

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

Sacramento, California welcomes DEFIANCE as Golden 1 Center is hyped for DEFtv 223!

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!

WHY DOESN'T DEFIANCE HAVE MORE SPONSORSHIP?

JUST KINDA THINKING RIGHT NOW HEADMASTER BLACK IS MAYBE NOT A REAL HEADMASTER

BROCK VS. GVP, MAKE IT HAPPEN!

COMMONWEALTH TRICKELBUSH

THIS IS GONNA BE ANOTHER LONG SHOW SO WHAT'S ONE MORE SIGN TO READ?

MAIN EVENT, MID-CARD, RELEASE

WHERE IS THE FIST HENRY?

BUY YOUR GVP EYE-PATCHES!

TRICKELBUSH HAS A BUSH

LONNIE HAS ALL THE LUCK

ZERO LUCKS GIVEN

GARLAND OWES ME TEN LIKES

FAMILIA ISN'T JUST BLOOD

REZIN IS MY TEACHER

I CAME FOR KERRY

I CAM'D FOR THE D

BUTCH VIC! HAS! THE! STICK!

RCR > EVERYONE

GO LADS GO!

DON'T LET THE SOHER DESTROY SNS

WHERE'S YOUR PAPER CHAMP JACK!? MALAK IS WORRIED.

ELISE IS THE PRIME FIST

MARK SHIELDS IRONCLAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!1111111111111

ACE OF TAG TEAMS, OPENING ROUND: THE PARTY ANIMALZ vs. KILL OR BE KILLED

The camera pans over the lively crowd jam-packed inside the Golden One Center before stopping to focus on the DEFTRON. The Faithful let out a roar as it comes to life and displays a large graphic on the screen.

“ACES of Tag Teams Tournament”

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv, everyone! We've got an action-packed night ahead of us, and we're kicking things off with a first-round ACE of Tag Teams tournament match, and this one should be a doozy.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. On one side, we have the Titanes Familia's resident monsters in Killjoy and Kilgore. Otherwise known as Kill or Be Killed. A fitting name for the dangerous and imposing duo.

DDK:

And then you have their opponents. Two men who forged a friendship last year that led to them forming a very short-lived, but very popular, tag team. Of course, I'm talking about "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd and the man from Parts Untold, and a beast in his own right, Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

Talk about a pairing, DDK. Brock's the current holder of the Southern Heritage title, while Corvo had a tremendous reign as champion when he held the belt. Newbludd's rolling right now and has always excelled in tag wrestling. You combine that with Corvo, who we all know is a sheer force of nature inside the ropes, The Party Animalz have a real shot at running the table in this tournament.

DDK:

Something tells me this is going to be more than just a competitive match as well; things are going to get personal real fast for The Die-Hard DEFIANT once the bell rings. Titanes Familia took an unorthodox approach in trying to "mend" the relationship between Brock and Pat by beating the tar out of them two weeks ago, causing Cassidy's final title shot to end with a DQ.

Lance:

Well, Pat's going through some things right now, that's obvious. Having your last shot end that way has got to be eating him up on the inside. Still, he's showing solidarity with his brother in arms and will be in The Party Animalz corner tonight to support them.

DDK:

While in the opposite corner, his sister, Siofra aka Siobhan, will be keeping a close eye on things for Kill or Be Killed.

Lance:

She's Newbludd's ex, too.

DDK:

And we can all agree Brock dodged a bullet there! Now, let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

The camera focuses on Quimbey. Standing in the middle of the ring next to referee Benny Doyle, the veteran ring announcer addresses the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is a first-round match in the ACES of DEFIANCE tournament!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

♪ "War (Viking Chant)" by Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorns a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS... they are the team of "The Good Son" Killjoy... "The Attack Dog" Kilgore... **KILL! OR! BE! KILLED!**

Showing some solidarity matching his mask's colors with Kilgore's face paint, the two giant brutes stand side by side. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. The Kills - both -Gore and -Joy, share a nod. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore and Killjoy slowly walking behind her.

DDK:

Kill or Be Killed are 2-0 so far in DEFIANCE, looking for a third win. They decimated the Dunson Clan in their debut match as a team and recently, a dominant win over Gulf Coast Connection on UNCUT!

Lance:

Tonight is a MAJOR step up! Considering who they are facing? These monsters don't look fazed one bit. And a win here tonight for either team? That puts you in the semi-finals at Acts of DEFIANCE to take on M4NTRA, who qualified two weeks ago over a game Money Talks!

Siofra is lifted by both Killjoy and Kilgore onto the ring apron. With a sadistic smile, she watches as both monsters both step onto the apron and head into the ring. The two monsters hold out their arms and tap them together with Siofra posing in the middle. The entrance fades away as the monsters wait for their opponents.

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Before The Faithful can chime in, a familiar, gravely voice booms out of the arena's speakers and cuts them off. A roar belonging to none other than the beast known as Corvo Alpha.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

♪ "Party with the Animals" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The Faithful erupts in cheers as Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha make their way out onto the stage. A few seconds later, Pat Cassidy appears and joins them on the stage. Wearing Ozzy Osbourne t-shirts over their ring gear, The Party Animalz stop at the top of the ramp and raise fists to the crowd, eliciting another roar from the crowd. Cassidy joins them, and the three men bump fists.

Lance:

Despite their recent troubles, it must be reassuring for Brock knowing that Pat has his and Corvo's backs tonight, considering what happened two weeks ago with Titanes Familia.

With the SOHER strapped around his waist, the fired-up Brock is first down the ramp, and the snarling Corvo follows. Cassidy watches the two for a second before hitting the ramp as well.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Being accompanied by "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! Weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and twenty-seven pounds! The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha...they are The Party Animalz!

DDK:

Tremendous ovation for Newbludd and Alpha! I've just gotten word that Christie Zane was able to catch The Party Animalz just moments ago to get some final thoughts before the match.

With The Party Animalz making their way down the ramp, a second picture appears in a corner to show Christie Zane sandwiched between the two men. She raises the mic up towards Brock and he smirks at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Killjoy, Kilgore, Kill or Be Killed. Jesus, boys, we get the message. EVERYONE gets the message.

Corvo cracks a grin and lets out a low chuckle. As Newbludd speaks, Alpha paces behind him, applying his yellow, red, and blue facepaint with aggressive strokes.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, and let's not forget the brains of the operation! Killer Queen Bitch, and worst cook ever, my charming ex-girlfriend, Siobhan!

Corvo grunts and Brock chuckles, slapping him on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

That's right! Not Siobhan! Siofra! Different name, same backstabbin' bitch, amirite?

Corvo spits angrily and snarls into the camera. He smears what's left of the primary colors on his hands across his hairy chest, eying the camera lens like a hungry lion.

Brock Newbludd:

Doesn't matter anyways! She can change her name, but she can't change her fate! And fate says The Party Animalz are coming out on top tonight, baby! By the time this tournament's done, not only will we be the ACES of DEFIANCE, we'll have built a pile of bodies so high it'd make the Patron Saint of Body Piling, Gunnar Van Patton, stop and salute! And tonight, we lay the foundation for our glorious pile with Kill or Be Killed! TELL 'EM, CORVO!

Corvo Alpha:

KILLJOY! KILGORE! ...it's time to *PARTY*!

He stomps off, leaving Newbludd to offer the camera one last smirk and a shrug before following him.

Lance:

The Party Animalz are back and ready to fight tonight, partner, no doubt about it!

The interview disappears from the bottom of the screen just as The Party Animalz slide into the ring. Scaling up opposite corners, Corvo and Brock take a second to soak in some final cheers as their music fades out from the arena's speakers. While Corvo drops down and stomps over to a neutral corner, Newbludd unstraps the SOHER and raises it to the people. Below him, the former Siobhan, now Siofra, glares up at her ex. Spotting her, The DieHard DEFIANT blows her a kiss, and she balls her fists up in anger.

DDK:

No love lost between those two, that's for sure.

Dropping to the mat, Brock hands the SOHER to Cassidy for safekeeping, and an awkward moment passes between the two before Pat takes the belt. Bumping fists with Brock and Corvo one last time, Cassidy makes his way to the outside.

An epic back-and-forth Rock, Paper, Scissors contest ensues, and Brock narrowly beats Alpha to earn first dibs for the Animalz.

Lance:

The table has been set, and it looks like we're ready to kick this match off. Looks like it'll be the Southern Heritage Champion starting for the Animalz while across the ring...

Standing in Kill or Be Killed's corner, Siofra looks over her shoulder and narrows her eyes at Newbludd. Brock cocks his head and grins at his ex. He opens his mouth to say something to her, but Corvo steps in and handles things for him. Standing on the apron, Corvo snatches Siofra's attention by slamming his fist angrily into the top turnbuckle. She locks eyes with the wildman, and he smiles menacingly, causing her to take a startled step back.

DDK:

Corvo just sent Brock's ex a message with that glare. If I were her I'd keep my nose clean tonight, if you know what I mean. She doesn't want to face the wrath of Corvo Alpha!

Snapping her head back to her team, Siofra stabs a finger in Kilgore's chest and then points at Brock. He nods his head and sneers while she exits the ring.

Lance:

It'll be Kilgore! This should be interesting.

Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

Newbludd loosens his shoulders with a confident grin and a quick pump of his taped fists. Across the ring, Kilgore steps out of his corner like a starting steam engine, stone-faced and hunched forward with menace. Siofra claps twice behind him from the floor, already barking warnings.

DDK:

It's startling, the transformation that young woman has gone through since we first met her several years ago!

Kilgore & Newbludd circle, Brock fast on his feet, feinting a lock-up before ducking behind and snapping off a quick waistlock. Kilgore breaks the grip with a vicious back elbow that swings wide, but Brock ducks under and fires a trio of jabs into Kilgore's midsection.

Lance:

No doubt Newbludd's pugilistic skills have markedly improved since training with Sylvester Stallone ahead of one of his earliest film projects!

Brock hits the ropes, looking for momentum, but Kilgore cuts him down with a THUDDING shoulder block that leaves Newbludd flat on the mat.

Kilgore curls his upper lip, reaching down for a follow-up, but Brock kips up and lands a crisp arm drag that sends Kilgore sliding across the ring. The fans sit-up. Brock plays it up with a wink and a finger wag to the crowd.

Frustrated, Kilgore charges again. Brock LEAPFROGS, bounces off the far ropes, and connects with a low running dropkick to the knee. Kilgore stumbles, and Brock answers with a snap DDT.

DDK:

Brock hooks that far leg!

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

Siofra yells for Kilgore to regroup, but Brock keeps the pressure on. He drags Kilgore up leads him towards his corner.

DDK:

Newbludd grabs Kilgore by his hair and – OH MY! He BASHES his head into Alpha's own head!

Lance:

That's a headbutt variant I've not seen before!

Corvo SLAPS in for a tag and the fans roar with him.

Face painted fresh and eyes wide with purpose, Alpha steps through the ropes. The clapping starts immediately. That rhythmic, pounding gallop the crowd gives him. Corvo doesn't acknowledge it, he just moves.

Lance:

You've got to assume Alpha asked Newbludd to be his partner here in hopes that these Party Animalz might encounter the Masked Violators in this tournament!

DDK:

I was hoping that the Saturday Night Specials might sign up for this tournament but, let's face it, Pat Cassidy has, uh... Had a lot on his plate. I think it's great he is out here in support of his friend & partner, Brock Newbludd, and this fun partnership with Alpha!

Kilgore is up to one knee, shaking off the cobwebs. Corvo doesn't wait. He CHARGES and crashes a boot across Kilgore's face with a BRUTAL running front kick that echoes through the arena. Kilgore collapses backward to the mat.

Corvo drops to a knee and rains down heavy hammer fists. No finesse, only punishment. The ref gives a warning for the closed fists and the savage seems to ignore him.

DDK:

The brute's gotta be careful here!

Kilgore grabs at the ropes to pull himself up, but Corvo is right there with a clubbing forearm to the back. He snatches Kilgore by the wrist and hauls him into a short-arm lariat that knocks him clean off his feet. The crowd SURGES once more.

Corvo stands over Kilgore, breathing heavy, face twitching with fury. Then he drags Kilgore to the Party Animalz corner and tags Brock back in.

DDK:

Here comes Mr. Showbiz!

Newbludd leaps back into the ring with that high-energy bounce in his step. Corvo holds Kilgore in place just long enough for Brock to nail a crisp step-up enzuigiri to the side of Kilgore's head. Corvo releases him, and Kilgore stumbles backwards...

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX by Newbludd!

Pat Cassidy pounds the apron in approval while Siofra shouts warnings from across the ring. For a strained moment, the wayward siblings meet eyes.

Kilgore crawls toward his corner, glassy-eyed. Brock grabs him by the ankle and yanks him back mid-crawl. He plants a boot to Kilgore's back, then tags Corvo again.

DDK:

The Animalz are working together really well, Lance!

Lance:

Well, Newbludd is a famously decorated tag competitor and, don't forget, Corvo Alpha was a tag competitor under the MV2 mask for years!

DDK:

Was he though?

Lance:

Ah. Uh. Right. Jury's still out, perhaps.

Brock SHOOTs Kilgore into the ropes and BACK DROPS HIM – into the waiting arms of Corvo Alpha, who hoists the big man up even further before SLAMMING him to the mat with a colossal POWER BOMB!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

Corvo covers!

DDK:

Leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!!

DDK:

Kilgore is tough as nails! But he is fading! The Party Animalz smell blood!

Corvo pulls Kilgore up by the hair, muttering something low and growling in his face. He grabs Kilgore's wrist and whips him toward the corner—but Kilgore reverses at the last second, sending Corvo into the turnbuckles instead.

Before Corvo can react, Killjoy tags himself in with a slap to Kilgore's shoulder.

DDK:

Monster vs Monster?!

Lance:

Here we go! Believe it or not, these two men know eachother! Alpha teamed with Killjoy back in 2023 at Tag Party V!

The crowd boos as Killjoy slingshots himself over the ropes, landing a sharp knee strike into Corvo's midsection while he's still stuck in the corner. Without missing a beat, Killjoy pulls Corvo out into a snap neckbreaker and floats into a loose cover.

ONE!!

Corvo powers out with authority. A challenge, perhaps? Killjoy is unmoved.

He doesn't bother arguing the count. Instead, he drives a pair of elbows into Corvo's temple, grabs a handful of hair, and yanks him up into a seated position. A stiff shoot kick snaps across Corvo's back, then another, then a THIRD. The sound echoes.

Corvo snarls through it. He starts to rise, the Faithful's energy with him.

Killjoy backs into the ropes and comes flying with a basement dropkick that knocks Corvo flat again. Now Killjoy covers, but hooks the leg this time.

ONE!!

TWO!!!!

TH-KICKOUT!!!!

DDK:

Corvo remains defiant!

From the apron, Kilgore claps once. Siofra yells for Killjoy to keep the pressure on. Killjoy leans down and *SLAPS* Corvo across the face. Then AGAIN. Corvo's fingers curl into a crude fist.

Cassidy is shouting encouragement from the Animalz corner. Then Killjoy backs up, lines up another shot—

DDK:

Corvo BURSTS off the mat and collides into him like a human CANNONBALL! Both men go down hard!

The sky-camera sweeps the arena dramatically.

Both men are down, chests heaving, Killjoy clutching his ribs while Corvo rolls to one knee. The crowd starts to rumble. Pat Cassidy pounds the mat, rallying behind his longtime tag partner & his odd friend. Brock Newbludd is practically vibrating with energy on the apron, arm stretched out.

Corvo crawls.

DDK:

He LIVES!

Killjoy starts to stir.

Lance:

He's ALIIIVE!

The fans rise.

DDK:

TAG TO BROCK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Newbludd launches over the top rope and hits Killjoy with a flying forearm. Up again, Killjoy stumbles, Newbludd hits the ropes and SPINS into a spinning heel kick that lands flush. Kilgore charges in, but Brock ducks the clothesline and *CRACKS* him with a leaping enzuigiri that sends him staggering back to the apron.

Staggered, Killjoy tries a desperation lariat. Brock ducks, traps him–

DDK:

DRAGON SUPLEX by Newbludd!?!

Killjoy folds up on the mat. Brock kips up and roars.

The fans eat it up. Alpha echoes his partners tone and timbre.

Siofra is screaming bloody murder for her team to regroup. Cassidy shouts, "Finish it!"

Newbludd showboats for a moment, turns, and walks into a recovering Killjoy – who RAKES his eyes!

DDK:

Oh my GOD! Killjoy might have just performed ocular surgery!

Newbludd melts to one knee the canvas, clutching his face while Killjoy DIVEs for a TAG to Kilgore!

Lance:

Did you feel that, partner? That felt like a shift in momentum!

DDK:

That's sometimes all it takes! Here comes Kilgore! He meets Brock center ring – KICKS HIS FACE OFF, good GOD!

Kilgore hooks Brock, eyes the crowd with disdain, then HURLS him across the ring with a POWERFUL gutwrench suplex!!

DDK:

Just effortless brutality on the part of Kilgore!

The Viking Wargod STORMS toward his corner to tag in Killjoy. The 6'10 beast bursts in with a blur of speed, dropping a quick elbow across Brock's chest and floating into a pin.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

TH– KICKOUT!!!

Killjoy stays on him, slapping on a side headlock and dragging him toward Kilgore. Another tag. The bigger man re-enters and lands a hard body blow to Brock's ribs. He scoops and slams him, then stomps down hard on his chest. The crowd rallies louder, clapping in time for Brock to recover, Corvo STOMPING his foot on the apron, Cassidy SLAPPING canvas nearby.

Kilgore lifts Brock again for another slam, but this time Brock slips free behind him and shoves him forward into the ropes. Kilgore rebounds and eats a flying forearm.

DDK:

Both men! Down and out!

Lance:

This is where it can all be decided! Who advances in this tournament might HINGE on who can find the advantage right here, right now, in THIS moment!

Brock crawls! Corvo pounds the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

HOT TAG ALPHA!!! HOT TAG ALPHA!!!

Corvo charges in like a raging storm! He LEVELS Killjoy with a running clothesline, then rushes Kilgore with a series of stiff strikes to the head and chest. A spinning elbow sends the muscle man staggering into the ropes. Corvo lifts and slams him, roaring as the crowd comes alive.

DDK:

THIS CROWD IS ELECTRIC!

Lance:

I can barely hear myself agree with you, Keebs!

Killjoy stumbles to his feet. Corvo grabs him and FLINGS over 300 lbs overhead across the ring with a fallaway slam. The fans are ROCKING! He turns and locks eyes with Brock, who's back on his feet and reaching.

Lance:

TAG BACK IN TO BROCK!!

The crowd surges once more!

The Party Animalz live up to their name as they charge with a united front. Corvo manages to shoulder block Killjoy to the mat. The giant rolls out of the ring to escape the onslaught and Alpha gives chase, leaving Brock in the ring to light up Kilgore with right hands! Outside of the ring, Pat is cheering on his best friend doing everything he can to fight off the monsters! As he turns around, he sees a familiar face now in the front row. Wearing an SNS ball cap and sleeveless t-shirt, tipping an open cup of beer Pat's way. He tries to get a look under the cap, only to get a faceful of beer thrown into his face!

Lance:

Wait... is that...?

The cap comes off...

DDK:

TITANESS?! WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING?

Pat is still wiping beer out of his eyes when Titaness yells in his face.

Titaness:

I'M THE GHOST OF YOUR FUTURE! I'M "CRASH OUT" PAT CASSIDY! STOP WEIGHING DOWN YOUR TAG PARTNER! GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER AND STOP GOIN' TO THE BAAHHHHHH!

Pat's response? Going right after The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia! The two start to brawl and their fight carries off into the crowd!

DDK:

Wait a minute... in the ring!

With Doyle's attention on the scuffle outside, Siofra takes the opportunity to slip into the ring and catch Brock off guard with a swift kick to his golden globes!

Lance:

Don't forget... they used to date!

Brock goes down and the sinister Siofra stands over him and berates him. Pat, however, has caught wind of this. Forgetting Titaness for the moment, she angrily slides into the ring and spins his sister around, getting in her face!

Lance:

The Cassidy family, while they've had their issues, has never resorted to hurting each other - but with Pat in his mental state and Siofra seemingly under the thumb of a NEW family, one has to wonder!

DDK:

The Pat Cassidy I know would NOT hit his little sister no matter how angry he was at her!

Siofra seems to think so too as she arrogantly gets in her older sibling's face. Pat wrestles with himself as she pushes his buttons... culminating with a SLAP across the face!

Lance:

That's the aunt to Pat's daughter who just slapped the taste out of his mouth!

Cassidy appears ready to explode. His face a crimson red, he looks eyes with Siofra... whose confident countenance fades away. She realizes she may have messed up and she begins to step backwards... but it's too late. Cassidy swings!

DDK:

Siofra ducks out of the way just in time...

Lance:

OH NO!! Cassidy just hit Brock square in the jaw!

DDK:

Completely unintentional, but that can't be helping things between them!

Cassidy is PISSED at himself... but he doesn't have time to dwell on it as Kilgore takes his head off with a lariat. Kilgore tosses the Saturday Night Special to the outside and turns his attention to Brock. He slips behind the SOHER, hooks him in a full nelson, and drives him into the mat!

DDK:

NASTY move... but wait! Don't count the Party Animalz out of this tournament just yet!!

CORVO LIVES! He chop blocks the big Kilgore down! He mounts the larger opponent like a rabid animal and begins throwing forearms. He continues to throw the forearms until booing his heard. It gets Corvo's attention...

Lance:

NOW WHAT?!

Lord Nigel Tricklebush, MV1 and MV2 stand on the ramp! Corvo starts to stir, but Killjoy is there for the save, and Corvo is caught to the back of the head with a big boot!

Lance:

NO! THE MASKED VIOLATORS ARE HERE! THAT WAS ALL KILLJOY NEEDED TO TURN THE TIDE!

Corvo is stunned, and Killjoy whips him into the corner. Kilgore, like a hungry shark, senses the moment and strikes... his RUNNING BOOT (The Call of the Wild) snaps Corvo's head back, and the dazed warrior stumbles out of the corner into Killjoy's FREEFALL POP UP POWERBOMB!

DDK:

DEVASATING combination! Fall of the Wild connects!

Lance:

No way it ends like this!

Killjoy hooks the leg... Brock and Pat are both down and out...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "War (Viking Chant)" by Peyton Parrish ♪

Darren Quimbey:Your winners of this match and advancing in the Ace of Tag Teams tournament... **KILL OR BE KILLED!**

Standing in the middle of the ring, Siofra now stands with The Good Son and the Familia's Attack Dog! Back into the ring after playing her part in the distraction, Titaness climbs back into the ring and runs over to give Siofra a big hug while standing over the fallen SNS members and Corvo Alpha.

Titaness:SIOFRA FINALLY GOT THE SIBLING SHE **DESERVES**, PAT!**DDK:**

What a STATEMENT win! Thanks to the distraction from Titaness and some friendly fire from Pat Cassidy, Kill or Be Killed move on in the Ace of Tag Teams tournament!

Siofra hangs off of Kilgore while Titaness proudly holds her hands out towards Killjoy. The monsters take their leave of the ring to celebrate! Meanwhile, Lord Nigel nods to The Masked Violators and the trio turn on their heel and head out.

DDK:

So much chaos in that ring and all Lord Nigel had to do was be present long enough for the Party Animalz to be done in by The Familia! They move on and they will take on M4NTRA in our first semi-finals match! The other side of the brackets begins next week when The Masked Violators take on The Triple 7s!

COMMERCIAL: PRIME WRESTLING - NEXT REVIVAL

POINT BREAK

The scene shows the inside The Comments Section locker room, where most of its members are resting to various sides. There's Game Boy and Thurston Hunter on one end of the bench, Percy Collins and Teresa Ames across to their left, and finally Martin Evans-Everett VI and ALEX P. sitting on the right.

When suddenly, their fearless leader, Malak Garland, strolls into the locker room.

He takes a moment to glance at each and every one of them. There's newfound life in his eyes! Arrogance! Cockiness! You name it! It has been this way since Malak pummeled Thurston Hunter at MAXDEF. It doesn't just seem like The Snowflake Superstar is back. He's back...

And then some.

Malak Garland: [nodding around the room]

Yep, yep. Chakras are aligned here, feeling pretty good about all the non-denominational spirit alignment and lucid energy parameters for sure.

Garland's eyes land on Hunter. Realizing he's the one being noticed by The Keyboard King himself, Hunter gets all thirsty. He straightens his back and lifts his head, holding a proud and noble position to await further ramblings from The Fearless Leader.

Malak Garland:

Soon, we will have a new plan. One that will make me a TWO time FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPION. Notice, have you, that I did not say FLAKE but I still did say CHAMPION because I need to say that in the title or else having the top belt means nothing to me. I need labels. I crave them even though I have evolved past snowflake vision. I am as DEFIANT as they come. I'd have to be, after my match with you, Hunter.

DDK:

Oh who is he kidding-

Garland begins strolling around the room, meeting eyes with everyone he passes. He continues to nod along.

Malak Garland:

We- well rather I shall allow Elise Ares to play her silly little game with the airschruck pirate for now. But when that is over-

Garland LEAPS forward like a beast attacking its pretend prey. It kinda scares Teresa Ames out of her boots since he almost lands on top of her.

Malak Garland: [cringeworthy dinosaur noises]

RAWR I will eat up the winner and take back what is mine!

Garland pauses. It's like he's waiting for some kind of... response. Hunter catches on, he starts clapping. Then Hunter nudges Game Boy, so Game Boy starts clapping. The entire room is clapping now, it's a big brouhaha! Garland's confidence is at its peak.

Malak Garland:

NOTHING will stand in my way! I will recapture the glory needed to succeed once again as the APEX ANXIETY ASTRONAUT that I am-

SLAM!

The air is knocked out of the locker room immediately as the door whams back and Tyler Fuse bursts through. Sporting black jeans and a black shirt, he's carrying a black (surprise) dufflebag, looking like he will be gearing up for

a match later tonight. Completely no-selling the idiots in the room, and, in particular, the MAIN idiot standing in the middle of the room who's still in a dinosaur "eat the entire world" pose, Tyler moves towards an empty space on the bench, closest to Thurston Hunter who starts to shuffle away from pure fear.

Garland, however, has his eyes locked on Tyler this entire time. Meanwhile, Tyler is digging through his belongings.

Malak Garland:

Excuse me? Are those your personal items? I hope you're not rummaging through a locker full of stuff that isn't yours! That will disrupt our established energy patterns.

Nothing. Tyler continues to go through his things. He pulls out his pair of trunks.

Malak Garland:

I said... excuse me.

Tyler finds his pair of boots, placing them one-by-one in front of him. Garland, on the other hand, inches a little closer.

Malak Garland:

You're late, good sir.

Tyler takes off his shirt, digs into his bag once more and finds his black wrist tape. He starts applying it.

The rest of the locker room is on high alert but Malak Garland doesn't seem to care. He inches a little closer still.

Malak Garland:

I said YOU'RE LA-

It's almost instantaneous, how in a flash Tyler Fuse moves. He went from applying wrist tape to snapping upright, moving two feet forward and snatching Malak Garland by his scrawny little neck.

Garland tries to gulp. He tries to wiggle his way free but he can't do shit as Tyler has Malak by the neck and is staring straight into his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't care.

Tyler peers past Malak and into the rest of the goons sitting around the room.

Tyler Fuse:

I do not answer to you, you got that?

Malak Garland: [squeaking out breath]

Ouchy, my larynx!

Malak's face starts looking purple, so The Game Boy rises from his seat and marches over. It takes Tyler a moment... he doesn't do it right when Game Boy stands beside him but eventually Fuse lets Malak Garland go.

It's clear the former FIST is stunned. He hunch over and gasps for air, in a desperate attempt to feel better quickly.

Tyler looks at Game Boy, then back at Malak. Back to Game Boy again and the rest of the group.

Malak Garland: [gasping]

Y-- yo--... youuuu... you are... a... part... of... this... te... am... m-my t-team...

Fuse looks like he's readying to take another stab at Garland when Game Boy steps in-between them. Hunter follows,

as does Collins, MEE3, ALEX P. and Teresa Ames. The Comments Section's body language does not particularly convey they are going to attack Tyler but rather simply build a wall in-between Fuse and Garland so nothing further can result.

Of course by now, Malak has regained the pale skinned colour in his face and he's no longer gasping for air.

Malak Garland:

DAMMIT, FUSE! I own you and your little "tough guy" disposition! It ends... TONIGHT!

Garland points a finger directly through the group at Tyler, feeling awfully brave now that there are six other people between them.

Malak Garland:

I can't believe I even thought of aligning my chakras with you further. See Ty-Guy, you and I? We should be in the ACE Tag Team Tournament. Since Cyrus Bates is MIA, I figured you would make a good ying to my yang. You can't team with your brother, that shit flew out the window when I DEFEATED YOU BOTH AT DEFCON YEARS AGO! By the way, has anyone seen Bates lately? Dude totally ghosted me since MAXDEF. What's up with that?

Garland ponders through his now irate and "brave" state.

Malak Garland:

Defeated both you chuds. I defeat both of you A LOT. Come to think of it, Ty-Guy, oh I don't know...

Garland is frothing at the mouth.

Malak Garland:

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE A PART OF **MY** GROUP!

However, through the henchmen on the other side of Garland, Malak's rage isn't making Tyler flinch. Not one bit. If anything, it looks like the building tension is helping Tyler's own anger manifest further.

Malak Garland:

I am sick and tired of you Fuse boys gaslighting me. You're both nothing but narcissists, especially Conor, but especially YOU. You're a very special chudzilla!

Malak shakes his head no.

Malak Garland:

But alas, you and I couldn't team, Tyler. Because you decided to FAIL DEFIANCE when Elise made you look like a fool. How was the swim around McCovey Cove? Did it wash away your groin crabs?

Garland doesn't let Tyler speak, not that he was going to, anyway. The "fail DEFIANCE" comment was a callback to when Tyler used to tell others they failed DEFIANCE, and it's clear Tyler is already brooding in that comment alone.

Malak Garland:

Don't answer that. This ends tonight, Tyler. Whatever match you have, go out there and wrestle. But you and I, we're going to get on the same page before the end of the night. You're my crown jewel, my big prize. You **will** be my safe space, Ty-Guy. Because I have 'The Feeling' back and I am going to claim what is rightfully mine!

Things seem to have calmed down, albeit a little, as Malak Garland dusts himself off-

Until Tyler BRUSTS through the group, grabbing Malak by the neck and choking the dear life out of him while everyone else tries to ply Tyler and Malak apart.

Tyler Fuse:

I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!

With everything he has, Game Boy pulls Tyler's arms off Malak's neck but the attack is on pause anyway, because someone else is standing in front of the locker room door.

Conor Fuse.

The Power-Up King wears faded lime green Adidas track pants and a 'GOOD2GAME' DEFIANCE branded t-shirt. He is standing there, practically half speechless and half stressed out of his f'n mind.

Meanwhile on one knee, Garland looks over and notices Conor.

Malak Garland:

Oh, hey cOnOr!

He shouts at Conor, and then points a finger to the new restrained, yet still brooding brother.

Malak Garland:

You better get him on a leash! An electrical one at that! Like the X-Men wore. You would know.

Conor remains deadpan for a moment, until he rolls his eyes at Garland and looks over in Tyler's direction with a type of "dude!?" expression, as if insinuating Conor doesn't have the patience for any of this but clearly agrees with his brother. Tyler, on the other hand, pushes away from the clutches of Game Boy, Ames and Hunter.

Conor Fuse: [to Malak Garland]

Dude, don't look at me. I told you, you had it easy with me. He [head motioning to his brother] is an entirely different story.

Garland snarls under his breath.

Malak Garland:

And where have you been, huh!? I have my chakras back and you vanish after your loss to the pirate!? Starting to make me think you're really Cyrus Bates just in a different body! I NEED ALL MY MEMBERS WITH ME AT ALL TIMES OR ELSE I GET SAPPY SAD!

Conor looks rattled just thinking about it.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah Mal, chill. Later tonight I want to make an announcement. I'll clarify everything.

The answer really isn't acceptable to Garland, but this discussion is seemingly moving along. Tyler stands there this entire time, eyeing his brother and then finally Malak Garland. He's not going to make another lunge, at least not now. Instead, the elder Fuse marches towards his dufflebag, picks it up and begins to walk towards the locker room door. A rattled Conor Fuse steps aside, leaving the entrance open for Tyler to make his exit.

Tyler stops before vanishing. He looks back at Malak once again and speaks rather calm and methodically.

Tyler Fuse:

I swear to god...

Garland sneers at Tyler.

Tyler Fuse:

You say things end tonight? Fine. I promise you, it will end.

Tyler exits the locker room, bumping shoulders with Conor as he does. But his voice can still be audible trailing down the hall.

Tyler Fuse:

...with you in a bodybag.

EL DIABLO

Cut to Backstage.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush falls into step beside a brooding Victor Vacio, who stalks down the corridor with Los Caídos silently in tow.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I understand your plan to secure the much-desired rematch is well in place, good sir... *but **what of young Douglas?***

Vacio doesn't break stride. A glare, a grunt, and he disappears around the corner, leaving Nigel and Los Caídos behind.

The trio halt in unison, their blank black masks fixed on Nigel. He adjusts his lapel with a smirk.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Well then... if the devil won't speak, perhaps his demons will listen.

He casts a glance at the camera, then gestures it away.

Cut to Ringside.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DABNEY DOUBLEDAY

Cut from backstage as the last few notes of ...

♪ "Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell ♪

...fades out. Inside the ring, "Fairplay" Dabney Doubleday stands in the ring, stretching against the ring ropes.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match ... is scheduled for ONE FALL!

DDK:

Well... Lance, we just saw him.. So we have to ask: will Victor Vacio play a hand in this upcoming match between Kerry Kuroyama and Dabney Doubleday?

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... already in the ring, from Mayo, Florida, weighing in at 221 pounds... "FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAY!

Lance:

I would have to agree, Keebs but I can't help but to wonder what is Tricklebush up to with Los Caidos ... ?

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

The Fiserv Forum bumps from a heavy torrent of booms, blaps, and bap-boom-blaps pumping through the arena's public address system to the rhythm of Konrad OldMoney's "Blouses Blue". The entrance stage becomes awash in flashing lights of dark pink and emerald green.

KRACKA-BOOOOOMMM!!

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

When the pyro smoke clears, KERRY KUROYAMA and AMI TROY appear standing back-to-back with their arms crossed. The former is dressed for battle and draped with a towel, while the latter is showing off her brand new "I CLIMBED THE EMERALD APEX" halter top, now available wherever fine DEFIANCE gear is sold, like ewtees.com.

The duo accept a greeting of loud cheers from the thousands of Sacramento fans in attendance. After savoring the reaction for a few moments, the pair descend the rampway toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, accompanied by "the Merry Mischief Maker" AMI TROY... hailing from Seattle, Washington, United States, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... representing VAE VICTIS, here is "the EMERALD APEX"... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

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 the ropes with all the briskness and tenacity of a caged lion. Ami remains on the outside and gives Dabney a wave and a smile.

DING DING

Doubleday and Kuroyama come out of their corners, the former extending his hand and the latter accepting a quick shake. Then they begin to encircle one another. Kerry is the first to make a move, shooting in low and attempting to hook the legs, but Dabney stuffs the takedown attempt and holds him in place with a front facelock.

DDK:

Dabney in control with the headlock... but Kerry, methodically going to the side, scoops the legs from behind, and lifts Doubleday for the--NO! Dabney rolls to his feet off the back suplex!

Lance:

And puts Kerry right back where he started, back into that side headlock.

Kerry's second escape effort sees him taking a different approach by way of backing into the ropes and pushing Doubleday off. As Dabney rebounds, Kuroyama dips down for the backdrop. But Mama Doubleday's pride and joy has it scouted.

DDK:

Doubleday with the Sunset Flip! Shoulders to the mat!

One!

Tw--quick kickout!

Lance:

A slick move by Dabney, but there was no way Kerry was falling for that.

Both competitors scramble to their feet and go right back into a collar-and-elbow. Doubleday steps inside and goes right back to the trusty side headlock, but Kerry sees it coming and quickly snags him by the wrist before going behind.

DDK:

Hammerlock applied by Kuroyama... it's been a see-saw battle since the bell, folks! Dabney, plotting how he'll get out of this one... he reaches back and takes Kerry by the head with the three-quarter facelock, and... OH WOW, runs up the TURNBUCKLE!

Lance:

Whatamaneuver!!

Getting a whoop from the crowd, Doubleday parkours off the turnbuckles and flips out of the hammerlock, catching Kerry off guard with a hiptoss reversal. Kerry takes the bump and rises back to his feet as Dabney charges, returning the favor with a hiptoss of his own.

DDK:

An exchange of arm drags, ending with Kerry Kuroyama trapping Dabney in a rear waistlock... NO!! Doubleday reverses into a drop toe hold... and locks in a picture-perfect STF hold!

Lance:

With a heck of an arch!

The spirit on display by "Fairplay" Dabney Doubleday is gradually winning over the fans. Kuroyama's arm reaches for the ropes, falling short of touching by only a few inches. Standing there at ringside, Ami slaps the canvas and gives him some words of support.

Ami Troy:

HEY! You had no problem reaching for the rope last night, Ker-bear, this isn't that much different! Get it together!

Kerry's eyes go wide, and he instantly stretches forward those last few inches and grabs hold of the bottom cable.

DDK:

Kerry makes it to the ropes, and Doyle calls for the break!

Dabney lets go cleanly, hands raised to show fair play, but not without giving Kerry a quick nod of respect. The Faithful applaud the effort on both sides as Kerry pulls himself up on the ropes, shaking out the arm.

Lance:

Doubleday nearly had him there, Darren! But you can bet Kerry Kuroyama won't make the same mistake twice.

Kerry, still shaking out his arm, steps back to the center, circling with Dabney. They tie up again. Dabney slips under, quick arm wringer applied. Kerry rolls through, kips up to his feet, and counters with an arm drag.

DDK:

Beautiful counter from Kuroyama!

Dabney takes the impact of the move and uses the momentum to pop back to his feet off the hop. Triple D spins around to find Kerry flying at him with a clothesline, he doesn't have time to react. Kerry makes the cover.

ONE!

Dabney kicks out nearly immediately.

DDK:

One count only!

Doubleday makes it back to his feet but Kerry Kuroyama has a bit more wherewithal. He snatches a front chancery before lifting and driving Doubleday down with a vertical suplex. Dabney snaps up from the mat, not to his feet but to attempt to relieve the shock of impact he just took the back.

DDK:

Heavy impact off that suplex from Kerry Kuroyama! Now he parks the knee into Dabney's back and wrenches the head back into a chinlock!

Lance:

That may have been the window of opportunity he was looking for. Now he can work on wearing down Doubleday bit by bit.

DDK:

But "Fairplay" Dabney Doubleday is not standing down!

Doubleday twists his upper body and works himself over onto his knees, giving him the leverage to make it back to his feet. Before he can get there, Kuroyama switches his hands over into a cravat clutch and stuns Dabney with a knee lift. He follows through by wrapping him up around the waist and...

DDK:

GUTWRENCH SUPLEX by Kuroyama! Hooking both legs for the cover now!

One!

Two!

Doubleday kicks out!

Kerry stays on top as Dabney rolls over and attempts to push himself back up. Doubleday attempts to bullrush Kerry into the near corner, but the Emerald Apex deftly pivots and shoves Mama Doubleday's pride and joy up against the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Kuroyama with the Irish whip... Doubleday in motion, and CONNECTS with the corner! Here comes Kerry with the follow-up, turning around into the SQUALL LINE LARIAT--NOWAITHEGOTHIM WITH THE BACKSLIDE!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NEARFALL!!

Lance:

That was a close one!

DDK:

We're watching a heck of a contest unfold, ladies and gentlemen! Kerry Kuroyama and Dabney Doubleday have been neck and neck since the start of the match!

Kerry scrambles to his feet, only to be rolled over onto his back courtesy of Dabney's fireman's carry. Doubleday flops across his chest into a north-and-south pin.

DDK:

Quick cover made by Dabney!

One!

Two!

KERRY BRIDGES OUT!

Dabney wrangles Kerry around into a front facelock to pin him down, only to find his feet leaving the mat. Powering him up, Kuroyama scoops him over the shoulder, tucks his head under the arm, and drops him with a belly-to-back piledriver.

DDK:

EMERALD OBLIVION!! That could do it! Kerry hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

DABNEY KICKS OUT!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama is pulling away with this... but I am seriously impressed by Dabney Doubleday's cunning and

resilience here tonight.

DDK:

No doubt, Mama Doubleday raised him right! And his background in Troy Combat Systems is really shining in this match! But Kuroyama right now is... oh no... look who it is!

The Sacramento Faithful let out a collective groan at the sight of the members of LOS CAÍDOS slowly walking down the aisle, with "The Lost Cause" VICTOR VACIO at the lead.

Kuroyama is pulling Doubleday up off the mat, unaware of their approach.

Lance:

I feel it was only a matter of time before Vacio and his dogs of war decided to crash the party. Worth noting though, Keebs... Scott Douglas isn't in the ranks.

Ami scowls, remembering what Vacio and Co. did to Kerry two weeks ago, then climbs the apron and whistles to get the ref's attention. Meanwhile, Kuroyama is in the process of setting "Fairplay" onto his shoulders with the Fireman's Carry.

That is, until he sees Vacio and the black void of his masked henchmen staring at him from ringside.

DDK:

I feel Kerry was about to go for something big, but he put on the brakes as soon as he saw something wasn't right!

Doubleday looks momentarily confused until he becomes aware of what's happening. Ami, Kerry, and the ref are all painstakingly telling off Los Caídos, who only stonewall them with vacant silence.

Lance:

What do they do in this case, Keebs? Neither one of these competitors can continue to wrestle in good confidence that these unsavory individuals won't try something at some point.

DDK:

And Ami can't play the peacemaker all on her own. Should we get DEFSec down here?!

Lance:

The situation might get even messier, I feel.

The situation in the ring grows even more tense. Even the even-natured "Fairplay" Doubleday's face is showing signs of growing anger. Yet Los Caídos only stand and stare. Nunez paces restlessly. Gonzalez plucks at the ropes. Villalobos tugs on the apron.

The Lost Cause simply stares back at the Emerald Apex.

Doyle looks flustered by the situation, and after commanding Vacio to collect his goons and beat it for the final time, only to again be ignored, he appears to have had enough. The shaking of his head and throwing up of his hands is enough to give off his intentions.

Kerry, Dabney, and Ami show immediate frustration as he explains his decision to them and signals the timekeeper.

DDK:

Benny Doyle has no choice! He has to throw this one out!

DING DING DING DING DING

The crowd boos incessantly. After a hot start, this was not the conclusion to this match anyone wanted. In the ring,

both competitors and manager curse and glare at Los Caídos for ruining things.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, due to Los Caídos' refusal to vacate the ringside area ... official Benny Doyle has declared this match a NO CONTEST.

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

Unbelievable... Kerry and Dabney were putting on an excellent display of technical prowess, until these guys interrupted.

Vacio makes his way over to Quimbey at the timekeeper's table as Los Caídos spreads out, circling the ring.

Victor Vacio:

¿No Contest? ...no, no, no... no hay competencia.

[No contest? No... there is no competition.]

Kerry grips the top rope with both hands, his knuckles white. His chest heaves as he glares at Vacio, his jaw clenched tightly.

Victor Vacio:

Eso es lo que tendrás siempre, Kuroyama, hasta que me des lo que quiero. Una revancha.

[This is what it will always be, Kuroyama, until you give me what I want. A rematch.]

Dabney Doubleday paces behind Kerry, his usual calm cracked into visible frustration. He throws up his hands at the masked figures circling the ring, shaking his head at how quickly their contest was stolen. Nunez creeps a little too close to the ring apron and Dabney reaches down from the top rope to snatch him but Nunez backs away quickly.

Victor Vacio:

Mira... I will poison every match, cada competencia, until you give me ... lo que es mío!

[Look... I will poison every match, every contest, until you give me ... what is mine!]

Ami Troy wedges herself between Kerry and the ropes, keeping one hand planted firmly on Kuroyama's chest as she glares at Vacio.

DDK:

This isn't looking good as the sharks circle ...

Darren's ominous commentary is apropos as all four sides of the ring are covered and Kerry and crew find themselves out numbered.

Victor Vacio:

Y no termina allí, Kuroyama... cada vez que subas al ring, I'll be there to poison it. Tu camino al FIST? I'll rot it from the inside, hasta que no quede nada!

[And it doesn't end there, Kuroyama... every time you step in the ring, I'll be there to poison it. Your path to the FIST? I'll rot it from the inside until nothing is left.]

Kerry leans over the ropes as far as he can and beckons Vacio into the ring. On the other side, Dabney does the same. Ami stretches out her arm and dares these masked marauders to step through the ropes.

Ami Troy:

Either get in here and fight or get bent, clown dick!

The Faithful are on their feet, ready for a fight. Ready to see Vacio and his goons taken to task again... even if they outnumber the good guys.

But Victor doesn't give them one. He lowers the mic, smirks and with a simple gesture calls his men off. Los Caídos circle around the ring and meet back with Vacio at the end of the ramp.

Victor Vacio:

Oh no, no, no ... no esta noche...

Vacio and Los Caídos start backing their way up the ramp. Kerry leans over the ropes, shouting for them to come back, while Dabney pounds a fist into his palm and Ami keeps a watchful eye on the retreat.

Vacio and Los Caídos vanish behind the curtain, leaving Kerry, Troy and Dabney in the ring. Both men, clearly disappointed, shake hands as we cut to elsewhere.



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

DAD TO DAD CHAT

Christie Zane.

Interview Stage.

You know what this is.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome... "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez.

*♪ 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 ♪

The haunting theme plays throughout the arena bathed in darkness, save a few gold spotlights centered on stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Booing almost drowns out the interview as the camera cranes upwards to catch The Man of The House in full view. With black hair slicked back, gold-tinted sunglasses, dark blue dress shirt with red ojo bracelet and dark jeans, Cortez looks dressed to the nines and looks very happy with the state of things as he heads to the interview stage.

DDK:

Look at Uriel Cortez... so smug. Especially after earlier tonight. Kill or Be Killed would advance in the Ace of Tag Teams!

Lance:

Indeed.

Once he reaches the stage, the lights return to normal and the music cuts. He can't hide a smile right now as The Faithful boo him. He ignores the reaction to speak directly to Christie

Christie Zane:

Uriel... welcome.

Uriel Cortez:

Christie. You see what my boys did earlier? You see that big DUB they got?

Christie Zane:

I did. I saw Killjoy and Kilgore score a HUGE win over two top-tier stars Corvo Alpha and the Southern Heritage Champion, Brock Newbludd. We also saw your wife, Titaness, come out dressed as Pat Cassidy to... what, get under his skin and divert his attention from the match?

Uriel looks down towards Christie.

Uriel Cortez:

I don't know what you're trying to insinuate, Christie. Brock Newbludd? Pat Cassidy? Those have been FRIENDS of the Familia for years now and I mean that. Titaness was merely out there showing Pat Cassidy what his future looks like if he doesn't get himself out of this slump that he's in and get his act together! My wife is a kind-hearted soul with a good sense of humor and was just there to help, okay?

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

A nonplussed Christie continues her line of questioning.

Christie Zane:

Well, Uriel, with uh... with all due respect... how do you call these two friends when the entire Familia laid them out two weeks ago and possibly cost Pat Cassidy his final shot at the Southern Heritage Title?

Uriel Cortez:

You know what, Christie? I'm really... REALLY starting to not like this tone. But I know that you, a small, is clearly in awe of me, a Tall, so I'm going to let it slide. I'm also going to tell you what that was two weeks ago... Mi Familia and I were out there to BREAK UP A FIGHT! Then Pat proceeded to lay his hands on Mi Familia first. And I DO... NOT... CARE... who you are, Christie. You could be our best friend, you could be mere workplace-proximity associates, you could be a total stranger, hell, you could be my own mother with the chanccla... If you lay your finger on ANY of Mi Familia, we have the right to defend ourselves. They got off easy, but if they EVER do it again... we can do much, MUCH worse. I pray it won't come to that.

The Man of The House continues on.

Uriel Cortez:

Now let's get back to their issues, Christie. For the past few months, that Southern Heritage Title has been established as one of the greatest prizes we have in DEFIANCE, second only to The FIST itself. It has main evented many pay-per-views! It has shined a spotlight on the top tier stars and a few of them have even gone on to hold the FIST. The other side of that though... It has shined a spotlight on the ugliness and the selfishness that festers in this business. That title has come between the friendship of arguably DEFIANCE's greatest tag team of all time, the Saturday Night Specials. And that breaks my heart.

She seems to doubt this claim on her face, but says nothing as Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

For years, Titanes Familia have owed Pat and Brock a debt for what they did for us back at DEFCON 2021. They put up Ballyhoo Brew for us in a match, just to get five minutes alone in a ring with that little fucking cockroach, Tom Morrow. I still owe them for what they did, so I'm going to step in and I'm going to offer Brock and Pat a way out of the issue they're in now with that Southern Heritage Title. As The Man of The House, it's my job to fix the problems under my roof and that's exactly why I'm going to help them.

Christie Zane:

And how do you propose you'll do that?

Uriel turns to speak directly into the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

Brock... I'm sorry that you and Corvo came up short against my boys, Kill or Be Killed. But I'm going to make this all right between us. Between you, between Pat, between all of us. That Southern Heritage Title will be the death of the Saturday Night Specials and I can't sit by one more night and watch this championship come between the two of you. That's why... in the spirit of friendship and competition... I am hereby challenging YOU, "The Diehard DEFIANT" Brock Newbludd vs. "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez for the Southern Heritage Championship at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Christie looks shocked by the challenge, but Uriel looks as serious as a heart-attack.

Uriel Cortez:

This is gonna solve EVERYONE'S problems. That title in my hands? That's money. That's top of the card! That's a good life for me, my wife, and Mi Familia that we've wanted for the past year. That title out of your hands? It takes away all the distractions that have been imploding your friendship so you two can fix what's been broken. That's what I call a win-win. And WHEN you accept this challenge because I know you will, Brock... and you and Pat go on to keep being the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history because I will relieve you of fifteen pounds of gold and burden?

He looks at the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

A simple "thank you" is all I need. I...

The Man of the House is suddenly interrupted by a familiar battle cry, and The Faithful rise to their feet!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

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

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

I think Uriel's about to get his answer, right here and right now!

Still in his ring gear from the opening match, Milwaukee's Beast raises the SOHER up and raises it up to receive a loud ovation from the crowd. Lowering it slowly, Brock turns his attention to the interview stage to see the smirking Cortez clapping his hands for his "friend".

Lance:

Something tells me we won't be hearing the words "thank you" from Brock!

Tossing the title onto his shoulder, Newbludd walks onto the interview stage and plants himself right in front of the seven-footer. Matching Uriel's smirk with one of his own, Brock motions for Zane's microphone, and she tilts it in his direction.

Brock Newbludd:

You know something, Uriel? As Malak's part-time stepfather, I can understand the fact that you want to give your family a better life. While I don't want anything remotely resembling good to happen to Mrs. Garland's baby boy, I get the concept. It's about putting family first, right?

The grinning Cortez nods his head eagerly, and Zane tilts the mic back towards him as he opens his mouth, but Brock gently grabs her wrist to keep it in front of him.

Brock Newbludd:

Hang on a second there, big man. I wasn't finished. Just because I said I understand where you're comin' from doesn't mean I give a shit, because I don't. The guy who helped SNS put Tom Morrow in his place at DEFCON isn't who I'm lookin' at right now. The Uriel that I called a friend has been gone for a while now...replaced by a puffed-up, loud-mouthed, honorless, dickless, scumbag who dresses like what he thinks a star would dress like. A seven-foot-tall, 300-plus-pound douchebag.

Brock steps closer to Cortez and tilts his head back to look him in the eye.

Brock Newbludd:

You stuck your nose where it doesn't belong, Cortez. SNS doesn't need your help, and we sure as hell don't want it. If you wanted a shot, all you had to do was ask me like a man, without all the extra bullshit. Well, you have your match, Uriel. You can try to take this belt from me for the good of Titanes Familia, but I don't see that happenin', not just because I'm a better wrestler than you could ever hope to be. There's the simple fact that you wouldn't be taking it from me, you'd be taking it from MY family!

Newbludd looks out to The Faithful and raises a fist. They reaffirm his words with a thunderous roar.

Brock Newbludd:

And I got more mouths to feed, big man.

The Faithful roar with approval at the jabs. Uriel, for his part, fights back what looks like an angry sneer and quickly

replaces it with a look of calm as he tugs on his ojo bracelet.

Uriel Cortez:

...I'm telling you right now. Because you and Pat will ALWAYS be friends of the Familia, and because you accepted my challenge without hesitation, I'll let these hurtful comments go this time. But I WILL hit you with some truth because that's what friends do... I didn't want to say the quiet part out loud, but you DID need us out there two weeks ago. You're spinning too many plates, Brock. You're on the championship run of lifetime and you're doing pretty well in the movie world... but your best friend is crashing out pretty bad. His fighting with my wife is what cost you and Corvo tonight. And he's going to KEEP dragging you down unless someone like me does something about it... In that ring at Acts of DEFIANCE, I'll fix both YOUR problems and mine.

Brock's eyes don't leave Uriel's as The Man of The House looks back.

Uriel Cortez:

But if you still have some aggression you need to do something with after tonight, I get it. I also want to test out one of Mi Familia and see how he's progressing. So, cause I'm a "two birds, one stone" kind of dad... how about in two weeks in his hometown of Salt Lake City, Utah... you, Brock, against my boy, DLJ? He's a bit of a hero around these parts these days after he and my bestie, Mil, took care of DEFIANCE's OSCAR BURNS problem.

He says with an unironic wink. Newbludd takes a second to think about Uriel's offer and grins.

Brock Newbludd:

A "bit" of hero ain't gonna cut it against me, Cortez. You want a preview of what's coming your way at ACTS? Well, you got it! See ya in Salt Lake, dickhead!

Turning on a heel, Newbludd walks away from the interview stage and raises the title up one last time before disappearing to the back. Uriel Cortez nods towards Christie and he walks off the stage as well.

DDK:

Not one, but TWO, major matches announced! In two weeks, Brock Newbludd will be putting the SOHER on the line against Titaness Familia's rising star, DLJ! If he survives that match still champion, Newbludd will have an even bigger challenge when he faces Uriel Cortez at ACTS!

Lance:

But first... coming up in just a moment, we'll see DLJ in action against his former GC Universe stablemate, FLEX! He, Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera have been on a mission to get rid of the final GC Universe members and after what they did to Aaron King two weeks ago, can DLJ follow suit?

DAN LEO JAMES vs. FLEX

DDK:

I don't believe what we just heard! Brock Newbludd defends the Southern Heritage Title at Acts of DEFIANCE! You don't actually BUY this garbage that Uriel's spewing about all of this being in the name of "friendship" and "competition" do you, Lance?

Lance:

I trust Uriel Cortez about as far as I can throw him, partner... and that's not far at all.

DDK:

That match will be HUGE! But now, we're gonna switch gears and take it to other members of Titanes Familia in action! Namely, Dan Leo James' first match in action since his return to the Familia when he takes on former GC Universe stablemate, FLEX!

The camera cuts to the stage for the next match!

♪ "Flexecution" by Logic ♪

Walking out from the back with purpose, FLEX walks out from the back with a hood covering his head and a golden shroud covering his body. He throws the shroud off, to reveal the amazing physique that he has been famous for! Wearing bright gold tights and wrist tape, along with white kneepads and boots with gold lines, FLEX basks in the jeers. He points to both sides of the stage and actually gets some cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Santa Monica, California, weighing in at 270 pounds...

FLEX!

In his home state, FLEX gets some cheers and starts talking some trash to the camera on his way to the ring.

FLEX:

YOUR ASS IS GETTING WHOOPED, DILJ! YOU HEARD ME! YOU'RE A DILJ! AND A DICK!

FLEX reaches the ring and enters before throwing up his arms to a nice reaction before his wraparound shades come off! The camera then goes to the stage. That's when a brand new introduction starts blasting over the PA...

♪ "Holding Out For A Hero" by Little V. ♪

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "DLJ" flashing over and over again...

DDK:

Wait... where's Danny?

Lance:

Ugh... Darren. Look.

The camera finally flashes up somewhere high in the crowd on the steps. Making his way through the concourse, wearing round gold-tinted sunglasses, a crisp white singlet and pants combination with the letters "DLJ" and gold boots that look very similar to the gear Uriel Cortez wears. He starts playing up to the crowd, trying to get them fired up...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

...only to get THAT in return. Behind him, "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltas is dressed in an all-white suit with gold rhinestones with matching mask and scarf! Behind them, wearing new white gear of her own with a black jacket,

Brooklynn Rivera follows the trio through a jeering crowd and walking on their way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by Brooklynn Rivera and “DEFIANCE’S Biggest Hero” Mil Vueltas... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 274 pounds... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

James waves his hands to get the crowd all “fired up” but all this gets him jeered on the return! Finally making their way to the ring, DLJ climbs over the barricade followed shortly by both Mil and Brooklynn. DLJ takes off his own round gold-tinted sunglasses and goes to give them to a kid in the audience... who then takes the glasses and throws them back at Danny!

Lance:

Some heroes they are, eh?

DDK:

This entire act of kissing up to The Faithful is so disingenuous. These three crashed a BRAZEN Double Shot last weekend only to escorted out of the ring!

Mil is at ringside and uses his pen to write an autograph for the same young female fan. He hands it over... and she throws it on the ground to a huge cheer! Inside the ring, DLJ climbs inside and takes off his vest. He then jumps on the middle rope and then cups an ear to The Faithful to encourage a more positive reaction, but gets booed instead! FLEX is already ready to lock up with Brian Slater in between the two big men...

DING DING

The second that the bell rings, the two big bulls slam into one another with FLEX angrily trying to push him!

FLEX:

Why the hell did you stab us in the back?! We had a good thing going!

DLJ:

We didn’t turn our back on him! We’re saving DEFIANCE!

FLEX shoves DLJ a second time, finally forcing the Utah native to push him right back! The two men lock up again and then DLJ shoves him back into the corner. As FLEX tries to push himself out of the corner, Chico de Oro as he’s now called SMACKS his opponent in the chest with a stiff chop! Even a big man like FLEX winces as Danny shakes his hand.

DDK:

There was some extra mustard on that chop! He’s not only dressing just like Uriel Cortez, he’s a chop off the old chopping block!

As FLEX reels and tries to get away to another corner, Dan Leo James speeds towards him...

THWACK!

...and nails a second running knife-edge chop in the corner that has FLEX reeling again! From the outside, Mil Vueltas gives him a thumbs up. Brooklynn Rivera says nothing and just remains stoic with arms folded, watching the action.

DDK:

That’s two chops in a row! We’ve found ourselves shocked at the latest exploits of Mil Vueltas and DLJ but let’s not forget they are great athletes first and foremost!

Danny has hold of FLEX while he’s stunned. He points to the sky and gets booed by the Sacramento Faithful when he tries a big vertical suplex on FLEX. He tries for the suplex on the big man... but FLEX blocks with a leg up! Danny tries

a second time... but FLEX gets HIM up in the air first instead... then brings him right down with a vertical suplex powerslam!

Lance:

Titanes Familia is on a mission to end the last bits of the GC Universe, but FLEX is not going down without a fight!

DDK:

What a suplex powerslam! Cover by FLEX!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Danny kicks out, but FLEX sits up and he's got his hands out in front of him waiting on one of the Familia's new Golden Children to get back to his feet!

DDK:

Are we gonna see a FLEX-plex early?!

He goes for the full nelson suplex and tries to interlock his hands together, but Mil points towards the ropes and guides DLJ that direction! The taller of the two athletes gets his leg up and between the ropes while the full nelson is locked in, forcing Brian Slater to step in between the two to get FLEX to force the break! FLEX does do... but DLJ grabs onto his hand and starts to rake his eyes across the top rope!

Lance:

Hey!

As FLEX is stunned, DLJ grabs the ropes and LEAPS over with ease to knock FLEX down with a huge slingshot shoulder block back into the ring! DLJ gets to a knee and while The Faithful are booing him, he points down at FLEX.

DLJ:

Yes! Boo him! He's the bad guy!

Lance:

I really don't know about all that, but that was a tactic straight out of the Familia playbook, wasn't it?

Dan Leo James then gets back to his feet as FLEX weakly tries to do the same. When he does, he grabs him by the neck and then hoists the huge 275-pound FLEX overhead to drop him down with a huge release vertical suplex!

DDK:

OOOH! What a release suplex! And now DLJ for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

FLEX kicks out, but Dan Leo James doesn't look that bothered by it.

Lance:

Dan is wrestling with a little more aggression that I think we've ever seen out of him tonight!

DDK:

And at his size, that doesn't bode well for anyone!

As FLEX remains prone on the ground, DLJ puts a boot in between his eyes and starts with boot scrapes! As he's doing this, Danny points to the people

DLJ:

This is for all of YOU!

He then sits him up into a mounted position.

DLJ:

Count along, everybody!

And at that moment, Danny is the only one counting along with each mounted punch to FLEX while Brian Slater is trying to break it up! Danny tries to explain to him it's a whole thing and that ten-punching is okay-ish, but Brian isn't having that and tells the young man to stop.

DLJ:

Do you know who my Dad is? You should! I'm dressed just like him! And my Tio Titan out there? He SAVED this place.

Mil Vueltas:

Damn right! Cheer us!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

So much for that! Danny's got FLEX up now!

He boots FLEX in the gut and goes for an Irish whip... but FLEX twists that around and then pulls him up onto his shoulders before planting the big Titanes Familia member down on the ground with a huge samoan drop to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

FLEX just countered with that samoan drop! He's looking to spoil Dan Leo James' first match back as a member of the Familia!

As he fights to get back to his feet, Mil is cheering on his fellow crew member while Brooklynn continues to just watch the fight silently. As Danny gets back to his feet, FLEX rocks him with a big right hand! He nails a second one and then whips Danny as fast as he can into the corner before hitting a follow-up corner clothesline! The shot rocks Danny as FLEX sends him for the ride again. When he comes back, FLEX picks up Danny and plants him with a big-time spinebuster!

Lance:

What a win this would be for FLEX to stick it to the two men who deserted the GC Universe!

He stacks the pin on Danny for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DANNY RAKES THE EYES!

Lance:

What the heck... did Danny just rake the eyes to break the cover?!

Brian Slater looks at Dan Leo James with a “you hellas sus” look, but Danny shrugs.

DLJ:

Wuh... wuh... what happened?! Who did that?!

FLEX hobbles around when Danny has a chance to end the match. He grabs hold of FLEX and DRIVES him into the mat with a huge release powerbomb!

DDK:

What a move! He calls that a Chip off the Old Bomb! Cause Uriel Cortez’s powerbomb!

Lance:

Charming.

The Faithful jeer Danny as he slowly climbs to the apron and heads up top! He stands on the top rope, salutes the jeering crowd and then takes flight with a HUGE diving splash with big air!

DDK:

GOOD... GRIEF! I’m told he calls that move The Gold Star!

Lance:

Of course he does. Gold Star from one of the Golden Children!

Danny hooks the leg of FLEX with one arm and his neck with the other in the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ “Holding Out For A Hero” by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Chico de Oro climbs back to his feet after the win and then holds his left wrist out, insisting Brian Slater raises his hand! He does so and DLJ mouths “thank you!” to the people even though they’re booing him! Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera both head into the ring to congratulate the big man.

Lance:

DLJ played dirty all match long for that win, but he did get it on his own. But this... this entire attitude has just gone to their head since they defected from the GC Universe and attacked OSCAR BURNS at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Mil gestures for the music to be cut as FLEX is helped from the ring. DLJ looks very proud of himself as he leans back in the corner. Mil taps the microphone.

Mil Vueltas:

DEFIANCE... Mi gente! Now that you have watched Dan Leo James do what he does best and battle the forces of evil... I now give you the gift... of MIL MINUTES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The GLOAT points down at FLEX just outside the ring.

Mil Vueltas:

Good idea! Let's use up our Mil Minutes together! ¡Así es! ¡Sí! Let's ALL boo him!

Mil and DLJ both lean over the ropes and look down at FLEX

Mil Vueltas:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DLJ:

Take THAT, evildoer! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I never liked you! Those sunglasses screamed "I'm a bad guy!"

Brooklynn has none of it and just shakes her head at everything going on around her, but Mil gestures for her to come over.

Mil Vueltas:

But anyway... Now that GC Universe... ¡Terminado! Done! Finished! We set our sights on two weeks from now. Brock Newbludd, you fight Dan Leo James!

Dan takes the microphone.

Dan Leo James:

Brock Newbludd... thanks for everything you've done for the Fam... and in two weeks, we're gonna have a good, clean wrestling match!

Mil Vueltas:

Now... let's finish taking out trash, eh?

The microphone is tossed. Brooklynn then reaches through the ropes and applies a judo choke to FLEX!

Lance:

HEY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL HEROES NOW!

As Brooklynn Rivera keeps FLEX restrained by tying them up together in the ropes via a choke, Dan Leo James and Mil Vueltas both rush over and start putting the boots to OSCAR BURNS' bodyguard!

DDK:

And there's nobody coming out here to help FLEX!

Even as strong as he is, FLEX is still too beaten from the match itself to fight Brooklynn's grip on the figure four neck lock in the ropes choking him while Dan Leo James continues putting the boots to him! As this goes on, Mil puts what looks like a metal plate from his coat and then places it underneath the forehead portion of his mask!

Lance:

Oh, no... what's this... he just loaded up his mask!

Brooklynn lets go of FLEX then DLJ whips FLEX right into the path of a NASTY loaded flying headbutt from Mil Vueltas, knocking the big man to the ground! The Faithful boo the Familia trio as they now stand over FLEX!

DDK:

FLEX IS OUT COLD... OH, NO!

And sure enough, FLEX may have suffered some sort of broken nose! His hand covers his face, but blood is running down his face like a leaky faucet! Mil and DLJ wave for The Faithful and then head up the ramp while Brooklynn

Rivera looks down at the damage caused to FLEX and smiles before she follows them!

Lance:

There's been no sign of OSCAR BURNS since Maximum DEFIANCE! Aaron King got put out of commission with broken ribs courtesy of multiple GLOATED stomps from Mil Vuelas... now this! FLEX might have a broken nose! I think this was truly the end of OSCAR BURNS's GC Universe!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

FOR OLD TIMES SAKE

Lance:

Two weeks ago, we heard from a very disgruntled Les Enfants Terribles! Archer Silver and High Flyer stormed out to the ring for what was supposed to be a scheduled interview with Chris Trutt. They decided to air their grievances publicly and, as a result, got the attention of a new team to DEFIANCE: Heirs To The Throne!

DDK:

Made up of former LET stablemate, Kaz Troy, his sister Ami, and Cecilia Ryan -- the very same daughter of DEFIANCE legend Dan Ryan - the trio came out to confront Silver and Flyer! They asked for a fight, but when the Heirs wanted to take them up on their offer, they instead bailed from the ring!

Lance:

That they did! For a long time, LET were the cornerstones of BRAZEN, and at one point, held both the BRAZEN Championship and Tag Team Championships for a considerable time! But that time appears to have passed by and...

♪ "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, dressed in a new LET shirt with a finger pointing outwards with "I BOO YOU!" Both have on black jeans and white Nikes. Archer Silver walks through the curtains and onto the stage with High Flyer behind him. Of note, Archer Silver looks less angry than he did in his last appearance.

Lance:

And speaking of...

The multigeneration stars head on down towards the ring as Darren Quimbey provides an introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome to the ring... High Flyer! Archer Silver! **LES! ENFANTS! TERRIBLES!**

When they arrive in the ring, Silver looks like he's about to mean-mug the Hall of Fame ring announcer. He looks ready to move away as Archer reaches out... then fixes Quimbey's slightly crooked tie so it's straight again. Silver pats him on the shoulder.

Archer Silver:

God, don't get so jumpy.

High Flyer:

Switch to tea, my guy.

Both have microphones in hand as their music cuts.

Lance:

That was... odd. How many times have we seen Archer Silver verbally abuse Darren Quimbey by now?

Silver taps the microphone in his hand first to make sure it works.

Archer Silver:

First off... I'm gonna set the record straight because as we came out here, I have no doubt THOSE TWO...

He says, pointing out towards The Commentation Station at Lance Warner and Darren Quimbey.

Archer Silver:

...are up there with some story about how we "bailed" on a fight with our buddy, Kaz Troy, and his friends. Let us tell you what REALLY happened!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

High Flyer and Archer Silver both look down at their shirts at the same time, then to each other, then High Flyer looks out.

High Flyer:

Read the new shirt! Top seller already! Source: Trust me.

He leans over to the ropes.

High Flyer:

!! BOO! YOU!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Archer Silver tries to hide his annoyance and is doing a terrible job at it.

Archer Silver:

No... Let me tell you what REALLY happened. Out of professional courtesy for what Flyer and I had with Kaz when we kicked all the asses coming up in BRAZEN, we left the ring and gave the Heirs a pass.

Lance:

Oh, please...

Archer Silver:

But as we left... Flyer and I got to talking. We got to talking about how the three of us and Killjoy -- before he went all insane, ran off from us and joined the circus... er, the Familia - used to run shit. That one day, it was always our dream to come up, make it to the main roster, and beat the hell out of every last washed veteran on our way to taking over this place for us and OUR future generations. And while we didn't end things on the best note...

High Flyer:

It's not too late to change! Cards on the table, you guys made us better, and we made YOU better. Together, we could dominate DEFIANCE. We don't need to be at odds with one another. We can shine as a unit. Kaz, you can take the SoHer, Mini-Ryan, you can take the FS, and Archer and I'll grab the tag belts, and we'll recreate LET on the main stage! Let us L-E-T all over D-E-F. And when Archer gets out of line, I'll reel him in.

Archer looks at Flyer, who discreetly shakes his head "No" as in, you never get out of line.

High Flyer:

What do you say? We can make a name for ourselves beyond our families and really put our mark on DEFIANCE and the history books. And if you find yourself annoyed or bored in three months, no big deal. We stop traveling together, but one thing's for certain, we never stop having each other's backs, no matter how annoying Archer gets.

Again, Archer smacks Flyer's arm, and Flyer motions for him to calm himself.

High Flyer:

So whattya say? Wanna dominate? Or be left behind.

DDK:

They... they want to JOIN FORCES with Heirs To The Throne?!

♪ "Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms ♪

Out comes Ami Troy, microphone in hand, still looking a little miffed from Los Caidos interrupting Kerry Kuroyama's match with Dabney Doubleday. "The Heir Apparent" Kazuhiro Troy, and "The Murder Daughter," Cecilia Ryan are

right behind her. Kaz is shaking his head almost imperceptibly, but Cecilia can hardly hide the deep sigh she breathes as they walk out.

DDK:

Right on cue, the Heirs to the Throne are out here and...

Ami Troy raises the microphone, cutting Darren off.

Ami Troy:

Right, so, I guess that was a cool story, Archie. A for effort or whatever. But if you don't mind, we'd like to discuss this amongst ourselves for a moment.

Ami turns to her brother and cousin and holds the microphone down by her side so as not to get the conversation on the record, but while subdued, the hot mic picks up some of the discussion.

Kaz Troy: *[to Cecilia]*

Do they think we're dumb?

Cecilia Ryan *[nodding]*

They think we're dumb.

Ami Troy: *[also nodding]*

I would also agree that they think we're dumb. And I'm not in the mood to play along with them tonight.

Ami notices some sound is still being picked up on the microphone, so she looks back at the ring, shrugs, makes a half-hearted "oops" gesture with one hand, then sets the microphone fully down on the stage.

The three of them huddle up once more and whisper to each other completely out of earshot, and after a moment, they seem to come to a consensus. Ami gestures to Kaz, who reaches down and picks up the microphone.

Kaz Troy:

Arch. Fly. We've conferred and, out of respect for our past triumphs and camaraderie, I'm going to give it to you straight. We've decided you both must think we're dumb, and also, that you're a couple of morons if you thought we'd agree to this.

Cecilia Ryan: *[raising her hand]*

I also said you have a stupid haircut.

Kaz looks back at Cecilia, confused.

Kaz Troy:

Wait, which one?

Cecilia just shrugs.

Ami Troy:

Oh! And Flyer said 'L-E-T all over D-E-F'... which, I dunno, man, maybe leave the catchphrases to someone who doesn't suck?

High Flyer:

Alright! I didn't THINK you were dumb, but now I know you are. Instead of bickering and fighting one another, we should do what we always planned to do. Take over DEFIANCE. But hey, if you just wanna fight with your friends, then I have three words for you. !! BOO! YOU!

Flyer throws the microphone down and it bounces. Archer reaches out to grab it from Flyer, who realizes his mistake.

He motions for Quimbey to toss him another mic, which he hands to Silver.

Cecilia Ryan: *[looking at Kaz again]*

I BOO YOU?? What is that, the Community College he went to?

Finally getting annoyed, Archer Silver looks to the Heirs.

Archer Silver:

Despite what you think, this isn't some bullshit trick. Kaz, me, Flyer... we all did something good in BRAZEN when LET was formed and we ran that place for a long time. You mean to tell me you, Kaz, son of Lindsay Troy and you, Cecilia, daughter of Dan Ryan. In-ring killers first and world-class sassy-asses second...

He looks at Ami. Then turns back to the others.

Archer Silver:

And you let HER speak for you? THIS is what you're happy doing? Piddling around on stage acting like kids?

Ami looks ready to introduce her boot to someone's dick as Archer steps out of the ring, nodding for Flyer to come along. They step out of the ring and start walking up towards The Heirs on the stage, who have their guard up rightfully.

DDK:

I don't like the look of this...

Flyer has his hands up; Archer does the same.

Archer Silver:

We mean it. We put together a new Les Enfants Terrible, Kaz. You, CeCe, and... her, if she's a package deal... the four and a half of us can do anything we want, and nobody could stop us.

Cecilia and Ami look to Kaz, and the response from Pretty Boy Troy is clear.

Kaz Troy:

I didn't stutter, Archer. The answer's NO.

That gets a big cheer from The Faithful! Silver looks even angrier.

Lance:

I couldn't have summed it up better myself!

Silver and Flyer look at one another...

Archer Silver:

Whatever. Flyer, let's get the fu...

He throws a HARD right into Kaz's jaw! Flyer jumps in and goes after Cecilia Ryan!

DDK:

SO MUCH FOR THAT OFFER TO TEAM UP!

Archer has Kaz, but he turns the tide, and now both men are throwing shots at one another with no intent to stop! Ami steps in and pulls High Flyer off Cecilia long enough for the daughter of Dan Ryan to ROCK him with a boot! Ami jumps out of the fray and plays cheerleader while the four exchange blows on the stage, forcing DEFSec to jump through the curtains to try and break things up!

Lance:

I shudder to think what we could have seen had the Heirs To The Throne taken up LET on their offer, but good to know they aren't buying what they were trying to sell!

DDK:

Indeed! It was only going to be a matter of time before these two rising teams came to blows!

Kaz gets in another shot, and Archer throws one in return, but that doesn't stop the two while High Flyer and Cecilia are separated by another line of DEFSec!

Lance:

Good grief! This is out of control out here! We're a little too close to this action!

Lance jumps up from his table just as Kaz breaks through the two security guards trying to grab him to attack Archer! The two do come to blows near the top of The Commentation Station before DEFSec heads their way and pulls them both apart as well!

DDK:

You're right! This is getting too close for comfort!

The LET and Heirs continue screaming at one another as the show quickly cuts backstage!

YOU HEARD THE CHANT, RIGHT?

♪ “C.R.E.A.M.” by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

On our last episode we saw this young team have their hope of being DEFIANCE's Ace of Tag Teams... *some say rightfully...* snatched away from them by one Dan Ryan.

Lance:

And considering who their representation is, you can imagine the stink that's been raised since.

“The Problem Solver” Adrian Payne is the first one out followed closely by his tag team partner “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby. With the Faithful raining down their true feelings, the duo seem utterly unaffected. By the looks on their faces this deafening reaction is exactly what these two former BRAZEN standouts have ever been looking for. As they perch, shoulder to shoulder at the top of the ramp a familiar, shrill voice cuts through the dulcet tones of the Wu-Tang Clan.

Angus Skaaland:

This place, lemme tell you about this place...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Longer and louder from the Faithful as the Motormouth of Malcontent emerges from backstage and strolls out to stand between his two charges.

Lance: *[quietly]*

Oh, Lord.

Angus Skaaland:

Things can change so much, you know? From Eric Dane calling the shots to Kelly Evans to Elijah Goldman to these cloistered away Favoured Saints geeks. Different eras, different gimmicks that've taken this place in a lot of really drastic directions. Changed everything. This place has a knack for reinventing itself. That's why DEFIANCE has stood the test of time.

Yay?

Angus Skaaland:

But some things? Some things stay the same. Some people stay the same. Some people are like Mt. friggin' Rushmore and absolutely refuse to change. Real “no, you move” energy... feel me? People like my dear good friend Mr. Bronson Box...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! (there we go)

Angus Skaaland:

Like Mr. *Dan Ryan*. Guys like that define DEFIANCE. *Unmovable motherfuckers*. That! That is why I don't blame you for what you did last week, Dan. I can't because my crew here, Box, Ed, they'd all do the same thing. Eye for an eye is what makes the professional wrestling world go 'round after all. It's why you came knockin' at Box's door again, all uninvited as it was... you know iron sharpens iron. And there is SO FEW pieces of true DEF-forged iron laying around that locker room... *aint there Dan?* You? You did what you needed to do, you responded in kind. That's the gorram *GAME*, baby. I get it.

The Hall of Fame former DEFtv color commentator grins.

Angus Skaaland:

But Felton and Adrian here? They don't give one single rat turd about all that. They lost their opportunity at something new, something special. You took from them? So they're both lookin' to take from you, bud. They can come back there, or you can nut up and...

Angus doesn't even have time to finish his question before...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

A murmur rolls across the crowd in an instant and all eyes are on the upper level where the man himself, Dan Ryan, has emerged. With fans all around him and a microphone in hand he takes a few beats to let the deafening reaction breathe.

Dan Ryan:

Your speech started off so well, Angus. You get it. I get it. Bronson gets it. Everyone gets it. And then you plop back into some nonsense about poor Felton and Adrian. They lost a match? Boo fuckin' hoo. They're still walking. That's my gift to Felton and Adrian. And as for Bronson...

Before Ryan can finish his sentence, he's jumped from behind. A VERY familiar set of giant, gnarled hands balling up and clubbing the legend across the neck.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

"The Bombastic" Bronson Box doesn't waste precious moments jawing and making a show of it. He starts silently dropping boots and clubbing blows down across a sprawled Ryan's back.

DDK:

Box! Bronson Box emerges from the crowd!

Lance:

Ryan HAD to expect this!

DDK:

He was called out, partner! When was the last time you can ever recall Dan Ryan ignoring a direct challenge? Ever?

With the legend kicked down into the concrete enough for his liking, the *True Original* DEFIANT grabs Dan Ryan by his shirt collar and PUSHES him back over the considerable drop from the upper level they find themselves on!

DDK:

Oh my God! He's gonna kill him!

Ryan's eyes shoot open as he feels the earth drop underneath him. He grabs Boxer's wrists and snarls up at Box, pushing back desperately against Bronson's inhuman strength.

THUD!

Bronson cracks off a sickening headbutt that crunches into the bridge of Ryan's nose. The Wargod hoists Ryan up onto and across his broad shoulders.

Lance:

He's gonna huck him off the side like a sack of spuds, Keebs!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The overwhelmingly negative reaction suddenly erupts into cheers as Henry Yamazaki, now, emerges from the crowd clubbing Box across the small of the back, rescuing Dan Ryan!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

It's Yamazaki! He just came to RYAN'S rescue, Darren!

DDK:

Of course he did! Henry is a good man, partner! No way he lets Box perpetuate this... this *assault!* It's at the core of Henry's original issue with Boxer... the Hall of Famer's penchant for retiring folks when he's "done" with them!

Ryan slumps off Boxer's shoulders and is immediately finding his feet, shaking the cobwebs as he and the Faithful all sit back and watch Yamazaki lay into Bronson with machine gun forearms across the Wargod's dome. Angus Skaaland and Money Talks are still perched helplessly on the stage, Angus watching a perfectly laid plan go completely sideways. It looks like Skaaland has something further to say but *sadly* he furiously thumps a now silent microphone.

Lance: *[quietly]*

Oh, thank God.

It doesn't take long for Ryan to find his feet and join Yamazaki in dropping closed fists and forearms across the Scottish Strongman's dome. Box reaches forward, desperately clawing through the assault. He gets close enough to wrap his fingers around the huge bandage still adorning Yamazaki's face, ripping it free.

The Wargod's nails are clearly yanking out a few stitches. The blood immediately starts pouring down Henry's face. Ryan lets loose a barrage of forearms that leave Box wobbling, Ryan motions to Yamazaki to join him, making the well-known universal sign for *"hey, lets throw this evil bastard off this goddamn ledge, what do you say?"*

DDK:

Ryan's looking to give it right back to the Wargod!

Lance:

I mean... can we NOT end the night with someone hauled away in an ambulance?! Pretty please?!

Yamazaki reaches up and wipes his fingertips across his face and his reopened wound. He looks at the blood he pulls back for a moment before closing that hand into a fist. The huge beast of a man ROARS and beats his chest as the Faithful all around him erupt right alongside him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

*THROW HIM OFF HEEENRY, THROW HIM OFF! *clap clap**

*THROW HIM OFF HEEENRY, THROW HIM OFF! *clap clap**

Spurred on by the energy of the fans all around him, he does indeed join Ryan. He grabs Boxer by the scruff, almost ready to go... *but Henry hesitates.* Ryan raises a couple of swift knees up into Bronson's breadbasket before turning to Henry, making the well-known universal sign for *"what the hell, chief, I thought we were throwing this evil bastard off this here ledge? You heard the chant, right?"*

As Ryan chastises Henry, we all see Boxer get his wits about him and quietly scurry off and disappear into the throng of fans now surrounding them quite closely here on the upper level of the arena. Things suddenly get unexpectedly heated as Ryan leans in and yells something right into the side of Yamazaki's crimson face that elicits a *VERY* forceful *shove* from Yamazaki back to Ryan that leaves Dan wide-eyed.

OHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Uh oh, here we go!

Ryan gets right back into Yamazaki's face in full on "*gonna do something about it?*" mode. Henry simply stares at Ryan, eyes as wide as plates, blood streaking down his face...

...before shaking his head and walking away, leaving Ryan standing there, chest heaving, adrenaline pumping. Ryan turns and lets out a furious roar into the air, then closes his eyes tightly and tilts his head slightly to one side. After a half-attempt to calm himself, he slowly opens his eyes and realizes Angus, Felton, and Adrian are in the ring watching all this unfold...

DDK:

Oh boy! I don't think we're done quite yet, Keebs!

The fans ROAR as Ryan speed walks towards the nearest set of arena stairs and heads down... TOWARDS the ring! Angus slaps both Felton and Adrian on the shoulders with a confident scowl, pointing towards the approaching legend. Clad in their matching red and black track suits, Money Talks leap over the guardrail and run through the Faithful.

Lance:

They're clubberin' in the crowd, Keebs!

Much to the frothing at the mouth delight of the fans in attendance, Ryan manages to hold his own against the two enormous young grapplers for a considerable amount of time before the three men are separated by a throng of DEF security drones led by referees Carla Ferrari and Brian Slater.

The camera picks up Angus Skaaland standing out of harm's way, but clearly close enough to keep an expert eye on things.

DDK:

Something's telling me this rather complicated situation isn't quite over, folks!

The last thing we see before we cut away is Dan Ryan screaming something we can't hear at the top of his lungs as he lunges over Brian Slater's shoulder towards Money Talks.

Lance:

You can say that again.

FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

The Favoured Saints title is on the line in our next match! It's Lonnie Luck defending the title in a one on one match with Jack Harmen! The path to this match has almost been built up over some time!

Lance:

It has! It was Lonnie Luck dueling Harmen's son, High Flyer and the dangerous Archer Silver who both wanted a claim to his Favoured Saints championship! Harmen would even the odds for the Son of Sin City! This even happened at Maximum DEFIANCE! What was supposed to be Luck versus Silver became a fatal fourway also involving Harmen and High Flyer.

DDK:

Lonnie retained the title against all odds in his third consecutive multi-man match on a big stage! He has to make one more successful defense to earn a Southern Heritage title shot and tonight, he hopes to make it against a DEFIANCE legend like Jack Harmen!

♪ "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!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

As a light fog rises near the entrance way mimicking that of rising steam, Jack Harmen bursts out from the curtain. He has his traditional white snow like fabric long trunks and red jacket. But under his jacket is an Ozzy Osbourne t-shirt. Jack points one finger up to the sky, and then makes his slow methodical way down to ringside.

DDK:

Jack, paying tribute to the recently deceased Ozzy Osbourne. The world rocks a little less without you.

Lance:

Strange to see the challenger arriving second Darren, but I think this has more to do with the respect Lonnie shows a veteran of Jack Harmen's stature.

DDK:

Sure. Agreed. But let's see if tonight is the night that Harmen finally etches his name into DEFIANCE's record books as more than just a challenger.

Darren Quimbey reads off the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is for the Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first the challenger ... he hails from Los Angeles, California! He weighs in at two-hundred twenty-four pounds! He is your friendly neighborhood Lunatic, the "WILDCARD" JAAAAACCCCKKKKKK HARRRRRRMMMEEEENNN!!!

Jack Harmen gets extra special applause for being in California! He's too focused to care, his eyes never wavering from the FS title in Lonnie's possession.

Darren Quimbey:

The opponent is your FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION ... he hails from Sin City and weighs in at one-hundred and seventy-one pounds ... "THE SON OF SIN CITY" LONNNIIEEEEEEEEEE LUCCCKKKKKKK!!!

Lonnie sits in a corner on the top rope and he holds the title with a wide grin on his face in spite of the circumstances of

his cousins and their brother-in-law going to the dark side. He gives up the title to the referee and then the two shake hands. They do not become Lads because this is a singles title match and only one man can hold the title!

Lonnie Luck:

Bring it!

Jack Harmen:

Consider it brought, yung'un!

DING DING

The DEFIANCE legend is very much true to his word when he comes out of the gate with a Locomotive boot, but Lonnie Luck is able to duck out of the way! Harmen shrugs it off.

Jack Harmen:

Had to try kid! Had to try!

Lonnie realizes what kind of fight he is in for tonight!

Lance:

That was *close*! Jack Harmen is playing for keeps tonight!

DDK:

It's a shocking statistic that of the many titles Harmen has had, he has never held a singles championship in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And yet, almost in an instant, that could have changed!

Lonnie Luck goes after Harmen this time and kicks his stomach. He latches onto his neck and heads to the corner to hit the Pocket Ace! Harmen grabs the top rope to prevent it, and backflips Lonnie up and over him!

DDK:

We just saw Lonnie Luck try his home run swing ... but he turns it into a school boy!

One ...

Two ...

At the last second Jack Harmen gets his bearing back and rolls through to kick out of the pin attempt. As Harmen is about to stand up, Lonnie has already beaten him to the punch by hitting a sunset flip!

One ...

Two ...

Harmen is able to kick out again, but Lonnie moves behind him. He pushes Harmen in the direction of the ropes and wraps both hands around the waist for a leg clutch ...

One ...

Two ...

But the Lunatic rolls backwards and puts the momentum his way!

One ...

Two ...

Lonnie escapes the pin and is barely able to kick Jack away. He goes and tries a backslide, but Harmen is too big for him to roll. Harmen rolls him forward though into his own backslide!

One ...

Two ...

Lonnie escapes! Harmen rolls back to his feet just as Lonnie meets him there byipping up which gets both men a big round of applause! Jack and Lonnie don't pay any attention towards the reaction and are only focused on winning or retaining the FS title respectively.

DDK:

That was quite the stand-off we just watched between these two! Both men want this belt!

Lance:

The finish line is in sight for Lonnie! For Jack, the first chance to hold a title in eight years of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Jack Harmen:

C'mon kid, go easy on me. I'm an old man.

Jack says with a cheshire cat like grin. Lonnie runs at Harmen again but Jack moves and he sends Lonnie off. Harmen tries cutting him off near the ropes when Lonnie jumps up to bounce off the ropes and then uses the momentum to take over the Lunatic with a spinning head scissors. Harmen is sent rolling and when he comes back up Lonnie is able to smack him down with a basement drop kick right to the mouth! Right after that the Son of SIn looks to the corner.

Lance:

We don't see a lot of people outpace Jack Harmen, but Lonnie Luck has done it! And can he grab the win?!

When he sees that the Lunatic has been stunned by the drop kick, Lonnie goes for the middle rope again. He runs at Harmen into the wheelbarrow position and tries to set up the Burn Card but instead of being able to turn to hit the reverse STO, Harmen hangs on! Luck shakes his head before he gets snapped neck first across the top rope!

DDK:

Jack had that Burn Card sussed out! One of Lonnie's favorite moves was countered, showing a true veteran at work!

And the veteran shows even more work with Lonnie on the canvas. He has Li'l Lon up and hits a corkscrew suplex in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

The modified wheelbarrow suplex is followed up by the corkscrew suplex from Daddy Harmen! Will he do what his son could not do at Maximum DEFIANCE and win the Favoured Saints championship?!

Harmen follows that with a quick leap to the top rope. He sizes up Lonnie, and hits a cartwheel elbow drop called Traveling through Time. He keeps the elbow pressed into Luck's chest, which his other arm hooking a leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Jack Harmen is shocked when he sees the shoulder off the mat. He taps three times but the ref says it was a two.

Lance:

We don't see a veteran like Jack Harmen question the official too often! That was a great combination of moves there, but not enough to keep Luck down.

DDK:

The punishment Lonnie Luck has been willing to endure in order to keep this title has been nothing short of unreal!

When Harmen tries taking Lonnie up for another suplex, he gets him in the air but Lonnie Luck is able to bring the knee down to the top of Harmen's dome. He brings the knee downwards twice more and then finally makes Lonnie drop to the ground. Lonnie is scrambled but he's upright and then goes for a drop kick but Harmen brushes this drop kick attempt away and then hits a german suplex off the ground right into a bridging attempt!

Lance:

Here's another cover from Harmen!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Harmen hit that dead lifted german suplex but Lonnie was able to escape a second time!

Lance:

It's been well documented how much of a fighter Lonnie is, too, but Harmen is doing a great job controlling the pace of this match.

Lonnie is hit with a pendulum back breaker next on the mat to make sure that he stays down. The Lunatic goes to the top turnbuckle and looks ready to go airborne.

Lance:

What is Harmen going for here?

Harmen looks for a Five-and-a-Half Star Frog splash ...

Lonnie rolls!

Harmen sees and he is able to land on his feet. He spins around to go after Lonnie Luck, but he's not ready this time for Lonnie to jump up and hit the Burn Card reverse STO!

DDK:

Second time is a charm! Harmen recovered from the missed Five-and-a-Half Star Frog splash, but this time, Lonnie Luck hit that Burn Card!

After getting his face planted Harmen rolls out to the floor and tries to keep Lonnie Luck from making the cover. Lonnie's eyes scan the entire arena who are ready for whatever he has planned next. Harmen does not see Lonnie Luck getting prepared to jump again. Lonnie pats on the turnbuckle for good luck and then starts his climb to the top turnbuckle. When he gets there he poses for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and jumps off the top with a trust fall senton right on top of the Lunatic!

DDK:

There's Lonnie Luck with complete reckless abandon for himself! He just used himself like his own projectile!

Both men are down! The camera then takes things backstage. Max, Mason and Mark Luck are all watching the match backstage wearing matching black vests and leather pants with different colored flame patterns (red for Max, green for Mason, orange for Mark). Tom Morrow is stroking his chin and watching.

Lance:

There's the Triple 7s watching! They're gonna be up next in two weeks in a rematch from DEFtv 221 when they take on the Masked Violators!

DDK:

They've still got an eye on Lonnie Luck and they've made the offer to help him out with this title.

Lonnie Luck has no idea he's being watched by Tom Morrow or the Triple 7s just yet. Harmen gets up and the Son of Sin City pushes him back into the squared circle following the dive. Lonnie gets the people on their feet for climbing on the top rope. He leaps up high with a big arc (doc) and then hits a high angle moonsault!

DDK:

The Super Satellite hits! Can the Son of Sin City's big gamble pay off?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Harmen's shoulders are up! Shock is all over the arena and then changes to applause from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who are watching a classic!

Lance:

This match is amazing, Darren! Both men risking it all to hold the Favoured Saints championship here!

DDK:

It really is! Lonnie Luck is looking for a certain ace up his sleeve now!

Jack Harmen has been rocked from taking the big pair of dives from Lonnie Luck. The Son of Sin City gestures at Harmen's neck and tries to run again. Harmen is able to push Lonnie into the corner and then runs ...

Lance:

The Pocket Ace gets countered and the train might be on the tracks!

Harmen tries hitting the Locomotive kick a second time in the corner, but Lonnie ducks and tries a school boy roll-up behind him!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Harmen escapes! Lonnie gets up and strikes Harmen with a thrust kick at his knee. He jumps up for another head scissors but the Lunatic hangs on and slingshots Lonnie off the ropes into a running sit-down Tiger bomb!

DDK:

That was incredible! Harmen with a slingshot power bomb! This one's over it has to be!

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... NO!!!

Lonnie is somehow able to kick out! Harmen's face turns a shade of white it hasn't been all match!

DDK:

Being champion means so much to both men! How is Lonnie Luck doing this?!

Watching backstage again, even the Triple 7s are impressed at Lonnie's toughness in the face of a talented vet like Harmen. Tom Morrow takes notes on his phone. When the action comes back to the match, Jack Harmen tries to pin Lonnie again but he has rolled away and escaped under the bottom rope with the little strength he has! Harmen almost looks ... angry?

Lance:

That look on Harmen's face! I think Lonnie knew he needed to buy himself a few extra seconds and escaped to the apron!

DDK:

Lonnie is just doing the exact same thing Jack did! Harmen can't be too plussed about it.

Harmen gets up and follows Lonnie to the apron. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are really waking up for whatever happens next. When Lonnie gets up, Harmen is lurking behind him! He has his arms wrapped around him for what looks like it could be a german suplex on the apron. Lonnie kicks desperately and lands a kick to the leg of Harmen to get him to let go! Lonnie then grabs Harmen's neck and runs toward the buckle ...

AND AN AUDIBLE GASP FROM THE FAITHFUL!!!

DDK:

WHAT THE HECK?!?! POCKET ACE OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!!!

Lance:

I HAVE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE!!!

HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!

Both Harmen *and* Lonnie Luck have hit the floor hard following the cutter off the turnbuckles! The referee is in shock! Neither man is moving so he has no choice but to start the count!

ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!! FOUR!!! FIVE!!!

Lance:

NEITHER HARMEN OR LUCK ARE MOVING!!!

SIX!!! SEVEN!!! EIGHT!!!

Lonnie is the first to register any movement. Harmen is next but his arm is just flopping like a fish out of water. Lonnie tries to use the apron to pull himself in...

NINE!!!

... but his eyes roll into the back of his head and he collapses on top of an unconscious Harmen on the outside of the ring!!!

TEN!!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The bell has rung but there is no clear winner!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is being ruled ... a double countout! Therefore still your Favoured Saints champion ... LONNNIEEEEEEE LUCK!!!

Lonnie is not moving and some medical staff are now coming to check out both wrestlers!

Lance:

That match ended in a double count-out! According to the rules of the Favoured Saints title if there isn't a clear winner then the champion can't count this as a successful defense! Lonnie's still at three defenses!

DDK:

That last Pocket Ace off the ring apron was deadly! I think Lonnie Luck did it out of desperation, but neither man could make the count! We will have to get this sorted, but we both know this won't be the last time these two men meet up!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have booed the decision, but are happy to cheer when both Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen are able to make it back to their feet under their own power!

Lance:

Regrettably we have to move away from this match! But these men have something to prove and judging by the type of competitor Lonnie Luck is, he won't let this stand!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

AGENT OF SHIELDS

DEFtv comes back to none other than Kyle Shields casually strolling around the backstage. Eventually, he comes upon his target.

Kyle Shields:

Brother!

The figure in the distance, near gorilla, looks up mid-drag of his cigarette.

Mark Shields:

Oh, hey man!

Dressed in his referee gear, it looks like Mark is about to call a match.

Mark Shields:

I'm about to call a match!

Told you.

Mark Shields:

What are you up to? Decided to wrestle again?

Kyle stands there in his cool black jeans and faded grey t-shirt, a couple sizes too small for his rather muscular build. Eventually, he nods along.

Kyle Shields:

I decided to get back in the wrestling game, you betcha. Re-upped with the Favored Saints as of two weeks ago!

Kyle sticks out his arm for an arm slap + high five that Mark reciprocates. The referee takes another drag of his smoke before hacking out a lung.

Mark Shields:

Right on, broski! I always knew you had more wrestling in you!

Kyle nods along.

Kyle Shields:

It's nothing like the contract you've signed, but it's a starting point. By the way, what is all this talk I hear? That Lindsay Troy and others want you... uh... fired?

Mark isn't even phased, he keeps sucking back that death stick. He ultimately waves it off.

Mark Shields:

Pft, whatever. I have an iron clad contract. Besides, she doesn't own DEFIANCE.

Kyle shakes his head no.

Kyle Shields:

Nope, she does not.

Mark Shields:

Nope.

Kyle Shields:

Nope.

Mark Shields:

Nope.

Kyle Shields:

Nope.

...

Mark Shields:

I bring a lot of value to this place. It's like nostalgia or something, I don't know what the kids say.

Kyle grins, like the get rich quick scheme guy that he is.

Kyle Shields:

Oh I know what they say! I've been doing A LOT of market research recently, trying to pinpoint the best way to make money quick and easy. In fact, that's why the Favored Saints re-upped my contract and are going to give me a chance to show my worth on our major broadcasts! Starting next show!

Mark Shields:

No longer a mouth piece for PCP, huh?

Kyle Shields:

Nope.

Mark Shields:

Nope.

Kyle Shields:

Nope.

Mark Shields:

Nope.

Kyle Shields:

Nope.

...

Mark Shields:

Well, brother, it was great to f'n see ya. I gotta go call this contest, I think one of the Fuse boys are in it. The angry one. I don't want to piss him off, he scares the shit outta me.

Kyle agrees as Mark is about to leave through the curtain but stops short.

Mark Shields:

Stop by my apartment next week if you're back in town. I'll contact my dealer, the usual ladies, we'll have a good time.

Kyle nods.

Kyle Shields:

As long as your ex-wife isn't coming.

Mark raises an eyebrow.

Mark Shields:

Melissa! ?

He looks like he's gonna vomit.

Mark Shields:

Christ no. I have standards.

Kyle grins.

Kyle Shields:

Sounds good, bro. And hey, I'll see you out there soon. Just wait until you see what I have in store!

Mark Shields:

Can't wait. I plan to be a part of this company my entire life!

Kyle Shields:

Yep.

Mark Shields:

Yep.

Kyle Shields:

Yep.

Mark finishes his smoke, flicks it on the ground and exits, even though you can hear him hacking up a fucking lung as he does.

TYLER FUSE vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

The DEFIatron goes black... then a cartoon silhouette of Butcher appears on the screen. He holds out one empty hand, and like Mjolnir to his Thor, The Stick flies into his hand! The cartoon silhouette holds out his right hand and like the Stormbringer to his Thor, The AMP megaphone flies into his grip...

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

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL! Introducing first... from Austin, Texas... weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-three pounds... BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Before Vic is halfway down the ramp, and his ability to pump up the crowd even starts-

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Butch lowers his head and quickens his pace to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

Fuse powerwalks out, looking similar to that of two weeks ago, absolutely pissed off.

DDK:

Wow, not even allowing Butcher his proper entrance.

Lance:

Tyler has been seething for a while now. He's borderline unstable!

Butch rolls into the ring, but it's almost at the same time as Tyler, who slides under the ropes.

WHAM!

Fuse instantly SPRINGS to life, clubbing Butcher with a clothesline, followed by HEAVY AF ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Tyler Fuse: *[yelling at Mark Shields]*

RING THE BELL!

Referee Mark Shields nods like he forgot and/or fucked up (even though Tyler took a cheap shot at Butcher upon immediately entering the ring) and does what he's told.

DING DING

There are so many STOMPS, Butcher might have his head caved in by now if it wasn't for Tyler wanting to inflict *other* punishment. Fuse hurls Victorious into a corner of the ring. Butcher hits and sticks HARD, as Tyler comes racing in with a massive, full blown leaping forearm to the side of Butcher's face.

Hammer throw to the center of the ring follows.

DDK:

Tyler has a mean streak, we all know this. But two weeks ago and today in particular? Partner, he's teetering on sheer lunacy!

Lance:

Well aware, Keebs. It didn't work out for him against Henry Yamazaki last week, either.

Fuse races in with a shotgun dropkick, right into the back of Butcher's head. This is followed by a high... HIGH... HIIIGGGHHHH angle brainbuster and a hook of the leg with a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse doesn't let the kickout bother him, he's right back to work. At first, he applies a sleeper hold, but it's only a sleeper hold to drag Butcher up to a vertical base along with him. The announcers say it's a smart move for a guy about to pop blood vessels in the side of his head. Needless to say, Fuse hurls Butcher away from him, only to hold onto Butch's right arm and destroy the poor guy with a ripcord, inside-out clothesline.

DDK:

Butcher is a much, MUCH better wrestler than this, Faithful.

Lance:

Hard to get any moves in when you're attacked pre-match.

DDK:

Exactly my point.

Fuse peels Vic off the mat and tosses him halfway across the ring with a release German. Victorious is reeling, trying to get into a corner and pull himself up... while Tyler charges...

SLAM!

Tyler's left knee goes RIGHT into the second buckle padding, as Butcher moved at the very last second! Fuse screams out, since he went in with such force and recklessness, he ended up making a big mistake.

DDK:

Pretty sure Tyler had that knee targeted for Butch's MOUTH.

There is fire in Vic's eyes as he attempts to stand with the will of the crowd. He's pumping his arms up and down as he does, noticing now is the time he can make up for what's happened.

With Butch on his feet, he marches over and drags Tyler away from the corner before connecting with a dragonscrew leg whip. Butcher continues to feed off the crowd, as he charges at Tyler-

Fuse pops up with a European uppercut! Butcher shoots in the air and lands on his ass-

WHAP!

Dropkick to the mouth!

DDK:

Vic might have broken his jaw!

Lance:

Let's hope not!

Tyler pulls the hurting Butcher Victorious off the mat and connects with another sheerdrop brainbuster.

But Fuse doesn't go for the pin. Instead, Tyler pulls Vic to his feet when the crowd starts booing!

DDK:

What the hell!?

Lance:

Does this man have a death wish!?

He just might. Malak Garland emerges from the FIST logo at the entrance way, no theme music playing him out but he's making his own grand announcement because he's marching down the ramp and pointing to Tyler inside.

Malak Garland: *[shouting instructions]*

You were too slopping with the charging knee!

Fuse has already noticed Garland.

Malak Garland:

Hit him with the I Trigger!

Tyler's already working on absolute mad-man instability, he doesn't need Garland to amplify this any further. Fuse SCREAMS a bloody rage at Malak before The OG Player goes back to Butcher Victorious in the middle of the ring. Tyler whips Butch into the ropes and crushes The Microphone Fiend with a leaping knee to the side of the jaw.

Garland is halfway down the ramp and he doesn't look happy. Malak starts hopping up and down in a mini temper tantrum.

Malak Garland:

That was NOT an I Trigger!!

Fuse gives two middle fingers to Garland and proceeds to deploy the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM again.

But Malak is having none of it! He keeps walking down the rampway, shouting further instructions for how Tyler has to manage the match!

Malak Garland:

I told you, go for the I TRIGGER! Weapon Get his ass!

Fuse works Butcher into a corner and there's no sense of stopping the attack, either. Well, one main reason for this is because Mark Shields isn't going to count to five.

Suddenly, Garland gets on the apron and stands right beside Tyler.

Garland shoves Tyler!

It doesn't take long for Tyler to shove Malak back and shove the snowflake so hard he stumbles off the apron.

Malak Garland:

TYLER!!!!!!

But it doesn't matter. During this quick exchange, Butcher Victorious slips out of the corner and hits the ropes. With a full on charge, he figures he has one shot at Tyler Fuse...

CRACK!

With a FLYING, hard-out headbutt!!

It connects! With Fuse stunned, Butcher jumps up by the head and locks into a headlock takeover cradle

DDK:

BUTCHER WITH THE BURNS BEATER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Faithful are stunned as Butcher Victorious FLIES into the air, since Tyler Fuse did kickout... but it was a moment too late. Clearly still feeling the effects from the earlier attacks, Butcher puts both hands in the air, lands on his knees and then rolls out of the ring as his theme music plays.

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

DDK:

Oh my...

Tyler is already on his feet. He sees Malak Garland scurrying up the rampway, realizing the match is over and Tyler lost. Fuse is so pissed he's actually frozen for a moment...

Until he SHOVES Mark Shields as hard as possible and storms up the rampway, passing Butcher Victorious as he does! Butcher holds The Stick...

Butcher Victorious: [huffing]

YOUR WINNER... WITH THE STICK... ow... **BUTCH VIC!**

RAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Butcher limps back up the ramp, having been thoroughly roughed up by Tyler Fuse, but living up to his last name of Victorious!

DDK:

Dear god, if we didn't reach a breaking point yet-

Lance:

Oh, I think we did, partner. I think we definitely did...

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

GROUNDS FOR CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

We go backstage, to a private room that has been refurbished as the temporary backstage “study” for the members of the Honor Society.

Or, more appropriately, Headmaster Black’s vanity room, as there are more cheap, AI-generated oil paintings of him hanging on the walls than there are books on his meager shelves.

The door opens, and Professors Bobby Horrigan and Rosey Owens of Weighted Grade enter.

Professor Owens:

He’s here.

On the other side of a gaudy, over-indulgent desk, Headmaster Black sits in a high-backed purple plush chair, turned toward a nearby monitor going through a screensaver loop of a fireplace, because we can assume this is all they could find for him on short notice.

Black’s expression is solemn and inquisitory. His dark eyes look deep into the “fire” while his index fingers prudently steeple against his puckered lips.

Headmaster Black:

...send him in.

Professor Horrigan turns to someone beyond the door, and gestures for them to enter.

TA Cole walks into the room, as stern and stone-faced as one might expect of him. He still wears his purple-and-white Honor Society trainers, but seems almost something of a stranger among his former peers in Weighted Grade. The newly appointed Professors hover at either of his shoulders, eyeing the last of the TAs with suspicion and resentment.

Headmaster Black:

Well, if isn’t... TEE-AYE Cole...

Headmaster Black swivels around in his seat to face the offender...

Headmaster Black:

Levi, Levi, Levi... you can’t comprehend how DISAPPOINTED I am in you! You had such PROMISE, Levi! Such LOYALTY, Levi! Such... VALUE! Levi...

In a flash, the Sacred Lamb ERUPTS to his feet.

Headmaster Black:

BUT WHAT YOU DID TWO WEEKS AGO, LEVI, was an ACT so ABOMINABLE, it BESMIRCHED the GOOD NAME of the HONOR SOCIETY!! I NEED NOT REMIND YOU, LEVI, that WE are in a PIVOTAL STAGE of METAMORPHOSIS! NOW, MORE than EVER, LEVI, we must be showing SOLIDARITY and UNITY! This is a CAMPAIGN, LEVI! Much like our DEAR FOUNDER, the HONOR SOCIETY must REFORM, LEVI! But your OUTRAGEOUS and IMPROPER ACTIONS, LEVI, have SET OUR PROGRESS BACK by MONTHS! The PROFESSORS are FURIOUS! I am FURIOUS! And YOU HAVE BEEN SUMMONED HERE to ANSWER for your ACTIONS!

Despite the Headmaster’s fire and brimstone, Cole is completely unphased. He nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders.

TA Cole:

...okay?

Black seethes. He wants -- no demands -- subservience from his intellectual inferiors. But ever since he walked into

the room, Cole has been nothing short of unflappable.

Headmaster Black:

Understand me, Levi... you HAD THE CHANCE to be PROFESSOR COLE, Levi! You THREW THAT OPPORTUNITY AWAY, LEVI... for NOTHING! But if you wish to remain a TA for the rest of your life, Levi, THEN I CAN ACCOMMODATE THAT!

He reaches below the desk...

Headmaster Black:

But if you have ANY HOPE of remaining with OUR ESTEEMED FACULTY within the Honor Society...

...and pulls out... THE PADDLE.

Headmaster Black:

...then you must pay REPARATIONS for your INSOLENCE!!

Cole remains unthreatened by this bluster.

TA Cole:

Seriously, did you not hear a single word I said at the last show?

Nostrils flaring and brandishing a big, wooden booty-buster of a paddle, Black stomps around the desk and gets into the headstrong TA's face.

Headmaster Black:

NO, Levi... because while you were FLAPPING YOUR GUMS about NOTHING IMPORTANT or WORTHWILE, LEE-VI... EYE was mentally running DAMAGE CONTROL to CONTAIN your SELF-INDUCED FIASCO!! Luh-HEEE-vuh-HAIIII!! So I'LL GIVE IT YOU STRAIGHT! I want a SHOW of HUMILITY FROM YOU! I want you to ACCEPT your PUNISHMENT! And if THAT is NOT ENOUGH to get through to your DUNCE BRAIN, then what this basically boils down to, is that if YOU want to stay with US in the HONOR SOCIETY...

He raises the ass-blaster.

Headmaster Black:

...then you're going to TAKE THIS PADDLING!!

Cole rolls his eyes.

TA Cole:

Whatever... let's just get this over with.

Finally, Erik Black's leering grin stretches wide across his face.

Headmaster Black:

YES!! PERFECT!! Now then... ASS-YUME the POSITION, sir!

Shaking his head, TA Cole turns around and bends over.

Black takes his sweet ass time getting ready, like he's about to tee off for eighteen holes down at the country club. He grips the paddle tightly with both hands around the handle, waves it around a few times, and takes a few practice swings.

Headmaster Black:

Now, Levi... I just want you to know... this is going to hurt YOU a LOT more than it's going to hurt ME!

Black winds the paddle back...

SWINGS...

...and after Cole steps forward at the last second, is sent WHIRLING LIKE A TOP!

Headmaster Black:

AAAAAHHH!!

Black twirls until he loses his balance and falls on his ass. When he looks up, he sees TA Cole looking down at him -- that's right! DOWN! At HIM!! -- with a bemused smile on his face.

Headmaster Black:

...hold him.

The Professors of Weighted Grade move instantly, with Owens and Horrigan taking Cole by either arm. While he struggles to free himself, Headmaster Black storms up to his feet, clutching the handle of his paddle once more.

Headmaster Black:

Oh... OH... oh oh OH OH OH... we're being FUNNY now, ARE we? Well HARDY-HAR-HAR, Levi... but I think you're missing the POINT here!

Weighted Grade force their former compatriot onto his knees while Headmaster Black raises the paddle up over his head.

Headmaster Black:

The POINT IS, Levi... you are TAKING THIS PUNISHMENT... and you are STAYING WITH US... whether you LIKE IT... or NOT!!

Black brings his hands DOWN...

...but no paddle comes with it!

Instead, he looks stupidly at his empty palms for a moment, wondering how his weapon seemingly disappeared in thin air.

He turns around for answers, where he is surprised to find...

Headmaster Black:

MISS SANDERS?!

Clutching the Headmaster's punitive paddle in her hands, Delilah's face is anything but sweet.

Headmaster Black:

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU to MAKE US SOME FINGER SANDW--WAAHHOOOCCHHHHOOOWWW!!!

Black makes that unusual, almost inhuman noise, because Sanders straight kicks him in the balls.

While the Headmaster crumbles clutching his groin, Cole catches Horrigan and Owens by surprise and breaks free from their grip. Sweet Sanders tosses him the paddle, which he quickly puts to use.

CRACK!

Down goes Professor Horrigan.

CRACK!

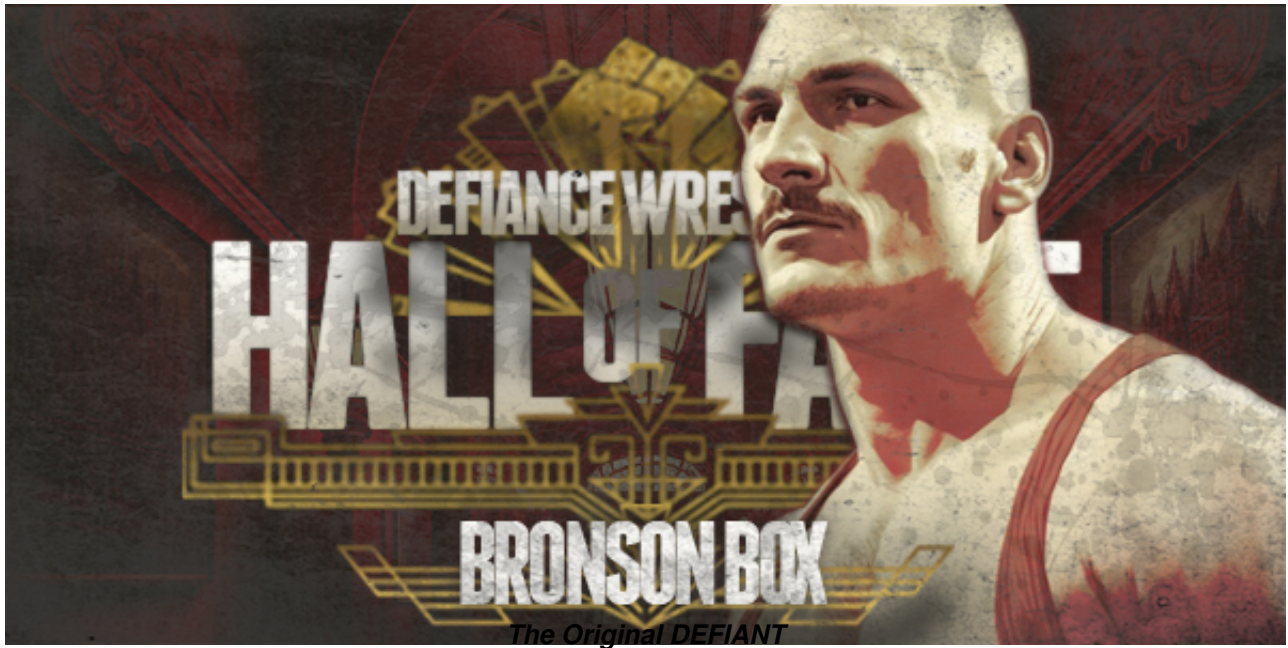
Down goes Professor Owens.

Cole and Sanders exchange looks, and quickly head out the door together.

Still paralyzed in agony, Headmaster Black painstakingly pulls himself up using his desk for assistance.

Headmaster Black:

LEEEEEEE-HEEEEE-HEEEEE-HEEEEE-V!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

ELISE ARES FIST SPECTAPALOOZA SPONSORED BY WHEATLEY AMERICAN VODKA

We find ourselves in the parking lot of the Golden 1 Center in Sacramento. It's unclear why we're here, until we hear the revving of a powerful engine.

Coming into the camera's view is a pristine white limousine with gold-plated wheels, apparently with the loudest motor money could buy - its revs are annoyingly loud in the echoing chamber of this concrete structure.

After the limo parks, the driver's door opens - and out steps a man wearing a dapper white and gold driving jacket, slacks, and a box on his head. He wears a name badge that reads "Driver Dale Kleinhardt" and looks trim and tidy.

The Intimiboxer takes a few strides until he reaches the end of the limousine. Opening the door, we can see that there is some wild blue and pink velvet lining in the seats, on the floor, and on the ceiling that are just covered in what appears to be weeks worth of alcohol and party stains. The first person that emerges is Sonja Cuchilla, wearing a breathtaking purple evening gown. The D steps out next, wearing a pressed black tuxedo with a sparkly pink tie. Finally, the FACE of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares steps out in a revealing, tight, little black dress and her trademark LED glasses reading "FIST" "ME" "FAITHFUL" in flashing pink letters. A smirk crosses her face as she exits.

DDK:

Well this is starting to look a little familiar, don't you think, Lance?

Lance:

That would definitely explain the army of stagehands assembling quite the set in the ring off-camera here. Do you think I'm finally going to get to witness one of the Pop Culture Phenom's famous celebrations?

DDK:

They were certainly SOMETHING. I'm trying to find a word to describe it accurately for those who have never experienced something like that before.

Lance:

I think M4NTRA would call it boujee... or is it dank?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but I do know I want you to never say either of those words ever again.

The camera follows the trio as they take a step forward and suddenly stop. Elise Ares and The D look over at Sonja Cuchilla, who takes a step forward with them with frustration. A camera pan reveals Klein standing directly next to her. The D points back into the limo, where Sonja mouths "sorry" sheepishly before putting up her hands and getting back into the limousine, rolling her eyes just out of view.

The camera follows the trio as they take a step forward as they march forward through the backstage area. Paparazzi line the halls as they come around the corner, fighting and clawing for the one perfect picture as flashbulbs flicker all around in a cacophony of shouts and commands. Some are followed, others are ignored as the Pop Culture Phenoms eventually pass the press and come to a halt. The cameraman repositions

In front of them is the curtain leading towards the stage.

They pause.

The house lights go out.

The music hits.

SHHHHHHHHHHHHK

♪ “you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)” by Billie Eilish ♪

The roof is gone now. The Faithful have blown it off.

A spotlight shines down on the stage as a platinum sparkle reflects as the trapdoor opens. Slowly rising up from the smoke on the stage is a throne?

No.

It's a giant bottle of Wheatley American Vodka. The Faithful roar as the massive bottle of booze comes to a halt where the platinum throne of Elise Ares can normally be found. As it does, a red carpet unfurls and rolls all the way down to the ring, covered in “Wheatley American Vodka” in their signature font in just barely off color red. Banners unfurl from each side of the DEFIATron with the Pop Culture Phenoms holding bottles of Wheatley American Vodka. Fireworks explode in bursts of red, white, and blue as a final concussive explosion of golden sparks. Lasers and swirling lights of all-american colors fill the Golden 1 Center as Elise Ares leads out The D and Klein from the entrance.

Soaking in the cheers, the Pop Culture Phenoms first make their way towards the giant bottle of vodka on the ramp and Elise gives it a hug. The D and Klein try pulling her away and eventually she relents and they start walking down the red carpet towards the ring. Now lining the aisle are over a dozen buff, shirtless men with Wheatley American Vodka boxes on their heads and the eye holes cut out. They are each holding a silver cloche. As PCP walk by, they each lift their respective cloches (don't worry, I don't know what a cloche is either).

First, it's a tray full of red jello shots.

Next, it's a tray full of white jello shots.

Next, it's a tray full of blue jello shots.

Next, it's a tray full of a variety of red, white, and blue jello shots.

Needless to say there were more ripped men holding jello shots than at a bachelorette party in Panama City on the weekend before Easter.

Elise attempts to sample the different jello shots, but Klein slaps her on the wrist. Something about not being allowed to drink an advertised alcoholic product on television. Finally the Pop Culture Phenoms make it to the ring, which is adorned with a black velvet canvas covered with as many “Wheatley American Vodka” logos as can fit inside of a wrestling ring. Logos on the turnbuckle pads. Logos draped over the apron. However, in the middle of the ring is a table with a black velvet cloth draped over it. Ares runs her hand over the cloth before motioning for a microphone. Klein hands it to her and she taps on the mic and the music stops.

Elise Ares:

HEY BBYs, did you miss me?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The D:

I think they missed ya.

DDK:

Needless to say, it sounds like California is down with PCP!

Lance:

The Faithful are loud tonight, Keebs!

Elise Ares:

That's right, Aresites. It's TOTES been too long since ice sculptures and booze baths and statues that look like me. I think tonight is the per-fect night to celebrate the object that every single wrestler in DEFIANCE, who steps between these ropes, yearns to hold in their possession.

Ares pauses and grabs the black velvet cloth on the table.

Elise Ares:

ME!

She drops it and the crowd cheers and she poses excitedly. The D and Klein both clap enthusiastically, like the leader of their political party is giving a state of the union. The D even lightly slaps Klein's chest and points at Elise as if to say she's "on fire."

Elise Ares:

For far too long there has been a group of people who feel as if *they* are the only thing worth celebrating in DEFIANCE. They come and go as they please. They have eyes that work sometimes and sometimes they don't. Sometimes they're "injured." Sometimes they have such crippling separation anxiety that they just can't make it to the arena without their bestie, and sometimes... one at a time, they get beat by the REAL Ace of DEFIANCE.

The crowd roars in approval as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE takes a bow to another thunderous applause from Klein and The D. The D even get the Faithful to join in with their applause rising to a cacophony.

Elise Ares:

I'm totes talking about me again, in case you're confused. So as a reward for my efforts, I've decided to award myself a prize. For all the years I didn't take off. For all the injuries I didn't fake to get heat on and off of me. For all the blood, sweat, and tears I've poured into this ring in the name of sports entertaining you, the Faithful. I present to you, my greatest accomplishment...

Klein and The D each grab a side of the black velvet drape (brought to you by Wheatley American Vodka) and begin to pull it back to reveal Elise's prize.

Elise Ares:

BIIIGG BLLLLLLLLLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

The D and Klein pull back the drape.

...

...

It's totally there you guys.

DDK:

For a second there I thought for sure it was stolen!

Lance:

Now who would go and do something like that?!

Elise lifts the FIST of DEFIANCE and embraces it with a huge hug and holds it tightly against her body.

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

YOU DE-

♪, ♪, ♪♪...

♪, ♪, ♪♪...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

...

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

♪"Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

Henry Keyes steps onto the stage in a bright blue long leather jacket with elaborate and unnecessary brassy knobs and chains with white slacks (no shirt, because *fashion*) and bright pink Oxford-style shoes. Lindsay Troy is right next to him in a bright blue one-shoulder jumpsuit and pink heels.

Keyes has a mic in hand.

Henry Keyes:

HEY, ENOUGH, CUT THE MUSIC.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Lance:

That's an angry-looking Kraken, Keebs!

DDK:

I would wager that everyone in the ring right now was expecting this, let's see where this goes.

Keyes's eyes are WIDE, especially seeing Big Blue on Ares's shoulder. The D pats the belt for emphasis.

Henry Keyes:

CUT THE MUSIC, BOZOS!

"Ride the Tiger" cuts out and we're left with ongoing boos.

Henry Keyes:

I've got to say, this is the most typical Elise Ares sort of thing I've ever seen...you couldn't go out there and get over on your own, you can't go out there and legitimately win the FIST on your actual merits, so you latch onto a good thing someone else has going, you leech. You bloodsucker.

Ares scoffs at this, and The D rolls his eyes. We assume Klein does as well, though it's hard to say for sure, what with the box.

Henry Keyes:

I know I was away for a bit there, but I've been hearing the strangest thing about you, Ares - that you have this idea in your head that you're "so very deserving" of wrestling's top prize, that if you didn't win it by the end of the year, you'd walk. Is that right?

Ares stares at the Kraken. She's not about to be baited into any sort of call-and-response that could play into Keyes's hand.

Henry Keyes:

It's just so wild to me - it's actually, maybe, the most insane idea I've ever heard. You of all people should know what it's like to step into the ring with the Kraken, Ares - or do we need to replay the footage? You know what? Hey, video guy! Press play on that thing!

The DEFIatron replays footage from DEFCON 2023. It's one of the hottest openers of all time - Keyes vs. Ares, SOHER on the line, in a ladder match. After some VV-heavy choice edits featuring a lot of heavy offense from Keyes, we get to the grossest spot of the match...

Ares is shown dangling above the ring, holding the SOHER as tightly as she can - before Keyes yanks her down by the leg, crashing his knee into her face with a horrendous rendition of a Coin.

DDK:

That was a fine editing job by our production department. Some action appeared to be missing from that match.

Lance:

I'm always consistently blown away by the creative chops of our production team, Keebs.

It then cuts to him holding the SOHER in triumph.

The footage stops. More boos from the Faithful. We notice that Keyes and Troy are a bit closer to the ring, and are slowly stepping closer and closer.

Henry Keyes:

You really know how to pick your spots, don't you? It must have been so easy to imagine a world where Elise Ares would be the FIST when all she would have to do is walk over Malak Garland or Conor Fuse...what horrible luck you have now, knowing that if you want to be a woman of your word, you'll have to face the man who's already dethroned you as DEFIANCE's greatest SOHER. Now...

The Besties climb the ring steps and stand on the apron outside the ropes. Keyes points to the FIST.

Henry Keyes:

I'll be taking back the property you stole, you catty little hussy.

The Besties step through the ropes. Immediately, the D and Klein step in front of Ares to form a wall. Before long though, she places a hand on Klein's shoulder - he takes a step to his side, and Ares is now in between her PCP pals.

Elise Ares:

Hank, BBY, you sound a little salty so let mama drop some facts. I don't think I'm the one with selective memory here you see... you used to be one of us. You used to be fun. Your rise to SOHER and then to FIST wasn't due to your technical brilliance in the ring, Hank, it was because you became Lindsay Troy's bitch.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE adjusts BIG BLU on her shoulder and goes "Ohhhhh" with the crowd and wiggles her fingers before continuing on.

Elise Ares:

But hey... we all have to do what we need to do to get to the top, right GVV? El Tee told me I should just take what I want, so I did, but now... she doesn't look so pleased with her own advice. Maybe it's because blue isn't my color? I could just melt this thing down into a crown or something totes more my style. I'm open to suggestions.

Ares takes the FIST and attempts to place it on top of her head like a crown, but lowers it after she sees it doesn't elicit the response from the Besties she hoped it would. Keyes grinds his teeth, but he doesn't make a move.

Elise Ares:

I mean, Lindsay did say if you want something you should just take it, so come on, Hank! Why haven't you taken your title back yet? Is it hawd when the big bad Vae Victis doesn't have the numbers advantage for once? Oh, I feel soooooooooooooo bad for you. C'mon wittle kwaken... or does Lindsay make you sign a permission slip to take back your balls first?

Keyes and Troy eye the trio before them. The Faithful are LOUD, really actively rooting for hands to get thrown. Keyes snarls and takes a step forward - when, of all people, Klein blocks his path!

Keyes and Klein, two big beefy boys, stand nose-to-box. Klein, for all the goofs one might expect from a box-covered man, actually cuts a pretty damn imposing figure. He's even slightly broader than Keyes, which is something few wrestlers can claim. After some apprehension, a dark grin spreads across the Kraken's face.

Henry Keyes:

Well now, the big boy thinks today's his day, is that it?

One renegade fan yells out "HEEEEE'S THE MAAAAN IN THE BOX!" which elicits a pocket of laughter. Keyes turns towards the sound and raises an eyebrow. He looks out towards the crowd, then to his Bestie, and then to the PCP trio. It looks like a bizarre lightbulb has gone off. Klein tilts his box head to the side, curious.

Henry Keyes:

Alright, Klein, never let it be said that Henry Keyes is a coward, even if all three of you should be cut from the roster for this. I'm about to give you the biggest opportunity of your entire career.

Troy looks perplexed - they hadn't discussed anything about Klein, and she's not sure what Henry has in mind here.

Henry Keyes:

We're going to see just how worthy of the FIST the Pop Culture Phenoms really are...Box Man, bring your shitty little cardboard boots to Salt Lake City. DEFtv 224, it's going to be Kraken versus Klein. If you win, big fella? ...then fine. I don't deserve to represent this company if the likes of YOU can pin my shoulders to the mat. Ares can say that her prissy little stunt has paid off, and I'll relinquish Big Blue to her once and for all.

Troy's eyes go wide, and we hear her yell out WHAT?! as the Faithful erupt in cheers.

Klein meanwhile, looks at Elise, and then to the FIST, before turning back to Henry.

Henry Keyes:

But, BUT - *when* I use my knees to crumple that asinine box you insist on keeping over your hideous face, and I pin *your* shoulders to the mat? Not only will Big Blue return to my possession....not only will I have the next wrestler who even *touches* Big Blue without my permission be FIRED from DEFIANCE and sued for every last penny they have...

He pauses, to what we're sure he imagines to be to great effect.

Henry Keyes:

The Besties are going to Michaels for a little arts and crafts project, and YOU, Box Man, YOU will get the absolute privilege, nay, the legally-binding REQUIREMENT, to wear the new and improved cubic creation we come up with.

Keyes genuinely laughs at this and turns to his Bestie, who is not laughing - it's clear that she thinks this is a stupid and pointless risk. Even Ares' jaw is dropped at the proposal, she takes a moment to get herself back together, she puts the microphone back up to her mouth to speak but she's cut off by the Faithful, who are trying to... sing? She pauses out of curiosity but the chant becomes more clear once she brings attention to it.

*HEEEEEEE'S THE MAAAAAAAAN IN THE BOX
BURRRRRRRRRRIED IN HISSSSSSSS SHIT
WOOOOOOON'T YOOOOOOU COOOOOOOME ANNND SAVE ME*

The D nudges Klein, who continues to stare down Henry Keyes in the ring with the entire world behind him. Unfazed. He just rolls his shoulder.

*FEEEEEEEEEED MY EYYYYYYYYYYYYYES
JEEEEEEEEEEEEESUS CHRIIIIIIIIST
HEEEEEEEEEEE WHO TRIIIIIIIIIIIIES*

Henry Keyes is not rattled either, continuing to stare down the Boxman in the middle of the ring. Lindsay Troy is trying to understand how they ended up in this situation. Elise Ares is conducting the orchestra with BIG BLU as the baton.

FEEEE EEEE EEEEE MY EYYYYYYYYES NOW YOU SEW THEM SHUT!

The Faithful give themselves a round of applause as Elise nods with approval, finally raising the mic back up to her lips again. Klein nods as she does.

Elise Ares:

Done, but one last tidbit... I'm taking this with me. You won't need it back.

Keyes lunges for the strap, but Ares is too quick and she ducks out of the way. The FACE of DEFIANCE drops down to the canvas and rolls out of Wheatley American Vodka's ring. As she does, it isn't "you should see me in a crown" that plays. It's not even "Live For The Night," it's "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains. The crowd sings along once again as The D and Klein meet Ares outside of the ring and the trio make their way backstage. Inside the ring, Lindsay Troy is shaking her head in confusion as Keyes puts a hand on her shoulder and appears to console her and talk her down. Ringside cameras only pick up one line from Henry to Lindsay - "Tell Fontaine to gear up for another funeral."

DDK:

Unbelievable! DEFtv 224. It's going to be Henry Keyes putting the FIST on the line against Klein! If Klein wins, Elise Ares is the new FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

I did not see that one coming, but if Keyes wins, not only is he walking back out with Big Blue, he's also... making a new box for Klein? What does that even mean?

DDK:

It sounds innocent enough but when it comes to Vae Victis? I don't think we want to find out.

Lance:

Keyes must feel supremely confident that he can walk over Klein at the next DEFtv, but as we've already seen, the Pop Culture Phenoms seem to have Vae Victis's number!

The scene fades with the Pop Culture Phenoms at the entrance as the Faithful continue to sing "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains while the Besties are now outside the ring, staring down the trio as they disappear behind a giant bottle of Wheatley American Vodka, and the scene fades to black.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: RCR (C) vs. THE LADS

DDK:

We're here with our final match of the evening tonight! We have seen Rain City Ronin just run ROUGHSHOD over the tag team division since they came up together! Money Talks! Vae Victis Besties! The Hollywood Bruvs! Masked Violators! Atomic Punks! M4NTRA! One by one, teams have lined up and one by one, RCR have knocked them all down, but tonight they face a MASSIVE set of challengers!

Lance:

Indeed! For the first time ever in "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy's own backyard, they take on Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell: The Lads! For Punchy, this is his first shot at main roster gold since he came up to the main roster last year and became the 2024 Rookie of the Year! For Dex Joy, winning this title tonight makes him a Grand Slam Champion! He'd be the first to become FIST, SOHER, Favoured Saints AND Unified Tag Champion!

DDK:

So much at stake! Tonight... without further adieu, let's get to tonight's title defense!

Four words appear on the DEFIatron that being a rabid Sacramento crowd to their feet...

SHAKE

HANDS

BECOME

LADS!!!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

One by one, three members of DEFIANCE's Friendtastic Four walk out from the stage. Janna Ray acting as the cheerleader this evening... Punch Drunk Purcell and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, wearing matching blue and yellow gear (blue MMA gloves and yellow boxing shorts for Punchy, blue and yellow body suit for Dex!) Janna crosses her arms and shake hands with Dex and Punchy! They shake...

BOOM!

And blue and yellow pyro goes off on stage!

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

Dex Joy walks out just a bit ahead of Purcell and Janna Ray, throwing his fist in the air to a huge cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

Dex Joy feels the gravity of this match! Punch Drunk Purcell feels the gravity of this match! For Punchy, his first title on the main roster! For Dex Joy... the history books!

Once the Superheavyweight Hustle reaches the ring, the two men shake hands once more as pyro pops out behind them in a wall! After the big entrance, Dexy and Punchy fire one another up as they wait for their opponents.

Blackout.

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

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

First the DROP, then the POP, and HERE COME the BOYS WHO DON'T STOP!

ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT tear through the curtain, wet and on a warpath, bearing the Unified Tag Team Championships over their shoulders like sashes of war. The Rain City Ronin pump their fists to acknowledge the crowd, but barely break stride as they come powerwalking down the aisle, transfixed on the challengers waiting in the ring.

Lance:

These two look all business tonight! Wasting absolutely no time on their way to the ring!

DDK:

It's that sort of focus and intensity that helped these two claim and continue to carry the Unified Tag Team Titles of DEFIANCE!

Like Nordic berserkers making landfall, Daymon and Burnett storm the ringside area. Right before sliding into the ring, either man lobs their title belt high into the air in an arc that clears the ropes and drops perfectly into their waiting hands the moment they pop to their feet.

The Ronin raise the belts and approach the challengers. Zack goes eye to eye with Dez. Leo goes nose to nose with Punch. Sacramento goes balls to the wall with the cheering.

DDK:

The champions get right up in the faces of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell! They're letting them know right now who's house they're in!

Lance:

But to their credit, the Lads aren't backing down!

After a few moments, Benny Doyle finally splits the teams off to their respective corners so he can make his final checks. The camera cuts to DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey in the ring with both team present!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall and it is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! Introducing first, being accompanied by "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray! At a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED SIXTY POUNDS! The team of Punch Drunk Purcell! And California's own "Biggest Boy" Dex Joy... WATCH THEM SHAKE HANDS... THEY ARE **TTTTTHEEEEEEEE LADS!**

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell pose for The Faithful and shake hands to a HA-YUGE pop! Both men look determined against RCR!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents... representing the Dojo Cascadia of Seattle, Washington, United States, they stand at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty-five pounds! They are the team of "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON... and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT! Together, they are your REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF DEFIANCE...

Daymon and Burnett raise the belts to a massive ovation.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the **RAAAAIINN... CIIIIITYYY... ROOOOONNNIIIIIIINNN!!!**

DDK:

I have a feeling we're about to witness a tremendous match, Lance! The Rain City Ronin reigned supreme over three other teams at Maximum DEFIANCE, but the Lads are like not team they've ever faced!

Lance:

The champions haven't had to overcome this kind of weight differential since they battled with Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne of Money Talks. It will be interesting to see how they adapt tonight.

Once the titles are handed off to Benny Doyle, both men lock eyes in the ring. Purcell starts off for his team and Zack Daymon starts for his.

DING DING

Both men are close to equal height, but the tank-like Purcell already has Zack Daymon ready to fight. Purcell has a hand out and Daymon looks over at his partner before they shake hands to applause from the Sacramento Faithful!

Lance:

We're off to a friendly start... OH! Spoke too soon!

Daymon uses any advantage he can to overcome the size differential by slapping on a headlock to control the larger Purcell. The former boxer and MMA fighter backs up into the ropes and shoves Daymon away quickly! The man called Skyfire rams right into Purcell with a forearm, but he shakes it off! The second-gen Seattleite hits the ropes from the adjacent side and lands another big forearm to the side of Purcell's head and he backs up a step, but takes the shot and tells Daymon to go at him again. Daymon uses his speed and ducks under a big clothesline from Purcell! He steps around his large body to hit the next adjacent rope, ducks under another wide shot and comes back off the ropes with a high-angle running dropkick that knocks Purcell into the ropes!

DDK:

Daymon got him... WAIT!

As Skyfire sits up, Purcell bounces off the ropes and bowls him over with a HUGE charging shoulder tackle, sending Daymon goes spinning to the mat!

Lance:

Zack Daymon had a great gameplan there to use his speed, but the power advantage of The Lads is going to be difficult to overcome!

Purcell snatches Daymon off the mat! Burnett watches his tag partner get picked up over the shoulder by Purcell and them RAMMED into the corner of The Lads! Purcell follows up with alternating body shots from both the left and the right side to Daymon's ribs. Once one-half of the defending champs is incapacitated, Punchy points at Dex and gets a BIG ovation before being tagged in!

DDK:

To win the titles AND become a Grand Slam champion in his home state?! That would be incredible!

Dexy and Puncy both toss Daymon into the ropes and then rock him with a big double back elbow! They both bounce off the ropes and a pair of falling headbutts from either side clean the clock of Rocko Daymon's Baby Boy! And speaking of, Ms. Joy's Baby Boy makes the first cover on Zack as Purcell leaves the ring!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Great teamwork so far on display from The Lads! RCR have much more experience as a team, but I'm not shocked that The Lads have gained control so quickly!

Dexy Baby encourages the crowd to make some more noise and they do so before he goes to pick up Daymon. Daymon fights his way out with a huge jawbreaker and then limps back to the corner for a surprise tag to Leo Burnett!

The Iceman climbs into the ring just as Dex sees him and comes running with a clothesline! Burnett ducks and as Dex turns around, Burnett catches him by the side with an arm, allowing Daymon a free shot with a heel kick, allowing Burnett to follow up right away with a snap STO!

DDK:

Just like that! Rain City Ronin turn the momentum around! Cover by Burnett!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Dex gets the shoulder up at two, forcing Burnett to curse his luck! Purcell is in his corner shocked at how quickly the defending champions got the drop!

Lance:

I can't believe how quickly that attack came out of nowhere! That's gotta show some professional respect that both teams want to try and end this quickly!

DDK:

Easier said than done! We're seeing that in the Ace of Tag Teams tournament underway as well!

Leo Burnett tries getting back to his corner and has Dexy Baby in a front facelock. He reaches out to his corner for a tag from his partner, but Big Dex Energy is able to spin him around and charge Leo Burnett back to their corner! The quick tag is made to Punchy and Dex has Burnett in the ropes, allowing for Purcell to hold him from the apron! Purcell has a giddy look on his face as he and Dex start playing up to The Faithful! Dex leads the count while Purcell starts battering the chest of Burnett!

Lance:

Uh-oh, I think the hammer is about to be brought down!

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

Ten clubbing blows connect before Purcell turns Burnett around, picks him up over the ropes with a suplex and DROPS him down with a big gourdbuster back into the ring!

DDK:

Hitting the Bag followed by that big gourdbuster! Can Purcell taste his first piece of gold!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burnett gets the shoulder up, forcing Purcell to get Burnett back up to a vertical footing.

Lance:

We are back and forth early on in this contest! Is...is Purcell trying to go for the kill already?

He holds a fist out and then pulls Burnett into the pop-up... but Burnett LEAPS OVER! The larger half of Rain City Ronin has the move scouted and lands behind the big man before pushing him into the ropes. Zack Daymon is there waiting with a kick, but Purcell stops himself to catch the leg. He spins Daymon away, but Daymon uses the momentum and CRACKS Purcell upside the head with a jumping corkscrew roundhouse from the apron! That stuns Purcell, allowing Burnett to come off the ropes with a low shoulder tackle to the knee that takes The Brick Hithouse to the canvas!

DDK:

Again with these double-teams! Both teams showed some GREAT tandem work tonight! And now tag to Daymon!

Lance:

The Lads on the backfoot right now?! That's insane!

With Zack now as the legal man, The Iceman and Skyfire both get back into the ring and each take a leg of Purcell. They both look over at Dexy Baby in the corner and then use a wishbone split on Punchy!

DDK:

That's smart tactics here by the champions! Take out the legs and you can disable the big men!

Purcell is reeling in pain as Burnett leaves, allowing Daymon to target the leg. He grabs onto the left leg of the fridge-sized Georgian before dropping a pair of elbows into the knee joint! Punchy is reeling in pain right now with Zack Daymon still controlling the leg! He twists the leg around and then applies a leg grapevine submission on the big man!

Lance:

Daymon and Burnett found a weak point! They went after that knee of Purcell and with everything focused on it, they've got control!

DDK:

Still the only team to this day that has held BRAZEN and Unified Tag Team Titles! They are showing why they are the team on top of the mountain!

Purcell tries to reach up and tries to force Skyfire off him, but Zack knows what he's doing on the mat and cranks on the knee submission harder, forcing Purcell to fall back to the canvas. With enough strength in him, he crawls seeing the ropes with Dex Joy pointing from the apron! He crawls over to the ropes and wraps a gloved hand around the bottom rope to finally force the break! Because RCR are honorable men, Daymon lets go of the submission quickly without milking a count!

DDK:

Purcell got to those ropes, but how much damage have these two done to the big man and that knee?

Daymon makes the tag to Burnett. It takes both men to come over and try to get Purcell back on his feet... but he fights back! He lands a back elbow onto Daymon! He then clobbers one for Burnett! He tries to shake the pain out of his leg, but the damage is too great! Burnett kicks away at the knee and manages to hold Purcell with an armwrench hold, allowing for Daymon to come out of nowhere with a HUGE springboard tornado DDT!

DDK:

What a combination!

Lance:

NO WAY! I think Rain City Ronin has this in the bag, Darren!

After they've dropped the big man, Daymon signals to Burnett to go for the cover and he jumps right onto a lateral press!

DDK:

RCR for the win after that springboard tornado DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Purcell kicks out, but he's right back to favoring the leg immediately!

Lance:

Another kickout! We know Purcell's got an iron chin, but there's only so much damage one can take! He's either gotta get some offense going or get to his partner!

Dex Joy and Janna Ray are both watching the match outside the ring as Burnett looks to put an end to the match as quickly as he can! As Purcell tries getting back to his feet, The Iceman goes low with a back kick to the midsection to double over The Round Mound of Ground and Pound. Purcell then looks to go for a gotch-style piledriver...

DDK:

Can he... CAN HE?!

Purcell manages to fight back and SURGES upward, throwing Leo Burnett up and over with a big back body drop! Purcell falls to a knee while Burnett hits the mat hard! He rolls instinctively towards his corner where Zack Daymon makes the quick tag and leaps over the ropes as Purcell tries to get to Dex Joy...

DDK:

Can Purcell get to where he needs to be?

He starts to get to his feet when Daymon tries to grab the leg! Purcell turns around and CRACKS Daymon with an extra STIFF headbutt that knocks him backwards across the ring!

DDK:

Oooh! Zack just got ROCKED by the Bald Bull headbutt!

The Faithful are coming unglued with Dex ready for the tag! The Iceman reaches over and makes the tag to his partner. But one thing can melt the Iceman's progress...

HOT TAG TO DEXY BABY!

"RRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Big Dex Energy leaps through the ropes and he comes face to face with Leo Burnett! Burnett is the first to make a move and kicks Joy and then lays it on him with chops to his barrel chest. He is inched towards the ropes and tries whipping the Biggest Boy but Dexy Baby turntables him. Burnett is sent into the ropes when Dex hits a leap frog right over Burnett. As Burnett approaches off the rebound Dexy hits a drop down and when he comes back the third time around Dex sends all his weight into Burnett with a flying cross body!

Lance:

As always that agility of Dex never fails to impress!

DDK:

Leo Burnett is a big man but Dexy Baby just made that look easy!

Burnett has the wind knocked out of him as Dexy leads him into a corner to hit him with a big splash. Once isn't enough for the Triple Crown winner hoping to become a Grand Slam winner. Once Burnett hits the corner, Dex takes a run but executes a handspring into a back elbow right into the corner to crush Burnett. The Tag Team champion is pushed out from the corner with Dex climbing to the apron. All three-hundred and fifteen pounds of Big Dex Energy come flying over the ropes and nails a slingshot senton splash over the ropes!

DDK:

I'm surprised that whatever Leo Burnett had for breakfast didn't come back up after that slingshot senton!

Lance:

There's Zack Daymon!

Rushing to help out his partner, Daymon jumps right in and goes after Dexy Baby with a kick that knocks the former FIST of DEFIANCE at the ropes. Zack runs at Dex as he is near the ropes and goes for a knee strike in the corner ... but the big problem is Dexy Baby catches him first! He holds Daymon over his shoulder and chucks him over the ropes so he lands outside the ring!

DDK:

You mean to say "there goes Zack Daymon!" Dexy Baby is a house of fire here in the state he grew up in!

Burnett is picked up and thrown outside the ring next to his partner. With both men cleared from the ring and out on the floor, Janna Ray is outside and she gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful along with Dexy Baby

"WHOA-PE!"

Dexy Baby then sails through the ropes and wipes out both members of the Rain City Ronin at one time!

DDK:

DEX WITH THE WHOA-PE! HE JUST TOOK OUT THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPS!!!

Purcell is on the apron with Janna outside cheering on Dex. Grabbing onto Burnett he is thrown back into the ring with Dexy Baby tapping on his forehead. He gets to the apron and then makes it to the top rope. He jumps ...

DDK:

JUMP FOR JOY!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful do what Dex's move says when he hooks the leg on Burnett following the diving head butt square into his chest!

One ...

Two ...

But at the last second Daymon makes the save for his team with a jumping leg drop to the back of Dex's neck!

Lance:

I thought Daymon was out of there! He just saved the belts!

DDK:

And that neck! Dex Joy had a grueling series of matches with RCR's mentor, Kerry Kuroyama a few years ago that many say led to his history of neck issues today!

Daymon stands up just in time to possibly see his life flash before his very eyes! In comes Punch Drunk Purcell and the big bald bull lands a big spinning back elbow that drops Daymon!

Lance:

Where the hell did Punch Drunk Purcell even come from?! I didn't see him either!

DDK:

I don't know, but Daymon entered the ring so this was fair game for Purcell!

Purcell leads Dex to the corner and Purcell makes a tag to become the legal man! Dex and Punch try cornering Burnett, but the Ice Man fights back against the challengers striking them both! He's got chops for both of them but they fight back and overtake the tag champion with an elbow from Dexy and another from Punchy. They corner Burnett.

DDK:

I think the Lads are looking for Double Up! Those titles are in jeopardy right now!

Dex runs ...

Purcell runs ...

But Daymon is already back to push his partner out of the way to take the bullet instead!

DDK:

That was wild!!! Double Up was meant for Leo but Zack took the shot instead!

Daymon is crushed by the two men who look shocked by the development! Taking advantage of all of the chaos in the ring, Burnett pushes Purcell at his own partner to knock their heads together and then hits a spine buster on Purcell!!!

Lance:

No, no, no! Burnett found his opening in all that chaos and he just dropped Punchy with the spine buster!!!

Burnett covers ...

One ...

Two ...

Dexy Baby in with a senton to break up the cover!

Everybody is down and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have lost their minds!

"THIS IS AWE-SOME!!! THIS IS AWE-SOME!!! THIS IS AWE-SOME!!! THIS IS AWE-SOME!!!"

All four men, both challengers and champions, have been spent in a physical matchup! Dexy Baby crawls towards his partner and Daymon and Burnett have been hurt but they go to help one another as well.

Lance:

This is what it's all about! Being the Unified Tag Team champions! The gold is on the line!

The referee checks on all four men and it takes them more than a few moments for all four men to drag themselves back up to their knees. They stare at one another.

RCR.

The Lads.

And they jump at each other again in a big four way hockey fight with Daymon going after Dexy and Burnett going straight ahead at Punch Drunk Purcell!

DDK:

They're still going?!

Daymon is throwing as many shots as he can at Dex and then jumps on his body to try and clinch in a guillotine choke. Dex shakes him around the ring to free himself. Burnett has another spine buster in mind for Purcell but a back elbow cuts that off first! Dexy Baby throws Daymon off of him but accidentally lands on the ref!

Lance:

No!!! The ref has just been knocked down! And I don't even think Dexy realizes it!

His back is turned to what's happened when Purcell has Burnett on his shoulder for he and Dex to hit the Buddy System hart attack clothesline!

Lance:

Buddy System from the Lads!

Purcell hooks the legs and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are all counting!

One ...

Two ...

Three ...

Four ...

DDK:

The Lads could have had this one ... but there's no referee! Dex just realized what happened!

The counting continues but Dex points to the referee! The referee is down but a second referee comes down the aisle! Purcell sees this and they all count!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

The Lads look at each other and they can't believe what just happened!

Lance:

We were seconds away from having new Unified Tag Team champions! If the ref hadn't accidentally be knocked down, we could have had it! b

Purcell still has Burnett when he tags Dexy Baby back into the ring! Purcell tries to intercept Sky Fire but he pulls on the ropes and Purcell goes flying out of the ring. He comes to his partner's aid and hits a super kick on Dexy that sends him back into knocking over the second referee!

DDK:

No! That was clearly an accident!

Burnett hits Dex with a rolling elbow and Sky Fire jumps up and hits Sick Burn, Bro on Dexy! He is down and Zack starts to cover him ...

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Zack looks over and the referee has called for the bell!

Lance:

I think RCR might have been on their way to the win but ... what's going on?!

Quimbey gets word outside of the referee's decision.

Darren Quimbey:

The referee has ruled this match ... a double disqualification! Therefore as a result still your Unified Tag Team

champions ... RCR!!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Leo and Zack are reading the riot act to the new referee who up and starts pointing to himself and the other ref being knocked down!

DDK:

The referee ... he's trying to tell them both teams have been disqualified!

Purcell comes back in the ring and pushes Zack for his part in knocking Dex into the ref. Burnett sticks up for his partner and Dex does it for him. The shoving match then turns into more fists being thrown between all four men!

Lance:

This thing just got heated! I can't blame the officials though for this! One referee get knocked down, but a second time was grounds for disqualification since both teams hit the officials!

DDK:

More to the point ... we saw the Lads might have had that match won if the referee didn't get knocked down first! We should have had new champs!

Lance:

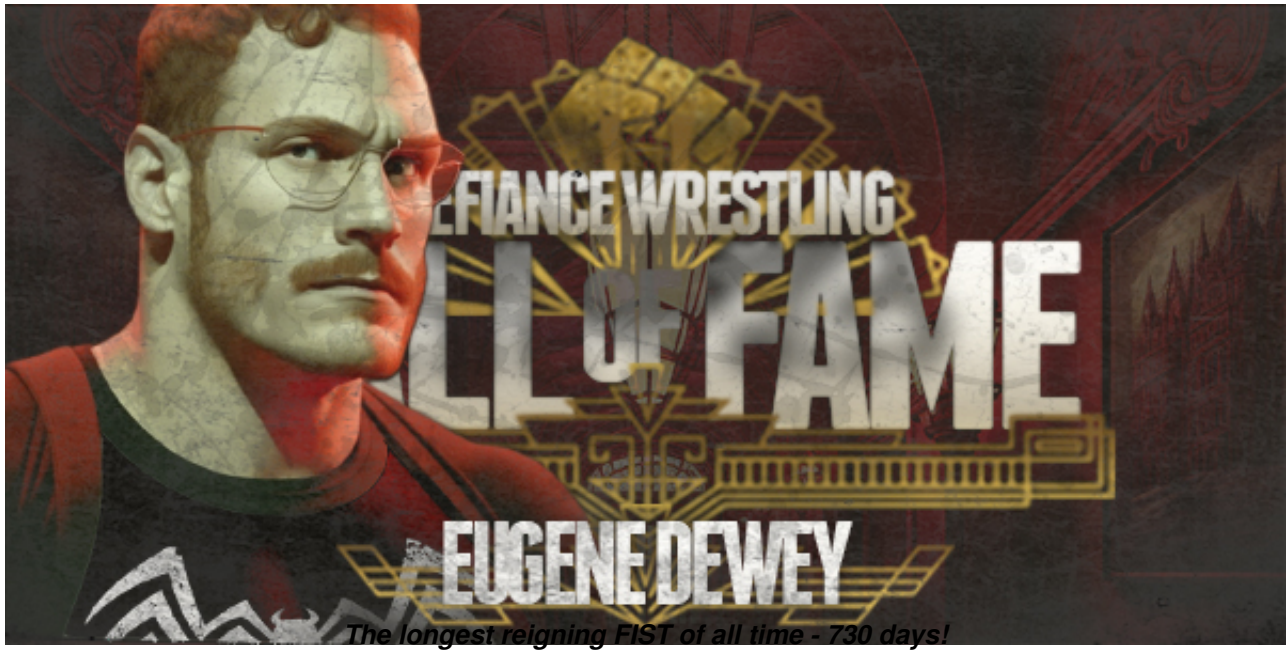
Here comes security!

DEFsec run down the aisle and now they are all over all four men in the ring trying to get at one another! The tag team champions and the Lads continue to fight with the people chanting!

LET THEM FIGHT!!! LET THEM FIGHT!!! LET THEM FIGHT!!! LET THEM FIGHT!!!

DDK:

WE WILL NEED TO GET THIS SORTED! THIS WON'T BE THE LAST WE SEE OF THESE TWO TEAMS!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

'TIL DEATH DO US PART

DDK:

Faithful, it's almost the end of the night and we've had a hell of a show. A lot has gone on but if you remember, earlier tonight Conor Fuse mentioned to the rest of The Comments Section he was scheduled for an "announcement". Well, I've been told that is scheduled now, to cap off this edition of DEFtv.

Lance:

Cap off? I don't like the feeling of this. It sounds big. And usually, in our line of work, big doesn't also equal GOOD. Especially in Conor's current state with everything that's happened to him.

DDK:

I don't like the sound of this either, Lance. I guess we're going to find out.

The scene switches to the top of the rampway as the lights dim and a familiar song plays.

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

The Faithful come ALIVE as electricity flows through the arena. Soon after, Conor Fuse emerges from the back, sporting the same outfit as an hour ago - faded lime green Adidas track pants and his 'GOOD2GAME' DEFIANCE branded t-shirt with '!RANK' written all over it. Conor smiles, albeit only lightly as he reaches the top of the stage, but something is immediately clear. He's more subdued than normal. He isn't popping around from side to side or ground to air. He isn't firing up the crowd as he typically would. Instead, Fuse carefully walks down the rampway, lime green pyro exploding in the background as he does. Conor takes a moment to slap a few hands, but he doesn't run over to meet anybody, he merely walks.

Conor arrives at ringside. Surely he will leap onto the apron and then clear the ropes with another impressive jump, standing in the dead center of the squared circle. This, his typical entrance.

No. He rolls under the ropes, finds the middle of the ring and asks for his theme music to close as he's tossed a microphone from Darren Quimbey at the time keeper's table.

Even if Conor doesn't seem like his typical go-getting self, the crowd will do the work for him.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

A short, quick grin crosses the gamer's face as he mouths a "thank you" to everyone. This gets another cheer. Conor strolls around the ring, a few more !RANK chants coming in, until he gets back to the center of the canvas and brings the mic to his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

Oh boy, it's been a tough six months, hasn't it?

Most of the crowd settles in to respect what Conor plans to say.

Conor Fuse:

I don't need to run through it in *fine* detail, we all know. A surprise "loss" at DEFCON, and then a **definitive** loss at MAX. All to one man. One brutal, bitter man...

Conor can barely get the name out.

Conor Fuse:

Henry Keyes.

Loud boos as Conor looks around and nods.

Conor Fuse:

Guess that wasn't what I was hearing towards him at Oracle. Don't worry, I get it, I was the visitor. It was his hometown and this isn't San Francisco.

Quick smirk for upcoming cheap pop.

Conor Fuse:

It's Sacramento!

RAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Conor shakes his head sarcastically at himself for going in that way too easy direction.

Conor Fuse:

So right after I beat Malak Garland. Man, I *beat* Malak Garland in the **main event** of DEFCON. There's only a handful of guys, and gals, that can say they ever won the main event on the biggest show in the world. And I did.

It looks like Conor's trying to hold back emotions.

Conor Fuse:

Reaching the pinnacle, beating the game, if only for a SECOND. When you realize... when / realized...

Conor hangs his head.

Conor Fuse:

The princess is in another castle.

A few cheers at the reference, but then boos at the end result.

Conor Fuse:

It's okay. Listen, it **is** okay. My dream was ruined but it's OKAY.

Conor takes a few steps around the ring. Is he telling the truth or is he trying to convince himself?

Conor Fuse:

Well, it's not okay "right now"... but it's going to be.

Another pause.

Conor Fuse:

First, I'd like to apologize to The Faithful of San Diego. It's not my style to vanish for a DEFtv. If I am honestly gonna try representing this company at its highest level, I gotta be here through the good AND the bad.

There are some cheers. Except, it doesn't look like the cheers, or Conor's speech, is registering with him.

Conor Fuse:

The only thing is I realized... that right now...

It takes everything for Conor to work out these next words.

Conor Fuse:

I can't do it.

Boos? There are a few.

Conor Fuse:

I took a few weeks off to lick my wounds and think about things. I came to the conclusion I am a mess. I am destroyed.

He's really choked up.

Conor Fuse:

I'm gonna need... some time off.

A few more boos, although the crowd is mostly respectful.

Conor Fuse:

Brothers, sisters, gamers, *Faithful*. It's not JUST the mental game. I dislocated my shoulder twice in the DEFCON match against Malak Garland. I dislocated it again against Henry Keyes, too. I simply hid it better. I am a mental mess, therefore, I am a physical mess. Look, I am truly, honestly, one-hundred-percent sorry for saying this...

Conor looks around to all angles of the sold out arena.

Conor Fuse:

But I am not feeling like myself. And I can't be someone I'm not. Not here. Not now. Not in this climate. Not with Henry Keyes running around with Lindsay Troy acting like he owns the place, despite vanishing for a couple years. Not with Malak Garland on an unforeseen, limitless ego trip. Not with Rezin taking control of the academic idiots or whatever they're called and Ned Reform... getting cheered!?

Conor's "bro!?" face is strong.

Conor Fuse:

I just can't deal with any of this shit right now, let alone one of these issues. I'm not in a good space - at all. I am really, really sorry...

Once more there are a few boos within the crowd, but it's really only because the majority of fans aren't making any noise.

Conor Fuse:

I am going to leave it at this... I intend to come back. I didn't bust my ass at this game for EIGHT years to switch the power off now. I will come back better, stronger and tougher than ever before! I will spend this next period looking in the mirror, asking myself the hard questions. The *tough* questions. For the answers I need... for if I am really gonna become the FIST of DEFIANCE, or, even more importantly, just the best and most powerful version of myself I can be. I am on the cusp, I'm just not completely there. I need to get better. I need to be sound. And I am going to do it... for all of you. For the ones who cheer me and even for the ones in San Francisco who boo.

Another boo.

Conor smirks, he's trying to be a good sport.

Conor Fuse:

Or the few that do here, too.

Conor nods along.

Conor Fuse:

I recognize not all of you will understand. So to those fans I will say, I promise to make it up to you. When I come back, I swear, on every comic book and video game imaginable, on my own grave, on my own CAREER, when Conor Fuse comes back to DEFIANCE... it will be the finest *form* I can give you.

By now, some of the crowd is cheering, even if everyone is stunned to hear Conor's leaving.

Fuse lets the moment breathe before he positions himself to the backstage area.

Conor Fuse:

And as for The Comments Section. Tyler, Malak, and everyone in-between. Our careers are way too short to be fighting. We have all made a commitment to each other, even if *some* of us are doing it against our will. I have no doubt that each and everyone one of us can eventually, **FINALLY**, move on from being at each other's throats... and ultimately do this place... good.

The positive comments towards everyone in The Comments Section seems to have the arena contemplating this proposed (insane?) direction.

Conor Fuse:

Here I am, pushing thirty and nearly broken after months of giving it my all. Our careers are too short to focus on the past. That's why I am gonna take this time off and recalibrate myself. Only focus on the future.

It feels like Conor is wrapping up but as he walks away from the entrance side of the ring, the crowd starts grumbling amongst themselves.

Because Tyler Fuse is walking down the rampway, hands in his black jeans pockets, no theme music playing him out.

Lance:

We've got company, partner.

Tyler rolls into the ring and pulls himself upright, both hands remaining in his pockets. Conor is the last to notice his brother, until he spins around.

Seeing Tyler there doesn't shock Conor, it merely brings a very faint smile to the younger brother's face.

Conor Fuse:

Bro.

Conor greets, while Tyler stands there quietly on the other side of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I'm actually glad you came out.

Conor looks his elder brother over.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, man, we are *clearly* different people.

Conor seemingly chuckles at the thought of it.

Conor Fuse:

Always have been, always will be.

Once again it looks like Conor's trying to hold back emotions while Tyler remains deadpan.

Conor Fuse:

But man, look how far we've come.

And by now, Conor can't help it. He is becoming a little emotional. There's a small tear in his right eye, his hands shake minorly as he speaks.

Conor Fuse:

Eight years ago, *almost* to the date, we embarked on this journey. This... campaign. Overshadowed, and rightfully so, by the likes of Cayle Murray, Mikey Unlikely and even your favourite dude... Jack Harmen.

Harmen's name doesn't even make Tyler flinch. Of course, he was really Conor's "favourite" dude, being Conor's childhood hero and all.

Conor Fuse:

And now, like I said... look at us. Successful singles careers. That wasn't supposed to happen to guys like us. We were different people, yes. But we dressed the same, obviously looked the same. Man, we have really made it.

Conor stops and takes a deep gulp. He knows where he's going to end up in this speech, it just looks like he's hoping Tyler's okay with it.

Conor Fuse:

You, my brother - christ man, I don't care how lame this sounds - but you make me so proud. Couple years ago you were swimming around in quick sand within The Kabal. Now you're out here bumping fists with the likes of Dan Ryan and Elise Ares...

Tyler remains idle.

Conor Fuse:

You've also come 'oh so close' to the FIST of DEFIANCE yourself. I've often thought about it... as in who would be the first to get there. It doesn't really matter. I think we both will, some day...

Conor looks his brother over.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry, I'm long-winded; I'll get to the point. The point being: give the Malak Garland hate a rest, dude. Seriously. You're better than him, you're better than all of us. You are pound-for-pound one of the toughest guys here and I think a Henry Keyes vs. Tyler Fuse match would f'n slap!

Lance:

Amen to that!

Conor Fuse:

There's a *reason* no one rips on you bro, but like everrrrrryone rips on me. You take no shit. Hell, you say no shit. You let your actions speak volumes and I am telling you right here, right now, give the Malak hate a rest. Move on; it's possible. I've been a part of The Comments Section for THREE years but half the time people forget because I just go do my own thing and leave that idiot alone. He's beneath you, man. You are so much more than to be dragged down on his level. Give up the anger, let it go. It's only gonna destroy you.

Tyler continues to stand there motionlessly, hands stuck in his pockets.

Conor Fuse:

Besides, Malak isn't even *that* bad of a guy. He's ultimately small potatoes. He can be handled. Once again, by ignoring the guy. These couple of weeks off... they made me realize something. Malak isn't the enemy. It's guys like Keyes... or Lindsay Troy. Real fucking pricks who think they are the gatekeepers to not only this company, but wrestling in general. Everyone hates Lindsay behind her back. People fear Keyes. Anyway, Malak's too stupid for any of that. He's just a guy. A snowflake. Nothing more or less...

Conor walks over to Tyler and places a hand on his brother's shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Give it up. I swear to you, dude, you're gonna find EXACTLY what you want when you go after the biggest guns. When

you break away from Malak Garland's nonsense for good.

Conor nods along at his own advice.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, we're still part of The Comments Section. Christ, we might always be. It's the bed we made and it ain't even an awful one. Imagine being part of Vae Victis...

Pukey face wink as Conor lowers his hand from Tyler's shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Malak's insecure. Insecurities can be managed. People who don't know who they are can be managed. You, Tyler, *my* brother, you know exactly who you are!

Conor starts moving to the ropes in order to make his exit.

Conor Fuse:

And who knows... maybe, when I come back in a few months... maybe the three of us can finally put aside our differences and work together. Against the *real* evil in this place. Malak could learn to channel more Tyler Fuse anger. And you can have a real run of the house. This past month off made me realize that DEFIANCE isn't the 'Conor Fuse Show'. No.

A genuine smile crosses Conor's face.

Conor Fuse:

It's the Tyler Fuse show.

Conor winks and nods at his brother.

Conor Fuse:

So let it go. Forget Malak. Move on to bigger things. You were always the best of us. Still are.

A final nod.

Conor Fuse:

I'll see you when I get back.

Conor sticks his left leg through the ring ropes but does not exit any further, because Tyler Fuse speaks up, off-mic to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

It's too late for me...

Conor stands there, with one leg through the ropes and the other inside the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

He deserved to die for what he did.

Conor raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

Deserved?

The eerie atmosphere inside the ring is quickly capped as commotion on audio and visual is about to commence.

Lance: *[clearly being fed information through his headset]*

Uh, folks, I'm told we have an emergency...

We cue to a camera man running down the backstage hallway. At the end of the hall there is a TON of security and DEFmed EMTs hovering outside the locker room. There are yells, screams, shrieks, and pleas of mercy as the camera catches up. It's The Comments Section's locker room and as the camera swings inside...

Malak Garland is face-down on the cement floor, lying in a POOL of his own blood.

Teresa Ames screams from the side of the locker room, seeing a motionless, unconscious Malak Garland in WAY too much blood.

EMTs surround the scene. One man communicates to his walkie talkie mouthpiece and colleagues in the area, wondering if Malak's still alive.

"10-33, 10-33! CHECK HIS PULSE, HIS PULSE! REPEAT, WE HAVE A 10-33 ON HAND!"

There's a scramble. The other Comments Section members are being moved aside.

"WE NEED MORE HELP!"

"SOMEONE GET ERIC! GET ERIC FAST!"

The feed cuts abruptly, sending the broadcast back to the middle of the ring, amidst completely stunned silence from the crowd, the announcers... and Conor Fuse himself.

Conor remains in the exact same space when the cameras left them - one foot out of the ring and one foot in. A look of shock and disbelief on his face.

As Tyler removes his hands from his pockets, revealing they are drenched in the reddest of red blood.

Tyler Fuse:

It's over.

Conor is breathing heavily.

Tyler Fuse:

There's no coming back.

Conor walks into the ring. He grabs his brother by both shoulders and starts shaking him.

It doesn't matter. Tyler's stoic expression remains, his hands dangling from his waist, blood dripping to the canvas mat below.

The DEFI-A-TON switches back on, showing so many EMTs on the scene no one can even tell the current status of Malak Garland.

Conor drops his arms from Tyler's shoulders, as the elder Fuse slowly moves towards the ropes.

Tyler Fuse:

Take time off and recharge, whatever you need to do. It's too late for me...

Tyler looks down at the blood continuing to roll off his hands. For a moment there, it even looks like there's concern on Tyler's face.

Tyler Fuse:

But not for you.

Before Tyler can exit the ring, Conor grabs him by the left shoulder and swings him back around. Breathing heavily and **clearly** worked up as he glances past Tyler to the DEFI-A-TRON, seeing the EMTs profusely start working on Malak Garland... Conor tries his best to speak.

Conor Fuse:

Are we- are *we* still good?

Tyler takes a moment to look into Conor's eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

That's the sad part in all this...

Tyler carefully places his left hand on Conor's shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

You're my brother. We'll always be good.

Tyler drops his hand from Conor's shoulder and exits the ring. There are light boos amongst the crowd but mainly shock and concern, while the EMTs continue to surround Malak Garland.

Conor stands idle, until he grabs his shoulder, the spot where Tyler placed his hand moments ago. It left blood, as Conor brings his right palm down and looks at Garland's blood now on his own hands.

Conor raises his head and watches Tyler somberly vanish to the back, leaving a trail of blood in his wake.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.