

SHOW OPEN

Vancouver, BC, Canadian welcomes DEFIANCE as The Faithful are packed in the sold-out Rogers Arena!

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!

KERRY KUROYAMA IS GIVING OFF SERIOUS WATERMELON ENERGY

NOT JUST GETTING OVER... HE'S BORN OVER

THERE'S ANOTHER MV2? WOULDN'T HE BE MV3?

MP-NONE

VAE VICTIS IS BACK HIDE YOUR TITLES

FOR THE LADS

HERE FOR cOnOr I MEAN CONOR!

FUSE COUNTRY

CAN TITANESS ADOPT ME, TOO?

WITH A LI'L LUCK

I'M A M4NTRA RAY BUT ONLY IRONICALLY

EVIL LIVES IN DR. SATO'S LAB

IF KEYES WINS, WE RI... OH.

And finally, we make it to the booth (aka The Commentation Station) just off the left of the stage!

DDK:

Hello, everyone! Following a DEFCON that will be remembered for years to come! We crowned a new Favoured Saints Champion in Lonnie Luck! We crowned new Unified Tag Team Champions, The Rain City Ronin! And of course, we THOUGHT we'd have a new FIST of DEFIANCE in Conor Fuse... until that was RUINED by the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE... "THE KRAKEN" HENRY KEYES! We will hear from the new champion tonight!

Lance:

And we have PLENTY of in-ring action for you as well! Fresh off defending the title in the main event of Night One successfully against both TA Black and former champion Ned Reform, Brock Newbludd will step into the fire tonight when he defends his title TONIGHT!

DDK:

That's not all! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy has his return match against the dangerous MP1, fresh off defeating Corvo Alpha himself! Former Unified Tag Team Champions collide when M4NTRA take on the Lucky Sevens! The Lads - Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious, Punch Drunk Purcell and Janna Ray, will be in action! But up first... we hear from the man who DESTROYED Gage Blackwood... we hear from Hall of Famer Bronson Box!

Lance:

All this and so much more!

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU

♪ "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

The Faithful immediately erupt into a torrent of noise that speaks loud and clear how they all collectively feel about the seven individuals making their way out into the arena proper.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The pencil skirted professional assistant and deadly "Submission Siren" Jane Katze and the huge seven foot former mob enforcer turned bodyguard "Il Giudice" Nicky Corozzo make their entrance first, taking places on either side of the entrance tunnel. Next up, the reigning BRAZEN tag team champions the scowling former BRAZEN champ "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and the enormous muscle-bound "Problem Solver" Adrian Payne. They too head to either side of the tunnel.

The next two figures out into the spotlight cause the crowd's negative response to multiply by a factor of ten.

FUCK THE DIA-MONDS! clap clap clapclapclap

FUCK THE DIA-MONDS! clap clap clapclapclap

FUCK THE DIA-MONDS! clap clap clapclapclap

DDK:

If you plucked a member of the Faithful from the crowd of a DEFIANCE show from a decade or more ago and showed them all this, the sight of Angus Skaaland strolling side by side with "The Socialite" Edward White would be... well, considering the things my former partner has said about Ed in the past behind this very desk, it'd be darn confusing.

Lance:

This is the world in which we live, Darren. A world governed by one rule, one God. *Money*. And Ed White had a whoooole lot of it. I think you can do the math at this point.

Ed and Angus both take a few steps back and both turn back towards the entrance tunnel just as the curtain is being pushed aside by the last man out. The DEFIANCE Hall of Famer.

The Original DEFIANT.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The "Bombastic" Bronson Box is dressed in his usual custom three piece suit in shades of black, grey and blood red. The colors of DEFIANCE itself. The gnarled, scarred, mustachioed face of the Wargod squints out over the ravenous collective of DEFIANCE Faithful with nothing but disdain. But clearly a sense of ownership. *His Faithful*. No matter what anyone says.

Lance:

The man who effectively, ladies and gentleman, *retired* Gage Blackwood at DEFcon in Chicago with an absolutely unnecessary post match assault. Assisted by THAT man in the red blazer down there, my rotten predecessor, Angus Skaaland.

Angus, Edward and Bronson all make their way down the ramp and into the ring.

Jane, Nicky, Felton and Adrian all take positions at ringside, facing out into the crowd.

DDK:

Clearly the Diamonds aren't taking any chances here. Half the locker room stood in furious silence as poor Gage was rushed off to the hospital after his and Bronson's match in Chicago.

Microphones are distributed to the three men standing in the ring.

Edward White:

I heard a wonderful quote the other day, please allow me to share, if you will. *"The problem is not that there is evil in the world. The problem is that there is good. Because otherwise, who would care?"* Goodness, inclusiveness, kindness... I say *WEAKNESS*, by God. You boo, you shake your pathetic little heads in judgment. I'm just a nasty ol' bad guy though, right? A *HEEL* tryin' to rile you lemmings into booin' me and my compatriots. I'm just spinnin' yarns, am I right?

The Sophisticate shakes his head with an audible scoff.

Edward White:

WRONG!

The socialite grips the microphone tighter as he shouts his declaration of malfeasance.

Edward White:

Look around at the world you're livin' in right now you goddamn rubes! Look who's in charge in this country! Hell, the WORLD! Look who's pullin' the strings of those in power ALL OVER the damn globe! Look and see who's actually winnin' the game of life right now! Money havin' right-bastards like ME, goddamn you! The smart, self interested ones with all the goddamn MONEY! Boo all ya' want, deep down you know it's true.

He smiles that clearly put on, plastic Ed White smile from behind his perfectly coiffed beard.

Edward White:

"Goodness" is the anomaly, folks! A weakness! A flaw! A hindrance of true unbridled progress. The odd obstacle for men like myself and my dear friend Bronson Box to overcome by bein' meaner and craftier and more ruthless than the other guys! Because that's how the world works! That is clearly the way of things... goodness creepin' in like a cancer, muddlin' things up! Confusing folks to the real meanin' of life. All this allowin' for great men, *generational men* to stand tall and snuff that bullshit out. Keep progress rollin' on forward, as it were.

Here comes the highly telegraphed catchphrase.

Edward White:

The meanin' of life is unbridled success. *By any funds necessary.*

Ed steps back looking rather proud of himself. Angus steps forward with an evil smile.

Angus Skaaland:

You know what that progress Eddy mentioned actually *looks* like? Relating to this wacky joint specifically? In case you morons need a little *visual aide*. Boys in the truck, can you put that image up onto the big screen please? *Now*, thank you?

After a few moments a split screen showing gruesome still images of Bronson's DEFcon aftermath. His two victims.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Herald of the Wargod extends his arms like he's presenting the photos, a sick smile on his sneering, angular little face.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeeeeeeah, you like that?! BLOOD AND GUTS, BABY! Classic DEF!

One side tiny odd little Douglas Doubleday, covered in blood with his eyes closed lying motionless on the DEFcon stage on night one. His brother Dabney looming overhead with a look of utter despair on his face. And on the other

side? Night two. Gage Blackwood, slumped half off the steel steps he had just been violently planted on in the most gruesomely painful way possible. His back twisted at an angle that makes the entire live audience cringe.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland:

Oh grow a pair, ya' lame asses! Welcome back to *GORRAM* DEFIANCE WRESTLING!

He snarls into the microphone, running his free hand back across his platinum blond hair.

Angus Skaaland:

THAT's the real world! THAT right there is how things get done in this game! How this entire game keeps rolling! The weak get culled by mean, ruthless mothers like us! That's just the damn facts! Like my dear personal friend Eddy said... take off your wrestling fan nerd blinders for a second and pay attention to the rest of the gloriously nasty, greed-fueled world that's appeared around you whilst you were stuffing your fat faces lost in your fuckin' TikToks and subreddits. In case it's still not crystal clear. In 2025? Here on planet earth?

He really leans into it.

Angus Skaaland:

The so called "bad guys" are *WINNING!*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus just laughs. Now it's Bronson's turn.

Bronson Box begins to open his mouth when somewhat unfamiliar music hits, instantly the Original DEFIANT is absolutely furious at the unwelcome interruption. He turns towards the stage with absolute fire in his eyes. But when he realizes who it is his face curls into one of annoyance but also *curiosity*.

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

DDK:

And here comes one of the DEFIANCE wrestlers who had a personal connection with Gage Blackwood, who stood in anger and pain at the events of DEFCON!

No fanfare, no spirited arrival. The former Mushigihara makes his way halfway down the aisle, eyes fixated on Blackwood's assailant, and, conveniently, holds a microphone in his hand.

Henry Yamazaki:

You *bastard*.

Boxer looks over to Ed with a cocked eyebrow as though to say wordlessly "*this fuckin' guy?*"

Henry Yamazaki:

You walked into DEFCON deadset on beating Gage and ending his career... and for what? What was it for? What was the point of the man who, depending on who you ask, IS DEFIANCE, who was with DEFIANCE from the very beginning, who has won every accolade available to him, ending the career of one of DEFIANCE's all-time greats? To prove a point? To make a statement?

There are no witty one-liners to be had. Henry looks at Box, his eyes narrowing into daggers.

Henry Yamazaki:

Well, I heard you. And I've come to put a stop to all of this. Put a stop to *you*.

It's The Socialite who addresses Henry first. Bronson stands beside his business partner with his eyes trained up the ramp.

Edward White:

I'm sorry, I have to butt in here, by God. Where exactly do you get the gaul to walk out here and interrupt my friend Bronson, here. A living breathing legend and DEF Hall of Famer. You come out here lookin' to what? Pick a fight? Defend the honor of what? Gage? DEF itself? Boy, you're barkin' up the wrong damn tree at the wrong damn time.

Money Talks have slowly moved to the foot of the ramp. The two giant men cross their arms and glare up at Henry Yamazaki who looks unphased by the uninvited attention. He clearly looks past Ed, his eyes locked on the "Bombastic" Bronson Box. The enormous former Mushigahara flexes his huge shoulders and sniffs confidently as he raises the microphone again.

Henry's clearly had enough of Edward White.

Henry Yamazaki:

Ed, if you'll excuse us for a minute. The competitors who actually *WON* their matches at DEFcon need to have a little chat. Do you mind?

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

The self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling leans against the ropes with gritted teeth. He hollars up the ramp like a man possessed as the Faithful have a laugh at his expense. A sizable "Dabney Doubleday" chant is heard.

Edward White:

YOU LISTEN HERE YOU BIG DUMB BASTARD! DO YOU KNOW WHO I...

Angus does his best to calm The Socialite down as Bronson finally steps forward. He doesn't look up at Henry however, he looks down at the foot of the ramp. Where the BRAZEN tag team champions "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and the "Problem Solver" Adrian Payne clearly stand ready and eager to dispense some pain and suffering.

Bronson Box:

How odd. I don't recognize this *nuisance*, gentleman. I believe this is someone PRETENDIN' to be a real bloody monster I remember from a long time ago. It's the body. The body looks familiar, but the face... the *face* is all wrong. Also this one talks *far too much* to be the monosyllabic wreckin' machine I'm thinkin' of. We've still got a lot of business to conduct out here so why don't you two fine fellas go up there and show this half-a-man to the *fookin'* exit...

Felton Bigsby cracks his knuckles and Adrian Payne slams his huge fist into his palm as they take a few steps up the ramp to dispense some violence on the *former* God-Beast when they are stopped in their tracks by the brand new entrance music of one of, *if not the*, greatest opponents the "Bombastic" Bronson Box has ever faced in his very very long DEFIANCE career.

♪"Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The Faithful become absolutely unglued when they realize and put two and two together.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Slowly, Dan Ryan walks out onto the stage with a big shit-eating grin on his face.

Bronson grits his teeth with a snarl at the sight of his former arch nemesis, causing his mustache to twitch with irritation.

Dan sees a cameraman rushing up from the corner of the stage, and he taps at a solitary pink wristband on his left arm and gives the camera a wink, leaning in and saying, "I gotchu, Lindz."

There are a lot of people responsible for DEFIANCE's success. There have been feuds that have pushed the company forward lightyears. Without question Dan Ryan versus Bronson Box laid the foundation modern DEFIANCE superstars walk on every day. The FIST of DEFIANCE was forged into the main event prize it is today due to the buckets of blood and weeks of suffering these two warriors put into their long feud during the original Grindhouse world tour so many years ago.

Bad blood doesn't even *begin* to describe the way these two titans feel about one another.

DDK:

Oh my God, folks!

Lance:

What is *Dan Ryan* doing out here, Darren? He and Boxer both quite *literally* TORE one another apart across Germany, Japan and Canada. They passed the FIST back and forth between themselves and Hall of Famer Eugene Dewey several times over. What more could these two have to *prove* to one another?

Henry looks over at Dan, a confused look on his face and mouths something like "what the hell?"

Dan holds out a hand as if to say, "I got this" and looks back at the Diamonds.

Dan Ryan:

You had to know this day was coming, right, Bronson? Granted, I had other things to take care of, but you can't just come out here and yammer on about all of this stuff and expect me to just sit in the back like a good little boy. That's not how any of this works. I have to say, it's good to see you all again. Angus, fancy seeing you out here with these guys. Interesting company you're keeping these days. Some people might forget that I was once in the Blood Diamonds too. That didn't end too well, and I have a feeling that eventually, it won't end too well for you either. But all of that aside, did I hear you say, 'mean ruthless mothers like us' a few minutes ago? You're a 'mean ruthless mother,' now?

Dan makes a skeptical expression while the relatively diminutive Angus Skaaland frowns and yells out, 'damn right!' in Dan's direction.

Dan Ryan:

I didn't realize we had changed the meaning of 'mean ruthless mothers' to include pudgy dough-bellied sycophants, but I guess I'm just not up on the new lingo. I do know this, though, Angus. You are looking right now at **the** meanest most ruthless mother**FUCKER** this business has ever seen, and if you come anywhere near me running that thin-lipped little mouth of yours, I'm dropping you faster than WiFi in a tunnel, you understand me??

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Yikes!

Lance Warner clearly having a hard time hiding his jolt at someone taking his color commentary forbearer apart like this. Angus is pissed, but he decides wisely not to do anything rash. It takes a few moments for the crowd to die down.

DDK:

Listen to these people! It feels like 2016 in here!

Dan Ryan:

And you... Edward White... you house-poor poser, you spend an awful lot of money trying to look rich, but the last time I checked, I was the one who literally wrote a blank check to keep the doors open to this place so that you could keep your job. If it weren't for the man who earned everything he has off the blood and sweat of his own work dropping eight figures down to buy this place an extended lease on life, you'd be tending the grounds at Mar-a-Lago right now and asking El Presidente if his grilled cheese sandwich is to his liking. If I had your level of wealth, I'd go jump off a cliff, so maybe cool it on the Daddy Warbucks routine. That suit of yours is due back at the Men's Wearhouse next Friday, and we both know it.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Edward White nearly comes unglued, practically charging at the ropes, but being held back by a surprisingly stoic Bronson Box.

Dan Ryan:

And you... my old friend *Bronson Box*. You are the reason I'm here. It's not just about finding myself a challenge after putting Tyler Fuse down a couple weeks back. You've been bitching and moaning about the lack of competition for a long time now, and I just feel like... I don't know... who else to give you that challenge than the man that beat you up, down and around Japan for six months, made you bleed, broke bones, took your best shot and kept coming? I know it's been eight long years, and I know we're both a little older than we used to be, but a wise man once said, 'Beware of old men in a profession where men die young.' I'm here right now, I'm ready to go, and though you still look like your car runs off steam, and though I'm sure if you're here, there's a circus somewhere missing its bearded lady, I say if you want a challenge, you've motherfuckin' got one. **LET'S DO THIS.**

The Original DEFIANT takes a moment to pat both Angus and Edward on the shoulders and have a little off mic conversation that seems to calm them both down. Edward still clearly fuming at the verbal assault, the gears spinning as he furiously eyeballs the legend standing up on the stage.

As the camera cuts back to the stage and lingers on Ryan as the crowd roars we catch the clearly annoyed face of Henry Yamazaki. His arms crossed and his eyes locked on the back of Dan Ryan's head.

Back in the ring Bronson Box leans on the top rope facing the stage. No veins popping from his head, no spittle flying from his mouth, his tone level and calm.

Bronson Box:

Daniel.

The Wargod looks back and forth between Ryan and Yamazaki, the tension. Bronson Box's sinister gears clearly begin turning.

Bronson Box:

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a wee bit chuffed to see you out here like this, lad. A livin' reminder of good and better times around here. You haven't changed one bit. Same big dumb brute just pushin' his way to the front of the proverbial line. Any line. Dan Ryan doesn't discriminate, does he? You, Troy, Keyes... you all are cut from the same cloth in that respect. You may not be evisceratin' and retirin' the chaff around here in cold blood but you three do the same in your own, pathetic little way. Jokes and japes, buryin' people with words and politics like the schoolyard bullies you are. And before you even open your mouth. Yes indeed, pot, kettle, black but at least me and mine can admit it. *We own it.*

Behind the Wargod Angus Skaaland unbuttons his blazer revealing a Gage Blackwood t-shirt much to the schagrin of the Faithful. He laughs.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Original, *True* ACE looks over at Henry now.

Bronson Box:

The man with no face over there, you asked why? Why clobber Gage Blackwood the way I did and end his lazy, half-hearted, spot pickin' career? Take a look, lad! I've got more violent, motivated suitors than I did previously, now don't I? My much maligned ruckus got the so called *megastar* Dan Ryan to amble out here on his creaky knees and repeat the same recycled material he and that wench Lindsay Troy and that cartoon currently holding the FIST Henry Keyes have shared for the better part of a decade! That old Vae Victis joke book must be worn to a bloody nub at this point. Daniel, lad, if you want to go another round with the heart and soul of this company I *INVITE* it. But as the youth say, you all had better *come correct*. Or this old GOAT will fookin' end what's left of YOUR dusty old career... *megastar*.

Box leans over the rope now. His eyes narrowing, his voice getting more intense.

Bronson Box:

Yammer with all the bravado you want. It's what you and yours do best. Yammer and talk and talk and *talk* and then LEAVE. AGAIN. Same half-hearted, spot-pickin' bullshit Ed and I've been railin' against for the better part of a year and a half. LAZY PRICKS. And you're all CHEERED for it! Like Vae Victis was, is, will be, whatever... *any* less brutal, vicious or cruel as my folks here in and around the ring. You stand up there castin' aspersions on my friends? They're such wretched scum, is that it? Let's go ask that fella' Butcher Victorious what sort of bloody "*babyfaces*" your friends are, Danny-boy. See ye' tappin' yer' little bracelet there. Tigers and pancakes and bloody disrespectful foolishness. Fookin' Vae Victis...

Boxer spits a derisive wad of phlegm down to ringside.

Bronson Box:

You're all hypocrites of the highest order! So oh, do please make yet another tired joke about steam power or Model T's or the fookin' circus you juiced up *HACK PRICK!* Please, mate. Do your usual little stand-up routine for us all so we can get to the good part... me makin' you *BLEED AGAIN!*

LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU BOX!

LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU BOX!

LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU BOX!

LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU BOX!

The crowd is beside itself, Ryan and Box are laser focused on one another. Ryan nods his head with a confident smile on his face. Neither the Hall of Famer nor the future Hall of Famer casts one single solitary glance over at the massive former God-Beast fuming in the wings.

Dan Ryan:

Wait, um... I think we have a bit of a misunderstanding here, Bronson ol' buddy ol' pal. *I don't give the slightest bit of a fuck about Gage Blackwood.*

The camera picks up a *withering* look from Henry directed in Ryan's direction after that line.

Dan Ryan:

By all means, beat the brakes off of whoever the hell you want to. None of that concerns me at all. And make no mistake, I never left, Bronson. I never, ever, left. My fingerprints have been all over every contract, every merchandising deal, every financial statement that has had the DEFIANCE logo on it for the last eight years. I'm not back in this ring so I can go away in a few months. No no no no no... you just said you wanna make me bleed again?? Goddammit... **BOY'O...**

Dan throws the most intense death stare possible right through Bronson's forehead, but with a deep sincere smile on his face.

Dan Ryan:

That's the entire point. I came here for blood. I'm ready to take it, and I'm willing to give it. No hypocrisy here. I'm tellin' ya right to your face. *There's nothing I want more.*

Bronson can't help but smile his gnarled smile at the very prospect.

The camera pans away from Dan Ryan and Bronson Box's exchange for a moment to catch the angry expression on Henry Yamazaki's face. One of supreme annoyance and frustration. After Dan's final comments about Blackwood the enormous former masked God-Beast's furious glare now mostly focused on Ryan and less on the man who actually retired his friend, down in the ring.

Bronson is clearly giddy at all of his new violent prospects. Literally licking his lips at the idea of these two huge monsters gunning for him. Looking to pick a fight. The Original DEFIANT in his element.

Lance:

Boy howdy did Dan Ryan steal Henry Yamazaki's thunder here, Darren.

DDK:

Henry's gripe is personal, he wants revenge for his friend Gage. Whilst I get Dan wanting to tangle again with his old adversary, he sure did step on Henry's toes to do it.

Lance:

Henry's just as much a part of DEFIANCE's history as either of these titans and deserves a little more respect than that. That *"man with no face"* comment from Bronson really seemed to get Yamazaki's goat, Darren. And the fact Dan clearly doesn't give a damn about Gage? I hope Dan keeps his head on a swivel, he's inadvertently created himself another, much bigger problem with his actions here tonight in the form of one very irritated former Mushigahara.

DDK:

We've got an explosive situation developing here folks with the rekindling of one of DEFIANCE's classic rivalries! Henry Yamazaki seemingly stuck in the middle with revenge on his mind! Our team will keep its ear to the ground for any new developments.

HOLD YOUR BREATH, MAKE A WISH, COUNT TO THREE

The live feed goes backstage, where Chris Trutt is standing by with a microphone, attention directed to the doorway to the parking lot area. After only a moment's wait, it comes open. Immediately, the arena fills with a raucous roar from the thousands in attendance as the RAIN CITY RONIN enter the building.

Chris Trutt:

Zack! Leo!

The junior reporter successfully flags down the attention of the Ronin. Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, the new Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE, are dressed to the nines tonight. Daymon sports a dashing chocolate Beckett & Robb three-piece while Burnett looks fit in a windowpane charcoal Daniel George. Both men have their championship belts proudly displayed draped over their shoulders.

Chris Trutt:

Gentlemen, allow me to be the first to formally congratulate you both for your spirited performance at DEFCON, and for your grand achievement! It's been quite a journey since the two of you arrived in DEFIANCE, and seeing it lead the two of you to this level has been inspiring, both to the fans and to many within the company!

They both silently nod in gratitude.

Chris Trutt:

But now that the two of you stand at the top of the tag team division, that journey is set to continue! And, while I know the two of you are not fond of words, I feel there are many who are interested in your first move as champions. And I know that the question on the minds of many is... who can we expect to be your first challengers?

Leo looks to Zack and arches an eyebrow.

Leo Burnett:

(should we...?)

Zack's grin spreads wide as he reaches into his jacket.

Zack Daymon:

(...we should)

Daymon withdraws from his pocket a set of three white envelopes, each bearing a distinguishing Roman numeral.

Chris Trutt:

Um... what's that?

Zack points to both of his eyes, and walks away. Leo gestures for the interviewer to follow, and goes after his partner. Curious to follow on this lead, Trutt follows with the camera in tow.

After turning a few corners, the tag champs soon arrive at their destination; a single, solitary door, and a familiar trio unaware of who stands on the other side. On the other side, the sound of an explosion is heard, followed by a chorus of coughing.

Chris Trutt:

Wait a second... this is Dr. Sato's mobile lab!

Indeed, the very same. The crowd in the arena cheer at the familiar sight of the lab belonging to the Mad Science Queen and her erratic experiments in wrestling.

Without delay, Burnett and Daymon approach the door, exchange one final look, nod in unison, and raise their fists to

announce their presence.

KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK.

Loud, forceful, and in perfect sequence. The classic cop knock

Without any warning, the door BURSTS wide open, and out lunges the smoke-covered head and shoulders of one Dr. Ayumi Sato, her eyes as wide open as dinner plates as she responds with that cheery, singsongy...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!

The Mad Science Queen tilts her head and hums in intrigue as her gaze moves towards the belts on the Ronin's shoulders.. Meanwhile, Fission and Gigaton slowly creep up behind her, clearly interested by the presence of the Unified Tag Team Champions.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
Ahhhhh, yes, congratulations are in order, for defeating those M4NTRA pests...

She hangs her head and mumbles out a low, bitter "it should have been US..." before snapping her head back up and smiling once again.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
...I'm certainly glad someone did! Though I must ask... to what do I, Dr. Ayumi Sato, owe the pleasure of your presence, Samurai of Seattle?

The Ronin remain completely stone-faced. After a moment, Daymon hands over the envelope with the Roman number "I" to the Mad Science Queen, and the two promptly turn and leave.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
...hmm, they truly aren't much for words, are they?

With a shrug, Dr. Sato opens the envelope, and pulls out a golden slip of some kind. She hums once more as she inspects, finally settling on the printed side and reading aloud.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
"Greetings to you, the lucky recipient of this Golden Ticket, from the Rain City Ronin! In holding this ticket, you are hereby formally invited to compete in a Four Corners Tag Team Elimination Match for the Unified Tag Team Championships at the upcoming event, Maximum DEFIANCE! Congratulations, and feel free to use this remaining time to prepare yourselves for an unforgettable experience of pugilism, punishment, and pain!"

She smiles and emits a cheerful little giggle.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
Splendid! How generous of the lads to give us an opportunity for the gold!

Gigaton:
...THESE. GOLDEN. TICKETS. USUALLY. COME WITH. CHOCOLATE. GIGATON. FEELS. RIPPED OFF.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
Oh, wait! There is more... "PS - Shut up."

The scientist looks up into the camera lens, visibly nonplussed.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...really, now.

Fission:

...it's like they never met us. "Shut up?" Yeah, that's a good one. But hey, a title shot's a title shot.

Just then... everything goes BLACK.

After a moment, GREEN glowing eyes appear from the void! Joined by more sets of CYAN, and MAGENTA, and CHARTREUSE!

When the lights come back on, the RAINBOW REAPERS are there! And without delay, they begin walking a circle around Sato and the Punks, singing to the tune of the "Oompa Loompa" theme.

Rainbow Reapers:

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DOO! ♪

♪ WE have a PER-FECT PUZZLE for YOU! ♪

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-SUS! ♪

♪ IF you are WISE YOU'LL LISTEN to US! ♪

The Punks stare in stunned confusion as one Reaper leans in after another.

Reaper Green:

♪ WHAT do you GET when you COOK in a LAB? ♪

Reaper Cyan:

♪ TWO wrestlers BUILT like a SHRIMP and a CRAB! ♪

Reaper Magenta:

♪ WHAT do you GET when you TRY to PLAY GOD ♪

Rainbow Reapers:

♪ DON'T you think IT'S all JUST A... FA... CADE?? ♪

Reaper Chartreuse bursts out from the center of the pack.

Rainbow Chartreuse:

♪ I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF SHIT!! ♪

The Spectrum of Death file up into a row of multi-colored specters of death.

Rainbow Reapers:

♪ REAP-er CREEP-er REAP-a-dee-DAH! ♪

♪ IF you're not STUPID, YOU might GO FAR! ♪

♪ YOU will LIVE in CRAPPI-NESS TOO! ♪

♪ LIKE the REAP-er CREEP-ers REAP-a-DEE DO! ♪

Everything goes BLACK once again. One by one, the glowing sets of eyes disappear. When the lights come on once more, Dr. Sato, Gigaton, and Fission stand staring at each other as though wondering if that actually happened.

After a long silence, Gigaton breaks the silence.

Gigaton:

...MAYBE. GIGATON. DIDN'T NEED. THE CHOCOLATE. AFTER ALL.

Both Fission and Dr. Sato can only slowly nod in an awkward agreement.

THE LADS vs. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT AND KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

We've got some eight-person tag team action to kick off the show! The Lads have rebounded in a major way since DEFCON in that BRUTAL Familia Feud Rules match! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell are coming off a MASSIVE win on UNCUT two weeks ago against The Lucky Sevens! They, along with Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray, will be taking on the unlikely team of Gentlemen's Agreement and... Kyle Shields!

Lance:

Lord Sewell, Oliver Tarquin Monroe and Earl Roberts will have to put up with Kyle Shields... but think of the victory they will have tonight if they can pull off a massive upset over The Lads!

DDK:

A big opportunity indeed! The Lads, led by Triple Crown Winner Dex Joy, in action next!

The camera moves to Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey for the first match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an eight-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIAtron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions!

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

One by one, DEFIANCE's Friendliest Four step out from the back.

"The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky!

"The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! The Stick in one hand and his sponsored Mic Dropz Energy in the other!

Punch Drunk Purcell! The big bald man doesn't seem to share their festive mood. Janna signals for Punchy to smile and he does, though half-heartedly...

The finally... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!

The big man holds out his hand and on the stage, the four shake hands...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And different shades of blue and yellow pyro explode on stage!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... at a combined weight of 892 pounds plus One Brick House...

Janna smiles. A lady never shares her weight if she doesn't want to.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... JANNA RAY AND "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LAAAAAADDDDDSSSS!**

DDK:

It was a very tough loss for The Lads at DEFCON, but they aren't making excuses even though it WAS the untimely interference of Kilgore and Siofra that made the difference!

Lance:

The Lads rebounded with big wins on UNCUT! Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray each scored a singles win while The Lads and The Lucky Sevens beat the hell out of each other leading to Dexy and Punchy getting the win!

Each member of The Lads takes a corner in the ring and plays The Faithful before their opponents arrive.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, first... From Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 237 pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!** And at a combined weight of 699 pounds... **EARL ROBERTS... OLIVER TARQUIN MONROE AND LORD SEWELL... GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The theme plays and out come all three members of the group start out. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets, covering a red and gold singlet. Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns. "The Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, wearing a clean black singlet and wearing his black Royal Guard hat. Behind them....

Kyle Shields:

SHIT... WAIT FOR ME, WAIT FOR ME!

Rushing through the curtain and tripping on the ramp, Kyle Shields faceplants! He stands up, dusts himself off, then tries to catch up with Gentlemen's Agreement. When they stop, they turn over to see Kyle put on a Bearskin Hat similar to the one Earl Roberts is forced to wear.

Kyle Shields:

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT... DUDES! FUCKING SOLIDARITY, MAN!

The useless brother of the useless referee Mark Shields is left behind. Once all three men make it to the ring, Lord Sewell and OTM shake hands with one another, while Earl Roberts stands still with his arms folded behind his back on the apron. OTM gets to start things off with Butcher Victorious.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious about to start with Oliver Tarquin Monroe!

DING DING DING

The two men take things to the mat to kick things off with both Butcher and OTM fighting for the first successful lockup. OTM manages to get a headlock on the headlock master himself and lets out a loud boisterous laugh. This continues until Butcher successfully shoves OTM into the ropes. When he comes back, Butcher gets LOUD cheers from a big headlock takeover! Keeping OTM grounded, he kneels upward and rolls him over with a second grounded headlock takeover before settling in comfortably!

DDK:

Monroe tried to play Butcher's game with the headlocks and he just paid for it!

Butcher gets OTM to his feet with the headlock still locked in and gets the tag to Punchy! The crowd cheers for the big man as he climbs through the ropes. Butcher holds him in the headlock and gives Purcell a free shot to connect to the side with a jab!

Lance:

And there's a free shot by Purcell! The Lads are showing some decent cohesion... but we saw it during his match with The Lucky Sevens and a little earlier... Purcell.... I don't know. He's not sharing the same mood the other Lads are.

Purcell grabs OTM and pushes him to the ring apron. He panics, but Purcell puts on a brave face and points out to The Faithful before bringing down the NASTY clubbing shots to the chest of Monroe!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR...

Kyle Shields comes to the rescue of Monroe and tries to get in the good graces of Gentlemen's Agreement... but Punchy shrugs and ROCKS him with a stiff Bald Bull Headbutt!

Lance:

Thanks for coming, Kyle!

Puncy resumes his battering of OTM!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

DDK:

Hitting The Bag by Punch Drunk Purcell! Already, this one's off to a hot start by The Lads!

Janna Ray wants in as he goes back to punishing OTM while Kyle Shields limps on the floor. He points to Janna and she gets the tag to a nice cheer! She runs into the ring and Purcell holds Monroe for her to come off the top rope with a huge jumping shoulder tackle that knocks down OTM!

DDK:

Ooh! What force behind that flying shoulder tackle from the former rugby player!

As Purcell goes back to his corner, Janna Ray hits the corner and then comes back with a low running crossbody onto OTM and goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Two-count! Remember a few weeks ago on UNCUT, Janna Ray made her debut by upsetting OTM on a singles match while she was technically still aligned with BRAZEN!

Janna Ray keeps a chin lock on OTM, but he manages to sneak away and hit a big jawbreaker to get free from Ray! He makes the tag to Earl Roberts. The Royal Guard of Gentlemen's Agreement charges towards her, but she manages to take the bigger man down with a quick drop toe hold into the ropes! Dex Joy, Butcher and Punchy all cheer for her as she hits the ropes... Only to be grabbed by the leg by Lord Sewell! He grabs her and throws her back-first into the nearby barricade! As Rex Knox turns his back to the action, Lord Sewell casually strolls away and points down at Ray proclaiming she tripped!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No! Lord Sewell trips her up! How ungentlemanly was that?

Lance:

Pretty darn ungentlemanly.

Earl Roberts teases the rest of The Lads and goes outside to run towards Janna Ray and nail her with a big

clothesline! He gets booed but the Southern brawler grabs The Lass of the Lads and throws her back inside the ring. Roberts makes a tag to Lord Sewell, who enters the ring. Sewell grabs Ray for a russian leg sweep and then Earl Roberts hits the ropes and hits a big boot into the leg sweep!

DDK:

What an upset this might be! Cover by Sewell!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ray kicks out and shocks Sewell, so he quickly goes to the arms and ties her up in a seated cross-arm stretch with a knee to her back.

Lance:

That quick tactic by Lord Sewell changed this match-up completely! Can Ray get free from the submission?

Janna Ray reaches out and starts to pick herself up. She twists around to unchain herself, then does a backflip kick to the chest of Sewell!

DDK:

Ray is free!

Lord Sewell stumbles back into his corner and starts to chase Ray but Kyle Shields is back and tags himself in. He is still reeling from the head butt but he tries to stop Ray!

Lance:

Does Kyle Shields even know where he is?

Ray gets to her corner and tags in the BIGGEST BOY to the BIGGEST POP!!! Kyle speeds at Dex to keep him from getting in the ring, but he gets an elbow to the face and then takes a big slingshot shoulder block right into the ring!

Lance:

Kyle Shields was trying to take the glory for himself, but all he's taking is a whooping from Dexy Baby!

Dexy Baby plays to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, but out from behind him, both Earl Roberts and OTM attack from behind to try and keep the Biggest Boy from doing anything more. They both use a double whip to take him to the ropes. They try a double clothesline, but Dexy Baby runs through it and blocks their clothesline attempt. He comes right back and hits a double running cross body that knocks them both down!

DDK:

Dexy Baby going back to his Wrecking Crew days!

After both OTM and Roberts are taken out, Dex gets up and then hits a big body slam on Kyle Shields and then starts going to the top rope. He goes up top, rubs a hand through his hair and dives off the top rope with a diving head butt!

DDK:

Listen to this place! Jumping for joy for Dex's Jump For Joy diving head butt!

Dex goes for the cover.

One ...

Two ...

Lord Sewell breaks it up! But when he gets into the ring, he gets smacked by Butcher Victorious and the Hard Out head butt!

Lance:

Thanks for coming, Lord Sewell!

Sewell regroups outside of the ring with Roberts and OTM. All three look back at the ring at Kyle Shields and then all three brush off Shields and leave up the ramp! Kyle Shields gets up and realizes how screwed he is and finds himself surrounded by all four of the Lads!

DDK:

Shields took one too many chances to steal the glory and Gentlemen's Agreement are walking out on him!

Kyle turns around and still holds his chest. He turns around to Purcell who smacks him with the Rope a Dope left handed punch! A huge wad of spit comes out of Kyle's mouth as he stumbles into Joy with the DEX-5! He points to the corner and then gives the legal tag to Janna Ray!

DDK:

Janna Ray going up top ... and she hits it! She hits Catch Some Rays!

The diving body splash lands right into the chest of Shields and Janna grabs a leg with the people counting the fall!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE LAAAAAADDDESSSS!!!

Janna Ray celebrates her first official DEFtv win! She jumps up and hugs her mentor! Butcher jumps up and he wants to cheer and shake hands with Punch Drunk Purcell but he doesn't look like he's in the hand shaking mood so Butcher takes the hint and shakes hand with fellow Lads Dexy Baby and J-Ray.

DDK:

What a strong win tonight to kick off DEFtv! But ... it looks like the Lads are not done!

THE HYPOCRISY

Dex Joy:

You know ... the Lads should be feelin' fine and dandy right now! And why not? My boy Punchy and I beat the Lucky Sevens on Uncut a couple of weeks ago in our biggest win since teaming up! We followed that up with this win tonight! We should be on cloud nine! We should be going to ball with all the bells on! Hell, all the whistles, too! But you know what ... Lads and Lasses, you wanna know what really grinds our gears?

The question doesn't go unanswered long.

Dex Joy:

That the Lads got screwed at DEFCON by Pop-Pop Tez, his Familia and their little dog, too ... and I ain't talkin' Kilgore! I'm talking the big bish, Siobhan or Siofra or Sasafrass! Whatever her damn name is now!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Dex Joy:

But ... pallies, I don't think we are done tonight! I don't think that your Biggest Boy is done! I know Jay-Ray, Butch Vic and Punchtofer aren't done! We still want to fight!

Purcell is pacing and looks like he wants to live up to the first part of his name and punch something.

Dex Joy:

This ain't about the Pay Window! This is about ...

"YYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!"

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

The shrill voice of TA Black pierces through the PA. The crowd would respond with a resounding jeer, were they not recoiling in pain at the sudden flash of BLINDING WHITE LIGHT overtaking the entire stage, bright as a lighthouse beacon. Through the wall of light, the SHADOW OF A MAN streaks by, practically throttling the microphone down his throat while pumping a fist over his head.

TA Black:

YYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

TA Black:

YYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!!"

"PLEASE-SH--"

TA Black:

YYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

The annoyingly and overwhelmingly bright lightshow finally subsides, along with the music. TA Black, in his finest ivory white suit, stands grinning on the stage. He's soon joined by the other members of the Honor Society's Department of Pedagogical Efficiency unit, consisting of "The Viking of Virtue" TA Arsvinnar, and the Academic Amarettos, TA Carlo and TA Gomez.

TA Black:

OPPORTUNITY!!

The “Sacred Lamb” of DEFIANCE jigs his merry way down the rampway, closely followed by his entourage dressed in matching white dress shirts and chinos. Meanwhile, in the ring, quatro of Ladditude look amongst each other in confusion.

TA Black:

THAT... is what THIS is ABOUT, my friends! Tonight, WE have an OPP-OR-TOO-NIT-TAY ON OUR HANDS!!

The Amarettos scramble up to the apron and hold the ropes open for the “Reform Method's” one and only “success” story as he steps into the ring.

DDK:

Hang on... TA Black is... doing an IN-RING PROMO?!

Lance:

Look at this freaking hypocrite...

Black's smile is stretched so wide, it's enough to make one wonder if he has invisible hooks stretching back the corners of his mouth.

TA Black:

You know, I just happened to be sitting there in the back, watching the monitor, and do YOU know what I happened to SEE? What I HEARD?? What I... SMELLED??? FIRE!! PASSION!! HEART and SOUL and PURE GRIT!! The TENACITY! The VERACITY! The... AUDACITY!

He nods enthusiastically.

TA Black:

And THAT just HAPPENS to be what I'M LOOKING FOR! Because LADS, let ME tell YOU... now that Doc and I are on the same page once more -- after that FLUKE of a match against that rotten, vile, dastardly drunkard BRORCK NYYYURRBLURRD -- the both of us have AGREED that MAYBE our HONORABLE SOCIETY could BENEFIT from increasing the class size a bit! And NOW, we're looking to ENROLL some FINE, UPSTANDING, and INSPIRING PROSPECTS to JOIN our esteemed STUDENT BODY!

TA Black POINTS back at the Lads.

TA Black:

Prospects... like YOU!!

None of the Lads nor their Lass can believe what it is they're hearing. Dex looks at Black.

Dex Joy:

... Us? Recruited? By ... you?

TA Black:

You want to get back at the FAMILIA?! Then join OUR FAMILY! The HONOR SOCIETY FAMILY! And TOGETHER, our FAMILY can be LARGEST, STRONGEST, and SMARTEST FAMILY in ALL OF DEFIANCE!!

Butch Vic takes back his stick from Dexy Baby for a moment.

Butcher Victorious:

Rezin, buddy, it's killing me to see you like this... BUTCH VIC MISSES WHEN YOU STILL THOUGHT I WAS IN VAE VIC...tis. But them times are gone, buddy. And if that bald prick, Ned Reform, is who you're palling around with these days?

He shrugs.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC AIN'T HEARIN' THIS SHIT!

Butcher hands out The Stick to anyone else that wants it. Purcell shakes his head but Janna Ray takes it first.

Janna Ray:

New girl here? I'll be honest ... I don't know you personally, but from the looks of all of you, I can't decide if you're here to collect on my outstanding student debt or steal my catalytic converter. I'm inclined to agree with my friend, but I'll be nicer and decline your offer politely. Sorry.

Purcell wants to say something, but a heated Dex Joy takes the mic first! Punchy looks surprised.

Dex Joy:

God ... this is who you are these days, Rez? Pally I heard the stories, the whispers and the rumors but ... my Gods, in person? My friend, I liked you better on the sticky icky and whatever else was going in your body over ... this!!! But you aren't the Familia and you ain't who we want ... so go take your self, your Turkish hair plugs, the rest of your buddies behind you, go find the rest of the Honor Society, go find Ned, take that all up, wrap it all into a nice big proposal burrito and stick right betwixt your buns and sit on it cause we ain't buyin' what you and Doctor Doofenshmirtz are selling!

"RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

Well, like he just said they're clearly not buying this.

Lance:

Who in their right mind would? Also, couldn't this be done on the interview stage?

TA Black:

HEY, LOOK, COME ON NOW!! All I'm asking is that you HEAR ME OUT HERE, because LADS, I am HEARING YOU!! I KNOW your frustration! I SEE your WANT! The YEARNING to be MORE! To ASPIRE for BETTER! Like YOU, my corpulent, round, bald, thick-skulled and rather morose-looking friend...

Black gestures to Purcell.

TA Black:

Yes... YOU FAILED your team at DEFCON! We ALL KNOW IT!! It's not the FIRST TIME you let down your BROTHERS... and it certainly WON'T be the LAST! It's my DUTY to tell you this, sir... because these KIND and GRACIOUS FRIENDS OF YOURS CANNOT! Because THAT is what BROTHERS do for BROTHERS! They PROTECT THEM from the HARSH and BITTER TRUTH!

Punch looks genuinely hurt by these words, but Dex and Butch fervently shake their heads and tell him not to listen to this.

TA Black:

Instead of being PUNCH DRUNK, sir, the HONOR SOCIETY can UPLIFT YOU into being PUNCH DRIVEN!! We can UPLIFT ALL OF YOU! And together... we could BE UNSTOPPABLE! So, what do you say? Are we DOING THIS?? Is THIS HAPPENING?? Yeah? YEAH??

He balls up his fist and winds up for the big one. You can practically hear the sound of thousands of teeth grinding in anticipation of the wail of the banshee.

TA Black:

YYY--

The fist he gets is not the one that he wants! Instead it's the fist of one Dex Joy colliding with his mouth! A tremendous pop erupts from the Vancouver Faithful as TA Black rolls out of the ring! He is helped up outside by the rest of his newly recruited TA's with Dex firing off a warning!

Dex Joy:

Our best pally ain't for sale and he ain't interested in listening to you jabber! We aren't looking to be a TA, but you and your buddies can get TF away from us or next time, we aren't gonna be so nice! I'll smack you all the way to the interview stage and back again!

Butcher Victorious:

YEAH! NEXT TIME, BUTCH VIC SAYS YOU'RE GONNA GET... IT!

The Lads defend Purcell, but the big, bald badass of the Lads looks a bit miffed behind them.

Meanwhile, a recovered TA Black seethes and sputters as he steadily retreats back up the rampway, making a show of being "held back" by the other DOPEs even though it's clearly an act.

TA Black:

WHY YOU... YOOOOUUU... I'LL... IIII'LLLLLLLLL...

He suddenly flashes his jackyl-like smile

TA Black:

I'LL SHOW THE LOT OF YOU just how FORGIVING and PATIENT I AM... by giving you TWO WEEKS to THINK IT OVER!!

With that, Black, and the rest of DOPE head to the back.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE

TAKING A STEP BACK

The interview stage sits prepped and primed. The lovely Christie Zane stands perched with a smile on her face and her free arm bent with her hand on her hip. She looks like a model in a stunning red sequin dress. Her other hand is holding a microphone as everyone's favorite crane cam slowly swings towards the commentation station.

Lance:

Faithful, up next we have what should be a very somber scheduled interview as my friend and colleague, "Downtown" Darren Keebler stands next to me, ready to introduce a wrestler to the live crowd on hand.

The shot zooms out and indeed shows Keebler standing with his headset off, wrapped around his neck and a microphone placed in front of his lips.

DDK:

Rogers Arena Faithful, I have been charged with introducing this next wrestler for a very special interview with Christie Zane on the stage over there. Without further ado, please help me welcome, huff, Malak Garland.

♪ "Big Dawgs" By Humankind ♪

Instant boos with a Canadian accent rain down from the rafters. The Snowflake Superstar walks out on stage but doesn't play to the fans. He just walks over to the interview stage and joins Christie Zane at her side. He's wearing a 'I gOt tHe sAdS' t-shirt. The sizzle within the crowd takes a while to settle down so Christie proceeds with her interview despite the lack of crowd cooperation. DDK makes sure he takes his seat.

DDK:

This ought to be good, Lance. It's the first public appearance of Malak since becoming the FORMER FIST of DEFIANCE. Gosh, that feels so good to say.

Christie Zane:

Malak Garland. Thank you for taking the time to join me for this interview. I know a lot has happened recently. There's been lots of processing. Lots of internet hate posted towards you too.

Malak looks at Christie like there's something specific she should say.

Christie Zane:

Lots to, ummm well, unpack I guess.

Malak nods, fully supportive in that comment.

Christie Zane:

I'm just wondering, since you were so gracious enough to give me first crack at this major news scoop, like, what's next for Malak Garland? Where do you go from here and such?

Christie points the microphone towards Malak. It might as well be a loaded gun at this point. Malak purses his lips and ties his hands behind his back. He squints. Gazing out to the sea of unwashed Faithful in front of him. This place hurts. It's not one he was ever expecting to be in. He had planned to never lose again. He thought he was playing the ultimate RPG on very easy difficulty with all the trophies unlocked. Sliders to maximum. Gosh golly, was he ever wrong. He takes a moment to soak in the fan's displeasure before clearing his throat to speak.

Malak Garland:

Christie.

Hate.

Malak Garland:

Ch-ristie.

His voice cracks. He sounded strong the first time but the second was a totally different story. Slowly but surely, his eyes redden up and he becomes visibly shaken. Rattled, even. Heck, reeling however, we've seen the whiny sads from Malak Garland before.

Malak Garland:

Christie, I am trying to hold back tears now but listen to me and listen good or as my good friend Doctor Ned Reform would say grammatically correct, listen well.

Garland adjusts his stance, placing one hand over Christie's microphone holding hand, preventing her from moving away. Not that she was going to move away but you know, Malak is a control freak like that.

Malak Garland:

It's abundantly clear that I need to regroup. That's why I requested this interview time. While I need to regroup, I also won't be going on vacation to do so, like most people do right after suffering the worst loss a wrestler can endure. No. I'm going to regroup WHILE MOVING FORWARD because that's what my chakras desire! I'm going back to the grind because I feel more than just a little slighted by the DEFCON main event debacle! Did you see it, Christie!? I was undermined. An afterthought. Heck, Henry Keyes didn't even pin me! That tool bag cOnOr did all the dirty work. I technically didn't lose! cOnOr REMOVED me from the match and Keyes swooped in and somehow legally stole my title from cOnOr who wasn't even the champion. Explain that to me in a way that makes sense, Christie!!!

DDK:

What started out as a promising and maybe even eye opening speech quickly turned back into typical Malak lobbying and logistical nonsense.

Knowing full well his question will go unanswered, Malak carries on with his dribble speech.

Malak Garland:

I mean, I was unprepared.

DDK:

On purpose. He said he wasn't going to train for the match or anything.

Malak Garland:

And cOnOr took advantage of that! For the first time in my career, NAY, life, I was completely healthy and without any shred of anxiety going into a match and what did that end up getting me? Being in a good headspace and getting that result tells me that I need to be in a mentally damaged space the next time the stakes are that high. That's when I produce the best results, after all. With my back against the wall.

He's starting to froth at the mouth a bit.

Malak Garland:

Even though I didn't technically lose, I still suffered the first pin I've taken in over two years. Now I know that's still not as long as the last time Darren Keebler had physical interactions with a woman but still, that's quite a long time! Darren, I love to hate your ugly face.

DDK: [Muttering into his headset]

The feeling is mutual, you prick.

Malak Garland:

So, Christie, this is it. I'm on my last limb. I'm going to burn myself out. I'm committing EVERYTHING back into wrestling because all I'm looking for is what my pursuit has always centered around. Love. Love and understanding. Love that I've NEVER received from my family. Why do you think I became an internet troll in the first place!? No one loved me but being FIST gave me ultimate purpose and now it's all gone. Shit guy, shit! I AM HAVING A

REVELATION!

With tears streaming down his face, Malak's tone turns somewhat... **genuine!?** How can that happen? The crowd quells as Darren, Lance and Christie just listen.

Malak Garland:

I-I know I need to be liked. I know I cause a lot of shit. Darren, looking at you bud. Sorry. But like, yeah. I know **I'm not actually a great person. I'm broken.**

He takes a moment. He has to take a step off the interview stage to take a deep breath. People. People are stunned. He walks back up to Christie. What is happening!?

Malak Garland:

Christie. I need to work harder to get back to the top. Pour all of my efforts back into wrestling. I can't say it enough.

An awkwardly long silence follows. Until.

CLAP!

CLAP, CLAP!

A couple of oddly timed claps!? Yes, you read that right! A couple of oddly timed claps resonate throughout the arena.

DDK:

Is this!? Is this happening?

Malak Garland:

I struggle with being myself sometimes, Christie. It's like a demon inside. Hard to resist. It's so easy to fall backwards. I love it. I know it. It's my comfort.

His facial expressions completely change. It's like he's just gone there and embraced it.

Malak Garland:

I-I NEED TO DOUBLE DOWN ON SHITPOSTING! WAIT. NO. Ummmm.

He shakes his head as if he's internally battling himself, catching him falling back into the evil zone.

Malak Garland:

I need.

As if he was entranced, he swipes the microphone away from Christie Zane.

Malak Garland:

I need to do the EXACT OPPOSITE of doubling down on anything. I need to aim for the quickest and dirtiest solution to filling the void. I need something more "attainable" instead of getting a rematch for the FIST because let's face it, being the FIST was too much pressure for me. Yeah. Who cares about having the FIST of DEFIANCE!? It's Henry's for now. Until I build my way back up.

DDK:

I know it's clear Malak is struggling. While earning his way back up is actually kind of admirable, it's too easy to tell he's got an uphill personal battle on his hands before becoming any kind of threat to challenge again.

Malak Garland:

Therefore, I want, NO, I DEMAND a shot at the Southern Heritage strap TONIGHT! I don't even know who the champion is and NOR DO I CARE! The secondary title will be completely within my grasp at this point in my career

and it will be my mental band-aid!

He's becoming an unhinged belligerent blue text prick again. No serum required.

Malak Garland:

Whoever that dummy is, I'm going to feed them my FIST, take their belt away and rename it the SNOWHER which will be a nice little "step down" for my chakras. I only work in main event spots so I KNOW FOR A FACT the Favored Saints will grant all my desires! CHRISTIE! OUT OF MY WAY! I AM COMING FOR WHAT IS MINE! I WILL EASILY DESTROY WHOEVER THE LOSER SOHER IS!

Walking out onto the stage with the SOHER held above his head and a mile-wide grin, Brock Newbludd stops for a brief moment to play up the crowd before turning his attention to the interview stage. Still grinning from ear to ear, he turns on a heel and strides over to stand next to Zane. At first, Malak doesn't notice anything going on until Christie kinda points over.

Malak Garland:

Wh-what's going on, Christie?

Garland swings his head around as his face instantly becomes flushed like he's seen a ghost.

Malak Garland:

What the heck are you doing here!?

Looking completely flustered from this turn of events, Malak steps back and nervously runs his hands through his hair. His eyes are darting everywhere but his mother's main squeeze.

Christie Zane:

Well, ask, and you shall receive! Ladies and gentlemen, joining us at this time after hearing the challenge laid out before him, please welcome the Southern Heritage Champion, Brock Newbludd!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Malak Garland:

Southern. Heritage. Champion? WTF. Since when?

Both fists balled up, Malak glances at the cheering crowd with jealousy in his heart and nervousness on his face. Brock snaps the title belt around his waist and puts his hands on his hips. Doing his best disappointed father impersonation, Newbludd leans towards the mic.

Brock Newbludd:

Malak, I'm starting to understand why your real dad is always moping around the barn looking like the saddest dude who ever lived. It's not because he's staying in there for the weekend while Brock NewDad's visiting. No, man, I'm pretty sure he's just trying to come to terms with... well...

Brock takes a second to size Malak up with his eyes and sighs.

Brock Newbludd:

You. I mean, let's be real. You're a train wreck, bro.

Malak wipes his nose and leans in to respond, but Brock puts a hand up, stopping him.

Brock Newbludd:

Nonono, I think you've said enough tonight, bud. Honestly, it's a pretty impressive hole you've managed to dig yourself into in a very short amount of time. Especially considering how deep Henry Keyes had buried your ass at DEFCON, eh?

Eyes bugging out, Malak vibrates with agitation.

Malak Garland:

I ALREADY EXPLAINED THAT! HE DID NOT BEAT ME! MY TIME CROSSING PATHS WITH HIM WILL COME!

Brock cuts him off.

Brock Newbludd:

Gimme that! I hate to break it to you, but nobody, and I mean NOBODY, cares, Malak! Why would they!? After how you've treated them for these last few years, what were you expecting!?

Malak opens his mouth again, but Brock keeps going.

Brock Newbludd:

Nope, no more of your bullshit, Malak. No matter what you say, you're not getting anyone's sympathy tonight.

Malak Garland:

BUT I WANT IT! I NEED IT! I NEED TO SUCKLE FROM IT! I-!

Brock cuts Malak off once again, this time by grabbing him by the collar and pulling him in nice and close.

Brock Newbludd:

All jokes aside, Malak... I really don't care because I still think you're just the f*ckin' worst and I'm just itchin' for another match with you, especially after last year. I was this damn close to taking that FIST from you and you know it!

Malak just stays mum, trying to wriggle his irritatingly soft neck out of Brock's incredibly solid grasp.

Brock Newbludd:

Man, deep down... I really, really just want to punch you right in your stupid mouth right now... I've had to put up with so much of your bullshit these last few years. Don't let my fatherly way distract you from the fact that I still think you're just the fuckin' worst...

Brock raises a fist, and Malak closes his eyes as he cries out like he's about to die. Newbludd shakes his head and lowers it back down.

Brock Newbludd:

But, lucky for you, I'm not going to do that. I promised your mom I wouldn't just spontaneously beat the shit out of you for everything you've done to me. Don't get me wrong, the urge is there, but I think fate has just given me a chance I've been waitin' for, and I'm gonna take it.

Brock sticks his hand out and makes Malak shake hands with him.

Brock Newbludd:

I accept your challenge. You bet your ass I do.

The Faithful explode in cheers, and Malak squeezes the sides of his head as reality sets in for him. Brock finally releases his grip.

Malak Garland:

Brock! Brock! Kind reminder that you promised my mother you wouldn't hurt me. So maybe this match was a bad idea, bro.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah... well I promised her that I, Brock Newbludd, wouldn't lay a finger on you and I intended to honor that rule. So, whether you like it or not, you're getting your match for the SOHER. I'll be more than happy to give you a shove as you

continue to slide back down to whatever dark corner of the internet you crawled out of all those years ago. In fact, it would be an honor.

Malak's face is a ghostly white, and Newbludd grins at him.

Brock Newbludd:

See ya at school, son.

With that, Brock pats Garland on the shoulder and walks back towards the stage. Raising one last fist up to the crowd, Brock disappears to the back.

DDK:

WHAT A MOMENT! Malak realizes he's got a dance with one of his most heated rivals but the tables are reversed now, seeing he's the challenger!

Lance:

It looks like Malak has wet his pants and I've just gotten word from the Favored Saints that this will be THE MAIN EVENT TONIGHT! Strap in, folks! The roof is getting torn off tonight!

The segment ends as a very sweaty Malak Garland ponders his life choices.

WITH A LI'L LUCK

The camera switches to just outside the locker room where Chris Trutt is about to interview one of the men who came out on the winning side of things at DEFCON.

Chris Trutt:

Hey, everyone! Chris Trutt here! I'm super excited tonight! After two nights of the biggest shows ever put out by DEFIANCE Wrestling, you can feel the winds of change blowing in the air and definitely not the bean burrito I scarfed down for lunch.

Unneeded pause and unneeded information.

Chris Trutt:

But right now, I'm about to get a quick word with one of the big winners of DEFCON! Please welcome your brand new Favoured Saints Champion! LONNIE LUCK!!!

Stepping out from the locker room and receiving a nice ovation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful in attendance, Lonnie Luck has on a brand new shirt! "With A Li'l Luck" in Las Vegas themed colors and a picture of Lonnie making it to the top of a ladder.

Chris Trutt:

Lonnie Luck, congratulations on winning the Favoured Saints championship at DEFCON! Following such a grueling match and winning over seven other competitors for the title, how are you feeling right now?

Lonnie Luck:

Thanks, Chris! It's ... it's wild! It's really wild! It's been a few weeks now and I'm going to be honest with you ... I'm still banged up, I'm still hurting ... but when I look at this title on my shoulders man, it all hurts a little less! When I hear the people cheering me on? When I heard a rumor that DLJ got rabies cause I bit him? When I go in the span of a year to not even getting to have the Luck name to now wearing the last name proudly and earning the respect of my peers? To defeating three men in one night at DEFIANCE Road and then seven of them at DEFCON! It all hurts less, Chris.

Chris Trutt:

And I heard a rumor earlier tonight that your first title challenge will be in two weeks?

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah. I wanted to compete tonight, and I couldn't get cleared in time ...

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lonnie Luck:

Oh, I know, Vancouver, I know! But Iris Davine is a sweet lady and she's just doing her job so don't boo her. But I asked for specific competition. I don't want my first defense being against just anyone. I asked match makers to give me a fight for my first defense and they told me after the show I'd know who my opponent is! After what I've been able to do in these past few months, I've proven that I don't care if I'm fighting one man, three men, seven men, twenty men, forty, a hundred ... Odds are just numbers to me and numbers don't determine my success ... I DO! I'm The Son of Sin City and all I need on my side is a Li'l Luck to survive!

Trutt looks down at his new shirt ...

Chris Trutt:

Oh! Oh I just got that ... you ... Li'l Lon. Li'l Luck. Yeah.

Lonnie blinks.

Lonnie Luck:

Man it's a good thing people like you. I ... whoa!

Just behind him, the locker room door burts open! Behind him, a super pissed Mason Luck comes storming through the doors in his ring gear.

Mason Luck:

... and when you've finally pulled your head out of your ass, meet me out there! We lost to the Punks! We lost to the Lads! We're not losing to f[censored]g M4NTRA tonight, too!

He turns and almost walks into the shot of Lonnie and Chris. He gets ready to say something to the pair but decides against saying anything and leaves in the other direction.

Lonnie Luck:

Whoa! Mase! What the hell's going on?!

Mason is long gone. Max comes through the door and looks disgusted by his twin's behavior.

Lonnie Luck:

Max? Lemme guess ... in one ear and out the other?

Max Luck:

Nah, our little heart to heart just pissed him off more. I'm sorry if he screwed up your interview. I'm gonna find that stubborn son of a bitch.

Lonnie Luck:

Good luck.

Max Luck:

I'll sort this shit out.

Max and Lonnie tap their fists together and then leaves to go after his brother. Lonnie turns to Chris.

Lonnie Luck:

Your seven foot cousins act like this, too?

Chris Trutt:

Oh ... I don't have any seven foot cousins.

Lonnie blinks again.

Lonnie Luck:

Oh, Chris.

Lonnie takes his title and disappears back into the locker room when the shows moves to the ring.

ARCHER SILVER vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

We've got more in-ring action up next and it's a long-time star, "The Frontman" Nicky Synz about to take on Archer Silver! It's been a minute since we've seen Archer. Usually palling around with High Flyer and his antics now looking to get into the win column.

Lance:

The rumor I heard backstage that while High Flyer was a part of the Favoured Saints Ladder match won by Lonnie Luck at DEFCON, the rumors I heard were that Archer was happy for his friend, but also less than pleased that he wasn't involved in DEFCON.

DDK:

If that's the case, tonight's as good a night as any to make a case for next year! It's Nicky Synz against the smarmy self-helf martial arts guru, Archer Silver! Up next!

The bell cuts to Darren Quimbey for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Good F***king Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction to his theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. Scanning the audience in the Rogers Arena, the always popular Synz continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a ringside attendant and awaits the arrival of his opponent.

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

The opening chimes echo throughout the arena as The Faithful start jeering. Walking through the curtains, a shadow stops and stands with his head bowed to the ground and holding his arms in front of him. The entire DEFIATron shines to life with an arrow flying through the air before it lands in a bullseye, illuminating the arena in bright green!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by High Flyer... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 242 pounds... **"THE PEACEFUL WEAPON" ARCHER SILVER!**

Normally emitting positive energy... the face of Archer Silver can't be seen as a red towel completely covers his face. His gear seems a tad different as well, choosing to wear a pair of straight silver MMA shorts and black boots with shining silver kickpads and a white jacket covering his body. Next to him on the stage, the former Favoured Saints champion and Archer's long-time friend and tag partner, High Flyer, looks giddy about... something.

DDK:

Not sure what this is. This seems to be a little different from what we normally see out of Archer. He was the self-professed "self defense instructor" for M4NTRA, but Archer and Flyer have been doing their own things as of late.

Lance:

Indeed. We last saw Archer in action over a month ago against Butcher Victorious. Like Flyer, Silver comes in with a

huge pedigree. His uncle, of course, Hall of Famer Sonny Silver. His father was a Japanese legend and Hall of Famer, Steven Silver. Grandfather Big Rich Silver.

The crowd boos Archer as he continues to walk towards the ring in a much more stoic manner than he normally does. Flyer continues to look like he knows something people don't as Archer enters the ring, still with his head down and the towel covering his face. Once he climbs inside, Archer calmly takes a corner while High Flyer acts as his cornerman. Archer leans back in the corner and sheds his jacket, showing off a more cut physique. Next, the towel comes off, revealing a completely clean-shaved scalp! He has a red mouthguard on and his facial expression looks less than pleasant.

Lance:

New look for Archer!

DDK:

Here we go. Two stars looking to get off to a winning start in the shadow of DEFCON 2025.

Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

Nicky gets ready to lock up, but instead, catches a SWIFT flying knee strike right under the jaw! The crowd gasps as Nicky Synz barely has any time to hit the ground before Archer is on him right away, PUNCHING him with extra-stiff balled up fists!

DDK:

NO WAY! ARCHER GOING CRAZY RIGHT OUT OF THE GATE!

Lance:

He's ALWAYS made it a point to talk about using simple punches, usually preferring kicks! But I guess nothing's off the table here!

Rex Knox tries to step in, but Archer won't let him! He stands up and a very disoriented Nicky Synz tries to get into a seated position. This doesn't last long as Archer rears back and SMACKS him in the side of the head with a NASTY Soccer Kick! Nicky rolls over and before Archer can do anything more, Rex Knox is finally able to find an opening and get in!

DDK:

GOOD GRIEF! THAT SOCCER KICK TO THE HEAD JUST DROPPED NICKY SYNZ! HE'S **OUT!**

Synz appears unresponsive and Knox has no choice, but to call for the bell!

DING DING DING

Archer wants to continue and tries to get at Nicky again, but Rex steps in and motions to Darren Quimbey at ringside for the official announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match as a result of a referee stoppage... **ARCHER SILVER!**

Lance:

What the hell has gotten into Archer Silver?!

Knox tries to protect Nicky Synz and stands between them, but the 6'4" Archer grabs Rex Knox by shirt and THROWS him across the ring!

DDK:

WHOA! I GET WANTING TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF... BUT LAYING HANDS ON OFFICIALS? THAT'S HOW YOU END UP FINED! EVEN SUSPENDED!

High Flyer is laughing along at ringside, watching his best friend go postal on both Nicky Synz and Rex Knox. Archer rolls out of the ring and starts yelling at Darren Quimbey.

Archer Silver:

GIMME THAT! GIMME THAT DAMN MIC NOW!

Archer rips it right from his hand!

Archer Silver:

I'VE HAD IT! I'M SICK OF THIS SHIT!

He taps his own chest emphatically.

Archer Silver:

I'M ONE OF THE BEST DAMN TALENTS BRAZEN HAS EVER PRODUCED! I HAVE ONE OF THE BEST PEDIGREES OF ANY WRESTLER IN DEFIANCE! HALL OF FAME WRESTLING IS IN MY BLOOD! MMA! STRONG STYLE WRESTLING! KICKBOXING! THIRD GENERATION STAR AND WHERE DID ALL OF THAT GET ME! **WHERE'D THAT GET ME?!**

He pauses briefly.

Archer Silver:

LEFT OFF OF DEFCON **COMPLETELY!** LEFT TO WATCH OTHERS WHO DON'T DESERVE IT LIKE LONNIE GODDAMN LUCK CLIMBING A LADDER TO SUCCESS WHILE I'M STUCK IN CATERING TRYING OUT THE NEW GODDAMN GRILLED CHICKEN RECIPE! I TRIED PLAYING NICE! I TRIED PLAYING ALONG WITH OTHERS UNTIL MY UNCLE... YOU KNOW. **SONNY FUCKING SILVER** TOLD ME TO DO ONE THING... WAKE! UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Archer Silver:

I'M DONE TRYING TO BE ANYTHING ELSE OTHER THAN WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE! TWO PAST GENERATIONS OF SILVERS HAVE DONE THEIR BEST WORK FUELED BY RAGE AND FUELED BY SPITE! AND IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FOLLOW THE SAME BLUEPRINT! YOU CAN'T FIGHT FATE... AND YOU CAN'T FIGHT **ME.**

Not only does Archer throw the microphone down on the ground, but he GRINDS his boot into the microphone and causes a brief feedback to grind over the speakers before being stomped to pieces! Behind him, High Flyer is having the time of his life as trainers attend to both Nicky Synz and a shaken-up Rex Knox! Archer collects his coat and towel, then storms off back to the locker room with High Flyer waving goodbye to the people behind him.

Lance:

High Flyer with some real schadenfreude here watching what Archer Silver just did! No doubt he's facing a fine for laying hands on Rex Knox and Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

While the Silvers weren't really fixtures of DEFIANCE, their overall reputation in the wrestling world, for better or for worse as cutthroat individuals and it seems young Archer is following on that path as well!

Archer doesn't even look back at anything he's done as he and High Flyer disappear behind the curtain, allowing the scene to head elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

WE'RE BACK!

M4NTRA vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

DDK:

What a tag team match that we have coming up next! It's an old rivalry renewed tonight! After a lengthy run with the Unified Tag Team championships ended at DEFCON by the Rain City Ronin, M4NTRA look to get back in the saddle with a win tonight. But to do that, they'll have to defeat one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most dominant teams the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

Normally, that is a task much easier said than done if you're facing the Lucky Sevens, but we have seen some dissent since Mason and Max Luck suffered a major setback losing to the Atomic Punks at DEFCON, then a recent loss to the Lads on Uncut a few weeks ago.

DDK:

From what I understand, this was M4NTRA's doing that they wanted this match with the Sevens. Upon hearing this news, I was told that Tom Morrow was taking a, quote "personal day" after what happened last time he shared space with the twins.

Lance:

If I recall, that was 2024's DEFCON where they powerbombed him outside the ring through table and he was gone for almost a year.

DDK:

Correct!

A big red and black playing card graphic appears on the DEFIA-Tron!!!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green-colored fire explodes from both side of the stage! With their backs to each other, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE both point at the ring, with Mason wearing black trunks with green flames and Max wearing black trunks with red flames. Instead of normally posing for the Winning Hand as they always to, Max starts off alone and Mason leaves him in the dust to go to the ring.

Lance:

Things didn't seem well with the Lucky Sevens following that Lonnie Luck interview earlier tonight.

Quimbey:

The next bout is a tag team match set for one fall! At a combined weight six-hundred twenty five pounds and standing at a combined height of fourteen feet! ... "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! "The Maim Event Player" Mason Luck ... THE LUCKYYYYYYYYY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

The seven foot twins hit the ring. Mason isn't even paying attention to his twin brother. Max throws up the Winning Hand gesture and fans go along with it, but there are some jeers being thrown their way by the Vancouver Faithful. It is a mixed response of about 70% positive and 30% negative.

M A N T R A
♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Quimbey:

And their opponents! Accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste ...They are the most enlightened! They are streamer famous! They are as unified as the titles they once held and will hold them again soon! Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander... M4NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste. White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty Eyce come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* in hand ... and are getting ... cheered?!

Lance:

Woowoo! We hear other places refer to Canada as some kind of Bizarro World where fan favorites get less favorable receptions but ... I think I'm seeing people doing the M4NTRA Ray dance!

The camera zooms in on several fans just waving their hands out to the side in place. Max doesn't hear the people, but Mason looks at the fans and looks shocked at their reception! M4NTRA reach the ring and do the M4NTRA Ray Dance for their fans, the M4NTRA Rays!

DDK:

We've been hearing the stories on social media about this M4NTRA Ray dance spilling over and becoming a meme! It's attracted the "casual viewers" that some may call our way!

Lance:

I hear it's being called the M4NTRA Ray Craze!

M4NTRA also get boos from the Faithful, but there are some cheering on the trio and doing tDeclan Eye is in the ring starting for his team and Mason Luck is starting for the Sevens.

DING DING

DEC4L ducks under a clothesline right from the start at Mason Luck and then plays to the fans by doing the dance again, getting cheered! Mason sees this and throws up the Winning Hand and gets jeered. This just seems to make him angrier! DEC4L takes notices and waves his hands around and gets cheered! But when Mason throws the Winning Hand up, he gets more boos! Getting fed up with this turn of events, Mason runs at DEC4L but he crouches a second time and comes off the ropes with a big drop kick to the chest of Mason and sends him to the corner. DEC4L climbs the corner and starts firing punches!

Lance:

Mason seemed to be irate at the fact that M4NTRA were getting cheered over the Sevens!

DDK:

DEC4L is firing those right hands!

The POG Champ throws more shots and Mason responds by pushing him him back, but DEC4L backflips off the middle rope and lands on his feet. Mason runs again with a shoulder, but DEC4L moves to the side and hits Mason with a flying forearm. Alexander goes for the ropes and Nathan Eye makes a blind tag just as Declan goes for a cross body. Declan is caught by the giant and stands, but out of nowhere, Nathan Eye comes off the top rope with a big flying drop kick that knocks Mason to the ground and DEC4L right into a quick cover!

One ...

Two ...

Mason angrily kicks out of the cover! But the second that he does, Nathan Eye runs and hits him with jumping enziguri

to put him down again.

Lance:

M4NTRA have Mason Luck all out of sorts right now! He's been seeing red and these two are taking the fight to the giant!

Alexander stands in front of Nathan. Nathan takes hold of his partner and helps him hit an aided standing moonsault onto Mason Luck! After DEC4L leaves the ring, Nathan Eye jumps to the middle rope and he comes back with a discus leg drop!

DDK:

The Trust Exercise is followed with that spinning leg drop off the middle ropes. And another cover by Nathan Eye!

One ...

Two ...

Mason kicks out!

Lance:

Mason kicks out again and here's another tag to DEC4L! These quick tags are paying off so far for M4NTRA!

The two former stand outs of BRAZEN work out another double team on Mason as they try to hit a double suplex. Each man grabs an arm and tries to set up their next big move, but Mason is too strong and pulls them together so they collide. Mason swings and hits a big chop on DEC4L! A big chop on Nathan! Big chop for DEC4L! Big chop for Nathan! And with both M4NTRA members stunned Mason runs them both over using a flying clothesline!

DDK:

Mason Luck made his own save! Those Four of a Kind chops were the difference maker!

Mason Luck grabs Nathan and tosses him from the ring with DEC4L now acting as the legal man. Mason wraps an arm around his neck and calls for Max's attention. He runs him into the corner with a bull dog head lock against the top corner and tags Max. The Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE work DEC4L over with punches to the stomach. Mason grabs Max and they do seem to get along at least in this moment long enough for the twins to throw Declan Alexander across the ring with a massive Coin Toss double release suplex!

Lance:

I could feel that mat shake from the impact of the Coin Toss all the way up on stage!

DEC4L is hurt in the center of the ring and the feeling is about to get a whole lot worse. The Beast of the Bright Lights runs forward and then he hits a running jumping elbow drop right to the heart!

DDK:

There's that lethal Box Cars elbow! And Max holds the elbow right into the cover!

One ...

Two ...

DEC4L with the kick out! Once the shoulder comes up, Mason screams at his brother.

Mason Luck:

You didn't learn *anything* from DEFCON! Hook the damn leg!

Max Luck:

Shut up!

Lance:

Oooooooooohhhh! There's some dissension there between the brothers! We have *never* seen them like this!

Max Luck gets to his feet and takes Declan Alexander with him. The Pog Champ manages to fight back by hitting some elbows to the side of Max Luck's head. DEC4L grabs the neck of Max Luck and tries hitting the giant with Play of the Game, only to push him to the ropes and taking his head off with a big clothesline on the return! He picks DEC4L up on a sitting position and then hits the ropes with some of his famous agility with a low drop kick! DEC4L is knocked flat and is easy pickings for another cover from Max. He hooks a leg.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

That agility of Max Luck never fails to impress ... but DEC4L kicks out!

Max is ready to put an end to DEC4L and has his hand out to go for the Winning Hand Slam. He feels a slap on the hand because Mason Luck tags himself into the ring!

DDK:

Oh, no! Mason just tagged himself in!

He points at Max and tells him to stand in the corner. Mason Luck goes to pick up DEC4L who is still on the apron when Max tells off his brother. Mason has DEC4L on the shoulder, but DEC4L elbows his way out and then hits a C-C-Combo Breaker when behind Mason! The back stabber drops Mason Luck!

DDK:

What a ... let me call this right ... C-C-Combo Breaker! Nathan Eye is ready for the tag!

Max can't believe Mason's luck that he got taken advantage of. Declan goes over to his corner while Max tags his twin. DEC4L makes the tag to Nathan Eye!

Lance:

And here comes the fresh men!

Max Luck tries a clothesline but he misses on Nathan. Nathan Eye does not miss when he plants a flying back elbow smash between the eyes of the Beast of the Bright Lights! Nathan hits a second one and stuns him. He goads Max towards him and kicks a leg out from under him as he runs and then sends Max into the middle rope. Nathan Eye has him where he wants him and then the tall Nathan hits a tiger feint kick by swinging his legs through the ropes to hit Max between the eyes again!

DDK:

That move is new! Nathan Eye apparently is going to call that the 251. Call out to how many pounds of perseverance he's made of!

Max is knocked flat and Nathan is on the top rope. He stares out to the people who are mixing cheering and booing when he dives off the top rope and hits a senton bomb!

DDK:

And he follows the 251 with Eye's Up Here! M4NTRA might take the win!

Nathan has the cover.

One ...

Two ...

Mason breaks it up with a boot to his back!

Lance:

Mason Luck is back in that ring and he's all over M4NTRA!

He grabs Nathan Eye and chucks him in the corner. Ignoring the referee's warning to get back to his corner, he starts punching away on Mason until DEC4L comes back and hits a drop kick to his back! Mason turns around and though in obvious pain, Makayla Namaste stands on the apron and waves at them both! Mason charges ... he goes for a big boot but Makayal moves and DEC4L crouches down and Mason's leg catches on the top rope! He kicks the other leg out from Mason!

DDK:

That was some quick thinking by DEC4L!

Max Luck now grabs DEC4L from behind! He grabs him by the neck and has the Winning Hand locked on!

Lance:

The Winning Hand is locked in! But both men aren't legal!

Max's seeing red! He keeps the hold locked in, but turns around and he catches a thumb to the eye by Nathan! He's hurt and then DEC4L grabs him by the neck ...

DDK:

PLAY OF THE GAME!!! PLAY OF THE GAME AND THE REF DOESN'T SEE IT!!!

The Beast of the Bright Lights is now looking up at the lights thanks to DEC4L and Makayla Namaste! Max can't shake off the Play of the Game when Nathan Eye hooks his arms and drops the big man with a jumping double arm DDT!

DDK:

And there's the Eye Opener!

Nathan hooks the leg! Mason Luck tries to stop the pin fall but DEC4L blocks him in the ropes!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Lance:

NO WAY!!!

Mason finally gets free of DEC4L but it's too late! DEC4L, Makayla and Nathan all leave the ring post-haste!

Quimbey:

Your winners ... M4NNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRAAAAA!!!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! M4NTRA DID IT! M4NTRA DID IT!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS JUST GOT BEAT AGAIN!

Nathan, DEC4L and Makayla Namaste all stand halfway up the ramp and all three start holding their arms out to M4NTRA Ray dance in celebration of the win! There's some booing for the stolen win, but there are some cheers as well!

Lance:

THE LUCKY SEVENS HAVE NEVER BEEN ON A LOSING STREAK LIKE THIS!!! THEY'RE 0-3! THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED TO THEM BEFORE!!!

In the ring, Max Luck is just now starting to sit up and holding onto his neck! He looks up to see Mason Luck ...

And then sees Mason Luck walk out on him in the ring!

DDK:

M4NTRA have scored a massive win to keep their future title aspirations alive! This is a big rebound win for them, but things for the Lucky Sevens? I don't think we've ever seen this much disarray between the brothers!

Lance:

Whether they've been loved or hated they've always been worked like a well-oiled machine. But this machine might be breaking down!

Mason doesn't give M4NTRA the time of day and they scoot out of his way when he walks off without Max. When they're sure he's gone, they continue the M4NTRA Ray dance on the stage!

THE BEST LAID PLANS

"No, I'm not feeling that, can it go a little to the left and up a smidge?"

"It can do a lot of things. Klein, do some things."

The scene pans out to show Elise Ares backstage with her LED sunglasses sitting atop her head. Her eyes are squinted and her head tilted slightly to the side as Klein holds a massive display case against the wall in what appears to be an executive office somewhere deep within the everyday service facilities of Rogers Arena. Ares looks over her shoulder back at The D who stares also scratching his chin.

The D:

It looks better, but I think this wall isn't the best for framing... maybe we need a different office? Different building? City? It's just not speaking to me.

Elise Ares:

But I like this one!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style whines in response before putting on a pouty face.

Elise Ares:

If we have to move it all again then it totes won't be ready when I win the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight. I've already mapped it all out in my mind, I'm like Rainman or those Sherlock Holmes movies where Robert Downey Jr. has that beautiful mind!

The D wants to correct her that Russell Crowe has the beautiful mind, but Elise spreads her arms out as if she's creating a screen out of thin air. The D doesn't bother.

Elise Ares:

I go out to the ring tonight. I tell Henry Keyes that he's a bum who skipped the line. I've spent MONTHS being the best damn sports entertainer in the world. I beat Lindsay Troy at DEFCON. Now I want a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight right here in... line?

The D:

We're in Calgary, I think?

Klein:

Vancouver.

The D:

I thought all Canadian cities were called Calgary?

Elise Ares:

Right here in Vancouver! The Faithful cheer. Keyes has no choice but to accept my challenge and then I come back here where you guys are ready to totes have the celebration of a lifetime! We take some gorgeous pictures with my new belt against that wall, then we put the FIST of DEFIANCE in that case and get hella drunk watching it back.

She stares off into the distance for just a moment before a comment from The D bursts forth into her reality.

The D:

It's almost showtime, is this the outfit that you're going to achieve your dreams in?

She looks down at her white and chrome attire splattered

Elise Ares:

I dunno D... this is all so hard! What are you thinking? Orange maybe? Going back to the pink and blue?

The D:

A birthday suit would pop the ratings, no doubt.

Elise seriously considers this for a second. Klein shakes his head no.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

All three members of the Pop Culture Phenoms turn to look at the door and Klein almost drops the belt cabinet before catching it mid-fall. Ares looks over at The D, confused.

Elise Ares:

Is that the champagne? I mean, I'm not going to complain about celebrating early but...

Opening the door Ares reveals a man in his late 60s in a tailor made navy suit. He wears a light blue tie with a 24k golden tie clip and matching cufflinks. He snarls behind a wiry gray mustache.

Business Man:

Excuse me, do you care to explain what you're doing in my office? I have important business to conduct and I don't have time to waste on OnlyFans girls and whatever this is going on in here!

The D:

Whoa whoa, calm down Dick for brains, you got the wrong idea! You see pornography requires a permit and frankly, we don't do paperwork.

The D reaches forward as he slams the door shut in the man's face and quickly locks the deadbolt. You can almost hear the man searching for his keys on the other side as Elise looks down at herself and then back at The D.

Elise Ares:

Well, I guess I'm not wearing this outfit to my FIST of DEFIANCE victory now, that boomer just called me a cheap whore. What I'm going for is MUCH closer to expensive whore. Klein, drop the cabinet and get my ring gears together... this might be a while.

The D:

Don't sit down anywhere, Elise. He looks like the kind of dude who'd come in here and start sniffing seats.

Ares closes her eyes and shivers as someone bangs on the door again.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**Elise Ares:**

I'm sorry, you can't watch unless you pay a subscription fee of \$9.99 a month!

The D:

Come back Memorial Day Weekend, there will be a sale!

Elise Ares:

Wait, do Canadians celebrate Memorial Day? Isn't that an American holiday?

The D:

I mean to be honest there really isn't a lot of difference anymore. If we can celebrate Cinco de Mayo I don't see any reason why a Canadian can't celebrate Memorial Day. Canadians have memories too.

Elise Ares:

Ah yes, I miss Cinco de Mayo in Mexico.

The D:

Weren't you like 12 when you were in Mexico?

Elise Ares:

You see I was 12 but my totes real ID said I was 19. So I was 19.

The D:

And that worked?

The constant knocking has been going on during the entirety of this conversation, being paid no mind by any of the PCPs... sans Klein who cups his hands over where his ears would be on his box as Elise shrugs.

Elise Ares:

It worked for PRIME.

THUNK!

The knocking turns into one loud thud, causing the conversation to stop and leaving all 3 Phenoms to look at the door again. Just as they do, a folded up piece of notebook paper slides in under the door leaving them in silence. Elise walks over and picks the piece of paper up off of the floor and unfolds it carefully.

The D:

Watch out, it could be anthrax.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE immediately drops the note onto the floor.

Elise Ares:

Oh no! Is it on me?! What does anthrax look like?! Is that how old people get you? I'm too pretty and too close to becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE to touch it. Klein, can you read it to me?

Klein audibly rolls his eyes and picks up the paper. He starts reading it.

Klein:

Dear Woman in my Locker Room. Please leave. Also, some strange fellow who may or may not live in the parking lot wants to talk to you next week in the ring about why you won't ever get another shot at the FIST again, clandestinely. Trench coat optional.

Klein laughs and turns to the D.

Klein:

I added that last bit. I guess he wants to talk to you at the next show?

Elise Ares:

Just tell me now, Klein! Then I can go to the ring and get the FIST tonight like we've been planning!

Klein:

I can't do that. I didn't write the note. I also don't read minds.

The D:

Well learn.

Elise Ares:

GAH, I hate waiting. Fine. I know we don't have anything to celebrate but let's go get drunk anyway.

The D:

I've always viewed getting drunk as a reason to celebrate and get more drunk.

Klein:

How are you guys not alcoholics?

The D:

Never said we weren't! TO THE BAR!

Elise opens the door and finds the old man in the suit laying there with blood running down his face, unconscious. It appears it wasn't him who slid the note under the door but someone else.

Elise Ares:

It's a shame, some people just can't hold their liquor. Pervert.

All three members of the Pop Culture Phenoms step over the unconscious man and make their way. Klein takes a moment to slip a business card into the lapel of this business man's jacket. Elise and the D are presumably off to the closest high scale bar. If you can even find those in Canada.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

Lance:

Lance, when I took a look at tonight's card before the show... I have to say... I'm shocked the Dunson Clan even showed up to work tonight. I know BRAZEN stars are hungry and are looking for every opportunity to break out... but against this new pairing of Titanes Familia's Killjoy and its newest member, KILGORE? I know we have to remain biased and I'm trying, but... yikes.

DDK:

And what a shocking turn of events we saw at DEFCON! Titanes Familia defeated The Lads in the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match, thanks in part to their newest members, Kilgore and Siofra!

Lance:

And as we first heard last week, immediately following this match, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez will host a special in-ring Familia Meeting to welcome their newest members into the fold! I have to say... this is terrifying.

DDK:

I shudder to think how ANYONE could stand toe to toe with Killjoy AND Kilgore! Let's go to ringside for the next match!

The bell rings for Darren Quimbey to being the introductions. The camera cuts over to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring! At a combined weight of 420 pounds... They are TODD AND RICHIE DUNSON... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

Todd looks ready to make a hasty retreat from the ring. Meanwhile, Richie knows what's coming, but tries to stand his ground.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, introducing first...

♪ 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 ♪

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg. In the right spotlight, Brooklynn Rivera with a black mouthguard in her mouth. Wearing black tights with a gold line up the sides, a black and gold top with a Puerto Rican flag patch in the corner her hair tied in two long braids. In the center spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crow and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans all across his arms, a sleeveless button-up shirt and a gold "Familia" belt buckle. Behind them in a black vest, jeans and gold-tinted sunglasses, Uriel Cortez stands in front of the Familia!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, first... accompanied to the ring by Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-FIVE POUNDS! He is The Good Son of Titanes Familia...

KILLJOY!

The masked monster heads towards the ring with the Familia lurking not far behind him! Once he makes it to the ring, he stops in front of the ramp. The rest of the Familia clear the way as Uriel steps back and holds out a hand towards the entrance...

A spotlight shines on the entrance day where we see Siobhan Cassidy, now known as Siofra, standing in her leather druid-inspired attire. In her hand is a war horn that she brings to her lips... and she blows. It echoes throughout the

arena as...

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore slowly walking behind her. At ringside, the rest of the Familia stand in awe.

Darren Quimbey:

And his tag team partner, from Parts Unknown, being accompanied by Siofra... **KILLLLLLLGORE!**

Siofra enters the ring first as the lights begin to pulsate red. She dances around, seemingly in a trance, as the fans boo. Kilgore steps into the ring, finally breaking his stoic-ish trance as he begins to beat on his chest savagely and snarl at the Faithful. Siofra poses next to him as he roars into the rafters as the song reaches a crescendo and Kilgore removes his cloak. Killjoy now climbs on the apron next to him and the BEASTLY duo gets ready.

DING DING

Richie runs right at Kilgore, only to be BLASTED by a massive lariat! Siofra looks proud while Uriel, Titaness and Brooklynn all collectively wince, and then laugh in that order!

DDK:

OOOOOOHHH! Did you see Richie Dunson SPIN in mid-air after that shot!

Lance:

We have to be biased at all times, but I have to say this... this is unfair. Plain and simple!

Not even breaking a sweat, Kilgore drags Richie up by the back of his head and then makes a tag to Killjoy! The Good Son climbs over the ropes and Richie is barely standing in the corner when Killjoy has his hands up...

THWACK!

The Faithful collectively groan while Uriel looks to the Titan girls.

Uriel Cortez:

That was so good! I taught him that!

Brooklynn Rivera:

Get their ass!

The Familia and Siofra both watch the massacre unfold as Killjoy grabs Richie and THROWS him across the ring with an extra-violent biel throw! He crashes hard into the corner and Killjoy now stands at Todd, silently gesturing at him to make the tag.

Lance:

If I was Todd, I'm taking the first bus out of town!

Todd hesitantly looks down at his brother, then goes for a tag! He climbs into the ring and ducks under a clothesline from Killjoy. He hits the ropes and comes off with a springboard crossbody off the middle rope... only to bounce COMPLETELY off Killjoy and crash to the canvas!

DDK:

Richie tried to surprise Killjoy, but I don't think it worked out as well as he wanted!

As Killjoy lurks over Todd's body, Richie comes back and tries to hit him with multiple forearms to the back, but the

blows barely register. Killjoy turns around and SMACKS Todd with one hefty forearm of his own that gets gasps from The Faithful!

DDK:

And there goes Todd for the evening!

The Familia and Siofra all look proud from ringside as Killjoy grabs Todd and whips him to the corner. Kilgore gets the tag again and then climbs into the ring before CRUSHING him with the Call of the Wild running big boot in the corner!

DDK:

Oooh! Call of the Wild! And he throws him right to Killjoy's grip... Atomic Throw!

Killjoy picks up Todd from the side and THROWS him across the ring with a release belly-to-back suplex! After the violent crash, Killjoy leaves the ring and leaves Kilgore to finish the job as he towers over Richie with hands out.

Lance:

I think this one's done, Darren!

He locks in the full nelson and DRILLS Todd Dunson with a violent slam!

DDK:

The Hounds of Anwnn! I think you could count to a thousand after the full nelson slam!

Kilgore covers. At ringside, Uriel, Rivera and Titaness all count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

After Hector Navarro calls for the bell, he goes over and very cautiously approaches Kilgore and Killjoy. Both beasts stare him down but don't give him a hand to raise so he simply points at both of them to declare the winners.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **KILLJOY AND KILGORE!**

Lance:

That was less of a match and much more of a mugging. I... I still can't fathom these two forces together like this.

DDK:

I can't, either. Woe be to anyone that draws these monsters as opponents!

FAMILIA MEETING SPECIAL EDITION

Once the bodies of the Dunson Clan have been removed from the ring by medical attendants, one by one, the Familia enter the ring. Uriel Cortez acts like a gentleman and holds the ropes open with a large foot so Titaness, Brooklynn Rivera, and Siofra can all join Kilgore and Killjoy in the ring.

DDK:

Kilgore proves his effectiveness right from the jump in what was mercifully called a "match." He also remains undefeated so far in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Agreed. And Killjoy reaching a new level of brutality in the past few months. Victories over a former FIST in Kendrix, Butcher Victorious and Punch Drunk Purcell to win the Familia Feud Rules match for the group!

The two giants stand side by side, hardly a sweat broken between them as Uriel Cortez stands just behind them. With a microphone in hand, the entire Familia is present as Uriel and Titaness both have microphones in hand.

Uriel Cortez: *[fake sniffing]*

T... I don't know about you... but that... that was beautiful. Seeing a couple of smalls get broken like that?

Titaness:

I hear that... makes a muscle momma proud, Uri!

They both embrace to LOUD booing! Brooklynn leans over the ropes to tell the fans to stop being so disrespectful while Uriel waves for Siofra and Kilgore to stand front and center.

Uriel Cortez:

With the pleasure out of the way, we're getting to some business now... this Familia Meeting will now begin. Siofra, my dear... this is for you.

He holds out the microphone in his massive hand and then steps back to give the spotlight to one of Familia's newest additions. Siofra bats her eyelashes as she takes it slowly. Before speaking into it, she looks around the arena menacingly, her dark goth eyeliner accenting her sinister smirk. When she speaks, there is the faintest sign of a Boston accent (Siobhan is in there somewhere), but she is clearly trying to suppress it.

Siofra:

I... I warned you all. I told you that my weapon of mass destruction...

She tenderly caresses Kilgore's bicep. He does not react in the slightest.

Siofra:

...and I had a plan. I TOLD you that I was no longer the world's chew toy, didn't I!? I told you that my revenge would be swift! I have spoken to the Dark Mother, you faithless heathens - and she told me! She told me that strong women have always been prosecuted! Always been held back! They used to BURN people like me at the stake - BUT I WON'T LET YOU! You CHEERED when Brock Newbludd BETRAYED ME! You CHEERED when Malak Garland BROKE MY HEART!

DDK:

If I recall correctly, it was Siobhan who turned on The Saturday Night Specials... not the other way around.

Lance:

That's right... in fact, it was her betrayal that ended their historic 357 day title reign, causing them to lose the belts to the Lucky Sevens. She's blaming others for her OWN actions!

Her voice has picked up, a shrill cry of anger and despair.

Siofra:

YOU CHEERED when my own FAMILY turned against me!! How DARE you!? I...

She's getting worked up when of all people, Titaness steps in front of her. The First Lady of the Familia puts both her arms on Siofra's shoulders.

Titaness:

It's not your fault.

Instantly, this calms Siofra down.

Siofra:

I... thank you, Holly. You're right. It's not my fault. But I WON'T be a victim. I don't need Brock. Or Malak. Or my family. Because Siobhan Cassidy is DEAD. I RENOUNCE my name. I am Siofra. I am the Dark Queen of DEFIANCE. I am the FURY of La Familia! My pain WILL become your pain! The name "Cassidy" means NOTHING to me now...

She looks lovingly into Titaness' eyes.

Siofra:

...because I have found my REAL family. A family that loves me. A family that will make sure NONE of you EVER hurt me... ever again.

With tears in her eyes, she embraces Titaness. As she does this, Kilgore takes the mic from her. Stoically, he turns to look into the hard cam.

Kilgore:

The most effective killers... hunt in packs.

With that, he hands the mic over to an approving Uriel Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

There you have it. Kilgore... he's among THE pack of wolves in DEFIANCE. And with our Good Son, Killjoy? Who the HELL do you think's gonna stop these two?

He walks towards **Siofra**.

Uriel Cortez:

And my dear, Siofra... sister, you have a REAL family now. One that's not going to abuse you emotionally. One that's not going to treat you like a pawn in this game that we call pro wrestling. All she wanted was a place to belong... just like any of us want... and now, sis, you've got it.

Both Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera approach Siofra.

Titaness:

We got you, girl.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Facts. No snowflakes welcome here!

Uriel Cortez nods proudly.

Uriel Cortez:

And now that our Familia is finally complete... I'm afraid every one of the people you look up to... all your heroes are really and truly FUCKED.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Looking incredulous with the response of The Faithful, Uriel tries to unplug an ear to make sure he's hearing right.

Uriel Cortez:

What? Am I hearing you smalls right? You still doubt me? You STILL doubt me? What more do I need to prove to you fickle bitches? I bodied Scott Douglas so bad, he fell into a spiral and now he's having to pick up Victor Vacio's dry cleaning to make ends meet! Your precious Lads? Your little Dexy Baby? Punchy? Butcher? The new girl? The ones who tried to call us out earlier? ALL FOUR OF THEM! SCHOOLED! Because BLOOD is thicker than their collective cholesterol... and that's THICK. Mi Familia and I have proven it time and time again! Titaness and I are the present of DEFIANCE!

He points behind himself towards Killjoy and Kilgore, followed by Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

These big, beautiful bastards behind me and our "La Angelita" Brooklynn? They're the FUTURE! And if you don't believe me?

Cortez walks over towards the edge of the ring and draws an imaginary line with his foot.

Uriel Cortez:

Do something. I'm the father figure of Mi Familia. I'm the father figure this place NEEDS to right the ship. You've sat through a year of spineless shits, rich pricks hiding behind endless muscle, know-it-alls who don't actually know shit... that now, you have somebody WITH actual backbone to hold this place high! Now it's OUR time. Now, it's OUR turn. Now... DEFIANCE is OURS! DEFIANCE is...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

DDK:

WHAT THE...?!

A LOUD mixed reaction fills the arena! Uriel and the Familia look confused.

Perhaps one of the LAST people anybody would expect...

The camera pans to the stage and one by one, out comes the members of the GC Universe...

Sonny Silver, out in a dark charcoal suit and burgundy tie. FLEX, with orange suit pants, sunglasses, and an open orange coat with no sleeves.. Then two people Uriel and Titaness especially are familiar with... "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas. "Giga" Dan Leo James. Vueltas rocking a silver and blue rhinestone mask and DLJ wearing a slick blue floral suit to match him.

The crowd let out an audible "ooooh!"

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! I think... Darren, correct me if I'm wrong, but this might be the first time Mil Vueltas and DLJ have even so much as interacted with Uriel and Titaness since being kicked out of Titanes Familia over a year ago!

Behind Mil and DLJ, Aaron King hurriedly runs out and joins behind them wearing a pink "El Escuadron shirt with Bonita en Rosa I and II at his side. Then finally... OSCAR BURNS walks between the group, clad in a dark green suit. Sonny Silver rushes over to deliver a microphone to the hand of The Center of the GC Universe. Once he's ready, he

signals for his music to be cut.

DDK:

You might be right... but... but what brings OSCAR BURNS out here?!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! The GC UNIVERSE of all groups is out here to confront Titanes Familia?!

Sonny whispers something to OSCAR, who nods and then looks out to the group.

OSCAR BURNS:

No... no, GCs. Don't mind us. Continue, Mister Cortez. DEFIANCE is... what? DEFIANCE is...? Cause if the answer to that was going to be anything other than "DEFIANCE IS OSCAR BURNS" then it sounds like your overactive pituitary gland made everything about you larger except your brain!

Some cheers come out for OSCAR'S dig, but Uriel Cortez isn't having any of it. He turns to Titaness, Siofra and Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

See? That's funny cause we're giants!

OSCAR BURNS:

No... there was no joke to be told, big man. See. I'm tired. I'm TIRED of hearing pretender after pretender after pretender tell people what they are to DEFIANCE. I've lost track. DEFIANCE has FACES. DEFIANCE has BRAINS! I've been hearing this from you for months now... You're OUR landlord? THAT, Uriel, that's the joke. That's the joke because you can't OWN DEFIANCE when DEFIANCE Himself is standing right in front of you, you cross-eyed ponce!

He looks to Mil and DLJ.

OSCAR BURNS:

For all your size, for all your family, you don't know talent. You don't know potential. You have size and you have power, but you don't have what we have... and you don't have what I have! You've been here almost as long as I have and you've done a lot in your recent time, but MY WORK stands the test of time! MY WORK makes people stars! MY WORK gets people noticed! These men? DLJ here... he won his first championship in DEFIANCE! Not with YOU, but with ME!

Dan Leo James:

SCREW YOU, EX-MOM AND DAD! I'M A MAN NOW! I'M GIGA-DAN! AND YOU'RE BOTH GIGA... ASSBUTTS!

Aaron King:

What mi nuevo hermano said... Assbutts!

King holds a hand out and DLJ slaps it so hard, King pulls his hand back in pain. Laughter erupts from the Faithful, but Uriel and Titaness are not amused as OSCAR moves over to Mil.

OSCAR BURNS:

And this man? He literally is now the Greatest Luchador of All Time! Many are calling him the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE!

DLJ:

Let 'em know, my GLOAT!

Mil smiles under his mask.

Mil Vueltas:

Si, cabrons! OSCAR helped me become EXACTLY who I need to be! You try and replace me and Danny with another guy in a mask and another powerhouse... but you don't control us! They bigger, but... well, Uri, you shared a locker room with me and Bonita I can tell you... I'm bigger than you all where it counts!

Kilgore starts to climb out of the ring, ready to march up there and rip them apart, but Siofra keeps him back. Titaness and Brooklynn do the same for Killjoy as OSCAR takes the microphone back.

OSCAR BURNS:

Since the collective IQ... and I'm talking both in-ring and in life... is five, I'm issuing you one warning and one warning only. This place is big enough for the both of us... but just because you all saw me shake Kerry Kuroyama's hand... but don't mistake that for me being NICE! I don't respect ANYONE trying to come out here and attach themselves to the work and the time *I* put into this company! I respect Kerry, but I don't respect any of YOU. You aren't anyone's landlord. You're not my dad. You're not anyone's dad. You're a special attraction with a freaky father fetish!

OOOOOOOOHHHH!

Taking in the warning of one OSCAR BURNS, Uriel turns to the Familia.

Uriel Cortez:

...this day just keeps getting better and better. Mi Familia has grown big enough and bad enough that we have the attention of the almighty Oscar Burns. I'm not all caps-ing that, either.

With a smirk, he turns up towards the ramp to the GC Universe.

Uriel Cortez:

I know your resume cause it's your only talking point these days. We know you can WRASSLE! You can get twenty start all up in the Tokyo Dome from Tim Tillinghast all you want and it'll be the greatest match of the century that will be remembered for generations. That's your game... but it ain't mine, Burnsie. I'm not here to make stars, earn stars, suck off people for five stars... I'm here for MONEY. I'm here for championships! I'm here to secure my future! I'm here to secure the future of me and Mi Famila for years to come and now that those blocks have been laid down, we will lay down this house and I will fill it with as many bodies as I can until we are satisfied with what we have! I've already HUMBLLED the likes of Scott Douglas AND the Bruvs this year! I beat Dex Joy TWICE on pay-per-view! What... you're... you're like 0-3 against him, right?

OOOOOOOOHHHH!

OSCAR can only scowl at the remark as Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

So allow me, "DEFIANCE Himself"... to answer your warning with a warning of my own. Tonight, you all got a sample of what Kilgore and Killjoy can do. You've all seen first-hand at DEFCON what WE can do. Because our night is done, we're taking our leave and we're gonna celebrate with a nice steak dinner... thank you, DEFCON winner's purse. We're gonna leave cause T and I have a big movie premiere to attend... but we WILL be back here in two weeks to do what we do best and that's destroy anyone in our way... and if any of YOU happen to be in our way, Oscar... You, the old man, FLEX, them sloppy seconds of ours you're running with, that King geek behind them...

He leans over the ropes.

Uriel Cortez:

We're big enough to make your little Universe implode.

The thunk of the microphone off the floor is a true mic drop. OSCAR, Mil and DLJ stare intently with FLEX at their side while King taps and goes "wait! They see me?!"

Lance:

My God... Titanes Familia and the GC Universe? What did we just see?

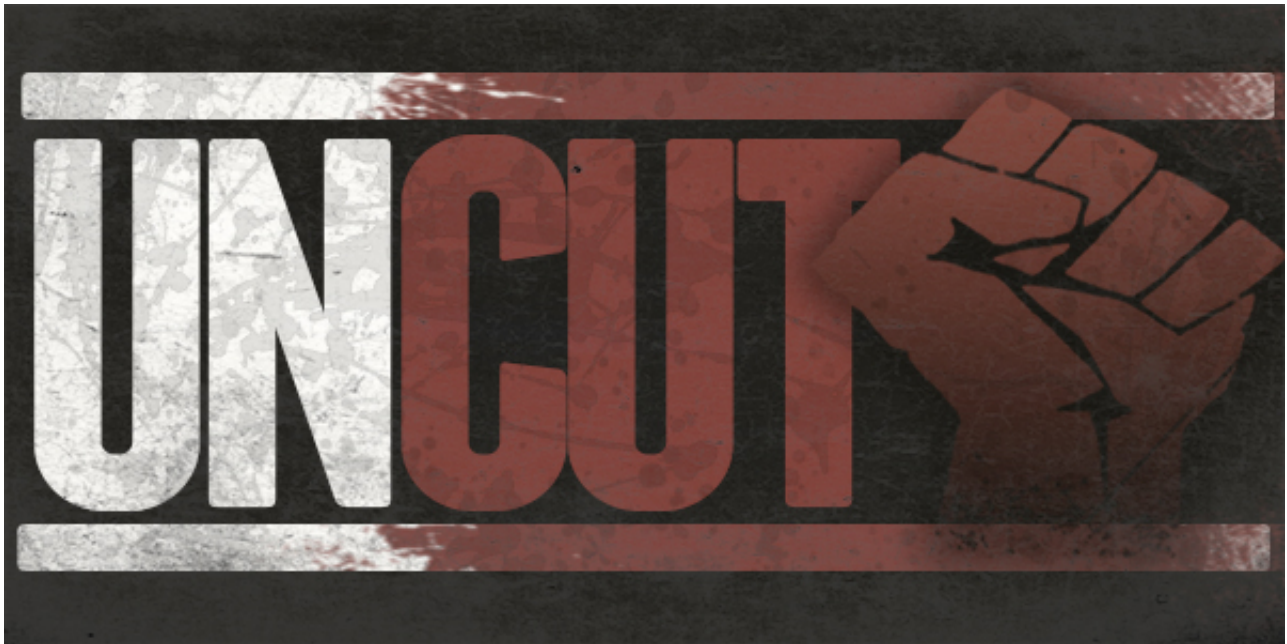
Uriel holds the ropes open for Titaness, Siofra and Brooklynn Rivera. Kilgore and Killjoy both exit the ring behind them. One by one, the giants climb over the barricade with Uriel and Titaness both blowing a kiss to the GC Universe before departing. OSCAR BURNS and Sonny converse with Mil and Danny while the rest of the GC Universe depart to the back.

DDK:

You could feel the tension, couldn't you? But these are two of the more powerful groups in DEFIANCE... how long you think before they come to blows?

Lance:

Knowing the collective egos of everyone involved there? Anywhere between "immediately" and "imminently".

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. NICKY COROZZO

♪ “The End” by The Doors ♪

The moment the broadcast returns from commercial, we are treated to the sight of Nicky Corozzo, designated “muscle” of the already muscle-heavy Blood Diamonds, striding down the rampway alongside Edward White’s personal assistant, Jane Katze.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Jane Katze... he hails from Brooklyn, New York, and weighs in at three-hundred and sixty pounds... representing the Blood Diamonds, please welcome “Il Giudice”, NICKY COROZZO!

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. We’re going right into our next match for the evening, featuring Edward White’s own personal protector getting in his reps in between the ropes.

Lance:

Standing over seven feet tall and tipping the scales well over three-fifty, one might wonder why a veritable mastiff like Corozzo isn’t utilized more within the Blood Diamonds outside of being White’s bodyguard.

DDK:

Ed has really built himself a collection of powerhouses!

Reaching ringside, Katze gives Nicky a few final directives before he climbs up to the apron and steps over the ropes to enter the ring. He pumps a fist to the crowd, but with the reaction mostly being jeers, he quickly waves them off.

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

The crowd turns on a dime as the music hits, and two bold words overtake the DEFIATron.

VAE VICTIS

A row of silver fountain pyros crosses the stage. As the music peaks, KERRY KUROYAMA strides out from the other side of the wall of sparks and is greeted by a MASSIVE pop from the Faithful! Fists pumped over his head, Seattle’s BEAST is sporting shiny new tights, half emerald green and half dark pink with silver trim.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... representing Vae Victis, he is “the Emerald Apex”, KERRY KUROYAMA!

“RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!”

DDK:

Kuroyama looks to be in high spirits tonight, and I think we all know why! Vae Victis is back in DEFIANCE, and he’s riding high after a hard-fought DEFCON victory over OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

What a match that was to kick off that event. And now the Emerald Apex is looking to carry that momentum forward here tonight.

Kuroyama reaches the ring, climbs the steps, and steps through the ropes. Presiding official Carla Ferrari makes her final checks on both opponents. Katze gives some final counsel to Nicky before dropping to ringside, just as the official gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING DING

Both men immediately advance and go right into the lock-up. After a few moments of struggling for leverage, a hard SHOVE from Corozzo bumps Kerry across the mat, followed by the obligatory FLEX of size and strength superiority. Undeterred, Kuroyama rolls back onto his feet and comes at him again.

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama could be in for a rare physical battle here, against a larger, stronger opponent in Nicky Corozzo.

DDK:

Nevertheless, he goes back into the collar-and-elbow... now Kerry slips under Nicky's guard and goes behind... hooks the leg, and sweeps the big man onto his knees!

Acting fast, Kuroyama slaps on a side headlock to control Corozzo on the canvas. However, Nicky puts his three-hundred and sixty-pounds to the task of forcing his way back up. Before he can get far, though, Kerry switches and grapevines an arm into a standing elbow lock over the shoulder.

DDK:

Good mat control on display by the Emerald Apex!

Lance:

If he can't win the power game, he has plenty of skill and technique to stay competitive.

DDK:

Corozzo bites through the pain and slowly works his way up... and just THROWS Kerry off with a hiptoss!

Kerry bumps and rolls back to his feet, his back smarting. He quickly hits the mat again when Nicky's shoulder plows into face and knocks him down. Corozzo takes a quick bounce off the near set of ropes and takes a jump...

DDK:

Nicky Corozzo going for the LEGDROP here... NO! Kuroyama rolls out of the way!

Kerry scrambles to his feet, and Nicky does the same, albeit favoring his hamstring. Kuroyama catches him flat-footed with a shoulder block of his own, which only causes the big man to wobble. Kerry follows up by running off the ropes and getting some air with a running knee strike that connects with Corozzo's chest, but again, only gets him to stagger.

Lance:

What's it going to take to bring down a man as large as "Il Giudice"?

DDK:

I'm sure Kuroyama is thinking the same thing right now! Here he goes off the ropes... but Corozzo comes after him with a HAMMERBLOW--DUCKED!!

Nicky turns around, slightly off balance, but Kuroyama has already put on the breaks, pivoted into a discus spin, and comes jumping off the mat with a lariat of his own that finally does the job!

"RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!"

DDK:

SQUALL LINE LARIAT finally puts Corozzo on his back! Kuroyama hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Corozzo quickly rolls out under the ropes before Kerry can follow up with another move. The crowd cheers as Kuroyama stands tall, while “Il Giudice” briefly confers with Jane Katze, who offers some supportive advice in a tone that’s both consoling and firm.

DDK:

Corozzo takes a powder to rework his strategy per the counsel of Jane Katze, and frankly, I think he needs it!

Lance:

Nicky is a natural brute, and I hardly think anyone would want to stand toe to toe with him in an all-out slugfest, but he sorely lacks the years of training and in-ring experience as had by the Emerald Apex.

Official Carla Ferrari methodically counts while Corozzo regains his bearings, eventually breaking with Katze to climb up the steps and enter the ring. Kuroyama waits in the center of the ring, ready for another lock-up.

DDK:

Here they go again... NO! Corozzo with a LOW kick to Kerry’s gut! And now he mercilessly beats him with clubbing blows across the back of the head!

Lance:

Looks like he’s resorting to what he knows: brute strength.

Kuroyama staggers while Nicky has him by the hair by one hand and pounds into him with the other. With Kerry on rubber legs, he dumps him into the near corner, exposes his chest, and...

SLAP!

DDK:

BIG open-handed palm strike to Kerry Kuroyama’s exposed chest!

Lance:

And here comes number two!

SLAP!

Kerry’s feet leave the mat as he recoils from the force of Corzzo’s palm striking his chest. Now with a distinct reddened hand-print left on his pec, Nicky takes him by the head and pulls him straight into a clothesline that puts Kuroyama on his back.

DDK:

Corozzo pulls Kuroyama out of the corner and straight into the clothesline! Here’s the lateral press for the pin!

One!

Two!

NO! Kerry escapes through the back door!

Lance:

He could have benefited from hooking the leg, methinks.

Nicky flashes the official a cold glare, but nevertheless pulls the Emerald Apex back off the mat. Instinctively, Kerry begins fighting back, getting a handful of shots into Corozzo’s midsection to double him over before “Il Giudice” cuts him off with a forearm to the temple.

DDK:

Corozzo dashes Kerry's hopes for a quick comeback, and now he sends him into motion... Kuroyama comes back, and runs right into a ring-shaking SPINEBUSTER from Nicky Corozzo!

Lance:

He learned a new move!

DDK:

Nicky, back up... off the ropes... LEGDROP right over the face of Kerry Kuroyama! NOW he hooks the leg as he makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Kerry pops the shoulder!

White's enforcer pops up to his feet and punishes Kerry's fortitude with a series of relentless stomps that go on until Ferrari calls for the break. The crowd gets hot, and begins to jeer these cheap, unsavory tactics.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Corozzo takes a moment to cool off and catch his breath. When he hears the crowd, he smirks, and plays right into the heat by strutting a circle around the ring, including an undignified STEP over the downed Kuroyama's abdomen.

Lance:

OOH! Right in the duodenum...

DDK:

Corozzo suddenly feeling mighty confident in himself after turning the tables... but this showboating will get him nowhere!

At ringside, Katze scribbles something into her ledger, while Corozzo finally goes back to Kuroyama. Pulling the Emerald Apex back up, Nicky doubles him over and crosses his arms beneath him...

DDK:

Nicky Corozzo, looking to END things here and now with the END of the WORLD...

But rather than Armageddon, the capacity crowd suddenly find themselves in a state of shock and euphoria at the sight of Nicky Corozzo's feet leaving the mat!

Lance:

Not quite!

In a jaw-dropping show of strength, Kuroyama LIFTS the three-hundred and sixty-pound up over his shoulders, and proceeds to DRILL HIM head-first into the canvas with an over-the-shoulder belly-to-back piledriver.

"RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!"

DDK:

NO!! EMERALD OBLIVION by Kuroyama! In one fell swoop, the Pacific Blitzkrieg has turned this match back into his favor!

Kuroyama is shaking out cobwebs, but nevertheless DEFIANTly working himself back to his feet, galvanized by the cheering Faithful! He runs into the ropes and gets a head full of a steam just as a groggy Nicky Corozzo pushes himself up to a knee...

DDK:

YAKUZA SIX THE SONG OF LIFE KICK!! He nearly took Nicky Corozzo's head OFF with that one!

Lance:

And caught him right when he was at his level!

DDK:

Kuroyama knows he's in a prime position to put this one away now! He's got the big man back up... lifts him into the FIREMAN'S CARRY...

The crowd CHEERS in anticipation of the Kuroyama Driver... but are instead met with disappointment when Corozzo connects an ELBOW into the side of Kerry's head.

Lance:

Wait, now! "Il Giudice" is fighting back!

Not wanting to risk making a mistake with a three-hundred plus pounder hanging on his shoulders, Kerry promptly drops Corozzo to his feet. Nicky seizes him by the head...

...only to suddenly kiss the canvas by way of a drop toe hold!

DDK:

Kerry TAKES HIM TO THE MAT!

Before Corozzo can react, his ankle becomes trapped into a legscissor, and his head becomes buried into a sleeperhold! At once, his head and neck begin to wrench back as Kuroyama cinches in a stepover toehold sleeper!

DDK:

CASCADIAN CLUTCH! WHAT A TURN OF EVENTS! Kerry has him DEAD TO RIGHTS in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

And Corozzo knows that this is his end!

"Il Giudice" knows he's in over his head, and knows he doesn't have the time to think of a way out of his predicament. Without much recourse, he reaches out with his free hand and makes the call..

TAP-TAP-TAP.

Ferrari cues for the bell.

DDK:

It's OVER!!

DING DING DING

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

Kuroyama releases the sleeper and pops up to his feet, arms held triumphantly overhead. Clutching his neck, Corozzo rolls out to ringside, where Katze is ready to berate him on his mistake.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner, by submission... the EMERALD APEX... KEERRRRYYYYY KUUROOYAAAMAAAAA!!!

DDK:

A solid win for Kerry Kuroyama, who proved tonight that size and strength are not all that matters between the ropes!

Lance:

Ain't that the truth? Kerry earned this one through superior skill, technique, and, most important of all, adaptability.

DDK:

In any case, Nicky Corozzo showed some definite improvement in his own growth as an in-ring talent tonight, which may prove to be crucial in the Blood Diamonds' efforts to shore up their ranks.

Lance:

And with Vae Victis looking THIS dominant right now, they might need every swinging set of arms they can get right now.

OBEDIENCE

A single, slow tracking shot glides down a corridor in the rear of Roger's Arena. Overhead fluorescents buzz faintly. The camera draws closer to three masked figures: Corey Núñez, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, and Gerardo Villalobos. The trio now known as Los Caidos stand shoulder to shoulder in complete stillness, masked faces forward, backs straight.

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio enters the frame from the side, pacing in front of them like a general surveying his troops.

He stops and tilts his head. Then raises a single hand.

The three Caidos take one synchronized step to the side, parting like a black curtain, to reveal another masked man. At a glance, one can assume this must be Scott Douglas. On closer inspection, the familiar tattoos confirm it.

Gone is the denim and sleeveless Sub Pop t-shirt as his bare chest rises slowly as he breathes. His cut-off jean shorts have been replaced with simple, black tights. His fists are taped, but with black tape, and his boots look exactly the same.

The mask covering his bearded face differs slightly from that of the rest of Los Caidos. That's because it's Victor Vacio's former mask that he lost to High Flyer IV, now laced up tightly to the head of DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

There's no music. No words.

Douglas does not move. He does not blink.

Vacio steps in front of him, studying the fit, the obedience, the symbolism.

Then, finally, he turns and raises his hand again.

The Fallen fall into line, Douglas included, and Vacio leads the way into darkness.

The Fallen fall into line, Douglas included... and Vacio leads the way into darkness.

DDK:

...that's Scott Douglas. But it sure as hell doesn't feel like it.

Lance:

That's not defiance. That is surrender...

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. ANTONIO PRINCE

Cut back from commercial, Antonio Prince is already in the ring, bouncing on the balls of his feet, trying to stay loose. The nineteen-year-old prospect throws a few warm-up kicks and stretches his neck. The Faithful give him a polite reaction.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks. Before the break... we saw something that honestly shook me.

Lance:

Scott Douglas, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son ... unrecognizable. Wearing Vacio's mask, walking in lockstep with Los Caídos like he's... one of them now.

DDK:

Let's not forget... Scott Douglas put everything on the line for a shot at Victor Vacio. All he had to do was survive the gauntlet against Los Caídos... and he didn't. Now he stands beside Vacio... not by choice, but by consequence.

The lights in the arena dim.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The creepy piano piece echoes solemnly through the arena as the Faithful boo. At the top of the ramp, "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio steps into the light. Clad in all black, arms folded behind his back.

To his left and right, Corey Núñez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez flank him — Los Caídos in full formation, heads bowed.

And behind them...

Scott Douglas.

Bare-chested. Black tights. Black tape on his fists and forearms. Same old black boots. And Victor Vacio's mask, leaving the Faithful in a stunned silence. The group moves toward the ring in a slow, synchronized procession. No pyro. No flashing lights. Just the morbid gravity of the moment.

Lance:

There was a time Scott Douglas marched to the beat of his own drum. Tonight? It's Chopin.

As they reach ringside, Los Caídos split, two to one side, one to the other as Vacio halts at the foot of the rampway. There he raises one hand and Douglas steps forward and enter the ring.

No eye contact with his opponent. No fanfare. He stands in the center of the ring. Still.

DDK:

That, in fact, is Scott Douglas, folks, as hard as it may be to believe...

Lance:

It's one thing to honor the stipulation but you have to wonder how far Vacio will take this... and how far will Douglas comply?

Benny Doyle checks Antonio and then Douglas before calling for the bell.

DING DING

Antonio Prince steps forward, cautiously, and ties up with Douglas. Antonio tries to gain leverage, pushing into

Douglas' upper body, but Scott takes the advantage with little resistance and applies a deep armwringer. Antonio grits his teeth and tries to roll through, forward, then backward before popping up quickly to reverse and grab an arm wringer of his own but ...

DDK:

Big clothesline from Douglas!

Lance:

Cut him off in a hurry.

Antonio hits the mat and Douglas flips him over with a kick to the ribs before grabbing him around the waist to deadlift him from the canvas. Douglas launches Prince overhead with a release German suplex that drops the young athlete hard on the back of his neck.

Antonio rolls to his side, clutching the back of his neck, gasping for breath. Douglas doesn't follow up immediately ... he simply stands and watches. There's no urgency. Just a cold surgical methodology.

Prince uses the ropes to pull himself upright, shaky but defiant. He turns ...

And walks right into a knee lift to the gut from Douglas, doubling him over.

Scott grabs the front chancery, hooks the arm, and plants him in the center of the ring. The Faithful groan with the impact.

Douglas leans back over him and hooks the leg. Benny Doyle is in position.

ONE!

Douglas makes eye contact with Vacio, standing at the end of the rampway

TW --

... and with a deep exhale, breaks his own pin.

DDK:

He had it... he had it right there.

Lance:

Vacio's never been about the victory ... and it would appear he is just going use Douglas as a tool in his sick nihilistic game.

The camera briefly cuts to Vacio at ringside, arms folded, watching on.

Douglas knows what he is to do. He drags Antonio up ... and a second Sub Pop Suplex. This one hits harder. Prince bounces on impact and lies completely still.

DDK:

Ok ... this is just overkill!

Another glance to the ramp. This time, Vacio raises a finger and signals to Douglas.

With only a hint of reluctance, Scott Douglas complies. He pulls Prince up a third time. Hooks. Lifts. Sub Pop Suplex #3.

Lance:

That's enough... come on, Scott.

Now, Douglas covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Douglas sits upright. Still emotionless.

He doesn't rise. He doesn't celebrate. He simply waits.

Benny Doyle attempts to raise his hand, but Douglas pushes him off.

DDK:

That wasn't a win. That was a message.

Lance:

And I'm not sure it's one Scott Douglas wanted to send.

THE RITUAL

Antonio Prince still lies on the mat, barely moving, as Scott Douglas remains on one knee beside him.

Benny Doyle steps forward again and attempts to raise Douglas' hand but before he can ...

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio enters the ring.

Vacio steps between Doyle and Douglas, placing a firm hand on the referee's arm. Benny pauses, unsure, and slowly backs off.

Lance:

He won't even allow the recognition.

The Faithful boo loudly as Los Caídos hit the ring next. Corey, Gerardo, and Hugo waste no time ... they descend on Prince, stomping him without mercy.

Douglas doesn't join but he doesn't stop them either.

He gets out of the way and leans against the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Antonio Prince came here to prove something tonight... and he may not walk away victorious but he sure as hell doesn't deserve this!

Vacio stands in the center of the ring, soaking in the chaos around him. Slowly, he raises a hand. The stomping stops.

Corey scurries to the rope, sliding under and snatching a microphone from the timekeeper's table. In an instant, he's back in the ring and handing the microphone to Vacio.

Victor Vacio:

This was your hero, eh? This is the man you cheered for... screamed for... believed in?

He steps over Prince's broken body and moves to Douglas.

Victor Vacio:

Look at him now. No face. No name. No past...

He taps the mask.

Victor Vacio:

A clean slate...

He slowly paces.

Victor Vacio:

There is no triumph. There is no tragedy. There is only truth. And the truth...

Vacio gestures widely at the Faithful

Victor Vacio:

...is that none of this matters.

Vacio nearly chuckles in delight as he delivers his misguided nihilistic gospel.

Victor Vacio:

You chant. You hope. *You believe*. But DEFIANCE is not a sanctuary. It's a ritual. And your favorites? Your never-say-die heroes... they are the lambs that will be led to the slaughter.

The Faithful's voice their opinion in a cacophony of boos.

Vacio drops the mic with a smirk.

He exits first. Los Caídos fall in behind, and Douglas is last to follow, but he follows nonetheless.

Cut to backstage.

A monitor glows in the corner of a quiet hallway.

Kerry Kuroyama stands in front of it, arms crossed, watching what has just unfolded in the ring. He watches as Vacio and crew exit and DEFMed hit the ring.

Kerry doesn't speak. He just shakes his head in disapproval and disappointment.

After a beat, he turns and walks off.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THE NEXT CHAPTER

Rounding a corner with purpose backstage, the gray, black & white mask of MP1 wrinkles into a grimace at the sight of the DEFtv camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

MP1! Just one moment of your time!

Recoiling again at the sight of Sawyers, MP1 plows forward, clearly in zero mood to entertain the press and their invasive questions.

MP1:

Out of my way. I'm looking for someone.

Sawyers blushes as the masked man charges past him, glancing at the camera briefly, before working to keep up with him. The cameraman dutifully trots at MP1's side while the irritated grappler does his best to ignore them both.

Jamie Sawyers:

Just a brief moment! I was hoping to get a comment from you regarding what the world saw at the conclusion of your DEFCON match with Corvo Alpha! Have you spoken to Lord Nigel? Have you spoken to this "new" MV2?

Scowling, MP1 doesn't break pace. He no-sells the questions. Sawyers clears his throat and tries again.

Jamie Sawyers:

Do... do you believe Lord Nigel Tricklebush when he says that Alpha isn't who we've all been lead to believe he is? That this "new" Masked Violator #2 is ACTUALLY your old best friend? Your old tag team partner?

With that, MP1 plants his feet and wheels around to Sawyers — placing his broad back to the camera. His shoulders heave as he barks at the journalist and Sawyers eyes go wide.

MP1:

You bottom-feeding trolls would LOVE an emotional soundbyte outta me, wouldn't you?!

Jamie Sawyers:

I— I'm just—

MP1:

I know what you're "just" doing. It's all justified to you, isn't it? You think I owe you something. You think I owe you and the world a soul-bearing monologue about my FEELINGS and my CONFUSION.

Grabbing Sawyers less-than-gently by his jacket lapels, MP1 pulls him up to press his forehead against his. MP1 whispers into the microphone.

MP1: [whispering]

I don't owe you anything.

Noticing the camera, MP1 releases Sawyers and pulls the camera towards him instead.

MP1:

I'm the one that's owed. ME. I am the one that needs an explanation. I am the one that needs answers. The one who deserves Nigel's "truth". And when I find him, I'm going to get it.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh! He's not here! Lord Nigel isn't here tonight! If... If he is, I haven't seen him!!!

The cameraman (and camera) awkwardly stumbles backwards as MP1 lets go.

MP1:

I'll find him and I'll get my answers. But not for any of you. Not for your amusement.

MP1 straightens upright and tugs at the bottom of his mask. Smoothing it into place, his voice is suddenly quite cold.

MP1:

In the meantime... I'll go out there and do what I do. What I have ALWAYS done. No matter the truth, no matter the lies, the one thing I've always been able to do...

He takes a deep breath and turns his back to the camera once more.

MP1:

...is compete. And win.

PAT CASSIDY vs. MP1

DDK:

Has there been a more emotionally tortured individual in all of DEFIANCE than MP1? He has been through it.

Lance:

There is certainly a case to be made! He came back to DEFIANCE three years ago to rescue a tag team partner and friend who, it now seems, may not have been that person to begin with! Think about what it's cost him! How this journey has CHANGED him! And.... it's all been for nothing?!

DDK:

That is what Lord Nigel would prefer he believes!

Lance:

I hope he, Corvo, and ALL of us, get the answers they & we all deserve!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Blood" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The slow, haunting beginning of the Boston-based punk rock song begins to echo throughout the arena as the lights dim and flash a bright blue. The song picks up in intensity as the camera focuses on the entrance... but no sign of anyone! Eventually, there is a stir from somewhere in the stands, and the camera shifts to the seventh row, where we see Pat Cassidy emerge from an arena entrance! Cassidy is dressed to compete for the first time since October in his black and dark blue "BOPC" trunks and "SNS" ring vest. The fans - especially those close enough to touch Cassidy - show their appreciation for the returning Saturday Night Special.

DDK:

Since the day he walked into DEFIANCE, Pat Cassidy has struck a chord with our audience, and The Faithful are showing this young man how much they've missed him!

Lance:

New theme, same Pat Cassidy!

♪ *Trouble underground in Kenmore Square*
You'd better watch out, you'd better beware
It's time to go, goodbye good luck
They said people like you screw everything up ♪

Cassidy begins an intense but boundful walk down the arena stairs toward the ring, The Faithful slapping him on the chest and shoulders all along the way. If he notices, he doesn't sell it.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, weighing in at 242 lbs... from Boston, Massachusetts... PAT! CAAAASSSIDY!

♪ *If you want blood, we'll give you some! (Blood! Blood!)*
Straight from the heart till the job is done
If you want it now, then here it comes! (Blood! Blood!)
If you want blood, we'll give you some ♪

Cassidy leaps up over the guardrail and lands on the ringside floor. He smacks a few ringside hands before walking up the ring steps and getting into the ring. Leaping up to the top rope, Cassidy raises his arms to soak in the applause. He points to someone (unseen) in the crowd and winks before laughing. He gets down and removes his vest as his theme fades out and he runs the ropes in preparation for the contest.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Parts Untold! He ALONE represents the MOST PRECIOUS GEMS and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and thirty three pounds! He is their MOST PRECIOUS 1!

MP1 bursts through the curtain, annoyed. Focused and unflapped, he stomps down the aisle and into the ring.

DDK:

MP1 all business... and given the current state of affairs, that's no surprise!

MP1 paces angrily while Cassidy tests the ropes and adjusts his elbow pad. Referee Brian Slater checks with both men for signaling for the bell.

DING DING!**Lance:**

Two men in very different places... MP1's entire world has been turned upside down, while Pat's looking to make a statement in an in-ring comeback.

DDK:

You might think that gives the mental advantage to the Boston native!

The two Defiants lock up and immediately begin to jockey for position. Cassidy, having the ever-so-slight weight advantage, manages to back MP1 into the corner. Slater moves in to start the count to break it off. Cassidy does, stepping back. With a glint in his eye, The Saturday Night Special turns to The Faithful and pantomimes an exaggerated yawn... like this is too easy. MP1's eyes narrow as he shows how little he appreciates them. With purpose, he marches out of the corner and again locks up with Pat - this time with renewed vigor.

Lance:

Cassidy is known for his antics in the ring. But even if his goal IS to throw MP1 off his game, I'm not sure poking the bear is wise!

MP1 comes out on top of this exchange by twisting Pat's arm back into a textbook hammerlock. He tries to control the tempo, but his opponent is able to counter by catching MP1 with a headlock. This doesn't last very long as MP1 runs both of them into the ropes and sends Cassidy off. On the rebound, MP1 looks for a clothesline, but Black Out ducks. Before there can be a second exchange, Cassidy halts his momentum by grabbing onto the top rope with both hands. Seeing that Pat won't be coming at him, MP1 instead charges at Cassidy... only for Pat to hold down the ropes and send MP1 tumbling to the floor!

Lance:

And there we see it - a mistake by MP1. Perhaps his mind isn't as "in the game" as it should be tonight.

As MP1 gathers himself on the floor, Cassidy does a Muhammad Ali "rope a dope" dance around the ring, gathering a round of laughter from The Faithful. MP1 takes NONE too kindly to this, rushing back in the ring and charging at Cassidy - only to be met with a flurry of signature right hands! MP1 is on the rebound as Cass unloads big right after big right! Pat whips the masked man into the corner and follows up with a charge... running right into a big boot! Cassidy is stunned, and MP1 charges out of the corner with a clothesline that drops him!

DDK:

MP1 is taking control and now he has to stay focused enough to keep it!

Pat Cassidy is stunned in the corner, and the Most Precious One takes full advantage by lighting him up with a big knife edge chop! Another! Another! Another! Pat's pale Irish-American skin has turned a deep pink as he slumps in the corner only to find a MP1 boot pushed directly into his throat! Slater makes him break - but the damage is done.

Lance:

One has to wonder if this intensity is pure rage OR if he's sending a message.

DDK:

To who? Lord Nigel? Corvo? The mysterious masked man?

Lance:

All of the above?

Cassidy gets whipped into the ropes and is met on the rebound with a BIG side kick! MP1 with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Cassidy kicks out, but MP1 doesn't let up the pressure. Grabbing Cass by the head, MP1 pulls him up into a seated position and locks on a chinlock! The Faithful begin to rally as MP1 appears to attempt to twist Pat Cassidy's head clean off!

DDK:

If MP1 has anything to say about it, this won't be the big comeback Cassidy was hoping for!

The Rogers Arena begins to shake as the Vancouver Faithful stomp their feet in unison. Supercharged by the fan support, Cassidy fires a series of elbows into MP1's gut. This distraction allows him to get to a knee, but in response MP1 locks the hold in even tighter!

Lance:

Look at the eyes of MP1... he is NOT in a good place, partner!

It takes a lot of effort and more encouragement from the rabid Faithful, but Cassidy is able to power up and in a quick motion that takes MP1 complete off guard, he breaks free from the hold long enough to slip behind the masked man and lift and drop him with his version of the blue thunder bomb!

DDK:

GREEN MONSTAH BOMB! That was a desperation move and both men are down!

Both men ARE down. MP1 is the first to stir, shaking the cobwebs and getting back to a vertical base... but Cassidy KIPS UP!! BOTTOMS UP! MP1 turns into a HARD and fast headbutt right to his masked face! With his opponent reeling, Cassidy whips MP1 into the turnbuckle. Taking position in the opposite corner, Cassidy cups his hand and HOWWWWLS into the rafters before getting a running start, leaping into the air, and flying into MP1 with...

Lance:

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

Letting MP1 rest in the corner, Cassidy stands on the second rope and begins to fire right hands into his masked head in rapid succession! The Faithful chant along: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Before the tenth punch, Cassidy turns toward the fans and pantomimes drinking a beer and then holding into the air. Both Pat and the fans CHANT "CHEERS!" in unison before Cass goes for the final shot...

...but the wind comes out of everyone's sails when MP1 grabs Pat by the legs and flips forward, dropping Cassidy face-first into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Pat was caught up in the moment, but he took just a little long there!

With Pat stunned, MP1 capitalizes with a Russian Leg Sweep that sends the Boston native directly into the canvas. MP1 gets back to a vertical base and exits the ring to the apron, heading to climb the turnbuckle!

DDK:

We might be looking at 1nderstruck!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Wait... look at the ramp!

A quick cut to the ramp and we see the source of the fan's jeering... LORD NIGEL! The sinister looking former DEFIANCE manager stands with an unreadable grin as he looks toward the ring. In the ring, MP1 notices his presence mid-climb. He hops down off the turnbuckle and gets back in the ring. He stares daggers through Lord Nigel as time stands still.

DDK:

What is Nigel doing? Is he here to explain? Is he just taunting MP1?

If looks could kill, Nigel would be dead. And just as it seems MP1 might be readying himself to stop staring and go confront Nigel...

Lance:

Wait... Pat Cassidy from behind!

Cassidy spins an unsuspecting MP1 around and before he can react, the masked man gets dropped with Cassidy's patented Reverse STO... The Irish Goodbye! Nigel's face remains unreadable as Pat hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Thanks to a brief distraction from Lord Nigel, Pat Cassidy - who has proven he is more than capable of hitting that Irish Goodbye outtanowhere - gets the win in his return match!

Brian Slater grabs Pat's hand and holds it high before Cassidy himself ascends to the top rope to raise his arms for the cheering DEFIANCE Faithful. Meanwhile, MP1 cradles his head and trudges up the aisle after Lord Nigel who has disappeared back through the curtain.

Lance:

We still have more questions than answers in this MP1/Lord Nigel saga!

DDK:

That's right! And as Pat Cassidy celebrates, you've gotta believe that he - like all of us - is looking forward to our next match when Brock Newbludd puts the Southern Heritage Championship on the line against Malak Garland!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

A closer look at the professional careers of YOUR favorite DEFIANTS!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE: BROCK NEWBLUDD (c) vs. MALAK GARLAND

The main event is set to get underway as DDK and Lance settle in to call the action.

DDK:

Lance, up next we have a match that was made earlier tonight. Unknowing who the champion was at the time, Malak Garland called out the SOHER because, long story, he wants to aim for something "more attainable" than regaining the FIST. His words, not mine. However, I think he immediately regretted his actions.

♪ "Big Dawgs" By Humankind ♪

As Malak Garland walks out on stage, flanked by Percy Collins, Lance contributes his investigative two cents.

Lance:

Much to his surprise though, as we see the challenger walking down the aisle right now Darren, he was met with panic and fear to find out Brock Newbludd is the incumbent. Now I know Malak has a main event FIST title defense victory over Newbludd, on pay-per-view no less but the roles feel completely reversed now.

Malak climbs into the ring and punches the air a few times, trying to look like a threat.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this bout is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing the challenger, accompanied to the ring by his sports psychologist and chief social media strategist and general life coach Percy Collins, hailing from Cheyenne, Wyoming, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland throws his hands skyward, expecting a cheery response and receiving a negative one which surprises only him for some reason.

DDK:

Clearly, Brock's explanation earlier about nobody caring didn't stick with Garland.

Lance:

And are you surprised by this? He's hopeless.

All eyes turn back to the stage for the SOHER's entrance. The Faithful begins to buzz in anticipation as the seconds pass. Their buzzing turns into a surprised cheer as the lights suddenly cut out, leaving the arena in total darkness.

DDK:

Every light in the arena just went out, and I can't see a thing!

Lance:

I wouldn't put it past Garland to cut the power to escape this predicament he put himself in, partner.

The DEFTron suddenly comes to life, and the picture slowly fades in to show a man standing with his back to the camera. Holding a machine gun in one hand and a katana in the other, the man is a statue as he stares at the burning sight in front of him...

DDK:

Wha...are those...are those dead bodies?

Lance:

My god...I only know one guy who can stack corpses like that...

A quick cut and a single unblinking eyeball take up the entirety of the DEFTron. The camera slowly zooms out from the

eye's intense gaze to reveal the upper half of a man's face and his other eye, or more accurately, a black hole where an eye should be.

"To survive a war...you must become war."

The man reaches up and fastens an eyepatch over his missing eye.

DDK:

I recognize that eyepatch! There's only one man with a Siberian Tiger skin eyepatch. Good god, Malak! RUN!

The man's penetrating gaze slowly fades from the DEFTRON and is replaced with a wolf standing on a lone peak in a snowy landscape. The iconic image, commonly seen on truck stop t-shirts, lingers on the screen for a few seconds before that too fades away.

Lance:

It's too late for that, DDK! There's no escaping this apex predator!

"AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The wolf's howl echoes throughout the Rogers Arena, and The Faithful rise to their feet in anticipation.

♪ "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

DDK:

Is this really happening!? That's Gunnar Van Patton's music! What in the world!?

The pure American metal blasts out of the arena's speakers, and the crowd roars in approval as "Black Out" Pat Cassidy walks out with a chair folded under one arm. Grinning from ear to ear, Pat stops and turns to face the stage entrance.

Another figure appears on the stage a second later, and a lone spotlight shines down on him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Lance:

Hang on a second! That's Brock Newbludd! Or should I say Brock VAN PATTON!?

Draped in a black and white Confederate flag, Brock Van Patton lets out his best Jean Claude Van Damme exaggerated scream and points a finger gun at his terrified opponent in the ring.

DDK:

While the rest of the world is going to have to wait until Saturday to see Brock's portrayal of Gunnar Van Patton, the people of Vancouver are getting a special sneak peek right here and right now! This is why the DEFTV right after DEFCON is ALWAYS a must-see! Anything can happen!

Milwaukee's Lycan dramatically throws the edgy rebel flag off his shoulders to reveal that he's the real deal from head to toe. Combat boots, combat pants, combat elbow pads, combat bandana, combat backwards baseball bat, and combat eyepatch. With the SOHER belt strapped around his waist, Brock is 100% military grade man.

Completing his ultra-macho ensemble is the skateboard parked underneath one of his feet.

Lance:

Just looking at him is making my testosterone levels rise, DDK!

Still standing at the base of the ramp, Cassidy reaches into the back pocket of his jeans to pull out a giant can of

Monster energy drink. He tosses it towards his cosplaying friend, and BVP easily snatches it out of the air despite his eye never leaving his quivering prey inside of the ring. Cracking open the top of the can with a precision elbow strike, the man formerly known as Brock Newbludd starts to chug the battle fuel down and pushes off with the skateboard.

DDK:

Unbelievable! I've never seen a skateboard rode with so much bravado!

Shredding down the ramp, the Confederate slams the energy drink the whole way down. Hitting the bottom, BVP pops a wheelie and comes to a stop. Oozing masculinity, The Rebel Son crushes the empty can with one hand and unleashes a Taurine-fueled howl!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from CLASSIFIED! He is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! He is THE LYCAN! He is THE CONFEDERATE! HE...IS...BROOCCCK VAAAAAN PAAAATTOON!

Catching up to BVP, Cassidy slaps him on the back and points to the ring, Milwaukee's Lycan gives his friend a perfectly executed military salute and slides under the bottom rope. Popping up to his feet, BVP snarls at Garland as he makes his way to the nearest corner to climb up and show off his freshly oiled pecs. The camera quickly cuts to the crowd to show more than a handful of the female Faithful admiring Brock Van Patton for the ultimate male he is. It's all too much for one older fan as she faints and collapses back into her seat.

Lance:

Simply a magnificent specimen! Brock Newbludd has completely transformed into Gunnar Van Patton, mind, body, and soul. This is some next level method acting.

DDK:

Shades of Daniel Day-Lewis, indeed! Hang on now, what's Cassidy up to?

On the outside of the ring, Cassidy opens up the chair he brought with him and sets it down to reveal the word "DIRECTOR" written in large white letters on the backrest.

Lance:

Looks like he's taking command of the director's chair tonight, partner!

Dropping down into the chair, Cassidy points at Referee Shields.

Pat Cassidy:

ACTION!

Looking completely confused at what he just witnessed, Shields shrugs his shoulders and calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

Letting out another howl, Brock beats his chest and explodes out of his corner. Despite the look of absolute terror on his face, Garland charges ahead to meet him, and the two rivals collide in the center of the ring with an elbow-and-collar tie-up. Utilizing his quickness, Malak gains the upper hand, but then Brock returns serve.

Malak Garland:

OVER THE TOP! OVER BORN! MY MOVIE PREMIERE WILL BE BETTER THAN YOURS!

Brock Van Patton:

SHUT YER' HOLE, NANCY-BOY! YER' ABOUT TO BE WISHIN YA WERE NEVER BORN!

With a roar, BVP overpowers Malak and tosses him to the canvas. The challenger quickly springs to his feet and eats some sort of ancient martial arts kick for his efforts. The cycle repeats itself before Malak lands on his caboose. With a

hand to his back and wrinkles across his face in obvious pain, Malak takes a powder while BVP uses the sudden lapse to do some burpees in the middle of the ring.

Brock Van Patton:

AGGGGGHHHHHHH! GET UP, BOY! THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE YOUR METROSEXUAL PRISON IS THROUGH PAAAAAIIINN! LET THE LYCAN REVERSE YOUR PUSSIFICATION!

DDK:

Despite the borderline psychotic behavior from slamming a mega-sized energy drink in less than ten seconds, Brock looks like he's in the best shape of his life.

Lance:

I've been told that the man has been living strictly on Vietnam-era MRE's and Monster Energy to help put himself into the proper GVP mindset. A diet like that might kill a lesser man.

DDK:

Truer words have never been spoken. But, let's talk about this match. Don't get it twisted, this isn't so much about the story of Malak Garland. Brock Newbludd shined in that main event match and has only ascended since. He's determined to defend his title tonight regardless if he's BVP or not!

After receiving mostly garbled verbal nonsense from Percy on the outside of the ring, Malak attempts to re-enter the fray. Garland waves his hands in the air and pleads with Mark Shields to hold the snarling Brock back so he can enter cleanly.

Lance:

Might be important to point out that Mark Shields is officiating this contest. I have a feeling he might come into play later on.

Remembering the warrior's code of honor that he learned from his sensei in the shadowlands of Tibet, BVP calms himself and gives more than a generous amount of space to let the challenger slither back in and slither he does.

DDK:

Malak swipes at Brock's feet but to no avail!

With a very audible "HI-YA!", DEFIANCE's Rebel Son stomps the top of one of Malak's hands and the challenger cries out in pain. The Wisconsin Confederate drops down into a perfect plank to get right in Malak's face.

Brock Van Patton:

Look at me, boy...LOOK INTO MY EYE! YOU'RE IN MY WORLD NOW AND IT'S A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE!

Lunging forward out of his plank, BVP headbutts The Snowflake Superstar squarely between the eyes. Stunned, Malak is helpless as the world's most dangerous 4Chan mod locks in a front face lock and brings him back up to his feet.

Brock Van Patton:

I INVENTED THIS MOVE AND THE DEEP STATE TOOK IT FROM ME!

With an exaggerated roar, BVP powers Malak up into the vertical suplex position. Holding him straight as an arrow, The One Man Army PLANTS Malak into the mat with a vicious brainbuster!

DDK:

While I'll need to do my own research on whether or not GVP actually invented the brainbuster it was still executed to perfection!

Rolling Malak over, BVP hooks the leg for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak thrusts a shoulder up, and BVP immediately snares him in a front headlock. They rise to their feet, and the champion hits another suplex. This one was more of the traditional vertical variety!

Lance:

Malak swipes at Brock, but the champ is catching fists rather than eating them!

Indeed, from their knees, Malak tries to engage BVP but the SOHER's battle honed reflexes are too quick. Within seconds, both of Malak's arms are trapped under Brock's armpits. Milwaukee's Lycan looks out to one side of the crowd, then the other, both times eliciting an electric response.

DDK:

HEADBUTT CITY!

Brock lays in some stiff headbutts to Malak's wide open clavicle area until it turns red. The two wrestlers fumble into the corner, Malak in pain and Brock a bit dazed from delivering the devastation.

Lance:

Desperation kick to the gut and DDT by Malak!

BVP does a quick push-up and bounces to his feet!

DDK:

It's like it didn't faze him! His pain threshold is incredible! It's like he's nearly invincible!

Lance:

Strength level ten!?

DDK:

Eleven.

Malak rubs his red lats as he stares at Brock Van Patton who is enticing him to get up and fight.

DDK:

Van Patton will fight all night! We all know this!

Right there, in the center of the ring, Brock puts his hands behind his back, offering a free shot to Malak.

DDK:

Malak absorbed those vicious headbutts and now I guess it's his turn to retaliate.

Malak lays in a forearm shiver but it has no effect. There is a groundswell mounting throughout the crowd.

Lance:

Brock stands tall.

Malak hits him with another forearm shiver, harder than the last. No effect. The crowd rises a bit more. Mark Shields begins to sweat bullets, nearly covering his face in fear as the champion laughs it off.

DDK:

Malak is winding up again!

Garland pummels Brock with multiple forearm shivers, each more unprotected than the last and each time, it feels like the one-eyed lunatic **steps further into them** and remains unaffected until the crowd erupts with a full roar in respect and appreciation.

DDK:

Brock tapped into GVP's fighting spirit! He's gone FULL LYCAN!

Malak's pace can't keep up with the battle-hardened hunk. His aggressiveness crests and then wilts even though he's still trying to throw haymakers. Brock's neck is red, not just from his Texas pride. It's certainly not as red as Malak's after receiving those headbutts.

Lance:

I feel like we should get to a minimum safe distance. Brock Van Patton-Newbludd is UNLEASHED!

Huffing and puffing for air, Malak tries to figure out what to do next. Percy Collins is tearing his hair out over this, and all Brock does is full-on tomahawk headbutts Malak one more time, with all his might before it sends the challenger crumbling down to the canvas.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

H-he, he killed him!

Lance:

After all those shots, Brock comes back with one helluva violent headbutt to take down Malak!

Pounding a fist onto his chest, the world's foremost authority on unadulterated violence takes a moment to ensure his iconic bandana/backwards cap combo is in the coolest looking position possible. He looks to Director Cassidy for confirmation and receives two thumbs up from him.

Pat Cassidy:

Lookin' ALPHA, baby!

Cassidy snaps his attention to the ringside cameraman.

Pat Cassidy:

You! Get in there for the dramatic hero shot!

The camera returns to the ring and zooms in on BVP. Picking up on his director's cue, Brock does a few dramatic poses, even switching his eyepatch to his other eye on a couple to ensure they get his good side.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is directing our cameraman, and Newbludd...excuse me, Van Patton, has taken full control of this match, and now he stalks his prey.

Crouched like a tiger and hidden like a dragon, BVP watches with a gleam in his eye as Malak staggers to his feet. Screaming like a Dragonball-Z character, the SOHER delivers a sumo style palm strike to Malak's kidney!

Brock Van Patton:

HIIIIIYAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Malak arches his back in pain and yells in pain as BVP hits another precision sumo strike! Garland stumbles towards the ropes. Staying behind him, and still belting out a kung-fu scream, BVP leaps into the air and hits the former FIST with a pair of karate chops to the neck. Looking utterly shell shocked from the martial arts barrage, Malak falls forward and lands throat first onto the middle rope.

Lance:

As we all remember, the real GVP was a master of every martial art style in the known world and if rumors are to be believed some that haven't even been technically invented yet. That's how honed his skills were, DDK.

DDK:

The man lived on the bleeding edge, Lance.

BVP marches with American pride over to his propped-up opponent and drives his knee into Malak's spine. Grabbing onto the middle rope, The Wisconsin Confederate yanks it up into Malak's throat. The former FIST immediately begins to cough and thrash in agony!

Lance:

Malak's getting the life choked out of him and the Vancouver Faithful are eating it up!

Mark Shields hesitantly approaches the two and begins the rope break count. BVP ignores the beta man's counting as he gleefully chokes Garland.

Mark Shields:

Alright, break it up! Don't make me disquaaaaaaaaaaaa!

His single eye wide in rage, BVP snaps his attention to Shields and gets right in the ref's face.

Brock Van Patton:

YA AIN'T DOIN' SHIT, MARK! I ONLY ANSWER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OR JESUS. YOU GO STAND IN THE CORNER LIKE THE CUCK YOU ARE!

Folding from Van Patton's steely gaze, Shields puts his hands up and does as he's told while BVP goes back to choking Malak.

DDK:

Van Patton plays by his own rules and makes his own time limit, Shields should know that!

The camera focused on the action suddenly starts shaking and we hear the cameraman yelp in surprise. A quick cut to another camera reveals what the sudden disruption was just as The Faithful erupts in a cheer.

Lance:

Look at this! Director Cassidy has taken control of our ringside camera!

Hoisting the big camera on his shoulder, Cassidy races over to Malak and puts it inches from his face. A quick cut over to the commandeered camera's picture shows the gagging Garland's face, up close and personal.

Pat Cassidy:

GIVE ME MORE EMOTION, MALAK! MORE! REALLY PLAY UP HOW PATHETIC YOU ARE!

Brock Van Patton:

LET ME HELP YOU GET THROUGH THIS SCENE, MALAK!

BVP lets go of the rope and hammers Garland between the shoulder blades with a smacking double axe-handle. The blow causes the rest of the air in Malak's lungs to evacuate and he makes a weird bleating sound.

Malak Garland:

BLEEEEEEEHH...

Pat Cassidy:

That's IT! That's what we want, Malak! Don't lose this!

Yanking Malak away from the ropes, BVP sets him up into the powerbomb position and looks into the camera.

Brock Van Patton:

THIS ONE'S FOR THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS! WE MISS YOU, TOBY KEITH! I'M AN AMEERRICAAAAN SOOOOLDIIERR!

With a belly full of energy drink and a heart full of Toby Keith, the still-singing BVP powers Malak's limp corpse up and turns towards the outside of the ring...

AND SENDS HIM ROCKETING DOWN TO THE FLOOR WITH A POWERBOMB AS BIG AS TEXAS!!

DDK:

GOOD GOD! Add another body onto Van Patton's pile of corpses! Malak Garland has just been assassinated!

Still manning the camera, Cassidy focuses on the laid-out Malak.

Pat Cassidy:

Look at you, Tom Cruise! Hollywood loves a man who does his own stunt work! You're KILLING IT, Malak!

A distraught Percy throws caution to the wind and races towards the fallen Malak. Fear suddenly hits him like a truck when BVP suddenly appears in front of him. Unable to stop the momentum of his 380-pound frame, Collins trips and stumbles forward. Crouching low, BVP draws a surprised roar from The Faithful as he lifts the big man off his feet.

Lance:

Look at this! Percy Collins is one BIG boy, but Brock got him airborne!

Somehow managing to keep Collins lifted, Newbludd spins to face Malak and proceeds to spinebust the living shit out of poor Percy!

DDK:

Malak's been CRUSHED by his sports psychologist!

Fired up, BVP rips his hat off and throws it into the crowd. Breathing heavily, he points a finger at the seemingly unconscious Collins.

Brock Van Patton:

TAKE YOUR DEEP STATE MENTAL HEALTH BULLSHIT AND GO BACK TO HELL!

Taking a second to examine yet another beautiful pile of bodies made by his own hands, Van Patton stares at Malak's limbs sticking out underneath the huge mass of humanity that is Percy Collins and he flips up his eyepatch. Frowning, he looks into the camera and then past it to Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit. Margot's gonna be piiiissed, bro. I promised I wouldn't kill him.

Mark Shields suddenly appears behind Brock, the infamous referee looks scared shitless.

Mark Shields:

Heeeeeey...if you don't get this back in the ring, I'm going to have to call the match. So...

Rolling his eyes, Brock flips his eyepatch back down and points menacingly at Shields, cutting him off.

Brock Van Patton:

NOTHING IS OVER! NOTHING! YOU JUST DON'T TURN IT OFF, MARK! GO BACK TO YOUR CORNER!

The referee nods his head and goes back to his corner, tail between his legs. Brock looks back to Cass, and flips the eyepatch back up. Just like that, BVP is gone, and Milwaukee's Beast returns.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya think? I just wanted to get even with the little shit, not wipe him from the face of the Earth. I went full Gunnar. It's way too much power for one man.

The camera looks down to one of Garland's legs and then back up to Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

Piss on him. Like the old saying goes..."If he dies...he dies". GVP didn't second-guess himself and neither should you. Finish him.

Brock grins and nods his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

Sold. Spoken like a true director.

He flips the eyepatch down, and his eye instantly widens. Brock Van Patton has taken control.

Brock Van Patton:

NOW YOU KEEP THAT DAMN CAMERA POINTED AT ME, SON! LET ME SHOW YOU WHY I'M THE BEST AT FINISHING BETA MEN OFF!

Pounding his chest several times to pump himself up, BVP squats down and deadlifts Collins off Malak!

DDK:

I'm not a big believer in the supernatural, but something is happening with that eyepatch. When Brock flips it down, he turns absolutely rabid!

Lance:

He turns LYCAN, DDK!

Tossing Collins aside, BVP snatches Malak by the seat of his pants. Like a ragdoll, Malak gets thrown back into the squared circle. BVP finds his way back in but not before power standing in front of the first row of fans. Completely disoriented, Malak reaches his hands out hoping SOMEONE will save him but there is no salvation today. Not an inch.

DDK:

BVP is looking for blood now!

BVP gazes down at Malak. How the mighty have **fallen**. Van Patton-Newbludd recklessly grabs his opponent and throws him into the Wisconsin Death Trip screwdriver!

Lance:

BVP calls that the Southern Texas Deathtrip!

Unsatisfied with the condition his prey is in and his future box office records on lock, BVP climbs to the top rope where he peers out towards the Faithful and mini Van Patton's alike. Instead of doing his usual 'BALLYHOO' chant, BVP does an air machine gun motioning with his arms as he howls to the rafters like an uncaged wolf.

Brock Van Patton:

HOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!!

DDK:

LOOK OUT BELOW!

The Southern Heritage Champion flies through the air like a majestic sky beast. Elbow extended and pointed, BVP smashes into Malak's upper body with the dreaded Ballyhoo Elbow!

DDK:

BVP calls that the Soaring Eagle Alpha Elbow! A box office success, for sure!

Not even bothering to move, BVP lays across the challenger as Mark Shields slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this contest AND STILL SOUTHER HERITAGE CHAMPION,

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBROCKKKKKKKKK VAN PATTON!!!!!!!!!!

Motionless, Malak lays there as Brock is given his title belt to raise high to the praising crowd of paying attendees.

DDK:

HE DID IT! BROCK BEAT MALAK! REDEMPTION IS SERVED AND RATHER CONVINCINGLY AT THAT!

Mark Shields rolls with Malak out of the ring. Tears stream down the former FISTS face as he's now suffered consecutive defeats in embarrassing fashion. The focus goes back to the ring as BVP stands tall, thwarting a longtime rival once and for all.

A SATURDAY NIGHT FIGHT NIGHT

The picture follows the devastated Malak's walk of shame up the ramp before cutting back to ring and the celebrating Saturday Night Specials. Eyepatch flipped up, Brock plays to the cheering crowd, absolutely relishing his revenge on one of his most bitter rivals. Cassidy, having abandoned the camera, joins his buddy in the ring, holding his arm high for all to cheer.

Lance:

A big win in what's sure to be a BIG week for Brock Newbludd! This has been some vindication for BOTH Saturday Night Specials!

As Brock hops up to the top and holds the SOHER high into the air... Cassidy, meanwhile, motions to a ringside attendant for a mic.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey! Hey! Boys in the back! Would you cut the music for a second? Hey! Jimmy!

The music fades out. Brock climbs down from the top, smiling at his buddy and still running on pure adrenaline.

Pat Cassidy:

Man... I know THAT felt good. Youah kickin' ASS, my guy. You got the belt... you got the movie... and now you got Gahland's ass imprint on your boot!

A roar of approval from The Faithful.

Pat Cassidy:

And man... I'm sorry to do this publicly... but you've inspiAHed me. I look at you... standing all badass and shit with THIS...

Cassidy reaches over and taps the faceplate of the Southern Heritage Championship.

Pat Cassidy:

And I can't help but want a piece of that action!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock's eyebrows go up. Not angrily, more amused and intrigued.

Pat Cassidy:

You and I were the longest runnin' tag champs this place has ever seen. And I'm damn proud of that. But unlike you, I've nevah held a singles title. And I'm thinking it's time to change that. So I'm standing here...

Cassidy drops to a knee as if he's proposing. He grins from ear-to-ear.

Pat Cassidy:

On my knees, brotha. Yah drinkin' old buddy. Yah business partnah. Yah the champ, and I'm asking for a shot... at the gold!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Oh man! Could we see Pat Cassidy vs. Brock Newbludd for the SOHER!?

Taking a second to process this unexpected proposal, Brock looks out to the cheering Faithful and then back down to

his friend. Taking the SOHER off his shoulder, Milwaukee's Beast drops it to the mat in front of Cassidy.

Lance:

These two men have been ride or die from the beginning, partner!

Newbludd grins and drops to a knee as well. With the SOHER lying between them, the Saturday Night Specials lock eyes, and a long moment passes, causing the crowd to buzz in anticipation. Brock motions for the mic, and Cassidy passes it to him.

Brock Newbludd:

Brother...you're right. I'm soaring with the eagles right now and life has never been better. But, let me tell ya something...no bullshit...I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for them...

Milwaukee's Beast looks out to the crowd and they respond with a cheer. He nods his head in appreciation and focuses back on Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

...and if it wasn't for you. You're the best friend a guy could ask for, bro, even with that sister of yours. It would be an honor to compete for this title against you.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Newbludd said yes! The Saturday Night Specials will do battle over the SOHER!

Cassidy and Brock both get to their feet and share a quick tag partner hug.

Pat Cassidy:

No time like the present, brotha... two weeks time we're in beautiful Calgary. Let's do this!

Brock Newbludd:

May the best man win, brother. And whoever that is...

Brock holds up the SOHER one more time.

Brock Newbludd:

...this baby stays hung above the bar at Ballyhoo.

A fist bump between the two as they both hold the SOHER high and the Saturday Night Specials theme begins to play!

Lance:

I think... I think that's official! DEFtv 219 on June 4... Brock Newbludd defends the Southern Heritage Championship against his best friend Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

A match based in true sportsmanship... quite the rarity these days!

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF2025

LIVE on pay-per-view!

THE TAKING TREE, PART 2

♪, ♪, ♪♪...

♪, ♪, ♪♪...

AAHHHOHHHBBOOOOAAHHHHH!!!

It's a cacophonous, full-throated reaction from the crowd as these very-suddenly-infamous 70's guitar riffs blast throughout the arena.

Henry Keyes. The Kraken's Back, Zaddy's Home.

Pink and blue beacons swirl throughout the arena, and on the DEFIatron we see a gorgeous rendition of the Vae Victis logo on a blue and pink field; we then see shots of his beloved white tiger, Helen; and then we just see copious knees to faces. Conor Fuse. Rezin. Pat Cassidy. Conor again. Elise Ares. Corvo Alpha. Alvaro de Vargas. Conor again. Matt LaCroix. The D. Scrow. Conor again. Feats of strength as he twirls around Jet Engine amidst a sea of luchadors in the infamous Short Stack Battlepalooza Sponsored By IHOP.

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

...

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

Fireworks shoot up. White and pink and blue sparks, all around the stage.

Keyes emerges onto the stage looking absolutely resplendent. His graying undercut and definitely-not-Just-For-Men'd dark beard are freshly waxed; there's even a slight curl to his mustache. His tan looks like he's spent about three straight weeks on the beach. He's wearing custom-tailored pink pants with black tiger stripes running up, and maybe the very first officially licensed tee that DEFIANCE ever printed for Keyes, which reads "ABC - Always Bell Clapping", with so many pseudo-steampunk designs scattered throughout. A throwback that feels like a lifetime (or two) ago. The FIST is strapped firmly around his waist.

Lindsay Troy is behind him, clapping and unabashedly cheering for her Bestie. She's wearing a PRIME-branded Athena the Owl tee beneath a slick PRIME-blue admiral's jacket (surely a gift from Keyes) and black pants.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, representing Vae Victis, and accompanied by "The Queen of the Ring", Lindsay Troy...THE NEEEEEEWWWWWWWWW-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK & Lance:

Whoa.

Darren Quimbey:

FIST...OF...DEFIAAAAAAAAAAANCE-

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lance:

Good GRAVY!

Darren Quimbey:

HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

It's fucking RELENTLESS. The boos do not relent even a little bit. Keyes and Troy share a phenomenally complicated and ornate Bestie Handshake before she hands him a microphone and heads backstage, clapping for her Co-Consul along the way. He heads to the ring, pointing to his stupid winking left eye and trying (but failing) to suppress a wild grin and a chuckle.

DDK:

I guess we can confirm - Vancouver, Canada is NOT on board with Henry Keyes as our new FIST!

Lance:

Conor Fuse is Canada's own! A lot of people, myself included, feel like Conor got screwed! Do you know how difficult it is to get to the main event of DEFCON?

DDK:

For those of you at home who may live under a rock - at DEFCON, Henry Keyes shocked the world by returning to DEFIANCE out of the blue. He had signed Malak Garland's Open Contract for the FIST, inserting himself squarely in the middle of perhaps the biggest match in DEFIANCE's recent history, and well...you can likely guess the rest.

Lance:

He's a thief and a criminal, and it makes me SICK!

Keyes enters the ring, unstraps the FIST, and slings it over his shoulder. He gives the microphone a few heavy THUMP THUMP THUMPS with his hand before raising the microphone to his face and the FIST high into the air.

Henry Keyes:

COME. AND. TAKE IIIIIIIIIIIIT, DEFIAAAAAAANCE!!

*BOOOOOOFUCK YOU HENRY!****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****FUCK YOU HENRY!****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*****Henry Keyes:**

It's nearly three years to the day since I first told you that. Since I first **dared** you all to learn what happens when the Giving Tree starts taking it all back. And you want to know something funny? Last time I told you all to "come and take it" was right after I CRUSHED cOnOr FuSe in that blasted match for the Favoured Saints title!

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!***Henry Keyes:**

There was a time, years ago, where I was the FIRST MAN to have that betrayer's back when he needed help the most, and so thank you very much, man-child, I will be the FIRST MAN to collect the debt that's loooooong overdue! And it starts with THIS!!

He raises the FIST high in the air. The boos are out of hand. We see extra DEFsec slipping in between the barricade and the front row of seats, bolstering the defenses. Henry Keyes is a physically powerful man, absolutely - he may even have as much of a shot against 100 of these Canadians as that hypothetical gorilla - but if this place riots, he's

going to be ripped apart.

Henry Keyes:

I first came to this company...

Something catches in his throat, and he lowers the mic. Just in time for a reprisal of the “FUCK YOU HENRY” chants, which are now sharing room with a new “YOU SCREWED CONOR” chant. A very efficient way to beam constant hate towards The Kraken.

FUCK YOU HENRY!

YOU SCREWED CONOR!

FUCK YOU HENRY!

YOU SCREWED CONOR!

Keyes looks around the arena. Whatever emotional hiccup had caught him for a moment is running up against a familiar feeling - how he's a violently opposed champion who is *right*, and *powerful*, and *fuck these people who won't give him the flowers he deserves until this business kills him*.

Henry Keyes:

You people would not recognize the DEFIANCE Wrestling I first competed in, back in 2013. You people would not recognize how far this company has been dragged, kicking and screaming through nightmare ownership and third-rate grungy Grindhouse tours, to get to the place it is today - an international JUGGERNAUT. Selling out ARENA after ARENA, STADIUM after STADIUM.

He points to the DEFIatron, and a wild image appears to some surprise, and even laughter:



Henry Keyes:

You people would NEVER have recognized THAT man as someone with the talent, the ability, and the sheer fucking WILL to become the top man ANYWHERE! Let alone DEFIANCE! WELL, HERE WE FUCKING ARE, AREN'T WE?? DEFIANCE is now THAT fucking wrestling promotion, Henry Keyes is now THAT fucking guy, and you people get to bear witness as I drag this industry kicking and screaming into the future! We brought DEFtv to the damned ACE Network, building bridges and kicking down doors! YOU'RE WELCOME, FAVOURED SAINTS! YOU'RE WELCOME, DEFIANCE! YOU'RE WELCOME, *PRIME!* ZADDY'S TAKING CARE OF EVERYTHING!

BOOOOHAHAHAOOOOOO

DDK:

You know, Lance, I...I kind of miss the Airship Pirate.

Lance:

I miss the time before Henry Keyes became an absolute menace.

Keyes seems disgusted that he's still getting booed at what, in his mind, is an ostensibly Good Guy thing to suggest. He returns to rage mode.

Henry Keyes:

YOU PEOPLE SHOULD BE THANKING ME, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?? You should be thanking me for ending the reign of the second-worst FIST this company has ever seen in Malak Garland, you should be THANKING me for keeping the top championship in professional wrestling away from the arms of a greedy little pissant who still needs his daddy's permission for more screen time in cOnOr FuSe! DEFIANCE is DESPERATE for legitimacy to be returned to the FIST, and I'm the man who's going to give it to you! YOU'RE WELCOME AGAIN, DEFIANCE!

The boos persist and we're starting to see garbage flung over the row of DEFsec. A beer can actually lands in the ring. Keyes walks up to it, holds it up to his ear, and gives it a little shake. He chuckles at whatever he hears before pouring a surprising amount of it over his hair, before shaking his head like a dog and slicking it back. More trash gets tossed, though it looks like he's done showering in it for now.

Henry Keyes:

The first way I'm going to return legitimacy to this title is by showing this roster what a real champion looks like, and how a real champion defends his title! I am going to fight the best of the best this company has to offer. There are people back there who are DESPERATE to be recognized for the talent they believe they have, and believe me when I tell you - NOBODY understands how that feels more than me!

He points back at the hideous 2013-era graphics. It's beautifully atrocious.

Henry Keyes:

The next challenger for the FIST is going to be someone who DESERVES it, someone who shows up week in and week out, someone who's just as determined as I am to bring this sport to the next level - I'm looking for the OPPOSITE of a person like cOnOr FuSe-

At that, there's a commotion.

The scene changes to outside Rogers Arena, where a loud noise, the noise of an overworked engine becomes louder and louder. There's a crowd gathering outside the VIP entrance gate, which leads under the arena.

A silver BMW M 1000 RR motorcycle rolls into the picture and comes to a full stop in front of the gates. The superbike is custom painted grey with tiny red fire stripes near the handlebars and by the wheels. The man driving the bike hops off. He sports off-white pants, a black leather jacket and a black helmet.

The crowd who has gathered around starts to chant, apparently figuring out who it is. Meanwhile, the biker simply hops off his wheels and marches into the VIP parking lot underneath the arena.

Commotion continues to build as some of The Faithful inside the arena catch on as to who it is as well.

Those aren't off-white pants. They're tights that used to be white. But due to some red colouring throughout, it's clear these tights haven't been washed in a while.

A month, perhaps.

The leather jacket is unzipped, exposing the man's bare chest. There are dried up red marks across his abs.

Blood?

He peels off the leather jacket and throws it to the ground. His left shoulder is taped up, but, yes, he's covered in dried up blood and sweat. The shiny white shooting sleeve over his left arm is dangling by a thread. It's hardly a sleeve anymore.

Inside the arena, The Vancouver Faithful are merely just waiting for the man's helmet to come off before they explode. The guy is marching through the parking lot on a mission.

Inside the ring, Henry Keyes is no dummy. He readies himself. He's caught on, too.

But just in case anyone else still hasn't, and the slow build of !RANK chants haven't clued in the dumbest person yet... the man lifts his visor.

Cold, furious, blue eyes are locked on ahead as he passes through the parking lot and is now backstage.

Almost near gorilla.

!RANK, !RANK, !RANK

Keyes is ready to go inside the ring...

As Conor Fuse rips off his helmet, tosses it behind him and marches through backstage television production.

DDK:

Has he... has Conor even changed his clothes from DEFCON?

Lance:

I don't think he's even SHOWERED!

It's been, like, a month. That's mental, right?

MAYBE DON'T SWOOP IN AND STEAL SOMEONE'S DEFCON MOMENT, or something.

Staff inside gorilla are trying to get in Conor's way, hoping to talk sense into the gamer or, at least, slow him down before DEFsec can get there.

Fuse is laser focused ahead. He's fucking fuming.

Conor appears on the stage, marching with a head full of steam down the ramp as Vancouver goes haywire!

RAAAAAAAHHHH!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

I can't hear myself think!

Fuse is absolutely sporting his DEFCON gear. He's definitely not showered or looked after himself since then. Which begs the question... what kind of mental state he would be in at this time?

Lindsay Troy steps out from backstage and gives Fuse a hard look that reads "this is the stupidest thing you could be doing and I'm here to watch."

Keyes screams for Conor to get into the ring. Troy, on the other hand, gives a hard eye roll and owl glance at Conor who's now halfway there.

Fuse doesn't even LOOK at LT. He automatically throws two middle fingers up in the air and backwards in her direction, focusing on Henry the entire time.

The crowd is ballistic as Conor runs down the final few feet and slides into the ring!

Keyes and Fuse UNLOAD on each other, amongst a wild amount of !RANK chants!

DDK:

CONOR WITH LEFTS! KEYES WITH RIGHTS!

The Faithful BOO because DEFsec is here! They start pulling both men away from one another. Conor, however, is literally frothing at the mouth.

Conor Fuse:

YOU CHEAP-ASS FUCK!

Henry Keyes:

FUCK YOU, COWARD!

Keyes pushes security away and so does Conor! They're at it again!

Lefts and rights, rights and lefts. Conor totally smells like shit and gives zero fucks.

DEFsec get in there once more!

Conor Fuse:

You STOLE my progress you dipshitting PIRATE!

Henry Keyes:

It never should've been YOURS!

DDK:

This situation is madness!

Fuse and Keyes are pulled apart again but this time it's Conor who breaks free first, leaps in the air and clears all DEFsec holding back the FIST of DEFIANCE. Conor lands a full blown left forearm smash to Keyes' face!

Conor Fuse:

YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU NEVER BETRAYED ME!!

!RANK chants continue. DEFsec tries their best to corral any sense of order they can. Keyes and Conor are pulled away again as even MOAR security is present.

Finally, to a chorus of boos, Keyes is dragged towards the ropes.

However, the FIST lays on the middle of the canvas, closer to Conor. The Ultimate Gamer shoves security away, picks up the title and lifts it in the air!

!RANK, !RANK, !RANK

Realizing there's a 'live to fight another day' mentality, and also because why engage further with this unstable lunatic ATM, Keyes is out of the ring. In-between proly 30+ security now, Conor still holds the title in the air and then throws it out of the squared circle, like Clayton Kershaw or, say, Roy Halladay. One of the belt straps smacks Keyes in the side of the head.

And while the two men are separated physically, they continue to attack each other verbally.

Conor Fuse:

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU DOUBLE EYE PATCHES!

Henry Keyes:

GET IN THE BACK OF THE FUCKING LINE YOU IDIOT, JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS ARE!

The crowd hasn't calmed down. Conor **definitely** hasn't calmed down. Keyes has also been worked up **significantly**. Troy approaches Keyes and whispers something to him. It's unclear if he hears, because he's frothing at the mouth as he looks at Fuse in the ring.

DDK:

Henry said he wants an opponent that "DESERVES" the FIST of DEFIANCE. I believe Henry is looking right at him!

The DEFTv signature shows in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast feed. It doesn't look like either man is backing down anytime soon.

Lance:

This is just getting started, Keebs.

More dried blood peels off Conor's sweaty forehead. His eyes never leave Keyes as he screams.

Lance:

Brace yourself.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.