

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Erie, Pennsylvania welcomes DEFIANCE as the Cool Insuring Arena is hyped for DEFtv 208!

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!

**BROCK NEWBLUDD AND MRS. GARLAND WERE IN THE CLOSET MAKING BABIES AND I SAW ONE OF
THE BABIES AND THE BABY LOOKED AT ME
HEY PAT, CAN I GET SIOBHAN'S NUMBER NOW THAT SHE'S SINGLE?
CUT OR UNCUT SIGN
CHICKENTENDERS 4 FIST
DON'T GIVE oscar burns WHAT HE WANTS
IS IT WEIRD THAT I KINDA MISS TOM MORROW NOW?
MONEY TALKS, BUT WE AIN'T LISTENING
MP1 IS A NUMBER 2
DOUBLE-DOWN ON DOUBLEDAY
KAN'T KANCEL KERRY
LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!
GLENS FALLS IS CORVO COUNTRY
MP1 MASSIVE DISAPPOINTMENT
NEWBLUDD'S HOLLYWOOD AGENT (ARROW POINTING DOWN)
WHY, FLEX, WHY (PROBABLY CAUSE HE'S DUMB)
(PLOTING REVENGE ON MONEY TALKS)
SICK OF THE BURNS VORTEX
MALAK IS A BITCH AND I DON'T NEED A WITTY SIGN TO TELL PEOPLE THAT
I KNOW A GUY THAT CAN HIDE BODIES, PAT**

And to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Hello and welcome to DEFtv 208, Night One!

Lance:

Back-to-back arenas titled after insurance. Is that a new record?

DDK:

Well, I hope Malak "Cassidy" has taken up life insurance for tonight's main event STREET FIGHT.

Lance:

Oh, nice transition.

DDK:

Thanks for the setup.

Lance:

Anytime, partner.

The broadcast rolls through the card and then the first match...

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

We've got a big match to kick off DEFtv! A rematch of sorts from months ago when Butcher Victorious was trying to earn respect among his former Vae Victis peers. The first man he fought in that series of matches was the man he's about to face now, a man that defeated him via submission - Scott Hunter!

Lance:

Butcher isn't that same man he was earlier this year. We've seen him evolve into a big fan favorite since splitting away, but recently, he was attacked by a man he tried to make amends with, Mil Vueltras!

DDK:

Meanwhile, Scott Hunter himself has a number of important victories under his belt, including over the likes of former four-time Favoured Saints Champion Rezin and MV1. Like we said, Butcher has grown, but if Hunter can score a win here and halt the momentum Butcher has been slowly building, that could go a long way towards putting himself in contention for championship gold.

Lance:

Let's go to ringside for this next match! Scott Hunter vs. Butcher Victorious... now!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The DEFIAtron flashes to life and simulates a big pink, purple and blue fireworks display! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present, along with a brand new silver and purple fuzzy full-length coat, along with light blue tassels hanging off the sleeves! He holds out The Stick v2™ in hand and then raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight as the Cool Insuring Arena goes crazy!

Darren Quimbey:

From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful halfway down the ramp! He pauses halfway, then motions for the music to fade as he gets his microphone ready.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

Grin!

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

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

He points all across the sold-out arena!

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

AND BUTCH VIC HAS THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

He rolls under the bottom rope.

Butcher Victorious:

Mil Vueltas... you dumb boner... I hope that you're back somewhere watching! Cause tonight, I'm gonna show Scott Hunter I ain't the same guy he wrestled months ago! I'm gonna show YOU I ain't the guy you keep claiming I am! I ain't the same guy that got smacked around by Vae Victis... cause now, *I* do the smacking around! Ask Oscar! Ask DLJ! Ask your new GC Universe buddies and they'll tell you **BUTCH VIC... HAS IT!**

Applause rings out as he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

An audible groan ripples through the Cool Insuring Arena as Scott Hunter appears atop the ramp. Sparklers fizzle around him disappointingly, but he doesn't seem to pick up on their lackluster impact. He just looks happy that he's facing a guy he's beaten before and is brimming with confidence.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Scott Hunter looks like the embodiment of enthusiasm tonight. Like we said, he's defeated Butcher in the past with his signature Figure Four Leg Lock. He's mainly been doing PressCons for some reason in recent months, which it was at the last PressCon that this match was made!

Lance:

Indeed. He mentioned he had beaten Butcher and could do it again, which is how we got here! After the past two matches on DEFtv have been marred by outside issues involving Elise Ares and OSCAR BURNS himself, Butcher is looking for a win tonight... but that's easier said than done.

DING DING

The two men lock up and it's Scott Hunter that uses his height advantage over Butcher to muscle him across the ring into a corner. He gets The Microphone Fiend into the corner and holds him there until Rex Knox makes him break it up. Scott Hunter does and he backs off before pointing at Butcher. He speaks directly to Knox.

Scott Hunter:

I tapped this guy out, you know. Used to get us all drinks. I miss those times!

He turns to an angry Butcher in the corner.

Scott Hunter:

Hey, Vic, can you get me a... GAH!

Butcher SQUEEZES on one of what has become his extra-tight signature headlocks to cheers from The Faithful! Scott groans and tries to pry the Texan off of him, but The Man with IT isn't going anywhere. Scott tries to get free by going to the ropes and shoving him off, only for Butcher to duck down and keep him in place!

DDK:

That was a big mistake by Hunter to look past Butcher. Butcher has been in the ring with the likes of OSCAR BURNS, DLJ, Cyrus Bates, Elise Ares, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes in 2024. He's been sharpened by those experiences.

Scott Hunter:

This... isn't...a sandwich!

Butcher Victorious:

Sure it is... you head is sandwiched between my arms, dumbass!

Scott muscles Butcher to his feet and then tries to counter with a back suplex! Butcher groans and Scott sits up grinning... until Butcher sits up and grabs a hold (brother!) Scott angrily shakes his hands and gets back to his feet. Butcher goes along with him but when he tries to get to the corner, Butcher walks up the ropes and flies back the other way, rolling Scott over into a headlock takeover on the ground to loud cheers!

Lance:

I don't think I've seen headlocks as popular as they've been with Butcher Victorious. They've become a staple of his offense, and he's used them to rack up huge wins!

Scott tries to use a leg scissors to wiggle free, but Butcher shoves the leg away to keep hold! He holds on for a cover!

One...

But Scott kicks out and frantically wiggles to his feet. He finally gets the ropes and Rex Knox orders Butcher to make him let go! Butcher does and an angry Scott charges! Butcher sees him coming and sidesteps Hunter, sending him to the floor!

DDK:

Oh, no! Hunter goes for the ride... and here comes Butcher!

Scott Hunter scrambles up to his feet, only to catch a HUGE suicide dive from Butcher Victorious in the process! Butcher gets cheers from The Faithful and then grins when he picks himself up, followed by Hunter. The Floridian and Professional Presscon star starts to stand in a daze when he sees Butcher climbing up top!

DDK:

Butcher took flight once with that suicide dive! Now he takes flight... OH NO!

Before Butcher can land the big diving crossbody, he gets NAILED with a huge flying forearm out of the sky by Hunter! The New York Faithful are collectively groaning over Butcher's fate as he rolls around clutching his jaw in pain! Hunter holds his own arm and shakes it after the big shot, then looks down at his former (sorta) stablemate with intent to hurt!

DDK:

Scott Hunter counters with that flying forearm first! I don't know if Butcher knows where he is!

Lance:

He better figure it out soon, cause Hunter's already going after his leg!

Scott grabs the left leg of Butcher and drags him to the middle of the ring before he DRIVES a big elbow into the hamstring! Butcher shouts out in pain when Hunter stands up and does it a second time! He gets back up and twists the leg around his own, then looks out to The Faithful and then jumps up to deliver a jumping knee breaker! Scott torques the leg and cranks away on it with a leg lock!

Lance:

Scott Hunter is unique... that's for certain. But he's shown himself to be a pro in prepping and executing the figure four!

DDK:

That he has! He's got Butcher by the leg now!

He grabs Butcher and tries to pull him up to his feet, only to get headlocked by Butcher! The Faithful cheer the

headlock, but not for long because Scott counters by going for the leg and hitting a HUGE shinbreaker! Butcher is left hobbling on one knee when Hunter comes off the ropes and turns him inside-out with a big clothesline!

DDK:

The headlock failed Butcher, but that shinbreaker and running clothesline didn't! Scott turns Butcher over into cover.

He hooks the bad leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

But then the second Butcher kicks out, Scott Hunter goes right back to the leg and then applies a step-over toe hold to crank on the leg further! Butcher punches the mat with a fist and tries to fight through the pain. Rex Knox asks him if he taps...

Scott Hunter:

He does! He already did once and I haven't, that's how you know I'm not lying!

Knox rolls his eyes and checks on Butcher, but Butcher shakes his head and keeps fighting!

DDK:

Butcher is doing his best to fight this hold, but Scott isn't letting him breathe! Butcher is crawling to the ropes.

With The Faithful cheering him on, Butcher fights... and makes it to the ropes! Scott holds on for four extra seconds as Rex Knox counts, then he releases the hold at last. The damage appears have been done though because Butcher is suffering. Scott picks him up again... but Butcher hits an uppercut! He fires back with another and another! He manages to barely stand on his feet and then tries another headlock, but Scott gets a leg up and kicks Butcher in the bad wheel!

Lance:

Back to the leg! And now he's got Butcher up!

He holds Butcher in place, then DROPS him with a huge delayed vertical suplex! Scott casually rolls over and hooks the bad leg again!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Butcher kicks out and Scott looks annoyed with Rex Knox.

Scott Hunter:

I told you he tapped already! And he did it again! Why am I still wrestling him?

Scott goes to pick up Butcher again by the leg and it looks like another shinbreaker in mind. He runs... but Butcher grabs a last-second headlock and then headlock takeovers Hunter directly into the corner!

DDK:

OOH! That was unique offense by Butcher! He countered the shinbreaker and snapped Hunter right into the corner in the process! Can he muster up any more offense?

Lance:

On one bad knee, no less?

The Microphone Fiend tries to fight to get feeling back in his left knee. He grits his teeth and then fights his way back to his feet just as a dazed and confused (more so than usual) Scott Hunter is back on his feet. He stumbles upwards and then when he sees Butcher fighting to stand in the corner, he charges. Butcher just BARELY moves and Scott hits the corner, allowing for Butcher to KNOCK him silly with a flurry of European uppercuts in the corner! After hitting about four of them, he grabs the arms of Hunter and then SLUGS him in the chest with a flurry of quick headbutts!

DDK:

Here comes Butcher with more unorthodox offense of his own! He's technical at his core thanks to his two years studying under Oscar Burns, but that skull might be his best equalizer!

Butcher yells out to The Faithful.

Butcher Victorious:

'BUTTS AND 'CUTS, BABY!

The thousands-strong cheer him on! After the flurry of uppercuts and headbutts, he shoves Hunter out of the corner, then hobbles to the second rope. He takes flight with a HUGE diving uppercut off the middle rope that knocks Scott flat! The leg hampers him slightly, but Butcher crawls over and goes into a cover while applying a headlock!

DDK:

Will this flurry by Butcher be enough to put away Hunter?

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO... NOISE CANCELER!

Lance:

No! Hunter kicked out, but he's locked up in that submission! The Noise Canceller, that inverted headlock choke!

But Butcher's bad knee doesn't allow him to bridge like he normally does so he tries to do so on one foot! But that gives Hunter the chance to crawl towards the ropes! Butcher CRANKS back on the hold further, but the Floridian is able to reach out and grab the ropes to save himself!

DDK:

I think this might have been a different story had Butcher's other leg not been bothering him! He's won matches with the Noise Canceller before, but Hunter was able to make the ropes!

A disappointed Butcher slowly gets back to his feet and tries to take Hunter with him. He grabs the head and neck again with intent to hit Butch Vic's Greatest Hit! He tries for the headlock driver, but Scott Hunter shoves him away first! Butcher tries to turn around only to get stopped with a hotshot first! Butcher crumbles to the mat while Hunter points to Rex Knox.

Scott Hunter:

Did you HEAR what this psychopath said? He said something about cutting my butt! Disqualify him especially after I already made him tap out earlier! I've won this twice now!

Trying to remain as composed as he can, Knox explains the match is still on.

Scott Hunter:

Not for long, buddy!

He goes to pick up the dazed Butcher by his leg. He has the leg and prepares for the Figure Four Leg Lock... only for Butcher to use his other leg to kick him away!

DDK:

No! Hunter spent too much time arguing with the official! Butcher was ready for the Figure Four!

Butcher hobbles back up and SMACKS the incoming Scott with the Hard Out Headbutt into his chest! Butcher holds his own head in pain, but Hunter has been rocked, long enough for Butcher to grab him by the head one more time to SPIKE him into the canvas!

DDK:

HE LANDS IT! BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT!

Holding his knee with one hand, Butcher rolls Hunter onto his back and then hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Butcher Victorious breathes a sigh of relief but is still checking his own head after the Hard Out Headbutt passed on to him from OSCAR BURNS. He blinks a few times and then starts to hobble to his feet!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

He did it! Butch Vic... gets the win! Sorta rhymes, but I'll run with it!

DDK:

Butcher worked hard for that victory! Scott Hunter had a great gameplan in the works! He worked that leg expertly, but Victorious snatched literal victory out of near defeat!

Butcher gets his hands raised by Knox! As Scott Hunter rolls out of the ring slowly, Butcher motions for someone to bring him The Stick v2™. Once he has it back, he takes a moment to catch his breath after a hard fought match.

DDK:

That win had to feel good, but Butcher's night isn't over.

Breathing hard and favoring one leg, Butcher hears the people.

Butcher Victorious:

HEY! MIL!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Microphone Fiend waits for the crowd's jeers to die down.

Butcher Victorious:

I'd ask why you did what you did two weeks ago...

RRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

Butcher Victorious:

But at the end of the day... I don't give a DAMN! I just want to beat your ass up and down this arena! I've still got one good, two good arms and a thick skull, so I say let's do the damn thing!

He looks all around waiting for a response, then throws The Stick v2™ on the canvas to brace himself for a fight.

Lance:

What do you think, Darren? Are we going to hear a response from Mil Vuelas?

Pacing around, Butcher waits...

And then the DEFIAtron switches to life.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

On the screen, the camera feed cuts to what appears to be the inside of some sort of limo. Sitting in the rear of the limo in a GAUDY purple and gold rhinestone-covered mask, only the mischievous perma-smirk of Mil can be seen. Rocking a white fur coat, a silk purple dress shirt and black dress pants, he's not alone as he has an unnamed blonde and an unnamed redhead leaning close to him in the seat.

DDK:

Ugh... what is this?

Mil finally speaks.

Mil Vuelas:

Butcher... Quieres saber por qué lo hice? You want to know why I did what I did? Que? Cabron... you KNOW why I did it...

He points at Butcher.

Mil Vuelas:

Eres tan estúpido. You KNOW why... ever since you pretended to be my friend months ago, then STABBED me in the back!

Butcher doesn't agree with that assessment and tells Mil to meet him. leans forward from his seat in the limo.

Mil Vuelas:

It took me a year, but I FINALLY did smart thing! EVERYONE has taken from me for the past year! The FIST himself, Malak Garland cheated to beat me... me former FAMILIA cheated to beat me by attacking Thomas Keeling. Tyler Fuse cheated me after I had *HIM* beat...

He sneers.

Mil Vuelas:

TODOS me engañaron! EVERYONE cheated me... and when my contract was coming up... I was ready to walk away from DEFIANCE. I had bags packed ready to go to Japan... but OSCAR and Mi REAL Hermano, DLJ... they throw me how you say... a lifeline. LOTS of money. LOTS of perks. Personal transportation to shows with the rest of GC Universe...

He holds his hands out to show the limo around him.

Mil Vuelas:

...To make sure I stay so *I* can do the taking now! OSCAR and I talked for a few weeks and we resolved our past issues... But YOU...

He points directly through the camera right at Butcher.

Mil Vueltas:

OSCAR was upfront about who he was. But YOU... you have BALLS to say I did you dirty when all I did was eye for an eye. You lied to me once and made me think you were my friend then you screwed me over when you used to be OSCAR's lapdog... I just FINALLY find the chance to repay the favor, cabron.

The perma-smirk is back.

Mil Vueltas:

You want fight? You want payback? Then we do it at ACTS of DEFIANCE! I will show you... I will show DEFIANCE... I will show EVERYONE I'm better than you. No more "Just Look Up"... no more kissing ass of fans who'd rather see me get screwed and do nothing... Just the best version of me, Butcher.

He leans back in his seat again to embrace his companions.

Mil Vueltas:

The Greatest Luchador Of All Time.

Mil snaps a finger.

Mil Vueltas:

Oh... one more thing, Butcher... te hizo mirar.

The feed cuts, leaving an angry Butcher snarling in the ring. He shakes his head and then starts to leave...

UNTIL HE GETS CHOP-BLOCKED FROM BEHIND BY MIL VUELTAS!

Lance:

NO! WAIT! IT'S MIL VUELTAS!

DDK:

THAT FOOTAGE! IT WAS ALL A SETUP!

Butcher crumbles to the canvas holding his knee from the damage done by Scott Hunter! Mil is dressed in the same rhinestone suit he was before, minus the fur coat!

DDK:

Mil's cheap-shotting Butcher from behind a second time!

The Faithful jeer as Mil CRACKS Butcher upside the head with a flashy tornado roundhouse kick! After Butcher goes down to the canvas, Mil then leaps to the top rope in one smooth jump, then leaps backwards with a HUGE moonsault

into a double foot stomp across the chest of Butch Vic! He rolls through the stomp back to his feet and then takes a bow for the jeering Faithful!

Lance:

Mil's harbored this grudge against Butcher for MONTHS. He had every right to, but... he's taken this too far!

Butch Vic is down on the mat groaning in pain while Mil stands over him and takes in the jeering before he takes his leave!

DDK:

And the challenge has been extended for Acts of DEFIANCE! We'll see if that match gets made official, but right now, we've gotta check on Butcher.

Mil casually sidesteps Rex Knox and some trainers coming to the aid of Victorious. He waves goodbye and then rolls out of the ring to head back up the ramp as the scene cuts.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS

DDK:

Next up, ladies and gentlemen, we have something of a “grudge match” about to take place. Tell us how we got here, Lance.

Lance:

Well, Keebs, as you remember from two weeks ago at the last DEFtv, the young and aspiring Rezistance member Chris Chickentenders threw down the gauntlet at the feet of Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

Evidently, Chickentenders took issue with Kuroyama’s dominant handling of Brodie Hellyeah in the Pacific Blitzkrieg’s surprising return match back at DEFtv 206. I’m not sure he quite comprehends what he’s getting himself into here...

♪ “Moving in Stereo” by The Cars ♪

With an uncharacteristic degree of self-confidence, Chris Chickentenders steps out onto the stage. Coming out with him is an older man in jeans and plain brown flannel that keen-eyed viewers would recognize as Seattle wrestling veteran Rocko Daymon.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Rocko Daymon, hailing from “your mom’s bedroom” by way of New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing in at one-hundred and thirty-eight pounds... he is here tonight representing THE REZISTANCE... “EL GALLO BLANCO”... CHRIIIIIIS CHIIICKEEEEENTENNDERRRRRRRRSSSS!!!

Chris poses at the head of the ramp between a set of small sparklers. The crowd goes mild. Rocko looks away in embarrassment.

Chris Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE DUUUUUUUUDE, THIS IS SOOO BADASS and these chicks are SO into me!

Rocko Daymon:

Try to keep your head in the game, Chris. You’re still greener than a Douglas fir, and you’re going up against a dangerous opponent. Believe me...

Chris Chickentenders:

But that’s the thing, Mr. Dayman, fighter of the Nightman, cuz like with your years of wisdom in my corner and like all the special training you gave me these past few months, I seriously feel BADASS enough to like take on the whole world, and Kurry is just like one dude, and plus I’m avenging my friend Brodie, so I’m like super determined and badass right now.

They come down the ramp, Chickentenders with an extra pep in his step. Climbing the steps to the apron, he tries to post up on the turnbuckle and pose, but instantly loses his balance and almost eats shit, before instead opting to just stand on the bottom rope, simper, and pump an arm into the air.

The only pop he gets is the ironic one. Daymon peers skeptically at his latest student standing in the ring.

Rocko Daymon:

Just... play the defensive game, okay? And try not to hurt yourself. You’ll be hurting enough as is...

Chris Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUEHUEHUE OOOHH YEEAAAAAH, wait, what’s that Mr. Daymon, Champion of the Sun, I couldn’t quite hear you over all the BADASS I’m projecting right now, but dude, you think those chicks out in the third row can see my junk from here, because I figured I’d pack a little extra just in case--

BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

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

A row of fountain pyros, silver and green, interchangeably erupt from pots arranged around the entryway. A figure emerges through the storm of fire and smoke. The spotlight hits, revealing KERRY KUROYAMA in full emerald and argent regalia. Kerry stands at the head of the ramp, arms pumped and knuckles touching overhead, earning a raucous pop from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two hundred and thirty-two pounds... "THE EMERALD APEX"... KERRRRRRYYYYYYY KUROYAAAAAMAAAAAAA!!!!

Kerry pinches the shoulder of his robe and tears it aside in a single fluid motion, Yakuza-style, unleashing the green DRAGON tattooed on his back upon the world. Then he advances down the ramp, looking poised and ready to deliver a beatdown.

DDK:

The proclaimed "Emerald Apex" of DEFIANCE is here, and I think it's safe to say that he was greatly missed by these fans!

Lance:

The impact he made on this company cannot be understated. Former Favoured Saints Champion. Former tag partner to Mr. DEFIANCE himself, Scott Douglas. Member and vanguard of the esteemed Vae Victis. But what does the future hold for him?

DDK:

That remains to be seen, but it will be interesting to see how much he's changed during his time away.

Kuroyama pauses at the steps, taking a moment to look over at Daymon and give his former trainer a nod of acknowledgement. Then he climbs up, steps through the ropes, and scales a turnbuckle, whereupon he pumps his arms and gets another sizable pop.

WEL-COME BACK!! WEL-COME BACK!! WEL-COME BACK!! WEL-COME BACK!!

Referee Benny Doyle checks both competitors for foreign objects. Sticking to his corner, Kerry submits himself willingly, staring daggers across the ring. Checking Chickentenders proves to be more difficult, as Chris seems overly protective of his groin region.

Chris Chickentenders:

Whoa, dude, hands off the goods, I gotta keep them in prime shape for all the action I get after I beat this fart-sniffer.

Doyle shrugs, and signals the timekeeper.

DING DING

Off the bell, Kuroyama marches right out of his corner. He wastes no time going for a lock-up, but doesn't quite expect the nimbler Chickentenders to slip under his arm and end up behind him.

Chris Chickentenders:

Yo, I'm like over here now, cuz you're too slow huehuehuehuehue...

Rocko Daymon:

Good move, Chris. But you gotta stay on him!

Kerry smirks, but nevertheless closes in once more. Chickentenders attempts to slip around him once more, but Kuroyama cuts him off at the pass by seizing him around the waist. He effortlessly wrangles him into the belly-and-back, only for Chris to find more help from his lithe frame by dropping through Kerry's grip and slipping out the back door.

DDK:

Chickentenders with the escape, and manages to kick right to the calf of Kuroyama! That brings the Pacific Blitzkrieg to a knee!

Lance:

And a headlock to follow it up?!

DDK:

Surprisingly competent wrestling ability we're seeing on the part of the young Chris Chickentenders, which may be a testament to Daymon's training.

Chris Chickentenders:

Aww yeah, I totally got your head locked up now, and I bet you didn't even see that coming, so whaddya like think of me now, you Pacific Buttmunch?

Kerry's face is emotionless. Maybe even a little confused. Chris isn't so much "locking" his head as he's hugging in.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Not bad, kid. But just a tip... maybe try interlocking the hands, and pull the head up and *into* you.

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh... right...

Chickentenders readjusts his hold, this time locking hands where Kerry advised and giving it a good wrench in a way that would make the great Butch Vic proud.. Kuroyama bares his teeth when the pain hits him.

Chris Chickentenders:

You mean like this?

Kerry Kuroyama: *[strained]*

Yeah... that's how it's done.

Chris Chickentenders:

HUE HUE YEAAH! I'm finally kicking your butt, you loser!

Kerry Kuroyama: *[still strained]*

Gotta hand it to you, kid... you're really showing me right now. But hey, just out of curiosity, can I ask you a question?

Chris Chickentenders:

Umm... okay?

Kuroyama stands up to his full height. With the headlock still applied, Chickentenders' feet leave the mat.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You want the corner, or the canvas?

Panicking at this complete upheaval of the situation, Chickentenders frantically looks between the turnbuckles and the mat below.

Chris Chickentenders:

UHH... UHH... canvas?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Good choice, kid. Those buckles may be padded but...

Kuroyama readjusts Chickentenders into a hanging waistlock, throws himself backwards, and spikes the kid on the back of his head with an impactful spinout backdrop driver!

Kerry Kuroyama:

...not by much. It's like getting jabbed really hard in three places at once.

Lance:

Kuroyama is showing off his new arsenal of techniques! I believe he calls that one the Derechoplex.

DDK:

Absolutely DEVASTATING!

Expectedly, Chickentenders is dead on the canvas, flat on his back. Also expectedly, Daymon is hiding his face in his hand. This was inevitable. Kuroyama effortlessly scoops him back up...

Kerry Kuroyama:

The mat, though?

...and brings him down once more with a over-the-shoulder back-to-belly piledriver that folds up Chickentenders like an accordian.

DDK:

EMERALD OBLIVION!

Chickentenders crumples lifelessly back to the mat. Kuroyama kips up to his feet.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Nice and smooth. More for the body to absorb.

Still somehow conscious, Chris groans.

Chris Chickentenders:

Must... avenge... Brodie... and... be... badass... hue.... hue... hue...

Kerry bends down to pick him up again. As he does, Chickentenders musters up all his remaining strength to DEFIANTly *spits* back at him... but doesn't get enough oomph behind it, sending the loogie arcing fecklessly straight onto his own forehead.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's the thought that counts.

Kuroyama yanks Chickentenders to his feet and whips him straight into the ropes.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...anyway.

On the return, Kerry turns himself into a powerful DISCUS LARIAT...

DDK:

SQUALL LINE LARIAT--

...only to hit AIR.

Lance:

Chickentenders DUCKED?!

Could be the combination of his exceptionally short height and rubbery legs caused him to completely slip beneath a certain beheading from Kerry's outstretched arm, but Chickentenders nevertheless evades the blow and bounces off the next set of ropes. Kuroyama turns around, surprised to find himself on the receiving end of a--

DDK

DROPKICK FROM CHICKENTENDERS!

Kerry drops to the mat, stunned. And slightly confused. Did that just happen? By the look on his face, Chris Chickentenders can only be thinking the same thing as he stands there agape.

Chris Chickentenders:

WHOA DUDE...

Rocko Daymon:

Now's your chance! GO!

Kerry pulls himself up, but the light finally goes off in Chickentenders' (mostly empty) head and he leaps into the nearby ropes.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD DDT BY CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS! What is HAPPENING, Lance?!

Lance:

I couldn't tell you, Keebs! But I think maybe Chickentenders is finally discovering his groove?

Chickentenders boldly attempts his own kip up, but mostly just flops onto his ass before scrambling up and pretending he pulled it off. He's got a smidge of support from the crowd, watching his sudden and surprising comeback. It encourages him to begin bouncing around and pumping his arms as if he'd just won the gold medal.

Chris Chickentenders:

AWWWW YEAAAAH HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE IT TOLD YOU I WAS SECRETLY A BADASS
HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE!!!

Rocko Daymon:

Damnit, Chris, stop shucking and jiving in there! Focus on the match!

Chris Chickentenders:

Aye aye, Captain Dayman, Master of Karate and Friendship for everyone, like, I think it's time for El Gallo Blanco to FLY!

Rocko Daymon:

What? No! Chris, DO NOT go up there!

Too late. The Chickentenders was off the rails before it ever left the station. Awkwardly, he scales the near turnbuckle and struggles to keep his balance. Meanwhile, Kuroyama slowly works his way up to his feet, holding his head and seemingly unaware of his surroundings.

He dives. It's actually quite graceful.

Chris Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUUEEE NOW KURRY KUMONYOMAMA, LIKE, FEEL THE WRATH OF MY --

The wrath of his what? We may never know. Because where he dives, no one is standing. At the last moment, Kerry drops the "hurt and dazed" act and walks out of the line of fire. Chickentenders lands with a SPLAT, while Kerry leans against the ropes and mugs to the camera.

DDK:

Well... so much for that particular Cinderella story.

Lance:

Cinderella? This is clearly the Ugly Duckling, Keebs.

Kerry scoops Chickentenders off the mat a final time, setting him into a fireman's carry...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well, kid... you tried.

...before Emerald Flowsioning the kid into the canvas with enough force that it knocks the cucumber right out of his pants.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!! And that's all she wrote!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

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

Kuroyama rises up, allowing Benny Doyle to raise his arm in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... KERRRYYYYYY KUROYAAAAAMMAAAA!!!

DDK:

Well, it may not have gone down as many of us might have expected, but nevertheless, Kerry Kuroyama picks up another dominant win in his second match back in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Clearly, the Pacific Blitzkrieg hasn't lost a step. But now, I think it's obvious he's prepared for a greater challenge.

DDK:

Kuroyama's return is hitting DEFIANCE like a storm! But where will he go from here?

Rocko slides into the ring and tends to his unconscious pupil. Then he catches Kuroyama staring him down.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...stay on him. He's got something.

With a favorable nod, Kerry quits the ring, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the back.

SINGING IN THE REIGN

The camera shows a panicked intern-level production employee running to the Commentation Station with a note in hand.

DDK:

We are getting word right now that there is some kind of commotion in the back!

Lance:

We don't know what is happening yet, but we have just been told that DEFSec has been placed on full alert and has placed the entire backstage area on lockdown!

DDK:

Wow... I don't recall that every happening in DEFIANCE before, and I just hope that everyone is safe --

The arena lights go out entirely and the crowd buzzes. Then the spotlight turns on at the entrance ramp. Standing in the middle is Madame Melton. Her hair is silver, with a netting with subtle silver jewels on top, a silver gown with matching necklace and earrings. Her eyes of madness are even wider than usual. And, oddly, she is twirling around a silver parasol over her shoulder.

DDK:

Not the best timing from Madame Melton!

Lance:

It never is!

Madame Melton:

My lovelies, I have been through so many trials and tribulations throughout my lifetime! But the worst tragedies of them all were perpetrated by YOU, The Faithful, for your insolence and not accepting me and My Gems -- MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS -- as your deities!

Booooooo!

Madame Melton:

But I have learned to endure the thunderstorms and rain clouds that symbolize the tragedies of life by singing... Singing In The Rain! I now invite you all to the musical event of a lifetime!

She elicits a smile of absolute insanity.

Madame Melton: *[singing with a very credible, "good community theater" level voice]*

Dooo dooo dooo dooo.

Lance:

What in God's name is this lunatic doing now?

DDK:

Meanwhile, I am hearing from someone in the back that there's just a lot of chaos backstage right now!

The Silver Vixen twirls her parasol as she pirouettes around the spotlit area, holding her arms out theatrically.

Madame Melton:

I'm singggginnng in the rain! Yes, I'm sinnnnng in the rain... What a glorious feeling... And I'm happy again!

She smiles triumphantly.

Madame Melton:

Mr. Cameraman, darling, please follow me!

She continues her song and dance through the backstage area, into the gorilla position -- which is oddly empty. The main corridor behind her is completely black, with sounds of moaning heard in the background. Melton reaches the door to the area and does a back bend with her head tilted high.

Madame Melton:

I'm lauuuughing at clouds! So darrrrk up above!

Her smile turns sinister as she snaps her finger, and the hallway lights turn on. She sweeps a welcoming arm to the carnage that awaits.

DDK:

My god. What's happened!? Is that Jamie!?

Jamie Sawyers is on the floor, slumped against the wall. Nathan Cross is out, bleeding, over a broken table filled with various equipment. A garbage can with the insides spilled everywhere lies next to The Mathemagician, who has a visible footprint on his forehead. A stretcher is overturned with a DefMED staffer folded over the wheels, with Brody Hellyeah curled up next to him yelling in pain. At the end of the hallway, standing over all of them, is a forlorn looking MP1 — Her Most Precious One!

Madame Melton:

I've told you all what would happen to anyone dared stand in our righteous path that ends with me upon my throne ruling DEFIANCE with an Iron FIST! They would be eviscerated. Well, I meant that quite literally!

She folds up her umbrella and continues her song-and-dance, swinging it around like a helicopter as she walks backwards toward MP1, twirling around him as he remains frozen.

Madame Melton:

Let the stormy clouds chaaaaase... everyone from this place! Come in with the rain... I've a smile on my face!

She points the umbrella at the hallways that runs perpendicular. The camera goes around the corner where it shows Raiden finishing an already beaten Fission off with his "Suddenly Last Slumber" spinning backfist (one of several administered.) Fission falls back into the wall and slides down to the floor, eyes in the back of his head courtesy of the Cause of Concussions. "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La Reeves has Gigaton around the waist and is trying to bridge back, but Dr. Ayumi Sato is holding onto his hands with all her might while screaming.

Madame Melton:

Because I'm singing... in the rain!

Melton runs and javelins the tip of the umbrella right into Dr. Sato's nose area. She screams and holds her face, falling to the floor. This then allows the suplex master to German Suplex Gigaton with a release so the man's head crashes into the wall behind him, holding his head. Raiden then runs with a Yakuza kick to Gigaton for good measure.

Madame Melton:

We are the ones who love you the most! And we are the ones most deserving of your love! I am a woman of valor and virtue! Yet you choose to scream the name of this admittedly evil scientist who, along with her charges, lays battered at the tip of my \$1,000 designer heels!

Melton's smile becomes somehow even more unhinged as puts the tip of her silver shoes on the back of Dr. Sato's head and pantomimes her symphony. Dr. Sato, on her end, fires off a message of anger and hate.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

All that money... and not a drop of class, you... you... *bitch*.

Madame Melton:

Doo doo doo doo ---

Then she pirouettes, putting all of her weight on the back of Dr. Sato's neck as she continues to sing while The French Connection get their licks in on The Atomic Punks. The camera pans back down the hallway as MP1 remains frozen in place as DEFSec and DEFMed rush to the aid of the earliest victims.

Madame Melton:

No, this way, Mr. Cameraman, darling. Singiiinnn' In The Raaain!

She continues to twirl down the hallway humming the melody of the musical, the camera trailing along as she freezes in front of a dressing room door that reads "Brock Newbludd." Melton tosses the umbrella to the floor as she eyes the door before opening it slowly...

Revealing Brock Newbludd himself splayed in his own dressing room, his arms held wide by crudely tied ropes connected to hangers on each side of the walls. Standing behind him is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon, repeatedly taking a fork to Brock's already bloodied forehead. Brock's "Over The Top" shirt has been ripped to shreds, with "\$20" crudely written in blood on his chest.

JJ Dixon:

YOU WANT TO TREAT MOMMIE DEAREST LIKE A WHORE? YOU WANT TO CALL MOMMIE DEAREST A TWENTY DOLLAR WHORE?

JJ holds Brock by the hair as Melton shooshes her charge and slowly walks towards Milwaukee's Beast, placing her gloved hands on each cheek.

Madame Melton:

You used me, Brock. You took advantage of me when I was at my most vulnerable! You manipulated me in order to make yourself feel better after the Garland family humiliated you! YOU BROKE MY HEART, BROCK!

Breathing heavily with a face completely covered in his own blood, Brock's glazed over eyes meet Melton's and he gives her a lopsided grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Eat shit, lady. Did you really think I'd want to join up with you and dickless here?

Milwaukee's Beast begins to laugh weakly but Madame Melton squeezes his face angrily and Dixon drives the fork into his forehead. Newbludd's chuckle instantly turns into a pained groan.

Brock Newbludd:

Newsflash, Teri, that ain't gonna happen because you're a crazy bitch and a shitty lay. How about you...

In the blink of an eye, Madame Melton rears one hand back and silences Newbludd with a deafening slap.

SMACK!

Anger flashes across Brock's face and he tries to break free but Dixon digs the fork into his forehead, causing him to cry out in pain.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd is being maimed by JJ Dixon! We need to get this situation under control ASAP!

Melton let's go of Brock's face and steps away while Dixon lays in a few boots before gesturing for MP1 to join him. With some hesitation, their Most Precious 1 steps forward. Dixon reaches down and lifts the dazed Newbludd half up off the floor.

JJ Dixon:

We break hearts too! AND we break faces! Isn't that right, MP1? Come on! Let's finish him!

The former Masked Violator #1 is overwhelmed with uncertainty, his eyes scanning the carnage his new "friends" have caused.

JJ Dixon:

Come on! DO IT!

Taking another step forward, MP1 takes a deep breath—

--when suddenly the energy shifts. The camera turns 180 degrees and the zoom strains to focus in on a seething figure outside the locker room and down the hall. Corvo Alpha blocks the corridor.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Colorful war paint smeared across his face, the wildman clenches coiled fists. Alpha glares at MP1, who's complexion beneath the mask suddenly drains, nearly matching the greys and whites of his new colors. Before Alpha can act, the French Connection makes their presence known. Raiden attacks from Alpha's right, with a flurry of forearms and elbows. Alpha halts him with a kick to the gut before spinning and hurling him headfirst into the wall. Raiden crashes into the drywall, leaving a massive divot as he slumps upon impact.

DDK:

It's absolute pandemonium backstage right now!

Lance:

The Gems have left a trail of bodies in their wake and Corvo Alpha has seen enough!

Reeves leaps onto Corvo's back, his forearm pressed against Alpha's windpipe. Almost immediately, Alpha falls to one knee. Just as suddenly, he bolts back upright, reaching over his head and grabbing Reeves by his hair. In one motion, Alpha pulls Reeves over him and ducks down, sending Reeves crashing onto Raiden.

DDK:

Corvo just tore through Reeves and Raiden. He's got that wild look in his eye!

A buzz suddenly fills the arena as Alpha turns to focus his attention on MP1, shooting him daggers. MP1 for his part is frozen stiff in Newbludd's dressing room. Alpha stalks forward towards him — and is LAMBASTED by JJ Dixon, who blindsides the savage in the side of the skull with a fire extinguisher!

Lance:

Corvo just joined Newbludd on the floor after that dangerous blindside attack by Dixon! He's out cold!

JJ lets the extinguisher loudly fall to the concrete as he lays in a few kicks to Alpha's limp body for good measure. When he rejoins MP1 in the lockerroom, he lays a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

DDK:

Where the hell is DEFSec!?

Melton carefully crouches, then lifts Newbludd's head up with one index finger.

Madame Melton:

We could have been so magical together, Brock. That kiss we shared was real! But this next one is even more so... because it is our final kiss! THE KISS OF DEATH!

She leans in and right before she puts her lips onto his, she stops.

Madame Melton:

But first, let me reapply my lipstick!

JJ holds Brock by the hair and tilts it up... as Melton slowly takes off her right glove, and then smears her right index finger across the bloody mess of his scalp, and then rubs the blood from Brock's forehead onto her lips! Then, she licks a little bit off her finger before she clutches his head and violently rams her tongue into his mouth! She swirls her tongue in his mouth before finally prying free with a horrifying look of desire in her face, tracing Brock's face with her finger, his blood smeared all over her mouth in an absolutely deranged fashion.

Madame Melton:

My dear Brock... you and everyone else tonight have learned why... MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR! HER! CLOSEUP! (Cackle) And why.... I'm singin'... and dancin'.... llllll in the raaaaaaaaaaaaaiiin!

Lance:

It has been a very long time — if ever — we have seen a group of people as terrifying as Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems!

She dances and spins around Newbludd's lifeless body before traipsing into the hall and doing the same to Alpha. She twirls and sways down the corridor, past the debilitated Atomic Punks as her loyal army falls in line behind her. MP1 offers one last longing look towards his old partner before disappearing down the hall.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM

The camera pans over to the interview stage where Christie Zane is waiting.

Christie Zane:

Two weeks ago, we were left with plenty of questions at the conclusion of DEFTv 207's Night Two main event between Elise Ares and Butcher Victorious. OSCAR BURNS, DLJ and Sonny Silver unleashed an assault on both competitors, but everyone was shocked by Mil Vueltas joining in the assault, just after he made peace with Butcher one night before and did the same with PCP moments before his part in that attack.

The Faithful's jeers are hate-filled when they see the stills of the attack play on the DEFIatron.

Christie Zane:

And last week on UNCUT, a special \$50,000 Battle Royale took place sponsored by the GC Universe to crown a "golden opportunity" for the winner and much to everyone's surprise... Flex Kruger won!

Another video plays of the shocking return of Flex Kruger! Eliminating five men in relatively short order with power moves including Titus Campbell, Theodore Cain, Getaway Jones, Strong AF and lastly, Jun Izuchi, to win the battle royale! Flex is now shown with the check and shaking hands with Sonny Silver before returning to the stage.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome...

She sighs and tries to be as professional as she can.

Christie Zane:

The GC Universe.

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The DEFIatron lights up one at a time and flashes with several colors...

Burgundy with a large athletic figure posing in a running position.

Gold with a muscular figure flexing.

Purple with a masked man in a thinker pose while wearing what looks like a massive fur coat.

Silver... with a man holding a microphone from the ceiling.

The lights return on and collected on stage are The GC Universe's official spokesperson, Sonny Silver, flanked by "The Front Runner" DLJ wearing a slick-looking burgundy-colored business suit and fedora! Mil Vueltas, wearing a white fur coat, rhinestone-covered purple and gold suit and mask with only his new stupid smirk visible. Flex Kruger, wearing a gold jacket and pants, hair straightened and a tie around his neck, but with no shirt! The group assembles on the interview stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Only OSCAR BURNS isn't present for the moment as Sonny stands by in a dark charcoal suit and dark red tie when the music fades. Sonny Silver raises his hand to the ceiling and lowered from the sky is none other than the OLD SKOOL MIC~! that has been a staple of his career.

Sonny Silver:

HELLO, NEW YORK CITY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DLJ stops him and whispers something in his ear.

Sonny Silver:

Gl... Glenn Falls? Where the hell did DEFIANCE book us?! This ain't one of the big towns, brothers!

Christie Zane:

Well... that's where the show is tonight and Glenn Falls has been a wrestling hotbed since the 80s. I think they'd take offense to that statement.

Sonny Silver:

Well... snap back to reality, B-Rabbit. This isn't the 80's, this is 2024. And here in present-day reality, the BIGGEST stars wrestle in the BIGGEST cities! But... let's focus on why we're here. Do your job and ask the things about "Why, Mil, why?!" and "Why, Flex, why?!" that are surely coming our way even though Mil Vultas already explained himself earlier!

Christie Zane once more tries to remain impartial despite her present company.

Christie Zane:

He did explain himself earlier... but... this isn't you, Mil. This isn't the Mil Vultas these people have watched grow up in DEFIANCE since 2020. What's gotten into you?

Mil steps forward and he approaches the microphone. The Faithful boo him before he can even say anything. He simply gets ready to speak... then flashes a smile and goes back to his stance next to Sonny.

Sonny Silver:

On behalf of GC Universe member Mil Vultas, I officially would like to respond with this: He already said his piece earlier tonight when he sent that redneck home after caving in his chest!

He holds a hand up and Mil high-fives The Silver-Tongued Devil while The Faithful shower the group in massive jeers!

Sonny Silver:

As for Butcher, he was dumb enough to fall victim to a pre-recorded message! Mil Vultas is one of the most gifted high-flyers of all time, but in order to reach the REAL heights he wants to go, he needed a small push. And now look what he's done in just the past two weeks... he thinks fast because he IS fast! NOBODY can match his speed. NOBODY can match him in the air. No one can touch him in that ring or in this arena as long as he's aligned with us. He's... what's the word you used, Mil?

Mil Vultas:

Intocable.

Sonny Silver:

Untouchable. Next question!

Realizing she's not getting anywhere, she turns the attention to Flex Kruger in hope s

Christie Zane:

Flex Kruger... last week, you won the GC Universe-sponsored \$50K Battle Royale and you, too, joined the GC Universe! Why would YOU join with these men?

Flex whispers into Sonny Silver's ear and he nods.

Sonny Silver:

I've also been authorized to speak for Flex Kruger. First thing's first, Christie. Cause Flex Kruger... that man is GONE.

DLJ: *[elbowing Sonny on the arm]*

Uh... No, Mr. Silver, Flex is right there.

Sonny sighs.

Sonny Silver:

Kid... it's a good thing you're a freak athlete.

DLJ:

Thank you! I appreciate the compliment!

Sonny then gestures for Flex Kruger to step forward.

Sonny Silver:

No, no, what I mean to say is that Flex Kruger is gone... because the second that he won our battle royal and accepted our \$50,000 offer, he signed to be a part of the winning team and is about to become someone new! This man is among the STRONGEST men to have ever come out of BRAZEN. And look at his accomplishments...BRAZEN Champion... World Trios Champion... Unified Tag Team Champion with some PCP douchebag... The original Tag Party winner with some OTHER PCP douchebag...

Lance:

He won the Tag Titles with Klein as part of Flex Appeal and won the Tag Party with Elise Ares...

Sonny Silver:

And yet, this man gets slept on time and time again. When the Pop Culture Phenoms USED AND ABUSED this man's raw gifts to act as a giant meat shield so they could do whatever they wanted to whoever they wanted, they messed up. PCP were NEVER his friends. They NEVER considered him to be an equal. So naturally when he and Klein stepped out on their own and became Unified Tag Titles, that egotistical little attention whore, Elise Ares and her little sidekick, The D, just HAD to have the titles for themselves. They won them, they kept Klein cause he was willing to crawl back to them like a lost puppy dog...

He turns to Flex.

Sonny Silver:

...Then left THIS fine athletic specimen to ROT in catering, until we gave him a ring and gave him the one GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY he was asking for!

Sonny gestures up at the DEFIATron with two words appearing in gold:

Flex

Kruger

Flex looks up and then points at the name.

Flex Kruger:

Hey! Dudes! That's me!

DLJ and Mil both pat him on the arm proudly.

Sonny Silver:

And all those experiences lead us to NOW! There is no more Flex Kruger! The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection has been REBORN! Say hello to The Strongest Man in the UNIVERSE...

The "Kruger" in his name fades away.

Flex.

Becomes...

FLEX.

Flex rips right through his coat and howls at the new name change! Sonny, Mil and DLJ all clap for him as he runs over the podium and energetically snatches the microphone out of Christie Zane's hand, almost knocking her away!

FLEX:

I pledge allegiance to OSCAR BURNS, Sonny Silver and the GC Universe! And to my wallet, for which it stands cause the bills are so huge! And my fist will divide your jaw from your body! Hell, yeah! One UNIVERSE for all of us and none for you bums!

He dabs fists with Mil and DLJ proudly.

DDK:

As if he needed any MORE of an ego boost.

Lance:

God help us...

FLEX continues to puff his chest with Mil and DLJ offering their congratulations on FLEX's official promotion. Sonny then starts to walk over to the main stage.

Sonny Silver:

Speaking of checks, Christie, I gotta earn mine cause despite all the disrespect you've shown us tonight, you're being GRACED with the presence of the center of the GC Universe... who will be competing right now!

He points at the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Not because any of you deserve it... but because tonight, Elise Ares needs to know how bad she SCREWED up putting her hands on the most important man this promotion has ever produced. A young newcomer by the name of Dabney Doubleday is going to regret taking tonight's challenge. He might have the balls to melt down Bronson Box's spike, but I guarantee he won't walk away tonight under his own power...

Sonny gestures behind him while the rest of the GC Universe stand by.

Sonny Silver:

From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 254 of the most important pounds DEFIANCE has ever known! He IS DEFIANCE! He IS FAVOURED SAINTS! HE IS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING...

He points to the stage. Behind him, a big silhouette appears on stage and the entire arena becomes washed over in green lighting!

Sonny Silver:

OSCAR BURNS!

OSCAR BURNS.

ALL CAPS.

ALL GRAPS.

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform beneath the ring, a familiar form begins to rise up! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights

with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by golden pyro...

DDK:

How much pyro budget did he get?

Lance:

You got me!

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform and then heads towards the ring. Flanked by the rest of his group, he heads towards the ring with intent to make an example of a young rising star looking to make a name for himself. Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR climbs up the steps slowly. He surveys the jeering masses, wipes his feet on the ring apron and climbs inside. He holds out his left arm, then his right, then falls to his knees. A BIG explosion is heard and in the rafters behind him, a giant GC Universe banner unravels with pyro all around him!

DDK:

This is RIDICULOUS!

Lance:

It truly is... but for a star that has done what OSCAR BURNS has done, this is the ultimate opportunity for Dabney Doubleday!

OSCAR BURNS vs. DABNEY DOUBLEDAY

♪ "Southern Nights" by Glenn Campbell ♪

The theme plays and making his DEFtv in-ring debut, young Dabney Doubleday stands ready with his manager and brother, Douglas, just behind him!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied by Douglas Doubleday ... from Mayo, Florida, weighing in at 221 pounds... **"FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAY!**

All eyes of the GC Universe watch the Doubledays as they approach the ring. Dabney has on his satin "Fair Play" ring jacket and gives it to a young kid in the audience. BURNS hasn't taken his eyes off the young man looking to make a name for himself as he walks up the steps, Dougie cheers him on and then Dabney enters the ring.

DDK:

Such a massive opportunity for Dabney Doubleday tonight! He's got guts! He stood up to The Blood Diamonds at MAXDEF and then MELTED DOWN Bronson Box's spike!

Lance:

I'm honestly surprised this kid is still standing after that, but right now, he's in a different kind of danger with OSCAR BURNS and the entire GC Universe out here!

DING DING

Doubleday holds out a hand towards OSCAR BURNS as a sign of respect. The Kiwi native looks down at it, then looks out to the GC Universe crew outside the ring.

OSCAR BURNS:

That's adorable, GC, I remember when I was all about handshakes and good sportswwhatever... stroppy young man, I was...

But OSCAR actually takes the hand of the eager young BRAZEN rookie and shakes it... until he pulls him into a tight arm wringer!

DDK:

OSCAR baited him in with the arm wringer!

He holds onto Fair Play with the arm wringer, then flows right into a full nelson next. Doubleday is quick to twist his way out of it and tries to sneak behind OSCAR, but the Kiwi locks in a top wristlock and brings him down to the canvas. Doubleday tries to fight his way out once again, but the southern-influenced star finds himself being pulled back up. BURNS' grip on the submission is tight and he twists the arm around before holding Doubleday in place.

Lance:

I admire Dabney taking this challenge, I really do... but this could have been a mistake.

BURNS grabs the arm again and then twists the arm up and around behind Doubleday before tripping up Fair Play and bringing him back to the canvas. OSCAR continues to chip away at the left arm of Dabney and cranks on a modified wristlock submission, but Doubleday fights back to his feet! He gets to his full height and at ringside, his brother Douglas is watching, then CHEERS on his brother with The Faithful when he manages to grab OSCAR's arm and twists the man who used to be "Twists and Turns" with an arm wringer of his own! BURNS flinches in pain!

DDK:

Look at this! Dabney just turned the momentum the other way! He's got a hold of the arm now!

The Florida native continues to crank on the submission and manages to bring OSCAR down to a knee! He looks out

to The Faithful and to Douglas Doubleday at ringside cheering him on, but the slight attention pulled away from OSCAR is enough for the Kiwi to stand up and move around to now shift the momentum back his way again! He CRANKS on a modified cobra twist while pulling an arm upwards, trying to elicit a submission until Dabney is able to make the ropes!

Lance:

Dabney makes the ropes!

DDK:

And look at OSCAR!

He tries to take a cheapshot on Dabney... but he blocks it and fires back with a jab of his own! OSCAR gets caught off-guard by the punches filled with extra mustard with several jabs! He dances a quick jig in place, then ROCKS the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE with a right hand that sends OSCAR to the corner! Dabney shakes his fist!

DDK:

He calls that The Old Ham N' Eggs! Dabney takes a more throwback approach to the ring, but does what he does very well! He was trained by someone OSCAR knows VERY well... none other than Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

I don't think he saw that coming!

Dabney sees that he's got OSCAR on the ropes and then tries to take the fight to the All Caps, All Graps star. He comes back... but NOBODY expect for OSCAR to run at him and SMACK him as he comes off the ropes with a huge running dropkick that catches him on the mush! The entire arena gasps from the impact while OSCAR sits up. Sonny, Mil, DLJ and FLEX at ringside all cheer on the Center of the GC Universe as he gets to a knee and smiles.

DDK:

WHAT THE... DID OSCAR JUST HIT A RUNNING DROPKICK?! SINCE WHEN?!

Lance:

Since now I guess!

Doubleday holds his jaw in pain while OSCAR goes to quickly pull him to his feet. He whips Dabney into the ropes and off the comeback, ROCKS him with a running european uppercut to the jaw!

DDK:

And he follows that up with a NASTY European uppercut!

But OSCAR doesn't make a cover as The Faithful continue to jeer him from ringside. He picks u Doubleday and viciously slams Fair Play into the canvas with a massive body slam! He grabs him again and then DRIVES him down a second time! Then he grabs him again and hits a third, but holds him in place! He delays the impact as Dabney tries to shake himself free, but OSCAR slams him even HARDER into the canvas with a third one! BURNS stands over the fallen Floridian and flexes his arms for the audience to see.

Lance:

I can't believe how jacked OSCAR got in his four-month layoff. I think he's the biggest he's ever been but he's still making his technical style work for him!

DDK:

He looks like he's taken a scaled-back approach, but it's working for him!

He grabs Doubleday and throws him outside the ring! BURNS climbs outside and grabs Dabney, then body slams him a FOURTH time, but on the floor! The Faithful collectively cringe in pain as Dabney has the wind knocked out of him!

DDK:

That was AWFUL! That thud as he hit the ringside floor!

OSCAR grabs Dabney and rolls him back inside for the first cover of the match. He grabs the legs and goes for a standing pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dabney gets the shoulder up, but OSCAR keeps hold of the legs and segues into a high and tight boston crab submission!

Lance:

Dabney Doubleday is getting mauled right now! OSCAR is working over that back and that Boston Crab is locked in the center of the ring!

DDK:

But look at Doubleday! He's not giving up!

Doubleday sees his brother cheering him on while the rest of the GC Universe at ringside continue to lend OSCAR support. OSCAR continues his assault of the back, but when Dabney looks at his brother, he starts a round of cheers from The Faithful for Dabney as he tries to climb to towards the ropes!

DDK:

Can Dabney Doubleday make it towards the ropes? He's so close!

He continues to scratch his way there...

Almost...

Lance:

He can and he did, Darren! Dabney Doubleday is showing us something right now! This match is nothing to lose, but everything to gain tonight!

Doubleday is free, but OSCAR holds on until a count of four before he lets go. OSCAR grumbles under his breath and grabs Dabney by the side before trying to pull him up into a huge gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

OSCAR is looking for the rolling gutwrench suplexes... NO! Dabney slips free!

Dabney lands behind him! OSCAR turns around and charges towards him in the corner with another running european uppercut... but BURNS moves! This allows for Dabney to use all the strength he can muster to send The Center of the GC Universe up and over with a huge flapjack! BURNS faceplants on the canvas, but because of his back, Doubleday can't follow up right away! The GC Universe look collectively stunned while Douglas is hitting the canvas

DDK:

Classic flapjack called The Flat Top connects, but I think that took out everything Doubleday had!

Lance:

You're right, Darren! OSCAR did a lot of damage to that back with those body slams in and out of the ring, along with that boston crab!

Dabney holds his back in pain while OSCAR is favoring his rib cage. Despite taking the Flat Top, The Kiwi is still able to get up slightly faster than Fair Play can. At ringside, Douglas Doubleday tells his brother to look out as OSCAR starts to get back up. Doubleday gets kicked and picked up for a back suplex, but before he can land the move, Fair Play lands behind him on his feet and then rolls back to the corner. When BURNS (twists and) turns around, he rocks the Kiwi with another jab and then lands a bionic elbow upside the head! The Faithful are with the classically-trained rookie!

DDK:

Doubleday rocks OSCAR with that combo... then hits an atomic drop!

BURNS cringes in pain as Doubleday shoots off the ropes in both directions, then KNOCKS the former two-time FIST down to the canvas with a huge Axe Bomber!

DDK:

He follows the Hot Seat up with a move he calls the Blond Bomber!

With BURNS left to look up at the ceiling, Douglas Doubleday frantically points at Dabney and tells him to cover. He scrambles and jumps after OSCAR to hook the leg! Meanwhile, Silver and company at ringside are telling OSCAR to kick out!

Lance:

Make yourself famous, kid!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

OSCAR kicks out at two and gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

Doubleday put a lot behind that Axe Bomber, but OSCAR kicks out!

Fair Play points at his fist and then to the top rope, calling perhaps for a diving fist drop! He goes to the ring apron, but his back is still hampering his ability to climb up quickly. He gets to the top rope and then preps himself for an aerial assault...

But OSCAR leaps up pops up to the second buckle! He tries to cut off Doubleday with a superplex, but Doubleday fights back and slugs him with a few good shots! He peppers OSCAR with shots until he falls back and hits the canvas! Doubleday has a chance and leaps off the top, delivering a picture-perfect flying fist drop across the forehead! He scrambles into another cover!

DDK:

Rise and Shine!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Dabney is in shock! BURNS throws his shoulder up and the rest of the GC Universe at ringside are relieved.

DDK:

There's a pair of nearfalls! OSCAR went into this match taking this kid lightly!

Lance:

And if he keeps this up, he's going to pull the upset of all upsets!

With a chance to take things home, Douglas Doubleday at ringside cheers on his brother. Dabney nods and grabs OSCAR by his neck to set up a hangman's neckbreaker. He twists OSCAR'S neck around... but the Kiwi twists his way free from Dabney's grip and CRACKS Dabney in the side of the head with an extra-stiff elbow smash upside the head! Doubleday goes glass-eyed and is struggling to stand!

DDK:

GOOD GRIEF! OSCAR has always been adept with uppercuts and elbows through his DEFIANCE tenure, but that might be the most wicked shot I've ever seen him throw!

Dabney is stunned when OSCAR leaps off the ropes and rocks the rookie with a jumping high knee strike upside the head! Dabney goes down in a heap when OSCAR throws a fist into the air! The other members of the GC Universe do the same! He reaches down to grab Dabney by the wrist.

Lance:

Just like that, OSCAR might have just turned things around! I think he's done messing around!

He DEADLIFTS Doubleday from off the mat into a nasty backdrop driver! BURNS quickly pulls Doubleday away from the ropes and smiles confidently as he hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Looking like there is a small goose egg on the side of his head where the diving fist drop landed, OSCAR sits up and notches it, but he tries to shake it off in favor of a smile. Sonny, Mil Vueltas, DLJ and FLEX all walk into the ring to cheer on OSCAR.

DDK:

First match back since DEFCON and it's a win for the ALL CAPS, ALL GRAPS edition of OSCAR BURNS.

Lance:

Dabney Doubleday has nothing to be ashamed of by his performance tonight against literally one of the best DEFIANCE has ever seen... oh, no, what's OSCAR want now?

Douglas helps Dabney out of the ring and the brothers head up the ramp. OSCAR watches him leave and then is handed a microphone by Sonny Silver to address whoever he plans to address. He waves his hand across his neck twice, signaling for silence. The Faithful boo, but his music drops out.

OSCAR BURNS:

Elise Ares...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!

OSCAR BURNS:

...this all started when you attacked me trying to make a name for your bloody self and coming out here, spinning the saddest yarn about how you aren't good enough to be the FIST. I really tried to ignore your disrespect... but if I did that, it would send the worst possible message to the rest of MY roster and MY company... it tells everyone they have freedom to attack the largest star this company pays to make a name for themselves... I ain't keen on that. So two weeks ago... I made you think we were gone...

He waves at Mil Veltas and puts his arm over his shoulder.

OSCAR BURNS:

I had my new close, personal friend Mil Veltas, make pretend nice with Butcher and PCP, then locked your friends in their locker room so they couldn't help you when we jumped you in MY ring. Ta, Mil.

Mil grins.

Mil Veltas:

De nada.

OSCAR BURNS:

I just proved anything you can do, I can do BETTER, GC. A real piece of piss, that was. So if you want revenge for me attacking you and you don't want to wait until Acts... do your worst, Elise...

SOMEBODY STOP HER

A commotion begins at the entrance almost as if on cue. It's The D and Klein, backpedaling through the entrance and out into the arena trying to form a human shield in front of Elise Ares holding a battered, beaten, and bloody Platinum Shovel™ in her hands. The Faithful roar in approval as the FACE of DEFIANCE is quickly followed by a member of DEFsec. Then two. Then four.

Wyatt Bronson makes it five as Klein grabs Ares by the shoulders and looks into her eyes.

Klein:

You can't beat this guy in the ring if he gets you suspended. Think about what he's trying to do to you.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sighs and appears to be about to drop the shovel when she looks back at her longtime fellow Phenom.

Elise Ares:

This is hard, Klein, because I REEEEEALLY want to knock him out with the shovel again, but maybe you're right...

The arena mics can pick up the conversation through the perimeter sound as DEFsec approaches Ares from behind. A few more begin to emerge from their positions surrounding the barricades. Mil, Sonny, DLJ and FLEX all watch her next move, but OSCAR has a daring smile.

OSCAR BURNS:

What? No problem attacking me backstage but when I'm calling you out in a ring, GC? Yeah nah? What? You afraid I'll embarrass you in between these ropes like I always do? Here, I'll make this bloody easier for you then.

He turns his back to Elise. He's not even watching her when he continues.

OSCAR BURNS:

Go ahead. If you can't wait until Acts of DEFIANCE, take your best shot.

Elise's eyes shift from Burns back to Klein again.

Elise Ares:

If you don't move out of my way Klein, I'll burn every box you've ever met.

Klein:

Please?

Elise does not back down. You can see Klein's shoulders slump in a sigh as he moves out of the way and Elise Ares immediately begins charging to the ring only to be grabbed from behind by DEFsec. The D quickly goes in to plea to Wyatt for her freedom.

The D:

You're going after the wrong guys here! Clearly Oscar WANTS to get bludgeoned with a shovel, I mean, did you hear what he just said?! And if you aren't going to listen to him, listen to the Faithful! They wanna see this happen! And deep down, SO DO YOU.

The Faithful ROAR in approval. Wyatt considers their opinion, but Elise Ares struggles to squirm free before Wyatt Bronson and another anonymous member of DEFsec lift her off her feet and put her into air jail.

OSCAR BURNS:

If you don't feel like taking your best shot tonight, Elise, you can go backstage and pack a sad for another eight years. That's fine, too.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stops squirming for just a moment as her feet are off the ground and her eyes connect with the Ruler of the GC Universe. A snarl crosses her face as she quickly shoves the handle of the shovel back, striking Wyatt Bronson in the face and knocking him down to the ground releasing his grip on her. Instinctively Ares lunges forward to the goading cheers of the Faithful before she's tackled to the ground, immediately swallowed up by a sea of DEFsec pinning her face first into the ground. As she's being retained, The D throws his arms up into the air in frustration and Klein gives him a pat on the back.

DDK:

She took the bait! OSCAR BURNS knew full well what he was doing and goaded her into this! Striking Wyatt Bronson could be a SERIOUS fine or suspension, easy!

Elise Ares has no choice but to just let it happen as a dozen or so members of security begin to drag her towards the backstage area as the medical team comes out and begins to check on Wyatt Bronson. Before OSCAR BURNS can even think about it, The D walks over and grabs the Platinum Shovel™ off the ground.

OSCAR BURNS:

Unhand my property. NOW.

Normally not having a shortage of things to say, The D mounts the Platinum Shovel™ as if it's a broom and starts stroking it like...

The camera quickly cuts back to OSCAR BURNS and the GC Universe who are FUMING. The camera's cut back to the D, who's placed the shovel over his Favoured Saints Title shoulder. Klein follows him backstage, as they await the inevitable punishment for his detained tag team partner. As they watch her leave, OSCAR looks to the group.

OSCAR BURNS:

If I can't have my shovel... we'll at least sing you off. Guys?

He looks at Sonny and the rest of the GC Universe crew sing.

GC Universe:

NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE!

He falls to his knees in the ring and leads the crew in another chorus.

OSCAR BURNS:

ONE MORE TIME, MY WELL-COMPENSATED COMPADRES!

Mil Vueltas, DLJ, Sonny, FLEX:

NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! HEY HEY HEY! GOOD-BYEEEEEE!

DDK:

Flex Kruger is really off key...

Lance:

He's just called FLEX now. Remember? Just happened a little bit ago.

DDK:

Oh yeah... Consarn it. Oscar Burns really pulled a fast one tonight, and this might have been the last time we see Elise Ares!

Lance:

If the GC Universe has their way, it certainly will!

The entirety of the GC Universe wave goodbye to Elise as the scene cuts to a commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

BONDING

Outside the once and former Glens Falls Civic Center, the vibrations and energy from inside can be felt and heard. A continuous thrumming and humming of activity and vibrancy pulses like a beating heart. Our camera points first up at the COOL INSURING ARENA sign hung on the building's side before swinging and turning to a bench a little further up the nearby sidewalk where a hunched figure sits.

As we approach, the man spits out a glob of blood onto the sidewalk and lazily wipes the remnants from his tangled beard with the back of his hand. He is shirtless, sweaty, beaten and bloody.

He is Corvo Alpha. And he is no doubt forlorn and frustrated following the events of earlier in the evening: his beating, along with others, at the hands of the Most Precious Gems... and his inability to get his hands on old friend and once again foe, MP1.

Several cars pass by him then circle the Glen St roundabout and turn off to their destination, their headlights briefly lighting him up. His war paint is flecked and peeling, mostly replaced by his own drying, flecking, peeling blood. His angry eyes spy the passing cars with distrust and disdain.

Our wounded animal licks his wounds.

And suddenly a shadow falls over him.

Corvo looks over his shoulder to see Brock Newbludd standing with a beer in one hand and a six pack in the other. Looking just as battered with a bandage wrapped around his forehead and blood stains on his shirt, Brock takes a swig and locks eyes with the animal. A long second passes between the two men and Newbludd sticks the six-pack out towards Corvo.

Brock Newbludd:

Here ya go, big fella. You need it.

A growl is the only response Corvo gives before taking the bottle from Brock. Digging into his pocket, Newbludd pulls out a Ballyhoo Brew bottle opener and offers it to him.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit, my bad. They're not twist offs. Here's an opener...

Newbludd raises his eyebrows in surprise as he watches Corvo bite the cap off the bottle and spit it out into the street. Stuffing the bottle opener back in his pocket, Milwaukee's Beast watches as Corvo slams the bottle in two gulps and tosses it out into the street. Impressed, Brock moves around the bench and plops down next to him. He offers Corvo another brew and he takes it.

Brock Newbludd:

Let me tell ya, man, it's a real shame about MV1. That Melton is a real piece of work and she's...

Newbludd stops again as Corvo downs the second beer faster than the first.

Corvo Alpha:

...Pee.

He spits again. Brock blinks in confusion.

Corvo Alpha:

MP1.

Brock nods with awkward realization. He adjusts his weight on the bench, a free hand favoring a shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

MP1. Right. Ugh.

Tossing the bottle out into the street to join the shattered remains of his first one.

Brock Newbludd:

Anyways, like I was saying. Melton, Dixon, MP1... they're a problem. A problem we both share.

Another empty bottle shatters on the street and Brock refills Corvo's hand. Taking a drink of his own beer, Brock turns towards Corvo slightly and watches him slug down his fourth bottle.

Brock Newbludd:

I really expected this conversation to be a lot longer but I'm going to get right to it.

Corvo tosses the bottle, wipes his mouth, and gestures for another. Newbludd hands him the last beer out of the six pack.

Brock Newbludd:

After the psycho shit that just went down in the dressing room, you better believe I plan on crushing Melton and her bitch boy, JJ, kinda like how you just crushed those beers.

Corvo nods his head.

Brock Newbludd:

The only thing they have on us is numbers, that's it. You smell what I'm steppin' in, brother?

Corvo grunts in agreement and glances at the empty six pack, clearly wanting it to somehow magically refill with fresh bottles.

Brock Newbludd:

I can't ask Cass. He's got bigger fish to fry with shitstain Malak. But, seeing as how we both share the same problem, how about we help each other out here.

Brock sticks a hand out.

Brock Newbludd:

Alliance?

Alpha eyes Brock's hand for a moment. Finally, he hands Newbludd his last, empty beer bottle. With a nod and a low HRMM, Corvo rises to his feet. Pointing a twice-broken crooked finger towards a blinking neon "BEER" sign on a bar across the traffic circle, Alpha starts across the street. Brock gets up with a smile and polishes off his own beer.

Brock Newbludd:

I feel good about this. This could be alright.

Tossing the bottles, Newbludd catches up to Alpha as we fade out.

ONCE RONIN, FOREVER RONIN

We go backstage to the locker room, where veteran interviewer Jamie Sawyers is standing by with Kerry Kuroyama. Kerry is showered and redressed after his match, sporting a new, crisp “EMERALD APEX” t-shirt.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, congratulations on your victory this evening. I think it's safe to say that few are surprised with the outcome.

Kerry nonchalantly shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Maybe... but I'll give the Chickentenders kid his due tonight. Stepping up to me and throwing down the gauntlet took guts. But he showed up tonight. He stepped into the squared circle, and fearlessly reached for the Emerald Apex. Is anyone going to say he looked “good” out there tonight? I don't know... I suppose that's in the eye of the beholder. But I truly feel he brought his absolute best, and knowing who's guiding him right now, I feel he'll only get better.

Sawyers does the Drew Scanlon blink.

Jamie Sawyers:

In any case, Kerry, many people are curious as to what's next for the Pacific Blitzkrieg? Now that you're back in DEFIANCE, what are your plans?

Something off camera catches Kerry's attention.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Excuse me, Jamie... I'd love to get into that, but right now, I need to cut this short, sorry...

Kuroyama gives the interviewer a brief and apologetic handshake and takes his leave. The camera follows him as he crosses the locker room and approaches two figures in black hoodies who just came in.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Zack... Leo...

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett pull back their hoods to formally reveal themselves.

Leo Burnett:

[welcoming]

Zack Daymon:

[beaming]

Kerry claps hands with both and they hug it out. There's a warm air of familiarity among them. Fraternal, even.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Been too long, guys. How are things?

Leo and Zack briefly look at one another and answer in the only way we've come to expect them to answer: silent shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Ah, that's right... I heard you guys have the “shut up and wrestle” thing going for you now. I dig it. You made something out of the Rain City Ronin name, and finally came into your own in the process. A far cry from having lightsaber fights against the Kabal out in abandoned railyards.

The Ronin blush with mild embarrassment. Dark times, those Kabal days. Necessary growing pains for our dear

Burnett and Daymon.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But look at you now... you're the exact kind of wrestlers The Dojo was intended to produce. Just a shame that you two were the last, but... well... some things have weird ways of shaping out, I guess.

Zack's face darkens. Leo looks uncomfortable.

Leo Burnett:

[pained]

Zack Daymon:

[brooding]

Kerry Kuroyama:

At least Rocko seems to be on the straight and narrow. Seemed that way out there as far as I could--

Zack snorts in repugnance and coldly brushes by the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Reluctantly, Burnett follows. The warm tone of their reunion has suddenly turned frosty and bitter.

Kerry takes a second to mull something over and calls after them.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hey...

Daymon and Burnett stop and turn to listen.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You guys are onto something good. I mean that. But don't fuck it up by letting it get to your head. Getting a win over the Queen and the Kraken means nothing if it happens on a night when it's raining crustpunks. You two know damn well you got lucky that night. And you're lucky those goons in Blood Money haven't picked you apart yet. Don't barking up the wrong tree over something as stupid as wounded egos. You may have the tenacity, but they still have the numbers. Just get your win, and leave it alone. Feel me?

Zack and Leo characteristically say nothing, but stare back at their fellow Dojo alumni with blank expressions.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Just be smart out there tonight. Okay? Hit me up after the show. We'll grab a drink and hang. Cool?

Again, the Ronin say nothing. They continue to stare for another beat before turning back to the bank of lockers and getting themselves ready.

Shaking his head, Kerry pushes through the door and leaves the room. DEFtv goes elsewhere...

ADRIAN PAYNE vs. ZACK DAYMON

DDK:

These past few weeks, we've seen a brewing rivalry between Rain City Ronin, who have taken DEFIANCE by storm, and the tandem of Money Talks, comprised of "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne.

Lance:

It's a true clash of styles and personalities between the no-nonsense, technically sound Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon against the trash talking big men who each respectively hold the top two singles titles in BRAZEN -- and also have the backing of The Blood Diamonds collective!

DDK:

Two weeks ago, Bigsby got the controversial win over Leo Burnett. Tonight is a singles matchup between Daymon and the Canadian gold medal winning powerlifter Adrian Payne -- who also fancies himself a "family man" looking for a big payday courtesy of Ed White and company!

Lance:

We have pre-recorded comments from Adrain's wife Mrs. Aaliyah Payne and his eight-year-old daughter Brielle!

The camera cuts to a sign that reads The Sagamore, the most exclusive resort on the shoreline of nearby Lake George, New York, with the Adirondack Mountains in the background. Mrs. Aaliyah Payne lounges on an Adirondack chair, wearing a pink sundress and an impossibly slanted matching hat over her head, along with diamond encrusted shades, with a small table at her side. Behind her holding what could be the world's biggest lollipop, her her braided, is the smiling Little Miss Beyonce, Brielle!

Mrs. Aaliyah Payne: *[snaps fingers for the help to come]*

Uhm, excuse me! My glass of sweet tea is only half-full, and I expect you to fill it PRONTO. And do it with a smile on your face. After all, I'm Mrs. Aaliyah Payne -- and you know this!

The uniformed woman attending to her rolls her eyes and fills the pitcher, a forced smile on her face before leaving.

Mrs. Aaliyah Payne:

You see, this is the good life right here -- a \$3,000 a night private suite that's the peak of luxury! My husband Adrian's won gold medals. He's set records. And now he's making bank, courtesy of our membership in The Blood Diamonds and the generosity of the kindhearted Ed White! Me and my bestie Jane Katze are headed out later on to get ourselves a very expensive mineral spa bath followed by some boutique shopping down in Saratoga. Love you, boo!

She makes the "heart" gesture popularized by Caitlyn Clark.

Brielle Payne:

Don't forget me, Momma! Daddy and Uncle Felton already rented out Six Flags Great Escape JUST FOR ME! No ugly kids or their fatso parents allowed! I'm going to go on all the rides and get any present because we're going to be the only people there! I can't wait to see some ugly kids cry when they can't get in because we own the place for the day!

Brielle licks the lollipop laughing while her mother fans herself off, sipping her sweet tea.

Brielle Payne:

Rain City Ronin -- my daddy and Uncle Felton say you two can't talk because you know they're going to beat you up! But it could also be like the kids who don't talk at my school who get kicked out because they're dumb and poor! So you're dumb and poor AND my daddy and Uncle Felton are going to slap you around! I'm going to laugh so hard!

Mrs. Aaliyah Payne:

Because when Money Talks... we listenin'!

Adrian Payne is in the ring, his BRAZEN Onslaught Title over his shoulder, wearing his Blood Diamonds-themed singlet, with Felton at ringside holding his title and talking junk to some fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, standing in the ring and accompanied by "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby... hailing from Toronto, Ontario, Canada and weighing in at three-hundred and twenty-four... "THE PROBLEM SOLVER"... ADRIAAAAAN PAAAAAAYYNNNE!!

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

The beat hits, and the crowd comes alive! Smoke and lighting effects overtake the stage, but without delay, Zack Daymon cuts through the curtain and powers down the ramp at an insistently clip. "The Iceman" Leo Burnett, sporting a brand new "YOU TALK / WE WALK" t-shirt hot off the presses, is right at his partner's heels.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the opponent, making his way to the ring accompanied by "The Iceman" Leo Burnett... from Seattle, Washington, he weighs in at two-hundred and twelve pounds... "SKYFIRE"... ZAAAAACK DAAAAAAYMOOOOONNN!!

There's no mistaking Daymon's intention by the fiery look in his eye as he reaches ringside and immediately slides in under the ropes. Payne tries to meet him on the rise with a swinging right, but Zack ducks and instead counters with repeated forearms! Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And away we go! "Skyfire" Zack Daymon getting this off to a HOT start!

Lance:

Lots of animosity between these two teams. Given what went down between Bigsby and Burnett, I imagine Daymon has been just itching for a chance to repay the favor.

The sheer stiffness of Zack's forearms compensates for the weight differential, putting Payne on his heels as he absorbs blow after blow. Eventually, Adrian breaks through his stun-lock and starts throwing fists back the other way. Momentum shifts as Payne gradually backs Daymon off the ropes and pushes him off.

DDK:

Daymon in motion now... and Payne is waiting, but Zack slides right through his legs! Adrian turning around... DROPKICK catches him right in the mush! Payne is staggering on rubber legs... ANOTHER dropkick from Zack Daymon, and that brings him down!

Lance:

The BRAZEN Onslaught Champion has proven on multiple occasions that he's a force to be reckoned with, but Zack Daymon's lightning fast offense may pose a problem that even he can't solve!

Pushing himself back to his feet, Adrian looks up in time to see Daymon springboarding off the ropes and diving down on him, only to roll aside at the last second and narrowly avoid a guillotine leg drop to the back of his head. Zack sits there, stunned and smarting, only for a heavy kick to his ribs to put him flat on his back.

Lance:

Payne might have a shot at turning this around now.

DDK:

Capitalizing off of what could have been a costly mistake by Daymon going for the springboard legdrop. Payne on his feet now, takes a bounce off the ropes for some momentum... big PRESS DROP--NO!! MISSES THE MARK as Zack

rolls aside!

Zack is back on his feet in a flash, catching the rising Payne with a toe kick to the abdomen to double him over and bringing him down on his crown with a beautiful flowing DDT!

DDK:

EVENFLOW DDT! Shades of Jason Reeves!

Lance:

Now THAT'S a name that should never be spoken three times, Keebs.

DDK:

Daymon rolls Payne onto his back! Lateral press, and hook of the leg!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Zack kips up, earning himself a huge pop from the fans, and quickly takes a position in the corner, waiting for Adrian Payne to rise. The former powerlifter gets to a knee, shaking out the cobwebs. Daymon is about to burst forth and strike, when...

...his Skyfire Sense suddenly tingles.

DDK:

HEY WAIT!! Did Felton Bigsby just make a grab for the leg?!

Lance:

I'm not sure I saw it if he did, Keebs, but regardless, Bigsby is in some uncomfortably close proximity to that corner!

Despite Bigsby innocently holding up his hands and wearing a shit-eating grin, Burnett comes around the ring to keep the peace. Daymon turns back to Payne, only to find--

DDK:

PAYNE BACK UP!! NO!! Daymon NARROWLY avoids a corner clothesline that would have taken his head off!

With Payne stunned in the corner, Daymon takes him by the arm for Irish whip him to the opposite corner...

...only for "the Problem Solver" to fix his present dilemma by remembering he's got a solid hundred pounds over this young upstart, digs his heels into the canvas, and whips him back into the turnbuckles from whence they came. Zack recoils off the impact, stumbling right into a HIGH elevation backdrop that causes him to bounce off the mat and land chest first on the opposite turnbuckle!

Lance:

Adrian Payne has some unbelievable power.

DDK:

But you can definitely believe in the gold medals that power has brought him! Now he has the incapacitated Zack Daymon by the waist... BIG BELLY TO BACK!

The impact sends Daymon flipping over into a prone position, where he remains motionless. Once back up, Payne uses his foot to roll him over onto his back before hitting the ropes... and this time getting the BIG PRESS he was looking for earlier!

DDK:

PRESS SLAM absolutely CRUSHES Zack Daymon! Now Adrian Payne hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Thr--NO! Daymon pops the shoulder! And now Payne puts him right into a textbook sleeper hold!

Lance:

Now that he's finally slowed the tempo of this match, "The Problem Solver" can finally take a breather and press his advantage in size and strength.

DDK:

No doubt, it's going to be hard for Zack Daymon to work his way out from under this one!

With a knee buried into the back, Payne's arms squeeze down on Daymon's head like he were trying to extract juice from a melon. Zack's hands clutch at "the Problem Solver's" python-sized arm, but there's no prying away at his vice-like grip.

DDK:

What does Zack Daymon do in a position like this, Lance?

Lance:

There's not much he can do, Keebs, outside of just hanging on for as long as he can and hope that Payne slips before he does.

DDK:

Daymon is fighting, but he may be able to much longer at this rate! Now Payne is wrangling him down to the mat... shoulders are down!

One!

Two!

Zack quickly rolls up! But this is not a good position for this young talent to find himself in!

Eventually, Daymon's hands drop from Payne's arm. Ferrari moves in to check on him, raising one arm and letting it drop...

...

...and it hits the mat.

Keeping score, Carla raises the arm a second time and lets it drop...

...

...no dice.

Lance:

It's looking bleak in there...

Carla picks the arm up for the third and final time.

She lets it drop...

...

.....

.....and it hits the--

DDK:

NO!! Daymon comes alive!

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Burnett begins slapping the mat. The crowd claps along with him. The uproar becomes absolutely thunderous! Felton Bigsby commands them to shut the hell up, but his voice but one lost in a sea of a thousand others.

Arms shaking as he wills whatever strength he last left, Daymon fights against Adrian's hundred pound advantage and laboriously pushes himself back into a seated position. Somehow, his arms steels itself, and his elbow shoots itself into Payne's exposed ribs. Again. And AGAIN!

DDK:

"Skyfire" is trying to make something happen here! The young man has real grit and determination, ladies and gentlemen!

Payne winces from the pain (no pun intended), but nevertheless maintains his grip. Attempting to retake control of the situation, he rolls Daymon back to the mat...

...but much to his surprise, Zack rolls with him! The added momentum causes the two to gator-roll their way out of ring center. One of Daymon's leg kicks out...

...and *just barely* clips the bottom rope!

DDK:

BREAK!! ROPE BREAK IS MADE!

Lance:

And Carla is calling on Payne to release the hold!

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Adrian Payne is in disbelief, but Ferrari reasserts the call, pointing to the still-shaking rope. Payne breaks, tossing the winded Zack Daymon aside, but is beyond pissed. With a look of disgust, Bigsby pulls himself to the apron and denies that any such break ever happened and that she's just pulling this out of her ass. A heated argument ensues...

...and with the official's back conveniently turned, Adrian Payne seizes the opportunity to drop down and CHOKESACK Daymon against the mat!

DDK:

PAYNE WITH THE BLATANT CHOKESACK WHILE THE OFFICIAL IS TURNED AWAY!

Payne dusts off his shoulders with a smug look to the crowd, followed by an “I don’t possibly know what happened” shrug to the increasingly frustrated Ferrari when she turns back.

DDK:

But Daymon gets up with Payne’s back turned to him! Payne turns around -- textbook dropkick that sends the big man reeling! Now a second!

However, the rally ends after an eye gouge from Payne. Carla admonishes the Canadian National Treasure, which allows Felton to grab Daymon’s boot and slide him to the floor!

Lance:

These two have only been together for a short time, but they’re already learning every trick in the book!

Felton goes to line up Daymon, when Leo comes running from behind to take Houston Strong to the floor, where he peppers Bigsby with lefts and rights! This prompts Payne, his face shocked, to immediately roll to the floor, where Daymon lays the boots on him!

DDK:

Ferrari is throwing this match out!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

The two BRAZEN champions are both on their feet, and they’re slugging away with Rain City Ronin on the floor. Then --

DDK:

We might need to get DEFsec out here to clean this up!

Only right then, the camera catches the view of BRONSON BOX stepping out onto the stage. The temperature in the arena instantly drops. He comes down the rampway with the slow and ominous subtlety of an oncoming thunderstorm, casually unbuttoning his suit jacket. Unsurprisingly, the ever notorious Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland is right at his heels, grinning ear to ear.

Lance:

...on second thought, we may want to get ahold of the National Guard!

DDK:

The original ACE of DEFIANCE is out here to keep the peace! This doesn’t look good for the Rain City Ronin!

True to Keebler’s point, Box sheds his jacket by the time he reaches ringside and unleashes all hell. Amidst a fracas with Bigsby, Daymon suddenly finds his head being jerked back by the hair. He kisses the barricade. The steps. The ringpost. The apron. Finally, Bronson’s heavy brow off a sickening headbutt.

DDK:

OH MY!!

Burnett reacts to what’s happening, and collides with Box. They momentarily become a mess of struggling, twisting limbs before Bronson comes out on top and randleplexes the shit out of Leo. Bigsby and Payne get to work, peeling the Ronin off the floor and rolling them into the ring.

DDK:

What’s the meaning of this?! The match has already been thrown out!

Lance:

I imagine Money Talks are trying to prove a point right now! Making an example out of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, to send a message to the rest of DEFIANCE as to what happens to anyone who tries to cross them! This tag team might be brand new, but they clearly mean business, Keebs!

Daymon and Burnett are helpless in the ring. Adrian Payne garrotes Leo over the bottom rope. Felton Bigsby pins back Zack's arm, leaving him exposed to an all-out assault from Bronson Box. All the while, Skaaland watches on with a satisfied smirk.

Angus Skaaland:

I don't give a shit if it's Dex Joy and his FAT little friend with the boxing gimmick! Mikey Unlikely and his UGLY little friend with that goddamn unintelligible accent of his! Or these two quiet as a couple church mouse sons of bitches right here getting their asses smeared across this here wrestling ring! In Ed White and Bronson Box we GORRAM trust! The Blood Diamonds RUN THIS BRAND! WE ARE THIS BRAND! JUST LOOK AT THIS MAN RIGHT HERE!

Skaaland smacks Bronson Box across the pectoral. As Felton and Adrian continue laying boots to the now fully pulped Rain City Ronin. To their credit they simply refuse to quit, even in their pulverized state both Zack and Leo are clawing at the Diamonds.

Lance:

There is ZERO quit in these two guys, Darren. Absolutely zero.

The Herald of the Wargod continues.

Angus Skaaland:

There's not a single inch of this show that doesn't have our collective DNA aaaaall over it! You goddamn heard me! NOT AN INCH! You break out a blacklight this place GLOWS, baby! These men right here are killers, a different breed of bastard! There's not a competitor alive as dangerous, as cunning as the men you see here in this ring! Dex, Punchy, Mikey, Kendrix... *Ronin*, nobody! NOBODY! NOBODY can TOUCH us!

Skaaland pauses to join Box in a little off mic antagonization of a particularly vocal group of front row Faithful. It's not long before their attention is drawn towards the stage.

Booooo--RRAAAAAAHHHH!!

The crowd reaction suddenly flips. The Money Talks boys, Skaaland and Boxer all take note. They look up in unison to see a very familiar figure jogging down the rampway.

DDK:

HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Lance:

Oh wow! Doing a bit of peace-keeping of his own, maybe?

Money Talks both pull back from their assault the moment Kuroyama hits the ring and pops to his feet, ready and willing to throw down at a moment's notice. Instead, the two sides maintain their distance and stare each other down.

DDK:

The Diamonds are suddenly finding out they don't have the advantage in numbers they may have initially believed. Kerry coming out here has thrown a monkey wrench in whatever nefarious plans they had in store for Zack and Leo tonight!

Lance:

Given how Daymon, Burnett, and Kuroyama all came out of the same wrestling school, it's perfectly understandable why Kerry would come out here to bail out his comrades.

With the standoff seemingly going nowhere, Bigsby, Payne, and Skaaland gradually quit the ring... but Bronson Box lingers behind for a tick. He stares down Kerry. Kerry stares right back. The crowd's cheering reaches a fever pitch as the two competitors size one another up. Boxer and Kuroyama each take a few steps towards one another. The crowds volume grows louder with every step. They end up close enough to trade a few short words with one another far enough away from the camera, we hear nothing... but the competitive tension is clear.

Lance:

Good lord, just how many feuds are these Blood Diamonds going to start, Darren?!

DDK:

Something tells me this isn't over between these two particular titans, ladies and gentlemen! But right now, let's go to a commercial and give these two very LARGE personalities a chance to vacate the ring at their own pace, shall we?

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



PARKING LOT CARJITSU: MALAK GARLAND vs. PAT CASSIDY

The crane cam moseys along its leisurely pace, showing the jam packed capacity crowd in the Cool Insuring Arena.

DDK:

Faithful, it's main event time! To the parking lot we go!

The broadcast gracefully transitions to the arena parking lot. It looks like something straight out of a Streets of Rage video game, as cars are parked in circular fashion around one large sport utility vehicle. The night's darkness makes it near impossible to see anything beyond the ring of cars. Referee Mark Shields and announcer Darren Quimbey step into view as there's a sparse crowd of fans kept at bay by barricades and the circle of cars itself.

Darren Quimbey:

Tonight's main event is an unsanctioned PARKING LOT CARJITSU MATCH!

Lance:

If this is unsanctioned, what is Mark Shields doing there?

DDK:

That's the least of our worries, Lance. I'm still trying to figure out what carjitsu is.

Lance:

Just sit back and relax, Darren! It's going to be fun!

The roar from within the arena can be heard as Mark Shields begins checking over the vehicle for some reason.

Darren Quimbey:

Both competitors will enter the car and secure their seatbelts. Once the referee blows his whistle, the fight will commence and anything will be legal. A winner will be determined by forcing their opponent to submit or to lose consciousness.

Cyrus Bates walks out from the arena, hoisting a large boom box on his broad shoulders. He looks like he's ready to breakdance as he pulls down his shades and hits the play button.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, he is the FLAKE OF DEFIANCE, HE IS MALAK CASSIDY!

Malak walks out of the arena to a smattering of boos. He's got a mouth guard in and soft wrestling headgear on. He's wearing a ripped black Pat Cassidy tank top, blue shorts and his arms are taped from his forearms to his wrists. In the spirit of competition, Bates uses the boombox to switch over the song.

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

Inside the arena, the fans let loose at Pat Cassidy's theme song. Cassidy himself, dressed in jeans and a Boston Red Sox hoodie, walks into frame - his face devoid of expression. He doesn't do anything other than stare at Malak and sniff his nose aggressively.

DDK:

If you saw Uncut, you heard just how much rage is boiling in those Boston veins. Truth be told, I'm a little concerned about what Pat might do here.

Lance:

I'm a little concerned about the opposite, Darren. Pat is still visibly injured and our FIST of DEFIANCE is not! I'm worried his anger has caused him to bite off a little more than he can chew.

Both men stand, staring each other down with only Mark Shields between them.

Mark Shields:

Touch gloves and have a good fight!

Mark, trying his best to be a badass boxing official for some reason, spouts off some useless garbage neither man listens to. They stare each other down. Cassidy removes his hoodie... he does so with some difficulty as a result of his injured arm.

Malak Cassidy:

This is going to be my easiest viral video ever. You okay, bud?

Malak points and then pokes and prods at Cassidy's sling.

Malak Cassidy:

I can't wait to destroy your ass just like I did your sister's.

Oddly, the completely uncalled for remark does not make Pat flinch at all.

Malak Cassidy:

Listen, I will go easy on you. I am so confident I will pound you into oblivion that if by some miracle you are able to beat me, I'll give you a shot at my championship at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Pat's eyebrows perk up at hearing that offer being lazily thrown out there, whether Malak meant to commit to it or not. Mark maintains his ready stance between the wrestlers.

DDK:

Did you hear that, Lance!? Malak just said if he loses this unsanctioned match, he will grant Pat a title shot at the pay-per-view!

Mark Shields:

We flipped a coin backstage and Malak won so he gets to choose what seat he wants to enter the vehicle in. Malak, the choice is yours. Select with bravery.

Smirking, Malak looks at the SUV. He points.

Malak Cassidy:

I'll take the driver seat.

Some people in the live crowd ooh and awe at the choice.

DDK:

Is that good?

Lance tries his best to educate his partner and the television audience at home despite not quite knowing himself.

Lance:

If I'm correct, apparently selecting to start in the driver's seat is widely considered to be the position of disadvantage in traditional carjitsu however, for this instance, I think having a steering wheel in front of him might work well as protection for the champion.

Mark Shields:

Malak has chosen the driver side! Pat, that means you must start the fight from the passenger side! Proceed with grace, gentlemen!

Malak heads over to the driver's side door and apprises Pat of things while they walk.

Malak Cassidy:

Gee whiz, Pattery. So much to unpack here in such a short time before we embark on this epic fight. I was thinking of sporting a new nickname seeing how my last name is now the same as yours. I was thinking of going with BiG Cass. Sounds good? I know it's never been used before.

Emotion-wise, Cassidy gives him nothing.

Malak Cassidy:

Hmmmm. We're in lovely Glen Falls, New York tonight. Too bad we couldn't have met just a few hours east, in Bar Harbor, Maine for some lobster and laughs. Instead, we have to fight each other in a car like bums struggling for views on social media. Am I right? Haha.

Pat walks over to the passenger door. They each enter the car and strap their seatbelts in. Malak puts both hands on the steering wheel. Pat can only put his one free arm on the dashboard in front of him. His other arm still remains in the sling.

Malak Cassidy:

So sad for you, Patty Cakes, that your arm has a boo boo. Can't believe you agreed to this match. I'm going to pummel you into next week.

Mark Shields circles the outside of the car like a piranha. He glances down at his watch, inserts the whistle dangling around his neck into his mouth and blows a mighty blow.

WHISTLE!**DDK:**

Here we go!

Malak takes his time looking over at Pat. He can't contain his laughter. Malak undoes his seatbelt and turns towards Pat.

Malak Cassidy:

The match has started, Patsy Poo and it looks like you are not going to like what is about to happen. Here, let me help you with that.

The champion reaches over and undoes Pat's seatbelt for him.

Malak Cassidy:

There. Now it will be a "fair" fight.

Malak looks at his opponent. Pat sits there. Arm in a sling. Like a cold and calculated individual, Pat slowly turns to Malak.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey, guy. My shoe is untied. Seeing my arm is in a sling right hea, can you tie it back up fah me? Little tough for me.

Malak shrugs, feeling no threat towards him whatsoever.

Malak Cassidy:

Sure, I can do that for my big brother in law.

Malak reaches down and ties Pat's shoe real quick. With Malak's head out of sight, Cassidy swiftly removes his arm from the sling!!

DDK:

Wait... wait!

When Malak rises, he is met with a seething “brother in law” who looks ready to pounce.

Malak Cassidy:

What’s with the look on your face?

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd inside the arena begins to lose their minds as everyone but Malak has noticed Pat’s no longer wearing the arm brace.

Malak Cassidy:

Wh-why do you have that look on your face, Patty Muffin?

Cassidy holds up and flexes his brace-less arm.

DDK:

If looks could kill! Look at how pale Malak’s face has become! It’s like he’s seen a ghost!

If hearts could sink into colon’s, Malak’s would have shot out of his bowel faster than anyone being axe murdered in a horror film.

Malak Cassidy:

Gulp. Y-your boo boo. It’s gone.

Pat Cassidy:Thanks for unbuckling me, **brothah**.

Without further hesitation, Pat Cassidy slashes Malak across the face with a vicious forearm shot. The back of the champion’s head slams against the driver side door!

Lance:

PAT CASSIDY WAS PLAYING POSSUM! HE’S HEALED! AND HE WAITED UNTIL THEY WERE LOCKED IN THE CAR TO REVEAL IT TO MALAK!

DDK:

I bet Malak regrets unbuckling Pat now!

Malak frantically pulls at the door lever, trying to escape while a nice shiner on his cheek is already appearing. Pat relishes the moment before climbing over the center console and pummeling the Keyboard King into oblivion with a flurry of right hands that make a sickening SMACK sound against Malak’s bare flesh.

Lance:

The fans are losing their minds! Pat is getting retribution for the hell Malak unleashed on his family!

Noticing Pat is healthy and absolutely destroying Malak in the cramped front seat, Cyrus frantically approaches the outside of the vehicle. He begins pounding on the window... when from off camera appears a gaggle of three large men! Together, they pounce on Cyrus and wrestle him to the ground!!

Lance:

That’s... those are Pat’s brothers!! We saw them at the wedding!!

DDK:

Oh man... this payback is a family affair!!

In rushes some other Comments Section members in Thurston Hunter and Game Boy but their momentum is seized almost immediately by **BROCK NEWBLUDD!**

Wielding a fire extinguisher, Milwaukee's Beast pulls the trigger and blasts both men. Coughing and blinded, Hunter and Game Boy stumble out of the fog towards Brock. Rearing back, Newbludd cracks both men in the head with the extinguisher's tank, dropping them to the concrete.

Lance:

Any and all help Malak could have ever asked for has been neutralized!

Kicking and screaming for an iota of space, Malak desperately covers up but Pat is relentless. Cassidy grabs the champion and drags him into the second row of bench seating. The Saturday Night Special wastes no time, wrapping a seatbelt around Malak's swollen face. Cassidy twists and pulls the belt as tight as his grip will allow. Malak's face turns pale, then red, then a light shade of blue while Cassidy looks out with the cold stare of a killer.

DDK:

Pat's going to KILL Malak!

Cassidy thrusts Malak's head into the arm rest, then into the sunroof and lastly, he throws him up front, nailing the inside of the front windshield! Cracks form on the glass panes upon impact.

Lance:

Is Pat going too far?

DDK:

I don't think too far is a thing at this point, Lance. Malak literally married and unmarried Pat's sister faster than you can get an oil change for crying out loud!

Mark Shields looks on like a lost puppy. Not sure if he should UNLOCK the car or not, seeing he has the KEYS in his hands. Cassidy grabs Malak's head and drives it with a thud into the car window, apparently trying to put him THROUGH it. Malak pastes his face against the sliding door window and pleads with Mark to do something.

Malak Cassidy:

MARK! UNLOCK THE CAR! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

Mark just shrugs his shoulders.

Mark Shields:

Yeah, no. I see how pissed Pat is right now and I don't want him to decapitate me too.

Malak Cassidy:

UNLOCK THE FREAKING CAR OR YOU WON'T GET PAID!

Pat Cassidy:

SHIELDS... you open this cah and I'm gonna pahk my fist in your ass!!

Wanting nothing to do with it, Mark shuffles backwards. He points the fob remote at the car and regrettably hits the unlock button but nothing happens. Spooked, Shields shrieks, tosses the keys and runs off into the night.

DDK:

It didn't unlock!

Lance:

There must be no batteries in the key fob!

Malak Cassidy:

NO! NOOOOOOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yelling for his life, he can't help but watch Pat Cassidy continually strike his defenseless body. Like a crazed lunatic, Pat begins heating the car's cigarette lighter by pushing it in. Absolutely freaked out and probably soiling himself, Malak cowers in a corner of the car. Cassidy stops beating on him for just a second.

Malak Cassidy:

GET AWAY FROM ME! I DID NOTHING TO YOU!

Pat Cassidy:

NOTHING!? NOTHING!? YOU MOTHAFUCKAH, YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID. YOU DID THIS ON PURPOSE. AND NOW...

Before he finishes, the lighter springs up, signaling it's hot and ready. Cassidy reaches over and grabs it, holding it up.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm gonna do this ohn purpose, too.

Lighter in hand, Cassidy suddenly dives toward Malak - aiming the burning end toward Malak's face!!! The FIST puts the blocks up but can't hold Pat's menacing aggression off for long.

DDK:

PAT'S GOING FOR MALAK'S EYE WITH THAT CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

Malak turns at just the last second so the lighter does not make direct contact with his exposed right eye and instead, the searing hot plug lands just above, on his eyebrow. Using one hand to hold the back of Malak's head, Pat drives the heated end into Malak's flesh.

Malak Cassidy:

AAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MY EYE!

Malak grabs at his eye and convulses in unthinkable pain.

Lance:

An eye for an eye or just about.

Pat sits back and watches the redness bleed from Malak's cupped hands over his face.

Malak Cassidy:

YOU BURNED ME!!!!!!

Losing his mind in the most panic-filled way possible, Malak kicks and screams but still, somehow, Pat is able to get in close and crush Malak with unprotected right hands.

Pat Cassidy:

YOU!

RIGHT HAND!

Pat Cassidy:

STAY!

RIGHT HAND!

Pat Cassidy:
THE FUCK!

RIGHT HAND!

Pat Cassidy:
AWAY!

RIGHT HAND!

Pat Cassidy:
FROM MY FAMILY!!!!

RIGHT HAND!

DDK:
I think this has to stop! This has to be over! Pat has proven a huge point here but if he's not stopped- I-I don't know.

Pat delivers shot after shot after shot until FINALLY DEFsec accompanied by police officers storm the scene. They try the key fob but it is indeed out of battery. Officers unhinge their collapsable batons and begin smashing the door handles. They eventually find a way into the vehicle and begin pulling Pat from Malak.

DDK:
THE POLICE ARE PULLING PAT FROM THE CAR!

Lance:
Malak looks like he's out cold! THIS MATCH IS OVER!

As the police pull Pat from the car... in his rage, he turns and begins to attack the POLICE!! Obviously, Glen Fall's finest respond in kind... and then Cassidy's brothers join the fray!! It's now a Cassidy Family versus Police brawl!!! Meanwhile, a shaken Darren Quimbey takes a peek inside the car, even though he doesn't want to.

Darren Quimbey:
FAITHFUL, THE WINNER IS PAT CASSIDY! MALAK CASSIDY IS INCAPACITATED!

Darren lowers his microphone.

Darren Quimbey:
I think we need DEFmed here STAT! Malak is hurt.

Absolute chaos unfolds as the police organize to try to subdue the crazed Cassidy family. One of the officers gets Pat's brother Donny down, but Pat shoulder checks the policeman out of the frame. As the battle rages, an ambulance suddenly comes roaring onsite. Paramedics flood the scene as utter chaos spreads. The police use a taser on Pat's brother Colm. Malak is out cold in the car due to shock as blood runs down his face.

Lance:
It didn't look like that cigarette lighter made contact with his skin for long but dear lord did Pat attack Malak fiercely tonight.

DDK:
With this win, Pat punches his ticket to ACTS for a shot at the FIST or the FLAKE or whatever Malak wants to call it.

DDK:

That is if he isn't spending the next three months in jail! And if Malak can even compete! In the champions terms, there certainly is LOTS to unpack here!

Suddenly, the camera jostles. Somehow, Pat has gotten free as the police are dealing with his brothers and he has commandeered the handheld camera. He turns it and focuses it on Malak's face, still in the car. The FIST of DEFIANCE is covered in blood and bruises. A burn above his eye. His eyes open, but they appear to be staring at nothing. The most we hear from him is a barely audible groan. Cassidy turns the camera back so that his face fills the lens.

Pat Cassidy:

Remember what I did to this piece of [BLEEP] hea tonight.

DDK:

My God... seeing what Pat's done here tonight, it can only make you imagine what he will do in the ring to Malak for the title.

Lance:

If Malak can even get cleared to compete for that match! Or if Pat is let out of jail! Who knows what's going to happen!

With Cassidy still holding the camera up to his face, he is grabbed from behind by three police officers. The camera falls, smashing to the ground and causing a line of distortion to run through the shot. Now, the shot is sideways as Pat is wrestled to the ground. His head meets pavement as an officer sits on top of him while another locks The Scrapper from Southie's hands in a pair of handcuffs. Pat's face is directly in front of the camera and the smile never leaves Cassidy's face. Even though he is in the process of being arrested and his lip is bleeding from being brought down to the ground, he continues to smile toward the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm just gettin' stah-ted.

Sudden cut to black.

And then a graphic...

***FIST OF DEFIANCE
MALAK CASSIDY (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY
ACTS.
OF.
DEFIANCE.***

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.