

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

St. Louis welcomes DEFIANCE as the Enterprise Center is hyped for DEFtv 226!

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!

**HAIL TO OUR NEW HEROES: MALAK GARLAND AND NED REFORM
YOUNGBLOOD FEARS FUSE
IF THERE ARE TWO THINGS I HATE, IT'S PEOPLE WHO LIKE THEIR OWN POSTS, AND IRONY
WHAT THE SHIT, SIOFRA
IF URIEL CORTEZ IS ALL OF OUR DADS NOW I WANT A NEW FAMILY
NOT MY REAL DAD
THE GRAPHICS GUY IS A HEEL
THE NEXT TIME URIEL GOES OUT FOR MILK AND CIGS CAN SOMEONE HOLD HIM HOSTAGE?
FIRE MARK SHIELDS (OUT OF A CANNON)
SATOWEEN IS COMING
WHERE'S THE JOINT SHOW POST, ROLAND?
YOU WONT CHANGE THE FIST ON A RADIO SHOW - YOU DONT HAVE THE BALLS DEFIANCE
STREET BOB IS INNOCENT
NOT SCOTTY. FUCK HIM.
HEY HEY ITS TIMMY FROM FLORIDA
I BELONG TO THE CHURCH OF REVEREND BLACK, YEAHHHHHHHHH!
MIL READ ME PORN
JESUS IS A FRIEND OF MINE
THE WARDEN *SAID* HE WOULD FIX IT
YOU HEARD HIM
WE HAVE IT ON TAPE
I KNOW HOW JERSEY MICK LIKES HIS SALAMIS
PICK THE BOOOOOOOOONEZZZZ**

WHO IS JERSEY MIKE, IT'S JERSEY MICK AND WHERE'S MY MONEY?!

THATS ONE FUN WARDEN!!

BIG FUN BRIAN

BIG FUN STARTS WITH NO BLUE

I AM FUN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!

TRUTT > DDK

HOW TALL IS DAN RYAN?

SIX-SEEEVVVEEENNNN!!!!

HOW OLD IS DAN RYAN?

67

FUCKIN' ZOOMERS

KEYES DIDN'T EVEN CLIMB OUT OF THE CAGE

THAT SMUG, SANCTIMONIOUS SON OF A BITCH

WHY DAMN YOU WHY

BURN IN HELL

HEY SO LIKE SOMEONE LEFT THIS RANDOM BIBLE VERSE ON MY WINDSHIELD, IT READS "DO NOT BE DECEIVED: GOD CANNOT BE MOCKED. A MAN REAPS WHAT HE SOWS" BUT CAN ANYBODY TELL ME WHAT VERSE THIS IS???

"REAPS", YOU SAY!?

DABNEY'S GOT CHUTZPAH TO SPARE

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS EDWARD WHITE?

RYAN VS BOX: FIGHT FOREVER!

MONEY TALKS, BULLSHIT WALKS

RYAN VS BOX: THEY LITERALLY HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE FOREVER

We go to the announce booth...

A CRITICALLY IMPORTANT IN-RING SEGMENT

DDK:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to DEFtv live in St. Louis at the Enterprise Center, home of the Blues! We're coming off an absolutely monumental edition of ACTS of DEFIANCE, and we're now on the road to the FIRST ever DEFIANCE Rising!

Lance:

That's right! Tonight promises to be an action-packed card. In a rematch from a controversial bout this past weekend at DEFIANCE Row, Uriel Cortez will once AGAIN put his Southern Heritage Championship on the line against Punch Drunk Purcell!

DDK:

And speaking of DEFIANCE Row, after an ending to a battle royal that left us with more questions than answers, we will, in fact, get those answers tonight! The Favored Saints will share with the world... and Brock Newbludd... exactly what will happen with the ACE of DEFIANCE at DEFIANCE Rising.

Lance:

All that and more!

♪, ♪, ♪ ♪ ♪...

♪, ♪, ♪ ♪...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

And speaking of more...

Lance:

Pardon?

DDK:

I said, AND SPEAKING OF MORE -

Lance:

PARDON?

The noise is deafening as Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy step out onto the stage. An absolute cascade of pink, blue, gold, and white fireworks lights up the Enterprise Center. The Queen of the Ring is wearing a blue leather jacket, a white "Besties in the World" T-shirt, pink pants, and a pair of LED sunglasses - the same ones that Elise Ares used to wear - that say "KEYES" "FOREVER" "FIST." Keyes wears a set of electric pink corduroy pants that match uncomfortably well with the bright purple shirt he's wearing, which is an official DEFIANCE-branded PCP tee. "Big Blue," his custom blue-leather FIST, is strapped tightly around his waist.

What a dick.

DDK:

You mentioned ACTS of DEFIANCE being momentous - on a show that featured so much heartbreak, one of the biggest losses we're immediately feeling here in DEFIANCE is Elise Ares. After falling short in her final shot at the FIST, her contract with DEFIANCE has expired, and she is no longer with the company.

Lance:

Just as bad - or maybe worse - this man, Henry Keyes, looks absolutely unstoppable. Who's going to end this brutal reign of the Kraken? Somebody has to, before we lose more fan favorites!

As the Besties make their way towards the ring, Keyes motions for a cameraman to come closer. He then points to the PCP logo on his chest.

Henry Keyes:

Look at this! It's a collector's item! You can't find this anywhere anymore! And you NEVER, WILL, AGAIN!

And he shoves the camera lens away.

DDK:

Lovely.

Keyes and Troy step through the ropes and into the middle of the ring. There's no pink and blue celebration carpet, there's no Plague Doctors with platters of pancakes, there's no special bonus music - it's just two Besties with two microphones.

The Jefferson Starship cuts out. Keyes slowly unstraps the FIST.

BOOOOOOOOOOFUCK YOU HENRY

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK YOU HENRY

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

He lifts the title high.

Henry Keyes:

COOOOOOOOME AAAAAAAND TAKE IIIIIIIIIT, DEFIANCE!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Henry Keyes:

I get the feeling you're just a little bit upset with me over the whole "Elise Ares, Gone from DEFIANCE" deal, eh? Well, if I cared enough to say so, I'd remind you all - the person you should be mad at is HER!

Troy nods in affirmation. The message on her LED sunglasses has switched to say "LOL" "BYE" "BIMCH"

Henry Keyes:

Not only because she didn't have what it takes when it mattered the most... not only because of the self-imposed hissy fit of a stip she put on the match, where she made it known that she'd walk out on ALL OF YOU if she didn't win Big Blue... but let me paint the bigger picture for you. If you were lucky enough to hear it on the radio, or if you were unlucky enough to attend in person, you might have heard that I defended Big Blue AGAIN at DEF ROW, live from Bellehome Prison, in a STEEL CAGE!

A smattering of applause from the SuperFaithful who tuned in.

Henry Keyes:

And you know what I was thinking, as I wrestled in front of a sea of orange jumpsuits, victorious once more over a man who once tried to take my eye out and end my career, that paint-smeared manimal Corvo Alpha? You know what I was thinking as I looked at all those prison cells? I thought, ONE OF THESE CELLS BELONGS TO ELISE ARES FOR WHAT SHE DID TO BIG BLUE!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes:

Elise Ares was marked for death THE MOMENT she stole my beautiful championship belt from me! Elise Ares was doomed to fail THE MOMENT she and her friends knocked out an innocent chauffeur and took the Vae Victis limousine on a joyride! Elise Ares was CURSED BEYOND SALVATION the MOMENT she decided to try the Kraken ever again in a DEFIANCE ring! She did it to HERSELF, just her! Her and no one else!

Keyes is halfway to a froth. Beside him, his Bestie gives his traps a quick rub and gasses him up a bit.

Henry Keyes:

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT HENRY KEYES IS A COWARD! I'm already the most honest-to-goodness fighting FIST we've had in DEFIANCE since the Queen of the Ring standing next to me, and I don't plan on slowing down any time soon! It's time for this roster to STEP THE HELL UP! Not by stealing my property, but by looking at me square in BOTH MY EYES! You may fear the wrath of the Kraken, and that fear is absolutely justified because my wrath IS coming, but nonetheless-

The lights go out in the Enterprise Center, and the Faithful roar out in excitement and anticipation.

DDK:

What in the world??

And then the lights come back on. Keyes and Troy are in fighting stances, back to back, ready to throw hands at whatever interloper has possibly entered the ring...

...

But there isn't anyone.

Then there's a commotion, especially near the stage. Keyes and Troy look up the ramp.

It's a cardboard cutout. A very large cardboard cutout.

Of Dan Ryan.

With missing arms.

DDK:

I wonder how that got out here?

Lance:

I wonder why it doesn't have arms?

DDK:

I think some things we're better off not knowing.

The lights go dark again. A cool breeze swiftly blows through the air. Then, the lights jolt back to life, and when they do, well, that cardboard cutout has company.

DDK:

Wait. Is that??? Could it be??? Do my eyes deceive me? Is it really him after all this time? Is that really who I think it is? Is that... Cancer Jiles? I thought he was retired!

It's true.

There stands Cancer Jiles, and he's got the T-shades and oil slick hair to prove it.

Lance:

And don't look now, but that... woman he's brought with him has the defunct DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship fastened around her waist!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON RIGHT NOW!?!

The crowd is shell-shocked. They don't know what to do. They don't know if they should boo or clap, or cry. However, what they do know is that after ten plus years, Cancer Jiles, former DEFIANCE World and Tag Team Champion, and former DEFIANCE Rumble winner, not only is in the building, but he's got a microphone in his hand and the old big belt with him.

In the ring, Lindsay Troy has lifted her LED glasses from her eyes and has raised her microphone to her mouth.

Lindsay Troy:

Henry, do my eyes deceive me?

She makes a show of squinting up the ramp.

Lindsay Troy:

Is that....no, that can't be.

Then she takes a couple of steps to the ropes closest to the ramp.

Lindsay Troy:

Holy shit, it is. Jonny Booya! The Prodigal Son has returned in the year of our Keyes 2025! And he's brought with him...

Another mocking show of squinting up the ramp.

Lindsay Troy:

...a walking hair snarl? A tiny Howler monkey? Nobody important anyway.

She walks back to her Bestie and nudges him with her elbow.

Lindsay Troy:

It has to be Jonny Booya, right? Because I know it can't be that insufferable, salt-shoed Pizmo *crumb* that hasn't shown up to work for me for *months*.

Troy practically spits those last few words out. Next to her, Keyes chuckles derisively.

Henry Keyes:

Oh YEAH...I think I beat that guy's ass in Greece, during the Guerilla Grindhouse tour. Memories...

Jiles waves down to the ring, as if to say hello to a long-lost friend or relative. As you might imagine, it's a very insufferable gesture. He then looks out into the crowd and basks in an almost forgotten DEFIANT aura. Then, with suspense and anticipation properly built, he passes the microphone to the lovely lady on stage with him.

Vickie Hall:

Wait, you didn't actually think he was going to address you, did you, Harry? You're a secondary champion, ole Fisty Magoo. My man doesn't talk to people like you. Silly crumbo.

A piercing cackle erupts from the top of the ramp. It can be heard far and wide, and will no doubt haunt the children in the audience for years to come.

Vickie Hall:

The Big, Bad, Harry Carkeyes. The FIST of DEFIANCE. Well, Harry, allow me to properly introduce you to the Foot of PRIME, and remember you asked for this!

Lindsay Troy:

The former Foot of PRIME.

Vickie Hall:

Don't make us come down there!

Lindsay Troy:

I wish you would. Here.

The Lady of the Hour walks to the ropes and sits on the middle one, beckoning the 97th most powerful couple in professional wrestling into the ring.

Ha.

Lindsay Troy:

We don't have all night!

As the banter is bantering, a sudden roar erupts from the crowd. Jiles frowns slightly, but pays it no attention. Meanwhile, the subject of this sudden extra noise from the DEFIANT Faithful steps out onto the stage. Dan Ryan, head down slightly, is pushing a large piece of machinery on wheels out in front of him.

DDK:

Lance, is that... what is that?

Lance:

I think it might be a paper shredder. A really big paper shredder???

DDK:

A paper shredder? Why would he... oh... uh oh...

Vickie Hall: *[CBD still by her and Jiles' side]*

As I was saying— that man there is the Foot of PRIME, and when Bae Bitchtus hacked our news network to issue a challenge to him, you rang a bell that can't be unrung. So yes, he accepts. He will once again save PRIME, and I suppose DEFIANCE too, since GOD knows you guys need it if you're working a joint show with her. And another thin—

Jiles and Hall are suddenly startled as, simultaneously, the industrial-strength paper shredder whirrs to life, and Dan Ryan snatches Cardboard Dan Ryan and, without a word, starts stuffing him into the machine. Bits and pieces of cardboard go flying everywhere as Cancer Jiles stands there, eyes wide, mouth open in stunned silence.

DDK:

I don't think Jiles can believe it! And Vickie is just as stunned!

Ryan watches as the final few inches of the armless cardboard wonder disappear into the shredder, then, with little

more than a sneer in Jiles' direction, he heads past and toward the ring.

Dan keeps his focus solely on the ring, but inside, Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy are unable to contain themselves as they point and laugh at the gobsmacked Cancer Jiles and Vickie Hall, still at the top of the ramp, speechless.

Dan slides in under the bottom rope, immediately calling for a microphone and getting one. He turns and narrows his eyes in Jiles' direction, then turns back to Henry and Lindsay.

Dan Ryan:

That was long overdue.

The Faithful roar back to life.

Dan Ryan: *[turning back to Jiles]*

Jiles, welcome back to DEFIANCE. It's been a long damn time since we were last face-to-face with each other, even longer since we faced each other here. DEFIANCE has changed quite a bit since the last time you walked out onto that stage, but just in case you hadn't noticed, Vae Victis runs this place now.

The Faithful erupt for Dan Ryan once more, while Henry Keyes smirks behind him, and Lindsay Troy stands next to him, arms crossed confidently.

Henry Keyes:

Really, Dan? You'd up and ruin Cancer Jiles's big moment like that? After all he's been through, and with that vague idea of a woman he's stuck with? Have some sympathy!

Dan Ryan:

Okay, okay... you're right. And you know, the insults have been fun, but there is some business to attend to. So um... Henry? A word?

Dan turns to face Henry Keyes, whose smile turns to a look of mild confusion and concern. Troy glances at Keyes and then back to her brother-in-law, as she listens intently.

Dan Ryan:

A little birdie got hold of me backstage and told me that my match with Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE was unofficially meant to determine the new #1 contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Soooooo....

Keyes' eyes widen just a bit, and he looks over at Lindsay Troy, who isn't looking at him. She's looking straight at Dan Ryan.

Dan Ryan:

Before you go to the supershow and face Twinkledick up there, you're gonna have to get through me first.

On stage, Jiles mouths "Twinkledick?" incredulously. He looks at Vickie like, "What the fuck?"

DDK:

I don't think he cared for that one bit.

Lance:

I think he's surprised at the audacity, if anything.

Dan slowly walks toward Henry, who stands his ground. There's a slight flicker of a flinch there, but he holds firm. Lindsay, who knows better than anyone how anything could happen in this moment, keeps her eyes focused on the big man. Dan stops short, stares down at the FIST of DEFIANCE, then sticks his hand out, drawing a gasp of surprise from the crowd.

DDK:

I don't know, partner, this could go either way.

Lance:

We've certainly seen enough of Dan Ryan to expect pretty much anything to happen right now.

Dan Ryan:

Don't worry. You know me. I just like a little good, clean competition.

Dan sheepishly pulls his hand back suddenly, wipes it on his trunks, and then sticks it back out.

Dan Ryan:

Sorry, still had a little of Bronson's blood on there.

Henry looks at the hand, up at the smirking face of Dan Ryan, then over at Lindsay, who raises an eyebrow. Hesitantly, he accepts the gesture and shakes Ryan's hand, as a collective sigh seems to rise from everywhere. Dan suddenly pulls Henry in, giving him a half-hug, keeping his eyes on his sister-in-law the whole time. Dan pulls back, smiling, and gives Henry a pat on the shoulder, then backs away and rolls out of the ring.

Walking up the ramp, Dan doesn't even give Cancer Jiles a look. He just passes him by, grabs the shredder, and wheels it through and to the back

DDK:

I can't believe it, ladies and gentlemen...we already have our first match for DEFIANCE Rising! It's Vae Victis versus Vae Victis! The Ego Buster versus The Kraken for the FIST!

Lance:

And at this winter's Supershow, it's DEFIANCE's Henry Keyes against PRIME's Cancer Jiles! An unbelievable dream match! Two titanic clashes are official, and we're only getting started on DEFTv!

DDK:

We'll be back with more, but first, we have some bills to pay! Stay tuned!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THE... *GOOD* DOCTOR!?

A sweeping shot of the arena.

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. Up next, we're scheduled to have a word with a man for whom I have a LOT of questions.

Lance:

We all do, Darren. Let's send it to Christie Zane at the interview station!

Shot shifts to Christie Zane, standing on the DEFIANCE interview stage, smiling with mic in hand. Only a few of the St. Louis Faithful are in the shot, but those that are are going bananas!

Christie Zane:

Thanks, Lance. Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time...

Lights.

Out.

DDK:

What the...

Lance:

I sense CHICANERY, Darren.

The Faithful begin to buzz as they sit in the dark. And then two words appear on the DEFiatron:

Didaskalos Proditheis

A spotlight suddenly shines back onto the stage - but strangely, Christie is not there. In her place are twelve figures. They wear oversized purple robes and hoods over their heads, and their faces are hidden behind a white mask stuck in a permanent surprised/in-pain face.

Dramatic and intense background music begins to play. All twelve figures raise their hands to the sky as if to pray. And then we find out they're all women as they begin to... sing.

O Muse, attend! The Scholar falls — yet rises wise anew!

DDK:

Is this a... Greek chorus?

Lance:

I smell another over the top Headmaster Black entrance...

DDK:

That's REVEREND Black now, Lance.

*From Halls once hallowed, now defiled by traitorous brood,
Did DOCTOR REFORM, with toga torn and laurels crushed,
Suffer the sting of hubris of his own.
They—his pupils!—drank deep from his font of lore,
Then turned their backs with sharpened tongues and fists alike.
In night's dark lesson, they wrote betrayal bold,
And thought the page of Ned was turned to dust.*

The chorus goes from a downtrodden, sad pantomime into another mood - standing up straight and celebrating.

*But lo! He comes! Not cloaked in pride, but justice clothed!
The chalk is snapped, the lectern burns, yet still he teaches:
Not with words—but with wrath, righteous and pure.
His syllabus now? Redemption.
His method? Pain with purpose.*

The chorus begins to walk slowly in a circle with backs to each other and arms outstretched toward the Faithful.

*Ye gods, behold the lesson writ in pain:
He who teaches may also destroy.
No longer does he seek to elevate—
Now he stoops to conquer, a sophist with steel.*

The chorus stops spinning and dash for the stage, lining up in a straight line, leaving an opening in front of the entrance way. They throw their arms toward the sky and the previously white spotlight turns purple.

*So chant we now, ye faithful few!
Who still believe in knowledge honed by war:
Return, O Tutor of Tenacity!
Deliver us from ignorance...
And demolish the heretics!*

♪ “Fur Elise” by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn back on as the unmistakable theme of Ned Reform begins to play. The Good Doctor appears through the curtain, still dressed in a way fitting of his profession, but noticeably less “stuffy.” The tweed jacket is gone and the sleeves to his purple button up say, “hey man, I’m smart but I’m also relaxed.” The crowd doesn’t shower Reform with boos like they usually do, but they don’t exactly cheer either. It’s more of a muted interest.

Ned doesn’t acknowledge the twelve person Greek chorus that just heralded his return, instead turning and walking up the interview stage where Christie has returned. Reform approaches Christie, rubbing his hands together in anticipation before folding them behind his back as his music fades away.

Christie Zane:

That was... quite the entrance, Ned.

Reform snatches the mic. His words sound familiar, but his tone carries far less venom. It’s almost playful.

Ned Reform:

That’s DOCTOR Ned Reform, Bachelor’s Degree. Now if you would pardon me... I need to have a word with...

Reform jerks his head toward the sea of Faithful.

Ned Reform:

...them.

Reform turns toward the arena, looking out into it. He lowers the mic, letting the moment breath. Some fans boo. Some fans cheer. Most are just waiting. Finally, he brings the mic back up.

Ned Reform:

Yes. It is I, children, Dr. Ned Reform. Undoubtedly, much like Ms. Zane, you have a myriad of questions: where have I been? How am I feeling after that unprovoked and unwarranted assault? Why did I return at ACTS of DEFIANCE to assist a man who not only plunged a knife into my back...

Reform pantomimes a twisting motion.

Ned Reform:

...but twisted it until it broke? Never fear, answers will come in time. But first, I stand before you, raw and unguarded, to tell you a story.

As Reform begins to pontificate, he begins to walk slowly back and forth in a line. He's still speaking to the people, but it almost appears as if he's really speaking to himself.

Ned Reform:

A mere three months ago, I was blindsided. BETRAYED! Like a Shakespearean tragedy set in the waning hours of the Ides of March, I was felled not by outside invaders but by the hands of my very peers. My charges. My disciples! And I will not hide behind bravado here, children:

Reform pauses walking. He turns to once again look at the people.

Ned Reform:

... it hurt. Physically, of course, but also in my very psyche. These were men I had plucked from the obscurity of whatever form of DEFIANCE television airs at 1am in the rural markets and shined the spotlight of fame on them. This is how they expressed their gratitude: aligning with a treacherous snake and submitting me to a public embarrassment.

He begins pacing once again.

Ned Reform:

And that night, I did my best thinking in the shower - as one does - and I watched as the crimson blood dropped from my magnificent cranium and hit the linoleum before beginning a dramatic swirl around that silver drain and into the abyss... I had an epiphany. It was so simple. So clear.

He stops walking. Does an exaggerated shrug of his shoulders. Looks to the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

...why even come back?

Again, he pauses to let that statement linger.

Ned Reform:

No, think of it: all that this place - and I mean both DEFIANCE and professional wrestling as a whole - has benefited me are massive migraines. And pain. And dare I even say: heartbreak. What WOULD I bother to continue to exist in a world that so clearly didn't want me? Why squander my talents where I am not appreciated? Revenge is a fool's game, children, as is pride. So I made the decision. Dr. Ned Reform was to return to his first love - scholarship - and leave the deranged world of professional wrestling all together.

Some of the Faithful cheer. But not that much. Reform becomes giddy, almost euphoric.

Ned Reform:

And thus I did! And for the first weeks, children, let me tell you: it was rapturous. I had time to read. I focused on preparing my classes. I got in touch with old friends. Oh, it was glorious! I felt as if a great weight had been lifted. And then...

His brow furrows. He shakes his head. He appears befuddled.

Ned Reform:

And then... the strangest and most unexpected turn of events. I...

He again shakes his head. He's having a real hard time getting this one out. Or at least coming to terms with it.

Ned Reform:

I felt something... odd. I should have been thrilled. I should have been on the very top of the world. I was again master of my domain and first love: the classroom! But, children, I have to confess... much to my surprise...

He speaks the next words carefully, as if he's afraid they'll blow up in his face.

Ned Reform:

...I missed it here.

A pop from The Faithful. Not all, but enough to hear it. Reform seems to think they're just as confused as he is.

Ned Reform:

I know! I know!! I was just as surprised as you! I tried to deny it, I tried to suppress it, I pretended it were not true and buried this borderline sacrareligious idea deep in my subconscious... but try as I might... I simply could not. I, Doctor Ned Reform, PhD...

Sigh. He might as well accept this.

Ned Reform:

...missed you.

Another pop and some laughter. Ned shakes his head and becomes more animated with hand gestures as he tries to explain himself directly to the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

Yes! YOU! The perpetual thorns in my side! My greatest aggravation! Somehow, through all these years of our constant back and forth, I have grown accustomed to you. You needle me, I needle you... but there's an odd form of comradery in it, yes? Like a sibling whom one desperately wants to [pummel, but deep down there is still love and respect. You're... you're all like an annoying cat that hung around for so long it became a pet through sheer force of will! And I, Doctor Ned Reform, stand before you...

He holds his arms out. He bears his soul.

Ned Reform:

...ready to scoop your feces. I speak metaphorically, of course. But I am making a solemn vow, right here and right now... I am officially taking a sabbatical from the classroom, and I am making the commitment to become the GREATEST professional wrestler that the world has ever seen!

This does draw some cheers!

DDK:

This... this amazing...

Ned Reform:

If you'll allow it, this is a fresh start, DEFIANCE. I have discovered a new love, and in the ultimate twists of fate it appears that new love is professional wrestling. And while I speak of fresh starts...

Ned turns to look into the camera.

Ned Reform:

...I need to address one individual in particular.

The crowd boos, assuming he means Reverend Black.

Ned Reform:

No - not him. Not yet. I'm speaking to one Mr. Levi Cole. Mr. Cole - Levi - through the many, many years but my side, you had been nothing but a loyal compatriot. You were with me through trials and tribulations, through turbulence and turmoil, through sound and fury. You were more than an ally...

Reform looks genuinely remorseful.

Ned Reform:

...you, sir, were my friend. And I did not treat you as such. I took you for granted. I belittled you in my own hubris. I never appreciated your loyalty and devotion. Dare I say, I DESERVED what you did to me in San Francisco! So hear me, Levi: if you'll accept my sincere apology, I offer it. I would be honored to have you once again stand by my side as I turn my attention to the treacherous dogs who have wronged us both.

His remorseful face turns into a vengeful sneer.

Ned Reform:

Which brings me to my final query. I speak now to... Erik Black. Mr. Black, I...

"YYYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

♪ "Light and Day" by The Polyphonic Spree ♪

Sappy and cheerful symphonic rock lilts over the PA. Lights so bright they are PAINFULLY BLINDING fill up the stage. To almost unanimous jeers from the Faithful, Erik Black strides out through the entry-way. Black is wearing his finest white suit with a purple turtleneck, and a golden crucifix proudly worn around the neck. All smiles, he waves into the crowd, who respond with more jeers and lewd gestures.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, for those of you who missed out on the recent DEFRow live event, the man we've come to know as "Headmaster" Black these past few months now insists that he is an ordained "Reverend".

Lance:

I swear, this guy wears more hats than Elon...

DDK:

I hear he still gets PTSD episodes whenever he sees the color purple. As for this self-proclaimed "Reverend," though he may have secured his control over the Honor Society with the win over Levi Cole at Acts of DEFIANCE, the surprise return of Doctor Ned Reform appears to have triggered a lifestyle change for Erik Black.

Lance:

In other words, his next grift.

Black spots Reform on the interview stage, waving to him with one hand and pointing to the ring with the other, implying that they take their conversation between the ropes. The Good Doctor instead holds his ground, forcing the Ungood Reverend to timidly approach, pulling his own microphone from his pocket.

Rev. Erik Black:

DOC!! DOC!! Listen now, RELAX, let's you and I just take it EASY here! Look, I brought you this OLIVE OIL!

He procures a bottle of actual olive oil.

Rev. Erik Black:

It's meant to be an olive branch, but seriously, I don't know what an olive tree looks like, let alone where I could find one at this hour, BUT IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS! Come on, now, it's EXTRA VIRGIN! Take it, DOC! TAKE IT! TAKE IT! Okay, well, I'll just leave it right here and you can grab it later...

Rev. Black carefully sets the olive oil off to the side.

Rev. Erik Black:

Now Doc, I understand you're probably feeling pretty cross with me right now! And I can accept that, Doc? You hear me? I ACCEPT that anger! Because see, I've gained a WHOLE NEW VIEW of the world, Doc! I'm on a mission from GAWD now, Doc! And it was on my journey to discovering the LOARD GAWD and HIS HOLEY MISSION that I had plenty of time to reflect on my life choices! I thought of the people I hurt! I thought of the LIES I told! All in an effort to climb ahead in this never-ending rat race! But JAYZUS UP HIGH showed me the ERROR of my ways!

The Sacred Lamb is forcing a grin, but it's clear by his shaking hands defensively held up, his comically wide eyes, and the sweat leaking out from beneath his toupee that he is terrified of the Good Doctor.

Rev. Erik Black:

I DID YOU DIRTY, Doc! No other way of going about it! I saw an OPPORTUNITY, and I JUMPED ON IT! But DOC, believe me... I was ONLY trying to make you PROUD! Why, YOU would have done the same! In a way, I was really just paying TRIBUTE to YOU, my MENTOR, the great and powerful REFORM!

Dr. Ned Reform:

That's *DOCTOR* Reform!

Rev. Erik Black:

RIGHT! RIGHT! Doc! OF COURSE, Doc! Look, what I'm trying to SAY here, Doc, is that I'm filled with REGRET for what I did to you! And I APOLOGIZE, Doc!

Reverend Black drops to his knees, hands folded around the mic stick almost as if he were in prayer.

Rev. Erik Black:

I APOLOGIZE, DOC! And I'm BEGGING for your FORGIVENESS here! I BESEECH THEE to look into your VASTLY INTELLECTUAL HEART to find FORGIVENESS for this PITIABLE and PIOUS WRETCH you see before you! And then look into your VASTLY OVERSIZED BRAIN to SEE the POSSIBILITIES we have here!

Black scrambles back onto his feet and comes closer, hands entreatingly held out.

Rev. Erik Black:

The Honor Society is STRONGER than EVER! And EYE am STRONGER than EVER! And with YOUR supreme and infallible leadership, and MY spiritual GUIDANCE, Doc, we'd be COMPLETELY UNSTOPPABLE! We can take over ALL OF DEFIANCE, and spread the WORD of LOARD GAWD JAYZUS to the FAR REACHES of the WRESTLING WORLD!

Widening his grin, Black extends his hand out to the Good Doctor.

Rev. Erik Black:

So whaddya say, Doc? Water under the bridge, Doc?? YOU and EYE get back to doing what WE do BEST? Are you thinking "YEAH", Doc?? YEAH?? YEAH?? YYYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH???

Black's hand invitingly hangs in the air for a moment as Ned eyes it. He turns to the left as if asking the people what he should do. They reply, predictably, in the negative. He continues to look toward the Reverend with a single raised eyebrow.

The crowd begins to buzz and this gets drawn out. Black's uneasy smile appears to be held together by extreme force, and a single bead of sweat rolls down his forehead. Finally, The Good Doctor smiles. Black smiles more. Reform smiles more. And so on. With an almost comical level of exaggeration, Reform's hand assumes the handshake position and brings his palm within inches of Black's, looking at it as though it were on fire.

And with dramatic slowness, Reform brings it in to seal the deal. Black's eyes go wide as The Sage on the Stage's

hand comes in to make contact...

... Reform takes his hand...

...and roughly pulls Black forward and right into a big forearm from Bobby Horrigan intended for Ned Reform! Black spins around and hits the stage like a cartoon character.

Rev. Erik Black:

JAYZUS CHR--*BLEGHK!!*

Horrigan looks frozen in place with embarrassment. The remaining members of the Honor Society--Arsvinnar, Owens, and the Amarettos--begin to rush out from the entrance way, blocking Ned between the monster of a man that is Bobby Horrigan and the small army that is The Honor Society. Right before they reach him, Ned leaps forward from the interview stage and lands on the floor. He then hops onto the guardrail, and while sitting on it and before disappearing into the fans, Reform turns back to give his former partners the ol' "point to the head and show my big brain." And then he's gone.

DDK:

Unbelievable! This so-called "Reverend" came out, begging Dr. Reform for forgiveness, when the whole time he was luring him straight into a TRAP!

Lance:

Whether he's a Reverend or a Headmaster, Erik Black always seems to have a scheme up his sleeve. But Dr. Ned Reform was not about to be fooled by any of it.

DDK:

He nearly fooled me when I saw him go for that handshake! But seemingly once more, the Good Doctor was thinking one step ahead!

Lance:

Is it weird that I find that... kinda admirable?

DDK:

It's a weird time for everyone, Lance. Hell has frozen over, and Dr. Ned Reform is acting DEFIANT! Two men came out here tonight speaking of clarity and having a change of heart, but I only believe one of them actually meant it!

The tandem of Owens and Horrigan attempt to chase after Reform, but their combined size isn't able to negotiate the dense crowd separating them and the Good Doctor. Back on the stage, the other members of the Honor Society assist a dazed Black in getting back to his feet.

DEFtv moves elsewhere.

THE TRICK WITH DOORS

Cut to backstage.

The camera catches Victor Vacio pacing and yelling in the arena corridor. Los Caídos, the target of his ire, stand motionless and take their tongue lashing.

Victor Vacio:

¡Douglas me lo quitó! ¡Me quitó mi oportunidad!

[Douglas took it from me! He took my chance!]

He turns sharply, pointing toward them.

Victor Vacio:

¿Y ustedes? ¿Dónde estaban?

[And you? Where were you?]

No one answers. Corey shifts slightly, and Hugo glances away. The silence only fuels Vacio's frustration.

Victor Vacio:

¡Nada! Siempre nada. ¡Silencio!

[Nothing! Always nothing. Silence!]

The sharp click of a cane interrupts him. Lord Nigel Trickelbush steps into view.

Nigel Trickelbush:

My word, Victor. I can hear you halfway down the corridor.

Victor Vacio:

Douglas... ese maldito traidor.

[Douglas... that damn traitor.]

Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, yes. A terrible shame, I'm sure. We all have our own little personal tragedies, eh? But tell me, what happens when one door closes?

Vacio scoffs, shaking his head.

Victor Vacio:

Rompo la puerta.

[I break the door.]

Nigel smirks faintly.

Nigel Trickelbush:

Well, now, I suppose you could. Though I'd wager it's wiser to simply ... open another.

He looks past Vacio, toward Los Caídos.

Nigel Trickelbush:

You have strength, loyalty, and devotion. Admirable traits, really. But they've led you nowhere. All fury, no focus. I daresay there's a way to make something rather more constructive of it. Aspire to something greater.

Vacio stops pacing, his voice lower now.

Victor Vacio:

¿“Algo mayor”?

[Something greater?]

Nigel Trickelbush:

As I said, when one door closes ... another one opens. The trick is knowing which to step through. Or as you say... “Rompo”.

Vacio studies him, expression unreadable. Nigel looks on knowingly with a smirk. Behind them, Los Caídos exchange small, uncertain glances.

Cut to commentary.

DDK:

There’s always something brewing when Lord Nigel’s involved.

Lance:

The only question is what? The once emotionless Vacio’s fuse seems to be getting shorter by the second...

DDK:

Indeed, and when that powder keg blows, we are all liable to get hit with the fallout. With MV1 seemingly on the shelf and out of professional wrestling, Lord Nigel seems determined to rebuild the bench, so to speak.

Lance:

I shudder to think, partner.

Cut back to the arena.

SOHER: URIEL CORTEZ (C) vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

Coming off the heels of what may go down in history as two nights of the most jaw-dropping moments in DEFIANCE history, We're already going right into the fire with a rematch from last week's DEF Row Radio Broadcast! Our NEW Southern Heritage Champion, "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez, takes on "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound" Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

A modern-day kaiju fight right here for the DEFIANCE fans in St. Louis! In the first match of its kind, Punch Drunk Purcell challenged the NEW Southern Heritage Champion, Uriel Cortez, in a Lumberjack Lockdown match at DEF Row, only for the Familia member Dan Leo James dressed up as one of the ringside guards catching Purcell for the disqualification! He would win the match, but not the title!

DDK:

Due to the controversy in what was supposed to be a first for DEF Radio history, Cortez will defend the title tonight! This time, however, there will be no Lumberjacks! No Familia! No Lads! It's one-on-one with all members of both groups banned from ringside!

Lance:

The road to our brand new DEFIANCE Rising PPV at the end of the year starts now! Southern Heritage Title on the line!

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

But tonight... people get a new theme!

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by LL Cool J ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man rolling in with the new theme!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! A change in themes here from Punch Drunk Purcell!

Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads as he heads out to the ring solo with two objectives in mind. One to hurt, and one to claim his first major championship! A loud ovation is heard for Punchy with the words "D-L-J BOUTTA GET KO'ED!" Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans on the way to the ring. After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for The Faithful before his opponent arrives.

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 ♪

Under a single gold spotlight, the GARGANTUAN figure of the Man of the House stands tall on the stage! Taking in the massive JEERS from The Faithful, Uriel Cortez lets his brand new Southern Heritage Championship hang off his neck like a very proud trophy.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez fancies himself the Man of The House! He calls himself DEFIANCE's new Landlord! And with the resume he's had in the past year, nobody can doubt him, like it or not! Wins over Dex Joy! OSCAR BURNS! Scott Douglas! Finally... Brock Newbludd! Newbludd was ROBBED of that championship!

Lance:

But while Brock Newbludd seems to be charting a new course forward as a potential challenger for the ACE of DEFIANCE, Uriel Cortez's reign of terror may end before it begins if Punch Drunk Purcell has a say!

Purcell is ready to pounce and Benny Doyle tries to reign him in as Cortez looks to the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

HONEY! I'M HOME! DON'T WORRY, BROCK! THIS TITLE IS IN GOOD HANDS!

Cortez steps up onto the apron and the 7'1" monster climbs into the ring! Having a full foot on the height of Punch Drunk Purcell, Cortez looks at the boxer confidently as he carefully saunters around the ring. The music ends as the lights dim in the arena for the super-serial in-ring introductions with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your opening match of DEFtv! This match is scheduled for one fall and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The graphic for the highly-coveted championship appears on screen!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger... representing The Lads! From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE POUNDS! He is The Round Mound of Ground and Pound! He is The Brick Hithouse... he is **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A big chorus of cheers erupts from the St. Louis Faithful as Purcell throws his arms up, then gestures towards the title hanging off Papa Tez's neck!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from The City of Industry, California! Standing at SEVEN-FOOT ONE! Weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE POUNDS! You can call him Papa Tez! You can call him The Man of The House! But you may call him the NEW reigning and defending SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! He is **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez takes the shades off first, then removes the title from around his neck. He looks at the title and clutches it close before finally relinquishing it to Benny Doyle. Doyle gestures to The Faithful and then holds the title up for all to see! They get ready...

DING DING

After my perfect dings are in order, Cortez goes right to the first shot and comes at Purcell with a charging clothesline! Purcell sees it coming and crouches before throwing quick body blows to the midsection of The Man of The House!

Lance:

The play-by-play is certainly your forte, Darren, but I have to think scientific wrestling may be out the window for this one!

DDK:

The way that their match at DEF Row ended, I would have to agree here!

Purcell already has Cortez in the corner and fires off alternating body blows from left to right to try and keep the giant at bay, then switches it up to shoulder thrusts to the midsection! An audible "OOMPH!" escapes Cortez's vocals before Purcell changes it up once again and starts letting wild crossface forearms fly from either direction from his MMA glove-covered hands!

DDK:

This is what Purcell's gonna have to do! He's a tank, but Cortez is a tower! He'll need to use what he brought to the dance and it's those big hits!

After Benny Doyle warns Purcell from attacking Cortez in the corner continuously, Purcell stops the attack, but only after STRIKING Cortez high on the jaw with a swinging back elbow smash in the corner! The shot clearly has Cortez stunned as Purcell steps out of the corner and yells to the cheering St. Louis Faithful!

Lance:

Purcell was smart to back off the corner! He got this rematch tonight because he won by DQ! He may not get another one if he himself gets DQed!

Purcell charges towards the corner and throws all his weight into the corner with a corner back splash! Cortez hobbles out of the corner while barely staying upright as he tries to make his way to a different corner!

DDK:

I think that Purcell might have rung Cortez's bell on that spinning elbow strike in the corner! He's called Punch Drunk Purcell because of that deadly right hand, but he's REALLY improved his game to be more of an all-around striker!

Lance:

Would you say the best pure striker in DEFIANCE?

Before that question can be answered, Purcell charges for the second time to try and get at Cortez, but Cortez gets a boot into the back of Purcell! The Brick Hithouse is hurt as he hobbles around, allowing The Man of The House to try for another lariat! Purcell ducks under again and tries to get his arms around the waist of Cortez! The crowd cheer and almost look like they're coming out of their seats for a german suplex, but Cortez elbows his way out, then turns around and SMACKS Purcell with a open-handed chop so big that sweat flies off his barrel chest!

DDK:

Oooh! Purcell got a little too overzealous there and Cortez made him pay for it with one of those signature chops!

Cortez holds out both hands as Purcell turns around...

THWACK!

...and knocks Purcell off his feet with a nasty double-handed chop to the chest! The entire arena collectively winces from the impact!

DDK:

OOOH! Cortez scores with the Chop of Ages! Purcell just went DOWN after that extra-nasty double-handed chop!

Cortez then pulls up Purcell by his neck. With some extra strength, he manages to HOIST the 350-pound Purcell up and then DROPS him down with an extra-vicious body slam in the middle of the ring! After hitting the slam, a confident Cortez hops around in place and throws his arms out!

Uriel Cortez:

MAN OF THE HOUSE RIGHT HERE, TAKING OUT THE TRASH! WHERE'S MY THANK YOU?!

Lance:

How the HECK did he just body slam Punch Drunk Purcell like that?! And make it look EASY?!

DDK:

I really don't know, but he did it! And... is he gonna go for another one?!

Sure as shooting, Papa Tez has Purcell back up! He tries to body slam the big man a second time, but Purcell fires back with elbows to the side of his head! He has him reeling back before he hits the ropes. He goes right for Cortez...

but Cortez catches him! He has him up and then DRILLS him into the ring with a second body slam that almost rattles the ring! Purcell is hunched over in pain while Cortez stands over him and beats his chest like a tall-ass gorilla!

Lance:

And once again, Purcell gets shut down! He came out swinging in every sense of the word, but Cortez just had his number!

DDK:

That DQ loss is really wearing on him! He's waited all these years to win his first major singles title in DEFIANCE! He's coming out to make a statement that he's out for this win tonight after DLJ helped save the title!

As Purcell tries to get back to his feet again, Cortez lands a STIFF forearm smash to the small of Purcell's back trying to wear him down! This time, he grabs onto the side of Purcell and starts SQUEEZING the life out of the Round Mound of Ground and Pound with a standing bearhug variation!

DDK:

I have to say, we said earlier there wasn't going to be much in the way of scientific wrestling, but Cortez is proving us wrong! The recent slams, the forearm shots, and now this submission; all aimed at the back!

Lance:

Cortez already holds the height and reach advantage, now he's working over this back! That's gonna make it more difficult for Punchy to land anything!

As The Man of the House continues to keep hold on the big man, The St. Louis Faithful tries to rally behind Purcell! He gets a fist up and tries once again to get the elbows on the head of Cortez! He even throws a big crossface forearm to try and get Uriel to break his grip... only for The Man of the House to pick him up and RAM him violently into the corner! The whiplash almost does him in, but then Cortez pulls him by both arms and then puts another big boot into the small of his back!

DDK:

Another shot!

Cortez then winds up...

THWACK!

...then ROCKS Purcell with a second double-handed Chop of Ages in the corner! More sweat flies off the body of Punchy into the arena air before he is hunched over in pain!

Lance:

Purcell gets stymied at every turn! He tries to fight, but Cortez just keeps him grounded at every opportunity!

Cortez gets a boot into Purcell's chest and keeps holding him there, choking the life out of him as he taps his chin, daring Punchy to fight back!

Uriel Cortez:

FIGHT BACK, BIG BOY! LET'S GO! COME ON! PUNCH ME!

Benny Doyle counts and orders Cortez out of the corner and then breaks off at the count of four. Cortez holds his hands out...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Man of the House pretends to clean out his ears and talks more shit.

Uriel Cortez:

HUH? CAN'T HEAR ANY OF YOU SMALLS UP HERE! AND I'M ABOUT TO FINISH THIS WIDE!

He turns around to go after Purcell in the corner, but Punchy STILL fights back! He gets the crowd going with more jabs to the midsection of Cortez! He eats the shots and Purcell even has him glass-eyed with another spinning back elbow under the chin! Cortez goes struck when Purcell backs into the ropes, but when he comes back he gets caught into a HUGE boss man slam!

DDK:

MY GOD! HE JUST DROPPED PURCELL WITH THAT BIG SIDE SLAM! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Purcell escapes defeat by throwing a shoulder off the canvas, shocking Cortez as well!

Lance:

That was the first cover of the match and it was almost Purcell's last!

The Southern Heritage Champion towers over the fallen former boxer and then gets him back to his feet. With a whip, Purcell is sent to the corner. Cortez grits his teeth and then follows with a running back elbow in the corner... but Purcell dodges and the champ hits nothing but corner! The Faithful roar with approval for Purcell when Uriel stumbles out. Punchy gets his right hand up, making Cortez try to block it out of instinct, only for Purcell to CRACK him with the surprise left hand instead to HUGE cheers!

DDK:

Purcell catches him with the Rope-A-Dope!

Cortez doesn't go down right away, but he's been stunned by the punch long enough for Punchy to follow up by hitting the ropes, this time SMACKING The Man of the House square in the chest with a running headbutt right between the chest! Once more, Cortez goes reeling and bounces into the ropes! With Cortez stumbled over, Punchy wraps both hand around his waist and the St. Louis Faithful are on their feet after Uriel is dropped with a HUGE release German suplex!

DDK:

NO WAY! HE JUST OPENED UP ON CORTEZ AND HE'S FINALLY OFF HIS FEET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

Purcell sits up and lets out a guttural roar, feeding off The Faithful before hobbling to his feet with a possibly bad back! For the first time, Cortez looks pretty stunned and rolls out of the ring to try and save himself. Punchy looks out to The Faithful. He points out towards Cortez and the Faithful start cheering. That's when Punchy shrugs...

Lance:

He's not thinking...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Is he trying to land Dex Joy's WHOA-PE?!

Purcell breathes and does a quick Hail Mary while Cortez is reeling on the outside. Purcell hits the ropes and charges before the 351-pounder FLIES right through the ropes and wipes out Cortez to a MASSIVE ovation from The Faithful!

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

DDK:

PUNCHY USES DEX JOY'S WHOA-PE TO WIPE OUT URIEL CORTEZ! THE GOLD IS ON THE LINE, SO HE'S GOTTA BRING SOMETHING NEW TO THE TABLE!

Once on the floor, Purcell is the first man up! The Man of The House looks like he's hurt bad and tries to make it back to the ring with Purcell forcefully getting the big man back into the ring! The thunderous St. Louis Faithful are behind the Brick Hithouse as he heads back inside after the champion!

Purcell measures up Uriel Cortez who is up to a knee. He surges forward and of all the moves he could bust out, he CRACKS Cortez in the mouth with a sloppy, but very effective Shining Wizard knee strike!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK CALLS THAT MOVE HANDS-FREE! ARE WE GOING TO SEE A NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!

Purcell hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Cortez POWERS out of the cover, leaving Purcell shocked!

Lance:

I never thought I'd see the day that Punch Drunk Purcell would throw out a shining wizard, but here we are! Like you said, nothing's off limits with the Southern Heritage title on the line!

DDK:

And Purcell knows it, too! He's got Punch Drunk Love on his mind, can he use it?!

A rowdy St. Louis crowd fuels Punchy on and cheers as he tries to grab the rising Cortez with a ripcord setup. He tries to swing, but Cortez grabs onto Benny Doyle and almost pulls him into the path! Purcell just BARELY stops himself from behind able to right hook Benny Doyle into oblivion...

BUT HE DOESN'T SEE THE THUMB TO THE EYE!

DDK:

NO! CORTEZ WITH THE CHEAP SHOT! Benny Doyle NEVER SAW IT!

Booing FILLS the arena as Cortez measures up Purcell then runs forward, shocking The Faithful with the world's LARGEST SHOTGUN DROPKICK!

Lance:

OH, MY GOODNESS! HOW OFTEN DO YOU SEE URIEL CORTEZ LEAVE HIS FEET LIKE THAT?!

Nobody in attendance can believe it as Cortez gets up with a look that spells evil intentions. With Purcell down, The Faithful jeers as Cortez hits the ropes one more time...

DDK:

FATHER KNOWS PRESS! CORTEZ TAKES DOWN PURCELL! CORTEZ HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Here is your winner... and STILLLLLLLLLLL Southern Heritage Champion... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Lance:

Both The Familia and The Lads were barred from ringside, but Uriel Cortez STILL finds a way to go out of his way to cheat! He pulled Benny Doyle into the path of that Punch Drunk Love finishing move and used that to rake the eyes!

DDK:

It took that, an amazing shotgun dropkick and the Father Knows Press to do it, but Uriel Cortez is still Southern Heritage Champion!

After highlights of the match play including Purcell's take on his tag partner, Dex Joy's Whoa-pe Suicida and the shining wizard of all moves, followed by Cortez's heinous actions. Purcell is disappointed on the outside of the ring after this loss, being checked on by attendants at ringside. Inside the ring, Cortez is given his title by Doyle and raises the title... then demands a microphone.

Lance:

Uh-oh... what's the meaning of this?

SO-US

Tap. Tap. Tap.

That's the sound of the gargantuan hand of Cortez checking on the microphone. He takes a moment to catch his breath after a very physical match... then looks up.

Uriel Cortez: [huffing]

That wide bastard I just beat... he can hit... **BUT I WON BECAUSE I RUN THIS HOUSE NOW!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

You stupid Smalls can boo me all you want... but I won this title only a couple weeks ago and I've ALREADY logged two defenses in the book!

DDK:

Yeah, where your surrogate son got you disqualified to keep the belt, then taking cheap shots out of Benny Doyle's line of sight...

The Man of The House takes a moment to let the St. Louis crowd give it to him.

Uriel Cortez:

But... as The Man of the House... I have to tell you... it's not always about business. Sometimes, you have to take a moment... and enjoy your success. Now that the match is over and that stupid Familia/Lads ban is over... I'd like to bring out my better half to this ring. The woman who handed a big star his last L in this company before DEFIANCE kicked his sorry ass to the curb...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

Kiss my ass, we tried to help him and he didn't listen! T... come on out here, love. We're calling a Familia Meeting!

Audible groans from The Faithful as Cortez leans back.

Lance:

Oh, no... nothing good ever happens when Cortez likes to throw these "Familia Meetings." Remember when he tricked Scott Douglas into thinking he'd attacked his significant other, Dr. Iris Davine, just to get jumped backstage himself?

DDK:

Or when he kicked Mil Vueltas out of the group? Still can't believe he and DLJ came back after all that!

Walking out from the back sans music, Titaness gets BOOED by the St. Louis Faithful. Wearing sleek form-fitting black and gold full-length dress, a couple people give The Motherly Saint some catcalls. She ignores them and heads on down to the ring to meet her husband with a microphone in hand.

Lance:

Seriously... what is this? We have an entire REST OF THE SHOW to get to!

Titaness makes it to the ring as Cortez walks over and pushes the rope down for her to enter. With a grin, he winks at her as The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia enters the ring to jeers.

DDK:

I still can't get over what Titaness and Siofra did at Acts of DEFIANCE! She and Siofra, emotionally manipulating their way to a victory for Titaness! And now... well, we know what happened to Pa...

Lance:

Partner, I hate it too, but I don't think we're allowed to bring him up anymore.

Titanness looks up at Uriel.

Titanness:

Okay... before I find out what this is all about... congrats on beating Punch Drunk Purcell! And congrats on keeping Brock Newbludd's spirit alive by showing YOU'RE a fighting champ!

Uriel Cortez:

Thank you, sweetie! You're the best!

Titanness suddenly turns to the jeering Faithful!

Titanness:

No, no, no... you don't boo good saintly people like ME! The last time that any of YOU were near a woman was when you were launched out of their birth canal, so you can't tell me NOTHING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titanness:

Anyway... what's this all about?

Cortez smiles among the loud jeering.

Uriel Cortez:

Well, LOVE... just over three years ago. October 5th, 2022. It was Acts of DEFIANCE! We beat those twin dipshits, The Lucky Sevens, to win the Unified Tag Team Titles in my hometown. Remember what happened after that?

Titanness:

Yeah... we got married!

She turns to the crowd.

Titanness:

One of the only SUCCESSFUL wrestling weddings of all time, by the way! Three years and going strong!

Lance:

Unfortunately for all of us, we didn't know how it'd turn out...

With a smile a mile wide, The Man of The House continues.

Uriel Cortez:

See? We remember! And it's been three years. We've had ups, we've had downs... but lately, since we stopped giving a shit about what the little people think and started doing things OUR way, we've had a LOT more ups! Acts of DEFIANCE will go down in history as one of the best nights Titanes Familia ever had! You scored one of the biggest wins of your career beating that guy we can't talk about any more! MY BEST FRIEND and YOUR BIGGEST HERO, Mil Vueltas, pinned and STOMPED the all caps off Oscar Burns' dumb Kiwi ass and sent him packing with broken ribs! And I...

He holds up the Southern Heritage Championship.

Uriel Cortez:

You know my success! But that brings me to right now...

After setting the title over his own shoulder, he uses his empty hand to hold Titaness' free hand.

Uriel Cortez:

YOUR success... is MY success. Our success... is this Familia's success. And right now... sorry to get all Malaky here... I don't feel complete with this title...

GROANS.

Uriel Cortez:

That is... I don't feel complete without being able to SHARE this... with you.

Titaness:

What are you talking about?

Cortez points to the stage.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm talking... about THIS... guys!

Titaness turns around and sees Mil Vueltas, Brooklyn Rivera, Dan Leo James and Siofra all standing on stage!

Mil Vueltas:

SURPRISE, T!

DLJ:

HI, MUSCLE MOM!

Siofra:

MY HERO!

Brooklynn Rivera finishes bringing out something covered in a black tarp on wheels. Booing erupts, but Cortez ignores it.

Uriel Cortez:

Right after I beat our good, close mutual friend Brock Newbludd in the main event of Acts of DEFIANCE and became YOUR new Southern Heritage Champion, I took that PPV bonus and had Nuestra Familia get something made for you, my amazing Amazonian darling! And more to the point... I want to ask you... as DEFIANCE's Man of The House, I want to share the success of this championship with you!

He gets down on one knee.

Titaness:

URIEL!

Uriel Cortez:

Titaness... Holly Aldaine... The Motherly Saint... Mil, pull it!

On stage, The GOAT pulls the tarp off what they brought out...

An EXACT double of the Southern Heritage Championship!

Uriel Cortez:

As the reigning and defending SOHER... will YOU be my CO-HER?!

Titnaess jumps up excitedly

Titaness:

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD! YES, YES, I WILL BE YOUR CO-HER!

The two stand up and embrace in the ring, then share a long kiss!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What is this abomination?! He paid to have a SECOND Southern Heritage Championship made?!

Mil, DLJ, Brooklynn and Siofra all head down to the ring with the second Southern Heritage Championship in the ring! Once they reach inside, they all hug together!

Lance:

Ugh... hold on, Darren... I need to grab my anti-nausea meds...

After the hug, Titaness then stands out to be awarded the second championship!

DLJ:

Allow ME!

Dan Leo James grabs the title and then he and Mil Vueltas work together to wrap the title around her waist! Uriel Cortez then pulls his version of the title and the camera closes in on the nameplates.

His title... reads "SO-HIS." Titaness' title reads "SO-HERS."

Lance:

As the kids say... the cringe is off the charts here.

Titaness is almost fighting back tears and hugs both Mil and DLJ, followed by Siofra and Brooklynn.

Uriel Cortez:

The second I won this title, I knew that I wanted to SHARE this with you. I'm not doing the "vanity belt" crap that past champions do with ugly-ass pink or purple or blue straps... Fuck all that. Because here in the Familia... we honor and respect tradition... that's why I wanted an EXACT version of THIS title to be made! But I also believe in share and share alike... that's why WE are defending this title together! And if DEFIANCE has a problem with it? Then try and take this title from US because you can't! Because you are all SMALL! Because you are all WEAK! From now on, this title... it's not about SOHER...

Titaness:

It's not even about SO-HIM...

Uriel and Titaness glance at one another, then hold their titles up!

Uriel Cortez and Titaness:

It's about... SO-US!

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

The music plays and the husband and wife share another kiss with the rest of the Familia celebrating!

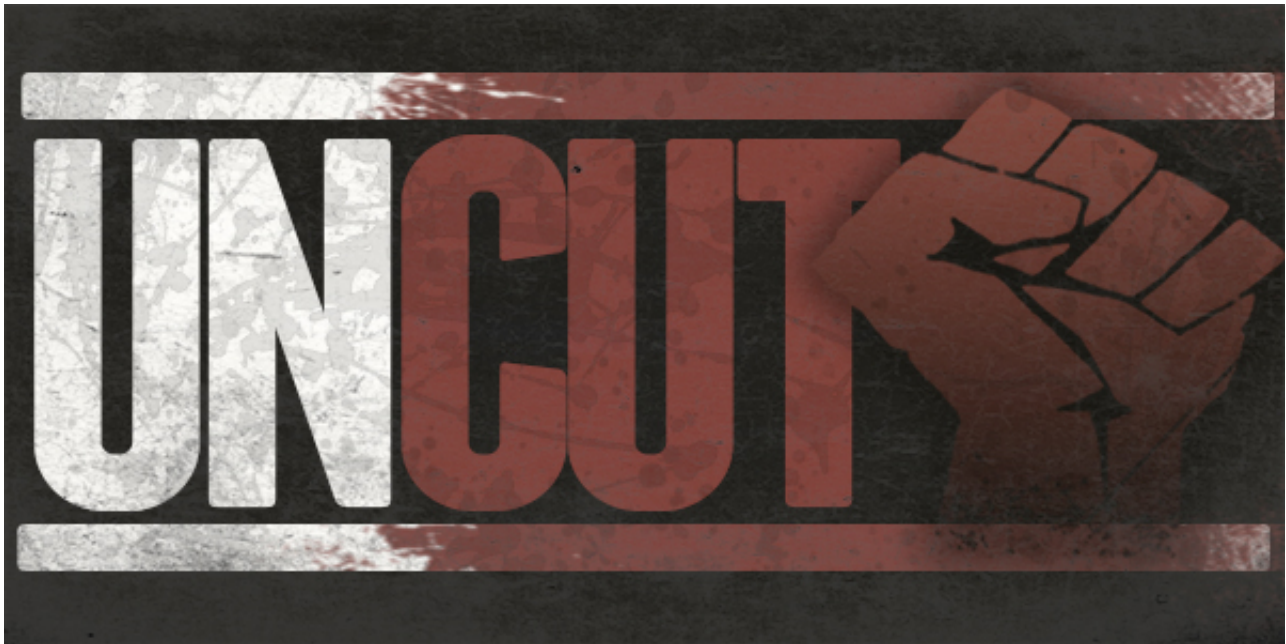
DDK:

There's... there's no way that DEFIANCE is going to honor this... right?

Lance:

I hate to say it... but you heard them. Cortez just defended that title twice in the span of a week... are you going to tell them they can't?!

The happy couple hold up the SOHER and SO-HIS championships for the audience one more time before they finally step through the curtains.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

PROGNOSIS: UNMASKED

The pale yellow light of a standard hotel-room desk lamp throws itself against the wall behind him, depressing and oppressive. Sitting silhouetted against it in a blocky chair, Masked Violator #1 is unmasked and his body language and general demeanor projects that of a man who has, himself, been violated.

The depth of his silhouettes' blackness seems to pull and tug at the viewer and the silence stands as another invitation: to question, to wonder. His forehead pressed in his hand, the outline of his curling hair tousled by his fingers, he takes a long deep breath, meant to cleanse but somehow unsatisfying.

MV1:

I don't know what you want me to say.

Another breath. Equally as unfulfilling as the one before it.

MV1:

Here I am again. Here I am.

He gestures. Towards the floor - towards his knee.

MV1:

I've done this bit before, you know. I've done this interview. I've talked about injury and the road to recovery. I've... I've been down this road before.

He leans back, rolling his shoulders, desperately trying to destress.

MV1:

Those other times, I'm sure I talked about the person who put me in this spot, told you how vile they were. How they were responsible – how I would HOLD them responsible once I... Once I got “back on my feet”. I'm sure I told you, whether it was Scott Hunter or if it was JJ Dixon, I'm sure I told you they were scum. Scum who WRONGED me.

He balls a fist, the shadow clenching and unclenching against the lit wall.

MV1:

Well, you're gonna hear me say it again. Because that's why you're here, right? To squeeze just a little bit more out of me, right? Yeah. The person who put me here, off my feet, on the shelf, IN this chair – that person is vile. He is SCUM.

A startling laugh briefly erupts then abates just as quickly..

MV1:

And I blame that son of a bitch. For EVERYTHING. For ALL OF THIS. He couldn't leave well enough alone. He didn't know how to just walk the [bleeeeeep] AWAY. He had to poke. He HAD to provoke. He had to antagonize. He had to be who he is.

Hanging his head again for a moment, when he lifts it, he holds up his wrestling mask - his right hand open inside of it, unfurling and stretching it. The masks' eye, nose and mouth holes can be seen against the wall's dim light as he turns it.

MV1:

And I hate that man.

He seems to stare into the eyes of his own mask. Get it? Eh?!

MV1:

I hate him now with all of my soul. Whatever is left of it.

One last longing look – before HURLING the mask across the room and off screen with a grunt.

MV1:

Those other times... those other times I gave this speech, I'm sure I talked about how hard I would fight to get back. How hard I would train. Those other times, I'm CERTAIN I came back earlier than any doctor in the country might have predicted. Those other times... I meant it. But not this time.

Another breath, this one a little more ragged. Jagged.

MV1:

I'm finished fighting. I'm... I'm done. Being hurt. I'm done being CONNED. I'm done being misled or... or... or tricking MYSELF into believing **LIIEEEES!!!**

He shrieks the last word. It bites. Stabs.

MV1:

It's all been a waste. I... I don't even know what I've been fighting for... or for how long?! And at what cost?!

Head hung once more.

MV1:

I've lost everything. I was respected once. Loved by the fans. They'd.... They would, the children, they'd CRY when they saw me. And hug me. Now they.... They SPIT at me. They HATE me. And... It's all my fault. I've lost who I am. And it's all too late. To make amends. To right wrongs. To... fight to be a champion. For myself. For... my brother. For the people.

One has never seen a shadow cry. But one might imagine.

MV1:

They say my career is over. That I will have to learn how to walk again. They tell me that my last match has been wrestled. They say that this isn't just another injury... that it's the LAST injury. But I didn't need to be told. I know.

A pause.

MV1:

I know.

Another.

MV1:

So... I don't know what you want me to say. You've heard it before. Just... just get out of here. Leave me alone. Let me be. Just... just go.

The camera slowly peels back as the unmasked man holds his head in both hands, the blackness of his silhouette bleeds out to the edges of the screen as we fade.

JACKPOT

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The booing is all for one man as he steps out behind the curtain and onto the stage towards the ring. There is no music for him, but a giant image of Tom Morrow's smugly face is plastered all over the DEFIA-Tron! Tom Morrow is wearing a blue leather suit and tie. In his hands is the official contract won by the Triple 7s as the Ace of Tag Teams! He turns around to show what has become the signature obnoxious logo of the super agent ...

"TOM THE [bomb emoji]"

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... please welcome the official agent of THE FIRST-EVER ACE OF TAG TEAMSS, THE TRIPLE 7S ... TOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM MORRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!

Tom Morrow walks over to the stage and there stands Chris Trutt about to interview Morrow.

DDK:

Eight teams signed up to compete in the Ace of Tag Teams as a show of support for DEFIANCE's ever-growing tag team division ... and of course, Tom Morrow gamed the system by entering his trio into this tournament!

Lance:

They defeated the Masked Violators, the Atomic Punks and finally, M4NTRA – all thanks to some unexpected help from La Familia's monsters, Kill or Be Killed – but at the end of the night, the Triple 7s add to an already Hall of Fame-like resume for tag teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling history!

Tom Morrow enters the chat/interview stage and begins conducting business. He flicks his earpiece on in his ear and holds the Ace of Tag Teams contract in one hand contained in a steel case, and a suave new briefcase holding the \$500,000 cash prize from winning the tournament.

Chris Trutt:

Tom Morrow ... uh, I guess congratulations are in order! Congratulations to the Triple 7s being the winners of DEFIANCE Wrestling's first ever Ace of Tag Teams tournament! I was gonna ask how you're feeling but ... I think we can all see that!

Tom Morrow:

Trutt, Trutt, Trutt. Young man, the pleasure is all ... yours.

That just welcomes even more booing. Tom Morrow holds up both full hands and leans his ear with the earpiece in it tied to the arena's PA system.

Tom Morrow:

We're going hands free tonight with this, bay-bay cause my hands are *full*! In my right hand, is the \$450,000 that my Seven Foot Savages won! And in the right hand his the even bigger prize .. a 100% *guaranteed* Unified Tag Team title match! It's been over two year since my monsters have had that gold and had to suffer the indignity of going through a tournament to get it when they already have a stellar Hall of Fame-worthy resume ...

Morrow looks at Trutt.

Tom Morrow:

And they *still* won! And speaking of ... Quimbey! Get your face out of those meatball hoagies you're sucking down between matches and *introduce the winners*! Use the cue cards I provided earlier! Now! Go! Speak words!

At ringside Darren Quimbey looks like he is considering a change of vocation. But until then there are bills to pay and people to announce.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... “They are already two-time former Unified Tag Team champions! They are the only *active* tag team now in DEFIANCE to main event DEFCON! The winner of Tag Party Six! Two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! They have outlasted other pretend greats such as Pop Culture Phenoms and Saturday Night Specials ... And now, introducing the first-ever winners of Ace of Tag Teams! Mason Luck aka Mase The Ace! Max Luck aka Max the Jacked! And Mark Luck aka Mark the Spark ...”

Dramatic pause. No, that is on the card too.

Darren Quimbey:

“The TRIPLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE ... SEVENSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!”

♪ “Gasoline” by I Prevail ♪

One by one the monsters walk out from the back and they all look like they have been enjoying the last week or two after Acts of DEFIANCE! Mason Luck has on a brand new dark leather green suit and tie with sunglasses. Max Luck wears the same material in red. And behind them, their brother in law has on a dark orange suit and sunglasses and appears to be halfway through a bottle of champagne by himself.

DDK:

Lovely.

Lance:

Here come the winners. I hate to say it, but Morrow pulls it off again and Mark Luck is a true game changer!

DDK:

Indeed. He scored the win and won the tournament for the team and has already more than proven his worth!

Mark Luck makes it to the stage right behind Max and Mason who are all given microphones. Trutt looks terrified to be there but Mark picks up on this and pats him on the back.

Mark Luck:

Relax, Trutt, relax okay?! Big bros Mason and Max! Li'l seven-foot bro Mark! We're not here to fight anyone tonight!

He offers his half-drunk champagne bottle.

Mark Luck:

Want a sip? Take the edge off?

Chris Trutt:

Uh ... no thank you, sir. I'm working.

Mark Luck:

Me too.

Mark takes a drink.

Chris Trutt:

Like I said to Mister Morrow ... congratulations on winning the Ace of Tag Teams! Mason, Max after everything that you and Tom Morrow have ever achieved as a tag team, where would you guys say winning the Ace of Tag Teams ranks among all of your career accolades?

Max Luck:

Good question little man! Came prepared! I like that!

Mason Luck:

You know ... tag team wrestling is a funny thing. Some people look at tag team wrestling as a bad word. Some look at it as a way to bring together two singles stars and make them stronger before egos take over and they break up. Some tag teams even break up and get back together. But you know who never did that? You know what tag team made tag team wrestling not only a big thing, but lucrative? Who made tag team wrestling in DEFIANCE Wrestling main event?!

Max Luck:

Who's that, Mase?

Mason Luck:

US!

Max Luck:

Yeah! Look at the landscape of the teams that we came up with! Them Familia twats are doing their own thing. Elise Ares got all of PCP *canned* cause she couldn't stop chasing a prize she had no business holding! SNS?

Mason Luck:

PAT! YOU F[censored]G BUM!? NOW YOU KNOW IT FEELS TO BE FIRED!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

Sorry, Chris. My guys also had a few libations before the show tonight! They've been celebrating since winning the Ace of Tag Teams!

Chris Trutt:

That was a few weeks ago, right?

Mark Luck:

HEY!!! YOU CELEBRATE HOW YOU WANNA CELEBRATE!!! AND WE'LL CELEBRATE HOW WE WANNA CELEBRATE!!!

Mark has another drink.

Tom Morrow:

I'm not here to talk about the past! In fact I'm here to talk about the now ... and for the last while, the now of the tag team division has been two young, great athletes by the name of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett! The Rain City Ronin ...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Tom Morrow:

Yeah. Those guys. They just beat the Lads! They've beaten the Besties, the Hollywood Bruvs! One team, two teams, three teams! Line them up and RCR knock them down! They deserve to sit where they're at now!

Chris Trutt:

That brings me to my next question. You came out to show off the Ace of Tag Teams against RCR after they beat the Lads. Does that mean you plan to use that Ace sooner than later?

Tom Morrow:

It does! In fact I'd like to give them the chance to come out here! I promise that my boys are on their best behavior tonight. I'm not about to jeopardize the Ace of Tag Teams, but RCR, if you would come out here please! I'd like to talk to you both face to face!

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

The beat pounds like a gavel that knocks everyone back into reality.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

To little hesitation, the curtain ripples, and the Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE emerge into view. Championship belts at their sides, ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT appear dressed in their gear, generating an instant visual clash with the formally dressed Ace of Tag Team Winners.

Fearlessly staring down the towering members of the Luck clan, the Rain City Ronin advance on the interview stage.

Chris Trutt:

Anywhoosles... here are the champions themselves!

Unexpectedly, Daymon and Burnett stride right by the Triple Sevens like they aren't even there. Instead of direct confrontation, they walk to the end of the interview stage and raise the belt.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Pictures of the purest in conviction and intensity, the Rain City Ronin bask in the reaction. Then they spin and march off the stage. Leo approvingly high-fives Trutt along the way. Passing by the Sevens, Zack puts a thumb to the side of his nose and SNORTS a wad of effluvia onto Morrow's shoe.

From there, they head to the ring. This time, Quimbey doesn't need anyone to tell him to make the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, now coming to the ring... representing DOJO CASCADIA... they are the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE and the WINNERS of the MILO FLYNN CUP TWENTY-TWENTY-FIVE...

They ascend the steps and walk across the apron, where they turn and face the hard camera while unstrapping their championship belts.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the team of ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT...

The DEFIANCE tag champs pump their belts into the air.

Darren Quimbey:

THE RAAAAAIIIIIIINNNN CIIIIIIIIITYYYYYYYY RRRRROOOOOOONNNNNIIIIIIINNNNNN!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Daymon and Burnett step through the ropes and cross the ring, raising the belts for the other side of the arena.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

The music cuts. Zack and Leo fold up their belts and hand them over to the timekeeper. Then they restlessly pace the ring like caged lions.

Hungry, and ready to hunt...

Chris Trutt:

Umm... gentlemen, I believe if the champions are here to do anything face-to-face with anyone tonight, it's probably not to talk!

Growing impatient, Zack sits on the middle rope and raises the top over his shoulder while Leo beckons them to come

on in. Mason, Max and Mark are ready to throw down but Tom Morrow stands in between the three.

Tom Morrow:

Boys stand down! I told you! We aren't being paid to fight tonight! I told you tonight's about business!

Morrow addresses the Ronin.

Tom Morrow:

Boys ... I understand that at one point, you worked with Mason and Max back when we weren't seeing eye to eye! You helped them and Lonnie Luck put me through a table at 2024's DEFCON ... but those days are over! Mark Luck here ran Lonnie Luck out of DEFIANCE Wrestling! That little twerp lost his Favoured Saints title!

Mark Luck:

Yep! That was me!

Tom Morrow:

Yep, that was you, Mark! Go back to your bottle!

Mark sips.

Zack paces.

Leo cracks his neck.

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie isn't here no more! And the Triple 7s and I have patched up our relationship. Now ... we could use the Ace right now! Name a time and place that your title run will end but ... where's the fun in that?! I haven't forgotten about 2024's DEFCON and your part in it! I want you both to fear for your safety when you come to work. I want you both to squirm. I want you both to *suffer* before we use this contract and put you out of your misery! I want a match in two weeks! Call it a preview! One of my guys! I'm not gonna tell you which one but I'll make it sporting ...

Morrow looks back at the Ronin.

Tom Morrow:

Against one of you. You can keep it under wraps until then, too. I want you to know exactly what you're in for before we pull the trigger and take back those titles! What do you say boys?

Zack and Leo exchange glances. The former makes a face and shrugs. The latter also shrugs, but flashes a thumbs up back to the men on stage.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Chris Trutt:

Holy ravioli! Leo Burnett accepts the challenge!

Zack and Leo don't appear to be done and they wave their fingers like they want a fight now.

Tom Morrow:

Two weeks, boys! Someone else is gonna have to jump tonight if you want a fight, but it won't be us! We fight when we want. Max, Mason, Mark, let's go.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo Tom Morrow out of the building as he leaves with contract and briefcase of money in hands. Mason and Max both gesture towards the silent assassins of DEFIANCE with their hands around their waist saying they want the gold. Zack and Leo defiantly hold them up. Mark looks at them and takes one more, slow sinister sip from his champagne before he leaves and follows them.

DDK:

Tom Morrow with a unique proposal. It's only going to be a matter of time before Tom Morrow calls his shot. They have up to one year from winning the Ace of Tag Teams to do it, so time is on their side.

Lance:

Based on all this, that moment may come sooner than we think!

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE AMAZING AMARETTOS

DDK:

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen! An agreement is made, and representatives of these two teams will meet in singles action!

Lance:

And yet... the Rain City Ronin don't look all that eager to leave the ring.

DDK:

Well, there's no mistaking their intentions here tonight. Whereas Tom Morrow and the Triple Sevens came to crow over their Ace of Tag Teams victory, the reigning tag champions are here tonight looking for one thing, and one thing only: the next fight!

Lance:

Mason, Max, and Mark looked ready to throw down, but for the time being, Tom Morrow is keeping his hounds on a tight leash.

DDK:

Emphasis on "for the time being..."

KA-POOOMF!!

DDK:

Oh, what the hell now...?

As one set of identical twins leave, another set magically appear. Through twin plumes of purple smoke that suddenly appear out of thin air on the stage, CARLO and GOMEZ AMARETTO stride out and flourish their capes!

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!! AVANTI, SAINTE-LOUIEEE!!

Gomez Amaretto:

The ACADEMIC AMARETTOS are ready to bring you... the power of SCIENCE!

Their not so lovely assistant Suzie appears through the curtain, pushing out a large, caster-bound rectangular box with holes in the sides and a dividing line running down its center.

Carlo Amaretto:

Gomez?

Gomez Amaretto:

Carlo!

Carlo Amaretto:

Did you not get the memo from our esteemed patron and benefactor, Mr. Black?

Gomez Amaretto:

You mean Reverend Black?

Carlo Amaretto:

Whatever. The point is, we're not "the Academic Amarettos" anymore.

Gomez Amaretto:

We're NOT?!

Carlo Amaretto:

Thankfully, no.

Gomez Amaretto:

Then are we once more the AMAAAZING AMARETTOS?!

Carlo Amaretto:

Sadly, no.

Gomez Amaretto:

Then... what are we to call ourselves, dear brother?

Carlo Amaretto:

From now on, we are...

The Evil Abra grabs the shoulder of his graduation robe and tears it aside in a single swipe, revealing new attire in HEAVENLY WHITE.

Carlo Amaretto:

...the ANGELIC AMARETTOS!!

Carlo folds his hands in prayer and beams ear to ear. Along with the groaning crowd, Gomez looks dubiously upon his brother's new duds.

Gomez Amaretto:

So... still no more magic?

Carlo Amaretto:

Tragically, no... HOWEVER, dear brother, we have something almost just as good!

Gomez Amaretto:

And what's that?

Carlo procures an empty glass and a pitcher of water. When he pours the pitcher into the glass, it comes out as... WINE!

Carlo Amaretto:

MIIIRACLLLLLES!!

Gomez Amaretto:

MIRACLES?! Oh, FUCK YEAH, I'm DOWN WITH THAT!

Gomez rips off his purple "Honor Society" robe, revealing he's also wearing matching white attire underneath. He immediately begins pulling out loaves of bread and frozen fish from his sleeves and throwing them into the crowd.

Carlo Amaretto:

ANGEEELLLLLIIIIIIIC!!!

Gomez Amaretto:

ANGEEELLLLLII--

Punch.

DDK:

Oh BOY, here it goes!

Having finally run out of patience, the Rain City Ronin have quit the ring and stormed up the rampway with the sole intention of beating the holy hell out of the rechristened "miracle makers".

DDK:

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are absolutely LIGHTING up the Amazing Amarettos! I guess one way or another, they're going to get the fight they came looking for tonight!

Lance:

I think they're wanting more than just a scrap! They're leading the Amarettos down to the ring!

The fans are cheering wildly as the Ronin aggressively drive the Amaretto brothers down the rampway. Daymon tosses Gomez by the head, and he rolls down to the ringside floor. Burnett lifts Carlo into a bearhug, charges, and slams him against the apron.

Still up on the stage, Suzie blinks with indifference as she watches her bosses being savaged. With an apathetic puff off her menthol Pall Mall, she lethargically pushes the box down the ramp after them.

DDK:

Are they even scheduled to compete tonight?!

Lance:

I'm... not sure they care, Keebs! Official or not, they're making this match happen!

Burnett rolls the beaten and bumfuzzled Amaretto twins into the ring. Meanwhile, Daymon pulls a referee's shirt from the back of his tights and pulls it over the head of ring announcer Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

Looks like Darren Quimbey is pulling double duty tonight!

Lance:

That's... one way to get a ref.

Zack cajoles an extremely reluctant Quimbey up the steps and into the ring. He climbs onto the apron after him, and points down the timekeeper to cue the bell.

Looking confused, the timekeeper just does as he's told...

DING DING

Burnett grabs Carlo--or Gomez, maybe, it's hard to be sure--and straight hauls his screaming ass halfway across the ring with a t-bone suplex.

DDK:

BURNETT with the SUB-ZERO SUPLEX!

Leo pops to his feet and tags in Zack. Having only the most basic idea of what he's doing, Quimbey awkwardly claps his hands to acknowledge he saw the tag happen. Stepping into the ring, Daymon waits for Gomez--no, actually, we were right the first time, it's Carlo--to rise to his feat, and nearly decapitates him with a jumping roundhouse to the back of his head!

DDK:

DAYMON with the ZANSHU KICK!

Lance:

They are not playing around tonight!

Daymon tags back to Burnett and gets "Carmez" back to his feet. Meanwhile, Suzie has finally reached ringside with the box. Dutifully, she undoes the latches and pulls the "lid" aside, revealing a plush interior.

DDK:

Double Irish whip... Burnett lifts him UP--AND ZACK DAYMON BRINGS HIM DOWN with the SILENCER!

Carlo--screw it, it's Carlo--bumps wildly off the mat and rolls out under the ropes, falling perfectly into the open box brought to ringside by their not-so-lovely assistant. The lid promptly shuts on him, with his head, arms, and legs extended out through the openings.

Carlo Amaretto:

HOLY HOUDINI!!! Suzie, GET ME OUT OF THIS THING!

Back in the ring, the other Amaretto is only now regaining his bearings. Daymon promptly pushes him off the ropes to send him into motion. Just as before, Burnett catches him into a bearhug and lifts while Zack hits the ropes and brings him down with a jumping reverse STO.

DDK:

SILENCER ON GOMEZ AMARETTO!! Burnett drops down and hooks the leg...

...Burnett slowly glares up at Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Oh, right...

The ring announcer-turned-unlikely referee gingerly gets down on his knees and makes a ridiculously slow and uneven count.

DDK:

Geez...

One...

Two...

Three!

DING DING DING

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

Quimbey looks grateful to get out of the ring as fast as possible and return to his seat and microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match, by pinfall... ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT... the RAIN CITY RONIN!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Daymon and Burnett peel Gomez off the mat and launch him over the top rope.

Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

Below him, trapped in the box, his twin likewise screams in terror.

Carlo Amaretto:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

CRASH!!

The impact of Gomez hitting the box causes it to split right down the middle!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, THEY BROKE HIM IN HALF!

On one end, Carlo's legs kick wildly, while on the other, his hands and head wave around in a panic.

Lance:

I think this will go down as the greatest in-ring promo in DEFIANCE history, Keebs.

DDK:

Well, we can definitely say that the Rain City Ronin let their message be heard here tonight! A message that seems clearly directed at the Ace of Tag Team winners, the Lucky Sevens! Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett don't need to tell you what they're about! They just **SHOWED** us what they're about right here! And just why they're the ones holding the straps!

Gomez and Suzie haul off the two segmented sides of the box containing both halves of the whimpering Carlo and disappear up the rampway. In the ring, the champions stand tall as they face the crowd and raise their championships.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE

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WHEN PEP TALKS GO WRONG

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

One by one, the members of DEFIANCE's Friendtastic Four walk out from the stage. Janna Ray acting as the cheerleader this evening... "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, wearing a new yellow version of the "Shake Hands or Throw Hands" t-shirt! Accompanied by Janna Ray and the self-professed "BRAZEN Supersenior" in possession of the BRAZEN Star Cup, Butcher Victorious and Janna cross arms and shake hands with Dex!

DDK:

The Lads have had quite a go in the past few days! In just a little bit, we're gonna see Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious take on La Familia members DLJ and Brooklyn Rivera! Dex Joy himself, wants Mil Vueltas in that ring after their match at DEF Row went down!

Lance:

Busy nights! I understand Dex Joy wanted to address the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful about the latest goings-on. Some could argue these may be some of the darker days we've seen in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Dex Joy, Butcher and Janna hit the ring and slap hands on the way there! When they make it there, Dex is quick to ask for a microphone.

Dex Joy:

Pallies ... as much fun as I'd like to have right now ... Ya Biggest Boi needs to get something off the biggest chest right now! Paul in the production truck, cut the music eh?

Once it goes Dexy Baby looks out.

Dex Joy:

First off ... before we move on from Acts of DEFIANCE, congrats are in order to Rain City Ronin. I came *this close* to making history. I came *this close* to being DEFIANCE Wrestling's first Grand Slam champion – FIST, SOHER, Favored Saints, and Uni-Tags – but that was not to be. And that's not cause the Lads weren't great, but RCR was downright better that night. I couldn't make my dream happen and put a nice period on a great career that I've had ... but them Rain City Ronin boys shut up, they wrestled, and they won! Congrats, pallies. I mean that. And I hope you go on and slap the taste out of the mouths of the Triple 7s and Tom Morrow, too!

They get applause!

Dex Joy:

But I have to turn my attention to a lot of things that happened at Acts of DEFIANCE. Not just I, Butcher, and Janna, but everyone back there has heard the stories. You, the DEFIANCE Faithful, I *know* a lot of you didn't like how things went. Pat Cassidy got fired! Oscar Burns – like him or hate him, I hate him, personally - got injured. Elise Ares, The D, Klein ... all handed their pink slips. So ... yeah. Not to be crass, but things around your world-wide favorite promotion could be better right now? Is that fair to say?

Butcher and Janna both nod in agreement behind the Biggest Boy.

Janna Ray:

Yeah ... could be better.

Butch Vic:

BUTCH VIC SAYS IT SUCKED DI ...

Dex Joy:

WHOA WHOA WHOA!!! Butch Vic, censor your Stick for a moment! But for the record ... I agree. And honestly? I can't help but take some of the blame ...

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful whisper among themselves wondering what Dex means by this.

Dex Joy:

A little over a year ago, I lost the FIST to Malak Garland. I could have gone after it. I could have taken that title back, but I changed my focus to the tag team division in hopes that someone else was going to have a crack at the top to take the title ... and who did it end up being?

Joy has to bring himself to say it.

Dex Joy:

Vae Victis. Henry Keyes.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Butch Vic:

Also hard agree! I was there for two years!

Dex Joy:

I spent this past year with my friends having fun! I spent this past year fighting my own battles. I spent this past year chasing the last gold I need to complete my resume and whether I like it or not, other people profited off my selfishness when I focused solely on my own career instead of what I could keep doing to better this place But I'm here to tell you right now ... that's done now.

Dex Joy looks back to Janna and Butcher.

Dex Joy:

THAT ... STOPS ... NOW!!! Cause tonight ... these two behind me are gonna give DLJ and Brooklyn Rivera the whoopings that *their* fake parents never gave them! Then tonight, DEFIANCE's Biggest Boy is going to teach "DEFIANCE's Fakest Hero" Mil Vueltas that all the flips in the world aren't going to save his scrawny little ass! Because tonight, the Era of Everyone is back in full force!

Huge applause fills the arena!

Dex Joy:

THE LADS ARE FIGHTING BACK BECAUSE RIGHT NOW, THAT'S WHAT DEFIANCE NEEDS!!! NOW MORE THAN EVER!!! AND TONIGHT, I'M BRINGING BACK AN OLD CATCH PHRASE OF MINE! MIL V IS GETTING WRECKED! AND LEMME ASK YOU, PALLIES ... WHO WREX LIKE DEX?!

NOBODY!!!

After firing up the DEF ... no, the Wrecking Crew Dex gets ready to speak again ...

♪ ["The Entertainer" by turn of the century ragtime pianist Scott Joplin](#) ♪

The Faithful absolutely unfurl into a tidal wave of negativity as the tune strikes up! No pomp, no fireworks. Just him. The Wargod. The Starkiller. The Strongman. The Bombastic Bronson Box stomps out of the entrance tunnel with such intensity he nearly rips the entrance curtain off its rod. He's dressed down in all black. A turtleneck and slacks. His head is an absolute MESS of healing sounds and scars. Wearing his defeat to Dan Ryan, quite literally, on his face.

The brutal affair still fresh on everyone's minds.

He stops at the top of the ramp, microphone in hand.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As per usual he seems unphased and undeterred.

Bronson Box:

I'm so sorry to butt in like this, but sittin' back there listenin' to this drivel was just too much to stomach. Drivel from the mouth of a gaggle of bloody CARTOONS. Yippin' and chirpin' and dancin' little jigs and given' out bloody hugs to the kiddies. Yeees... I see you down there, Butcher... you [censored] fruitcake. You BUFFOON. Part of the inaugural class when BRAZEN opened. I remember the first day you showed up ALL those years ago at the WrestlePlex lookin' for trainin' REEKIN' of marajuana lookin' like some sort of hipster vagrant...

That comment garnering a little smile from Butcher Victorious and a decent sized pop from the Faithful. A sizable "BUTCH SMOKES WEED" chant breaks out here and there around the arena. Butcher pumps his fist along with the chant.

Bronson Box:

You told me then you wanted to be a superstar. To represent the brand with pride. All I see is a desperate prick who sold his self respect to that trollop Lindsay Troy and her hanger-ons for MONTHS before finally growin' a set large enough to weasel away. And to what? To be Dex Joy's... buddy? All smiles and sunshine and true brotherhood in Lad-land, eh chaps? After listenin' to Mr. Joy's sickeningly optimistic diatribe I'm honestly gettin' the urge to burn all you sorry, sweet sots to the fookin' GROUND.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Wargod continues through the noise.

Bronson Box:

This PPV. The one all you bloody white-hats feel was such a dour moment in DEFIANCE history. For me it simply proves the point I've been tryin' to make since I been back. Since Ed and I restarted the Diamonds. DEFIANCE is an engine of chaos. It runs on the bad intentions and cruel self serving acts of stomach churnin' violence perpetrated by its roster. It's the secret sauce that makes DEFIANCE special. Always has been. A stage for people who break taboo and step over lines, professionally. People like you, Dex? You're just chum in the water. You and your... Lads. Just a few cute t-shirts sold between reigns of terror by REAL champions. The years between eras of greatness here in DEFIANCE are filled with people like you and yours, Joy. Lists full of them. Smiling lambs all lined up, eager for the opportunity to step into the ring to get slaughtered by someone like me! To "make" your little career... only to find out, faced with a real challenge, you don't have the bloody STONES for it!

Boxer ROARS. His jaw clenched tight.

Every muscle in his body clearly tensed.

He barrels onward as the Lads down in the ring listen on with varying looks ranging from annoyed to downright pissed off.

Bronson Box:

A bloody TAG TEAM? [censored] hell, boy! YOU, DEX JOY! YOU should have been the one to kick the fookin' door open on the Favoured Saints little hidey hole and DEMANDED your title back! The second Garland stole the thing, you should have raised HELL... but no. What do you do, Dex Joy? Go create a plucky rag-tag group of C-list nobodies and make the folks out there bloody SMILE. Yer' SOFT. Yer' priorities are backwards. Like all the sort like you... soft underbelly. Not willin' to rock the boat. Not willin' to make the hard decisions. You think you're bein' this noble bloody hero, this selfless savior of "the boys" in the locker room... but yer' selfish. A smarmy, coat-tail ridin', part-timin' PRICK

like Henry Keyes is walkin' around with the FIST... another disloyal clod makin' a mockery of DEFIANCE and you just don't give a shite, do ya' boy'o? More concerned about these bloody fans feelings than the honor of the company that MADE you who you are!

Dex Joy looks up at Bronson Box.

DDK:

Wow ... I don't think I would have expected this.

Lance:

No not at all.

The words of the Wargod have hit a nerve among the trio in the ring but Dex looks right at the legend and Hall of Famer.

Dex Joy:

Box? Dex. Dex? Box. If you wanted to meet like this, you could just introduce yourself pally.

Bronson Box:

Boy are you daft? I said ...

Dex Joy:

SHUT YOUR ASS UP CAUSE BIG FOLKS IS SPEAKING NOW, BOX!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Box is ready to jump. Dex's focus does not leave that of the legend.

Dex Joy:

Let me say this, Bronson ... I'm downright *honored* that a Hall of Famer like you keeps tabs on little old me! To know about my failures! To know about my recent issues! To know about my recent regrets. And the only reason that I don't come up there right now and *wreck* your bald ass in this moment ... that I don't tackle you and send your miserly self right back through that curtain ... that I don't *finish* the job that Dan Ryan started on your circus strongman- talking ass ... is because ... you're right.

Janna and Butch look confused. Box does too.

Dex Joy:

Let me be clear, pally ... you're right about some things. I really *should* have marched on down to Favoured Saints HQ! I *should* have beat down their door! If I had known that Vae Victis was going to literally creep in the back door and take the top prize in the game away from a much more deserving Conor Fuse ... I would have been the first one there. That's *my mistake* and I have to own that. But you want to come out here, pull them tights down, whip it out and golden shower all over everyone's parade because Dan Ryan fileted you at Acts of DEFIANCE and talk about *me*, Box? ... that's *your* mistake.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Dex Joy:

Maybe you don't like me because you think I'm soft. I'm friendly. I'm *nice*. Maybe the reality is, your turtleneck's on too tight. Maybe your real parents, the ringmaster and the fire swallower or the trapeze artist or the bearded lady or whoever Mommy Box was didn't hug you tight enough, so you wanna come out here with your little Dr. House routine, spread misery and tell everyone with a smile on their face that everybody lies! I'm not a Doctor, but I got a Ph.D. in history! You talked about how Malak took the FIST from me. Right before Malak beat me, who did *he* beat? In their own signature WARCHAMBER match? Cause uh ... that was *you*.

OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Dex Joy:

And while you were prattlin' online with Vae Victis ... who was the one who actually did something about them? Who ran through all of them like green grass through a goose until I came out the other side with the FIST? That was *me*!

Smiling for the first time, Dex Joy then takes off his shirt with his wrestling gear underneath.

Dex Joy:

How are we gonna do this, Box? You just come out here to "Old Man Yells at Cloud" us to death or do you wanna rev up that *engine of chaos* against a big-ass white hat like big old me?!

Bronson Box stands there and he looks as ready to fight as Dex does!

DDK:

No way! Are we going to get Bronson Box vs. Dex Joy now!

Lance:

I think so!

Bronson Box storms down the ramp! Dex gets ready! Box is about ready to climb into the ring with Dex ready to go ...

... then Box stops and climbs down from the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Bronson stops and he just looks up to Dex while tapping his wrist to tell him they'll do things on his time.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Dex Joy goes through the trouble of holding open the ropes to have Box reconsider, but Box impolitely declines and trudges to the back!

DDK:

Bronson Box was the *last* person that I would expect come out to interrupt the Lads and Dex addressing the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! What do you make of this, Lance?

Lance:

I don't know other than I'd watch my back if I was Dex Joy.

Joy turns to Butcher and Janna and leaves them be in the ring for the match they have coming up!

BACKSTAGE BRAWL IN PROGRESS

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told there's some chaos erupting in one of the backstage locker areas... do we have a crew on scene yet?

We cut backstage where the handheld camera is huffing and puffing down the hallway to where two of DEFIANCE's most controversial managerial talents are nose to nose shouting at one another. Behind them, a locker room door... behind which we hear all manner of cursing, shouting, bodies hitting walls and furniture breaking. Dr. Sato, manager of the Atomic Punks, is leaning aggressively into DEF Hall of Famer Angus Skaaland's rat-like face.

We arrive, argument well under way.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

What is the **MEANING** of this?! You dare intrude upon my party prep, and for what?!

The Motormouth of Malcontent holds his palms, "woh woh now."

Angus Skaaland:

Listen, toots! Both our teams were **SCREWED** outta' that tournament, alright?!

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Perhaps... but we did get **FARTHER** than your men, did we not? So tell me once again just **WHO** has the bigger gripe here?!

Angus Skaaland:

I don't know, maybe the team that consists of two verifiable bad ass mother[censored] with a future and not two absolute cartoon characters managed by a *GORRAM LOON!*

It's at this precise moment one half of the Atomic Punks, the massive Gigaton, head is driven **THROUGH** the relatively thin locker room door. Thankfully he seems unphased... honestly, he even seems a little psyched about it?

Gigaton:

IS THAT. ALL. YOU GOT.

He frees his head and pushes back into the room. The camera crew pushes past Angus and Dr. Sato and enters what can only be described as an absolute warzone. Felton Bigsby, clearly the one who sent Gigaton's head through the door, is once again pounced upon by the larger of the two Punks. Across the room "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne is desperately trying to get the smaller of the two Punks, Fission, off his back and from around his neck.

Fission holds onto the sleeper hold with all the strength his body can muster as Payne swings him around the room like some sort of insane human rodeo. Dr. Sato and Angus emerge into the room behind the camera crew. Sato looking absolutely thrilled by the chaos, Angus annoyed because he just knows he'll be the one writing a check for all this shit.

Angus Skaaland:

WOULD YOU FOUR KNOCK IT OFF?! One little aside comment about the Ace of Tag Teams tourney and **BOOM**, goodbye furniture! Would you help me to deescalate this circus, please?!

He looks over at Sato. She turns back to him with a chuckle and a taunting smirk.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

No. I don't think I will.

Just maniacal laughter as the diminutive manager scales a nearby bench and starts cheering on her team at the top of her lungs.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

SHOW THEM YOUR POWER, MY ATOMIC PUNKS!!!

Skaaland sighs, closes his eyes and pinches his nose.

Felton and Gigaton roll past on the floor, each of their hands around the others throat. Adrian Payne stumbles by turning several shades of blue with Fission still firmly latched on around his neck. The small man BITING Payne's ear whilst he does so, Adrian shrieking out in pain.

The Managerial Menace looks up and observes the scene.

Then looks up at Dr. Sato. He narrows his eyes with sinister intent.

Angus Skaaland: [quietly to himself]

I think someone needs to be taken down a peg or two. You want evil... *I'll show you evil.*

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I **heard** that, Skaaland. You'll just have to come at us.

She sighs morosely and walks away.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: (off-screen)

Now I'll have to push back my beloved Halloween party to the next show... look what you've forced upon me!

We cut back to the commentation station with Darren Keelber and Lance Warner.

Lance:

Dr. Sato and The Punks might be opening a decidedly unwholesome bag of cats here, messing with Angus and Money Talks.

DDK:

Knowing Angus as well as I do, partner? You're right on the money, there. We'll have to see how things develop between these two jilted tag teams.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS & JANNA RAY vs. DAN LEO JAMES & BROOKLYNN RIVERA

DDK:

What a night we already saw from Titanes Familia earlier on in the show! Somehow, somehow, Uriel Cortez retained the Southern Heritage Championship against Punch Drunk Purcell

Lance:

Followed by Uriel Cortez and Titaness declaring themselves co-Southern Heritage Champions! We'll have to see if that's really going to fly around here, but things aren't over tonight between The Lads and Titanes Familia! Up next, we have Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray in action taking on the Familia team of Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera!

DDK:

And in our main event tonight, we have "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy taking on the self-proclaimed "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltas! But we've got mixed tag team action up next! Let's go to the ring for the next match... now!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey for the following match. After the massive first-time confrontation with Dex Joy and Bronson Box of all people and the backstage issue with The Atomic Punks, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray have remained in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 230 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... "THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNA RAY... **THE LADS!**

Butcher and Janna throw their hands up already in the ring as The Faithful cheer on the duo! Butcher Victorious hits his signature intro!

Butcher Victorious: *[with crowd chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

Janna Ray nods behind him.

Butcher Victorious: *[with crowd chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He glances at his tag team partner.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THIS IS JANNA RAY, THE HOUSE OF BRICKS!

Janna Ray flexes!

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT.... DAN LEO JAMES AND BROOKLYNN RIVERA, YOU'RE GETTING YOUR ASSES **KICKED!**

Butch Vic, The Stick and the House of Bricks get ready for the arrival of their Titanes Familia opponents...

♪ "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...

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...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...only to get THAT in return from the St. Louis Faithful! Right behind him, "La Angelita" Brooklyn Rivera is wearing white pants and a tank top with a black sleeveless jacket over. She looks annoyed to have to be teaming with Dan Leo James tonight, but she goes along with it!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... at a combined weight of 452 pounds... they are team of DAN LEO JAMES AND BROOKLYNN RIVERA... **THE GOLDEN CHILDREN!**

James waves his hands to get the crowd all "fired up" but all this gets him jeered on the return while Rivera silently cusses at him and yells at Danny to get to the ring! Finally making their way to the ring, DLJ climbs over the barricade with Rivera in tow.

DDK:

We saw what Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera helped Mil Vueltas get away with at Acts of DEFIANCE by assaulting OSCAR BURNS and putting him out of action! Rest assured, they've shown how dangerous they can be!

Brooklynn keeps Danny focused and once they reach the ring, The Lads and Titanes Familia get ready to renew a rivalry from earlier this year. Janna Ray and Brooklynn Rivera start for their teams!

DING DING

Janna Ray charges at the fellow powerhouse Brooklynn Rivera, but Rivera goes low and takes her down with a big single-leg takedown! Once she goes down, Rivera stands over here.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Familia runs this shit!

DLJ:

YEAH! FAMILIA RUNS THIS... that thing she said!

Brooklynn rolls her eyes and then goes after Janna Ray quickly by attacking the former rugby player with Kawada kicks to the head! After she gets rattled with a few, Rivera throws her into the ropes and takes the Ray of Sunshine down with a quick ipponzei over-the-shoulder takeover! The more inexperienced Ray goes down while Butcher looks concerned from his corner.

DDK:

Impressive work by Rivera here! That judo background of hers combined with that striking makes her such a deadly opponent to contend with!

Lance:

Janna Ray and Brooklynn Rivera are similar in stature, but two vastly different wrestling styles!

Ray gets picked up by Rivera and then tries to throw her into the ropes again, but The Ray of Sunshine hangs on! Rivera nails her with a big right elbow and then whips her into the ropes, only to get caught by surprise when Ray LAUNCHES herself off the ropes with a huge flying shoulder tackle to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

No! Janna Ray rights back! She's got Rivera! Tag to Butcher!

The St. Louis Faithful makes some NOISE for The Microphone Fiend and the current BRAZEN Star Cup champion!

They both whip Rivera into the ropes! When she comes back, Butcher doubles her over with a knee and drops Brooklynn Rivera with a scoop slam. He pulls her up to a seated position to allow Janna Ray a run off the ropes to hit a running seated crossbody! She rolls off the body and Butcher runs off the ropes to deliver a sharp running corkscrew elbow drop to the heart!

DDK:

Great teamwork on display from The Lad and The Lass of The Lads! They just shut down Brooklynn Rivera!

Lance:

But here comes Dan Leo James!

The 6'8" James climbs over the ropes and tries to take both Butcher and Janna over with double clotheslines, but they both duck at the same time as he keeps running. As he comes back, Janna Ray goes low with a dropkick to drop him to a knee, followed by Butcher running off the ropes to connect with a flying european uppercut! DLJ goes rocking backwards and Janna runs off the ropes to hit a big leaping back forearm! DLJ still hasn't gone down, so Butcher runs the ropes full speed and then hits a HUGE dropkick to take him through the ropes! The Golden Child of The Familia lands on the floor!

DDK:

Dan Leo James tries to get involved, but Butch Vic and Janna Ray take care of the big man!

With DLJ out of the ring for the moment, Butcher takes hold of Brooklynn Rivera and applies a headlock! La Angelita tries to free herself, but The Microphone Fiend gets walked over to the corner for Janna Ray to get the tag! Butcher takes Rivera to the ropes for a drop toe hold followed by a running senton across the back from Janna Ray! Rivera howls out in pain as Janna grabs Rivera for a camel clutch type hold and tells Butcher to get a running start! Butch Vic starts clapping and gets The Faithful going before he hits the ropes!

Lance:

Where's Butcher going?!

He runs the ropes... only to get DRAGGED out of the ring by the larger Dan Leo James! He gets bullied out of the ring and to the floor where Dan picks him up...

DDK:

OOOH, NO! BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX ON THE APRON BY DAN LEO JAMES! HE JUST TOOK BUTCHER OUT!

Butcher goes down in a heap outside with Dan Leo James standing over him! Janna Ray goes to check on her friend in the heat of the moment. But as she turns... she gets ROCKED by a roaring back elbow strike from Brooklynn Rivera! Ray collapses to a seated position and goes glassy-eyed before falling to the canvas!

DDK:

Goodnight Kiss from Brooklynn Rivera out of nowhere! The Brickhouse just went down like a sack of bricks!

Rivera climbs back into the ring and DLJ climbs onto the apron before making the tag!

DDK:

Dan Leo James gets tagged in for the first time! I have to believe he struck Punch Drunk Purcell earlier! He dressed up like a guard to attack Punch Drunk Purcell back at DEF Row! And no reason he wouldn't have done it again!

Janna Ray gets picked up by Dan Leo James and then whipped towards the corner before he runs and FLATTENS the Ray of Sunshine with a big corner splash! With once not being enough, Dan holds up another finger before he runs cross-corner and comes back with a big running corner splash a second time! He then picks up Janna Ray up and over the shoulders and parades around the ring with her before running...

DDK:

What a beautiful running powerslam!

...but instead of going for the cover, Brooklynn Rivera waves a hand in and wants the tag! Danny nods and then pulls Ray up to put her in the corner, then gives the tag to La Angelita who swoops right in and DRIVES a nasty running corner kick to the side of the head as Danny pulls away!

Lance:

Oooh! Brooklynn Rivera is fighting with some venom tonight!

Not happy with just one, she runs across the ring to taunt Butcher with a middle finger, then runs and slams into Janna Ray with a big corner step-up knee strike! Ray gets rocked before a pair of hands wrap around her waist and gets thrown with a huge release german suplex!

DDK:

What a series of moves from Brooklynn!

Brooklynn starts to go for the cover, but all eyes turn towards the stage...

Wearing a cut-off version of The Lads "SHAKE HANDS OR THROW HANDS" shirt and blue and yellow track pants...

Lance:

Wait... is that?! Is... that FLEX?!

Sure enough, Brooklynn and Dan Leo James look surprised!

DDK:

Remember... just after the GC Universe dissolved, it was Dan Leo James, Mil Vueltas and Brooklynn Rivera who injured FLEX! And... he's here cheering The Lads?!

Even Butcher looks shocked, but more so when Brooklynn ignores FLEX and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ray gets the shoulder up, but she's not done! Brooklynn gestures to Danny who gets the tag! Brooklynn runs off the ropes and scores with a big sliding single-leg dropkick to the chest just as Danny enters the ring and jumps up to deliver a big standing splash to Ray! The Ray of Sunshine is feeling anything but sunshine right now (unless you count sunshine on the pain scale) as she doubles over!

DDK:

What a big combo of moves from The Familia's Golden Children! The NYKO followed by the big splash from Danny! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BUTCHER WITH A RUNNING SENTON!

Lance:

I don't think I even caught Butcher entering the ring!

DDK:

It's been a very painful few minutes for Janna Ray! Can she get to Butcher Victorious?!

The Faithful start booing Dan Leo James, but the booing turns to cheers when FLEX starts slapping both hands on the ring apron.

FLEX:

LET'S GO, LADS! LET'S GO, LADS! WHIP THAT ASS! FLEX THOSE PECS!

Dan Leo James is feeling the effects of the running senton by Butcher and holds his back while pointing at the corner.

DLJ:

I'M GONNA BREAK YOU AND YOUR STICK!

He turns to FLEX.

DLJ:

And YOU... I don't even know why YOU'RE here, but I know I don't like you!

Dan Leo James then grabs onto Janna Ray by the neck and then sets her up for a suplex! He gets her up... but Janna twists around and scores with a stunner! Danny gets his jaw jacked once as Janna Ray tries to fight back to her feet. When DLJ tries to attack her again, she ducks and grabs an arm before rocking him in the jaw this time with an inverted stomp facebreaker that knocks him back into the ropes!

DDK:

Oh! Janna Ray puts her Best Foot Forward on Danny!

Danny stumbles backwards as an angry Rivera makes the tag! She goes to grab Janna Ray, but Ray surprises her with a headbutt to the face! Rivera gets rocked backwards as The Ray of Sunshine is ready...

TAG TO BUTCHER!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

In comes The Microphone Fiend! Listen to this St. Louis Faithful!

FLEX cheers on with The Faithful! Going after the legal competitor, he runs right into Brooklynn Rivera with a big running forearm smash! He gets the St. Louis Faithful all riled up when he bounces off the ropes and scores with a second running forearm that knocks Rivera flat on the canvas! Dan Leo James tries to stop her with a big boot, but Butcher ducks as James' leg gets caught on the top rope! Butcher turns around and CRACKS him with the Hard Out Headbutt on the chest, sending him through the ropes!

DDK:

Hard Out Headbutt! Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray are out here to avenge their buddy, Punch Drunk Purcell, tonight!

Lance:

And I'd like to think The Lads are doing a great job of it!

Rivera is back up and catches Butcher with a quick elbow of her own, but a whip gets reversed! Butcher then picks her up and then whips her into the corner where he scores with a big corner European uppercut! With once not being enough, Butcher whips her across the ring and then follows her in with a second running European uppercut. La Angelita gets stunned when Butcher applies a headlock and runs out of the corner to score with a HUGE running bulldog out of the corner!

Butcher Victorious:

LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FLEX gets into the match and pulls apart what's left of The Lads shirt that he has on!

Lance:

Butcher is ready to take this one home!

DDK:

I think he's ready to play the hits! Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

He waits on Rivera to try and stand before going after the 5'11" brawler, but Rivera slips away at the last moment and tries to get away! Butcher hits the ropes and Janna gets back in with the tag! They both go after Rivera and whip her to the ropes. They go for a double clothesline on La Angelita, but she ducks! When they both turn around, they both get WIPED OUT by Dan Leo James courtesy of a HUGE running crossbody!

DDK:

DLJ IS BACK! HE JUST TOOK OUT BOTH LADS WITH THE GOLD RUSH!

Lance:

And the Golden Children stand tall!

Dan Leo James gives the thumbs up for Brooklynn Rivera to be left alone with Janna Ray as James drags Butcher out to the floor. Rivera locks in the Kimura armbar on Janna in the ring as DLJ tries to ignore FLEX and goes for a chair at ringside! He pulls...

BUT THERE IS PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL IN THE CROWD!

AND THERE'S A MASSIVE RIGHT HAND TO THE FACE OF DLJ!

DDK:

NO! DAN LEO JAMES JUST GOT KO'ED BY PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!

Lance:

HE WASN'T ABOUT TO LET DLJ DO THIS A SECOND TIME!

Hector Navarro hasn't seen the punch, but Janna Ray uses a huge surge of power to push Rivera to the ropes to free herself from The Kimura attempt! Janna hits the opposite ropes and BLASTS Rivera with a huge pounce!

DDK:

Janna Ray with Dexy's Midnight Runner! Taught by Dex Joy himself!

After flattening Rivera, she hits the ropes as FLEX cheers her on outside and Punch stands over Dan Leo James! Janna Ray hits the top rope... and crashes down on Rivera with a massive diving splash!

DDK:

INTO THE LIGHT! THIS ONE MIGHT BE IT!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THE LADS!**

An angry Purcell stands over Dan Leo James and punches the air! Inside the ring, Butcher joins Janna Ray and the two get their arms raised by Hector Navarro! He gets pushed aside by FLEX, who then raises their hands!

Lance:

Punch Drunk Purcell gets a measure of revenge tonight against Dan Leo James by stopping him from cheating, allowing Butcher and Janna to score the win tonight! But... I'm confused by FLEX.

DDK:

He's FLEX. He's as confused as we are most of the time!

Butcher and Janna look at FLEX and pull their arms away from the former GC Universe member!

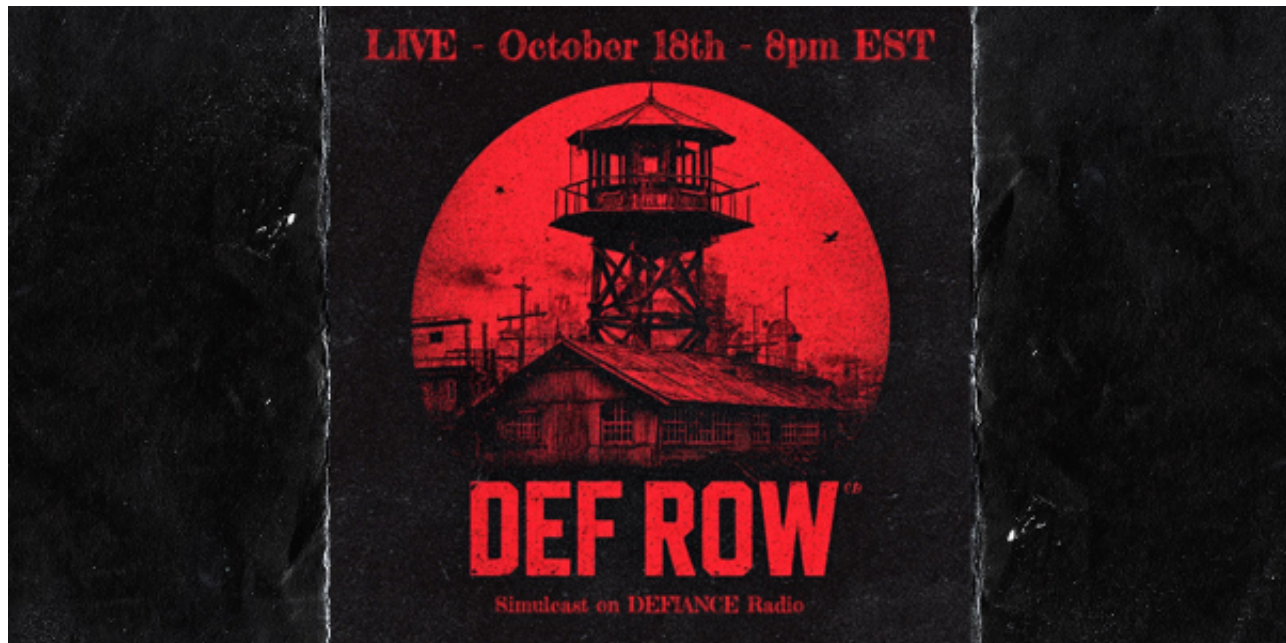
FLEX:

COME ON! I'M HERE TO SHAKE HANDS AND RAISE HANDS! WHO WANTS SOME OF THIS?!

Butcher and Janna reply by leaving the ring! FLEX offers a hand as well to Punch Drunk Purcell, but he shakes his head, then gives Dan Leo James the double bird before he walks out from ringside to go follow his friends out!

DDK:

Well... I'm still not clear what to make of FLEX coming out here to play cheerleader, but regardless of that, big win in tag team action for The Lads! Later tonight, we have one more match between the two factions when "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy goes one-on-one with "DEF's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltas!

COMMERCIAL: DEFRADIO - DEF ROW REPLAY

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THE BROCKSHANK REDEMPTION

DEFtv returns to the airwaves with a sweeping shot of the rowdy Faithful jam-packed inside the Enterprise Center. The camera stops and focuses on the upper deck of the arena, where a shirtless man wearing an eyepatch stands with a sign proudly hoisted high above his head. A sign that asks the simple but provocative question... “Can I Poop It Out?”.

Lance:

Oh, please...

The picture cuts to the announce team desk. DDK smiles at the camera while Lance shakes his head and frowns, apparently not approving of the man’s sign.

DDK:

With the release of the Born Over soundtrack and its catchy pop hit “Grenade Eater”, the question of what can safely pass through the human intestinal tract has been a popular one with The Faithful these last few days.

Lance:

Unfortunately, it has, partner. I myself have been asked that by multiple people since DEFROW went off the air last Saturday night. Much like whatever is festering in these people’s stomachs, I hope this trend passes quickly and without any obstructions.

DDK:

It’s certainly not a question I’m qualified to answer. But that wasn’t the biggest question coming out of DEFROW, Lance. That honor would go to the situation with the ACE of DEFIANCE after the big 20-man battle royale.

Lance:

A burning question, indeed. The match was set up so the last two men standing would face each other at DEFIANCE Rising to determine who the next ACE would be. But fate has a way of throwing a wrench into the best-laid plans.

DDK:

That it does. For those at home who didn’t get a chance to catch DEFRow, let’s roll the tape and see what transpired in the battle royale.

As The DEFtron fires up for the live audience, footage of the high-stakes match plays for those watching at home—a rapid-fire recap of the 20-man battle royale that took place at Bellehome Prison last Saturday night. The highlight reel quickly covers the first seventeen eliminations, with nearly half of them being done by Dex Joy, before reaching the final three competitors.

Chris Trutt:

And we’ve made it to the final three. Mil Vueltas, Dex Joy, and Brock Newbludd.

Lance Warner:

All three are incredible athletes, but only two of them will be able to earn the right to battle for the ACE of DEFIANCE! The question is, who will be the odd man out?

The replay continues, showing the final three going at each other with everything they have left after surviving the grueling match. Dex gets the slippery Vueltas trapped in a corner and begins to pound away on the luchadore. Suddenly, Newbludd appears and manages to dump both of his unsuspecting opponents over the top rope. He immediately climbs the turnbuckles and raises his fists to the cheering convicts.

Remembering the stipulation that there should be two winners, the dynamic duo of Trutt and Warner are confused and try to dissect what just happened. Ring announcer Darren Quimbey calls it like he sees it and enters the ring. He addresses the felonious Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest and the last man standing...Brock Newbludd!

The Faithful watching inside the Enterprise Center let out a cheer that syncs perfectly with the cheering convicts as Newbludd's music kicks in and he pumps a fist in celebration. One of the ringside referees, Benny Doyle, suddenly appears next to Newbludd and raises his hand!

Chris Trutt:

What just happened!? Mil Vueltras and Dex Joy both hit the floor, but one of them must've landed first, right!?

Lance Warner:

Referee, Benny Doyle, was standing right in front of Joy and Vueltras when they both flipped over the ropes. The thing is, he didn't raise either Mil's or Dex's hand. Instead, he slid in the ring and rose Newbludd's. ONLY Newbludd's!

Chris Trutt:

I'm being told that we have Joy and Vuelta's elimination on replay. Let's play it and see what exactly happened.

Footage of the dual elimination is shown. Multiple angles in slow motion are shown, each one showing the same thing. In a stroke of luck, or bad luck, somehow Dex Joy and Mil Vueltras's feet touched the floor at the EXACT same moment.

Lance Warner:

Unbelievable! What does this mean for the ACE of DEFIANCE match at DEFIANCE Rising!?

One last shot is shown of Brock celebrating in the ring before the image slowly fades out, returning us to the Enterprise Center.

Lance:

Despite the controversy, Brock's victory was about as good a bounce back as you could ask for after recently losing the SOHER to Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

One hundred percent, Lance. But, like we mentioned, the match's stipulation didn't go quite as planned, and now there's a question of who he'll face at DEFIANCE Rising. It wasn't something that the Favoured Saints were going to ignore for long, though.

Lance:

No, they weren't. In fact, they have decided on the matter, and right now our very own Christie Zane will be the one to announce what that decision is.

DDK:

I'm sure everyone is as eager as I am to hear what the verdict is. Take it away, Christie!

Things transition over to the interview stage, and the smiling Christie Zane. She turns slightly to address the crowd.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen! Joining me at this time for the official announcement by The Favoured Saints regarding the ACE of DEFIANCE match at DEFIANCE Rising is the winner of the DEFROW battle royale... "The Diehard DEFIANT"...Brock Newbludd!

♪ "Ballyhoo! (The Beast is Here) by Spread Eagle ♪

The crowd erupts as the former SOHER walks onto the stage and raises a fist to them. Clad in black jeans, snakeskin boots, and a white "Over The Top" tank top, Brock walks with confidence in his step to join Zane. His music fades from the arena's speakers, and Zane raises her mic up, but before she can speak, the grinning Newbludd turns to face

the crowd. He cups both hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAALLLLYYYY!!!

The good people of St. Louis respond.

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Laughing and clapping his hands in appreciation of the energetic crowd, Newbludd turns back to Zane with a grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Let me say something quick, Zane. First off, Cortez can keep that SOHER. He clearly needs the money more than me, with all those f*cked up kids of his. Best of luck to ya, asshole!

Newbludd gives a quick salute that ends with him flashing a middle finger to the camera. No doubt intended for Uriel and the rest of La Familia.

Brock Newbludd:

Because just like my movie career, my in ring career is still skyrocketing and the sky's the limit. I believe that with all my heart, Christie. I walked into that prison with nothing to lose and I walked out of it with a shot at the ACE of DEFIANCE in my backpocket! It was the goddamn Brockshank Redemption!

Newbludd spreads his arms and looks up to the sky, imitating the famous scene from The Shawshank Redemption where Andy Dufresne celebrates his freedom in the rain.

Christie Zane:

Yes, it was an impressive victory, Brock. Though, you left DEFROW without an opponent for DEFIANCE Rising, which was not how the match was intended to end.

Brock gives a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders.

Brock Newbludd:

Good thing I know how to improv when things go off script, eh?

Christie Zane:

I suppose so. But, there's one group of people who don't like things to go off script and that would be our employer, The Favoured Saints. They don't like loose ends and this morning they informed me of their decision on who your opponent will be at DEFIANCE Rising...

Zane produces a formal looking letter out of her backpocket and unfolds it. Newbludd leans in closer and the crowd quiets down as she begins to read.

Christie Zane: *[reading]*

Due to the controversial ending of the battle royale at DEFROW to determine the two competitors who would wrestle at DEFIANCE Rising for the ACE of DEFIANCE, we, The Favoured Saints have come to the following decision.

Dramatic pause by Zane causes Brock to run a nervous hand through his hair.

Christie Zane: *[reading]*

Considering that Brock Newbludd was the sole winner, we will allow him to select an opponent of his choice, pending our final approval. The opponent must be chosen and approved no later than DEFtv 228 on Wednesday, November 19th, 2025. Sincerely, The Favoured Saints.

Hand frozen on top of his head, Newbludd takes a second to digest what he just heard. An ear to ear grin slowly grows on his face.

DDK:

Wow! Brock gets pick of the litter for his opponent!? Talk about an advantage!

Lance:

Maybe, maybe not. First, the Favuored Saints have to approve his pick. Second, he'd still have to beat whoever he picks in the ring.

Hands on his hips and still grinning, Brock leans in as Zane raises the mic to him.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, I think I can work with that. Management's got themselves a deal. Shake on it?

Brock spits in his hand and extends it to Christie, who politely declines.

Christie Zane:

So, with less than a month left to decide, how will you go about picking your opponent? Or would you like to make that announcement now?

The Faithful begin to buzz but Brock shakes his head and raises a hand to calm them.

Brock Newbludd:

Nah, I ain't got nobody I can pick right off the top of my head, Zane. I'm not doing things that way. I'm thinking that since the Favoured Saints did me a solid, I'm gonna return the favor and find them an opponent that they'll have no problem approving of. The best candidate possible who not only checks all the boxes but is also a good culture fit, you know? Someone who can really embrace the job of getting his ass kicked by me for the entertainment of these fine people...

He puts a hand up to his chin and thinks hard for a moment before his eyes light up as an idea hits him.

Brock Newbludd:

I got it, Christie! Next week. Backstage. Brock Newbludd will be holding open interviews for anyone on the roster who wants to be my dance partner for the ACE—a job fair for anyone looking to do the job at DEFIANCE Rising.

Brock points at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't miss out on this golden opportunity! Apply for a future ass whoopin' today! Call Ballyhoo Brew for more details!

Lowering his finger, Brock turns to the crowd one last time as he music kicks in and raises a fist to them. He exits the interview stage while Zane faces the camera.

Christie Zane:

Well, there you have it! The uncertainty around the future of the ACE of DEFIANCE has been cleared up, and that future is in Brock Newbludd's hands. Back to you, guys!

INSTA-RATIO'ED

DDK:

That was quite a match that we just saw earlier between the Lads and ... hey!

It's barely a few words when three people walk past the curtains to the main stage.

Nathan Eye, Declan "DEC4L" Alexander and "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste! Nathan and Declan both look like they are dressed to take part in a street fight compared to their regular gear wearing matching M4NTRA t-shirts with one word "DEAD-ASS" on the front.

Lance:

It had to be deflating for M4NTRA to wrestle over two nights for the Ace of Tag Teams only to be robbed at the very last minute by Killjoy, Kilgore and Siofra!

DDK:

I don't even have them at all in our run down ... you know, that sheet that tells us what's going on through the show?

Lance:

I'm familiar! But what I'm not familiar with is why M4NTRA is out here!

There isn't any dancing or Good Vibes Only party tonight for the trio. They get into the ring.

Nathan Eye:

GUYS, GUYS, GUYS!!!

Nathan Eye already has a microphone.

Nathan Eye:

We're sorry to have to do this. When we come out, you, the M4NTRA Rays deserve a party! You deserve to have fun! Tonight though... tonight isn't about fun! Not in our regular way anyway.

DEC4L:

Pause chat. Deadass, we had the Triple 7s beat until that sus spooky bitch, Siofra, and the bigger spookier bitches, Kilgore and Killjoy finessed us out of the Ace of Tag Teams!

Makayla Namaste:

REAL!!!

Nathan Eye:

We went to the matchmakers backstage and we told them we wanted them in the ring! But management told us in return that after the grueling schedule we had at Acts of DEFIANCE, we'd have to take the night off! We were told to rest up!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DEC4L:

Fam, DEC4LLION, our dearest M4NTRA Rays... does that sound like something you want? A M4NTRA-less DEFtv?

NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! NO!!!

DEC4L:

CHAT HAS SPOKEN. M4NTRA doesn't take days off anymore unless it's a streamathon for a charitable organization. Fam, but tonight isn't a night of charity, what we wanna do is more exciting than that! This MUST CLIP material.

Nathan Eye holds open the familiar metal-plated cover of his original copy of *251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance* and

quickly looks through it before he slams it shut.

Nathan Eye:

I have studied my award-winning book, *251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance* and you know what's *not* in this book? Running from a fight! At least not anymore since we stopped working with Tom Morrow, cause we don't do that no more. So ... the three of us have decided that we aren't going anywhere until the previously mentioned "spooky bitches" get in this ring for a fight!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Nathan Eye:

And until we get what we want we aren't leaving this ring!

Makayla Namaste:

That's right M4NTRA Rays! This is the world's first-ever No Vibes Sit-in! We're sorry to do this to you all, but we do know you want this fight as bad as Natty Eyce and DEC4L do! Guys!

Natty Eyce, DEC4L and Makayla each take a turnbuckle and they sit on the top of the corner.

DDK:

A ... No Vibes sit-in huh?

Lance:

That's what I heard, too. I respect what these young men are trying to do, but they barely made it out alive against Kill or be Killed in the semifinals and were assaulted in retaliation.

DDK:

There's no way they can be 100% after two brutal back to back battles with Kill or be Killed and the Triple 7s! Management may have been wise to leave them off tonight's show.

They aren't leaving.

Nathan Eye:

Okay maybe we're gonna throw on some music instead. This is boring. Besides we can't deprive you M4NTRA Rays!

DEC4L:

Maybe some low-fi non-copywrited music? I have a guy for this, let me just facetime him real quick...

And the fans do get music...

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

DDK:

Uh-oh...

But not the kind they want. The St. Louis Faithful start BOOING. Not just in part to the arrival of the monsters that possibly ripped away the Ace of Tag Team finals away from them, but also for Siofra's major part in her brother's recent woes. Side by side, the face-painted Kilgore and the even larger masked monster, Killjoy, walk out from the back. Both men now wearing what appear to be gold spikes on new jackets. Siofra skips out in between the Titans, also wearing black tights and black vest with red facepaint matching Kilgore's.

Lance:

Ask and they shall receive.

The music dies. Siofra raises the microphone to her lips...

Siofra:

You guys... you didn't have to...

The booing gets louder, so The Fury of The Familia addresses them directly.

Siofra:

Be lucky there's still a Cassidy in this company.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Back to business. Siofra looks almost touched.

Siofra:

You guys... you guys, that's so amazing. You went to all this trouble for little old me? For my guys? That's so nice of you...

She gives a "tsk, tsk, tsk" shake of the head and then smiles sweetly.

Siofra:

If the three of you wanted to get obliterated, you didn't have to go through all this trouble! What happened at Acts of DEFIANCE wasn't personal. We both wanted to win the Ace of Tag Teams... you were the better men that night. There's no shame in admitting that...

The smile drops.

Siofra:

But my boys here? They don't believe just in the thought of "kill or be killed"... they believe it Eye for an Eye. You TAKE AWAY our chance at the Ace of Tag Teams... we take yours. So... are you going to leave this ring or are my Killers here gonna put you in the ground under that ring?

DEC4L:

Wow sis, I didn't expect you to come out here and get insta-ratio'd. The M4NTRA Rays have spoken and the verdict seems to be "Big Yikes."

Makayla giggles off mic but Natty is all business.

Nathaniel Eye:

You know I'm looking at my buddy DEC4L here and he doesn't appear to be killed. I don't appear to be killed. No one appears to be killed, so if your name has anything to do with anything it seems to me like we're not done yet. So why don't you drag your spooky asses to the ring and we can give you 251 reasons to stay out of our business.

The Faithful roar, but the sickening smile returns.

Siofra:

I was hoping we were gonna do this the hard way.

Siofra drops the microphone, then holds out a fist in dramatic fashion. She points a finger outward and the vests come off quickly as Kilgore and Killjoy head towards the ring!

DDK:

I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE A COLLISION HERE TONIGHT!

Lance:

Remember M4NTRA asked for this!

As Killjoy climbs the ropes and pulls himself up... DEC4L sprays him in the eyes with something! Killjoy starts howling and drops off the apron!

DEC4L:

Sheesh Makayla, you were right! They are just a couple of big ass Betas.

Lance:

WHAT DID M4NTRA DO?! WHAT WAS IN THAT?!

Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander and Makayla Namaste all book it from the ring and into the crowd to get away from the scene of the crime! Kilgore CHASES the trio, but stops when they're halfway up the aisle. Makayla holds up a vial.

Makayla Namaste:

BETA BLOCKER PLUS!

Killjoy SCREAMS like crazy as he flails around blindly, kicking over the nearby steel steps out of frustration in the process!

DDK:

They just set a trap for Kill or Be Killed and ran! They've used that Beta Blocker spray in the past on their enemies!

Lance:

We've said M4NTRA have changed since leaving Tom Morrow behind, but don't appear to have changed TOO MUCH!

M4NTRA get cheered by The Faithful and pose proudly with their new Beta Blocker spray! Meanwhile, trainers and DEFSec head down to ringside to check on Killjoy...he SHOVES one of the trainers on his ass!

He grabs another...

CHOKESLAM ON THE APRON!

DDK:

Killjoy can barely see! He's out of control!

Siofra and Kilgore do their best to try and lead what looks to be a blinded Killjoy away from the ring before anything else can happen! The Fury of the Familia looks full of just that as she looks out to where M4NTRA are waving at her from the crowd before heading off!

DDK:

Kill or Be Killed fell into M4NTRA's trap tonight... but I don't know how smart this was to do!

Lance:

M4NTRA might have just signed their own death warrants if they get a hold of them. That's for sure!

Kilgore and Siofra do their best to try and calm down The Good Son of the Familia as he continues to scream and hold the side of his face!

LI'L BRO

DDK:

I can't believe what M4NTRA just pulled off on Kill or Be Killed moments ago! That was wild! M4NTRA lured out those monsters to the ring and sprayed Killjoy in the eyes with that BETA Blocker!

Lance:

Killjoy refused medical help and he might be fined for laying his hands on one of our trainers, but we'll have to get back to that. Right now, we've got...

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

DDK:

Well, I WAS gonna say that we were going to hear from Les Enfants Terribles regarding their big victory at Acts of DEFIANCE and spoiling the pay-per-view debut of Heirs to The Throne in the process, but...

Lance:

They aren't waiting it seems!

The hard-rock opening heralds the arrival of the hungry young multi-generational talents. Stepping out on stage, both men basking in the jeering of the St. Louis Faithful, High Flyer walks out first and looks pretty content with himself. He turns his back to the Faithful and tosses his arms out to reveal the large LET themed towel. Archer Silver steps out from the curtains next and for once, Archer Silver isn't a walking ball of perpetual anger and instead, looks to have the biggest "I told you so" shit-eating grin. Both men have matching black and green track pants along with their signature LET 'I BOO YOU!' shirts with the finger pointing outwards.

DDK:

Christie Zane didn't even get a chance to introduce these two!

They walk towards the interview stage with Christie Zane having drawn the short straw for this interview. Their music fades out as Zane begins.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, they were victorious at Acts of DEFIANCE! Please welcome High Flyer and Archer Silver... Les Enfants Terribles!

Silver waves a hand across his neck and then heads right for the microphone.

Archer Silver:

No, Christie, that's not how we're gonna do this tonight. Tell them who we beat. Tell them who people predicted to win that match.

High Flyer:

Yeah! Who'd we beat?

Zane take a deep breath.

Christie Zane:

The Heirs to the Throne.

Archer Silver:

And who'd *I* pin, Christie?

She says nothing. Rather, she doesn't have a chance to say anything before Archer jumps down her throat.

Archer Silver:

Who was flapping their bitch-lips for weeks, telling people he was better than me? Who was the man that has his sister speak for him, fight his battles for him, and who got beat BECAUSE he brought his sister out to ringside?

Again, Christie doesn't get a chance to answer.

Archer Silver:

Say his name. Who was it, Christie? Who was the man I beat? WHAT'S HIS NAME?!

Christie Zane:

...Kaz Troy.

Right in Zane's ear, Archer cackles like a demon!

Archer Silver:

YEAH! HIM! FUCK THAT GUY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

High Flyer looks disgusted and tugs on what he's wearing.

High Flyer:

Don't make me tap the shirt!

The booing is louder!

High Flyer:

I SAID DON'T MAKE ME TAP THE SHIRT!

Predictably, it doesn't stop! Flyer charges to the edge of the interview stage. He points to his shirt as he shouts.

High Flyer:

!! BOO! YOU!

Archer Silver giggles. And it's unnerving.

Archer Silver:

Truthfully, we aren't here to do an interview. We just wanted it on the record to tell people who we're better than and who we beat before Flyer and I move on.

Flyer hops off the ropes and "dusts his hands" clean.

Archer Silver:

Kaz might have been a former BRAZEN Champion, but we proved there's a huge gap between their talent and OURS. They ROBBED us of the Ace of Tag Teams, and we got our pound of flesh in return, so we're outta here.

High Flyer:

Deuces.

They both get ready to leave...

Kaz Troy:

Not so fast, dickheads.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

All three Heirs to the Throne make their way over to the interview stage, mics in hand. Kaz leads the way, with Ami and Cecilia a half-step behind.

Kaz Troy:

You're not "moving on." Not yet. Not if we have anything to say about it.

Cecilia Ryan:

Unfortunately, you don't get to decide when this is over. This isn't over until we say it's over. You got the win, that's all good and well. Doesn't matter how you made it happen, but the truth is, we aren't done with you, not by a long shot.

Archer looks back at High Flyer and snorts. He waves for a microphone, but when he doesn't get one, he **SNATCHES** the one out of Christie Zane's hand. Realizing this isn't a good place to be any longer, Zane leaves the stage as the situation between multi-generational talents gets more tense by the second.

Archer Silver:

Just cause your daddy scares a lot of people on this roster, CeCe, doesn't mean that was genetically passed down. We aren't scared of you... we **BEAT** you. You both had your shot and you both blew it. Or did my knee to the back of your head do more damage than I thought, Kaz?

The Prince of Pricks turns to Kaz. Kaz gets in Silver's face, grinning.

Archer Silver:

I need to spell it out for you? Explain it in crayon? Cause I will if I have to... but you don't dictate **ANYTHING**. Now you and Temu Vae Victis can get the hell out of our way...

Silver then casts a glance towards Ami.

Archer Silver:

Unless big bro wants to get li'l bro'ed in front of li'l sis again.

Kaz lurches forward, but Cecilia puts a hand out and stops him.

Cecilia Ryan:

First of all, let's make one thing perfectly clear. I suggest you keep my father's name out of your mouth. He would rip your insides out through your throat and then feed them to you without even breaking a sweat, and you both goddamn well know it. This has nothing to do with him, luckily for you. This is about us, and once again, let **me** spell it out for **you**. This isn't over until we say it's over. Wherever you go, whatever you do, we'll be there. So it's up to you. Run your mouth if you want. But this is happening, one way or the other.

Silver taps Flyer on the shoulder.

Archer Silver:

Hear that, Flyer? They're gonna keep showing up for us to beat 'em both up in front of Ami again.

Flyer gets giddy.

High Flyer:

Yeah! And they're even gonna let us run our mouths again while we do it! Sick!

Ami Troy:

You can keep your dumbass sidekick mouth shut, Flyer, because the only person who's gonna get beat up is Archie. Next show. By me.

A surprised look flashes across Kaz's face as the St. Louis Faithful roar in approval! Ami steps forward and gets right into Archer's personal space.

Ami Troy:

You gonna keep talking that sweet shit, Archie, or are you actually gonna show up and fight. Hate to see you be a coward and duck me.

Even Archer looks surprised by the BRAZEN-ness (pun very much intended) of Ami! The Faithful are here for it and cheer her on!

Lance:

Is she serious?

DDK:

Sounds serious to me, partner!

Silver runs a hand over his goatee, then has a bemused expression before he offers a reply.

Archer Silver:

Little girl... if big bro says you can have this fight, then these feet have a E-for-everyone rating just for you!

Archer turns to face both Kaz and CeCe.

Archer Silver:

You two gonna be there to watch this, too? Please say yes. Cause maaaaaaaan, that would be the best!

Kaz Troy:

Don't worry, Archer, we'll be there. I wouldn't miss seeing you get humiliated for the world.

Annoyed by Kaz's confidence, The Prince of Pricks leaves him with one more word.

Archer Silver:

Ami, I'll see you DEFtv in two weeks. Hell...

He shoots one more look at Kaz.

Archer Silver:

Maybe Ami will put up a better fight than YOU did.

Silver drops the mic with St. Louis booing the cocky third-generation and fourth-generation LET members. Flyer gestures to the shirt one more time and mouths one more "I BOO YOU!" as they sidestep the Heirs members, not taking their eyes off one another in case LET try their usual brand of bullshittery.

Lance:

Did... I heard that, too, Darren? Archer Silver one-on-one with... AMI TROY?!

DDK:

Loud and clear. I don't know what The Heirs to the Throne are up to, but they aren't about to let LET get away with what they did at Acts of DEFIANCE!

DABNEY DOUBLEDAY & THE MASSIVE COWBOYS vs. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

As we return from the break the three man team of Lord Sewell, Oliver Monroe, Earl Roberts collectively known as the Gentlemen's Agreement are already in the ring. The much older veteran Sewell, his right hand Monroe and their adopted lackey Earl Lee all mean mug the Faithful as they mull around their corner waiting for their opponents.

DDK:

Some six man tag team action here for you, folks!

Lance:

This Wrestle House combo of the MASSIVE Cowboys and Dabney Doubleday might be relatively new, but with a HUGE win over Ed White and Money Talks at DEFcon, they still have a lot to crow about.

♪ "Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell ♪

Sparkling, falling pyrotechnics in gold and blue falls like rain across the stage. Through which bounds the three representatives of the freshly baked babyface faction, Wrestle House. "The Texas Stampede" Gordy Lovett and "The Texas Dragon" Jun Izuchi, the MASSIVE Cowboys, out first. Gordy in his usual cut off t-shirt and denim, Jun in his traditional blue trunks and cowboy hat. Rope with attached cowbell around his neck.

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the riiiiing... WRESTLE HOUSE!

Next out onto the stage is the blue chipper himself, "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday followed closely by his diminutive little brother and business manager, Douglas. The Doubleday Brothers join their compatriots in a little hyping of the crowd before heading down the ramp towards the ring. Gentleman's Agreement collectively glowers at the white-hat trio from across the ring.

Lance:

I heard Lord Sewell ranting backstage how he and his boys plan on taking FULL advantage of this rare appearance here on DEFtv.

DDK:

The three journeymen and BRAZEN mainstays definitely carry a pretty big chip on their shoulder for talent that, as they put it, "leapfrog in line."

DING DING

The match starts off with Gordy facing off against the wily veteran Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell. Or Lord Sewell if you're into the whole brevity thing. The Elder Technician showing how he garnered that nickname as he wrestles circles around the rookie Lovett. Quick tags between the three Gentlemen's Agreement members during the opening minutes of the match leave poor Gordy in a state. His right arm yanked, pulled, twisted and hyperextended thanks to the absolute assault from the Gentlemen and their collective technical prowess.

DDK:

Gordy Lovett getting worked over here by Gentlemen's Agreement!

Lance:

Sewell and his crew have years of cohesion as a tag unit... Gordy's also, well... I mean... not the brightest bulb.

Well, technical prowess and a fair amount of chicanery. The Gentlemen's Agreement are skilled in the art of hidden heel antics. Referee Carla Ferrari misses each and every eyepoke and cheap shot and low blow that have left the

Texas Stampede riding the struggle bus.

Finally, thankfully, Gordy manages a tag after a handful of minutes being zeroed in on by the self proclaimed "kings of UNCUT"..

DDK:

GORDY TAGS IN JUN IZUCHI!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Just listen to these fans, Keebs! They're digging them some Wrestle House!

Gordy's tag partner and original MASSIVE Cowboy himself, Jun Izuchi launches himself through the ropes like a battering ram. He greets his former Southern Bastards stablemate, Earl Lee Roberts, with a STIFF headbutt that sends Roberts sprawling. Discombobulated, Roberts still tries to beg off, "we was friends Jun, come on brother..." his pleas landing on deaf ears as Izuchi shows why he's one of DEFIANCE's best kept secrets.

Lance:

For those newer fans. Jun, Earl Lee and none other than the scarred-up whack job himself J.J. Dixon all three used to run together as the Southern Bastards before all going their separate ways.

Earl Lee gets precisely zero offence in on Jun as the huge Tokyo native smacks several layers of skin off Roberts' chest with a seemingly endless series of open palms shots.

DDK:

No mercy from Jun Izuchi to his former stablemate!

POP POP POP POP POP POP

It's only when Izuchi's attention is drawn by Lord Sewell on the apron with an attempted cheap shot does Earl Lee finally tag out to the Gentlemen's Gentleman, Oliver Tarquin Monroe. The right hand of Lord Sewell and the huge Texas Dragon go back and forth for a bit, Monroe showing himself far more capable of standing toe to toe with the big "Texan" than Earl Lee did.

Monroe and Sewell via a series of lightning quick tags wear Jun down to the point it seems like the trio could pick up a huge win here on DEFtv and curtail Wrestle House's momentum. Seems like. The keen eyed veteran, Izuchi skins the cat and drops out of an attempted double team maneuver from the two main unit Gentlemen and makes the desperation hot tag to *Mrs. Doubleday's* Perfect Gentleman, Dabney Doubleday!

DDK:

HERE COMES DABNEY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The legal man Doubleday focuses on is the leader of the Gentlemen, Lord Sewell. What follows is a beautiful series of exchanges and reversals that illustrate perfectly just what a diamond in the rough Dabney Doubleday truly is. Not a hard nosed and emotionless technical machine, no far from it, Dabney Doubleday represents the JOY of professional wrestling. Juking and jiving as he delivers his trademark "ol' Ham n' Eggs", landing a series of quick short jabs underneath the chin of the leader of Gentleman's Agreement.

Lance:

He's shakin' and bakin', Keebs!

Lord Sewell at one point tries to involve a pair of brass knuckles, handed to him by Earl Lee out on the apron. Lil'

Dougie clocks it immediately, hopping up on the apron and *YOINK*ing the weapon right out of Sewell's hands. Utilizing his diminutive size Douglas is able to procure the brass knucks before any of the Gentlemen can lay a hand on him. As Earl Lee and Oliver hop off the apron to approach Douglas, Dougie slips the knucks on his hand and gives a rather convincing "BRING IT, YA' JERKS."

Lance:

I swear. If Douglas Doubleday was the size of, say, a Uriel Cortez or one of the Luck brothers he'd probably already be FIST. This kid has moxie to spare!

Monroe and Roberts *ACTUALLY* start backing off, Douglas looking rather proud of himself. Unbeknownst to him, Gordy and Jun were standing behind him with steel chairs in hand.

DDK:

Well... he did have a little help, but I wholeheartedly agree. Not many in this company has quite as much heart as Dougie.

Back up in the ring. Dabney is on a roll, Lord Sewell just looking *lost* out there against the red hot Doubleday. As Dabney rattles off several trademark maneuvers. He effortlessly involves the crowd, makes them laugh and cheer and most importantly, ROOT for him. The likable young man's magnetic personality *shines* when he's in the ring doing his thing.

DDK:

Dabney can hold his own against on the mat, he was trained by Lindsay Troy after all. His charisma, his ring generalmanship, his focus, all beyond his years.

Dabney finally hits his "Florida Sunrise" set-up maneuver, a delayed hangman's neckbreaker that sends Sewell sprawling. Before the wily veteran can get any sort of bearings, Doubleday drops down and deftly locks on the his "Spider-walk" Cattle Mutilation. As Dabs starts his "walk" around his struggling opponent screaming out in pain the Faithful respond with full throated support for the, admittedly, sort of weird submission hold.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

LAZY SUSAN! LAZY SUSAN LOCKED ON LORD SEWELL!

Carla Ferrari slides in and checks on Lord Sewell and Darby finally pauses the rotations and focuses in on pulling the hold tighter.

DDK:

Lord Sewell is a *TOUGH* old fella, I'll give him that!

To the old journeyman's credit, he holds on far longer than most would with their arms pinned back like that. But eventually, as Dabney visibly pulls the hold tighter and Sewell's shoulderblades are nearly *touching* the veteran, through gritted teeth, verbally submits.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

YOUR WINNERS... DABNEY DOUBLEDAY, GORDY LOVETT, JUN IZUCHI... WRESTLE HOUSE!

Lance:

Another W for Dabney and the boys in trios competition!

GETTIN' SERIOUS

We're in the VVIP Room. AKA, Vaenctum Victorum. AKA, the Place You Can't Sit.

To wit, Jamie Sawyers is standing by.

Jamie Sawyers:

Good evening, Faithful DEFIANTS! Jamie Sawyers here in the V-V-I-P room with none other than "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama!

Kuroyama is standing beside him with arms folded over his freshly pressed "DOJO CASCADIA" t-shirt, intense as ever, even while idle. He acknowledges the seasoned backstage interviewer with a nod of respect.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, as we know, at Acts of DEFIANCE, you met your former tag partner Scott Douglas in the ring. Not only did you emerge triumphant, but you also successfully seemed to break the spell Victor Vacio had over him. How are you feeling now, in the wake of that victory?

Kerry Kuroyama:

More than anything, I'm glad to have my friend back, Jamie. And hopefully, that will be the last I have to hear from Victor Vacio for a while.

In the background, Ami Troy stomps by, clenching her fists and muttering angrily under her breath. Jamie notices, then looks to Kerry for some sort of explanation.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Just forget you ever saw it. It's better that way.

That cut is so deep, it breaks my achey-breaky heart that none of you will get it.

Jamie Sawyers:

Anyway, if we're to assume you're moving on from your beef with Vacio and Los Caídos, what's next for the Emerald Apex?

Kerry pinches his chin and takes a beat to think it over. As he does, Ami passes by in the background again, psyching herself up while grumbling about an "Archer" something or other.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm an ambitious man, Lance. I work hard, and dedicate my career to setting a standard. But lately, I feel it's time to make a more decisive step forward. I'm tired of waiting for Favoured Saints to recognize my potential. So, I'm taking matters into my own hands. I'm gettin' serious.

Jamie Sawyers:

How do you intend to do that?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Easy, Jamie... by taking the Favoured Saints Championship. Four wins with that title earns the holder a shot at the SOHER Championship. I did it once myself, some years ago... so there's no reason why anyone should think I can't do it again.

Jamie Sawyers:

I see. Of course, you understand that would put you at odds with the current Favoured Saints Champion... Jack Harmen!

Kuroyama nods, and looks directly into the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jack... consider this my formal challenge to you. For your sake, I hope you haven't grown too comfortable with your new championship.

Kerry wanders out of the shot, leaving Jamie to sign off for the crowd back home.

Jamie Sawyers:

We just heard it straight from the man himself! Kerry Kuroyama is challenging Jack Harman for the Favoured Saints Title! How will the champion respond? Until we know, let's head back to the arena for more of DEFtv!

Fade out.

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VIA SATELLITE

As the Doubleday brothers, Gordy and Jun are all about to make their exit from the ring the big screen blinks from Dabs' entrance video to what looks to be a live feed from... *a private jet?* From behind the camera a familiar figure in a **white suit** saunters forward in the cabin and gingerly plonks down in one of the big swivel chairs in the center of the airplane.

Lance:

It's Edward White!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite has returned... *yet again*.

Dabney and company share worried looks as the giant perfectly quaffed bearded face of Edward White looks down on them with that huge, fake-ass smile. Like some sort of twisted Wizard of Oz.

Edward White:

Gentlemen! How wonderful, a familiar set of faces to greet little ol' me as I make my triumphant return from my mind clearin' self-exile! By God, Doubleday, you and your two big ol' boys there and your shitty little brother, those three other nincompoops you run with ... you all put me through the wringer leadin' up to DEFcon, son. Lemme tell you what. You came barrelin' outta' nowhere one day and start fiddlin' with me and mine. You got me tilted son, I'll admit to that. And good on you! Fine gumption from a *sincere* young man such as yourself. But honestly, how could I not underestimate you and your gaggle of losers, tell me that? Just look at ya'... buncha' *GOTdamn WEIRDOS*.

He chuckles to himself as Dabney shakes his head in disgust. Douglas clearly shares his big brother's sentiments. The littlest Doubleday shooting death daggers up at the big screen.

Edward White:

Somehow, Dabney, you're the weirdest of them all! You get a big ol' break workin' for PRIME! An signed sealed invite to be a part of their pretty, polished pro wrestling *machine*. On the surface everything you and your *awful* little brother there ever wanted. Make a big ol' *overpaid* name for yourself and continue to sit under the leanin' tree of that there trainer of yours, the ever polarizin' Lindsay Troy. But here you are... you tossed all that out the window for what? *A GIANT cut in pay?* A stint on DEFIANCE's *developmental shows*? You, Dabney Doubleday, Mr. Fair Play... you make no *GOTdamn* sense to me! Not one *LICK*!

Lil' Dougie has a microphone now.

Douglas Doubleday:

Ok, alright, alright, blah blah blah! We get it, you love to hear yourself talk. Get to the point, dad bod. For Wrestle House? You and your minions are old news. We beat your tuchus' fair and square on the biggest stage of them all! DEFcon! What the heck else, exactly, do my brother and my brothers from several different mothers here have to prove to a washed up old has been like *YOU*... fill me in, money bags? I'm curious.

The Sophisticate sniffs derisively. Clearly bristling most noticeably at that *"dad bod"* crack. We can see a hint of anger rising in what little of his cheeks we can see beyond his thick manicured beard.

Edward White:

I have all the answers you seek, *BOY*. And I mean that, you arrogant *GOTdamn* child sized value meal, sawed-off lookin', mushroom headed, midget of a son of a bitch!

Lance:

Don't think you're supposed to use that word anymore.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The faithful let Edward know how they feel about that uncouth shot.

Even though his brother, skin like steel, lets the slur roll off his back. Dabs scales the nearest available turnbuckle and leans out in the direction of the screen. Mrs. Doubleday's Perfect Gentleman seems a teetad put off by the low hanging fruit-ass insult lobbed at his keen eyed little brother and manager.

We notice The MASSIVE Cowboys, Izuchi and Lovett, have kept their heads on a collective swivel, eyes scanning the crowd for any potential sneak attacks.

DDK:

Wrestle House not leaving themselves open to anything here, they've tangled enough with the Blood Diamonds to expect absolutely *anything*.

Edward White:

Calm down there, Dabney my lad... *this?* This is far too impersonal for what I've got to say to you, son. Aint nobody about to leap out and get y'all. I'm not operating out of ol' Bronson's playbook. No sir. I want to look you in the eyes so badly I'm actually going to do the unthinkable and willfully set loafer to tarmac in some awful flyover state like Missouri, for Gods sake. So live on DEFTv 227 I'm inviting you down to that very ring your standin' in right now for a little chin wag, you feel me, son?

He pulls a cigar from the breast pocket, smells it and goes about cutting the giant stogie as he talks.

Edward White:

Ol' Edward White has officially cleared his head, Mr. Doubleday! I plan on hittin' the ground runnin' and gettin' myself back on a FIST oriented trajectory! Bring back a level of class and sophistication this *GOTdamn* place is severely lacking, by God!

He pops the cigar in his mouth, a pair of hands leans into the frame with a beautiful gold lighter and helps The Socialite light his cigar.

Edward White:

By any funds necessary. I'll be seein' y'all real soon.

He laughs to himself as the feed abruptly cuts. Leaving Dabney, Douglas and the Cowboys to discuss what just happened as they head to the side of the ramp and disappear backstage.

NEVER MEET YOUR HEROES

Cut to the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers stands ready with a microphone in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time ... "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The Faithful erupt. It's the first time in seven long months they've heard that familiar grunge riff blaring over the sound system.

Lance:

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son has returned!

The reaction grows even louder the moment Scott Douglas steps through the curtain at the rear of the interview stage. His clothing and appearance, fully reverted to what The Faithful all know and remember, feels like a warm, welcome return to form. No Vacio, no Los Caídos, no mask... no chains.

Lance:

Funny how something as simple as a t-shirt and a pair of cut-off jorts can bring a smile to so many faces.

DDK:

And this time he's calling his own shots. Scott Douglas is back.

He joins Jamie at center stage as the crowd chants...

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

The Faithful's chants, cheers, and adulation simmer down, and Jamie Sawyers begins the interview.

Jamie Sawyers:

Scott, at Acts of DEFIANCE, you turned your back on Victor Vacio and Los Caídos to stand on your own terms. Can we assume you've cut all ties with Los Caídos, and what's next for Scott Douglas?

Douglas takes a deep breath before responding. It's clear he doesn't really want to give Vacio or his dogs any more time than they've already taken, but ... he also knows the Faithful deserve an answer.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah, I had.

He pauses, eyes drifting for a moment before finding the camera again.

Scott Douglas:

For months, I was bound by my word... not pride or ego.

Douglas takes a beat, looking out into The Faithful.

Scott Douglas:

Obligation.

He lets the word hang there for a moment.

Scott Douglas:

When I lost to Victor Vacio back at DEFCON, I gave my word. I said I'd fall in line... and I did. For months, I wore that mask. I followed orders to the best of my ability. I did things I told myself were for survival... but the truth is, I was just hiding behind a promise I didn't know how to break.

Douglas glances down for a moment.

Scott Douglas:

I gave my word, and I meant it. But when that word starts to serve the wrong people, you either break it... or break yourself.

He takes another beat.

Scott Douglas:

I thought keeping my word was the same as keeping my honor. But when the people you gave it to start crossing every line, your honor's not in keeping it... it's in knowing when to walk away. It's ...

Drum roll.

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Scott looks completely nonplussed as a white spotlight shines up in the arena. Standing in said white spotlight, being taken to task by the St. Louis Faithful is none other than the man who took OSCAR BURNS out of action at Acts of DEFIANCE...

Mil Vueltas.

DDK:

Really? Now?

Lance:

Well, he IS wrestling "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in just a little bit... but I don't know why he's here NOW during Scott Douglas' interview time!

Yelling to The Faithful like they were cheering him on (hint: They aren't. At all.), the GLOAT walks down the steps heading down towards the ring, dressed in all-white mask, baggy pants-length tights and boots all decorated with gold and silver rhinestones, along with a fur coat! As he steps over the ropes, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero waves and blows kisses to The Faithful. He then heads up past the ring and grabs a microphone on his way up the ramp.

DDK:

What is this?

Once he heads up the ramp, Mil Vueltas nods to Jamie Sawyers and holds out a hand, which Jamie shakes albeit hesitantly. The GLOAT turns to Scott Douglas and offers him the same handshake, but Douglas remains incredibly skeptical of the luchador's motives.

Lance:

Scott Douglas spent months under the thumb of a deranged luchador... And he's greeted by a very different, but still deranged luchador.

DDK:

That's certainly the best way of putting it. We can't really blame Douglas for being hesitant here.

Mil motions for his music to cut and after it does, he turns to Douglas.

Mil Vueltas:

Scotty, Scotty, Scotty... amigo, take it easy okay? You know Código del vestuario, yeah? The code of locker room. You shake hands with experienced vets like me?

The GLOAT puts out his hand again, but he still gets an icy reception. Mil drops his free hand.

Mil Vueltas:

Okay, okay, okay... I get it. After your last six months, I get it, amigo. You trust nobody. But let me tell you, okay? Victor Vacio don't speak for all us luchadors. He's eh... asshole.

The Faithful agree.

Mil Vueltas:

Me? Trusted hero! And I'm not out here to interrupt your time. I'm not dumb cabron. In fact... Scott. I don't think there is ANYONE on this roster that can sympathize with what you went through like me!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son still remains incredibly confused, but... he bites.

Scott Douglas:

That so?

Mil Vueltas:

Tu historia también es mi historia! Your story... also my story! You had to work for Victor Vacio. I had to work for OSCAR BURNS. I thought I did a good thing joining that mentiroso de mierda... lying piece of shit. Kids, don't repeat after me, okay? Cussing BAD for you! Don't do this at home!

Scott rolls his eyes so hard, Jamie Sawyers can hear it without looking.

Mil Vueltas:

Victor Vacio kept you underneath him because he was scared of you. OSCAR BURNS kept me under thumb because he was scared of ME! And now... we're both free! Now, we have the rest of our careers ahead of us... Well, I mean almost! I BEAT OSCAR BURNS and crippled him! You needed Kerry Kuroyama to fight your battles!

Sub Pop's look is now no longer one of disinterest, but one of not liking what he heard. He inches towards Mil, but Mil puts up his hand defensively!

Mil Vueltas:

HEY, HEY, HEY! MANTENTE ATRÁS! JUST KIDDING!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son stops short of wrapping his hands around his throat, but Mil continues speaking.

Mil Vueltas:

Look, look, look! I mean no disrespect! I get it! You're lost! I don't say what I say to offend you, I say what I say... because I had to find my own way out of OSCAR's stupid GC Universe! You're still finding your way after getting out of Los Caidos! You wanna be a hero! You wanna do good! I do, too! We have many things in common! Long-time members of roster! Two of the most respected modelos a seguir... Role models!

Scott Douglas:

You and I are NOTHING alike, Mil.

Mil Vueltas:

That's not true! We're both listed as tecnicos... GOOD GUYS on DEFIANCE website! I INJURED OSCAR BURNS after he spent FOUR YEARS treating DEFIANCE like his plaything! Now, he's gone! Acts of DEFIANCE went so bad

for a LOT of tecnicos, but not for me! Not for you! So... I know you and Uriel have had very big issues in the past... but we're willing to let that slide! I take you under my wing... I show you how to be a REAL hero! You want Victor Vacio and Los Caidos gone so they don't hurt anybody else? Boom! Familia breaks down their door and they're gone!

Once more, Mil puts a hand out.

Mil Vueltas:

You watch me take care of that lazy Dex Joy here in a moment! I show Biggest Boy he's no match for DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero, then I help you help me! What do you say?

Scott stares at Mil for a long second. The crowd simmers, waiting to see which way this goes.

Scott Douglas:

You done? ...

Scott takes a quick beat as if he isn't speaking rhetorically.

Scott Douglas:

You come out here braggin about inuring man ... and talking about locker room codes and role models, and somehow think we're the same?

He shakes his head.

Scott Douglas:

You take your little digs and bring up Kerry ... well, *cabron* ... you aren't HALF the man that Kerry Kuroyama is!

Mil's grin falters for the first time, a flash of irritation breaking through his usual cartoon confidence. He paces in a small circle, wagging a finger toward Douglas.

Mil Vueltas:

Okay, okay, okay... relax, Scotty. You take things too serious, amigo. I'm just trying to help! You and me ... We are heroes! We both want to inspire the niños, sí?

Scott Douglas:

You inspire parents to cover their kids' eyes...

The Faithful pop.

Mil Vueltas:

Ay, you got jokes! But, eh... we'll see who's laughing after I beat Dex Joy tonight, huh? Maybe then you'll see the light, hermano!

Scott just smirks, stepping closer, his voice low but cutting.

Scott Douglas:

Maybe I will ...

Scott's had enough and backs up, keeping his eyes on Mil, until he gets a safe distance between himself and his would be "mentor."

Jamie Sawyers is at a loss but tries to wrap the segment up as Scott disappears back behind the curtain.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well ... I suppose that is that... let's go back to Darren and Lance at the desk.

DDK:

Scott Douglas isn't here for the games, that's for sure.

Lance:

No kidding. Mil tried the ol' charm routine, but Scott wasn't buying a word of it. I think he's heard enough speeches about loyalty and redemption to last a lifetime.

DDK:

Exactly. Douglas is a man rebuilding himself brick by brick, and it doesn't look like he's looking for anyone else to hold the hammer.

Lance:

And speaking of hammers ... Mil Vuelas better have his ready, because up next, he's got a showdown with "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Cut to the match graphic on screen as the Faithful buzz with anticipation.

DEX JOY vs. MIL VUELTAS

The camera cuts to the ring where just after Mil's confrontation with "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, The GLOAT is alone in the ring ready for action!

Lance:

Can you believe what we just heard moments ago? Mil Vueltras trying to propose that a DEFIANCE legend like Scott Douglas work for HIM?!

DDK:

His ego is out of control... but right now, he has to focus on the in-ring action! Throughout tonight, we've see the Lads and Titanes Familia going at it! Uriel Cortez defeated Punch Drunk Purcell to retain the Southern Heritage championship. Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious would defeat DLJ and Brooklyn Rivera in return! Right now it's the tie breaker between "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltras!

Lance:

We saw a *surprise* confrontation we thought we'd never see earlier when Hall of Famer Bronson Box got in the face of Dex Joy earlier! Dex would stand his ground and Bronson would ultimately take a hike and as far as we heard, he left the building in a huff!

DDK:

Dex Joy has to focus on Mil! These two men eliminated each other from the ACE Battle Royal at DEF Row and tonight, they look to settle the score! Lads vs. Titanes Familia part three starts now!

Mil watches in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contents is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia! From el Paso, Texas... weighing in at 180 pounds! He is The Greatest Luchador of All Time! He is the self-proclaimed DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero! He is The Man of A Thousand Flips! He is the OSCAR BURNS-Wrecking Machine...

Mil looks smug under his mask.

Darren Quimbey:

MIL VUELTAS!

The GLOAT jumps onto the middle rope, then hits a backflip to land on his feet just to show off. The Faithful boo him in return HEAVILY!

Mil Vueltras:

LOVE ME! CHEER ME! I DO FLIPS FOR *YOU*!

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

ENERGY

Another lightning bolt!

BIG

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

DEX

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of The Lou ...

**BIG
DEX
ENERGY**

♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... he is THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Standing on the stage, Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed arena!!!! His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise! Once he reaches the ring, Dex Joy is ready for singles action!

DDK:

This is actually Dex Joy's first singles match in almost a year! He's been regularly teaming as a part of the Lads, but tonight, he goes it alone against the Familia's highly troublesome and deluded luchador!

Dex stands up against the middle rope with both hands in the air! He power-walks to the other corner and does the same for other members of the arena! He makes the rounds and he is ready for action! Mil offers him a handshake.

DDK:

Is really trying to do this? Scott Douglas wasn't gonna take it.

Benny Doyle stands between the two as the bell rings.

DING DING

The bell rings... and Dex shakes hands like a good Lad should! Even Mil looks a little shocked!

DDK:

Wow... I gotta say I'm stunned.

Lance:

Me, too.

Mil tries to pull away... but Dex won't let go.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

The GLOAT tries to pull away from the much larger Dex, but The Biggest Boy isn't having it! Mil then brings up a foot to try and kick him where the sun don't shine, but Ms. Joy's Baby Boy ain't no fool and catches the leg! He THROWS Mil up in the air, only for The GLOAT to backflip and land on his feet! Mil scoffs towards Dex!

Lance:

Goodness! His ego has gone absolutely insane, but you can't deny Mil Vueltas' athleticism!

Mil looks at Dex.

Mil Vueltas:

YOU DO FLIP, THEN!

Dex scans the arena and asks The Faithful if they want to see him do something. Mil backs up and gives him the floor... then Dex does a cartwheel and lands perfectly on his feet!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

But as he turns around to take a bow, Mil catches him with a cheap kick! Mil laughs!

Lance:

Shouldn't have taken his eyes off the enemy...

...But the kick hasn't fazed Dex at all and looks much more annoyed by it!

Lance:

...or not!

When Mil realizes this, he quickly kicks The Biggest Boy again and tries a whip, only for Dex to quickly kibosh that idea and whip Mil into the corner! He follows DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero, only for Mil to leap up and over Dex out of the corner, then hits not one...not two... but THREE front flips across the ring! Mil laughs and turns...

THEN EATS A HANDSPRING BACK ELBOW FROM DEX!

DDK:

Vueltas got too big for his own britches and just got taken down by that handspring back elbow in the corner from Dexy Baby!

Said Dexy Baby stands over Mil now, then points to the other side of the ring! The GLOAT shakes his head in scared fashion before Dex LAUNCHES Mil Vueltas the entirety of the way across the ring with a gigantic biel throw!

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

LORDY! DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero just got CHUCKED across the ring by DEFIANCE's Biggest Boy!

After the crash, Mil skitters across the canvas and holds his back in pain, mouth wide open! Dex looks out to The Faithful!

Dex Joy:

Don't know my own strength, pallies!

Mil tries to get back to his feet again where Dex Joy is already ready to strike! He grabs onto The GLOAT's arm and pitches him into the corner...

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

...and gets thrown back the other way!

DDK:

I'VE CALLED HIS MATCHES FOR YEARS, BUT I THINK MIL FLEW FARTHER THAN I THINK I'VE EVER SEEN HIM FLY!

After bouncing off the canvas like a rock across a pond, Mil Vueltas rolls out to the floor! The Tio of the Familia tries to crawl away but Dex is far from being done with him and starts to give chase. Dex starts to lead The Faithful in a big

soccer chant and then runs...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dex runs off the ropes...

BUT MIL MOVES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Mil said no way to Dex Joy's WHOA-pe!

DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero is doubled over outside and thinks he's far enough away from Dex, but doesn't see Dex out on the ring apron. Vueltas hears the crowd reaction. The Man of A Thousand Flips turns around....

FLYING SHOULDER TACKLE OFF THE RING APRON!

DDK:

THE WHOA-PE WAS SCOUTED, BUT MIL GETS SHOULDER CHECKED OFF THE APRON BY DEX JOY!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THIS SOLD-OUT ARENA! THEY CAME HERE TO SEE THE BIGGEST BOY PUT A HURT ON THE BIGGEST HERO!

After Vueltas goes skipping across the length of the floor again, The Biggest Boy stands up and gets cheered on by the St. Louis Faithful! On the other side of the ringside floor, The GLOAT desperately tries to crawl away from the bountiful beating that he has received with Dex after him. Seeing no other choice, he slinks away until he disappears completely under the ring! Dex rounds the corner just as Vueltas pulls an Amaretto and disappears.

DDK:

What is he up to now!? The direct approach hasn't worked out at all for Mil Vueltas.

Lance:

I don't know, but at this rate, he may want to take the L here and live to fight another day especially after the issues that Dex Joy had with Bronson Box earlier tonight!

Asking for some help from The Faithful, Dex calls out to the people and some fans in the front row dime out DEF's Biggest Hero by pointing under the ring! Dex Joy rushes over under the ring and goes to look for the traitorous former member of the GC Universe... only for Mil to pop up like a gremlin from the other side of the ring! The fans desperately try to warn Dexy Baby but Mil is in the ring!

DDK:

Mil's on the other side! He's looking for a dive!

He flies through the ropes, only Dex Joy catches him with both hands at the last second!

Lance:

No! Dex stopped him in the nick of time!

Dex has the luchador by the neck, but Mil gets desperate and pokes him right in the eyes! Dex lets go and The GLOAT scrambles to get back in the ring! He rushes for the ropes back inside! Gaining tremendous speed, he ZIPS clean through the ropes and crashes right into Dexy Baby with a Fosbury Flop THROUGH the ropes!

DDK:

What the...? What even WAS that dive! He just smashed right into Dex Joy!

Surprisingly, Dex Joy hasn't been taken off his feet after the huge high-flying move from The Man of a Thousand Flips, but Dex is clearly stunned. He clutches his chest as Mil gets back into the ring apron. When he sees Mrs. Joy's Baby Boy in position, Mil ZOOMS clear across the apron and rocks Dex with a SECOND dive, running across the apron and clear through the corner like a missile to crash into Dex with a headbutt-style tope suicida! Even the St. Louis Faithful are impressed with the precision of the dive!

Lance:

How the HECK did Mil do that! A suicide dive off the apron and THROUGH the ropes to get to Dex?!

DDK:

He's a lying and delusional scumbag, but his aerial prowess never left him! He may be the best pound-for-pound high-flyer in DEFIANCE not named High Flyer!

As Mil desperately gets back up, Dex is STILL shockingly on his feet, but the dives are working for him. Mil throws a finger up into the air and then slides back inside the squared circle. The GLOAT dashes across the ring and record speed and launches himself through the ropes again with a tope suicida, but at the last second latches around Dexy Baby's neck and DRILLS him into the floor with a tornado DDT!

DDK:

OOOH! Right on that neck! Mil Vuetlas hit that tope suicide and turned it into a Tornado DDT mid-move!

Lance:

And remember! Dex has a prior history of neck issues! Those could crop back up with one wrong move just like that!

Dex is down and clutches at his neck as Mil runs back into the ring and yells at Benny Doyle to count! Happy to take the countout victory, Mil rests in the corner as the count begins!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Lance:

I don't like the looks of this for Dex! He's having a hard time getting up off that canvas!

DDK:

Me, neither! That could have done some serious damage!

FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

The St. Louis Faithful will Dexy Baby on and cheer him to get back to his feet! Mil rolls his fingers and gestures for Doyle to count faster!#

EIGHT!

The Biggest Boy pulls himself up...

NINE!

...And makes it back into the ring... only to get NAILED with a springboard missile dropkick by Mil to the side of the head!

DDK:

NO! MIL WAS LYING IN WAIT! WHAT AN UPSET THIS WOULD BE!

The GLOAT shoots the half on The Biggest Boy and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Dex pushes Vueltas right off of him to huge cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Coming off scoring the biggest singles win over OSCAR BURNS and doing what he did, we'd never stop hearing Mil talk about how he followed that up being Dex Joy!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas has had a career himself! A former two-time Favoured Saints and former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion, but I agree! A win over the former Triple Crown winner in Dex Joy would make him unbearable!

Dex Joy tries to get back to his feet using the ropes, but the wiry Mil is already one step ahead of him as he runs to the ropes and hits a modified tiger feint kick through the middle and bottom rope, catching Dexy Baby right in the leg unexpectedly! Dex is left hobbling around as Mil lands on the apron, then follows up with a springboard missile dropkick aimed at the same left knee!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Vueltas is chopping down Dexy Baby right now! He's targeting that neck and that leg! Anything to help him win tonight!

Mil gets up and gets jeered by the Faithful when he leaps behind Dex and CRACKS him under the jaw with a leaping bicycle knee strike! Dex is stunned, but Mil is sure to land a second one that knocks Dex flat on his back! As fast as possible, The GLOAT scrambles through the ropes and holds his arms out...

Mil Vueltas:

FOR YOU, THE NINOS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Vueltas leaps perfectly to the top and comes CRASHING down onto the chest of The Biggest Boy with an amazing springboard 450 splash!

DDK:

HE CALLS THAT MOVE RISE ABOVE THE HATE! AND HE'LL HAVE TO IF HE PULLS OFF THIS WIN!

With another hook of the leg, Vueltas goes for broke!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Tio Titan looks absolutely deflated with the cover and starts to panic when screaming at Benny Doyle.

Mil Vueltas:

UNO! DOS! TRES! I'M TRYING TO BE GOOD GUY HERE, BENNY!

Doyle responds with two fingers!

Lance:

No way! I thought that was three!

DDK:

Me, too! Credit where it's due, Mil's various hit and run attacks have had Dexy Baby playing defense!

Seeing that Mrs. Joy's Baby Boy is still down, Mil Vueltas jumps onto his chest with a standing double foot stomp to keep him down! With Dex holding onto his chest in pain, Mil thinks he's weakened enough as he goes to the nearby top rope. He looks for GLOATED...

DDK:

If Mil hits GLOATED, this could be done! He hit several of these on OSCAR BURNS to put him out of action!

He leaps off the top rope looking for the big moonsault double foot stomp...

DEX MOVES!

Lance:

No! He got out of the way!

DDK:

But Mil rolls through and lands on his fee.....OOOHHHHHHHHHH!

Mil gets up, only to EAT a massive Dexy's Midnight Runner shoulder tackle through the ropes and out to the floor!

Lance:

OOOOHHHHHHHHH! HE MIGHT BE DONE IF HE CAN GET MIL BACK INTO THE RING!

DDK:

DEXY BABY SCORES WITH THAT POUNCING SHOULDER TACKLE THAT'S PUT AWAY SO MANY OTHERS!

Mil gets his clock cleaned twice and he's on the floor! Dexy Baby still holds at his neck as he goes outside the ring to retrieve The GLOAT as Doyle starts counting again...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

DDK:

It's looking dire for Mil Vueltas right now! He had the offensive, but Dex has him where he wants him!

Vueltas shakes his head in horror and doesn't want the smoke, but the fiery Dexy Baby catches him!

FIVE! SIX!

He THROWS Mil back into the ring and Mil immediately grabs the leg of Doyle!

Lance:

What is he even doing?!

Dexy Baby goes to get inside the ring...

But he's stopped by a pair of strong arms wrapping around his waist...

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

DDK:

WHAT?! WHAT JUST HAPPENED!

Dexy Baby is on the ground clutching at the back of the same neck he got tornado DDT'ed on earlier! Doyle didn't see what happened due to arguing with Mil, but the camera catches full view of the perpetrator...

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! DARREN! BRONSON BOX! IT WAS BRONSON BOX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The sadistic Wargod hides just out of the line of sight of Benny Doyle as he turns and continues counting! Box watches Dex!

SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Dex isn't moving!

TEN!

DING DING DING

Mil Vueltas doesn't even look like he's knows what happened, but the luchador falls to his knees!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winners as a result of a countout... **MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTA SSSSSSSSSS!!!**

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

DDK:

Disgusting! I think Dex Joy was on his way to a victory tonight when BRONSON BOX of all people got involved! All because Dex called him out earlier after Box got in his business and he didn't like that!

Lance:

That german suplex on the floor looked awful! Dex might be hurt!

Box looks mighty pleased with himself outside the ring. Inside the ring, Mil Vueltas looks like he's fighting back literal tears as he points to the heavens above and then kisses the canvas! He then jumps up and starts celebrating to massive boos like he's won the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

And we'll never live this down! Back to back wins, like it or not, over OSCAR BURNS and Dex Joy... by countout... but he did it!

When Mil finally sees a vengeful Wargod at ringside, Mil chucks the deuces and quickly takes the hint that bad things are about to happen! The GLOAT rolls out and then hobbles over the barricade to "celebrate" with an arena full of people that hope he plays in traffic after the show! Box stands over Dex and now has a chair in hand...

Lance:

What does he think he's doing...

Dex starts to get up and looks up at Box...

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

But zooming down the ramp, Butcher Victorious, Janna Ray and even a hurt but able Punch Drunk Purcell fly towards Box as quickly as they can. Seeing that what he wants to do isn't happening tonight, Box smiles sinisterly at the group and heads out of the ring and through the crowd!

DDK:

THE LADS ARE HERE! BOX WAS WRONG ABOUT HIS FRIENDS EARLIER, WASN'T HE?!

Butch and Janna get there first with Punchy not far behind. Dex is pissed about the loss and hits the ring apron out of frustration and can't take his eyes off the Wargod looking back at him in the crowd!

DDK:

What's started between Bronson Box and Dex Joy tonight?! He just cost Dex Joy this match!

Lance:

And no way Dex is going to take this lying down!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE RISING

DEFIANCE RISING Wednesday & Thursday, December 17 & 18 Paris La Défense Arena - Paris, France

AND THEY BURIED THE HATCHET ONCE AND FOR ALL

We arrive back from commercial break with a large gathering already in the ring and it's something straight out of a trendy TikTok video.

DDK:

Faithful, welcome back to DEFtv. Don't adjust your sets. Indeed, The Comments Section have come down to conglomerate in the middle of the squared circle.

A banner hangs over the ring. It says 'WELCOME TO A COMMENTS HALLOWEEN' on it. There's an ASMR paper mache sensory station at one turnbuckle being run by Teresa Ames. She is jubilant, helping Thurston Hunter delicately place his paper mache pumpkin on a wire frame because he can't do it on his own. Then, in the opposite corner, Alex Pietrangelo is posted up in full vampire garb, casually chatting up a storm with Martin Evans-Everett VI over a punch bowl. At another end, Game Boy and Percy Collins converse, except Percy is doing all the talking. Game Boy is dressed as a PlayStation Portable and Percy Collins a ghost, wearing a white blanket over his body, looking like he made the costume in ten seconds.

♪ *"Big Dawgs" by Humankind* ♪

The crowd cheers as the DEFI-A-TRON rolls through clips of Malak Garland's victory against Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Folks, do not adjust your sets! The audio you are hearing is NOT piped in, it's real! Malak Garland has found his way into the hearts of The Faithful!

Lance:

It's not *overwhelming* cheers, partner. But they are cheers. And let's be honest, Malak deserves them. He was knocked into a coma at the hands of Tyler Fuse. He came back, he did NOT run away. He actually showed DEFIANT personality traits for once. Many will say he came back too soon. However, I trust our medical staff, Malak wouldn't have wrestled otherwise. In the end, Garland beat Tyler Fuse CLEAN.

The first man out from behind the FIST logo is not Malak Garland but instead, his right-hand man, Cyrus Bates. Bates looks as big as ever, his 6'4", 240 pound frame bursting out of a faded brown sack, designed to resemble A Nightmare Before Christmas and, perhaps, Mr. Oogie Boogie.

The last man out... The King of the Keyboards, the Online Warrior, the Snowflake Superstar, Malak Garland emerges in his OG gear - a white undershirt complete with his vintage snowflake designed black and blue tights. He has numerous bandages wrapped all over his head, arms and body. It looks like some of them are on purpose... perhaps a Mummy costume. Then again, he was beaten to a bloody pulp only a few months ago and had many of the same bandages on when he wrestled Tyler Fuse.

Garland pauses on the top of the rampway. He looks around, from left to right. It seems as though he's genuinely moved by the support.

He nods his head as he marches down the rampway, side-by-side with his former tag team partner. Inside the ring, The Comments Section members are clapping Garland on.

DDK:

My understanding is Malak specifically asked for this time. He wants to address The Faithful and he wants to address someone... in particular.

Lance:

I can only imagine. Is Tyler Fuse here?

DDK:

I think he is, yes.

Garland arrives at the end of the apron. He stands tall and proud peering into the ring. It's clear Malak is still nowhere near 100%, the bandages across his body proves that. There even looks to be a large gash on the backside of his skull, seeping through his laser white hair. Needless to say, Garland hops on the apron and Bates rolls under the ropes. The Fearless Leader slips through the top and middle rope to more clapping from his group, and even a bit from the crowd.

Cyrus Bates finds a corner of the ring and stands stoically, arms crossed, with a mean look on his face.

Malak Garland:

Enterprise RENT-A-CAR Center in St. Louis, Missouri! MAKE SOME NOISE!

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Malak Garland:

That is WHAT I'm talking about! Look, the Halloween spirit is upon us and speaking of spirits, I put my FAITH into the non-denominational chakra energy entity of my choosing.

DDK:

I can see nothing has changed.

Malak Garland:

That's right, chakra energy, and you're damn right it helped me.

Pause. He looks around.

Malak Garland:

Because I defeated Tyler Fuse at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

A light cheer spreads throughout the arena.

Malak Garland:

However, I couldn't have done it without the energy alignment from EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!!!

Malak fiercely points out to the crowd with damn near tears in his eyes. This lights a fire under the fans as they react louder than before.

Malak Garland:

You know what? I listened to all of the speeches tonight, everyone who's come out here and addressed you, the fine people. I even listened to Dr. Ned Reform say he's had many quibbles with you, but it's coming from a place of love. Uh... something like that. I was feeling really triggered backstage at the time so I kinda spaced out.

A few people in the crowd laugh.

Malak Garland:

But I am here, standing in this very ring for one specific reason.

Garland points into the crowd.

Malak Garland:

All of you.

There's a louder cheer.

Malak Garland:

From the bottom of my heart, thank you. When I was laying in my bed, having woken up from my coma, it's like a light went off and I could finally see. The Comments Section can't be a comments section without people reading it, caring about it and indulging themselves further. For over five years now YOU have been the consistent factor in MY wrestling career. So thank you. And thank you for giving me the power to get out here and back on my feet!

MALAK GARLAND, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

MALAK GARLAND, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

MALAK GARLAND, clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

DDK:

In my wildest years...

Lance:

I know. DEFIANCE has officially become bizzaro world.

Malak Garland:

Make no mistake, I am not perfect. I am needy. I am insecure!

Garland starts walking around the ring, pointing to the fans.

Malak Garland:

But maybe... just MAYBE... with all of you supporting me... DEFIANCE as a whole can be my safe space! YOU, The Faithful, are my chakra energy! I align with you, and you align with me! I've done bad things, I can develop PTSD in a millisecond. But each and every one of you can be my safety plan! You'll pick me up when I am down and in response... I will wrestle my heart out!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

He's... he's winning me over!?

Lance:

Winning me over too, Keebs!

Malak Garland:

And while I might not be fully dressed up for Halloween right now, my bandages make me look like a Mummy. So without further ado...

Malak snaps his fingers and just like that, concession patrons begin perusing through each section, handing out an assortment of candy to any willing fan.

Malak Garland:

This is just me showing a small amount of appreciation to those who stood by me during this trying time. I mean, I almost died for crying out loud and I received a lot of support in the form of letters to my hospital room and tweets directly to my phone. Like wow, okay guy, I was overwhelmed! Thank you once again!

However, the joyous, celebratory environment Garland has seemingly created is now gone, since he marches to the middle of the ring and stops cold in his tracks. He lowers his head, his facial expressions switch to a concerned and worried tone.

Malak Garland:

I digress. There is one BIG reason I am here, in this ring tonight...

Malak takes a moment.

Malak Garland:

Tyler Fuse.

Insert boos here.

Malak Garland:

No, no. It's okay, everyone. I am over it. You should be too. Tyler Fuse, I think it might be best if you come down to this ring and join MY group that I created and let's bury the hatchet like the Mummy I am and the Grave Digger you should be dressed up as if you followed my Halloween costume coordination memo I sent to all Comments Section members last week. Even though you put me in the hospital, I think it's important we ALIGN our energy and have a chit chat. What do you sa-

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

It's instant. The theme music hits and Tyler Fuse appears, sporting a black shirt and black jeans. As no frills as always, he's already marching down the ramp and almost the apron. Meanwhile, inside the ring MEE6 leans over to Alex and mouths the words "he didn't dress up" rather disappointingly.

The cameras switch to Garland. Is he over his head? Malak takes a gulp but Hunter walks by and pats his leader on the shoulders for good measure before bailing the fuck outta there and hiding in a corner of the ring, because Hunter is mega rattled. More than Malak.

Fuse slips under the ropes. He storms right towards Garland-

But Garland puts his free hand up, as Tyler's theme ends. Fuse stands in place as Garland starts speaking into the mic.

Malak Garland:

Tyler, seriously. I want this to end between us. Your brother was right, I listened to what he had to say before he took a sabbatical. We have ALL done awful things to each other. But maybe, just maybe, we can ALL put it behind us?

Tyler is deadpan.

Malak Garland:

I didn't enjoy my coma or lying in my own pool of blood. Like I said, I almost DIED. But you... you didn't enjoy being screwed out of the FIST of DEFIANCE last winter, or being a part of this group I dragged you into. I might never be able to forgive you for what you did to me, but I think it's best we move on.

Garland pauses and lowers his head.

Malak Garland:

Therefore, I have decided to not only grant you and Conor your leave from The Comments Section, effective immediately, I also spoke to the Favored Saints...

The arena is so quiet, you could hear a pin drop.

Malak Garland:

Five years ago, Cyrus and I beat you and your brother for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships in that legendary Platforms and Portals match. It really put us all on the map, didn't it? It made us MAJOR *players*. But championship titles weren't the only thing on the line that night. When I defeated you both, you and Conor were never able to legally tag in DEFIANCE again without my permission. Permission that's been kept in my back pocket.

Another pause. Garland looks directly at the emotionless Fuse.

Malak Garland:

Until now.

There's a hush amongst the crowd.

Malak Garland:

From here on out, you can team with your brother again. Banishment is lifted. You can still be a singles wrestler, too. You should, you're good at it. You will be the FIST one day, Conor will be the FIST one day. *[Mild uncomfortable laughter]* I mean Conor is right, we're enemies and we all needed to fill those roles for one another. But Tyler, I am telling you right now, directly to your face as I work through severe PTSD because I am so bloody triggered...

Longest pause yet.

Malak Garland:

We need to move on. I got a clean bill of health, I can put this behind me. I can put YOU behind me. *[Pointing to the crowd]* With them by my side, I can do anything! My safest space yet! A fresh start, a new beginning. What do you say!?

Garland lowers his mic with his left hand and raises his right with the other. His palm is extended.

The Faithful cheer it on, as Tyler peers into the bleachers on the one side, followed by the other. Never once does his face suggest any emotion whatsoever.

DDK:

So that's it? The Fuse's can be a tag team again?

Lance:

I think so!

SHAKE HIS HAND!
SHAKE HIS HAND!
SHAKE HIS HAND!

Tyler looks down at the palm.

He reaches out.

SMACK!

And smacks Malak square across the face!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The rest of The Comments Section members are about to interject, but Garland once again shows a DEFIANT side to himself. While he's holding on to the side of his face and bent over, he shouts for his team to STAY BACK.

Garland stands upright. He walks closer to Tyler and shakes his head. It's clear Malak is disappointed.

Garland drops the mic, but whatever Malak is saying off-mic, Tyler remains frozen in time.

Until Fuse pushes Garland.

Pushes him again.

Pie faces Malak.

Another pie face.

Another.

Another.

Cyrus Bates is ready to charge forward and knock Tyler's block off, but Garland recollects himself and SCREAMS at Bates to stay put. The trusty sidekick does as he's told.

Malak Garland: *[off-mic but screaming]*

TYLER GOD DAMMIT, STOP TRIGGERING ME! CAN'T WE PUT THIS BEHIND US!?

FINALLY, there's an expression across Tyler's face. A smirk. A wide, shit eating "what are you **really** gonna do about it?" smirk.

Fuse pie faces Garland again. Again. AGAIN.

DDK:

Tyler's being a massive prick. This was a really surprising olive branch Malak put out there.

Lance:

Yep.

RRRAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Amidst the issues going on *inside* the ring, there seems to be something going on outside.

Conor Fuse has reappeared!

DDK:

Oh my god, we haven't seen Conor for a few months!

Lance:

I didn't think he was coming back anytime soon!

Conor is dressed in a navy blue button down dress shirt and very nice Adidas looking golf pants. A completely different style than what anyone is used to seeing from him. Even his ratty blonde hair is less frantic and more combed.

Fuse marches down the ramp, rivaling something his brother would do. It's a quick b-line to the ring. Conor doesn't jump over the ropes like he typically does. Instead, he slides under them and RIGHT in-between Malak and Tyler.

Both men are shocked as Conor stands in the middle, one arm pushing Tyler away, the other pushing Malak.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Conor Fuse:

ENOUGH!

Conor remains in the middle of them when speaking.

Conor Fuse:

Jesus Christ, both of you, ENOUGH!

Conor brings his attention towards Malak Garland first.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, you can't just think anyone else will be ready to put aside your previous shit. Maybe *they* can [*reference to the crowd*], but some of us aren't there yet and may never be.

This gets a couple boos from the crowd, but not many.

Conor Fuse:

You have done so many problematic things. You are absolutely no angel. Shame on you for thinking you'd be able to solve these issues.

Garland lowers his head after receiving Conor's scolding. However, Conor isn't done.

Now he's looking at his big brother.

Conor Fuse:

And you. Holy [*BEEP*] man, chill out. Pretty sure you "won" this war. You put Malak in a COMA. So what if you lost a generic match to him, no one will remember. Malak is terrified of you. We all are! You have SIGNIFICANT anger issues, Tyler. God dammit, if you could just get your shit together and channel it where you need to. Go after Henry Keyes or something. VV is weak, they're right there for the taking! Elise Ares took her ball and went home. Ned Reform is REGRESSING. You, Tyler. DEFIANCE can be yours!

Conor tries to collect himself.

Conor Fuse:

Everyone's got a bad thing to say about me. No one says shit about you because we're all too f'n scared.

Tyler remains emotionless.

Conor Fuse:

You wanna team with me again, too? Malak just granted us something he DIDN'T have to. It's over. You won. We won. We're... free.

It seems like Conor's got through to both of them, because Tyler and Malak remain in the same position when Conor initially pushed them away. Conor finally lowers his hands, rolls his shoulders back and heads towards the ropes-

When Tyler TACKLES Malak to the ground and the two start UNLOADING on each other!

The crowd is in ruckus mode, as Conor comes right back into the scene. In fact, so do the rest of The Comments Section, pulling everyone apart!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

DDK:

I don't think this will EVER be over!

Lance:

You're telling me!

Conor finally has his brother in a bearhug, pulling Tyler away. For a brief second there, it looks like the elder Fuse comes to his senses because he stops, and Conor drops his hands.

SLAM!

TYLER FLIPS CONOR OVER AND STRAIGHT TO THE MAT!

DDK:

Holy shit.

Conor's ass hits the mat as he looks up at his brother with wide, wide eyes. He's shocked. The entire arena is stunned as Tyler stands over his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Why don't you [BEEP] off and quit again like you did months ago. I'm sick and tired of YOUR bullshit, too. You're almost as big of a snowflake as Malak.

For the first time... ever, the Fuse's have shown cracks against one another. The crowd is silent. The announcers don't know what to say.

And Conor Fuse is devastated at the sight of his furious brother's choice of words. You can see Conor's heart break this very second.

Tyler raises his head, not showing an ounce of remorse for what he said. The elder Fuse looks at Malak Garland. Garland tells the rest of his team to stand aside, as he rolls up his sleeves. The two are going to fight it out right here, right now.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you many, MANY, **MANY** times that when I am done with you, I'm going to take everything.

Fuse spits in Malak's face.

Tyler Fuse:

Fucking watch me.

Tyler tackles Malak to the canvas and the two start brawling, all while The Comments Section do what they are told... they don't intervene.

Meanwhile Conor Fuse peels himself off the mat with tears in his eye. One tear leads to two... leads to three... he looks back and sees Tyler and Malak throwing haymakers at each other.

Conor's completely given up.

The Ultimate Gamer lowers his head and walks towards the ropes. Once there, he glances back a final time. He takes ONE step towards Malak and Tyler but stops. There's nothing more he can do. He's shaking his head in anger and confusion.

Meanwhile, Tyler is getting the better of Malak, since Malak is still nowhere near 100%. By now, Tyler is on his feet and he is **ANGRY STOMPING** the bloody piss out of the former FIST of DEFIANCE. Tyler cocks his head around and looks at his brother, but he does not relent his stomping as he does.

Conor shakes his head no. More tears roll down his face. Conor moves towards the ropes, his back now facing Tyler, who continues pummeling Malak. Conor exits the ring through the top and middle rope, but remains on the apron, head down, hands covering his face to hide how worked up he is.

Tyler keeps stomping. Stomping. **Stomping.**

DDK:

Are the rest of The Comments Section *really* not going to do anything?

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!

Garland LEAPS to his feet! He's giving everything he has when-

POP!

Tyler with the stiffest left hand yet! It knocks Malak out cold!

The rest of The Comments Section stand around the ring, completely motionless. Expressionless. Just like Tyler.

Just like Tyler.

Fuse stomps on Garland. More stomps. Stomps. Stomps. The crowd starts booing relentlessly.

Lance:

I- I-

From Percy Collins to Game Boy, Teresa Ames to ALEX P. and MEE6, everyone watches the passed out Malak Garland be destroyed by Tyler's boots. Tyler leans down and RIPS Malak's bandages off. The Mummy costume is ruined.

Conor remains on the apron, his back towards the action. With both hands over his face, he's trying to stop the camera from seeing tears proFUSEly roll down his cheeks.

Conor lowers his hands.

Conor looks up.

There are no more tears in his eyes.

Instead...

DDK:

What's going on?

He's *smiling*.

Tyler keeps annihilating Malak inside the ring, the lifeless snowflake's body bouncing up and down on the mat as Fuse does. The Comments Section members watch, like they are in a trance, fixated on the destruction of their leader.

Until Collins, Hunter, Pietrangelo and Evans-Everett start methodically taking down the 'Happy Halloween' set.

Conor keeps smiling. The grin is wider and wider. The Power-Up King slips back into the ring with newfound energy. He marches over to his brother...

And gives Tyler a hug.

Tyler keeps going. There's literally no quit in the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM, even with Conor hugging him. Tyler is relentless. A madman. He is systemically destroying Garland across every part of his body.

Conor drops the hug and as he does, the rest of The Comments Section come closer. Well, Game Boy, Percy Collins, MEE6... everyone except Teresa Ames and Cyrus Bates have moved in for a closer look at the end of Malak Garland. Bates is visibly shaking while the fans plead with him to do something. Instead, Cyrus looks to the sky.

But doesn't do shit.

As Tyler keeps STOMPING, he asks if Conor wants a shot at Malak. The younger Fuse shrugs his shoulders with indifference.

Finally, Tyler props Malak onto his knees. The lights are out but it doesn't matter. Tyler smirks that same shit eating grin from before, as he whaps Garland across the shoulders and mumbles "Weapon Get". Fuse bounces off the ropes and with a HEAD FULL of steam-

CRACK!

He levels Malak with the final dagger, I Trigger.

Garland lies face-down in the middle of the canvas, as Tyler remains stoically standing above him. Conor pats his brother on the chest and then sneers at the fallen Snowflake Superstar.

The announcers remain on radio silence, unable to fathom what they've witnessed. The DEFIANCE signature shows in the bottom left-hand corner of the screen, as the final image of DEFtv airs. Tyler and Conor side-by-side, while a mischievous smile crosses Conor's face. The Comments Section take their rightful place behind the Fuse's and we fade away.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.