

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

Toronto, Ontario, Canada welcomes DEFIANCE as the Scotiabank Arena is hyped for DEFtv 216!

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!

PUSH CARL-BOT

BAN KAEGIACONA

EVERY MORNING I WAKE UP, I'M BROCK HARD

CONOR PINS HIMSELF

BOBODDY! BOBODDY!

I STILL BELIEVE IN REZIN

WELCOME HOME FUSE BROS!

A BIG DABNEY DOUBLE-FU, ED WHITE

!RANKMAPLESYRUP

BOX V GAGE - SOMEBODY GONNA DIE, Y'ALL

WELCOME TO BIZARRO WORLD???

TYLER FUSE vs. CONOR FUSE

Directly off the crane view, the DEFtv theme music ends and the crowd is left cheering to their own devices.

[!\[\]\(a870788d6ed9b8fd294b7654a8c8526b_img.jpg\) "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland !\[\]\(18065afa4ef6662bca9f3f6088f7de30_img.jpg\)](#)

The Toronto Faithful EXPLODE and then sing along to the opening of Conor Fuse's song. Moments later, amidst radio silence from the announce team, The Ultimate Gamer walks out from behind the FIST logo, dressed for battle with a massive grin stuck across his face. He is sporting white and red tights, with the Canadian flag maple leaf on the back of them, as well as tiny little red maple leafs running down the sides of both legs. He wears a white shooting sleeve on his left arm and a white "CONOR" bandana across his forehead. His wild blonde hair hops around the top of his head as he stands at the opening of the rampway, taking in the cheers.

Conor screams "LET'S FUCKING GO", and it's not edited, because blue font be damned, tonight DEFIANCE is in bizarro world.

Fuse pounds his chest before he skips down the rampway, ensuring he smacks hands with as many fans as possible.

DDK:

We are going to start RIGHT NOW.

Lance:

One of the biggest rematches in DEFIANCE history, it's brother versus brother, in their hometown of Toronto!

Fuse eventually reaches the end of the rampway. He looks up, into the squared circle. He closes his eyes and takes in the cheers once more, then he hops onto the apron and clears the top rope with another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring.

BOOM!

White and red pyro explodes from the top of the ramp, while The Toronto Faithful start a *!RANK* chant.

Conor cracks his neck and rolls his shoulders, enjoying the moment. His theme song comes to a close, but the *!RANK* chants do not.

DDK:

I can barely hear myself think!

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Brock Newbludd won the SOHER in his home state. It was one of the loudest reactions I've ever witnessed.

DDK:

Tonight might reach that peak, too!

As Conor waits in the middle of the ring, he realizes his ADHD isn't gonna let him just stand there. So he strolls around, fired up, letting the *!RANK* chants energize him further.

Everyone waits.

There are some cheers for... the other brother.

[!\[\]\(26cddea01ddf7f002af4ba779c4999ee_img.jpg\) "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero !\[\]\(6904bb7f8eb436becdb64d9ce0b725e2_img.jpg\)](#)

There are no boos, although it's not as strong of a reaction as Conor received. But The OG Player has the same rights to his home as his younger brother. Tyler Fuse strolls out from behind the FIST logo. He wears black trunks, black

boots and black wrist tape. Long gone are the days of his brown and orange uniform with a "TYLER" bandana. He wears nothing on his head, except a buzz cut of brown hair and a messy brown beard.

Fuse marches down the ramp, eyes deadlocked on the ring.

DDK:

Do you think Tyler is enjoying this moment?

Lance:

Do you think he enjoys... anything?

Tyler reaches the end of the rampway. He does meet eyes with a couple of fans cheering him on, as he walks over to the steel steps and marches up.

The camera switches to an older woman in the front row of the floor, to the right of the end of the rampway, she looks proud and emotional, clapping her hands.

DDK:

I'm told that's Conor and Tyler's mother in the crowd.

Lance:

I can only imagine what's going on in her head! She has to be very proud!

Tyler enters the squared circle. He rests in the corner while referee Benny Doyle slides into the ring himself. Tyler's theme song comes to a close, as Conor stands in the middle of the canvas, bouncing and hopping around.

The *!RANK* chants don't die.

Darren Quimbey enters the ring, as well.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is forrrrrr...

Quimbey and The Faithful know it's coming. It's the match where he goes into business for himself.

Darren Quimbey & The Faithful:

ONE FALL!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!! So awesome to know it's only one fall.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA-

Quimbey can barely get the words out, the fans are going apeshit.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing two-hundred pounds even... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Power-Up King... he is The Armlock Aristocrat... he is CONOR FUUUUUUUUOSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEE!

The younger bro screams into the rafters and pounds his chest as the crowd roars along.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

There are slight boos, while Tyler merely chills stoically in the corner.

Darren Quimbey:

Also from TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA...

Cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... he is The OG Player... he is Intensity Personified... he is TYLER FUUUSEEEEE!

More cheers follow, as Tyler nonchalantly shrugs when Conor asks him if he isn't hyped or not.

DDK:

Correct me if I'm wrong but Tyler's the one who asked for this match.

Lance:

He did.

DDK:

You think he'd be a little more excited?

Lance:

We've known Tyler for about eight years now. There's no chance of that happening.

Benny Doyle calls both wrestlers to the center of the ring. It takes Tyler a moment to peel himself away from the apron as he casually moves towards the center. Benny runs over the rules, takes a step back and motions to the time keeper-

DING DING

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!

LET'S GO TYLER!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO TYLER!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO TYLER!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The dueling chants surface as both real Fuse Bros. (not Malak) stand nose-to-nose. Conor does all the talking, he's totally f'n hyped, while Tyler seemingly looks past him.

SLAP!

OOOOOPPPPPPPPP!

DDK:

CONOR JUST SLAPPED HIS BROTHER!

Conor has a look on his face suggesting he only did it in order to get Tyler going. The younger bro bounces up and down, shouting at Tyler that he's ready. Meanwhile, Tyler's face stays in the direction of the slap. He hasn't looked back just yet.

Tension builds within the arena, knowing the match is going to reach the next level. Tyler finally pulls his body upright and starts to move his face slowly towards the center of the ring-

WHAP!

DDK:

CONOR WITH A SUPERKICK!!! HE'S GOT TYLER DOWN!! HE'S GOT A COVER!! COVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The kickout was RIGHT in the nick-of-time, as Conor kips to his feet, bounces off the ropes and comes racing across once again. Tyler stands but can't get out of the way as Conor jumps towards him and screams "WEAPON GET".

WHAM!**DDK:**

I TRIGGER!

Lance:

Oh. My. God!

DDK:

Conor rolls Tyler over and hooks BOTH LEGS!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST-SECOND, STRONG KICKOUT!

The crowd bought the finish for the second time, this one leaving Conor on his knees, looking up at Benny Doyle with a stunned expression. Mrs. "Fuse" is also in shock!

DDK:

Conor almost had Tyler DOA... twice!

Lance:

That second kickout was LITERALLY at the last possible millisecond!

The crowd is buzzing. Sure, there's only been two moves delivered but it's the top of the show, in the Fuse's hometown.

Conor decides he better get going if he wants to win. He snaps to his feet, grabs onto Tyler and drags him up, too.

Snap suplex.

Conor holds on.

Another snap suplex.

Conor holds on.

Falcon arrow suplex and another hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor Irish whips his older brother into a corner. Conor comes in hot with a massive splash, proceeding to lift Tyler onto the top rope and in no time join him up there.

SUPERPLEX!

DDK:

Conor holds on!

A superplex worked into a second falcon arrow suplex AND another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Conor is trying to put away Tyler fast! It's not a bad strategy. You have to think that despite these two only wrestling for the second time EVER, they still know each other inside and out. They've still TRAINED with each other their whole lives. The more this match goes, the more crafty Tyler Fuse can be...

Conor rolls into a corner and uses the ropes to get himself up. He hammers on the top buckle padding.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

Conor races over to the buckle across to his right. He smacks the top padding. The Faithful have caught on and chant along with him.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

Power up!

Conor SPRINTS full blast to the third buckle, never taking his eyes off Tyler as big bro slowly recovers on the mat.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

POWER UP.

And, finally, the fourth buckle smack.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

POWER UP!!!

Fuse screams into the rafters as Tyler is now on all fours and about to get to his feet. Conor comes racing in with

everything he's got-

Spear!

Conor throws Tyler into a pinning position but then outta nowhere, Conor works his older bro into an anaconda vice! Or, in other words, Damage Per Second.

The crowd cheers once again, seeing the submission side of Conor Fuse's arsenal come to play. And the additional impact of watching Conor currently cakewalk his brother.

DDK:

This isn't a strategy we see often but Conor has been known to put a few wrestlers away with a couple of his submissions!

Tyler is awake, alert and gritting his teeth through the pain, while Conor screams "YOU ASKED FOR THIS! YOU ASKED FOR THIS!" over and over.

Tyler pulls himself off the mat, just a little. He's using his feet to drive into the floor and attempt to move towards the ropes. The crowd continues to cheer, as the broadcast feed quickly switches to a shot of Tyler and Conor's mom who watches with intensity.

Tyler... reaches out...

No.

DDK:

You can see Fuse's eyes roll back into his head! Tyler, that is...

Tyler moves forward once more. He reaches out...

HE'S GOT THE ROPES!

Benny Doyle begins the FIVE count but Conor breaks DPS before the referee can even reach ONE. Instead, the younger Fuse latches onto the older Fuse's waist and pulls them both upright.

German suplex-

NO!

TYLER LANDS ON HIS FEET.

Before Conor can spin around, Tyler is seething. His eyes are deadlocked, he's breathing super heavy.

He's definitely woken TF up.

Conor brings his attention back to the middle of the ring, when Tyler comes in with a HEAD FULL of steam and clotheslines the living shit out of Conor, flipping little bro inside-out TWICE, a 360 spin.

Commence the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

DDK:

Tyler is ALIVE! And by god, he is well!

Lance:

You can see Tyler's neck is giving him problems, his head isn't exactly sewed on straight. Needless to say, he is

pummelling Conor with those boots!

Tyler works Conor into a corner and has no quit, even when the FIVE count is administered. Tyler drags Conor upright and rests him across the buckle.

SLAP!

A hard, stiff-as-shit slap across Conor's chest.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

Tyler with a headbutt!

Tyler with a knee to the stomach!

Tyler with a hammer throw, sending Conor crashing into the middle of the ring!

The elder Fuse's eyes once again deadlock on his target. Tyler's facial expressions suggest Conor might not even be his brother anymore. Merely another victim.

Until, all of a sudden, the rage drops from Tyler's face.

It's replaced by a smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

Weapon Get.

He says it softly, and if Conor was well and good, Conor would point out that Tyler didn't go through the appropriate Weapon Getting protocol - slapping the chest of your opponent and announcing you're stealing a move is the correct path.

The younger bro is struggling to get on his feet but the second he does, Tyler takes charge.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

TYLER FUSE CONNECTS WITH A HEAD STOMP!

Lance:

Never in my life did I think Tyler could jump AS HIGH AS HIS BROTHER!

Tyler delivers a TEXTBOOK Head Stomp as both men fall to the mat and Tyler hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Toronto Faithful rumble their feet, delirious to know the match will go on! Tyler scowls momentarily before peeling Conor off the mat and going to the basics. Side Russian leg sweep, followed by a few hard knees into the neck, then lifting Conor up again and connecting with a pendulum backbreaker.

Lance:

Initially, I thought Tyler was going to target Conor's head, given the Head Stomp. But he's proceeded to move to Conor's back.

Tyler snatches Conor's left leg and rests it on the bottom rope before crashing his entire body down on it.

DDK:

I know you're the colour guy but I think Tyler is going after every body part of his brother, perhaps to find a weakness.

The elder Fuse places Conor's left leg on the bottom rope again and using the top rope as leverage, Tyler hammers his body down upon it. Conor shouts as the match pace has slowed, the crowd noise has been lowered and Tyler might have his brother where he wants.

Tyler throws Conor into the center of the ring. He wraps Conor's legs around his left leg... and tries to switch Conor into...

A modified Texas cloverleaf!

DDK:

Tyler has taken out talent with this move! Kerry Kuroyama was shelved TWICE, over six months of recovery time on both accounts!

Lance:

Dead-to-rights in the center of the ring! After being placed in the anaconda vice, it's Tyler's opportunity to make his brother tap!

The Toronto Faithful try pulling themselves back into the match, stomping their feet on the ground. Conor places both hands underneath him, in an attempt to push up and off the mat-

When Tyler ends up reaching back and snatching Conor's left hand, locking Conor's arm into Tyler's own body while he STILL applies the cloverleaf!

DDK:

Incredible! Tyler has ensured it's going to be even more difficult for Conor to get across the canvas now! Conor only has one arm left to use!

Lance:

I don't think he can, Keebs!

With Conor's only free hand, it looks like he's going to tap.

NO!

Conor pulls his hair instead! The crowd cheers even louder...

And although Conor's left hand is trapped, The Ultimate Gamer's eventually able to wiggle it free! He has both hands underneath him!

Conor starts moving Tyler to the ropes!

The OG Player leans back as hard as possible!!

Conor looks like he might not make it!

DDK:

DID CONOR TAP!?

...

...

...

Lance:

NO! HE'S GOT THE ROPES!

Benny Doyle starts the FIVE count but Tyler holds on until FOUR.POINT.NINE-NINE-NINE. Some boos follow. But with Conor reeling on the canvas, Tyler deadlifts his brother into a belly-to-back suplex.

CONOR LANDS ON HIS FEET!

However as Tyler spins back around, Conor collapses before he can deliver what looked to be a superkick.

Tyler sends a heart punch into Conor's chest! The Gamer is stunned... and Tyler's eyes are bloodthirsty. He latches onto Conor's right arm and attempts to land a discus clothesline-

Conor leaps on top of Tyler and hits a desperation DDT! The top of Tyler's head sticks on the canvas, he's completely tilted up-side-down before crashing to the canvas.

DDK:

It's back to anyone's game! That move bought Conor some time!

Conor is hammering his legs, hoping to get feeling back in them. Finally, the little brother has it together, just enough, so he pops to his feet but needs to grab the ropes to make sure he is balanced. Tyler is also regaining his composure. The older Fuse stands, without help from the ropes.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

WHACK!

Superkick by Conor!

The former HOW World Champion points to the top rope. He sucks back what looks to be a ton of pain but Conor is up there in a jiffy, because he literally went from canvas to the top rope in one easy leap.

Conor doesn't have the time, or perhaps the ability, to face the inside of the ring. He's standing on the buckle but looking out into the crowd.

It doesn't matter. He measured his brother before he got up there.

MOONSAULT!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Tyler ends up standing at the last second and Conor LANDS across Tyler's right shoulder. Tyler catches Conor! Conor's momentum comes to a halt, while Tyler has his brother on his right shoulder.

Tyler moves Conor into a better position.

TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER!

DDK:

I've never seen Tyler do that before!

Lance:

Desperate times! That, or it's like Tyler threw out his moveset because he forgot his whole arsenal!

DDK:

Pretty sure Tyler was just working with what he had!

Conor lays motionless but Tyler doesn't go for the pin... yet. Instead, Fuse backtracks into a corner of the ring, eyes locked on his brother, waiting for him to stir.

Tyler screams "GET UP!" while Conor seemingly tries to. Conor is on one knee... two knees... one foot... two feet.

Tyler comes racing in.

Charing yakuza kick!

DDK:

Taken right out of Jack Harmen's playbook!

Lance:

Hey! Tyler didn't even Weapon Get that!

Conor can barely move but he's trying to, so Tyler bounces off the ropes and sends a curb stomp into the back of his brother's head! And now, Tyler calls for the end. He snatches Conor's head and tucks it under his left armpit. Tyler sprints into the corner, runs up the buckle pads and pushes off with his feet, changing course towards the center of the ring, about to connect with CQC, the running bulldog-

When Conor finds a second wind and pushes Tyler off of him!

WHAM!

Tyler ends up flying into the referee, Benny Doyle, knees first!

DDK:

DOYLE IS OUT!

Lance:

DAMMIT!

Tyler is the first man to his feet, however. He may not have even processed the referee is out because Tyler knocks Conor silly with an inside out clothesline.

Tyler collapses across the buckle where CQC was unsuccessful. The former FS Champion surveys the scene. He sees Benny Doyle knocked down. He sees his brother is fumbling around on the canvas.

Tyler closes his eyes for a moment, it's as if he's remembered why he's going through this match to begin with.

His eyes open. He points to the back.

He shouts Malak *Garland's* name and then runs forward, screaming WEAPON GET and crushing Conor with I Trigger.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Except there's no referee, so there's no pin.

Tyler looks around, from all angles of the ring. He gives a quick, merciless shrug, as if he's talking himself out of what he wants to do next.

He does it anyway.

He drags Conor to a corner of the ring while Tyler exits under the bottom rope. The OG Player starts wrapping Conor's legs around the ring post.

DDK:

No. Way.

Lance:

Oh, he's done this before. Tyler has crippled guys, many times!

There is no hesitation. Tyler's going for it.

Hanging figure four off the ring post.

Conor screams in agony as their mother watches on with a blank face, the move performed right in front of her. Conor is pulling at his hair, he's yelling at the top of his lungs while Tyler hangs off his brother's feet, his back not even reaching the floor.

The crowd BOOS, there is severe tension inside the arena.

And then...

Tyler lets go and drops the hold.

He stoneface walks past his mother and slips into the ring, dragging Conor to the center of the canvas. Tyler stumbles back into the same corner he exploded from.

Tyler smacks the top padding and with a shit eating grin, he follows up...

Tyler Fuse:

Power up.

Tyler marches over to the second corner, his eyes never leaving his brother as Conor tries to get up.

Tyler Fuse:

Power up!

Tyler reaches corner number three.

Tyler Fuse:
POWER UP.

And finally, corner number four.

Tyler Fuse:
Power. [BEEP]ing. Up.

The broadcast feed caught the swearing this time.

However, for a split second, the demeanor on Tyler's face changes. He sees Benny Doyle is still DOA. He also witnesses Conor, his brother, the man he entered DEFIANCE with, is trying his best to get up but keeps falling back down. There is sheer desperation on Conor's face. Pain. Torment. Perhaps even a little bit of heartbreak.

For a moment there, it *looks* like Tyler may have calmed down and come to his senses.

Tyler gives his head a HARD shake.

Locked on mode is back ON.

Tyler charges towards Conor.

BUT CONOR FUSE SNAPS UP AT THE VERY LAST SECOND AND SNATCHES TYLER BY THE HEAD.

DDK:
ANIMAL CROSSING!

The Toronto Faithful are rabid as Conor holds on, dragging Tyler up with him, still with the Animal Crossing hold locked in place.

Conor froths at the mouth. Literally. Drool runs down his face.

DDK:
ANIMAL CROSSING!

F it, how about three.

DDK:
ANIMAL CROSSING!!!

Conor drops the hold. He kips to his feet but he is in a world of pain. He can BARELY stand. He realizes Benny Doyle is DOA but Conor is gonna try getting to the top rope as if his life depends on it. This time, however, he has to go up the buckle, pad by pad.

Lance:
I don't think I've ever seen Conor CLIMB to the top!

DDK:
I know!

The Power-Up King is finally there. He takes a moment to measure his brother and, perhaps, to look over at his mom before leaping.

Dark. Phoenix. Splash.

Lands.

10/10.

DDK:

HOLD ON A SECOND... THAT'S- THAT'S MARK SHIELDS RUNNING DOWN THE RAMPWAY!

Shields slides into the ring while Conor hooks his brother's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Faithful go bananas.

[!\[\]\(d4a6cd25494365257969801de384a807_img.jpg\) "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland !\[\]\(10998eb709a3c859ac1baf1376945f7d_img.jpg\)](#)

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEE!!!

DDK:

Unbelievable! Conor did it! He beat his brother!

Lance:

THREE Animal Crossings and a Dark Phoenix Splash later! Man, let me tell you, prior to I thought Tyler had the match won!

DDK:

He probably did... but Benny Doyle was down and out and hasn't recovered. In fairness, Benny ATE Tyler's boots when Conor inadvertently pushed the running bulldog away!

It takes a while for a limping Conor Fuse to stand but Mark Shield's raises his hand-

Until Tyler **SHOVES** Mark! Conor's theme song instantly ends, leaving a furious Tyler Fuse standing half-straight, holding the back of his head.

Some of the crowd boos but most just watch on as Mark Shields stumbles away, leaving Tyler and Conor standing in the center of the ring.

Conor starts speaking but whatever he's saying, the broadcast can't pick up the information. Nevertheless, Conor sticks out his hand, wanting to shake on the match.

Tyler looks down at the hand, then at his brother.

Tyler reaches out-

AFTER TEN THOUSAND YEARS

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

Jeers fill the arena so fast, everyone's attention goes to the top of the stage as Malak FUSE walks out. Meanwhile, inside the ring, the real Fuse brothers never did end up shaking hands. Malak beatboxes down the ramp like an untamed wildebeest. He's sporting MULTIPLE arm sleeves and looks like a total douche. Without a fuck in the world, the FIST of DEFIANCE now finds himself in the middle of the ring, standing almost in-between Tyler and Conor. Tyler's face, of course, looks like he's going to absolutely destroy Malak any second now, while Conor expresses indifference. Conor is also rubbing his left leg, he's in a lot more pain than he's letting on.

The announcers stay on radio silence.

Malak Fuse:

Toronto! Allow me to reintroduce myself. I am the most famous Fuse Bro. so I don't know why you syrup suckling hoes aren't cheering for me because this is my hometown, too!

Well, that's one way to get even MOAR jeers.

Malak Fuse:

I have to say, though, watching my two younger siblings battle it out, and right in front of *mom* as well...

DDK:

Oh, who is he kidding!?

The camera switches to where Tyler and Conor's mom stands. She shakes her head. Everyone hates Malak.

Malak Fuse:

It makes me tickled pink. Warm and fuzzies watching my brothers wrestle with everything they got. Going to war with each other. WRECKING each other.

Malak takes a glance at both of them.

Malak Fuse:

And then being best friends after it's all said and done!

The Faithful hate all of this.

Malak Fuse:

Anyway, I thought you both should be the first to know. I spoke to the Favored Saints again. While their statement is unchanged, that I have to defend the FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP at DEFCON or forfeit the title...

Malak gives a quick frowny face at the thought.

Malak Fuse:

They are willing to bend on **one** stance.

Now Malak gives a happy face!

Malak Fuse:

I have earned the right to make a HAND CRAFTED SELECTION for an opponent!

Malak shrugs.

Malak Fuse:

As long as they also approve. But this is fine. It helps my anxiety because at least I have some control, some direction

and I don't have to wrestle forty people at once.

Malak literally nudges Conor out of the middle of the ring and stands directly in front of Tyler.

Malak Fuse:

Make no mistake, there's only one big bad bro I want to knock down a peg. I humbled him once and I'll humble him again and I'll humble him forever!

Tyler is enjoying every single word Malak has to say.

Malak Fuse:

So I told the Favored Saints and they approved my HAND CRAFTED SELECTION.

Both Malak and Tyler are enjoying the moment.

Malak Fuse:

It's called nepotism. Nepotism is everything. Nepotism is the best. Nepotism is also fun to say.

Malak sticks his nose right into Tyler's face. Neither man backs down.

Malak Fuse:

I choose you.

Pause.

Malak Fuse:

Pikachu.

The crowd gives a pause. Even Tyler gives a pause. Suddenly, Malak moves his head away from Tyler...

And towards Conor Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

That's right, cOnOr. *I* invented *cOnOr fUsE* and now EVERYBODY uses that slanderous saying against you. When I first entered DEFIANCE we became the best of friends. [You unlocked me](#) after all but it didn't take long for me to step right over you and ascend into greatness! We are sworn enemies, cOnOr, and we are also brothers! OH THE DRAMA! However, the most important reason as to why I am choosing you, dear cOnOr...

Malak starts laughing.

Malak Fuse:

You have NEVER beat me! And you never will! You're literally the easiest target for the pickings. I CHOOSE YOU because you'll be easy. I won't even have to train for this match because I already know everything about you. All I have to do is sit back and eat Twinkies. Then I will roll into DEFCON and pin you to the mat without breaking a sweat!

Tyler fumes behind Malak Garland but The Snowflake Superstar is only paying attention to a **confused** Conor Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

This has nothing to do with your victory against Tyler but between you and I, we can pretend it does! I figure in the end you're the easier target and the weaker opponent. I deserve the break! I am on LOAD MANAGEMENT after all! It's called Easy Nepotism. Choose the biggest pushover in the family that you can bully. Bullying is fun. Why would I punch my own weight? Go after THE ANNOYING CANADIAN.

Hard boos as Malak spews hate towards his former friend. Meanwhile, Conor absorbs it but starts to get red in the face.

Malak Fuse:

We are destined to do this! Tied to each other from the day I walked into DEFIANCE after you, dear brother, “unlocked” me. I am FOUR-and-O against you in singles matches!

Malak prances around the ring, basking in his rant. He gets down on one knee in front of Conor.

Malak Fuse:

I want to speak to the player controlling you now, cOnOr. You suck. You’re a joke. You think this is all fun and games when this, this right here is the real deal.

Malak points to his chest as his words gain aggression.

Malak Fuse:

I am the FIST of DEFIANCE for crying out loud! This isn’t some high octane circus. You’re way past your PRIME if you think you’ve got another World Title run in you. I am the pinnacle of insane wrestling. I am THE man of action. A global champion. DEFIANT by nature. Agitator by choice. I WILL RUN CIRCLES AROUND YOU COME DEFCON! And then after I beat you, I’ll wreck that botox thirst trapper Elise Ares who suddenly wins one match and thinks she deserves the FIST. I’ll go on to beat Mikey Unlikely’s four-hundred-and-ninety-nine days and if Eugene Dewey ever comes back, I will beat the REAL *video game guy* and go on to become the longest reigning FIST! Three-trillion days!

The champion is about to exit the ring, leaving the stunned Fuse Bros. in his wake.

Malak Fuse:

Oh yeah, one more thing.

Malak has the widest grin yet.

Malak Fuse:

Wanna know WHY I am *really* gonna beat you, cOnOr? Because I know Tyler won’t be able to handle seeing **you** beat me first. Tyler wants me all to himself, he won’t be able to handle another person winning in his place. He couldn’t let Dan Ryan beat me. He definitely won’t let you beat me.

Malak is nodding along at his own comments.

Malak Fuse:

In fact, it’s Reverse-Nepotism. I give you the show, cOnOr, knowing Tyler won’t be able to let you see it through. It’s brilliant, really. You both work for me and yet you both don’t WANT to work for me and yet you both WILL work for me because we have a sibling rivalry. Yep, totally Reverse-Nepotism. Then I will foray into whatever else comes my way, while you, dear cOnOr, get the sads because big bro helped *me* win. As a result, Tyler and cOnOr will fight each other and leave me alone forever. That’s like Narcissistic-Necrophilia-Nepotism or something! I just created another new term!

Lance:

I think Malak had the initial definition of nepotism right but now he’s all over the place.

Malak finally acknowledges Tyler by looking his way.

Malak Fuse:

I’m inviting you to ringside for our match at DEFCON, Tyler. Screw it, things don’t need to be one-on-one during the BIG show, I am going to make this a family function. Family Nepotism. In fact, I’d like Dan Ryan to be there as well. He’s kinda extended family now, isn’t he? He’s tied into this, too. But back to you, Tyler, my *little* brother. I know you will end up costing cOnOr the match, I can see it in your eyes, it’s ALREADY eating you up that cOnOr beat you today. All your momentum over the past two years has been zapped in the span of a couple of months by me and now cOnOr, too.

Malak is FEELING himself. Toronto, on the other hand, isn't.

Malak Fuse:

ISN'T THAT DELECTABLE!? DON'T YOU LOVE THAT FOR ME!?

Malak keeps asking the question as he thrusts his hands and the microphone he's holding into Tyler's chest, trying to elicit a violent response but the Cold Crusher barely blinks. Malak eventually rolls out of the ring, lathered in his own hypothetical gargle. Conor is left looking at Tyler and Tyler to Conor.

DEFtv goes to commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2025

CHARACTER ASSESSMENT

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple as the Honor Society's theme song begins to ring throughout the arena. From the stage appears Weighted Grade, TA Cole, and then The Good Doctor himself flanked by Miss Sanders.

DDK:

Just two weeks removed from Ned Reform's loss to Brock Newbludd. We have a NEW Southern Heritage Champion following a cage match full of twists and turns.

Lance:

But no Oscar Burns.

DDK:

And right now, we're preparing to hear from the former champion... flanked by his entire stable of flunkies.

Lance:

ALMOST the entire Honor Society, Darren... TA Black is conspicuous by his absence. The man who many suspect that Ned blames for his loss.

Christie Zane stands on the stage with a mic in hand... but an unusually aggressive Reform snatches the mic from her as Weighted Grade quickly ushers her off the stage. Bringing the mic up to his lips as the music fades, the Canadian Faithful shower the Mad Gadfly with jeers... but in a rare move, Reform opts to ignore the negative reaction from the Canadian Faithful.

Ned Reform:

We have little time to stand on ceremony here. Important matters to discuss. Deep waters in which to wade. As you can all see, children, I stand before you...

A look of pure disgust on the academic's face.

Ned Reform:

...sans Southern Heritage Championship.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Yes, I agree. "Boo" indeed. It is in fact, a travesty. In fact, I...

"YEEEEEEAAAHH!!!"

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

The face of the Good Doctor twists in on itself in vexation. The crowd likewise jeers as TA BLACK bursts through the curtain and begins running across the stage, one hand holding a mic and the other shaking energetically over his head.

TA Black:

YEEEEEEAAAHH!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

After pacing the stage a few times, trying to pump up a crowd that would rather he buzz off, TA Black runs up in front of TA Horrigan and gets literal inches from his face.

TA Black:

YYEEEEAAAAHH!!!

Horrigan winces. Next, Black runs up to TA Owens. Again, INCHES from the face.

TA Black:

YYEEEEAAAAHH!!!

Owens shakes his head in confusion. Black then runs up to TA Cole and gives him the same treatment.

TA Black:

WWWOOOOOOOO!!!

Cole recoils, wiping spittle from his face. Finally, Black runs before the Good Doctor.

TA Black:

YYEEEA--

His voice abruptly cuts off when he notices the annoyed GLARE etched on Reform's face.

TA Black:

Say, Doc... why the sour grapes?

He instantly backs up, scratching his chin while he assesses the situation.

TA Black:

Hmm, but you know, now that I think about it... I guess there is a pretty big goshdarned reason why you would.

He snaps, smiles, and points back at Reform.

TA Black:

BACK PAIN, am I RIGHT??

Now beyond annoyed, Ned rolls his eyes. But Black continues to nod to himself affirmingly.

TA Black:

YESSIRREE, that's GOT to be it, Doc! That is the GOOD PATIENT's diagnosis! Your BACK is hurting from COUNTLESS HOURS of carrying the BURDEN of this HONORABLE SOCIETY of ours on your GREAT and VAUNTED shoulders! Like a TRUE paragon of virtue! I dare say, a MODERN DAY MESSIAH!! And we THANK YOU for it, Doc! EVERY ONE OF US!!

He twirls toward the audience.

TA Black:

THANK THIS MAN, YOU INGRATES!!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

TA Black turns his attention back to the Good Doctor, wagging a finger through the air.

TA Black:

But TONIGHT, Doc... EYE am going to help RELIEVE you of a bit of that burden! TONIGHT... our SOCIETY grows! And becomes GREATER!

He gestures to the entry-way...

TA Black:

Allow me to introduce to you... THE THREE NEWEST MEMBERS OF THE HONOR SOCIETY!!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

Through a fog and purple backlighting, three robed figures appear stepping through the curtain. When the spotlight comes up, the three are revealed to be the ex-Rezin's former Rezistance cohorts: Carlo and Gomez Amaretto, along with the pornstar viking Olvir Arsvinnar.

All three of them are looking cleaned up and dapper, wearing matching silver robes and purple mortarboards (with Olvir's being accentuated with horns, naturally). They are all wearing ear to ear cheshire smiles, looking Stepford Wives as hell.

TA Black:

YYEEEEAAAAHH!!! YYEEEEAAAAHH!!! You see, Doc, by following YOUR example, I managed to reach out these wayward souls and help them to SEE the LIGHT of the REFORM METHOD! Please welcome the NEW and IMPROVED TA ARSVINNAR... TA AMARETTO... and TA... um... AMARETTO!! And together, WE are the Honor Society's very own DEPARTMENT OF PEDAGOGICAL EFFICIENCY! Which you can REMEMBER by the handy acronym of...

He grimaces, suddenly realizing what word that spells out.

TA Black:

You know what? Forget the acronym. The point is, you have MY WORD, Doc... THESE men will not FAIL you! You can rely on them for ANYTHING! Unlike, you know... some others...

He clears his throat and not-so-subtly nods his head in the direction of Cole, Owens, and Roosevelt, all of whom pick up on his implication with reproach and offense.

TA Black:

How about we CHECK THESE GUYS OUT!

He rests a hand on the broad shoulder of the tall, muscular Norsemen. The viking looks nearly naked without his flowing golden beard.

TA Black:

Olvir here used to live the DEPRAVED life of a RUFFIAN and PILLAGER! Not to mention, rampant FORNICATION of ALL TYPES! EVERY DAY with RANDOM PARTNERS! Can you IMAGINE how TERRIBLE of a LIFE that would be? But EYE brought him into the LIGHT! RIGHT, Ollie?

TA Arsvinnar:

That's right, Erik! No more paying tribute to those pagan Norse gods through acts of violence and consensual sodomy! I am now a born again Christian, and living a life of chastity and restraint!

Black gestures over to the Amaretto brothers, who have transformed in such a way that they hardly look to be twins anymore. Carlo has shed off some pounds, evidently transferring them to his brother Gomez.

TA Black:

And then you have dear CARLO and GOMEZ here! For YEARS, they were CHARLATANS and HUCKSTERS! Dabbling in the BLACK ARTS, all in the name of profit! But NOT ANYMORE... RIGHT GUYS??

TA Carlo:

Indeed! Through your wisdom, we have surrendered the craft of MAGIC for the divine pursuit of scholarly studies!

TA Gomez:

No longer do we need to identify ourselves as the “Amazing” Amarettos... because now, we are simply...

They throw their heads back in unison.

TA Amarettos:

ACADEEEEEEEEEEEEE HAHAAHAHAHA!!!

TA Black:

YYEEEEAAAAHH!!!

OMFGSTAHPBOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The “good student” turns back to the Good Doctor, facing bright, smiling, and looking for approval.

TA Black:

...yeah?

The rest of the Honor Society appear to look to their leader to gauge how they should react to these developments. Reform’s face, for its part, appears purposefully expressionless - save for slightly squinted eyes. Finally, he brings the mic up and when it speaks, it’s with a noticeable twinge of disbelief.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Black...

He struggles to find the words.

Ned Reform:

I... I mean this with all due respect and every attempt at diplomatic tact... but... are you taking the drugs again?

In the blink of an eye, Black goes from beaming to befuddled.

TA Black:

Am I taking--you honestly think--hold up, hold up HOLD UP HOOOOOLLLD UP HERE!! Now DOC, I’ve been STONE COLD SOBER since DAY ONE of my treatment, and that’s the GAWD’S HONEST TRUTH here! In fact, I can PROVE it for you RIGHT NOW! Ollie, quick, get me a cup...

Reform throws up his hands, cutting TA Black off.

Ned Reform:

No... I mean, perhaps look at this from my perspective, yes? Put aside for a moment... well, whatever these people are supposed to be. Two weeks ago, in what may have been the highest stakes match of my ENTIRE career you... you kicked me in the face. AS A DIRECT RESULT of your actions, my championship is around the waist of a beer-chugging, cheese-eating, brain dead mid-Western buffoon. And mark this: I understand the concept of a mistake. At least conceptually, I mean, as I’ve never been foolish enough to make one. But I do understand that if I can consider myself a rational person, I should therefore allow for the possibility of an occasional error. This IS a contact sport, after all. However, I can’t help but wonder...

Reform steps ever so slightly closer.

Ned Reform:

...WAS it a mistake?

DDK:

Oh boy. This is getting interesting!

Black appears ready to respond, but The Good Doctor again cuts him off.

Ned Reform:

You have made great strides these past six months, Mr. Black. Wonderful and inspirational improvements to your mind, body, and psyche. However...

Reform, in a bold move, points a single finger into TA Black's purple attire.

Ned Reform:

...despite all the impressive outward appearances, behind this piece of cloth is a tattoo of a Marijuana leaf, isn't there? That's right... we've all seen it. You've done an excellent job at covering it up, but it's still there. And here...

Ned moves his finger slightly to the left. He holds it there before pulling it back.

Ned Reform:

Right here, kept purposefully out of sight, is an image of a twisted, black, disgusting heart. How UTTERLY symbolic, yes? It forces me to consider the painful possibility that this transformation, as it were, perhaps is less than skin deep. Perhaps you've simply wrapped a pretty packaging around an ugly truth. Perhaps that errant kick... perhaps causing me to lose the Southern Heritage Championship... perhaps that was not as accidental as you'd have us believe? Maybe, deep down in there... the black heart of REZIN still beats.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Lance:

The Toronto Faithful seem to like that possibility!

DDK:

I think we all do, Lance!

TA Black's face slowly morphs. From confusion, to coldness.

TA Black:

Gee whiz, Doc... where is the TRUST these days?

He slowly paces the stage before the rest of the Honor Society. His head shakes, as though he's refusing to accept this reality.

TA Black:

After all we've been through... after all you've done for ME... after all EYE have done for YOU... you're HONESTLY going to entertain that notion? That the kick was no accident? Like what, I somehow PLANNED for that to happen? As though everything I've done until now was merely to WIN your CONFIDENCE through flattery and MANIPULATE your TRUST through deception? You think I'd do ALL THAT all just to get ahead? Do you REALLY BELIEVE that I'M WILLING to GO THERE, Doc?

Black looks Reform in the eye, almost daring him.

TA Black:

Well, Doc... I can swear to you hear and now, on my MOTHER'S GRAVE no less, that when I threw that KICK two weeks ago, it was meant for NO ONE ELSE other than that vile, vitriolic vagabond, BROCK
NYEEEEWWWWBLUDDD!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

TA Black:

But make no mistake, Doc... while I have been nothing short of UNQUESTIONABLY LOYAL to you these past several

months... I am MORE than willing to USE others to get ahead! After all, it was YOU who taught me that the ONLY WAY to get ahead in this world is to take ANYTHING and EVERYTHING worth taking, regardless of who you betray in the process! And yes, Doc... you have every reason to be wary of your BRIGHTEST pupil! Because given the right set of circumstances, that might even mean betraying YOU...

Black's words seem to cut The Sage on the Stage deep. He lowers the mic... and with a look of indignation, begins to roll up his sleeves!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Are we seeing the end of the Honor Society!?

Sweet Sanders:

Wait!

The tension is broken by a high pitched and pleasant sounding voice as Miss Sanders, holding a mic of her own, steps in between the two men.

Lance:

That's Deliah Sophia Sanders... months ago, she became Ned's personal assistant and helped him orchestrate the attack on the Cassidy family... but we haven't heard much from her until now!

Sweet Sanders:

I'm sorry, Doctor... I'm sorry, Mr. Black. But I want you both to know this bickering is unnecessary! In fact, I've taken the liberty... and I hope you don't mind, Dr. Reform, but you said I should take initiative... I've taken the liberty of making an arrangement that I believe can make everyone happy. Solving your problems is my job, after all.

Both Reform and Black seemed confused by this.

Sweet Sanders:

You put me in charge of managing your career, Doctor Reform, and so I have done just that. I have spent the last two weeks in closed door meetings and Zoom calls with DEFIANCE officials. It's taken some real work, but I'm happy to report that after much back and forth, I have secured you a BIG match for DEFCON! This April, at DEFIANCE's premier event... you WILL get a rematch against Brock Newbludd for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Reform's eyes go wide and he smiles. This pleases him.

Sweet Sanders:

That's right, ladies and gentlemen. It's already official! At DEFCON 2025, Brock Newbludd will defend the SOHer against DOCTOR Ned Reform....

...and...

...TA Black! In a triple threat match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

What!?

Reform's eyes begin to bug out as he demands an explanation. NOW. TA Black, meanwhile, quietly contemplates this news. Clearly, the gears are turning in his head...

Sweet Sanders:

Hold on, hold on! You see, Doctor, this is the PERFECT scenario! What better test of Mr. Black's loyalty? The Southern Heritage Championship... that's the one goal that REZIN never reached, isn't it? And now, in this match... he has to make a choice.

Reform's anger subsided as Sander's words begin to sink in. He actually smiles as he brings the mic up again.

Ned Reform:

Why, Miss Sanders... I knew hiring you was a wise move. Yes, it all comes together, doesn't it? Mr. Black... it would appear you have a decision to make, yes? The old, as they say, moral conundrum? At DEFCON, you can do the right thing... you can show loyalty to the man who quite literally SAVED your life... and you can assist me in righting a great wrong and taking back my property. Together, we can make short work of that alcoholic nitwit. Or... you can succumb to your more base instincts and you can make a play for the championship that has erstwhile eluded your disgusting alter-ego. The rules of a triple threat match state that you CAN attempt to win it for yourself, yes? Instead of proving your loyalty, you can show the world that despite your pretty words, you are still REZIN: still a halfwit drug-riddled LOSER who makes the worst possible decision at any given time. And you would, of course, as always - fail. The choice, my dear friend, appears to be yours.

TA Black considers the message for a moment, the flares his nostrils in anger. He points down the Good Doctor to ensure his message gets across.

TA Black:

...Rezin... is... *DEAD!*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

TA Black:

But I assure you, Doc, that what's standing before you today is ten times stronger, a hundred times SANER, and a THOUSAND times SCARIER than that person once more! So if you want to make the choice MINE, Doc, then I've got no problem with that! And YOU won't have a problem with it either...

He smiles once more. It no longer appears fake and forced; now his grin is genuine, and sadistic.

TA Black:

...because / am someone you can TRUST!

Reform lets that statement hang out there for a few seconds before responding.

Ned Reform:

Well. That remains to be...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

Woah!

Lance:

We haven't heard that music in some time!!

As the Canadian Faithful rise to their feet in response to the theme song of The Saturday Night Specials, Reform snaps into defense mode. He barks orders at TAs Horrigan, Owens, and Cole, and they quickly move from the interview stage toward the entranceway, poised to attack on sight. However, this move proves useless as neither Brock Newbludd or Pat Cassidy appear. Instead, a commotion arises from somewhere in the stands, and the camera quickly pans to its source...

DDK:

SNS is here!

Up off the floor seats, somewhere in the vicinity of row Q, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd have appeared! Both double fisting pints of some fine Canadian brew and both wearing jeans and the new SNS Drink Responsibility shirts (and with Brock sporting a lil extra gold around his waist) as they make their way past the cheering Faithful. As the fans reach out to grab them some of the former DEFIANCE Unified Tag Champs, Cassidy and Newbludd make their way to three conveniently empty seats.

Lance:

We saw Pat Cassidy make his DEFIANCE return two weeks ago to get some much-deserved revenge on Ned Reform... and it looks like they've gotten the band back together!

Quick cut back to the Honor Society who have noticed the arrival of the interlopers but can only grimace and point in anger.

In the stands, The Saturday Night Specialists have taken their seats: one for Pat, one for Brock, and one for the Southern Heritage Championship - which, for the record, has returned to a black strap. RIP Pink. Reaching into his back pocket, Brock Newbludd produces a mic as the music dies down and YOUR BOYS sit where they've always belonged: among the Ballyhooligans.

Brock Newbludd:

Excuse me, everyone...but Bally?

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:

Your NEW Southern Heritage Champion, that's who!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock Newbludd:

But that's not all! Sitting next to me is the soon-to-be 2025 DEFIANCE Father of the Year and my best friend, Pat Cassidy! He's BACK, baby!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock Newbludd:

Which can only mean one thing, Toronto! The Saturday Night Specialists are BACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Newbludd and Cassidy bump fists as The Faithful continue to cheer. Taking a moment to take a swig of beer, Brock turns his attention to The Honor Society.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey Ned! Rezin! Good to see ya again! It's been a real treat watching your house implode, I must say. And as far as the three-way Ol' Sour Lips put together at DEFCON goes...

One more swig of beer.

Brock Newbludd:

YOU'RE ON.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

With a grin, Brock grabs the Southern Heritage Championship and raises it high while Cassidy sits up, mic at the ready.

Pat Cassidy:

Ah... but [BLEEP]ing hell if it don't feel great to be back, kid, amlright!?

A roar of affirmation.

Pat Cassidy:

And shit... Newbludd hea gets to have all the fun, don't he? Not only does he get to take that belt away from yah stuck up bald ass, but now he gets to whoop BOTH of yah at DEFCON. Hardly seems fair, honestly. But... well, even though it's too late to officially join the fun, that don't mean I can't have the best seat in the house, does it? Maybe say... ringside?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned's eyes narrow.

Pat Cassidy:

Brock Newbludd... it would be my HOHNAH to be in your cornah at DEFCON. To keep an eye on any and all of these clowns.

Newbludd and Cassidy engage in a manly handshake as the fans roar their approval.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy will be in Brock's corner at DEFCON! That slightly evens the odds!

Ned Reform:

In his corner! Fine! It matters not because...

Pat Cassidy:

Woah woah woah. Hold yah horses, cupcake. I wasn't done. Yah see, Doc, I still owe you. I owe you big time. What you pulled last Decembah... well, I'm gonna owe you an ass whipping for the rest of yah natural life, honestly. So even though I can't officially get my hands on yah at DEFCON... what're you doing... oh, I dunno... in two weeks time?

Reform's eyes go wide. The fans begin to stir. Brock breaks out into a grin and slaps his partner on the shoulder.

Pat Cassidy:

Surprise! I'm cleahed, mother[BLEEP]. Clean bill of a health ovah heah. So I'm thinking... DEFtv 217... Quebec... what about the best friends forevah Ned Reform and TA Black team up against the LONGEST REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF ALLLLL TIME... The! SATURDAY! NIGHT!

Cassidy stops and lets the people finish for him!

SPECIALS!

DDK:

Oh man! That's huge, Lance! We haven't seen The Saturday Night Specials in action together since DEFCON 2024! That's almost exactly a year ago!

Reform seems to consider this proposal.

Ned Reform:

Well, perhaps you'd...

TA Black:

WE ACCEPT!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Reform looks to his outspoken TA, completely dumbstruck. Unaware of his reaction, TA Black pulls up astride the Good Doctor and slaps his shoulder in comradery.

TA Black:

NYEEEEWWBLUDD!! CAAAASSIDDYYYYYYY!! Your DRUNKEN and DEBAUCHEROUS shows of DISRESPECT will NOT be TOLERATED ANY LONGER!! Mark my words, at the next DEFtv, the GOOD DOCTOR and the GOOD PATIENT will leave the two of you absolutely Bally-HUMBLED!!

He turns to the crowd and winds up a fist pump.

TA Black:

YYE--

Pat Cassidy & Brock Newbludd:

SHUT THE [BLEEP] UP!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!***Pat Cassidy:**

Then we'll see ya in two weeks time, boys!

Brock Newbludd:

SNS Comeback Tour 2025 starts NOW!! Let's hear it one more time, Toronto!

The Southern Heritage Champion doesn't even have to do the first part; the fired-up Faithful got it covered.

*BAAAAALLLLYYHOOOOOOOOO!!!***Brock Newbludd:**

You hear that!? You boys are in big trouble!

SNS stand up and raise their drinks to the surrounding fans as they begin to chug. On the stage, Reform continues to glare suspiciously at TA Black who seems completely oblivious to any boundary stepping on his part.

DDK:

This is huge, Lance. DEFtv 217 - The Saturday Night Specials team up for the first time in a year to take on the duo of Ned Reform and TA Black... a duo that, despite claims to the contrary, seems to have some brewing issues.

Lance:

Not only that, Darren, but what about that huge match booked for DEFCON? Brock Newbludd defending the SOHER in a triple threat match against BOTH Reform and Black... how is that going to shake out? Is Black REALLY going to the good little soldier or is something else going on? And what role will Pat Cassidy play as Brock's cornerman?

ATOMIC PUNKS vs. DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

Up next we've got tag team action when the Atomic Punks take on Todd and Richie Dunson of the Dunson Clan from BRAZEN!

Lance:

The Atomic Punks and the Lucky Sevens almost came close to earning a Unified Tag Team title match for DEFCON, but we've heard both teams pointed the finger at one another this past week and blamed one another! They fought one another and the Rain City Ronin picked up the opening to win!

DDK:

But now the Punks are looking to rebuild and they can start with a win tonight!

Todd and Richie Dunson are already in the ring and ready when introductions for the match to begin.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first from Mt. Hope, West Virginia! They are Todd and Richie ... The Dunson Clan!!!

Todd and Richie yell at The Faithful. That's when their opponents come out!

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!"

Almost on cue, a blaring siren fills the air, the DEFtron suddenly staticking into a still of the one and only Dr. Sato's grinning visage.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The crowd goes wild, as the familiar glowing clouds appear around the entrance, and the familiar silhouettes of Fission, Gigaton, and Dr. Sato form in the mist!

DDK:

Listen to this response for the Atomic Punks! They may have come up short in the four-way #1 contendership match last episode, but they continue undaunted!

Lance:

I'd really like to see them work towards a rematch! They deserve it!

The trio stands tall on the stage and are ready to get to work. They take a few steps as Darren "DQ" Quimbey starts his introductions ...

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Dr. Ayumi Sato, Gigaton and Fission all stop in place when they turn around. Coming out right behind them, Mason and Max of the Lucky Sevens are also dressed to compete, wearing their black jeans and green and red snake-skin vests and shades. The Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE walk right around the Punks on the aisle on their way right to the ring!

Lance:

Hey! Wait! Mason and Max are out here and they just brushed off the Punks! What ... what is the meaning of this?

DDK:

Often, it's whatever these monsters want!

Gigaton and Fission look ready to jump in, but Dr. Sato holds them back as Mason Luck goes over and demands the

microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Mason Luck:

Cut the damn music!

When their theme grows quiet, the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful respond to the Lucky Sevens.

Mason Luck:

Two weeks ago, my brother and I had that four corners match won! My brother and I did what we always do and that's welcome people to the MAIM EVENT!!! But instead of us going to DEFCON, those *Punks* on the ramp ... they took our spot!

He points to the Atomic Punks. Max wants the microphone. Todd and Richie Dunson look nervous at these events.

Max Luck:

And since you two took our match away from us two weeks ago, we're doing the same to you right now! Dunson Clan ... if you have a deity of choice, now's the time to start praying!

Dr. Sato and Punks keep their place on the ramp. They're itching to fight, but Dr. Sato is observing quietly instead. In the ring, Max gets on the apron with his brother and points at the referee. Mason Luck stands on the ring apron and has the tag rope to be official.

Max Luck:

You! Zebra! Ring that bell!

Mason Luck:

Yeah, I got the tag rope! We're locked in!

Max throws the microphone and Quimbey catches it as slick as he is!

DDK:

Woooooow!!! I've heard of "Card Subject To Change" and the Lucky Sevens just gave a new meaning to the term!

DING DING

Max points two fingers at the Atomic Punks telling them they should be watching him! But while he's watching them Richie Dunson takes the cheap shot and hits a drop kick. He gets back up on his feet and hits Max with a volley of punches. He hits five shots on Max Luck and runs off the ropes for another drop kick ... but Max is ready this time and swats him to the canvas. Max follows up right away with a Box Cars elbow drop!

DDK:

I think Richie Dunson regretted that attempt at a sneak attack! That Box Cars elbow might have given him a broken rib!

Richie Dunson grabs Max and then puts him into the corner. Mason Luck makes a tag! Pretty Face Mase is in the ring and pins Richie to the corner. He smacks him with four chops! One! Two! Three! Four!

DDK:

If Richie's ribs weren't broken before, Mason might have just done it with the Four of a Kind chops!

Mason grab Richie and then biel tosses him across the ring to where he crashes in the corner! He points at the corner and tells Todd to take his best shot. Todd looks at his brother and then decides to ... not make the tag!

Lance:

Whoa! Todd Dunson is getting while the getting is good!

Todd Dunson tries to get away by running up and around the ring but he runs right into a crossbody by Max Luck on the floor!

DDK:

I was about to say there goes Todd Dunson, but ... there goes Todd Dunson!

Max climbs up and wants the tag! Mason gives it to him and climbs to get Richie off the ground. The Atomic Punks are watching!

Lance:

I think the Sevens are about to take this one home!

Mason puts his hand up to his wrist to say time's up and then locks in an iron claw on Richie! Max grabs his throat and they hit the Winning Hand-choke slam combination!

DDK:

SEVEN STARS!!! WE'RE DONE!!!

Pushing one boot into Richie's chest, it counts as a cover as both twins hold up the Winning Hand!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The match is over!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of this match ... The Lucky Sevennnssssss ... oh. Here.

Just as quickly as they handed the microphone back to Darren Quimbey, Max wants it right back! Quimbey does not want the smoke and gives the microphone back.

Max Luck:

We tell it like it is! The Atomic Punks. You are monsters. You are dangerous. Anybody that hates M4NTRA and Tom Morrow means that you're at least a good judge of character ... but in this ring, you're looking at *the* monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Mason takes a turn on the mic.

Mason Luck:

But since we can't go to DEFCON for the Unified Tag Team championships because of you ... how about the Punks mix it up with the Lucky Sevens at DEFCON instead!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

What a fight that match-up could be!

DDK:

They would need to reinforce the ring for the Sevens and Gigaton colliding!

Mason and Max exchange looks.

Mason Luck:

You like science, Doctor Sato. You're a thinker so think about it. Crunch your numbers. Double-check your formulas. Run through the entire periodic table ... Cause if you accept our challenge, this match will have all the elements of your Punks lucking around ... and finding out at DEFCON!

With his version of a mic drop Mason Luck once again throws it back to Darren Quimbey and he catches it successfully a second time! Mason and Max leave the ring and the Atomic Punks both stand in their way.

DDK:

The tension between the two teams is thick! And if they lock up, that's going to be the definition of a fight!

After another staredown, Mason and Max pass by the group and leave behind the curtains. Sato is looking back towards the entrance, her eye visibly twitching.

EARLY RETIREMENT

Looking refreshed and rejuvenated on account of wrestling only every so often, the Unified Tag Team champions M4NTRA are walking backstage. Nathan Eye is checking notes in his newest book, DEC4L is speaking to the loyal M4NTRA Rays on his livestream, Makayla Namaste joins in and Tom Morrow smiling in a fancy white suit looking like he has done anything for his clients since winning the titles.

DEC4L:

Remember, M4NTRA Rays! You got this! When people be coming at you with their bad vibes, put them arms up and swim against the current!

He starts doing the M4NTRA Ray dance along with Nathan Eye jumping in!

Nathan Eye:

And remember! Stay tuned later today for your *first look* at our new book, co-authored by us and our manager, Tom Morrow! As first announced on March 16th, *316 Pages of Winning!*

Makayla Namaste:

Also remember ... good vibes aren't cheap. Buyers under a certain household income *will* be instantly BETA blocked!

DEC4L & Nathan Eye:

On Tom!

Just as the livestream comes to an end they are stopped by Christie Zane.

Tom Morrow:

Ugggggg ... the media is here. What do you want, Christie?

She looks at the champions.

Christie Zane:

Well since you asked as nicely as you always do, Tom, we wanted a few words with the champion. On the last DEFtv, we found out that Rain City Ronin have earned the title match at DEFCON! I couldn't help but notice hearing about tonight's card that Rain City Ronin are teaming up with Kerry Kuroyama against the Honor Society while M4NTRA are ... once again ... not wrestling tonight.

Tom Morrow:

And there it is! Media bias right on schedule. You know, Mike Tyson in his prime went months between defenses because he was box office! Because he was a draw! Because at the time, he was the future and the present of boxing in his prime. That's what M4NTRA are, Christie. Prizefighters. Prize holders! I'll give it to Rain City Ronin! They just beat the Hollywood Bruvs! That's amazing! They beat three other teams to earn this match at DEFCON. That's spectacular! But you know what they aren't?

Christie Zane:

What's that, Tom?

Tom Morrow:

Game-changing blue chip prospects who are about to make a permanent stamp in the Tom Morrow Division like M4NTRA, Christie.

Nathan Eye:

Our businessman/manager/sometimes spiritual advisor is right Christie! You are looking at the future retired undefeated Unified Tag Team champions!

Christie seems very confused by his statement.

Christie Zane:

What do you mean? Retired? Wait ... that retirement ceremony business from last month. That was legit?

Nathan Eye:

Did you think it wasn't? I mean, to an unenlightened mind sure! But we're historymakers and gamechangers, Christie. When you're a team on as high a level as me and Declan, you don't go small ... you go big!

DEC4L:

We run down every tag team that has come for us! Legends like Pop Culture Phenoms and the Lucky Sevens! Superteams like Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan! Scary stalkers who need to stay 500 yards away from us at all times like the Atomic Punks! All waxed!

Nathan Eye:

Morrow is right ... on some level, Rain City Ronin and M4NTRA are a lot alike! We are four of the absolute best homegrown athletes that this company has ever seen! We have both run circles around even the most established teams and proved we're untouchable! Maybe we tried to deny it, but eventually the two best teams going today would eventually come back to fight each other once again. We lost to them at DEFCON last year in an eight man tag team match, but before that at last year's DEFIANCE Road, we beat them! This one has everything and that's why we won't lose!

Tom Morrow:

And they're the last competition that my guys have! That's why at DEFCON when that bell rings at DEFCON, you won't just hear "And newwwwwwwwwwww" ... we are going to take these titles, we are going to hang them from the rafters of the United Center in Chicago, Illinois since Chicago hasn't seen one since 1998! Then when they raise the Unified Tag Team titles ... you're gonna hear "and forever retired undefeated ... "

Morrow throws a smile towards Christie that sends a shiver down her spine.

Tom Morrow:

M4NTRA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



REFUSED

The scene switches to backstage, as a furious Tyler Fuse pulls his best Jack Nicholson impression in *The Shining* where he marches past storage space and knocks everything off the table in one wicked swoop. Fuse is irate, his eyes are pure red and his body shakes with a rage unforeseen before.

Tyler reaches the end of the hallway and slams on a locker room door.

The door opens, although the man on the other end isn't in view just yet. Tyler has calmed down, albeit a little. He seethes as tries to find the words.

Tyler Fuse:

Since I am apparently *free* at DEFCON, if you want to settle the score...

Tyler breathes heavily.

Tyler Fuse:

So be it.

The camera pans around to show Dan Ryan standing across from the man who recently cost him the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dan looks a seething Tyler Fuse up and down, calmly. Finally he looks Tyler in the eyes and tilts his head back ever so slightly, looking just a bit down at the ball of rage in front of him.

Dan Ryan:

You seem upset, almost as if something you wanted very badly, something you were so close to having, was snatched right out of your hand at the last moment.

Tyler begrudgingly bites his bottom lip.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, well, it's a **temporary** setback.

Fuse takes a step forward, almost walking into the doorway.

Tyler Fuse:

If you want your revenge, I've got no problem giving you the opportunity. Before I get mine.

Dan's eyebrows furrow a bit.

Dan Ryan:

Well, thanks for that opportunity, Tyler. I mean, I need to see if I'm free that weekend, but it's possible I could fit babysitting you into my schedule...

Dan turns as if to go check an imaginary schedule, then turns, stops and becomes intensely serious.

Dan Ryan:

Turns out I'm free.

Tyler starts to say something, but Dan suddenly takes hold of the door and slams it shut in his face. Tyler flinches slightly but a smile creeps over his face. He is still angry but now it is composed fury.

Fuse walks away.

NO TIME TO DIE

[♪ "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪](#)

As the Bombastic Bronson Box's music plays, from backstage marches a legion of DEFIANCE security, all armed with what look to be police style billy clubs. The last member of this sizable force out onto the stage and down the ramp is DEF head of security Wyatt Bronson and the largest referee we have, former head of security Buffalo Brian Slater.

Both men hold small handheld tasers.

Finally out onto the stage, dressed in his black and grey pinstripe three piece suit, emerges the Original DEFIANT Bronson Box. As he makes his way down the ramp Brian Slater and Wyatt Bronson both flank the Wargod and follow him up into the ring, tasers in hand. The rest of the baton-wielding DEFsec drones surround ringside.

DDK:

We've been told by Bronson's representatives...

Lance:

Angus.

DDK:

Well, yes. We've been told this show of force tonight is reassurance nothing "funny" is going to happen.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen someone bring out security to protect their opponent from *themselves* before.

DDK:

Bronson made it clear that tonight he wanted to just talk, we'll see here in a second if Gage Blackwood reciprocates the invitation or not.

Bronson Box is handed a microphone from ringside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The wholly negative reaction is peppered with small pockets of Faithful chanting the Wargods name.

Bronson Box:

I'm out here tonight surrounded by my reassurance not one finger will be laid, not one punch thrown. Gage Blackwood, I insist upon your presence here tonight for a little face to face. I aim to look you dead in the eye and...

[♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪](#)

Even having been cut off in the middle of his sentence, Boxer smiles as Blackwood's music hits.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful are immediately back on their feet.

Lance:

You had to know Gage wasn't going to let this offer pass him by.

DDK:

Not after what happened to Gunther Adler... *again*.

The Noble Raider marches down the rampway, eyes locked on the man who spent a year finding a way to take him out of action, then a year to befriend him during his injury... only for Box to stab him in the back. Well, the story is well

known now.

That's why there's a ton of DEFsec in and around the ring.

Blackwood stomps up the steel steps and slips in-between the top and middle rope. He walks over to Box as his theme song closes and security reminds Blackwood he's not to touch Box.

Those tasers and billy clubs clearly go *both* ways.

Gage snarls under his breath but nonetheless, he does what he's told. He even holds his arms out, like he's waiting for Bronson to start. An off mic "well, go ahead." is clearly seen escaping Gage's scowling lips.

Box also replies with his own stone-faced glare, although there are minor cracks under his armor. His tell, a curling upper lip causes his large handlebar to twitch. As cool as the Wargod is trying to be, it's clear he's struggling to keep his cool.

DDK:

We saw what Box's loss to Blackwood did to the Hall of Famer.

Lance:

All hands on deck here. Security is ready to go.

Finally, however, Box lifts the microphone to his face. He speaks rather calmly and composed, despite the odd crack here and there continuing to grow.

Bronson Box:

This didn't start out about you specifically. You know that at this point. I had finally managed to pull myself together and surveyed the landscape of my precious DEFIANCE and saw you struttin' around with a few accolades to your name actin' like some sort of *locker room leader*. If you weren't Scottish there were other candidates, other targets. But the pure poetry of you bein' from the homeland of not only myself but one of my greatest rivals... well, you wouldn't understand. Uncreative little bellend that you are. You were simply the most perfect target available at the time. This bloody business, as much as folk like you or Dex Joy or Patrick Cassidy want to make it up to be about competition and respect and some lamentable sense of honor among competitors. It's just not. DEFIANCE runs on blood, betrayal and *deranged* acts of violence. At its best *it always has*.

Blackwood's lip curls again as that sentiment gets more of a pop from the Faithful than he'd clearly like to hear.

Bronson Box:

These people could pay to see big bloody bastards toss one another around a wrestling ring any night of the week in any city on the blasted planet, boy'o. There's literally thousands of so-called *good* wrestlers out there. Collegiate rejects that know all the bloody holds and counter-holds. Morons that hurl themselves twisting in the wind off turnbuckles like they're the star of some stunt show at the nearest blasted theme park. Dime a fuckin' dozen, boy'o. That's you, by the way, in case you aren't followin'... *painfully* unremarkable little PRICK with too much ego and not enough sense to know they're just fookin' *seat filler*.

Bronson takes a breath and licks his lips.

Bronson Box:

DEFIANCE Wrestling rises above the din of the rest of this wretched industry when it's led by someone with violent, *unhinged* vision... just like its founder. Soon to be DEF Hall of Famer, "The Only Star" Eric Dane.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The name drop of the not oft mentioned nowadays founder gets a huge pop.

Bronson Box:

Eric understood that to be *unique*, to be truly worthy of all this bloody attention you have to supersede expectations in every way. He created a promotion where the ordinary were eaten up and disposed of. Their bones bleached and baked in the sun as a warning to others that dare think they have what it takes to be truly DEFIANT. Sink or swim, Gage. That WAS the letter of the day. The one singular rule. A rule that forged the kind of warriors this sport just doesn't produce anymore. Not now. Not even here. Not in this new *Favoured Saints era*, anyway.

The Wargod spits at the canvas at the mention of DEF's current ownership. He then leans in a little prompting head of security Wyatt Bronson standing a couple feet away to click the button on his taser making an audible crackling electrical pop just as a little warning.

The Original DEFIANT smiles at that. He leans back.

Bronson Box:

This place has gotten *lazy*. A bunch of hackneyed pricks pushing not one boundary. Hell. Malak Garland might be a brain-addled *coward* but at least the little bastard is creative. What are you, Gage? See that's the main issue pushin' me towards you now, the thing that haunts me in my guts... a problem needs solvin', lad. You. You're my problem. One foot out the *fookin'* door. Bloody do nothin' is what you are, Gage Blackwood. You made your name in a version of this place I deem *invalid* and wholly unworthy. Your accolades are meaningless, do you hear me? The only charge you lead, the only *trend you set* was that of mediocrity! You were handed the keys to the kingdom, the epic stage that is DEFtv and you did *NOTHING* you banal bastard!

Box finally lowers the mic, it's like he's baiting Blackwood to say something, do something. The Noble Raider looks into the crowd and the Toronto Faithful do cheer him in response but it's clear they also are captivated with the crazed Hall of Famer.

Gage asks for and is handed his own microphone.

He immediately shakes his head.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I'll work backwards here from your fumbling mouth. Ye say this place has gotten lazy? I've never seen such a poorer evaluation in my life. DEFIANCE has consistency. Stability. A locker room back here that has been around for a while now. When you first started in DEFIANCE, when DEFIANCE was at ground zero, what did you have? A revolving door of wrestlers. Names came and went in a flash. From Oscar Burns to Kerry Kuroyama, to The D and Scott Douglas, these are names that have wrestled here for years. DEFIANCE is far from lazy. It. Is. Invested.

Blackwood scowls at Box.

Gage Blackwood:

You have many of those wrestlers in the back to thank, because you took your own long sabbatical. YOU were the lazy one. YOU left DEFIANCE for a number of years and it's because of that roster, you can ride on our backs and come... home.

For a guy who typically isn't good at finding his words, Blackwood seems to be in a zone.

Gage Blackwood:

My accolades are meaningless? I won the FIST of DEFIANCE and defeated Mikey Unlikey's reign before it hit Eugene Dewey levels. Nae bother, go ahead and undermine my accomplishments. Sheer ignorance.

This seems to have set a charge in Boxer but he's holding back. The tension between the two Scotsmen is palpable. Like watching someone fiddle with defusing a bomb. A few of the ringside DEFsec drones have slowly climbed up and are now kneeling on the ring apron.

Nevertheless, Blackwood rolls on.

Gage Blackwood:

You paint this wicked image of DEFIANCE as if it's the only one that matters. DEFIANCE needs to be unhinged, like its original owner, Eric Dane. Aye, I have no doubt that's what the original DEFIANCE was. Before I got here ten years ago, I watched the former footage, I knew what DEFIANCE was about back then. The thing is, pal, this place has **evolved**.

Blackwood shakes his head again while Box's face is getting redder by the second. Give Blackwood his credit, he's kept his Scottish anger in check.

Gage Blackwood:

You said I want to make this place about "competition and respect". A sense of honor. And yet you say DEFIANCE "runs on blood, betrayal and *deranged* acts of violence.

Gage scoffs at the thought. He also looks to get more riled up himself.

Gage Blackwood:

Bloke, they call me the NOBLE RAIDER. Do you understand the contrast? It's a little bit of Column A **and** Column B, ya fookin' baw juggler!

Now both of them are slowly bringing their piss to a clear boil.

Gage Blackwood:

Gage Blackwood is honorable AND deranged. Gage Blackwood has knocked more people out than you think, pal. Gage Blackwood HAS and WILL command respect, while at the same time I, aye, I too have stabbed others in the back and gone down the dark path, which lead me to the FIST of DEFIANCE to begin with.

The crowd is roaring along.

Gage Blackwood:

Don't act like you know me because CLEARLY, ye' don't. I am willing to die at any moment. *There is no tomorrow*. You say I haven't accomplished anything? I may not be a Hall of Famer. I may not ever be the real FACE of DEFIANCE. I may not be Bronson Box but correct me if I'm wrong on my accomplishments...

Blackwood pauses for a second. It's as if the second he says this line, the gloves might be off.

Gage Blackwood:

My latest accomplishment...

He smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

Was beating **you**.

The Original DEFIANT steps right up to Gage.

The two men are nose-to-nose. The veins in the side of Bronson's head are pulsating along with his breathing, his teeth gnashed so tightly we can hear his molars crack and splinter. Gage is unmoved, unrattled. He stares back into the wide bloodshot brown eyes of the Hall of Famer and doesn't flinch.

Boxer raises his microphone again.

Brian Slater and Wyatt Bronson both step in and we hear the electrical clack of their tasers but hold back as it becomes clear the two men aren't going to come to blows.

Bronson Box:

DEFCON.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful know what that one word means. We're about to run this bloodbath back.

One. More. Time.

He drops the microphone with a loud thud and quickly shoulders past Blackwood and exits the ring. He marches up the ramp not waiting for a response from The Noble Raider. Gage steps up on the bottom rope and leans out over ringside, watching as the Original DEFIANT crosses the stage and disappears behind the entrance curtain.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

FAVORED SAINTS: MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

We're about to get to the Favoured Saints Championship match here in mere moments when "The GLOAT" Mil Vultas defends against former champion "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon!

Lance:

This match came about after Mil Vultas achieved a successful defense against Lonnie Luck two weeks ago, albeit with controversy involved. Stemming from Lonnie Luck defeating JJ Dixon and the Most Precious Gems back at DEFIANCE Road, it was clear revenge was on his mind. Late into the match, Dixon slapped Mil in full view of the official, thereby getting Luck disqualified and Mil retaining!

DDK:

And per the rules of the Favoured Saints Championship, as long as the champion doesn't get himself intentionally disqualified or counted out, it will go down as a successful defense. Remember, four successful defenses must be made for the titleholder to earn a future match for the Southern Heritage Title!

Lance:

With that, Mil Vultas has accepted the challenge lobbied by Dixon after he cost Luck his opportunity. It's two of the more reviled stars in DEFIANCE when Mil Vultas defends against JJ Dixon up next.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alt guitar riff echoes as the arena lights go out. Then, dramatically, at the top of the entrance ramp a spotlight illuminates The Most Precious Gems. Flanking on the left, dressed in his beret and faux-French garb, is "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La Reeves. To the right, cracking his knuckles and snarling, is Raiden. In the front, on his knees and clad in his brown mask, is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon. Behind them, Madame Melton still in her wheelchair!

DDK:

And here comes the challenger! Dixon, a former Favoured Saints Champion himself, used trickery and deceit during his reign to quickly score victories as fast as possible. He made the four defenses, but came up just shy when he cashed in against then-SOHER Champion Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

And smart of him to bring the Most Precious Gems. We know that the champion will have his!

Dixon waits in the ring taking instructions from Melton at ringside as his music cuts. The camera switches to the interior of what has become his signature SUV limo through a section on the far floor near the stage. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but five shadows can be made out. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage...

Darren Quimbey:

By request of the champion, Mil Vultas, for one night only he will be played to the ring for a song dedicated to the great fans of Toronto.

"Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA is the normal song of choice. But for Toronto as the SVU pulls up...

♪ "Not Like Us" by Kendrick Lamar ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Mil Vultas and El Escuadron are not earning any fans tonight, I see.

The song being a clear shot to famous Toronto-based rapper, two familiar young luchadoras walk out from the SVU

limo first, wearing matching purple flower-themed masks and dresses. Bonita en Rosa I y II, the latter Bonita holding the BRAZEN Women's Championship now! Next up, "Giga" Dan Leo James walks out from the back of the limo in a light blue floral suit and stops to flex his jaw. "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King is out next, wearing a stylish white t-shirt, pink leather jacket and pants! Finally, decked out in an extravagant white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask covered in red and white rhinestones, Mil Vueltas heads out of the limo.

DDK:

Ever since joining the GC Universe, the power and status has undoubtedly gone to the heads of Mil and DLJ. They got the girls, they got themselves a stooge... and said stooge, Aaron King was not only instrumental in helping Mil become champion, but also helping Bonita en Rosa II win the BRAZEN Women's Championship last weekend!

El Escuadron heads to the ring with Mil Vueltas bringing up the front, mouthing the words to the song. Mil mouths "Say, Drake..." right into the camera, then holds his hands out for the Bonitas to take his fur coat off. With the title wrapped around his waist, he leaps over the ropes, rolls inside and then poses before leaning across the corner in nonchalant fashion. The lights fade out, save for those in the ring for the special title match introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... representing The Most Precious Gems and accompanied by Madame Melton and The French Connection! From Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, California, weighing in at 220 pounds... **"THE FATAL ATTRACTION" JJ DIXON!**

Dixon leans back in the corner, ready to strike at a moment's notice. On the outside, Madame Melton, Jean-Pierre de la Reeves and Yoshihiro Raiden are all standing by!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the GC Universe and El Escuadron... accompanied to the ring by "Giga" Dan Leo James, Aaron King and Bonita en Rosa I y II... residing in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, by way of Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 179 pounds... he is the reigning and defending FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! He is El Intocable! He is the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE! He is **THE GLOAT... MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil holds the title up and then hands it over to Rex Knox with El Escuadron at ringside supporting him! He holds the title up and then calls for the bell!

DING DING

Dixon tries to charge at Mil while he's leaning in the corner, but Mil kicks him in the head before leaping to the mat! He runs across the ring and as Dixon tries to catch Mil, he darts to the adjacent ropes. With what has become his signature speed, he moves past The Fatal Attraction and fakes him out a second time. He moves towards him again and misses a clothesline, but Dixon is able to catch up with him and hit him with a shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Goodness! Not many people have been able to keep up with Mil Vueltas, but Dixon just did it! It really shows his athletic prowess!

But the next thing that happens is anything but athletic as he grabs Mil by the back of his head and rams him into the top buckle several times. Then he does the same to the middle and then to the bottom rope. Dixon goes crazy and puts a boot on Mil's neck while he's on the bottom rope! Melton and the Gems cheer him on!

Lance:

This might be the best strategy to get the jump on Vueltas like this! Don't give him a chance to do the two things he's good at - using his speed and bending the rules!

And just as the action continues, The Faithful cheer! Out comes The D and Klein!

DDK:

And... hey, looks like we're being joined by Klein and the man that Mil Vueltas stole the Favoured Saints Title from, The D.

The D simply focuses on the action from next to the Commentation Station, but Klein has a seat and pulls up a headset.

Lance:

Uh... well, here comes Klein! Klein, do you or The D have a favorite for this match?

Klein:

...

After one final warning from Rex Knox, Dixon backs off. . Rather, it's to pick Mil up and SMACK him in the corner with a running leg lariat! He pulls the Favoured Saints Champion out of the corner after the disorienting shot, then goes to the apron to connect with a big slingshot leg drop!

DDK:

What a combination by Dixon to start things off! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

King, DLJ and the Bonitas at ringside all breathe a collective sigh as Mil gets the shoulder up, but Dixon isn't done with The GLOAT. He goes right to work, raining down shots on the champion!

DDK:

400 Shivers by The Fatal Attraction! Just raining down those forearm strikes!

Klein:

...

Lance:

My thoughts exactly, Klein! Mil Vueltas hasn't had any offense going yet! Dixon has actually outpaced Mil, which is rare!

The D simply opts to watch the match play out. El Intocable is anything but untouchable right now as Dixon rains down shots. Once again, Knox warns him against doing such things. Dixon jumps up to get in his face, but Melton yells out to her star client that he needs to focus. He turns around and sees Mil Vueltas already out on the floor with help from Aaron King. The booing rains down upon the champion. Dixon jumps into action by heading to the ring apron.

Lance:

Dixon incoming... OH, NO! KING TOOK THE BULLET!

Klein:

...

Dixon LEAPS off the ring apron with a running somersault senton, but King pushes Mil out of the way and takes the brunt of the move himself! DLJ holds Bonita en Rosa I y II back at ringside while Dixon starts to stand. He doesn't pay any attention to the fallen King and instead, looks for the champion before throwing him back into the ring! Melton and the French Connection stand behind Dixon as DLJ approaches him!

DDK:

Aaron King proves himself loyal to El Escuadron by taking that somersault senton off the apron! Now Giga-Dan getting in his face.

The larger DLJ who had a lot of issues with Dixon in the past, points at Dixon as he's on the ring apron.

JJ Dixon:

THAT TITLE'S COMING BACK TO ME!

DLJ:

OH, NO IT ISN'T, ASSBUTT! IT BELONGS TO MI HERMANO!

The distraction proves effective for Dixon because inside the ring, Vueltas is back up. He LEAPS over the ropes and sends both he and Dixon to the floor with a running headscissors off the apron!

Klein:

...!!!

DDK:

MY GOD! WHAT A RISK! WHAT A RISK THAT WAS BY MIL VUELTAS! DIXON WAS DISTRACTED MOMENTARILY AND MIL VUELTAS JUST HEADSCISSORED DIXON OFF THE APRON!

The Faithful aren't sure which horse to back in this moment, but they are LOUD for the action! Dixon thrashes around on the floor while Mil does the same. He looks almost as bad off as JJ does, but he gets to his feet. King is still down, but manages to give Vueltas a thumbs up. Mil responds with a smile and mouths "gracias." Notably, DLJ looks a little put off as Vueltas goes back after Dixon and pushes him back into the ring.

Lance:

Hey! King took the shot, but it was DLJ who gave the distraction. Where's his gratitude for that?

A question on holds as Mil sees his chance to strike. He slides back into the ring and speeds across the ring before FLYING through the bottom rope to strike Dixon a second time with the Super Rapido tope! Dixon crashes into the guardrail, but still, Mil isn't done. The GLOAT gets to a knee for a moment, holds up his finger to tell the jeering Faithful one more. He slides back inside the ring, only to come back and run OVER the top with a somersault plancha on top of Dixon!

Lance:

What a rapid-fire series of moves! Those dives from Mil Vueltas just turned the tide back in his favor!

The smile on The GLOAT's face is three miles wide right now. He flashes a cocky smile at Melton and the French Connection.

Mil Vueltas:

Apártense de mí, cabrons!

The GLOAT throws Dixon before throwing him back into the ring. Once he's ready, Mil leaps over the ropes, lands on his knees and rolls off with a delayed slingshot senton. Dixon holds onto his ribs and almost sits up, only for Mil to come back off the ropes with a nasty sliding dropkick to the masked face of Dixon!

DDK:

What a combination! Can the senton and the dropkick lead to the win?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Kickout! But I'm still in shock! Dixon was just running rampant, but El Escudron's antics at ringside lead to that incredible headscissors off the apron!

DDK:

What does he have in store now?

Klein:

...?

Mil Vueltas gets back to his feet after the kickout and SMACKS Dixon right in his masked face again with a round kick. He follows up with one to the chest and one to the back. With Dixon stunned in a seated position, Mil slaps his boot and looks for a penalty kick... but Dixon blocks! Mil swipes at him as Dixon has hold of his feet.

He throws Vueltas up, but Mil backflips and lands on his feet. Dixon tries a kick, but Mil blocks that and spins the leg away, forcing Dixon to come back with a big dragon whip that clips The GLOAT in his rhinestone-covered masked head! The blow sends Mil stumbling back to the corner, allowing The Fatal Attraction to take another shot in the form of a running big boot in the corner!

DDK:

Oh! Right in the corner with a hell of a kick!

Dixon throws Mil out of the corner and then goes right for another cover and the title!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DLJ and the Bonitas (King is still down) once again shows relief while on the other side of the ring, Melton yells at the official and Dixon gives him a death glare!

Lance:

SO CLOSE to having a new Favoured Saints Champion! I don't know how Mil kicked out of that series of kicks!

DDK:

Crazy first-time encounter as well! That running big boot in the corner still might have rocked Vueltas! And look, Lance! Dixon is looking to take Mil Vueltas down to Sunset Boulevard!

Klein:

...

The D continues watching the action. Dixon gets ready and has his arms out as Mil stumbles to his feet. He grabs him from behind to set him up for Sunset Boulevard, but the champion shifts his weight and then takes Dixon down with a quick victory roll forward. He rolls through the momentum and then leaps up to deliver a double foot stomp to the chest of Dixon first! The wind gets knocked out of Dixon as Mil saves himself from certain defeat!

DDK:

What a counter! He counters into that victory roll and rolled through into a double foot stomp!

With Mil on his feet, Dixon tries to get back to his feet, only to get nailed with a jumping bicycle knee strike! The challenger is knocked flat when Mil goes to the second rope and comes back into a middle rope phoenix splash!

DDK:

Middle rope phoenix splash! The precision of such a move! Cover! Cover by Mil!

The GLOAT hooks the far leg and bridges back with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Dixon kicks out! Mil can't believe his luck and punches the mat out of frustration!

Lance:

I'm shocked that wasn't a three-count! That knee strike was on point and so was that phoenix splash off the second rope!

DDK:

I've noticed Mil Vuelas isn't doing any of his normal hot-dogging between moves! I think that's a testament to how dangerous JJ Dixon can be!

Now it's Mil's turn to try and end things. As Dixon tries to get up, a thrust kick greets him on the side of the face. Mil then points up toward the top turnbuckle and basks in the jeers. He leaps to each turnbuckle and then LEAPS backwards for the moonsault double stomp...

DIXON MOVES!

DDK:

Mil misses with GLOATED! He rolls back to his feet! No! Dixon catches him!

He grabs onto Mil and then sends him over to the corner and places him on the top rope. He stuns him with a palm strike to the side of the head! After the shot, he starts to climb the top rope, then looks for some kind of superplex, but only he's not aimed at inside the ring....

Lance:

Oh, no... what is he thinking?!

Klein:

...??

DDK:

I've seen my share of superplexes, but what is he even thinking?! To the outside?!

The French Connection get closer to the outside where the action unfolds while DLJ and King do the same. Some trash talk starts unfolding between the two. De La Reeves marches up to King, who shoves him! Another shoving match between Dan Leo James and Raiden continues until full-on fighting happens on the floor!

DDK:

It's the classic Pier Six! The French Connection and El Escuadron are all at ringside duking it out!

DLJ mixes it up with Raiden while King and de la Reeves brawl while Madame Melton and the Bonitas back up! The Faithful start to buzz when Dixon headbutts the champion in the face, then tries again...

SUPERPLEX TO THE OUTSIDE ONTO EL ESCUADRON AND THE FRENCH CONNECTION!

DDK:

LORDY! DIXON WAS THINKING SOMETHING DRASTIC TO KEEP MIL VUELTAS DOWN HE JUST SUPERPLEXED HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR AND ONTO THEIR RESPECTIVE GROUPS!

Lance:

BOTH CHAMPION AND CHALLENGER ARE DOWN!

Klein:

!!!!!!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The camera shows several replays of what just happened! El Escuadron trading shots with The French Connection until the madman Dixon superplexes Mil Vuelatas off the top rope all the way outside the ring! Even The D from up on the ramp watches on in shock while Klein can't believe it! The Toronto Faithful have lost their minds! Melton wheels over in her wheelchair to check on Dixon while Bonita en Rosa I y II check on Vuelatas. Rex Knox starts the count for the competitors to get back into the ring

DDK:

Who is gonna get back into the ring first? Rex Knox is beginning his count!

Rex Knox:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Mil barely gets up first with his crew cheering him on. Dixon shortly thereafter!

Rex Knox:

FIVE! SIX!

DDK:

We're up to six! Are they gonna make it back in?!

Despite taking a little worse of the fall, Dixon is able to get back up first at the urging of Madame Melton! He gets back to a knee and uses the apron to pull himself up! Still reeling, Mil Vuelatas is at the mercy of Dixon, who has to get the champion back inside the ring!

Rex Knox:

SEVEN! EIGHT!

DDK:

Mil is in! Dixon is right behind him!

Just as Dixon takes a step on the ring apron... he's grabbed by a pair of hands out from under the ring!

DDK:

WAIT JUST A MINUTE! IT'S... IT'S LONNIE LUCK! HE'S GOT DIXON! KNOX DOESN'T SEE HIM!

Just out of sight of the official, Lonnie hangs onto his foot! The Fatal Attraction tries to kick his way free, but with a VERY last-ditch maneuver, Mil Vuelatas leaps up and hits another jumping bicycle knee strike that catches Dixon on the jaw, knocking off the apron to the floor! Lonnie lets go of the leg and backs off just as Knox counts!

Rex Knox:

NINE! TEN!

DING DING DING

Lonnie Luck sits at ringside and shrugs in the direction of the dazed Dixon! Inside the ring, Mil lays on the mat and throws his arms up in the air and kicks his legs excitedly like he's won the World Series, the Super Bowl and the NBA Finals in one show!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match as a result of a countout and STILL Favoured Saints Champion... **"THE GLOAT"**
MIL VUELTAS!

Rex Knox brings Mil the title and he hugs it like it's his first-born! When he gets up... he gets DROPPED from out of nowhere by Lonnie Luck with a shining wizard! The music stops and The Faithful go crazy as The Son of Sin City goes right for Mil with right hands!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck wants Mil Vueltras all to himself! Remember, it was Mil Vueltras who benefitted from JJ Dixon's attack two weeks ago!

An IRATE Dixon is about to jump in as well, with the French Connection slowly getting back up being him and Melton to the back, but before they can, Dan Leo James and Aaron King beat Dixon to it first by running past him and back into the ring where King runs into attack Lonnie Luck with a forearm! Meanwhile, DLJ runs in, but gets momentarily distracted by the Favoured Saints Title dropped on the ground. The very title he lost at DEFIANCE Road is now in front of him.

DDK:

So much chaos over one title! I don't remember a time when so many people were gunning for it... HEY! THERE GOES KLEIN AND THE D!

Lance:

PCP have had more than their fill of El Escuadron!

As the Most Precious Gems head back up the ramp, The D and Klein head into the ring! The D leaps in! King sees him coming and goes after him, only to get taken down by With Everything! The leaping crescent kick knocks him down! DLJ finally snaps out of his trance over the Favoured Saints Title! He goes after Klein, but The Boxman is ready and pulls the ropes down to send Giga-Dan out to the floor! Mil sees them coming and rolls out of the ring... but the title is still inside the ring!

DDK:

PCP just made the save for Lonnie Luck! And... hey, wait!

The D does the right thing and offers Lonnie Luck a hand, helping him to his feet! Klein is the first to pick up the Favoured Saints Title off the ground. He stares at it, along with The D and Lonnie Luck, who also have their hands on it.

Lance:

I was just about to say... The D and Lonnie Luck have come a long way in the last year with their respect issues... but both men want to be the Favoured Saints Champion! Mil is halfway to the goal of four defenses and logs another one tonight, but... he's got two to go and the competition has picked up major!

Both Lonnie Luck and The D hold on to either side of the championship and start in their own battle of tug of war! They

keep pulling at the belt until Klein tries to jump in and play peacemaker. Klein distracts both men, sending the title flying out of their hands and outside the ring where a desperate Mil Veltas grabs it and runs for dear life!

DDK:

This is unbridled chaos! Mil Veltas is the champion... but DLJ looked like he wanted it back! The D wants what was stolen from him! Klein wants it! Lonnie Luck! JJ Dixon! They want it!

A TALE OF TWO TALKS

To the Commentation Station we go with Darren and Lance!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, later tonight we have a huge tag team match that was announced earlier this week! Titanes Familia members Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera will be taking on the returning Dex Joy and The Lads' newest member, Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

What a moment that was! And last week on UNCUT, we saw a terrific match with Dex and Butcher defeating a very game French Connection! Tonight, they jump back into the fire once again!

DDK:

Titanes Familia thought that they took care of The Lads at DEFIANCE Road, but now with Butcher Victorious included in the group, they're still fighting!

Lance:

Earlier today, we got comments from both The Lads and Titanes Familia before tonight's match! Let's hear from both teams!

THE LADS

Standing in front of an interview backdrop backstage, The Lads!

Dex Joy:

LADIES AND GENTLEPALLIES!!!

He grins.

Dex Joy:

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy ...

Next to him, the newest member of The Lads in his ring gear.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... ARE ABOUT TO WHIP TITANES FAMILIA'S KIDS!

Dex Joy:

This might be the only time you ever hear me say these three words, pally, but I swear: **eff them kids!**

Butcher goes wide-eyed.

Butcher Victorious:

Whoa.

Dex Joy:

I know, I know. Hear me out ... Killjoy ... that beast only beat you two weeks ago cause Uriel attacked him behind the official's back! Brooklynn Rivera ... not just once but twice you've gotten involved when you shouldn't have and got me whipped with a belt! You got me put through a table! You injured my tag partner, Punchy. You injured one of my students, Tate Newell! Dexy Baby's Payback Express tour begins with me beating your asses tonight! Killjoy, you're a monster but there ain't nobody Dexy Baby can't put over his knee to give 'em the whipping they deserve! Brooklynn, I'm gonna personally welcome you to the big time tonight! You think you're all special cause you're tall?! Nah ... tonight, I got a plan to show you the bigger you hard, the harder you fall when I knock you both on your asses!

Butcher Victorious:

And you KNOW Butch Vic don't like bullies. I spent two damn years under the thumb of one! And after I beat that bullies' ass last DEFCON... HI, OSCAR... I vowed I'd never let anyone bully me again. I vowed I'd NEVER let anyone do what he did to me. As the newest member of The Lads, I'm telling you I don't care how big you are. I don't care how strong you are. I don't care how many of you there are. Tonight, you WILL find out that I'm gonna grab a hold, brother! And you will find out that BUTCH VIC...

Dex Joy:

AND Dexy Baby!!!

Butcher Victorious:

...DON'T QUIT!

TITANES FAMILIA

In a similar backdrop, all four members of Titanes Familia stand. "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez, Titaness, Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

You're a liar, Dex! You said you'd have an answer for my challenge at DEFCON tonight. But instead, we find out this match is made. That's fine... if you and Butcher Victorious don't want to wait until DEFCON to get publicly executed in that ring, we will happily grant you this death wish. T and I have bestowed that honor onto you. Killer, Brook...

He turns towards the "children" of Titanes Familia.

Uriel Cortez:

Tonight, you both know what you have to do. Killer, you beat Butcher one-on-one last week before Dex Joy stuck his big nose and fat ass where they didn't belong.

Killjoy snarls, then Uriel turns to Brooklynn.

Uriel Cortez:

Brooklynn, each time that you and Dex Joy have been involved in that ring, it's been US standing tall. You helped me WHIP him with my belt. You helped me drive him through a table. We've proven when you're involved, bad things happen to Dex. He thinks that anointing Bitch Vic as a "Lad" is gonna keep them both safe. He thinks that just because he replaced his tag team partner for tonight that their careers aren't in danger tonight.

The next parts are said with a touch more malice.

Uriel Cortez:

Prove them fucking wrong.

Titaness:

Uri's right. Take it home tonight. Show them all tonight is YOUR night. Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera aren't just the future of Titanes Familia, they're the future of DEFIANCE!

Under her bandana, Brooklynn addresses The Lads.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Dex! Butcher! I ain't scared how big a BOY you are... and I don't give no shits about your Stick. Tonight, you're both dust! That simple!

She pats Killjoy on the chest.

Brooklynn Rivera:

We got this, bro-bro. Let's go.

Killjoy huffs before he leaves to follow Brooklynn to get ready for their match. Uriel and Titaness both watch them leave.

Titaness:

Aren't they so sweet when they wanna stomp someone into the dirt?

With the vilest of evil smiles, Uriel embraces Titaness.

Uriel Cortez:

They grow up and wanna maim people so fast!

KERRY KUROYAMA & RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

DDK:

We've got trios action coming up next, ladies and gentlemen! Kerry Kuroyama teams up with his longtime friends Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, the Rain City Ronin, who are set to face off against TAs Cole, Owens, and Horrigan of the Honor Society!

Lance:

It's been ten years since Kerry Kuroyama wrestled as an official member of the Rain City Ronin, but tonight, he rejoins the group for old time sake!

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

To the usual Honor Society lights and video package, TA Cole and Weighted Grade stride out of the entry-way. All three of them look a bit more focused tonight, talking strategy and supporting each other pep-talks on their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following trios tag team match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, coming to the ring... at a combined weight of one-thousand and eighty-three pounds... the team of TA LEVI COLE, TA ROOSEVELT OWENS, and TA BOBBY HORRIGAN... the HONOR SOCIETY!!

DDK:

No pomp and circumstance for Ned Reform's underlings here tonight! These guys look like they're taking this match seriously!

Lance:

Given who they're up against, that doesn't surprise me. Although maybe after what took place tonight, where we saw Erik Black introduce his OWN TAs into the Honor Society, one might think they're eager to prove something here tonight.

DDK:

We'll see if they can bring a smile to the Good Doctor's face, but they have their work cut out for them!

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

The stage lights come down for a moment. When the spotlights come up, the triad of Kerry Kuroyama, Daymon, and Burnett are standing on the stage in an echelon, fists DEFIANTly raised while the crowd cheers around them. For the special occasion, all three are wearing the same black ring gear with blue-white-and-green chevron patterns.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of six-hundred and eighty-seven pounds, the team of KERRY KUROYAMA... ZACK DAYMON... and LEO BURNETT... the RAIN CITY RONIN!!

DDK:

Here they come, the graduates of the Seattle Dojo, fighting together for the first time in a LONG time! As we know, Daymon and Burnett are set to face off against the tag team champions M4NTRA at DEFCON with the titles on the line!

Lance:

Kerry might be taking something of a leadership role here, guiding these two young rising stars as they prepare for the big battle to come.

The Ronin hit the ring, Zack and Leo climbing adjoining corners to pose for the fans and show off their fresh "PUT M4NTRA ON MUTE" towels (which they promptly throw out in the crowd). Across the ring, Reform's trio of TAs have already assembled in their own corner, huddled up and intensely hammering out a gameplan.

DDK:

Looks like after much discussion, the Honor Society have elected TA Cole to start things off in this match! And he'll be facing off against Leo Burnett from the Ronin! Official Brian Slater looks like he's through with his checks, and here he gives the signal to the timekeeper to get things underway!

DING DING

TA Horrigan and Burnett throw themselves straight into the tie-up. The heavysset Bobby puts all of his weight into it, but the Ronin budding powerhouse digs in his heels and holds his ground. Horrigan instead wraps him up into a side headlock to hold him in place. Instinctively, Leo backs into the ropes and pushes him off.

DDK:

Here goes TA Horrigan into motion... shoulder block off the rebound puts Burnett on his back! He hits the ropes again... elbow drop--MISSES!!

Leo rolls to the side and hustles back to his feet. He greets the rising Horrigan with a standing lariat that leaves the three-hundred pounder reeling. A second lariat gets him wobbling backwards. A third knocks him back into the ropes. Burnett pushes him off.

Lance:

Those are some stiff shots from Burnett!

DDK:

Horrigan in motion again... Burnett is waiting for him with a SPINEBUSTER--NO!! TA Horrigan drives an elbow into his shoulder to block it! And there's a HEADBUTT to counter!

Burnett reels, clutching his forehead. TA Horrigan boots him in the gut and reels him into a front facelock. But before he can follow through with whatever he has planned, Leo throws him a monkey wrench...

DDK:

No, Leo Burnett with a NORTHERN LIGHTS suplex on the three-hundred plus pound TA Bobby Horrigan! He bridges for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Horrigan kicks out!

Lance:

And TA Cole doesn't like what he sees.

From the Honor Society corner, Cole whistles for Horrigan's attention. Slowly coming to, Horrigan sees him waving him over to the corner, and rolls that way.

DDK:

TA Cole is tagging in and giving Horrigan a breather after that maneuver. Now he locks up with Leo Burnett... Cole slips around behind him with a hammerlock... SWEEPS the leg to bring him down... transitions to a headlock!

Lance:

Putting that great amateur wrestling background to work!

DDK:

Cole has side control with that headlock... but Burnett works himself back to his feet! Now TA Cole is OFF HIS FEET... and a BACK SUPLEX by Burnett brings him down!

TA Cole BOUNCES off the bump, a hand immediately going to the back of his head. He rolls to a corner and pleads of Burnett, who merely smirks back, and walks to his corner to make a tag...

DDK:

Here comes KERRY!!

Cole is cautious as he pulls himself back to his feet. He takes a moment to spit into and rub his palms, and throws himself into a collar-and-elbow. They grapple for a minute, Cole pushing to grab a wrist while Kuroyama blocks his attempts. Suddenly...

DDK:

TA Cole with an ARM DRAG, whips Kerry Kuroyama right to the mat! And there's an armbar cinched in to top it off!

Lance:

A slick move by Levi Cole!

Even Kerry looks mildly impressed. Then he snaps to action, working himself up to his feet and countering the hold by bending low and forcing Cole into a fireman's carry! Levi slips off before Kerry can make a move and traps him into a waistlock.

DDK:

TA Cole with a released GERMAN SUPLEX on Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Kerry tried to counter with the big move, but TA Cole had it scouted.

DDK:

Guess you could say the Honor Society... did their homework?

Kuroyama works up to his feet, but TA Cole bumrushes him into the corner along with a forearm to the face. Gripping the wrist, Cole pulls him the other way...

DDK:

TA Cole with the Irish Whip--NO!! Kerry REVERSES!

Cole takes a hard bump off the corner, and Kuroyama pounces forward with a--

DDK:

YAAKUUZAA LIKE A DRAGON KICK!!

Lance:

And Cole goes RAGDOLL!

DDK:

And now Kuroyama makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TA COLE pops the shoulder!

Cole rolls free before Kerry can get ahold of him again, hustling to his corner and tagging in TA Roosevelt Owens.

DDK:

TA Owens tags into the action, and here comes Kerry... going for the SCOOP SLAM...

Lance:

No WAY!

DDK:

But... NO!! Doesn't look like he has enough to lift the four-hundred plus pounder!

Kuroyama staggers back off his failed slam attempt, leaving himself open to a chop that PASTES him across the chest! Kerry reels back into the ropes, and Owens pushes him into motion.

DDK:

Kerry off the ropes, and TA Owens is waiting with a BIG BACKHAND--NO! DUCKED by Kerry...

Lance:

...and he makes the tag to ZACK DAYMON!

By the time Owens rebalances himself, he turns around in time to see Daymon springboarding off the top rope.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY PUTS OWENS FLAT ON HIS BACK!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

TA Owens scrambles to his feet as fast as he can. Unfortunately, Daymon gets there first following a kip up! A standing high angle dropkick that catches Owens in the face and sends him tumbling to the canvas and rolling out of the ring!

DDK:

Dropkick by Daymon! The big man Owens goes down and out!

Lance:

He probably needs a breather, seeing as how the speed and tenacity of Zack Daymon is giving TA Owens more than he can handle right now.

DDK:

It would appear so! The Honor Society have definitely struggled throughout this match, and the Rain City Ronin could soon be pushing them to a breaking point!

TA Cole drops off the apron to help his compatriot back to his feet and calls TA Horrigan down as well. On the spot, the three huddle up...

DDK:

What are the Honor Society up to now?

Lance:

By the looks of it, reworking their gameplan! Everything they've thrown at the Rain City Ronin here tonight has yielded any gains!

Alone in the ring, Daymon pumps his arms and works up the crowd. Despite the booming arena noise, TAs Owens and Roosevelt listen intently as Cole gesticulates and directs traffic with his hands like a coach mapping out a play for

his team. Meanwhile, referee Brian Slater diligently continues the ten count.

DDK:

TA Cole is taking no risks against this team of hard-hitting opponents!

Lance:

You have to think he's feeling the heat lately. It hasn't been a good past few weeks for the Honor Society... and with their fellow TA Erik Black introducing a whole new swath of associates into the group, Levi Cole, Bobby Horrigan, and Roosevelt Owens know they need to prove to the Good Doctor that they earn their keep.

The official is at six going on seven when the three academic understudies break and return to the ring. TA Owens rolls back in and immediately tags out to TA Cole on the apron. The all-American amateur wrestling vet steps through the ropes and trepidatiously approaches the waiting Zack Daymon.

DDK:

TA Cole is tagged into this match, and Daymon looks eager to get back to fighting! He immediately shoots in for a--

Slap!

Lance:

OOOOH boy!

With his face suddenly turned aside, Zack's eyes are instantly filled with shock, and then disbelief. Did this em-effer seriously just SLAP him? He slowly turns his head back to the jittering TA Cole, giving him the look of death.

DDK:

Bold faced SLAP to the face by TA Cole! He may have made a serious mistake there!

Lance:

And I think he knows it, because there he goes!

Cole turns to the ropes and quickly hops outside. Despite an attempt by Kerry reaching over the ropes to stop him, Daymon immediately lights out after him.

DDK:

And the chase is on!

The ringside fans are cheering excitedly as Cole runs around the ring with Daymon hot on his heels. But a second later, the primary TA's plan suddenly comes to light.

DDK:

NO!! Daymon runs straight into a LARIAT by TA HORRIGAN, who was there on the floor waiting by the Honor Society's corner! And here's TA OWENS... MY GOD, SENTON SPLASH of the APRON! Over FOUR HUNDRED and SEVENTY POUNDS on the chest of Zack Daymon!

Lance:

Looks like TA Cole's plan paid off!!

The three TAs stomp Daymon, who lies defenseless on the floor, ignoring Slater as he continues his ten count. In a flash, Kuroyama and Burnett drop to the floor and circle around either side of the ring. Awaiting the pincer attack, TAs Horrigan and Cole pull off on the stomping to intercept the rescue crew, while the superheavyweight Owens straddles the chest of Daymon.

DDK:

Here comes Kerry and Leo for the save, and now we've got an out of control BRAWL at ringside!

Kuroyama and TA Cole grapple with one another. Burnett and TA Horrigan slug it out. TA Owens continues to work over Daymon on the floor. Slater goes from five to six. Kerry eventually legsweeps the back of Cole's leg, sending him crashing back into the barricade, and comes to Zack's aid by way of a knee to the side of Roosevelt's head.

DDK:

Kuroyama with the knee, and immediately goes right to work on TA Roosevelt Owens! Owens back up, and... MYYYYY GAWWWD KERRY PUTS HIM TO THE FLOOR WITH A SCOOP SLAM!

Lance:

Even without that added ring slam effect, you could STILL feel that one in the ground!

Kuroyama ROARS into the audience, getting a huge pop, then looks to Burnett, finding the Iceman entangled in an up-close-and-personal exchange of fisticuffs. After taking a sec to check on the recovering Daymon, he moves in to assist.

DDK:

Kuroyama slips up behind TA Horrigan... traps him into a full nelson! And now Leo Burnett just GOES TO TOWN on those exposed ribs!

Burnett caps off a combination with an UPPERCUT, transitioned perfectly into a DRAGON SUPLEX! While all this happens, TA Cole is spotted hanging on the barricade, wide awake and looking anxiously between Daymon and the official in the ring.

Who, by the way, just got to the count of NINE...

DDK:

Now Daymon is finally back on his feet... but almost immediately brought down again by TA Cole with an axe-handle smash from behind! Now Cole slips back into the ring, and--

"TEN!"

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Wait, WHAT? Brian Slater just cued for the bell!

The mass confusion lingers only for a moment until it's clear that Cole is standing alone in the ring. Slater explains the situation to Quimbey, who makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... official Brian Slater has just declared that the Rain City Ronin are... COUNTED OUT!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Therefore, the winners of the match... **THE HOOONNOOORR SOOCIIIEETYYYYY!!**

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

Despite clutching their aching necks, the TAs are overjoyed with their victory, hugging each other and celebrating like they'd just won the Superbowl. As they head up the ramp, Kerry, Zack, and Leo regroup in the ring, shaking their heads in frustration and disappointment.

DDK:

I don't believe it! They lured the Ronin into a brawl, and in the confusion, drew Zack Daymon straight into a count-out!

TA Cole's "master plan" turned out to be nothing more than a very elaborate trick, but I suppose a win is a win.

Lance:

And I supposed the Good Doctor would approve.

DDK:

I'm sure he would. On the other hand, this has got to be a gut-punch to the Ronin, heading into DEFCON with a bid for the Unified Tag Team Championships. They were no doubt looking to build momentum here tonight, but in the end, Zack Daymon's emotions got the best of him, and it caused him to lose focus.

Lance:

Something you know that the reigning champions M4NTRA are likely going to exploit when the longtime rival teams fight each other once more, this time with the belts on the line.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

All eyes are on the DEFIAtron.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS clapping on the screen, directly from the GC Universe locker room. Kerry perks his head up with Rain City Ronin standing behind him.

OSCAR BURNS:

At least you tried, GCs!

Kerry looks ready to go backstage and find OSCAR and wring his neck.

OSCAR BURNS:

A couple weeks ago, you tried to paint yourself as an underrated star who never got that one, big chance to break out and in some ways, that's true... but when I say "at least you tried" I don't just mean tonight. In YOUR specific case, Ker... that might as well be your slogan. All the talent in the world. But when it comes time to shine... well... hey, at least you tried!

OSCAR puts both hands around his throat with his tongue out. Kerry's blood vessel is about ready to burst as he climbs out of the ring, ready to pursue the man that has antagonized him for weeks.

OSCAR BURNS:

But because Sonny Silver and I still care about the bond we all had together in Vae Victis, you're right... when you were with us, you never did get that chance to shine. Promises were made. Opportunities were never properly given and I'd be munted if I didn't say you didn't deserve it, Kerry. You made these people a promise that you'd cave my head in. I thought I'd give you a chance to try and for ONCE in your career, Kerry, make good on a promise about rising to the occasion in ten years with this company.

The Center of the GC Universe has an index finger on each hand up.

OSCAR BURNS:

You and me... one on one... DEFCON.

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

The Emerald Apex stops in his tracks momentarily at the challenge being issued.

OSCAR BURNS:

Take some time to think about it, GC. Take the rest of the night... but Ker, if you accept, I'm not scared of you. Cause I

know that you want to prove me wrong about how you just need one shot at the big time... but we BOTH know all you're gonna do is prove me right.

Again, with the choking gesture. Angrily, Kerry heads up the ramp ready to clean OSCAR's clock. He's on the stage now while Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett remain in the ring, watching their mentor about ready to murder someone.

OSCAR BURNS:

OH! Free advice for the young'uns in the ring cause we know Kerry isn't in a position to give out veteran advice! Keep your eyes open at all times! Don't be afraid to make deals... like this one behind you...

Kerry looks back at the ring and sees Zack Daymon get spun around ... PLAY OF THE DAY FROM DEC4L!!!

DDK:

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!!!

Burnett turns around and he gets dropped from behind by the metal-plated copy of 251 Pages of Perseverance from Nathan Eye!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

M4NTRA ARE ATTACKING THEIR CHALLENGERS FOR DEFCON!!!

Oscar disappears from the screen! When Kerry realizes what is happening he runs towards the ring to the aid of his friends! Nathan Eye points to the third eye sunglasses he's wearing.

Nathan Eye:

Pleasure doing business with you, OSCAR! The next book's dedicated to you!

DEC4L:

No cap!

By the time that Kerry is back in the ring, Nathan and Declan leave the ring and the Unified Tag Team champions jump rail with Makalya Namaste spraying BETA Blockers towards any unwashed fans that try to stop them! Kerry Kuroyama checks on RCR who have been laid out by the champions!

DDK:

Did I hear right ... this was all a set-up! Orchestrated by OSCAR BURNS and M4NTRA!?

Lance:

And these are the men that claim they want to retire the Unified Tag Team titles at DEFCON! How low will M4NTRA go?!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



MANAGING THE LOAD PART 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

DDK:

Can you believe after everything we've seen tonight, Lance, we still have Oscar Burns vs Scott Douglas in our main event?

Lance:

It's been an entertaining night for sure! Not to mention we have Titanes Familia vs The Lads in action, coming up next here. Not to bring attention to a potential booking mistake but... don't the Leafs have a home game tonight?

DDK:

Well you see the beauty of DEFIANCE is that you can be anywhere at any time, and logist-

SHHHHHHHKKKKKKKKKKKT!

The lights go out and spotlights shine down on the entrance way to a thunderous ovation from the Toronto Faithful. It's not a "GO LEAFS GO!" but instead a burst of energy sustained through a bass synth as a platinum throne begins to rise from the floor of the aisle. In the throne sits the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, Elise Ares, leaning to her right side with her chin resting on her fist propped on the arm of the throne. Her white and chrome wrestling attire with white crop top leather jacket matches the attire sparkling under the bright lights, accented with hot pink slashes and splashes. Her LED sunglasses read "LOADING" as the throne comes to a halt.

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

As the chorus kicks in, so do the white lights with red accents as Elise rises to her feet and drops her leather jacket across the arm of the throne, which is already accented with a platinum tiara and a warped and dented platinum shovel "scepter." The FACE of DEFIANCE then begins her swagger down towards the ring.

DDK:

Well first it looks like we're going to be graced by "her majesty" Elise Ares! I think it's safe to describe Elise as being the odd woman out in the hunt for the FIST of DEFIANCE. She's certainly done enough to deserve a shot, but she's thus far been unable to grab the attention of Malak Garland.

Lance:

There may not be another wrestler on the roster who has built the "resume" that Elise Ares has. A win over OSCAR BURNS at DEFROAD followed up by a win over DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Eugene Dewey last week. What could be next for Elise? Perhaps a "Curtis Penn" or a "GVP"?

DDK:

Whoa, whoa, whoa... Lance, buddy, let's not line Elise up for the firing squad.

The former multi-time DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion & former Southern Heritage Champion walks across the apron before straddling the ropes and entering the ring in a very suggestive manner before strutting across the canvas and climbing up to the top rope. She launches her LED sunglasses past the penalty box and calls for a microphone. The audio technician at ringside obliges. Men often do whatever a pretty girl asks for.

Elise Ares:

Hello BBYs and welcome to DEFBBY 216 featuring yours truly in the starring role of your show! Tonight coming to you straight from Toronto... without the T, the second T is silent, yes?

Ares smirks as the crowd agrees and appreciates the cheap pop.

Elise Ares:

You know... they say Toronto is the Hollywood of Canada. So many great movies were filmed here such as Capote, Good Will Hunting, and my personal favorite American Pie Presents: The Naked Mile. So it's only fitting that The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE arrives to Toronto under spotlight and puts on the performance of a lifetime that we're

going to call...

Ares scratches her chin trying to come up with a good title.

Elise Ares:

The D is always so much better at these than I am... we'll call it "STACKING WINS 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!" That's right, BBYS, we're going to call out another DEFIANCE legend to prove to Malak Garland that this girl has what it takes to earn her shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE. So I don't care who you are! If you're Bronson Box or Eric Dane or hell... if you're Oscar Burns and you just feel like getting your ass kicked twice by me and twice tonight, come on down and we'll make this a show that Toronto will never forg-

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

THUNK!

The only thing that could be heard of the surprise reaction of the crowd was the sound of Elise's microphone hitting the canvas as her eyes crowd wide and her jaw drops. All focus moves to the entrance as the 24K video plays over the DEFIATron. Stepping out from backstage is a familiar pair of black and red tights, black elbow pads, and a shoulder tattoo. Puffs of gold confetti shoot out from the edge of the stage as white sparks fall from the ceiling converging on one man and he steps through the pyro and the celebration.

DDK:

Is that Mikey Guiliano?

Lance:

I know I've been in the booth not quite as long as you, Darren, but I'm pretty sure that's Cayle Murray.

DDK:

You might need to have your eyes checked because I've seen Cayle Murray come to the ring probably over a hundred times and THAT is not Cayle Murray. That is one half of BRAZEN Tag Team Los Fratadores. That is "The Business" himself!

Lance:

Well, she did say she was going to be stacking up wins.

The reaction dies down as the Toronto Faithful realize they've been duped again. "The Business" "Cayle Murray" continues his pompous strut down towards the ring making very Italian insulting gestures towards the crowd, quite unusual from a Scottish man, but pretty normal from an annoying guido from New Jersey.

Elise Ares:

No, no, no, no.. cut it. Cut the music.

"Cayle" stops and does an over-exaggerated motion with his arms as if asking "What gives?"

Elise Ares:

This is embarrassing... and not for that annoying orange over there but for me. You know this is coming up on my 8th DEFCON in a row. Consecutive. That means I don't take days off. Not bad for a girl who's been called lazy her entire career. Heck, I've totes made it to EVERY SINGLE ONE since I stepped foot into DEFIANCE and I'm still out here dressing up dudes who can't even get matches booked on BRAZEN to find something to do because our champion can't be bothered to show up to work.

The crowd goes "Ooooh" but she continues on.

Elise Ares:

No... I was wrong. He did show up. He just doesn't actually wrestle anyone and that's fine. I mean I did that schtick for

YEARS, it was TOTES a good time but my reward for doing that was middling in the mid-card and elevating the tag division while being kept away from the titles but Malak Garland gets a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE, wins, and then never has to defend it!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style has a very particular tone in her voice when she speaks that a lot of people would describe as “hispanic valley girl” but for just a moment, that tone completely goes away.

Elise Ares:

You know what... I've changed my mind. When my contract is up maybe I won't go away. Maybe I'll just sign a new one since we're just giving them out these days. Call me. Pay me triple. I'll wrestle once a year for a championship and I'll spend the other 364 days on a beach or in Hollywood filming movies, and the funny part is that won't even be the biggest bullshit contract on the books because Oscar Burns IS STILL HERE.

She looks directly into the hard cam and shrugs before putting the mic back up to her lips and looks directly at “Cayle” who is just big, dumb, and confused halfway down the aisle.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY, sorry to keep you waiting... just be like Malak Garland and take the night off. Don't worry Aresites, I'll be back on the next DEFBBY because I'm contractually obligated to be here unlike half the roster. If there is someone in the back who still gives a damn about showing up, wrestling, and competing for something in this place come and find me. Until then, toodles.

With that said Elise Ares drops the microphone to the mat to a shocked Faithful, rolls under the bottom rope and marches right past Mikey Guiliano, who gets a “talk to the hand” to his face the second he tries to question Elise about what she's doing.

DDK:

Well... that was, something.

Lance:

I don't think that's going to go over too well backstage, Darren.

DDK:

Let's just move on, we still have a couple of big matches ahead of us and apparently some time to fill.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE LADS

DDK:

Earlier tonight, we heard from both teams! They both want to get at one another so we're getting right to the action! Dex Joy and The Lads' newest member, Butcher Victorious, take on Titanes Familia's monster, Killjoy and "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera up next! We're going right to the intros with Darren Quimbey at ringside!

The rowdy Toronto crowd makes noise as Darren Quimbey stands by in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

One by one in the arena... The lights go dark. The arena lights. The LED panels at ringside. The stage. All black. The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIATron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

**SHAKE. HANDS.
BECOME. LADS.**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

There isn't a man, woman or child still seated when "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy comes out first! The Triple Crown winner of DEFIANCE points behind him on stage to officially welcome the newest member of the Lads ... Butcher Victorious! Wearing a brand new black set of tights with purple lightning bolts, Butcher has The Stick in one hand and The AMP in the other, along with his Mic Dropz Energy utility belt, Butcher holds out both!

Darren Quimbey:

At a combined weight of 532 pounds... they are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LADS!**

Butcher hands over The AMP so he has a free hand for Dex to shake hands, Predator-style! The two yell and then head towards the ring getting ready for the fight ahead! Once inside the ring, Butcher holds The Stick and The AMP while Dex Joy poses against the ropes, holding his hands out for all to see! Their music fades out...

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

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

Two gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands The Future of the Familia, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever. On the right, a woman with her hair tied up in gold bands into two very long braids. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in, black and gold pants, Brooklynn Rivera nods up at Killjoy.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 533 pounds... they are the team of "LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA AND KILLJOY... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Conspicuous by their absence, there is no Uriel Cortez or Titaness accompanying the Familia members. Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera both head towards the ring with Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious prepping themselves for battle while referee Hector Navarro gets things ready.

DDK:

You can feel nothing but tension in the air. For months, Titanes Familia and The Lads have been going at it tooth and nail with the violence only escalating each time. Uriel whipped Dex Joy with his belt in front of friends and family in California. Uriel pinned Dex in Scotland at DEFIANCE Road and put Punch Drunk Purcell out of action!

Lance:

Yeah and.... HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

As Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera enter the ring, Butcher goes right for Brooklynn Rivera and knocks her off the apron with a running european uppercut! Meanwhile, the two joys lock up when Dex Joy runs right at Killjoy and bombards the masked monster with clubbing blows! Seeing the action fast underway, Hector Navarro wastes no time calling for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

THE LADS AND TITANES FAMILIA AREN'T WAITING FOR THE BELL TONIGHT!

As Brooklynn Rivera is knocked out of the ring, Butcher and Dex Joy decide to double-team the monster responsible for the injuries to Punch Drunk Purcell! Butcher runs at the corner and then hits a dropkick to rock the monster, followed by Dex Joy hitting an IMPRESSIVE handspring back elbow towards the giant into the corner! Killjoy is stunned as both Butcher and Dex grab either side of Killjoy's head while he's doubled over, then run forward and plant him with a big double running bulldog out of the corner!

Lance:

Killjoy is already down! The Lads are NOT in a playing mood tonight!

DDK:

Not at all! Dex Joy and Butch Vic worked incredibly well for a first-time team against The French Connection on UNCUT in a match we recommend you all go back and check out! But tonight, they're not in a playing mood after everything Titanes Familia have subjected them to!

Dex and Butcher both hold their hands out and give the big Lads handshake to a HUGE chorus of cheers! With Killjoy still down, they both run off both sets of the ring and drop a double falling headbutt onto either side of Killjoy's massive chest! The Good Son flinches in pain while both Dex and Butcher sit up, holding their heads in pain. It isn't long at all until the cheers turn...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...just as soon as "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez walks out hand in hand with "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness! The parental figures of the Familia watch on as Dex waits on Killjoy to get back to his feet and Butcher goes to his corner.

DDK:

Killjoy defeated Butcher Victorious last week in a singles match, but tonight The Lads want payback. Now that Dex and Punchy have found another ally in Butcher Victorious, they may have a chance tonight.

Dex rocks the big monster with a number of elbow smashes to the side of the head. Dex points at Butcher and then goes for the tag, but the second that he gets to the corner... BROOKLYNN SNATCHES HIM OFF THE APRON!

Lance:

No! Rivera is back!

Butcher charges at her, only to get SNAPPED on the ringside floor with a Harai Goshi! The Judo head toss throws the 220-pound Butcher to the mat outside! Rivera stands up and yells out! Dex is distracted and that allows for Killjoy to

get back up when he picks up Dex over his shoulder! The Faithful can't believe it as in one fell swoop. Killjoy TACKLES Dex Joy right into the Titanes Familia corner! The whiplash knocks the wind out of The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

No way! NO WAY! After all that from the start of the match, Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera just took control of this match! I've NEVER seen anybody just muscle Dex Joy over their shoulder like it was nothing!

The former judoka heads back to her corner! Butcher is still down while Uriel and Titaness both clap for their Familia at ringside! Brooklynn wants the tag and Killjoy gives it to the eager judoka.

DDK:

And here comes Titanes Familia! Body avalanche by Killjoy! Followed up by a step-up knee strike in the corner by Rivera! Dex Joy might be seeing stars!

Dexy Baby comes stumbling out of the corner and gets SMACKED down with a huge big boot by Killjoy! He leaves the ring while Brooklynn Rivera tries to pick the bones with the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dex powers Brooklynn off of him, but the tall New York native gets up and lays into Dex as he tries to set up with a series of round kicks to the back. She steps over and then SMACKS Dex with a thrust kick on the jaw that brings him back to the canvas. Brooklynn tags once again to Killjoy.

DDK:

This is the first time to my knowledge that we're seeing Rivera and Killjoy tagging together and so far, so good.

Lance:

They've definitely been learning under Uriel Cortez and Titaness, both very successful former Unified Tag Team Champions in their own right!

Killjoy stands on Dex Joy's midsection near the ropes, trying to drive the life out of him! Meanwhile on the other side of the ring, Butcher Victorious is trying to crawl back to his feet and get back to the corner, but the second he's there, Killjoy charges across the ring and knocks him off the apron with a big boot! The Faithful boo him as he looks down at the fallen Butcher and then goes back to punishing The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Great work here! Cutting off the ring! Uriel and Titaness' presence got the attention of The Lads and it's just been downhill since.

The two 'Joys scrap again when Killjoy tries to grab Dex, only to get rocked by a huge elbow smash! Dex tries to fight his way out of the corner with a back elbow for Brooklynn that knocks her off the ring apron. Dex turns back to smack Killjoy with two more big elbows before hitting the ropes. He comes back... but Killjoy CATCHES him again! He swings him around into a bearhug before he viciously drives Dex across his knee with a bearhug backbreaker!

DDK:

Oh my God! Where did Killjoy learn THAT?!

Killjoy checks out his knee for a moment while Dex is in pain on the canvas, then follows Uriel's instruction for going for the cover!

Lance:

Can Killjoy follow in Uriel's footsteps and pin Dex Joy?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dex gets the shoulder up a second time, but Killjoy goes right back to attacking Dex with a boot that knocks him flat on his back. Brooklynn wants another tag and then points at Dex's arm. Killjoy tags her in and grabs Dex's left arm before slamming it hard on the canvas! After that, Brooklynn comes in with a stomp on the elbow! Dex reels in pain and she tries to apply a double wrist lock on the big man!

DDK:

Brooklynn Rivera is doing a good job calling out the plays tonight! She's got that modified kimura locked on!

Dex tries fighting with all his might to get to a kneeling position. He has Brooklynn off the ground, but the former MMA fighter has the submission locked in still with legs scissors around Joy's torso as she tries to keep the arm locked up! Uriel Cortez and Titaness continue to watch at ringside with Uriel signalling to crank the submission in tighter!

Lance:

We've mentioned it before, but Brooklynn Rivera's inclusion into the Familia has really given them the advantage over The Lads on at least two prior occasions including DEFROAD!

Finally, Butcher is upright again and he climbs onto the ring apron, still smarting from the earlier attacks from Titanes Familia! Dex is up to his feet, but the pitbull-esque grip on Rivera continues to be trouble! He finally shifts his weight to grab Brooklynn by the neck, then **THROWS** her up and over with a desperation overhead belly-to-belly suplex to free himself!

Lance:

He did it! Dex Joy is free! But how much damage has been done to that left arm?!

DDK:

Dex needs to make the tag!

Brooklynn holds her back in pain and curses out in Spanish while Dex Joy looks up and hangs onto his left arm. Butcher finally wants in... **AND GETS THE TAG!**

DDK:

BUTCHER IS IN! BUTCHER IS IN!

La Angelita gets to her feet, only for Butcher to knock her down with a big running uppercut first! He charges towards Killjoy and hits him with a dropkick to the left leg that has him hobbling! Butcher then grabs him by the head as he's hunched over and drops him with a cutter-like drop over the top rope, knocking him off the apron!

Lance:

There's Butcher Victorious with a receipt from Killjoy's earlier cheap shot!

His attention is back on Brooklynn Rivera, who tries to stand, only to get taken down with a Butcher specialty in the form of a rolling headlock takeover! He rolls her up and over with repeated headlock takeovers on the mat to disorient the New York native, then gets back to his feet with her still in the headlock position. Butcher runs towards the corner to bulldog Brooklynn face-first into the top turnbuckle while he slips through the ropes! He hears the people as he climbs to the top rope and then looks to take flight by knocking Rivera down with a front missile dropkick!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC IS MORE THAN SICK... of Titanes Familia tonight!

He grabs Rivera in another headlock as he gets up and then transitions into dropping her mid-ring with an Air Raid Crash!

DDK:

Hot Mic by Butcher Victorious! Cover!

Butcher hooks both an arm and a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Killjoy GRABS Butcher's leg and drags him out to the floor before SLAMMING him into the guardrail to break the cover!

DDK:

No! Killjoy just came out of nowhere to make the save for the Familia!

The monster stands over Butcher, but when he turns around...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

The Toronto Faithful come out of their seats as Dex Joy launches himself at Killjoy with Dexy's Midnight Runner and takes both he and Killjoy up and over the timekeeper's table at ringside!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! RIGHT INTO THE TIMEKEEPER'S AREA! KILLJOY AND DEX ARE DOWN!

Lance:

There's bodies all over the place!

Hector Navarro is in disbelief over Brooklynn Rivera is the only person inside the ring, but still down from the Hot Mic while on the outside, Butcher, Punchy and Dex are all down as well!

DDK:

Butcher's trying to get back into the ring!

Slowly limping upwards, he jumps up and slides back into the ring, but as he gets to his feet... Brooklynn jumps up and catches Butcher flush with a jumping big boot! He's stunned, then gets ROCKED with a stiff swinging back elbow!

DDK:

GOODNIGHT KISS! BROOKLYNN TRIES TO TAKE IT!

She hooks both legs of Butcher!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

Lance:

Butcher kicks out! The big boot and the Goodnight Kiss almost scored the win!

Nearly tugging at her braids, Brooklynn nearly comes unglued and almost bites through her mouthguard before threatening Navarro! Uriel's finally had enough and he and Titaness decide they're gonna step in! Titaness starts heading up the aisle.

DDK:

Oh, no! Titaness is heading down to ringside! But this match is still going!

Dex and Killjoy are still down outside the ring! Brooklynn looks up and sees the parental figures coming her way. She looks at Hector with a look of "OOOOH, YOU GONNA GET IT NOW!" She moves back as Titaness heads towards the ring...

THEN GETS TACKLED BY SOMEBODY IN YELLOW RUGBY GEAR!

Lance:

WHAT THE... SOMEBODY JUST JUMPED OUT! WHO IS THAT?!

DDK:

LANCE! THAT'S... THAT'S JANNA RAY! WE'VE BEEN SEEING HER COMPETE ON UNCUT! AND SHE JUST KNOCKED DOWN TITANESS WITH ONE SHOT!

Uriel is taken by surprise to see his wife attacked on the aisle! "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray smiles and waves brightly! He angrily starts charging toward the aisle... when he gets WHACKED from behind!

BY PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

HE'S BACK! HE'S BACK! PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL IS BACK! AND HE JUST SMACKED URIEL WITH THAT CAST ON HIS ARM!

Uriel is brought to a knee on the aisle as Punch Drunk Purcell jumps on him -- cast-covered left hand -- and starts WAILING away on Cortez with a number of rights while The Faithful go wild!

DDK:

THE LADS ARE BACK AND THEY BROUGHT REINFORCEMENTS!

Brooklyn can't believe it and turns around to deal with Butcher Victorious, only to get SMACKED out of nowhere with a big uppercut that sends her back into the corner! Dex Joy is back on the apron and gets the tag! Brooklynn gets whipped into the ropes and then caught and DRILLED with the Dex Drive!

DDK:

DEX DRIVE! HE SCORES WITH THE DEX DRIVE! FOR THE WIN!

Dex hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THE LADS!**

Janna Ray heads into the ring, along with Punch Drunk Purcell to join Dexy Baby and Butch Vic in celebration! Janna runs over to raise the arm of Dex while Punchy looks at Butcher. He looks out to the roaring Faithful and then raises Butcher's hand!

DDK:

Dex Joy mentioned it before this match! He said The Lads had a backup plan and it looks like it paid off! We didn't expect to see Punch Drunk Purcell back and we CERTAINLY didn't expect even more aid for The Lads!

Lance:

Look at Uriel on the ramp!

On a knee and still reeling from getting rocked in the back of the head with a cast-assisted shot, The Man of the House is SEETHING. A limping Titaness tries to restrain an angered Killjoy from getting back in the ring while Brooklynn Rivera is hurt from the Dex Drive! Dex himself goes over to yell.

Dex Joy:

Gimme a mic. *Now!!!*

The Biggest Boy is given one and he turns to the regrouping Familia outside the ring and directly towards Uriel Cortez.

Dex Joy:

URIEL!!!

Cortez eyes up Dex Joy.

Dex Joy:

Pally ... I'm so tired of your big and tall ass. I'm so tired of your stupid ass Familia thinking that you run this company. We are *all* sick and tired of *being* sick and tired of you four injuring people and thinking you can do what you want without consequence. Two weeks ago, you challenged the Lads to a match at DEFCON if we could even get four people together ... and hey ... I got Mr. Victorious with the Sticktorious!

Butcher holds up both The Stick and AMP proudly! Dex casts a glance over his shoulder and puts an arm over the broad shoulders of his regular tag partner who looks happy to be back.

Dex Joy:

My buddy Punch Drunk Purcell here decided he wasn't gonna wait for no doctor's note to punch your lights out! Cast or no!

Dex then does the same to the power house next to him!

Dex Joy:

And since you can't stop bringing your wife to fight your battles for you, Uri, we decided to get someone to counter that! You might have seen her plowing through competition on Uncut, but if you haven't, let me introduce to you one of Dexy Baby's own students! From the hard- hitting world of rugby to the squared circle. Formerly BRAZEN ... *newly*

graduated to the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster ... Our first ever Ladette! "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray!

The strawberry blonde power house gets a big pop!

Dex Joy:

As for your challenge ... pally, the four of us will see the four of you at DEFCON!

With the biggest of mic drops Dex Joy throws the mic at his feet. All four members of The Lads raise hands in the ring! Uriel is enraged on the edge of the ramp with Titaness trying to calm her husband down. Killjoy wants back in the ring, but Brooklynn tries to keep him back!

DDK:

Titanes Familia might have just bit off more than they can chew! Just when we thought The Lads were gonna be dangerous with just Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell... they add Butcher Victorious! And now, they add Janna Ray!

Lance:

I still can't believe it! She knocked down Titaness with just ONE tackle!

DDK:

Neither can I! But what a HUGE match for DEFCON! And we've still got plenty of show left! Stay tuned!

All four Lads pose in the ring for The Faithful and soak in the applause as the show moves onwards!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

HEY, IT'S DAVE

We're backstage in one of the private dressing rooms.

The Motormouth of Malcontent and Hall of Fame worthy former DEFtv color commentator Angus Skaaland is backstage, sunglasses perched atop his slicked back platinum blond hair. He's standing near the door with a small bag slung over his shoulder. He looks back into the room where the Bombastic Bronson Box is packing a small black duffel bag.

Angus Skaaland:

Meet back at the hotel, yeah?

Boxer silently nods to the affirmative.

As Skaaland turns to leave he accidentally shoulders someone timidly stepping into the room at the same time. [Dave Felcher](#) stumbles back into the doorframe and Angus stares daggers into the diminutive DEFIANCE webmaster, producer and all around general purpose renaissance man backstage at DEF events. A job he's done well enough to keep him employed since the first day DEFIANCE opened its doors, having been hired by the founder himself.

Angus Skaaland:

Watch it, Felcher, you fuckin' gossipy busybody. The hell do you want?

The small man gulps and forces a smile.

Dave Felcher:

I'm here to talk to *Bronson*, actually. On behalf of the, umm, the Favoured Saints group...

The silent reaction from Bronson is less annoyed than Angus' but a reply that still clearly takes both men off guard. Angus turns to Bronson.

Angus Skaaland:

Want me to take care of this?

The Wargod shakes his head.

Bronson Box:

Go on. I'm sure our friend wee David here means no harm.

The Original DEFIANT turns to Felcher and silently, motionlessly beacons the clearly uncomfortable DEF staffer into the dressing room. Angus cackles as he makes his way out into the hallway to leave.

Angus Skaaland:

Step lightly, dingus. He's in a special kinda mood tonight.

Felcher moves further into the room. He looks back over his shoulder as the dressing room door closes with a click as Angus leaves. When he looks back Bronson has taken a step forward and is now uncomfortably close.

Felcher lets out an audible MEEP of terror.

Bronson's silence and narrowed eyes are the only prodding Felcher needs.

Dave Felcher:

Right, well. Ummm... the folks upstairs, the Favoured Saints board? They. They wanted me to come have a chat with you about what happened on the last episode of DEFtv. The wild, sort of unnecessary attack on Gunther Adler? See, he might not ever wrestle again. He's going to have to have major surgery on the knee you thwacked with that wrench.

A small smile creeps into the corners of Bronson's mouth.

Bronson Box:

I've already paid the fine. Or are they finally growin' a set, suspendin' me?

Felcher chuckles to himself.

Dave Felcher:

No. You make them money. That's of chief import to these folks. You sell tickets. Your merch has been a consistent top seller for years upon years. Even when you're gone. They also realize the fact that is, is due to... well, who you are. How you conduct yourself. You do something monstrous and most of them out there love you for it. You're a commodity. A weird, volatile commodity that's near impossible to deal with sometimes, but a valuable commodity nonetheless.

Bronson Box:

You're tellin' me there's no line I can cross with these people? I do love a challenge...

Dave laughs out loud but stifles it pretty quickly out of pure self preservation.

Dave Felcher:

Oh there's a line, and boy howdy do you get close to crossing it. See, some members of the board hate your guts. Hate who you are through and through and just want a nice peaceful DEFIANCE Wrestling product with guys like Dex and Ned that don't...

Bronson Box:

Leave a bloody fookin' mess?

The Hall of Famer smiles with clear "oh fuck you" undertones in his voice.

Dave Felcher:

But there's some that look past that tendency and see *the near irreplaceable value* in Bronson Box continuing to be a part of this product.

Box narrows his eyes.

Bronson Box:

Why bring this business just to me? Hmm? Why isn't Angus and Ed for that matter sittin' here listenin' to this mess? They're the business side of things.

Dave Felcher:

The Favoured Saints would rather do as little business with Angus as possible. The last few times they were all in a room together it was... uncomfortable to say the least. I believe it was when he negotiated your new contract. It's clear he still has a lot of feelings about Eric Dane not being involved with the company anymore and tends to *act out* about it. And when it comes to you and Edward, the board actually feels you're the most sensible.

Boxer is taken off guard by that, raising a genuinely surprised eyebrow.

Bronson Box:

Sensible? Really? Me?

Felcher cocks his head to the side and shrugs.

Dave Felcher:

Ed White misses shows, misses meetings regarding the headquarters in New Orleans, blatantly buys off officials, *clearly* continues the same illegality that landed him in prison the first time... need I need to go on? Are you hard to

handle? Yes. But you've never missed a booking without cause in all the many many years you've worked here. By all accounts you've saved every single dime you've ever made. And when you're not screaming into a microphone you're usually pretty quiet and keep-to-yourself. Other than that temper of yours, Bronson, you're actually a pretty decent employee... I mean as far as *pro wrestlers* go, anyway.

Bronson Box:

All this bloody preamble leadin' somewhere? I've got folks waitin' on me.

Felcher takes a deep breath.

Dave Felcher:

You have your rematch with Gage at DEFcon. But it will be a match. *Not an assassination.*

Boxer scowls at that.

Bronson Box:

Meanin' what exactly? I want to hear the words.

Dave Felcher:

Ok. What you tried to do to Gage in Scotland, what you did to Gunther on the last DEFtv? Shelve all of it. Immediately. You'll get Blackwood one on one in Chicago but it's going to be a fair one on one contest. Beat him senseless, abuse him from pillar to post. But, and I quote "*wrestle the damn match. Whatever the result, we want to hear a DING DING DING at the end.*" End quote.

A cheeky little smile from the Original DEFIANT.

Bronson Box:

Or else?

Dave nods, as serious as an Orthodox funeral.

Dave Felcher:

Or else.

We can see the gears and machinations beginning to churn and turn in Boxer's head. His left eyelid starts to twitch.

The long time DEF staffer sighs to himself.

Dave Felcher:

If I can speak for myself here? As someone who's known you a really long time and would personally as a wrestling fan like to see you stay here in DEF?

Bronson sighs to the affirmative.

Dave Felcher:

Well... would you and Ed just stop testing these people? Please? The Favoured Saints aren't Elijah or Jeff or Kelly or Eric. They aren't going to engage you, they aren't going to spar with you and give you "good TV." They're just going to squash it and replace you if you become too taxing, to *expensive* a problem. Not even Edward's legal team could get you back on TV if you cross their line, I promise you. They have one line, you cross it that's all she wrote.

After a brief awkward silence Dave nods and turns to leave.

Bronson begins to say something in retort but stops himself just short and quietly frowns. Dave exits and the door again clicks shut, this time leaving Boxer all alone with his clearly troubled thoughts after all the events of the evening. He turns back to packing his duffle bag as we cut to the next segment on the show.



THE HARD TRUTH

DDK:

Back from the break, thank you so much for hanging with us. We have a HUGE main event just ahead that you can't afford to miss!

Lance:

And don't forget that in two short weeks–

♪ “Dark Matter” by Pearl Jam ♪

Lance:

Hang on! Just a moment!

Cutting to the entranceway, rolling smoke heralds the arrival of Lord Nigel Trickelbush. The aging facilitator is greeted largely by boos and a smattering of contrarian applause. His unnatural smile betrays no irritation from that reception, instead it widens and stretches. Behind him, a crestfallen, masked figure emerges through the cloud.

DDK:

Fans, I apologize. It appears that we are about to be joined by Lord Nigel Trickelbush and MP1. It was just two weeks ago where Lord Nigel provided just enough of a distraction, allowing OSCAR BURNS to earn a victory over none other than Corvo Alpha.

As the pair descend the rampway towards the ring, and as Keebler catches us up, a small box appears in the lower left of the screen, showing highlights from last DEFtv.

DDK:

In the immediate aftermath, Trickelbush was his usual cryptic self, telling Alpha that it may be time for MP1, and the world, to know “the truth” about him. Makes you wonder just what Nigel's been holding back all this time!

Nigel ascends the ring steel steps... as MP1 takes a seat on them at ringside. Planting an elbow on his knee and resting his forehead on a clenched fist, MP1 is trying his hardest to ignore the crowd – who, for the first time in a long while, are almost supportive and excited to see him.

Lance:

It doesn't make me wonder a thing, Keebs. What we saw two weeks ago was textbook mind games from Lord Nigel. The “truth” about Corvo Alpha is that Nigel Trickelbush likely can't deliver on what he promised MP1: Reuniting the Masked Violators. The “truth” is that Corvo Alpha has accomplished more, and *evolved* and grown more, since leaving Lord Nigel's twisted stewardship! The “truth” is that Nigel Trickelbush is desperate to cling to a position of power over those same former Violators, that he is desperate to cling to his place here in DEFIANCE.

Nigel smiles as he takes a microphone from a ring attendant.

DDK:

You may have hit the nail on the head, Lance.

Slowly scanning the arena, whatever cheers there might have been have quickly soured into boos. Nigel soaks it in as if he were being serenaded.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

O, Canada... Your warmth surrounds me.

A resurgence of mixed (mostly hateful) reaction springs forth and, again, Nigel basks.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Thank you.

More displeasure. We see a handful of smiling Canadians clapping in the front row, but they and their like are greatly outnumbered. Still seated on the steel ring steps outside the ring, MP1 adjusts his posture slightly. Uncomfortable. Agitated. Spoiling.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I stand before you this evening humbled by this reception. And humbled by the duty I am honorbound to perform. You see... I stand before you tonight eager to come clean. Mon freres, I seek absolution. Tonight; I reveal some cold, hard truths.

Nigel turns his gray steel gaze towards his unruly charge seated outside the ring, his back to him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And one of those difficult truths is... I have let the greatest man I have ever known down.

MP1 looks over his shoulder towards Nigel, annoyed.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It's true!

Nigel points at MP1, speaking now to the Faithful.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

That man there is the greatest prize I have ever sought to possess! That man before you is the absolute most tenacious, most focused, most DANGEROUS athlete this putrid sport has ever known! He is TRULY our Most Precious One.

The Faithful agree. Hanging his head down once more, MP1's face is emotionless.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The truth is that I have done him horrific, grievous harm. The truth is that, in some ways, I have ruined his very life.

Nigel starts to melodramatically feel sorry for himself, removing his brown beaten fedora and tucking it under his arm like a newspaper. His eyes are heavy with forced emotion.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have ruined so many lives... and it's time I made things right. It's time that I levelled with him and with all of you.

Nigel steels himself, taking a deep breath and blinking rapidly for great effect as he prepares himself for what he is about to say.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have lied to you all. All this time. It's all been a lie, don't you see?! From the very start. From eight years ago, all the way up to now: It's all been a great, big, horrible lie.

DDK:

What is he talking about?

Lance: *[sighing]*

Mindgames, Keebs.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Everything I've said up until now... everything you've SEEN... none of it has been real. None of it has been true. And I am so, so sorry.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush drops to his knees, looking up to the heavens. The crowd hates all of this.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Of course I had my reasons... of course I was acting as I felt was best. Best for everyone involved. My god, the truth can be so painful... it can hurt you more than the lie!

Using his free hand and the aid of the rings ropes to pull himself back upright, Nigel's eyes have gone wide and crazed.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The truth is WORSE! But that's what you want, don't you?! That's what you ALL want! You *want* WORSE.

MP1 looks over a tense shoulder once more. And he has heard enough. Bolting to his feet, he starts up the steps, unbeknownst to Lord Trickelbush.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You want people to hurt. Well fine... you want the truth?!? I'll give it to you! But just remember, just you remember, that for as much guilt as *I* bear, from this moment forth, this is what YOU demanded. YOU wanted this—

Nigel turns and walks into MP1's chest. Shocked, he stumbles backwards. MP1 loudly tears the microphone from Nigel's bony grip.

MP1:

Shut it, old man.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

MP1:

I don't want to hear any of your bullshit. I don't want your "truth". I want you to deliver what you said you could deliver.

Shoving the mic back into Nigel's chest, Nigel winces, carefully bringing it to his lips.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The truth is... I can't do it.

MP1: *[almost-off-mic]*

What did you say?!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I said I can't do it. I... can't put you and Corvo back together. Not until we face the truth! Together! It's just not that simple, I—

Wrenching the mic away from Nigel once more, MP1 stomps away from him, completely incensed.

MP1:

I'm done with you, old man! You're useless! All of this is useless! I came back to DEFIANCE at DEFCON three years ago! FOR THREE YEARS I've been fighting for something that, clearly, just isn't gonna happen. And I'm DONE!

Red-faced beneath his grey, black & white wrestling mask, MP1 wheels around the ring, eyes everywhere at once.

MP1:

CORVOOOO ALLPHAAAAAA!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

MP1:

I know you're prowling around this building somewhere, I know you can hear me! Come on out, old friend! Let's settle

this! Let's settle this the only way guys like you and me know how, eh "old chum"?! Come down to this ring and let's FIGHT! You HEAR me?!

Glaring into the hard camera, MP1 primal-screams, eyes bulging.

MP1:

GET YOUR ASS DOWN HERE AND LET'S FINISH THIS!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!

DDK: *[screaming to be heard over the crowd]*

Wait... IS THIS HAPPENING?

Lord Nigel pleads with MP1 but his words fall on deaf ears. 1 shoves the old man back, sending him stumbling through the ropes and crashing to the ringside floor. The floor camera captures the old man shaking out the cobwebs before the lens turns sharply up towards the higher reaches of the arena. A rough hewn figure, surrounded by eager fanatics, trudges down the steps. His face, beard, and chest slathered in deliberately chaotic swathes of yellow, red, and blue, Corvo Alpha has arrived.

Lance:

HERE HE COMES!

By the time Alpha has reached the guard rail and leapt into the ringside area, Referee Rex Knox is in the ring. He urges MP1 to a corner as the masked ring tactician paces anxiously.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha has answered the call and... can you believe this?!

CORVO ALPHA vs. MP1

The ring announcer quickly scrambles into the ring, a concerned look on the veteran's face as he glances towards a frothing Corvo outside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Uh, ladies and gentlemen – the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Outside the ring, Alpha splits his attention between MP1 in the ring and Nigel Tricklebush splayed out in fear at his feet. Judging the man in the ring the greater threat – and perhaps remembering his miscalculation re: split attention two weeks ago – Corvo Alpha slides into the ring to face his former friend and partner.

DING DING

DDK:

Get outta there, Darren!

Quimbey dives out of the way as MP1 charges Corvo, laying in brutal forearms. Before Corvo Alpha can even get his feet under him, MP1 smothers into him with a flurry of stomps!

DDK:

MP1 wasting zero time! He's been waiting for this moment! He asked for it!

Lance:

That's not just aggression, DDK—this is pent-up fury! These two men have waged war for what feels like forever, and now that the bell's rung, MP1 is unleashing every ounce of that fury! This tortured soul has been tormenting himself for months, ever since a moment of exasperated emotion saw him spurn the outstretched hand of Corvo Alpha! He thinks that there's no way back! He thinks the only way to fix this" is to remove Corvo Alpha from the playing field! That they can't coexist here in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

That last part might just be true, Lance!

Corvo absorbs the shots, snarls, and shoves MP1 back—but the masked grappler ducks under a wild swing, hooks the arm, and WHIPS Corvo down into an arm drag! Alpha grits his teeth, rolls up—and another arm drag sends him tumbling!

DDK:

MP1 is trying to keep the savage brute off balance here!

Lance:

A brilliant approach. You can't outslug Corvo Alpha—you outmaneuver him.

MP1 kips up, rushing in—Corvo catches him and LAUNCHES HIM with a wicked overhead belly-to-belly suplex! The crowd erupts as MP1 crashes hard, rolling to the outside!

DDK:

MY GOD! Corvo Alpha just threw MP1 like a sack of bricks!

Lance:

That's the power that made him such a devastating force under Lord Nigel Tricklebush!

DDK:

A lot has changed since then, Lance!

Alpha rolls out, stalking after his longtime nemesis—but MP1 is already scrambling up, grabbing a steel chair from ringside! Corvo barely has time to react before MP1 swings—NO! Alpha boots the chair out of his hands and HEADBUTTS him so hard that MP1 stumbles into the guardrail!

DDK:

OH! That sickening thud!

Knox leans through the ropes and barks a warning to the pair, likely regarding introducing a steel chair into things.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha's strikes are unforgiving! And look at Rex Knox—he's letting them go at it!

Referee Rex Knox throws his hands up, urging both men to bring the fight back inside, but they aren't listening! MP1 shakes off the headbutt, SLAMS a forearm into Corvo's jaw, and Irish whips him—NO! Reversal! MP1 is sent careening into the steel steps with a thunderous CRASH!

The crowd roars as Corvo charges—but MP1 pops up, LEAPS onto those same steps, and SPRINGBOARDS OFF—DIVING CROSSBODY INTO ALPHA! The two men crash into the barricade, and fans scramble to clear space! Knox slides out of the ring, his facial expression giving much concern.

DDK:

THIS IS PURE CARNAGE!

Lance:

No regard for safety, for rules, for anything!

Rex Knox runs over, hands on his head. He waves them back toward the ring—no dice. MP1 and Corvo are already back up, exchanging haymakers. MP1 ducks a wild swing, grabs Corvo's wrist, and whips him OVER the guardrail—INTO THE CROWD!

DDK:

OH, COME ON!

Lance:

This is getting out of control!

MP1 hops the barricade, tackling Corvo through a row of chairs! Fans scatter as the brawl explodes deeper into the crowd! Rex Knox shouts, waving his arms. He looks back at ringside—then throws his hands up and CALLS FOR THE BELL!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, Referee Rex Knox has ruled this match a **NO CONTEST!!**

The crowd boos, but the fight rages on! Corvo and MP1 slam each other against the arena walls, DEFsec rushing in to break it up!

DDK:

They don't even care that the match is over!

Lance:

It's important to remember, fans, that unrestrained brawling in the crowd and this kind of disregard for the health and safety of the DEFIANCE Faithful is what led to the OUSTER of the Masked Violators from DEFIANCE all the way back in 2017!

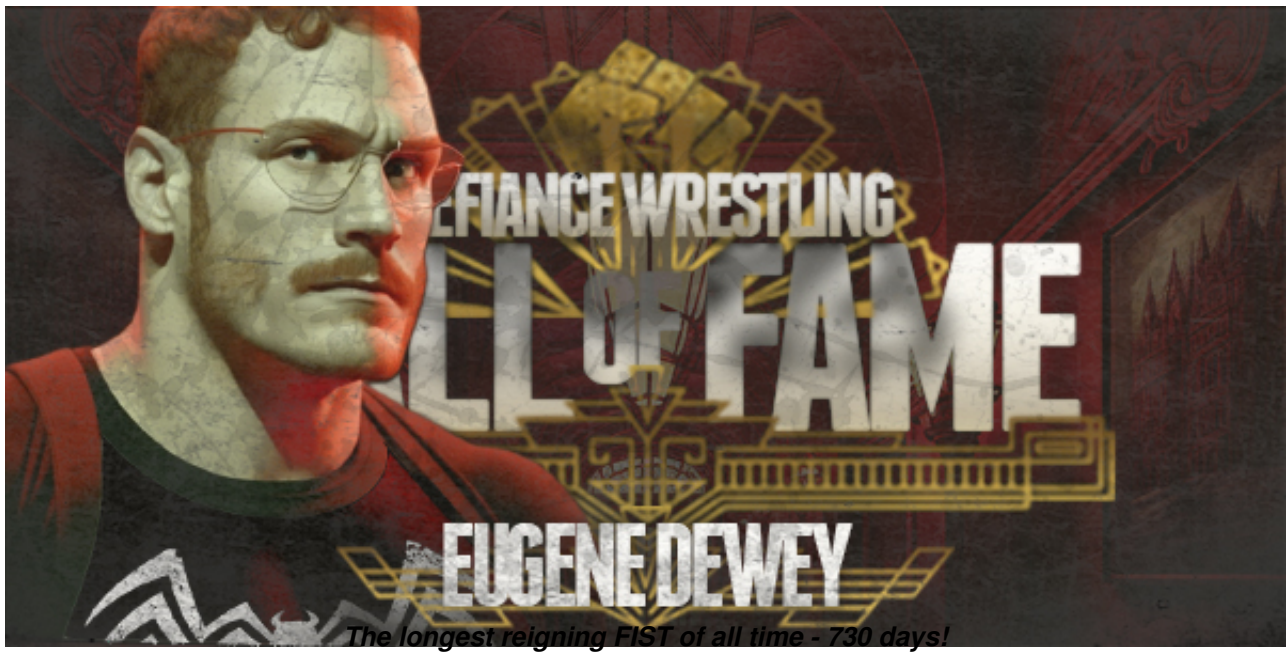
A group of about eight members of DEFsec successfully separate the troublesome pair, another eight or so pushing the crowd back and ensuring their safety. The camera lingers on the chaos for a moment before finding Lord Nigel Tricklebush at ringside. He stands on his bony tiptoes to spy the spectacle. The amused smile on his repugnant mug says it all.

DDK:

Eight years later, Lance... I just don't know how this long, tangled story is going to end!

Lance:

You and me both, Keebs.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

OSCAR BURNS vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

It's time for our main event here on DEFtv 216... and this one is personal.

Lance:

Scott Douglas demanded satisfaction after Oscar Burns' interference cost him a clean win against Kerry Kuroyama... and tonight, he's going to get his shot at DEFIANCE Himself.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful roar as the distorted, whining intro of Green River's anthem bleeds through the PA. As the beat kicks in, Scott Douglas marches through the curtain, his jaw set tight, fists clenched.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds... he is *DEFIANCE's Favorite Son*... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

Douglas stops briefly at the top of the ramp, taking in the energy of the crowd, but his eyes never leave the ring. He rubs his taped wrists and heads toward the ring, tagging hands as he makes his way down the aisle. There's no wasted motion, no theatrics, just intent.

DDK:

These two haven't faced off since DEFtv 145, when Douglas pulled off the upset against the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE... but Oscar Burns isn't the same man he was back then.

Lance:

Certainly not! That was December of 2020! What a difference five years can make!

Sliding under the bottom rope, Douglas immediately pushes up to a knee, head bowed for a beat, then exhales and stands with a fist raised high to another pop from the Faithful.

The cheering turns to JEERS! Sonny Silver, out in a dark charcoal suit and burgundy tie, makes his way out to the entrance ramp. Next to him, "The Strongest Man In The GC Universe" FLEX, wearing orange sunglasses and a sleeveless open dress coat with no shirt (gotta let the muscles breathe, brother). Sonny points towards the ring.

Sonny Silver:

You, Scott Douglas. You're a former Southern Heritage Champion. One of the best in history. A lot of people look at you as a legend of DEFIANCE... I mean, *WE* don't, but a lot of people do. You may be considered by many to be DEFIANCE royalty, but you aren't DEFIANCE! You aren't FAVOURED SAINTS! And you aren't PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! All caps, keep up! From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 251, this guys is ALL of those things!

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

Sonny Silver:

OSCARRRRRRRRRRRR... BURRRRRRRRRNNNNNS!

OSCAR BURNS.

ALL CAPS.

ALL GRAPS.

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform just off to the stage, a familiar form descends from above! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by golden pyro. He also has on a customized protective mask in the colors of the New Zealand flag!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS... despicable. Attacks Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas last week. Earlier tonight, he helped M4NTRA set up an assault on Kerry and his proteges, The Rain City Ronin! He's targeting Kuroyama and everyone close to him!

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform and then heads towards the ring. Flanked by the rest of his group, he heads towards the ring with intent to face a fellow DEFIANCE luminary. Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR climbs up the steps slowly. When he reaches ringside, he doesn't enter immediately, instead, he walks the perimeter, staring at Douglas.. jawing at the Faithful in the front row. Douglas paces in the ring, watching Burns' every move. Sonny Silver and FLEX are on standby as always.

DDK:

Listen to that reaction... The Faithful once cheered for Oscar Burns, but ever since he started putting himself before DEFIANCE, before the locker room, before everything, the tide has turned.

Lance:

He believes he is DEFIANCE, Darren. And that's the problem.

Finally, Burns climbs the steps and wipes his feet on the apron before stepping between the ropes. Benny Doyle quickly checks with both men and signals for the bell.

DING DING!

Douglas and Burns begin circling immediately—Burns with a low, grounded stance, hands open and ready to engage, while Douglas keeps his movements light, bouncing on his feet, knowing full well what kind of fight this is going to be.

DDK:

Both men know what's at stake. Douglas wants satisfaction after Burns interfered in his match two weeks ago... and Burns? He wants to remind Douglas exactly who he's dealing with.

Lance:

This isn't the same Oscar Burns that Scott Douglas faced back in 2020. That was a man who respected competition. This Oscar? He only respects himself. It's all about him and his GC Universe.

They close the gap and lock-up. Burns immediately forces Douglas backward, using his thirty-pound weight advantage to drive Sub Pop into the corner. Douglas plants his feet, trying to push back, but Burns keeps the pressure on.

Referee Benny Doyle calls for a break, and Burns holds on for an extra second, then slowly and deliberately releases. He smirks at Douglas, stepping back ...

OH HHHHHH!!

The Faithful grown as Burn's slaps Scott Douglas across the face. Benny Doyle warns Burns' but DEFIANCE Himself pays him no attention.

DDK:

The blatant disrespect!

Douglas' head snaps to the side with the force of the facial assault. He slowly turns his glare back toward Burns,

nostrils flaring and brow furrowed. Burns grins smugly, cocking his head arrogantly.

Lance:

OSCAR is trying to get in Douglas' head right now, and the worst thing Scott can do... is fall for it!

Douglas steps forward, jawing at Burns, but doesn't retaliate. Instead, he nods once, resetting his stance. Burns shrugs, still smirking arrogantly.

DDK:

Lock up!

This time, Douglas immediately ducks under, slipping behind Burns with a waistlock! Burns tries to pry Douglas' hands apart, but Douglas keeps his grip tight! Burns bares down and tries to shake him off but Douglas snaps him down with a waistlock takedown... sit out. Scott goes for the left arm but Burns makes it to the ropes and Doyle quickly steps in.

DDK:

Benny Doyle calls for the rope break and Scott Douglas complies.

Lance:

Without the cheap shots!

Douglas steps up and backs away. Oscar is quick to hit feet, pointing at his temple to let Douglas know he is the smarter of the pair.

The two square off once again.

DDK:

Lock up! This time OSCAR Burns' with the advantage♦"♦hammerlock.

Douglas is able to duck under and flip things around into his own hammerlock but Burns' quickly reverses as well with a drop-toe hold before floating over and grabbing a side headlock. Douglas struggles up to his knees but OSCAR keeps his head low and locked in tight... Douglas is able to spin himself around, out of the headlock, and back into a hammerlock with Burns' stuck on his side.

DDK:

Nice reversal by Scott Douglas!

Scott rears back to lay a knee into the shoulder of a prone Oscar Burns but before he can...

Benny Doyle:

BREAK!

Burns grips the top rope tightly, a cocky smirk pulling at the corner of his lips as Doyle forces the break. Douglas hesitates for just a half-second longer than before, his hands gripping Burns' wrist before finally releasing, raising them in compliance. He backs off cautiously, but there's an intensity in his stance as his eyes stay locked on Burns.

Burns, still smirking, takes his time as he adjusts his wrist tape, flexing his fingers, and rolling his shoulders like nothing happened. He steps out from the ropes, but not before mouthing off toward the official.

Oscar Burns:

DO YOUR JOB, GC!

Doyle waves him off, but Burns just chuckles, pointing to his temple before nodding toward Douglas.

DDK:

Burns is acting like he's one step ahead but Scott Douglas isn't buying it!

They step forward, and this time, Douglas moves in aggressively, initiating another lock-up. Burns immediately tries to muscle him back, but Douglas slips under and quickly twists Oscar's wrist into an arm wringer! Burns winces, his free hand slapping his own shoulder for relief as Douglas snatches downward, jarring the shoulder joint.

Burns stomps his foot in frustration, circling to relieve the pressure, but Douglas stays latched on, keeping his grip tight.

Lance:

Douglas is keeping things simple but effective, wrenching away at Burns' shoulder!

Burns can't let this continue for long; he suddenly drops to the mat, somersaulting forward to relieve the pressure, turning and springing back up and flipping his way out of the hold. Douglas blinks, trying to readjust ... but Burns instantly snatches a handful of Douglas' hair. The Faithful boo as Burns yanks Douglas backward, sending him flat on his back to the canvas. Douglas' head snaps against the mat as Burns immediately wrenches him into a wrist lock of his own.

DDK:

Oh, come on!

Burns now controls the pace, keeping Douglas grounded, stepping on his opponent's ribs while twisting the wrist and, by proxy, the shoulder joint at a sickening angle. OSCAR, now in full control, glances up at Benny Doyle and begins jawing at him.

Douglas kips up, Burns maintains the wrist control but once on his feet, Douglas reverses and the pair find themselves back where they started. Douglas again snatches that wrist down and yanks at the shoulder joint as Burns backs into the turnbuckle. Douglas attempts to pull him out and whip him to the other side but it's reversed and Douglas goes for the ride. On the other side, Douglas is able to put on the breaks, grab the top ropes and reverse leapfrog the incoming Oscar Burns. Douglas grabs a waistlock and yanks his opponent backward, rolling Burns up.

ONE!

TWO!

OSCAR kicks out, only to eat a big dropkick by Douglas! DEFIANCE's Favorite Son is up on his feet as the Kiwi scrambles around back to his feet when Douglas pushes him to the ropes and hits a release German suplex on the rebound! The Faithful jump up when Douglas kips up after the suplex! As BURNS tries to get his footing, the Seattleite explodes with a huge running clothesline that knocks OSCAR over the ropes and out to the floor in front of his entourage!

DDK:

That was a big flurry of offense by Douglas! He's got OSCAR out of his element! And he's got more in mind!

Lance:

This is a very smart game plan by the former SOHER! You keep your foot on the gas against a more methodical opponent like OSCAR

With OSCAR still trying to get around, Douglas continues taking the fight to OSCAR by hitting a big baseball slide through the ropes, nailing him in the back! He scrambles to the floor while Douglas picks things up. With OSCAR where he needs to be, Douglas gets up and scores with a moonsault off the apron! Sonny and FLEX both jump back from the proverbial blast area!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

Apron moonsault! Normally, Douglas would use that move off the top rope, but he's pulling out all the stops right now against an opponent as dangerous as OSCAR. He's beaten him once and if he keeps this up, he can do it again.

With Douglas on his feet again, he doesn't give any quarter to his opponent. The former two-time FIST is brought back to his feet and rolled back inside the ring. Douglas goes to the ring apron where he catches Sonny lurking. He warns the GC Universe Spokesperson from trying any funny business, but behind him, he sees FLEX trying to do the same. Scott jumps over an attempt at a chop block, only to throw a thrust kick to the temple of the muscle to cheers from the Toronto Faithful!

Lance:

NO! Scott saw this coming! Remember, FLEX was a difference maker to help OSCAR defeat Corvo Alpha with interference like that!

DDK:

But wait!

Douglas has taken care of FLEX, but when he enters the ring, leaves himself wide open by a HUGE running european uppercut by the Center of the GC Universe! OSCAR falls to his own knees to catch his breath from Douglas' earlier offense, but Douglas looks worse for wear in the corner!

DDK:

FLEX might not have been able to get directly involved, but the distraction still paid dividends for the man that believes he is this very sport!

Seeing a chance go on the attack now, OSCAR charges towards the corner that Douglas still occupies and rocks his jaw with a second running uppercut! The blow stuns Douglas long enough for BURNS to whip him into the ropes. As Douglas comes back, OSCAR charges and SMACKS right into him with a running dropkick that catches him on the jaw! Douglas drops to the canvas hard while OSCAR takes a knee and stares coldly at him in his direction.

DDK:

Right on the money with that running dropkick! Now where's he taking Douglas?

Sub Pop is still stunned off the dropkick, allowing OSCAR to freely grab him by the arm and whip him viciously into the far empty corner! Douglas whiplashes hard against the corner and staggers right back into the grip of OSCAR, who takes him up and right back down across his knee violently with a belly-to-back backbreaker!

DDK:

And he follows it up with the modified backbreaker! Douglas looks hurt!

If he is, he gets no sympathy from OSCAR as he attempts the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Lance:

Douglas with the shoulder... no, BURNS already has him on his feet!

He drags Douglas right up by grabbing him by the side as he's on the mat and then picks him up into a huge gut-wrench suplex. Not happy with just one gut-wrench, OSCAR casually sits up as Douglas tries to get back to his feet again, but OSCAR cuts him off with a knee and then picks him up for a second gut-wrench suplex on the canvas! Seattle's Favorite Son rolls across the canvas in pain but still fighting to stand so OSCAR wastes no time going after

him again. He grabs him by the side and then hits a third gut-wrench suplex!

DDK:

And there's the third of those rolling gut-wrench suplexes OSCAR has used to perfection over the years! Can he avenge the loss to Douglas in their only singles match prior to tonight?

ONE

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Quietly cursing under his breath, he looks up at Benny Doyle with a cold, cold stare. When he sees Doyle with two fingers, he gets up and goes back to trying to punish the longtime DEFIANCE star! He goes to pull him off the canvas... Douglas fights back! He stuns OSCAR with a big forearm smash. The blow briefly stuns OSCAR, but tries to fight through it only to catch another one on the jaw! OSCAR angrily fights back with an elbow of his own! Scott falls to a knee and OSCAR goes to pick Sub Pop for another gut-wrench...

DDK:

Here comes another gu-twr... NO! Hurricanrana! Counter pin!

Douglas catches OSCAR with a hurricanrana!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

After hurriedly kicking out, both men try to get back to their feet, but it's OSCAR that is the faster on this exchange when he SMACKS Scott upside the head with a rounding enzuigiri kick to the back of the head! Douglas hits the canvas again holding the back of his head while a seething OSCAR runs both hands over his face and looks displeased with the DEFIANCE with a capital DEFIANCE coming from Douglas right now!

DDK:

That was a NASTY jumping enzuigiri! He just came out of nowhere with it!

Lance:

He's mad that he hasn't been able to put Douglas away yet! He's going to the back again!

OSCAR grabs Douglas and drills him with a big body slam in the center of the ring! Not happy with just one, he stays on the fan favorite and gets booed as he hits a second one! Once more into the fire, he grabs Douglas a third time and holds him for an extra couple of seconds before rattling his spine with a third big slam! Gritting his teeth, he grabs the legs of Douglas and before he knows it, he turns him onto his stomach with an elevated Boston crab!

DDK:

The back has really been the focal point of OSCAR ever since he took over! Since OSCAR came back from that sabbatical last year, he put on somewhere around 10-15 pounds of muscle. One of the many ways these two are different since the last time they wrestled!

Lance:

After Douglas was forced out of DEFIANCE for three years, we thought for sure this would never happen again! But after OSCAR has been poking the bear where Kerry Kuroyama is concerned, Scott Douglas won't let the disrespect stand... but right now, things are not looking good!

They most certainly don't look good for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son as OSCAR pulls all the force he can into the elevated crab! Douglas has a hand up but relents against giving the two-time former FIST the satisfaction of a tap out. Instead, he uses his hand to claw and crawl towards the corner!

*LET'S GO, DOUGLAS! *clap-clap-clapclapclap**

*LET'S GO, DOUGLAS! *clap-clap-clapclapclap**

*LET'S GO, DOUGLAS! *clap-clap-clapclapclap**

The Toronto Faithful gives Scott the fuel needed to inch closer to the ropes. BURNS angrily watches as Sonny checks on FLEX on the outside, still reeling from eating a thrust kick earlier on. Douglas is almost there...

AND MAKES THE ROPES!

The cheers of The Faithful ring out through the Scotiabank Arena as he hangs onto the rope! Benny Doyle demands BURNS break the hold and then finally does so after hanging on a few extra seconds!

DDK:

Douglas makes the ropes, but what does he have left?! OSCAR has been working over the back like the technician he is. Perhaps DEFIANCE's very best at it!

Lance:

He's trying to get Douglas up!

Seeing a chance to wrap the match up, OSCAR grabs Douglas by his arm while he's on the mat before attempting to deadlift him right into the Universal Acclaim driver... BUT DOUGLAS COUNTERS MID-MOVE INTO A DDT!

DDK:

OOOH! Douglas countered! No doubt, he's been doing his homework! OSCAR used two of those to defeat Corvo Alpha, but Douglas found a counter! Can he capitalize on this?!

Douglas and Burns are both down! The Faithful are on their feet, clapping and stomping as Benny Doyle begins the ten-count.

ONE!

TWO!

Douglas stirs first, clutching his lower back but gritting his teeth through the pain. Burns shakes the cobwebs out, blinking hard as he rolls to his side.

THREE!

FOUR!

Douglas plants his hands and pushes up to his knees. Burns does the same, both men breathing heavily.

FIVE!

SIX!

Both competitors grab the ropes and drag themselves upright, meeting in the center of the ring. Douglas clenches his fists. Burns smirks.

DDK:

Both of these men have taken a hell of a beating, but neither of them is backing down!

Burns throws a chop! SLAP! Douglas winces, but he fires back with a stiff forearm to the jaw!

CRACK!

Burns snarls and delivers another chop!

SLAP!

Douglas steps back... but comes back with another forearm!

CRACK!

Lance:

This is turning into a slugfest!

Burns goes for another chop, but Douglas blocks it with his forearm! The Faithful roar as he fires off a rapid series of forearms to the face! One! Two! Three! Burns is rocked! Douglas steps back... BIG wind-up... DISCUSS CLOTHESLINE...

...DUCKED BY BURNS!

Burns spins behind Douglas, waistlock! Looking for a German suplex, Douglas blocks it! He fires back with an elbow to Burns' temple! A second! A third! The grip loosens!

Douglas spins out and boots Burns in the gut. He grabs the front chancery ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

Douglas hooks the leg.

Lance:

Looks like it's 2020 all over again!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE—NO!!!

Burns kicks out at the last second! The Faithful gasp as Douglas sits up, running his hands through his hair in frustration. He shakes his head and pounds the mat before pushing himself up.

Lance:

Douglas thought he had him!

DDK:

Like him or not ... there is a reason why Oscar Burns is a two-time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Indeed, Scott proclaimed a few weeks ago; no shortcuts ... and now more than ever he has to give this his all!

Douglas, breathing heavily, grabs Burns by the wrist and rotates him slightly, dragging his body into position.

DDK:

He's going high risk!

Lance:

Could be looking for the Fremont Plunge!!!

Douglas climbs the turnbuckle, as the Faithful rise to their feet. Sonny Silver also rises ... to the apron drawing the attention of the official. Douglas takes pause seeing Morrow up off the ringside floor but knows he can't waste too much time. Before he can even get his feet under him and turn around for the shooting star press ...

DDK:

FLEX! Flex is on the apron!

Flex pops up out of nowhere and pushes Douglas' ankle, causing the former SoHer to crash down onto the turnbuckle crotch first, before quickly jumping back down. Benny Doyle is none the wiser. Sonny Silver drops from the apron, feigning innocence as Flex backs away, his hands up like he had nothing to do with it. Meanwhile, the damage is done, Douglas winces in agony, still perched on the top rope, his face selling the pain.

Lance:

This is what we've come to expect from *DEFIANCE Himself*.

Burns, a bit worse for the wear is now back on his feet and sees an opportunity and smirks. He climbs up onto the second rope, hooks Douglas, and with a grunt of effort...

DDK:

This - oh no, don't do this ...

The pair come crashing down in the ring in a violent collision, the majority of the impact being focused on Scott Douglas' neck. Douglas bounces off the canvas on impact, his body going limp as Burns immediately scrambles to hook the leg!

DDK:

UNIVERSAL ACCALAIM from the middle rope!

Lance:

Middle or top... depending on your perspective there!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner via pin fall... OOOOOOSCCCAAAARRRRR BUUUURRRRNNSSSS!!!

The Toronto Faithful BOO relentlessly as Burns rolls off Douglas, clutching his ribs but grinning like a man who just got away with murder. Sonny Silver and enter into the ring to celebrate, while FLEX dusts off his hands like he just finished a hard day's work.

Lance:

If you as me, Scott Douglas had this match won before Sonny Silver and Flex stuck their noses where they didn't belong! And now, Oscar Burns gets to act like this was all just his superior skill at work.

Burns gets to his feet, standing tall over Scott Douglas, and raises his arms in victory. Sonny Silver shouts praise at him while Morrow smugly "dusts off" Burns' shoulders.

The camera zooms in on Douglas, still laid out.

Lance:

He said no shortcuts and even in a losing effort, albeit a controversial one, Scott Douglas left it all out there tonight and had it been a fair contest, I think his hard work and determination would have paid off.

Burns leans down, grabbing Douglas by the face, squeezing his cheeks mockingly shaking his head back and forth. He lets go only to slap DEFIANCE's Favorite Son across the face causing the Faithful to turn the volume up on their booing. He stands over Scott and gets ready to possibly do more...

RRRRRAAAAHHHH!

OSCAR doesn't see what's happening! FLEX gets DRAGGED by his feet out of the ring before he gets faceplanted into the ring post!

DDK:

Wait! Look!

BURNS finally turns around, and much to his dismay... KERRY KUROYAMA has entered the ring!

DDK:

YAAKUUZAA INFINITE WEALTH KICK right to the jaw of OSCAR BURNS! Kerry Kuroyama is HERE to save his former partner! He's had ENOUGH of OSCAR's B-S!

The crowd is roaring! OSCAR bumps hard off the battering ram of a kick, leaving him open to Kuroyama scooping him right back off the canvas.

Lance:

OSCAR laid down a challenge at DEFCON earlier tonight, and right now I think Kerry is about to give him his response!

DDK:

Kerry has him UP... KUROYAMA DRIV--NO!!

At the last second, OSCAR BURNS does a series of twists and turns to FREE himself from Kuroyama's grip and drop harmlessly to the mat! In the blink of an eye, he is out of the ring and regrouping with FLEX.

DDK:

BURNS gets away!

Lance:

This time.

Kerry glares at BURNS on the outside for another moment before remembering Douglas and helping his friend back to

his feet. At the same time, he calls for a crew member to hand him a mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

HEY, GC! How's this for an R-S-V-P? I *accept* your challenge at DEFCON!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Kerry Kuroayama:

Forget stakes! Forget standing! Because all I want right now, OSCAR, is to walk into Chicago and *kick your ASS!*

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

The copyright pops up on the screen in the lower left just before the screen fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.