

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Portland, Oregon welcomes DEFIANCE as the Moda Center is hyped for DEFtv 201, NIGHT TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**ORGEON LOVES KERRY
DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON
BUTCH VIC'S GONNA KICK THE SHIT OUT OF VAE VIC
WELCOME BACK SCOTT!
BUTCH VIC DON'T BOOT-LICK
SEATTLE'S BEST REUNION OR WE RIOT
WE SUPPORT YOU, COACH B!
THE PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP ISN'T REAL AND CAN'T HURT YOU!
AAAAAMAAAAAAAZIIIIIIING!
AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
NO MORE NED
THAT GIANT FIST IS ODDLY FAMILIAR YET PROBLEMATIC AT THE SAME TIME
BIGFOOT'S NOT REAL
I WANT TO WATCH "DEFtv '97", BUT THERE ISN'T ENOUGH BLUE TEXT IN THE WORLD**

Cut to the announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone! The road to DEFCON 2024 continues as we step into NIGHT TWO of DEFtv 201! 100 plus episodes since the intended closure of DEFIANCE, Lance.

Lance:

Factor in the demand for multiple nights for the past several years, Darren ... and we are looking at something more like 180, if I had to guess!

DDK:

Grand closing ... Grand re-opening ... and with STAYING POWER! DEFIANCE lives on and once again, folks ... we are back to bring you another night full of action as we move toward DEFCON 2024!

Lance:

Indeed, we have some fantastic tag team action lined up tonight as The French Connection take on Rain City Ronin! Newcomer to DEFIANCE, Coach Billingsley goes head to head with "The Cat's Pajamas" Ernie Wisdom -

DDK:

That Cat's ... what?

Lance:

Pajamas, Darren! The Bee's Knee's ... If you will. Or at least I that assume would be the condensation.

DDK:

Be that as it may ... or may not, we will hear from Butcher Victorious and former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns and speaking of things that may or may not be ...

Lance: [with a snort of derision]

... champions?

DDK:

That's one way to put it ... tonight in our main event ... Malak Garland will continue his Closed Challenge ... but stick with us to find out who might pop up to answer ... you know what, I just can't this is ridiculous ...

Lance:

That's enough of the run down anyhow, Darren! Let's get on with the show and get to some hot TAG TEAM ACTION!

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE AMAZING AMARETTOS

DDK:

What a shocking return it was for the Lucky Sevens on DEFtv 200! They not only turned the tides for Rain City Ronin by helping Leo Burnett defeat DEC4L, but in the process helped them earn a rematch of their choosing against M4NTRA: by grouping them together in an eight man tag team match at DEFCON! Lucky Sevens will team with RCR against M4NTRA, Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow!

Lance:

And as a warm-up match, the Lucky Sevens wished to pick a fight with any tag team that wished to step up and they got the Amazing Amarettos!

DDK:

I wonder what the Amarettos are even thinking! They had a good showing against the Hollywood Bruvs, but the Lucky Sevens are monsters first and foremost even with the side of the fans!

The voices of the Luck brothers can be heard.

Max Luck:

Tonight ... is your MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!

Mason Luck:

And it's gonna be FIRE!!!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Huge pillars of red and green-colored pyro erupt on stage!

*2x Unified Tag Team champion
2x DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team (Allegedly)*

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Once the guitar riffs hit, the entire arena glows with red lighting and the twin terrors walk out from the back to a big reception from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Both Mason and Max are wearing their new long black tights, each with bright green and red flames respectively! They both have on their new special 2x DEFIANT of the Year t-shirts with the flaming DEFY Awards trophies.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ... they are a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds and stand at a combined height of fourteen feet tall! They are the two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! They are Model Employees and they are DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team ... Allegedly ... MASON AND MAX LUCK ... THE LUCKY SEVENSSSSSSSSS!!!

DEFIANCE's largest (alleged) arsonists rip off the shirts and throw them away to either side of the arena. When Mason and Max make it to the ring, the brothers look at one another and then climb to opposite sides of the apron. They climb into the ring and meet in the middle. They throw their hands up and greed and red pyro fires off from each of the turnbuckles! Mason and Max ready for a fight!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens pulled up today in a brand new sportscar they took after a photo shoot earlier today. They were happy to be back in the ring!

Mason remains his usual angry self and Max is more playful and receptive to the fans.

KA-POOMF!!

Twin plumes of purple smoke suddenly appear in the ring. Appearing from seemingly out of thin air are the nearly identical and completely MAGICAL pair of Carlo and Gomez Amaretto.

♪ “Abracadabra” by the Steve Miller Band ♪

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D’FIANCE!! The AMAZING AMARETTOS have arrived!

Gomez Amaretto:

Let the MAGIC and MAYHEM... BEGIN!!

The Amarettos strut down the rampway side by side, Carlo conjuring random cards and Gomez pulling flowers seemingly out of thin air. Their not-so-lovely assistant Suzie stamps out the butt of her last Pall Mall and lights up another before shuffling after them.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada, and fighting at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-six pounds... accompanied by their assistant, Suzie, please welcome... the AMAZING AMARETTOS!!

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAAAZIIIIIIINNNGGGG HAHAAHAHAHA!!!!

Lance:

I’m seeing double here, Keebs! FOUR Lucks! And FOUR Amarettos!

DDK:

Geminis are abound in the squared circle tonight! But I don’t foresee the Lucky Sevens as having much patience for cheap parlor tricks!

Suzie is ordered up the steps ahead of the twin magicians, doing her duty by holding open the top and middle ropes to give Carlo and Gomez ease of access. In the ring, the Amarettos do more pageantry and posturing... until they run face to face with the other, much taller set of twins standing in the ring.

Carlo Amaretto:

Wait... Gomez, what trickery is this?!

Gomez Amaretto:

I don’t know, Carlo! I can’t tell them apart!

Carlo Amaretto:

MERDE! Is this how people see us?

Gomez Amaretto:

Let’s just hope it works both ways, brother!

DING DING

Mason Luck and Carlo Amaretto are about to stand face to face. Mason looks down at Carlo ... then turns to his brother.

Mason Luck:

Max! I know where I recognized this guy! He’s one of those jackoffs that got thrown out of Las Vegas!

Max Luck points and then recognizes the Amarettos!

Max Luck:

Cool ... we about to run you out of town for a second time! You're looking at the two baddest m[censored]ing twins to walk out of Las Vegas!

Carlo cannot believe what he is hearing.

Carlo Amaretto:

Balderdash! I won't hear of this! Now ... pick a card!

Mason hears the Faithful and a "pick a card!" chant rings out. He wants to punch Carlo in the mouth, but Max begs him to do it.

DDK:

Now I've heard everything.

Pretty Face Mase can't believe he's about to do it. He goes to pick a card ... and then gets kicked in the shin by Carlo! The cards fly everywhere and Carlo administers a head lock!

Carlo Amaretto:

Amazing!!!

It's all amazing for a moment until Mason pushes Carlo off him and he hits the ropes. When he comes back, he gets leveled with a big boot to the face!

Mason Luck:

Cool, now we're gonna play 52 Pick Up Your Teeth.

Carlo is snatched up by his collar and tries to get away from Mason Luck. The tag is made to Max Luck and DEFIANCE's Twin Terrors go to work. Carlo is shot into the ropes and the brothers hit a double shoulder block. Carlo goes down and Max stands over him. He charges and he hits the Box Cars elbow drop! Max looks like he is genuinely having a great time in the ring right now after being gone for two months.

DDK:

There is the Box Cars elbow drop! Max Luck's knee has been fully healed from that attack by the Devil's Circus and Alvaro de Vargas several months ago!

Gomez Amaretto and Suzie have to watch Carlo get picked apart by Max. A knee doubles him over and a big throw puts him back in the corner. Mason Luck gets a tag and holds his hands out. He licks his hand and Max holds Carlo so he can't get away ...

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

Four consecutive brutal open handed chops to the chest are enough that Carlo has fallen to his knees with a burning chest!

DDK:

Four of a Kind! The Lucky Sevens seem to know a few card tricks, too!

Lance:

This teamwork is going to be what Tom Morrow, Alvaro de Vargas and M4NTRA will look forward to at DEFCON! They and Rain City Ronin will be a real force to be reckoned with at DEFCON!

After Carlo has had his chest caved in courtesy of what Mason Luck has done with Four of a Kind, he picks Carlo up by his hand. A punch from the Maim Event Player catches Carlo in the face. He goes to his corner and tries to duck in between the ropes when Mason grabs his arm and tries to pull him out. Carlo then grabs hold of the referee and that

gives Gomez the chance to pull out a retractable magic wand that strikes Mason in the eye when the official cannot see it!

Lance:

Hey! What was that! That wasn't magic, that was cheap!

DDK:

It was cheap magic, Lance!

Carlo has finally tagged to his twin brother. Gomez steps in with Mason still blind in one eye. Gomez goes for the other while Carlo has the official's attention and puts a thumb to his other eye! Mason swings blindly quite literally and Gomez manages to move out of his way long enough for Carlo to reach over. Gomez wants the official to now pick a card from his deck and right behind him Carlo is climbing the rope to choke Mason with the tag rope!

Lance:

There's some illegal sleight of hand going on! Now Carlo and Gomez are doing everything they can to keep Mason Luck in their corner and away from his brother.

DDK:

And if he's blind, it's gonna be harder for Mason to fight back! He can't hit what he can't see.

Carlo releases the tag rope. Both twins attack Mason with mudhole stomps until the seven foot monster has been brought down to a seating position in the corner. Gomez gets a tag and then hits some mudhole stomps. Carlo is the next one and they get some stomps in on Mason. Carlo tags Gomez and The Maim Event Player is being choked now by two pairs of boots in the corner struggling to break free.

Carlo and Gomez:

Amazing!!!

DDK:

What is amazing to me is that they have survived this long! I think the Lucky Sevens were messing around a little too much and it came back to bite Mason.

Lance:

All this flashiness and misdirection has been a staple of the Amarettos in their prior matches and it's working!

They both go for Mason by grabbing his neck and hitting a double DDT out of the corner. Gomez makes the cover.

One ...

Two ...

Mason Luck forcefully pushes Gomez Amaretto back!

DDK:

What is amazing is the strength of the Sevens! Mason is up!

Mason blinks quickly and it looks like he's able to see again. Gomez goes for a cheap shot and hits a big chop of his own to avenge his brother. Two more chops land across Mason's chest. But he seems to be angry now and then he unleashes a massive standing spin kick on Gomez!

DDK:

Oooh! Gomez just got Suited and Booted by Mason Luck! Can he get the tag?

Mason Luck points at Max and now it's time for the Beast of the Bright Lights to get in! Max is in the ring just as Carlo

tags his brother. Carlo comes in and stops him with a toe stomp. The stomp makes Max wince briefly and allows Carlo to try and take over. A knee kick is followed by knee lift and Max is stumbled up. Carlo looks shocked he is able to get the better of Max, but when he comes back, the Beast of the Bright Lights has struck him down with a seven foot drop kick!

Lance:

That was magic if I do say so myself! Max is the more aerodynamic of these two brothers!

Max stands up and he grins when he points at the top rope. He climbs to the top slowly and then when he gets up there, he leaps off with a top rope clothesline on Carlo!

DDK:

Check-Raise from Max Luck! And I don't think this one is gonna go much longer!

Max gets up and tags Mason. Suzie watches what becomes of Carlo. Max wraps a hand around the throat. Mason gets a Winning Hand locked on and then they hit Seven Stars!

DDK:

Seven Stars! Mason holds the cover!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Mason and Max Luck celebrate their first match back since DEFIANCE Road and score the big win tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE LUUUCCKKKKYYYY SEVENNNNNSSSSS!!!

Lance:

That was a great win by the Lucky Sevens! They look in rare form tonight.

DDK:

The former two time Tag Team Champions and two-time DEFIANTS of the Year are ready!

While Suzie helps the Amarettos, Mason and Max get microphones and they don't look like they are ready to chat.

Mason Luck:

Tom Morrow!!! You little f[censored]r!!!

The mere mention of his name gets jeers so loud that they have to wait to die down.

Mason Luck:

You tried to outrun us for months. You tried to outplay us! You tried to pay people to outfight us! Bounties ... Hired hitmen ... M4NTRA ... even bringing back ADV off the damn milk carton ... but you *gravely* mistake our ability to be stubborn and vengeful as f[censored]! None of it worked! And then two weeks ago, with Rain City Ronin's help, we *outplayed you!!!*

Max Luck adds to what Mason is saying.

Max Luck:

And in just a few more weeks, Tommy ... you're trapped in a ring *with us!* At DEFCON, you, ADV and M4NTRA are all ...

Tom Morrow:

YADDA YADDA YADDA REVENGE BLAH BLAH BLAH RAR DEATH Shut up, you narcissistic neanderthals!!!

Up on the DEFIA-Tron, Tom Morrow is somewhere in the parking garage of the Moda Center.

Tom Morrow:

I have to tip my cap to you two idiots ... congratulations. The two of you managed to rub two brain cells together without me doing the thinking for you. You pulled off the *crime of the century* and because of that, I now have to share a ring ...

He gulps air.

Tom Morrow:

... with you.

Mason and Max smile at the thought.

Tom Morrow:

You want to know what's funny? You giant fire bugs. You think you're cute by taunting me, but you are about to find out what happens when you mess with Tom Morrow! I know you burned my car in Germany! Everyone else may be willing to play along with this stupid little arson thing you're doing ... but when you mess with *real* fire ... like what ADV has ...

The camera spins over.

There stands Alvaro de Vargas dumping gasoline all over a white sports car! Mason and Max look up!

Alvaro de Vargas:

YOUR FIRE DOESN'T BURN LIKE MINE, PENDEJOS!!! WATCH!!!

Lance:

That's the sports car that the Lucky Sevens brought to the arena today! That's the one we talked about earlier!

DEFIANCE's Twin Terrors can't do anything but watch! Alvaro de Vargas ditches the gasoline and then whiffs one of his signature fireballs at the car! Tom Morrow and ADV back up as far away as they possibly can ...

And the car goes up in flames!!!

DDK:

MORROW IS A MONSTER! ALVARO IS TOO!

Mason and Max watch their property get destroyed and literally burn up by Alvaro de Vargas! Tom Morrow laughs like he has gone insane!

Tom Morrow:

THIS IS YOU!!! THIS IS THE RAIN CITY RONIN! BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY WILL REIGN SUPREME AND WE WILL BURN DOWN ALL THE COMPETITION!!! *WE* ARE NOT TRAPPED WITH YOU AT DEFCON IN A RING ... *YOU* ARE TRAPPED WITH US!!!

The screen goes black as the Lucky Sevens leave the ring and then head up the ramp to go after Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens and Rain City Ronin might have pushed Tom Morrow into a corner! And now BFTA might be at their most dangerous!

YOU DARE?

DDK:

We've got more tag team action coming up next, ladies and gentlemen... but it appears the Amazing Amarettos, even in defeat, aren't quite ready to quit the ring!

Lance:

You'd think they'd be eager more than anything to make themselves disappear after that beating they just took.

Carlo and Gomez are no longer as theatrical and pompous as they were when they first arrived. Now, they angrily stomp figure-eights around the ring, with the ever listless Suzie patiently stands in the ring center while letting another menthol burn down.

Carlo Amaretto:

Listen up, you filthy ingrates! We've been to one or two back-alley sideshows in our time, but this fffffFARCE you call an entertainment promotion absolutely takes the cake!

Gomez Amaretto:

As you damn well ought to know by now, the AMAZING AMARETTOS are CONSUMMATE professionals! And we DEMAND that we start being treated as such!

Carlo Amaretto:

Such as in a mere two weeks, when the world witnesses the crown jewel of entertainment events... **DEFCON!!**

Gomez Amaretto:

And yet... you neglect to feature the GREATEST TWIN MAGIC AND WRESTLING ACT EVER KNOWN TO THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF MAN!?!?!?

Enraged, the Killer Kadabra throws his top hat down to the canvas. Suzie quickly scoops it up and dusts it off before obligingly returning it to his head.

Carlo Amaretto:

Our demands are simple, DEFIANCE... give the AMAZING AMARETTOS a place on the show of shows, or suffer the consequences!

Gomez Amaretto:

We'll saw every one those simple-minded, ordinary mooks in that locker room in HALF if we have to!

The Amarettos are immediately cut off by the lights going out, plunging the arena into darkness and silence for a moment, until...that klaxon. (https://youtu.be/W_9KR3mYkUo?si=liZAfQJUeSm4_qbG)

The DEFtron comes alive with those familiar words...

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION
WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION
WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

The crowd comes abuzz as the familiar introduction finally appears in an arena, before the klaxons cut, and the DEFtron cuts to that familiar desk, with a familiar face gazing back at us with a miss of confusion and contempt.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You, Amazing Amarettos... *dare...* challenge my Atomic Punks at DEFCON?

The mad scientist scowls at us and bites down on her lower lip, before continuing.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You, Amazing Amarettos... *dare...* try to salve your bruised egos at our expense?

Dr. Sato leans forward on her hands, her face lunging forward with a low hiss.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You, Amazing Amarettos... **dare...** THINK, YOU CAN SURVIVE THE NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE OF THE ATOMIC PUNKS AND HANDLE THE MENTAL MIGHT OF **DOCTOR AYUMI SATO?!?!?!?!?**

Dr. Sato dramatically pulls her signature goggles off her face, and sneers into the camera lens, her eyes burning with anger and contempt. The crowd buzzes more as the (attractive, to be fair) mad genius stares into our eyes before a grin slowly creeps across her face, and her tone dramatically shifts.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

SPLENDID!

The camera pulls back and she rises to her feet, and her clients come into view. Little Boy on our left, and Fat Man on our right. They look poised and ready for battle, as Dr. Sato grins maniacally, looking into our eyes as her left hand takes on an inverted claw grip.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Your magic. Our science. Which one will reign supreme?! At DEFCON, my Atomic Punks and I will give you the answers you seek...

The camera closes in on Dr. Sato's face as she grins like the cat who caught the canary.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...along with your annihilation.

Her evil countenance quickly vanishes, replaced with a happy, energetic smile.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Toodles~!

Cut to black.

In the ring, Carlo and Gomez exchange confused glances.

Carlo Amaretto:

Who the hell was THAT?!

Gomez Amaretto:

Wrestling MAD SCIENTISTS?! That's the most preposterous thing we've ever heard of!

Carlo Amaretto:

Well, no matter... we're not ones to look the magic wand down the shaft!

Gomez Amaretto:

Certainly, brother! The SHOW, as they say, MUST go on!

Carlo Amaretto:

And if these scientific scoundrels are begging for a beatdown, we'll be HAPPY to oblige them!

Gomez Amaretto:

We'll prove ONCE MORE than science is for the ordinary and foolish, and MAGIC reigns supreme, because we are absolutely...

They point their mics into the crowd.

"AAAAMAAAAAAZZZZIIIIIIIIINNNNGGG!!!!"

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

KAPOOMF!!

Dual plumes of purple smoke explode in the ring, and the Amazing Amarettos DISAPPEAR...

...inexplicably leaving Suzie behind.

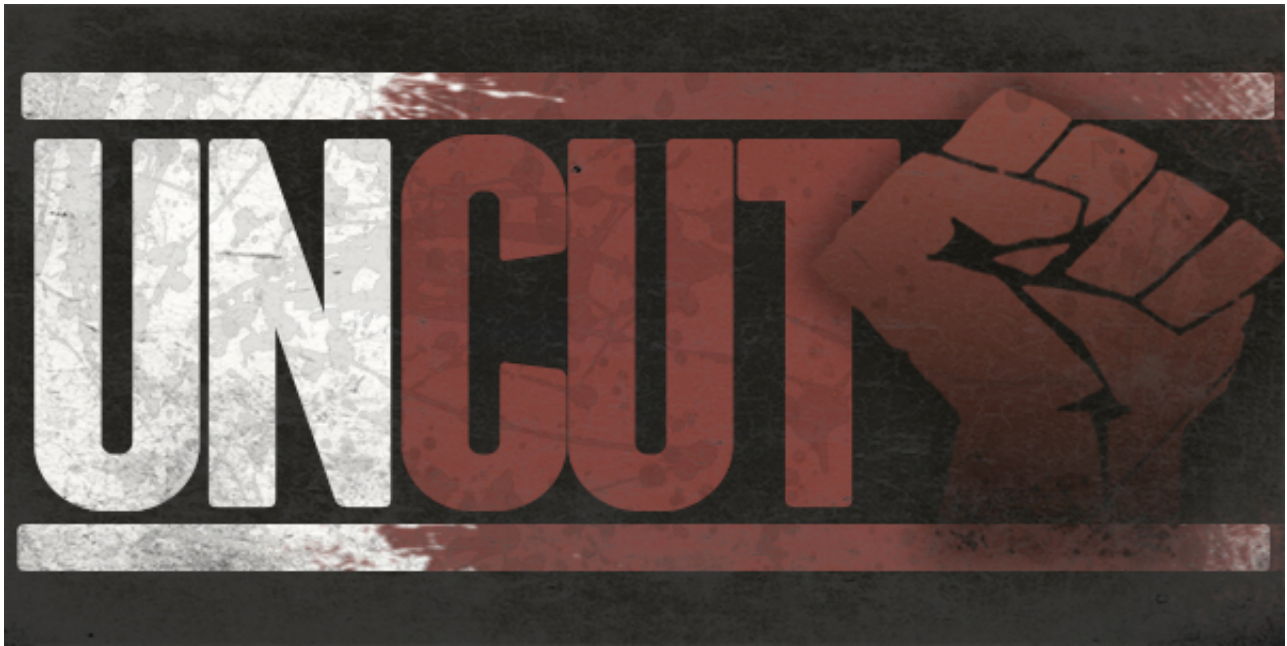
The not-so-lovely assistant lingers in the ring for a few more awkward moments before shuffling off.

Lance:

Well Keebs, it appears we have yet another match set for DEFCON. A battle between magic and science, no less.

DDK:

Imagine that... well, let's head to commercial. More action on the way, ladies and gentlemen! Don't go away!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

GET WELL DEC4L

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

The sounds of a lone heart monitor beeping are heard.. Surrounded by various tubes, monitors and other medical equipment checking his vitals ...

DEC4L is laying in a bed completely motionless.

Standing at his bedside, Nathan Eye is wearing an all-black version of his usual all-white attire like he is attending a funeral. He has a copy of their prized *502 Pages of Shared Success* book clutched to his chest like The Bible and about to read DEC4L his Last Rites. Next to him is their manager, Makalya Namaste who is wearing a black t shirt with "Good Vibes Only" to help combat this terrible situation.

Nathan Eye:

Doctor ... doctor! Where is the doctor? Why is someone not watching DEC4L twenty-four seven? I swear, if I find one chakra out of alignment, someone will answer for this!

Makayla Namaste:

These conditions are straight up cheugy! The vibe check is off!!!

When they see the camera there Nathan and Makalya speak to the people.

Makalya Namaste:

Ladies and gentlemen ... I am Makalya Namaste. This is Nathan Eye. And we are now going to ask you to take several seats for the bad news we're about to deliver.

Makalya grabs the hand of DEC4L on the bed.

Nathan Eye:

Last week ... the Lucky Sevens returned. Despite us being better than them in every single way – individually and as a team, mentally, physically, spiritually - they decided to "clap back" as Makayla and DEC4L would say and they cost DEC4L the win. Due to this ... he has suffered one of the worst injuries that athletes of our genetic makeup can suffer ...

He looks down and then prepares to utter the words.

Nathan Eye:

A fractured ego.

Makalya gasps as loud as she can and then grabs DEC4L's hands. InstaFamous begins to cry, but no tears are running down her face. She gathers herself together, taking deep breaths and drying non-existent tears as Nathan rubs her back. Declan's hand shoots up out of frame and slaps Nate who shakes his hand as Makayla speaks.

Makayla Namaste:

I'm sorry, this news is living rent-free in my mind like... all day long. This is hard. For all of us. But because of this injury there is a chance that M4NTRA may not be able to compete at DEFCON. At least, not without the help of you. The M4NTRA Rays.

Nathan Eye:

That's right. With your support and positive vibes, DEC4L may pull through. You may ask how you can help and that's why we're here. There are two ways you can support this cause. The first one is monetarily. 100% of the proceeds from your donations will go towards the recovery of DEC4L and we will update you along the way. Below are two QR codes. The one to my right is for Venmo and the one to my left is CashApp. Pull out your smartphone camera and a link will appear. Tapping that link will take you directly to his account. From there you will have the option to donate and all donations of \$100 or more will receive a signed 8x10 of M4NTRA, however, all donations help. No matter how small.

Makayla Namaste:

Or, if you don't have the guap, you can simply login to your preferred social media service and use the hashtag #GetWellDEC4L. This will help spread the word of our cause. Getting the word out about Declan's condition is almost as important as monetary donations. At this time, I ask all of the M4NTRA Rays across the world, to join me in a simultaneous show of support for our fallen bro.

Together, Nathan Eye and Makayla Namaste begin to flap their arms up and down slowly, accompanied by only the sound of DEC4L's heart rate monitor. At the bottom of the screen "#GetWellDEC4L" appears. They stop and look directly into the camera.

Makayla Namaste:

Thank you, fam, for your time and your vibes.

Nathan Eye:

And Tom Morrow bless us all.

Cut to the arena.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION vs. THE RAIN CITY RONIN

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

Below an array of red spotlight and blue strobes, "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett stride through the curtain to a thunderous pop from the Oregon Faithful. In mirror motions, either man takes a knee and flexes while fountain pyros explode behind them. Back on their feet, they high five and come down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds... "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett... the RAAAAIN CIIIIITYYYYY ROOOONIIIIINN!!

DDK:

Tag team action on the way, ladies and gentlemen, as one of the hottest tandems in DEFIANCE right now make their way to the ring!

Lance:

Hottest... or *coolest*, Keeps?

DDK:

A bit of Column A and a bit of Column B? Either the case, the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions have been hitting their stride on the main roster as of late. They survived battles with the Kabal... with Les Enfants Terribles... but as of late, the pairing of Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander have been giving them headaches!

Lance:

They may finally even the odds at DEFCON, when they join up with the Lucky Sevens and go to battle against all of Tom Morrow's organization.

DDK:

Morrow included!

Burnett and Daymon slide under the ropes together and ready themselves for combat.

The arena lights dim as the DEFiatron shows the tricolore French flag proudly blowing on top of the Champs E'lysse.

♪ "Lo Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

The DEFiatron shows more pro-France footage -- the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Audrey Tatou, Jacques Chirac, escargot, the French national soccer team holding up the World Cup, etc. The spotlight on the ground now shows Madame Melton in her silver glory in the front, waving a miniature French flag back and forth. To her left is the snarling Raiden -- mullet and wearing a black tank top that reads "The Concussion King" in French flag colors. To the right is "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves wearing his beret, a gaudy jeweled jacket in French flag colors and stringed epaulettes over his tri-coloured trunks -- and a microphone!

The crowd boos as the 90s French indie pop song plays in the background as The French Connection make their way to ringside.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Bonsoir, Portland! Or, as we call it in my beloved France, Le Horrible! (He clearly has a Duolingo subscription.) We are The French Connection -- the tag team specialists of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems! At DEF 200, you saw us pull a magic trick for the ages as we once again proved ourselves one step beyond The Hollywood Bruvs --the box office poison that is Mikey Unlikely and his crooked toothed, ignorant... (face of nausea) Brit tag team partner! But tonight, we will take down Bebop and Rocksteady, or whatever your names are, as we once again show why we are The Criterion Collection of Tag Team Wrestling -- the choice for those with discerning tastes!

Reeves bows as he hands the microphone to The Iron Lady.

Madame Melton:

Rain City Ronin, you have been called the best young tag team in DEFIANCE today! Once again, me and my Gems -- MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS -- have gone disrespected by this promotion! But it's clear why you've "earned" your reputation! While you certainly have your talents... the reason why you've got such positive marketing is because you carry the luggage for those ridiculous Luck Brothers. You "celebrated" Saint Patrick's Day by fetching the drinks for the allegedly functional alcoholics known as the SNS! Sucking up to the favorites of The Faithful sure has its benefits! But we know The Faithful are nothing more than misguided sheep who will one day kneel before me in gratitude, in recognition that we are this promotion's ONLY TRUE HEROES... and everyone will see why --

She only cackles as a certain segment of fans say her catchphrase for her. The French Connection scale the apron and slide into the ring.

PAMPH!

That's the sound Zack Daymon's "Shut Up and Wrestle" t-shirt makes when it gets thrown onto Madame Melton's cackling face. As she tears to free it from her visage, the Ronin go into action.

Lance:

That's one way to get a message across!

DDK:

Meanwhile, Daymon and Burnett press the attack!

While Madame Melton spoke, the tandem of Daymon and Burnett were shutting up and readying themselves to wrestle. It comes as no surprise then that they throw themselves upon Raiden and Reeves the moment they enter the ring. Presiding official Benny Doyle, unsure of how to react, simply calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Zack and Leo are waylaying the Gems in opposing corners with wild rights and lefts! They weren't about to wait to get this match underway!

Lance:

They clearly have no patience for speeches and grandstanding.

DDK:

Now Daymon has Raiden by the wrist, and Burnett has Reeves... double Irish whip leads to a collision in the center of the ring!

JP Reeves and Raiden waver on rubber legs after butting heads. The Ronin regroup and floor Reeves with stereo dropkicks. In unison, they kip up to their feet, and take Raiden over the ropes with a double clothesline. The crowd cheers wildly!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin are off to a hot start! Burnett heading to the apron now, leaving the ring to Zack Daymon and JP Reeves.

Lance:

I'm sure Benny Doyle is thankful for that. The Ronin know exactly when to heat things up, and when to cool it off.

Daymon pulls Reeves up into a front facelock, but a sharp strike to his ribs leaves him susceptible to a reversal. JP smoothly transitions into an arm wrench and torques the shoulder. Keeping his head, Zack flips over onto his feet and

reverses with an arm wrench of his own that whips John-Pierre over onto his back.

DDK:

Daymon has Reeves on the mat... but JP counters with a snapmare, setting "Skyfire" right into position for a rear headlock!

Lance:

With all the finesse of Charlemagne.

DDK:

But Daymon curls up, and a leg scissor pulls Reeves off of him! Zack rolls to his corner... and the tag is made to Leo Burnett!

Across the ring, JP Reeves tags out to Raiden, who has found his team's corner. He regrettably runs straight into a powerslam from Leo Burnett the moment he rushes the ring. Burnett wastes no time peeling him up and sending him into the ropes...

DDK:

Burnett puts Raiden into motion... DUCKS a clothesline attempt off the rebound... here comes Raiden on the return--running right into a TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER by Leo Burnett! He makes the cover!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Burnett peels Raiden off the mat and dumps him into the RCR corner before tagging back out to Zack Daymon. Daymon hops the ropes and lays into Raiden with a pair of back elbows while he's trapped against the turnbuckles, then takes him by the wrist...

DDK:

Irish Whips attempt by Daymon... NO! Reversed by Raiden!

Zack takes a hard bump against the turnbuckles that leaves him reeling. Raiden breezes by him and springs to the middle turnbuckle, rebounding into a triangle enzuigiri that sends Daymon sprawling across the canvas.

Lance:

Ouch! The Concussion King is living up to his namesake here tonight with a solid kick to the head like that.

DDK:

Daymon is shook, but tries to work his way back to his feet... spinning heel kick by Raiden puts him back to the mat! And there's the tag to the so-called "New Flying Frenchman."

Jean-Pierre sizes Daymon up before bouncing off the ropes with a dropkick to his left knee. Reeves then grabs the left foot, kicks at the thigh, and hooks in a Cloverleaf. Raiden tags right back in and bounces off the ropes with a shotgun dropkick to the exposed left knee.

Lance:

At DEF 200, we saw The Gems use this move in their attack on MV1, which resulted in him being put right back on the shelf!

Raiden dragonscrew legwhips Zack towards his corner, with Reeves tagging and up to the top rope, and off with a diving headbutt to Daymon's left thigh. Melton applauds and tells them to keep the attack going.

DDK:

There are many things that can be said about that mad woman! But she truly does know how to get the best out of her Gems!

Reeves holds Zach's left leg and screams some pro-France propaganda, which lets Zach kick Reeves back into his corner. Daymon crawls towards Burnett, but Madame hops on the apron and gets the attention of Benny Doyle. Raiden takes advantage and runs in with a Yakuza kick to the reaching Burnett, which sends him to the floor. Doyle turns around as the sneering Raiden returns to the corner.

Lance:

The French Connection is becoming so adept and knowing when to bend and break the rules.

Reeves, still the legal man, stands over the prone Daymon and pops his hips with a textbook deadlift German Suplex.

One!

Two!

No!

Raiden tags back in. The New Flying Frenchman does a reversal whip of Daymon, who gets met with a Roaring Elbow flush to the jaw!

DDK:

They call that move C'Est La Vie -- That's Life!

One!

Two!

No!

Lance:

But Zack Daymon is a fighter and is digging down deep to stay in this match!

Daymon is discombobulated as he attempts to get to his feet. Raiden sizes him up, and pivots...

DDK:

Yoshihara Raiden with SUDDENLY LAST SLUMBER--

But Zack DUCKS the spinning backfist at the last second, rolling quickly to his corner, and making a tag to Leo Burnett!

DDK:

TAG OUT to Leo Burnett!

Lance:

The Iceman has been chomping at the bit to get back into the action!

Burnett steps through the ropes, but runs straight into a spinning middle kick from Raiden that doubles him over. The Concussion King rains elbows over his head, until a rallying Zack Daymon takes him by the shoulder and spins him around. Before he can react, Raiden takes a boot to the gut, and gets brought to the mat with a spinning neckbreaker!

DDK:

Daymon with the neckbreaker on Raiden! Now Reeves hits the ring... but runs straight into a SPINEBUSTER by Leo Burnett!

Lance:

The Rain City Ronin are retaking control of this ring!

Discerning Raiden as the legal man, Daymon and Burnett move to bring him off the mat... until they notice movement from the aisleway.

DDK:

Oh no... who do we have here?!

The jeers in the arena amplify. Cameras catch Nathan Eye and Makayla Namaste, pushing DEC4L in a wheelchair covered in a blanket, all casually coming down the rampway to ringside. Naturally, they have metal-bound copies of "500 Pages of Shared Success" in hand. The Ronin are incensed by their presence, but try to tune out the distraction by focusing on getting Raiden to his feet.

Lance:

Looks like Eye and DEC4L couldn't pass up the opportunity for an up-close-and-personal look at one of the two teams they'll be facing off with at DEFCON! I didn't realize a "fractured ego" would cripple a man!

DDK:

Or maybe just looking for a bit of payback after Leo Burnett's successful singles outing two weeks ago, setting up their eight-person tag match scheduled for DEFCON! Either way, Daymon and Burnett are trying to focus on the task at hand here...

A double whip to the ropes puts Raiden into motion. Zack waits a beat before going in the other direction. When the Concussion King returns, Leo intercepts him and lifts, just as Daymon springboards off the middle rope fluidly into a cutter!

DDK:

Burnett with the cover!

One!

Two!

But now Makayla and Eye are on the apron, leaving Declan Alexander by himself wheelchair bound!

Lance:

You mean, they came down here to create a distraction? Color me surprised...

Doyle pumps back to his feet and immediately orders M4NTRA to leave the ringside area. Eye and Namaste are instead trying to sell him on the joys of their dual best-selling novels. Daymon and Burnett, meanwhile, shake their heads in frustration.

Makayla Namaste:

With Tom Morrow currently indisposed allow me to remind you all that this contest TOTALLY is not an official match of the Tom Morrow Division. Allow me to cleanse the bad auras you've allowed to fester in this ring with a trick you can learn from my best-selling novel "The Fitness Protection Program" on sale now at bookstores everywhere.

Namaste fiddles with a brown leather Kate Spade crossbody trying to grab something as Nathan Eye then grabs Benny's attention.

Nathaniel Eye:

And I have come to assist my friend... not physically but spiritually, because by her side our chakras align and we become one stronger entity. You can learn more about this technique in MY best-selling novel, "500 Pages of Shared Success." And speaking of shared success, we're running a promotion right now that if you buy both of our books you can save 20% off of your order!

While M4NTRA keep the official occupied, the Ronin keep their heads in the game by bringing the listless Raiden back to his feet and begin setting him onto the top rope. Meanwhile, Alexander goes unnoticed as he miraculously rises from his wheelchair and runs around to the other side of the ring. Book in hand, he approaches Madame Melton.

DEC4L:

Sis, this book has shown me to visualize what healing looks like, and through the power of perseverance and believing in my partners it has allowed me to temporarily clapback against my fractured ego. With this book, you too can clapback against adversity and secure dubs.

DDK:

Oh give me a break! What is going on here?!

Lance:

I don't know, but Declan appears to have recovered just in time to be shilling bathroom reading material...

Alexander hands the book over to Melton. A scheme unfolds in her head within a matter of seconds. Quickly, she hurries to the ring and passes the metal-plated tome into the hands of the New Flying Frenchman! Reeves sees the commotion across the ring, and knows exactly what to do...

DDK:

Hey, WAIT A SEC--

BONK!

DDK:

BOOK TO THE FACE of DAYMON...

BONK!

Lance:

And one to Burnett for good measure!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin have been taken OUT thanks to that book being introduced to Madame Melton!

Reeves slides the book back out to Madame Melton. Their mission complete, Eye and Namaste hop down to the ringside floor and rejoin Declan who has limped back and collapsed into his wheelchair. The trio proudly exit back up the rampway to a loudly booing audience. Melton throws back her head and laughs.

DDK:

M4NTRA are finally leaving the ring area... but the damage has been done!

Lance:

And the French Connection aren't about to look this gift horse in the mouth.

Official Benny Doyle turns around to find both Daymon and Burnett laid out. Reeves picks up Zack and tosses him

through the ropes to the floor before following out after him. Raiden comes to, finding himself seated on the top rope and Leo Burnett attempting to rise up.

DDK:

Raiden finding himself on the turnbuckles... leaps off with THE DOUBLE KNEE DROP on Leo Burnett! That may do it!

One!

Two!

FOOT ON THE ROPES!!

In the ring, Raiden gets to his feet and stalks Burnett, looking for the coup de gras. On the floor, Daymon finds himself on his back with a metal-bound book being stomped into his chest by Madame Melton and JP Reeves.

DDK:

Melton's Gems might be stealing this one after--THE BRUVS ARE HERE!!

"RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

The Portland Faithful explode as Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredericks Kendrix come streaking down the rampway! Melton, Reeves, and Raiden freeze in panic.

Lance:

At least somebody back there had the sense to put a stop to these shenanigans.

The Hollywood Bruvs come around one side of the ring while JP Reeves picks Madame Melton up and they escape around the other. In the ring, Raiden watches the chase in shock and anger. The Iceman sees him distracted, and bursts to his feet.

DDK:

COLD LOCKER BY LEO BURNETT!! He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

Exhausted, Burnett sits up and allows his arm to be raised. Rubbing his bruised chest, Daymon joins him in the ring. Raiden holds his jaw as he rolls out of the ring and runs after his fellow fleeing Gems and the Bruvs in pursuit.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match, by pinfall... the RAAAAIIINN CIIIIITYYYY
ROOOOONNIIIIIIINNN!!!

DDK:

It almost went south, but somehow, the tenacity of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett pulled through tonight!

Lance:

Tensions are really beginning to boil over in our tag team division. I cannot wait to see how it all unfolds at DEFCON!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

COACH BILLINGSLEY vs. ERNIE WISDOM

DDK:

It's been an absolutely spectacular couple of nights, Lance, and it only looks to up next we have the debut of a somewhat... shall we say, controversial signing to DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Not that long ago, Coach Iker Billingsley was on trial for involuntary manslaughter after one of his student athletes passed away during an intense practice. Now, he's making his DEFIANCE debut.

DDK:

That's right! It's Coach Billingsley, a man who nearly went to prison, taking on a man who should've went to prison a long time ago, Ernie Wisdom!

♪ "Ain't No Thief" by Viagra Boys ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from Lagos, Nigeria! Standing 6'3, and weighing in at two hundred and four pounds! He is "The Cat's Pajamas"... ERNIE WISDOM!!!

The boos that rain down upon Ernie Wisdom from the Faithful more than makes up for the lack of lasers, confetti, or fanfare in Ernie's walk to the ring. This is a crowd who is all too familiar with the Nigerian phone scamming industry, and they take out their frustrations on Ernie.

DDK:

It's worth remembering that we haven't seen Ernie in action in quite some time, folks. In a way, this match is as important to his career as it is his opponent's.

Lance:

That's absolutely right. This match represents a new beginning for both men! For Ernie, an opportunity to, perhaps, turn over a new leaf in his career. For Billingsley...

♪ "We Ready" by Archie Eversole ft. Bubba Sparxxx ♪

Lance:

...an opportunity to turn over a new leaf in his life.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The lights dim.

♪ ...WE READY... ♪

♪ ...WE READY... ♪

♪ ...WE READY... ♪

♪ ...FOR Y'AAAAALL... ♪

Spotlights dance around the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

From Santa Clara, California! Standing at 6'4! I'll Weighing in at 245 pounds. COACH! BILLINGSLEEEEEY!!!

The beat drops, the verse starts, the lights come up, and out steps Coach Billingsley. He is greeted in a lukewarm way from the Faithful, and he seems almost thankful for that. A nod of acknowledgement to the Faithful sends Billingsley down the walkway in a full sprint, until he dives under the bottom rope, does an up-down in the center of the ring, and moves to his corner.

Coach Billingsley and Ernie Wisdom circle one another in the center of the ring.

DING DING

The duo immediately lock up, and Wisdom very swiftly transitions Coach Billingsley to a side headlock. Wisdom really wrenches on Billingsley's neck.

DDK:

Is it just me, or does Coach Bill seem to be a bit frozen here?

Lance:

No, you're right. I think maybe the moment feels a little too big for him right now.

DDK:

Well, to Wisdom's credit, he's got the headlock about as tight as he can make it.

Almost as though he heard the discourse, Billingsley wraps his arms around Wisdom and drops him with a BIG back suplex! Wisdom writhes on the ground as Billingsley kips up to his feet! He beckons Wisdom up to his feet, and when Wisdom finally finds himself standing, Billingsley quickly wraps his arms around him, and throws him overhead for a release belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

Oh! Wisdom collided with the turnbuckles awkwardly at the end of that suplex!

Lance:

So much for Coach having stage fright!

Billingsley marches over to the corner of the ring, grabs hold of the ropes next to the turnbuckle, and lays several boots into Ernie's abdomen. Wisdom grabs the bottom rope as Referee Carla Ferrari steps in to break Coach's onslaught.

LOW BLOW FROM WISDOM TO COACH!!!

Coach Bill immediately drops to his knees, his face turns red, his eyes bulge out, and he clearly struggles to breathe.

DDK:

Pinpoint accuracy from Wisdom with that dastardly low blow.

Ernie stands up to his feet, he shuffles his feet, launches a kick!

Lance:

A QUESTION MARK KICK RIGHT IN THE SIDE OF COACH BILL'S HEAD!

And Wisdom wisely makes the cover, hooks the leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR—

DDK:

NO! Carla Ferrari spots Billingsley's foot on the bottom rope.

Lance:

Should've hooked both legs, Ernie!

The Cat's Pajamas frustratedly shows Carla how fast she should be slapping the mat. He pounds it with his palm!

Ernie Wisdom:

This is how you count you stupid fuc-

DDK:

ARMBAR!!! ARMBAR FROM COACH BILL!

Lance:

It looks like he's going to rip his arm clean from his body!

DDK:

A very clever attack from Coach Bill here! Snatching Ernie by the arm mid-demonstration!

Lance:

Agreed! But will Ernie tap?

Ernie SCREAMS out in pain, the expression on his face twisted and gnarled by agony. At this point there isn't a cat fish scam in the world that can save him. All he has is his own will. His own will you win. He digs deep inside himself and thrashes his body towards the ropes! Again and again, he lunges, sacrificing his arm all the while, until finally, he drapes his ankle over the bottom rope.

Carla Ferrari starts the count, but Billingsley plays by the rules, and breaks the hold immediately upon hearing her.

Coach grabs Wisdom up by the same arm he just decimated, and twists it. Then he twists it again. Then he yanks down on it! Again and again and again, he rips at the structure of Wisdom's arm.

DDK:

Coach Bill certainly looks like a vet as he works that arm.

Lance:

For Coach to have this kind of in-ring awareness in his first match is nice to see. It certainly speaks volumes about his potential!

Coach Bill hooks that arm above Wisdom's head, and the other into a full Nelson.

A TEXTBOOK FULL NELSON SUPLEX FROM COACH BILL, BRIDGED INTO A PIN!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THRE- NO!!!

DDK:

I thought that might be the end of it right then and there!

Coach Bill doesn't take his frustrations out on Carla Ferrari. Instead, he leaps to his feet, displays an impressive vertical, and he looks out at the Faithful.

Some of them look pleased with his actions. They cheer him on, smiles on their faces, excitement in their shouts.

Others... it's almost as though nothing he could do would please them.

Resigned to his fate, Coach Iker Billingsley decides to play to those who are buying in. He grabs Wisdom and pulls the Cat's Pajamas up to his feet. He lifts him up high into the air in a vertical suplex position...

Then, he charges towards the ropes!

RUNNING BRAINBUSTER FROM COACH BILL!

DDK:

He calls that one, 'Spike the Ball,' Lance!

Lance:

A poignant name, for sure!

Once again, it's Coach Bill leaping up to his feet.

Once again, it's Coach Bill bringing Ernie Wisdom to his feet.

This time, Billingsley lifts Wisdom with a gorilla press.

A great display of strength here, Coach carries Ernie around the ring, huffing and puffing from all the weight and muscle tension in his arms.

Billingsley brings Ernie back to the center of the ring, still holding him in the gorilla press.

THEN HE LETS GO AND DROPS HIM WITH A CUTTER!!!

DDK:

That's it! The West Coast Offense!

Lance: An absolutely devastating maneuver! And Coach Billingsley makes the cover, hooks both legs!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest... COACH BILLINGSLEEEEEEEEEYYYYY!!!

As Coach Billingsley's hand is raised for the first time in DEFIANCE, the Faithful, mostly warm at this point, give him a fair ovation for his first time out.

The Faithful can see the emotion start to leak out of Coach Bill, first in his expression, then in his eyes. He walks over to the ropes, leans over, and asks Darren Quimbey for the microphone.

After tapping it a few times to make sure it works – DOOSH DOOSH DOOSH – Coach Billingsley begins to address the Faithful for the first time.

Coach Billingsley:

You know... I just wanted to uh...

He pauses for a moment, tries to figure out what order the words that flood his mind should fall out of his mouth.

Coach Billingsley:

I just wanted to thank y'all. All of ya. I uh... I didn't know what to expect, I really didn't. And I wouldn't have blamed any of you if you didn't give me a shot, didn't give me a chance, didn't give me an opportunity to redeem myself in your eyes and everyone else's...

A gulp.

Coach Billingsley:

But the truth is, I don't get to redeem myself. I don't get to be a hero anymore. Those days are dead... as dead as... well...

He trails off. Gulps again.

Coach Billingsley:

Anyway, I don't want to be a hero. I just... I just want to be a competitor. And uh... I wanna thank all of you for allowing me to compete in front of you tonight.

A round of applause from the Faithful.

Coach Billingsley:

Oh, one more thing, y'all see that beautiful woman right there in the front row??

Coach Bill points to a sweet-looking, elderly woman with a Gandalf-white perm.

She looks around, sheepishly waves.

Coach Billingsley:

That's my mama, y'all. She adopted me. Never made me feel like less of a son, either. She's never missed a game, haha, including today.

A round of applause, hoots and hollers for Mrs. Billingsley.

Coach Billingsley:

Anyway, thanks mom, and thank you, Faithful!

Coach drops the mic.

DDK:

What a massive moment for Coach Billingsley. You know, a lot of men facing the adversity he faced and continues to face would crumble. Instead, his resolve and steadfastness of character has brought him to debut in the greatest wrestling company the world over, DEFIANCE!

Lance:

I can't help but notice Ernie Wisdom in that ring. Look at him. He is furious, watching Coach celebrate with his mother outside of the ring. Do you think this one is over between them?

DDK:

Only time will tell.

A MAJOR PRODUCTION

We cut to our announce team at the Commentation Station.

DDK:

It's been an absolute whirlwind of a show so far!

Lance:

DEFCON season is in full swing, Keeps!

DDK:

Indeed, it is! And we still have a ton of action to...

It's clear that both of our hosts are distracted by something occurring off-camera. Simultaneously, we hear a rising reaction emanating from somewhere across the arena.

Lance:

Uh, stand by, folks...

Cutting to a shot of the crowd, the lens scans the rabid fans before falling on a particularly ornery monster stomping down the arena steps, surrounded by cheering Faithful.

DDK:

It appears that we... are about to be joined by our Southern Heritage Champion!

Lance:

This isn't on my format!

DDK:

Mine either. *You* tell him.

Corvo Alpha, sans shirt and any warpaint, leaps the guardrail just in front of the commentators stage and quickly vaults up to their table. Snorting, frothing and enraged, he SLAMS a forearm on their table, barking indecipherably at the pair.

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

Take it easy, Corvo!

The Beast wheels around, leaping off their stage and scrambling across the entrance ramp. The crowd buzzes in something between confusion and excitement at the sight of an unhinged monster, dragging the pink leather strap he's made his own behind him.

DDK:

I don't think I've ever seen him like this!

Lance:

We know that Alpha has been dealing with a nagging shoulder injury and that two weeks ago on this program, the Most Precious Gems committed a brutal bait, switch, and assault on Alpha's estranged friend and former partner, MV1. An attack that is likely to put MV1 back on the shelf he only just returned from!

DDK:

That combination of issues is enough to piss *me* off!

On the Interview stage, a visibly trepidatious Chris Trutt appears, microphone in hand, the silhouettes of several DEFsec flank just behind him.

Lance:

Oh goodness, be careful, Chris!

Trutt clears his throat into the mic, instantly stealing Alpha's erratic attention.

Chris Trutt:

Corvo! WAIT!

Springing up to the Interview Stage in one motion, Corvo is suddenly in Trutt's grill. He wrenches the microphone from his hand, surprised when he hears the sound of his aggression reverberate through the arena speakers.

He scrunches his face at the device in hand with interest before looking out to scan the crowd.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha... has a live mic?!

The fans applaud what might be coming. Alpha apes Trutt by clearing his scratchy throat in the mic.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Trutt gestures for DEFsec to back off.

Chris Trutt: *[off-mic]*

Corvo, what's going on? Talk to me!

DDK:

Folks, uh.... During our tour of Germany, I've learned that Chris Trutt and Corvo Alpha have developed something of a unique friendship.

Lance:

Making those kinds of connections is a gift that Chris seems to have!

Alpha ignores Trutt, tapping the microphone as he stomp-paces around the stage. Raising it to his lips, his ragged, troubled voice booms.

Corvo Alpha:

MEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLTOOOOONNNNNNNN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Corvo Alpha:

DIXOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNN!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Reaching out blindly, Alpha grabs Trutt by the lapel of his coat and "gently" pulls him close. When he "speaks" again, his voice is just over that of a gravelly whisper.

Corvo Alpha:

Gemmmsssss. Meltonnnn. Dixonnnnnnnn.

Trutt nods his head in an eager display of understanding.

Chris Trutt:

Y-yes! M-m-madame Melton is, uhh, here somewhere I think!

Alpha roars in poor Trutt's face.

Corvo Alpha:

WHERRRRRRRE?!?

The arena lights go out completely, and there's a panicked sound throughout the crowd. Then a lone spotlight blares on Corvo Alpha -- with Madame Melton in her silver splendor just inches in front of him. She shows no hint of intimidation on her porcelain face, as she puffs from her cigarette holder and blows the smoke high into the air. She doesn't say a word as Corvo growls, as the crowd eats up the moment.

COR-VO AL-PHA! (clap-clap-clap-clap)

COR-VO AL-PHA! (clap-clap-clap-clap)

COR-VO AL-PHA! (clap-clap-clap-clap)

Madame Melton:

Ah, I see the animal can talk! Well, dog! Speak! But watch what you say because I will not hesitate to slap the taste out of your vile mouth like I did just a few weeks ago!

Fuming, Corvo snatches the ornate cigarette holder from the vixen's pursed lips and STOMPS on it, snuffing the cigarette out and shattering the holder.

Corvo Alpha:

Give me... DIXON!

The crowd erupts at the prospect but Alpha rages on, roaring in the Silver Shrew's picturesque face.

Corvo Alpha:

DEFCONNNNNNNNN.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

Madame Melton cackles, smothering the approval of the Faithful.

Madame Melton:

I assume that is a challenge, animal? How incredibly quaint. Well, on behalf of The Fatal Attraction... we accept! And at DEFCON 2024, Corvo Alpha, you're going to see why --

She steps into Corvo's face once again and prepares for another slap.

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON! IS REA --

Corvo catches her hand and her mouth drops wide open as the crowd erupts. Melton starts begging and pleading as Corvo then spins her around and starts to hook the Alpha Clutch —

Corvo Alpha:

CLOSE UP!

--when JJ comes running out from behind and crowns Corvo with his Favoured Saints title. The Portland crowd riots, no pun intended. The French Connection sprint into view next and stomp away on Corvo, who covers up before leaping at Dixon, slugging away!

DDK:

Alpha has snapped!!

Alpha shreds Dixon, tearing at his leather mask with abandon. Melton, sneering, is on all fours and reaches into her handbag for something and rips it out. She springs from all fours and spikes Corvo in the left eye!

Lance:

It's the damn cigarette holder they used to win the title in their match against Dan Leo James!

Raiden follows with a direct side kick right to the SAME eye. JJ snatches the cigarette holder from Madame and leans over Corvo like he's about to deliver his 400 Blows but instead does so by jabbing the implement like the movie psycho all over Corvo's forehead!

JJ Dixon:

WHY! DID! YOU! MAKE! ME! HURT! MV! 1!

JJ tosses the cracked cigarette holder to the side. Corvo suddenly wears a mask of red, of his own making. Bloody, he tries to stagger up to his feet, throwing fists blindly.

DDK:

SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

JJ grabs him and does a running bulldog onto the cement floor!

Lance:

NO!! Off of that Interview Stage!

JJ smears Alpha's face across the concrete as The Gems start to stomp on him. Melton screams her orders, telling them to drag him to the back. They do, and with blood pouring and with his eye swollen, Corvo is still kicking away as JJ grabs his title again and blasts Corvo in the head with it again, sending them to the back.

DDK:

This is a mugging! Pure and simple! We saw it two weeks ago with Melton's marauders putting MV1 back on the injured list! And now THIS! This has to stop!

Madame Melton takes the Favored Saints title and places it over her right shoulder. She then smiles and grabs Corvo's Southern Heritage title from the floor and drapes it over her other.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Madame Melton:

Mister Cameraman, follow me, darling!

She starts to pantomime her Bittersweet Symphony. The Gems continue their assault, with The New Flying Frenchman with an Exploder Suplex to Corvo, sending his legs flying into a wall, with The Fatal Attraction not pausing for a second as he pounds on Corvo, who is screaming as he still tries to get up.

Lance:

Dixon is targeting that wounded shoulder of Corvo Alpha with those stomps and kicks!

DDK:

Laser-like precision!

Madame Melton:

Every single detail of what I orchestrated in my Beautiful Mind has come true! I told you all that the Favoured Sons title

was the bait we would use as DEFIANCE's big game hunters! Our first scalps were YOU ALL — those who betrayed me and my Gems, the ones who loved you the most! JJ made four successful title defenses in a combined total of 2 minutes and 23 seconds. A #NEWRECORD — all while depriving what you people paid your not-so-hard earned money to see as we mocked the concept of competition itself!

Corvo is still clawing away even after the continued beating. JJ has him hooked in a full Nelson, but Corvo tries to force his way out of it. JJ then spins and smashes Corvo's face against the wall, smudging blood across it, before turning around and delivering Sunset Boulevard onto the floor. Melton flutters around them, resplendent.

Madame Melton:

Nobody knows how to manipulate men better than yours truly. I have had so-called world leaders hand me the nuclear codes before I allowed them the honor of licking the soles of my feet clean. Do you think this.. this... thing stood a chance? I dehumanized him. I reminded him of his place. I made him recall how he betrayed his family, how he betrayed his best friend... something that YOU PEOPLE APPLAUD! Instead of adoring us — instead of adoring MV1!

The Gems continue to drag Corvo down the hallway, kicking and punching along the way before they get in front of the dressing room door of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems.

Madame Melton:

You call this man a monster, someone who knows no nightmares but only causes them! Well, I saw him for what he truly is. An animal. And a weak one at that. Not a predator. But the Silver Vixen's prey! And what did we get from all of my machinations besides giving this dog a beating so badly he wishes Lord Nigel would return to enslave him? Well, follow me some more, darling!

They round a corner and she spins artfully to open a door. Inside the conference room is an animal cage large enough to fit a man — just like the one His Lordship had once kept Corvo locked away in, all those years ago.

DDK:

Oh my god... what is she THINKING?!

JJ now has Corvo in A Streetcar Named Retire, as Alpha continues to scream and growl, doing everything he can to escape as the blood pours down his swollen, ugly face.

Lance:

That Straight-jacket Crossface is locked in! My god!

Raiden and Reeves help The Iron Lady to the top of the cage, she stands on it.

Madame Melton:

This animal challenged JJ — he willingly put HIS title on the line at DEFCON (she tilts her body so the Southern Heritage title glistens under the light)! We don't have to cash in the magical powers of The Favoured Saints title. And rest assured that we WILL hold both the Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints titles both at once... and I will hold this entire damn promotion HOSTAGE! And it is all YOUR fault!

Corvo is clawing and doing everything he can to avoid the cage as Raiden whips open the door. JJ screams and just about has him in.

Madame Melton:

Care to doubt me? Well, all my promises always come true... like the one where I said we would return the animal Corvo Alpha back into the cage where he belongs!

JJ then slams the door right onto Corvo's arm, blistering his shoulder.

CLAAAAAAAAAANNNGGG!

The monster collapses, perhaps passing out from the pain. JJ looks at the damage he has wrought.. Raiden and Reeves stand on each side of the cage..

Madame Melton:

And at DEFCON you will all learn why... MADAME! MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

JJ then locks the cage. He turns to the camera, dropping to his knees, his arms out wide. Melton lets out a loud cackle and snaps her fingers. The lights in the conference room go out black.

COMMERCIAL: DEFtv 200

Don't miss the encore presentation of DEFtv 200 - Only on DEFonDEMAND!!

ONE LAST BRUSH WITH GREATNESS

DDK:

We're back and coming up, we've got words with Butcher Victorious. The one-time lackey for both Oscar Burns and for Vae Victis had been wrestling members of the group for weeks in the Vae Victis Gauntlet in order to prove his worth.

Lance:

He ultimately was defeated in each of these challenges against some of the top stars in DEFIANCE before Oscar Burns shocked the world... by inviting DAN LEO JAMES into the group! Til now, we weren't aware of any connection with Vae Victis and the former young member of Titanes Familia.

DDK:

And it was then that Butcher finally had enough! Burns flat-out denied ever making him a part of Vae Victis again. And rather than ever invite him back to the group... he was headbutted clear out of the ring and Butcher subsequently QUIT Vae Victis!

Lance:

And on social media, Butcher Victorious issued a challenge. He wanted to take on Oscar Burns following the two years of mistreatment. Burns has yet to respond, but we know that they are both here tonight. But before we get to that... Jamie Sawyers is in the ring.

Standing in the ring, Jamie Sawyers has two chairs set up in the ring. He occupies one of them.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome to the ring at this time... Butcher Victorious!

No music.

No fanfare.

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Just a man that finally had the chance to stand up for himself. Sporting a plain white t-shirt, black jeans and sparkling purple tennis shoes, Butcher is finally free of wearing the embarrassingly stained "VV Traineee" wifebeater. He is greeted with the overwhelming response from the Portland Faithful!

DDK:

Listen to this ovation!

Lance:

He even looks touched!

Butcher heads to the ring and for the first time in his career, he's slapping hands that are actually happy to be high-fived! He does as many as he can to the cheers of the Portland Faithful! He slaps the apron, then the mohawk-sporting Texan climbs into the ring. He shakes hands with Jamie Sawyers and then has a seat... but not before reaching into his back pocket.

Butcher Victorious: [with the crowd joining in]

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He smiles brightly when he hears them repeat what has been his catchphrase for a few years now.

Butcher Victorious:

And I'm ready to speak on all the things, Jamie. Let's go!

A massive ovation erupts from those in attendance as Jamie continues.

Jamie Sawyers:

I will most certainly do that. Butcher... for you, DEFtv 200 will go down as one of the most talked-about moments in two nights that were full of them. Obviously, you went into these trials with Vae Victis with the goal in mind of regaining the full-time membership that you had with the group. You managed to hang in there with the likes of some of DEFIANCE's top stars, not to mention the rising star that is Scott Hunter. You tried... but obviously things turned out different. Where has your head been at in the last two weeks?

Rubbing a hand through his beard -- and despite more cheers from The Faithful -- the air around Butcher feels dour.

Butcher Victorious:

Honestly, Jamie? You really want to know how I feel? I said it on social media... but the biggest idiot in the got-damn world, that's how I feel.

He turns to the audience.

Butcher Victorious:

I done heard all the cheers, Jamie. Them people love me cause I finally knocked Oscar Burns flat on his elitist ass! I see all them signs out there in support of what I did. "Butch Vic don't boot lick." "Butch Vic's gonna kick the s out of Vae Vic." "Butch Vic won't quit... unless you're a dick." But... I been thinking there's a part of me that don't deserve any of this praise. All I am is a man that had enough of drinking Vae Victis' Kool-Aid... hell, they forced me to MAKE all that damn Kool-Aid! All they let me make was pink flavored!

Emotionally, he presses on.

Butcher Victorious:

I spent two years under his learning tree learning how to improve my game in this ring. I got my first-ever singles title, the Favoured Saints Title. I was a nominee for Breakout DEFIANT of the Year last year... hell, I WON a DEFy Award last year! I achieved success that I ain't never had before that... but I did a LOT of things to help Oscar out and helped screw over a hell of a lot of people along the way for someone that only wanted to use me as a human shield. It took me two years, Jamie. Two damn years to finally wake up and see what I'd been doing all along. I made enemies in that locker room and if they decide they wanna come whoop my ass for anything I did, they'd be well within their right.

Jamie Sawyers:

You may indeed have to live with those consequences... but you seem ready to accept them. I think I can say that these people cheered you because they saw maturity within you. You did what was right eventually and stood up for yourself.

Butcher starts to talk, but another ovation cuts him off. He looks equally moved by what's happening... but the hint of regret hasn't gone away.

Jamie Sawyers:

After all that, we heard the exclusive on DEFonDemand that you have challenged Oscar Burns to a match at DEFCON... as of now, that challenge has yet to be answered, but what are your thoughts right now on all this going on?

He turns in his chair to face the entrance ramp.

Butcher Victorious:

After everything I had to take last week... watching Burns put my naive ass through the wringer, only to give the spot I wanted to a stranger like Dan Leo James... being laughed at by the rest of the group, there was only so much I can take. I was all fueled up on pissitivity, Jamie. The highest levels! And two weeks later, that feeling ain't gone away. These people... whatever they see in me... I'm gonna dedicate the rest of my career to returning the love and support y'all showed me... and I'm gonna start by shutting up the biggest mouth of them all!

Filled with fire, Butcher not only sits up from his chair, but he kicks it over! He leans over the front ropes and speaks directly towards the locker room!

Butcher Victorious:

OSCAR! I WANT AN ANSWER AND I WANT AN ANSWER **NOW!** YOU SAY I AIN'T WORTH NOTHING, BUT THE TRUTH WAS **YOU** NEEDED **ME!** YOU HAVE USED ME TO STAY AFLOAT FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS AND YOU WON'T BE USING ME ONE MORE DAMN SECOND!

Butcher paces around the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

THAT'S WHY ON BEHALF OF ALL THESE PEOPLE! ALL THESE "FAITHFUL" THAT YOU CLAIM ARE YOURS... I WILL FIGHT YOU AT DEFCON AND I SWEAR... FOR EVERY HUMILIATING THING YOU MADE ME DO AND FOR EVERY PERSON YOU HAD ME RUIN TO HELP YOU... I WILL **SHUT! YOU! UP!**

RRRRRAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Now pacing harder, he waits...

And doesn't have to wait much longer.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

V A E V I C T I S

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Finally making his presence, but at a very slow pace... it's not Oscar Burns, but it IS the Vae Victis spokesman, Sonny Silver.

DDK:

Of course Oscar Burns isn't showing himself. He's probably afraid Butcher is going to headbutt him into the next zip code again!

Lance:

Sending Sonny to do his dirty work. That sounds like Oscar, all right.

The music stops when Sonny Silver waves a hand for it to stop. Clad in a black polo with the VV logo and dress pants of his own, the surly spokesman eyes the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Butcher... I heard you run your mouth on social media. And in all that you said, there is one thing that you and I can both agree on... you ARE a fucking idiot.

Butcher waves for Sonny to get in the ring and say it to his face, but Sonny holds his ground on top of the ramp.

Sonny Silver:

You, SNS... you don't get to call out Vae Victis and demand anything. We do things when WE want and WHEN we want to do them.

He twirls his microphone in his hands.

Sonny Silver:

...and not that we have to explain anything to your ungrateful ass... but Oscar Burns isn't here tonight. He did hear your challenge... and he's angry, Butcher. He's **PISSED**. He chose **YOU**. He took **YOU** under his wing. He gave **YOU** all the tools to succeed... but just because you give a man the tools to fish, don't mean he's smart enough to cast a fucking line. He made you a **CHAMPION** in this company. He made you **SOMEBODY**... but you had to lose the belt. You had to lose your way and you had to be a fucking disappointment.

Butcher is brimming with anger.

Butcher Victorious:

You are right, Sonny... he did make me a champion. He did improve my skills in that ring. Without him, I was lucky enough to get a spot on **UNCUT** before he took notice of me... but since he took me under his wing, he ain't done **NOTHING** on his own. The guy who used to be **DEFIANCE** can now barely skirt by anymore without someone doing his dirty work. Me. You. And now that Dan Leo James guy! I can't believe I **EVER** wanted us to touch mic tips!

The Faithful laugh while Sonny -- another avid microphone user in his career -- looks disgusted. He clears his throat.

Sonny Silver:

I'm... just gonna pretend I didn't hear that. Before this gets any more painful... you should know that I did come out here for a reason, Butcher. Like I said earlier, Oscar heard your challenge... and he was seeing red after what you did. You humiliated him after he gave you the chance to redeem yourself. That's why **AGAINST** my advice not to take this match and give your ungrateful ass any more free press... He accepts your challenge for a one-on-one match at **DEFCON**...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Butcher stands his ground and nods his head.

DDK:

THERE WE GO! IF BUTCHER IS SUCH A "FAILURE" AS OSCAR PUTS IT, HE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE ACCEPTING HIS CHALLENGE!

Sonny puts up a finger.

Sonny Silver:

Hey, before you start creaming your jeans over the chance to earn a **DEFCON** payday... the **ONLY** **DEFCON** payday you'll ever get... you should know that this is contingent on **YOU** accepting a challenge. Since you brought up Dan Leo James... and we want that young man with an **ACTUAL** future in this company a chance to prove himself... you will get your match with Oscar Burns if you accept a match with Dan Leo James at a time and place of our choosing first.

Butcher Victorious:

DONE! You say the word and we'll throw it down! If that's what I gotta do to get my hands on Oscar's no good punk-ass then let's do it! Name it!

The Silver-Tongued Devil already has an answer.

Sonny Silver:

Well... someone get us a referee. Cause this match... is **RIGHT NOW**.

Butcher grimaces, but he's ready. Jamie Sawyers knows when to leave and heads out of the ring.

DDK:

What the... of **COURSE** they're gonna make Butcher jump through hoops.

Lance:

This doesn't surprise me one bit.

With a proud smirk on his face, Sonny announces Butcher's impromptu opponent.

Sonny Silver:

It is MY pleasure to introduce to you... one of the youngest and BRIGHTEST members of this roster! Standing at six-foot seven! Weighing in at the fastest 270 pounds that has ever run the ropes across this ring! Making his DEFTv debut as a REAL member of Vae Victis! He is the Big Young Gun of Vae Victis and now, it's HIS Time to Shine...

He points behind him with a thumb.

Sonny Silver:**DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Sonny moves to the side...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

V A E V I C T I S

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Butcher watches and paces the ring before ripping off his shirt and throwing it to the side. Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Now wearing a brand new black and burgundy wrestling singlet, taped fists and brand new bright boots, James stands proudly on the stage. Now with some scruff on his face and nearly-trimmed short red hair, he runs a hand through his face. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending PYRO exploding from either direction.

DDK:

What a blue chipper they signed. I hope that Butcher knows what he's getting into.

Dan Leo James and Sonny Silver head to the ring. James looks to either side of the ring, then makes one leap from the floor to the apron! James shouts, then pulls on the ropes to leap over THOSE to get into the ring! He runs one quick set of ropes, then the other before throwing both fists out!

Lance:

He's been on the shelf for just over two months with injuries sustained from what happened when he was ousted from Titanes Familia... but looking at Dan Leo James now, you'd never guess this.

DDK:

It was out of left field, but if they can tap into the potential James has shown in the past... and with a group composed of former FISTs of DEFIANCE, Hall of Famers that he can learn from. The potential is limitless.

As Dan stands across from Butcher, referee Rex Knox heads inside the ring.

Lance:

Dan knew this match was likely coming, but does Butcher have a chance?

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. DAN LEO JAMES**DING DING**

RUNNING UPPERCUT!

Right away, Butcher Victorious -- wrestling in jeans -- runs directly at James and nails him in the jaw with a big running European uppercut!

DDK:

And right away, Butcher coming at Dan Leo James with everything he has!

Lance:

And listen to The Faithful! They want to see Butcher pull off this win!

Dan is only staggered slightly when Butcher runs off the ropes and catches him under the jaw using a second running uppercut! Butch Vic pulls himself up off the mat! Still not knocked off his feet, Butcher is not deterred at all in spite of being forced into a singles match against a big, young and strong blue chipper. The Big Young Gun is still rocked by the shot when Butcher leaps up and slaps on a headlock!

DDK:

Sticking and moving! That's gonna be Butcher's best bet! He was virtually strong-armed into taking this match by Sonny Silver on behalf of Oscar Burns.

Lance:

They knew for weeks that Butcher has wanted to get his hands on the man that used and abused him for two years... and if they can have Dan Leo James possibly injure him before, even better!

Butcher still tries to keep the big man contained, but James is too large. The newest Vae Victis member LAUNCHES Butcher into the ropes and when he comes back, he TRUCKS right over him with a big shoulder block! Butch Vic goes down as DLJ jumps in place. What used to be earnestness just a few months ago? Now replaced with much more confidence.

DDK:

I don't know what they did... this is such a different kid to the one we knew in Titanes Familia.

James grabs the former Favoured Saints Champion by his neck, HOISTS Butcher up and then pitches him into the corner with little effort. Butcher gets rocked as Dan points at the corner and then charges... but nobody home! The Faithful cheer Butcher as Dan turns around, only for Butcher to zoom off the ropes and SMACK Dan with a running dropkick!

DDK:

Look at the fight on display for Butcher! He's not quitting and he's only moving forward!

With DLJ firmly stunned in the corner, Butcher yells out and the fans fuel him with more fire as he runs across the ring and charges back with a running corner back elbow that rocks DLJ! Butch Vic points cross-corner and then gets some big speed of his own before coming back and rocking the big man with a second running corner back elbow!

Lance:

He's got the big man on the ropes! Can he knock him down?

Butcher goes for number three in a row and hits cross-corner again. He charges back...

CAUGHT.

BODY SLAM INTO A FACEBUSTER!

Butcher is sent crashing into the mat while the Big Young Gun stands in the ring. Sonny holds a hand out and Dan reaches through the ropes to high-five his new mentor!

DDK:

Just one move! That's all Dan needs to turn the tide. That body slam into that facebuster was nasty business!

Lance:

Although he should maybe be trying to pin him instead of celebrating with Sonny Silver! He hasn't won this match yet!

Slowly, Dan grabs Butcher by his mohawk and pulls up the tattooed Texan to his feet. He holds him by the hair.

Butcher Victorious:

They're usin' you, kid! Just like they used m...

THWACK!

The last word isn't heard because of a NASTY Fastball Chop from Dan Leo James that knocks Butch Vic back to the mat! He holds his chest in pain while now laying at the feet of DLJ. James looks out to the booing Faithful, then down at Dan.

Dan Leo James:

They aren't using me... they're helping me. I'm not some weak idiot like you!

He pulls Butcher up again...

THWACK!

Another big Fastball Chop brings him back down to the mat!

Lance:

OOH! That shot was nasty! One thing he has always been good at is using those chops!

DDK:

Butcher is hurt!

Butcher is writhing in pain on the canvas while DLJ gets boos! He looks a little put off by the reaction, but Sonny Silver gestures towards him.

Sonny Silver:

Shut them out. You're better than they are!

Dan looks at Sonny... then nods along with him.

DDK:

Who knows what kind of things they've been telling this kid. Dan Leo James has always been impressionable. He's ALWAYS had these physical gifts, but if VV can harness them that's gonna make them even more dangerous than they already are!

Dan goes to try and grab Butcher by his hair...

SMACK!

...When Butcher cracks him across the face with a big slap! Dan is disoriented when Butcher gets up and SLAPS him several more times across the face! The Portland Faithful are roaring as they get behind his attempt at a comeback!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious isn't stopping the fight!

Butcher charges off the ropes... but Dan catches him over the shoulder! He holds him in place, then CHUCKS him straight up in the air with his big YEET slam! Butcher crashes hard on the canvas, then Dan hits the ropes with a big running leg drop!

Lance:

Brother that was a heck of a leg drop following that YEET slam!

Dan keeps the leg across his chest for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Butch Vic... gets the kick... out!

DDK:

Butcher isn't going down without a fight!

Seeing the fans cheering him on, Butcher STILL tries to fight back up to his feet, but Dan is there to stop him first! He CRACKS him with another chop that almost knocks him completely off his feet, but Butcher tries to stand his ground. That's when Dan picks him up in a bearhug and holds him over the shoulder! He starts shaking Butcher and continues to do so.

DDK:

Dan working a bearhug now to soften up Butcher Victorious! We have seen Butcher give his all against other members of Vae Victis! Can he find a way to fight back?

Lance:

And listen to these people trying to rally behind him!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

Hearing the people seems to inspire the loud Texan to fight back! The former Favoured Saints Champion strikes away at DLJ's head and fights! Butcher then swings back... **THUNK!** ... and hits the Hard Out Headbutt! Butcher is rocked, but the shot complete stuns Dan and drops him to a knee! Butcher holds on to both his head and his back while James is seeing stars!

DDK:

I bet Oscar regrets to this day that he ever showed him that Hard Out Headbutt! He just completely stunned DLJ with it!

Sonny can't believe it as DLJ is on his knee. Butcher looks out and all around the MODA Center before he slowly starts to get back to his feet! He charges off the ropes and scores a big front dropkick that knocks DLJ through the ropes! James still isn't off his feet completely, but he does try and hang on while he's on the apron. Butcher runs and strikes the big man with a running back elbow that has James wobbling on the apron. Butch Vic is still not giving up when he charges and hits a running uppercut that FINALLY knocks DLJ off his feet and out to the floor to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

And he's using those uppercuts in flurries! Listen to the people! Butcher hits the ropes one more time... HE SCORES WITH THE RUNNING SOMERSAULT PLANCHA TO THE OUTSIDE!

Throwing his own health to the wayside, Butcher LEAPS clear over the ropes and lands on top of DLJ on the outside to loud applause! Sonny Silver can't believe it as Butcher is the first to his feet! He gets up and screams directly in the face of the Vae Victis spokesmen!

Butcher Victorious:

THAT'S WHAT I CAN DO, ASS-HAT!

Lance:

Don't take your eyes off DLJ, Butcher!

The Big Young Gun is trying to get back into the ring when Butcher goes over and pushes him back inside the ring. Butcher scans the roaring crowd and then heads to the ring. With DLJ disoriented, Butcher leaps up and DRIVES him into the canvas with a huge spike DDT!

DDK:

I talked to Butcher before the show and he calls that Drop The Mic! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Lance:

No! I thought he had him there! He almost played spoiler to Dan Leo James!

DLJ powers out and Butcher curses his luck, but he looks like he has another trick up his sleeve. He rolls away from Dan and then tries to set him up for what looks to be an Octopus Stretch...

DDK:

WAIT! LOOK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

That no good... OSCAR BURNS IS HERE!

As Lance calls it, Oscar himself is standing on the apron and shouts at Butcher! Butcher turns around... then SMACKS Oscar with a running headbutt and The Faithful erupt again!

Lance:

Another headbutt for Oscar! But... look!

Butch Vic talks trash to Oscar... but Dan Leo James is already on his feet and RUNS OVER Butcher with a massive shoulder tackle!

DDK:

GOOD LORD! DASH AND BASH! YOU SEE THE SPEED HE GOT OFF THAT MOVE!

The Faithful JEER as Sonny goes over to help Oscar! He's nursing a sore jaw, but the distraction works out in Danny's favor! With Butcher down, Dan climbs to the apron and heads up top. Dan positions himself and stands to his full

height on the top rope before LEAPING and crashing down with a huge top rope splash!

DDK:

AND THE HEIGHT OF THAT AWESOME SPLASH! COVER!

Dan hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

James holds his neck, but stands to his full height after the big splash! He wants the official to raise his hand, but before Rex Knox can even do it, Sonny Silver and Oscar Burns are already there to each raise the hand of Vae Victis' newest member.

DDK:

What a joke! This was a trap they led Butcher Victorious straight into and now, DLJ walks away with his first singles win as a member of Vae Victis!

Lance:

Now look at Oscar!

He stands over Butcher and pulls on his hair.

Oscar Burns:

ME! AFRAID OF **YOU?!** I BLOODY **MADE** YOU! I GAVE YOU RELEVANCE! DEFIANCE GAVE YOU RELEVANCE! AND AT DEFCON... I'M GONNA TAKE IT ALL AWAY!

He pulls Butcher up...

THUNK!

...Then NAILS him with a headbutt while he's down!

DDK:

How can he STILL think he represents DEFIANCE? He doesn't represent anyone but himself!

DLJ looks down at Butcher, then Sonny pats him on the chest for a job well done. Oscar bumps fists with James as well and the trio leave, but not before Oscar talks some more trash.

Oscar Burns:

!! **AM!** DEFIANCE! I HAVE MORE WINS THAN ANYONE IN THIS COMPANY! YOU HAVEN'T EVEN WON AT A BIG SHOW! YOU'RE NOTHING! YOU'RE NOTHING WITHOUT ME, GC! **NOTHING!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burnsie leaves the ring and walks out happily with the other members of Vae Victis!

DEFCON Bruv

Outside of the arena, night has befallen the city of New Orleans. The air is crisp, and the wind blows slightly as we see a napkin make it's way across the black pavement. Overhead street lamps illuminate the vast parking lot like a pattern of lightning bugs, lighting up a field at night. Buzzing from the lights can be heard, but it's hard to tell if that's the electricity or the throngs of bugs that are drawn to the light over and over again.

Occasionally the roar of the crowd inside the arena can be heard faintly. The parking lot is filled to the brim with vehicles, the yellow light bouncing off their metallic bodies. All of the Faithful sit inside. While two of their favorites linger outdoors.

The camera moves to the left and we see a steel barrel sitting on top of a handful of bricks, elevating it slightly off the ground. The barrel has seen much better days. Once a vestige used to store food, liquid, or chemicals, it's now found a second life as a heat source in the cold cold night. Fire flickers from the top of the barrel as the red and orange light bounces off a nearby vehicle. Occasional crackling comes from the barrel. Footsteps can be heard, more than a single person obvs. They get closer, and finally onto the screen come...

The Hollywood Bruvs.

Mikey Unlikely dressed in black slacks, and a black sleeveless shirt that sports his latest "Mikey Money" logo on it. His dark brown boots are not typical of Mikey's usual business attire. He has a backpack slung over one shoulder. He moves to the barrel and sets the backpack on the ground before unzipping it.

JFK, his hair wet, slicked back and drying in the warmth of the fire on the other hand sports his rather dashing new and improved Hollywood Bruvs t-shirt and dark jeans and boots combo.

The pair look at one another but the usual happy go lucky comradery isn't there tonight. There's no Gluefist™, no strippees, no, not even a frappe in sight. Tonight the Bruvs seem serious. Mikey looks into the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know, we've been around DEFIANCE for a long time. Almost a decade now. When we got here, we brought the flash and flair that DEF had been missing all along. They said;

"You'll never last in DEFIANCE, it's brutal over there."

"This place is for real wrestlers."

"DEF isn't show business, it's wrestling first."

"The Bruvs would never last. They'd get killed"

We brought the Sports Entertainment to the table, and made it a staple of the DEFIANCE card. We laughed, we danced, and we fought our way into each and everyone of the FAITHFULs hearts. We paved the road in 24 karat gold for guys like Malak Garland... We paved the way for The Pop Culture Phenoms... Before Brock Newbludd was in Hollywood, we were. We're the reason that people like JJ Dixon are even allowed to be here. We changed the game. We changed DEFIANCE.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah!? It's funny really. The guys and gals that they said would be killing the Bruvs.... They've all gone away. Everyone that begged the office not to sign us, not to tarnish the true fighting legacy of DEFIANCE...

Jesse affords himself a disbelieving scoff.

Kendrix:

The ones that said that the Hollywood Bruvs simply don't belong here...are long gone.

Looking up to the heavens with his arms out wide by his sides he inhales.

Kendrix:

AND WHO STANDS HERE NOW?! 10 years later, for the betterment of DEFIANCE, for the betterment of this business...

He looks at the camera and pats the logo on his shirt.

Kendrix:

But The Hollywood Bruvs.

Mikey reaches into the unzipped bag and pulls out a large stack of 8x10s. He pulls the rubber band off that holds them together. He fans through them briefly but the camera can only see the plain white backs.

Mikey Unlikely:

Everytime we step into the DEFIANCE ring, we're bringing each and every victory with us. We carry every moment with us that left you calling your friends as soon as the show was over, not believing that could have happened. We carry the blood of every wrestler that The Hollywood Bruvs have sent packing. Not out of ego, not out of spite, but out of respect. Respect for this industry, respect for this company, and the respect of every man and woman who laces up their boots, and puts their body on the line for this amazing sport.

Kendrix:

We've accomplished everything there is to accomplish in DEFIANCE. We're both former FISTs, we're former Tag Team Champions, I'm a 2 time Tag Team Champion and Mikey is the first person to hold every single DEF championship available to him.

Jesse pats his Bruv who nods along proudly on the shoulder.

Kendrix:

We've won War Games, we've burst through every single obstacle this company and its doubters have thrown at us. So to all those people out there who are looking to knock The Bruvs off of the greatest of all the pedestals...remember this. We're not just the Bruvs who came here for a laugh...We're a legacy. We're a benchmark. We're something you should all strive to be, hell, WE'RE THE GODDAMN ARCHITECTS...of what DEFIANCE is today.

Fire licks the top of the barrel as the Bruvs eye it.

Mikey Unlikely:

And we're not going anywhere. Just ask these people...

The Hollywood actor pulls the first image off the top of the stack of 8x10s. He shows it to the camera. As he mentions each name he drops the image into the burning barrel. In seconds they are gone and small embers fly out of the barrel as the last portion of the image burns in the air.

Mikey Unlikely:

Andy Sharpe

Harmony

Impulse

Jason Natas

Dan Ryan

Scott Stevens

Mushigahara

Jay Harvey

Reaper CO

The Murrays

Scott....Douglas.....

One by fucking one we've suffered, fought, beaten, and seen them leave DEFIANCE with their tails tucked between their legs. Yet, of course, it's the Hollywood Bruvs who proudly stand before you all today. I'm sorry to say it DEFIANCE, or as I say that out loud, I realize I'm not sorry, but WE ARE DEFIANCE now. No longer is this place an underground fight club stuck in New Orleans with 5000 screaming fans. DEFIANCE tours not only the USA but the WORLD. Did that happen before The Hollywood Bruvs got here?

JFK shakes his head and laughs at the very thought of it.

Kendrix:

So you may say that The Bruvs ruined this place. You may say that the Bruvs are anti-DEFIANCE, but the fact of the matter is The Hollywood Bruvs helped turn this place into the WORLDWIDE sensation it is today. We breathed life into DEF where there was none, and now the FAITHFUL see us for what we are... TRUE DEFIANTS.

Mikey, encouragingly, rubs his partner's shoulders, readying him up for the next line.

Kendrix:

We are proud of where we came from, we are proud of every single thing we have done here in DEFIANCE and Bruvs we are bloody proud of where this company is going with the Mikey and JFK back together again ahead of DEFCON, two weeks from now...against The Most Precious Gems!

Jesse flicks his fingers towards him, an invite to the challenged to simply bring it.

Mikey Unlikely:

What do you say Monsieurs? You've been making the headlines, you've been making a name for yourselves and you did it, you got the single greatest tag team in the world's attention. At the biggest night of the year you finally get your dream match with the stars of the show. With the Architects of the new DEFIANCE, the ones that paved the way for you to shine so very brightly.

Kendrix picks up one final 8x10 from the ground and holds it up for all to see, a picture of the Madame Melton and her Most Precious Gems..

Mikey Unlikely:

You're probably having doubts, you're probably not sure. Are the lights, the cameras and more importantly, the action going to be too much too soon for you guys? If you can't answer it, if you're not sure...then maybe we'll just go ahead and ask Madam Melton, you know...the one person on your team who has any balls.

JFK snickers.

Mikey Unlikely:

Accept the challenge and not only will you be sharing the ring with them...but you'll be seeing the biggest stars you've ever seen, long after we're done with you at DEFCON.

Kendrix drops the 8x10 into the fire which briefly shoots up out of the barrel as the Bruvs walk away and the camera zooms in on the flames as we end scene.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024

Live from the Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles on April 17th & 18th!

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

ACE of DEFIANCE Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

Vae Victis vs. SNS

Uriel Cortez vs. Mil Vueltas

The Lucky Sevens & Rain City Ronin vs. M4NTRA, ADV & Tom Morrow

Ed White vs. Punch Drunk Purcell

and

Dr. Ned Reform vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP, MALAK'S INVITE ONLY CLOSED CHALLENGE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. TA HERRIGAN

"Downtown" Darren Keebler stares in the crane cam that points his way.

DDK:

It's main event time on DEF-!

He gets cut off as the shot transitions backstage. Malak Garland is standing at gorilla with his Paper title draped over one shoulder and the FIST of DEFIANCE laced on the other. Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames stand over to the side. Siobhan Cassidy walks up to her man and plants a mean one on his cheek.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Go get 'em, tiger! I believe in you!

Garland tries to stay loose, shaking out his arm and leg muscles.

Malak Garland:

Did my opponent get the jobber entrance!? I tell you, they better already be standing in the ring for me. I demand to be catered to now that I am the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe walks up as Cassidy shifts to the side. The duo of champions lock eyes.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

You're an incredibly inspiring champion. You give me and my otherwise meaningless BRAZEN Women's World Championship purpose. It would be my honor to clasp hands with you tonight and accompany you down to the ring.

Malak Garland:

Sure, it's not like I'm fully committed to anyone or anything.

Garland nods like he's got a million other things on his mind. The lights in the arena go dark.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

When they come back on, Malak and Jocelyne are standing atop the ramp at the bass drop of the theme song. The hot Portland crowd voices their displeasure at the sight of the champions. Alas, much to Malak's enjoyment, he notices his opponent is already in the ring waiting for him.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this match is an invite only, closed challenge for the PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP and "FIST" of DEFIANCE! Introducing the champion, being accompanied to the ring by Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe, he is fighting down from the clouds, he is the Snowflake Superstar, he is MALAK GARLAND!

Malak marches proudly to the ring, like an untouchable false god.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, already in the ring, is TA Horrigan!

Horrigan preps himself for the match to come as Malak disrobes the belts from his shoulders and climbs into the ring. Mark Shields, of course, is there to get things officially underway.

Lance:

So Malak gets to face TA Horrigan in this "invite" only match and if that wasn't enough, Horrigan gets the "jobber" entrance. Such disrespect even for one of Ned Reform's men.

DDK:

What's more conspicuous to me is the fact that Malak first fought TA Cole and now he's facing another one of Ned Reform's assistants here tonight. Something smells fishy.

DING DING

Malak and Horrigan circle each other before locking horns. Garland is quick to shove his opponent down. The Source of Envy gets into Mark Shields' ear.

Malak Garland:

My challenger knows this is for BOTH the Paper title and the FIST, right?

Mark nods along eagerly as Jocelyne watches with intent from ringside.

Malak Garland:

Okay, good. Just making sure because I am a double champion at the moment.

Garland puts the boots to Horrigan who eventually fights to his feet. Malak throws the challenger off the ropes and lands a thunderous side slam!

Lance:

Cover!

ONE!

NO!

Horrigan kicks out so Malak comes right back with an armbar.

DDK:

TA Horrigan lifting Malak into the air!

He lands a modified sky high slam, breaking Malak's armbar hold!

Lance:

I'm sure Ned Reform would LOVE it if the second time's the charm for one of his beloved TAs to bring home some gold.

Horrigan stays on offense as he delivers a delectable belly splash to Malak!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Malak manages to kick out with authority. The two men find their way to the corner where Horrigan delivers a crackling knife edge chop! Malak returns the favor! On the instep, Malak uses his hips and is able to deliver a rolling belly-to-belly to Horrigan!

DDK:

Seeing Horrigan has a bigger frame, Malak was able to throw his opponent more horizontally than anything else!

Lance:

Still lots of velocity behind that move!

Garland is quick to put on an ankle lock and watch Horrigan squirm. The champ shouts at the underpaid TA.

Malak Garland:

TAP OUT! THIS IS JUST A GLIMPSE OF WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO dExY bAbY!

Horrigan turns and has a chance to kick Malak in the face but he oddly doesn't. Instead, Malak turns the tables and gets the ankle lock right again.

Lance:

Horrigan might be in a bad way here!

The teaching assistant with a GPA better than you finally gets to the ropes. Mark contemplates counting.

Mark Shields:

So sorry, Malak, but I'm going to have to ask you to break the hold.

Garland and Shields banter back and forth for what seems like an eternity, the whole while with Horrigan still feeling the pain from the ankle lock and an evident lack of a five count in place. The fans begin to beg for the hold to be broken and Mark FINALLY clues in to start counting after a while.

Lance:

Malak finally releases the hold!

Horrigan clutches his leg as Malak zones in on the attack. He drops a couple elbows and a few knees on the targeted limb and then showboats to the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Do you see how smart I am? I can target specific areas. Picture TA Horrigan's ankle as Dex Joy's **NECK** bAbY!

Like a man crazed, Malak headbutts the boot covered ankle of TA Horrigan. Eventually, Malak claws at the shoelaces of the boot before removing it entirely.

Malak Garland:

I'm going to end his career but like, you know what I mean!

Garland wraps around into a figure four leglock! Horrigan is too close to the ropes though so he's able to grab them.

Malak Garland:

Mark! DON'T YOU DARE FORCE ME TO BREAK THIS HOLD RIGHT NOW! I AM ON A ROLL!

Shields looks on as he's feeling the pressure from the fans!

DDK:

This is ridiculous! Mark Shields should be doing his job right now instead of comforting TA Horrigan in his pain!

Lance:

One has to wonder, especially Dex Joy, is this what awaits him at DEFCON!? Mark Shields is the prescribed referee for the main event. Is this how he's going to act? Completely in favor of Malak and there's nothing anyone can do about it!?

Horrigan gazes at Malak through gritted teeth.

Mark Shields:

Okay, I am going to start counting now before you really hurt him!

Malak Garland:

Horrigan! Let go of the ropes! Come on! Make me look good! I am a double champion after all!

TA Horrigan looks at the ropes his white knuckles are clenching and then back to Malak who looks like he has no intention of letting the move go. Garland does a good enough job of keeping the legs locked in and trying to pull both men back towards the middle of the ring.

DDK:

What's going to happen!?

When push finally comes to shove, TA Horrigan **let's go** of the ropes. Everyone is left in shock and awe. Malak turns it on and pulls them to the middle of the ring.

Malak Garland:

NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU TAP, TAP, TAP OUT DEX JOY! TAP OUTTTTTT!

Lance:

Has Malak Garland **gone mad!**?

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe is loving what she's seeing. She smirks like the evil underling she is as Horrigan reaches for his intertwined legs. Suddenly, Horrigan finds his boot within arms reach. He grabs it and thinks about swinging its heavy sole towards Malak's head but the champion sees it coming and decides now is the time to break the hold.

Lance:

Resourceful move by TA Horrigan there!

With Malak on his feet and taking stock of a hobbled TA Horrigan, the Keyboard King can take a breath of relaxation. He feels supremely confident in his chances now.

Malak Garland:

TA Horrigan! You fought valiantly, I'll give you that! Your keeper should be proud, however, it is time to "go home" so, give me the boot. Go on, hand it to me.

Garland's hands are outstretched, expecting Horrigan to just comply. The fans erupt, assuming Horrigan knows the best choice for him is to NOT give the deranged Malak Garland his boot. Mark Shields is unintentionally overselling the moment, because he's an idiot, as his eyes are nearly bulging out of its sockets.

Malak Garland:

Do it. Give me the boot so I can swat you.

Horrigan hesitates.

Malak Garland:

You know it's *worth* it.

Then hands the boot to Malak who wastes no time with smacking Horrigan over the skull with the hard edged heel of it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans are left paralyzed and pissed as they watch Malak pin TA Horrigan.

Lance:

Why would he GIVE Malak his boot!?

ONE!

TWO!

Malak pulls Horrigan's shoulder up. That gets some extra heat. Malak wags his finger to the crowd, indicating that's not the finish his architectural mind had initially envisioned. Malak goes back to the figure four one last time. TA Horrigan is sluggish at best with his motions as Malak froths at the mouth, berating Mark Shields to call for the bell and his subsequent tap out victory.

DDK:

This is sick. Malak Garland is nuts. Everything is set up to cater to him. It's truly his world and we're just living in it.

Mark turns and calls for the bell without really checking for a tap out.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and still both PAPER Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE, MALAK GARLAND!

The Armchair Mouthpiece dismounts TA Horrigan and grabs his belts. Just as quick as he entered with Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe, he looks to depart with a purpose.

DDK:

Well call it whatever you want but Malak "wins" his invite only, closed challenge, matching Dex Joy yet again. I gotta say though, Lance, this feels like such a farce. I mean, he's parading around with the belt. He faced both TA's in both matches. His opponent's seemed to have numerous openings and for whatever reasons, they failed to capitalize on them! Something is definitely going on.

Lance:

Not to mention Mark Shields is an absolute snake.

Malak and Jocelyne are met by Cyrus, Teresa and Siobhan at the top of the ramp as they all embrace in a warmth hug. TA Horrigan rolls out of the ring, clutching his ankle.

PAYMENT

Suddenly a large shriek breaks out in the crowd as everyone spots DEX JOY rumbling out on stage. Like a freight train with a purpose, he SHATTERS Cyrus Bates in the back, sending the rest of The Comments Section RUNNING!

Malak moves so fast that yes, he even drops his titles at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

IT'S DEX JOY!

Being sandwiched between Jocelyne and Siobhan, Malak watches from a safe enough distance as The Biggest Boy simply looks DOWN. The crowd ERUPTS as they see the Paper title and FIST at Dex Joy's feet. Malak begins to weep, imagining what Dex is about to do. The moment becomes too much for him so they bolt down one of the side openings until they're out of sight. Dex Joy does nothing but stand there. The crowd is losing their minds.

Lance:

The champion has returned to RECLAIM what's his! But what's even more interesting is the fact that Malak left his hollow paper belt there in surprise!

Joy reaches down and grabs the Paper title first. He holds it up. The fans boo but not at Joy, they're booing at what the belt represents. Chants of 'CUT IT UP' ring throughout the Portland Faithful.

DDK:

Remember exactly what Dex Joy said on the defcom last week ... he promised that he was going to reclaim his title! And he made a promise about what he would do if he got his hands on Malak's coveted Paper Title!

Joy hesitates no longer ...

HE RIPS THE PAPER TITLE TO SHREDS!!!

DDK:

THE PAPER TITLE IS NO MORE! DEX JOY IS THE SHREDDER!

Lance:

Over a thousand days as Malak's pretentious reign just got torn into a thousand pieces!!!

Portland has lost it! He's not done though. Joy looks down once more and in one fell swoop, he hikes up his beloved FIST of DEFIANCE back over the rightful shoulder where it belongs! Suddenly, footage of Malak, Siobhan and Jocelyne hightailing it out of the arena appears on the tron. Dex Joy exits the stage and he heads back up the ramp to go right after Malak and company as the full feed goes backstage.

Malak Garland:

Come on! We gotta get out of here! I need my beauty rest if Mark and I are going to beat Dex Joy at-!

As if some movie magic happens, Dex Joy cuts off the trio and he looks like he's in a mood to put some people deep into the ground.

Malak Garland:

Dex! Hey! dExY bAbY! Good to see you! Hey look, you got your belt back! That is like so amazing. Such a good unpack for you. It's a much better looking tool in your toolbox for sure! You know what? Keep it. I won't need it. Not right now, anyways. Well, look at the time. I best be moseying. Later, gator!

Garland tries to step past Joy but is blocked.

Dex Joy:

Oh no, pally ... I'm gonna beat your ass right here and right now and then I'll tear your crybaby ass into as many pieces

as I just did your belt!

Dex shoves the FIST HARD into Malak's face but only for a brief moment. Suddenly, Cyrus Bates attacks Joy from behind with a chair! Joy slams the concrete concourse hard and Garland flips a switch from naked and afraid to strong and confident.

DDK:

No! The Comments Section! He won't have them to do his dirty work at DEFCON so Malak is making sure they do it now!

Malak is the bastion of confidence.

Malak Garland:

Hey dExY bAbY, keep your belt. For now. I'll take it real soon because your days are numbered.

The team of Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates, Siobhan Cassidy and Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe all begin getting their shots in!

Malak Garland:

Oh yeah, ha ha. Almost forgot. It's not quite DEFCON yet so I'm cashing in all my cheap shots right now!

Bates disengages to take an envelope from Malak.

Malak Garland:

Take this to Ned Reform and tell him, "thanks for everything." And when you're done with that, we're going to the local arts and crafts superstore. Daddy has a belt that needs refurbishing!

Bates takes off ... but as Siobhan swings for another slap, Dex is finally back up!

Lance:

Dex is back up! He's back up and he wants Malak Garland!

Malak Garland sees Dex pushing back Siobhan Cassidy and Teresa Ames when he realizes he needs to go! The rest of the Comments Section flee as Dex limps upright, but looks ready to hurt somebody!

Dex Joy:

DEFCON, MALAK!!! WE'RE GONNA SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL, YOU CHICKEN SHIT!!!

The DEFIANCE chyron flashes as Dex charges into the night to go after the man that will try to take the championship at DEFCON!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.