

SHOW OPEN

["DEFY" by Of Mice & Men](#)

Cheyenne, Wyoming welcomes DEFIANCE as the Cheyenne Ice and Events Center is hyped for DEFtv 210!

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!

GARLAND COUNTRY

I BROUGHT THE ONLY SIGN

SIGNS ARE SO LAST ARC

N WYOMING WEE R ILLITORITE

ANYBODY GOT AN INVITE TO DR. SATO'S HALLOWEEN PARTY?

HIGH STILL BELIEVE

SAY NO TO NIGEL

I LOVE MALAK

BUTCH VIC WITH THE MIC DROP (NO, I NEED ANOTHER CAN IF IM GONNA KEEP CHEERING MALAK)

WHY YAO MING

I FORGOT WHEN THE SHOW WAS

HERE FOR THE LADS

GUYS, IF WE HOLD UP TOO MANY SIGNS, A THOUSAND PEOPLE WON'T SEE THE ACTION

I KNEW I BROUGHT A MARKER AND POSTERBOARD FOR A REASON

CYRUS IS A MASTER. YOU GET IT.

REESES PIECES > ROLOS

LOL YANKEES

MERRY ME MALAK

CHEYENNE OR NOWHERE

THIS IS THE BEST PLACE ON EARTH

ONLY LOSERS HATE THE MIDWEST

PMDs: PUBLIC MALAK DEFENDERS

MY SIGN GOT CUT O—

An even bigger pop. Wow, okay.

Malak Garland:

I purposely got this DEFtv scheduled right here in the center of the universe, my luscious hometown of CHEYENNE, WYOMING–

BIG POP!

Malak Garland:

Right after I crushed Pat Cassidy's skull, retired his ass, divorced his sister, retained my belt, got this cool new scar above my eye and became the baddest champion in company history because I KNEW this place would be [EXPLETIVE] LiT!!!

They are losing their minds.

Malak Garland:

In reality, you know, THE REAL REALITY and not the fake one everyone else seems to live in but the real one dictates that I am INDEED THE GOOD GUY!

The fans can't disagree. They cheer even louder.

Malak Garland:

I've done it all. I've beaten everyone to retain my belt as champion. This reign has now officially gained some weight to it.

DDK:

Side note for the television audience tuned in at home, Malak has not beaten everyone. That's fake news!

Malak Garland:

And seeing that I am the hero and I slayed every challenger, this means I will now usher in a new era of epicness that has never been seen before. I know it's easy for all you people here tonight to cheer me. I get it. It's not lost on me that we're in Wyoming but let me get this straight. Without a doubt, I am the good guy and, therefore, by the start of next year, I guarantee that WHEREVER I go, I will be cheered. The other towns will soon not have a choice in the matter but to provide their unwavering support TO ME!

RRRAAAHHH!

Malak Garland:

For I am the representative of the very best of this company. I am no longer the Malak Mirage. I am the Malak Mystique!

Lance:

Buzz word central over here. What else is new?

Malak Garland:

I can't wait for all the fans around the globe to start cheering and chanting my name for I am he. He is me.

MALAK! MALAK! MALAK!

MALAK! MALAK! MALAK!

MALAK! MALAK! MALAK!

Garland basks in the moment before continuing.

Malak Garland:

This is why I came out here alone, tonight. To prove that I got here on my own and, therefore, I deserve to take all the

credit. I am the singular best entity DEFIANCE has ever seen. The single best. Full stop. Lots to unpack with that statement because after I walked out of ACTS of DEFIANCE as champion, I had many people come up to me and ask what was next. You want to know the answer I gave them? I said to them that nothing was next because I've done it all! I am still the champion! It's time to rest on my laurels!

A "rest on your laurels" *clap-clap, clap-clap-clap* chant naturally breaks out, followed by a "you deserve it" chant. Malak wipes the glint away from his tear ducts.

Malak Garland:

You fans are the greatest. Thank you. I can't believe what we've kicked off here tonight and what will surely carry on with future events DEFIANCE holds. Everyone will cheer me. Slam dunk. Guarantee.

Garland shoots a wink over to his large family gathering ringside.

Malak Garland:

So seeing that I'm a champion without a challenger and that I've done it all, I feel like I've earned THE RIGHT to sit here and take pot shots at a locker room that, quite frankly, is full of sucky babies not including myself.

Lance:

Who is he kidding!?

Malak Garland:

Like, okay, I don't want to ruffle any feathers when I say this but I've noticed how soft the roster has become. Let's name some random trash panda clowns like Dan Ryan, Rezin, Corvo Alpha, MP1, Ed White, heck, even the Fuse Bros can't hold a candle to my frostiness. They are all titty tip nip sucklers!

DDK:

Two things real quick. Firstly, Malak just named some pretty heavy hitters in that bunch. Former champions at that and secondly, even if the roster *was* soft, which it isn't, I don't think it would be ideal for Malak to shine a light on something like that during his title reign. Reflects poorly on him!

Lance:

He doesn't care, Darren. Look at him. The fame has gone straight to his head! He thinks he is an enlightened chakra spirit!

Malak Garland:

So I don't think I'll have a challenger waiting for me in the near future and that's okay! I think I might take this cycle off anyways. I could use a break, HOWEVER, if by some miracle a singular foe awaits me at the end of the "road," you can make damn well sure that I will DEFY and overcome them. After all, I have the capacity to *ruminate* freely on anything now that I'm the longest reigning personal bonafide champion.

DDK:

What does that even mean?

Malak lowers the microphone and can't believe the crowd is still backing him. He's loving it.

Malak Garland:

Who wants to see me get enhanced!?

RAHHHHHHHHH!

Malak Garland:

Mark Shields! I'm feeling frisky! Get down here IMMEDIATELY! Favored Saints, send me a lob ball so I can unpack on them in front of my hometown crowd! Give me a bump champ RIGHT NOW!

Mark looks visibly shaken.

Mark Shields:

Malak, Malak!

Mark is out of breath as he pants. He needs a cigarette.

Mark Shields:

I'm not late. Shit no. I was on time for once but I was just held back by one of the executive members of the Favored Saints.

He stops to get a breath.

Malak Garland:

And? Hock tuah, spit it out. My rizz be draining.

Mark Shields:

Well, champ, they, they said you can have your match tonight but it's going to be for the FIST!

DDK:

The FIST is on the line!?

A gasp rifles through the arena.

Mark Shields:

And and and, they didn't take kindly to what you just said, specifically you calling out the entire locker room so they told me to tell you and everyone else here tonight that if you happen to retain your belt, you'll be competing in a first ever RUMINATION CHAMBER match at DEF ROAD that will feature MULTIPLE competitors! EIGHT TOTAL, TO BE EXACT! I- I tried to stop them but they blackmailed me with cocaine! I was defenseless!

DDK:

I HIGHLY doubt that.

Malak's eyes grow wider than the big sky of Wyoming during a sinfully beautiful summer's day.

Lance:

A FIST MATCH RIGHT NOW! A RUMINATION CHAMBER MATCH AT DEFIANCE ROAD!? I don't even know what that is but Malak is reaping what he sows!

DDK:

IT WON'T BE A SINGULAR CHALLENGE NEXT UP FOR MALAK. IT'S GOING TO BE THE WHOLE ENTIRE LOT OF PRO WRESTLERS COMING AFTER HIS BELT NEXT!

Mark disengages from Malak who stands there comatose, belt over his shoulder and microphone in hand. Mark puts his palms to the sky like he's not at fault for any of it before calling for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

THE MATCH IS UNDERWAY!

Lance:

Fitting to see the Crescent City Kid, from New Orleans, where DEFIANCE was born and raised and would be cheered heavily back home, in the only possible location where the current FIST and FLAKE would be supported...

Everyone holds their breath as they watch the belt and microphone go flying from Malak's body as CCK hits an incredible driveby shin shot to the exposed face of the champion!

Lance:

GARLAND IS DOWN! GARLAND IS DOWN!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mark Shields rises to feet, throwing his arm over to the timekeeper's table and at the last minute, holds up two fingers. The electricity in the building is unreal.

DDK:

Shock and awe is running through this building and I don't mean from the SNS!

Lance:

Was that three!? Did CCK just win the FIST of DEFIANCE!?

A double feature replay shows Malak lifting a shoulder off the canvas at the last possible moment. Mark Shields also pulls his arm from hitting the mat for a third time no more than a fraction of an inch from the canvas.

DDK:

No, Malak kicked out at two! I can't believe what's going on! Malak starts the show out with a king's reception, says he needs a break and then not only gets into this match for the FIST but also the Favored Saints have announced some sort of multiman battle for the title at DEFROAD!

Lance:

Not just any multiman match, a RUMINATION CHAMBER! I can't wait for details!

Enraged but also disoriented, Malak gets to his feet and pushes CCK away. The New Orleans fury rushes the champ but is met with a clothesline! Garland tosses CCK with a fallaway slam and then runs his challenger over with a pair of I TRIGGERS! Malak covers, blatantly snatching the tights in front of Mark Shields who still looks extremely worried.

Malak Garland:

GET DOWN AND COUNT! I AM GRABBING THESE TIGHTS BECAUSE YOU OWE ME THAT MUCH FOR RUINING MY HOMECOMING!

Mark makes no bones about it and sinks to his knees.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's over.

Malak pushes off CCK, gets his hand raised by Mark Shields quickly and retrieves his belt from the arena floor before sliding back into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL FIST of DEFIANCE, MALAK GARLAND!

The champion feels all sorts of ways but mostly betrayed by his personal referee despite being a mere messenger. Garland spits some choice words to the way of Mark Shields before heading to the ropes to make an exit.

BIZARRO WORLD CONTINUES

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

DDK:

Hold on a second!

The Cheyenne Faithful boo mercilessly as Malak Garland relocates to the center of the ring for safety purposes.

Lance:

It's the ACE of DEFIANCE.

Tyler Fuse appears and immediately marches to the ring, ACE in his left hand and staring down the FIST of DEFIANCE with a stone cold glare. Malak, who's back inside the squared circle, tries to hide in plain view but obviously that's not possible.

Fuse rolls under the bottom rope, pops up and stands directly in front of Malak as his theme dies down but the boos do not.

The OG Player smirks. He reveals a mic in his back pocket but gives Garland a heavy look over before raising the mic to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

It's Halloween, Garland.

Another look over. Another smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

And I see you came dressed as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED].

The Faithful are shocked, providing a strong *OHHHHH* in response. Malak, on the other hand, staggers back two steps and looks like he's going to piss himself. Literally. He's clutching his crotch.

Fuse finds it entertaining. He looks down at his ACE, over to Malak's FIST... and then pie faces Malak, who takes another step backwards.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Another pie face.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry, Garland. I'm not going to hurt you... yet. I just wanna talk, man-to-toddler.

By now, Tyler has physically imposed his will and walked Malak into a corner of the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

First order of business, the parameters around the ACE of DEFIANCE. I have to call my shot "beforehand", so that's what I'm doing. You're not going to DEFIANCE Road as the champion yet.

Fuse peers into the crowd.

Tyler Fuse:

Wednesday. December 18th. Vegas. Sphere. Malak Garland vs. Tyler Fuse for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

WOW.

Lance:

There ya go.

Tyler Fuse:

I've been waiting for this moment ever since you "ended" the Fuse Bros. at DEFCON 2021.

Fuse looks at the custom FLAKE title, then back at Malak.

Tyler Fuse:

But I wanted to give you some time... watch your confidence grow. Victories over Newbludd and Cassidy will do that to anyone, they are solid competition. As much as I feel I don't like those two guys, they're future FISTS as well.

Tyler winks.

Tyler Fuse:

On your first DEFtv as champion you wanted to run away because this was too much pressure... and now you're claiming you want to be the FACE of DEFIANCE?

The crowd cheers, they love the idea!

Tyler Fuse:

Malak, there's NOTHING you can do to me. I've got no sister to marry, no girlfriend to steal... but if you wanna take my wife, you can have her, if you want.

DDK:

Wait... what?

Tyler Fuse:

I don't care. Neither does she. Two kids, though. They'd come along for the ride...

DDK:

This is disgusting.

Lance:

I doubt Tyler means any of this, Keebs. He's toying with Malak.

Tyler Fuse:

The bottom line here, bud, is there's **nothing** you can do, other than know the end is near.

Tyler drops the ACE to the canvas, so he can bring his free hand up to Garland's head and tussle his hair sarcastically. Malak is at Tyler's mercy, quivering with anxiety.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to promise you something and I want you to listen to me, loud and clear. When I am done with you... when I am HONESTLY done with you, Garland... and this goes WELL beyond just taking the FIST from you... when I am OFFICIALLY god damn done with you, bud, I'm going to make your dreams come true!

Fuse removes his hand from Malak's head. For a second there, it looks like the champion is buying into what Tyler is saying. His dreams will come true! Yeah. Yeah! YEAH, Malak's cool with that-

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to give you what you want. This reaction right here, Malak...

Fuse points to the champion and the Wyoming Faithful cheer.

Tyler Fuse:

It's going to be the response EVERYWHERE. YOU. GO.

Malak sinks into the corner while Tyler grins ear -to-ear.

Tyler Fuse:

You really want to 'be the hero'? Be careful what you wish for... that's going to be A LOT of pressure, bro. You're going to have a full mental breakdown, be committed and NEVER be seen again. When I'm done with Malak Garland, fans all over this world will be siding with YOU, because nobody in DEFIANCE is as clever as I am!

Fuse nods as he thinks things through.

Tyler Fuse:

LOOK AT JACK HARMEN, I ended his career! It took twenty-five years for someone to put the legend down BUT I GOD DAMN DID. Flying Frenchie? I have the bloody beret in my suitcase, I bring it everywhere. YOU couldn't end him. Nobody in fWo could. *I*, however, DID.

Fuse gives his comments room to breathe.

Tyler Fuse:

Mil Vueltas. After I beat him, he's a totally different guy.

Fuse starts picking away at Malak's hair.

Tyler Fuse:

For the past two years, everything I've touched changes. And make no mistake, Mikey Unlikely, Jesse Kendrix and Gage Blackwood, there are receipts waiting for those cucks, too. Right now, though, I'm dealing with YOU...

Malak continues to shake.

Tyler Fuse:

So enjoy your day, enjoy your time. Hope you don't piss yourself...

Too late.

Tyler laughs hysterically. And then pie faces Garland.

Pie faces him again.

Again.

Four times.

Five.

The crowd continues to boo.

Tyler drops the mic, picks up his ACE and rolls out of the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

Have a good one.

Malak Garland closes his eyes, a complete wreck in the ring as the cameras switch between him and Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

We've got a lot to digest here, Lance.

Lance:

Absolutely. I mean, I don't want to question Tyler at his word, I like it a lot better than Malak's. Tyler has a better track record but what in god's name is Tyler going to do to Malak Garland that will make EVERYONE want to cheer The Snowflake Superstar?

DDK:

Especially after what Malak did to Brock, Pat, his sister, and so many others...

Lance:

I doubt any fans other than the ones here, in his hometown, would support Garland.

DDK:

If you listen close enough, you can hear people boo Malak inside this arena, too.

Lance:

Probably drove up from Denver.

DDK:

Exactly.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025

*FIST of DEFIANCE
RUMINATION CHAMBER
participants to be announced*

SCOTTISH WARFARE

We cut over to Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sitting behind the commentating station.

DDK:

So as we move on here, we've got some exciting new- wait a tick.

Keebler listens to someone in his earpiece for a moment.

DDK:

Folks, I'm told we've got something particularly violent developing backstage.

Lance:

Do we have cameras back there, anybody in production, come on. There we go.

As we cut away from the commentary booth and shift to the handheld backstage camera clamoring upon the scene, we're immediately greeted with a chair whizzing right past the cameraman's head. As the camera focuses on the mob, we see most of it. Wyatt Bronson and his DEF security team are all trying desperately to hold back one man we're collectively unsurprised is the central catalyst of this wild locker room disruption.

With veins popping out of his neck and spittle flying from under his bushy handlebar mustache the Bombastic Bronson Box finds himself in a familiar position.

Bronson Box:

WHERE IS HE?! WHERE IS THE LITTLE REPROBATE?!

He pushes against the many pairs of hands trying to hold him back from storming any further down the hallway. He full on punches several guys and lands a sickening headbutt across another's nose, blood immediately pouring both from the man's nose and a small contusion on Box's forehead. His wild bloodshot brown eyes are wide as dinner plates as he scans his surroundings like some sort of predator hunting prey in a jungle somewhere.

Bronson Box:

I'LL KILL THE LITTLE BASTARD ALL OVER AGAIN! GET OFF ME, YOU BLOODY PRICKS!

It's about this moment we see an exhausted looking Angus Skaaland just an arms length from the fray doing his best to shout to his client over the din.

Angus Skaaland:

Boxy, baby, PLEASE calm the fuck down, bud!

He shakes his head, talking quietly to himself now.

Angus Skaaland:

Eric Dane, this maniac... what's wrong with me? Am I a magnet for sociopaths?

His internal train of thought is lost as he JUST ducks under another piece of thrown furniture.

Angus Skaaland:

HEY, GOD DAMNIT! WOULD YOU GORRAM CHILL?! FUCK!

The intensity and volume of the scene are instantly reduced to nil as a single voice cuts through the packed hallway like a knife.

"OYE, BALLBAG!"

Gage Blackwood stands with his arms crossed over his chest and a cheeky smile on his face.

Gage Blackwood:

You lookin' for me, partner?

The two Scotsmens eyes meet and that's pretty much it. Gage wastes zero time launching himself at the writhing pile of humanity getting enough distance on his jump to land almost in Bronson Box's arms. The two men tear into each other not with fists but fingernails and goddamn teeth. They both without hesitation go directly for the jugular. Wyatt and his DEF security teams are joined by referees Brian Slater, Benny Doyle, Hector Navarro and Carla Ferrari in trying desperately to break these two bloodthirsty titans apart before they kill one another.

Frothing at the mouth and held back by Skaaland and at least four or five others Boxer hollers down the hallway like some sort of crazed beast as they drag him away.

Bronson Box:

YOU AIN'T CAYLE! YOU AIN'T ANDY! YOU'RE A GRAINY COPY OF A COPY OF SOMETHIN' SPECIAL, YA' UNORIGINAL PRICK! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU IT AIN'T GONNA' BE SOME BLOODY STARMAKIN' MOMENT, SUNSHINE! IT'S GONNA' BE A FOOKIN' MURDER!

The rest of the mob stands arms outstretched holding Gage back. They do so less furiously but with no less intensity as Gage looks primed and ready to take yet another flying leap over the crowd to lock horns with his one time former tag team partner once again.

Gage Blackwood:

YE' KNEW TIS WAS COMIN'!!!!

As the two men are slowly pulled in opposite directions down the hallway we cut back to Darren and Lance out at the commentation station.

Lance:

Jesus.

DDK:

I haven't seen The Wargod that unhinged in years, partner.

Lance:

He mentioned the Murray brothers there. For newer fans not in the know Andy and especially his younger brother Cayle Murray were two of Bronson's longest tenured and bloodiest adversaries dating back to their days on the British indie scene at the onset of their careers.

DDK:

A feud that rolled over into their time here in DEF... Boxer's blood feud and ultimate loss to Cayle in a now classic no holds barred no ropes match, some say defined Bronson's career. Even in loss he wears that feud, that memory, that loss like a badge of honor.

Lance:

Seems like he looks at Gage as some sort of living "insult" to that memory.

DDK:

God knows what the Original DEFIANT is cooking up for Gage on the DEFroad, partner.

Lance:

Scottish Warfare 2.0, commence!

DDK:

Something like that.

DR. AYUMI SATO'S HALLOWEEN BASH!

Suddenly, DEFtv gives way to static, until we find ourselves standing in front of a well in grayscale.

An unsettling, cacophonous din fills the air, as various “glitches” occur, changing the scenery temporarily. Then... a figure slowly rises from the well.

A feminine figure, draped only in a long white dress, long tresses of black covering her entire front, including her face. She slowly climbs out of the well, until she now stands in front of it, smoldering in anger and fright.

Then... she slowly walks towards us. We start to feel like we've seen this before. You haven't been watching any cursed video tapes lately, have you?

Closer. Closer. Before long, she stands directly in front of us, her long black hair the only thing on our screens, as it slightly rustles. A low growl fills the air... then, her hair parts, revealing a familiar, evil face...

...or should I say... EVIL~!

“GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!”

With a cackle and a grin, the scary onryo reveals herself to be none other than DEFIANCE's resident Mad Science Queen herself, Dr. Ayumi Sato!

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...oh, goodness, the door...

She hurriedly power-walks to the door of her mobile backstage laboratory and dramatically pushes it open, calling out to the throng of costumed DEFIANTs all gathered and waiting.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

GREETINGS, TREASURED GUESTS!!! Dr. Ayumi Sato's Halloween Bash... HAS BEGUN!

The throng of DEFIANTs all hoot and holler, making their way in through the standalone door into Dr. Sato's mobile lab, outfitted for tonight's festivities. Gliding into the shot is an oddly smiling Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Wearing a weathered brown fedora and matching corduroy blazer, the martini glass in his hand looks somewhat out of place. Beaming, he greets the hostess with a reverent bow, his beady gray eyes never leaving her, studying her.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Good evening, fair doctor! I do not believe we've shared the pleasure.

He plants a dry pair of leathery lips on the top of her right hand, a kiss such as it is. The scientist visibly cringes, and a pair of costumed partygoers seemingly rush into frame, only to be held back with Dr. Sato's free arm.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush of Fannyshire. But please. Do call me Nigel.

The Atomic Punks stand behind their manager; Fission, dressed as Astro Boy, all the way down to those two funky cowlicks, visibly seethes, while Gigaton, in a wrestling singlet and bald cap, looking like Strong Mad, hold him by the shoulders to keep him from running loose.

Gigaton:

WAIT. FISSION.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...charmed.

She says this with a very obvious tint of displeasure in her voice, as Nigel coolly saunters away.

Nicky Synz is dressed as Alice Cooper and looks up at The Gulf Coast Connection with Wingman Titus Campbell, Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid all dressed up in Mardi Gras jester hats and masks.

Nicky Synz:

Guys, get a load of Nigel going as Nigel. Original!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, well, I must admit I only just heard about these festivities. Hence, my blatant lack of costumery. I do hope you'll forgive this transgression. You must understand... me only just having returned to DEFIANCE... you can't blame a man such as myself for wanting to know what passed as a MONSTER these days.

Standing in one corner appears to be Travis Bickle of *Taxi Driver* fame...

Then the camera pans closer and it is in fact, Butcher Victorious!

Standing next to him is Punch Drunk Purcell of The Lads, dressed up as King Hippo from Mike Tyson's Punch-Out, complete with dark purple boxing shorts, boots, a crown and two bandages in a "X" around his belly-button.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

He then takes a drink of punch -- presumably spiked. Then hands the cup over to Punchy.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC IS READY TO GET LIT!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

That makes two of us, guy.

Punchy and Butcher both take drinks and finish off the cups in quick fashion.

Butcher Victorious:

YEAHHHHH Smooth... speaking of... you and Dex killed it at Acts.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Thanks. It was nice to send the Blood Diamonds crying back home. Ed's pissin' his Pampers thinking twice before he comes at us again.

Fission, in his Astro Boy get up, smiles at the Lads and chuckles.

Fission:

It's a good feeling, isn't it? Especially when it involves humiliating ol' Big Kookalamanza like we did at MAXDEF.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh, yeah, seeing you put him and Katze in their places was a hoot! Hey... where's Dex?

The Brick Hithouse finishes his drink.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Said he was working on his costume? I kept telling him he better be here. We got the night off tonight and I think we're gonna enjoy it. Figure out what's next for us as a team.

No sooner does Punchy finish his sentence when the doors burst open to reveal "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy dressed

up as Chris Farley from "Tommy Boy"! He is wearing a blue and yellow striped shirt with a short coat over his large body.

Dex Joy:

BIGGEST BOY IN LITTLE COAT! BIGGEST BOY IN LITTLE COAT!

The room save Nigel Tricklebush erupts with laughter!

Dex Joy:

WHERE'S THE FOOD? DEXY WANT WINGY!

Punchy and Dex jump and bump chests together.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Over there! Let's go!

The camera follows Dex and Punch over to the catering table, where a man wearing a mask of injured DEFIANCE star Jack Harmen stands, scarfing down sandwiches. Dex does a double take but the man just places a finger over his mouth, pointing to the free food. Dex nods.

Behind Dex, the door opens once more... and a man pokes his head in. Oddly, this man doesn't appear to be wearing a costume. He appears, in fact, to be your standard middle-class white dude: khaki pants, polo shirt, haircut you could set your watch by. There's something oddly familiar about him but nobody can quite put their finger on it. He does a dorky little wave before stepping fully into the room.

???:

Hello. Is this the party?

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

NO MERE PARTY, MY FRIEND- A BASH!

The ghost-doctor's response is naturally bombastic in comparison to this newest guest, which almost seems to blow him backwards a step. The man nods. He grins. He holds out his hand toward Sato.

???:

That's swell. Nice to meet ya. The name's Fred - Fred Novick.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Fred Novi...

The realization sinks in, as Dr. Sato parts her very long Sadako wig to look at our latest guest in dumbstruck surprise.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...no way.

MP1 vs. MASON LUCK

DDK:

Welcome back to the action, friends! We've got another exciting contest lined up!

Lance:

Let's go to the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

The disapproval of the masses is palpable as the music begins. A low slow fog creeps out of the entranceway and, just behind it, three figures cut through the dense mist.

Leading them way is a statuesque harpy, her silver hair gleaming like her silver slip dress. It shimmers like her eyes and shines like her lips. Behind her walks a masked malcontent, head hung low, frustrated gaze averted. He pauses beside Madame Melton at the stage's apex just as a smaller old man wearing a beaten brown fedora and matching corduroy jacket appears at his side. The old man sneers with dark elation at the jeering throng of Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing the Most Precious Gems and accompanied to the ring by MADAME MELTON and LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH...

Quimbey takes a breath, allowing an opportunity for Melton to dramatically wave her arms in the air, as if conducting an orchestra, at the sound of her name. Lord Nigel tips the bent brim of his cap.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the MASKED MARVEL of DEFIANCE... He is their MOST PRECIOUS ONE – **MP1!!!**

Melton coos in Tricklebush's ear and he offers a nod, eventually taking a seat on an ornate wooden chair planted on the interview stage. He watches with interest, eyes measuring the crowd from time to time.

Meanwhile, Melton leads MP1 down the aisle. He follows, hands balled into tight fists and head down. Every muscle in his frame seems tense.

DDK:

MP1, of course, was scheduled to compete against Alpha at ACTS of DEFIANCE and... well... that match did not take place.

Lance:

I can report that, in fact, Corvo Alpha is not in the building tonight.

DDK:

Looks like the recently reinstated Lord Nigel will be watching his newest charge from a distance. Wonder what that's all about?

Lance:

I shudder to even try to understand the workings of Lord Nigel's dark, twisted mind. And yet... I'm scheduled to sit down with Tricklebush, one on one, two weeks from tonight. I admit I'm more than intrigued to hear his thoughts on so many things. A lot has changed since last he was booted from DEF!

DDK:

Don't hold back on him, Lance. Take him to task.

Lance:

I'll ask the questions that need asking.

MP1 paces in the ring, doing his best to ignore all of the hate being heaped on him from the crowd as the lights dim once more.

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

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green lights fill the arena! Walking towards the ring, Mason Luck wears new white trunks with playing card patterns, along with a black vest! Behind him, Max Luck holds up his portion of the Tag Party Six trophy! Lonnie Luck is the last to follow, feeding off the response of the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the Lucky Sevens! Accompanied by Lonnie Luck and Tag Party Six winner Max Luck ... He is "The Maim Event Monster" ... MAAAAAASSOOOOOON LUCCCCCCKKK!!!

DDK:

What a match we are about to see! The rumors were this match was made because Madam Melton was furious that Max Luck and Rowzilla aka The Triple Sevens eliminated JJ Dixon and Nick "Lotto" Otto from the annual competition!

Lance:

MP1 is in a very dangerous place these days, but Mason Luck is seven feet tall and that's not something that can be taught!

Mason Luck steps into the ring where he and MP1 meet in the middle. Outside, a very angry Madam Melton watches Max Luck laugh as he waves the trophy around. Lonnie Luck just looks up to see where Lord Nigel Tricklebush is sitting. The bell rings.

DING DING

The Maim Event Monster wants to maim the Masked Marvel, but Melton's Most Precious 1 evades an early clothesline and he kicks his leg. MP1 kicks the leg a second time and then moves under a big swing from Mason to kick the leg a third time. He tries to shoot the leg on the seven foot Sin City monster, but Mason grabs his waist first and then hurls MP1 across the ring in a big show of strength. Melton can't believe it and even Lord Nigel looks concerned, sitting up straight in his chair.

Lance:

MP1 tried going low on the monster and he got thrown high!

DDK:

Understatement of the year! Now Mason is going after MP1 in the corner.

Mason wraps a hand around the head of MP1 and runs his face right into the top turnbuckle pad. The Most Precious 1 has no idea where he is. Mason holds his hands out and then chops him four separate times right in the chest!

DDK:

Four of a Kind! I'd say he's got a pretty good hand, don't you, Lance?

Lance:

MP1 just found that out first hand!

Melton can't help but look worried by MP1 getting picked up by one arm out of the corner, spun like a roulette wheel and then dropped with a one-armed side walk slam. Mason hooks a leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Melton breathes a little easier knowing that MP1 has survived for the moment, but Mason continues. He swings his hand and gets ready to fight but sees Melton trying to distract the ref. Mason steps by the ropes and tells her to back off.

DDK:

The Lucks had Tom Morrow at their side for years doing the same thing. They know these tricks.

Mason sees MP1 getting up with the ropes. Mason wants to kick the mask off his face with a big boot but MP1 evades the kick and Mason's right leg gets caught over the top rope leaving his left leg wide open to take a chop block from the Most Precious 1!

DDK:

Madam Melton's distraction worked! MP1 finally gets the chance he needed to turn this around on the seven footer!

The Maim Event Monster is hobbling on the knee barely but MP1 finishes the job he started with a drop kick aimed at the same leg. Mason is reeling but a dragon screw finishes the job and with that, Mason has been grounded!

Lance:

MP1 is illustrating his persistent technical acumen. This is a man who started training for fourteen hours a day at the age of sixteen. His determination and doggedness eventually earned him a place in this business when he took on the masks of the Violators and was paired with his "number two", the man we now know as Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

He certainly knows how to target and pick his opponent apart!

-as MP1 starts working on Mason's leg; kicks, elbows & slamming it to the canvas.

Lance:

MP1 broke in as a tag team specialist. While certainly not as decorated as Mason & Max, MP1 has worked to assert himself as more of a singles wrestler since his return to DEFIANCE more than three years ago.

DDK:

It's safe to say he is far from the man he was when he first came back.

The camera finds Lord Nigel on the interview stage, reclined in the wooden chair. An eyebrow is theatrically arched.

Lance:

The same can easily be said for Mason & Max Luck! Think about their growth these last few years! And now with Lonnie in the mix! The future is bright!

MP1 bounds off the ropes and comes down with a knee onto Mason's own knee.

DDK:

...You sure about that?

Gritting his teeth, MP1 wrenches on Mason's leg, dragging the big man to the center of the ring before dropping an elbow on it and applying a tight hold. The crowd revolts as Mason Luck bellows out in discomfort.

Lonnie and Max slap the mat, urging Mason to fight. Across the ring, Melton prowls like a ravenous cat.

Lance:

On his back, Mason Luck doesn't look so tall, does he? If MP1 can keep him off his feet, keep Mason Luck on the canvas, then MP1 just may have a chance to come out on top!

Luck reaches out, stretching his long frame and nearly grabs the bottom rope before MP1 quickly identifies the threat and neutralizes it by releasing the leg lock and dropping a quick elbow across the back of Luck's head.

Frustrated, perhaps with himself, MP1 pulls Luck back to his feet. Luck throws an elbow low to MP1's proverbial breadbasket and MP1 tries to apply a side headlock to retain control.

DDK:

MP1 gets LIFTED in the air!! Luck POWERS him up and OVER!

Lance:

But MP1 lands on his feet, avoiding a monstrous suplex and undoubted disaster!

But Mason GRABS MP1 by the throat! MP1's eyes bulge out of his mask, his hands working woefully to free himself from Luck's grip.

DDK:

Will we see a chokeslam?! OHHH!

Lance:

MP1 JABS a kick at that knee of Mason Luck! Hold broken!

Bouncing off the ropes, then hitting the far set, MP1 chop-blocks the legs right out from under Mason Luck, who goes down in a heap once more.

Immediately, MP1 goes to apply a Figure Four.

Lance:

He once called this hold the Figure 1, Keebs! But look! Look at MP1's own knee brace and how it's ACTUALLY being used! He's got it acting as the fulcrum! He's doing MORE damage than a normal figure four might! That brace is of course legal... but the way he is using it... He is getting away with something there!

Max and Lonnie start slapping the mat once again and the Faithful join in. Glaring at the fans in confusion, MP1 cranes his head around – his focus faltering.

DDK:

LOOK! Mason TURNS IT OVER!! He's reversed the Figure 1!

Screaming in agony, MP1 scratches and claws for the ropes but seems to get nowhere. Melton wheels around the ring, finally getting in his line of sight. All of her beauty seems to fade as she screeches and screams unintelligible words of encouragement. Behind her, in the distance, the camera spots Lord Nigel rising to his feet, no doubt quite bothered by this turn of events.

Lance:

MP1 wants out of this in the worst way! Remember; he has had MULTIPLE surgeries on that knee! I don't know if his

in-ring career can survive another!

Seemingly feeding off of the dissonant pitch and power of Melton's intonation, MP1 fights to reach the bottom rope – and when he does, Melton's manic panic turns into an unhinged delight.

DDK:

Mason Luck, forced to break that reversed Figure Four! You know that had to take a lot out of him! MP1 has targeted that specific lower extremity for the entirety of the match!

Lance:

But these fans, and his family at ringside, have WILLED the man back up to his feet! Listen to this ovation!

Embittered and annoyed, MP1 charges at Luck who SNATCHES MP1 up like a baby and PLANTS him with a COLOSSAL ONE-ARMED SIDEWALK SLAM!!

DDK:

WHEELIN' & DEALIN'! He HIT it!

Lance:

But did you see Mason's leg, Keebs? I think that knee might have buckled under the weight!

DDK:

I think you're right! Both of these men are in pain, both of them are spent! And the Faithful are on their feet!

The camera sweeps the electric crowd slowly, finally coming to a rest at the Interview Stage, where Lord Nigel nervously kneads the fedora with both withered hands. His face is a rancorous scowl, gone is the plastic smile. The mask is off.

DDK:

Finally, some signs of life! Both men stirring! Both men struggling and pushing themselves up!

Luck uses the ropes to help find his footing, gingerly stepping on that wounded leg, shaking it out. Across the ring, MP1 uses the middle turnbuckle pad to help balance himself upright.

In unison, each man turns and charges towards the other–

DDK:

SPIN HEEL KICK BY MASON LUCK!

Lance:

SUITED & BOOTED!

DDK:

Mason crawls! Going for a cover! WAIT!

Lance:

What is she DOING?!

Out of nowhere, Madame Melton is on the apron. In her heels, she climbs onto the bottom rope, leaning into the ring, arms flailing.

DDK:

I think she feels this match slipping away!

As the referee intervenes, urging Melton off the apron and warning her of the consequences of non-compliance,

Mason gets up, visibly annoyed at Melton's intrusion. He takes a step towards her-

DDK:

ROLL-UP! WHAT?!

Lance:

MP1's got him!

Melton is quick to point this out to the referee who slides into position.

DDK:

MP1 has a foot on the ropes! For leverage!

One!

Two!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

MP1 just *stole* that win!

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

DDK:

Mason Luck is HEATED! And here come Lonnie & Max! As MP1 dips out of the ring before his arm can even be raised and is already half up the aisle with Melton! Can you believe this?!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... **MP1!!!**

The Luck's are incensed in the ring. Halfway up the ramp, Melton pauses to blow a histrionic kiss in the Triple Sevens direction. MP1 never looks over his shoulder back to the ring but does pause long enough to wait for a beaming and proud Lord Nigel to meet him at the top of the ramp. Together, the trio leave through the curtain.

In the ring, Lonnie checks in on Mason, showing some concern for his leg, while Max is perched on the second turnbuckle, stern eyes staring towards the curtain.

Lance:

I'm shocked to see MP1 bend the rules as he did... but I suppose, at this point, that makes me a fool.

DDK:

He seems frustrated. Bitter. Enough of that can change a man... and that's WITHOUT the foul influence of Melton and Trickelbush.

Lance:

How about that Madame Melton?! She may have just woken a sleeping giant... or two!

DDK:

Great point, Lance. Don't go away, folks! "The GLOAT" Mil Vultas is in action after the break!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



DR. AYUMI SATO'S HALLOWEEN BASH CONTINUED!

And that's when it falls into place for the party goes and likely the viewing audience: this whitebread man is in fact Count Novick. Dex eyes him up and down.

Dex Joy:

Novick...? Is that... you...?

Fred Novick:

Novick, yes. Fred Novick. Perfectly normal man Fred Novick. Regular meat and potatoes, know what I mean? I heard there was a little shindig and I thought, shucks - I'm always down for some fun. Why do you ask, pal?

Silence while the room just stares. Fred Novick gives Dex a hearty pat on the back and extends his hand.

Fred Novick:

Pet 'er there!

Amused, Dex takes it and they shake. Butch Vic, in his Taxi Driver garb, sidles up to Fred.

Butch Vic:

Butch Vic... IS THINKING QUICK! So "Fred"... what would you say if I...

Vic holds up a single finger.

Butch Vic:

...cut my finger? If it started... bleeding?

Fred furrows his brow.

Fred Novick:

I'd say you should get a bandaid on that fella as quick as possible. I don't have any but I'm sure somewhere we can...

Butch Vic:

What if BUTCH VIC chopped his whole finger off? Blood spewing everywhere? Turning this whole room red?? Would Butch Vic... MAKE YOU SICK?

Novick frowns - clearly, he's unamused and borderline offended by this line of thinking.

Fred Novick:

Body mutilation is nothing to joke about, Mr. Vic, and I'll thank you not to bring it up again.

Vic is even more amused as Fred Novick turns... and now he faces Jack Harmen, still sitting and eating... but this time, Harmen is opening a box that is clearly labeled: Garlic Wings. Novick draws back and his eyes go wide.

Fred Novick:

Say, friends... I think I might have left the minivan running. Be back in a jiff! Tootles!!

And Novick books it out the door as quickly as he can. The man in the Harmen mask throws a wing at him as he exits. Harmen offers a wing over to Butcher, who shrugs him off. Butcher also takes flight.

Butcher Victorious:

Nice to drop by, but gotta go. I gotta go show Titaness what I do to bullies. Peace, all.

He gets a few goodbyes as he bails. And speaking of Acts...

Walking into the party now just as Butcher exits is the man that cheated to defeat him at the PPV... none other than "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas. Dressed to compete in his ring gear later tonight against Jun Izuchi, the man wearing gold-and-silver sparkling mask, tights and an immaculately white fur coat, he eyes the party when he runs into Nicky Synz.

Nicky Synz:

Hey... who are you supposed to be?

Mil Vuelas:

The GLOAT. I'm in mask, but I don't do Halloween, cabron. The Greatest Luchador of All Time is all I need to be.

Bursting into the picture, comes the other memes of El Escuadron. DLJ, dressed as a quarterback with eye black and a burgundy and gold lettermans jacket, DLJ runs in and literally SPIKES his football into a punch bowl, splashing Nicky and the Gulf Coast Connection.

DLJ:

YAHTZEE! THAT'S BASKETBALL, ASSBUTTS!

Gigaton:

THE PUNCH. IS ALREADY. SPIKED. DUMBASS.

Next to him, Dr. Sato, visibly annoyed with the long Sadako wing hanging in her face, takes it off, revealing her actualface and her natural dark pixie-cut.

Behind DLJ are BRAZEN Women's Champion Bonita en Rosa I and II, dressed as lucha cheerleaders.

Bonita en Rosa I:

MIL ES MUY IMPORTANTE Y MUY CALIENTE!

DLJ:

That's right! Hot AND important! TWO things most of you guys aren't!

Bonita en Rosa II:

Si!

Nicky Synz:

Hey, why don't you go do this somewhere else, huh?

Mil looks back and smirks at the rest of El Escuadron... then KICKS Nicky in the kneecap! Nicky crumbles to the ground! Theodore Cain and Wingman Titus Campbell go to check on him while Mil smirks under his mask.

Mil Vuelas:

Besa mi culo.

The rest of the "Squad" laugh, but before Mil can do anything else, along comes DEFIANCE's favorite cowboy, Jun Izuchi doing his best impression of Doc Brown's western attire circa Back To The Future 3.

Jun Izuchi:

Hey! The hell's the matter with you. You looking for a fight or something?

Mil Vuelas:

You know what...? Quiero una pelea. I do want one, cowboy.

Jun stands in between Nicky and company.

Jun Izuchi:

Go talk to management and I'll see your ass out there tonight.

Mil, DLJ and the Lucha Lovelies all exchange glances.

Mil Vueltas:

Hecho. Vamos.

Mil leaves while DLJ stares down at a man who he used to be "Familia" with for a brief time.

DLJ:

I can't believe I used to call you a "cousin."

Jun scoffs as the foursome leave the party just as quickly as they arrived.

Dex Joy just watches them leave, as the Jack Harmen mask wearing individual walks up. He extends a garlic wing to Dex, and then tries to awkwardly shove it into Dex's mouth before Joy pushes him off and walks off to get his own.

Attention is quickly diverted as bursting into the room is the D, sans costume. Klein echoes behind, his box having been quickly decorated with candy corns. The D looks wild, livid even.

The D:

Did anyone see two assholes with three letter names run through here? GC Universe? No. DAMNIT! Klein, c'mon. You know I love a good party...

The D looks around at this gathering, shakes his head, and rushes out of the room down the hall, shouting. Klein meekly waves at the party goers, and doesn't seem entirely excited to follow the D. The man wearing a Jack Harmen mask walks up to Klein, picks off a piece of candy corn from his box and eats it. Klein just does a double take, but shrugs. Klein reluctantly follows the D, the echoing shouts of "HELLO UNIVERSE, WHERE ARE YOU UNIVERSE?!" guiding his path.

The camera pulls away to the trio of the Atomic Punks and Dr. Sato, looking on in confusion. Fission shrugs and takes a pull of his mojito, as Gigaton softly chuckles.

QUALITY QUANDARY

Backstage we go as the narrow corridors aren't friendly to much foot traffic. It's a small venue, after all. The locker room door to Malak Garland swings open for a fleeting moment, enabling Cyrus Bates and Thurston Hunter to exit. Bates has a red face as it looks like he was just scolded to all hell for some reason. He huffs and puffs with concern as his hands find his hips.

Thurston Hunter:

Hey man, hey. So uh, want to talk about what just happened in there? That was pretty rough, my bro.

Thurston Hunter looks flustered in his own right. He can't stop running his street-fought fingers through his hair. Bates catches his breath as he gets the shakes under control.

Cyrus Bates:

I am holding back tears, Thursty.

Hunter, mad in his own right, attempts to kick the thin air but misses and nearly trips over his own two feet. Gathering himself, Hunter places a compassionate hand on Bates' broad shoulder.

Thurston Hunter:

Listen to me. Let me comfort you, big guy. You're absolutely doing a great job and what Malak said in there, about how his marriage failing was your fault and your fault only is simply untrue but hey, look, we all make mistakes even if it was your fault! It really doesn't matter. What matters is that you redeem yourself to get back into Malak's good graces which I know you have it within you to do. I believe in you, bro. Your relationship with Malak spans the longest amount of time out of anyone. You got this and I know EXACTLY how to do this.

Hunter disengages contact and moves directly in front of a weeping Cyrus Bates.

Thurston Hunter:

Let's focus on just one thing. Quality.

It's like a lightbulb turned on. Slowly but steadily, Cyrus lifts his face. With each inch gained it is as if a small amount of pride and joy enters into his body until he is standing tall with his chest puffed out.

Cyrus Bates:

Say it again.

Thurston looks perplexed.

Thurston Hunter:

Quality?

Bates gulps more air into his chest.

Cyrus Bates:

Again.

Thurston Hunter:

Quality.

Cyrus Bates:

SHOUT IT THIS TIME!!!

Thurston Hunter:

QUALITY!!!

Their voices are extra loud thanks to the small hallways. Bates slaps Hunter across the back but not in an attacking way. Nay, this was a loving pat on the back even though it causes Hunter to cough uncontrollably for a few moments.

Thurston Hunter:

You like it, yeah? Picture this, YOU are Malak's quality control checker. Heck, a Quality Control Officer is you. Make note of how Malak has a gaping hole in his arsenal right now, especially since he put two other Comments Section members on the shelf with impregnation. Now I know that there's never really been someone to check the quality of things before but everyone knows Teresa was the one who ran a tight ship. But with her gone, someone needs to step up and that someone is none other than you, big guy. As long as you take it upon yourself and vow to go around checking things, making sure everything lines up perfectly for Malak, you will be back in his good graces in no time.

Bates plants his fingers to his chin in deep contemplation. His furrowed brow tells the story.

Cyrus Bates:

Hmmmmmm. That's crazy enough it might just work! YOU'RE A GENIUS! I can be checking the quality of everything for Malak. A vetter. Heck, it doesn't even have to stop at checking things but I can quality assure opponents to, or potential ones. I like this direction. Let's do it.

Bates nods his head emphatically.

Cyrus Bates:

That's it. It's decided. I am officially a Quality Control Officer.

With that, Thurston Hunter smiles widely. Cyrus Bates' cheeks are no longer flush. They have a plan. A grand one and shit guy, shit, watching it unfold will undoubtedly be fun.

MIL VUELTAS vs. JUN IZUCHI

DDK:

Acts of DEFIANCE was a really good night for Mil Vuelas, finally breaking his losing streak on Pay-per-view to win his match against Butcher Victorious, with help from his "squad" DLJ, and BRAZEN stars Bonita en Rosa I and II... aka, El Escuadron.

Lance:

And to follow that, the El Escuadron tandem of DLJ and Bonita en Rosa II had a great showing for themselves last week at Tag Party VI, making it to the finals of the A Block, coming up short to Seattle's Best of Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama. Since joining the GC Universe with OSCAR BURNS, you can question their methods, but not their overall success.

DDK:

Up next in action, "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas looks to keep the GC Universe's momentum going when he takes on "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi! This match was made just a little bit ago when El Esucadron crashed Dr. Sato's Halloween party and Mil started throwing his weight around by attacking Nicky Synz.

Lance:

We saw Jun Izuchi step up to defend him, so now we've got this match. While Jun Izuchi has size on Mil Vuelas, Vuelas not only has speed on his side, but where he goes, he's got his "Squad" with him now. Let's get right to the action!

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso, and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 260 pounds... **"THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!**

The Wyoming Faithful gives a nice reception to The Texan Dragon, now wearing his regualr gear instead of his Doc Brown Back to the Future 3 costume. as he heads to the ring. He points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the nearby post. When his music cuts out, the music cuts as Sonny Silver walks out from the stage. He smirks to The Faithful.

Sonny Silver:

The GC Universe have been taking over DEFIANCE since OSCAR BURNS brought his vision to life! And in spite of this arena's inferior infrastructure not allowing my client and YOUR GLOAT to have his proper SUV limo introduction... we made do. Tonight... representing the GC Universe... he is the FASTEST Man in the GC Universe! Accompanied by his Escuadron... DLJ, BRAZEN Women's Champion Bonita en Rosa I and Bonita en Rosa II... please stand up, welcome, then make way so we can leave this place as quick as possible... Wyoming can bite my ass....

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

"THE GREATEST LUCHADOR OF ALL TIME AKA THE GLOAT"... MIL VUELTAS!

♪ "Get Money" by Akon feat. Anuel AA ♪

The curtains part in the packed and cozy arena, with a throne on wheels being pushed through the ramp by DLJ, wearing what has become his signature burgundy-colored suit and gold chain. Sitting on top of said throne... an arrogant and cocky Mil Vuelas, wearing gold and silver mask, pants, and an immaculate white fur coat! Once the throne comes to a stop, DLJ walks around to high-five Mil, then pushes the throne back through the curtain. Mil holds

out his arms for Bonita en Rosa I y II to each take an arm and walk together towards the ring. Once they reach it, Mil leaps up to the ring apron, then jumps into the ring to land on the middle rope. He places a fist against his forehead, then points up to the heavens before backflipping off the middle rope. Jun Izuchi doesn't look pleased by this gaudy entrance. In spite of the size difference, Mil is still full of swagger as he sheds his fur coat and hands it to Bonita I.

DING DING

DDK:

This match is definitely going to be speed versus power, but Mil also has his Escuadron outside the ring to help him, just like they did against Butcher.

Lance:

Butcher would have had that match won, had it not been for DLJ and the Lucha Lovelies!

The second the bell rings, Jun runs towards Mil with an early lariat attempt, but Mil ducks and then does a front flip to land on his feet arrogantly to jeers. The Texan Dragon turns around runs again, but Mil hits the ropes at a breakneck pace. He speeds around Jun's back and runs the adjacent ropes, then suddenly shifts to the left and slides out of the ring! He walks over towards Bonita I and gives the BRAZEN Women's Champion a kiss before smirking and then high-fiving DLJ and Bonita II.

DDK:

Mil trying to get under Jun's skin. Jun's been doing this for a few years and he's gotta be careful not to play The GLOAT's games.

Vueltas tries to climb back inside the ring, but when Jun approaches him, Mil backflips off the apron and lands on his feet to applause from El Escuadron! He takes a bow towards them, then goes to high-five Sonny. Jun is starting to get annoyed.

Lance:

What a transformation that Mil Vueltas has undergone in the past few months. I hate that it's helped his career for the better, but at what cost?

Mil climbs on the apron with Jun ready to attack again, but this time, The GLOAT slides under the ropes and between Izuchi's legs! He gets back on his feet and then zips towards the ropes. When Jun comes back, Mil CRACKS him on the dome with a rolling wheel kick! The blow doesn't knock The Texan Cowboy off his feet completely, but he does stagger back into the corner. Mil charges at him in the corner and connects with a fast running dropkick next! Mil kips back up to his feet with a staggered Izuchi in the corner.

DDK:

Goodness! Look at the speed on these kicks! He's been working on his striking with Sonny Silver as well.

After El Intocable gets back to his feet, he throws a number of kicks to the leg of The Texan Dragon to try and chop down the big man. Mil then plants a BIG chop right into the center of Jun's chest and grins. Jun angrily glares at Mil, but then Vueltas lets him have it with a SLAP across the face! The Texan Dragon is reeling as Mil reaches through the ropes to high-five every member of El Escuadron...

Lance:

What is Mil thinking by doing this? Don't turn your back on an opponent larger than you!

DDK:

Just disrespectful!

But when he turns around, Mil gets CHECKED with a running leaping shoulder block! Mil goes spinning through the air and crashes out of the ring while the Wyoming Faithful cheer him on!

DDK:

And The GLOAT just paid for that disrespect!

Mil is suffering out on the floor right now with DLJ and Bonita II watching and Bonita I trying to fan him off with a towel. They all back up when they see Izuchi coming, leaning to Mil sliding back into the ring carefully. Jun stares down DLJ but Danny yells back.

DLJ:

You were a LOUSY Cousin, Jun!

Harkening back to when both men were members of Titanes Famiila, Jun points at him.

Jun Izuchi:

Back the hell off, boy.

But when Jun turns around, Mil CRASHES into him with a somersault version of Super Rapido through the ropes!

DDK:

Good GRIEF! Mil Vueltas just wiped out the big man! I think I've seen bullets that are fired with less speed than that!

Once Mil recovers from the dive, a disoriented Jun tries to stand and Mil pushes him back into the ring. Mil leaps inside and hits a slingshot senton across the chest of The Texan Dragon, then rolls to his feet. He chops Izuchi down with a sliding dropkick then goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Izuchi kicks out at the last second!

DDK:

Kickout by Izuchi! Mil has just not given him any openings for too long!

Mil grabs the arm of Izuchi and then tries to work it over into a fujiwara armbar. Vueltas cranks back on the arm, but Izuchi fights towards the ropes. The Wyoming Faithful cheer on The Texan Cowboy as he crawls... crawls some more... and makes it to the ropes! Mil hangs on to the arm until referee Rex Knox counts to four before he lets go!

DDK:

Izuchi makes the ropes, but can he do anything to counter Mil's speed?

Lance:

Mil Vueltas and El Escuadron haven't made it easy, but this may be his chance.

Izuchi favors the left arm, but Mil stays on him and plants a few round kicks into his chest. He backs up and tries for a tornado kick, but Izuchi ducks! When Vueltas turns around, he gets CLOCKED by a back elbow strike from Jun!

DDK:

Here we go! Can Izuchi follow up? This may be his best chance yet!

DLJ and the Lucha Lovelies show concern for The GLOAT as Izuchi grabs Mil and WHACKS him with a short arm clothesline! He hangs onto the arm and pulls him up for a second one, then nails him again. Not letting the speedster go, Izuchi continues his wrist control of Mil's arm and pulls him up again. He pulls him up right into a standing spinebuster!

DDK:

Smart thinking by Izuchi to not whip Mil anywhere and just hang on to deliver High Noon by DLJ! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out, frustrating Izuchi further.

Lance:

I'd have to call this an upset if he had scored the three! That flurry of short arm clothesline and that spinebuster still turned the tide!

Hearing The Faithful want the upset, Izuchi grabs Mil and places him on his shoulder looking for The Texas, Tokyo Stampede! The Texan Dragon speeds towards the corner intent to drive The GLOAT into it, but he does his best bar of soap impression and gives him the slip, sending Izuchi chest-first into the corner! Izuchi staggers back and Mil grabs his waist, then TAKES HIM OVER with a snap release German suplex! The Faithful can't believe it, but El Escuadron.

Lance:

Goodness! Those muscles of Mil Vueltas aren't just for show, are they?!

With Izuchi holding the back of his head, Mil hits the ropes and ROCKS him in the temple with a running bicycle knee strike! The Faithful JEER as Mil finds his footing, then heads to the corner. He climbs to the top rope, then hits a top rope moonsault directly into a HUGE diving double foot stomp called GLOATED!

DDK:

GLOATED! That moonsault double foot stomp is a thing of beauty!

Mil hooks both of Izuchi's legs and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Get Money" by Akon feat. Anuel AA ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTAS!**

After the three-count, Mil Vueltas holds a hand out, ready to be raised. Rex starts to take it when Sonny Silver brushes by him so he can do it. DLJ, Bonita I and II all cheer Mil for a successful job done as Jun is helped outside the ring.

Lance:

Mil Vueltas continues his win streak tonight singles action... but wait, looks like Sonny's not done!

DDK:

Oh, joy. Whatever did we do to deserve this?

Mil holds his hands out to allow Bonita I y II to put his fur coat back on after his win. He arrogantly smirks as Sonny motions for the music to fade. Once it does, he addresses the jeering Faithful.

Sonny Silver:

First order of business... OSCAR BURNS sends his regards to two people. The first, is to you, the OSCAR BURNS Faithful. He wishes he could be here tonight, but he's STILL recovering from his post-Acts of DEFIANCE victory celebration. To also be blunt... he wouldn't dare waste one of his contractually obligated dates in... pfft, Wyoming.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil and DLJ laugh behind him along with Bonita I y II.

Sonny Silver:

Second order of business... OSCAR also sends his overdue regards to a fellow Vae Victis comrade-in-arms. He's had a lot on his plate with people trying to steal his spot lately, but he doesn't foresee that being an issue any more. He's been keeping an eye on things since he came back a couple months ago. Kerry Kuroyama... OSCAR says hello and wants to catch up soon, friend.

Another former Vae Victis member, DLJ, smiles at the thought... but Mil seems less enthused behind him. Sonny doesn't notice, but when he puts an arm around The GLOAT, Mil grins again.

Sonny Silver:

And to the business at hand... What Mil Vueltas did in this ring was just another example of what the GC Universe can do for you! We reshape careers! We help people unlock their true potential! We help people get to where they need to go! And in the case of what OSCAR BURNS did to Elise Ares at ACTS of DEFIANCE... we put down the competition when they disrespect us!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

You people boo me, but how soon you forget history... Elise started this by ATTACKING OSCAR BURNS when she wasn't even on his radar. Let me repeat: She. Attacked. HIM. She came out here, crying her little heart out, pissing, moaning and bitching about being ignored, being as good as OSCAR, being a top name and wanting to be the FIST by next year or she'd take her ball and go home. She's come close... REAL close several times, but when she had the biggest match of her career at Acts of DEFIANCE and she came face to face with greatness... greatness nearly broke her in half and beat her so bad, nobody's heard from her! No excuses. No help from us. He just DID IT.

The booing persists but Sonny isn't done.

Sonny Silver:

And I've also been instructed to tell you now that OSCAR BURNS has moved on from Elise Ares, another lucky young punk is going to get the chance to come face-to-face with The Center of the GC Universe itself! Another unlucky victim looking to get famous will get a chance to step up just to lose to OSC...

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

Sonny and the GC Universe turn their attention toward the ramp as the D storms out from the back, microphone in hand. Klein is backing him shortly after, holding a metallic film clapperboard. The D taps once on the mic and raises it.

The D:

CUT IT! CUT MY MUSIC!

The music quickly dies down as the Faithful's cheers swell. Klein happily waves as Sonny looks on concerned.

The D:

I accept! THE D. OSCAR TURDS. ONE ON ONE. BOOK IT! You racist metoo dodging foul-mouthed bigoted silver haired asshole! You and your bullshit universe took away my leading lady, and I'll be damned if ANYONE but THE D will be the one to put Oscar Burns into the mortuary. How in the SAM hell is Sonny Silver, employable in 2024? Only in the GLOBAL catastrophe of YOUR universe.

Klein holds up the clapperboard. Written on it is "Yes Lindz. He said GLOBAL."

The D:

I don't know who you are (pointing to DLJ). And you? I thought you had CLASS... Minute Seconds Hours... whatever you call yourself now, congrats on the win. You did that yourself, you know that, right? You don't need these, pendejos. Whatever, you've always been the stupid one. You all didn't realize what you've brought. See, I joined DEFIANCE for Elise. Her success is all I need. Now that she's gone... I have NOTHING to lose without her...

There's a moment, where the Faithful are almost silence. The D sniffs once into the mic.

The D:

So. I will TEAR your multiverse apart worse than MARVEL did, if it's the VERY last thing I do.

Klein narrows his eyes to the D's Favoured Saints Championship around his waist. Even Sonny takes notice and smiles, looking over to DLJ. The D doesn't seem to notice the queue as he stands there, DEFIANTly.

Sonny Silver:

Oh, D... better wrestlers than you have tried to take down OSCAR. I already talked about what happened to Elise.

He brings the microphone to Mil.

Mil Vueltas:

Si... POOF. Finito. Gone.

Back to Sonny, who then reaches up to put an arm over the giant DLJ's shoulders.

Sonny Silver:

And everyone knows this blue chipper; you just don't know ANYONE that exists outside of Elise Ares' coattails. But I do know YOU, D. I know what you've done. Decorated tag team champion in DEFIANCE. The current holder of the Favoured Saints Championship. Your very first singles title in DEFIANCE after all these years of success in tag teams. And you know what else I know, D?

He looks up to DLJ.

Sonny Silver:

I know someone who wants to hold his first singles championship in DEFIANCE. So how about this... In two weeks, you put that title on the line against the six-foot seven, two-hundred seventy-pound Brightest Star of the GC Universe right here next to me! You somehow retain your title against DLJ in two weeks, then I'll sign off on OSCAR's behalf that you get the Center of the GC Universe one-on-one.

No delay in The D's response at all.

The D:

Fine, I'll face your tiny child. But when I win, I don't get an Oscar, I get THE OSCAR. And no no, it's not gonna be any ol' wrestling match. Nah son, it's a God damn STREET FIGHT. Do we have a deal, GCs?

Before Sonny can respond, DLJ wants the microphone. Sonny turns it over to The Front Runner.

DLJ:

Mi hermano, Mil here... he held that Favoured Saints Championship! OSCAR BURNS held that title and became

FAVOURED SAINTS after he already was DEFIANCE... I think that's in all caps, too, right?

Sonny gives him a thumbs up.

DLJ:

Yeah! And if I want to follow in their footsteps, I want that gold, too... So you know what, you little assbutt? You're on! You might not just be a D. You might be THE D... but I'm D-L-J! And with good old Danny Math, that makes ME three letters better than you! In two weeks, D-L-J becomes D-L-J-F-S-C! And T-B-H in this F-I-T, I A-T-E! That's like... that's a LOT of letters better than you! Where was I... oh, yeah, GIMME THAT BELT!

Mil Vueltas:

Si, hermano! Get 'em!

The GLOAT jumps up to high-five DLJ. The D smiles in return.

The D:

Good. But we can't wait.

The D and Klein sprint toward ringside. Sonny, DLJ, Mil and the Bonita's flee, as the D tries to strike at Sonny with Klein's metallic clapperboard. The GC Universe gloat as they regroup outside. The D huffing and puffing inside as Klein tries to calm him down.

DDK:

Well it's official! The D will defend his Favoured Saints Championship against Dan Leo James. If the D is successful, not only will he reach four defenses, but he will then have the right to challenge Oscar Burns to a street fight!

Lance:

With how things went for Elise, I'm not sure that was the wisest decision Darren.

DDK:

Sometimes, the heart wants what the heart wants.

Lance:

And sometimes, you think with your D.

DDK:

Either way, The D vs. Dan Leo James for the Favoured Saints Championship at DEFtv 211! That'll be a big match, and we'll have to see if DLJ is ready!

Lance:

Oscar won't expect anything less!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

THIS IS WAR

Burst of static.

A deep singing voice...

“THIS IS WAAAAR!”

♪ “War” by Peyton Parrish ♪

Amongst the static, short bursts of images that we can just barely make out...

Men storming a beech...

Swords hitting shields...

A sword stuck in the ground...

A wolf howling...

Finally, a unique and rather Celtic-looking golden symbol: a triple pointed shape in an elegant ring...

And then nothing.

HERE WE ARE

The scene switches backstage where Conor Fuse enters a locker room, finding Dan Ryan at the far end, going through his belongings. Fuse stands at the front of the entrance way, takes a moment to look around and nods.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man.

Ryan looks up, gives a slight nod, and goes back into his wrestling bag. However, it looks as though Conor intends to say more... but doesn't. He's simply standing there, attempting to find words.

The legendary Ryan doesn't need to look up to know exactly what Conor is trying to do.

Dan Ryan:

You can spit it out anytime now...

Despite the polite, albeit to-the-point manner of Ryan's voice, it catches Conor off guard. Fuse takes a small step backwards rather literally and also figuratively, becoming even more tongue tied.

Dan Ryan:

I'm waiting. Your brother had more to say.

Referencing Tyler's verbal lashing towards Malak Garland at the start of this DEFTv, Conor continues to stand there, blinks a couple of times and then mercilessly knocks it out of his head.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sorry.

Ryan continues to shuffle through his bag. Meanwhile, Conor is about to go on a full blown ramble.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sorry we lost the Tag Team Championships and I'm cool if you wanna call this whole thing off I mean I don't wanna you're like the legendary killer and I think we are gonna do great things together we could even win the Tag Titles another time and maybe the SOHER and FIST and who knows the sky is the limit now that Vae Victis are bye-bye you need someone in your corner and I will be that guy because that's the kinda guy I am always loyal and in my pal's corner and I really should stop talking now right because I am making a fool of myself?

The whole time Ryan never looks up. Finally, with the room quiet, Ryan can't help but smirk. He glances towards Conor and nods his head yes.

Dan Ryan:

If run-on sentences were an Olympic sport, you'd be Michael Phelps, do you know that? Don't let Lindsay ever hear you talking like that. Her head would just straight up explode. Christ. Little bits of curly hair all over the walls... It's okay, Conor. I mean, look, I fucking hate losing. I spent most of my career pulling cheap dirty little bullshit like they pulled to keep the belts. It happens. There'll be other days.

Fuse nods uncontrollably as relief crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, great. Pretty sure Lindsay has heard me speak like this, though. I think that's why she hates me now, LOL.

Awkward pause.

Conor Fuse: [trying to slow down]

Anyway, neither of us are booked tonight but we got some promotional material to shoot. I told the Favored Saints we

would do it and then maybe you and I can look into pending plans for DEFIANCE Road. It's in Edinburgh, Scotland, you see, which is Gage Blackwood's home [starting to speed up again] but I wrestled there with my brother for like a year before DEFIANCE and that's where we met Gage and wow man I need to stop talking again, eh?

Conor merely finds a spot at his end of the locker room, tosses his lime green back down, unzips it and starts looking through.

A few moments pass, but then Dan's voice breaks the silence, surprising Conor.

Dan Ryan:

Conor...

Conor looks over, not quite sure what to expect.

Dan Ryan:

You're a multiple time World Champion, man. You won some of those in the most inhospitable environment possible, with every bit of one man's ego working against you at every turn. I believe in you, man. But if you don't start believing in yourself... who else will? Take a breath, and then let's go take care of business, alright? Relax. It's gonna be fine.

Conor stares at Dan. He tilts his head.

Conor Fuse:

Fair. It's just that when it comes to DEFIANCE, I haven't felt like I've reached the top or the real potential I have, ya know?

Fuse thinks about Ryan's comments further.

Conor Fuse:

But there's time. I believe in me. You believe in me. I believe in you. You believe in you-

The gamer looks at his gear.

Conor Fuse:

Enough talking.

Fuse digs into his bag, pulls out his lime green wrestling tights and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

SHINY GOLD AND DIRTY LOADS

The nearly 1,500 people jammed inside the Cheyenne Ice and Events Center have the energy of 15,000 as DEFtv continues to roll along. The DEFtron suddenly comes to life, and all eyes turn to the giant screen as it comes into focus to show **"Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd** leaning against a wall backstage.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

One hand in a pocket and the other holding his phone up to his ear, Newbludd smirks at the muffled female voice on the other end of the line.

Brock Newbludd:

Margot, I could give two shits what Mort has going on in the mornin'. You tell him Mr. Newbludd is stayin' the night again, and he's gonna have to sleep with the horses in the barn. C'mon, babe, do we really have to go through this with him again?

The muffled voice, seemingly belonging to Brock's ex-lover Margot Garland, is quiet for a second before responding to him. Brock rolls his eyes again.

Brock Newbludd:

We tried the closet. Mort made shit real weird, real fast. Horse barn or nothing, babe.

Another second passes, and Margot responds with an agreeable tone.

Brock Newbludd:

You're the best. Make sure he's all settled in before I get there because I plan on rolling in wearing nothin' but the Southern Heritage championship around my waist.

Margot's muffled response takes a slightly seductive tone, and Brock's grin grows bigger.

Brock Newbludd:

That's right, just the belt I'm about to take from Ned Reform and that's it.

Mrs. Garland wants to learn more.

Brock Newbludd:

Picture this. First, I ring the doorbell, and you come to greet me at the door in your sexiest flannel nightgown. Second, I will hand you my dirty laundry bag, and you'll invite me inside.

Christie Zane suddenly appears further down the hallway behind Brock, and she immediately heads toward him, microphone in hand. Unaware of the backstage interviewer closing in, he continues laying his scenario down to Malak's mom.

Brock Newbludd:

Third, and most importantly, you throw a load of your man's dirty clothes into the washer. Then, you head upstairs and meet me in Malak's room where I proceed to throw a load--

Zane reaches Brock and taps him on the shoulder, startling him and causing him to drop his phone. Looking over his shoulder to see Zane smiling at him, Newbludd gives her a mocking smile back and snatches his phone up. He holds a finger up to Zane as he puts it back to his ear.

Brock Newbludd:

Babe, I gotta go. You go tell Mort to get his ass to the barn because the new Southern Heritage Champion is coming over and he's gonna be ready to party.

Newbludd hangs up on Margot, stuffs his phone in his pocket, and looks at Zane.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh hey, Zane. I appreciate you sneaking up on me like that. I was talkin' to Malak's mom about tonight. Lemme guess, you'd like to hear my thoughts before I go out there and take Ned's belt, right?

Zane raises an eyebrow and shrugs her shoulders, unsure how to answer.

Christie Zane:

Well, I mean...yes?

With a smirk, Milwaukee's Beast gently lifts Zane's microphone closer to him.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna give it to ya straight from the heart, Zane, no bullshit. The honest-to-god truth is I've grown to love Wyoming over this last year. Every time I come here, I have a REALLY good time, and I ALWAYS leave satisfied!

The Cheyenne Faithful cheer in appreciation of Brock's words and he smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

And let me tell ya, I think it's a damn shame that these people have to hang their heads in shame because their hometown champion is a complete dipshit! Well, Christie Zane, that ends tonight! Because tonight, I'm gonna go out there and do whatever it takes to beat Reform and give these fans a champion they be goddamn proud of!

Brock grabs the mic from Zane and looks into the camera with a wild look in his eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

That sound good to everyone!?

The Faithful inside the arena let out another thunderous cheer and Brock nods his head approvingly.

Brock Newbludd:

It's going down tonight, Cheyenne! Now, lemme hear ya! I want you to scream loud enough for Mort Garland to hear out on the ranch! Get your ass outta my room, Mort!

The fired-up Newbludd takes a deep breath for dramatic effect and lets it rip.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLYY!!!

The Faithful:

HOO!!!

Brock underhand tosses the mic back to Zane and flashes one final grin to the camera before walking off.

Christie Zane:

Well, there you have it guys! I have a feeling tonight's main event is going to be a good one! Back to you!

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

♪ “Beethoven’s Fifth” by Cole Rolland ♪

When the feed returns to the arena, Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens are in the ring, pacing impatiently.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, standing in the ring, at a combined weight of nearly eight-hundred pounds... representing the Honor Society, please welcome TA HORRIGAN and TA OWENS... WEIGHTED GRADE!!

DDK:

Strong words we just heard from Brock Newbludd just moments ago, but right now, ladies and gentlemen, we’re keeping the action going on this one-night edition of DEFtv! Owens and Horrigan of Weighted Grade are already awaiting their opponents... the Rain City Ronin!

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

The intimate crowd of one thousand let their voices be heard as Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, wearing their game faces, stride through the curtain and come marching down the aisle side by side. Kerry Kuroyama follows them out, dressed in a casual ensemble of jeans and a black t-shirt that reads “SHUT UP AND WRESTLE” in a striped blue-white-green color motif.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, accompanied to the ring by “The Pacific Blitzkrieg” Kerry Kuroyama, and fighting at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty-five pounds... here are ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT... the RAIN CITY RONIN!

DDK:

Daymon and Burnett, the Rain City Ronin, are looking ready for a fight tonight! They’re coming off a hard-fought victory against Money Talks at Acts of DEFIANCE, and have established themselves as a force to be reckoned with in our tag team ranks!

Lance:

And with the veteran Kuroyama in their corner, I think it’s only fair to expect these two young athletes to continue to rise.

Zack and Leo slide into the ring, leaving Kerry at ringside. They take the center of the ring and do their signature kneel-and-flex poses... but Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens have other ideas.

DDK:

Wait a second here! Owens and Horrigan getting the jump on the Ronin before the bell!

Lance:

They’re apparently ready for a fight also!

DDK:

Hector Navarro quickly gives the cue to the timekeeper, but Weighted Grade already look to have an early advantage!

DING DING

The crowd is jeering on the onset as the heavy-set pair of TA’s split Burnett and Daymon apart and force them into separate corners, where they continue to bludgeon either one of them with heavy strikes. TA Owens finally sends Zack over the ropes to ringside and crosses the ring to join his partner.

DDK:

Out goes Daymon, and now Burnett finds himself on the receiving end of a double team situation!

Lance:

There's almost eight-hundred pounds of force behind those whalloping hits! And Weighted Grade has him trapped within their corner.

Kerry hurries around the ring to wear Daymon landing, urging him back to his feet and directing traffic. Navarro attempts to get one of Weighted Grade out of the ring, but rather than heed his authority, they take Leo by either arm and double Irish ship him to the opposite turnbuckle. While he leans there, smarting from the impact, TA Horrigan takes Rosey by the arm and sends him running after him.

Lance:

Incoming!

DDK:

NO! Burnett rolls aside and avoids what could have been a devastating avalanche splash!

Leo steadies himself in time to see Bobby coming at him. Without thinking, he dips down and hooks him through the legs. What follows shakes the whole ring!

DDK:

SCOOP SLAM ON TA HERRIGAN!!

Lance:

They felt that all the way in Utah... but here comes Roosevelt Owens!

DDK:

No, BURNETT WITH A SCOOP SLAM ON TA OWENS!! What STRENGTH we're seeing from the Chicago-born powerhouse, Leo Burnett!

Exhausted of strength, the wide-eyed Burnett drops to the mat as well as attempts to catch his breath. With all three lying in the ring, the crowd cheers the feat of strength. Leo works himself up to his feet at the same time as TA Horrigan. Bobby is about to charge, when...

DDK:

HERE COMES "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON OUT OF NOWHERE!

Scrambling up from the floor and springboarding his way into the action, Daymon comes flying in with a diving cross-body. Horrigan catches him in his arms and teeters backwards, but manages to keep his footing after he backs into the ropes.

That is, until Burnett follows up with a charging shoulder block that hits him square in the breadbasket! TA Horrigan rolls over the ropes that were holding him up and falls to ringside. Zack slips free in time to land safely on the apron, conveniently in his corner. Smirking, he holds a hand over the ropes toward his partner, and Leo gives it a slap.

DDK:

Tag made to Zack Daymon, as the Rain City Ronin quickly and effectively shift the momentum of this match into their favor!

Lance:

Weighted Grade made a classic academic error in trying to get their early hits in. Forcing this match into a hot start has worked right into Daymon and Burnett's favor.

DDK:

Rosey getting to his feet now... but here comes Daymon into the ring, runs himself right into a CRUCIFIX... and Burnett

with a BIG DROPKICK to the chest helps complete the CRUCIFIX DRIVER! Now Daymon has the pin!

One!

Two!

No! TA Owens rolls himself off his shoulders!

Daymon puts Owens right into a headlock. It's a vain effort, as the girth of Rosey forces himself back off the mat. Thinking quick, Zack runs up the near turnbuckle to build up the speed and centripetal force needed to bring a man of TA Owens' size back to the canvas with a headlock takedown!

Zack hops onto Rosey's back, cinching in a textbook sleeper in an effort to choke the larger opponent out. TA Owens is on his hands and knees, face turning purple... when he's suddenly saved by the prompt appearance of his tag partner!

DDK:

TA Horrigan back in the ring!

Bobby gets a STOMP into the exposed side of Daymon before either Burnett or the ref can get to him. Navarro orders him out of the ring and quickly hurries the other way to keep Leo from running in after him. But the damage has already been done.

Zack has lost the hold. Able to breathe again, TA Owens holds him by the arms to keep him held on his back, while forcing himself back to his feet. Daymon can do nothing as he is summarily SQUASHED into the neutral corner!

DDK:

OHH!! Talk about being stuck between a rock and a hard place!

Lance:

Horrigan's run-in bought his partner the opportunity he needed. Now the pendulum may be swinging the other way, Keeps!

DDK:

Rosey has Daymon by the arm now... and yanks him out of the corner and right into a BIG CLOTHESLINE that drops him to the canvas!

Daymon is on his back, out like a light. TA Owens backs into the ropes, takes a bounce, and leaves the audience gasping when he JUMPS...

DDK:

BIG LATERAL PRESS across the chest! TA Owens hooks the leg!

One!

TWO!

NO!! Somehow, Daymon survives that four-hundred pound splash!

The small but rowdy crowd of Cheyenne Faithful begin stomping the stands and getting loud in support for Daymon. In his corner, Burnett is slapping the turnbuckle to get them worked up. At ringside, Kerry is slapping the canvas. In response, TA Owens pulls Zack back to his feet, snatches him by the hair, and biel throws him across the ring!

While Navarro admonishes Rosey on the hair, Daymon grasps for the ropes, desperately trying to pull himself to his feet. But Bobby Horrigan has other plans, as he comes running down the apron with his arm extended into the ring...

Lance:

Wait a sec, here comes TA HORRIGAN--

DDK:

NO!! Zack ducks the lariat at the last moment... and Bobby turns around right into a HIGH ROUNDHOUSE KICK that gets him right between the eyes!

TA Horrigan tumbles off the apron. TA Owens charges in to stop Daymon, only run right into a forearm and stops him dead in his tracks!

DDK:

Zack with a forearm! Another! Another! This crowd is on fire and getting behind Daymon! TA Owens is left staggering after every shot, but not going down!

With Rosey stunned, Daymon backs into the corner and boosts himself to the second rope. TA Owens suddenly comes to and puts a stop to whatever he's planning with a HEADBUTT right to the abdomen! He's about to yank him back to the canvas... when Zack suddenly lands a kick to the midsection to double him over!

DDK:

Daymon off the second rope... LEGDROP BULLDOG introduce's Rosey's face to the mat!

Lance:

Now Zack to his corner... tag made to Leo Burnett! And Bobby Horrigan is nowhere in sight!

"The Iceman" bursts into the ring and quickly tells Daymon to get Rosey by the legs. Working together, they pull TA Owens back off the mat and get beneath him.

DDK:

WOW!!

Drawing a pop that seems almost unnatural from a crowd of only one thousand, the Ronin simultaneously PRESS the four-hundred pound Roosevelt Owens up onto their shoulders, before twisting around and bringing him crashing down with a Whiplash neckbreaker!

Lance:

Ronin land the Silencer!

DDK:

That may be it! Burnett making the cover, while Daymon goes to stop TA Horrigan from getting back into the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match, by pinfall... “THE ICEMAN” LEO BURNETT and “SKYFIRE” ZACK DAYMON... the RAIN... CITY... ROOOOONIIIIIIINNN!!!

Daymon and Burnett pop to their feet, slap hands, and bump chests. Navarro raises their arms in victory as Kuroyama joins them in the ring. Horrigan and Owens collect themselves on the outside, sneering bitterly as they retreat up the rampway.

DDK:

Another strong win for Burnett and Daymon, overcoming another team with a clear size and strength advantage here tonight!

Lance:

Size means nothing in the face of sheer tenacity, like the two former BRAZEN Champions have put on display. The Rain City Ronin are definitely making statements in the tag division right now.

DDK:

And, amazingly, they’ve made those statements without having to utter a single word! Folks, we need to take a quick commercial break! More action and Halloween antics still to come on this special spoOoOoky edition of DEFtv!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT



DR. AYUMI SATO'S HALLOWEEN BASH, CONCLUDED!

Members of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster continue to mingle among themselves for Dr. Sato's party. Everyone is having a good time ...

Until the next guests come in.

Nathan Eye!

DEC4L!

"Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste!

The Unified Tag Team champs, M4NTRA.

Following them are of course Archer Silver and High Flyer.

Nathan adjusts his "third eye" sunglasses and there's some kind of stench that gets to him.

Nathan Eye: *(waving his hand over his nose)*

Ooooooooooooo you guys smell that?

DEC4L:

Smells pretty cheugy. No cap. Stinks in here, fam.

Nathan Eye:

That's ... 100% pure unenlightenment.

High Flyer:

You might have to punch that vibe Silver.

Archer just crosses his arms, refusing.

Makayla Namaste:

It's like a bunch of negative energy crawled in here and died. I have something for this! We need to cleanse this place of all this... Sigma.

Namaste shoots several spritzes of spray in the air.

Makayla Namaste:

Mint and patchouli. And 100% good vibes.

The camera suddenly cuts to Dr. Sato, looking at Fission as she mumbles, sotto voce...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...not to mention polio and measles.

The smaller Atomic Punk chuckles and shakes his head.

Nathan Eye:

You're welcome, everybody! This party has just been enlightened! And I have something to help you all ...

He reaches inside his white leather coat and pulls out a new picture book.

Nathan Eye:

This is *Thirty Pages of Gold!* The extra-enlightened sequel to our regularly enlightened coffee table book released after we won these titles, *Twenty Pages of Gold!* Ten extra pages of myself, DEC4L, Makayla, Archer and High Flyer all showing why we're the CEOs of the Tom Morrow Memorial Division! After we defeated DEFIANCE Wrestling Legend Dan Ryan and one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars, Conor Fuse ... cOnOr ... or is it CoNoR? Anyway we beat them both like we knew we would and we done glowed up, and took pictures!

He opens up the book to show a few pictures of all five members holding the titles, dressed nice and one of Nathan Eye and DEC4L standing tall in the ring after their major win at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DEC4L:

Pre-orders start now, fam. Plenty here of us getting that W. Once it's in your hands, you can be in awe of being almost next to us when we got that W... which will put you one step closer to maybe someday, being PHYSICALLY next to us when we get a W.

Nathan Eye:

That's right! Don't fill your stomach on empty calories from Halloween candy. Fill up your mind with some good vibes and expand your brain with shiny pictures. You know! Eye candy!

The man wearing a Jack Harmer mask walks up, interested. He reaches out, grabbing the book from Nathan with his garlic infested fingers. He starts pawing away at it. M4NTRA isn't pleased, so the Harmer masked man just places a Garlic Wing directly into the book on top of the M4NTRA five shot. He then purposefully slams it shut before returning the book to Declan.

He doesn't want this copy anymore, and throws it in the trash.

The camera pans away from the book back to the door, where a commotion has stirred. Two very familiar faces are revealed but something is slightly off. Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix, the Hollywood Bruvs have arrived, but they look different (Of course it's a costume party, AMIRITE?)

Mikey is dressed head to toe like Kendrix. The messy wave hair, sporting a faux stubble beard, a bomber jacket with the Union Jack across the back, and of course bug eyes sunglasses on the bridge of his nose.

Kendrix on the other hand has gone all out. He's got Mikey's signature jacket with "Mikey Money" emblazoned on it and dollar signs everywhere, a DEFIANCE baseball cap facing backwards, and large exaggerated gold chains bounce with every step. He's even hired an extra to follow him around with a very large camera. Both men strut into the party, doing their best impressions of one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oi! You see dis Bruv? I can't believe I 'ave to share a party with all these ruddy DEFIANTS INNIT!?

Kendrix slaps him in the chest with the back of his hand lightly. Yucking it up.

JFK:

Bruv, Bruv, Bruv, settle down will you! You're acting sooo uncool right now, We're here for the STARPOWER! These jokers need a little Hollywood flair, don't you think?

Jesse pulls a small plastic gun from his waistband that shoots out fake dollar bills. He aims it at the sky and lets it fly. Green dollar bills with the Bruvs' faces on them, fall all around.

JFK spots Dex Joy and walks over with his best Mikey impression.

JFK (as Mikey):

Heyyyy there Big Boy! I got a Hollywood Contract with your name on it! You're going to be huge, enormous, the next star on the Walk of Fame! Dex Joy.... THE FRANCHISE! You're going to make it baby, but you can only do it with me!

JFK looks back over his shoulder to see if Mikey is laughing. He is.

Mikey:

He probably doesn't even know who he's talking to!

Meanwhile, the Atomic Punks approach M4NTRA, clearly not pleased with this turn of events.

Gigaton:

THIS. IS. A FUN PLACE. WHAT. ARE. YOU. BOZOS. DOING HERE. WITHOUT. CLOWN. COSTUMES.

Fission:

Yeah, fellas, we're all tryin' to have a good time here, and we're doing just fine without you guys peddling books. That bit's been done to death.

That one was for the long-time DEFIANTS.

Fission:

But if you wanna come waltzin' in here uninvited, then maybe you don't mind puttin' those belts up against me and my brother next show?

M4NTRA size up against Fission and Gigaton.

...

Then laugh.

Nathan Eye: *(to DEC4L)*

Hahahahaha ... these guys want to challenge us? Hear that guy?

DEC4L:

You boys are sending me. Where's Count Novick? He busy?

Nathan Eye:

Seriously. Maybe he and Sgt. Safety can get a shot at our gold, too while we're at it!

Makayla Namaste starts spritzing her mint and patchouli combination again.

Makayla Namaste:

Guys we need to leave. There's only so much that mint, patchouli and Good Vibes can do.

Nathan Eye keeps on laughing.

Nathan Eye:

Let's go guys! My books can do everything but cure illiteracy. These pearls are wasted on ... whatever these things are. Don't bother trying to pre-order *Thirty Pages of Gold*!

DEC4L:

For all of you... it's sold out.

M4NTRA leave the party through the nearest exit and keep laughing all the way down the hallway.

A long, drawn-out pause fills the air, as Gigaton looks around and groans. Dr. Sato shakes her head and joins in the groaning.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...I hope everyone is up to date on their shots, who knows what that patchouli petri dish has in her bloodstream.

Another pause, thankfully not as long as last time.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...but let's not let that dampen our fun! Halloween comes but once a year, so let's celebrate!

With an ovation of concurrence, the remaining party-goers continue having a most memorable night, and the first-ever Dr. Ayumi Sato's Halloween party goes into the books as a success!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Cut to Backstage.

Cyrus Bates rounds a corner, moving with purpose, when a familiar voice catches his attention. He stops and hears Iris Davine's scolding tone drifting down the hall. The camera rack focuses over Bates' shoulder, zooming in on DEFmed at the end of the corridor. The door left slightly ajar, allowing Iris' dressing down to carry down the hallway.

Iris Davine:

I told you, reunion or not ... you shouldn't have entered the Tag Party. You were banged up enough as it was. You just can't help yourself, can you!?

A new voice drifts down the hall and well into Bates' earshot.

Scott Douglas: [stifling a laugh]

You know I can't.

Iris flips through a medical chart with several papers, reviewing the information provided as she continues to browbeat her patient; Scott Douglas. She knows him well enough to know she is mostly talking to herself and any attempt to knock some sense into him is useless. Otherwise, someone would have done it by now... but it makes her feel better to give him hell.

Iris Davine:

You couldn't take even a few weeks off after what Cortez put you through? Oh, no ... let's get the team back together! You and Kerry had to bend the rules just to be there!

Scott Douglas: [jokingly]

Yeah ... but it was pretty cool though, wasn't it?

Douglas attempts to smooth things over with levity, trying to brush off her concern, but Iris remains unwavering. Intrigued, Bates' expression shifts, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth as a plan begins to form.

Light bulb.

Bates makes his way down the hall, his smirk widening as he approaches DEFmed. The camera follows close behind and he pauses outside the door, listening.

Iris Davine: [exasperated]

Fine, make a joke out of it if you want, Scott. But you're not invincible ... what could have been minor injuries ... you risked making them serious life-changing conditions. I don't like what I'm seein' here. Especially considering, somehow ... every --

Iris waves the chart in Douglas' face but he just shrugs and gives her a smile hoping to get her to break and put an end to this lecture.

Before that can happen, Bates makes his presence known. He pushes open the door, sauntering in without a second thought, cutting off Iris mid-sentence.

Cyrus Bates:

Well, well, if it isn't Scott Douglas. Didn't realize you were so... banged up. Guess that explains why you've been ducking out lately.

Douglas's expression shifts, catching Bates' gaze head-on, his relaxed demeanor vanishing instantly.

Scott Douglas:

You lost, Bates?

Cyrus Bates: [grinning]

No, not at all. Just thought maybe you'd make a good tune-up for Malak. You know, see if you've really been able to shake off the ring rust since your "triumphant" return ...

Douglas narrows his eyes, standing and approaching Cyrus as Iris watches, unimpressed by Bates' antics.

Cyrus Bates:

Whoa, whoa ... slow down their, Scotty.

Cyrus puts his hands up to back Douglas off.

Cyrus Bates:

Sure, you came back hot. Got yourself a win or two ... but as of lately; Cortez took you to the woodshed and ...

Cyrus looks toward Iris.

Cyrus Bates:

... and how'd Tag Party go?

Douglas has had enough. He closes the gap between them, stepping up to Bates.

Scott Douglas:

You want a match, Bates? ... You've got it.

Douglas and Bates stare at one another. Bates with a grin, Douglas with a scowl as Iris, who lets out a long sigh.

Iris Davine:

As I was about to say... everything looks great. I don't know how but you're probably in the best shape you've been since you got back.

Douglas and Bates trade expressions in an instant. Now it's Douglas with the smirk, while Bates, caught off guard, scowls in frustration.

Cyrus Bates:

Alright ... alright. DEFCON, then.

Scott Douglas:

Whenever you want, Bates. We can go right now, next week ... whatever you want.

Cyrus Bates:

Oh, no - no. I've got to do my due diligence first. I'm not so sure a medical assessment done by your girlfriend is enough to prove you are of the QUALITY to even be evaluated in the ring by THE Quality Control Officer ... so how about next week you take on Thurston Hunter and I'll give my own assessment.

Scott Douglas: [scoffing]

Fine... I suggest you take notes!

Bates glances at Iris, fakes a quick smile, and then shoots Douglas one last glare before backing toward the door. He doesn't turn his back until he's almost out, letting his smugness drop just long enough to reveal his frustration.

Iris Davine: [to Scott]

... don't go thinking you're invincible. You got lucky ... lucks gonna run out, Scott!

Cut back to the arena.

HIGH FLYER IV INVITATIONAL

DDK:

After the conclusion to a strange Halloween evening of festivities, and the unexpected confrontation of Cyrus Bates and Scott Douglas, I'm told we have an in-ring announcement up next.

Lance:

Yes, two fourths of M4NTRA have booked the squared circle, and it's not the two you'd expect!

♪ "Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪

The crowd isn't exactly sure what to make of the music until the large M4NTRA letters appear on the DEFiatron. The 1200 strong Faithful jeer as stepping out from the back is the petulant third generation star, High Flyer. His short wavy blonde hair is pushed around by a wind machine as he tosses his hands out, revealing a towel with the M4NTRA logo and colors. Flanking him is none other than the Pacifist, Archer Silver.

DDK:

High Flyer IV, now going by High Flyer, and Archer Silver, the Pacifist. Who passes on fists and choses to use feets and flurries instead.

Lance:

The duo of Archer and Flyer, perhaps considered the greatest tandem in BRAZEN history, is playing second fiddle to M4NTRA as they join the main roster.

DDK:

They seem to be enjoying themselves.

Indeed, High Flyer is hyping up the crowd and then turning solemn pretty quickly when he realizes they aren't going to play along. Archer climbs into the apron and High Flyer climbs onto the turnbuckle. Flyer throws his arms out again, towel extended, as he soaks in the boos. Flyer spins and hops into the ring, as Archer demands the microphone from Darren Quimbey. He tosses it to his M4NTRA co-hort, who deftly catches it in one hand.

High Flyer:

Alright y'all. Time to exude some Main Character Energy here.

Archer slaps Flyer on the back as the two nod to each other.

High Flyer:

Since joining DEFIANCE in earnest, I was initially cheered by you basics. And I loved it. In fact, A-M-A? I'll tell you. But when I got the chance to align my inner chakra's and my mind's eye came into focus, THANK YOU NATHAN. I realized exactly where I needed to be. Not only did I need to be surrounded by like minded individuals who excel at this Sport, young hungry lions ready to roar... but I need to be in this ring. It's like a sick joke my father pulled on me. Or maybe his father pulled on him, 'cause y'know, genetics. Like magnets, pulling me into this Squared Circle.

Flyer looks down at the ring and just lightly laughs.

High Flyer:

So I've got a bit of a competitive streak, and I think highly of myself... so I'm here, to announce the first ever, Unofficial Official, HIGH FLYER INVITATIONAL!

Archer Silver starts clapping behind Flyer as he pulls out a small roll up of paper. He then lets it unfurl and it falls to the ring like a scroll.

High Flyer:

The rules! You must be a Cruiserweight. You must want to be the greatest High Flyer in the world. And you've got to go through ME to do it. So... who wants to call themselves GREATER, than the Greatest High Flyer alive today!

He smirks to the camera as Archer rubs his shoulders.

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

DDK:

Okay!

Flyer's eyes are wide as the Faithful come to live! Conor rushes down the rampway, hits the ring and catches High Flyer completely by surprise. Flyer bails to boos while Archer Silver helps calm him...

Lance:

So Fuse answers the challenge but Flyer wants nothing to do with him?

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!

Conor dives out of the ring and crushes Archer with a perfect leaping HEAD STOMP! Drool spills out of Archer's mouth as Conor pushes off his target's body to stand up, directly in front of High Flyer's kid, High Flyer.

The Faithful give an "OH SHIT!" as Fuse stares directly into Flyer's chest.

Lance:

Payback for the Tag Title match, maybe? We know both Archer and Flyer played a role in Fuse and Ryan's loss!

Replays show Conor literally lands on the crown of Silver's head upon clearing the ropes and "jumping" on him.

Fuse reaches forward for Flyer but a desperation superkick stuns The Ultimate Gamer. Flyer proceeds to apply the boots and roll Conor into the ring!

DING DING

High Flyer initiates throwing strikes as Conor rises, with the younger Fuse meeting with him with each blow before shoving him to the nearest ropes. They tie up, and Brian Slater starts his count before Conor shoots Flyer off in an Irish whip. Flyer returns, ducking underneath a spinning back elbow strike. Flyer asai's off the middle rope and whiffs on a moonsault as Conor side steps. Conor hooks Flyer up and nails him with a Resolution DDT.

Lance:

HUGE DDT from Conor. I'd say that was at least QLED level. Flyer Jr. flip flopped like a bad politician!

DDK:

Conor not leaving any breathing room.

One.

Two.

Kickout. Flyer gets his shoulder up, and wriggles out of a rear headlock to a standing position. Conor goes for another back elbow that High Flyer ducks under. He shoots for the other side, but slips out of the ring to boos.

DDK:

And there it is. Flyer returning to Archer Silver's side, as the nephew of Sonny provides instructions. Maybe some meditation.

Lance:

No time to meditate! Conor Fuse is airborne!

Conor charges toward the ropes and clears them with a single leap...

...landing primarily on Archer Silver as High Flyer scurries away into the ring. Conor lands on his feet, turns to the ring and slides back in, only to eat stomp after stomp from the Lunatic's kin. Conor fights to his feet but each kick to the head delays him, until Flyer leaps and cannonball senton's Conor's back, sending him sprawling to the canvas, face first. Flyer is quick to climb the corner ropes, and sizes up the Video Game Kid. As Conor rises, Flyer leaps, turning his body into a cannonball and splashing to the standing Conor. Both men tumble into the center of the ring, Flyer landing on Conor as they bounce off the mat. Flyer rolls through into the corner, sizing up Conor. The Locker Room Leader stirs, so Flyer takes a few steps closer, preparing for a superkick. Conor knips up to his feet, and both Conor and Flyer hit simultaneous superkicks. Both men tumble from impact.

DDK:

Great minds think alike Lance!

Lance:

The first meeting of Conor Fuse and High Flyer. Remember, Conor's brother Tyler has repeatedly broke High Flyer's arm, so I doubt there's any love lost there!

DDK:

In addition, Conor Fuse's love of High Flyer Senior has been well documented.

Lance:

This is a big time match for Flyer. He's fought Dan Ryan and now Conor Fuse since getting the call up. Talk about being thrown into the deep end!

Flyer and Conor both stir, fighting to their feet. Flyer lets loose with a sickening knife edge chop, which Conor returns in kind. Flyer clutches his chest and backs into the corner. Conor leaps onto the middle rope looking for a monkey flip, but Flyer just chucks him over the top rope onto the floor!

By the feet of the recovering Archer Silver.

Flyer falls out of the corner, clutching his knee. He winces in pain as Brian Slater rushes over to check on him. This allows Archer to just start unloading kicks into the face and back and stomach of a downed Conor Fuse. After a few blows, Archer picks up Conor and tosses him into the steel stairs, causing them to scatter. He quickly walks away as Slater reacts. Slater looks over at Silver walking away, who throws his hands up in the air and tries to mime pacifism.

High Flyer stands without an issue and climbs out onto the ring apron. He rushes toward the corner turnbuckle, grabs it with both hands, and swings almost in a 619 fashion outside the ring, catching Conor square in the face with two boots. Flyer releases and uses the momentum to propel to land in a stumbling superhero pose. He quickly grabs Conor and tosses him under the ring apron, as Archer Silver cheers him on.

Lance:

I can't say I've ever seen offense like this before. A 619 completely outside of the ring? That Cannonball standing splash? This kid is using his body as a registered weapon out there.

DDK:

High risk, high reward. But Archer Silver on the outside, this has just been a two on one mugging.

Lance:

I wonder where Dan Ryan is?

DDK:

Perhaps he thinks Conor shouldn't need the assistance against the youngest Harmen, but anyone in that bloodline is a potential threat.

High Flyer climbs the turnbuckles as Conor rolls into the center of the ring. Flyer stands on the top for an extra moment, gloating to the crowd as he sizes up Conor. Before he can react, Conor knips up, and then rushes up the ropes. He leaps onto Flyer's shoulders, and hurraconrada's him off the top.

But High Flyer lands on his feet. Conor turns around, in disbelief, only to eat a charging Yakuza Kick to the jaw, directly into the cover.

One.

Two.

Conor gets a shoulder up. Flyer slams his hand into the mat and demands Slater learn how to count to three. Flyer waits for Conor to rise to his feet. He milks it, allowing the Faithful to chant.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

High Flyer clutches both ears as Conor fights to his feet. In a roar of adrenaline after using Mana Recovery, Fuse stands to his feet...

DDK:

CONOR FUSE IS LEVELING UP!

Lance:

High Flyer hates to see it. Archer Silver climbs onto the apron to complain of cheating!

Flyer charges and FINALLY eats the spinning back elbow strike. Fuse then charges and knocks Archer off the apron. He looks down at the Pacifist, and he can't help but wonder.

He reaches down.

DDK:

WEAPON GET! ON ARCHER SILVER!

Lance:

What weapon will Conor get from the Pacifist!?!

Conor stands there for a moment, soaking in the cheers of the 1,300 Faithful. He looks at his hands, balled into fists. He holds them at his side.

And springboards, spinning and hitting a thrust kick to a kneeling High Flyer.

DDK:

Archer's Peaceful End! High Flyer caught that square on the jaw!

Conor dives on top for the cover.

One.

Two.

High Flyer barely gets a foot on the ropes. Archer Silver scurries away, but the camera couldn't catch whether he placed it there or Flyer was able to do so himself. Conor looks up at Slater with a "Really?" look. He looks down at Flyer, and then realizes...

Conor reaches down.

DDK:

'Weapon Get!' on Harmen Jr.! Conor Fuse now knows the Harmen Moonsault!

Lance:

And I'm pretty sure I know what's next!

Conor climbs with his back to the ring. Flyer leans in and grabs Brian Slater, complaining about his eyesight. It allows Archer to climb up and shake the top rope. Conor Fuse falls with a sickening thump back first onto the mat. Flyer quickly leaps on top of his legs, using leverage against Conor.

One.

And then places both feet on the middle rope.

Two.

Archer reaches up and grabs both feet, pulling them down for further pressure.

Three!

DING DING DING

♪"Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO♪

High Flyer pops up off after Conor, as Conor kicks out shortly after, the extra leverage from Archer causing him to be unable to until it was released. Conor stares wide eyed at the younger Harmen as he begins to celebrate like he just won the Olympics. He slides out of the ring and jumps into Archer's waist with a big hug as the two celebrate up the rampway.

DDK:

Well... this Invitational didn't go the way anyone expected!

Lance:

High Flyer calls himself the greatest cruiserweight in the business, and defeating Conor Fuse, by hook or by crook, certainly puts him on that trajectory!

DDK:

And again, Conor Fuse loses to a member of M4NTRA. You've got to think that this has to be eating at him.

Lance:

A loss will always eat at you Darren. You always wonder what you could do differently, if one or two moments went a different way. This one? You know where to pinpoint the difference maker.

DDK:

The Pacifist, definitely not neutral, truly swayed the tides in High Flyer's favor.

Lance:

Regardless, it's a win, and perhaps the biggest, in High Flyer's career thus far. 24 years old, already 8 years in DEFIANCE... and performing some innovative offense here Darren, moves I've never seen before!

DDK:

The future is bright, but it doesn't matter what he can do in that ring if he can't earn the 1 - 2 - 3.

Lance:

Earning wins seems to have nothing to do with championships. I mean, look at most of our champions.

DDK:

Can't refute that. Let's head to commercial break, but folks, our next match is a big time bout between Titaness of the Familia taking on everyone's MC Mix Master, Butch Vic with the Stick! So, stick around!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



PAYMENT IS DUE

The DEFtv broadcast returns with a fade into backstage. Interviewer Jamie Sawyers is standing by with a mic in hand with the trio of Kerry Kuroyama, Zack Daymon, and Leo Burnett. The Rain City Ronin are redressed after action in matching blue, white, and green patterned tracksuits.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. Jamie Sawyers here, and right now, I'm in the back with the Rain City Ronin, off the heels of their victory here tonight, along with spokesperson Kerry Kuroyama!

Kerry shakes his head and leans in to speak.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Not a spokesperson, Jamie. There's no point in needlessly fluffing up these two when they're showing you everything you need to know in the ring. All I am is a translator to the message. So here's what was said tonight, DEFIANCE...

He slaps Zack and Leo on the shoulders.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The Rain City Ronin are no longer the up and comers. They are the here and now. And they aren't afraid to step up to anyone who says otherwise.

Kerry gives Zack and then Leo complimentary high fives. The Ronin shift out of the frame and head back to the locker room.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Catch up with you guys later.

Jamie Sawyers:

There you have it, fans! A statement win tonight for the Rain City Ronin, Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon. But let's switch tracks over to you, Kerry, because it should be noted that you've dabbled back into tag team wrestling yourself, reuniting with "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas to reform your classic team of Seattle's Best, for an impressive showing in the recent Tag Party 6.

Kuroyama nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'll tell you, Jamie, it was great getting to work with Scott again. Like slipping back into an old, familiar set of boots. Likewise, it was an honor to fight in that tournament. I was proud of our run in the Tag Party, even though it was too bad we fell short in the finals. Man, Rowzilla... everyone needs to be on the lookout for that guy.

Jamie Sawyers:

Indeed. And certainly, with you getting back into action, you're bound to draw a few eyes yourself. On that note, did you happen to hear the shout-out earlier tonight from your fellow Seattlite and cohort in Vae Victis, Sonny Silver?

Kerry smiles, nods, and looks at the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sure did... hey, Sonny! We'll talk soon! We've got a lot to catch up on!

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, Kerry, I won't keep you any longer. Thanks for the words tonight, and good luck in the near...

Sawyers trails off when he notices someone approaching them off camera. Kuroyama follows his gaze, and bows up when he sees who it is. The individual promptly appears in the shot.

Angus Skaaland:

What's up dickbag who's not Christie Zane? You can leave now.

Skaaland turns his attention to the Pacific Blitzkrieg, who continues standing firm.

Angus Skaaland:

What's poppin' KK?

Kerry Kuroyama:

What's this about, Angus? Thought we took care of our business with the Blood Diamonds at Acts.

Angus Skaaland:

Oh, you've known me long enough to know I always have a few irons in the proverbial fire. Brought you somethin' on behalf of my client.

Angus hands an honest to God hand written letter, like it's the 1950's or something...

Kerry opens the envelope, pulls out a tri-folded letter, and begins to quietly read. For the benefit of the viewing audience, a voice-over begins to recite what's written... in the voice of none other than BRONSON BOX.

While he recites the letter in his own words, a semi-opaque overlay takes up half the screen, showing a sepia-tone Wargod in a suit and tie, standing as though posing for an old photograph.

"Mr. Kuroyama. After digesting all the various events at Acts I've decided my proverbial ax needs a bit of sharpening before I step onto the DEFroad and enact what I've got planned. When I look around this mostly pathetic excuse for a locker room you are one of the few exceptions. If you're willing... and I know you are... I propose that you and I make a little history ourselves on the next episode of DEFtv. One on one, no frills, no gimmicks, no bullshit. What say you and I step out there and show what this company used to represent, and could once more with the right... prodding. The right talent. Talent like yourself. I await your answer, Mr. Kuroyama.

The voice-over concludes.

Angus Skaaland:

So. See you next week, KK?

Before we can track Kerry's response the scene fades out.

ROADS PAVED IN GOLD

The lights dim down as the spotlight hits the DEFIANCE interview stage. Christie Zane, microphone in hand, stands with her trademark expression, waiting.

♪ "F*cking In the Bushes Remix" by Oasis & Kerstell ♪

The familiar theme hits the speakers and the crowd reacts with mostly cheers and some playful boos. Moments later, Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix swagger onto the stage, looking every bit as confident as they ever have. Mikey sports a bright grin while JFK's casual confidence radiates off of him. They join Christie on stage as the music cuts out.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, joining me now... Mikey Unlikely, JFK, The Hollywood Bruvs!

Once again there is cheering from the crowd as the duo get comfy on stage.

Christie Zane:

Mikey, Kendrix, How are you both doing tonight?

The Hollywood B Star grins wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

CZ! Come on now, don't act like you're not excited to see us! You can smile, no need to fight it!

JFK jumps in on the fun.

Kendrix:

Yea Zanie, You know the Hollywood Bruvs make everyone's days a little bit brighter!

Christie rolls her eyes as the crowd chuckles.

Christie Zane:

The pleasure is mine gentlemen, as always, but I'm sure you have something important to get off your chests...

Mikey Unlikely:

Abso-fruity. You know CZ, we really should be getting down to business. JFK and I have been thinking quite a bit, thinking about this amazing winning streak the Hollywood Bruvs are on, thinking about all the FAITHFUL cheering us on each and every week, thinking about the legacy we've built here in DEFIANCE.

He pauses to let the crowd settle down as he gets more serious.

Mikey Unlikely:

We're former Tag Team Champions, we're both former FIST's of DEFIANCE, We're former SOHER, and DOC champions, I'm the first Grand Slam Champion in DEFIANCE history, what else is there to accomplish? We've faced the best, beat the best, and if we're being honest with ourselves... we are the best.

Christie Zane raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

JFK:

Listen, Yeah!? Y'know all these young lads running about, chasing their dream, thinking they're going to make a name for themselves with us at the top, it's cute! Nearly brings a tear to JFK's eye... but Manly Men don't cry.

Mikey mockingly dabs at JFK's eye with a grin.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right! We even have wristbands that say that! Christie, the thing people don't realize is, when they talk about the tag team division in DEFIANCE, when they talk about the prestige and the glory, they're just talking about us! The Hollywood Bruvs built this. We've been here since day one... kinda. Laying the groundwork for what it means to be a DEF Champion.

JFK elbows Mikey's arm signifying he's got something to say.

JFK:

Exactly darlin, We didn't just walk through doors mate, nah. We built this bloody house...kinda!

The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and groans. Some fans appreciate the confidence and banter, others sensing subtle arrogance being tossed around.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now we're not saying these newer tag teams don't have potential. The Hollywood Bruvs love seeing fresh blood in the ring. Don't we Jesse?

With a chuckle...

JFK:

Absolutely mate, Some of em are even half decent. Got a bit of fire in em, bit of spice!

Mikey nods along knowingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right, you got Team Discovery Channel in Brazen, those guys are makin moves!

JFK:

The Dasher Twins are fun and look like a fun challenge, eh!

Mikey Unlikely:

Even the.... What's their name? Oh right, The Rain City Ronin are certainly some up and comers!

The crowd pops loudly for the Ronin, Mikey is taken aback a bit by the loud reaction from the crowd. He raises his eyebrows.

JFK:

Oh them? Yeah, totally... good lads I'd say. Got a bit of talent, Still green though innit? Plenty to learn.

Mikey tried to play it cool.

Mikey Unlikely:

Sure, they've got something... Great skill, great movesets, but they're just starting out. Like those other teams, they're all just walking the path that we've paved. We didn't just win those tag titles, Christie, We made the tag division shine!

JFK:

Damn right! These kids, bless their tiny little microscopic hearts, are steppin into a world we created. They're trying to figure out which way is up, while we're sitting at the top baybee!

The crowd's reaction is a little more mixed than it began. The Bruvs lean into it a bit.

Christie Zane:

SO you're saying these newer teams don't stand a chance against the Bruvs?

The pair chuckle and look at one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no no... not like that Christie, listen, we're rootin for em! Every young team needs something to strive for, and hey, we're happy to be that benchmark! To be the team that everyone looks up to!

JFK:

Exactly! We're the blokes that set the standard, they wanna reach the top? They're going to have to climb right over the Bruvs first, and trust me Zanie, that's no easy feat. We're going to fight any team, centimeter by centimeter until we've proven they cannot do it.

Unlikely looks wildly confused.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the hell is a centimeter?

Zane is growing impatient with the Bruvs tactics.

Christie Zane:

Well I'm sure those teams appreciate all of the advice!

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh they'll appreciate it alright, as soon as they realize who's holding the door open for em. Y'know some of em might even make it to the top. Like the Ronin... maybe... someday, but that day isn't today.

Kendrix grins, leans closer into the mic.

JFK:

If they keep their heads down, do their homework, don't get too cheeky, then they got a shot! Who knows Christie, they might just catch up to the Bruvs someday.

Christie Zane: *[dryly]*

Well it sounds like you've got everything figured out.

Jesse winks at her.

JFK:

As always, love. As always.

The Bruvs flash their signature grin as the music starts up again and the Bruvs move to the stage. They stop a top it and give the fans one more chance to shout at them and cheer them on, although it seems that some may not be doing that tonight.

COLD HEARTED SNAKE

To the locker room, a very frustrated Mason Luck is seen seated and slamming a fist against one of the lockers.

Mason Luck:

Damn it ... I had that masked bastard in the crosshairs!

The Maim Event Monster grabs his luggage and throws it across the locker room.

Lonnie Luck:

Hey!

Lonnie is almost caught by the bag and moves in the nick of time before it collides with the wall and sends shirts and ring gear exploding everywhere.

Lonnie Luck:

Mason! Right here!

Mason fumes.

Mason Luck:

... Sorry, cuz.

Behind the both of them, Max Luck enters the room.

Max Luck:

That was our fault. We should have kept a closer eye on Melton, but this ain't done, bro. Trust me.

Max points at the Tag Party Six trophy across the ring.

Max Luck:

If me knocking her simp, JJ Dixon out of Tag Party made them miserable, they done f[censored] with the wroooooooooong family. It's gonna get a whole lot worse.

Lonnie tugs on the coat of Max.

Lonnie Luck:

Would you go so far as to say ... they lucked around?

Max Luck:

That's right ... and they're gonna find out. Madame Melton wouldn't be the first manager we got rid of that pissed us off.

Max and Lonnie both try and cheer Mason up, but he seems to be distracted.

Mason Luck:

That's all true ... but what the hell is that thing?

All eyes turn across the room and a conspicuously-placed large gift box is wrapped up in green wrapping paper.

Max Luck:

No damn clue. I didn't leave that there.

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah I have no idea. What's the tag say anyway?

Mason slowly stands up and walks over to the large box. He pulls at the tag.

Mason Luck:

Says "to the lucky ones." We got a fan?

Lonnie Luck:

Guess so. I mean, I put up a heroic effort and almost had the Favoured Saints title won. Earned some respect.

Max Luck:

Oh, God, nobody likes a show-off, Lon. Now go bring me my Tag Party Six trophy so we can leave tonight and figure out how we're gonna get those god-damn Gems.

Lonnie Luck's eyes roll. As they keep talking ...

Mason Luck:

Ahh! Shit!

Max Luck:

Mace?!

The camera is back on Mason Luck! His arm is bleeding! He looks shaken up and starts to fall over.

Lonnie Luck:

What the hell?!

Max and Lonnie rush over to Mason Luck, who is holding what looks like two blood marks on his arm. The camera pans to the floor where an actual snake starts slithering across the floor!

Max Luck:

What the shit? Is that a ... that's a snake!

Lonnie Luck:

Why is there a snake in a box?!

Lonnie starts to run over to the door where none other than Madame Melton is waiting! She grabs the snake off the floor as it coils around her silver gloved arm, around her neck, before the asp wraps around her other gloved hand. She holds its head gently and the snake hisses at all three Lucks.

Madame Melton:

You are indeed the lucky ones as I see you've met Algernon — my beloved pet Indonesian Komodo Black Cobra! He was quite upset at the chickenery you pulled at Tag Party VI and wanted to take his rage out on an alleged arsonist! (She cackles and laughs at Mason.) Mr. Luck... His rare and paralyzing venom usually takes five to ten minutes to kick in! Expect vomiting, explosive diarrhea, an extreme fever, mouth sores and kidney stones so severe that you will embrace the sweet life of death... and Algernon's venom is like my other pet JJ... and that's fatal!

Max Luck snaps back and looks at Mason, who's starting to look unwell. He's still holding the bloody wound and Lonnie screams.

Lonnie Luck:

Hey! Someone needs to call 9-1-1! Come on!

Madame Melton walks off cackling like a monster with the snake wrapped around her shoulders as she leaves, with Algernon continuing to hiss and snap at the Lucks. Max wants to go after her and Lonnie sees it too.

Lonnie Luck:

No! Max, no! Right now, Mase needs us.

He runs out.

Lonnie Luck:

Someone! Doctor! Now!

Max is left standing over Mason still holding his bloody arm before finally collapsing!

TITANESS vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Up next on the show tonight, we've got a budding grudge that escalated in a big way after Tag Party VI last week! Butcher Victorious goes one-on-one with "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness!

Lance:

This all started on UNCUT a couple weeks ago! Titaness tried to attack BRAZEN star "Mellow Yellow" George Othello after her victory, only for Butcher to run out and stop the attack. Titaness would retaliate in a BIG way, attacking Butcher Victorious with and BRAZEN reporter and co-host SuperDEFFan64, during their hosting duties of last weekend's Tag Party VI event, won by Max Luck and Rowzilla!

DDK:

A hefty fine was lobbied at Titaness, which she paid promptly, for attacking SuperDEFFan64, who is a member of DEFIANCE staff and not an active competitor. Suspension was also considered, but Butcher went to management and asked for tonight's match instead and that request was granted! With that out of the way, let's get to the action now!

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

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, representing the Butch Vic Clique... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present. Still dressed as Travis Bickle from Taxi Driver for Halloween, he pulls out a can of Mic Drops Energy from his belt holster and shotguns it on the way to the ring before throwing the can to the side! with various cans holstered, Butcher holds out The Stick v2™ in hand and then raises it to the sky.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]
 BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

He points to his head.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]
 BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He takes off the Mic Dropz Energy belt and puts it in his corner at ringside.

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT, TITANESS IS GONNA GET WHIPPED! It's one damn thing if you're gonna jump me like a coward, Titaness. I'll be fine cause BUTCH VIC DON'T QUIT! But when you're attacking BRAZEN stars after you already beat 'em? When you're kicking DEFIANCE employees in the face who ain't even competitors like we are? Nah, that's a line too far. Tonight, Titaness, lady or not, I'm getting payback and I'm gonna send you right back in Uriel Cortez's shadow!

Heavy "OOOOOHS!" erupt from the crowd as a fired-up Butcher hands off The Stick v.2. He waits for the arrival of his opponent!

♪ I was born of the ice and snow! With the winter wolves, in the dark, alone!
 The wildest night, I became the one! And you'll know you're mine when the silence comes ♪

♪ "Power is Power" by SZA, The Weeknd & Travis Scott ♪

One gold spotlight shines in the center of the stage. Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg, along with what has become her signature gold weightlifting chain. Taking in the jeers as if they were fueling her now, Titaness slowly saunters down to her new solo theme. But she isn't

alone...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Backing her up, the MASSIVE figures of her Titanes Familia stablemates. Both the surrogate son, and the even larger patriarch of the Familia!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Killjoy and "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez, representing Titanes Familia... You may refer to her as The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS!**

DDK:

And of course, Titaness isn't alone, especially after those pre-match comments by Butcher! There's 'The Good Son' Killjoy and there's the man that handed Scott Douglas his first loss since he came back from his three-year retirement, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez.

Cortez is decked out in a short-sleeved black polo, gold-tinted sunglasses and black jeans while behind him, Killjoy has on his black hoodie, black and gold mask and torn black jeans. The two men wait outside as Titaness hands off her chain, unzips her own coat... then throws at Butcher as the bell rings!

DING DING

Butch Vic grabs the coat and throws it, but leaves himself unintentionally wide open for a big boot from the Bringer of Big Boots herself! The quick shot sends Butcher back into the ropes and Titaness follows up by grabbing Butch Vic and pushing him into the corner! She unleashes a STIFF double-cross chop across the chest! Butcher is reeling from the first one, but Titaness shoves him back into the corner and hits a second double-cross chop!

Lance:

Titaness once again taking the low road to start this match off! Titaness has been looking to follow in the footsteps of her husband's biggest victory!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez promised that he was taking Titanes Familia to the top with him! Remember, Titaness was one of the last people to beat Elise Ares in a singles match! She's a former Unified Tag and BRAZEN Tag Team Champ as well!

A third double-cross chop catches Butcher across the chest, making The Microphone Fiend wince. Titaness follows up with a big running kick to the face in the corner, followed by grabbing Butcher by the side and hitting a huge gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

Titaness showing extra aggression right out of the gate tonight! And she's not done yet, either!

Butcher tries to get up, but before he has the chance to retaliate, a pair of arms grab him from behind before he's thrown backwards with a huge release German suplex! Butcher bounces off the mat and Titaness crawls over for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Butch Vic with the kick... out. Never gets old. But regardless, Butcher hasn't been able to get anything going and

Titaness has another big move in mind.

She pulls Butcher up by the side of the head, but he stops her with an elbow smash to the stomach! He fires off another one, then hits a big European uppercut that rocks Titaness backwards! Butcher gets a big cheer when he applies a headlock! He steps forward looking for the headlock driver called Butch Vic's Biggest hit, but Titaness pushes him away to the corner. Butcher puts the brakes on and turns around, but he gets taken off his feet with a huge running neckbreaker drop! Uriel Cortez claps and looks proud for his wife while Killjoy remains stoic, but silently watches.

DDK:

Lady Lariat! Butcher just got knocked loopy! Titaness with another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Another kickout by Butcher! Titaness has been giving him the business so far, but Butch Vic won't quit!

DDK:

This is a man that stood toe-to-toe with OSCAR BURNS on the biggest stage, DEFCON, and won. He may be stubborn, but he won't let anyone push him around.

The Mother of Suplexes shoots a dirty look at Jonny Fastcountini, then grabs Butcher by the mohawk and boots him in the gut. She powers The Microphone Fiend across her shoulders, but Butcher kicks his legs and lands behind Titaness. Just as she turns, Butcher leaps up and noggins The Pretty Powerful with a pretty powerful jumping enzuigiri! She falls to the canvas as Butcher fights up! Uriel and Killjoy look irritated outside the ring as Butcher feeds off the energy of the Wyoming Faithful!

Lance:

That was exactly the opening Butcher needed here! Titaness has taken the majority of this match so far, but Butcher has a chance.

Holding the back of her head, Titaness is in pain but tries to get up first. Instead, Butcher sends her into the corner with a whip and then connects with a running European uppercut across the jaw! He applies a headlock and then charges out of the corner with a big headlock bulldog! Butcher stands up and points over at Uriel and Killjoy, checking where they are. The Wyoming Faithful cheer on the Mic Drops Energy spokesman as he leaps over the top rope to land on the apron and climbs up top. He waits on Titaness, then jumps with a HUGE diving crossbody from the top!

DDK:

Big hangtime off that diving crossbody! But Butcher... why isn't going for the cover?

He stands up and then applies another headlock to Titaness, then transitions into picking her up across the shoulder before DRIVING her down into the mat with a running air raid crash!

DDK:

OH, THAT'S WHY! HOT MIC FOR THE WIN!

Butcher hooks the legs and counts along with the people!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The entire arena goes deflated when Butcher sits up, looking up at Fastcountini's two fingers telling him this match is still going!

Lance:

I thought he had it there!

DDK:

Me, too, but Butcher is trying again! I think he might be ready to play Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

For the second time, he calls for the headlock driver by headlocking air and yelling "GRAB A HOLD, BROTHER!" Uriel yells out to a groggy Titaness as she starts to stand, only for Butcher to grab her by the side of the head. Before he can land the move, Titaness elbows her way free and then sends Butchers into the ropes, only to catch him with a big spinebuster on the return!

DDK:

Oooh! Countered again into a big-time spinebuster! But Titaness isn't done! She's got something ready...

She waits on Butcher and as he sits up, she runs full-speed and SMACKS him with a running knee smash as he's kneeling, sending him back to the mat! She hears the reaction from The Faithful and gris her teeth before falling into a cover to hook the legs!

DDK:

Titan-knee-am! I think that's gonna do it! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Butcher kicked out again! He's not quitting tonight! But neither is Titaness! I think she's calling for the end!

DDK:

I think she's calling for The Pretty Striking spear! She dropped Butcher with this very move at Tag Party VI!

Leaning back in the corner, Titaness gets ready to unleash the same spear again, yelling for The Microphone Fiend to stand! Uriel looks giddy as a proud husband while Killjoy watches on. Titaness runs off the ropes and gives herself extra momentum for the spear...

ONLY FOR BUTCHER TO CATCH HER WITH A HEADLOCK TAKEOVER INTO A CRADLE!

DDK:

NO! BUTCHER COUNTERS! HE CALLS THIS THE BURNS BEATER! HE DEFEATED OSCAR AT DEFCON WITH THIS VERY SAME MOVE!

Titaness tries to squirm, but Butcher holds on tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd erupts just as Titaness finally kicks out too late!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher giddily has his hand raised by Jonny Fastcountini!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Titaness got overaggressive and Butcher was ready for the spear this time! He countered Pretty Striking into the headlock takeover cradle pin!

But before can celebrate any more, he gets SMACKED from behind by Titaness, courtesy of another Titan-knee-am knee strike to the back! After he goes down, The Faithful roar with booing as Titaness jumps on Butcher and starts raining down elbows to the back of his head.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez slaps Killjoy on the chest and he heads into the ring. Uriel Cortez marches over and chases off Darren Quimbey from ringside after stealing his microphone.

Lance:

What's the meaning of this?! Butcher challenged Titaness, he beat her fair and square! She's clearly not happy with the result here!

Titaness pulls Butcher up once again by his mohawk and then throws The Microphone Fiend into the grip of Killjoy, who then picks him up and DRIVES him down with the FreeFall kneeling powerbomb! The two tower over Butcher's fallen body as Uriel climbs into the ring, mic in hand. Titaness also makes a beeline outside towards the timekeeper's area and takes the Stick!

DDK:

What is Titaness doing?

She now has The Stick v2 in her possession, laughing as she wields the purple-hued retro microphone.

Titaness:

BUTCH VIC... YOU ARE NOW MY BITCH!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titaness:

And you've just been humbled by YOUR HIGHNESS... TITANESS!

Uriel laughs over the booing, then looks down at the battered Butcher.

Uriel Cortez:

At Acts of DEFIANCE... I told everyone within earshot and everyone watching that after I beat DEFIANCE's Favorite Son Scott Douglas, MY NAME is on the lease now. DEFIANCE has a father figure who isn't afraid to dole out ass-beatings where they're needed. And for people who don't listen... people who get involved in Familia Business like Butcher, we're making examples of them!

He looks down as he starts to unbuckle his belt.

Uriel Cortez:

And that includes this loud little prick... Butch Vic.

The booing is louder as Titaness and Killjoy try to hold Butcher...

DDK:

No... no way. Is Uriel going to whip Butcher Victorious with his belt?! He did this to his own former manager, Thomas Keeling and we haven't seen him since!

He gets ready...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Uriel, Killjoy and Titaness all look up and see the last faces they expect to see...

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL.

"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! THE LADS! THE LADS ARE HERE! THEY'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

Purcell ditches the fake King Hippo crown and Dex Joy ditches the Chris Farley jacket and both big men head to the ring! Titaness looks at Uriel, not sure what to do, but he points and the members of Titanes Familia leave the ring! Killjoy wants to fight, but Uriel urges him to leave along with them.

Uriel Cortez:

WE AREN'T FIGHTING FOR FREE, KILLER. LET'S GO.

Purcell and Dex reach the ring just as Killjoy finally listens and follows along with Uriel and Titaness. Dex and Purcell both watch the Familia leave before Dex walks over to help Butcher!

DDK:

The Lads are out here to even the odds for Butcher Victorious tonight! I don't even want to think about what we were going to see if they hadn't stepped up!

Uriel helps a pissed-off Titaness out of the ring, meanwhile, Purcell opens the ropes and dares the Familia to come back!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Come on! Your names would look great on some shirts!

Dex leans close into the rope and yells out to Uriel.

Dex Joy:

Let's dance, Poppa Tez! My dance card is free tonight, big boy!

Uriel turns one last time at the entrance to face The Lads, then gets booed out of the building as the trio disappear behind the curtains. Dex goes over to help Butcher and Butcher is able to extend a handshake to both The Biggest Boy and The Brick Hithouse for their intervention! Dex and Purcell each raise the hand of the limping Butcher.

DDK:

Titanes Familia taking a beat... and I think Titaness stole Butcher's Stick!

Lance:

What a crazy development this was! Are we about to see The Lads and Titanes Familia collide?!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE DOWN ON HIS LUCK

The scene switches to a disheveled Conor Fuse exiting his locker room, bag in hand.

Conor Fuse: [speaking to himself]

Man, this has been a rough go. Can't believe I lost to Flyer's kid, LOL.

The locker room door closes behind him as he walks down the hall. He lets out a frustrated huff.

Conor Fuse:

Something's gotta change here, you've been losing too much, man. Dan is right, I am a former World Champion but in DEFIANCE, I've been in a slump.

Fuse huffs again as he reaches the back exit doors. He pushes the handle bars but only puts one foot outside...

He stops, tilts his head and crinkles his forehead.

There's a sobbing sound coming from right beside him.

He looks to the left, then to the right, but doesn't see anything. He places his second foot out the door but he hears the sobbing sounds again so he steps back inside.

He looks down and to the far right. He sees it. The camera pans along.

It's Malak Garland, sitting on the floor in the corner of the hallway, head towards the ground, tears flowing from his eyes.

The FIST of DEFIANCE slowly glances up and sees Conor. For a second there, Malak looks relieved.

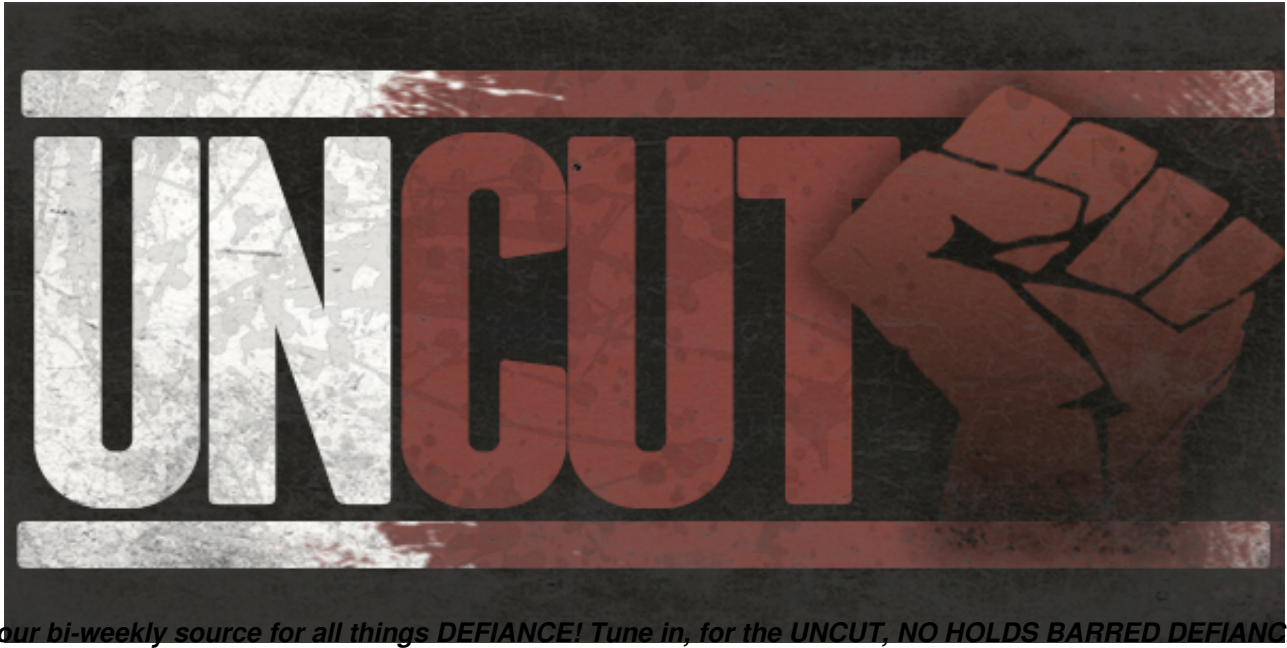
Malak Garland:

Conor...

Garland nervously wipes tears away from his eyes.

Malak Garland:

I need you.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

SOHER: NED REFORM (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DDK:

Alright, folks, we have arrived at the main event of what has been a very exciting evening coming off the heels of ACTS of DEFIANCE. I tell ya, Lance, this crowd has been something else tonight.

Lance:

They sure have, partner. The Cheyenne Faithful have nearly blown the roof off their ice arena and I expect them to only turn things up even more for this Southern Heritage title match.

DDK:

Fresh off an impressive victory against J.J. Dixon at ACTS, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd sounded confident earlier tonight when he spoke to Christie Zane. If he can bring the same fire he brought to that match tonight, he has a real chance of following through on his promise of taking the belt from Reform.

Lance:

We've said that before about Ned Reform's challengers, and each time, The Good Doctor finds a way to beat them. Rezin. Corvo Alpha. Mikey Unlikely. Bronson Box. Reform is as cunning as they come and will truly do whatever is needed to win. Needless to say, Brock will need more than confidence to have a shot tonight.

DDK:

Excellent point as always, Lance. Whatever happens, we should be in for a highly competitive match. With that, let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Standing in the middle of the ring next to referee Carla Ferrari, the ring announcer raises his mic up to address the rabid crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following singles match is the main event of the evening, and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

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

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful erupts as the challenger walks out onto the stage with a single fist raised high above his head. Amped up, Newbludd runs from one side of the stage to the other to whip the crowd into as much of a frenzy as he can. Hitting the ramp with a confident stride, Newbludd slaps hands with the fans as he heads down towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...the challenger!! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds..."MILWAUKEE'S BEAST" BROOOOOOCK NEEEEEWBLUUUUDDDD!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope and popping to his feet, Newbludd walks to the closest corner and climbs up to soak in some final cheers. With his music fading out, Brock and The Faithful turn their attention back to the stage.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple as the music of the SOHER fills the arena... but The Good Doctor does not appear. At least... not in person. Instead, he pops up on the DEFITron. He's certainly not dressed for battle: instead he sits in a large cushioned chair as he leisurely reads a book.

DDK:

What... what's going on?

The music slowly fades out and is replaced by a cascade of boos. Reform closes his book, looks into the camera, removes his glasses... and smiles.

Ned Reform:

Hello, children.

Newbludd's jaw drops and he walks to the center of the ring with his hands on his hips.

Brock Newbludd:

What the actual fuck!

The Faithful share Brock's feelings on seeing Reform up on the tron and not in the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

I must apologize for the ruse: I'm sure there are many of you in the... the... well, whatever the name of the arena is... who paid to see Doctor Ned Reform compete tonight. And I understand the frustration boiling inside you when I announce that I am not at DEFtv tonight.

Lance:

Are you kidding me?

Ned Reform:

Know that those feelings of frustration are natural. Allow yourself some space to process them. But you must understand, children, that I am still in considerable pain from the Ambulance Match last month. The brutality! I am not in any condition to defend this championship...

Ned reaches off-screen, producing the Southern Heritage Championship and slinging it over his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

And furthermore... Doctor Ned Reform is, as I believe the colloquialism goes, a "prize fighter." I respect myself far too much to even APPEAR in venues as small as this one, nevermind compete. I unequivocally refuse to debase myself in such a manner. In fact... I have made somewhat of a personal promise of myself to never, ever even step foot in the state of Wyoming.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Inside of the ring, Newbludd begins to pace in anger as the reality of Reform's words fully sink in.

Lance:

Reform is robbing these people, and Newbludd, of the main event they were promised! Unbelievable!

Ned Reform:

Please, please. Do not take this personally. I have to keep my resume strong, children. But! Fear not! I would never abscond completely! I still fulfill my obligations! You WILL have a main event! Mr. Newbludd, although I'm not there, I have found a more than suitable substitute, and thus you will have an opponent! In fact...

A slow smile. A sinister smile.

Ned Reform:

Tonight, Mr. Newbludd will wrestle the **NEWEST** member of the Honor Society.

Newbludd stops in his tracks and snaps his head up to the DEFIttron to glare at Reform in disgust.

Brock Newbludd:

YOU GODDAMN SLEAZY SONUVABITCH! I DIDN'T COME HERE TO WRESTLE ONE OF YOUR LACKEYS!!

DDK:

What? A new member??

Lance:

Who else could possibly be joining the ranks?

Ned Reform:

It is so. My friends, before I introduce you to my newest charge, I want to leave you with one thought: lest you ever doubt my ability to educate... to heal... I want you to remember this moment. Perhaps next time when I profess to help someone, you'll listen. You'll understand that I am an artist, and the human psyche is my canvas. Ladies and gentlemen... Mr. Newbludd... allow me to introduce to you... and to the world...

T!

A!

...BLACK!!

DDK:

WHAT?!

The DEFIatron goes dead.

So do the house lights.

The sound of electric guitar crackles through the PA, playing a bit of the old Ludwig Van.

Lance:

I have a bad feeling about this, Keebs...

*♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪***LIGHT!**

PURE, WHITE, EGREGIOUSLY BRIGHT and **BLINDING LIGHT!!!** Relentlessly pouring forth from the stage as though the very gates of heaven have suddenly burst open!

Here in fucking CHEYENNE, of all places!

DDK:

AAHH!! MY EYES!!

Lance:

It feels like the back of my skull is on fire!

Everyone in the arena recoils and shields their eyes. In the ring, Newbludd throws an arm over his face and looks away. Finally, the electrical supernova happening on the stage wanes just enough for some to make out the shape of a person standing there at the epicenter, arms outstretched in a Christ-like pose.

Lance:

There's somebody down there, Keebs!

The house lights come back up. The spotlights hit the human figure, dressed in a snow white academic robe and royal purple mortal board.

DDK:

Who... WHO is THAT?!

The camera removes in, and the wide-eyed, cheshire-smiling face slowly becomes more distinct.

Lance:

Oh no... is THAT...?

DDK:

It CAN'T be!

At first, it's hard to recognize the man's unfamiliar, cleanshaven chin, and long, feathered black hair sticking out the sides of his cap. But... there's no denying the maniacal glint in his eyes.

DDK:

IT'S REZIN!!

Lance:

I don't believe it! LOOK at him, Keebs! He looks even crazier WITHOUT the beard!

KA-KA-KA-KA-BOOOOOOMMMM!!!

White pyrotechnics explode EVERYWHERE! The rafters, the stage, the ringposts... nowhere is safe from the ivory flames of purification. The newly anointed "TA Black" begins bounding from one end of the stage to the next, energetically pumping his arms in a celebratory fashion while attempting to hype up a crowd that sits frozen in stunned silence.

BOOM!! BOOM!! BOOOOOOMMMM!!!

TA Black points to random locations in the building, summoning up additional volleys of pyrotechnics like he's fucking Tim the Enchanter. In the ring, Brock stares in shock and awe, jaw dropped and palms up as though asking "What the hell am I looking at?"

DDK:

Is THIS the TA Black Reform was referring to?!

Lance:

TA *Erik* Black... Rezin's real name! Which means...

DDK:

My God... Rezin has joined the HONOR SOCIETY?!

The music eventually fades down, and Black comes to a stop at the head of the ramp. Smiling from ear to ear, he slowly scans the arena from north to south before procuring a microphone from with his robe.

TA Black:

My friends... my family... my FAITHFUL!

Zero rasp in his voice. It's *very* unsettling.

TA Black:

I'm so glad to be here this evening, because I have the most wonderful news to share with the entire world! You see, after so many years of sickness and suffering... I'M CURED!!

He extends his arms out once more, expecting to take in an overjoyed cheer. The crowd... reacts. It's not so much a pop as it is a gurgle. A little less "RAAHH" and a little more "Uhhh?"

TA Black:

For so long, you've watched my struggles play out before your eyes! You witnessed a man living a depraved, pathetic existence, trapped in the vicious wheel of chemical dependency and self harm! But at long last, I have come to SEE the LIGHT OF REASON! So I come before you tonight, DEFIANCE, as a NEW man! A **SOBER** man! Purified of body and mind! Renewed! Refreshed! Rehabilitated! And dare I say... Reformed??

The Faithful groan while the exasperated Newbludd throws up his arms in disbelief at what has apparently taken the place of wrestling for the Southern Heritage.

TA Black:

Yes indeed... because it's Doctor Reform himself to whom I owe this newfound freedom! Because you see, while the rest of the world ENABLED ME for so many years by cheering on my mindless methods of self-destruction, the only one with the courage, fortitude, and unwavering dedication to lead me down the path of salvation was the Good Doctor himself! He had to beat me within an inch of my life and drive me straight to the rehab clinic to get the job done... but nevertheless, HERE WE ARE! A new day has dawned for HEAVEN'S Favorite Hoosier... and I am READY to spread the Good Gospel!

He grabs the purple mortarboard on his head by the brim and throws it up high...

...and Cheyenne GASPS.

DDK:

WHATTHEHELLISTHAT?!

In the place on top of his head where Rezin's shiny, bald pate once stood now sits a patch of... hair! Long, flowing, brown, and "perfectly natural" HAIR!

DDK:

KILL IT WITH FIRE!!

Newbludd squints and stares at the fresh pelt resting upon Rezin's proud head. Shaking his head at the sight, Brock puts a hand on his stomach and busts out in laughter.

Lance:

That rug is so bad, it should be part of the plot in a Coen Brothers movie!

Running a hand through his newly installed locks, Black finally hones in on the man standing in the ring.

TA Black:

Brock Newbludd, you have won the favor and admiration of these fans... but I can only look at you with PITY! Because what I see in you is POTENTIAL and STRENGTH that is woefully being held back by a lifestyle of unfettered ALCOHOLISM!

Still chuckling a little bit, Newbludd raises an eyebrow and points at the former Rezin's mane as Black continues coming down the rampway in slow, deliberate steps.

TA Black:

Don't you see? You're wrapping yourself in the battlecry of "ballyhoo", goaded on like packmule by these fans that support your willful intoxication! And it's DESTROYING you, Brock! You are ROTTING from crown to root! You're KILLING YOURSELF TO LIVE, Brock! And NO! For once, that is NOT a Black Sabbath reference! Don't you SEE? The Good Doctor is NOT your enemy! He is your guide! He is your compass! Your TRUE NORTH in this sick, sad world! Were it not for your hate for him, you'd be just another bottom-feeder, drinking away your check week after week! He has given you a PURPOSE! A DRIVE to be GREATER! My God, Brock... DON'T YOU SEE?!

Black comes to a stop at the foot of the rampway and shakes his head. By now, the smile has completely melted away. All that remains is a cold, calculating stare of doom from the erstwhile Goat Bastard.

TA Black:

Well, Brock, on behalf of the Good Doctor, I'm more than happy to show you...

Pause... and grin.

TA Black:

...some other time.

Newbludd, having heard enough, raises the mic to speak... but instead goes DOWN!

DDK:

Wait... WHAT?! We've got people in the ring!

Lance:

It's Weighted Grade! And TA Levi Cole! They came out of the crowd while Newbludd was distracted!

DDK:

All of the Honor Society is here, laying waste to Brock Newbludd!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The sight of Brock being ganged upon by Reform's understudies breaks the crowd out of their dumbstruck trance. The heat is borderline radioactive as they put the boots to him, medium-style, from all angles. At ringside, TA Black is cackling in delight.

DDK:

This was all a trap! No doubt orchestrated by that poor excuse of a "doctor"!

Lance:

And Pat Cassidy is unfortunately at home tonight, after reaggravating a bicep injury over the course of his match against Malak at Acts!

TA Black scales the steps and casually enters the ring. Official Carla Ferrari, fecklessly trying to restore control in the ring, attempts to stop him. What happens instead is Black seizes her by the collar, leads her to the ropes, and... gently

escorts her out of the ring. By now, the rest of Honor Society have backed off of Newbludd, who is lying prone and helpless on the mat.

Black slowly runs the ropes and drops a perfunctory Atomic Legdrop, and hooks the leg for a cover. Cole drops down for the count.

One!

Two!

Three!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

What an absolute mockery! These men should be ashamed of themselves!

Lance:

I'm absolutely speechless, Keebs.

The four TAs of the Honor Society -- Cole, Horrigan, Roosevelt, and now also Black -- celebrate, while Newbludd lies motionless at their feet. The jeering audience launches volleys of garbage into the ring, protesting this horrendous turn of events. At some point, Chris Trutt comes out from the back and crawls into the ring with a mic in hand to get some answers.

Chris Trutt:

Rezin! Excuse me... excuse me... WHAT in the WORLD are you thinking?!

He holds the mic up for TA Black to speak.

TA Black:

Mutt Trutt, the first thing you need to do, is to tell these people to PLEASE KEEP THEIR VOICES DOWN, if you want to hear what I have to say!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Chris Trutt:

I have been with you for so many years! For you to join up with the likes of Ned Reform... absolutely makes me SICK to my stomach! Now I think that these people here--and a lot of people around the world--have had just about enough of the Good Doctor, and you want to be a part of his group? You have got to be... JOSHING ME!

TA Black:

Well the FIRST thing you have to realize, Trutter, is THIS right here is the future of wrestling! You can call this... the NEW REFORMATION of WRESTLING, Trutter!

A fan who hopped the barricade gets halfway under the ropes before Horrigan intercepts him and stomps the bejesus out of him before DEFsec carries him off.

Chris Trutt: *[pointing to the trash in the ring]*

Look at all the crap in this ring! That's what's in the future for you if you want to hang around with the Good Doctor and the Honor Society!

TA Black:

As far as I'm concerned, all this CRAP in the ring represents these fans out here! For four years, Trutter--for FOUR YEARS--I held my head high! And GOT high! I did everything for the freaks! I did everything for the outcasts! And the

reception I got when I came back here... you fans can GO SHIT UP YOUR OWN DICKS, Trutter! Because if it wasn't for Erik Black, you people wouldn't be here! If it wasn't for Erik Black, Favoured Saints would still be selling gator jerky from a truck in New Orleans! If it wasn't for Erik Black, all these Johnny-Smoke-Lately's you see wrestling wouldn't be here! I was burning down the WORLD, Trutter, while they were bumming power outlets to charge up their electric cars to get to high school! So the way it is now, Trutter, with Erik Black and the Honor Society of wrestling, Trutter, and the blue bloods by my side... what are you going to BALLYHOO when the Good Doctor runs wild on you? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BALLYHOO?!

He points down the camera, wish smash zooms in on his grinning face.

TA Black:

Remember kids... say NO to drugs... RESPECT authority... and ALWAYS listen to your teachers! DOPE is for DOPES!!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

More pyros. More jeering. More celebrating amongst the Honor Society. More trash raining down from all directions. To make matters worse, WHITE CONFETTI begins to fall from the rafters.

DDK:

This is unbelievable, ladies and gentlemen, but they're telling us we are completely out of time! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler... we hope you have a good night! Erik Black, you can go to hell!

The broadcast fades to logo.

THIS.

IS.

A REFORMATION.