Frank Holiday in 2015.

Narrator:

A championship title is no better than the man or woman who holds it. No greater than the man or woman who defends it.

Mikey Unlikely, in a flourish, captures the belt the next year. More faces scroll. A Reaper holds gold. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas makes history, capturing the title in a four-way match. Scroll. Elise Ares cements her place in the sport inside of a steel cage. The musical tension mounts, the stakes rising.

Narrator:

And each of them has their own legacy that adds to its grandeur, a story that builds on the title's splendor.

Blackwood. Dex. Lacroix. Boom, bang, POW! Timpani and gong.

Narrator:

Each who holds it makes it their own.

A clip of Scrow, resplendent in victory. French horns alight.

Narrator:

Each who holds it weds their story to it. For better or for worse.

Maniacal, unhinged, Henry Keyes raises the SOHER above his head, its pink strap coming through the “old-footage-filter”.

A strained, distorted electric guitar suddenly screams.

Narrator:

But what if... your story's been taken from you?

The screen cuts black and only a bass drum beats slowly, a steady lifeline. It's all we have.

Narrator:

What if you don't remember where you've come from?

A swinging overhead lamp switches on on its own, lighting up a dusky, dusty, narrow corridor. It's on-off-switch chain swings from it. The drum is a pulsing heart.

Narrator:

Weren't you once a man? A father? Weren't you once... a friend?

A projector whirrs to life, throwing more old clips, these circa '17, of the Masked Violators in action against the wall. A hot tag to #2. A high five shared center ring. #1 clapping #2 on the back, jovially. The strings on electric guitar vibrate just enough to start a growing feedback loop.

Narrator:

“We are where we come from.” It's true.

A darkened figure steps into view, long dark, wet hair stringing over thick bare shoulders. He throws a pitch black silhouette against the images being projected onto the wall. Now the electric bass comes in, filling out the sound as the drummer finds a crash to accentuate the moment.

Narrator:

But we're also **how FAR** we've come.

Corvo Alpha steps fully into the hallway's light, scowling behind a gnarled beard. The Southern Heritage Championship laying over his shoulder, the pink leather is stained and smeared in spots by red and yellow handprints.

The projector reels shots of Alpha following close behind the Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Leaping out of a skybox into hell. Tossing a yellow wrestling mask into a barrel of fire, eyes illuminated by fear and awe.

Narrator:

“Heritage” isn't just the story that's been written.

Alpha wraps his thick hands around the throat of his master, his arms are cords of angry muscle. Eyes wide and wild, mouth frothing. The band crescendos. He is free.

Narrator:

“Heritage” is also a legacy set into motion. It's a story still to be told.

Standing in the hall, Corvo looks to the projection on the wall with quiet interest. His phantom kicks out of the second Coin. He looks away, dropping his gaze as the Alpha moving on the wall hoists the Southern Heritage Championship overhead for the first time.

As the projection fades, Alpha strides forward, finally resting beneath the still-swinging overhead lamp.

Narrator:

And there is more to be told.

Cutting tight on Alpha's face, he smears bright yellow paint down it - from forehead into his knotted facial hair. When his eyes open again, they are deadlocked on the camera's lens. Panning back, Alpha reaches up and grabs the lamp's chain. The metal of the storied belt glints under the yellow light. The music lurches.

Narrator:

You just be sure to listen.

With one stiff TUG, we cut back to black and the music abruptly halts, it's echo rattling in the distance.

OPEN CHALLENGE: EDWARD WHITE vs. ???

DDK:

Welcome back to what has already been a newsworthy DEFtv and coming up next, we've got in-ring action! "The Socialite" Edward White was just a second away from becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE for the second time in his career, almost a decade after being the first man to hold that title. Fortunately for all of us, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy would retain!

Lance:

But we've been hearing rumors all afternoon about Edward White looking to rebound by sponsoring his own open challenge tonight. Perhaps a dig at the EveryChamp?

DDK:

I wouldn't put it past him. But in a night that has already seen some big moments, we move forward with some in-ring action! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

The camera moves to Darren Quimbey at ringside about to announce the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is an Open Challenge match as sponsored by... HIS words, please remember that... the worthiest, not to mention WEALTHIEST hands to ever hold the FIST of DEFIANCE before it all went to hell in a handbasket...

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK: *[quietly]*

Worthiest hands? Who exactly is he kidding?

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in tonight at "tight" 241 pounds of still very lean muscle- originally from Louisville, Kentucky and now residing in New Orleans, Louisiana- THE FINANCIAL BACKBONE OF DEFIANCE- THE SOCIALITE!
EDWAAAAAARD WHITE!

From backstage struts the man himself- dressed in his usual crisp white pants and spotless black wrestling boots. No jacket, no shirt and his wrists are taped- Edward White is clearly here looking for a fight. The Faithful roar with disapproval, chants of "EVERY CHAMP" start echoing through the arena. As The Socialite steps out onto the stage he's followed closely by his Associates. The massive former mob enforcer Nicky Corozzo and Ed's personal assistant and financial advisor the dangerous Jane Katze take their usual flanking positions as the trio starts down the ramp.

Lance:

Well Ed looks rested- try as I might, I never did find out where he flew off to after his loss at the PPV. Some secret exclusive resort for the ultra wealthy is all I got-

DDK:

Ed's little vacation aside. Things got a little heated after the PPV between the Associates and the- well- I hesitate to use the term reporters here, honestly...

Lance:

That presser was something, wasn't it? Kind of a mess- that German fellow was out of line with that Only Fans comment. It's understandable Jane lost her temper a little bit.

Nicky holds the ropes for The Socialite who in turn holds the ropes for Jane Katze.

The big seven footer Nicky Corozzo simply steps effortlessly over the top rope.

The Faithful now full volume, as one-

EVERY CHAMP! EVERY CHAMP! EVERY CHAMP!

The briefest hint of a sour expression is quickly suppressed- Edward White flashing the Faithful the least sincere smile he can possibly muster.

Edward White:

This place has...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful erupt almost the second Ed brings the microphone to his lips. He brings the microphone again to his lips with obvious frustration pressing against his false smile-

Edward White:

THIS PLACE...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Longer and louder this time, again cutting The Socialite off with a wall of sound.

His false smile drops away.

Edward White:

THIS PLACE HAS LOST ITS WAY! Not that this company has ever had what anyone would call stable leadership! But at least with the likes of our founder Eric Dane or his strumpet Kelly Evans or even that boob Elijah Goldman- or admittedly, myself- you had some semblance of STRENGTH! Of INTENTION! These limp Favoured Saints folks and their waning standards have left poor DEFIANCE wanting, folks! A lack of true leadership- TRUE VISION- is slowly throttling this company. I look back into the vast locker rooms of DEFIANCE and BRAZEN and I see a lot of wasted potential- and dear lord do I also see a lot of people who have no right to be here at all, by God. It's time someone finally stepped up and started separating the chaff from the wheat.

Lance:

Is he serious?

DDK:

Sadly seems that way-

The self proclaimed "Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE" takes a beat. Jane Katze leans in and whispers some aside into Edward's ear. He smiles and nods in agreement to whatever was said.

Edward White:

Hence my new and utterly original idea- THE ED WHITE, ALL COMERS, OPEN CHALLENGE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh for Pete's sake-

Lance:

Remember how nice it was when Ed was in jail, folks?

Edward White:

I'm going to single handedly start rebuildin' the reputation of this damned place even if I have to do it brick by damn

brick my own damn self. ANYBODY back there hearin' my dulcet tones! And I mean by God anybody from either DEFIANCE or BRAZEN- doors open, folks! Walk that aisle a try- JUST TRY to come get one over on the Silver Fox! Come and test your testicular fortitude against a certified DEFIANCE LEGEND! Fortune favors the BOLD, folks! BE BOLD DEFIANCE! BE BY GOD BOLD!

Ed disposes of the microphone as the Faithful lean back in with the boos- The Socialite eggs them on with some mugging and a little shadow boxing before settling in the nearest available corner. Nicky rubs Ed's shoulders as the trio await- well, whomever steps up first.

DDK:

There you have it. Who's going to be taking up the challenge of Edward White tonight? This is a massive career opportunity for somebody to step into the ring with a man of White's achievements. A former FIST and Tag Team Champion just to name a few!

Lance:

He might be just an absolute louse of a human being, but when you're listing the folks that have both simultaneously built and shaken the foundations of DEFIANCE you can't really have that conversation without mentioning Edward White! This really is quite the opportunity he's offering here.

As Nicky and Jane step to ringside White is calmly awaiting the arrival of his opponent.

Three bells ring in quick succession followed by...

*PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.*

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite♪

White's interest looks piqued when his opponent arrives on the stage. A mile-wide man with gree eyes, open wide! Black and ered MMA gloves, boxing-influenced rainbow-colored camo shorts, and red wrestling shoes. He has a title over his shoulder and throws his hands up in the air! Some BRAZEN fans immediately recognize the big, bald man

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent... representing BRAZEN... from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE POUNDS... he is the current BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound" ...**PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

Purcell gets a fairly positive response as he stomps a big foot on the stage, then throws a shadow punch in the air! The big Georgia native heads to the ring with a look of a man determined to open some new eyes.

DDK:

Look who it is! Punch Drunk Purcell! I understand that you and he have something in common, Lance: your mutual love of punching out DEF Radio host Scotty Flash.

Lance:

I can't comment on my stuff since that is being handled through legal channels... but yes, he sure did! But he's already achieved a lot in a short amount of time. Already BRAZEN's longest-reigning and current Onslaught Champion! Fans got his first exposure to Purcell by winning Tag Party V with Pat Cassidy as Punch Drunk and Disorderly!

Punch Drunk Purcell heads to the ring and then hands over his BRAZEN Onslaught Championship which isn't on the line tonight and gives it to referee Hector Navarro. Once the big man heads into the ring, Hector calls for the bell.

DING DING

The former boxing attraction gets ready to fight... but instead. After a narrowing of his eyes and an apparent accessing of the situation at hand Edward White gestures again for the microphone.

DDK:

What... what is he doing? We've got a match underway!

Hector Navarro tries to ask Edward White to focus on the match, but White does no such thing and brushes Navarro aside.

Edward White:

I have to admit Mister Purcell, of all the names that I've come across, yours was not on my list. but I've been familiarizing myself with BRAZEN and its talent as of late- considering how much money I've donated to the thing...

He says with a smirk.

Edward White:

Yes young man I've heard of you. Already the longest reigning BRAZEN Onslaught Champion and counting. You won Tag Party V with Pat Cassidy. You socked a washed-up shock jock in the mush and got cheered for it like you gave our free milk and cookies. I have to admit I'm actually a bit of a fan- you're unique, and dangerous- and from what I can tell you have a good head on your shoulders that understands what makes the world go 'round-

White snaps a finger and is given a hefty envelope that Jane Katze just happens to have on hand. He gets a funny look from Purcell as he brings it into the ring.

Edward White:

Hey, I always have an emergency stash on me. Mister Purcell Jane's informed me just how much you talk all over social media about how you have triplets- and while I can't relate on that particular item, I can only guess that having multiple mouths to feed, whining, crying- just needy little buggers, children- it's quite the EXPENSIVE undertaking. College is just around the corner, after all. So what I'm prepared to offer you...

He throws the envelope and Purcell catches it in hand, a little bit shocked.

Edward White:

How would a bruiser of your talents like to make a LOT more of that? Ed White and Associates is always looking for talent- and every pay period for you can be one of *those* envelopes.

The BRAZEN star looks over the hefty envelope and moves it around. He appears genuinely taken aback by just how much cash is stuffed into the envelope.

DDK:

This would be something right out of the Edward White playbook! Buy off the competition!

Lance:

One would hope Purcell would AVOID getting financially entangled with the guy who did eight years for financial crimes-

The Faithful are pleading with him not to accept the deal, but Edward White mouths to ignore them. Purcell looks at the envelope, and then back to the extended hand of White. Purcell looks out to the people...

DDK:

This young man's future could change drastically with the decision he makes today. White is a powerful man regardless of what we think of him personally.

Purcell looks down again... and then shakes his hand to loud jeers from the audience!

Lance:

Come on!

The shaking continues and White then holds up the arm of the former boxing attraction! White then looks out to Katze on the outside of the ring with a happy grin. He looks out to the crowd... and as he does this...

Purcell drops the envelope and kicks it out of the ring with his shoe.

Lance:

Wait, what?

White doesn't see what Punchy has just done and when he turns... he gets popped up into the air and SOCKED with a big right on the way down to a HUGE reaction from The Faithful!

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Socialite was absolutely unprepared and is ROCKED- slumping to the mat like a pile of laundry.

DDK:

GOOD GRIEF! PURCELL PULLED HIM INTO THAT POP-UP INTO THAT RIGHT HAND! WHITE IS OUT! WHITE IS OUT... REMEMBER, LANCE, THIS MATCH IS ONGOING!

The Socialite has been knocked out cold! Knoqwing what an oppertiunioty this is Purcell drops down and scrambles to hook a leg as tight as he can manage and the Faithful go absolutely nuts!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

GET IT KID, GET IT! MAKE YOURSELF FAMOUS!

THREE!

DING DING DING*♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite♪*

Punch Drunk Purcell throws his hands up high, then kisses his balled-up right before he has it raised by Hector Navarro! The Onslaught Champion is beside himself- he wraps referee Hector Navarro in a big unexpected hug as the Faithful roar with approval.

Lance:

WHAT AN UPSET! PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL HAS JUST PINNED EDWARD WHITE!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS REACTION! WHITE TRIED THIS OPEN CHALLENGE! HE THEN TRIED TO BUY PURCELL OFF AFTER THE MATCH STARTED AND IT CAME BACK TO BITE HIM **BIG!**

Both Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo scramble to help White out of the ring as Purcell jumps on the second turnbuckle and throws his hands up in the air to a big reaction! He balls up a fist in the air and yells out "BOOM!" as he swings! Nicky stares him down with an steely stare, then goes to check on White as Purcell heads out of the ring, collects the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship and then heads up the ramp! Celebrating the entire way!

Edward is still absolutely loopy, only now is it registering what exactly happened-

DDK:

No way that Edward White takes this lying down! We gotta take a quick break, but we'll be right back!

As Purcell heads up the ramp, The Round Mound of Ground and Pound bumps a few fists from a rowdy crowd, then looks back to the camera-

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Only thing I like more than money... is money you EARN!

Even through his thick well groomed beard we can see Edward White's face turning several shades of red, the cobwebs now clear enough that the reality of the situation is laid bare. He turns and growls something at Jane before turning on his heels and heading up the ramp in an absolute embarrassed huff. Jane and Nicky both jog after their boss and meal ticket- each one with a slightly concerned look on their faces.

COMMERCIAL: FUNKO POPS COLLECTION



*Series 1 just released! New series on the way! Be like Conor Funko, collect them all but most important
KEEP THEM IN THE BOX!*

MV1 IS MY HERO, PART 1

The lights in the arena go back. The DEFiatron shows an old filmstrip countdown clock of 5-4-3-2-1 before the filmstrip “melts” on-screen before showing various clips of the faded glory of The Melton Estate in Hollywood and old film clips of the starlets of yesteryear interspersed with recent footage of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems in action.

♪ “How Soon Is Now” by The Smiths ♪

A spotlight shines at the entrance ramp, showing Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems. To the left, smelling his yellow flower and wearing his beret, is “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves. To the right, with his snarl, is Raiden. Kneeling at the front is “The Fatal Attraction” JJ Dixon, who has the Favoured Saints title cupped in his hands. He slowly rises it over his head when -- of course -- Madame Melton steps into frame.

Her silver flapper curls have clearly been done at the finest hair salon in British Columbia, with her silver/silver/silver look. Madame Melton leans over (showing her ample cleavage) as she grabs the title from JJ with her right hand, points at it with the other and mouths the word “mine.” The spotlight follows as she starts her walk to the ring, her nose triumphantly held high in the air with a facial expression that reads “HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA,” flanked by The French Connection, with JJ popping up onto his feet screaming various things to the fans.

DDK:

And here comes our new Favoured Saints champion, who last week at Uncut made some truly disturbing remarks at his “coronation” ceremony -- along with his companions, a collective that has wreaked havoc throughout DEFIANCE these past few months, with their most recent victim being the legend Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

If you were to tell me that after Uncut 148 that The Gems-- after they defeated their arch-rivals The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey in a bloody War Games match -- would become such a diabolical, demented outfit, I would not believe you. I don't think anyone saw any of this coming -- their chaotic ruthlessness, their viciousness and certainly with the Favoured Saints title in their clutches!

The French Connection hold the ropes open for Madame Melton to enter the ring first, before they follow. JJ hops on top of the ring apron and slingshots himself over the top in a somersault, where he then takes his place kneeling and he holds his hands out wide. Melton snaps her fingers and the music abruptly stops, with the arena lights turning back on. Raiden points for two microphones.

JJ Dixon:

Ever since I became the Favoured Saints champion, there is only one person I have been thinking about non-stop. There is one person I wanted to thank. Because this person is someone my career will forever be entwined with. I am talking about someone I shared more than just a ring with at my — our — breakout match at DEFIANCE Road 2023... but someone I share a bond with forever. I am talking about MV1.

JJ holds up his “1” index finger, and the camera shows multiple children wearing his mask, doing the same.

JJ Dixon:

You see, while MV1's entrance music may be a different Pearl Jam song... you can't find a Better Man here in professional wrestling. MV1 gives his time to kids in hospitals, to the infirmed, to anyone who needs his help! And that includes yours truly. Because MV1 was the only person in my life to warn me about Caitlyn Kinsey. But when I told him I loved her, he gave me a hug and was the designated driver at my bachelor's party at Medieval Times. And after she dumped me at our wedding, he was the only person outside of The Gems to ask me how I was doing!

The camera then cuts backstage with MV1 sitting on a stool, icepack on the back of his head, watching the TV monitor intently.

JJ Dixon:

MV1 is the man I wish I could be. MV1 is a role model. MV1 is, to be truthful, my hero. I, too, wanted to be a hero. I still want to be. I know he's not too happy with my recent attitude change. But.. but I only became the type of person to jab a cigarette holder in the eye of another man because of how you people treated me. Of how you turned your back on me and, worst of all, Mommie Dearest. BECAUSE YOU PEOPLE BETRAYED ME!

JJ's tears well up as he paces around the ring.

JJ Dixon:

Sadly, MV1 know what betrayal feels like. TA Cole. Scott Hunter and, most famously... Corvo Alpha —

The crowd cheers loudly.

Corvo!

Corvo!

Corvo!

JJ Dixon:

You cheer Corvo Alpha's name because ... why? Because you support abandoning your family? You support abandoning your best friend — someone who is a truly good and heroic person! JUST LIKE I WAS BEFORE YOU TURNED ME INTO THIS MONSTER! I have to forever live with the guilt of what I did to win this title — of stabbing a man in the eye with a sharp implement — all because it's the only thing I can do to put myself back together again! And I know that despite my conscience... I am going to do some truly horrible, truly despicable things these next few weeks just so I can feel some level of grace within my soul!

Boooooooo!!!

JJ Dixon:

Corvo Alpha is also described as a monster! But he's not. And he's not a man, either! Because Corvo Alpha feels no remorse for what he has done! He acts on instinct alone. And do you know what else acts on instinct alone? ANIMALS! CORVO ALPHA IS A WILD ANIMAL! And wild animals like him... belong in a cage!

The DEFiatron shows Corvo Alpha from just about one year ago, kept in a cage while Lord Nigel stands above him.

JJ Dixon:

Corvo Alpha. I am not just going to tear through four opponents to get to you! I am not going to the truly disgusting things Madame Melton and myself have mapped out just to become the SOHER. I am going to put you RIGHT BACK IN THAT CAGE WHERE YOU BELONG! And I am not just doing this for myself... or for my fellow Precious Gems... or even for Mommie Dearest...

JJ falls to his knees and holds his one finger high in the air.

JJ Dixon:

I am doing this for my mentor. I am doing this for my role model. I am doing this for my hero. I AM DOING THIS FOR MV1!

Booooooooo!!!

DDK:

Does JJ truly mean this? Or is this some kind of mind game Madame Melton has engineered?

Lance:

Or, even more troubling... a combination of the two!

Madame Melton:

You must understand that we are the Big Game Hunters of DEFIANCE! Why, just last night you saw what we did to Mister Unlikely! Pelts shall adorn the walls of my grand estate as we begin my greatest masterpiece!

Melton's eyes are wide, as she gesticulates madly.

Madame Melton:

Because I, THE IRON LADY, will rule with MY IRON FIST as I sit aloft —

The screen starts to go fuzzy, with wavy lines.

INTRODUCING: DSN-001

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

The familiar claxon rings through your speakers, until we smash cut...

...to that familiar lab.

We are introduced, up close and personal, to the behemoth of a man first spotted in a glass tube the last time we visited here. A familiar voice presents him to us.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

DSN-001... code name: Fat Man.

The monster raises his bowed head and flashes a ravenous, toothy grin. His hair is bleached and cut into a combined mohawk and mullet, and his clean-cut face is painted in a scheme of black, neon, and saffron orange.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

My first creation, whom has had a number of tweaks and modifications until reaching his final form. And soon, I will unleash him upon the DEFIANCE ring.

Cut to: a fuzzy video of the monster known as Fat Man, clobbering some poor sap in the middle of what appears to be an independent wrestling show of some kind. His unfortunate opponent tries in vain to block Fat Man's meaty forearms clubbing into the side of his head as the beast roars in sadistic glee.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

Designed to maximize his hitting power, Fat Man delights in using forearms, headbutts, and charging attacks to subdue his opponents...

Cut to: another video, in what appears to be the same venue as the last. A much-larger opponent bounces off the ring ropes to charge at Fat Man, only to be floored by a BIG headbutt between the eyes.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

...before he flattens them with his dreaded Atomic Splash.

Fat Man grins at the crowd, before bouncing off the ropes himself, and landing a big splash onto his opponent, covering him for the three-count victory.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

His vicious assaults and his appetite are his defining characteristics... and sometimes, he puts them together.

Smash cut of various instances of Fat Man biting opponents in the ring, with the final shot being him grinning with a jaw covered in blood. The screen freezes and slowly de-colorizes for dramatic effect.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

This exact fate awaits all those who cross him... *and me.*

Cut to: what appears to be some kind of videolog, with the Mad Science Queen herself looking into a camera on her desk. She is still in her trademark white lab coat and dark goggles, glowering towards us.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

The Age of Sato is coming, DEFIANCE, and whoever you think can stop us... will be proven wrong in the *worst way*, and...

meoow?

Dr. Sato stops mid-sentence as a black cat just casually makes its way into our view, walking towards her and meowing again.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Tch, Archimedes, what are you doing in here, you silly cat? I thought I locked the door?

Archimedes makes his way towards Dr. Sato, climbing up on the sleeve of her coat...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

H-Hey!

...and climbing his way up onto her shoulder, where he curls up and rests, purring audibly as the scientist looks at us with a combination of embarrassment and annoyance.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Tch... *fiiiiiiine*. You know I can't stay mad at you.

She reaches her hand up to the top of his head and gives him a little scratch, before reaching the camera and shutting off the feed.

Black.

MV1 IS MY HERO, PART 2

The static comes back before cutting back live to Madame Melton, who has been continuing her rant the entire time.

Madame Melton:

— And, trust me, you are about to see the four most dominant wins any holder of this title has ever had! Because I have already orchestrated this promotion's Bittersweet Symphony!

Booooo as Melton closes her eyes and pantomimes conducting an orchestra.

Madame Melton:

Months ago, I started to reach out across this roster — to those you choose to love more than us — offering a match this evening against JJ Dixon. We had no takers. They didn't think we had anything to offer them in terms of prestige or their desire to further their careers! They believed themselves HIGHER on the food chain than us. They overlooked us. They dismissed us. They ignored us. Because none of them had the foresight to see this coming!

Madame Melton smirks as she looks at the title still on her shoulder.

Madame Melton:

I saw it coming. Because for months, I lobbied the powers that be for us to have a chance at this title. I cashed in certain... favors... I have accrued over time! And mark my words! After DEFCON, we will be the most feared, powerful entity here in DEFIANCE. What you are about to see in JJ Dixon's first title defense tonight you will find truly heinous. But understand this -- the arrogance of you our so-called heroes could have put a stop to all of this tonight! But instead, they and everyone else will soon see why we will become the most powerful, feared entity in DEFIANCE... and exactly why MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

She taps the title belt. As she does, Referee Mark Shields rolls into the ring behind her, clearly checking out his on-again/off-again lover's body.

Booooooooo!!!

Madame Melton:

Mister Quimbey, darling... will you please introduce JJ Dixon's first challenger?

DDK:

I am very, dreadfully curious to see who Melton has lined up! Of course, if JJ does defeat tonight's challenger, he'll go on to defend the title against the legendary Mikey Unlikely at DEF 199 -- a man The Gems devastated just last night!

Lance:

These past few months, we have seen JJ Dixon stab Dan Leo James in the eye with her cigarette holder, along with ambulance rides for Sgt. Safety and The Gulf Coast Connection, on top of last night's attack on Mikey Unlikely! Who has The Silver Vixen found for JJ's first opponent?

Darren Quimbey:

Now challenging JJ Dixon... now hailing from the city Cannes alongside the French Riviera... he is THE NEW FLYING FRENCHMAN! JEAN-PIERRE REEVES!

JJ DIXON vs. "THE NEW FLYING FRENCHMAN" JEAN-PIERRE REEVES

Madame Melton has a giant smirk on her face. Reeves pantomimes a faked shocked "Wait, me, really?" face.

DDK:

WHAT?

Lance:

This has to be a joke!

At Melton's bark, Mark Shields rings the bell.

DING DING

Just like that, Reeves lays down on his back. JJ covers him.

DDK:

No, not like this!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

Melton snatches the house microphone from Darren.

Madame Melton:

And the winner of the match... and making his first of four successful defenses of what will be the most dominant reign of The Favoured Saints championship in history... THE FATAL ATTRACTION! J! J! DIXON!

Boooooooooooooooooo!!!

Reeves pops up with an incredibly smug "gothca" grin. JJ grabs the title belt and holds it high above his head as he takes a victory lap around ringside! Melton looks on adoringly.

DDK:

This is truly one of the lowest things I have ever seen in my career! The Gems pulled a damned fast one over all of our eyes tonight! Having a stablemate lay down in the ring so you can get your first title defense out of the way... that's just absolutely awful!

Lance:

The Gems promised they were going to do some despicable actions these next few weeks as JJ attempts to get those four victories to get a shot at the SOHER... and they seem to be keeping their promises, but in ways none of us expected!

The Gems pose on top of the ramp, with JJ holding the title above his head. Madame Melton coolly lights her cigarette from the cigarette holder and blows smoke in the air as she cackles.

Madame Melton:

You're up next, Mister Unlikely!

The camera then cuts to MV1 backstage, shaking his head, throwing the ice pack down on the floor before storming off in disgust.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

Coming up next, Lance, we see the start of what is being called by Oscar Burns as the VVG: Vae Victis Gauntlet for Butcher Victorious! As announced at the DEFIANCE Road Presser, Butcher Victorious seemingly back the respect of Burns after he helped Burns once again over Mil Vuelas. But now... he's being made to wrestle other members and associates of Vae Victis over the next couple of shows to prove himself to the rest of the group.

Lance:

And that brings us to right now... he has to fight... Scott Hunter? He's been closely associated with Vae Victis in the past and we've seen him appear with the group, but... how does Butcher Victorious feel about this, honestly? Why does he have to prove himself to SCOTT HUNTER when he's been more or less affiliated with Burns and the group for almost two years now? Longer than Hunter has even BEEN in DEFIANCE?!

DDK:

This just feels like more of Burns' manipulations! We saw Butcher seemingly consider leaving Oscar's side when Mil Vuelas' manager, Thomas Keeling, offered to manage Butcher. But all he has wanted is the approval of Vae Victis and Oscar Burns. I guess now is his chance to earn it in the ring, so let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

To Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

An audible groan ripples through the arena just as Scott Hunter appears atop the ramp. Sparklers fizzle around him disappointingly, but he doesn't seem to pick up on their lackluster impact.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Miami, Florida and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and forty six pounds! Please welcome... **SCOTT HUNTER!**

Hunter pumps his fists so hard with excitement that he nearly falls off of the steel ring steps. Catching the middle rope, he jerks himself back upright, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps into the ring with over-the-top energy and enthusiasm.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opp...

Oscar Burns:

Darren, Darren, Darren... I got this!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

On the top of the ramp, none other than "DEFIANCE Himself" Oscar Burns stands proudly, dressed in a burgundy-colored dress shirt, black pants and loafers (he ain't a laces guy unless it's wrestling boots), along with THE PLATINUM SHOVEL! He has a microphone in his other hand.

Lance:

Ugh. I see the Shovel is back. Joy... as if the Golden Shovel wasn't bad enough!

Oscar Burns:

Scott Hunter... tonight, you take on the greatest protege in the history of protege-ing. You take on the man seeking to re-earn his spot among the greats in Vae Victis! Tonight, from the man that brought you the D3C: The Dig Down Deep Challenge, now proudly brings to you our latest innovation: The VVG! The Vae Victis Gauntlet!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-CHER! THAT'S RIGHT! HE IS THE FORMER FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION AND DEFY AWARD-WINNING... HE HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK! HE IS AND HE WANTS TO ONCE AGAIN BECOME A MEMBER OF VAE VIC... THIS... GC'S, I BRING TO YOU... BUTCH VIC... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

No music plays - cause he does have to earn it back to be a part of Vae Victis - but out comes Butcher Victorious in new gear! He still has on his Sharpie-colored "VV Trainee" shirt, but now is wearing all-white trunks and boots with a single burgundy-colored line down both sides. He looks extra motivated tonight and shakes hands with Oscar before running towards the ramp and heads to the ring. Hunter doesn't seem to care (or maybe understand?) what's going on.

Lance:

There's a new look by Butcher Victorious tonight! Maybe he's taking this opportunity more seriously tonight.

DDK:

He's been in the doghouse with Oscar and Vae Victis since losing the Favoured Saints Championship to Uriel Cortez. Perhaps he's looking at this as his way out!

He slides into the ring and looks up at the larger Scott Hunter. He throws up his hands and seems to get some mixed reaction from The Faithful after that fired-up intro by Oscar.

DDK:

You can't deny the unlikely success that Butcher has had in recent months. He won a DEFy as part of Vae Victis... even though Burns gave it away to Kerry Kuroyama... and he is a former Favoured Saints Champion. Scott Hunter, though, the DEFIANT Rookie of the Year!

Hunter and Victorious come face to face as Carla Ferrari gets ready to calf for the bell. Butch Vic looks determined to win tonight... Hunter, however, looks happy... to see him.

DING DING**Scott Hunter:**

Vic! Buddy! Glad you're here! I'll take a turkey on rye for my victory sandwich and a Starry! Oscar and everybody want me to beat up some idiot real quick.

Butcher looks up.

Butcher Victorious:

First off... BUTCH VIC... AIN'T AN IDIOT! Second, I'M your opponent! This is a big match and I ain't screwing this up! Now let's go!

Scott literally LOLs out loud... which he can. Cause Scott Hunter.

Scott Hunter: *[laughing]*

You're hilarious! All right, where's this moron at? I'm gonna break his leg, probably. I'm certainly gonna call him names and probably question his parentage while accusing his mother of barnyard fornication. Now about that sandwich.

Butcher gets red-faced... then HITS THE HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Scott eats the fabled headbutt of Butcher passed on by Oscar Burns and takes a spill through the ropes! Oscar almost does a double, then a triple take outside the ring!

DDK:

OOOH! HARD OUT HEADBUTT FROM THE GET-GO!

Scott rolls outside and is holding his jaw, still shocked that Butcher just headbutted him in the face!

Scott Hunter:

Hey! Foul play! You hit me in the head with your head!! You know nothing about making sandwiches!

Scott looks at Oscar Burns and points at Butcher.

Scott Hunter:

He hit me in the head with his head.

Oscar shrugs, and Scott turns back to the ring, frowning.

And if that first one gets on his nerves, it gets worse when Butch Vic goes out to the apron, then takes flight with a big running elbow smash off the apron that knocks Hunter off his feet! The big shot gets cheers from The Faithful with both men down on the floor!

Lance:

Look at Butcher go! Have you ever seen him this fired up... ever?

DDK:

I don't think I have, but this Vae Victis Gauntlet... we know that Butcher Victorious wants nothing more than to be on equal standing with Oscar Burns and Vae Victis!

Butcher gets cheers, but all he's focused on is victory. He gets the larger Hunter up and pushes him into the ring. He climbs to the apron and then parks himself on the top rope waiting for the VV associate to start to stand, then takes flight with a big missile dropkick from the top! Oscar actually looks impressed out of his protege as he stands up and connects with a running headbutt drop to the midsection of Hunter! He then crawls into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

There's a kickout by Hunter, but look at Butcher go tonight! He came out of the gate with those strikes and those headbutts he likes to use!

There's a small, but growing show of support for Butcher of all people tonight that even he looks shocked by. Butcher then goes over to Hunter and hooks him by the head. He tries for a saito suplex on the bigger man, but Hunter shakes Butcher free and then pushes him away. Butcher catches him with a European uppercut, as taught by Burns, then charges at the ropes, but Hunter moves past him and hits the ropes as well and when Butcher realizes this, Hunter cleans his clock with a HUGE flying forearm!

Lance:

Ooh! Counter by Hunter there! Butcher came out swinging, but Hunter just took over with one big shot!

Hunter looks shocked as he's hurt from the opening salvo by Butcher, then looks over.

Scott Hunter: *[angry]*

Why'd you attack me?! I just wanted a turkey on rye!

The Florida native gets up and goes to pull Victorious up by the neck. He hoists him up in the air for a delayed vertical suplex! The crowd starts booing Scott but he keeps Victorious high up for several seconds and lets the blood rush to his head before falling back with the suplex! Burns winces in pain while watching outside the ring!

DDK:

Hunter scores with that delayed vertical suplex! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher throws his shoulder up and that prompts Scott to crawl over and grab the leg instead. Butch Vic tries to kick Scott away, but Scott kicks his leg, then drops an elbow drop! He stands up, drops another, then repeats!

DDK:

Hunter being effective in the ring with that figure four leglock is so scary sometimes... this was the man that put Masked Violator #1 on the shelf for months! Case in point... Hunter with the half crab! Working that leg!

Lance:

Hunter functioning in general is scary sometimes! But now Butcher Victorious is in a bad predicament!

Scott has a flawless half crab locked on on Butcher! Oscar Burns' protege is grimacing in pain with Oscar still watching, arms folded.

Scott Hunter:

Remember, YOU made me do this! It's gonna be hard to get drinks and carry bags after I break your leg into at least two to three pieces! Maybe four! That's what I figure.

This comment only prompts Butcher to start crawling towards the ropes... and much to the shock of Oscar outside, cheers start to get a little louder from The Faithful! Scratching to get closer to the ropes, the former Favoured Saints Champion inches closer!

DDK:

There's some growing support for Butcher Victorious tonight! He's so close to the ropes!

Butcher reaches out... and MAKES IT! Carla tells Scott to let go of the hold! He hangs on for a few more seconds and then lets go to avoid disqualification! Burns actually looks proud of Butcher's efforts tonight!

Lance:

Look! Butcher made it to the ropes and Oscar looks pretty pleased! Do you think he's finally coming around on Butcher after all this time?

DDK:

It's hard to say. Oscar Burns is so proud of his in-ring success and seeing that spread to Butcher, I could see... wait! Butch Vic fighting back!

When Hunter goes to grab Butcher, he gets caught with a shoulder thrust to the midsection followed by a European uppercut! He gets back up to his feet, but Scott stops that cold by kicking the leg out from under him! The Faithful are vocally negative about what Hunter just did, but he shows how much he cares what they think by ignoring them completely to hit a shin breaker! Butcher shouts in pain, then Hunter hits a body slam and DRIVE a big elbow drop to the heart! Victorious gets the wind driven out of him with Hunter hooking the bad leg on the cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Butcher STILL fighting back, but Scott hasn't let him get much after those opening attacks!

Hunter argues with Ferrari on the last cover, then goes to pick Butcher up. He picks him up and launches him at the corner. Scott follows in, but doesn't expect Butch Vic to leap to the middle rope, let alone fly backwards to SMACK him with a torpedo-style headbutt off the ropes! Burns jumps up in shock after he shot while Butcher holds onto his leg in pain after hitting the countermove!

DDK:

Using Your Noggin Number Two! ...I don't pick the names, people! But Butcher's unorthodox offense -- the very same that won him the Favoured Saints Championship last year -- comes through again.

Lance:

That it does! And I think these people are starting to get behind him!

Butcher is still holding his leg and fighting to get back up on it while Hunter is blinking repeatedly, unclear where he is after the surprise headbutt. Butcher starts to slap the mat frantically and some members of The Faithful start to clap along with him. Oscar looks disgusted with this as Butcher gets back to his feet. Scott Hunter stands across from the ring and sees Butcher on the other side.

DDK:

And here comes Hunter! He's back up and charges at the corner... NO! Butcher moves!

Butcher slips through the ropes as Hunter hits nothing but the corner. Butcher looks out and puts a leg between the ropes, then one over Scott's head and TANGLES him up in the corner with the Graps of Wrath! Burns can't believe it outside the ring either! Scott yells out in pain as Butcher has the submission locked in!

Lance:

Darren! Look! Butcher is using Burns' own Octopus Stretch in the ropes! He's got Hunter locked in the Graps of Wrath!

DDK:

Innovative! Remember, that it was Butcher who was using Oscar's moves to win matches in the first place that earned his attention two years ago!

Ferrari counts and Butcher has to let go of the excruciating hold! Hunter's limbs are in pain from being stretched as he hobbles out of the corner. Butcher looks out to the Canadian Faithful and shakes his leg to make sure it's good, then hits a springboard diving axe handle to the back of Hunter! Then Butcher locks in a Cobra Twist!

DDK:

Now Butcher trying to go for the submission! I didn't think this match was going to go down like this, but it is! And The Faithful are starting to get behind Butcher Victorious!

The abdominal stretch with the neck crank is locked in on Hunter! He tries making it to the ropes again! Hunter having the size advantage on Victorious allows him to get closer to the ropes, but when he does, Butcher turns the cobra twist into a roll-up!

Lance:

THIS COULD DO IT!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Hunter kicks out at the LAST second and Burns even can't believe it! DEFIANCE Himself watches the match continue to unfold as a determined Butcher looks to get the win tonight!

DDK:

I'm shocked! I'm shocked, but in some way, I'm not! You don't hang around from perhaps the top technician in DEFIANCE today without learning a few tricks and it's obvious Butcher has learned a thing or two!

Lance:

But can he follow up?!

Butcher points out to Oscar Burns and then waits on Hunter! He charges from the corner and runs at Hunter with a tilt-a-whirl and tries for a big move... but Hunter drops and sends Butcher CRASHING hard to the canvas with a big faceplant! Burns shakes his head as Hunter quickly pulls him up by the leg and hits a quick dragon screw leg whip!

DDK:

No! Whatever Butcher was thinking there, he was a little too preoccupied with trying to impress Burns.... FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK! HUNTER'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

After the dragon screw, Hunter goes RIGHT into the figure four leglock in the middle of the ring! He cranks on the hold as tightly as he can and growls at Butcher!

Scott Hunter: *[gritting through teeth]*

Turkey... on rye! HOLD... THE MAYO!! EXTRA... PICKLE!!!!

Butcher tries to crawl to the ropes, but too much damage may have already been done to the leg! Oscar is even getting into the match and watching intently!

Lance:

What's gonna happen? Is Butcher going to tap out here?

He holds a hand up... he balls it up into a fist... but Scott cinches even tighter!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Hunter hangs onto the hold for a few more seconds before he finally lets go at Carla's insistence! The Faithful are booing Hunter while Oscar shakes his head with what looks like disappointment.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by submission... **SCOTT HUNTER!**

DDK:

Butcher surprised me tonight! He really tried. Joining Vae Victis means everything to him and he almost got the win, but that cumulative damage to the leg was too much!

Lance:

We can say what we want about Scott Hunter, but like you said, that figure four leglock has INJURED people.... But look at Burns? What's he gonna do?

Burns walks into the ring and stands over Butcher. He nods to Scott Hunter and Hunter looks down at a limping Butcher before giving him a thumbs up and leaving the ring in victory. Burns stands over Butcher with what still looks to be bitter disappointment...

Then holds a hand out for Butcher!

Lance:

Wow.

Scott Hunter: *[shouting at Oscar]*

Whatever you do, don't ask him for a sandwich. He will hit your face with his face.

Butcher glares at Scott sideways, and Oscar ignores him, still holding his hand out. Butcher takes the hand, then Oscar helps him to his feet. He raises the hand of Butcher and points his way. The Faithful cheer for Butcher's efforts here tonight! Burns helps his protege out of the ring!

DDK:

A loss for Butcher to start off this series of matches called the Vae Vicits Gauntlet... but has Oscar had some kind of change of heart with Butcher? He's been nice to him since Butcher helped him win over Mil Vueltras at DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

I don't know... but I trust Oscar Burns as much as I can throw him.

Burns whispers something to Butcher that the camera doesn't pick up, but whatever it is seems to make Butcher happy!

GET IN, LOSER

DEFTv is over but the crowd inside the arena is still going off about Butcher vs. Hunter. The scene is underneath the Rogers Arena in the underground parking lot, where a disheveled Gage Blackwood is heading to his car, duffle bag in hand. He wears the same blue jeans and white t-shirt. As he arrives at his car... a light clanging sound is audible somewhere in the lot.

It's becoming louder with each step.

Blackwood arrives at the trunk of his car. The clanging noise is building. He puts his duffle bag down. He's no stranger to a parking lot attack, as he remains on guard.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE! Show yourself, ye baw juggler! Max? Mason? Up to your old tricks? Nobody is taking me out of action **this time!**

Blackwood can hear the *CLANGS* but can't see anyone, as the echo is making it difficult to locate the noise.

And next...

Clap.

Clap.

Clap, clap, clap.

Teresa Ames walks out from the darkness, clapping her hands along the way.

Blackwood readies for a fight. Suddenly... ALEX P. appears to the left with a large chain in hand. Martin Evans-Everett reveals himself hiding underneath the car to Blackwood's right, brass knuckles on his right four fingers. A trunk pops open across the way and out of it struggles the larger Percy Collins with a two-by-four. The Game Boy appears. He was behind a large white van.

Thurston Hunter walks into the picture from the opposite direction of Ames, holding two lead pipes, *CLANGING* them against each other.

Finally, Cyrus Bates emerges. He was literally standing right next to Gage Blackwood but he was camouflaged into the red and black truck beside him.

Cyrus Bates:

Ahhhhh, you wanted me!?

Blackwood looks like he doesn't give a fuck. He's ready to knock Bates' lights out when Ames distracts them both. She keeps clapping, a lot louder this time. She walks over and separates Bates from Blackwood.

Teresa Ames:

Now boys tisk tisk, no need to fight.

Ames takes a moment to acknowledge the rest of her "team", already willing to inflict some damage.

Teresa Ames:

The last time Gage got into a parking lot brawl, he was out of action for an entire year!

Gage's face is red. It's almost as if his trademark scar above his right eyebrow was ready to open at a moment's

notice, even before receiving a blow to the head. It's clear he wants to fight, he doesn't care about the odds.

Teresa places her hand on Gage's right shoulder. She knows she can get away with it, even though the daggers Blackwood shoots through his eyes might possibly kill another human.

Teresa Ames:

It's in your best interest to leave, darling.

Ames motions her head towards the team behind her.

Teresa Ames:

Or, you know, fight "like the noble raider" and end up in the hospital.

She shrugs, drops her hand from his shoulder and seemingly lets her guard down.

Teresa Ames:

Bronson's counting on you to be healthy when he comes back.

Thurston Hunter can't stop *CLANGING* those two lead pipes together. It's getting annoying, even for Ames. She tries to tell him to slow down through her body language but the idiot "thug" is too stupid to catch on.

Teresa Ames:

Gage, the only answer is to tuck your tail between your legs and live to see another day - one where Box can join you in a fight.

By now, Hunter is literally drooling at the mouth. It's not Thurston who Gage is particularly concerned with. He's really not worried about any one of them in particular, not even The Game Boy.

But the numbers game does add up. And the additional weapons they have...

Cyrus Bates chimes in.

Cyrus Bates:

Yeah. Get out; go home.

Gage is breathing heavily. He raises his left fist and looks like he's going to pop Ames in the face.

Instead, he slams it against his car.

Gage Blackwood:

Ye [censored] pigs. A'd rip ilka single yin o' yer heids aff!

His angry accent is full blown, it's almost near impossible to make out exactly what he's saying.

Ames chuckles and continues open-mouth chewing on her gum. Bates takes a step forward, daring The Noble Raider.

Gage Blackwood:

YE THINK THIS IS TOUGH!? YE THINK YE'V GIT IT OWER ME!? PATHETIC, ILKA SINGLE YIN O' YE!

Everyone waits on Blackwood's decision.

Gage Blackwood:

[CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED]
[CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED]
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[CENSORED]!!!!

Blackwood's rage is at such a height, Bates has taken a step back, Percy Collins nearly pisses himself and Thurston Hunter drops the lead pipes and runs away.

The odds, however, are still in The Comments Section's favor.

And Teresa Ames never waivers.

Teresa Ames:

Sorry, were you saying you'll live to see another day?

Blackwood festers. Fumes. Slams his hands against the side of his car once again.

...And unlocks the driver's door. He rifles the engine on, peels the car out of the lot and speeds off in the distance.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the screen, as the car vanishes into the distance and the focus goes back on Teresa Ames, grinning from ear to ear.

Teresa Ames:

Pathetic bloke.

She spits out her gum.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.