

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

We are in FRANCE at Le Dôme de Marseille for DEFTv 228! There's a FIST logo at the entranceway, but it's colored in the French flag!

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!

POURQUOI CONOR POURQUOI?

FUSIBLE BROS.

C'EST LA RÉFORME DU DOCTEUR NED

PRÉPARE-TOI À TE CONCENTRER, CYRUS

PAS DE MÉDECINS DE LA PESTE EN FRANCE

ALORS NOUS

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES

ÇA VA, ET VOUS?

L'ARGENT A AUSSI SON MOT À DIRE EN FRANCE

OH MON DIEU!

OMELETTE DU FROMAGE

ÉPOUSE-MOI LYND SAY TROY

SO-US... C'EST LE VRAI AMOUR

BRONSON CRAINT LES GARÇONS

LA PLUS GRANDE FAN DE DABNEY DOUBLEDAY (SA MÈRE)

PANNEAU FRANÇAIS

PAIN PERDU

We go to ringside with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

HENRY KEYES & DAN RYAN vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS & JANNA RAY

DDK:

Two weeks ago, we saw a VERY intense confrontation involving a dual contract signing. FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes has to not only contend with "Cool" Cancer Jiles in January, but before that, he'll have to contend with his fellow Vae Victis stablemate, Dan Ryan at DEFIANCE Rising with the FIST on the line!

Lance:

Things ended badly when Cancer Jiles landed his signature superkick on Lindsay Troy, which then caused further issues to flare up between Keyes and Ryan! To that end, Ryan suggested both men have tonight's match. Vae Victis put out an open contract for opponents... and ended up with a name from Vae Victis' past in Butcher Victorious, and his fellow Lads stablemate, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray!

DDK:

This is no understatement... a MASSIVE opportunity for Janna and Butcher, especially the latter after he left Vae Victis over a year ago! Things have been TENSE to say the least between Vae Victis since Ryan was named the Number One Contender to the FIST. Can these two hold it together before DEFIANCE Rising? Or will The Lads pull off a major upset?! We take it to the ring now with Darren Quimbey to introduce the competitors for this major tag team match!

The camera cuts to the ring with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

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

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIATron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions! Words form on the screen made of blue and yellow lightning...

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Two members of DEFIANCE's Friendtastic Four step out from the back. "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky and ready to tackle a fool! "The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! The Stick in one hand and his sponsored Mic Dropz Energy in the other! Butcher sets a can down on stage, then holds a hand out. They both jump and shake hands...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 230 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... "THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNA RAY... **THE LADS!**

Butcher and Janna head towards the ring as The Faithful cheer on the duo! The music dips as Butcher whips out... The Stick!

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....

He gets a little personal.

Butcher Victorious:

I AIN'T PASSIN' UP AN OPPORTUNITY TO STICK IT TO VAE VIC... TIS! HENRY KEYES! DAN RYAN! I AIN'T SHAKING NO HANDS! TONIGHT, YOU'RE THROWING HANDS... WITH THE LADS! THIS MESSAGE SPONSORED BY MIC DROPZ ENERGY!

Butch Vic, The Stick and the House of Bricks all enter the ring together and his music fades out to get ready for the next match! Butcher takes one last sip of his Mic Dropz, then throws the can off to the side to show they're SRS BZNS tonight.

A familiar song. A doom-and-gloom piano.

♪ STRANGER FRUIT, HOW IT GROWS AND GROWS

WE ALL SAW THE SHOOT, BUT WE TEND TO THE ROSE ♪

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Pink and blue beacons flood the arena and smoke fills the entrance ramp. Soon, two very strong, very serious boys emerge - Dan Ryan first, his huge imposing frame matched by his sheer dominating presence. Then, almost in a huff behind him, Henry Keyes prowls through the smoke, FIST around his waist, eyes focused solely towards the middle of the ring. Ryan holds out a fist with intent to bump his teammate; it's unclear if Henry missed it with all his attention focused elsewhere, or if he saw it and intentionally ignored it, but either way, Keyes brushes past Ryan and stomps towards the ring. Rolling his eyes a bit, Dan fist bumps himself before following behind.

Vince Howard:

Aaaaand their opponents! At a combined weight of 554 pounds...representing VAE VICTIS! "The Ego Buster", DAAAAAN RYAN, and the FIST of DEFIANCE! "The Krrrrraken", HENRYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

On paper, this may be an absolute mismatch, but there are so many variables at play tonight. Henry Keyes has made his distrust of Dan Ryan known, and I think we can all agree that may be a fair concern to have...but the Ego Buster is intent on showing to Keyes that Vae Victis is loyal to the end. It's all about competition for him, and it's all about sport.

Lance:

And throw in the wild card factor of Butcher Victorious - he certainly put in some heavy duty hours as Vae Victis's whipping boy, you have to figure he's been waiting for an opportunity like this to get some revenge! By the way, partner, I noticed something...

DDK:

What's that?

Lance:

No Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Very interesting observation, we'll have to wait and see what that may mean. Maybe she wants these two to work things out on their own.

As Vae Victis makes it to their corner, referee Mark Shields signals for the bell!

DING DING

Henry Keyes starts things off for his side. Butcher wants to start against his former Vae Victis stablemates, but Janna Ray holds a hand out! Butcher does look surprised, but he looks at Keyes and relents before The Ray of Sunshine takes over!

Lance:

Butch Vic and Janna Ray were both victorious a few weeks ago over Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera, but with respect to them, this is a MASSIVE step up in competition.

DDK:

And a COLOSSAL opportunity for The Lads!

Janna Ray goes guns blazing right at Keyes and tries to knock him over with a shoulder tackle, but he doesn't leave his feet! Keyes dares her to take another shot, so the former rugby player does just that! A second shoulder off the ropes yields the same result. The FIST waits on a third shot, but when Ray comes back off the ropes, Keyes catches her and slams her down with a huge body slam! Ray is reeling and Keyes looks like he's just getting warmed up!

DDK:

The direct approach didn't fare too well there!

Ray rolls towards the ropes and Butcher tags himself in. The people react as the former Vae Victis stablemates come face to face.

Lance:

A LOT of history here. For two years, Butcher Victorious worked for OSCAR BURNS and Vae Victis. He actually was a member for a brief time winning the Favoured Saints Title, but they rescinded that status shortly after losing the belt!

DDK:

Indeed. Butcher eventually beat OSCAR BURNS and earned his freedom! He'd love an opportunity to stick it to Vae Victis, but Henry Keyes is at the very TOP of his game right now.

The FIST looks back at Dan Ryan on the apron, then back to Butcher. He scoffs and points at Janna in the corner.

Henry Keyes:

Tag the Lass back in unless you're here to get me a sandwich! ‘

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher nods and starts to walk away... then surprises the champion with a headlock! The signature headlock of Butcher has Keyes fighting, who's surprised at the technique! He tries to push himself off the ropes, but Butch Vic is quick to sink to a knee to really hold it in. Keyes gets irritated by this and tries to run towards the ropes, only for VV's former lackey to run up the corner and snap him over with a headlock takeover to cheers!

DDK:

I think Henry Keyes underestimated Butcher!

The headlock remains firmly locked in! Keyes is REALLY getting aggravated now and struggles to fight up. He gets to his knees, then hits a belly-to-back suplex. He starts to sit up... BUT BUTCHER HAS THE HEADLOCK STILL ON! Ryan stoically watches from the apron.

Lance:

Those headlocks are a Butch Vic staple since he left Vae Victis! He might be throwing Keyes off his center!

Furiously, Keyes has had enough and grabs at the mohawk of Butcher! Butcher finally lets go and then he gets clobbered by a big clothesline! Mark Shields doesn't seem to reprimand him too badly for his tactics cause of the Shields gene, but an angry Keyes ignores the official and picks up Butcher. He shoves him into the corner of Vae Victis and CRACKS him across the chest with a Propellor Edge Chop! Butch Vic gets clipped and crumbles into the corner!

DDK:

OOOOH! Butcher tried to think fast and he just got taken down by that chop!

Keyes shakes his hand, then sees Ryan wants a tag. After a tense few seconds, he SMACKS the hand of Ryan for a legal tag.

DDK:

The tag is made by Dan Ryan! This is the last place Butcher wants to be right now!

Ryan tries to pick the 230-pound Butcher up off the canvas, but Butcher also surprises him with a headlock! Unlike Keyes who didn't expect it moments earlier, the more powerful Ryan is ready. The Ego Buster simply shoves Butcher off the ropes and SLUGS him with a big shoulder block that knocks him flat! Ryan turns to Keyes.

Dan Ryan:

Didn't that guy fetch our bags once?

Butcher hits the corner and Janna Ray tags in! She runs right into the ring and Dan goes at her with a clothesline! She ducks and then comes off the ropes with a low shoulder tackle that catches him on the knee!

DDK:

SMART strategy! Janna Ray goes for the knee to chop the big man down!

Ryan is still upright, but barely when she makes the quick tag to Butcher! Butcher heads to the top rope and then comes FLYING off with a huge European uppercut that knocks DEFIANCE's only three-time FIST off his feet to CHEERS! Butcher runs for the cover!

Lance:

They chopped down Dan Ryan together! Butcher with the cover!

ONE!

T... KICKOUT!

Lance:

My goodness! Not even a two-count! Ryan powers Butcher off of him!

Using the quickness advantage, Butcher quickly gets up and hits a quick snap DDT that drops Ryan on the mat! He doesn't stay down, encouraging Butcher to make the tag to Janna Ray! He gestures for Janna to pick him up and to make it quick because Ryan's starting to get back up again. With some effort, she picks up Butcher over her shoulder and the powerhouse runs towards Dan Ryan, slugging him in the chest with an assisted Hard Out Headbutt by Butcher! Le Dôme de Marseille cheer on the underdogs!

DDK:

ASSISTED HARD-OUT HEADBUTT!

Janna Ray lets go of Butcher and then follows up with a running flipping senton across the chest of Dan Ryan! She turns over right to the cover!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

Janna gets PUSHED away by The Ego Buster! Ryan sits up and he looks ready to hurt somebody as Janna makes the quick tag back to Butcher!

DDK:

Great work with the quick tags...OOOOOH! NO! SPOKE TOO SOON!

Before The Lad and The Lass of said Lads can do whatever they were about to do, Ryan is already back up charges right through them with a double clothesline! Janna rolls out of the ring and Butcher, as the legal man, gets picked up and pitched across the ring with a release German suplex towards Vae Victis' corner!

Lance:

Good grief! In just one fell swoop, Dan Ryan just took this back over for Vae Victis! Incredible!

DDK:

And in just a few weeks at DEFIANCE Rising, this is exactly what Henry Keyes will have to contend with.

Ryan wants to punish Butcher some more on account of not liking to be headbutted. He walks over... when Keyes tags himself in.

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

The temperature rises quickly in Le Dôme when the champion and challenger are about to come nose to nose. After Mark Shields starts to tell them that only one person can be in the ring, Ryan sarcastically holds a hand out for Keyes to enter the ring. Keyes takes the invitation, the whole time his eyes not leaving his challenge. Butcher tries to fight up, but he gets CRACKED in the chest with another Propellor Edge Chop!

DDK:

Butcher's in No Man's Land right now being picked apart by the FIST of DEFIANCE! Arguably, one of the best rolls of his career right now!

And those knuckles roll off the bottom of Butcher's jaw when the champion unleashes some STIFF European uppercuts! Butch Vic gets picked... apart by Keyes until the FIST pulls him out of the corner and unleashes a nasty belly-to-back suplex! This time, there's no headlock counter from Butcher as the champion pulls him up a second time to connect with a second belly-to-back suplex in succession. The third time is a charm, but only if your name is Henry Keyes because he THROWS Butcher out of the corner with a release German suplex of his own! The Kraken sits up and holds his hands out...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...then casually looks over at the worried Janna Ray before making a cover on Butcher!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Butcher kicks out, but things are not looking good for the Lads here in our opening match!

Keyes goes to pick up the Mic Dropz Energy spokesman by his mohawk, only to get surprised with a quick jawbreaker! Keyes reels back, then Butcher tries to throw a series of jabs towards the head of the champion to the delight of the Marseille Faithful!

DDK:

No! Butcher is fighting back!

After stunning Keyes with a series of jabs, he tries to finish off his combo with a discus punch... but Keyes beats him to the punch again with another Propellor Edge Chop! The force is so great, Butcher is taken off his feet! Keyes seethes and holds his own hand in pain after the force, then feels something on his own back. And that's Dan Ryan tagging himself in again! The tension is THICC with two C's as the three-time FIST stares down the reigning FIST, then climbs into the ring.

Lance:

You can feel things getting worse with every tag from the Vae Victis side!

The two continue to stare one another down until Ryan finally makes a movement when he sees Janna Ray urging Butcher Victorious to their corner in all the melee! He almost gets there... but Ryan has him by the leg!

DDK:

Case in point! Butcher almost snuck out a tag, but eagle-eyed Dan Ryan cut him off!

The Ego Buster pulls Butcher up by his leg only to pull him into a STIFF clothesline! Butcher gets crumbled from the impact, but the three-time former FIST isn't done with the former Vae Victis member. He pulls Butcher up again by the waist and deadlifts him off the canvas into a bearhug, then turns that into a HUGE overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

This is getting REAL bad for Butcher! These two have almost taken turns suplexing Butcher Victorious into the shadow realm, as the kids might say!

Lance:

Indeed! I don't know how much more Butcher can take here!

Ryan rolls over the former Vae Victis member and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

JANNA RAY MAKES THE SAVE!

The Marseille crowd erupt with cheers, and even Ryan looks shocked when Ray stares down Dan Ryan... well, definitely before retreating to her corner!

Lance:

You could sense that Janna Ray had to make that save!

DDK:

Butcher isn't the same man that he was coming out of Vae Victis. He's really toughened up over the last year, but that will only get you so far against two of the toughest men in the history of DEFIANCE, in my opinion! He's been roughed

up and needs to get that tag!

Ready to put a period at the end of the sentence (the sentence, being this match, of course), Ryan holds Butcher up, but Butcher STILL fights! He drives a pair of desperation forearms to the jaw of Ryan, but The Ego Buster busts that idea with a knee to the chest! He gestures towards Henry Keyes in the corner that this one's done!

DDK:

I think we're about to see the end! Humility Bomb coming up!

Ryan HOISTS Butcher up for the high-angle powerbomb... but at the apex, Butcher leaps up and OVER, then lands on his feet behind Ryan!

Lance:

No way! Butcher slipped out!

Ryan turns and tries to clothesline Butcher... but stops and ALMOST collides with Henry Keyes on the apron!

DDK:

That was CLOSE!

Ryan stops himself, but Butcher pushes the big man into Keyes and knocks him off the apron! The stunned Ryan then gets taken off his feet when Butcher leaps up and drops the big man with the Reverb!#

DDK:

REVERB! RYAN IS DOWN!

Lance:

And he just shoved Dan Ryan into Henry Keyes to do it! This is his opening!

After connecting with the leaping reverse bulldog on The Ego Buster, Butcher army crawls across the canvas as quickly as his battered body will allow! Just outside the ring, a flummoxed Kraken gets onto the ring apron and reaches down to slap Dan Ryan on the shoulder to tag himself in! Keyes makes it in...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

AND SO DOES JANNA RAY WITH A DIVING SHOULDER TACKLE!

DDK:

JANNA RAY IS IN! THE BRICK HOUSE IS A BRICK HOUSE OF FIRE!

The powerhouse is back on her feet and before Henry Keyes can try to full pull himself back up to his feet, he gets hit by a flying headbutt from Janna Ray just as he tries to stand! Keyes goes down and Janna feeds off The Faithful by shaking the ropes like a mad-woman!

Lance:

I get that she's taking in the reception, but you have to FOCUS on Henry Keyes!

She grabs Keyes as he tries to stand again and then looks for a fireman's carry. Janna Ray is about 185 pounds of muscle and tries to get Keyes up! She almost does... but Keyes kicks his feet and ends up behind her to throw her into the nearby corner! She runs off the ropes when Keyes catches her and lands a HUGE tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!

DDK:

No! Janna Ray may have played to the people too long! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BUTCHER WITH THE SAVE!

Lance:

BUTCHER IN THE NICK OF TIME!

Butcher gets up to his knees when Dan Ryan climbs back into the ring, still seething from the earlier Reverb attack! He charges at Butcher, but Butcher moves! Dan Ryan stops himself in the corner, but when he turns around, he gets SMACKED from a running european uppercut in the corner from Henry Keyes!

Lance:

OH, NO! THAT SHOT WAS CLEARLY MEANT FOR BUTCHER, BUT HE SIDESTEPED IT!

Keyes realizes what he's just done and turns around to see a stunned, but a VERY irritated Ego Buster in the corner. Keyes tries to put his hands up and explain it was an accident, but Butcher hits a dropkick on Ryan to knock him over the top rope! Keyes turns right into a running spear from Janna Ray!

DDK:

KEYES IS DOWN! KEYES IS DOWN! THEIR MALFUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION MIGHT HAVE COST THEM EVERYTHING!

Janna Ray heads to the top rope and then takes flight...

DDK:

CATCH SOME RAYS! DIVING SPLASH! THIS COULD BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST UPSETS IN DEFIANCE HISTORY!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Lance:

NO! TWO-COUNT! TWO-COUNT!

Ray can't believe it! She holds up two fingers towards Hector Navarro, but the Marseille crowd are still in shock!

DDK:

Don't argue with the ref! You gotta keep your foot on the gas!

Janna goes to the top rope again and tries her luck for a second Catch Some Rays splash! She looks below and sees Butcher trying to keep Dan Ryan at bay! He tries a headlock driver, but Butcher gets pushed away! He turns and gets ROCKED by The Hammer of God!

DDK:

Hammer of God! Butcher is down! And Dan Ryan is PISSED!

Ray gets distracted by what's going on... leaving her wide open to eat a BELL CLAP~ from The Kraken as she's on the top rope!

Lance:

NO! JANNA TOOK HER EYE OFF THINGS FOR JUST ONE SECOND... AND KEYES MADE HER PAY FOR IT!

With blood about to boil over, Keyes grabs both arms of The Ray of Sunshine... ONE COIN! THEN ANOTHER FOR GOOD MEASURE! Ray falls to the canvas and then Keyes angrily hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **DAN RYAN AND THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... HENRY KEYES!**

Speaking of, Henry Keyes stands up and turns around to retrieve his title... and sees Dan Ryan holding the title.

Lance:

Oh man... after that friendly fire late in the match... are we gonna see these two come to blows?!

Outside the ring, Janna and Butcher are attended to by medical after the physical match, but the story is what's happening in the ring.

Keyes looks down at the FIST before slowly lifting his gaze to the face of the man currently holding it, Dan Ryan - who's also looking at the championship with some intensity. The anger on his face from the miscue that almost cost the match is still there, but it's mixed with something else. We can see the gears turning in his mind, even if it's unclear what's being processed.

Henry Keyes:

Hey.

Ryan snaps his focus back to Keyes. Some of the anger has left, replaced with an eerie calm. Keyes, for his part, has the pose and poise of a man who's not sure that he's done fighting for the night.

Henry Keyes:

You alright?

In a fluid and almost aggressive motion, Ryan steps forward. Keyes tenses up and his hands curl into fists.

DDK:

Look out!

As Keyes braces himself, he's taken by surprise by his Vae Victis teammate...

...

...who is now behind Keyes, buckling the FIST around the Kraken's waist, making sure the fit is secure, yet comfortable.

Keyes's body is still tensed, even as Ryan finishes strapping up the champ, slapping the large FIST iconography in the middle of Big Blue.

Dan Ryan:

Iron sharpens iron.

Henry's body language softens a bit as Dan exits the ring. He watches his teammate walk up the ramp, turn, and clap. Ryan bumps a few fists of the Faithful on the way out. Keyes waits a bit longer before making his own exit.

Lance:

Wow.

DDK:

You're telling me - I thought we might have seen a very different outcome there, but to this point, Dan Ryan has been a man of his word.

Lance:

I've just received some breaking news, Keebs.

DDK:

Oh yeah? Hit me!

Lance:

An absolutely TITANIC main event is now official for our next broadcast, which will come to you live from Lyon, France - the number one contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan, takes on The King of COOL, Cancer Jiles!

DDK:

Lord almighty, that's a pay per view main event in its own right! I can't wait for that one! In the meantime, tonight's edition of DEFtv rolls on, but first - this!

FAMILIA PLANS

Earlier Today

Backstage

The camera pans to a very nice restaurant in an unknown location somewhere earlier today. It appears to be a restaurant that's been rented out for the afternoon and is firmly focused on a well-lit, decorated table full of family-style offerings, appetizers and wine as far as the eye can see.

Both seated at one side of the table are DEFIANCE's least-liked co-champions going today.

With the SO-HIS and SO-HERS championship belts resting on the table in front of them, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez sits decked out in a black suit with gold pinstripes. Next to him, his lovely wife, "The Motherly Saint" Titaness in a form-fitting black and gold sparkling dinner dress.

Uriel Cortez:

Mi Familia... it's been a minute since we've all been able to meet like this. But we're sparing no expense tonight. This is the first of three shows that we're traveling across France!

Titaness:

Yeah. And tonight, we've got a busy night tonight! We played nice for years... and our wallets all got lighter because of it. Now? Look at us! Last year, we were DEFIANCE's Faction of the Year! This year, Uri and I brought home GOLD that we're defending...

She looks up at her husband in the next seat.

Titaness:

Together.

Uriel Cortez:

Together.

Uriel turns to look to the section of table seated next to him. "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltas is decked out in a white and gold sequined business suit and mask.

Uriel Cortez:

Tio Mil! Uncle to this fine Familia! You've been leading this company by example! Being a REAL hero! Shining a light where it needs to be shined and helping to guide our kiddos and shaping them to be the future of this promotion! Titaness and I still have a lot of time ahead of us, but there's no reason that we can't plan for the future.

Mil holds up his wine glass with a smile on his dopey luchador face and clinks glasses with Uriel.

Mil Vueltas:

Si, hermano. Look how far all of us have come! Used to be butt of jokes! Used to be picked on! Used to be hated! Now... you guys! SOHER! You helped Brock Newbludd out of trouble because you and Princesa are great people!

Titaness: *[fake laughing]*

Oh, Mil...

Mil Vueltas:

But I gotta thank these two as well! Big congrats to Dan two weeks ago when he won Tables Match over Punch Drunk Purcell!

Not at the table, but standing behind them in a black turtleneck, dark sunglasses and burgundy jeans, DLJ nods.

Dan Leo James:

That's right! That overweight bully tried to take the SO-US from Mi Familia! And he got exactly what he had coming. And guys... Papa Tez... Mama T... I've not been who you needed me to be. You needed someone to protect this Familia from people who'd try and see us fail.

Uriel raises a glass.

Uriel Cortez:

Great job out there. You beat Punch Drunk Purcell and SHOWED this company what you can really do. You're not just one of our Golden Children... you're not just Chico de Oro... you are our SHIELD!

He stands up and pats Dan on the back.

Uriel Cortez:

From this moment on... you are now **BIG BOSS DAN!**

Big Boss Dan:

Thank you! Can I hug you now, Papa Te... (voice getting deeper)... Uh, I mean... PAPA TEZ?

Uriel Cortez:

You get a side hug for three seconds.

They then proceed to side-hug for exactly three seconds before Uriel walks over to Brooklynn Rivera. Stone-faced as she always is, Uriel pats her on the shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

And tonight, Mi Angelita... biggest opportunity of your career. You take on a DEFIANCE Legend, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas. What's the game plan, Mil?

Mil sits up.

Mil Vueltas:

¡Es bastante sencillo! Brooklynn... we extended multiple olive branches to Scott Douglas! We try and help him out after Los Caidos made him bitch for months... and he say NO! Repeatedly! So, if he won't take our olive branch... ¡ARRÁNCATELE EL BRAZO Y BÁTALO CON ÉL!

Brooklynn smiles.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Loud and clear, Unc. Rip old boy's arm off!

Uriel holds a fist out and bumps fists with Brooklynn. Uriel has a seat and Titaness stands up to approach the other side of the table where "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra is in a red and black dress similar to what Titaness herself is wearing. She sits between Killjoy, dressed in his red and black mask, wearing a torn black sleeveless button-up shirt and pants. He looks up at a waiter coming by with a bottle and moves his glass towards him.

Killjoy:

Fill.

As the waiter nervously does so, Kilgore is standing away from the table, arms folded until he's ready to hurt somebody. Titaness checks in with the trio.

Titaness:

Sis... our Killers have The Atomic Punks tonight. What are we gonna do?

Siofra looks to either side of the table at Killjoy. She nods towards him, then looks up at Kilgore and holds his hand before holding it over her own shoulder.

Siofra:

That's an easy one... KILL EM. I mean, within the confines of what professional wrestling's going to allow.

Titanness:

Of course. And if M4NTRA wants to try and get in our business?

Siofra looks up at Kilgore, with an unnerving smile.

Kilgore:

Hunt them down.

She walks back over to the head of the Familia Dinner table.

Titanness:

Sounds like we've all got a plan. And tonight... we're gonna show Vae Victis! We're gonna show The Lads! We're gonna show The Blood Diamonds, The Outer Heaven and EVERYONE ELSE... that the Familia run things now. Tonight, Lindsay Troy's getting sent packing back to PRIME.

Uriel Cortez:

And you make this all possible. Now... a toast to Familia!

He raises a glass, and everyone at the table joins him.

Everyone:

To La Familia!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE RISING

LIVE from Paris La Défense Arena in Paris, France, December 10 & 11th

FIST of DEFIANCE

Henry Keyes (C) vs. Dan Ryan

Unified Tag Team Championships

Rain City Ronin (C) vs. Triple 7's

Corvo Alpha vs. MV2 w/ Lord Nigel Trickelbush

AND more matches when they are announced!

THE ATOMIC PUNKS vs. KILL OR BE KILLED

DDK:

We've got some heavy hitters in our next tag team match! Two teams that made it to the semi-finals of the Ace of Tag Teams will face one another when The Atomic Punks team of Gigaton and Fission take on Titanes Familia's monsters... Killjoy and Kilgore aka Kill or Be Killed!

Lance:

This will be Killjoy's return to action after being sprayed in the face by Makayla Namaste's Beta Blocker Plus. M4NTRA haven't forgotten that Kill or Be Killed have tried to put them out of action, but Kilgore put down Nathan Eye in singles action.

DDK:

Meanwhile, during the annual Satoween party, the Atomic Punks ran afoul of Money Talks, who would attack Gigaton and Fission during the festivities! Both teams were in search of a fight and this is what both teams got!

Lance:

This would be a statement win for either team, so let's not waste any more time when these four monsters collide!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions as the Marseille crowd are ready to cheer!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ Atomic Punk - Van Halen ♪

The familiar slow, blaring siren of a disaster waiting to happen fills Le Dôme de Marseille, followed by the familiar palm-muted opening to Van Halen's "Atomic Punk," as a spotlight of saffron orange lights up the arena entrance, with three familiar silhouettes standing in the midst.

DDK:

It's been a rough few weeks for the Atomic Punks, Lance; in between being cheated out of the ACE of Tag Teams tournament against the Lucky Sevens, and being jumped by Money Talks at the end of Dr. Sato's Halloween party, the Punks look like they want to get back on the winning track. However, La Familia's Kill or Be Killed will certainly not make that easy!

Dr. Ayumi Sato leads the way, showing no signs of frustration about her Punks' struggles; if anything, she looks more gleeful than ever, if her grin is any indication. She dramatically presents Fission and Gigaton, while cackling in delight as the trio proceeds down the ramp, towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Being lead to the ring by Dr. Ayumi Sato, from Three Mile Island, PA, at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-five pounds... FISSION! GIGATON! THEE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!

Lance:

Indeed, the henchmen of Dr. Sato are looking to show that they are ready to move on from the ACE, but Killjoy and Kilgore also want to make an example of their opponents, and send a message to M4NTRA! It's a toss-up who wins this match, between KOBK's raw, explosive power and the cunning machinations of Dr. Sato and her Punks!

Fission is the first to slide under the ropes, as Big Gig climbs on the apron and steps onto the turnbuckle, raising his arms and letting an intimidating roar loose! Fission looks back at the entrance, and Gigaton comes down to the mat and stands by his hermano, awaiting their opponents.

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted

monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorning a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Now with a new addition to their gear, both Killjoy and Kilgore have matching black vests with gold spikes on the shoulders. They turn around and show off the phrase on the back of their vests in gold:

"RUN"

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

DDK:

We might be looking at two rising teams. We've seen The Atomic Punks come close on a few occasions of becoming Unified Tag Team Champions and have defeated names like The Lucky Sevens and The Blood Diamonds.

Lance:

Indeed! Kill or Be Killed don't have their tenure, but already, they've scored wins over Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha, along with Kilgore defeating Nathan Eye in singles action two weeks ago! Tonight's win may be crucial for both teams!

The vests come off and there is no Mr. Brightside here as the Killers face off with the Punks. Kilgore and Fission start off for their respective teams as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Fission gives up almost a foot and close to a hundred pounds to Kilgore, but doesn't look to be afraid! He eggs on the Familia's Attack Dog to go after him and he's happy to oblige. Fission ducks and goes after the left leg with a volley of quick kicks! He tries to pick the leg, but Kilgore grabs him by the side and CHUCKS him across the ring in a big feat of strength!

DDK:

I get what Fission was trying to do, but that might have been a mistake to go after the leg so early! Kilgore's too strong!

Fission gets back to his feet and tries to go for the leg again with more kicks, but Kilgore once again throws him backwards. This time, Fission seems prepared for it and rolls through to get back to his feet quickly. Kilgore goes for a clothesline, but the quicker member of the Punks ducks and comes off the ropes so when both meet in the middle, he lands a well-timed dropkick to Kilgore's knee!

DDK:

Nice execution! Fission has Kilgore down to a knee! And the quick tag made to Gigaton!

The Marseille Faithful cheer on the big man for the first time as Fission hits the ropes and SMACKS into the kneeling Kilgore with a basement dropkick that knocks him down to the mat followed shortly by a running leg drop right to the neck by Gigaton! Kilgore is left reeling as Gigaton and Fission both stand up and bask in the cheers! Siofra looks irritated by this while Dr. Ayumi Sato cackles and enjoys the moment!

Lance:

Great use of the quick tags from The Atomic Punks to try and chop down the Familia's Attack Dog!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks could very well be one of the most complete teams in the division between Fission's technical prowess and Gigaton's combo of speed and power!

Kilgore gets up to a knee while holding onto his neck, still reeling from the double-team assault. Gigaton strikes him with a big headbutt! Gigaton then rushes Kilgore into the corner and unleashes a series of hard headbutts to the temple to wear down the Attack Dog until he's in a seated position. With Kilgore stunned, Fission is tagged back in. Gigaton whips his own partner into a big running dropkick into the corner. Fission moves as Gigaton leaps in and hits a seated senton in the corner!

DDK:

The Punks have taken control! Gigaton gets him out of that corner... hook of the leg by Fission!

ONE!

TWO!

NO...KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

The attacks have clearly had an effect on Kilgore, but the big monster grits his teeth and turns to face Fission.

Lance:

The Atomic Punks have been in control, but Kilgore looks incensed right now!

Killjoy watches silently from the apron. Fission hooks him by the neck to look for a snap DDT... but before he can hit the move. Kilgore SURGES up to his feet and throws Fission HIGH into the air before crashing down with a freefall drop! Fission is hurt badly from the landing and kicks around the canvas in pain as Kilgore finally fights back to his feet, looking ready to do a whole lot worse!

DDK:

That was unreal strength from Kilgore! He almost threw Fission right through the top of Le Dôme de Marseille!

Lance:

And I think that Kill or Be Killed might have incentive to hurt him!

Kilgore makes the tag to Killjoy and for the first time in a month, The Good Son of the Familia hits the ring. Kilgore grabs the legs of Fission while Killjoy takes the arms. They both nod at one another and then once again THROW Fission even higher than he did before, sending him crashing VIOLENTLY back down into the mat! The Marseille Faithful are collectively shook, as the kids say with how high he has just been thrown and Fission is in agony!

Lance:

GOOD GRIEF! FISSION MIGHT BE DONE!

DDK:

HOW HIGH DID THEY THROW HIM?! THAT HAD TO BE ALMOST TEN FEET IN THE AIR!

A replay shows it up on the DEFIAtron again before returning to real time where Killjoy has Fission up by the back of the neck. He tilts him backwards, then SLAMS a massive clubbing forearm right into the chest that knocks him back to the canvas! Fission is coughing for air after the brutal shot while Killjoy looks out. Siofra looks over at Dr. Sato.

Siofra:

Oh, no! Hope you got a magic formula to fix your boy!

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Fool! I'm a scientist, not a wizard!

As their healthy debate continues, Fission is trying to crawl towards the ropes to pull himself up when Killjoy tags Kilgore. The two Kill or Be Killed members put a foot down on either side of Fission's head in between the ropes and start pressing together!

DDK:

This is called The Familia Portrait and... oh, here's why.

Fission yells out in pain with the two monsters pressing a boot down on either side of his head in the ropes. Siofra climbs up next to Fission and poses with a smile on her face like the evil bruja she is. Hector Navarro is close to a five-count when the giants break it up. As the legal monster, Kilgore grabs Fission and hurls him right at their corner.

Lance:

I just noticed these two... Kill or Be Killed aren't even going for pinfalls yet. They're trying to make an example out of these two while dealing with M4NTRA!

Kilgore makes the tag to Killjoy, who steps out and clubs Fission in the chest along the way. He continues the beatdown, with Kilgore holding Fission's arms to the ropes as Killjoy wallops him with forearms and chops. He dashes to the opposite corner, before rebounding right back...

WHAM!

And crushing him with a nasty avalanche splash! Fission is helpless, only able to slump down in front of the ringpost from the impact. Gigaton is yelling furiously, calling out to his hermano as Fission struggles to find his bearings.

DDK:

It's not looking good for Fission, who has been on the receiving end of a WALLOPING at the hands of KoBK, and he barely looks like he's even in this match mentally!

Killjoy has already made the tag back to Kilgore, who drives a boot onto Fission's back as he tries to get back to his feet, before Kilgore peels him off of the mat, and scoops him up before driving him back down with a powerslam! Once again, Kilgore does NOT cover for the pin, opting for a continuation to the onslaught.

Lance:

Kill or Be Killed are just taking Fission apart piece by piece!

Kilgore makes the quick tag to Killjoy, who climbs back into the ring...

THWACK!**DDK:**

My God! That chop was BRUTAL!

One shot is all the massive Killjoy needs to slump to a seated position in the corner, but it's not long before Killjoy pulls him up and tags back out to Kilgore. He has the same idea in mind...

THWACK!

One more chop from Kilgore brings Fission out of the corner! Siofra motions for Kilgore to go for the pin! He nods and yanks him out of the corner by the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.. KICKOUT!

Kilgore's eyes bulge wide open when Fission is able to get the shoulder up! The Faithful are FULLY behind the defiant (pun very much intended) Fission!

Lance:

Whoa! We've seen both members of The Atomic Punks just be able to eat as much punishment as they can dish out, but I'm genuinely SHOCKED! Siofra responds by holding her hands together, telling him to end it!

DDK:

Siofra is giving Kilgore his marching orders!

As Fission tries to pull himself up against Kilgore's boot, the Attack Dog of the Familia grins. He pulls Fission back to his feet, and locks in a full-nelson that shows, almost comically, the true difference in size between the two competitors.

DDK:

Looks like Kilgore is going to do what he calls "The Hounds of Anwnn," and it might be over for Fissi- NO!

Keeps' call was interrupted because as Kilgore lifted Fission up into the air, the Punk managed to position himself to grab Kilgore's arm mid-air and arm-drag him to the mat! Feeling a surge of adrenaline, Fission hops to his feet and stares down Kilgore. The big man rushes in and lunges forth with the Call of the Wild big boot, but Fission ducks low, and on the rebounds flies right into Kilgore with a flying crossbody that sends Fission rolling from the impact to the Punks' corner. He crawls a bit as Kilgore tries to find his feet and cut him off, but Fission finds it in him to jump to Gigaton for the hot tag!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And here comes the big man! Three-hundred and ten pounds of walking weapon!

The big bruiser CRASHES right into Kilgore and knocks him off his feet with a flying shoulder! He's back up and before Killjoy can even react, Gigaton smashes right into the masked monster with a HUGE flying forearm that knocks him clear off the apron!

Lance:

Look at Gigaton go!

The house of fire... nay, nuclear power measures up Kilgore, who is trying to get back to his feet before bouncing off the ropes and crashing right into the Attack Dog with a low running crossbody off the ropes! Gigaton rolls through and gets to his feet before he climbs out the ring apron!

DDK:

Where's he going?!

The Marseille Faithful are unglued as Gigaton hits the apron and runs clear off, noticing Killjoy starting to get back to his feet. Gigaton then takes flight and wipes out Killjoy with a rolling senton off the ring apron!

DDK:

GIGATON IS ROLLING! LITERALLY ROLLING RIGHT NOW!

Once back on his feet, Gigaton ROARS out to the people as Dr. Ayumi Sato looks super-pleased with one of her creations! Siofra in the corner looks shocked at what's happening as he heads back into the ring to focus solely on Kilgore. He tries to get Kilgore back to his feet, but Kilgore pushes him back and rocks him with a chop! Gigaton takes the shot... and smiles. Then chops him in retaliation! Kilgore fires back! Then Gigaton! Kilgore! Gigaton! Kilgore! Gigaton! Kilgore! Gigaton! The crowd are applauding as the two meat mountains continue to chop one another down!

DDK:

This is CRAZY and it's only our second match tonight!

Chops continue to fly until Kilgore has enough and tries to for the eye of Gigaton! Kilgore savagely gouges until Benny Doyle gets involved and tells them to stop! Kilgore then hits the ropes and looks for the Call of the Wild, but Gigaton ducks and when he comes back, he catches Kilgore with a Black Hole Slam!

DDK:

BLACK HOLE SLAM!

ONE!

TWO!

THR.. NO!

Kilgore kicks out, but Gigaton gets back up and hits a seated senton on the big man to keep him down! When Kilgore is hurt, Gigaton stands over him!

DDK:

Ohhhhh no! I think The Atomic Splash might be next!

The Faithful hear it... but before he can get a running start... at ringside, he sees Dr. Ayumi Sato in the ring being harassed by Angus Skaaland and Money Talks!

Lance:

NO! WHAT ARE THESE THREE DOING HERE?!

Angus gets into the face of Dr. Sato and starts talking some smack, forcing Fission to jump in between them and Dr. Sato! Gigaton leans over the corner and howls towards Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne!

Lance:

Oh, no! Look!

Gigaton doesn't see Kilgore, nor does he see the blind tag from Killjoy!

Gigaton turns around...

DDK:

OOH! CALL OF THE WILD IN THE CORNER BY KILGORE!

Before Gigaton knows what hit him, Kilgore whips him right into the waiting arms of Killjoy who has the strength to POWER the larger half of the Punks into the air before bringing him down the hard with The FreeFall powerbomb!

DDK:

OH MY LORD! FALL OF THE WILD FROM KILGORE AND KILLJOY! KILLJOY WITH THE COVER!

Killjoy hooks the leg! Fission tries to help out his partner, but Felton Bigsby takes a cheap shot behind his back!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **KILL OR BE KILLED!**

Killjoy grins and stands back up to his feet with Kilgore and Siofra regrouping in the ring. Siofra chases the official away so she can raise the hands of the monsters! Outside the ring, Angus and Money Talks simply wave at Dr. Sato and leave ringside, their mission being accomplished!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks might have been on their way to a victory here tonight, but thanks to Money Talks and Angus Skaaland, Kill or Be Killed take advantage! This is a big win for the Familia's monsters!

Lance:

And this won't be the last we see of the Punks and Money Talks! Of this, I'm sure!

Money Talks walk backwards up the aisle, enjoying their handiwork when suddenly the music stops.

M A N T R A

♪ "Better (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

The French Faithful roar as Makayla Namaste is the first to appear at the entrance, behind her are both members of M4NTRA carrying steel chairs in their hand to a thunderous ovation. Money Talks make eye contact with the former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, quickly decide this isn't their fight, and stand to the side and allow "DEC4L" Declan Alexander and Nathaniel Eye to pass. Beaten. Bruised. Ready for a fight.

Lance:

After the beating these two took at DEFtv 227, I thought it might be a few shows until we saw them again.

DDK:

This is certainly not the same M4NTRA team we saw under the tutelage of Tom Morrow, Lance. Those two would be vacationing somewhere south of here in the Mediterranean. Now they're bringing the fight to two of the most dangerous men in DEFIANCE!

In stereo both members of M4NTRA slide under the bottom rope and go in for the kill and the music cuts as Natty Eye swings for the fences at Killjoy who swats the chair out of Nate's hands like a basketball simultaneously as Kilgore spears Declan so hard he does a flip and lands on top of his own steel chair. The cheers of the French Faithful hesitate as Nathaniel Eye refuses to back down and rams his shoulder into the abdomen of Killjoy in an attempt to take him down but the monster instead grabs him by the back of the skull and brute forces him down to the canvas and begins rubbing his head into the mat like a bad dog.

Meanwhile Siofra stalks the ring, watching with sick satisfaction as DEC4L pulls himself back up to his feet only to be immediately hoisted into the air like a child and thrown halfway across the ring. Money Talks snicker at Makayla as they pass and head to the backstage area.

DDK:

This has gone south quickly. I think Wyatt is going to need to get some boys together and come break this up quickly.

Lance:

You think anyone in DEFsec wants to step into the ring with these two? That's going to be hard sell, Keebs!

DDK:

I hate to agree with you, Lance, but M4NTRA may need to figure out a way to save themselves.

With Alexander neutralized holding his ribs in the corner, Kilgore has freed himself up to join his partner in pain who is still forcing Nathan's face harder and harder into the canvas with bestial grunt. Kilgore takes the chair speared away from DEC4L and slides it over to Killjoy who looks up as his partner while lifting the face of Eye up with a clutch on the back of his skull. He then looks down at the chair and slams Natty's face into the steel chair. Over. And Over. And Over. Makayla screams and gets halfway down the aisle before she realizes there is nothing she can do.

Lance:

You're right, Keebs. They're going to have to pay the boys extra or something. We can't just sit here and watch this.

DING DING DING DING!

The bell rings as the staff try to do anything they can to keep the animals away from M4NTRA. Finally Killjoy grows tired and pulls Nathaniel up and faces him towards Makayla, revealing the crimson mask running down his face. Letting go of his claw, Killjoy stalks as Eye stumbles, wiping the blood away from his eyes and falling to a knee. He manages to barely stand back up just in time for Kilgore to knock his head off with the Call of the Wild sending him over the top rope and falling lifeless to Makayla's feet outside of the ring.

DING DING DING DING!

Instafamous runs over to Nathaniel Eye and turns around, screaming towards the back for someone to come down and help to no avail as inside the ring Siofra has stolen the other chair and wedged it into the far corner. Directly in front of that corner Declan Alexander has pulled himself up to his feet in frustration holding his ribs.

DDK:

Call it a day, Declan. Just get out of there.

Lance:

I don't think he fully knows what's happened while he's been down!

Alexander sees Killjoy take the bloody steel chair and set in seated position in the middle of the ring, he takes a step towards Killer when...

CRACK!

The boot of Kilgore slams DEC4L's skull into the steel chair with another Call of the Wild! The Faithful watch in stunned silence as Kilgore tosses the PogChamp into Killjoy's grasp who lifts the former BRAZEN Champion into the air and slams in spine first into the seated chair with the FreeFall! The steel buckles under the power of the Good Son. Siofra has a sickening grin across her face as she leans towards the ropes and watches Makayla continue to panic before finally an army of DEFsec lead by Wyatt Bronson rush down towards the ring, but it's too late. The damage has been done. Siofra motions for Kill or Be Killed to follow as she leaves the ring.

DDK:

Finally we're getting some help down here, this is a lot to take in, Lance. I'm at a loss for words. I don't really know what to say.

Lance:

Well we can hope M4NTRA get the medical attention they need and let's hope DEFsec keep these crazies away from Makayla.

Kill Or Be Killed make sure to glare at Makayla Namaste on the way by as DEFsec floods to make a barricade between the two groups but KOBK leave with destruction in their wake. Makayla leaves Nate in the capable hands of the medical team as she slides into the ring to check on Declan and the scene fades to black.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE SPOTLIGHT

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

ACE UP THE SLEEVE

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The booing in Marseille 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]"

Quimbey:

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

Tom Morrow then stops and then puts his head down. Morrow holds up the contract ...

A dark arena.

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Behind Morrow there are three spotlights that shine with a flame effect. Max Luck on the left! Behind him, his twin Mason Luck in green! And behind them in orange, Mark Luck!

DDK:

And here comes the Triple 7s! They cannot be happy with how things went down two weeks ago! Tom Morrow has been repeatedly flaunting that Ace of Tag Teams contract in the face of Rain City Ronin. Mark Luck faced Leo Burnett in a singles match and when things looked bleak, Lonnie Luck made a return and bit Tom Morrow's arm and that distraction led to Mark Luck suffering his first defeat!

Lance:

Morrow lost his mind after that and proclaimed that they would be exercising their title match at DEFIANCE Rising!

The twin giants and their brother in law follow and then push the top ropes down to enter the ring. Mason, Max and Mark throw up the Winning Hand with Tom Morrow standing front and center.

DDK:

Tom Morrow has invited the Rain City Ronin because he will be putting pen to paper and signing the contract to make their title match official for DEFIANCE Rising!

Tom Morrow signals for the music to drop.

Tom Morrow:

Rain ... City ... Ronin!!!

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Tom Morrow:

As the current reigning and defending Unified Tag Team champions, your presence is required. Tonight, we are making this happen, boys!

All eyes turn toward the stage, awaiting the arrival of the tag champions.

Except... no one comes out.

Long seconds pass. The Lucks pace impatiently in the ring while murmurs of confusion ripple through the crowd.

DDK:

Well... it would appear as though the Rain City Ronin are reluctant to answer the call from Tom Morrow.

Lance:

I can't say I blame them. I'm sure the last thing the masters of "Shut Up And Wrestle" are interested in is an invitation to a conversation with Tom Morrow.

DDK:

In the ring, no less.

The DEFIATron suddenly flickers to life.

DDK:

There they are!

The Marseille Faithful POP at the sight of the Unified Tag Team Champions blown up on the big screen. ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT are in the back, sitting side by side in folding chairs and wearing matching "Dojo Cascadia" training suits. The championship belts are proudly worn on their shoulders.

They stare into the camera--and, by extension, Morrow and the Lucks--with a quiet intensity that seems to demand why they've been summoned.

Tom Morrow looks at Rain City Ronin on the screen.

Tom Morrow:

I bet you two think that you're pretty cute, don't you? Mark Luck was in the middle of stomping you through the mat, Leo! He was going to beat you when that little troll, Lonnie Luck so viciously attacked me completely unprovoked!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Unphased, Leo and Zack continue to stoically stare back at the man with the microphone standing in the ring. Members of the crowd can be heard chuckling. But Morrow is not smiling at all.

Tom Morrow:

YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY? YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY?!

The faces of the Ronin are unreadable. They don't look like they're there for laughs.

Their eyes indicate that they're ready to fight, and growing ever impatient being made to wait.

Tom Morrow:

Keep laughing, funny boys. Keep ...

Max Luck surprises Tom Morrow by stealing the microphone right out of his hand!

Max Luck:

Tom ... we got this.

Morrow is moved off to the side by Max and Mason.

Max Luck:

Leo. Zack. From one team to another ... as talents ... we begrudgingly respect you.

Tom Morrow is shocked to hear this from his client.

The champions look rather indifferent to this praise.

Max Luck:

You have been on top of the mountain for quite a while now. Even back in BRAZEN, you guys were pegged as the future of the division for DEFIANCE and you've done it. Everything you have wanted to do, you have accomplished. No team has been able to beat you yet ... you're on top of the mountain and you've kicked everyone off that's tried to push you off the summit first

Max Luck points to the screen. Specifically, to the belts resting on either champion's shoulder.

Max Luck:

But the mountain that you're sitting on is one that my brother and I planted our flag long ago! Those titles? We told Saturday Night Specials the same thing a long time ago, but those titles are our FIST of DEFIANCE! Those mean everything to us and we will do anything we need to do to have them back!

"TA GUEULE ET LUTTE!! TA GUEULE ET LUTTE!! TA GUEULE ET LUTTE!! TA GUEULE ET LUTTE!!"

Mason wants to say something and Max passes the mic.

Mason Luck:

We got fired while chasing those titles. We got hired back as the highest-paid Unified Tag Team champions in company history! We main evented Madison Square Garden and DEFCON as Unified Tag Team champions! We ruined careers! ... Hell! We've ruined lives for those Unified Tag Team titles! We had to literally fall apart and put ourselves back together to put ourselves back in position to challenge for them, but with Mark at our side, we did it! The first-ever two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! Two-time champions. We will win number three!

Mason puts his hands out.

Mason Luck:

Tom ... gimme that f[censored] contract!

As cautious as possible, Tom Morrow hands it to Mason Luck.

Mason Luck:

Tom's right. We worked together a long time ago against Tom Morrow ... but sorry kids. Those days are long f[censored] gone! This company needs to understand that we will do what we have to do to get back to the top and if we have to make an example of you in order to do it, I'll do and sleep like a baby after I'm finished.. This company needs to understand that we are the greatest tag team and the greatest trio of all time and to do that, you two are going to have to suffer for it.

Mason Luck signs the contract. He gives it to Max Luck who signs it.

Mason Luck:

We have to call our shot ahead of time, but we also get to pick the stipulation boys. You haven't said a word the whole time that we've known you ... but you will. Hit em with the news Tom.

Tom finally peeks in between the two brothers.

Tom Morrow:

You will defend those Unified Tag Team championships against The Triple 7s at DEFIANCE Rising ... IN AN "I QUIT MATCH!!!"

That news catches the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful off guard!

Zack and Leo don't even bat an eye at the news.

DDK:

What?! An I Quit Match?

The news sinks in and Tom Morrow glances at RCR on the screen!

Tom Morrow:

That's right! Since you little smart-asses like to disrespect the greatest and most successful champions of all time, you get to be the example of what happens when you do so! This match won't end until either member of this team says "I QUIT!!!" So remember where you were, DEFIANCE Faithful, when the Triple 7s beat the Rain City Ronin so bad they're forced to tell the world that they're giving up those titles! Got a funny expression for that?!

Once again, the Rain City Ronin refrain from showing any reaction. Their cold, calculated stares are absolute.

DDK:

The champions are absolutely stonewalling Tom Morrow right now!

Lance:

And I think it's getting to him. Still, something seems off here...

Morrow and the Lucks continue to glare up at the champions DEFIANTly staring down from them from the screen.

Suddenly, there are sudden squeals of excitement coming from the first few rows...

DDK:

Wait a second... the RONIN ARE HERE!

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, both dressed in their ring gear, suddenly hop the barricade and slide into the ring behind Morrow and the Triple 7s! Popping up to their feet, they pounce without hesitation...

Lance:

And they're not here to screw around!

DDK:

No, they are not! The Tag Team Champions are on the ATTACK!

Using the element of surprise, the RCR double up on the unsuspecting Mark and quickly toss him over the ropes to the floor. Then they split off against Mason and Max, and the fists fly!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

DDK:

These fans wanted a fight, and the Rain City Ronin are giving them one! It's Zack on Max and Leo on Mason!

Lance:

And Tom Morrow doing everything he can to stay out of the way!

Morrow hits the deck and crawls around in random directions, trying to avoid being trampled by the forest of stomping legs dancing around every square foot of the canvas!

DDK:

MARK LUCK IS TRYING TO GET INTO THE RING ...

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

But he's stopped by LONNIE LUCK with a steel chair in his hand going right for the leg of Mark Luck!

Lance:

LONNIE LUCK IS HERE, TOO!!! RCR AND LONNIE LUCK ARE IN CAHOOTS!!!

Lonnie sees Tom and starts swinging the chair like he's a crazy person! Tom backs up and almost trips over his own two feet!

The champs split the Lucks into opposite corners, posting up to the second sets of turnbuckles and throwing so many knuckle sandwiches, they could open a deli. But then the Maim Event Monsters come alive, reminding us that if such a deli existed they would torch it to the ground, as they quickly overpower either member of RCR and switch places in the corners.

DDK:

But the Sevens are fighting back!

Lance:

I don't think anyone wants to wait until DEFIANCE Rising!

DEFSec begin storming down the rampway. In the ring, Mason and Max perform double Irish whips to send Zack and Leo on a collision course. Instead, Daymon leaps and Burnett assists him onto his shoulders before falling back and sending his partner into a diving lariat that catches Max across the chest and takes him down!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

Daymon pops back up and joins his partner in time to hit the charging Mason with stereo dropkicks!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

The Luck twins power back to their feet. All four run toward the center of the ring... only to be mobbed by various local jobbers in black and red shirts.

DDK:

Security is finally here to break this up!

Lance:

And right when it was getting good...

"LAISSEZ-LES SE BATTRE! LAISSEZ-LES SE BATTRE! LAISSEZ-LES SE BATTRE! LAISSEZ-LES SE BATTRE!"

The Ronin are partitioned off to one side of the ring while the Lucks are being held back on the other. Morrow eventually pulls his boys from the fracas and corrals his team back at the foot of the rampway.

With the ring to themselves, Zack and Leo retrieve the tag championships they left on the mat upon entry and raise them to the crowd.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

Lonnie Luck slides inside the ring with a dented steel chair! Lonnie reaches out and extends a high five to Leo and Zack! Mark is being pulled back by Tom Morrow outside, who is telling him that they aren't fighting for free! The Triple 7s head back up the aisle!

DDK:

The statement has been made by the Rain City Ronin here tonight!

Lance:

I'll say! If anyone expects to share the ring with them, they better be prepared to fight!

DDK:

Be as it may, the Triple Sevens have now officially SIGNED their Aces of DEFIANCE contracts! They will challenge the Tag Champions in an "I QUIT" match at DEFIANCE Rising!

Lance:

It's a risky move for Morrow to make. How can you get either member of the Rain City Ronin to utter the words "I Quit" when they remain committed to silence?

DDK:

I suppose it remains to be seen. Nevertheless, seeing the animosity on display in that ring here just moments ago, I think we're in for one hell of a battle between these teams!

DABNEY DOUBLEDAY vs. JANE KATZE

♪ **Nothing Stands In Our Way" by Lacuna Coil** ♪

Darren Quimbey's introduction of Jane Katze is almost drowned out by boos. Edward White's main associate, the slinky, sexy, brilliant Submission Siren steps out in her classic secretarial fit.

Lance:

Jane flying solo tonight. Either she has something to prove or Ed's making it hard for her out of spite... maybe both?

DDK:

Well, if Jane loses here Dabney gets Edward at DEF Rising... one would imagine Ed, with his proclivities, would want to avoid that outcome.

♪ **Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell** ♪

As the country and western classic begins to play, a curtain of gold and blue sparklers rain down in front of the entrance curtain... through which steps the brothers Doubleday to a huge reaction from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied by his manager Douglas Doubleday ... from Mayo, Florida, weighing in at 221 pounds... "FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAY!

DDK:

Folks, we've got a real treat here... the rising fan favorite 'Fair Play' Dabney Doubleday, accompanied as always by his brother and manager Douglas, taking on a very dangerous competitor making a rare in-ring appearance Ed White's right hand, Jane Katze.

Lance:

Gosh she's something. She looks like she'd put me in a loan agreement I can't get out of and then break my arm when I miss the first payment."

DDK:

She does have a Master's in Finance, Lance.

Jane steps out of her heels and lets her hair down, blazer tossed aside. Dabney offers a handshake...

...and that's when she whips him over with a judo hip toss so sharp the crowd groans.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING

Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DDK:

Expert throw there from Katze, and she's already diving on that arm! Cross-armbar attempt... Dabney's in trouble early!

Lance:

She's trying to take his arm home as a souvenir!

Jane transitions with seamless top control, driving elbows, cinching a guillotine, shifting into a kneebar attempt.

Douglas slaps the apron, pacing in his awful brown suit.

Douglas Doubleday: *[at ringside]*

COME ON DABS! FOCUS!

DDK:

Jane Katze's grappling pedigree is well-documented. She's smothering him.

Lance:

She's like a finance major trying to collect student loan debt.

Dabney twists free and counters with a sudden Hot Seat atomic drop, sending Jane stumbling.

Crowd cheers as Dabney flashes a cheerful thumbs-up.

DDK:

Dabney Doubleday showing that signature confidence! This kid just loves to entertain!

Capitalizing quickly, Dabney strings together several of his signature spots...

His Blond Bomber lariat that levels Katze, as she pops back to her feet she's met with the Ol' Ham n' Eggs... Dabs' juking and jiving quick punches under the chin. With all his strength Dabs snags a wrist and with all his might Miracle Whips' Jane violently into the corner with full follow through.

As she stumbles back out into the ring she's met with a big Flattop flapjack that leaves her clearly stunned.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dabney Doubleday firing up! Jane Katze on the back foot!

Lance:

Throwing hands and making mama Doubleday proud!

Dabney climbs the rope for his diving top rope fist drop Rise & Shine, but Jane rolls aside.

She pounces with predatory timing, snapping Dabney down with the Katze Krusher.

DDK:

Neckbreaker variation! That might be it!

Lance:

If my neck bent like that, I'd need a priest.

She flows into the Gilded Cage, locking in the grapevine and wrenching Dabney's neck.

Dabney claws toward the ropes... Douglas nearly vibrating with worry.

Douglas Doubleday:

REEEEEEACH DABNEY, COME ON!

With the words of his brother echoing in his ears Dabney claws and claws some more at the canvas before, after an agonizing amount of time in Jane's complicated looking front chancery variation.

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

He finally gets the rope.

Jane breaks at four, furious at referee Carla Ferarri.

Jane grabs Dabney for Caviar Wishes, mounted punches into an armbar. She extends the arm...

... but Dabney deadlifts her into a slam!

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Incredible strength from the young man!

Lance:

He just turned a submission attempt into a free ride for Ed's girl Friday, Keebs!

Both rise.

Jane scowls at Dabney.

Lance:

This is a must win situation for Jane, folks!

DDK:

Ed really threw her under the bus with this match, but she's making a real show of it.

Lance:

Don't want to disappoint the boss, Darren.

Kick from Jane... caught.

Spin attempt... ducked.

Guillotine setup... blocked.

DDK:

The ring generalmanship from this young man is incredible!

Dabney slips behind, hooks both arms...

The crowd knows. Even with as new as he is, the crowd has become very familiar with this peculiar young competitor and his wild finishing maneuver.

Dabney grins.

The crowd roars.

*ALLONS-Y DAB-NEY *clap clap clapclapclap**

*ALLONS-Y DAB-NEY *clap clap clapclapclap**

*ALLONS-Y DAB-NEY *clap clap clapclapclap**

He drops down and flips over and starts wrenching the arms of Jane Katze back behind her in his bridging double underhook submission maneuver known colloquially by some as the Cattle Mutaliation. But in Dabney's world it's known as...

DDK:

LAZY SUSAN! Dabney Doubleday's got the arms trapped!

He pulls back her arms with every last ounce of grit he has in his body, locking the double-underhook TIGHT.

He then begins the disorienting spider-walk rotation around Jane's trapped body.

Lance:

KEEBS HE'S SPINNIN' LIKE HE'S LOOKIN' FOR THE BUTTER DISH!

DDK:

He's wrestling with FIRE Lance! He wants that match with Ed White at DEF Rising more than anything, clearly!

Jane thrashes helplessly. A look of uncharacteristic desperation sneaks across Jane's usually stoic face as she hunts fruitlessly for an escape from the wild submission hold.

The crowd roars louder with each rotation.

Douglas Doubleday:

SPIN HER LIKE A PLATE AT THANKSGIVIN', DABNEY!

One final wrench of the arms, Jane's shoulderblades almost touching...

JANE TAPS!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Submission victory! Dabney Doubleday just made a legitimate grappling specialist tap out!

Lance:

Now he gets Ed White one on one at DEF Rising!

Dabney pops up smiling, raising both arms as Douglas hops into the ring and hugs him around the waist like a toddler gripping a refrigerator.

Jane rolls out, humiliated, grabbing her heels and blazer. She glares daggers back at the ring.

DDK:

A competitive, gritty matchup — Dabney Doubleday continues to rise here in DEFIANCE."

Lance:

And Jane Katze? She's gonna be... uh oh...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite Edward White matches suddenly from the back... probably more furious than we've seen him since his return. The massive bodyguard and Ed's proverbial left hand, the seven footer Nicky Corozzo following close behind. A look of concern on the former mob enforcer's usually scowling face.

Ed stomps down the ramp and snatches a microphone from one of the ringside production people.

He gets right into Jane's face...

Dabney and Douglas watch from up in the ring.

Edward White:

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT, HUH?! What happened to my assassin? What happened to my KILLER? How many times are YOU TWO gonna' disappoint me?! Make a GOTDAMN FOOL outta me, huh? LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, DAMN YOU!

He shoves Jane's shoulder, her look of shame becomes one of anger. Nicky realizes this dressing down also includes him... having lost recently in a match with Dex Joy.

Edward White:

Gonna get mad now, huh? Gonna come at me now... do I look scared, girl? You're both losers! LOSERS! I've been DRAGGIN' you two along for what... almost two damn decades?! Well you know what? Jane, Nicky to quote a GREAT man...

He takes a moment to look into the eyes of his constant companions, his left and right hands. The stress and anger of The Socialite clear as day across his bearded face.

Edward White:

YOU'RE FIRED!

Near silence. Just an initial collective "WHAT?" from the Faithful.

The crowd is in shock.

DDK:

Wait, what?

Ed White has an unhinged, almost feral look in his eyes.

Lance:

Oh my God.

Jane and Nicky both stand absolutely gobsmacked.

Up in the ring Douglas is lapping this all up like a cat with a warm dish of milk.

Dabney on the other hand, always the white hat, clearly doesn't like this turn of events. Dabs always has a soft spot for the underdog, the downtrodden... and he HATES bullies...

DDK:

Jane and Nicky, while they wrestle for DEF, technically... they don't "work" here. Their contracts belong to Edward.

Lance:

Jane and Nicky have been Edward's partners for AGES, this... I'm flabbergasted, Darren..

The Socialite points furiously towards backstage.

Edward White:

YOU HEARD ME! GO ON! GIT! I'M DONE WITH THE BOTH OF YOU!

Jane Katze *breaks*.

Her stoic demeanor melts as she stands there desperately clutching her blazer and heels. The Submission Siren falls away and what we're left with is someone DEEPLY hurt.

Lance:

Jane has been Edward's closest confidant... she's dedicated her career, her LIFE to Ed's business.

She opens her mouth to protest but Edward takes another step forward into her personal space.

He growls...

Edward White:

GO ON GIRL, CRY! A perfect pathetic period on the end of this sad GOTdamn sentence!

Nicky Corozzo is dumbfounded. He mutters something to Ed, but he's not hearing it. He's BLINDED with rage. Clearly holding back emotion, Jane tugs at Nicky's arm and starts heading up the ramp. The Faithful are weirdly quiet for this whole exchange after getting good look at Jane and Nicky's faces.

Lance:

I... listen, these two have done a lot of rotten things in service of Edward, but. This is shocking.

DDK:

I really don't know what to say, folks. This is unprecedented.

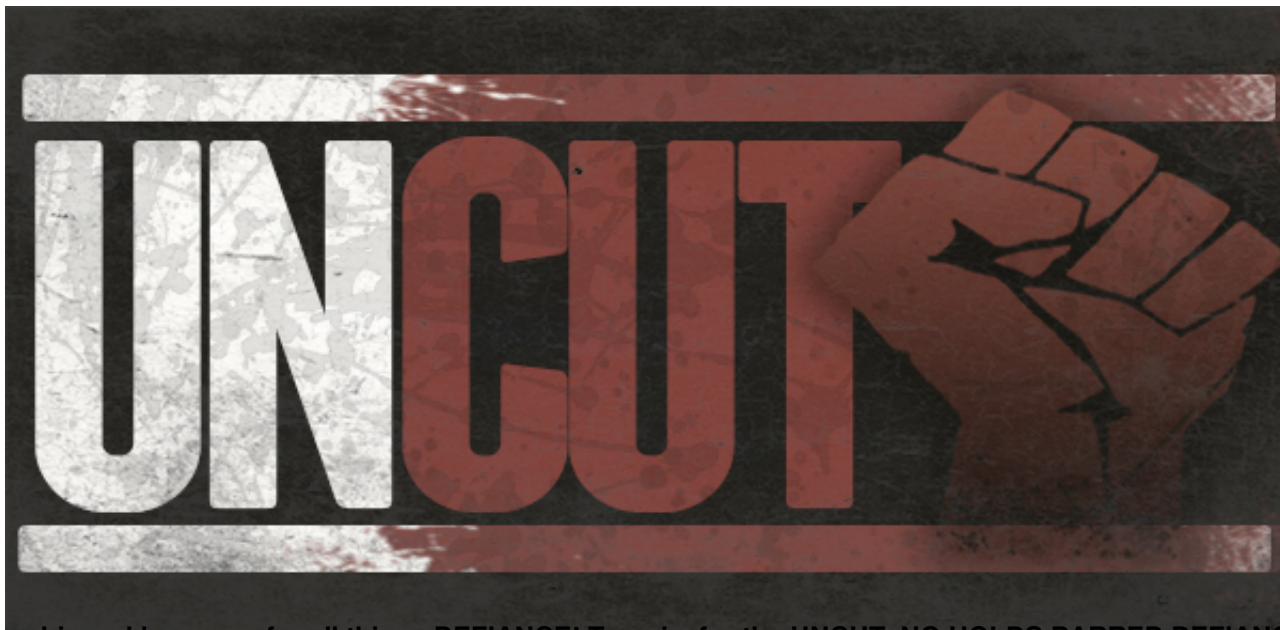
Jane passes through the curtain without another word. Nicky looks back with tears in his eyes... the Socialite avoiding his gaze. As the now former associates pass through the curtain, Ed turns back towards the ring.

Edward White:

I'll see your ass at DEF Rising, boy!

He spikes the microphone with a long electronic squeal before turning and making his own exit to the side of the ramp.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

CORVO ALPHA vs. VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Up next, we have two competitors who have never faced off one-on-one, but share more in common than the fact that they both used to wear masks.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. As we've seen for years in DEFIANCE, when Lord Nigel Tricklebush inserts himself into someone's orbit, things get dark fast. Corvo knows Nigel's games better than almost anyone, but Victor? His deep-rooted obsession with revenge on Kerry Kuroyama may have blinded him to Nigel's ulterior motives.

DDK:

Very true. But one has to ask: how does Corvo Alpha prepare himself for a match like this? We know full well it is never one-on-one with Victor Vacio, and now with Los Caídos seemingly in league with Lord Nigel, that daunting shadow only grows longer.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Faithful pop for more action.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Parts Untold... weighing in tonight at two-hundred and sixty-seven pounds... you can CALL HIM the Absolute Animal... CALL HIM... CORVO! ALPHA!

The Faithful explode at the mention of Corvo's name and erupt even louder as he appears in the crowd. Alpha pauses two-thirds of the way to the ring, soaking in the fan response. Still dripping in fresh yellow, red, and blue paint, Corvo suddenly SPRINTS the rest of the way down the steps and LEAPS over the barricade.

Crouched at ringside, his wide, white, wild eyes stay locked on the ring, which he finds empty, and quickly his attention turns to stage.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha looks locked in tonight!

Lance:

Corvo has walked into chaos before, and tonight is no different. There is still a threat across the ring, and Nigel Tricklebush is still involved. Par for his course, honestly.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Smoke rolls across the ramp and clouds the entryway.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Mexico City, Mexico! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-nine pounds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICTOR ... VAAAACIOOOOOOOOO!!!

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio steps through the haze. Los Caídos fall in behind him in staggered formation, the patent leather on their black-on-black masks catching the light with each step.

Lance:

Vacio has always been a loose screw, but with Nigel in his ear... anything can happen.

Vacio pauses at the top of the ramp as Los Caídos spread outward, forming a loose perimeter around him as he makes his way toward the ring. At ringside, Vacio climbs onto the apron, wipes his boots, and steps through the ropes all the while keeping his eyes locked on Corvo crouched at ringside.

He walks to the center of the ring, hands held out wide to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

No love in Le Dôme de Marseille for Victor Vacio!

Los Caídos begin to tighten their formation, drifting in on Corvo's crouched position at ringside. Corvo rises slowly, shoulders rolling back as he stands, eyes wide and wild, paint streaking down his face. His gaze darts from one masked figure to the next, unafraid and unblinking.

DDK:

Corvo is not taking his eyes off Los Caídos.

Lance:

They'd better watch themselves. You do not sneak up on a man like Corvo Alpha.

Inside the ring, Victor Vacio makes his move. He steps toward Hector Navarro and snaps his fingers sharply to get the referee's full attention.

Victor Vacio:

¡Oye, árbitro! ¡Ojos en mí! ¿Por qué no está en el ring, huh? ¡Haz tu trabajo, pendejo!

[Hey ref! Eyes on me! Why isn't he in the ring, huh? Do your job, idiot!]

Navarro turns completely toward Vacio, hands up, trying to calm him, missing what is about to happen on the floor.

DDK:

Vacio is tying up Hector on purpose!

Lance:

Of course he is. If Los Caídos can soften Corvo up out here ... Vacio has a better shot in there!

Corey Nunez inches forward with a quick, aggressive step.

A step too close.

Corvo explodes forward.

DDK:

HUGE LARIAT!

Nunez is lifted high off his feet, flipping backward before crashing hard on the ringside mats.

The Faithful roar.

And just that quickly, Victor Vacio changes his tune.

Victor Vacio:

¡Míralo! ¡Mira lo que está haciendo!

[Look at him! Look what he's doing!]

Lance:

Nunez just got folded like laundry.

DDK:

He thought he had a free shot, and Corvo made him pay for it.

Hector Navarro finally turns, sees only the aftermath... Los Caídos scrambling to pull Nunez to safety, and Corvo standing over them like a wild animal.

Navarro gestures toward Corvo.

DDK:

Navarro did not see the lariat, but he is blaming Corvo anyway!

Lance:

He has to. From Hector's view, it looks like Corvo is the one causing the trouble.

Navarro points firmly toward the ring, ordering Corvo inside. Corvo slowly backs toward the apron, eyes still locked on Los Caídos, before sliding under the bottom rope.

The moment he stands, Vacio lunges forward and grabs Navarro by the arm again, dragging the referee directly into Corvo's path like a shield.

DDK:

And here we go again. Vacio is hiding behind the official; the second Corvo Alpha steps in.

Lance:

Of course he is. Corvo is ready to tear into him, and Vacio wants none of it without a barrier in the way.

Navarro finally manages to tug himself free from Vacio's grip, shaking out his arm with clear frustration. He steps between both men, creating space, and signals for order.

Hector Navarro:

Ring the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

And now this match is officially underway.

Lance:

Yeah, good luck keeping it contained.

Corvo immediately steps forward, eyes locked on Vacio, teeth clenched, and every bit of him coiled to strike. Vacio, seeing that opening burst coming his way, throws both hands up and backs hard into the nearest corner.

Victor Vacio:

¡Atrás! ¡Atrás!

[Back up! Back up!]

DDK:

Vacio is already scrambling!

Lance:

He should be! His normal gambit failed, and now ... Corvo Alpha is coming in hot.

Navarro is forced to step between them again as Vacio hooks his arms over the top rope, demanding the rope break. Corvo paces, breathing heavy and waiting for the instant the referee steps aside.

Navarro halts the count and ...

Corvo lunges.

Vacio ducks under the wild swing and slips away toward the opposite corner, still buying himself seconds at a time.

DDK:

Every trick, every stall. Vacio is going to milk those ropes for all they're worth.

Lance:

Classic strategy. If you stall the beast long enough, you might find a way to cut him down.

Vacio hits the far corner and tries to slip between the ropes again, but this time Corvo is right on him. Navarro barely gets a hand up before Corvo grabs Vacio by the wrist and yanks him clean out of the corner with brute force.

DDK:

Here we go!

Corvo whips Vacio across the ring with so much force that Vacio hits the turnbuckles chest-first and stumbles backward. Corvo barrels in behind him and SMASHES him with a charging forearm to the back of the head.

Lance:

Oh my! The impact!!

Corvo scoops Vacio up by the waist and launches him overhead with a violent release German suplex. Vacio flips through the air and crashes onto his stomach and chest.

The Faithful explode into a giant pop of adulation.

DDK:

Corvo just tossed him like a bag of sand!

Vacio scrambles up to his knees, dazed ... scrambling ... panicking ... reaching for the ropes.

Corvo doesn't wait. He stomps across the canvas with long, heavy steps and grabs Vacio by the hair and snatches him to his feet.

Victor Vacio:

¡Espera! ¡Espera!

[Wait! Wait!]

Corvo fires a heavy chop across Vacio's chest. The sound echoes through Le Dôme. Vacio's legs buckle.

Lance: *[chuckling]*

That one carried! That sound is still bouncing off the cheap seats, Keebs!

Corvo drives him into the corner and unleashes a rapid-fire barrage of shoulder thrusts, each one lifting Vacio off his feet. Los Caídos shout from the floor, slapping the apron in panic, completely unable to help as Hector keeps a close eye.

DDK:

Corvo is mauling him! No space, no time, no escape!

Corvo steps back, breathes in deeply like he is charging up before he explodes toward his opponent.

Vacio barely ducks to the side and escapes under the bottom rope, dropping to the floor to regroup.

Lance:

That was about to get ugly.

But Corvo slides out right behind him, stalking like a predator. Los Caídos backpedal fast, parting out of instinct rather than strategy.

DDK:

Corvo is not letting him breathe!

Corvo stalks Vacio along the floor, but Los Caidos swarm in. The first steps in and swings a wild forearm meant to catch Corvo off guard. Corvo catches the arm in midair, twists, and hurls the masked man straight into the barricade. The metal rattles under the weight of the impact.

The second black mask charges from the side. Corvo turns with a sudden burst of speed and meets him with a rising headbutt that SNAPS the masked figure upright. A short, brutal elbow sends him spinning to the ringside mat.

DDK:

Things have quickly spiralled out of control, Lance!

Hector Navarro shouts from inside the ring, urging Corvo to bring the action back under control. Corvo barely hears him.

Lance:

Yes, it seems our official has also noticed!

The remaining Caído lunges forward with a looping right hand. Corvo answers with a stiff kick to the ribs that folds him over. He grabs Nunez by the back of the mask and SLAMS him face-first into the apron!

DDK:

The pack that moments ago surrounded Corvo Alpha now crawls and staggers, scattered around the ringside floor!

Atop the rampway, a black shape appears; dressed in coal-dark suit and bowler cap, Lord Nigel Tricklebush watches with a very morbid level of interest.

Lance:

What is HE doing here?!

DDK:

Well, we know he has a vested interest in BOTH parties involved!

Corvo turns back toward the disturbance – eyes locking on Nigel – with paint dripping down his beard and chest, breath deep, shoulders rising and falling like a bull ready to charge.

Vacio darts in from behind.

He leaps, clubs Corvo across the back of the neck, and drives him into the edge of the ring with a sharp forearm. Corvo stumbles forward into the apron as Vacio pounces. He sneers as he WHIPS Corvo HARD into the steel cornerpost. Navarro's patience is thin, leaning through the ropes and loudly barking at Vacio, who remains focused on Alpha.

Lance:

Get them back in the ring, ref!

Victor grabs Corvo by the wrist and swings him headlong into the barricade. Corvo hits the steel ribs-first and drops to a knee, sucking in air. Vacio stays glued to him, peppering him with sharp kicks to the side and lower back, each one landing with a spiteful snap.

He pulls Corvo up by the hair and slams him face-first into the edge of the apron. Navarro leans through the ropes and calls for the fight to return inside, but the man who doesn't care doesn't care to hear him. He shifts his grip, plants Corvo's jaw against the apron, and drives a knee into the back of Corvo's skull. The blow drops Corvo to all fours, clutching at his throat.

DDK:

Did you HEAR that?! Was that Alpha's windpipe being CRUSHED from that horrific blow?!

Vacio seizes a handful of hair again and slings Corvo toward the ring steps. Corvo CRASHES into them shoulder-first, the steel clattering apart! He rolls off the wreckage, clutching his arm, grimacing through flaring paint, flaking paint and sweat.

Victor slides into the ring just long enough to break the referee's frustrated count, then slips back out and stalks Corvo with a predator's focus.

Vacio and Trickelbush seem to meet eyes, with the latter arching an aged eyebrow.

Lance:

I don't like this pairing; Vacio and Lord Nigel. I don't like it one bit.

Vacio grabs Corvo by the wrist and wrenches the arm, guiding him up just to snap a kick into the freshly injured shoulder. Corvo grits his teeth and stumbles away, but Vacio stays on him, smothering every inch of space.

A final running knee catches Corvo under the jaw AGAIN and drops him near the apron. Victor stands tall over him, chest heaving, the tide firmly in his control.

Corvo flops to the ringside mat, shaking out the haze, and Vacio reaches down to haul him up again. The moment Victor's fingers tangle in his hair, Corvo surges to life. He swings upward with a brutal rising forearm that catches Vacio under the chin and snaps his head back.

DDK:

And here comes Corvo! The Monster is ALIVE!

Vacio staggers. Corvo rises in a single violent motion and clubs him across the back with both fists clasped together. Vacio drops to a knee, then LUNGES with a wild punch! Corvo meets him with a knee to the gut that knocks the wind out of him. Corvo grabs Vacio by the back of the neck and drives him along the floor, slamming him into the barricade, then ripping him free and tossing him toward the ring.

Lance:

The ref is gonna count these men out! He's at 8!

DDK:

He's been so lenient!

Navarro warns both men to get it back inside, raising his voice, counting, trying to maintain control. And mostly failing. Corvo snatches Vacio, rolls him under the bottom rope, and follows right behind him as Los Caidos nurse their wounds along the floor.

DDK:

And this match continues!

Atop the ramp, Tricklebush paces ominously. The moment both combatants are inside, Vacio scrambles up and swings, trying to catch Corvo rushing in.

Corvo's hand snaps up, catches the arm, and YANKS him forward into a short, savage headbutt that drops Vacio flat on his back.

DDK:

Vacio is dazed... he is clawing up those ropes to his feet!

Lance:

Corvo is measuring him! Charges forward!

DDK & Lance:

CORVO CUTTER!

Vacio is LEVELLED as the fans hit their feet. Corvo collects himself, slowly to one knee.

DDK:

Alpha NAILED that haphazard running ace crusher!

At ringside, Los Caidos are tense. You don't need to see his face to feel the panic coming off of Gonzalez as he leaps up on the ring apron. Navarro is immediately in his face when—

DDK:

What is THAT?!

Lance:

WHO?!

A yellow streak zips across our screen and BLASTS Alpha from behind!

DDK:

MASKED VIOLATOR #2! Of COURSE!

Alpha reels, staggering out of the corner and right into—

DDK:

CORVO CUTTER from MV2!!!

Lance:

And there goes MV2, the damage done!

Slinking under the rope and sloping up the aisleway in a flash, MV2 absconds, having made his desired impact. A bewildered Navarro spins on his heels to find Alpha laid out and Vacio stirring. He shakes out his confusion as Vacio rises.

DDK:

Standing moonsault by Vacio! Hooks Corvo's far leg! NO!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!?!

DDK:

I can't believe it!

DING DING DING

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest, as a result of a pinfall... "The Lost Cause"... VICTOR! VAAAACCCCIIOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

An exhausted Vacio's arm is raised as Alpha rolls and flops out of the ring.

DDK:

The record books are going to show a WIN for Victor Vacio tonight! Perhaps his biggest win ever on DEFtv! But history will remember who is responsible for that win!

Lance:

Despite the asterix on the win, you have to give Vacio some credit; he started out with stall tactics and mind games and SURVIVED long enough to steal a win.

The camera cuts to MV2 and Lord Nigel atop the ramp, with the Lord ushering his charge through the curtain with a mischievous grin on his leathery face. In the ring, as Los Caidos help Vacio to his feet, even in victory, Victor Vacio seems dejected.

Alpha first crawls, then staggers upright and walks, then starts a haggard trot up the aisle, giving chase to those who maligned him.

Lance:

Lord Nigel may want to pick those bony knees up, because the Absolute Animal is on his heels!

STIPULATIONS

On the other side of the fluttering curtain, Jamie Sawyers waits with the mic trembling in his hand. The veil shivers, then tears open as Corvo Alpha storms through it, wide eyed and furious.

Jamie Sawyers:

Corvo! Wait!

Alpha barrels toward him, hand rising as if to shove him aside, then stops himself with visible effort.

Corvo Alpha:

Where?

Sawyers stares back, startled.

Corvo Alpha:

WHERE did they GO?

Jamie Sawyers:

Uhh...

Corvo Alpha:

NIGEL. Where did they GO? The Masked FRAUD. WHERE did they GO?!

His control breaks. Alpha side-eyes then turns toward the camera. His chest heaves. His eyes burn with insult and betrayal.

Corvo Alpha:

You want ME, Nigel? You want my CAREER? You think you and that FOOL can END me?! Then bring EVERYTHING you have and TRY IT.

He steps closer. The frame tightens, echoing the display seen from Lord Nigel just two weeks prior.

Corvo Alpha:

I KNOW what you are coming for. I KNOW why you did this. Now LISTEN to me. At DEFIANCE Rising, I walk into that ring with ONE purpose. I am taking back what is MINE. What I EARNED. What I BLED for.

Another step. He fills the lens.

Corvo Alpha:

At DEF Rising, I am coming for what BELONGS to ME. Do you UNDERSTAND?

A beat. His voice rises, thick with rage and something deeper.

Corvo Alpha:

I am COMING... for my MASK.

Black.

COMMERCIAL: PRIME REVIVAL 79!

[VAE VICTIS vs. THE RED ARMY in the MAIN EVENT!](#)

FAVORED SAINTS: JACK HARMEN (C) vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

Folks, we got one heck of a match for you next. It's the Favoured Saints Champion, Jack Harmen, defending against the returning Scott Hunter!

Lance:

Just last DEFtv, Harmen weaseled his way out of a defense against Kerry Kuroyama with the help of Vacio and his brood. This week, Hunter gets his crack at the title with Kerry in his corner!

DDK:

And we can only hope Vacio and company stay in the back! Let's head to ringside.

Ringside, Darren Quimbey stands in the ring in his finest three-piece suit.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is scheduled for one fall and a fifteen-minute time limit. It is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

A fired-up Scott Hunter bursts through the curtain wearing his usual blue and yellow ring gear, along with a special blue and yellow do-rag with "HUNTERMANIA!!" across the top. Kerry Kuroyama follows behind him, pure serious bizness.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... accompanied by The Emerald Apex... Kerry Kuroyama... from the small fishing village of Miami, Florida... weighing in at two hundred forty-five pounds... SCOTT... HUNTER!!!!!!!!!!

Hunter and Kuroyama make their way down the aisle. Hunter slaps hands with the fans while Kerry follows behind. Reaching the ring, Scott hops up on the apron and climbs inside, then circles with a fist in the air to rally the crowd, as Kerry takes his place at ringside.

DDK:

This is the first we've seen of Scott Hunter in quite some time. As you know, he's been making something of a name for himself elsewhere in the wrestling world lately. Tonight he gets his first shot at a championship here in DEFIANCE.

"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA..."

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The trademark steam and fog rise from the entrance as Harmen bursts onto the scene. He's chewing a wad of gum and holds the FS title high above his head. He makes his way to ringside, eyeing both Hunter and Kerry as he goes. Harmen walks over to the timekeeper's table and hands them the belt, then yells at referee Fastcountini to get Kerry out of the ring. Once Kerry exits, Harmen climbs onto the apron and into the ring. He points to the belt by the timekeeper's table, and then offers his wrists for Johnny to check.

DDK:

Harmen always has a trick up his sleeve, even if the officials check 'em.

Lance:

Harmen is a wily one. It would be wise for Hunter to have eyes in the back of his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvani, he is the current Favoured Saints champion, the veteran Lunatic...

Flyer ushers Darren closer with a finger wave, and leans into his ear.

Darren Quimbey:

The 29 year old prodigy Wildcard JACK! HARMEN!

Fastcountini walks away satisfied.

DING DING

Harmen walks to the center of the ring, and the two circle each other. Harmen stops, extending his hand for a handshake.

DDK:

Rare show of sportsmanship from Har-

As Hunter reaches out, Harmen pulls his hand away and rushes in with his other hand with a punch to the jaw. A few more sends a stunned Hunter into the corner, where Harmen starts laying in rights and lefts. He climbs onto the middle rope and starts a ten-punch. He gets to six seven, where the crowd chants along, before Hunter grabs him by the waist, walks to the center of the ring, and drives Harmen down with a vicious spinebuster.

Lance:

What power and what a counter from Hunter there outta the corner. Really took the air out of the FS champ!

As Hunter stands, he motions for Harmen to get to his feet. Instead, the veteran rolls himself completely out of the ring, having to traverse half of it to do so. He stands on the outside, as Fastcountini demands he re-enter. Harmen complains of neck pain, and "checks himself" out as Johnny starts a ten-count.

DDK:

If it were anyone else, I might be concerned, but we know this is a ploy from Jack.

Lance:

Hunter would be wise to focus on the match at hand. He's got a limited time window to try to dethrone the Lunatic.

Indeed, Hunter reaches through the middle ropes to grab a handful of Harmen's hair. Harmen reaches up and hooks Hunter, dragging his neck down onto the bottom rope in a modified stun gun. Hunter backs up, coughing as Harmen climbs onto the apron. As Scott spins, Harmen leaps off with a Springboard Lou Thesz Press, complete with a flurry of punches.

DDK:

Gotta give credit to the nearly fifty-year-old veteran.

Lance:

I thought he was 29?

DDK:

Oh, right. Is that why he dressed the last show like a four-year-old?

Lance:

How do you do, fellow kids?

Harmen rises to his feet and waits for Hunter to get to his. When he does, the Locomotive train takes off...

And Hunter ducks. Jack spins and eats a body slam into an elbow drop combo. Harmen immediately takes another powder to jeers from the Faithful.

DDK:

C'mon! Harmen is going to spend half this match on the outside!

Meanwhile, Kerry has had enough. He sneaks around the turnbuckle and grabs a stunned and shocked Harmen by his hair and tights and throws him back in under the bottom rope. Harmen, meanwhile, kneels and looks back at Kerry, then back at Scott, then back at Kerry. Then, he rushes to a neutral corner and slips BACK out of the ring.

Lance:

Harmen is really trying to make this hard on Scott. If you can't catch the champ, you can't spike him, and you can't win the belt.

DDK:

Harmen's in the twilight of his 29-year career, he's going to take every advantage he can to remain champion as long as possible.

Kerry gives chase around the ring, as Johnny shouts and follows the two. Kerry and Flyer sprint around ringside, Kerry catching up to the lead Harmen had.

But in the ring...

CRACK!

Scott Hunter, watching the whole scenario unfold, doesn't realize that Victor Vacio has quickly climbed into the ring. He figures it out when Vacio slams a steel chair into his back.

DING DING DING

Vacio stands over Hunter as Los Caídos hit the ring and begin stomping away at the fallen Scott. Kerry tries to slip into the ring, but Harmen grabs him from behind and shoves him face-first into the steel turnbuckle post. Harmen walks over to the timekeeper's table and grabs his FS title before sliding into the ring.

Los Caídos grab Scott and hit him with the Aided Wheelbarrow Facebuster, they used to call the Stay Positive, just as Nunez flies off the top rope with a swanton bomb.

DDK:

This is just a swarm, Lance! This isn't fair to Hunter!

Lance:

Both Hunter and Kerry are out, and it's Harmen and Vacio in the ring.

Harmen stands across the ring from Vacio, as Victor just looks at the Lunatic and nods.

Then, Harmen rushes up to Vacio and wraps his hands around him in a huge bear hug. Vacio no sells it as Harmen lifts Vacio off his feet, causing them to both hop around the ring a little. Meanwhile, Los Caidos lift Hunter and hit him with a SECOND Stay Positive in the center of the ring in the background.

DDK:

Oh C'mon! This is just gross! Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio must have agreed to some kind of partnership!

Lance:

It would explain why they continued to interject themselves in the last DEFtv's match with Kerry. Without Los Caídos, either Kerry or Scott could be the FS champ now!

DDK:

It looks like we'll never know Lance, not if Harmen and Vacio remain on friendly terms.

Lance:

Gotta wonder what his kid thinks about all this. You know he hates Vacio more than anyone.

DDK:

For now, it appears Jack Harmen has taken Scott Douglas' place as part of Vacio's dangerous Los Caídos stable. We'll see where the chips fall.

Vacio, Harmen, and Los Caidos leave, gloating as they do. Meanwhile, Kerry slides into the ring and checks on Hunter, who's seeing stars. Kerry looks up at the ring with hatred toward Vacio and Harmen, as Harmen cackles back at him.

ED'S TANTRUM

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, I'm being told we've got some really interesting footage from just a few minutes ago backstage.

We cut to a shaky handheld camera poking through the slightly ajar locker room door of one Edward White. The usually resplendent locker room set-up of The Socialite is, dare I say, a bit disheveled... much like its owner, at this point. White seems to have just got done pitching a real strop, flipping tables and tossing around anything within arms reach.

Edward White:

That GOTdamn boy and his GOTdamn friends and his... GAH! I sear to God, I almost have that little nincompoop where I want him! I just need one more shot to ruin him. I'll need Felton and Adrian to make it work, but...

"No."

The response is painfully, scarily familiar.

The camera does its best to pan over as far as it can to see who Edward is talking to.

Once we get a good look, woh boy...

The business partner and co-leader of the Blood Diamonds, the Bombastic Bronson Box stands with his enormous arms crossed across his chest. Dressed in his three piece suit, black with grey pinstripes. The Wargod is looking good... save for the enormous scowl perched beneath his mustache. A scowl that upon witness, Edward White suddenly looks more than a little worried. He tries to continue his spin but the Scottish Strongman unfolds his arms and holds his hands out to non-verbally stop the Sophisticate in his verbal tracks.

He makes his way over to Edward. Clearly, uncomfortably close as Ed's previously confident posture melts away into one of defence.

Edward White:

No? No?! Hollis, please...

Using his shoot name only sees Bronson's scowl deepen.

The Wargod's voice is low and measured. But his tone is tailor made to send chills up any competitor's spine.

Bronson Box:

No. None of that, now. Felton and Adrian, for now, are none of your concern. Understand me? You dug this hole, boy'o. Is it a trench from which to make one last stand? Or is it your grave? I'm not a prick, Edward. Next DEFtv I'm going to stand next to you and give you a chance to prove yourself. To Felton and Adrian, to me... most importantly, to yourself. Next DEFtv I propose we solicit ourselves a little tag team match, you and I.

The Socialite's eyebrows raise at that.

Bronson Box:

We get this operation back on track by taking out two ridiculous, disrespectful birds with one brutal stone. You and I versus that fat prick Dex Joy and our dear friend Dabney. Birds of a feather, those two. Clowns and cartoons. Not serious men. Not like you and I. Right Ed?

Boxer stares a hole into the Socialite with a very pregnant pause after that question. It takes a moment for the somewhat stunned Ed White to respond.

Edward White:

Damn right! By God, Bronson... you're absolutely right! I've... I've failed to uphold my end of our bargain. Damn straight

shootin' from my dearest friend, indeed! As much as I want to get my hands around Doubleday's neck, it'll feel good to get in there and get my pound of flesh back from Dex Joy. Big bastard won't miss a pound or two!

White starts to share a gufaw, but Bronson isn't laughing.

Bronson Box:

That's right, Dex was another one of your failures... wasn't he? Funny, hadn't even thought of that. You're been droppin' the ball a lot lately, Ed. Fail to take out Dex, fail to take out Doubleday, make fools out of poor Felton and Adrian at DEFcon, fail to take out Doubleday AGAIN... now, you throw such a little temper tantrum you fire Jane and Nicky? Edward...

The Wargod places a very unfriendly hand on Ed's shoulder.

Bronson Box:

You need to SHOW me somethin', lad.

Before turning and leaving the room, Box turns and looks at his business partner.

Bronson Box:

Please.

We cut back to the commentation station where Darren and Lance share a look.

DDK:

Well, it seems we might have an all star tag match brewing for the next episode of DEFtv!

Lance:

And lemme just say, seeing Ed under the gun like this... *mwah* chefs kiss.

THE ENEMY OF THE ENEMY IS A LAD

DDK:

Strong words by Bronson Box and Edward White!

Lance:

Strong words indeed. It seems that he's getting tired of Ed White's lack of results lately and ...

"BRONSON BOX!!!"

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The sound in Le Dôme de Marseille is loud and the entire room might have been blown all the way back to Paris!

The voice is loud. The voice is proud. The voice is unmistakable.

The voice belongs to the man right in front of the camera that is on the stage.

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!!!

He's dressed in a new red, white and blue variant of the classic "NOBODY WREX LIKE DEX!!!" for DEFIANCE's latest tour of France but he looks like he's ready to fight!

Dex Joy:

Camera guy! Bob! You my guy! Lemme help you earn a few extra bucks cause I got something to say and I ain't waiting until this show's up!

Once the camera is right at Dex level on the stage, he faces it.

Dex Joy:

YEAH, PALLY, I'M TALKING TO YOU, BOX!!! REMEMBER HOW YOU CUT IN ON MY MOMENT A FEW WEEKS AGO AND TRIED TO TELL ME HOW THINGS SHOULD BE IN DEFIANCE WRESTLING?!?! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING SINCE THEN?

Dex punches the air and pretends to run in place.

Dex Joy:

Hit and runs! Twice! You screwed me out of a match with Mil Vueltras and then you tried to do the same to Ed White's hit man before I put that big doofus in the ground again like I have in the past when Ed White tried this game with me. Where has all this gotten you, Bronson? What have these sneak attacks gotten you? The all-powerful, all-dangerous, Hall of Famer that says DEFIANCE Wrestling ain't what it used to be cause we're not stabbing ourselves to death with spikes in front of 500 people in a swamp in New Orleans anymore and saying things that would get us kicked off the air today? Cause I'll tell it to you straight, pally ... I'm not seeing that Bronson Box. The Bronson Box I'm seeing just looks like a guy that plays Bronson Box on TV!

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Dex Joy:

So now you finally decided to put your imaginary hair up and you finally wanna square up. You and "Dex Joy's Doormat" Edward White want a piece of me in a tag match? Face to face? In a ring? Where you can't jump me from behind? After weeks of you blowing enough hot air to keep entire wrestling arenas around the world afloat, you want to take a shot at me? You're finally ready to get the full 100% live and in living color Dex Joy Wrexperience, eh? You and Ed against me and Dabney Doubleday? Dex and Dab! Dab and Dex! D&D! The Lad and The Dab! Well ... pally I'm not gonna speak on his behalf ...

Right behind him, Dabney Doubleday appears!

Dex Joy:

I'm not gonna speak for this young man trying to make it in this big, crazy world that we call DEFIANCE Wrestling, but I will speak with him! We talked it over backstage while you were flapping your bald-ass gums!

Dex nods. Dabney nods.

Dex Joy and Dabney Doubleday:

YOU'RE ON!!!

"RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

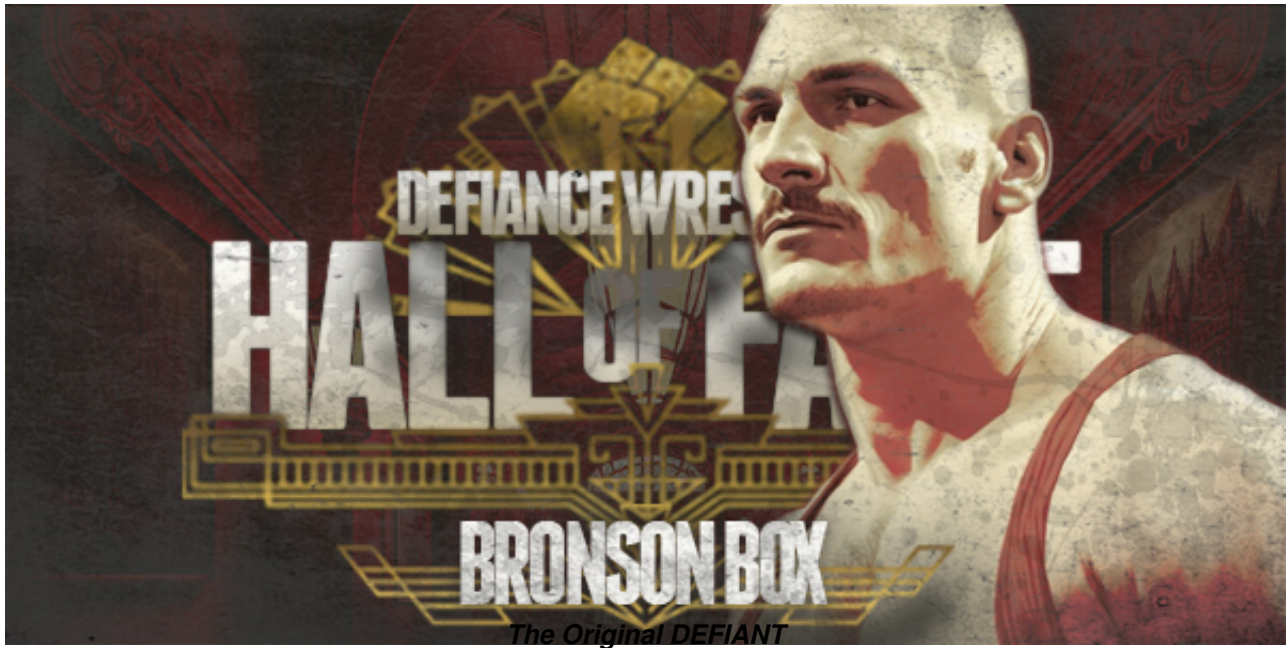
Dex and Dabney throw their hands up for the crowd and salute the France Faithful and then head backstage!

Lance:

The challenge has been made and just like that, it has been accepted! Ed White and Bronson Box representing the Blood Diamonds against Dex Joy and Dabney Doubleday!

DDK:

That match is going to be amazing! I have no doubt!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

GAME FACE CYRUS vs. NO FUN DEAN

As the broadcast returns from a pause publicitaire, many fans are filtering back to their seats with their poutine and pamplemousse in hand. The existence of high class sweater vests and scarves is overpowering throughout the crowd, but the tone is quickly cheapened as No Fun Dean makes his presence felt atop the stage.

♪ *“Scatman” by Scatman John* ♪

Dean does a little hip gyration before heading to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This bout is a singles contest! Introducing first, from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-fifty pounds... NO FUN DEAN!

Dean slaps a few hands on his way down the ramp. He rolls in the ring and knuckle bumps Mark Shields on the shoulder, trying to show a sign of respect, before the house lights ominously dim. A scantily clad French lady wearing a satin black dress walks out on stage. She holds a microphone as daintily as one could.

Lovely Lady:

Puis-je avoir votre attention, s'il vous plaît ? C'est mon devoir et mon plaisir de vous présenter le visage, le visage du jeu. Il s'agit de Cyrus Bates!

♪ *“Game On” by Waka Flocka Flame feat. Good Charlotte* ♪

“Game Face” Cyrus marches out on stage. He’s sporting eye black under his eyes and a getup that would make any 80s aerobics class supremely jealous. Included in his ensemble, is an arcade machine coin dispenser belt and yes, it is packed to the brim with cabinet tokens just waiting to be spent irresponsibly. Bates walks over to the woman who was kind enough to give him a special introduction. They lock eyes. They fall in love with each other. They smooch before Cyrus pulls himself away from her much earlier than she would have liked. No Fun Dean makes the ick face as he waits on his opponent to get ready.

DDK:

What an impressive entrance by Cyrus Bates, errrr, GAME FACE CYRUS!

Lance:

We saw what happened two weeks ago - Conor Fuse confronted Cyrus Bates and presented him with this new “moniker”. I wasn’t sure if Bates seemed enthusiastic, but as of right now he has embraced it.

DDK:

Don’t forget, according to Conor it was Cyrus himself who brought Malak back from the hospital, only so the rest of The Comments Section could ambush Garland and kick him out of the group!

Lance:

True. At least, according to Conor. Although Bates hasn’t denied it.

With both men in the ring, Shields calls for the bell and the match is off.

DING DING

Lance:

Game Face Cyrus, aka GFC on one side. No Fun Dean, aka NFD on the other.

DDK:

Abbreviations?

Lance:

Just making your job easier.

The two men lock horns in the middle of the ring, but it's surprisingly No Fun Dean who gains the upperhand first. He pushes Bates to the canvas and follows up with an elbow drop into Bates' right side. Dean peels Cyrus off the mat and hurls GFC into the ropes. Dean lowers his head, he might be thinking powerslam here but Bates puts on the breaks, throws his arms up in the air as if to say PAUSE, and then clubs Dean in the back of the head. Cyrus latches onto Dean's neck and slams NFD to the mat with a DDT.

The crowd boos. Not exactly because Bates remains in the driver's seat but more about who's coming down to ringside.

The Fuse Bros.

Tyler is dressed in black jeans and his recently DEFIANCE branded "GOOD, YOU?" t-shirt. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse is the much more "presentable" brother, sporting navy blue golf pants and a navy blue button-up shirt. The brothers don't say a word to each other, and neither of them acknowledge the crowd.

DDK:

This is still a strange, strange feeling for me. I cannot get over the Conor Fuse change in demeanor.

Lance:

It's a tough one to stomach, Keebs, that's for sure. I haven't fully embraced it myself.

Tyler and Conor arrive at ringside while GFC puts the STOMPS into Dean as Dean lays on the canvas. Bates looks over and sees the brothers are there, so he proceeds to almost mimic Tyler Fuse's ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

Outside the ring, the facial expressions on the Fuse's don't change. Both of them are stoic. Inside the ring, GFC Irish whips NFD into a corner. Bates comes bursting in...

Dean moves!

GFC slams into the buckle, tweaking his hip in the process. As Bates rolls out of the corner, Dean is there with a belly-to-side suplex! Cyrus lands on his head!

DDK:

We have a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Bates powers out with a solid kickout. However, Dean tries to remain in control of the match. He's elbowing GFC in the side of the head over and over again... while Bates is trying to power through the pain. Both men are on their feet. Dean goes for a knockout blow when Bates blocks it, lifting the No Fun One across the waist and spinning and twisting with Dean in a vertical position, before leaping in the air and dropping Dean across Cyrus' knee in a jumping backbreaker.

GFC discards Dean to the canvas. Dean seems to be DOA.

DDK:

Another cover...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both men have a pinfall attempt. Both men kicked out with authority!

Upon the kickout, Cyrus eyes Conor Fuse. Nothing is said between either man, but Bates snatches Dean by the throat and pulls him upright. Cyrus is looking for a chokeslam... but it's clear Dean is a big man himself, both wrestlers are around the same size. Bates can't pull Dean off the ground.

Dean escapes Cyrus' clutches and hits the ropes. Dean lands a running boot right across Bates' jaw! Bates falls to the mat, Dean slides overtop of him... and hooks Cyrus into a camel clutch submission!

The crowd cheers... as GFC waves his hands around, trying to look for the ropes but they aren't in sight. Outside of the ring, Conor looks at Tyler, but Tyler's eyes remain focused on the action inside the squared circle. Conor eventually goes back to witnessing the match at hand, as well.

DDK:

The Dean of Submission has a textbook camel clutch locked in!

Lance:

It might be over! Dean hasn't won a match in DEFIANCE yet... this could be the upset we've been waiting for!

DDK:

I wouldn't speak TOO soon, Lance. Bates is moving towards the ropes!

GFC is fighting... fighting... fighting to get there. He looks SUPER motivated to do it. He isn't going to allow Dean his first victory just yet.

Bates is almost there.

He reaches out.

NO!!! HE'S STILL NOT THERE!

GFC screams in pain! He raises his hand...

DDK:

Oh my god!

It looks like Cyrus is going to tap out!

...

...

...

When Bates gives it one more stretch to the ropes and he grabs the middle one!

Mark Shields is on his game, only because Conor Fuse starts SHOUTING at Mark what to do. Mark tells Dean he has to let go or risk being disqualified at the count of TWO. Of course, Shields is wrong with the count... but nevertheless, Dean lets go of the submission.

...Only to pull Cyrus Bates back to the center of the ring and apply a step over toe hold...

NO!

Bates with a roll up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor stops shouting, and stops looking over at Tyler when he realizes he has to be stoic like big bro, 24-7. Inside the squared circle, both men snap to their feet. No Fun Dean comes charging in, looking for a clothesline, while Cyrus has other plans.

CLING!

CLING!

CLANG!

DDK:

HOLD ON!

As Dean runs towards the ropes, Bates clicks his coin dispenser attached to his hip. Upon Dean coming towards him, Cyrus throws every token in his hands... hitting Dean in the face! It doesn't *hurt* the No Fun One, but it temporarily blinds him.

Bates hits the ropes and LEVELS Dean with a clothesline of his own! This is followed by Irish whipping Dean into the ropes and connecting with a flapjack! Dean's face EATS the canvas, and as Dean rolls onto his back, he's got tiny little red marks across his face thanks to the tokens thrown directly at his head.

Bates points at the brothers. More specifically, it looks like GFC is pointing at Tyler Fuse.

Lance:

You know, I just remembered... a few years ago Tyler Fuse busted No Fun Dean's nose with a two-by-four! If I recall correctly, Tyler broke Dean's nose on two occasions!

And it looks like GAME FACE CYRUS wants to pay homage. He charges at Dean and lands a shotgun dropkick SQUARE into Dean's face!

No Fun Dean goes SPLAT on the mat, as GFC expresses it's OVER. At first, it looks like Bates is going for his finisher, the axe kick, but instead GFC tucks Dean's head under his right armpit and runs up the ring post pads.

Pushes off.

Charges direction.

Running bulldog.

Or, in other words, it's Tyler's finisher.

DDK:

Pin!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Hey, Dean had some fight in him tonight. It took a little bit, but Cyrus Bates gets the wi- HEY NOW!

Bates is putting the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM back on No Fun Dean!

Mark Shields SHOULD probably ring the bell a few more times but he's already left the ring to get his pack of smokes.

More boots, more boots. More, more, MOAR. The apron camera zooms in on Cyrus' face, complete with way too much eyblack that's running down his cheeks due to the sweat he endured moments ago.

CLING!

CLING!

CLANG!

Bates takes more quarters out and hurls them at the fallen Dean. He proceeds to open Dean's mouth and funnel some of those tokens in there.

Conor smiles, briefly. Before putting the grin away.

DDK:

C'mon, Cyrus. You won the match!

Bates takes a couple of steps back. It looks like he's going to launch an attack against No Fun Dean's mouth-

DDK:

Somebody has to stop this! This isn't even a match anymore!

Rushing over the barricade and sliding into the ring is a large blonde man in an indiscriminate hoodie and black jeans. He rises to his feet and meets Cyrus in the center of the ring before he can react. He deadlifts Cyrus off his feet and just tosses him over in a belly-to-belly. GFC lands with a bounce and rushes to his feet. He looks across the ring, and charges this man, looking for a clothesline.

The man catches him.

In a Ura-Nage.

Cyrus desperately slams two elbows into the side of the man's face, causing the hold to break and the hood to drop.

DDK:

THAT'S KLEIN!

Lance:

Klein is back on DEFIANCE television!

The Fuse's do not intervene. However, Bates rolls out of the ring and makes a sprint towards where the brothers stoically stand.

DDK:

And Cyrus can not wait to get away! He was so close to taking a Ura-Nage from Klein!

Lance:

The most devastating move Cyrus can take!

There's no emotion spread across either Fuse's face. They're already halfway up the ramp, while Bates notices this and scurries after them, dropping tokens from his coin dispenser as he does.

DDK:

Bates avoids it tonight, but it looks like he's got a target on his back from the box man!

Klein hovers over No Fun Dean and waves for Medical to rush out, as Cyrus runs away and DEFtv clears the ring for the next segment.

Doomscrolling is Bad for You

We're backstage in one of the locker rooms, Angus Skaaland is flanked by the two massive members of the Blood Diamonds... Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne, Money Talks. Angus is leading a little round of congratulatory back slapping after the events earlier in the night during the Atomic Punks versus Kill or Be Killed.

Angus Skaaland:

Gentlemen, you have most certainly left an impression on those two... FILTHY Puerto Rican garbage wrestlers, the Atomic Punks, am I right? Or am I right? I'm right. I swear to Christ, that manager of theirs has absolutely lost the plot. On her career, theirs... on friggin' REALITY. To tell you the truth? It's her that's draggin' those boys down. Even trash can kick some ass. My boy Frank is a livin' example of that. If they'd drop that Saturday Morning cartoon bullshit they might have half a chance around here. Bah well...

Adrian Payne's smart phone makes a chime, he checks.

Adrian Payne:

Yo, we have that session with Doc in the trainers room in like five, man.

Felton Bigsby:

Hey, Angus we gotta run dog. We'll hit you up after. Cool?

Angus Skaaland:

Hey, don't let me stand in the way of you fella's process. Go let Iris stretch and soak and... whatever else you athletic types put yourselves through. I might go snag a quick sauna now that you mention it. I do my best thinkin' in the sauna. Come find me after.

The three men dap knuckles. Felton and Adrian take their leave.

Angus pulls out his smart phone and starts tippy-typing away.

Skaaland sneers and mumbles under his breath.

Angus Skaaland:

"... your moms dirty, infected va... " heh, I love reddit.

He mindlessly trolls away, focused completely on his phone.

As he wastes time, the soft, low sound of what sounds like something... rolling on the floor can be heard, and a strangely-colored ball, about the size of Angus' fist, slowly makes its way to his feet, tapping the toe of his shoe.

Angus Skaaland:

The ever livin'... huh, weird...

Angus picks the strange sphere up, holding it at eye-level to get a better look...

PSSSSHHHHHHHHHT

Angus Skaaland:

JESUS [censored] CHRIST!

...only to get a faceful of what looks like some kind of gas.

He coughs and spits and curses, and drops it.

Angus Skaaland:

MY EYES! MY BEAUTIFUL GODDAMN EYES! Who... what... clear my... browser history...

Before he can fully grasp what is going on, Angus fades out rather quickly, collapsing unconscious on the locker room floor. After the camera focuses on him a moment, a familiar cackle can be heard, as Dr. Ayumi Sato, Fission, and Gigaton, their faces now covered in gas masks, walk onto the scene, standing over Angus' unconscious carcass.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Foolish mortal... didn't anyone tell him that doomscrolling is bad for you?

She sighs and shakes her head.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Ah, well. Boys, carry him away. This mad scientist has... plans for him very, VERY soon.

Fission and Gigaton lean down and pick him up from either end, and slowly walk away as the camera now pivots to follow the trio.

Gigaton:

WAIT. GIGATON. GETS IT NOW.

An awkward pause, as Fission tilts his head while carrying Angus by the arms and keeps moving.

Fission:

...wait, you get what now?

Gigaton keeps moving, talking as if he isn't partaking in a crime.

Gigaton:

DOOM. SCROLLING. HE. GOT CAUGHT. SCROLLING. AND NOW. HE. IS. DOOMED.

Another long, awkward silence fills our ears, broken only by the exasperated groan of the smaller of the hermanos.

Fission:

You know, Big Gig, I think somethin' wrong with you sometimes.

Cut.

KAZ TROY vs. HIGH FLYER

DDK:

Folks, two weeks ago we saw the debut of BRAZEN talent Massacre. She destroyed Ami Troy just as she was on the cusp of victory against Archer Silver.

Lance:

Sure, but Kaz Troy couldn't keep his head straight, costing Ami the match. Then, in the ensuing chaos as High Flyer attacked Ceclia Ryan, Massacre came in and just speared Ami out of her boots.

DDK:

We've been told that Massacre is the youngest daughter of the current Favoured Saints Champion, Jack Harmen. To say this is a family war the likes of the Hatfields and the McCoys may be an understatement.

Lance:

LET keep poking the Troys and Ryans, it feels like these trios are-

High Flyer: *[over PA]*

SHUT UP LANCE!

Lance is taken aback, shocked a bit at being addressed by the talent. The Faithful boo as High Flyer emerges onto the entrance ramp, holding a microphone. He's flanked on one side by his sister Massacre, and Archer's mouthy smiling grin.

High Flyer:

Nobody likes you.

Flyer walks over toward the announce team.

High Flyer:

I boo YOU!

The Faithful jeer back at Flyer. Flyer turns to the crowd shouting.

High Flyer:

YOU'RE FRENCH! And I boo you! SACRE'-BOO!

Then he turns his attention to the home audience, addressing a nearby cameraman.

High Flyer:

And I boo YOU!

Flyer turns to Archer, then shakes his head no.

High Flyer:

Ya'll don't deserve to hear Archer. Time to make Kaz regret, everything. TRUCK PANDAS! Play our music!

High Flyer throws the microphone at Lance, hitting him in the arm as Flyer turns to the crowd and throws his hands up in his father's patented devil horn taunt. The crowd jeers.

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

Flyer storms down the rampway, Archer smiling behind him as Massacre stares an unknowing stare. Once at ringside, Flyer climbs onto the apron and hops over the top rope into the ring. He walks over to Darren Quimbey and just flips his tie up into his face. He then slams some cue cards into his chest. Quimbey sneers as he starts.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match, is scheduled for One Fall. Introducing first, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he is...

Quimbey squints at his cue cards, then looks back at High Flyer.

Darren Quimbey:

Really? The greatest?

High Flyer:

READ IT! Without a question!

Darren takes a deep inhale before proceeding.

Darren Quimbey:

The Greatest! DICKS ALIVE!

High Flyer rushes toward Quimbey and grabs him by the lapel.

The lights cut out briefly before bathing the fans in purple and gold. Reverberations, synth beats, and atmospheric violins reminiscent of a Classical composer engulf Le Dôme de Marseille.

♪ "Majesty" by Apashe feat. Waisu ♪

♪ I'm the shit, use your throne as my toilet seat ♪

♪ I demand the king's ransom for royalties ♪

♪ I deserve a mansion, I'm royalty ♪

♪ Address me your majesty ♪

♪ To form a new dynasty ♪

♪ The old one was dying, see? ♪

♪ I am your highness, please ♪

♪ Address me your majesty ♪

From the bridge, we hit the drop, and pyro booms from either side of the stage. Kaz Troy walks out from the curtain and breezes down the ramp, his sister and cousin following behind.

No posing. No fan service. Just sick of this shit and ready to kick High Flyer's ass.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida. Weighing in at 240 pounds...he is the HEIR APPARENT...KAZUHIRO TROY!!!

Kaz rolls under the bottom rope, rips off his leather jacket, and flings it out of the ring. Cecilia and Ami take up positions and glare at Archer and Ms. Massacre.

High Flyer walks up to Kaz and just points at his chest.

High Flyer:

I. BOO.

DING DING

High Flyer:

Yo-

Kaz rushes in and hooks High Flyer's arm, pulling him down to the canvas. Flyer's face splats on the mat, and Kaz immediately hooks his legs around Flyer's head.

DDK:

HERETIC'S FORK OUT THE GATE! Center of the ring!

Flyer screams in the ring and immediately taps out. The Faithful are in shock, so is Archer and even Massacre has a raised eyebrow on the outside.

Kaz releases the hold with a sour look on his face. He looks down at High Flyer in disdain.

DING DING DING

Flyer's eyes immediately go wide. He reaches out and grabs Carla by her ref shirt and shakes her.

High Flyer:

THE BELL RANG?! WAIT! I wasn't ready!

Flyer turns to Kaz and then back to Carla, shouting.

High Flyer:

I WASN'T READY!

Kaz laughs derisively as he rolls out of the ring and joins the rest of his family.

In the ring, Flyer continues to plead his case, to the official, to Archer, to the fans.

And the fans, they just chant.

"Yes You Were!"

DDK:

That might have been the shortest match in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Oh he definitely knew that bell rang, High Flyer is just using that as an excuse!

DDK:

Either way, Kaz Troy and the rest of the Heirs to the Throne really got one over on LET tonight! Something High Flyer may never live down!

The last thing we see is a distraught High Flyer, yelling at the fans to stop laughing at him and pleading his case with Carla to no avail.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, ANGUS SKAALAND

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. BROOKLYNN RIVERA

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in action against a member of Titanes Familia's Golden Children, Brooklynn Rivera! But before do get to that, we have just learned moments ago that at DEFIANCE Rising, after weeks of Douglas being insulted by the self-proclaimed "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vuelas, these two men WILL go one-on-one at DEFIANCE Rising!

A graphic appears on the DEFIATron for all to see!

DEFIANCE Rising DEFIANCE's Favorite Son vs. DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas vs. Mil Vuelas

Lance:

Ever since Douglas gained his freedom from Victor Vacio and Los Caidos, Mil Vuelas has been getting involved in Douglas' business, actively trying to recruit him in his "heroic" crusade to clean up DEFIANCE. Scott turned him down flat, leading to fisticuffs being exchanged at the DEFIANCE Fan Fest two weeks ago!

DDK:

After that, Douglas demanded this match and he will get it, but first, he will need to fight through the dangerous and determined Brooklynn Rivera to do it! Let's go to the introductions with Darren Quimbey in the ring!

The camera pans to the Hall of Fame ring announcer!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match and is set for one fall!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Listen to this reaction for Scott Douglas! Marseille has been waiting all night for this one.

Lance:

You can feel it. This is the version of Douglas the Faithful have been starving to see. No mask. No influence hanging over him. Just Sub Pop Scott ready to put in the work!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two hundred and thirty three pounds... "Sub Pop" Scoooooottttttt Douuuuuuuuglaaaaaaas!

The Faithful come alive the moment the opening riff hits. After a beat, Scott Douglas steps through the curtain in cut-off jean shorts, combat boots, and a sleeveless Sub Pop Records shirt... as it should be. He pauses at the top of the ramp, flips his wet hair back, and raises a fist while taking in the Faithful of Marseille.

DDK:

Douglas looks focused tonight. If he wants momentum heading into DEFIANCE Rising and that showdown with Mil Vuelas, he needs to get past Brooklynn Rivera first.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren! Not an easy task. Rivera is sharp, dangerous, and unpredictable. Douglas needs to be locked in from the bell!

On the way to the ring, Douglas slaps a few outstretched hands, soaking in the support after months of real darkness. He circles the apron and tags a few more hands before sliding inside. Once in the ring, he gives a quick nod to the Faithful as a chant starts up. Douglas sets his feet and readies himself for Brooklynn Rivera.

♪ "Muerto Thrash" by Blackheart NC, FKxU and Konrad OldMoney ♪

The lights swirl back and forth between red, blue and gold as out from the back, comes a woman with her hair tied up in gold bands into two very long braids. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in with white and gold gear, Rivera takes in the jeers from the masses and sneers back at all of them, looking completely unnerved as she heads to the ring solo.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 177 pounds...**"LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

Brooklyn holds her arms out on the apron with a callous expression on her face. The expert judoka and kickboxing practitioner climbs into the ring and looks ready for the fight. Douglas himself is equally determined to get through Rivera to get to Mil Vueltas. Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING

Douglas gets prepared to lock up, as does Brooklyn...

...Drum roll.

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Marseille Faithful start BOOING, forcing Douglas to almost have his retinas detached from a near-terminal case of the eye rolls. Halfway up the arena in the stands, a single white spotlight shines in the crowd...

"The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas! Behind him, The Big Boss Dan in a black overcoat, pants, and a burgundy

DDK:

Why is Dan Leo James still dressed like that? Satoween is over!

Lance:

And more importantly, why the heck is Mil Vueltas out here... now? When the match is about to begin?

Douglas tries to turn his attention back to Brooklyn Rivera, who shrugs and doesn't seem to know any more about what's going on than he does. Mil has a microphone.

Mil Vueltas:

¡Mil Vueltas es para los niños! Gracias por the WONDERFUL reception, France!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

We're in Marseille tonight!

Mil points at the ring occupied by Douglas.

Mil Vueltas:

Scott Douglas... it will be un placer to face you at DEFIANCE Rising! Two of the company's BIGGEST fan favorites!

¡Uno a uno! As for the match with Brooklyn Rivera... Hi, Brookie!

Mil and The Big Boss Dan both wave towards the ring. Brooklyn visibly cringes.

Mil Vueltas:

To both competitors, have a good, clean fight...

Douglas has had enough of listening. He turns around, but catches an unsuspecting roundhouse kick from Rivera to the side of the head! DEFIANCE's Favorite Son is stunned on his feet when Rivera snaps him up and over with her signature Harai Goshi judo throw!

Mil Vueltas: *[smirking]*

...Good luck!

Lance:

Cheap shots by Rivera! And she's going right into a cover!

Rivera hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Douglas gets the shoulder up and kicks out! Mil's face changes and looks less pleased that his apparent plan didn't work! Brooklynn looks up at the official and yells that she had a three-count!

DDK:

Douglas kicks out, but Brooklynn has the advantage right now!

With Douglas struggling to try and make it up to his feet, La Angelita measures up Douglas and runs off the ropes. She goes for the kill with a penalty kick, only for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to duck the move and catch her with a quick schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO...NO!

Rivera kicks out, but Douglas beats her to the punch and then hits her with a boot to the gut before shooting her off the ropes! On the rebound, he catches Rivera with a HUGE overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Douglas kips up to his feet after the suplex as La Angelita rolls out of the ring, garnering loud cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

And there's Scott Douglas making the comeback! Mil Vueltas and The Golden Children had a plan here tonight to try and steal one off that earlier distraction, but now Douglas takes control!

DDK:

He's a former Southern Heritage Champion, and he's seen it all in this promotion. Fought wars and won against the best of the best!

Mil Vueltas and The Big Boss Dan continue to watch from mid-way down the aisle in the crowd as in the ring, Douglas waits on Rivera before he leaps back into action. He runs off the ropes and then catches her with a big baseball slide that kicks the former MMA fighter backwards into the barricade! DEFIANCE's Favorite Son slides out of the ring and then looks out towards The GLOAT. Trying not to look like his plans have already been thwarted, Mil offers a big wave and the phoniest of smiles back to the DEFIANCE legends. Scott gives him a quick glance, then turns his focus back to Brooklynn to get her back inside the ring.

DDK:

Like him or not, Mil Vueltas might be on one of the best overall rolls of his career. Back to back victories over OSCAR BURNS and then Dex Joy. He put OSCAR BURNS out of action and nobody's heard from him since.

Lance:

He's been putting on airs with this whole "hero" bit he's doing, but the bottom line is he's been dangerous when pushed. Douglas isn't underestimating that.

Douglas waits on Rivera and then catches her with a quick Russian leg sweep! He uses the momentum to roll back to his feet after executing the move and then fires off a quick running leg drop across the ropes!

DDK:

Russian leg sweep leads to that leg drop off the ropes! Douglas hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Rivera kicks out, but Douglas remains in control! He goes for the leg, but Rivera quickly takes advantage of her natural height and gets towards the ropes to force a break! Scott curses his luck and lets go of the leg as Rivera climbs through the ropes to the apron.

DDK:

Douglas had a half-crab in mind, I think, but Rivera gets the ropes first!

With enough time passing, Scott goes on the attack and tries to grab Rivera over the ropes... but gets the shock of his life when Rivera is able to leap into action and grab the arm! She has a hanging armbar on Douglas while he's in the ropes, forcing the official to count!

DDK:

Oooh! Armbar out of nowhere! Brooklynn Rivera played possum and caught Douglas with that armbar submission in the ropes!

Lance:

The referee is forcing a break! She's only got five seconds to hold this, but damage could still be done in that short time!

As Douglas shouts out in pain, Brooklynn breaks the hold after four, but the damage has been done. Douglas is left reeling from the hold and shouts out in pain as Rivera gets back into the ropes. When Douglas turns around, he gets snapped over by an ipponzei judo throw by the arm! The former SOHER is left reeling as now climbing over the barricade, Mil Vueltas and The Big Boss Dan have now appeared ringside to get a front row seat.

Lance:

What a takeover these last few moments have been for Rivera! This could be a career-making win tonight if she could pull this off!

As Douglas tries to push back up off the canvas, Rivera KICKS the leg out from under him with a penalty kick! Douglas is left reeling, but the damage goes from bad to worse when Rivera hits the ropes and CRACKS him with a sliding single leg dropkick!

DDK:

NYKO by Rivera! Cover!

She hooks the leg of Douglas as Mil counts along outside the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Brooklynn slaps the mat in frustration, but doesn't waste too much time. She pops up and immediately kicks Douglas square in the right kidney, causing him to wince and roll over in an escape attempt. She goes for another stomp, but Douglas instinctively rolls to his side, avoiding the boot. Rivera's boot lands flat on the canvas, shaking the ring, and she adjusts... dropping down and driving a sharp elbow into Douglas' left kidney.

OHHHHHHHHHHH

Everyone felt that live and at home.

With Douglas stunned and in immense pain, she nudges him over, flat on his stomach and grabs a hold, wrenching DEFIANCE's Favorite Son into a deep crossface, cranking back on his head and the shoulder she's been working the whole night.

DDK:

Crossface locked in, and Rivera is trying to bend Scott Douglas in half!

Doyle checks in with Douglas.

Lance:

The second stomp attempted missed ... or was is just a ruse to get Douglas to expose that left side? Brooklynn isn't one to shortchange in the ring!

Douglas claws toward the ropes with his free hand, the Faithful rallying behind him, but Rivera drags him back a few inches and rehooks the hold, leaning her hips into the stretch. His fingernails dig into the canvas as he fights through the pain and tries his damndest to inch forward. Doyle stays close, asking again and again if Douglas gives in.

DDK:

Douglas needs to get to the ropes!

Lance:

I couldn't agree more! This could be the end!

Rivera cranks back even harder, forcing Douglas's free hand to shoot out blindly. Finally, with a desperate push, he lunges far enough to hook the bottom rope. Benny Doyle calls for the break and starts the count ...

Rivera releases at four, rolling away with a cold smirk.

She immediately steps back in and snaps a running knee into Douglas's ribs as he tries to rise. She hooks the arm again, yanking him up to his feet, only to hammer another elbow into the well-worn shoulder. Douglas drops to one knee, clutching the limb.

DDK:

Rivera has been mercilessly concentrating on Scott Douglas' shoulder here tonight..

Lance:

He can't get her up for the Sub Pop Suplex with a bum wing...

DDK:

...or Mil at DEFIANCE Rising, for that matter...

Lance:

Ah, ha ...

Rivera circles behind him, reaches under his arm, and jerks him down with a hammerlock that slams Sup Pop face-first into the mat. She rolls through into a tight lateral press, her forearm grinding across his jaw.

ONE.

TWO.

Douglas kicks out, but slower and with a hell of a grimace stretched across his face.

Rivera sits back on her heels, eyes locked on him like a starving predator studying wounded prey.

Lance:

Brooklynn Rivera is in complete control. She's taking him apart piece by piece.

DDK:

And that shoulder is turning into a bullseye. Douglas needs to find a way to fire back, or this match won't last much longer.

Rivera rises slowly, never taking her eyes off Douglas as he clutches that injured shoulder. She reaches down and grabs a fistful of hair, dragging him up just enough to stab him in the back with a short kick. Douglas crumples again with his face twisting in pain.

DDK:

Douglas can even get his bearings at this point!

Lance:

She's remained ... one step ahead of Scott Douglas, this entire match up. And honestly, that is the danger of a competitor with her background.

Rivera yanks Douglas up once more, this time by the wrist, and whips him into the turnbuckles. He hits hard and drops to one knee. Rivera charges in for a corner knee strike.

Douglas just barely slips out of the way.

Rivera collides with the turnbuckles and stumbles. Douglas pulls himself upright by the ropes with his good arm, the other held tightly to his side.

DDK:

There is still fight left in Scott Douglas! Not much, but it's there.

Rivera quickly course-corrects and gets back on Douglas, swinging a wild right hand. Douglas throws up his good arm to block, but the impact still sends him backward a few steps.

DDK:

Douglas cannot afford to trade with her. Not with that shoulder.

Rivera swings again ...

Lance:

This time, Scott has it scouted!

Douglas ducks under, circles behind her, and when Rivera turns around, he drives a stiff toe kick to the gut. She doubles over, and Scott snaps on a front chancery, pulling her head tight under his arm.

Lance:

Do you know HOW long it's been since we've seen Scott Douglas hit the SUB POP SUPLEX!?!

He grabs the wrist and drapes it over his own neck ...

DDK:

But can he do it!? Can he pull it off!?

He hooks the knee.

Scott bends his own knee and lifts ...

... in a flash, it's like someone let all the air out of the room. Douglas' shoulder gives out, and he goes crashing to the canvas with Brooklynn on top of him. Benny Doyle has no choice but to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE --

Douglas kicks out! At ringside, Mil grits his teeth but when Douglas looks up, he gives his DEFIANCE Rising opponent a thumbs up as if he's happy he kicked out (read: He's not.).

Lance:

Douglas kicks out!

As Douglas tries to get back to his feet, Rivera measures him up and then jumps at him, locking in a legscissors as he's standing and goes after the arm in an attempt to secure a Kimura armbar!

DDK:

If Brooklynn can fully lock this in... it's OVER!

With cheering from Mil and The Big Boss Dan outside the ring, she almost has the armbar... but Douglas uses a last surge of strength to fight! He throws shots at her side and then wraps an arm around her neck, then moves his other arm to hook a leg...

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

NO WAY! SUB POP SUPLEX OUT OF NOWHERE! BROOKLYNN RIVERA'S ATTEMPT AT A KIMURA MIGHT HAVE BEEN HER DOWNFALL!

Lance:

WHAT AN AMAZING COUNTER!

The Marseille Faithful LOSE IT as Douglas rolls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The music blasts over the PA as Douglas sits up, bad arm and all!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **SCOTT DOUG...**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

No, this isn't Bizarro World. The crowd do a 180 not because of Douglas, but because both Mil Vuelas and The Big Boss Dan hit the ring and start putting the boots to him!

Lance:

NO! COME ON! DOUGLAS WON THIS MATCH FAIR AND SQUARE! SOME "HEROES" THESE CHUMPS ARE!

The booing continues as Douglas can barely defend himself from the two-on-one assault by the Familia members! DLJ pulls up Scott by his arm, and Mil CRACKS him right on the jaw with a big jumping bicycle knee strike to the jaw!

DDK:

THIS HAS TO STOP! SOMEBODY HAS... WAIT!

Not waiting for any entrance music to make an appearance because that's not how good Lads do, PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL heads down the ramp, ready to throw hands to a huge pop from The Faithful!

Lance:

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! HE'S HERE! REMEMBER, SCOTT DOUGLAS CAME TO HIS AID TWO WEEKS AGO AFTER HIS TABLES MATCH WITH DLJ!

The big man climbs on the apron and as soon as Big Boss Dan sees him, he runs toward Punchy, only to get ROCKED by a headbutt! He climbs through the ropes and SMACKS Dan with a huge running clothesline that sends the Familia's Shield over the top rope!

DDK:

BALD BULL BY PURCELL! DAN IS DOWN!

Mil sees what's happening and Purcell is CLOSE to catching him with a right when Mil scurries out of the ring and helps Brooklynn out along with him! The GLOAT and the Golden Children of the Familia head for higher ground as Purcell leans over the ropes...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

STOP COLLECTIN' THEM UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS AND GET THIS WORK! COME ON!

Rivera holds the back of her head in pain as Big Boss Dan helps her out, along with Mil Vuelas, the trio escape into the crowd! After the trio leave, Purcell is quick to try and help Scott to his feet. He starts to grab the arm and shoulder that Rivera worked over, before Douglas pulls it back and offers up his good arm to be helped to his feet. The two men take in the applause from the Marseille crowd before they leave the ring in a huff together, realizing they'll have to fight another day against The GLOAT and the Shield.

Lance:

Punch Drunk Purcell just came to the aid of Scott Douglas in the nick of time!

DDK:

That he did! And... one sec...

Lance:

What's that?

DDK:

I just got word that Christie Zane is backstage waiting for Scott Douglas Punch Drunk Purcell about this match and what just happened out here!

PUNKS JUMP UP TO GET BEAT DOWN!

The camera cuts just behind the Guerilla Position in the backstage area.

Christie Zane:

Darren, Lance... thanks. I'm hoping that we can get a word with Scott Douglas about his big win tonight, as well as Punch Drunk Purcell coming out there to make the save. We've seen Mil Vuelas make a lot of enemies in the past few months and...

She pauses when she sees the curtains parting behind her.

Christie Zane:

I think that's them!

As she turns, a very heated Punch Drunk Purcell nods at something in agreement with a (non-Butcher) victorious Scott Douglas, who looks equally unamused with the state of things.

Christie Zane:

Punchy... Scott. Can we talk about what just happened out th....

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Christie, I'm really sorry to interrupt. I know y'all got some questions, but right now. I gotta get them an answer. I see that mic, I see this camera. So if I may, I need a dang minute.

She nods and moves the mic over to the tank-like Georgia boy.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

DAN... LEO... JAMES. Big Boss Man. BBD...

Purcell looks weirded out after he realizes the initials. He looks over at Scott Douglas, still favoring his arm.

Scott Douglas:

Not touching that one.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Fair enough. I'm gonna touch on somethin' else for a sec, if y'all don't mind.

Scott Douglas:

By all means ...

Douglas motions with a shrug. Purcell nods and ...

Back to the camera.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Danny Boy, I am gettin' REAL TIRED of you stickin' your extra-large Opie-looking soulless ginger face in my damn business! YOU are the reason I lost out on the Southern Heritage Title at DEF Row! YOU are the reason that I'm fixin' to hand out some free dental work! We're one and one right now and the ONLY reason y'all beat me last time was cause it was three-on-one in a Tables Match. You dress like a guard once for Halloween and that's your damn thing now? I'm sick of this bull, boy. REAL GOT-DAMN SICK!

He pulls the camera closer to the point his breath almost fogs the lens...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You wanna prove to your fake daddy that you're a fake real man and even more fake-ass tough guy? Then get some hair on them nuts accept my challenge. You! Me! DEFIANCE Risin'! One on one! I'll even let YOU pick how we do this

cause no matter what you pick... I promise you, boy... I'm gonna END IT.

Purcell finally eases back from the camera, breathing heavy. Christie slowly turns, bringing the mic over toward Scott Douglas.

Christie Zane:

Scott... after what we just saw out there, and after everything Mil Vuelas has put you through these last few weeks... do you have anything you want to add?

Douglas looks at Purcell for a moment, then back into the camera.

Scott Douglas:

Why not ...

He adjusts the tape on his bad shoulder and exhales.

Scott Douglas:

Mil-Man. You keep callin' yourself -- DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero.

Douglas chuckles.

Scott Douglas:

Heroes don't swoop in after a hard-fought match and jump a man.

He glances over at Purcell again, then back to the lens.

Scott Douglas:

You got your match with me at DEFIANCE Risin'. That is already signed. But you and Danny Boy seem real comfortable stickin' your noses in other people's business ... so, how about this: Before we get to Risin'... you bring your "hero" act and your Big Boss with you...

He taps his chest with his good hand, then thumbs toward Purcell.

Scott Douglas:

...and we'll bring THE REAL *GORRAM* DEAL!

Purcell nods along, cracking his knuckles.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You heard the man. Y'all wanna jump folks from behind? Try it from the front... Punks JUMP up ...

Scott Douglas & Punch Drunk Purcell:

... TO GET BEAT DOWN!

With a slight smirk, Scott steps out of frame, Purcell following right behind him as Christie turns back toward the camera.

Christie Zane:

Darren, Lance... you heard it. Punch Drunk Purcell wants Dan Leo James at DEFIANCE Risin'... and now Scott Douglas is throwing down a challenge for a tag team match on DEFtv against Mil Vuelas and DLJ or ... Big Boss Dan I suppose ... Back to you at ringside.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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DR. NED REFORM vs ???

DDK:

Welcome back to an action-packed edition of DEFtv ladies and gentlemen. Before we move on to the next match, I've been asked to give you all, the DEFIANCE Faithful, an update on a developing situation. Two months ago, Brock Newbludd won a battle royal for the right to hold the ACE of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. Of course, there was an issue: that battle royal was supposed to come down to two competitors, with the idea being those last two standing would wrestle each other at DEFIANCE Rising to see who becomes the ACE.

DDK:

Except Brock WAS the only man left standing. Four weeks ago, we found out that he was going to be allowed to hand-pick an opponent to face DEF Rising with the ACE on the Line. Two weeks ago, we saw SEVERAL Defiants plead their case to Mr. Newbludd as to why he should pick them.

Lance:

Which brings us to our update: apparently Brock Newbludd WILL announce who has chosen in two weeks time on DEFtv 229. Sources tell me that he has made a decision... we'll just have to wait to hear it.

DDK:

The anticipation is the stuff that great shows are made of. Well, moving on: up next, ladies and gentlemen... Ned Reform is set to square with an opponent that has yet to be announced.

Lance:

Some have speculated that it might be Reverend Black. Two weeks ago, we saw Reform and TA Cole re-dub themselves as The Honor Society and effectively remove Black's allies from the board.

DDK:

Reform and Black certainly have their issues. But I'm not sure I'd count Black out just because he lost his stable mates... if we've learned anything over the years, it's that you can never guess what that guy's plan is.

center>♪ "Für Elise" by Cold Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as The Sage on the Stage, The Mad Gadfly, The Philosopher King, The Good Doctor himself walks through the curtain. He pauses on the ramp, slowly panning his head to take in the French Faithful. With a smirk, he begins a slow jaunt down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Le concours suivant est prévu pour un automne... et voici en premier lieu, de New Haven, Connecticut... NED REFORM!

Reform hops onto the ring apron. He leaps up onto the turnbuckle, again pausing to take in the people. Without getting down from his perched position, The Good Doctor reaches his hand out and Quimbey helpfully gives him a mic.

Ned Reform:

Bonjour, les enfants.

RAAAA!

Ned Reform:

I stand before you tonight a man in the proverbial dark: my worthy opponent has thus far been kept a mystery. Matters not, I suppose - my newfound journey to be the greatest professional wrestler all time likely has a pre-requisite of being prepared for all challengers, yes? Or rather: *oui?*

Ned hops down off the turnbuckle... only to march over to the opposite turnbuckle and pull himself up into a seated position with his behind resting on the top rope and his front facing toward the inside of the ring.

Ned Reform:

But before we get to new business, let's address a few items for the good of the order. I've been doing some pondering - as Dr. Ned Reform is wont to do. And I've thought deeply about this - for lack of a better term - "redemption tour" I seem to be on. Not that I plan on "redeeming" myself per say, but I am making an earnest effort here, children, to work on this newfound positive relationship we seem to have fostered. You'll note that I have not insulted you once.

A modest "he's right he hasn't" pop.

Ned Reform:

And I asked myself: what would be the ultimate gift I could give you? What previous wrong could I undo to show recompense? And it hit me LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, CHILDREN! I could return something from you that I once so unjustly stole!

Reform's eyes go wide. He milks the silence, letting the moment breathe.

Ned Reform:

You must understand: **I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU REZIN BACK!**

RAAAAAAA!

DDK:

The roof just came off this place!

Reform grins. Yes. That's the reaction he was looking for.

Ned Reform:

Rezin wasn't perfect and I certainly have always been the first to admit it. And I stand by that assessment: Rezin was a substance-riddled rascal with some very deep-seeded issues.

Some boos for that.

Ned Reform:

But, I will confess, during my interactions with the man Rezin has become over the previous months, I have grown a certain... unwilling... appreciation for Rezin's authenticity. Despite his faults, you knew where the man's priorities were. You could parse out his loyalties. The same cannot be said for one Reverend Black.

He hops down off the turnbuckle. Begins to gesture with the flair of a Shakespearean stage actor.

Ned Reform:

And so it falls to me... I must destroy that which I created. Dr. Ned Reform taketh away, and Dr. Ned Reform giveth. At DEFIANCE Rising, I formally challenge Reverend Black to an AMBULANCE MATCH - the very vessel in which I twisted Rezin's black soul. Once again, children, you have my word: Black will go into the ambulance, but it will be Rezin who emerges.

DDK:

This is big, Lance! Ned Reform vs. Reverend Black in an Ambulance Match at DEFIANCE Rising! It was over a year ago in which The Good Doctor defended the SOHer against Rezin in that same type of match... and the very last time we ever saw Rezin as we knew him.

Lance:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Darren. Reform has laid down the challenge, but we have not heard Black accept.

Ned Reform:

And thus, I give you all my word, that I...

♪ "Ratatata" by Babymetal ♪

A moment of confusion. Ned, indignant at being interrupted, looks toward the entrance with a puzzled expression...

RIA Lockhart slowly saunters out from the backstage area. She isn't in a very fun or bright mood, if her child gaze across the arena is any indication. Wearing a PRIME hoodie over top of her usual wrestling gear, the Psychoberry stalks towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... representing PRIME... RIA! LOCKHEAAAAART!!

DDK:

What a SURPRISE! This isn't RIA's first foray into DEFIANCE, but it's been quite awhile since we last saw her!

Lance:

These two do have quite the history, from what I've heard. Over three promotions, they've taken shots at each other. I could be wrong, but Ms. Lockhart doesn't look like she's dressed to just talk.

The mostly positive reaction RIA had garnered upon her entrance starts turning sour as more fans see the back of her hoodie. She hops up onto the apron, pulling the hoodie off and nonchalantly tossing it over her shoulder.

Reform barely has time to process what's happening when RIA begins to light him up with fast, furious, and stiff as hell strikes! Ned throws up his arms to try to cover, but it's a futile gesture as he continues to get rocked by the surprise PRIME star! Brian Slater, who had often been caught unawares by the surprise, snaps out of it and calls for the bell!

DING DING!

Backing away, Reform's only opportunity to escape the onslaught is to duck down and roll clean out of the ring!

DDK:

I'm told that Ned and RIA have gotten into some confrontations on the show of our distinguished competition... and that Reform and Cole vs. RIA and Scott Hunter has officially been booked for the upcoming PRIME/DEFIANCE supercard!

Lance:

Two weeks ago, RIA watched from the stands. It looks like now she's trying a more direct approach!

Ned regroups on the outside while RIA, looking focused as ever, gets a running start and appears to be ready for a suicide dive...

...but Ned sees it coming and rolls back into the ring!

...and RIA stops herself before flying out of the ring. He turns to face Reform and the two **AGGRESSIVELY** lock up! They jockey around the ring for a position a bit until the slightly larger Sage on the Stage gets the upper hand with a headlock. RIA is able to build enough momentum to send him into the ropes, and on the rebound she **SCORES** with a back elbow!

DDK:

So far, RIA is absolutely on fire!

Lance:

In Reform's defense, he was not expecting this. Come on Reform - represent DEFIANCE!

Not quite yet, as RIA scores with a running knee drop and she hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Reform kicks out!

DDK:

There's that DEFIANT spirit!

Lance:

RIA's not done... she's heading up top...

...but what she was going to do, we shall never know, as Reform half stumbles forward into the ropes! RIA loses her footing and falls to the mat. She half way saves it, and is back up right away... but she walks right into a Ned Reform snap suplex!

DDK:

Ned setting RIA up against the rope... leapfrog body guillotine!

Lance:

And he's not done! Instead of getting off her, he transitions into a standing position!

Holding the top rope for leverage, Reform stands up straight and uses his full body weight to drive RIA's back into the bottom rope! He breaks it before Slater gets to five.

Lance:

Reform in control for the first time in this match... and he appears ready to end it.

The split crowd comes live as Reform sets RIA up for a familiar move: his match-finishing brainbuster variation known as The Syllabuster!

Lance:

No... RIA slips out... down the back... Russian Leg Sweep!

DDK:

She's fast, Lance. No doubt!

Lance:

Wait... the entrance! It's TA Cole!

Reform's right mind man sprints toward the ring and effortlessly leaps up on the apron. Slater barks at him to get down, but RIA has the more effective version: a kick to the face!

DDK:

But she has her back turned to Ned... Reform scores with a neckbreaker!

Lance:

The French Faithful seem evenly split... I think they like RIA but are also looking to represent DEFIANCE!

Reform drops RIA with a rocker dropper before eyeing the top rope. The Faithful come alive in anticipation for one of The Good Doctor's signature maneuvers: The Scholar and Elbow! Reform, still smarting a bit from the onslaught, moves a little more slowly than usual climbing to the top... and that costs him when instead of hitting his patented elbow, he's caught unaware by an explosive RIA HURRICANRANA OFF THE TOP!!

DDK:

OH MAN! RIA covers...

Lance:

Represent DEFIANCE, Reform! Kick out!

ONE!

TWO!

HER - KICK OUT! Ned gets a shoulder up!

RIA seems more than a little annoyed by this. She brings Reform back up and puts all her weight into violently whipping him into the corner. She follows up with a running handspring elbow that ROCKS The Mad Gadfly's head! RIA AGAIN covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NOPE! Reform up again!

DDK:

RIA is growing frustrated... I think she expected this to be a bit easier...

Lance:

The Good Doctor has leveled up since she last faced him!

RIA checks with Slater to make sure that was two before hitting the ropes... and on the rebound she's caught by surprise when Reform nails The Equivocator (missile headbutt)!! RIA and Ned both fall to the mat! Both PRIME and DEFIANCE are out as the people stand and begin to cheer in appreciation for the contest!

DDK:

It's now a race to see who can get to their feet first... both of these competitors have a shot at taking this one...

Lance:

The pressure is on. It's about pride, sure - but they're both representing an entire promotion!

Reform reaches up to the middle rope and pulls himself up when out of nowhere...

“OOOOOUUUUUU!!!!!!!!!!!!”

A voice pierces through the PA system.

And no, that's not someone enjoying a roller coaster.

The diabolical face of REVEREND BLACK suddenly fills the DEFIATron!

Rev. Black:

REEEEEFFFF0000000ORRRRRMMMM!!!!

Facing the tron and still using the ropes for support, Reform sneers.

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR...

DDK:

RIA! RIA takes advantage and looks to waylay Ned from behind...

Lance:

NO! Ned was ready! He moves out of the way!

Reform, showing some ring savvy by correctly producing the attack from behind, turns back around to face his opponent from PRIME when...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Low blow! RIA with a BLATANT low blow in front of Brian Slater!

Lance:

Her frustrations got the better of her!

DING DING DING!

Slater signals the end of the match - and the DQ victory for Ned Reform. Still, he doesn't look like a winner, crumpled on the mat and holding his aching two little degrees. RIA leans down and says something to him... we can't hear it, but it doesn't look friendly. RIA, now on the receiving end of a few more boos, quickly exits the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by disqualification... DOCTOR... NED...

Rev. Black:

REEEEEEFFFFOOOOOOOOORRRRRMMMM!!!!

Upon the DEFIATron, the Sacred Lamb furiously snarls while shaking his fist.

Rev. Black:

BWAHAHAHAHAHA GOOD RIDDANCE... NYYYED! I guess NOW we KNOW you have more BALLS than BRAINS! ESPECIALLY after telling this POOR, MISBEGOTTEN FRENCH PEOPLE that you intend to "DESTROY" your "CREATION!"

Black runs his hands through his sweat-soaked light brown toupee, giving himself an absolutely outlandish cowlick of fake hair.

Rev. Black:

It's bad enough you dispatched my HEAVENLY SOCIETY off to "missionary work" in Abu Dhabi... but now you BLASPHEME the NAME of the HOLEY LOARD by claiming to be MY CREATOR?! HORSEFEATHERS, Nyed! ABSOLUTELY HORSEFEATHERS! Boderekins 47:69 says, "THOU CANS'T DESTROY THAT which THOU HANSN'T THYET CREATED!" And the TRUE CREATOR of the GOOD REVEREND you see before you is now less than the GAWD JAYZUS!

In the ring, Reform has slowly recovered from the shot to his bits. He stands hunched over, steadied against the ropes, looking both confused and angry at the image of his worst experiment in behavior science up on the screen on stage.

Rev. Black:

Therefore, it should go without saying, NYED... that I EAGERLY accept your challenge to an AMBULANCE MATCH! I YEARN for the opportunity to REND your frail and fragile INTELLECT with the HOLEY POWERZ of FAITH and PIETY! Let us END THIS where it BEGAN! Only this time, "gOoD dOcToR", it will be YOU who's SOUL is left TWISTED, TAINTED, DEFILED!

“LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!”

Rev. Black:

Oh, ALL YOU PEOPLE CAN JUST EAT CAKE, for all I care! REEEEEFFFOOOOOORRRRRMMM!!!

“C’EST LE **DOCTEUR** REFORM!!”

Rev. Black:

I DON'T SPEAK TERRIER! REFORM!! As a parting bit of advice, spend your FINAL DAYS wisely! Look INWARD! See how HOLLOW and EMPTY you've become since you FORSOOK your loyal spiritual counsel! Then look UPWARD! See the LIGHT of JAYSUS, and give you SOUL unto the LOARD! It will be the ONLY PART OF YOU WORTH SAVING... after I send the REST of you STRAIGHT... TO... HEEEEHHCKKK!!

The screen cuts to black.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ON THE ROAD AGAIN, NOW PLAYING IN FRANCE!!!



SOHER: TITANESS (CO-C) vs. LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

Our next can only be described by three words, partner... MOTHER VERSUS MOTHER. It's the SO-US Championship on the line when Titaness represents the defending champions of herself and "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez up next against a SHOCKER of an opponent... "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Titaness retained the title against a very game Butcher Victorious to make their claims of co-champions official. They opened their mouths right away, and I can't say I expected Lindsay Troy of all people to come out to address the champions! Things were about to get physical before DEFSec stepped in!

DDK:

As soon as DEFtv 227 went off the air, this match was made official! Whether or not you like this entire co-championship status between husband and wife, you can't deny they haven't been shy to defend the title! Cortez has already twice defended it after defeating Brock Newbludd! Titaness herself is coming off the win over Butcher, as well as her biggest singles win on PPV over Pat Cassidy at Acts of DEFIANCE. But now, she takes on one of the best to do it in DEFIANCE. Period.

Lance:

Troy is one of a very short list of people to have held the FIST more than once. She's a sure-fire future Hall of Famer. But in her entire DEFIANCE career, she has never been Southern Heritage Champion. Will that change tonight?

The lights drop out to pure darkness.

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

Moments after the music kicks in, a spotlight shines to edge of the stage. It's not Siofra as it normally is... instead, it's "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez decked out in black suit with gold pinstripes. He holds his Southern Heritage Title over his shoulder. He points to the DEFIAtron behind him as the LED lights around the stage start to light up and cover the arena in colors reminiscent of a stained-glass window. Then a new image appears on the screen...

"HER SWOLINESS"

Then in the center of the stage, Titaness stands with her back to the ring, arms flexing with her name displayed on the front, also in a stained-glass window logo with the words "HER SWOLINESS" beneath. Around her waist is the Southern Heritage Championship. She smiles and taps on the nameplate marked "SO-HERS". Cortez does the same for his Southern Heritage Championship, marked "SO-HIS."

DDK:

Here they come. Uriel Cortez and Titaness. The first-ever co-holders of the highly coveted Southern Heritage Championship!

Lance:

The egos of these two have been as high as they've ever been. Since winning the Southern Heritage Title from Brock Newbludd at Acts of DEFIANCE, Cortez and Titaness took thinly-veiled shots at Vae Victis and Lindsay Troy was quick to respond, leading to tonight's match!

Uriel stands just behind his wifey on the way to the ring as The Motherly Saint smiles and waves to the jeering Marseille Faithful. When they arrive, The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia walks up the steps. The hood and sleeveless jacket she's covered in come off, revealing a brand new black top and leather pants with various sparkling red, blue, yellow and green lines. She gets booed by The Faithful as she heads to the corner and waits on her opponent.

Le Dôme de Marseille is then plunged into darkness, and screams and shouts of anticipation immediately rise from the crowd. Cell phone cameras and flashlights wink on while fog pours across the stage. The rigging along the DEFIAtron

slowly, eerily, lights up, helping to fuel the crowd's anticipation, then...

♪ "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous opening chords to "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks fill the arena as a mixed reaction from the DEFIANCE Faithful calls for the Queen of the Ring to appear. The fog grows thicker, white, pink, and blue spotlights snap to the entrance way, and from underneath the stage pink and blue lights shine bright, carrying the Queen upward. Troy rises to the dais, head bowed, hands clenched, and once the platform locks into place an explosion of light and sound erupts around her.

Troy takes a moment to soak in the reaction, then marches down the ramp, her pink and blue military coat billowing out behind her and her LED sunglasses reading "GIMME." "THE." "BELT." She climbs the steps and takes a moment to pose on the turnbuckle before entering the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Herita...

Titans cuts Quimbey off and shoves the title in his face, tapping on the nameplate. Cortez climbs on the apron and does the same.

Darren Quimbey:

The uh... excuse me... the SO-US Championship!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

LT isn't amused one bit from her side of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first: the challenger. Representing Vae Victis. From Tampa, Florida. Weighing in at 195 pounds...she is the Lady of the Hour, the Renaissance Woman...your Favorite Wrestler's Favorite Wrestler...THE QUEEN OF THE RING...LINDSAY TROY!

The Queen smirks and rolls her neck from side to side, ready to get this match underway.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... she is the reigning and defending co-holder of the SO-US Championship! Representing Titanes Familia and being accompanied by "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez... she has been asked to be referred to for her recent actions in bringing families together... she wishes to be referred to as "The Patron Saint of Suplexes"... "Strength From The Heavens"... "Her Swoliness"... "The Motherly Saint"... but you may call her... **TITANESS!**

With a grin, Titaness holds the title up and gets right into the face of The Queen of the Ring. LT shoves her back, but The Motherly Saint responds with hoity-toity laughter as returns to her corner. She hands over the title and leans over to give Uriel a kiss.

Lance:

If she continues to provoke Lindsay Troy like this, these two might be kissing that title goodbye!

Titaness turns and get ROCKED by a high kick from LT! Seeing the action is already starting, Carla Ferrari calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Troy is off to a hot start right now! She's got Titaness in the corner... OOOH! Those chops!

Showing that Familia aren't the only premier choppers in DEFIANCE, Troy unleashes a trio of blistering chops to the chest of the reigning and defending SOHER/SO-US Champion! Titaness is reeling when Troy gets cocky and holds out a hand. She winks towards Uriel and throws a fourth and final NASTY chop right above the chest! Cortez does not look amused at all while The Queen of the Ring shakes her own hand, even surprising herself how hard she just hit!

DDK:

That was BRUTAL! I don't think any member of Titanes Familia has been chopped that hard!

Lance:

Doing my homework, Darren... and these two have fought before one other time, FOUR years ago on DEFtv 155! Back then, Troy won that match by submission! But these two are far from the same as they were then!

Troy grabs Titaness by the arm and tries an Irish whip, but gets a shock when Titaness is not only able to stop it by sheer strength, she WHIPS Troy back into the corner! The Motherly Saint takes a moment to collect herself after the chops and then makes another run at the former two-time FIST, only for Troy to move out of the way. Titaness hits the buckle and as she staggers back out, LT comes flying with a front flip neckbreaker!

DDK:

LT a lot more cutthroat than she was when these two met last time! Cover by Troy with the SOHER on the line!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titaness kicks out and pushes away from LT to get to the ropes. Troy is brimming with confidence as Uriel Cortez watches from outside. He's unable to hide the fact that he's annoyed at Troy holding court right now.

Lance:

These days, Titaness might be the most confident we've ever seen her. She's done very well for herself, but like you said, LT is also way more cutthroat. Neither one are exactly fan favorites these days!

LT goes over to the corner that The Patron Saint of the Suplex currently occupies and then measures up for another chop. She flashes that smirk... THE smirk... over at Cortez. But when she turns, she gets SHOCKED when Titaness powers her up onto her shoulders! Troy can't believe it when Titaness turns and RAMS her full-force into the corner back first before rearing back and SMACKING Troy with a double-chop! Troy winces in pain and it goes from bad to worse when Titaness buries a series of shoulders into her midsection! She goes on the attack until Carla Ferrari has to break things up!

DDK:

Good grief! LT has a LOT of big match experience over Titaness... but sometimes, even that is no substitute for sheer force!

Titaness gets in LT's face!

Titaness:

CHOPS ARE OUR THING! GET YOUR OWN THING!

Before a witty retort can hit Titaness, she hits the Vae Victis co-head honcho with a big back elbow! Troy is rocked when Titaness rushes across the and comes back with a hard hitting corner pump kick! Things get worse from there for the challenger when Titaness grabs Troy and throws her up and over with a release German suplex! The former two-time FIST is sent bouncing across the canvas as Titaness sits up and looks back at her handiwork while Cortez is the only one in Le Dome to applaud his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

Get her ass! Let's go!

DDK:

That was a very rare mistake by Troy and Titaness capitalized with that series of moves! I think four years ago, Titaness would have not been able to spot that opening!

Titaness hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Troy throws her left shoulder up as the Marseille crowd continue to watch on! Titaness looks at Carla and slaps three hands quickly.

Lance:

Solid two-count by Titaness, but she's gotta stay on Troy! Arguing with Carla Ferrari won't beat Lindsay Troy!

Titaness grabs LT off the mat, but she fights back! She rocks Titaness with a forearm, but Titaness fights back with a knee lift and pushes her back into the corner before charging. Troy gets a foot up and Titaness is able to catch it, so Troy throws the other leg up instead and clips the champion with a stiff enzuigiri out of the corner!

DDK:

Counter by Lindsay with that enzuigiri!

Titaness doesn't fall, but she's clearly spaghetti-legged! Troy climbs to the second rope and measures her target before leaping off the corner... only to get CAUGHT by Titaness! She throws LT up on her shoulders, but The Queen gives her the slip and pushes Titaness into the ropes, then rocks her with a roaring elbow on the comeback! Titaness falls to a knee and Troy hits the ropes to follow up with a WICKED penalty kick that finally knocks Titaness to the canvas!

Lance:

LT gets Titaness down! I can't believe the shots these two have thrown all match!

DDK:

And Troy for the cover! She hooks the leg!

LT looks out at Uriel Cortez and hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder comes up, but Troy goes right into trying a cross armbreaker on Titaness! Cortez grimaces as he watches Lindsay try to snap his wife's arm clean off!

DDK:

GREAT strategy by The Queen! Titaness' power is her equalizer! If she works the arm, that power is compromised!

Titaness tries frantically to get her feet to the ropes while keeping her hands clasped together! Troy fights and throws

some kicks into the arm and chest of The Motherly Saint to take the title... and she has the arm... but Titaness has a foot on the ropes! Troy hangs on for the four-count until Carla counts down, then finally lets go!

DDK:

Titaness gets to the ropes, but Troy found an opening! And we all know if she grabs a body part, she can get the submission!

Lance:

Four years ago, this was exactly how Troy overcame the power, by working the leg. This time, the arm is the weapon of choice!

Titaness tries to stay near the ropes as she tries to get feeling back into her arm, but Troy knows exactly where to go! She grabs the arm of Titaness and throws a few shots right at it and then drops it over the shoulder! The defending SO-US is hurt as Troy tries to pull at the arm, forcing Titaness to quickly go to the hair! She pulls on Troy's hair to get her to let go! Carla reprimands her and finally Titaness backs off! Carla and Titaness argue while Troy is seething with anger for messing with the curls.

Lance:

Titaness broke the arm work out of desperati... hey!

With Carla's attention taken, Cortez reaches through the ropes with a massive paw and trips The Queen of the Ring! Troy hits the canvas and The Faithful JEER The Man of The House as he puts both hands in his pockets and casually jaunts away while whistling!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titaness sees LT on the mat and shakes some feeling back into her arm, then immediately pushes past Ferrari to go after Troy!

DDK:

Cortez might be the most stealthy giant I've ever seen! Carla didn't see the trip!

After making sure her arm is a-okay enough to execute her next move, The Motherly Saint snatches up the former FIST! She pushes her back into the ropes and then bounces off the other side. The two meet in the middle and Titaness uses her good arm to nearly take Troy's head off with a flying lariat in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Lady Lariat! Did you see the height that Titaness got off that flying lariat!

Titaness shakes the left arm again and then once she's sure it's okay, she crawls over and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Another kickout by Troy! But where's she gonna go next?

Not wanting to give Troy another chance, Titaness quickly rushes over and follows up. The Motherly Saint quickly hooks Troy up for a suplex and PLANTS her into the canvas with a suplex turned Cutter in mid-air!

DDK:

Cutter From Another Mother! This would be the biggest win of her career!

The very giddy Titaness hooks a leg using her good arm, sensing victory!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

No way! That move was spot on, but LT kicks out!

The Marseille Faithful are as shocked as Titaness is, but Cortez gives her an idea and points at the corner!

DDK:

LT's reserves run deep! The longer this match goes, the more it could favor her. Then again, most opponents also don't have a GIGANTIC husband/equalizer at ringside, either!

Gritting her teeth, Titaness tries to think of what she can do to The Queen of the Ring. With Uriel at ringside cheering her on to finish the job, Titaness nods and then picks Troy up over her shoulder again. She ends up running her as hard as she can into the corner and then traps her in the Tree of Woe. Once Lindsay is trapped, Titaness puts the boots to her in the corner to wear her down and then backs off from the corner. The Motherly Saint creates some distance between them and then crouches low.

DDK:

Is she going to go for Pretty Striking?! With Troy in the corner?!

Titaness locks in.

She runs...

...

CLANG!

But The Queen of the Ring is able to pull herself upright at the last second, sending Titaness flying shoulder-first into the ring post! Titaness falls through the ropes and lands on the floor! Cortez jumps up as The Faithful cheer!

DDK:

What a counter! Troy might have suckered her in! The Pretty Striking spear is what has won Titaness' biggest matches recently, but Troy had the move scouted!

Sitting up, Troy's strategy of rope-a-dope seems to have paid off as Titaness is on the outside holding onto her arm with Cortez rushing over to protect his wife!

Lance:

Get her out of there!

With a chance to strike, Lindsay looks out to a cheering crowd... and does not give a hoot. She will do what she wants because she wants to...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

CORKSCREW PLANCHA ONTO CORTEZ AND TITANESS!

DDK:

LORDY! WE DON'T SEE TROY FLY TOO OFTEN, BUT SHE JUST DID IT WITH THAT CORKSCREW PLANCHA OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE!

Lance:

THAT WAS INSANE! TROY JUST WIPED OUT THE SO-US WHEN NEITHER OF THEM WERE LOOKING! AND I THINK THESE PEOPLE HAVE CHOSEN A SIDE TONIGHT!

The Marseille Faithful seem to be with Lindsay Troy, but she pays them no mind cause she wants gold and gold means WAY more money and WAY more opportunity to lord it over the rest of the roster! After recovering from the landing, The Queen of the Ring picks up Titaness and then throws her back inside! Now done playing around, she flips the bird towards an ANGRY Cortez, then heads back into the ring!

DDK:

That arm might be compromised after that collision into the buckle!

Rather, Lindsay waits on the top turnbuckle! She LEAPS off with a front flip!

DDK:

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN! TROY IS DUSTING OFF THE CLASSICS!

The INCREDIBLE Dragonrana connects and Cortez is watching wide-eyed as The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

You can hear actual air being let out of the building for the shocking 2.999 kickout from Titaness!

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! THAT WAS A THREE! I SWORE THAT WAS A THREE!

Lindsay Troy looks up at Carla Ferrari, who only has two fingers up! Troy throws up three fingers!

Lindsay Troy:

Goddammit, Carla, that title's mine! The giant schmoopies aren't walking out with MY title!

DDK:

Troy's throwing out some of her high-flying arsenal to keep Titaness off her game and it ALMOST worked!

Seething herself now, Troy shoots one more scowl towards Carla and then goes back to setting up Titaness for the end! She jumps on her and goes right for another cross armbreaker on the bad arm!

DDK:

She's got it! The submission is locked in! Cross armbreaker locked in!

Troy has the submission locked in! Titaness has her free arm up...

BUT CORTEZ IS BACK UP! HE DRAGS TROY OUT OF THE RING!

Lance:

URIEL CORTEZ! WHERE DID HE EVEN COME FROM?!

In full view of Carla Ferrari, The Man of The House grabs onto Troy and whips her right into the steel steps!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Seeing this, Carla calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

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

Troy is still down while Cortez storms off towards the timekeeper's table to retrieve the collective SO-US championship belts!

Darren Quimbey:

However, as the title does not change hands on a disqualification... **STILL** your Southern Herit...

Cortez points and has a death glare towards Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Er... SO-US Champion... **TITANESS!**

He goes over to help Titaness out of the ring and then drapes her title over her shoulder before doing the same with his! Troy is just now coming around and rolls back into the ring while Marseille **BOOS** the Cortezes right on out of the Dome!

Lance:

Look, partner... I'm not going to defend anything Vae Victis have done in the name of championship gold and glory... but Lindsay Troy got screwed tonight, plain and simple! She was close to bringing that title back to Vae Victis!

DDK:

She was... but I don't think that Titanes Familia cares! They're now walking out of this arena with their collective title still in the Familia!

Titaness holds her left arm close to her, but holds the right arm up with the title, as does Cortez in a sign of solidarity!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

You don't deserve SO-HER!

Titaness:

You don't deserve SO-HIS!

They both look at each other and raise up their titles.

Uriel and Titaness:

YOU DON'T DESERVE **SO-US!**

They both ignore the jeering and both turn to walk away from the ring. As soon as they reach halfway up the ramp...

TAP. TAP. TAP.

A loud tapping from back in the ring catches their attention!

URGE TO KILL... (DEFIANCE) RISING

Uriel and Titaness look back at the ring.

Lance:

Troy! She's back up!

DDK:

And this isn't how ANYONE wanted this match to end!

Lindsay Troy:

Not so fast, dickheads.

The Queen's got the bedazzled OLD SKOOL MIC~! in her hand, and she looks *pissed*.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't think for one second that you can pull that bullshit and that'll be the end of things. I don't give a damn about a DQ win over someone I've beaten pillar to post once before and who is only walking out of here tonight with all her limbs intact because she needed her man to save her ass.

Titaness looks up at her husband and he nods. Cortez storms over towards the commentary booth near ringside and jacks one of the extra microphones, trading her SO-HERS title for it to address The Queen.

Titaness: *[fuming]*

Excuse me? We didn't pull anything. YOU laid your hands on my husband and Uri just returned the favor. YOU don't deserve OUR title!

Then she points out to the people.

Titaness:

And YOU Smalls don't deserve to see us any more for even THINKING to cheer for that after everything Vae Victis has done WRONG to this company! OUR title's staying with the Familia! Peace!

Troy leans against the top rope and laughs.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah? Let's just see about that.

The gears are turning.

Lindsay Troy:

Tag match. Next DEFtv. You win, I'll leave this SOHER business alone.

Uriel and Titaness: *[off-mic]*

SO-US!

Lindsay Troy: *[ignoring them]*

If I win, though, I get another shot at DEFIANCE Rising.

Now, she points at Uriel.

Lindsay Troy:

Against *you*.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

On the other side of the table, the gears are also turning. He looks at Titaness and whispers something to her. After a relatively quick deliberation, Uriel grins and takes the microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

You really think that's smart, Lindsay? OUR Familia are in order! Can you say the same about Vae Victis right now? Kerry Kuroyama can't walk two feet without Victor Vacio and Los Caidos on his ass. Henry Keyes and Dan Ryan BARELY held it together when Cancer Jiles kicked your face off. Do you trust ANY of them with that responsibility of tagging with you next week? I sure wouldn't.

Another grin.

Uriel Cortez:

You know what? It doesn't matter. Bring anyone you want because this isn't YOUR house any more. We accept.

Cortez throws the microphone down, then he and Titaness hold up the SO-HIS and SO-HERS titles! LT for her part? She's equally as pleased with this agreement.

Lance:

WHAT A MATCH FOR DEFTV 229! URIEL CORTEZ AND TITANESS AGAINST LINDSAY TROY AND A PARTNER OF HER CHOOSING! SHE EARNS A SHOT AT THE SOHER AT DEFIANCE RISING IF THEY WIN!

DDK:

FOLKS, WE HAVE TO END THIS SHOW! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR JOINING US TONIGHT! FOR LANCE WARNER, I'M "DOWNTOWN" DARREN KEEBLER! HAVE A HAPPY THANKSGIVING NEXT WEEK IN THE STATES AND THEN WE'LL SEE YOU IN TWO WEEKS FROM LYON FOR DEFTV 229!

The champion(s) look very pleased with themselves. They hold the titles in the air for the jeering Marseille crowd as the show is about to go off the air!

And as for the Queen of the Ring? Maybe she has an ace up her sleeve, too. At least that's what her smile seems to suggest!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.