

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

Seattle, Washington welcomes DEFIANCE as Climate Pledge Arena is hyped for DEFtv 221!

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!

KK4FIST

KK > HK

IT'S EITHER KK OR NO WAY

JOSEPH

REFORM IS ABOUT TO LEARN THE MEANING OF "SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS"

KERRY WINS OR WE FUCK SHIT UP

I FEEL LIKE IM SUPPOSED TO FEEL SORRY FOR MALAK?

I WANT TO BE MV3

I THINK IT WOULD BE COOL/IRONIC IF PUNCHY HIT NED SO HARD HE STARTED DOING DRUGS & BECAME A BELOVED CONSPIRACY THEORIST

I AM MV3

DON'T BURY KERRY

I HOPE EVERYONE INVOLVED IN GCs vs FAMILIA GETS A VENEREAL DISEASE

I'M JUST DOING THE M4NTRA RAY DANCE

WELCOME HOME, ARCHER (NOW STOP ATTACKING LONNIE, THX)

BOX SUX

RYAN RULES

GO, GOD-BEAST!

UNLUCKY SEVENS CAUSE THEY LOSIN' AMIRITE?

IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF THE PATRON SAINT OF POSTERIOBS, SIR MIX-A-LOT... "SEATTLE AIN'T BULLSHITTIN'"

THIS SIGN IS PROBABLY TOO LATE

Conor Fuse in the crowd holding a sign I HOPE BOTH WRESTLERS LOSE



THE THUNDER DON'T DESERVE THE TITLE

FASHIONABLY LATE

DEFtv relocates from the intro to the talent parking lot underneath Climate Pledge Arena, where Tyler Fuse casually strolls through, heading towards the entrance doors. Tyler is sporting black jeans and a “GOOD, YOU?” t-shirt. He approaches the doors... but comes to a stop. A figure steps forth from the doorway and into the light. It’s Klein... in a trenchcoat... and a box.

A beat. Klein merely stands there. Tyler stares at him for about twenty seconds.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

Another twenty seconds. Eventually, Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay, this is cute. Doing my gig.

Tyler genuinely smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

Gotta hand it to you, no one’s done this to me yet. Anyway, move along or hold the door open for me. Might as well get this over with.

A slow clap stops The Game-Changer in his tracks. Turning around, Tyler watches as Elise Ares slowly walks forward. Her trademark LED sunglasses are replaced by dark black medical eyewear as a result of a good macing last week, but luckily for her The D is there to guide her in the correct direction. A big sigh escapes the elder Fuse’s lungs as he’s approached.

Tyler Fuse:

Jesus Christ, and I’m supposed to take you seriously?

Ares approaches, completely ignoring the comment.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY... I have to say, my GAWD, do you always show up this late? At DEFtv 220 I could’ve sworn you were posted up in this doorway hours before the show started but tonight you made me wait in the back of this parking lot FOR-EV-ER. Don’t you know I have better things to do?

Tyler expresses indifference but Elise rolls on like the OG Player said something.

Elise Ares:

Full offense, I don’t want to hear your excuses BBY, the fact of the matter is that The D and I totes refuse to enter the arena before the enhancement talent. HOW-EV-ER I had to schedule an emergency therapy session because I haven’t been able to see clearly in two weeks because of your little surprise, and do you know what my therapist told me?

Tyler Fuse goes to answer, but Elise doesn’t pause long enough.

Elise Ares:

That was rhetorical, stay with me here. My therapist says that she’s been watching your behavior and she’s figured you out. You’re just projecting! This isn’t about me, this isn’t about D, this isn’t even about you being a little DEFCON loser. This is about you being the big brother... the protector... the “responsible one”... having to watch your little brother who is better than you at like... everything, walk around DEFIANCE mingling with the main eventers while you slink around backstage like a little weirdo being “different” to get some airtime.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE looks over the wrong shoulder to smile at The D, who quickly taps her on the shoulder to let her know which side he's on and she quickly looks the other way like she didn't just make a mistake.

Elise Ares:

This isn't about ME. This isn't about your wittle dweam matches being ruwined by not getting to face PCP. This is about the Faithful in there holding up their signs for CONOR FOR FIST! Or CoNoR... or cOnOr... I can't be bothered to remember. HOW-EV-ER that's something you're not going to have to worry about Tyler because as much as your little rat face creeps me out BBY, I'm going to do you a solid. If Conor does win the FIST of DEFIANCE, you won't need to worry about it for long BBY because I'm taking it right back off of him again. Meanwhile, you'll be doing the exact same thing you did with the ACE of DEFIANCE.

The D:

Wait, what did he do with the ACE of DEFIANCE?

Elise Ares:

Nothing. You see... BBY, you like to invoke the name of my family. You like to invoke my undisputed hotness. You like to give credit for my career to everything but me but when it comes to you... without the last name Fuse? You are nothing. You are a nobody. You are Kyle Shields with two less energy drinks and a less successful father. BBY, I've already lost one friend to a talentless nepobaby... it isn't going to happen again. So please, when you're in the ring tonight one-on-one with The D...

The D feints a punch toward Tyler, who doesn't flinch. Elise doesn't miss a beat.

Elise Ares:

...I highly suggest you don't do anything stupid because if you do... you won't make it to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE to have your dance with greatness you so desperately need.

Tyler stares back at her as she goes to move forward but can't without going around the target of her barbs.

Elise Ares:

This is the part where you go inside. You know... one foot in front of the other. Make sure the rest of the catering crew doesn't graze away all the good stuff.

Klein opens the door and waves happily to Tyler, diffusing the tension a bit. Klein steps aside to make way for Fuse as Ares waves her fingers vaguely in the direction of Intensity Personified... she thinks.

Tyler smiles, it looks like he enjoyed Ares' verbal attack.

Tyler Fuse:

Comparisons, eh? You think it bothers me Conor is more successful?

Tyler looks at The D.

Tyler Fuse:

I've got nothing against my brother. As for the ACE of DEFIANCE?

Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

Shit happens.

Ares continues to point in the direction of the open door, while adding a bold faced yawn.

Elise Ares:

Toodles.

The D:

See that ass later Ty-Ty!

Tyler looks deadpan at The D.

Tyler Fuse:

Christ bud, you might be more annoying than her. Anyway, I've got an open space in the ring tonight. Before I beat the piss out of your teammate in San Francisco, what do you say I try you first? You'll have to develop a big boy attitude, though...

Klein keeps holding the door with body language suggesting "Jesus, this isn't over yet, get inside!" Needless to say, D looks at Ares and Ares looks at D.

The D:

Oh, the D's the biggest boy around sir, and you'll find out later!

The D gestures to his member as Fuse rolls his eyes and smirks at the same time. Tyler looks at all three parties and starts to walk inside but not before thanking Klein for holding the door open.

Through the box, it looks like Klein is relatively pleased with Tyler's politeness, to the point Ares and The D quietly wave that off. Tyler's a dick and should be treated as so.

Anyway, DEFtv moves on...

LONNIE LUCK & JACK HARMEN vs. HIGH FLYER & ARCHER SILVER

DDK:

We've got our opening match on deck and it's a big one with possible title implications! Archer Silver has been on a tear for weeks and along with his tag partner, High Flyer, have been making remarks about our Favoured Saints Champion, Lonnie Luck! Two weeks ago, it went well beyond comments when Silver and Flyer jumped Luck after a successful title defense over Declan Alexander!

Lance:

It was Jack Harmen who came to the aid of Lonnie Luck by helping fend off Silver and Flyer, which led to this match tonight! It will be Harmen and the Favoured Saints Champion joining forces against Les Enfants Terrible, the team of Silver and Flyer! This kicks off our final show heading into Maximum DEFIANCE, so let's take it to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

The camera cuts to Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey in the ring, ready to announce the participants.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is your opening contest of DEFtv and it is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused loon on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd by taking his coat and popping it open to reveal the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist!

Darren Quimbey:

He is a member of the Lucky Sevens! From Las Vegas, Nevada! He weighs in an one-hundred and seventy-one pounds! He is the Favoured Saints champion ... "The Son of Sin City" ... LONNIEEEEEEEEEEEEE LUCK!!!

Soaking in the adulation of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, the young Favoured Saints champion scans out to the audience and finds a sign marked "With A Li'l Luck, You Can Do Great Things!" Lonnie points out the sign and he waits on his tag team partner for tonight's opening match!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The fog rises on the entrance ramp and slowly encircles Lonnie, who stands waiting patiently. As the song crescendos, the original High Flyer, Jack Harmen, bursts onto the scene. He throws up his trademark devil horn taunt, and then looks at Lonnie. The two exchange a quick high five / hand shake, before they storm down to the ring together.

DDK:

Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen have never tagged together Lance, but tonight is their opportunity against two of the biggest assholes BRAZEN has ever produced.

Lance:

While Lonnie is the FS champ, and Harmen has a storied career and a long pedigree of tag team excellence, High Flyer and Archer Silver are THE dominant BRAZEN tag team. We're seeing them on the big stage tonight for one of their first tag team matches. This is going to be a doozy.

DDK:

You ain't kidding. As Harmen and Lonnie climb either turnbuckle, we'll have to see if they're truly on the same page, or if some internal miscommunication might wind up being their undoing!

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_'re F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The opening trumpets to the arrogant start to blast throughout the arena. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim, basking with arms wide open in a very mixed response from the Seattle Faithful! He then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in. Next to him, High Flyer holds out his arms and his arms have a version of the old BRAZEN LET flag draping off of them! A theatrical mask covers his face!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 467 pounds... "THE GREATEST" HIGH FLYER... AND SEATTLE'S OWN... "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"... ARCHER! SILVER!... **LES! ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. High Flyer walks alongside Archer and throws off the flag! Archer climbs up the steps, through the ropes, then sits on the top rope facing his opponent. The hood comes off at the same time as Flyer's mask! He throws it at his father, who catches it and throws it back! High Flyer complains to referee Brian Slater about what Harmen just did, but Slater points out rightfully that he started it. Archer barely has his jacket off and turns his back... only to get NAILED with a running dropkick by Lonnie Luck!

DING DING

Brian Slater can't stop all four men from going at one another! Lonnie gets the drop on the taller Archer Silver with another dropkick before he climbs the corner and starts throwing punches! As he continues attacking, Jack Harmen and son are exchanging chops in the center of the ring, but Harmen gets the better of him by hitting a kick and throwing him into the corner before connecting with a flying back elbow!

Lance:

We're off to a hot start to kick off DEFtv and after what Silver and Flyer did by sneak attacking Lonnie Luck after what he's had to deal with. Title defenses, the ongoing drama between his cousins, Max and Mason Luck, I don't blame him one bit!

Archer gets his guard up and shoves Lonnie off of him, but he rolls backwards to land on his feet. Silver speeds ahead and tries for a lariat, but the much quicker Luck ducks down and Archer hits the ropes. He tries to stop himself by hanging onto the ropes, but Harmen comes out of nowhere with a HUGE running clothesline that takes Silver up and over the ropes before crashing on the ringside floor in the process!

DDK:

You aren't kidding, Lance! Even our largest employed official on the roster, Brian Slater, can't keep these four men in check! Lots of bad blood has brewed in a very short time for Silver and Luck, but much longer for Harmen and Flyer!

Lance:

And here comes High Flyer!

Flyer boots Lonnie in the gut and whips him across the ropes, but he hangs on to avoid going for the ride. He charges towards Lonnie, but Lonnie ducks and he goes through the ropes and out to the floor as well! When Lonnie Luck is left all alone, the small but mighty Favoured Saints Champion grins and points outside the ring. With a full head of steam, Luck bounces off one set of ropes and ZIPS all the way through with a somersault suicide dive through the ropes that wipes out BOTH members of LET to applause from The Faithful!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck picks up the 7-10 split with that Bank Roll he likes to use! And... wait, where's Jack Harmen going?

Not to be outdone, the OG High Flyer grabs onto the ropes as Lonnie clears away from where Silver and Flyer are on the floor. He looks out to the rowdy Seattle Faithful and then LEAPS to the top rope and then CRASHES down onto both members of LET once more with an incredible springboard crossbody to the outside!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

It takes a few moments for Jack Harmen to get his bearings, but the second that he does, the Favoured Saints Champion reaches down to help him get back to his feet! Both men stand victorious for the moment!

DDK:

What a crazy way to kick this match off! We haven't had a single tag just yet, but Brian Slater is losing his patience!

He points at all four men to take the action back into the ring otherwise he's going to start handing out DQs.

Jack Harmen:

Yo! Oreo Mint Blizzard over here!

Luck and Harmen work together to get High Flyer back into the ring. Once he's there, Harmen takes a position in the corner and tells Slater to relax by holding the precious tag rope. Lonnie Luck climbs to the top turnbuckle and takes flight with another big move in the way of a flying sitout facebuster! The Greatest gets faceplanted by the champion and then he nudges him over on his back for the first pinning attempt of the match.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

First two-count of the match after that slingshot sitout facebuster!

Lance:

Surprisingly good synergy on display from Harmen and Luck, though! Harmen has been a part of the legendary Team VIAGRA and knows all the tricks! Lonnie of course, has tagged with the Lucky Sevens!

The tag goes to Jack Harmen, who waits on Flyer to get to his feet. When he does, he hits one of his bread and butter moves, the springboard thesz press! He starts unleashing punches all over his own son, trying to cover up!

Jack Harmen:

Time to take this beating like the manchild you are!

Harmen pops back to his feet and takes a moment to as the Seattle Faithful respond huge to the legend!

DDK:

Jack Harmen and Lonnie Luck have really been taking the fight to Archer Silver and High Flyer!

He grabs onto High Flyer with a headlock in order to bring him over to the corner to make a tag to Lonnie Luck, who's ready and waiting... the problem? He gets RIPPED from the apron by Archer Silver on the floor! He gets carried and then gets THROWN overhead stomach-first with a release German suplex on the floor!

DDK:

OH, NO! SILVER CAME OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THAT RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

The big move stuns everyone in the Climate Pledge Arena! Lonnie looks dead on the floor while Archer sits up and grits his teeth in the champion's direction. All this catches Harmen off-guard, allowing for High Flyer to push himself free of the headlock! Harmen turns around, only to eat a STIFF charging yakuza kick to the mouth!

Lance:

And now Flyer and Archer just like that, they've taken control! These two are multiple-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champions! Three reigns to be precise. They know what they're doing when it comes to tag team wrestling!

DDK:

In one fell swoop, Les Enfants Terrible have control!

Finally, Archer makes his way over to the corner of LET and gets the tag! Harmen is still out of it and barely on his knees when Silver hooks him by the neck, throws a stiff knee into his chest and take him up and over with an ugly half-hatch suplex!

DDK:

Suplex variation by Silver has Harmen down! And I don't think he's done, either!

Silver forcibly sits Harmen up by his hair in a seated position and runs off the ropes before FIRMLY planting a massive running soccer kick in the chest! The blow echoes throughout the arena and while the reaction is very mixed for the Seattle native, Silver's focus is only on extending Harmen's suffering.

Archer Silver:

Wanna be a fucking hero, old man?! Who's gonna save YOUR punk ass?!

Archer follows through with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Instead of arguing with Brian Slater, Archer tries to rip Harmen off the canvas... but fires back with a HARD chop! He fires off two more shots that stun Archer!

DDK:

Harmen still has plenty of fight left in him! Off the ropes... OOOH!

But a STIFF elbow from Archer cracks him in the face! Harmen goes stumbling backwards into the corner and then Archer jumps on him with a corner slingshot into a double foot stomp onto his chest! Silver starts choking the life out of Harmen as he holds a hand out to tag into High Flyer! Silver jumps off of Harmen as he's in a seated position in the corner. High Flyer grabs the ropes and slingshots inside, catching his own father in the face!

DDK:

Standing on Business by Archer... slingshot corner dropkick by High Flyer! What a combination!

Jack Harmen rolls out of the corner and then takes a knee to pose! Harmen is crawling as High Flyer grabs onto the corner and jumps to the top in one smooth leaps! He positions himself and waits on his daddy dearest before he takes flight with a front flip senton off the buckles on top of a standing Harmen!

Lance:

I can't believe how agile High Flyer is! Chip off the old block, as the saying goes!

And he goes right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Harmen kicks out! High Flyer looks up at Slater and slaps his hands three times, but Slater does it back only twice and

holds up two fingers so there's no confusion! The Seattle Faithful cheer as on the outside, a hurt but still able Lonnie Luck limps onto the ropes and then starts to pull himself on the apron!

Lance:

This is the first time we've seen Lonnie Luck since he got german suplexed on the floor! He's in his corner now, but Harmen is still too far away for a tag!

High Flyer rushes over and makes the tag back to Archer Silver. The 6'5" Silver climbs through the ropes and both men each take an arm and whip Harmen into the ropes. They both team up for a double clothesline... but Harmen slips through and around behind Archer before shoving the two into one another! Skulls collide and Flyer goes down while Silver turns to face High Flyer. He tries for a roundhouse kick, but Harmen ducks and manages to take him down with a huge reverse leg sweep DDT!

DDK:

Some fancy footwork by the veteran! He's got a chance to get to his corner!

Lonnie Luck takes notice and gets The Seattle Faithful going as Silver holds the back of his neck in pain! High Flyer scrambles on the ground while Harmen finally has a chance to get to his corner!

Lance:

The veteran is almost to the corner!

High Flyer points at Archer Silver who is still reeling after having his head dropped onto the canvas. The Lunatic is almost to the corner ...

Lance:

LONNIE LUCK GETS THE TAG!!!

Right away Lonnie Luck climbs to the top rope with urgency. He waits on Archer Silver and then jumps off the top rope with a missile drop kick to the heart! Archer goes down as Lonnie comes up, just in time to see High Flyer coming his way. Flyer catches him with a kick into his stomach and then he is Irish whipped into the corner. High Flyer goes full speed ahead at Luck, but the crafty Favoured Saints champion ducks in the corner and Flyer hits the corner chest-first. Lonnie grabs the ropes with both arms and jumps to the center turnbuckle. He leaps off and takes over High Flyer with a leaping head scissors!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck is en fuego right now! He's got Archer Silver and High Flyer off their game after these high flying maneuvers!

Lance:

Flyer is gone, but Archer is back up!

Angrily, Archer comes at Lonnie using a high kick, but Lonnie slides under the taller fighter and ends up behind him. He jumps up onto the shoulders of Archer and before the big man can do anything to stop Lonnie, he catches him on his shoulders!

Lance:

Oh, no! He's caught Lonnie!

Before Archer can commit to his next move, Lonnie does what Lonnie does best ... he *bites* Archer's wrist! Archer yells out and then leaves himself open for Lonnie to roll off his shoulders using a standing diamond dust!

DDK:

Lonnie with the Bluff Catcher! He's all over the place right now!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful support the Son of Sin City with his array of high-flying moves! He charges forward while Archer is rolled over and then rolls up and over into a sunset flip power bomb!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck might have this one in the bag!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Silver kicks out and Lonnie is stunned at the official's count!

DDK:

Only two by Lonnie Luck! He can't give Archer another chance to strike!

Lonnie gets up and he's got Archer by his neck! He speeds towards the corner for the Pocket Ace, but Archer is too strong! He hangs onto Lonnie and tries a belly to back suplex, but Lonnie flips and lands feet first behind Archer. Archer turns and is able to stun Lonnie with a nasty thrust kick to the stomach and brings him to his knees. Silver goes in for the kill and has the Arrow In Flight attempted ... Lonnie ducks and when Silver tries to catch his footing Lonnie rolls him up for a school boy ...

One ...

Two ...

Archer kicks Lonnie away into the ropes ... right into a super kick from High Flyer on the apron!

DDK:

HEY! HEY! WHERE THE HECK DID HIGH FLYER COME FROM?!!

High Flyer is booed out of the building, but Jack Harmen is finally able to get in and clock his son with a Locomotive upside he head!

DDK:

Locomotive! High Flyer is down!

After Harmen kicks his son clean off the apron, he turns and gets dropped with a nasty running STO from Silver!

Lance:

Harmen takes out High Flyer, but Silver just jumped Harmen! And the damage might be done! The referee didn't see what High Flyer did and now he might be scraps for Archer!

The Prince of Pricks has Lonnie dead to rights and then pulls the trigger with the Arrow In Flight knee strike to the temple! Lonnie Luck is out cold on the canvas, but just to make sure, Silver locks in a grounded arm triangle choke to be sure the resilient Lonnie stays down for good!

DDK:

He's trying to take the air out of Lonnie Luck! And there's no one to break this hold up!

Luck tries to fight as he his arm thrash around with what little he has left after taking the Arrow in Flight ... but the fight is all gone quickly. The referee holds up his arm once ... then twice ... then three times.

And there is no movement. The ref calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Sh!t" by Danger Mouse feat. Gemini ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Darren Quimbey:

As a result of a referee stoppage, here are your winners of the match ... HIGH FLYERRRRRRR AND ARCHERRRRRRRR SILVERRRRRRRR!!!

Silver lets the hold go after a few extra seconds to make sure the job is done, then rolls away immediately outside the ring! He rushes over and quickly steals the Favoured Saints Title belt, along with Darren Quimbey's microphone! He rolls back into the ring quickly and kneels over the champion!

Lance:

He's got that title! That's what it's all about to Archer Silver!

Slowly crawling into the ring nursing what will likely be a sore jaw, High Flyer watches as Silver stalks over an nearly unconscious Lonnie, frantically waving the Favoured Saints Title in his face!.

Archer Silver:

THIS... I WANT **THIS!** YOU WON THIS AT DEFCON! THE SAME DEFCON *I* GOT LEFT OFF OF! THAT'S WHAT MADE ME WHO I AM TODAY... AND THAT'S WHO'LL BE TAKING THIS TITLE FROM YOU... MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

He throws the microphone out of the ring, then he and High Flyer raise the title over his head...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out of the corner of his eye, both men see Jack Harmen coming into the ring with chair in hand! Discretion becomes the better part of valor and Les Enfants Terrible scramble from the ring! Harmen swings for the fences and almost takes his own son's head off as the two escape and head up the ramp!

Lance:

Archer just defeated the champion and now he's called his shot for Maximum DEFIANCE! What a match that could be if Lonnie Luck accepts it!

DDK:

We've seen Archer amass a string of knockout victories! Like him or hate him, this may be the best he's looked! And if Lonnie accepts the challenge, that will certainly be an uphill battle for this gutsy underdog!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2025

Southern Heritage Championship

Brock Newbludd (C) vs. "Black Out" Pat Cassidy

Unified Tag Team Championship

Rain City Ronin (C) vs. the Atomic Punks vs. PCP vs. the Masked Violators

Elise Ares vs. Tyler Fuse

The Lads vs. The Honor Society vs. Titanes Familia vs. The GC Universe

SMELLS LIKE FIGHTING SPIRIT

Backstage, Jamie Sawyers appears smiling before the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time... the Emerald Apex, KERRY KUROYAMA!

The camera drops back, revealing Kuroyama himself standing beside the interviewer, and the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the local icon!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Kerry is showing off his Cascadian pride tonight, sporting a new limited edition shirt with his "KK" logo in the colors of the Doug tree. His can only be described as somewhere between sheer excitement and a bestial sense of readiness.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What's up, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, I suppose I should begin by asking... how does it feel to hear that kind of reaction? How does it feel to be fighting tonight in the main event of DEFIANCE TV, here in your hometown of Seattle?

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Kerry hears the crowd, and ever-so-slightly grins.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You know, Jamie, this city has been the home to my family since my grandfather immigrated here a little over fifty years ago. Through all that time, from Pike Place to the Fremont Troll, and from Puget Sound to Mount Rainier, Seattle has been the lifesblood of the Kuroyama dynasty. How does it feel, Jamie? It feels to me like tonight is the perfect time and place for me to remind the world that the Emerald City is the undisputed epicenter of wrestling greatness!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Kerry Kuroyama:

This is the home of wrestling royalty, like SONNY SILVER...

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Kerry Kuroyama:

...and CORAL AVALON...

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Kerry Kuroyama:

...and JASON "STALKER" REEVES...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Kerry Kuroyama:

And, of course... Seattle's Favorite Son himself...

Kerry's face sours.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

"MIIIIIXED-RREEAAACTTIIIIIIIIIOOOONN!!"

Jamie Sawyers:

Ah yes... I couldn't help but notice the slight hesitancy in saying that name, Kerry. But I think that's a natural reaction, given the strange shift in attitude exhibited by your friend and former tag partner, Scott Douglas, ever since he was taken under the influence of Victor Vacio and Los Caídos.

Kuroyama ponders, and shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's not right to see him that way, Jamie. Especially knowing how Scott was one of the first in this company to actually stand up to all those mind-control creeps in the Kabal. I don't know what kind of hold Vacio has over him...

Jamie Sawyers:

Are you worried that Los Caídos may try to get involved in this title match?

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's anyone's guess, Jamie... but they should probably think twice, unless they want to feel the wrath of my manager.

Jamie Sawyers:

Right, right... wait, did you just say "manager"?

Female Voice:

Yup! He sure did!

Bounding into the shot is a whirling dervish of purple, black, blue, and green-haired chaotic energy, wrapped up in an athletically built, 5'6" frame. She's wearing black combat boots, black fishnets, black shorts, and a black and green "SEATTLE'S BEAST TAMER" tank top.

She stops next to Kerry and sticks out her hand to Jamie.

Female Voice:

Hiya! I'm Ami!

Jamie looks at Kerry - stoic, no-nonsense Kerry - then at a brightly smiling Ami, and shakes the young woman's hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello there.

Ami:

Oh boy, this is exciting, my first gig and it's for the big one against Henry and Mom! You're gonna kill it, Ker.

Jamie Sawyers:

Wait, did you just say "Mom?"

And, as if on cue, Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy enter the frame to a monstrously loud reaction - largely angry and inflammatory, but definitely with pockets of support of (presumably) San Franciscans who made the trip up to Seattle for this show.

Henry carries himself with a certain larger-than-life aura in general, and he has the dangerous kind of smile reserved for good friends and for people he wants to fight. Tonight, perhaps, it's a little bit of both. Lindsay, however, has a genuine smile on her face.

Henry Keyes:

Kerry. Ami. It's good to see you working together like this. Hard to ask for more than a Troy at your back in these big

moments.

Henry does a blind no-look wildly elaborate four second handshake with the Queen of the Ring.

Henry Keyes:

And tonight's certainly a big one. You understand, of course, that I was serious about what I told that ingrate, Conor Fuse - I demanded this match because you're *owed*. You deserve to fight the best of the best for every championship DEFIANCE has.

His grin cracks a bit, and his face becomes a bit flat. It seems like he's holding onto the FIST very tightly - we can see the whites of his fingertips and knuckles - and the center plate is tight against his chest.

Henry Keyes:

Of course, you *will* face the best of the best tonight. And I didn't become the best of the best by LOSING fights. I've got a reputation to maintain, friend.

A wry smile returns.

Without warning, CONOR FUSE briefly bombs the interview, passing by in the background from right to left with TWO very pronounced middle fingers held up. He isn't looking at either of them, but the fingers maintain their appropriate direction. Henry and Kerry look at Conor wordlessly as he sidles on by, making his message known in a matter of two seconds.

As soon as he's gone, the Emerald Apex groans, and nods at the Kraken...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right. Anyway, Henry, I really appreciate you giving me this chance. Whatever anybody says about you, or about this match... to hell with all that. You're a true friend. And believe me, this match is far from a circle jerk to those fans out there. It sure as hell isn't a circle jerk to me. Been busting my ass for a shot at the FIST for almost ten years... and it took *you* offering it to me to finally get one. I'm not going to forget this.

He raises his knuckles for a bump. Henry raises his own in kind.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Best of luck out there. I take comfort knowing however this goes down, the FIST stays with us in Vae Victis.

Henry Keyes:

Loser buys the steaks.

Lindsay gives Ami a wink.

Lindsay Troy:

See you out there, kiddo.

The FIST and LT walk out of the shot. Kerry turns to Ami.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...steaks? Has he not heard of Pike Place? Ah well, whatever... after you, Boss.

They exit the scene, leaving Sawyers on his own.

BOXING EXHIBITION CHALLENGE: NED REFORM vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

Without warning, the arena lights dim. A deep, movie-trailer like voice booms over the PA system:

V/O:

Stepping into the ring tonight is not just a fighter—he's a force of nature.

DDK:

Oh boy.

V/O:

With fists forged in fire and the heart of a warrior, he's battled through pain, doubt, and every obstacle thrown his way.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, it appears it's time for our Boxing Exhibition Challenge.

V/O:

He doesn't back down, he doesn't give in—because when the bell rings, he brings not just power, but purpose. Get ready... for the relentless, the fearless, the unbreakable...

The lights go out completely.

Then the DEFtron glows to life - a bright white background with a boxing glove in the center. A royal purple boxing glove. Some of the fans begin to boo before the rest of the announcement is even made.

V/O:

...DOCTOR NEEEEEEEEED "FIIIIIISSSSSTTTTSSSS OF FUUUUUUUURRRRRYYY"... REFOOOOOOOOORM!!!

♪ "Hearts on Fire" by John Cafferty ♪

From behind the curtain, emerges Ned Reform - but not a Ned Reform we've ever seen before. Reform has traded his usual singlet for a special purple/gold/white number with American stars and stripes. On his wrist are yellow boxing gloves that flash as he shadow boxes and rope a dopes his way down the aisle. Over his head is the hood of a yellow boxing jacket and when he smiles we see a purple mouthpiece. Behind him, rubbing his shoulders and offering words of encouragement, is TA Black.

DDK:

For those Faithful who are on social media, you likely saw Punch Drunk Purcell challenge Ned to a match here tonight... and Reform's puzzling counter off of a boxing match instead of a wrestling contest.

Lance:

Ned claims he wants to beat Punchie at his own game... but I smell a rat.

Reform and Black continue their routine down the apron when...

BOOOOOM!!

An explosion of purple and gold pyro! Ned pauses just where the ramp meets the ringside to get up in the camera. He throws a few punches toward the lens.

Ned Reform:

I have the visual acumen of a predatory feline!!

As Ned Reform enters the ring with TA Black giving him some instructions, the camera cuts to backstage...

Punch Drunk Purcell getting ready to box in his traditional gear, plus a picture of the (newly-selling) "I Cracked Ned's Egghead" t-shirt of a boxing glove breaking open a egg suspiciously shaped like Ned Reform's familiar face. Purcell tightens his boxing gloves...

???:

You're gonna eat red, yellow and blue and crap out a traffic light, pally!

???:

Yeah, you're gonna use your own Harvard degree in smacking around loud-mouth bullies and then take care of that Magna Dumb Laude!

To his left, none other than "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray. Both are dressed in identical ski caps and yellow jackets. Purcell tries to hide a laugh by turning away from the two of them, but he's still kind of focused on what's going on.

Dex Joy:

Pally... Janna and I heard you on DEF Radio last weekend pouring your heart out. And tonight, You're Rocky from Rocky IV and not Rocky I. You're gonna get ...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Guys, look... I appreciate the support. I do, I really do, but I gotta ask a favor. Tonight.... I'm goin' out there alone.

Janna Ray:

What?!

Dex Joy:

Janna, hold up ... okay, Punchtholomew ... What?!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Jan... I'm sorry, hon. I know you guys mean well. But tonight... this is my fight. Ned and TA Black been breathin' down MY damn neck for the past month tryin' to get in my damn head. We're ALL gonna get 'em at MAXDEF. But tonight... one-on-one, I'm handlin' business myself. Got it?

Dex and Janna look unsure of whatever is about to happen but the friends eventually relent.

Dex Joy:

If that's really what you want ... I get it. I've been here once or twice in my career. You wanna go it alone ... just be careful. Reform isn't stupid.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Thank you. Tonight, Ned's gettin' a Lads-style beatdown. Ain't no shakin' hands... I'm just throwin' em.

They nod and Purcell takes his leave through Guerilla towards the entrance. Dex and Janna Ray look unsure of what's about to happen until the last of The Lads shows up...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC...

He looks at the two of them dressed like Mickey Goldmill from *Rocky*, but he's dressed... in baggy red pants and mouse ears instead.

Butcher Victorious:

...says "aw, shit." Y'all told me we were dressing as MICKEY to support Punchy! The hell you doing?

The two stare blankly at the Texan dressed like he just got back from Disney World.

Janna Ray:

... Mickey from *Rocky*, not the Mouse, Butch! Come on! I binged one through four last weekend and Creed on the plane here. Not bad, bee tee dubs!

Dex Joy:

Butcher, come on, compadre ... Punchy's a boxer. How the hell did you get the MOUSE from our text message?

Butcher Victorious:

When you say, Mickey, who the hell you think we're talking about? And... where's Punchy anyway?

Dex puts a hand on Butcher's shoulder, about to deliver the bad news. But we mercifully cut to the arena instead...

PUNCH.

PIN.

PAY WINDOW.

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Seattle Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Brick Hithouse"... "The Green-Eyed Wildman"... "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound" ...

PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring and flashes the t-shirt at an annoyed Ned Reform. He rips off the shirt and throws it into the audience where some lucky fans try to fight over the souvenir! Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his waistband before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his blue boxing gloves. . After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for the Seattle Faithful! He looks over at Ned and stands in his corner solo as his music fades out.

DDK:

I really get what Punch Drunk Purcell is trying to do tonight. We've seen The Honor Society repeatedly hone in on Purcell after those losses against Titanes Familia got to him... but tonight may not be the night to go it alone.

Lance:

We know Ned Reform isn't somebody that does anything without a plan. Thankfully, Rex Knox actually was a boxing official before he got into wrestling. He was assigned specifically for this bout tonight.

Referee Rex Knox stands in between the two balds and instructs them both to touch gloves in a show of sportsmanship. Reform holds them out with a smug look on his face while Purcell looks down The Good Doctor, stone-faced. When he won't take the bait, The Mad Gadfly merely taps his own gloves together and waits as the bell rings...

DING DING

Purcell and Reform meet in the middle and a quick left jab nearly WHIZZES by the head of The Good Doctor, followed by a right that narrowly misses its mark! Reform creates some distance between the two, but The Round Mound of Ground and Pound tries to close the gap quickly. Reform hides in the corner and orders Rex Knox to do his job.

Ned Reform:

Get that brain-damaged oaf away from me. NOW.

Knox gets in between the two and tells Purcell to get back, getting jeers from the Seattle Faithful in the process.

Lance:

Oh, good grief... shock of all shocks. Ned Reform stalling? Who'd have thunk it?

DDK:

Those corners may be the only way to save him here. I legitimately don't know what he's thinking at this moment!

As Purcell backs up out of the corner, Reform tries another cheap shot and manages to score a body blow against Purcell! He unleashes two more, but they do little to faze The Brick Hithouse who fires back with a jab of his own! The Seattle crowd roars when Punchy fires off with two more body shots! Reform is doubled over quickly and falls into the corner while The Faithful are firmly in the corner of Purcell! Rex Knox orders Purcell back and for the first time in a good while, Punchy has a small smile on his face while Reform is being checked out!

DDK:

Purcell just shrugged off those shots and fired off one of his own right to the breadbasket of The Good Doctor!

Lance:

This one might be done quicker than we thought!

TA Black rushes over to try and fan off The Mad Gadfly, but Reform shrugs and suggests that he's got things under control. Reform gets back into the match and tells Rex Knox that he's ready.

Lance:

I think The Good Doctor should have stayed down! I really don't think this is wise!

Putting up his dukes, Ned looks ready.

Ned Reform:

Bring it, buffoon.

Knowing enough to know what a buffoon is, he closes in on Reform and starts firing off more jabs, landing another one into the side of The Good Doctor! He's doubled over in the corner...

CHOP BLOCK BY TA BLACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Suddenly, it's a two-on-one as Purcell is brought to a knee and attacked by both TA Black AND Ned Reform in the corner! As this happens, Reform waves a hand and one by one, the members of The Honor Society all jump in from different sides of the arena.

Lance:

Damn it! We knew Reform was up to no good! This was his plan all along!

TAs Cole, Black and Horrigan and Sanders enter from different sides of the arena with Sanders leading the three associates towards the ring! They start to make their way into the ring! TA Black and Ned Reform turn their attention back to Purcell, who TACKLES Ned Reform to the ground! He gets a big right hand ready, but the members of The Honor Society advance into the ring with TA Black now leading the charge. All four of the TAs got to work and start stomping out Purcell while TA Sanders attends to The Good Doctor.

DDK:

The fix was in! And Purcell wanted to go this alone, so the rest of The Lads weren't out here to stop this...

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

I spoke too soon! Here they come!

Running out through the curtains one at a time without entrance music because real friends don't need a cue when a friend is in danger, Dex Joy, Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious all head out from the back to huge cheers from The Seattle Faithful!

Lance:

And here comes The Lads to the rescue!

The TAs stop their four-on-one attack on Purcell when they see the rest of The Lads coming their way! Dexy Baby hits the ring and the second he gets to his feet, TA Black panics and pushes TA Cole directly into the path of a HUGE clothesline by Dexy Baby! Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious both slide into the ring behind Dex as Dex goes after TA Roosevelt, Butcher after Horrigan and Janna Ray after TA Black himself!

DDK:

AND WHAT A FIGHT WE'RE SEEING! THE LADS HAVE HAD THEIR FILL OF THE HONOR SOCIETY AND THEIR GAMES!

With an all out gang war having broken out in the ring, few eyes are on the Good Doctor, who frantically removes his boxing gloves... to reveal a pair of brass knuckles!!

Lance:

Look out Dex!

BAM!!!

Dex Baby is blindsided by a brass-knuckles assisted shot to the head! He goes down like a giant redwood and falls unconscious to the mat! Janna Ray sees this, looking shocked and angered... which leaves her wide open for a SPIN KICK by TA Black!! When Janna goes down, Black starts directing traffic, and at his order TA Owens hits the ropes and leaps onto poor Janna Ray!!

DDK:

That's near five hundred pounds!! That could end her career!

Lance:

The tide is turning in the Honor Society's favor!

Purcell still hasn't recovered from the initial attack, and that leaves Butch Vic as the lone wolf. His eyes bulge as he looks around the ring as the hungry wolves around him... and then he throws caution to the wind as he attacks, leaping at TA Hoorigan! He gets a few good shots in before the others are all over him, taking him down and keeping him down with a brutal Honor Society non-stop stomp fest!

DDK

This was a set-up, and as much as it pains me to say it... Ned Reform executed it perfectly!

The Honor Society clears the way, allowing Owens to again get a running start and coming crashing down on Butch Vic with his full weight.

Lance:

Wait... look at Cole!

The Honor Society's moment of glory is somewhat interrupted as TA Cole gets in the face of TA Black! Black seems confused as Cole squares up and appears to be yelling threatening words at the confused Sacred Lamb. Angry, Reform gets in between them, turning to Cole with anger in his eyes.

Ned Reform:

What is WRONG with you!? Not now!

Cole shakes his head angrily and bails out of the ring. Reform seemingly instantly forgets he exists by turning back to his compatriots. At Reform's command, the members of Weighted Grade roughly toss Janna Ray and Butch Vic over the top to the floor. With Dex and Purcell left in the ring, Reform and Black spring into action, gleefully taking point at opposite turnbuckles. They look across the ring at each other, flashing a brief moment of friendship before...

DDK:

Scholar and Elbow to Dex Joy!

Lance:

And Rehabsault to Purcell!

The rest of the Honor Society join The Sage on the Stage and his star pupil in the ring as they pose arrogantly. Reform puts an arm around TA Black, pointing at him and presenting him to a jeering crowd. With Butch and Janna out cold on the outside and Dex and Punchie remaining in the ring as trophies, the Honor Society has never looked more in control.

DDK:

These teams are gonna lock horns at Maximum DEFIANCE, and you've got to believe that The Lads will have payback on their mind!

COMMERCIAL: PRIME WRESTLING - NEXT REVIVAL

**WATCH FORMER BRAZEN TALENT JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER PASTE MAX KAEKEL IN THE FIRST ROUND
OF THE ALMASY TOURNAMENT UNLESS IT'S BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD ALL OVER AGAIN**
Plus lots more awesome matches!!

GAME OVER, USER WINS

Coming back from the commercial break, we find ourselves lollygagging around backstage with nothing relevant to look at for a good few seconds. An awkward moment passes. That is, until, a completely delirious Malak Garland (drunkenly?) stumbles into view. He looks like a complete wreck. Hasn't shaved in days, nay, weeks and there's maybe one or two bean sprouts protruding from his otherwise babysoft face. Garland is belligerent, shirt untucked, reeks of adult beverages and can't help but bump into anyone and everyone within a five foot radius of his crooked walking.

Malak Garland:

Whoops, pardon me. Excuse me. You're in my way. Hiccup. Move. Sorry. Grabbed your ass. Look at me. Hiccup.

He keeps bumping shoulders with production team members and then tries to "posture them up".

Malak Garland:

Fight me. Fight me. I need a program at the pay-per-view. Hiccup. It's finally happened. I've been forced to resort to local pandering for a match. Heck, I'll take a hot dog as a form of payment to perform now. So this is rock bottom. So cold. So lonely. I know how my ex-brother-in-law, Pat Cassidy feels now. Circling the bottom of a beer bottle is not fun and a waste of calories.

Obviously no one takes Malak's empty threats and challenges seriously. They just sort of continue on with their work. Back in the shadows though, there is a dark and tall figure that leans out from behind a concrete post for a few moments, before disappearing. Malak looks the complete opposite way though.

Malak Garland:

What's that?

Suddenly, Malak stops. He notices a light glimmering from within the arena. He walks to it and before he knows it, he's spilled out onto the concourse and then the live crowd itself. He gets handed a microphone as he helplessly looks out to the mass of fans surrounding him.

Malak Garland:

Climate Pledge Arena, I have a pledge to make to you. I don't feel good right now. I think I am pledging to throw up.

He bends over, looking to potentially vomit, which makes the nearby fans lean away from the Snowflake Superstar, as if he wasn't already naturally vile enough.

Malak Garland:

I'm hopeless. I have no one. I've pushed everyone away. Even you fans who cheered me for two seconds all those weeks ago. I haven't forgotten about that. It still weighs on my mind heavily.

He huffs and puffs, wiping errant saliva from his lip.

Malak Garland:

Henry Keyes has the FIST and cOnOr has my Comments Section. It's a straight up 'game over, user wins' reality I don't want to live in. Now I know what it feels like to become Guardian of this system, only to enter a game and have it taken all away from me. I'm alone in the web now. My save file, out there for the world to see. Poor Enzo. He had so much thrust upon him so fast and he never stood a chance. That's me. I'm Enzo. I'm the disheveled hero with damn near one eye. If you don't know what I'm talking about, then go watch the TV series Reboot. It's a comfy classic I return to from time-to-time but I digress.

Garland readjusts his stance. He needs to after all, or else he will surely fall.

Malak Garland:

Look, I just fired Percy Collins. I'm on a huge losing streak which includes multiple major title matches in a row. I am truly the definition of aimless despite being the most talented in this company.

Speaking of which, Malak grasps the aisle railing as he descends down to the ring.

DDK:

Here comes our lord and savior, Mr. Snowflake himself.

He makes it to the barricade and then moseys along it until he reaches the commentation station as he slings an arm around "Downtown" Darren Keebler.

Malak Garland:

I hate you DDK, yet here we are. We're all we have left. Embrace it.

Malak finally breaks down, crying uncontrollably. It's painful. It's awkward. It's pathetic to the point where Darren, who shares an equal amount of hate for the intrepidly stressed wrestler, actually comforts him by patting him on the back.

Lance:

Good job, buddy.

DDK:

I-I kinda feel like I have no choice in the matter here. He's sobbing. My shoulder is wet.

Malak Garland: *[between sobs]*

I HAVE NO DIRECTIONNNNN! NO SOLIDIFIED MATCH AT MAXDEF IN ORACLE PARK IN LOVELY SAN FRANCISCO. DARREN, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO CALL ANY OF MY ACTION! I AM GOING TO MISS OUT ON A STADIUM SHOW BECAUSE I AM A LOSER!

Garland and Keebler lock eyes.

DDK:

I mean, th-those are your words, man. G-get a grip. Come on now. We're on live TV.

Darren tries to pick Malak up but it's as if the former champ is leaning all his weight onto Keebs.

Malak Garland:

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN MY CAREER, SINCE SIGNING ON THE DEF DOTTED LINE BACK IN DECEMBER 2019 THAT I WILL BE INACTIVE FOR A DEFIANCE PEE-PEE-VEE. DOESN'T THAT HURT YOU? DOESN'T THAT HURT ME? DOESN'T THAT HURT EVERYONE?

Malak holds the microphone towards the crowd, amplifying their response of distaste (for Malak).

Malak Garland:

WHO WILL CARE ABOUT THAT FOR ME!?

The crowd groans.

Malak Garland:

Should I even show up? Have I really become that irrelevant?

Feeling scared and alone, Malak pulls out his phone from his pocket. Sniffly, he somehow manages to get the words out.

Malak Garland:

Darren, look.

He shows DDK his phone.

Malak Garland:

I even have a text message from the Favored Saints from three days ago but I haven't been able to muster up the energy to view it. It's still on unread. See? Do you see it?

DDK squints and looks closely before nodding.

DDK:

Yes, yes I see it. Why don't you read it? It might be important. You shouldn't let messages like that go unread for so long. It's your employer.

Completely ignoring the question, Malak looks out to the crowd for answers.

Malak Garland:

Everyone, m-maybe now is the time I can share my burden with all of you? MAYBE NOW IS THE TIME TO READ THE TEXT MESSAGE!?

At first, the crowd isn't into it but as Malak gets more hyped and passionate about reading the text message, the curiosity within the crowd goes up until there is a full blown 'READ IT' chant ringing throughout the arena.

Malak Garland:

OKAY! OKAY! TICKLE ME EXCITED! I AM GOING TO GO FOR IT! LET'S READ THIS TEXT MESSAGE TOGETHER.

Malak squeezes Darren Keebler even tighter before clicking into the text thread.

Malak Garland:

Oh my gosh, my anxiety and anticipation receptors are going THROUGH THE ROOF! LOOK AT THIS TEXT MESSAGE, DARREN! I-I CAN'T DO IT! READ IT FOR ME! YOU'RE ALL I HAVE LEFT! WILL YOU CARE ENOUGH FOR ME!? DO IT.

Malak hands Darren the microphone and phone rather forcefully before folding to the ground in sheer panic.

DDK:

Uhhhh okay, well, Malak. It looks like you WILL be on the card at MAXDEF! It looks like you should have just read your text messages three days ago and not have waited all this time, worrying about it. Look at this.

DDK flashes the screen to Malak and then reads the text out to the crowd.

DDK:

Folks, three day old breaking news from the Favored Saints here. Malak Garland will be in action at MAXDEF despite his championship losing streak because, and I quote, he is 'a valuable asset on a stacked roster of talent. Not having the former FIST of DEFIANCE on the card would be an injustice to the pro wrestling business despite the lack of desire from others to work with such a fickle and demanding personality.' Wow, this is kinda revealing, you want me to continue?

Malak nods like a child.

DDK:

Okay, this text says you will be in a special "DUGOUT BRAWL" match against a special mystery opponent to be named right before the bell rings at MAXDEF!

Malak perks the heck up. He jumps to his feet, excited with endless joy. He even does a jig.

Malak Garland:

I HAVE A MATCH SECURED AT MAXDEF!!?? SHIT GUY, SHIT! I BETTER PACK MY BAGS BECAUSE IT WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE A FEATURE BOUT!!! MAXDEF! HERE I COME! LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW! BUY NOW! DEF ON DEMAND! GO TO YOUR LOCAL DAVE AND BUSTER'S TO HAVE A VIEWING PARTY! ORDER, ORDER, ORDER! WATCH! WATCH! WATCH!

Lance:

Such a company man, shilling the purchase options of MAXDEF, whether or not they are accurate.

DDK:

Wait, there's more to the message!

Malak doesn't have time to wait around. He is overjoyed. It's as if he's shaken the drunkenness completely from his body. Garland high fives only Lance on his way up the stage and out of view. The thing is, Darren Keebler is left standing there, with Garland's phone and without a high five for doing some of the verbal heavy lifting.

DDK:

Faithful, as I was saying, this text message says that this match will have people in the STREETS talking about it for years to come!

DDK lowers the phone.

DDK:

Looks like Malak has meaning again. A purpose, and he will see everyone at MAXDEF where he will be in action in a special Dugout Brawl match. Great. I'm sitting down now. Can we move this show along?

LUCKY SEVENS vs. MASKED VIOLATORS

DDK:

Let's go to Darren Quimbey for our next match and its introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

Our next contest is a TAG TEAM bout scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Lord Nigel Tricklebush and representing the CROWN of the Most Precious Gems.... They are the team of MP1 ... & MV2!

MV2 leads the way down the ramp, with Lord Nigel close behind and MP1 trailing. They quickly take the ring, with MP1 ascending a corner turnbuckle and raising a single finger overhead and MV2 taking an opposite turnbuckle raising, you guessed it, his first two fingers high.

DDK:

Two weeks after a SHOCKING victory over the Saturday Night Specials, I have to say that while there still seems to be a subtle undercurrent of tension between this masked pairing, they also appear to be slightly more at ease with each other!

As if to punctuate that statement, the masked men meet center ring and share a quiet stare before finally bumping fists. Lord Nigel observes from the ringside floor with poisonous pride.

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:

I have it on good authority after the blow-up between all of the Lucky Sevens two weeks ago that they tried to get on the same page for this match tonight but ... reading this body language from the two twins, it's obviously things are not patched up at all.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number two ... 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 LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

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 DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when Mason just sits in his corner with a sour face. It is a mixed response of about 50% positive and 50% negative. Mason wants to start, but Max tells him that he's going to this time. Mason fumes at his twin but eventually goes back to their corner. Referee Hector Navarro issues a few final words of instruction to both teams before signalling for the-

DING DING

MV2 volunteers to start for the Masks, bouncing on the balls of his feet and tugging on his short, dark beard. Across the ring, Max Luck steps forward and nods to his brother before locking eyes with the masked man.

Lance:

The Sevens are looking to bounce back from an 0-3 run since DEFCON and against a tandem that earned a "Golden Ticket" to MAXDEF and a four-way tag match for the Unified Tag Belts! BOTH teams have a lot to prove; the Numbers are looking to prove that DEFtv 220 wasn't an aberration while the Sevens are hoping to show the last several months HAVE been!

DDK:

This "new" Masked Violator #2-

Lance:

Is he "new", though?!

DDK:

Who knows... But he is stepping to the seven foot Max Luck with ZERO fear!

The size difference is impossible to ignore. Max towers over MV2, but the yellow-masked fighter doesn't blink. He steps in, circling, chin low, hands ready. They tie up and Max shoves MV2 back like nothing. The crowd gives an impressed murmur. MV2 slides right back in, not rattled, and peppers Max with two quick strikes to the ribs before darting away.

Max grins and shakes his head. They CHARGE again. Max ducks a clothesline and hits the ropes, MV2 leapfrogs him – showing some "ups" – then spins into a wild back elbow that catches Max FLUSH in the jaw.

DDK:

A little free dental work!

Max stumbles a step, more surprised than hurt. MV2 gives him no space, landing a stiff forearm to the chest. Max absorbs it, then drops MV2 with a clean shoulder block that sends him sprawling. The crowd pops. MV2 sits up with them, nodding, then pushes to his feet. No backing down.

Max looks to Mason, who sternly extends a hand.

DDK:

The tag is made to the Maim Event MONSTER!

Mason steps through the ropes, all business. MV2 rolls his shoulders and squares up again.

Lance:

Mason Luck is LOCKED IN!

Mason Luck storms into the ring like a man ready to finish a fight. MV2 adjusts his stance, staying low and coiled, but Mason closes the distance fast and muscles him into the corner with raw power. Hector Navarro works to edges in between them, calling for a clean break, but Mason drives a shoulder into MV2's midsection instead. Then another. MV2 doubles over from the impact, teeth gritted. Navarro stumbles backward, more than shocked

Mason grabs a wrist and YANKS MV2 into a short-arm clothesline that folds him! He doesn't go for a pin. Instead, he hauls MV2 right back up and HURLS him into the Lucky Sevens' corner with a sharp biel throw. The ring shakes from the landing.

DDK:

Mason Luck has a mean-streak as long as the Las Vegas Strip and something about MV2 has clearly got under the skin of the big man!

Lance:

This situation with MV2 is such a unique one. He is familiar yet alien. Known yet UNknown! I think the way he took control early on over his brother, Max, clearly has Mason tweaked.

DDK:

He CHOPS MV2 back into the corner!

Max leans in and holds the tag rope, one hand out. Mason looks at him across the ring, then turns his back and drives a boot into MV2's ribs. Max mutters something, but stays on the apron.

DDK:

MV2 is clawing his way up... here comes Mason...

He tries a vertical suplex, but MV2 fires a forearm into his side. Then another. Mason hoists him anyway, in one smooth, POWERFUL motion!

DDK:

UP!

Lance:

-and DOWN!

MV2 twists in mid-air and lands behind Luck. Before Mason can react, MV2 lunges across the ring and tags in MP1. Lord Nigel giddily offers applause as he rounds the ringside floor. MP1 steps through the ropes with cold precision.

Lance:

The technician steps in the ring and you can tell he is determined to slow things down!

DDK:

He's in there with one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous men! He knows that if he can control the pace, he can control the match!

MP1 closes in, laser-focused. He doesn't jaw with Mason. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd.

DDK:

Mason throws a WILD haymaker – but MP1 ducks it! CHOPS that redwood tree! AGAIN!

MP1 grabs the arm and turns Mason into a standing wristlock, cranking it behind his back with sharp, measured torque. Mason swings an elbow but MP1 ducks under and sweeps the leg from behind. Mason crashes down and MP1 follows immediately into a grounded hammerlock. The crowd starts to buzz as Mason winces, trying to roll out. MP1 stays glued to him, shifting his grip and moving to a side headlock, keeping control.

Lance:

Measured, confident, METHODICAL. MP1 is precise and surgical in his execution!

Mason powers to his knees. MP1 fires a knee strike into the ribs and backs into the ropes, bouncing off with a running kick to the chest that knocks Mason flat again.

Now MP1 walks back toward his corner and extends his hand. MV2 tags back in and slingshots over the top rope, driving a low dropkick into Mason's side just as he's getting to all fours. The impact sends Mason rolling toward the ropes.

MV2 keeps the pressure on, backing Mason into the corner with wild strikes, elbows and backhand chops. He charges in for a running forearm

DDK:

Mason Luck EXPLODES out of the corner with a HELLACIOUS LARIAT!

Both men are down! Mason crawls toward his corner, eyes locked on his brother. Max is already reaching. MV2 stirs, trying to cut it off, but he's too slow. Max tags in and comes in hot.

Lance:

Yyou can feel the tempo of the match shifting up a notch right here!

Max vaults into the ring and immediately drops MV2 with a running clothesline. He hits the ropes and comes back with a leaping elbow drop across the sternum. MV2 rolls onto his side, gasping for breath.

Lance:

The way MV2 is clutching his ribs... I've seen that before... something might be broken... a rib, a sternum, maybe both?!

Max grabs him by the wrist and pulls him to his feet, then whips him hard into the turnbuckles. The ring rattles from the impact. Max charges and connects with a running splash that FLATTENS MV2 in the corner.

DDK:

You can FEEL this crowd rallying behind Max Luck!

He pumps a fist once and turns back toward the center of the ring. MV2 stumbles out of the corner into a quick powerslam. Max covers!

ONE!

TWO!!

MV2 KICKS OUT – hard!

Max sits up, nods, then pulls MV2 up again. He shoots him into the ropes, lowers his head for a backdrop, but MV2 stops short and drives a KNEE into the face! Max reels.

MV2 spins and throws a wild back elbow that catches Max CLEAM across the jaw. That creates enough space.

DDK:

MV2 is scrambling... he scrambles for a TAG!

MP1 enters like a scalpel. He kicks Max in the back of the knee, then sweeps the other leg and drops into a spinning toe hold. Max kicks free with his long legs, but MP1 is already back on his feet.

MP1 hits the ropes and nails a low front dropkick to the same leg. Max drops to a knee. MP1 grabs him in a front facelock, drags him to the Masks' corner, and SLAPS MV2's hand.

The masked man climbs to the top rope. MP1 holds Max steady by the arm.

Lance:

The teamwork on display from 1 & 2!

DDK:

MV2 FLIES?!

MV2 LEAPS and lands a FLYING SHOULDERBLOCK to the shoulder that drops Max flat!

They are really working as a team now. Not fluid, but effective. The crowd senses the shift. Mason slaps the turnbuckle pad once, calling out to his brother. Max starts to reach for him. But the Numbers keep the heat on.

MV2 pulls Max upright and hammers him with a stiff forearm. Max answers with a FIERY one of his own, but MV2 ducks the follow-up and drives a short headbutt into Max's gut. Max doubles over, and MV2 snatches a front facelock, dragging him toward the corner.

MP1 tags in. No hesitation. MV2 lifts Max into a gutwrench and MP1 helps guide him over with a double-team SUPLEX! It's not flashy, but the timing is tight. They drop Max clean and hard.

DDK:

MP1 floats over! Leg hooked!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

TH- KICKOUT!!!

MP1 doesn't react. He just stays on the leg, wrenching it back into a grounded hold. MV2 stands on the apron, hands on the tag rope, nodding along with the strategy.

Lance:

MP1 is laser-focused on that leg!

Mason leans over the ropes, shouting for Max to fight back. He slaps the turnbuckle again, harder the second time. The crowd picks up a slow clap.

DDK:

Max Luck is feeding off of the Faithful! I think they are as eager to see this losing streak end as the Lucky Sevens themselves!

Luck digs a forearm into MP1's ribs. Then one more right behind it. He breaks the hold and tries to lunge for a tag!

MP1 grabs him by the ankle. Max hops on one foot, trying to twist away. MV2 calls out, pointing. MP1 releases and shoves Max forward. Straight into a running forearm from MV2. Max crumples to the mat. The referee barks at MV2 to get back on the apron. MP1 waves him off and pulls Max up by the head. Another clean tag.

MV2 re-enters. The pace is theirs now. The teamwork is real. The doubt that hovered earlier in the match has started to thin out. And Mason Luck is starting to boil over.

DDK:

Mason tags in with a slap to Max's shoulder and storms into the ring like a man who's had enough! He BLASTS MV2 with a running elbow!

Luck then lifts MV2 off the mat and TOSSES him across the ring with a FALLAWAY SLAM!!!

MV2 rolls to the corner. Mason is right on top of him, driving knee after knee into the chest. Navarro warns him and Mason appears to ignore it. He grabs MV2 by the mask and hauls him up into a powerslam, planting him hard and staying kneeling over him for a long second. His expression is tight, focused, and angry!

MP1 steps one foot through the ropes, ready to intervene. The ref holds him back. Mason stares across the ring at him, then looks at his brother. Max leans in, hand out. Mason **BLASTS** MV2's chest with a **STIFF** forearm and drags him up again.

This time, MV2 breaks free and stuns Mason with a leaping knee. Both men are down. Max slaps the top rope, urging Mason to tag. Mason glares but starts crawling. MP1 is already reaching. MV2 **DIVES** across the mat.

DDK:

TAG on BOTH sides!!!

Max and MP1 hit the ring at the same time. Max is fired up, but he's measured. MP1 is all sharp edges and intent. They trade shots mid-ring. Max quickly wins the first exchange, his size and power seemingly overwhelming his opponent. He whips MP1 into the ropes. MP1 ducks a clothesline and springboards back with a **CLOTHESLINE** that catches Max off guard.

Both men go down. Mason and MV2 pace separately on their aprons like caged tigers. The match has broken wide open once more and, suddenly, there is a tangible, palpable transition in the arena's "vibes". Heads all around the building turn and crane towards the entrance-curtain.

DDK:

What is this?! Some kind of disturbance!?

The camera's quickly find it.

Lance:

It's M4NTRA!

They haughtily saunter down the aisle with an arrogance that begs for someone to smack them! Nathan Eye has his metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverence* in hand with Declan Alexander and Makayla Namaste. Trailing behind them, visibly annoyed, is Tom Morrow trying to get their attention and leave.

DDK:

What is this about?!

In the ring, Max scowls towards the aisle-way and M4NTRA's unwelcome entrance. Mason spits in their direction before tagging himself in, much to Max's surprise.

Max Luck:

Hey what the hell are you doing?!

He steps over the top rope and **BASHES** MP1 with a running forearm!

DDK:

Mason whips MP1 into the ropes – but MP1 hooks both arms onto the top rope and halts his momentum!

Declan and Nathan politely antagonize Lord Nigel for a moment before turning their full, undivided attention to the ring. Morrow tries tugging Alexander back up the aisle, but Declan seems to ignore him. MV2, annoyed, seems to be urging Hector Navarro to oust M4NTRA from ringside, and Lord Nigel appears to join him.

DDK:

MP1 charges and **SLIDES** between Mason's legs! He **SHOVES** Mason into the ropes–

Nathan Eye is up on the apron at the same time and CRACKS Luck with that steel-plated autobiography!

Nathan Eye:

Brush up on your reading next time!

Lance:

WHAT WAS THAT?!

MP1 CHOPBLOCKS Mason and he drops him to the mat, MP1 is quick to cover–

Lance:

MP1's foot is on the bottom rope! He's getting extra leverage! Navarro doesn't see it?!

Lance:

Nor did he see Nathan Eye's attack!?

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Not this way!!

MV2 helps MP1 up from the canvas and raises his arm, the pair sharing a moment. Lord Nigel looms on the apron, smiling like a smug parent.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this bout, as a result of a PINFALL, the team of **MP1... & MV2!**

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens go 0-4 as a team and this time, it's thanks to an assist from Nathan Eye! That's payback for Mason Luck costing Declan Alexander a shot at Lonnie Luck's Favoured Saints title two weeks ago!

MP1, MV2 and Lord Nigel all read the room with Nathan Eye and Declan at ringside grabbing microphones! Seeing that they've won, the deadly trio don't stick around to get in the middle of whatever is about to happen. Tom Morrow and Lord Nigel briefly lock eyes before the two power brokers go their separate ways with their clients. Tom pleads with both members of M4NTRA and tries to pull them both away from ringside.

Tom Morrow:

No! As your manager, I'm advising you both *not* to do whatever you think you're about to do! You know what these two ogres did to me last time we were in a ring and ...

Nathan Eye looks at his manager and pushes him aside to a loud reaction! Morrow is pushed flat on his ass!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE FAITHFUL, DARREN!!! ARE THEY ... THEY'RE *CHEERING* M4NTRA!

Declan talks on the microphone just outside the ring! Mason Luck is still down and Max Luck is checking on his brother.

DEC4L:

Nah, not this time, chief. They cost me the FS title and you said it a few weeks ago ... M4NTRA are Certified Deadass Luck Killers!

Nathan Eye:

Eye for an eye and a match for a match, says the Good Book of Nathan Eye! We've beaten these guys multiple times over and since they wanna get involved in our business, we're gonna do it one more time!

Tom Morrow:

No!!! NO!!!

Nathan Eye:

If you two illiterate idiots want to do something about this and can get your crap together for even two minutes ... one more time! M4NTRA versus Lucky Sevens! Maximum DEFIANCE!

DEC4L:

No cap, Luck's run out!

Makayla Namaste rests a hand on the shoulders of the M4NTRA members.

Makayla Namaste:

Luck Fam gonna get beat *again!*

M4NTRA leave the ringside area without Tom Morrow! He looks at Max Luck and Mason who both have a mutual look of disgust on their faces. When they realize Tom is still there, his face goes white and he up and runs up the aisle past M4NTRA to get as far away as he can!

DDK:

We know the extensive history of M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens! We'll see if this match gets made, but there is no way in heck that the Lucky Sevens let this slide even if their partnership has seen better days.

Max goes back to checking on Mason but one eye doesn't leave M4NTRA as they vamoose from the arena!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



ZACK DAYMON vs. ???

DDK:

We've got singles action coming up next, ladies and gentlemen! Zack Daymon of the Rain City Ronin is scheduled to compete here tonight in front of his home of Seattle! Let's go to the ring!

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

To a MASSIVE ovation, the Rain City Ronin stride out onto the stage. Zack Daymon appears first, wearing a vintage Sonics jersey which nets a BIG pop, and he's closely followed by Leo Burnett wearing an ensemble of jeans and a black t-shirt that reads the immortal words of Sir Mix-a-Lot, "SEATTLE AIN'T BULLSH!TTIN".

After spending a moment milking the reaction, the Unified Tag Team Champions simultaneously unfasten the title belts from around their waists and hold them up high overhead, with a brilliant display of green, blue, and white pyrotechnics going off behind them.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... he weighs in at two-hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and hails from SEATTLE, WASHINGTON!!

"RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Darren Quimbey:

Representing one half of the Unified Tag Team Championships, please welcome... "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON!!

DDK:

The Ronin have returned to "Rain City", and what a warm hometown reaction this crowd is giving to the native Seattleite, Zack Daymon!

Lance:

A chance to compete in front of one's hometown crowd is the dream of any wrestler, but I would hope Daymon is still mindful to the four-way tag team elimination contest waiting for him and his partner Burnett and Maximum DEFIANCE.

Daymon leads the way down the ramp with Burnett taking up the rear, both men slapping hands with fans stretched across the barricade. They slide into the ring together and go to the north set of ropes to pump the titles into the air.

"RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

They cross the ring. Rinse and repeat.

"RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Lance:

Any word on who the opponent might be?

DDK:

You know, now that you mention it, I'm not sure I--

"YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

DDK:

Oh lordie...

To a display of blinding white lights and flourishing silk curtains, "The Sacred Lamb" TA Black comes bounding onto

the stage like an over-animated tiny dog. The Seattle Faithful are unamused.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... representing the Honor Society... here is, TEE... AYE... BLACK!!

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAA--*BLLEEGGHHK!!*

DDK:

OH MY!!

Black's ear-busting affirmations are swiftly silenced as a clubbing FOREARM connects with the back of his head and sends him wildly tumbling down the rampway.

DDK:

It's MASKED VIOLATOR TWO!

In the ring, Daymon and Burnett exchange surprised glances. Blustering and blubbing, a discombobulated TA Black pops back to his feet in a state of complete disorientation...

TA Black:

BLEGHK!!

...only for someone's KNEE to pop him in the nose and sending careening even further down the ramp!

DDK:

And MOST PRECIOUS ONE!

Initially, the crowd is cheering at the sight of TA Black being brutalized, but quickly switch over to jeers at the sight of a familiar figure wearing an iconic top hat and devilish smile strolls out onto the stage.

Lance:

And naturally, Lord Tricklebush isn't far behind... what are they doing back out here?!

DDK:

So much for singles action! The Masked Violators appear to have other plans for the tag champions!

YOU GET NOTHING! YOU LOSE! GOOD DAY, SIR!

Strutting across the stage, Lord Nigel produces a microphone from his inside jacket pocket and raises it to his pursed, thin lips as MV2 looms over Black's reeling body and MP1 eye-fucks the men in the ring.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

My children. Please do pardon the interruption. But the CROWN of the Most Precious Gems demand their due. In fact, they demand more than that.

MV2 steps over Black to join MP1 in glaring menacingly towards the squared circle.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Consider if you can just what they have accomplished in this short time. It seems the two of you, Our Champions, must have when you bestowed upon them their... Golden Tickets. Torn asunder almost a decade ago, kept apart, they've reconnected all this time later to claim their RIGHTFUL place at the very TOP of their chosen sport. And in a few short weeks, you Ronin and the others you've selected will learn what I have always known:

Nigel removes his cap and tucks it under an arm, his plastic smile fading.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

As dangerous as they are apart... they are DEVASTATING together.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

"RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Lord Nigel and the erstwhile Violators quickly turn their attention back to the stage. Without delay, The D and Klein stride out to a warm reaction.

DDK:

And here come the POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

Lance:

Not surprisingly, they look like they want to get a word of their own here.

With a mic already in The D's hand, the two advance down the rampway. A groggy TA Black has successfully managed to get back to his feet, only to unknowingly stumble into their path. The D checks him hard with his shoulder to bump him aside. As he wobbles to rebalance himself, Black somehow falls into Klein, who responds by holding him upright with empathy. The D just stares at Klein, shaking his head no. So Klein clocks him with a STIFF lariat to put him down once more to vivacious cheers.

TA Black:

BLEGHK!!

The D:

Alright listen trickledown economics, take a backseat to the future and former DEFIANCE UNIFIED tag team champs! Your two monsters may have reunited but the PCP have been wrestling together for ten years in DEFIANCE, and before that Klein and I wrestled together for another fifteen years! You have nothing on our bond and you'll find out that a brotherly love like ours is REQUIRED to be the best. Also, please don't do math to determine my age...

Klein counts on his fingers, but he's wearing boots so he gives up.

The D:

This golden ticket is, of course, a golden opportunity, and the tandem that's typically drenched in Gold are the ones walking out MAXDef with those titles. I guaran-damn-tee that! Tell him Klein!

The D hands Klein the mic, but Klein ignores him and starts nodding his head in agreement. The D takes back the mic.

The D:

Not exactly what I meant but it'll do...

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!"

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

"RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

The Seattle crowd pops once more as the triad of Dr. Ayumi Sato, Gigaton, and Fission appear on the stage through a radioactive cloud. They saunter to the ring, Dr. Sato grinning from ear to ear as her Punks flank her on either side.

Lance:

Well, that about rounds us out.

DDK:

The Atomic Punks are here to give their two cents! We've got all four teams competing for the tag team titles out here in the arena!

Lance:

Look sharp, Keebs. Anything can happen here.

Dr. Sato steps into the ring while Fission and Gigaton stand at ringside. The mad scientist procures a microphone from her lab coat, smirking as she brings it to her lips.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

All of this babble over who among us will walk out of MAXDEF with those Tag Team Championships... why, we just HAD to poke our heads out from my mobile laboratory just to see what all the commotion was about! And of course, there is not much of interest to discuss because let's face it; my Atomic Punks are as ready to take those belts as anyone! Fission and Gigaton have come close to holding them before, but now?

Dr. Sato shakes her head and looks down at her Punks, who simply grin like sharks smelling blood in the water.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

NOW is the time, mortals! NOW is when the Era of Sato begins in DEFIANCE! NOW is when we reach the top of that mountain, and claim the prizes for ourselves! Fission and Gigaton have taken on MANY of the top tandems here in DEFIANCE, and now, it's time for them to be THE top!

As she does her spiel, Gigaton climbs in and stands besides Dr. Sato, before being handed the mic.

Gigaton:

GIGATON. IS GOING. TO ENJOY. TURNING YOU ALL. INTO. NUCLEAR. WASTE.

Meanwhile, TA Black is stumbling about, and gets his hands on the legs of Fission. Fission just looks at him in confusion, until a sinister look crosses his face and he grabs Black by the scruff, tossing him under the bottom ropes and into the ring.

Gigaton:

LIKE. GIGATON. SAID. BEFORE. SMASH 'EM. SPLASH 'EM. REPEAT UNTIL-

He is interrupted by being nudged by a stumbling TA Black, who flops down on the mat at Gig's feet. In that moment, the intense glower of the larger Punk seems to vanish, and he follows up with a soft, calm...

Gigaton:

...excuse Gigaton a moment, please.

He hands Dr. Sato the mic again... before bounding off the nearest set of ropes, and thundering down on TA Black's ribs with a full-on Atomic Splash!

TA Black:

BLEGHK!!

"RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!"

The crowd erupts in a mix of cheers and laughter as TA Black now lies on the mat, looking dead as a doornail. Gigaton rises to his feet and holds his hand out, taking the mic back from Dr. Sato.

Gigaton:

Now, where was Gigaton? Oh, yeah.

And just as soon as it left, Gigaton's intensity comes rushing back, and he becomes bellicose and loud all over again.

Gigaton:

SMASH 'EM. SPLASH 'EM. REPEAT. UNTIL. VICTORIOUS. THE PUNKS. ARE TAKING. THEM BELTS.

By now, all three teams of challengers have entered the ring with the Ronin. A tense four-way standoff ensues, with eight competitors and two managers warily looking among their foes.

DDK:

All three teams have some powerful words for the champions before they all meet in the ring Maximum DEFIANCE!

Daymon and Burnett exchange a glance. Leo shrugs, uncertain on how his partner wants to act on this.

Lance:

Looking at this pack, the Rain City Ronin might come to regret their "golden ticket" campaign.

Zack looks over the three other teams, the writhing body of TA Black in the center of the ring, the Maximum DEFIANCE sign hanging in the corner of the arena, and finally to the championship belt hanging off his shoulder. After a brief moment of consideration, he motions for the mic from Gigaton, who reluctantly hands it over.

DDK:

Zack Daymon is calling for the mic...?

As soon as the mic is in his hands, Daymon unscrews the top, removes the batteries, and pitches it out of the ring. No speechifying for them, thanks. Instead, Zack delivers his message by way of a clench fist aimed at MP1's head...

DDK:

So anyway... Zack Daymon starts BLASTING!

Lance:

He must have *really* wanted to fight someone in his hometown tonight!

In mere seconds, the ring explodes into a scene of chaos, with wrestlers trading blows across every square inch of canvas. Daymon and MP1 square off. The D goes after MV2. Fission grapples with Klein. And Gigaton locks horns with Burnett.

DDK:

We've got PANDEMONIUM in the ring right now, ladies and gentlemen! Pure bedlam! All four teams involved in the

elimination tag match for the Unified Tag Team Champions are tearing into each other!

Lance:

This could be a preview to what awaits us at MAXDEF!

With bodies moving everywhere, TA Black is perpetually trampled in the center of the ring.

TA Black:

OW! C'MON! HEY! I'M ALREADY DEAD HERE, GOSHDARNIT!!

Referees and security guards quickly run out the entry-way and flood the stage to break up the fight before it spills out of control.

DDK:

Well fans, we're going to take a quick break while our security team cleans up the mess out here! I cannot wait to see these four teams finally let loose in that elimination match!

Lance:

The champions may be in over their heads. All three ticket-holding teams have made it clear tonight that they full intend to cash in on the opportunity they've been given.

DDK:

Don't go anywhere, ladies and gentlemen! We got more matches on the way!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



IDENTITY CRISIS - III

A flickering light buzzes overhead as Corvo Alpha steps onto the seemingly abandoned train platform.

The floor beneath his boots is cracked, uneven. Flakes of old paint curl off the wall like shedding skin. There are no signs of life. No voices. No air movement. Just the soft, distant hiss of something mechanical bleeding through the tunnels. His wide eyes warily take in the dim scene.

A metal sign overhead jitters, struggling to display the next departure in blocky, digital red letters. The names stutter in broken pixels:

TRUTH

...

He waits.

The first train screams into the station. Its steel carriages tremble, shaking the floor beneath his black boots. It rattles to a broken stop but no doors open. The windows are dark. Empty, maybe, perhaps not. As “smoothly” as it careened in, it jerks out of the station-stop. Alpha’s painted eyes squint to watch it’s flickering light fade down the blackened tunnel... before another screech heralds a second arrival.

A second train glides in, slower. The headlights blink as if in recognition. This one stops.

The sign above it flashes a single word:

WHO?

The doors hiss open.

There is no conductor, no bustling crowd to board. Just Corvo, standing at the threshold, staring into a faint blue glow at the other end of the car.

He steps inside and the train doors close behind him. When he wheels around he finds himself not on a decaying train, but in a locker room. The flickering blue glow dulls into the haze of fluorescent lighting. Tile replaces steel. The air thickens, humid and heavy.

Corvo turns, but the train is gone. Just a bench behind him. A stack of folded towels that don’t smell clean. The room is familiar, but wrong.

The benches are too short. The lockers too wide. Everything is off-model, like a replica built from faded, half-forgotten memory. Posters line the walls: promotional shots, title match cards, vintage logo banners. But none of the names make sense, none of them are recognizable. Half the faces are his. Half are someone else in his gear. He finds himself snarling at them and works to stop himself.

He walks the row slowly, scanning the locker doors. Each one has a nameplate. Every plate has been scratched out. Some violently. He stops.

One locker has no name. No lock. No scratches. Corvo places his hand on the handle.

The metal is cold. The door creaks open without resistance. It is empty and deep. And... bright? A humming light far inside calls to him. It expands and reaches for him. He reaches back.

Shoulders twist. Spine bends. He squeezes into the impossible space, sucked into the light until there’s nothing left of the room behind him.

And when he opens his eyes... He's somewhere else.

Somewhere soft & painted in bright primary colors; yellows, reds, and blues in equal and deliberate portions. The air is warm and inviting, it is silent, it is welcoming. It feels safe. At the center of the room, a young girl sits, working on a complicated puzzle.

The yellow bow tied in her hair bobs as she sets a piece aside and finds a different one, frustrated. Alpha tries to make the puzzle out. Some pieces are upside down. Some don't look like they belong at all. The image doesn't make sense. A blur of skin tones, painted streaks, shapes that might be eyes or mouths or nothing at all.

The young girl sighs and Corvo steps forward, tentatively taking a seat at her table. She smiles softly at him - as if she'd been waiting for him - and turns back to her work.

Does he *know* her? Something quiet and buried deep inside whispers he should.

Wordlessly, he starts picking up pieces and working on the puzzle with little success. The silence is broken by her tiny voice.

"Are you my daddy?"

The words echo and boom in his ears. Corvo blinks. His mouth opens, then closes. A pause.

"I... I don't know," he replies.

Tilting her head, she looks to the puzzle - then back at him.

"Do you know my name?"

Staring at her, the colorful walls of the room seem to pull back and fade away. She is all there is. Her name spills out of his mouth before he can think.

"Mirabelle." That's it.

She smiles. An unbidden tear rolls down his cheek and he self-consciously wipes it - and some paint - away. Where did that name come from?! Is he her-

"Look!" she exclaimed, setting one last piece in the puzzle. Suddenly it is completed. Alpha looks down at the table between him to see that the puzzle image is one of him - half painted, half masked.

Somewhere far beyond wherever he might now be, he hears a rhythmic clapping take hold. Something familiar. The young girl has tears in her eyes as well. Happy-tears, it would seem.

"It's YOU!" Mirabelle cries out.

And it is. Alpha looks at the puzzle once more and can no longer see the lines delineating each piece. It is suddenly whole. It is him. The clapping is louder, everywhere, all around him. Calling him.

Looking up, the chair she once sat in is now unoccupied. Panicking for a moment, he looks for her but only finds the galloping clap of his song. Rising to his feet, he clenches his fists, he closes his eyes.

When he opens them again, his pupils are awash in yellows, reds, and blues.

And black.

LAST WORDS

Without warning... an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

*♪ 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 ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever. Behind him, the entire Familia stands present!

DDK:

We've heard plenty of words exchanged between Titanes Familia and The GC Universe! At Maximum DEFIANCE, it will be a five-on-five tag team match between both groups! But tonight, Killjoy takes on OSCAR BURNS himself!

Lance:

And it looks like we're going to have the entire Familia at ringside! Which with how combustible things have been between both groups in the past couple of months, I'd expect nothing less.

One by one, the entire Familia follow with two gold spotlights leading them to the ring in darkness. Killjoy reaches the ring and nods as Brooklynn Rivera, Siofra and Kilgore follow behind. Titaness and Siofra are embroiled in conversation off-mic Kilgore is ready to strike if needed and Brooklynn is talking trash to the jeering Seattle Faithful. While Killjoy enters the ring, Uriel Cortez and Titaness both follow as well.

DDK:

I'm not sure what's going on... Killjoy is supposed to be doing battle with OSCAR BURNS here momentarily, but... what's the meaning of this? Last time we saw these two together, OSCAR struck Uriel Cortez with the Golden Shovel!

Uriel Cortez thumps his giant hand over a microphone. The music of DEFIANCE's only DEFy Award-Winning Familia fades out as Uriel speaks.

Uriel Cortez:

You're not seeing things... our Good Son, Killjoy, is dressed to compete and he's going to put OSCAR's body through this canvas in a few moments, but before I do... T and I need to get something off our chest. As it is, we have a five-on-five match scheduled for Maximum DEFIANCE between Titanes Familia and the GC Universe. But before we get to that... Titaness and I have something we need to say. Over the past year, you've seen her and I become what we were always meant to be: People meant to be FEARED. People meant to TAKE what we want because our genetics give us the ability to do that.

He points at Killjoy.

Uriel Cortez:

It's what makes Killer her special.

He points outside the ring towards Kilgore, Siofra and Brooklynn Rivera.

Uriel Cortez:

It's what makes people like La Angelita. Our Fury, Siofra, and our Familia Attack Dog, Kilgore, PERFECT. That you can't tell us shit because we will do what we want WHEN we want.

Siofra and Brooklynn smirk while Kilgore nods. Titaness continues with her own mic.

Titaness:

But one of the biggest things that we can do as a family unit... even more than the power we possess... is finding the strength to admit when you're wrong. Not only that, but learning from those mistakes. When Uri and I started on this path we're at now... we hurt a lot of people along the way to make this happen. We did some things that we've acted like we were proud of... but upon having time to reflect... excuse me...

Titaness takes a moment to collect herself while Uriel pats her on the shoulder. Siofra jumps on the apron.

Siofra:

You got this, T... tell them your story.

Titaness:

Thank you, Siofra... thank you.

The groans from The Faithful continue when Siofra and Titaness share a hug before she resumes speaking.

Titaness:

Last week, Uriel and I said we had to apologize... and tonight, that's what we're going to do. That's why we need two people to hear this. We did reprehensible things. We broke something that I don't know can ever truly be fixed again. This is coming way later than it should... but better now than nothing at all. And if there's any chance... we have to try.

Uriel Cortez:

That's right, my love. That's why we need to say right n...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The music is met with a HUGE mix of cheering and booing!

Out from the stage, one by one...

FLEX. Aaron King. Dan Leo James. "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas.

Seattle's own Sonny Silver! (ha-YUGE pop!)

And OSCAR BURNS!

Walking to the front in his ring gear dressed to compete, OSCAR tilts his head and has a microphone in one hand and the fabled Golden Shovel in the other. The rest of the GC Universe stand by the sides.

OSCAR BURNS:

CUT THE MUSIC! What the bloody hell are you giant squibs going on about? If anything, you can apologize to ME for wasting my valuable ring time! Of all the things that I offer to this company! The most dependable wrestler on the roster! Shredded! No sick days! No holes in my game! My ring time!? My ring time is my most valuable commodity and you wanna come out here and play Giant Dr. Phil? Did me hitting you across the back with my Golden Shovel really mess your brain rack that bad?

Uriel Cortez grinds his teeth. Killjoy jumps forward to try and do some damage, but Uriel puts up an arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Hold on one sec, Killer. You're gonna get your turn shortly. As for you, OSCAR, I wouldn't expect an overbearing egomaniac like you to understand what it's like to admit when you've made a mistake. And you did me a favor cause the people we want to apologize to are standing next to you...

He leans over the ropes.

Uriel Cortez:

Mil Vueltas... Dan Leo James... I'm sorry.

Loud murmurs erupt from all corners of the arena.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

What did he just say?!

Titanness cuts through the shock and awe and leans towards the ropes. Mil and DLJ look at one another almost disgusted by what they're hearing. Sonny Silver, FLEX and King watch behind them.

Titanness:

He's right. We've done some soul-searching and like we said... this is long overdue. The four of us... we were a family and we ruined that. We got tired of people attacking the ones we loved, in the process, we became those very people and ripped apart the bond we had.

Uriel places a hand on the shoulder of his wife, showing what looks like regret.

Uriel Cortez:

I attacked you, Dan. I attacked you when all you did was try and get me to see the good in myself, thus sending you into the arms of Vae Victis. Mil... you were my hermano and I ruined that 100%. We cast you out, you had to saddle up with an egomaniacal prick like OSCAR and converted to the dark side in the process. Titanness and I were dead set on doing what we've done without ever giving either of you a real chance. We broke what could have been a lifelong bond. That's why we want to make amends... that's why we're asking you to both right now... if you remember any of the good times we used to have. If you remember the feeling of family that we had...

Titanness:

Please... come home.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James look at one another in shock. OSCAR BURNS and Sonny Silver both roll their eyes.

Lance:

There's... there's NO WAY they're even entertaining this!

Sonny Silver gets a microphone and gets some LOUD cheers from The Seattle Faithful!

DDK:

Sonny's hometown!

Sonny Silver:

I don't know what the fuck they mix into the Kool-Aid over at the Cortez residence, but like OSCAR BURNS told the both of you... we're here for a WRESTLING MATCH! Not this bullshit! I've worked with both of these fine gentlemen for a while and I think we can speak for both The GLOAT and for Giga-Dan when we say they don't give a DAMN about your fake apology!

OSCAR BURNS:

Yeah! Of course they're not gonna entertain this nonsense! You think we don't see what you're....

But before he can say another word, Mil RIPS the microphone from OSCAR's hand!

OOOOOOOHHHHH!

OSCAR looks over at The GLOAT with a look of anger while Mil turns to the ring.

Mil Vueltas:

You're... you're SERIOUS?! Take your offer and SHOVE IT arriba de sus traseros! YOU HURT ME! YOU HURT DANNY! YOU THINK WE'RE STUPID?!

Danny takes the microphone now.

DLJ:

YEAH! You SMASHED my face into an LED screen! I had no one! I had NOBODY! And it was OSCAR and Sonny Silver who reached out! When the rest of Vae Victis went on their stupid sabbatical, THEY looked out for me! Not you two! You left us to rot and we picked ourselves up again in spite of you!

More... cheers?!

DLJ:

Tell me WHY you think we'd ever go back to you two again?! You may think I'm some big dumb kid, but I'm not THAT dumb!

Uriel and Titaness both protest.

Uriel Cortez:

Just the opposite, mi hermanos. I see what you and Danny are doing now. And as much as I HATE to give OSCAR any sort of credit, you've become the people that T and I KNEW you both could be and that's people willing to do what NEEDS to be done to get the best for yourselves! So let me ask you both... are you REALLY happy standing beneath Burnsie? Are you really happy being tiny stars in his stupid little universe? Or do you wanna stand BESIDE us again?

Titaness:

This offer is good from now until the both of you say yes! Families fight, but families reunite, too. And the blood feud has gone on long enough. We're done if you are.

Mil Vueltas angrily looks towards the ring.

Mil Vueltas:

Do... do you even THINK we're gon...

OSCAR steals the microphone back, leaving Mil shocked this time around!

OSCAR BURNS:

THEY. SAID. NO. THEY. WORK. FOR. ME. NOW!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

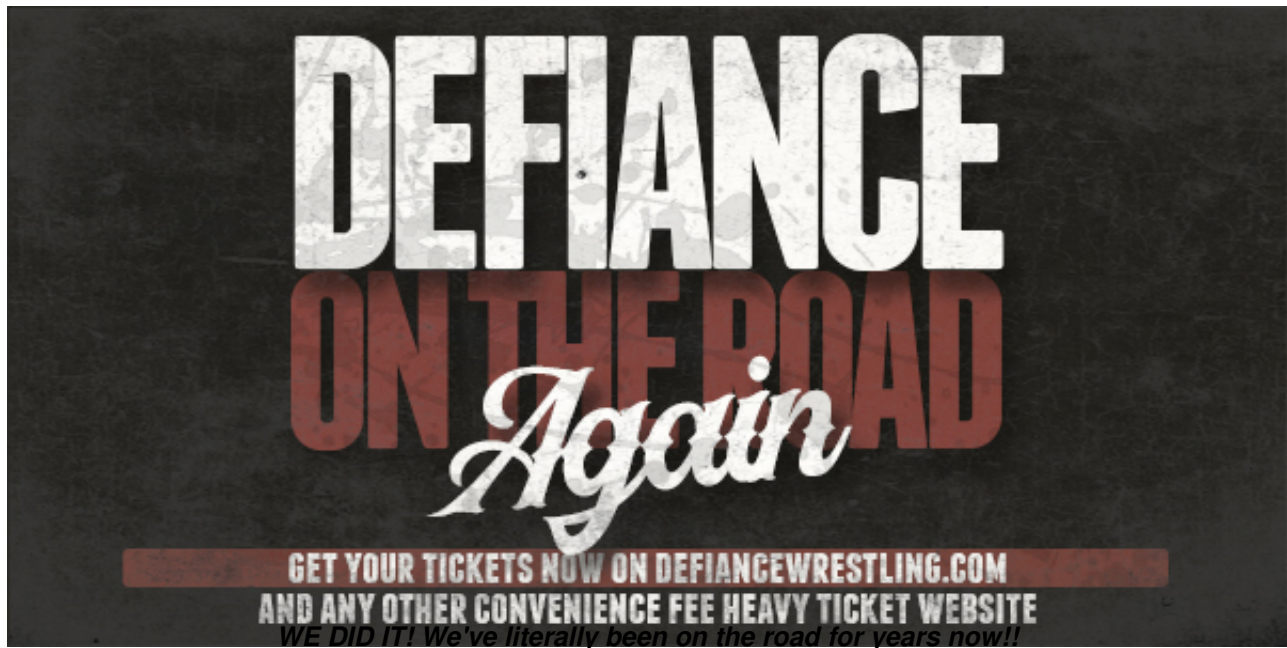
OSCAR BURNS:

ENOUGH BLOODY MOUTH POLLUTION! BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO TAKE YOUR OVERFED SON TO WRESTLING 101! NOW GET ME BENNY DOYLE AND RING THAT DAMN BELL!

Mil looks towards OSCAR with some very obvious side-eye under his mask with Dan pulling him back! OSCAR sheds his cape and tosses it to the side, then hands over the coveted Golden Shover to Sonny Silver before he climbs up the steps. Uriel locks eyes with OSCAR briefly, then turns to Killjoy and makes a "break him" motion with his hands before he and Titaness leave the ring!

DDK:

This isn't what I thought we'd hear from Titanes Familia at all... but regardless, we're gonna take a commercial break and when we come back, we've got one final match between Titanes Familia and the GC Universe! OSCAR BURNS goes one-on-one with Killjoy of Titanes Familia!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

OSCAR BURNS vs. KILLJOY

DING DING

Returning from commercials, Benny Doyle calls for the bell and then has to immediately get out of the way of a charging Killjoy! OSCAR moves out of the way in the nick of time, but Killjoy stops himself with both hands in the corner. The Good Son turns around, only to eat a QUICK running European uppercut against the jaw! Killjoy is stunned and he fires off a number of uppercuts under the jaw of the massive monster with both the Familia and the GC Universe members at ringside cheering both sides on!

DDK:

Welcome back! If you're just joining us, we have OSCAR BURNS vs Killjoy under way! It was OSCAR who asked for this match against the unstoppable monster!

Killjoy eats two more uppercuts and is rocked. OSCAR grabs Killer by the waist as he heads out of the corner and tries to get him up and over for a gutwrench, but this is a big mistake as Killjoy grabs him by the side and spins OSCAR around before HURLING him across the ring to the shock of all!

Lance:

No way! OSCAR is about 250 pounds and Killjoy just shoved him off to the side!

Fuming, OSCAR looks over at both Uriel and Titaness at ringside and both waving sarcastically. BURNS moves out of the way of a stomp just in time before rolling back to his feet! He charges towards Killjoy and hits him with another big elbow smash and drills the temple of the masked monster. Sonny and the rest of the GC Universe at ringside continue watching, but when OSCAR tries another elbow, Killjoy takes the shot only to come right back...

THWACK!

DDK:

OH, LORDY! ONE CHOP AND OSCAR'S DOWN!

One shot is all Killjoy needs to put OSCAR down on the canvas reeling! He holds his chest in pain, but Killjoy doesn't leave him on the ground. He pulls him up and pushes him back towards the corner. Killjoy rushes in and CRUSHES the Kiwi with a huge body avalanche in the corner! OSCAR staggers right into his clutches and then gets dropped HARD across the knee with a massive pendulum backbreaker! Killjoy stares down at OSCAR with loud jeers from the Seattle Faithful while Mil Vuelas and DLJ are both watching.

DDK:

Killjoy is just dominating OSCAR BURNS right now! He has yet to get anything substantial going offensively.

Killjoy grabs OSCAR by his hair and tights and then throws him through the ropes. Killjoy then starts towering over Benny Doyle, hiding the fact that on the outside, Kilgore runs and SMASHES right into Burnsie with a huge running clothesline on the floor! Kilgore and Siofra both stand over OSCAR like hyenas while Uriel and Titaness laugh. Sonny Silver and the rest of the GC Universe watch on and try to warn Doyle to what's happening, but he's distracted by the monster in front of him.

Lance:

Goodness! Kilgore just ran right through him! In the short time we've seen these beasts together, they have worked incredibly well as a dominant force.

Kilgore grabs OSCAR and pushes him back into the ring at the feet of Killjoy. The beast pulls him up and hoists OSCAR onto his shoulder before running forward and RAMMING him with tremendous force and whiplash back-first into the corner! BURNS can't help but shout as he falls to his knees. As Killjoy towers over the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE,

Uriel Cortez: *[in a bad New Zealander accent]*

How'd you like THAT, GC?!

Titanness looks over to the GC Universe corner, mainly Mil and DLJ. She holds her arms out in their direction as if she's ready to accept a hug!

Titanness:

You know who the winning side is! Come home!

DLJ:

No way, ex-Mom!

Mil responds with the double bird! Meanwhile back in the ring, OSCAR is still face-down on the ground before he gets dragged up again!

Lance:

OSCAR has been thoroughly punished by this monster! He's... NO WAY!

OSCAR fights back to actual cheers from The Faithful, throwing elbow smashes into the rib cage of Killjoy! The blows stun the monster!

DDK:

I can't believe it, but OSCAR is fighting back! He's got Killjoy's left arm!

He grabs the arm and slams the crook of The Good Son's elbow with an uppercut, then wrenches the arm before bringing the elbow down across his arm! Killjoy yells out for a second, then tries to swing with his right hand. OSCAR ducks and then PUSHES Killjoy into the corner and simultaneously smashes his arm into the corner! He turns around for OSCAR to grab the arm and then connect with a double knee armbreaker!

DDK:

Killjoy's working the back, so OSCAR's responding in kind by attacking the left arm! That could severely limit the use of these power moves that Killjoy likes to utilize!

Aaron King and FLEX both cheer on OSCAR as he continues going after the left arm of Killjoy! He holds the arm and tries to go for another move... only to get pulled by the other arm! Killjoy has OSCAR on his shoulders before he falls to his knees with a huge gutbuster drop over the shoulder! OSCAR writhes around in agony while Killjoy remains on his knees, holding his left arm in pain!

DDK:

What a counter that was! Killjoy wrestles like such a monster! That over the shoulder gutbuster just drove all the wind out of OSCAR!

Lance:

And there's Uriel and Titanness telling him to go for a cover!

Killjoy goes for a lateral press on the former two-time FIST!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of OSCAR comes up before the three! Killjoy tilts his head up towards the official, who holds up two fingers.

Lance:

Where did OSCAR find the strength to kick out of that?!

DDK:

He's one of the top veterans in DEFIANCE, like him or not! He will find a way to escape defeat!

Killjoy stares down OSCAR and then pulls the Kiwi back to his feet, only for OSCAR to grab onto his leg! The Good Son tugs at the tights of the Center of the GC Universe to try and get him to let go, but he doesn't. Killjoy lifts his leg up and slams OSCAR's face into his knee! He falls to the canvas again while The Good Son stands over the former champion once again getting ready to hurt him! OSCAR is in a bad spot right now as Killjoy grabs him by the waist...

CRASH!

And delivers an extra-stiff forearm to the back of OSCAR!

DDK:

We've barely heard Killjoy speak a word since Uriel Cortez recruited him into the Familia, but we know there's a smart man beneath that mask and that monstrous facade.

Once again, OSCAR is pushed into the ropes chest first and the recoil sends him right back into another big forearm to work over the back. BURNS is about to fall, but Killjoy grabs him by the waistband and then pushes him into the ropes again. When OSCAR comes back, he gets caught over the shoulder and SHAKEN into a violent bearhug!

DDK:

What strength by this monster on display! OSCAR is just around the 250 mark and he's being treated like a rag doll!

Sonny Silver and the members of the GC Universe continue to watch on from their side of the ring while the very full corner of Titanes Familia collectively cheer on The Good Son. Killjoy continues to ragdoll The Center of the GC Universe. OSCAR tries to pry his way out of the submission, but knowing that he can't, he employs the most technical of technical tactics...

The old "Greco-Roman Twist of the Mask!"

Lance:

That's ONE strategy to take on this masked monster! He just twisted that mask around to impair Killjoy's vision!

Killjoy drops OSCAR BURNS and flails around before adjusting his mask. OSCAR who stumbles away and crawls through the ropes closer to the GC Universe corner for an extra safety net. He yells at Killjoy.

OSCAR BURNS:

I'M OVER HERE, YOU ROIDED-UP PONCE!

After fixing his mask, an incensed Killjoy charges towards the corner with a big boot, but OSCAR moves out of the way and intercepts the leg... then hits a DRAGON SCREW to the leg in between the ropes! The furious Killjoy finally collapses to a knee!

DDK:

OOOOH! WHAT A COUNTER BY OSCAR! He baited Killjoy and he just paid for it!

Seeing that the monster is now down to a knee, OSCAR climbs towards the ring and then enters the inside. Killjoy gets SMACKED upside the head from a rounding enzuigiri from the Kiwi while he's on his knees! Uriel and Titaness both growl in frustration as OSCAR sits up, looks their way and winks. The Seattle Faithful rally around the former two-time FIST as he lines up and then speeds towards Killjoy, CRACKING him in the face with a running dropkick to finally put him flat on his back! OSCAR pops up to his feet and almost seems to be remembering what it's like to have a crowd cheer him on! At Sonny Silver's insistence at ringside, he, Mil, DLJ, King and FLEX all get The Faithful behind

him!

Lance:

Listen to The Faithful! And... and where's OSCAR going?!

OSCAR charges towards Killjoy and drops a big knee drop right into his chest, but doesn't stop there. He looks down at the monster, then realizes he needs a home run swing so he starts going to the top rope.

DDK:

No way... NO WAY is OSCAR going to the top! What's he thinking?!

He looks out to The Faithful...

OSCAR BURNS:

SWEET AS!

Then takes flight off with a diving knee drop right into the heart of Killjoy!

DDK:

THE SWEET AS KNEE DROP! THAT WAS A MOVE WE HAVEN'T SEEN OSCAR USE IN YEARS! COVER ON KILLJOY!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

Killjoy POWERS the captain of All Caps Graps off of him! OSCAR lands next to him, but looks shocked!

Lance:

Great job stringing moves together by OSCAR but Killjoy just too strong at 6'10" and over 350!

OSCAR reaches over and grabs at the leg he hit the dragon screw on moments before, but Killjoy uses his other foot to kick OSCAR off! He gets launched into the ropes where Kilgore tries to pick an ankle! OSCAR sees it coming and leaps up before STOMPING down on the hand of the Familia Attack Dog! He reels back holding his hand in pain while Siofra and Brooklynn check on him!

DDK:

Kilgore tried to catch OSCAR from behind, but he knows almost all the tricks himself!

OSCAR turns just in time, only to get CRUSHED with a huge body avalanche from Killjoy followed immediately by a HUGE Atomic Throw out of the corner!

DDK:

Atomic Throw by Killjoy! That release belly-to-back throw is usually the precursor to The FreeFall and if he can hit this move, it's over!

Uriel and Titaness watch on as Killjoy goes for the proverbial kill, but Mil Vueltas jumps on the ring apron to try and distract Killjoy!

Mil Vueltas:

Hey! Puta grande!

Killjoy responds by PUSHING Mil off the apron, only for Dan Leo James to catch him last second!

DLJ:

You okay, hermano?!

Mil nods, but looks frustrated!

Lance:

I don't know what Mil was thinking there!

Killjoy turns around to catch OSCAR again, only to catch a chop block to the back of his leg! The Good Son collapses to a knee!

DDK:

OSCAR scores with the chop block!

OSCAR starts to get back up to his feet and turns over to face the grounded Killjoy...

SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK FROM MIIL....

IN FRONT OF THE OFFICIAL!

DDK:

WHAT... WHAT DID HE DO THAT FOR?!

OSCAR protests with Benny Doyle while Mil jumps on top of the monster Killjoy and starts throwing fists down onto the brute! Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **KILLJOY!**

Lance:

Mil Vueltas ran in there and hit Killjoy after he put his hands on him first... but he just cost OSCAR BURNS this match in the process!

Killjoy PUSHES Mil off of him and starts to get to his feet...

DASH AND BASH BY DLJ!

The massive running flying shoulder tackle knocks Killjoy out of the ring in front of Titanes Familia! He goes to check on Mil, but OSCAR spins Dan Leo James around by his arm.

OSCAR BURNS:

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU PONCES JUST DO?! I HAD THIS!

DLJ:

He put his hand on him!

FLEX and Aaron King both enter the ring, along with Sonny Silver! Mil is up and trying to explain himself, but OSCAR points at him and starts reading him the riot act! Outside the ring, Killjoy tries to pull himself up and he wants back in! Thrashing around like a wild animal, it takes both Titaness and Uriel to get him to calm down, but Uriel watches with a smile on his face!

Lance:

Was this... was this part of some plan? Them trying to make amends with Mil and DLJ?!

Mil and DLJ get into a shouting match with OSCAR, but Sonny gets in between them and tries to be the cooler head. FLEX and King try to separate them, but OSCAR speeds past all of them and grabs a microphone. He then snatches the Golden Shovel away from Sonny and holds it firmly.

OSCAR BURNS:

URIEL CORTEZ, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!

He stares down the Familia.

OSCAR BURNS:

Two weeks ago, you wanted a five-on-five match with the Familia and GC Universe... BUT I SAY WE SCRAP THAT!

Lance:

WHAT?! WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?!

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU KNOW DAMN WELL I HAD KILLJOY BEAT BEFORE HELP WAS GIVEN TO ME THAT I DIDN'T ASK FOR...

Frothing at the mouth, he looks over at both Mil and DLJ, then back towards Uriel with the Golden Shovel in hand!

OSCAR BURNS:

SO I WANT TO BURY YOU MYSELF! YOU WANT MY SPOT, GC?! YOU WANT **MY** SPOT! THEN YOU BLOODY WELL HAVE TO **WRESTLE** IT FROM ME ON YOUR OWN! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! YOU AND ME, URIEL! ONE ON ONE! THE CENTER OF THE GC UNIVERSE VERSUS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE! WHAT DO YOU SAY?!

The other members of the GC Universe and even Sonny protest with OSCAR, but he shakes head in their direction and tells them all to button it. At the stage, Uriel confers with the other members of the GC Universe. He looks at Siofra and Kilgore, Brooklynn, Killjoy, and then finally, Titaness. After his wife nods his way, Uriel reaches over and steals a microphone off the nearby interview stage to address Burnsie.

Uriel Cortez:

I irked you that bad, huh? You want big old me in a singles match, huh? Under one condition...

He looks at the Familia around him.

Uriel Cortez:

You want a one-on-one match with me and I'd love nothing more than to shut you the hell up myself, but we both know what's gonna happen here... one of your people is gonna run out and fight with one of my people. So let's cut all that out... and welcome EVERYONE to ringside. You want me, you got me... but it's a LUMBERJACK MATCH! Your GC Universe AND Mi Familia all at ringside! Does your faith in your little Universe match that of the faith I have in Mi Familia to see this through, Burnsie?

The crowd reacts to that. Sonny Silver tries to tell OSCAR BURNS that he should reconsider and tries to take OSCAR's mic, but OSCAR pulls him away.

OSCAR BURNS:

FINE! FAMILIA OR NO FAMILIA AT RINGSIDE... I WILL **END** THIS!

Uriel Cortez:

See you all at MAXDEF then... oh...

He snaps a finger.

Uriel Cortez:

Danny... Mil... think about what we said.

He drops the microphone on the ramp and nods to the rest of the Familia to take their leave. One by one, the monsters leave.

DDK:

I... I don't believe this! OSCAR is pissed! He might have had that match won had it not been for that snap judgment made by Mil and DLJ to jump in!

Lance:

And now we're gonna have a one-on-one match between OSCAR BURNS and Uriel Cortez at Maximum DEFIANCE instead! This issue has been eating away at OSCAR and I don't think he's thinking clearly!

Danny tries to talk to OSCAR and grabs his arm, but OSCAR pulls away. He gestures at FLEX and Sonny to follow him. They each cast a look at The GLOAT and Danny before they leave without them. Mil throws his arms up in frustration and leaves the opposite way with Danny following behind.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SIT DOWN

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED

A decently lit but otherwise unimpressive office space located above Ballyhoo Brew in New Orleans. Three chairs are centered in frame: one with Brock Newbludd, smiling proudly sporting a “BORN OVER” t-shirt and with the Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder. Next to him, a professionally dressed Christie Zane with papers in hand looking serious and ready to conduct this interview. And finally, the final seat has Pat Cassidy wearing jeans and a SNS t-shirt. Cassidy isn’t looking dour, per say, but there’s the hint of bags under his eyes and his usual out-going personality seems somewhat subdued.

Christie Zane:

Welcome. To the DEFIANCE Faithful, these men need no introduction. Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy hold the record of the longest reigning DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions of all time. The Saturday Night Specials are perhaps one of the most popular tag team this company has ever seen, and this very building we’re sitting in is a testament to that and their unique connection with the fans. Thanks for being here Brock and Pat.

Brock Newbludd:

You bet, Christie.

Pat Cassidy:

Shore thing.

Christie Zane:

We are roughly a month away from you, Brock, defending your Southern Heritage Championship against Pat. We saw that match up mere weeks ago, making this particular title defense a rematch of sorts. I understand that the request for this re-match came from Pat, but that you - Brock - said yes. Can you speak as to why you accepted this match against your buddy?

Brock Newbludd:

I accepted it because that’s the type of champion I am, Zane. If someone wants to take a shot at me and this title, all they have to do is ask. It’s really that simple. It doesn’t matter if it’s a piece of crap like Ned Reform, or my best friend sitting here, I will take on any and all challengers. I spent the entirety of 2024 playing bullshit games and jumping through unnecessary hoops just to earn a shot at some gold. That shit got old real fast, not just for me, but also for The Faithful. Those days are over, Zane. Titles are meant to be defended in the ring, and that’s exactly what I’m gonna do.

Christie Zane:

Which brings me to you, Pat. We’ve seen what appears to be growing frustration on your part over the last several weeks. I’ve spent some time online, and I’ve seen the fans are worried. You and Brock have been an inseparable duo for five years, and in an industry where friendships rarely last, people are concerned that this title match might contribute to tension between you two. How would you respond to that?

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. I’ve heard what people are saying. The slow creep to the break up of The Saturday Night Specials, right? Ol’ Pat is losing it. Gonna “turn” on Newbludd any day now. Well, I have one message for those people...

Cassidy turns to look into the camera and gives ‘em the ol’ one finger salute.

Pat Cassidy:

Fuck off. This guy right heah? This is my BROTHAH. Most of you listening have no idea what it’s like to be tag team partnahs. This ain’t no “friend.” This is a WAR buddy, kid. He and I - up and down the road. Beahs after the show, always onto the next fight, the next town, the next dumb story we’d laugh about in the morning. Didn’t matter if I woke up in a hotel room, jail cell, or the upper level of the Wrestleplex... I knew this motherfuckah right here had my back. And I had his. And that’s never gonna change, buddy.

Brock Newbludd:

You damn right. We've gone through too much shit together, good or bad, to let one match put a rift between us. Ain't no way that's happenin'. This man right here is about the closest thing to a brother that I've ever had and I consider it a damn honor to call him my partner. Cass hit the nail on the head, Zane. We're more than just friends, we're brothers in arms.

Pat Cassidy:

But I need you to understand something, Brock. Something I've been struggling to find the words to get across. Three months ago, I held my little girl in my hands for the first time. Fuckin' hell, man. It's like the world stopped turnin'. You look down at your own eyes on this little thing... it's fuckin' crazy. I thought I was ready, you know? I thought I'd strap her into one of those baby carryin' thingies and she'd come along for the ride, man. The third Saturday Night Special. Dad and Uncle Brock showing her the ways of the world.

Brock Newbludd:

I can't wait, bro! The world isn't ready for the future baroness of Ballyhoo! Now, I don't know a damn thing about raisin' a kid but I do know one thing. I know that Erin Cassidy couldn't ask for a better man to call 'Daddy'. Take it from a guy who grew up with a genuine piece of shit for a Dad...you're more than ready and you're gonna kill it. We're gonna have to clear a wall off in the bar to hang all your "Father of the Year" awards, brother!

Cassidy gives Brock a half cocked smile and Newbludd's eyes narrow slightly. He locks eyes with his friend.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen. I know you're nervous, Cass. You got every right to be and I'd be feelin' the same in your shoes. But, have a little faith in yourself, buddy. I know I do. Shit, not just me, everyone does.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. I'm sure it will be like that, man. You're gonna be a big paht of this little girl's life - no question. But shit, dude - do you know what I wasn't ready foah?

Cassidy looks down for a moment, seemingly to choose these next words carefully.

Pat Cassidy:

This little person - this fuckin' heart stoppin' wonder of a human bein - depends on ME. Do you know what that means? It means formula, it means diapers, it means doctors visits, it means 2am emergency room visits for a fever while I shit myself and realize that the entirety of my happiness and joy in this world is now inside this fraile little body and what the FUCK what I do if anything happend to her? I can deal with Gahland, or The Sevens, or Vae Victis... but anything happening to my little girl would fuckin' BREAK me, dude.

Cassidy looks back up, looking toward his tag team partner.

Pat Cassidy:

When I look at her - this tiny, perfect thing - I don't see freedom anymoah. Responsibility. Pressure. Fear. I see the weight of every single choice I make. It's not just that I can't live the old life anymore. It's that I don't want to. I can't disappear for two weeks on the road and pretend nothing back home matters. I can't wake up hungover in some motel and shrug it off like I used to. But that's not the worst of it, kid.

Keen observers notice Cassidy's fist clench and his voice take on a harder edge.

Pat Cassidy:

CAN I even do this shit anymore!? We've both always been able to take an ass kickin' - it's part of our charm. But what has my last year been like? I went on the shelf at DEFCON. I was out for months. I let that fuckstick Gahland lure me back too and hurt myself again. Do you know what people were doing backstage for my first match back? They were all gathered around the monitah waitin' to see if I was gonna hurt myself again. What the fuck, dude. Is that who I am? Am I one more injury away from not being able to do this? And then fuckin' what?? This is all I know how to do! I'm not good for anything else! How the hell am I supposed to provide for my family if I'm suddenly broken down and washed up at thirty-fuckin'-years old!? We already weren't sleeping because of the baby - you add all this shit and I

haven't slept in WEEKS, kid.

Brock opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out. Shutting up, he leans forward with his hands clasped together and let's his worked up friend have the floor.

Pat Cassidy:

And look at the yeah you've had - while I'm holding myself together with tape, not only did you get to beat Ned Reform's dipshit ass for the Southern Heritage Championship in yah hometown, but you're a god damn movie star! Legit! And I want you to know one thing: I'm not jealous. I'm more than happy for yah. You've earned every second of this and it couldn't happen to a nice-ah guy. I wouldn't take any of this away from yah if I could. But... shit, man. I need to prove that I can do it too.

Cassidy leans over, tapping the Southern Heritage Championship faceplate three times with his finger.

Pat Cassidy:

It's not about my ego. It's not about glory. It's about proving to myself - and my family - that I'm the type of man that they need it to be. It's for HER. I need that belt. I need the money that goes along with it. I need to shut up the doubt-ahs and prove to DEFIANCE that I'm still the guy they once thought could carry the ball for the next five yeahs. That I can hang here-ah, on the top of the mountain, and provide for the people who depend on me.

Brock runs a hand through his hair and leans back in his chair, taking a second to process Cassidy's passion-filled words. He turns slightly to square up to his friend.

Brock Newbludd:

I get it, man. I get the doubt. I get the worry. Unlike fatherhood, the path you're walking right now is one I know all too well. And you're right, man, I've had a helluva year. I honestly feel I'm just getting started. Both inside the ring...

Newbludd slaps the SOHER's faceplate.

Brock Newbludd:

And out of it...

He jacks a thumb in the direction of the "Born Over" poster hanging on the wall.

Brock Newbludd:

But don't forget where I started this run. I started fresh off a broken back! And make no mistake..I was thinking the same thoughts about my future, or if I even still had one inside the ring. But, I never let those thoughts win out and I kept grindin' and grindin' because givin' up wasn't an option. So, let me tell ya like it is, brother.

Brock Newbludd:

The Pat Cassidy I know doesn't doubt himself because he doesn't have time for shit like that. He's tough as nails, and he's got swagger for days. He doesn't take shit from anyone and he makes his own damn way through life. That's the guy who made shit happen. He's a champion in every sense of the word. But, most importantly, he busted his ass and earned himself a family to be proud of. Don't forget who you are, and please take heart in what I'm telling you right now, Cass...

Brock looks at the SOHER and back at Cass.

Brock Newbludd:

Because if you want this belt at Maximum DEFIANCE...you're gonna need to be that guy.

Pat Cassidy:

I don't want to take the belt from you... but I NEED to beat you, Brock. I need it moah than you can possibly imagine.

(Check out my melooooody...)

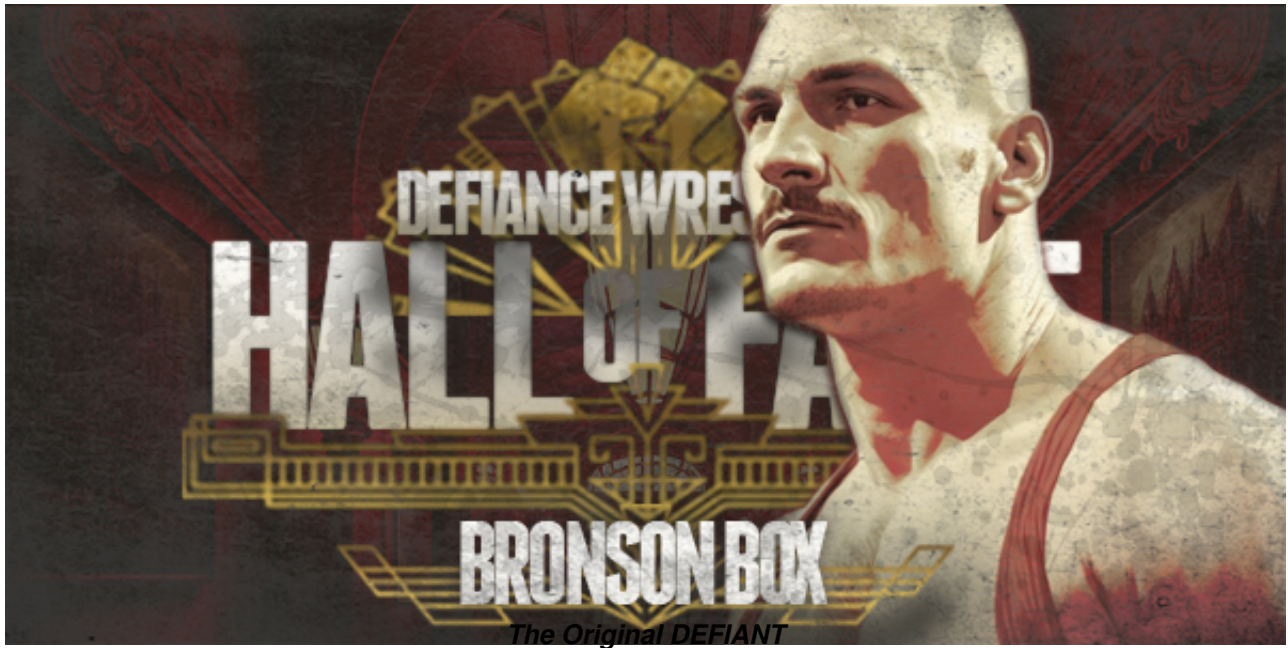
Brock Newbludd:

You pin my shoulders to the mat for three seconds, it's all yours, brother.

Brock sticks his hand out towards Cass for a handshake. There is the briefest pause before Cassidy takes and the shake.

The match is on

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



QUIT REMINDER

Malak Garland is caught backstage by cameras once again and yes, once again he seems rather rattled.

DDK:

I'm having Deja vu all over again, Lance. Hopefully Malak stays backstage this time.

If Malak rubs his chin any harder, he's surely to hit his chin bone.

Malak Garland:

While I've been HYPED about receiving the news I have a match at MAXDEF, I can't lie. The shine on it didn't last long. I'm fretting because my opponent is a mystery. Gosh golly, why can't anything just GO RIGHT for me now?

Hard stop. Literally. Garland is stopped cold in his tracks by someone who's standing in front of him. The camera just hasn't moved over there yet.

Tyler Fuse.

Garland takes a deep shit GULP while Fuse doesn't budge.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

Malak doesn't know what to say.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry, bud. It's not me you're wrestling at MAXDEF, I already have an opponent. Got an opponent in a moment, too...

Relief crosses Garland's face.

But Tyler reaches out and starts dusting off Malak's shoulders.

Tyler Fuse:

While you and my brother may have finished your business, whenever you do get your 'mojo' back, I'll be waiting.

Fuse leans in towards Garland's right ear.

Tyler Fuse:

'Cause I'm gonna kill you.

Garland's eyes go wide in fear. His wheels are spinning.

Malak Garland:

But like, figuratively, right?

A rush of urgency sweeps across Garland's face, since Tyler doesn't reply. Thankfully, Malak reaches out, past Tyler Fuse, to someone else walking down the hallway.

A savour!

The Faithful cheer as the camera swings past both of them, catching Conor Fuse walking by in the far distance. By now it's clear, Conor DID see the two of them but wanted nothing to do with it.

However, Garland's flagging is so obnoxious (he REALLY needs help), it's impossible for Conor to ignore.

The Ultimate Gamer stops, looks at the ceiling and closes his eyes. He gives a huff and changes course towards them.

Conor Fuse:

Yes?

Conor looks at Malak and then his brother. The former FIST of DEFIANCE (Malak that is - Conor isn't in the record books), is quick to reply.

Malak Garland:

Can you get your brother off my tracks? We're all technically still on the same team, you know. Get him to care for me!

Malak seems to have gained a little confidence with Conor in the picture.

Malak Garland:

Don't make me get the band back together.

Usually patient and calm, the younger Fuse and upcoming challenger for the FIST is nowhere near the typical pop'n'happy dude.

If you were screwed out of the FIST, maybe you'd feel the same.

Conor Fuse:

Look, guys. I get it, I do.

Conor looks at his brother.

Conor Fuse:

Tyler, I **know** Malak's a moron and if you still feel the need to get back at him, please, by all means. However, I'm not getting involved. Believe it or not, Malak, you're small time. I got a serious situation and real revenge on my mind. The last thing I need is to deal with this shit.

Garland is extremely butthurt by the "small time" comment. So much so, he decides to flick Tyler's hand off his shoulder. So Tyler shoves Malak hard in response while Conor tries walking away, but Garland isn't going to let him. Malak reaches out and snatches Conor by the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

HEY, Conor! See, I didn't say cOnOr! Tyler pushed me and you're just gonna leave!?

Tyler grins.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah and I'm gonna kill you soon. LITERALLY.

Malak Garland: [shouting to Conor as he leaves]

See!? SEE!?

Garland looks at Tyler.

Malak Garland:

You will do no such thing!

Tyler begins seething, showing that, indeed, he's serious. Tyler leans into Garland and tackles him to the ground, while Malak screams a Ned Flanders-like cry for help and security.

DEFSec are on the scene and pull the two apart from one another.

Meanwhile, in the distance, Conor Fuse grows increasingly frustrated, shaking his head.

Malak Garland:

Conor! CONOR! **CONOR!!!**

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

TYLER FUSE vs. THE D

DDK:

Well, we know Tyler Fuse is lingering about, as he attacked and confronted Malak Garland.

Lance:

Those two are going to be at each other's throats forever.

DDK:

Either way we've got a match. While Tyler didn't get his "dream match" of PCP vs. The Fuse Bros., he is going to wrestle each one individually, starting with The D tonight and Elise Ares at MAXDEF.

To ringside we go.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is... FOR SEVEN FALLS!

The Seattle Faithful are stunned!

Darren Quimbey:

Just kidding, this is for ONE FALL!

Everyone chills, knowing the show is only two-and-a-half hours.

Apparently.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Culver City, California... weighing one-hundred-eighty-five pounds... THE D!

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mack Morrison ♪

Stepping out onto the arena stage is none other than The D, wearing his traditional PCP attire. He throws both hands up to the cheering Faithful, and saunters down to ringside, alone.

DDK:

Typically, you'll see Klein or Elise or both accompanying the D to ringside. I think tonight, the D wants to do this alone, and maybe shut up Tyler Fuse for good.

Lance:

The D better be careful. He's got an opportunity for the Unified Tag Team Titles at MAXDef, but to become champions again, they're going to have to go through both Violators, the Atomic Punks, and the reigning defending champions, the Rain City Ronin.

DDK:

That's if he can get past Tyler tonight.

The D climbs into the ring and is quickly checked for weapons. He turns his attention to the entranceway awaiting his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds even... he is The OG Player... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Tyler appears wearing black trunks and boots, as he calmly marches down, eyes locked on The D.

DDK:

Bit of a losing streak for Tyler. He wasn't pinned in singles matches for TWO YEARS until he lost to Malak Garland with the FIST on the line at the End of Year Show. Then he got slaughtered by Dan Ryan at DEFCON.

Lance:

Stunning. Dan is obviously a legend in his own right but I would've thought Tyler had more fight in him.

DDK:

If you do remember, Tyler kicked out of a lot. But offensively speaking, it wasn't a good night.

Fuse rolls under the bottom rope and he's ready to go.

DING DING

Carla calls for the bell as Tyler and D circle around, looking for an opening.

DDK:

You know, both men are almost the exact same size and yet I'm inclined to say D has his work cut out for him because Tyler *wrestles* like a much bigger man.

Lance:

I could agree with you, partner. I *could*. However, D is as slippery as they come, we'll see who has the advantage. Different wrestling styles for sure.

Tyler sees an opening and takes charge but The D is there with an elbow to the top of Tyler's head. D rifles into the ropes, except for one problem, Tyler reaches out and grabs The D's hair so when D starts to move towards the ropes, he's whiplashed onto the canvas instead.

Tyler aims for an elbow drop but D rolls out of the way. Back on his feet, D kicks Tyler in the head - except for the fact Tyler moves backwards at the very last second. The kick goes SWOOSH.

Back on his feet, Tyler races towards The D but The D snatches Fuse's right arm and tosses him to the mat with a hip toss, elbow tie-up. The D kicks Fuse in the back once... twice... thrice... sprints into the ropes and lands a missile dropkick against the elder Fuse's left shoulder.

The D lifts Tyler up... looking for some kind of falcon arrow suplex but Tyler wiggles free, slams his right knee into The D's jaw and bounces off the ropes...

The D with a dropkick, catching Tyler in the chest and freezes Fuse in the middle of the ring. A swinging DDT follows, as The D pops to his feet and brings the OG Player along with him.

Snap suplex.

D holds on.

Another snap suplex.

D holds on.

Snap suplex-

No! Tyler blocks it and responds with a snap suplex of his own!

DDK:

Nice back and forth.

Lance:

A lot of the offense being carried by The D. There's no way Tyler has underestimated him... has he?

Tyler rests in a corner of the ring, eyes locked on The D as he stirs on the canvas. Fuse waits until The D is on all fours before he comes racing in...

Knee smash!

NO!

The D stumbles out of the way at the last second, bounces off the ropes and lands a With Everything kick to an off-balance Tyler.

The former Fuse Bro. is on the mat, face-down as The D drops to the canvas, rolls Tyler over and looks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Almost exactly when the kickout happens, does D have Tyler Fuse pulled into an upright position and jams the former FS Champion's head onto the canvas with an implant DDT.

DDK:

D has come to play tonight!

D rolls Tyler over again and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

Once again, almost on cue with Tyler's shoulder shooting to the air, does D drag both of them to a vertical base. D has Tyler in position for a suplex but first he delivers one... two... three knees into the stomach and THEN lands the falcon arrow suplex.

Tyler rolls onto his chest. He looks around the ring like he doesn't know WTF is going on while The D, who hears the crowd completely behind him (since DEFIANCE is no longer in Canada), rolls into the corner of the ring across to where Tyler crawls.

Fuse uses the ropes to pull him up. Meanwhile The D is charging in for D in Your Face.

WHAM!**DDK:**

Damn! Tyler got the elbow up!

D absolutely EATS the elbow to the nose, buying Fuse a couple of seconds to prop himself on the second rope and quickly measure his opponent.

SMACK!

DDK:

Tyler with a jumping DDT and gets everything from the second buckle!

Lance:

That was smooth, Keebs. Very smooth.

Fuse rolls D's limp body away, almost disgusted at the sight of one half of the OG PCP giving him this much trouble to begin with. It's clear Tyler is not 100% yet as he crawls to the ropes and uses them to help him up.

Fuse measures The D.

Going for a punt kick-

NO!

D pops up, hits the ropes...

And Tyler Fuse lands a ring shaking powerslam!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I thought it was over there! Tyler got ALL of the powerslam, let me tell you!

Fuse stands and has D along with him.

Exploder suplex. D is thrown halfway across the ring!

Tyler's eyes lock on his target, he's seething from the mouth as he stalks his prey. Now Fuse is in the driver's seat and looking to inflict more punishment via the ANGRY STOMPS.

The Faithful boo as Tyler works D into a corner. Carla Ferrari comes in and tries to interject but Tyler is having none of it. He keeps stomping the living piss out of D and Carla starts her count of five.

She finally reaches FOUR when Tyler stops, takes a couple of steps back, and races in with a head full of steam.

WHACK!

Knee to the head!

DDK:

The D is OUT!

Fuse drags a limp as shit Derek Edwards to the middle of the ring. He drops down and places both palms on D's chest.

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Similar to The D from earlier, Tyler is already set for his next move. He rolls D into position and delivers a pop-up powerbomb!

D's body goes limp again but Tyler isn't done. He drags D upright and lands a ruthlessly looking side Russian leg sweep, D's head ricocheting off the canvas mat as he hits the ground.

Fuse's body language suggests that it's over. He STOMPS on D's head a couple more times and then falls down for the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd is alive as The D not only kicks out but shows he's nowhere near dead. Fuse sarcastically shakes his head but won't let the kickout get the better of him as he pulls The D to his feet-

DESPERATION A-LISTER!

Tyler Fuse SHOOTs up in the air and crashes down to the canvas, giving the match a pause as both men tend to their injuries.

DDK:

You've got to give it to D, there's so much fight in the guy.

Lance:

Well, The D has an opening right now. It's anyone's game!

Tyler once again uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, while The D is showing his toughness, using nothing more than his own two feet.

Carla Ferrari gets in close to make sure both men are up before the TEN count. As she does, Tyler *inadvertently* bumps into her, allowing him to hoof The D, well, in the "d", doubling him over.

DDK:

C'mon!

Tyler snatches D's head, tucking it in-between his left armpit and runs up the buckle pads. He pushes off, he changes course.

Running bulldog nailed. CQC.

The fans are booing as Ferrari gains her whereabouts and sees Tyler has D DOA for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... TYLER FUSE!

DDK:

Well there you go, The D stood his ground and Fuse took the easy way out.

Lance:

It's not over, partner...

Fuse rolls out of the ring but drags The D's legs to a free corner. In a flash, Fuse has D's legs wrapped around the bottom of the ring post.

He's going to hang off them.

Figure four leglock!

Carla Ferrari screams at Tyler to break the hold but Fuse is seething profusely. It looks like he wants to rip The D's legs right out from under him. Tyler is literally hanging off D's legs, his back not even touching the floor...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The Faithful EXPLODE as Elise Ares and Klein charge down the aisle. In the corner, Tyler Fuse wrenches the D's legs with everything he has, trying to get every bit of pain in before the Pop Culture Phenoms get to him!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is trying to injure The D before the PCP can get down to save him!

The much faster (and currently much blinder) Elise Ares reaches Tyler Fuse first and she lets loose a kick that wildly misses before she falls to the ground. Tyler Fuse breaks the hold. Rolling over he laughs at the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style before he's body-checked so hard he goes flying into the barricade and over the railing by Klein!

Lance:

Klein just launched Tyler Fuse into The Faithful!

Fuse reaches his feet, surrounded by the fans. For a moment, he has a stunned expression, never thinking for a second Klein would blast him into the crowd. Then the look morphs into something along the lines of "receipt pending" before he disappears into the masses. Elise goes to give chase but loses Tyler. Klein tends to The D on the canvas who appears to let Klein know that he's okay as the medical team quickly follows.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is clearly trying to send a message to Elise Ares.

Lance:

With the Leading Lady nearly blind and an attempt to have The D partially crippled, Tyler Fuse looks like not only is he planning on Ares never getting the FIST... he's not even planning on PCP making it to Maximum DEFIANCE.

From the top of one of the staircases, Tyler Fuse holds his shoulder and smirks before waving and walking away. Now on his feet, The D shakes his leg as he's held up by his fellow Phenoms. Elise shakes her head in frustration as PCP begin to clear the ring for what is coming next.

ENOUGH

DDK:

Folks, on the last edition of DEFtv we bore witness to yet another brutal “statement” by the “Bombastic” Bronson Box. After a fantastic competitive start to his match with Henry Yamazaki, the DEF Hall of Famer once again resorted to his favorite tactic...

Lance:

Stabbing his opponent in the head.

We cut from Keebler and Warner to a few still black and white images of Bronson digging his Spike into Yamazaki’s forehead and of DEF medical trending to the grizzly wound after the brutal attack was done. We cut back to the commentation station where Warner is shaking his head in clear disgust.

Lance:

You can’t *STAB* your way to the FIST, Boxer!

DDK:

Tell that to the Hall of Famers face, partner.

Lance:

No thank you!

♪ “Requiem” by The Back Horn ♪

The Seattle Faithful erupt as without ceremony or bombast, the mammoth Henry Yamazaki steps through the curtain; he isn’t his usual smiling, jovial self. Hasn’t been for quite some time. And on top of his sour expression, the top quarter of his face still heavily bandaged from the Wargod’s brutal attack.

Henry steps into the ring and calls for a mic, looking to the ground as he receives it.

Henry Yamazaki:

Moral victories don’t have any meaning anymore.

A low buzz fills the arena as Henry looks up to the crowd, pointing at the bandages on his face.

Henry Yamazaki:

Yeah, the record books say I beat Bronson Box on the last show. But as you can see, I don’t look like much of a winner. And I’m not satisfied with the results.

He turns to the camera and shakes his head.

Henry Yamazaki:

So suffice it to say, this isn’t over. And if Bronson really wants to prove a point at my expense... well, he knows where to find me. But I don’t feel like waiting. I’m here to issue a challenge for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and I wa-

Henry is interrupted by the sound of several sets of hands clapping.

Lance:

Applause?

DDK:

Oh lordy. Look partner, up there.

A spot is thrown up onto one of the arena’s exclusive skyboxes where we find the “Bombastic” Bronson Box standing in all his three piece besuited finery.

At the mere sight of the man the crowd responds in kind.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Behind him to either side stand “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby and “The Problem Solver” Adrian Payne. The two huge men continue their clearly sarcastic clapping, both members of Money Talks then crossing their enormous arms across their equally enormous chests.

The Wargod and his backup sneer down at the Faithful with disdain.

Boxer twirls the Spike in his free hand, lifting a microphone with the other.

Bronson Box:

What a blasted speech! Did you hear him down there, boys? You’ve honestly become quite the orator since your old monosyllabic God-Beast days, aintcha lad? Real bloody chatterbox, you are. You took off the mask, Henry... and with it, you took off the only thing that ever made you special. You were a true force to be reckoned with, feared! But now? Now you’re just another face in the crowd. Just another soft-hearted, wide-eyed white-hat tryin’ to wrestle with your bloody pathetic sense of *honor*, all up in your fookin’ *feelings*.

He holds the Spike aloft, twirling it again between his fingers.

Bronson Box:

The God-Beast struck fear! Henry Yamazaki? He just gets fookin’ *struck*. Clearly.

The camera cuts to Yamazaki down in the ring, zooming in as he reaches up and touches the huge bandage covering the gouged mess on his forehead. Then cuts back to Bronson in the skybox.

Bronson slams the Spike suddenly down onto the flat METAL railing in front of him with an audible CLANG. Leaning over the rail he grits his teeth, his bloodshot brown eyes wide and wild.

Bronson Box:

Where’s the real you, Henry? If you’re gonna step up and challenge someone like me, lad? For Gage, for DEFIANCE, for whatever cockamamie reason you’ve settled on... you do it wearin’ your *REAL* face, you big dumb bastard! ! I don’t want to beat Henry *FOOKIN’* Yamazaki! I WANT TO BEAT MUSH...

♪ “Daddy’s Home” by JT Music ♪

Dan Ryan takes his time making his way down the ramp and into the ring. The legend casually walks past Henry Yamazaki and plucks a second microphone from ringside. He leans against the ropes and finally makes eye contact with Henry. To his credit Yamazaki doesn’t flinch, his stone cold demeanor deflecting Ryan’s... lets not call it smug, lets call it *veteran confidence*.

The tension is immediate and palpable.

Lance:

Ooooooh boy, here we go...

Box is absolutely livid at yet another uninvited interruption from his old rival. Felton and Adrian do their best to calm their leader down. Dan only looks at Henry briefly. It’s hard to tell if it’s a look of disappointment or amusement, or something else entirely. Either way, it doesn’t linger very long, and he turns his full attention to Bronson Box up in the skybox.

Dan Ryan:

Clang clang clang goes the spike. What’s up, Bronson? You been workin’ on the railroad? And by railroad, of course, I mean Henry’s head.

Dan shoots Henry a glare and shakes his head, *clearly* in disappointment this time.

Dan Ryan:

Henry didn't think he needed me to defend him, and look what happened? I'm sorry, Bronson, but when I offered to stay out of this, it wasn't a permanent suggestion. You don't get to savagely attack people and have me just stand to the side and watch it all go down. I came out the first time and made it clear that I'm here for blood. Clearly this whole 'Henry takes on all of the Blood Diamonds on his own' plan is a complete and utter **dud**. So guess what? I'm out here again, and I'll continue to come out here to defend ol' Hank here until you stop fuckin' around, get down here and throw some fuckin' hands. In fact, if you don't...

Amid the bickering from high and low, Henry has finally had it, and he surges up to Ryan, mic in hand, and bellows a stunning, sky-rending...

Henry Yamazaki:

ENOUGH!!!

The sudden, unexpected outburst manages to stun both Box and Ryan into silence, all eyes on him as his eyes glimmer with a smoldering fury burning between his hated target and his would-be "protector."

Henry Yamazaki:

I have had ENOUGH of this! I've been as much a part of the fabric of DEFIANCE's history as almost ANYONE in this company, mask or not! Maybe I'm not grunting like a caveman anymore, but I AM STILL ME. I don't need to be looked down on... I don't need to be coddled...

Henry looks right at Dan Ryan and gets RIGHT in his face.

Henry Yamazaki:

And I SURE AS HELL don't need "defending."

He grits his teeth and leans into the legend.

Henry Yamazaki:

YOU *[he jabs a finger into Ryan's chest]* want to "little brother" me in MY mission! And YOU *[he points up at Box in his Skybox]* want to bring the monster out of me, huh?! Well, how about this; three-way matches have no-disqualifications by design...

A rumbling fills the arena as Henry's anger continues to boil.

Henry Yamazaki:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! RYAN, BOX, **AND** YAMAZAKI!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful definitely like the sound of that, but Henry doesn't seem to notice, as he continues his spiel.

Henry Yamazaki:

YOU *[he once again jabs one of his huge fingers into Dan's chest]* can try and push me out of the way at your own peril... and YOU *[he just glares up at Boxer]* can use that spike aaaall you want. You better bring that damn thing to MaxDEF, Bronson...

The former God-Beast shakes his head as his eyes glow with rage, his anger finally reaching the boiling point.

Henry Yamazaki:

So I can take it and and be the person who finally gets to **PLUNGE IT, RIGHT INTO THAT TWISTED BLACK TUMOR YOU CALL A HEART!**

Without any fanfare or warning, Henry STORMS out of the ring... *shouldering* past Dan Ryan as he does so. He then power walks up the ramp, clutching the banaged part of his face.

DDK:

Folks, I... I'm getting word here in my earpiece that the board has *approved* this match already here tonight! What a HUGE match for MaxDEF!

Lance:

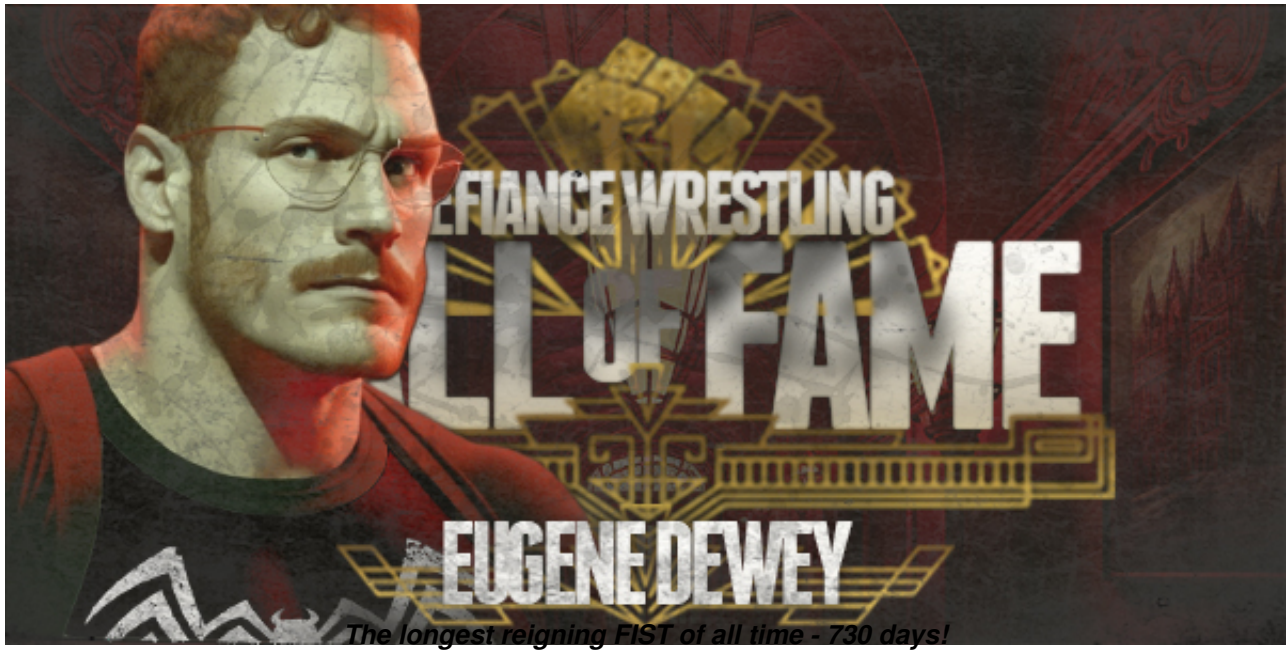
Did you see the look on Yamazaki's face? What of it we could see, anyway... I'm not sure Dan Ryan and Bronson Box's ego's will allow them to see what sort of peril they're in. That man is ANGRY, Darren.

DDK:

You can say that again, partner. You heard it here first, folks. Henry Yamazaki will take on Dan Ryan AND Bronson Box in a wild, no-disqualification triple threat at Max DEF!

Lance:

Batten down the hatches, Keebs! Because this one could go aaaaall sorts of sideways!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

FIST OF DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

We've reached the MAIN EVENT of DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen! The Vaega Powers COLLIDE, when Henry Keyes defends the FIST of DEFIANCE against Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

This is the kind of match that has "instant classic" written all over it, Keebs. I can't wait.

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

Light suddenly fills the arena when the DEFIATron powers up to a view of animated green and silver scales whooshing by. After a moment, a great DRAGON flies into full view, and ROARS into the screen!

KRACKA-BOOOOOMMM!!

A flashing pillar of levin suddenly EXPLODES over the stage, accompanied by a colorful array of green, blue, and silver pyrotechnics. A series of spotlights arrange themselves into a triangular pattern, with the point of focus resting upon the head of the rampway.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

When the pyro smoke clears, two figures gradually come into view. The first is KERRY KUROYAMA, proudly wearing newly customized tights bearing the green-white-and-blue tricolor of the Cascadian Doug flag. Standing beside him, AMI TROY leans in slightly with her arms crossed and wearing her characteristically wry smile while showing off her finest "SEATTLE'S BEAST TAMER" halter.

DDK:

An absolutely THUNDEROUS ovation for Kerry Kuroyama! Tonight, in front of his hometown and with Ami Troy at his side, he has the opportunity to seize the brass ring of DEFIANCE

The duo accept a greeting of loud cheers from the thousands of Seattle fans in attendance. After savoring the reaction for a few moments, Kuroyama dutifully pumps a fist over his head. More pyros. More cheering. Then descends down the rampway with Ami at his side.

Kerry's eyes remain fixated squarely on the ring as he comes down the aisle. When he reaches ringside, he hops straight to the apron and steps through ropes with all the briskness and tenacity of a caged lion.

??, ??,

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

??J...

??, ??, ??J...

AAAAHHBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

Jefferson Starship has officially become notorious, and they'd probably be as surprised as anyone to learn this.

Seattle may have come close to tolerating the Kraken when the Vae Victis pillars were having a friendly chat about opportunity and friendship and steaks, but they're fully behind their favorite son Kerry (and, by extension, fully against Keyes).

Pink and blue and white beacons flood throughout the arena as we just see Coin after Coin after Coin on the DEFIATron (mostly the kamigoye knee strike, but occasionally legal currency of various countries - quarters, pound sterlings, arcade tokens, very old doubloons. Fireworks shoot up in pulses of pink and blue as Keyes stands on the stage, FIST firmly around his waist. Lindsay Troy is behind him in a Besties tee and a PRIME-blue blazer.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

It's a steady stride to the ring, maybe a little less haunch-strutty than we're accustomed to seeing Keyes ahead of matches, maybe a little less blatantly disrespectful to his opponent than we're accustomed to, too.

Lindsay and Ami lock eyes. The layers would take a couple hours to fully unpeel.

Keyes approaches the corner and slaps the top ring step with some vigor before powering ahead and aggressively entering the ring, unstrapping the FIST in a fluid motion and holding it high in the air, his free hand pointing to his winking left eye.

With both competitors standing face to face in the ring, Darren Quimbey steps up to the apron to make the intros, only to be shooed away before he can step through the ropes.

The Merry Mischief Maker is handed a microphone by a tech and steps to center ring.

Ami Troy:

Seattle Faithful!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Ami Troy:

Guys, gals, and nonbinary pals!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Ami Troy:

It's my pleasure to introduce the man standing to my left!

Quick camera cut to Kerry, then back to Ami.

Ami Troy:

He stands at six feet, one inches tall and weighs in at a mean two hundred and fifty-four pounds! He hails from RIGHT HERE in the EMERALD CITY of SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

BIG HOMETOWN POP!

Ami Troy:

He is...the Emerald Apex! The Seattle Beast! And your NEXT FIST of DEFIANCE! KERRY....KUROYAMA!

Kerry looks out to the crowd, then looks back to Ami and gives her a wry grin.

DDK:

Hey, she did pretty good. Not bad for a first-timer.

Lance:

Well when you come from the family that she does, I think it's to be expected, right? Plus, from my notes here, Ami also manages a decorated tag team called the New World Trash - Bex Savage and Angel Quinley - as well as her brother Kaz Troy on occasion.

DDK:

So not exactly her first rodeo, just her first rodeo on a big stage like DEFIANCE.

Ami steps aside and concedes the center ring to her mother. The Queen steps up and smirks at the pint-sized purple powerhouse.

She grabs the side of her military coat and whips it behind her, then extends her right arm into the air with a flourish.

Slowly, the OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered to the ring, but it looks VERY different.

What was just a simple shiny chrome microphone before has been absolutely **BLINGED OUT~!** in mostly pink Swarovski crystals. Because it's Wednesday, duh. For a little added touch, there are PRIME blue colored crystals as well.

DDK:

If Sonny's watching this, he must be having a stroke.

Lance:

I can't decide if I think that's a good thing or a bad thing, partner.

The OSM~! finally finds its way into LT's hand.

Lindsay Troy:

Greetings, Seattle!

RAAAAAHHHHHB0000000000!

Lindsay Troy:

Ami. Kerry.

They both nod at the Queen.

Lindsay Troy:

Kerry, my daughter's not wrong. You may be the next FIST of DEFIANCE. One day. That day won't be today.

Kuroyama snorts a little, expecting this.

Lindsay Troy:

Because the man standing to my right has done EVERYTHING that has ever been asked of him. EVERYTHING! Work with a selfish rookie like Van Carver? DONE! Be a happy, quirky little airship pirate and act like a caricature instead of who he really is? SURE! Pretend that Chance von Crank wasn't a disgusting piece of shit? OKAY! Pal around with cOnOr fUsE despite cOnOr being a narcissist and self-involved and only caring about himself? CAN DO!

B00000000000000000!

Lindsay Troy:

And as soon as he started caring about what he wanted instead of what others wanted of him? That's when he wasn't your "happy, quirky little airship pirate" anymore, was he? No. That's when he became THE KRAKEN. THAT'S when he became the SCOURGE of DEFIANCE. THAT'S when, instead of BOOING him, you all should have STOOD UP and TOOK NOTICE.

But it's too late for that now.

B0000000000000000!

Lindsay Troy:

So, Seattle, you may be backing a Beast, but I am backing a MONSTER. He stands at six foot three inches and weighs in at two hundred and forty nine pounds. He is the REIGNING, DEFENDING, FIST OF DEFIANCE! HE IS MY BESTIE.....THE KRAKEN.....HENRY KEEEEYYYYEEEESSSSSSSS!

Slater receives the FIST, and holds it up to the four cardinal directions of the arena for all the fans to see. As mother and daughter step out to ringside, Keyes and Kuroyama approach each other in the center of the ring, shake hands in a show of mutual respect, and back into their designated corners.

Lance:

Take a picture, Keebs. This is probably the only time we'll ever see members of Vae Victis on opposing sides again.

DDK:

There's no telling what will happen when the elites go head to head! Right now, Brian Slater looks ready to get this underway, and he cues for the bell!

DING DING

Champion and challenger methodically step out of their corners and approach the center of the ring. The arena is roaring; despite the mutual respect between the opponents, it's clear who they're favoring tonight.

Lance:

I don't know if the question has been asked yet, but... what happens to the hierarchy of Vae Victis should the FIST change hands tonight?

DDK:

I couldn't tell you, Lance. Perhaps they'll cross that bridge when they get to it.

Keyes and Kuroyama cautiously encircle one another through the opening moments of the match. Neither one looks entirely interested in making the first move, instead focusing on the other's movements and waiting for an opening to appear.

After a few seconds, Kerry at last straightens up and holds up a hand.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

Kuroyama is calling for the test of strength, with overhead knuckle lock!

Lance:

Gotta give the people what they want.

Keyes grins and chuckles. But egged on by the raucous Seattle crowd, he reaches up and accepts Kerry's hand. Then, both hands are interlocked. Instantly, their bodies quake from the intense pressure of their opposing strength pushing against one another.

Kerry slowly leans Keyes back, and the Faithful cheer. The FIST rallies, pushing Kuroyama back the other way, and they boo. Kerry forces himself back up into a stalemate.

Lance:

If these guys did this every day, they'd be champions at limbo.

DDK:

Well, the championship on the line tonight requires going OVER the bar, rather than below it.

In a flash, Henry draws Kerry in and traps him into a side headlock. He wrenches the head while Kuroyama leverages him for control. Eventually, he slips a hand through the champion's grip, and twists himself free into a standing wristlock.

Kerry torques the arm, prompting Henry to slap feeling back into the shoulder. A second later, Keyes seizes the wrist with his free hand and reverses the lock right into a drop toe hold, parking Kuroyama on the canvas where he readily jumps into a chinlock.

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE, with the successful takedown, now wrenches back on the head and neck of the challenger, Kerry Kuroyama! But Kuroyama is already fighting his way up!

Refusing to stay down, the Emerald Apex works his way up to his knees. Grinding his teeth, the Kraken props a knee into his back and pulls back harder. Kerry reaches up and grabs the hands ensconcing his jawline, eventually prying them loose.

Keyes attempts to press his advantage by pulling the challenger into a dragon sleeper, but Kuroyama quickly counters with a snapmare that draws a pop from the crowd. The Kraken scrambles to his feet as Kerry charges him down...

DDK:

Kerry in motion... Keyes with a HIP-TOSS--NO! Kuroyama blocks... and catches him with the knee lift!

Lance:

And the champ looks slightly rocked by that one!

Keyes reels off the impact and lets gravity carry him back to the safety of the corner. Kerry turns back to the crowd and pumps his fists, getting another big pop. Wincing slightly, Henry clutches his jaw and shakes his head... then his grin reappears as he stares back at Kerry.

Lance:

Methinks Henry Keyes is going to hang onto that receipt for later down the line...

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama lands a blow early on in this contest, but here comes the FIST out of the corner... and no messing around this time! He goes right into the lock-up!

There's more force and ferocity in this tie-up. Keyes digs his feet into the canvas and forces the challenger into backpedaling into the ropes. Slater steps in and calls for a break, but before that can happen, the Kraken pushes Kerry off the ropes and across the ring.

Kuroyama rebounds. Keyes drops down for a back body drop, but Kerry tumbles over his back and hits the ground running.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has a head full of steam... coming back with a Yakuza Kick--NO! Make that a Yakuza WHIFF, as Keyes DUCKED in the nick of time!

Kerry rebalances, and keeps running. Keyes launches himself off the opposite set of ropes. Their bodies COLLIDE at ring center with opposing shoulder blocks that force the ring posts to shudder. Champion and challenger stare at each other stunned for a second before throwing themselves into the ropes once more.

Lance:

Both men are really picking up the pace now.

DDK:

Keyes going one way, Kuroyama the other... here's the Kraken, coming back with a LARIAT--no, DUCKED by Kerry! Now Kerry from behind--NO!! A HEADBUTT stops the dragon suplex!

In seconds, Keyes frees his arms from Kuroyama's full-nelson, and instinctively throws on a three-quarter facelock of his own to drop him like a bad habit!

DDK:

TEXTBOOK ACE CRUSHER puts Kuroyama to the canvas! The FIST now going for the first cover in the match!

One!

Two!

And there's a kickout!

Lance:

Plenty of fight left in Kerry Kuroyama, but the reigning champ is no longer treating this as a friendly bout.

Keyes scoops Kuroyama off the mat and lays him up against the turnbuckles. He rears back the arm, and...

SMMMMAAACK!!

DDK:

PROPELLOR EDGE CHOP by KEYES!

SMMMMAAACK!!

DDK:

AGAIN!

SMMMMAAACK!!

DDK:

AGAIN! Just turning that chest BEET RED!

Lance:

The Kraken is really laying it in... but no punches are pulled when the FIST is on the line.

Kuroyama is left winded and gasping for air after the strikes to his ribs, leaving him gasping for air. Keyes doesn't let him rest long, taking hold of the arm and whipping him across the ring. Kerry bounces shoulder-first off the opposite set of turnbuckles, but rolls off the impact into a discus pivot...

DDK:

Kuroyama into the corner after the Irish whip... but he comes back with the SQUALL LINE LARIAT--NO!! Ducked and COUNTERD into a POP-UP EUROPEAN UPPERCUT by Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Keyes looks as though he knows many of Kerry's moves by heart.

DDK:

Keyes with a bounce off the ropes... BIG KNEE DROP across the browline! And now he hooks the legs for the cover!

One!

Two!

Another kickout!

Seattle cheers on their boy Kerry, but the Kraken is exuding the confident energy of a champion who knows he's in control of things. Immediately following the kickout, he tucks Kuroyama's head under his arm and rolls him into a front facelock to keep him set on the mat.

Lance:

The FIST, Keyes, knows it's all a matter of wearing down the challenger at this point, until the fight has all but left Kerry Kuroyama.

"KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!"

DDK:

Henry is squeezing hard on the head and neck of Kerry Kuroyama... but the Emerald Apex will not be held down! These fans are getting behind him and willing him to stay in this fight!

Wrenching in the chancery, Henry Keyes nonetheless shakes his head in surprise as Kuroyama pushes himself back to a vertical base. From there, Kerry plugs away at the FIST's exposed sides with a series of sharp jabs. The champion smarts from the impacts, but quickly shuts it down.

DDK:

FOREARM across the back of Kuroyama ends any attempt for him to break free... now Keyes throws the arm over his head, hooks the leg... looking for the FISHERMAN--NO WAIT, SMALL PACKAGE!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

We were half a second away from seeing a new FIST here on DEFtv!

Keyes scrambles to his feet, the frustration showing plain as day on his face. He meets Kerry before he can get up with a stiff FOREARM to the side of the head to knock him back to his knees. Kuroyama tries to rise up, only to be met with a SECOND forearm to keep him down...

On the third attempt, the arm of the Emerald Apex suddenly shoots up to block the champion's, and a sudden standing dropkick catches Henry Keyes square in the chest, forcing him to fall to the ropes to the outside.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

What a comeback for Kerry Kuroyama! The FIST has brought forth a dominant physical assault, but Seattle's BEAST has thus far stood his ground!

Lance:

We all knew that a match between members of Vae Victis was going to be an immovable object against an irresistible force. I'd say these two are proving the theory.

Keyes quickly rallies back to his feet out at ringside, buying himself a moment to assess the hull damage and fine tune the engine. Likewise, the challenger standing tall in the ring uses the opportunity to get his second wind and work the crowd into a fever pitch.

Brian Slater methodically counts away, but doesn't get further than the four when the FIST scales the steps back to the apron. He locks eyes with the challenger, and the two nod before he steps through the ropes. Immediately, Keyes and Kuroyama throw themselves into another lock-up.

DDK:

Keyes and Kuroyama back into the tie-up, back on equal footing once more!

Lance:

And now, neither one of them is holding anything back!

The crowd noise is practically booming as Henry and Kerry relentlessly slug away at each other from the lock-up. They throw right hands for nearly half a minute before either set of legs turn to rubber and they break apart.

Both competitors quickly snap off the ropes. Henry goes high, but Kerry goes low, landing a shoulder square into the champion's breadbasket. Kuroyama wraps the arms into a waistlock, but Keyes quickly fights him off with a double-axe handle to the back. The Kraken ensnares Kuroyama into a waistlock of his own...

DDK:

Keyes on top here... and LIFTS KERRY into a TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER! Now he hooks the leg... will THAT do it?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Kuroyama gets the shoulder up!

Keyes begins pulling Kuroyama off the mat, but as soon as he's up to a knee, Kerry swats Henry's arms away and bursts up to his feet to deliver a HARD right hook.

"YAAAYYY!!!"

Keyes reels, and responds with a hard right of his own.

"BOOOOO!!!"

They spend a moment daringly staring each other down, then go right back to exchanging shots.

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

"BOOOOO!!!"

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

"BOOOOO!!!"

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

"BOOOOO!!!"

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

"YAAAYYYY!!!"

DDK:

It's KUROYAMA, with his hometown crowd behind him, overcoming the champion Keyes! "The Kraken" Henry Keyes is being backed into the ropes as Kerry Kuroyama continues to swing away into his face!

Kuroyama pushes Keyes off the ropes, but the Kraken instinctively parks his foot and reverses the momentum to send Kerry in his stead. The Pacific Blitzkrieg hits the far set of ropes and comes back, his head in perfect alignment with the champion's spinning back--

DDK:

YYYYYYAAAAWKUZA: DEAD SOULS KICK!!!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Henry Keyes drops like a lead-filled zeppelin the moment his jaw connects with the heel of Kerry's boot. Kuroyama falls across his chest faster than a fearless soldier throwing himself on a grenade to save his platoon.

DDK:

Kerry with the COVER! For the FIST!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--KEYES KICKS OUT!!

Lance:

The champ survives that yakuza kick, but Kerry's got a psychological advantage right now. He knows he has a chance to win this, and he's going for it.

The FIST rolls over and shakes out the cobwebs, until Kuroyama wraps him up around the waist and begins the symphony of suplexes. A gutwrench puts Keyes on his belly. Kerry transitions around behind him and Germans him onto his back. He rolls through, locks up the champions arms into a full nelson, and snap-dragons him overhead to send him flailing across the ring.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is suplexing the champion Henry Keyes all over the ring right now! As they say here in the Emerald City... BEAST MODE is ENGAGED!

Lance:

And the "Twelfth Man" is eating it right up.

DDK:

Kuroyama in control, pulling Keyes up into the double underhook... LIFTS, and DROPS HIM into the BLACK TAHOMA BREAKER!!

The champion's spine takes a not-so-happy bounce off of Kerry's knee following the double-underhook backbreaker, and he flops to the mat in agony. The challenger flops across his chest, hooking both legs and folding him up.

DDK:

Kuroyama with ANOTHER COVER! This could be IT!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! ALMOST, but Keyes got the shoulder up at the last second!

Lance:

Hand it to the FIST, Keebs... he withstood a whole lot of punishment in a very quick amount of time right there.

DDK:

Henry Keyes finds him in the unenviable position of fending off a fierce challenge from his friend and Vae Victis ally! Whoever walks out of this with the title, what will be left for Conor Fuse to challenge at Maximum DEFIANCE?

Kuroyama stays on the champion, wrapping him into another overhead waistlock to pull him to his feet. But just as he begins the lift for an inverted powerbomb, Keyes stuns him with a sharp fist to his ribs.

Before Kerry can react, Henry Keyes bursts to lift, first bull-rushing him to the corner to slam him against the turnbuckles and then quickly lifting him off his feet and setting him on the turnbuckle. The Emerald Apex tries to swing, but gets a HEADBUTT to the face for his efforts. The Kraken soon joins him up him top...

DDK:

"The Kraken" Henry Keyes, going into high risk territory in an effort to turn this around... from the TOP ROPE, BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!!

SLAMMB!

DDK:

MY GOD, what impact!

Lance:

He nearly put a Kerry Kuroyama-sized HOLE through the mat with that one! This city hasn't felt a rumble like that since Mount Saint Helens blew its top!

DDK:

The momentum continues to swing back and forth in this title match live on DEFtv ladies and gentlemen, but now the reigning FIST looks to seal the deal with the cover, hooking both of Kuroyama's legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NO!! KERRY KICKS OUT!!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

The Faithful are booming. At ringside, two generations of Troy do their part in keeping them loud. Keyes rolls off the chest of Kuroyama, sits up, shakes his head in disbelief... then chuckles to himself.

Lance:

The champion has to be thinking to himself what he has to do to put this match away.

DDK:

I can think of one way... but knowing how dangerous the move is, it's possible he's leaving the COIN as a last resort, rather than risk seriously injuring a friend.

Lance:

When it comes to being the FIST, though... anything goes.

Keyes underhooks both of Kerry's arms to pull him back to his feet, preventing him from getting away before lifting him off his feet...

DDK:

WHITE TIGER SUPLEX!! Keyes BRIDGES the PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT!!

Kuroyama rolls free, digs deep, and uses all of his strength to push his way up to his feet. However, the champion is waiting for him...

DDK:

Keyes with the BELL--

CLAP~!

...DUCKED!!

Keyes winces from the impact of his palms striking one another. As he stands stunned, Kerry desperately pulls himself up with the help of the ropes.

The champion twists around clockwise. The challenger spins counter, arm outstretched. Henry's spinning back elbow connects first, but only amplifies the impact of Kerry's discus lariat. Bodies fly through the air and land in heaps across from one another. Seattle "OOHs" as if it had just witnessed a bomb being dropped.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what a DOUBLE IMPACT! Both competitors are laid out after that one! These two are going to their absolute limits for the FIST here tonight!

The crowd cheers loudly -- at this point, in applause toward both competitors putting on this physical display. But then a contingent of jeering grows in volume when more and more people notice three figures stepping through the curtain...

Lance:

Oh boy... look who decided to show up, Keebs.

DDK:

LOS CAÍDOS?!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The jeering amplifies at the sight of the masked trifecta of Corey Nunez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Mike "Lips" Gonzalez filing out onto the stage.

DDK:

What business do they have out here?!

Lance:

I'm no expert in Nietzsche, but I imagine they're picking up right where they left off at the last DEFtv.

DDK:

Kerry's attracted the ire of this pack of jackals as of late, thanks to the presumed hold they have over his former friend and tag partner, Scott Douglas. Hang on, where is Victor Vacio right now?!

Slow and methodically, the former Barrio Boys descend the rampway and approach the ring... only to stop, the minute they see someone standing in their path.

The QUEEN herself. With a look on her face that simply screams, "Just try me."

DDK:

Whatever they have in mind... Lindsay Troy is having NONE of it!

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs. They do appear to have the numbers advantage.

LT looks between the pack of masked underlings on the rampway and to the ring, where the action continues to unfold. As a veteran of the game for many years, she's practically gained a sixth sense in sketch-detection. And everything about this is *very* sketch.

She waits for Los Caídos to make the first move...

...but before anything can happen, a purple and black BLUR buzzes by her and unleashes pure fury upon Corey, Gerardo, and Lips.

DDK:

So anyway... AMI just starts BLASTIN'!

Lance:

Cleary, Kerry's new manager has no apprehensions with throwing herself to his defense.

LT rolls her eyes, but with the situation being three-against-one, she begrudgingly goes to join the Merry Mischief Maker in the ancient Troy family rite of the thumping of the skulls.

DDK:

Los Caídos are no doubt second guessing whatever their plan was, because within minutes of coming out, they are getting absolutely WRECKED by two generations of Troy!

The fracas has caught the attention of Slater, who now approaches the ropes and commands the uninvited guests to leave the ringside area. But even if they *did* obey the request, the three of them appear to be preoccupied with having their asses handed to them to be able to leave.

Behind the official, Kerry Kuroyama is the first to rise to his feet. But the moment he's up, someone slides into the ring behind him...

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS IS IN THE RING!!

Lance:

Which means the other three were just decoys!

Through his black mask, Douglas gazes into the back of Kuroyama's head, hunched low and looking coiled to strike. Unsurprisingly, Victor Vacio, the puppetmaster himself, is also there, standing out by the other end of the ring and watching Douglas close.

DDK:

He's got Kerry Kuroyama in his crosshairs! He's about to cost him this TITLE MATCH!

Douglas takes a step forward...

...and... stops?

DDK:

HUH?!

Scott stops himself mid-strike, head rolling and then shaking as if fighting off intrusive thoughts. A moment later, Kerry twirls around. The Faithful pop HUGE as the former members of Seattle's Best find each other standing face to face in the middle of the climate pledge arena.

"HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!!"

DDK:

Did you see that, Lance? Douglas hesitated!

Lance:

I thought it looked that way as well!

Brazenly, Kuroyama approaches Douglas until the two are nearly chest to chest. Kerry speaks desperate words that go unheard into his old friend's face. It's unclear if they're even being heard.

But before either one can act...

DDK:

NO! VACIO pulls Douglas from the ring!

Lance:

Not today, he says.

Victor orders Douglas back over the barricade to lead their retreat. He quickly follows as soon as he sees Ami Troy coming at him like a purple buzzsaw of death. On the other side of the ring, the Queen of the Ring likewise runs off the other members of Los Caídos.

DDK:

At least this match survived whatever plot Victor Vacio had in store!

Lance:

I wouldn't be so sure, Keeps.

With rage burning in his eyes, Kuroyama furiously stares after the retreating Vacio and Douglas.

Meanwhile, the FIST is on his knees, waking up to a raucous crowd and a scene of commotion. He pushes himself up to his feet and approaches Kerry from behind, getting his friend's attention by way of a hand to the shoulder--

DDK:

WAIT!! Kuroyama SNAPS TO LIFE and DRAWS HENRY KEYES ONTO HIS SHOULDERS!!

Lance:

He's going for the KUROYAMA DRIVER!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

The Climate Pledge Arena is about to go thermonuclear. The Seattle Faithful pop out of their seats, grab their heads, and stand awestruck. They know they're on the cusp of watching DEFIANCE history being written.

DDK:

ELBOW!!

Until once more, Henry Keyes seized hold of the quill.

DDK:

ANOTHER ELBOW by Keyes... and Kerry drops to a knee!

The FIST does not hesitate. In a flash, he twists free from Kerry's shoulders and drops down in front of him, with an arm in his grasp. With full force, he yanks the Emerald Apex into him.

Kerry's free arm stays low. He doesn't expect the knee coming in high.

DDK:

COOOIIINNNZUIGIRI!!

The air is sucked out of the arena. Kuroyama corkscrews off the impact. Wasting no time, Keyes takes the legs, folds him up, and lays his weight on top of him to make damn sure those shoulders stay down.

DDK:

"The Kraken" Henry Keyes to RETAIN...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

DDK:

THAT'S IT!

Keyes rolls off of Kuroyama's chest and pushes his way to his feet. As soon as he's up, his Bestie LT is already in the ring, handing him the FIST. Across the ring, Ami slides in to check on Kerry.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall..

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Darren Quimbey:

...and STILL the FIST OF DEFIANCE...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Darren Quimbey:

HEEENNNRRRYYYYYY KEEEEEEYYYEEEEESSSSSS!!!

"The Kraken" raises the FIST championship belt as his name is called, DEFIANT in the face of a hostile crowd.

DDK:

What an incredible battle we just witnessed! Kerry Kuroyama put it all on the line here tonight in front of his hometown fans, but in the end, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes came through in those clutch final moments to pick up the win and retain the championship!

Lance:

An instant classic, to be sure. Though I'm sure Kerry might believe it could have shaped out differently had Victor

Vacio and Los Caídos not made their presence known.

DDK:

Things are definitely coming to a head between Kuroyama and Vacio... and I imagine Maximum DEFIANCE will bring a moment of reckoning. As for the FIST, Henry Keyes... he now has to look forward to what will be another huge challenge when he defends against Conor Fuse!

Back on his feet, Kerry Kuroyama shakes out the after-effects from the knee strike that put him on his back. Eventually, he crosses the ring to Keyes and offers his hand in congratulations. Henry instead draws him into an embrace, and holds up Kerry's hand to win back the approval of the crowd.

DDK:

As controversial of a champion as Henry Keyes might be right now, it can't be denied that he remains loyal to those he cares about.

Lance:

Tipping the hat to Kerry Kuroyama for the fight his friend gave him here tonight. Meanwhile, "The Kraken" more than proved why he has earned the right to be called the FIST.

With an arm slung over Ami Troy's shoulders, Kerry steps through the ropes and walks back up the rampway to a standing ovation from the Seattle Faithful...

But as soon as the moment is over, excitement spreads through the arena once more when Henry Keyes turns around and sees who has joined him in the ring.

DDK:

CONOR FUSE is in the ring!

"HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!! HO-LY-SHIT!!"

Keyes stares down at Fuse, once more raising the championship belt.

Conor looks Henry in the eyes, staring straight into his soul. He is mouthing off, too. They both are.

The fans rage, anticipating the fateful battle to come.

DDK:

The battle for the FIST continues into Maximum DEFIANCE, ladies and gentlemen! Will Conor Fuse finally conclude his journey by bringing home the gold? Or will "The Kraken" Henry Keyes and Vae Victis maintain their hold over DEFIANCE? We are out of time for tonight, ladies and gentlemen, but we will finally witness the END of this conflict in two weeks at Maximum DEFIANCE, LIVE from Keyes' hometown of San Francisco, California! We'll see you then!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.